

# *Stewart: Heather Lost*

## *The Great Escape*

**The Story Of A Family Displaced By War And Greed**

**Transition From Feudalism To Land Ownership**

**By Bruce Maddox Stewart**

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*Cuimhnich air na daoine o'n d'thainig thu*

*'Remember the men from whence you came'*

Old Gaelic Proverb

Those who hear not the music, think the dancer mad.

Chinese Proverb

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

### THANK YOU TO:

**Gordon A. C. MacGregor**, author/editor of *The Red Book of Perthshire*. Published by The Perthshire Heritage Trust, Scotland, 2006, for permission to use extensive copy from his book. (*See Appendix D page 264.*)

**Col. Ralph Stewart-Wilson** of Balnakeilly Estate about five miles east of Pitlochry, Perthshire, Scotland, for providing me with color photos of the updated Atholl Coat of Arms and Shield. I took black and white photos of those items hanging in his home during our visit to Balnakeilly, in 1993. (*See Chapter Three and for color photos Appendix H, Graphic No. 182-3 pages 325-6.*) He was also immensely helpful in giving me local history both geographical and political. His Estate of nearly five thousand acres is all that remains of the original Atholl Dukedom. It has been in continuous ownership by the original Stewart family. His line can be traced back in the copy from the Red Book of Perthshire in Appendix D, page 271.

See the footnotes for permission and thanks to various Scotland Governmental agencies for use of material posted on the internet used in Chapters Four and Five.

**James Irvine Robertson** of Aberfeldy, Perthshire, Scotland, author and genealogist, for his assistance in my research. We are both descendants of the Stewarts of Atholl. He the author of “The Lady of Kynachan”. (*See Appendix H, Graphic No. 184, page 337, for a color scan of his book cover.*) It is an historical novel based on Kynachan Estate documents and other Estate documentation from the 1745 Jacobite Rebellion state archives. He has documented his descent from John Stewart, the First Laird of Kynachan. (*See the Red Book of Perthshire in Appendix D page 264.*)

**Celia Elizabeth Fellows Stewart** Repeating myself, I am grateful to my Mother, for providing photos, data and verbal help. She gave me the push I needed to start and continues to push in this ongoing process of searching the past for the future. I think she keeps whispering to me as I go on this path.

**The many Stewart descendants for their cooperation in giving their particular genealogy, family photos and above all their encouragement.**

**They are:**

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**Kenneth James Stewart**, Minnesota

**Harry Ross Stewart**, Minnesota, deceased 2004

**Elaine Stewart Hoppe**, Minnesota

**Alice Schaeffer Titus**, Iowa

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**Kevin Moore**, Surprise, Arizona, owner of the print shop where this book was printed. He stood by me with assistance for over three years. He gave me his parameters for printing. Such as the format of the final document, how to include color photos, page numbering and on and on. His details helped me in many ways, and he provided words of encouragement. Prior to printing this book he purchased a Xerox printer. The graphics in this book will knock your socks off!

## Mary Kathryn Bergin “Mary Kay” Stewart

**To my wife**, who has given so much, in return for my one gift to her . . . my name.

This photo of us exiting St Joseph’s Catholic Church, Richmond, Illinois at 11:30AM, 26 March 1951 was her first gift. She then gave me nine more gifts over the first 18 years. Then, in the following 18 years she raised them to adulthood.

She learned how to use the Apple computer in spite of my shaky and inept instructions.

She has taken videos of the family for the past thirty-five years. Now she is editing them and converting them to the modern DVD format.

She gave me the needed assistance in editing this book, suggesting changes, re-writing, holding my hand when I was depressed. Always encouraging me to continue this journey into my past. My main support.

Before we were married, Ma said to her, “I am so glad you decided to marry Bruce, you are the only one I know who could possibly live with him!”

“Ma, you never knew I was listening that day.” She has confirmed it, we are still married after fifty-eight years.



**Graphic No. 1**

**My marriage to Mary Kathryn Bergin, St Joseph’s Church,  
Richmond, Illinois, March 26, 1951. Photo by Richard  
Montgomery Hebron, Illinois**

## Celia Elizabeth Fellows “Beth” Stewart

**To my mother, Beth,** (*Ma*) who made notes about everything that happened and wrote names on most every photo she kept of family importance. She took many photos, developing and printing some of them herself, of many important and not so important events. She gave me the incentive, the oral history (*she wrote it down*) and the background of the Stewart family.

She taught me about the natural world that surrounds us and how to get around in it. She then gave me the freedom to wander in that world with my guide, protector and friend, Speeder, a dog<sup>1</sup>.

This is her wedding photo, 13 Oct 1909, Lyons, Walworth County, Wisconsin. She met Robert when she was teaching in a one-room school in Wisconsin near Hebron, Illinois. (*See Graphic No. 84, page 173*)



**Graphic No. 2**

**My father and mother, Robert Wright Stewart II & Celia Elizabeth “Beth” Fellows’ Wedding Photo, 1909. Photographer Unknown**

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<sup>1</sup> “My Puppy - 1929”, *A Boy And a Dog On a Farm In Illinois*, Bruce M Stewart, 2nd Ed. Published 2007 by Blurb.com



## Robert Wright Stewart II



**To my father, Robert,** who along with the name, gave me the passion and desire to persevere in the search of who I am. He was a very kind, gentle man. He taught me how to birth calves, care for the land, grow good crops and how to talk a cow into giving her maximum amount of milk. I think he knew exactly who he was. This photo was from his school years at the University of Illinois. The frame design is made with a technique called wood burning, using a hot iron.

**Graphic No. 3**

**My father Robert Wright Stewart II. University of Illinois photo and frame, circa 1904. Photographer Unknown.**

## Celia Emma Maddox Fellows

**To my Great Grandmother, Celia** shown here with her daughter May Belle Fellows Towslee, circa 1885, for her elusive story of skullduggery that sometimes shows it's ugly head in Genealogy research.

Born 22 May 1823, in Hereford, England. Died 4 Feb 1915, in Council Bluffs, Iowa, USA.

Allegedly, at the age of ten, after both of her parents' death, she was "kidnapped" by an uncle and aunt. They brought her to New York by ship and placed her in an Episcopal(?) Orphanage and returned to England.

In the year 1839 Celia was traveling by stagecoach to begin employment at the residence of James Fenimore Cooper, as a seamstress, at his request. She and James had met aboard ship in 1833. On this trip Richard Rathbone Fellows was the driver of the stagecoach for the stagecoach line owner, his father Warner Fellows I,



**Graphic No. 4**

**My Great Grandmother Celia Emma Maddox (Fellows) and daughter, May Belle Fellows (Towslee). Photo by Beth.**

on the New York route, Albany to Cooperstown. On 27 November 1840, about a year later when Celia Emma was 17, they married in Cherry Valley. I have her to thank for my middle name.

## PREFACE

I began putting together the family tree shortly after my mother's death in 1977. I cleaned out her basement of photos, writings, drawings and miscellaneous documents. One of her sisters, Phebe May Fellows Ellsworth, wrote a family history entitled "The Many Branches" in 1985. This was mainly the family history of her surname, Fellows, with sidebars of many other families including Stewart. When I compared the information gathered at that time, I noted a lack of data for the Stewart ancestral line.

The primary purpose of this book is to place on paper (and digitally), some of the facts of the Stewart Clan. My research has involved the many descendants of the family originating in Scotland, beginning with Alexander Stewart, who lived on the farm, Ceann na Coile as a tenant, on the Foss Estate.

I follow the family line with the Alexander in Scotland as the starting point with emphasis on direct lineage. As I go by I will look at the siblings in each generation; however, I'll limit my remarks to a brief description of their lives and where their itchy feet took them, if known. Of the direct line more of their lives will be discussed in detail as in some cases much is known of their land dealings, church affiliations and even some family interactions.

The text is limited to descriptions of the activities known about each person and their children. There is a two-generation Descendant Chart of each person in the direct line. Their children will be shown with spouses' information included. There is a notation in each box in the chart that gives relationship of each person on that chart to the author. Photos are included where available without this becoming a family photo album.

Due to publication restrictions (i.e. cost) Appendix H contains the ONLY color photos or graphics in this book. There are maps, both modern and archival. Hopefully, I have interpreted any abbreviations used in the book. A Time Line is included so that the period under discussion will be recognizable within the context of Scotland and U.S. history as we know it today. The Appendices contain most all the documentation I have about the Stewarts' history. All of the digital illustrations in this book are labeled "Graphic No. X", where X = a number. These numbers may not be in order of appearance. The listing of graphics appears in Appendix G.

Very soon after my mother's death, I began to realize how much basic information and how many clues she had left. Putting these clues to use pointing to the perpetrators of certain actions has turned this into a wonderful mystery story. Who are they? What did they do? Where did they go? How did they do it? Could all these questions be answered? I would need to do much research. With ever-present clues left by those who lived, these revelations are a possibility. That is the goal of this book. Although more mysteries are uncovered with each one that is solved.

There were enough clues to take me back to Scotland where I found the croft or small farm where Alexander lived as a tenant for the Foss Laird, John Stewart, in the mid 1700's. On my trip to Scotland in 1993 I was given copies of important documents. James Irvine Robertson shared the Kynachan and Garth Estate records with me. I met James, a far-flung cousin, living in the town of Aberfeldy, through the Stewart Clan Society. James is a direct descendant from the Stewart Laird living on the Kynachan Estate adjacent to my ancestor, Alexander Stewart, on the Foss Estate. He was then writing a book, an historical novel, now published, called *The Lady of Kynachan*, a novel about the Laird David Stewart, his wife, and family. Quite a revealing book. They had several children. He had inherited his family's estate called Kynachan from his father, John Stewart. This story takes place at a time when the Pretender, Prince Charles Stewart, returned to Scotland from exile in France and called on Scotsmen to rally behind him in an effort to take back the Scots' crown from the English. This was the so-called



## PREFACE

last Jacobite Rebellion. The year was 1745 and proved a disastrous war for the Scots. David Stewart was killed along with many of the Atholl Brigade he commanded in the last battle Scots would ever fight, 1746 at Culloden. (*The word culloden means, "nook of the marsh"*)

Along the way in the U.S. the family acquired and sold property. These properties are documented with the recorded deeds, including mortgage, trustee and trustor deeds. More clues in this detective story! Births, marriages and deaths are documented with church records, wills and probates. The census records confirmed geographic location and occupation during certain time periods. I discovered while utilizing many of the records when one was found, there could be two or more waiting to be discovered.

In the text of this book where I have quoted from a reference, the quote will be in ***Bold Italics***. When I have gone off on speculative dialog, this is denoted in *Regular Italics* as will any *NOTES*. When I can I will be using the dialog method of telling the family story along with supporting documentation. For me it is more interesting in this mode. From the reactions I have gotten it is also much more readable. The alternative would be to have a book filled with somewhat dull narrative, documents, pictures and references.

I hope I can succeed as a story teller as well as a genealogist. Sometimes I let my imagination loose. No facts were changed, just speculation on what they could have done or said in a given situation. This has been a labor of love for me. It's fun playing the mystery game, connecting to my past, visualizing these ancestors I have descended from by walking the same sacred ground they had walked on, lived on, planted on, built on, loved on . . . .

All of the fictional material contained in this book is based on the persons researched. However, the author has allowed his imagination to fill in the blanks that are left in the recorded papers that document the presence of a person or persons in a certain time and place. I believe we all leave a bit of spirit material as we pass through this realm. It may be contained in the genes of our descendants or just stuck on the wall of the house we once lived in. We were here and are now gone.

## REMEMBER US



**Graphic No. 5**

**The Stewart-Parker Cemetery aka South Hebron Cemetery, on the southeast corner of the Stewart Homestead. It is still being used to this day. It is cared for by the Stewart family still living in the Homestead house. Photo by the Author 2001.**

*Whenever you pass by the field  
where you have laid your ancestors,  
look well thereupon, and  
you shall see yourselves  
and your children  
dancing hand in hand.*

Kahlil Gibran, *The Prophet*

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS	3
DEDICATION	5
PREFACE	9
TABLE OF CONTENTS	13
CHAPTER 1	
HOW IT ALL BEGAN	16
CHAPTER 2	
“NOTHING IS ACCOMPLISHED UNTIL A MOVE IS MADE”	20
CHAPTER 3	
HOW DID WE EVER FIND THE PLACE?	27
CHAPTER 4	
SCOTLAND, GEOGRAPHICAL & POLITICAL TIMELINE (IS THIS TRIP REALLY NECESSARY?)	32
CHAPTER 5	
SOCIAL & POLITICAL LIFE IN GLEN LYON (ARE WE THERE YET?)	52
CHAPTER 6	
GETTING STARTED - - IT’S BEEN A DRAG!	64
CHAPTER 7	
ROBERT THE FIRST, MY FIRST STEWART TO THE UNITED STATES	73
CHAPTER 8	
THEY ARE HERE!	79
CHAPTER 9	
“OH, ROBBIE WASN’T IT WORTH IT?”	85
CHAPTER 10	
THE CHILDREN OF “ROBBIE” AND JANE	89
CHAPTER 11	
JAMES & SARAH WRIGHT STEWART LEAVE JOHNSTOWN, NY	102

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER 12	
ROBERT WRIGHT STEWART I GOES TO WISCONSIN	112
CHAPTER 13	
LAND OF THE HEBRON PRAIRIE * PHASE ONE	119
CHAPTER 14	
A LOOK INTO THE LAND OF THE HEBRON PRAIRIE	129
CHAPTER 15	
LAND ON THE HEBRON PRAIRIE * PHASE TWO	139
CHAPTER 16	
ROBERT WRIGHT STEWART I AND BROTHERS	147
CHAPTER 17	
ROBERT'S LAST CHAPTER	156
CHAPTER 18	
JOHN JAMES STEWART I	161
CHAPTER 19	
HARRY EDWARD STEWART	167
CHAPTER 20	
CHILDREN OF JOHN JAMES STEWART I	171
AFTERWORD	190
APPENDIX A	
ALL LAND PATENTS ISSUED IN HEBRON TOWNSHIP, ILLINOIS	191
APPENDIX B	
PATENT LAND HEBRON TOWNSHIP, ILLINOIS and WALWORTH CO, PURCHASED BY STEWARTS & ROSS FAMILIES FROM PATENTEE	198
APPENDIX C	
ALL OTHER DEEDS * NEW YORK	237
APPENDIX D	
BOOK CITATIONS AND OTHER DOCUMENTS	264
APPENDIX E	

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

FOOTNOTES AND BIBLIOGRAPHY	293
APPENDIX F	
GRAPHICS, CHARTS AND TRANSCRIPTS USED IN THIS BOOK	301
APPENDIX G	
WILLIAM HENRY STEWART'S CIVIL WAR DIARY (EXCERPTS)	310
APPENDIX H	
COLOR GRAPHICS	315

## CHAPTER ONE

### CHAPTER ONE

#### HOW IT ALL BEGAN

“My land, what happened?” Ma asked. Beth, as she was known to all except her children, had just had another exceptional day. Of course, yesterday was equally exceptional, as would tomorrow be. She always looked on in amazement at her life and of those folks around her.

One day when I was five, two young men ‘flew in’ with an airplane to visit my oldest sister Francese. They landed in the pasture just north of the house. Ma was the first one out. Tailed closely by you know who. She greeted them as soon as the prop stopped spinning, “Hi”, I’m Cese’s Mom, Beth Stewart. Welcome to the Franelchar Farm<sup>1</sup>.”

The pilot responded, “Hi, I’m Buddy Downs and this is Bill Shuemacher. We’re here to visit your daughter, Cese.”

“Hello Buddy, hello Bill, we’ve been expecting you.” was her response. “This is the first time we have had an airplane land on the farm. She’ll be out in just a minute, she was fixing something or other.” Which of course was either her hair, clothes, makeup or any one of a dozen other things that make up a desirous female.

In less than a minute Ma had them showing her the plane. Buddy was explaining, “To start the engine, one of us grabs the prop and pulls it down by hand, while the pilot handles the throttle in the cockpit. This is the throttle, uh, like the gas peddle on a car. This is the stick, it moves the nose up and down with the tail,” demonstrating. “It turns the airplane in the air, moving the ailerons on the wings and the pedals



**Graphic No. 6**

**Bruce Maddox Stewart, age five, just after my first flight. Photo by Beth Fellows Stewart**

<sup>1</sup> The farm name was derived from the given names of Robert & Beth’s three daughters, **Francese**, **Elsie** and **Charlotte**.

## CHAPTER ONE

down there, pointing to the bottom of the cockpit, moves the tail. Also the pedals steer the plane on the ground.”

As usual she took this all in and would be able to use this information when talking about the ride (*what ride?*) later. Then she asked, “Um . . . I would really like to have a ride” The pilot smiled and nodded. At this time the rest of the family arrived with the oldest sister holding court.

While everyone else was admiring the plane and asking the pilot questions, I said quietly and very firmly, “Ma, when you go up I’m going too!”

“We’ll see,” she said. She did and I did. (*Oh, that ride!*) The impact on me is another story, but this illustrates Ma’s pure delight in whatever was going on in her life.

Sometimes I would come home late in the evening (*hmm . . . well, early morning*) after a date with one of my female peers and I would stop for a drink of milk in the kitchen. (*After all, this was a dairy farm.*) Standing, I drank my milk (*moving a kitchen chair made an awful noise at night*), then headed for the stairs on my way to bed.

As soon as my foot hit the first stair, a whispered “You’re late” would come from the lighted master bedroom. This was not accusatory, merely statement of fact: First, “You are late.” And next, “I’m still reading, so you might just as well come in and say goodnight.” I would go in the bedroom, sit down next to the bed.

“Did you kiss her?” Ma seldom beat around the bush.

“MA!”

“Well?”

“Yeah!” We both giggled. On the other side of the bed Dad stopped snoring.

We whispered, he resumed snoring. He would need to rise around 4 AM for morning farm chores. I would follow to milk the cows as soon as he fed them.

I read the title of the book laying on her chest, “Hmm, *Lost Island*, is this Hall’s new book?”

“Yeah, it’s the January *Book-of-the-Month Club* selection, came in the mail today. The *Saturday Review* said this was his best book yet.”

I said, “Well, what do you think of it?”

“He kinda stumbled around a bit in the first two chapters, but picked up the pieces after. It’s very good. It’s a novel about what happens to a South Sea Island and all it’s people and animals during the war.” (*WWII*)

“Sounds interesting, you be through by the weekend?” I just finished *Wanderer of the Purple Sage*. I was into Zane Grey for the first time.

“Yeah”, she said. Short pause as she placed a book mark halfway through, put her book down and picked up a paper from the night stand. “Member Great Aunt Phebe that I told you died ten years before you were born?”

“Yeah.”

“I found this drawing today I did when I was 12. It’s of Aunt Phebe and Ma (*my grandmother*) at the Lyons Mill Pond.” She showed me a post card size, crisp ink drawing of the backs of two women in bulky female clothing walking toward the water.

My comment, “It sure looks like Granma on the right?. Even from the back I can tell it’s her.” Her art was always definitive, such as the familiarity she had drawn into the clothing and soft body outlines to make them recognizable.

My visit was about to end. She looked at the clock, then glanced over at Dad. “He’ll be calling you in a few hours, so Goodnight.”



## CHAPTER ONE

“Night, Ma.” I gave her a hug and a peck on the cheek, picked up my shoes, and went up the narrow squeaky stairs to bed. Dad would be under my window at 5:00 AM calling me awake to start another day in the barn with the black and white cattle that produced that sweet white liquid I loved. Every morning the first warm pail of milk was sampled with the dipper and my stomach said “thank you” as the twelve hour fast was broken.

This is not and will not be a biography, however I must give you, the reader, the reason why I am so absorbed in creation of this story of my family. I have given a short outline of who my mother was and her influence on me. Now I must give a similar outline of my self. It will be short and I hope to the point.

From the foregoing it is obvious I was born and grew up on a dairy farm in Illinois. I was the sixth of six children. From my time placement in the family, I think I was quite unexpected. Or, if I may be permitted to speculate, there was a desire to add more work for the mother. The previous group of five were out of the house and into the barn. Well, almost all. One sister refused to work with her hands in such an ignoble environment. One of the other sisters proved to be of great assistance in the kitchen. Therefore most of the farm work fell to two young males and one young female. During this time there was usually one, sometimes two, hired men. As the two boys came of age, that is, when they could milk cows, drive horses and tractors, the hired men were no longer needed, at least Dad didn’t think so.

As I approached age five, my brothers were approaching nest leaving age. Still doing necessary chores, but not liking it too much, champing at the bit to get out and see the world. At the ripe old age of five, Dad and I talked about milking cows. I was told, if I started milking an easy milker, I would be required to milk her twice a day. I didn’t think that was fair. One of my brothers had other ideas. John decided it was time for me to learn to drive the John Deere GP. He took me out on the tractor with him for several weeks. I was too small to pull the hand clutch and stop it. I could start it moving by pushing it and then by kicking the clutch hard I could engage it. John figured out how I could stop the tractor if I got in trouble or just to stop it. First pull the throttle all the way back and then stand on the brakes. It worked every time. He had me steering up and down the field, keeping it straight, and turning as it came to the end. Back and forth, back and forth. It seemed so easy.

I didn’t know if I was ready to drive it for field work. What if I hit the fence, what if I . . . what if...what if? I didn’t think I was ready but that as usual does not make any difference. One night just before the boys were going in to milk, John left me on the tractor pulling a disk. My job . . . disk the ten acre field while they were milking. He had started a few rounds close to the fences to show me how. I was doing just fine and really getting to like driving that huge piece of machinery pulling that wide, wide disk. The tractor and disk together seemed so huge, not just a piece of machinery. After that successful start I was in heaven, I was part of the working crew. I was driving a tractor!

About the second or third time of running the tractor in the field by myself, I got a little too cocky, the wide, wide disk proved to be my downfall. I swung around the end of the field and before I knew it the end of the disk whacked off a fence post. Snapping it like a tooth pick. I didn’t even have time to pull the throttle or stand on the brakes. There was no apparent damage to the disk, so I decided to keep on going. When my brother came out to get the tractor, I kicked some dirt and told him I took off a fence post. He got a little upset about it, but my Dad said to him the next day, “What did you expect from a five year old? You’re lucky he didn’t take off about ten fence posts. By the way, I expect that post replaced before noon!”

This is a bit of the stuff which set my course. My early years were filled with Ma reading stories and books out loud. My Ma showing me lizards, insects, how to REALLY read a book, animals, flying,

## CHAPTER ONE

how to listen and watch. I continue those learnings today, 'listening and watching', trying to understand, my life, myself, my friends, my family and the rest of the world.

It seems to me it all comes down to just one thing, the family. It is the center of our (my) universe. Where we (I) come from. Who are these people on the wall in the living room? Who are these



**Graphic No. 7**

**John Deere GP tractor similar to the one I grew up on. I was seven before I could start the engine, engage the clutch properly and pull the clutch out of gear. It had no muffler, just a cast iron elbow that directed the exhaust down. As a result I have had tinnitus in both ears since age twelve. It did not interfere with my hearing, I flew fighters for the Air Force.**

'old ones' we visit on holidays. The one who gave me sugar cookies, held me on her lap and gave me lots of hugs. The names in the family bible. These are my center. I must find who they really are and how they relate to me. And thus my goal was set, to be embarked upon when the time became ripe. The time when I would inherit all the things she knew and wondered about. My mooring was this woman, this person, this Ma. My search began the day she died.

## CHAPTER TWO

### **“NOTHING IS ACCOMPLISHED UNTIL A MOVE IS MADE”<sup>1</sup>**

I was first formally introduced to my GGGG Grandfather, Alexander, in 1977, shortly after my mother, Celia Elizabeth (*Fellows*) Stewart, died. She left a treasure of notes written in various notebooks, backs of envelopes, seemingly on any piece of paper that was within her reach. Notes of our “oral history,” photos, and other genealogically useful items. These were accumulated since 1909 when she married into the Stewart Clan. She had a sense of history that seems to be lacking in so many of us Stewarts. Her own grandmother was killed in a farming accident in Iowa, where she lived in a log cabin. But that is another story, perhaps to be told later in this book. It seems that incident may have impressed upon her the fleeting hold we have on life, making the writing down of our predecessors’ history essential to defining the who and what we are right now.

I remember her telling of the Stewart Clan’s illustrious past. How she thought we were related to Robert the Bruce, hence my name, and a cousin of the Duke of Garth. From my research it is quite possible we are very probably related to both, although Garth was not a Duke. To prove such a fact would be a feat worth doing, and still may be done, but not in my time. The probability is there, just the documentation is missing in the case of Robert the Bruce. There are many who claim such relationships. However, it is like saying we are descended from someone who participated in the Revolutionary War. Again quite possible, but a bear to prove. However, Mother’s sister Phebe May (*Fellows*) Ellsworth did prove it to the satisfaction of the DAR for the Fellows’ branch of the family. She wrote her own family history, “The Many Branches,” and self published it in 1985.

That is not the purpose of this effort. Here I wish to put onto paper some of the FACTS about the Stewart Clan that I have found. The purpose is to keep these hard-earned facts from getting lost in the sands of time. Once a person dies, all the knowledge they have accumulated is gone. Every factual item they have learned, observed, read or engaged in is now completely hidden from everyone else’s view. All we have left are the oral traditions, any of their written documents and public documents surrounding those lives’ actions. I think that everyone has an obligation to himself, to his family and to the human race in general to leave as much information of himself and his ancestors as possible. Therefore I am writing this story of the Stewarts who came from Foss, Perthshire, Scotland.

In addition to the factual content of this effort, I intend to look closely at the course of action that is pointed to by these clues. Looking at the actions of these persons, and speculating how certain things could have happened will add to the flavor of our ancestry by the expansion of our horizons with a good dose of “it could have happened this way.”

Beth Stewart wrote down the stories told by the elder Stewarts when they came to visit. These writings, photos, and memorabilia were the starting point for the research done since 1977. There were even seven of her large diaries in the bountiful genealogical inheritance; however, due to an unfortunate incident, they were all lost. These would have filled in and bulked out our family life as we had lived it.

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<sup>1</sup> Military Air Transport Service (MATS), Motto, circa 1950, A division of the Air Force I served in the Reserve.

## Chapter Two

Their loss was a tragedy. Their transcription would have been an expedient way of getting to know our contemporary life better.

One of those elder Stewart's was William H. Stewart, my GG Uncle. Trained as a lawyer, he came to Hebron, Illinois in 1843 after completing his schooling and legal apprenticeship. He was a Civil War Veteran and the McHenry County Clerk as well as a farmer. He had the capability to record data in a meaningful way. The diary of his Civil War years is held by the University of North Carolina Library<sup>2</sup> (*I have scanned and distributed copies to McHenry County Illinois Library and to the Historical and Genealogical Societies*) and opens for us the day to day cruelty and wastefulness of war. (*Excerpts of this diary are presented in Appendix G, Page 310.*) Again, it is consideration of length, his diary is nearly one hundred pages.. His son, Albert Montieth Stewart, continued as his father started, writing a definitive family tree for the Stewart Clan Magazine<sup>3</sup>. More about them personally later. What they left to me through my mother were excellent signposts, clues pointing the way to go toward the more complete history of the Scots' Stewart Clan.

That was just one of the items left to me. I had two photo albums from her mother, Lily May Woolsey Fellows. One album belonged to her mother's sister, Aunt Phebe. There were about 20 glass, tintype and other mounted photos that date prior to 1880, and nearly 500 large and small photos. Most of these were labeled with the names of persons in the photos. The above were all photos taken by professional photographers prior to 1900.

There were just a few of the pre-1900 Stewart family. Fortunately Robert Wright Stewart I and Susan Ann Ross' wedding photo made in 1842 was one of them. (*See Graphic No.193, Appendix H, page 336*) Also his parents, James Stewart and Sarah Wright left two photos of themselves. (*See Graphic No. 43, page 102.*)

The box camera was not introduced until around 1900. Using this new technology Beth left nearly 3000 negatives, many of which she developed and printed herself. Most were taken with the Kodak Box Camera or Brownie as it was known. Some 1,300 of these have been scanned as digital files, stored and cataloged on computer disks. These photos, while not labeled with names on the back, were made recently enough (*after 1910*) so that with a little work and consultation with living members of the family, identification of most was possible. Some are friends of the family, hired men, neighbors and school mates. The balance of some 1,700 of these negatives, though poor quality, I've kept for possible future use. Many of the Graphics in this book are photos taken by her.

In 1982 I made the first feeble efforts at organizing the information I had of the Stewart Family. I had been introduced to my first homebuilt desktop computer, an Atari. It had 12 KB RAM memory and no resident memory. Which meant each time it was turned on it was necessary to type the instructions in one at 61 a time. Atari number two had 24 KB and a 5 ½" floppy drive. Atari number three had an enormous 124 KB RAM, two disk drives and a printer were connected to it. There were several Genealogy programs available for it, none of which could print charts. The first widely available was the LDS (*Latter Day Saints, Mormon*) program known by the acronym PAF.

In 1984 I turned in desperation to the latest in computing, the Personal Computer (PC) by IBM. I had changed jobs and was working for a newly incorporated city, Moreno Valley, CA where I was a Building Inspector responsible for the issuance of building permits. There was a huge building boom; the first month there I issued 500 permits for new houses. All were hand written on a five copy NCR

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<sup>2</sup> Diary of William H. Stewart, Two Manuscript volumes 1864-1865, given by Albert M. Stewart, 5203 Holston Hills Road, Knoxville, Tennessee held in the Southern Historical Collection, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

<sup>3</sup> Stewart Clan Magazine, TOME A16 (Vol. 1, No. 4, October 1922, page #16)

## Chapter Two

carbon form. Computerization was the answer. Software was available, but too expensive for the city and too clumsy to track and archive the permits. Using a command program called DataBase II, I wrote a program to print the permits on a huge Okidata pin printer. In addition I was able to extend the program I had written to track and store the permit information. At the same time I was working at home on the new PC, designing a similar database program for putting all the Stewart names in and printing charts.

In 1988, I found a program, Reunion, that did all that I wanted and more. I am still using the same program, Version 9, and am now working on an Apple Computer. I have well over four thousand individuals, all a part of the Stewart Tree, in that program.

In 1991, following through the maze of paperwork Beth Stewart left, I thought I had enough information to try some research in Scotland. I contacted a research firm there and sent them the pertinent information about Alexander and son Robert Stewart with astounding results<sup>4</sup>. This was the breakthrough every Genealogist dreams of. More on this research later.

In 1993, together with my spouse, Mary Kay and our eldest daughter, Joan Mary Stewart, I made a trip to Scotland and Ireland. I found the geographical location where Alexander and his newly discovered wife, Christian Stewart Stewart, lived. The actual farm was not pinpointed until just recently from research conducted on the Internet. Paid research done in 1991 of the Old Parish Records of the Dull and Fortingall parishes resulted in a marriage record for them, baptism records for eight of Alexander's children and records of announcement of the Banns of marriage of Robert Stewart and Jane Wilson in both their parishes.<sup>5</sup>

In 1996, Mary Kay and I made our first trip to Johnstown, NY. After blustering around for three days, we held a family conference, I settled down and found Robert Stewart's Will and Probate of 1837. Robert Stewart is my first ancestor on American soil. From these documents I was able to confirm the names of all twelve of his children, their spouses, children and their geographic location in this year of his death.

From this encounter, I wrote a short article about the search for my ancestors in response to an email requesting such stories. From that article we were chosen to participate in the "Ancestors" series produced by KBYU-Television in Utah for PBS. They made a thirty-minute video program, one of 13, describing our search for Robert Stewart and his family through his Will and Probate package. We spent about ten days in a campground in Provo, UT while the crew from KBYU filmed the half hour segment with us. The Trek Motor Home was the key part of the story, showing how we traveled the country doing the research on the Stewart family. In addition, the article was incorporated in the book accompanying the series. (*See Graphic No's 171-2, Appendix H, pages 315-6.*)

The part I found the most interesting was when they wanted to show the Trek, with us in it traveling down the road. We followed in the Trek, and part of the crew drove their cars into the countryside to a highway that was not heavily used. Five of the crew were with us in the RV. The Sheriff's crew was in place, having closed that segment of the highway before we arrived, sanctioning the filming. When radio contact was firmly established, we were ready to go, and I was given the instructions to start. Down the road we went, followed by the Director's Porsche with the camera and tripod and the cameraman hanging on, standing in the front seat while cruising at about 50 mph. First passing us and then we would pass him. Truly exciting.

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<sup>4</sup> Scots Ancestry Research Society Report #B/61833, 21 May 1991

<sup>5</sup> *ibid*

## Chapter Two

We returned to Johnstown in 2000 to further search the history regarding acquisition of the Homestead and its disposal through subsequent wills. I wanted to locate the property owned by the family members, searching through Trustee and Trustor Deeds. We obtained the entire records (*188 pages*) for the Johnstown Presbyterian Church, which contained membership and release, death, baptism and marriage dates. There are nearly 100 entries pertaining to the family. It included burial records for the Colonial Cemetery where my GGG Grand parents, Robert, Jane and their daughter Catherine are buried, Robert's brother, John's wife, (*consort*) is also buried in their plot. We searched the Johnstown Cemetery and found many of the children and grandchildren buried there.

After Johnstown we moved on to Manlius Four Corners, now Fayetteville, N.Y. (*near Syracuse*). The US Post Office didn't like it since there was already a Manlius Township/village so they changed it to Fayetteville. This honored the French General of that name. The name transfer didn't occur until 1844 after the family had migrated to the midwest This is where James and Sarah moved to within two years of their marriage and shortly after the birth of Robert Wright Stewart the 1st. Actually they spent one or two years in Oneida County on the Oneida Indian Reservation before Fayetteville. There is a gap from 1816-when they left Johnstown to 1819 when they became members of the Manlius Presbyterian Church. There was no documentation found for their stay there; other than that they were reported by family to have moved to the Oneida Indian Reservation.

My research is ongoing in Hebron, McHenry County, Illinois. I now have wills, land patents, deeds, history books, and cemetery records. These records trace where we were born and anchored for the last 170 years. The land has passed in and out of Stewart hands. At one time in the mid 1800's the Stewarts owned over 3000 acres of farm land. We participated in the Centennial of Hebron in 1936 with Beth, Robert and myself riding in a covered wagon that signified the brave people immigrating to Illinois, taming the wilderness.

The search goes on and on, and could go on *ad infinitum*. Thus was conceived the idea of putting it all down in story form . . . a book of the Stewarts.

### THE GENESIS

The following are transcribed verbatim from writings of Celia Elizabeth (Beth) Fellows Stewart {BFS}<sup>6</sup> and shown in italics. Two items were hand written in ink in a thread bound University notebook. No dates are given for the writings. Both are indicated to be from the second son of James Stewart, William Henry Stewart.

#### *FIRST WRITING BY BETH BFS\_PAGE\_1.JPG*

*My great grandfather was Alexander Stewart and he was married twice. By his first wife he had, I think seven children, three boys: John who died at Johnstown in the state of New York--Robert, my grandfather, who also died at Johnstown and Joseph who was a Colonel in the British Army and died in Command of the British forces at Kingston, on the Island of Jamaica sometime about 1810-11. At least shortly before the war of 1812; and four girls.*

*By his second wife he had 5 more children, I think. Whether any of them came to America I do not know. He died in Scotland in the County of Perthshire some time about 1760 or 70. W. H.*

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<sup>6</sup> Beth Stewart Archives

*Stewart, Johnstown. (gleaned from papers at the Robert Stewart Homestead NY)*

## COMMENTS ON THE FIRST WRITING

Research by the author has shown Alexander and Christian had eight children. Christian's death date and Alexander's marriage prior to or after Christian's death has not been confirmed<sup>7</sup>. The source of the first paragraph has been confirmed nearly verbatim from the Stewart Clan Magazine.<sup>8</sup> Alexander's eldest son, John, was known to have been in Johnstown and supposedly died there. No documents have been found to confirm this. His spouse (*consort*), Anne (*see footnote 8*), is buried next to Robert in the Colonial Cemetery on Green Street in Johnstown. The information on Joseph has not been researched. Since we have no names for the supposed second spouse and children there is no way to confirm or deny their existence. It is not known if any other of their siblings came to the US.<sup>9</sup>

My great grandfather was Alexander Stewart and he was married twice. By his first wife he had, I think seven children, three boys: John who died at Johnstown in the state of New York - Robert, my grandfather, who also died at Johnstown and Joseph who was a Colonel in the British army and died in Command of the British forces at Kingston, in the Island of Jamaica sometime about 1810-11 at least shortly before the war of 1812; and four girls. By his second wife he had 5 more children I think whether any of them came to America I do not know. He died in Scotland in the County of Perthshire some time about 1760 or 70 - W.H. Stewart Johnstown. Gleaned from papers at the Robt. Stewart Homestead N.Y.

### Graphic No. 8

Beth's 1st writing of the Stewart Family records. Canon Scan by the author

### SECOND WRITING BY BETH BFS PAGE\_2.JPG & PAGE\_3.JPG

*(John Stewart) Earl of Garth brother of great-great grandmother great grandfather born on River Trunel, between Loch Trimble and Loch Raunock, a distant relative of Duke of Atholl - learned from Uncle Alex in 1857.*

*His name-Alexander-his son, Robert Stewart and Jane Wilson married at Parish of Dull, Perthshire Scotland in 1750 came to America after the birth of the four eldest children; Alexander,*

<sup>7</sup> Scots Ancestry Research Society Report #B/61833, 21 May 1991

<sup>8</sup> Stewart Clan Magazine, Vol XXVIII, No 12, p149-50

<sup>9</sup> A Dictionary of Scottish Immigrants to the US, David Whyte, page 426-7 AND Directory of Scottish Settlers in North America, 1625-1825, David Dobson.



*Catherine, John and James (the father of R. W. Stewart & W. H. Stewart born Aug. 20, 1786, died Mar 29, 1863), Charles, Christy, Jane, Robert, Joseph, Daniel, William & David all born at the old homestead where they first settled near Johnstown, New York.*

*Next is the youngest son (who) inherited and bought the homestead. His name William and now owned by his son William Dorn Stewart. Mothers maiden name (is) Betsy Dorn and a nice smart old lady near 90 whom I always love to visit. It was her request at our last visit two years ago "that we never forget the Old Home".*

#### COMMENTS ON THE SECOND WRITING

There never was an *Earl of Garth*. The only title associated with Garth Castle and the surrounding lands is "Laird". Although it came into the ownership of the Stewart Clan through a descendant of Robert Bruce, 4th son of the King of Scotland, Robert II, Alexander Stewart, Earl of Buchan. It has a very colorful history, which will be told in a later Chapter. The only John Stewarts (there are a great many at this time and location) we have found in close family proximity in the late 1600's is the Laird of Foss where Alexander was a tenant<sup>4</sup> and Laird of Kynachan<sup>10</sup> whose son David was killed at Culloden in 1746, the second and last Jacobite Rebellion. GGGrandmother would be Alexander's mother and GGrandfather is Alexander. The River Trunel turns out to be River Tummel; Loch Trimble is Loch Tummel and Loch Raunock is Loch Rannoch. These are all minor spelling changes that turn up

*(John Stewart) Earl of Garth  
brother of great great grandmother  
great grandfather born on River  
Trunel, between Loch Trimble  
and Loch Raunock, a distant  
relative of Duke of Athol-learned  
from Uncle Alex in 1857  
His name Alexander - his son  
Robert Stewart and Jane Wilson  
married at Parish of Dull, Perth-  
shire Scotland in 1750 came to  
America after the birth of the  
four eldest children; Alexander  
Catherine, John and James (the  
father of R. W. Stewart & W. H. Stewart  
born Aug 20, 1786 died Mar 29, 1863)  
Charles, Christy, Jane, Robert,  
Joseph, Daniel, William, & David*

*all born at the old homestead  
where they first settled near  
Johnstown, New York.  
Next is the youngest son inherited  
or bought out the homestead  
His name William & now owned by  
his son William Dorn Stewart  
Mother's maiden name Betsy Dorn  
and a nice & smart old lady near  
90 whom I always love to visit  
It was at her request at our last  
visit two years ago "that we  
never forget the Old Home".*

#### Graphic No's. 9 & 10

**Beth's 2nd writing, pages 1 & 2, of the Stewart Family records. Canon Scan by the author.**

<sup>10</sup> Kynachan & Garth Estate records obtained from James Irvine Robertson, Aberfeldy, Scotland, 1996.



## Chapter Two

on a regular basis in genealogical research. ‘Uncle Alex’ mentioned here would be Robert's first child, Alexander. The source of this last history is William H. Stewart the son of James, Robert's 4th child. The Duke of Atholl, who had at this time superiority in excess of a half million acres was indeed a Stewart and shared the blood line with a great many of the Lairds, their tenants, house and estate workers (*crofters/tenants*). These lands would include, but are not limited to, Kynachan, Foss and Garth. However, he had come under the influence of the English and had vacated to London before 1745. Scotland's history is filled with such actions, just as is all of humankind. He still maintained control of his Estate from there.

Robert Stewart, my GGG Grandfather, who eventually arrived in the states, and Jane Wilson were married in January 1778 in the Parish of Fortingall<sup>11</sup>, Jane's parish. The Banns were published in both Dull and Fortingall parishes on the 17th and 18th of January. Only three children, Alexander, Catherine and John were born in Scotland. James was born either just before they boarded ship, at sea or in New York. (*More later.*) Both William and William Dorn Stewart inherited the homestead in New York by means of a Will and Testimony. William Dorn Stewart bequeathed his ownership to his wife Julia and Charles<sup>12</sup>, his nephew. As executors, they sold the Homestead to Willard Sammons<sup>13</sup> The dates given for Betsy Dorn were prior to 1893 as she was born in 1803 and we think she died about 1893.

The following may help those who do not understand or who disagree with the idea and goals of genealogy. This poem was sent to me by my niece, Patricia Leigh Whitney Erskine in an E-mail, February 2002. (*Everybody should get into the act, I need help!*)

### **Heredity, A Genealogy Poem**

I saw a duck the other day,  
It had the feet of my Aunt Faye.  
Then it walked, was heading South,  
It waddled like my Uncle Ralph.

And when it turned, I must propose,  
Its bill was formed like Aunt Jane's nose.  
I thought, “Oh, no! It's just my luck,  
Someday I'll look just like a duck.”

I sobbed to Mom about my fears,  
And she said, “Honey, dry your tears.  
You look like me, so walk with pride,  
Those folks are all from Daddy's side.”

Author Unknown

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<sup>11</sup> Scots Ancestry Research Society Report #B/61833, 21 May 1991

<sup>12</sup> Will, Wm D Stewart, Surrogate Court, Fulton Co, Johnstown, NY, 26 Mar 1910, Bk ?, p181

<sup>13</sup> Executors Deed, Surrogate Court, Fulton Co, Johnstown, NY, 3 Feb 1917, Bk 149, p397.

## CHAPTER THREE

### HOW DID WE EVER FIND THE PLACE?

Early in our marriage I surmised that someday we would make that trip to Ireland. My spouse Mary Kathryn Bergin Stewart wanted to follow in the footsteps of her mother and sister to visit the family home in County Limerick. Shortly after my retirement in March of 1992 the pressure began. We should make this ground breaking trip to the land of her origins. I really did not want to go at that time. What ends we will go to maintain our stubbornness! Later that year I finally agreed with the provision that not only do we visit Ireland, we also visit my country of origin, Scotland. So with that, preparations began.

We planned to spend the month of September 1993 on this trip. The three of us, myself, Mary Kay and daughter Joan Mary, would fly to Heathrow Airport, London. The rate was cheaper than to Scotland or Ireland direct. We would rent a car for the whole month and just drive. But where to drive to? We already knew where in Ireland we were to go as Mary Kay's cousin, Tom Collins, lived near Dublin and he would be our guide. So it was up to me to find our way around in Scotland. Not having the Internet at that time, I could not find a detailed map of Scotland other than from the National Geographic. From the professional research I had done concerning Scotland I did know Alexander Stewart's parish to be Dull, and Fortingall to be Jane's. Neither of the parishes, Dull or Fortingall, could be found on any map. Many hours I spent in the public library looking at maps. Next I switched to travel guides, perhaps a map could be found there. After browsing a while through one such guide, I found Dull!<sup>1</sup>.



**Graphic No. 11**

**Dull Church, near Aberfeldy, six miles south of Foss. Photo by Author 1993**

### AT LEAST SOMEWHERE TO LOOK

For historical background I will quote: *“From Coshieville this Rte continues E along B846 and in 2m, near standing stones, passes below the hamlet of Dull in which an ancient one-armed cross,*

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<sup>1</sup> Blue Guide of Scotland on page 252

*probably marking a limit of sanctuary, is all that survives of a distinguished monastic center of learning. The place's origins are lost in a confusion of legend, but of several stories the most insistent goes back to St. Adamnan. On his deathbed higher up (in) Glen Lyon he instructed that his body be carried down the glen to a point where a cord securing the body to the bier would snap. Here he was to be buried, a church was to be built and a teaching monastery was to be founded. All this duly happened at a place called Tulli, which by a neat if elastic interpretation of the philological law readily becomes Dull. Be this as it may, this district is known as Appin of Dull (Appin meaning Abbey Lands), and there can be no doubt that, from very early times, Dull was known as a seat of Culdee and, later, Catholic theology." (This was supposedly around 800+AD.)*

From this point it looked likely to me I could visit in Scotland and be able to locate where our ancestor, Robert, had come from. Now we had the locality in the Highlands of Scotland and we would go there and find our relatives!

### A SLIGHT DETOUR

I had been making some of our arrangements through a Travel Agency managed by my nephew, Marc Woodbury. Several weeks before we were to leave, Marc called and informed me that another client of his was also going to Scotland and would be attending the Stewart Clan Society meeting on the 3rd of September and would I be interested? I definitely was, even though I had never heard of the Society. Contact was made, details obtained and a check mailed to the Stewart Society reserving space for the three of us at the meeting. This involved adjusting the itinerary and two days out of our Scotland stay.

The meeting was held in the Earl of Galloway's hunting lodge, Cumloden, which is located just north of the village of Newton Stewart in Galloway. The members of the Stewart Society turned out to be somewhat stuffy Brits that are of the Royal lineage (*hopefully, but firmly so*) of Scotland. I asked our host, Andrew Stewart, in a private conversation, if the Earl would make an appearance. Andrew is a cousin of the Earl and makes his home in the Earl's hunting lodge. This question appeared to somewhat shock him. He quickly regained his composure, and noting I was a visitor from the US, took a deep breath and said, "The Earl will not be with us today nor tomorrow." Then he went on, "Furthermore the Earl will not be visiting in the extended future for, you see, several years ago he had a frontal lobotomy." It was now my turn to be somewhat shocked. It seems the Earl's condition was the result of much inbreeding and since he was THE Earl of Galloway, he would not be hospitalized in a mental institution, so it was felt it would be kinder and easier to incapacitate his agitated mental processes with the lobotomy. So be it. So much for the cattle rustlers in our ancestry. It should be pointed out that this line of the Stewarts have no blood relationship with the Highland Stewarts of our ancestry. I slipped out of that embarrassing situation OK.

The first day was business of the Society. A new president was elected, reports given, new members were greeted (*us*), etc. It was interesting visiting in a new and different country, talking to people with whom it was initially difficult to understand the dialect. There was the rough Scots "burr" with an underlying British slur.

The hunting lodge itself was full of family memorabilia and ancient furniture. In one room, the ball room, the walls were covered with huge (perhaps 4'X6', nearly life size) paintings of family. On our tour, Andrew went around the entire room identifying each person and giving their dates of life. Since this was not a direct connection to our line there were no notes taken. I was amazed at Andrew's capac-

## Chapter Three

ity to memorize his family genealogy. I think there were around five hundred years or more covered by this display of paintings.

A dinner had been planned for the evening. It turned out to be a very elegant three course affair including a filet of fresh Scotland salmon. It was one of those dinners most of us have seen only in the movies with Cary Grant or Lawrence Olivier. Again we were made to feel at home even though we had no formal dinner clothing. Most of the lords were dressed in full dress uniform (*kilts of course*), while their ladies were dressed in the latest royal fashion. Or maybe it was normal fashion for this group, just different, very formal and lovely.

While dining we discussed our countries of origin and exchanged views on how our societies lived. If we suffered any discomfort when we arrived it was soon dispelled by the kindness and friendliness of our table partners. The acceptance of us Americans was universal and it seemingly did not displease them that we did not comport ourselves nor dress after their manner.

After dinner and some comments from dignitaries there was dancing of Scottish Reels and many others I am unable to name. Or even to dance! They all performed with grace and dignity. We just had a ball while several of the foreigners (*that is, us*) were taught the dances by these gracious lords and ladies. Our daughter, Joan, was partnered several times with a real Laird (*Lord*), son of the 20th Earl of Moray. (*Also a Stuart, French derivation, different clan.*) I think there was a subsequent meeting.

The next day a driving trip was planned for all of us to visit ruins (*Dundrenan Abbey, see Graphic No. 180, Appendix H, page 323.*) where Mary, Queen of Scots stayed and then escaped from her pursuers across the water. We heard stories told of this action and some spooky ones about a clock that stopped at the time she left and could not be made to run again, always stopping at that particular time, and other tales I do not remember. The church ruins were just that, ruins. I asked, "Since this was once such a large building, why aren't there larger piles of building stones here?" The answer was that when the church was abandoned the locals came and took the already quarried building stones for their own buildings. This has only been forbidden in the last century so there is not a lot left of the ruined building sites that date from several centuries ago. I note here that during our drive from Heathrow to Galloway we stayed at a farm Bed & Breakfast in England. The house had a plaque high up in the wall with the date 1746 on it and another on the barn that read 1749. Much more ancient history here than in the new land, the US.

### OUR FIRST CLEWS!

When we had finished with the Stewart Society Meeting we came away with more knowledge of the country and of the Stewart Clan, just what I needed. This resulted in meeting a very distant cousin, the outgoing President of the Stewart Society, Col. Ralph Stewart-Wilson, Ret. He invited us to visit his home near the Dull area. It seems his family had once lived on the Foss Estate, where our ancestors were tenants. In 1540 his family had moved to a new Estate about 30 miles to the east. They were still on the Duke of Atholl's holdings.

We went to visit him after the Society Meeting. We now know the Stewart name is scattered all over the country of Scotland, held together by the thin thread of the Clan. I know this sounds confusing. It must be remembered the Scots society two centuries ago was feudal. Add to that there were few surnames in use prior to that time. As surnames became necessary many took the Laird's surname. To discover our ancestors we must first discover a lot of the history of Scotland.

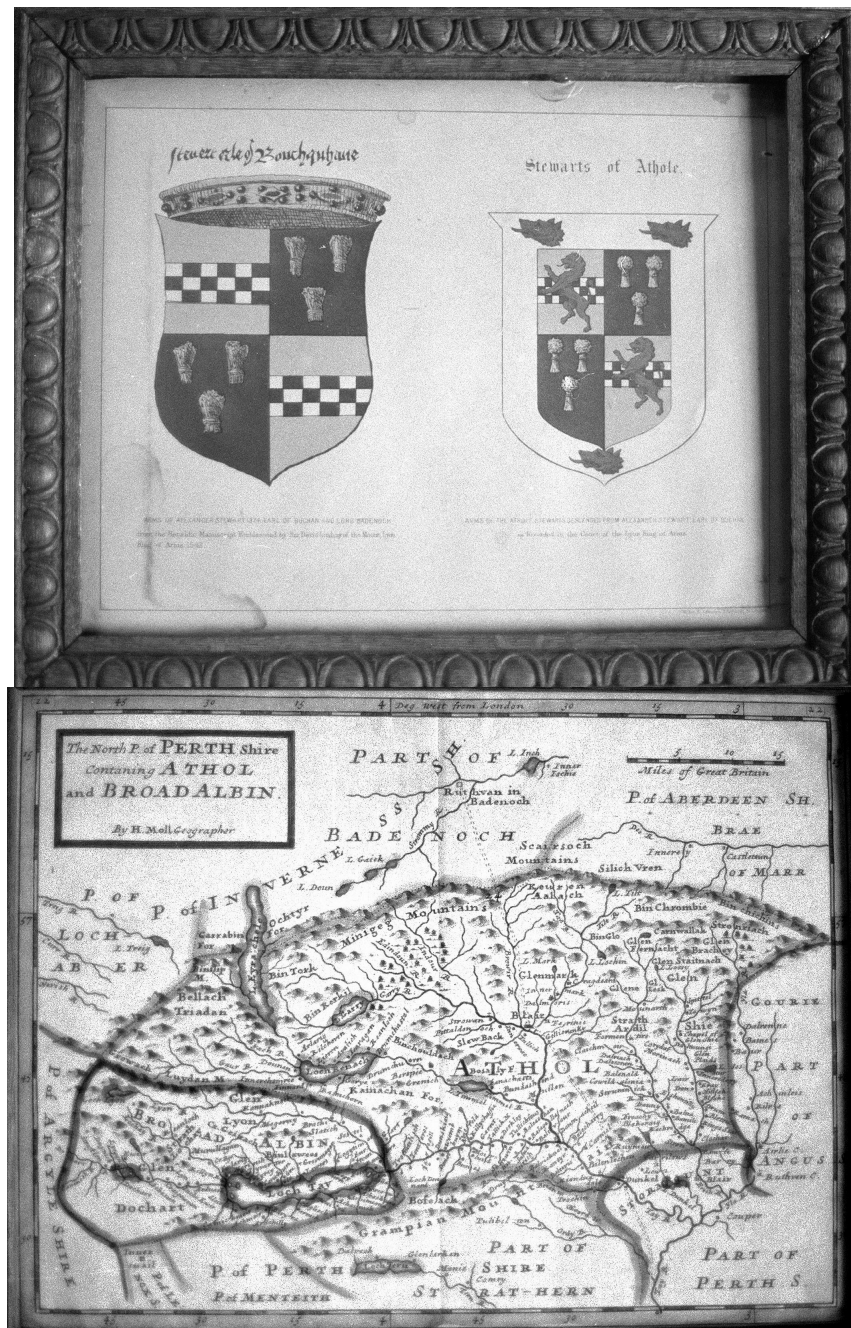
Later, when visiting Dull we found a church, an extensive cemetery, several homes and acres of pastures covering the place of the ancient Dull Monastery. Many Stewarts are buried there but we were unable to distinguish one of ours. How disappointing. I had hoped we would find a Stewart living in the vicinity. Then we might sit down and talk about family.

Visiting Col Ralph was like a visit to the past. His family occupied the Foss Estate until 1540. They moved at that time to Balnakeilly, which was also within the Duke's land holdings. Evidently the change was like change of farm rental in the midwest, only on a much larger scale.

The Balnakeilly Estate Manse had burned about 1854 and its replacement was very grand and very old looking. There were huge paintings of family in uniform, which means kilts, of course.

One was an old map of the Duke of Atholl's (*Athol on map*) land holdings. The large Loch, lower left center is Loch Tay. The small Loch, centered under the At of Athol, is Loch Tummel.

Another was the Coat of Arms and Shield of Col. Ralph's family. This is the closest of a Coat of Arms that our family may have. Col. Ralph seems convinced we are distant cousins at least. I have been in contact with him while editing the text of this book. He is having the coat of arms redone in color and has promised to send me a copy when it is done. (See *Graphic's No. 182-3, pages 325-6.*)

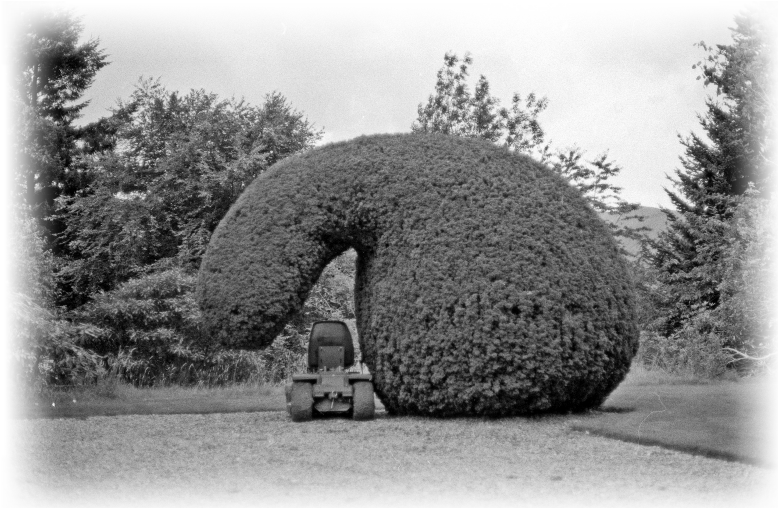


**Graphics No. 12 & 13,**  
**Coat of Arms and Map of the Duke of Atholl land hanging**  
**on the wall in the home of Col Ralph Stewart-Wilson. (See**  
**Graphic No. 182-3, Appendix H, page 325, for a full color**  
**rendering of the Coat of Arms and the Shield.) Photos by**  
**the Author 1993**



## Chapter Three

Apparently not much changed since it was first built and furnished. All the rooms and kitchen still had fireplaces in them. The formal gardens had been continued and expanded when the house was rebuilt. We were told there were trees from every part of the world. Even Sequoia from California, Maples from New England, Eucalyptus from Australia, exotic trees from China and Japan and on and on. There was an ancient Yew tree close to the house trimmed in the shape of an inverted “U”. Ralph’s power lawn mower was parked under it. The garden was the size of a small farm and all surrounded by a 12-foot high formal wall. When asked about the size of his holdings I was rather amazed when told somewhere ‘around’ 5,000 acres! It seems that to conform to the heritage requirements it was mandatory to add Stewart to his surname. Hence his surname is now Stewart-Wilson.



**Graphic No. 14**

**Does anyone remember the Schmoo? Photo by Author  
1993**

We met another cousin, also distant, who is also descended from Atholl

Stewarts on the Estates of Kynachan, Foss, Garth and Menzies, by the name of James Irvine Robertson. He was the typical writer. When we visited him at home in Aberfeldy he was up in his garret busily writing at his computer. We had a very good conversation about the Stewarts in particular, and Scotland in general. He is full of information of the local area and was a good contact. He was writing a book that has been since published<sup>2</sup>. (*See Graphic No. 184, Appendix H, page 327 for a color scan of the book cover.*)

He is a noted genealogist, writer and has contributed much to the historical knowledge of the Atholl Stewarts. I would suggest reading “The Lady of Kynachan” for a solid foundation of the social, religious and political climate of the Highlands in the middle of the 1700’s. Not only that, it is a love story with a little peasant folklore thrown in for good measure.

We have kept in contact via E-mail and have exchanged much information over the years. He has contributed greatly to my Scots knowledge and of the Stewart history.

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<sup>2</sup> James Irvine Robertson, The Lady of Kynachan: A Novel of The '45 (Corgi Books, 1995).

## CHAPTER FOUR

### SCOTLAND GEOGRAPHY & POLITICAL TIMELINE (IS THIS TRIP REALLY NECESSARY?)

This chapter may to some be dry and somewhat boring yet was essential in our discovery process of “who” and “why” of the folks leaving Scotland. I found it exciting and fulfilling. Rather than synopsize these articles, I extracted pertinent portions and reprinted as is. It must be remembered that in spite of what Funk & Wagnalls says, there is no such thing as a Scotchman, a Scotch Loch or Scotch dialect. *SCOTCH* is a highly delectable drink. *Scots* is what we are. But that argument is futile. Please note some of the spelling in the United Kingdom is somewhat different than ours. They remain uncorrected

#### *SCOTLAND IN PROFILE<sup>1</sup>*

*Scotland is a country of some 30,414 square miles (78,772 square kilometres) including some 609 square miles of fresh water lochs. Its population was estimated at 5,100,000 at June 1991.*

*Scotland forms the northern part of the island of Great Britain and is situated between latitudes 54°38' and 60°51'N and the longitudes 1°45' and 6°14'W. It is bounded west and north by the Atlantic Ocean and on the east by the North Sea, while in the south the border with England runs 60 miles roughly along the line of the Cheviot Hills.*

*The name "Scotland" derives from the Scoti, a Celtic tribe who migrated to Scotland from Ireland during the fifth and sixth centuries and who, in time, merged through conquest and intermarriage with the Pictish tribes to form the nucleus of the Scottish nation.*

#### *GEOGRAPHIC FEATURES*

*Scotland has some 790 islands ranging from large rocks to land several hundred square miles in area. Of these, the largest and best know are the groups of Shetland and Orkney in the northeast; Lewis, Harris, Skye, Mull and Islay in the Hebrides – the string of islands which lies off the west coast of Scotland – and the islands of Bute and Arran in the Firth of Clyde. About 130 of the Scottish islands are inhabited.*

*The comparatively modest dimensions of mainland Scotland are revealed in the fact that the greatest distance from north to south is only 275 miles (440 kilometres) while the maximum width is 154 miles (248 kilometres); the width, in the country's central belt between the Firths of Clyde and Forth, is only 25 miles (41 kilometres). However, so rugged and indented is the coastline of Scotland that its aggregate length is estimated at 2,300 miles (3,680). Yet few parts of the country are more than 40 miles (64 kilometres) from salt water.*

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<sup>1</sup> <http://www.scotland.gov.uk/library/documents/profile.htm>, Scotland in Profile, Produced by The Scottish Office Information Directorate in June 1994. By permission.

*By British standards, Scotland is a mountainous country, having the highest peak in the United Kingdom (Ben Nevis 4,406 feet or 1,356 metres) as well as five other mountains of more than 4,000 feet. Such heights are, of course, modest by European standards but the Scottish Mountains have a beauty and colour rarely matched elsewhere.*

*Scotland consists broadly of three main geographic regions. These are the Highlands, the Central Lowlands, and the Southern Uplands. The Highlands in the north, including the Hebridean islands, account for somewhat more than half the total area of Scotland.*

*The Central Lowlands fall roughly between a line from Dumbarton to Stonehaven in the north and another from Girvan to Dunbar in the south. The term "Lowlands" is something of a misnomer, however, for the region includes a number of hill ranges as well as an abundance of beauty spots and rich, undulating farmland.*

*In the Southern Uplands, likewise, magnificent scenery abounds, though as a rule gentler than that in the Highlands. Seven major hill ranges are in the region, but the highest peak – Merrick, in the Galloway Hills – attains a height of only 2,764 feet (815 metres). In this region, too, lies Scotland's Borderland, rich in story and legend as well as in beauty and fertility of soil. It is the land of Sir Walter Scott, probably Scotland's greatest novelist and one of the major figures in European literature as a whole.*

*Scotland is an ideal centre for communications with Europe and North America thanks to its geographical situation. It is served by four modern international airports and has regular air services to Western Europe (including Scandinavia) and to North America. Scotland is linked to the rest of Britain by modern road and rail systems and by scheduled air services. The largest heliport in Europe is in Aberdeen.*

*Despite its northern latitudes, the climate in Scotland is remarkably temperate, one of the main reasons being that it lies athwart of the warming Gulf Stream from the South Atlantic. True, its mean air temperature is 2°F (1.25°C) below that of England, while average rainfall is 15 inches higher in any year. On the other hand, there is no month in which average temperatures in Scotland fall below freezing point, while the difference between summer temperatures in the north and south is usually negligible.*

*The average rainfall in Scotland ranges from 22 inches (560mm) to 40 inches (1,015mm) a year. There are marked variations within the country, the west, particularly the West Highlands, tending to have higher rainfall than the east. In comparison with Europe, the capital of Scotland, Edinburgh, has the same average rainfall as Dieppe – namely 27 inches or 685mm, while Inverness has the same figures as Nancy – 28 inches or 710mm; this is not much more than the average rainfall for the main centres of population in Denmark and Sweden. Aberdeen, Dundee and Perth have the same average rainfall as Lille (31 inches or 785mm) and Gothenburg (30 inches or 775mm).*

*The range of temperature in major towns and cities of Scotland is, as a rule, much less than in cities such as Stockholm or Copenhagen for example. Winters in the main towns and cities of Scotland are much less severe than in southern Sweden or Denmark. They are similar to winters in northern France, although Scottish summers are cooler.*

#### GLENN LYON

Glen Lyon is a valley lying between the River Tummel and the River Tay. Funk & Wagnalls Dictionary describes it as: glen (glen) n. A small secluded valley. [<Scots Gaelic *glenn*]. Technically the



## Chapter Four

head or beginning of the valley is at the Fortingall Parish Church, with the River Lyon joining the Tay there. However, historically Glen Lyon also includes all of the area east from Fortingall to the confluence of the Tay and Tummel some twenty miles away. (*See Appendix H, Graphic No. 175, Stewart Map No. 3, page 318.*) It would seem that it should have been named Glen Tay

The geography of the family area is quite simple. During my GGGG Grandfather Alexander's era, travel was either by foot, horseback if one was so lucky to own a horse, or perhaps by wagon. Perhaps not even the Lairds traveled by coach. The family met socially in their church setting. While I do not know where Robert's spouse, Jane Wilson, lived (*other than Giligan, as reported in their wedding banns*), her Parish was Fortingall. This was within eight miles of the Foss Farm and just three miles from the church at Dull. So they more than likely met at a church function of the two parishes.

The Parish of Fortingall boundaries included all of the geographic Glen Lyon. This extends from the church to the west some thirty six miles and includes the Rannoch Valley. It is one of the largest Parishes in Scotland<sup>2</sup>. Just a few miles to the east is the Parish of Dull and a few miles to the south is the Parish of Kenmore. Both Fortingall and Dull Parishes figure in the history of our Stewart ancestors.

### GAELIC

In legal terms, a 'national language', Gaelic is nowadays spoken by some 80,000 Scots in addition to English. The Annual Mod (*a literary, musical, vocal and artistic competition*) lasts formerly two weeks and attracts an attendance of 15,000. Gaelic's long literary tradition is exemplified by many writers today – including Sorley MacLean, hailed in some quarters as one of the most significant poets in present-day Europe.

### ***THE SCOTS AND THE CLEARANCES<sup>3</sup>***

***The movement of people between Scotland and Ireland and onward emigration to North America, Australia and New Zealand***

***Notes covering the origins of the Scots and Irish peoples, some aspects of the history of England, Ireland and Scotland; the clearances in Scotland; associated religious disputes and the Covenant: all being influences on the movement of Scots people to Ireland and onward to the former British colonies or directly to those colonies. The notes include a list of potentially useful references.***

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#### INTRODUCTION

***The racial mixture of the populations of the British Isles is highly complex; largely due to the continued movement of significant portions of the population throughout recorded history. The population of Scotland in the 16th and early 17th centuries was made up from the remnants of the early Celtic inhabitants of the British Isles, of Roman invaders and settlers, the Angles, Jutes, Saxon and Viking invaders of the Dark Ages from continental Europe, later Flemings from the Low Countries and the Normans (themselves of Viking origin) who came north after the conquest of England in***

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<sup>2</sup> Alexander Stewart, A Highland Parish: A History of Glen Lyon and Rannoch (Glasgow: Alex McLaren & Sons, 1928).

<sup>3</sup> <http://home.clara.net/iainkerr/kerr/clearances.htm>, April 2002, Compiled by Iain Kerr - e-mail: [iainkerr@clara.net](mailto:iainkerr@clara.net)

*1066. The Irish population at the same time was a mix of the early Celts, Picts and other Hibernian invaders plus Viking and other incomers.*

*The movement of people between Scotland, England and Ireland over the centuries has been driven by a variety of pressures; political, economic, family ties, religious issues and the problems suffered during times of all types of armed conflict and war. There is also a very long history of such movements from the days of the Viking invaders in the Dark Ages of the 5th to 7th centuries up to the times of the potato blight in Ireland of the mid 19th century.*

*Some movements have sometimes been loosely referred to as clearances; there were several actual clearance campaigns in Scotland and in Ireland, conducted either directly by the English/British Crown or by substantial land-owners with the tacit support of a benign government. Although history and romantic fiction tend to focus on the Highland Clearances in Scotland, they were effected across the whole of Scotland; evicting, if not wiping out, the resident Highlander, Lowlander or Borderer populations. Similarly, the massive movement of people from Ireland before, during and after the potato blight and consequent famine (the Great Hunger) of the 1840s has attracted much interest; sometimes obscuring substantial but otherwise routine movements at other times.*

*The "dark romance" of such Celtic evictions obscures the scale of movements of people from other parts of Britain and Europe. There are clearly documented forced migrations of people, especially religious minorities or economically disadvantaged classes, from the southwest of England to the Americas and from Kent to Australia. A remarkably similar modern campaign, the forced emigration of orphans from all parts of Great Britain to Australia, only ceased in the 1950s.*

## GEOGRAPHICAL FACTORS

*It should be recalled that the West Coast of Scotland has a mass of sea-lochs and two belts of islands; the Inner and Outer Hebrides. Furthermore, the County Antrim and County Down coasts of Ireland are very close to Scotland, north-west England and the Isle of Man. The local fishing industry, small-scale trading and the historic movements of populations ensured ready movement by sea between what are now seen as separate countries. In times of crisis, famine or war it was sometimes safer to move family and flocks to another safer or more economically attractive residence. Such escapes were often followed within a generation by a return to the original homeland once conditions there had returned to normal. It is understandable that the family histories of many of the surnames represented in Scotland, Ulster and even Northern England are quite confused.*

*In an extreme example of routine movements, it should be recalled that in the 18th and 19th centuries, the people of St Kilda (some 40 miles into the Atlantic, west of the Outer Hebrides) were prepared to row to Uist or Harris, against prevailing winds and seas, in order to trade their sole produce, the down of the island's sea-birds for use as mattress filling.*

## THE BEGINNINGS

*The troubles in Scotland can be said to have begun in the reign of King Henry VIII, who was attempting to wage war on France - Scotland's "auld allie". Henry defeated King James IV at Flodden Field on 9 September 1513. The Scottish Crown then fell to a series of young, often infant monarchs, who were under the influence of their Mothers or Regents. The Regents inevitably were the powerful barons of Scotland, who feuded amongst themselves for that power. The disputes between*

*the barons becoming more complicated with religious differences; between those espousing the Roman Catholic, Presbyterian and Episcopalian (Anglican) faiths.*

*The uneasy peace between the two kingdoms of Scotland and England broke down during the Reformation with the rise of Presbyterianism in Scotland and the evolution of the Anglican Church in England. King James V of Scotland attempted to assert Scots power, but after his defeat in battle, Henry VIII's armies invaded Scotland and beat the Scots at Hadden Rig near Berwick in August 1542. The Scottish Army then mounted a counter-attack at Solway Moss that turned into a rout with the Scottish Army suffering many casualties.*

*The families of the defeated Scots soldiers were immediately at risk. No sooner than the battle of Solway Moss was over than the retreating Scottish Army found itself beset by Borderers or border reivers (raiders) - those families who lived in the Border Marches, where neither English or Scottish Crown held sway. The reivers were eager as always to snap up plunder and prisoners, whichever side they belonged to. Some of the Scottish soldiers who escaped were reputedly so reduced by panic and confusion, that they were prepared to surrender to women. The news of Solway Moss was literally a fatal blow to the sick and dejected King James V who died in despair at Falkirk. No sooner was his body cold, than the Scotts and Kerrs, down on the English Border, were raiding the royal flocks and farms.*

### **HENRY'S ROUGH WOOING**

*The Scottish crown passed to James V's infant daughter Mary, Queen of Scots. Henry VIII sought to gain control over Scotland (and to advance his cause against France) by proposing marriage between Mary and his infant son Edward, Prince of Wales under the Treaties of Greenwich of August 1543. These treaties were rejected by the new Scottish Parliament. Henry's response was to loose his English troops upon Scotland with instructions to kill, burn and spoil. The invasions of Scotland in 1544 and 1545, known as Henry's "rough wooing", brought slaughter, burning and indiscriminate extermination wasting southern Scotland and inflicting irreparable damage on the Scottish abbeys. They had the effect of clearing the Border populations away deeper into Scotland or across the sea to Ireland.*

*The work was entrusted to Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford. By threat and bribe he revived the old English Border Warden's policy of securing the toughest of the Scottish clans to work in England's interest. The time would come when he could claim that he had turned Dumfries into virtually an English province. In the meantime Hertford managed to control the Scottish reivers' activities to an extent that his predecessor, the old Lord Dacre, had not achieved. Hertford played skillfully on the feuds which, as always, were in progress along the borders, turning the Armstrongs on to the Kerrs and Scotts, who were themselves engaged in their near-perpetual vendetta.*

*King Henry VIII maintained suzerainty over Scotland until, losing campaigns in France, his English armies were withdrawn from Scotland in 1550. By this time Mary, Queen of Scots was old enough to take up her inheritance.*

### **RELIGIOUS FERMENT - THE REFORMATION**

*The next 20 years of Reformation in Scotland saw the firm establishment of the Calvinist Church of Scotland (the Presbyterians). There were still Roman Catholic communities, especially in*

*the Islands and West Highlands, and a significant minority who tended to an Episcopalian Church. This change was focused on the Confession of Faith (later to be revived as the Covenant) and by the Act of Settlement of 1560. Two decades of confusion followed during the attempted Counter-Reformation by Roman Catholic supporters of Mary, Queen of Scots. Mary abdicated in 1567 after three disastrous marriages and some turbulent politics and military adventures. Mary was forced to abdicate in favour of her infant son and then was captured and imprisoned by Queen Elizabeth. Mary was eventually executed on 8 February 1587 at Fotheringay Castle, Yorkshire by order of Queen Elizabeth I, on a false charge of treason against the English throne.*

*Scotland was then governed by four disputatious Regents<sup>4</sup> during the childhood of King James VI. James VI succeeded to the English throne on Elizabeth's death on 26 March 1603. King James VI and I, as he became after being crowned King of England in London, continued a campaign to bring order to the Borders, begun in the 1590s, and sought to do so by sending some of the Border reivers to serve in the Continental wars. King James the VI and I also envisaged a union of Scotland and England, a change that was not to be achieved until another century passed.*

#### **KING JAMES VI AND I - HIGHLAND CLEARANCES**

*King James VI and I, although absent from Scotland for most of his reign, pursued a campaign to bring into order the 'peccant' parts of the realm - the Borders, the Highlands and the Islands. For example, the 7th Earl of Argyll led the pursuit of and violent measures against the MacGregors under a commission of "fire and sword" of 1610. In 1617, the Scottish Parliament confirmed a Privy Council ordinance of 1603 that abolished the very name of MacGregor. These pressures contributed to the significant number of Scottish (and Irish) emigrants in the first colonial ventures in the North Americas. Some of the Scots settlers established Nova Scotia under the leadership of Sir William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Stirling.*

*The later years of King James VI and I reign saw gradual revelation of his personal adherence to the Roman Catholic church and to more overt support for the reintroduction of the Episcopalian Church in Scotland. His persecutions of the English Puritans and the Scottish Presbyterians were to create more emigration pressure during the reign of his son King Charles I of Scotland and England.*

#### **PRESBYTERIAN REVOLUTION - THE NATIONAL COVENANT**

*King Charles I claimed to be King of Great Britain without being crowned in Scotland. King Charles continued support of the Episcopalian Churches in Scotland and England and maintained closer relations with Roman Catholic allies in Europe. Charles was uncompromising in his dealings with the Scottish, as well as the English, Parliaments. In dealing with Laud, the Archbishop of Canterbury, King Charles proposed that the Episcopacy be re-introduced in Scotland. The Scottish opposition to this was both general and intense. The Scottish Parliament and Kirk produced the National Covenant on Wednesday 28 February 1635. In an astonishing "avalanche", the Covenant was rapidly distributed throughout Scotland and signed by people of all classes. By years-end, 95% of the Scottish people had bound themselves to the Covenant. The Covenant required its adherents to "uphold and to*

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<sup>4</sup> Person or persons who rule in the name and place of a sovereign.

*defend the true religion" and to oppose all "innovations on the purity and liberty of the gospel". This led to the so-called Scottish Civil War or the Bishop's Wars.*

*The Scottish Parliament seized the royal fortresses and stores, made an alliance with France and sent an army under General Alexander Leslie across the English border early in 1640. The Scots were well prepared; the country was filled with old soldiers who had served Germany in the Thirty Years War who served as the nucleus for untrained levies. Leslie seized Newcastle. King Charles responded by calling his fourth, the so-called Short, English Parliament in Westminster which was dismissed after 3 weeks.*

*King Charles, having failed to regain power in Scotland, then made a truce with the Scots and called the fifth, or Long, English Parliament which met on 30 November 1640. In 1641, the English Parliament, which was packed with anti-monarchists and libertarians (who generally became the Puritan Party), presented the King with the 'Grand Remonstrance' which recited all of the acts of tyranny and misgovernment of the previous sixteen years. King Charles attempted to arrest five of the members of Parliament but failed. On 10 January 1642 he left London, never to return, save as a prisoner. The division between the English Parliament and King set in train the Civil Wars of the Three Kingdoms.*

#### **THE FIRST ENGLISH CIVIL WAR 1642 - 1649**

*In 1643, a General Assembly held in Edinburgh accepted the overtures of the English Parliament - the "Solemn League and Covenant". Both parties agreed to preserve the reformed religion in England and Ireland, to suppress all opponents of the League and to preserve peace between England and Scotland. The Presbyterian cause was joined. In 1643, the Scottish Covenanting Army, under General Leslie, swept the English royalist forces before him and advanced to besiege York, before playing an important part in the battle of Marston Moor.*

#### **MONTROSE'S VENTURE 1644 - 1645**

*Montrose, who had refused to have any part in the Solemn League, accepted the King's commission as Lieutenant General, commanding the royalist Army in Scotland. After defeat at Marston Moor, he returned to Scotland in disguise and raised a small force including some 1,000 wild Irishmen and Islemen commanded by Alistair MacDonald. Montrose led his small force to victory in six battles against the odds and carried fire and sword into the lands of the Campbells. Just when the Lowlands lay before him, Montrose was defeated by Leslie at the Battle of Philliphaugh. But the Covenanter victory was stained by a horrible massacre of royalist prisoners, echoing that which occurred after the Battle of Naseby. The Second English Civil War ended with the impeachment and trial of the King by the illegally convened English Parliament in early 1649. King Charles I was subsequently executed in Whitehall on 30 January 1649.*

#### **THE THIRD ENGLISH CIVIL WAR 1651 - 1652**

*Immediately after the illegal execution of King Charles I, the Scottish Parliament proclaimed his son, King Charles II as monarch. The new King accepted this odd offer, which was conditional upon his recognition of Presbyterianism. Arriving from his exile in The Hague, Netherlands, off*

*Garmouth-on-Spey, he signed both Covenants on 23 June 1649. King Charles II was then crowned King of Scotland at Scone on 1 January 1651.*

*The "Lord Protector" Cromwell could not accept this, and in July 1651 he crossed the Border with 16,000 men, mainly veterans, and a fleet sailed up the east coast. After some early Scottish successes, the leadership of the Scottish army became disrupted by the appointment of inexperienced ministers rather than seasoned military men. Cromwell seized a tactical advantage at the Battle of Dunbar and inflicted major casualties on the previously victorious Scots Army. In victory after the so-called "Dunbar Drove", Cromwell showed no mercy. The few able Scottish survivors of the battle were forced to march to imprisonment in England, many in Durham Cathedral. Some of those who survived this were sentenced to exile as indentured servants in the 'Plantations' of Ulster and the Americas.*

*King Charles II then led his Royalist armies in an attempt to regain power in England. This failed with defeat at the Battle of Worcester where Highlanders, following the Royalist cause into England, fell in significant numbers. The Highlander's homelands became forfeit to the victorious Roundhead supporters; their families refugees. King Charles had a long and exiting journey into exile in France and the Netherlands.*

#### **THE USURPATION (COMMONWEALTH AND PROTECTORATE) 1649 - 1660**

*The English Parliament under Cromwell attempted to treat Scotland as a mere province with Cromwell acting as "Lord Protector". Cromwell strived to create a Union between the nations during the 'Barebones Parliament' (which contained only 5 Scots members out of 140). During the 8 years of Cromwell's Protectorate rule over Scotland, there were many attempts to anglicise Scottish practices in both religion and the law. The parliamentary military under General Monk eliminated any remaining Scottish military opposition. Conversely, for most the period was one of comparative calm and prosperity in Scotland.*

*The Commonwealth and Protectorate broke up as an institution after the death of Oliver Cromwell and the succession of his son Thomas as Lord Protector. The restoration of the English and Scottish Crown in 1660 came as relief to most Scots because they were Royalists at heart and hoped to be permitted to practice their own form of Presbyterianism which emphasized the direct responsibility of every individual to his Maker.*

#### **RESTORATION AND THE COVENANTERS 1660 - 1689**

*King Charles II has sworn at his coronation in Scotland in 1st January 1651 to uphold the Solemn League and Covenant and to establish a Presbyterian Government, the crown having been placed on his head by the Marquis of Argyll. Yet, little more than a year after his restoration to the throne, Charles had Argyll executed at the Cross of Edinburgh because Argyll strictly adhered to Presbyterianism.*

*King Charles II, known to his English subjects as "the Merry Monarch", was wont to say that Presbyterianism was no religion for a gentleman and he made great efforts to restore the episcopacy in Scotland. Charles quickly developed a vindictive attitude both to his former enemies and to the Presbyterians in Scotland who had been his allies. In England, the Act of Uniformity of 1662, the Conventicle Act of 1664 and the Five Mile Act of 1665 were concerted efforts to persecute those Prot-*

*estants who failed to accede to the 49 Articles and the Book of Common Prayer. In Scotland, the Act of Proclamation of 1662 banished from their manse and parishes all ministers who lacked an episcopal license. The result was that on 1 November 1662, over 400 ministers came out of their churches and manse. This was followed by the Act of Fines of 1663, designed to punish those revolting clergy. The enforcement of those fines was placed under military control, using the newly formed standing British Army.*

### "THE KILLING TIMES"

*The collection of those fines led to the first military rising of the Covenanters, at St John's Town of Dalry in Galloway on 12 November 1666. A small party of armed Covenanters overpowered some troopers under the command of Sir James Turner who were torturing a Covenanter who would not pay his fine. The Covenanters then marched from Dumfries to Lanark, increasing to some 2,000 in number. At Rullion Green, they encountered the superior forces of the Crown under General Dalziel. Some 1,000 Covenanters who determined to go forward at all costs were disastrously defeated. Over 100 prisoners were taken, to be afterwards executed, after various degrees of torture, at appointed spots all over the country. Other prisoners were subsequently transported as indentured labour to the Americas.*

*The persecution of the outed clergy and Covenanters, and anyone providing them shelter or support, continued along with heavy fines. By 1677, landowners and masters were required to sign bonds for all persons residing on their land. Their landowners refused to accept this impossible undertaking. The Government loosed upon the south-west, and Ayrshire in particular, the Highland Host - a body of 6,000 Highlanders and 3,000 Lowland militia who lived in free quarters while they extracted the bonds and looted the country. The simmering uprising led to the assassination of Archbishop Sharp, the symbol of the episcopacy and the persecutor of many Covenanters, at Magus Moor near St Andrews on 3rd May 1679.*

*Following the assassination, a company of Covenanting extremists held a Conventicle in Avondale, Lanarkshire on 25th May. They prepared a public manifesto, ratified at public meetings and published at Rutherglen on 29th May - a date deliberately chosen as the unpopular public holiday for the King's birthday. General John Graham of Claverhouse ("Bloody Clavers" - later Viscount Dundee and "Bonnie Dundee") attempted an attack on the Covenanters at a great Conventicle at Drumclog, Lanarkshire on Sunday 1st June, but was repulsed. This was one of the Covenanter's few military victories.*

*Three weeks later at Bothwell Brig, the 5,000 strong Covenanter Army was disastrously defeated by a Royal force under Monmouth; 400 being left dead on the field; and 1,500 carried away as prisoners to Edinburgh. There they were confined in the open for five months in Greyfriars Kirkyard. Two ministers were hanged, some other prisoners were executed at Magus Moor. [The names of all Covenanter martyrs are recorded on the National Covenant Memorial in Greyfriars Kirkyard.] 400 prisoners who took a bond not to rise in arms again were released. The remainder were sentenced to be transported to Barbados, but their ship sank off the Orkneys with 200 of the captives battened below hatches.*

*Monmouth, who was considered by the King as too kindly and lenient, was replaced by James, Duke of York (later King James VII and II). The strict Covenanters, reduced in numbers but not in*

*spirit, continued to resist with increased fervour. Led by the minister Andrew Cargill and by Richard Cameron, a St Andrews graduate, they were known as the "Society men" or the Cameronians.*

*[The British Army regiment which bore that name - The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) - for nearly 300 years, were nicknamed "the Covenanters"; they took their rifles to the Kirk and posted sentries outside. Faced with amalgamation with another regiment, the Cameronians went into suspended animation in 1968, resolved to return should Scotland or the Covenant ever have need of them.]*

*On 22nd June 1680, the first anniversary of the dark day of Bothwell Brig, the Cameronians assembled at the Market Cross at Sanquhar, Dumfries and published a Declaration for the deposing of the Stuart King Charles II. Cameron was killed at Airmoss in Ayrshire a few weeks later. But the Society People continued to harry the authorities.*

*The period of the Restored Monarchy in Scotland was a period of marked economic and political development. Yet the continued persecution of dissidents drove men to lands abroad where thought was considered more free. A small Quaker-Scottish colony was established in East New Jersey in the 1660s, and in 1684 a Presbyterian settlement in Stuart's Town in South Carolina.*

### **THE "GLORIOUS REVOLUTION" 1688**

*James VII and II was proclaimed King of Scots on 10 February 1685, but he omitted to take the Scottish Coronation oath to defend the Protestant religion. The Indemnity which he published to celebrate his accession omitted all of his Covenanting enemies. By 1688, the King's open support of the Mass and promotion of Roman Catholics to power and office confirmed the worst fears of the English and Scots Protestants. The birth of a Prince of Wales in June 1680 [Prince James Frances Edward Stuart - the 'Old Pretender'] convinced the English magnates that James's policy and support for Rome would survive his death.*

*A group of English peers and politicians therefore invited William of Orange, the husband of Mary Stuart, daughter of King James VII and II and next in line of succession, to take the English and Scottish Crowns. The battles of the "Glorious Revolution" included the Battle of Killiecrankie where "Bonny Dundee" was killed commanding the western clans against the Williamite army. The Revolution ended in King James' final defeat at the Battle of the Boyne in Ireland, achieving what the Covenanters and other dissidents had striven to achieve - the firm establishment of a Protestant Crown for Great Britain. James Stewart and his family fled to France, where amongst other things they changed the spelling of their name to Stuart.*

*The Revolution Settlement, including the Treaty of Limerick, by which William of Orange became King de jure as well as de facto, was not universally welcome in Scotland. Opposition came from various quarters. The Jacobites, seeking the return of James Stuart, were still active; the Episcopalians resented the establishment of the Presbytery; the Cameronians were outraged by the disregard of the Covenant; and disappointed politicians united themselves in the 'Country Party'.*

*The War of the League of Augsburg 1688 - 1697 was a campaign of William of Orange mainly fought in the Netherlands. But after the Glorious Revolution, the Scots found themselves dragged into this affair, that was distinguished by the military incompetence of William of Orange and the naval short-sightedness of King Louis XIV of France. Combat on land was mainly in the form of siege warfare. Naval operations were essentially reflexes of the land battle. King William III's war with France was another source of friction between Scotland and England. France was Scotland's old*



ally. Scottish money was spent and Scottish lives were lost - the Cameronians, for example, suffered dreadfully at the Battle of Steenkerke - in a quarrel which was repugnant to Scots' sentiment.

### THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE

*The newly established British government promised indemnity to all Scots who would eschew any Stuart loyalties and take the oath of allegiance before 1 January 1692. They clearly hoped that the recalcitrance of the Highland chiefs who sympathized with the deposed Stuarts, would provide a pretext for a crusade against them. MacDonald of Glencoe (the leader of a small branch clan of the Clan Donald), partly through truculence and partly due to bad weather, was a few days late in giving his pledge of allegiance. 'Letters of Fire and Sword' were issued against his small clan, also known as MacIans. The MacDonalds of Glencoe had a reputation for thievery, and were hated by the Campbells, who were serving the Crown.*

*On the night of 13 February 1692, thirty-eight MacDonalds, including two women and two children, were treacherously murdered by a party of Campbells, which had been quartered in their midst. The few surviving MacDonalds fled over the snow-clad mountains; some to Ulster where they changed their name to McDonnell. This massacre was the source of a long-lived feud between the MacDonalds and the Campbells.*

### THE DARIEN SCHEME

*William Paterson, a Scot whose claim on history was the foundation of the Bank of England, was less memorable to his own countrymen. In 1693, he set up a company to establish an entrepot on the Isthmus of Darien (now known as Panama) which would command the trade of the two great oceans. Scots put up £400,000 - about half of the national capital available - every Scot who had £5 to spare invested in the Darien Scheme. The colony of New Edinburgh was set up in 1698 but fever, dissension and English opposition ruined the venture. The colony was abandoned with great loss of life (over 2,000 men) and capital (over £200,000).*

*The Scottish distrust of the English was further fueled by the Act of Union of the Scottish and English Parliaments of 1707; an Act intended to unite the two nations, but all too often to the advantage of the English side. Discontent in Scotland remained wide and deep, being intensified by the ascendancy to the throne of Great Britain of George I, a German from Hanover, while the 'legitimate' Stuart monarch - the 'Old Pretender' or James III - was still extant. Four times over the next three decades it seemed as if the Stuart 'white rose' would bloom again.*

### THE JACOBITE ATTEMPTS 1708, 1715, 1719 AND 1745

*After the punitive shock of Glencoe, the Highland clans turned their backs to the South, believing that they could continue to live as they always had done, despite tax collectors and red-coat garrisons. But the irritations of English rule persisted. While the Hanoverian Kings ruled Britain, there were four attempts by Jacobite forces to restore the Stuart monarchy; the best known being the "Fifteen" and the "Forty-Five".*

1708

*In 1708, King Louis XIV of France, was anxious to avenge the British general Marlborough's victories in Continental Europe and aware that Scotland was ill-defended. He launched a strong fleet destined for the Firth of Forth, but bad weather, faulty navigation and the arrival of the English ships prevented the invaders from making any landing. A seed had been sown.*

### 1715

*With the ascension of King George I in 1715, the Jacobites had good reason to believe that the Stuart house might be restored through rebellion. The Scots were all tired of the Union. The Earl of Mar raised the Stuart standard at the Braes of Mar in September with the support of a few Scottish nobles, mainly Lowlanders. But he was soon at the head of a force of 12,000 men. By the end of the month he had occupied Inverness and Perth. Yet this venture failed completely. The towns, except for a few, held for the English Crown. The Earl of Sutherland raised the extreme North for the Crown, but no help came from France. Mar dallied at Perth sending aides to attempt to raise the country in Jacobite south-west Scotland and northern England. Mar then advanced on Stirling, engaged in an indecisive battle at Sheriffmuir, before retiring to Perth.*

*Fortunes were not reversed by the arrival of the "Chevalier", James Francis Edward Stuart the Old Pretender, who while personally brave was not supportive of the campaign. The Chevalier and Mar slipped off by sea from Montrose in February 1716, leaving their supporters to shift for themselves. The Crown was markedly lenient with leaders of the rebellion, only two being executed. In 1717 an Act of Grace and Free Pardon was offered to all except MacGregors. The Crown's attempt to sell off forfeited estates was singularly unsuccessful; most of the land was returned to Jacobite landlords.*

### 1719

*The attempt to raise the Jacobite cause in 1719 was very small in scale. Cardinal Alberoni assisted James Stuart to dispatch two Spanish frigates and a force of 300 white-coat soldiers to Eilean Donan Castle on Loch Duich. They met with little support and in June were routed halfway up Glen Shiel and promptly surrendered.*

### 1745 - 1746

*The "Forty-Five" has attracted most interest because of its romance and because it seemed to come very near to success. It was not however, a spontaneous rising of a great part of Scotland but more a major diplomatic play in the greater business of Western Europe. The Jacobites had suffered badly in the 20 years after the Loch Shiel debacle. The Highlands were strongly garrisoned with locally raised regiments, including the 42nd Regiment of Foot - The Black Watch - Freiceadan Dubh. This was the first of the Highland regiments and was named from the black-dark colour of the tartan uniforms (distinguishing them from the regular troops - the Saighdean Dearg (red soldiers). These Scots regiments also served with great success abroad. The garrisons were based in strong forts (such as Fort William) linked by new military roads.*

*Overseas things had not gone well for the "King over the Water"; expelled from France by the Peace of Utrecht, he had sought refuge with the Pope at Avignon, then in Rome. George II had succeeded to the English throne in 1727 without any Stuart intervention.*

*In 1745, King Louis XV prepared an invasion fleet at Dunkerque; which actually failed through bad weather; he commissioned Charles Edward Stuart, son of the Chevalier to conduct a diversionary attack in Scotland. The Young Pretender seized the moment and with but a few aging companions landed at Arisaig in July 1745. He managed to raise a small army of clansmen, some unwilling recruits brought in by threats of eviction and burning. His force never exceeded 10,000 foot soldiers and often was half that number. Before the rebellion was finally crushed, there were more clans hostile to the Young Pretender and more Scotsmen in arms against him, than had ever sworn to die with him. His stubborn adherence to the Church of Rome would lose him all but derisory support in the Lowlands and England. The Young Pretender's recruiting also suffered from some unwise actions by Highland chieftains during the previous two decades. They had organized their own clearance campaigns - driving out the crofters and runrig farmers in order to farm the more profitable sheep. Some of those evicted families were involuntarily sent to the Americas as "white slaves" or indentured labour, resulting in the Highlands as a most infertile recruiting ground!*

*Charles Edward Stuart led his Army into Stirling plain in September 1745, defeating the only Government army in Scotland at Prestonpans. Charles occupied Edinburgh, although he failed to capture the castle, and then prepared for the invasion of England. The Jacobite Army advanced unopposed by way of Carlisle, Preston and Manchester reaching Derby on 5 December. But their logistics were desperately over-extended and they had failed to rally more than a small group of Manchester Episcopalians to increase their strength. Charles Edward Stuart found himself facing government Armies advancing from Yorkshire and Staffordshire and then learned of a major force being raised for the defense of London. In the absence of a French invasion and the lack of English rising in support, the Jacobites had little choice but to retreat the way they had come. By 15 January 1746, the Jacobite Army was drawn up at Bannockburn ready to receive an attack from the English force under Hawley. But Hawley remained at Falkirk, so the Jacobites fell on them and put a seasoned government army to rout.*

#### **CULLODEN 16 APRIL 1746**

*At dawn on Wednesday 16 April 1746, fewer than 5,000 hungry and exhausted Jacobite troops limped into their battle line on a bleak moor above Culloden House. They stood, faces into a sleeting gale, on ground which no senior officer but Charles Stuart believed could be defended. Facing them was a government army of 9,000 men under the Duke of Cumberland, including English regiments, Lowland Scots troops and a battalion of Campbells. Winnowed by Cumberland's guns, the clansmen charged en mass through musketry and grape-shot, slashing their way into three ranks of leveled bayonets. This was the Highlander's only tactic - massed charge into the enemy's ranks.*

*Worn down, the stubborn Highlanders were forced to a withdrawal that turned into a hysterical rout. The government troops marched forward to take ceremonial possession of the field of victory, bayoneting the Jacobite wounded before them. The Jacobite force lost over 1,000 dead. (NOTE:*

*Others have reported 2,500<sup>5</sup> dead.) The long brawl of Scottish history had ended in the terrible blood of its best remembered battle. But in hindsight, this last battle fought on British soil is seen more as a Scottish civil war than the traditional image of an Anglo-Scottish conflict.*

*Charles Edward Stuart escaped the field of Culloden; while his followers were given over to the brutalities of Cumberland and Hawley, he wandered the Highlands and Islands until 20 September 1746, when he made his escape to France from Moidart. His flight was desperate business; he had become an embarrassment to the chiefs into whose land he came.*

*The remainder of his life was a sad decline into wife-beating, wine and decay. When the Old Pretender died in 1766, the Pope would not recognize the Young Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart as King of Scotland. He eventually died without legitimate issue in 1788; however the Stuart claimants continued in a bastard line.*



Graphic No. 15

Culloden Battlefield, Photo by Author, 1993, taken from the roof of the Stuart Castle in Inverness.

#### **HIGHLAND CLEARANCES FROM 1747**

*Unlike after the earlier rebellions, the policy of the London based government repression after the "Forty-Five" was inexorable. It began with the extermination of the wounded who still lay on the battlefield and was continued by the imposition of martial law, the shooting and hanging of fugitives, the driving of stock and the burning of house and cottage. The supporters of the Young Chevalier paid heavily for their loyalty to the Jacobite cause, apart from the ravages which the government army and navy imposed following Culloden.*

*The prisoners were all tried in England. One hundred and twenty of the prisoners were executed, the officers by the axe, common men by the rope; about 1,150 were banished or transported as indentured servants (white slaves) to the American plantations. The fate of another 700 men, women*

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<sup>5</sup> Battlefield Britain, "Culloden: 1746", The final battle of the Jacobite Rebellion, Bonnie Prince Charlie and his exhausted army are slaughtered. TV program aired on KAET, PBS April 2005.

*and children is unknown, but they probably died in gaol (jail) or in the abominable prison hulks (old wooden battleships and cargo ships) anchored in the Thames off Tilbury.*

*The Highland clearances were then continued by three linked policies: the destruction of the clan warrior society; the development of hill sheep farming in place of traditional crofting and forestry; and the wasteful expenditure of Highland fighting manpower on government business - fighting British wars overseas.*

### **THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CLANS**

*Following the 'Forty-Five', King George II's Fifth Parliament in 1747 passed the Act for the pacification of the Highlands. This was seen by the English as the means of putting to an end the "chronic condition of petty warfare in which the Celtic population of the Highlands lived". The structure of the clan was torn down and the powers of the chiefs taken from them. Rigorous laws were passed against the wearing of tartan, kilt or plaid; the carrying of arms was forbidden, with transportation to the colonies for a repeated offense. The clansmen were forced to dip their traditional cloth in mud or dye and to sew their kilts into ridiculous breeches.*

*When the proscription of Highland dress was eventually lifted in 1782, few of the common people accepted it. The tartan became the affectation of the anglicized lands, the fancy dress of English incomers and Lowlanders and the uniform of the King's Gaelic speaking soldiers. The whole concept of Highland dress was then elaborated by the Victorians who were fascinated with things Scottish. This affectation has persisted into 21st century British and North American societies.*

*Five years after Charles Edward Stuart boarded ship for France, kilted fugitives were still being hunted by patrols and British commanders pursuing the policy of fire and sword. Lieutenant Colonel James Wolfe, who later achieved immortality at the Heights of Abraham outside Quebec, is on record as seriously considering the massacre of the MacPhersons.*

### **THE ASCENDANCY OF THE "FOUR-FOOTED CLANSMAN"**

*The "Forty-Five" altered the economy of the Highlands. The lands owned by the Jacobite rebels were "annexed" by the Crown and redistributed to Government favourites. The new landlords and those chiefs who had remained loyal to the Crown, no longer reckoning their wealth in fighting men. The chiefs began to demand rents from their principal tenants, the "tacksmen" [lease-holders]. The tacksmen's previous main obligation had been to maintain the military strength of the clan and act as officers.*

*Many tacksmen emigrated; those who remained demanded rents from their sub-tenants. Although the net population continued to increase until 1831, the family holdings became smaller and poorer. The introduction of the potato brought some relief, but the ordinary crofter could obtain ready money by going south to work in the harvest, by breeding black cattle which were driven south for sale, or emigrating. Meanwhile the encroaching sheep advanced.*

*The great Cheviot sheep, richer in fleece and mutton than any other contemporary breed, was brought to the Highland glens in the aftermath of the "Forty-Five". It was the simple answer to the laird's problems - he had no need to deal with tenants and could contract the tedious business of herding and shearing to Lowland and Northumbrian graziers who were ready to lease his land. The*

*increasing demand for meat during the French wars made mutton more economic than beef and profit supplanted the paternalism of the old chiefs.*

*But before the sheep, the "four-footed clansmen", could take to the hills, the Highland men and women had to go - their townships from the glen and their cattle from the brae. In valleys where once a hundred young swordsmen had once been raised became home for no more than a Border shepherd and his dogs. The true Highlanders took their grief to the slums of Glasgow and the pains of an industrial work-place or to the emigrant ships at Fort William and Greenock.*

*The indiscriminate and selfish practice of eviction and clearance was seen by later economists as a benevolent plan for the national good. The bewildered Highlander was portrayed by the Scots economist Adam Smith as "unproductive, slothful, superstitious and ignorant."*

### **THE LOSS OF FIGHTING MEN 1750 - 1815**

*The raising of Highland regiments, upon commissions granted to their chiefs, took sullen and resentful men away from their despoiled glens, and used them in the creation of an imperial Britain. One of the first, mustered by Simon Fraser of Lovat, contained many of the men who had fought at Culloden, and some of them died with James Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham.*

*During the next fifty years, the Crown drained the Highlands for 27 line regiments and 19 battalions of fencibles (soldiers originally destined only for home service). Frasers, MacLeods and Campbells, MacLeans, MacDonalds, Camerons and Mackenzies, Gordons, Grants, Rosses and Munros, Atholl men, Sutherlanders and Mackays; all found their destiny wearing the red coat and a belted plaid of government approved tartan. They were raised in the way of the former clan levies; each chief and his tacksmen bringing in a number of his young tenants by persuasion or force. They were a unique and splendid corps. Crime and cowardice were rare, and when they mutinied, as they sometimes did, it was with dignity because the promises made to them by their chiefs had been broken by the government.*

*In 1757, the United Kingdom Prime Minister Pitt established a national Militia and made further use of the "aye-ready" loyalty of the Highland people by enrolling regiments from the Highlands. Between 1757 and 1799, about a dozen Highland regiments were raised, whose performance form a bright page in the annals of the British Army. In the French wars at the turn of the 18th century, the Highlanders and Lowlanders supplied the British Army with the equivalent of seven or eight infantry divisions.*

*The battle honours tell the tale of spilt Scots blood across the world:*

*\*in India and the Far East:*

*\*Plassey 1757; Madras 1758; Mysore 1766 - 1769; Philippines 1762; Gujerat 1780; 2nd Mysore War 1780 - 1783; Third Mysore War 1789 - 1792; Fourth Mysore War 1799; Second Marassa War 1803 - 1805; Assaye 1803; Gurkha War 1814 - 1816; Third Maratha War 1817 - 1818.*

*\*in Europe:*

*\*Minden 1759; Siege of Gibraltar 1779 - 1783; Dutch-English War 1780-1784; Siege of Gibraltar 1801; Saragossa 1808; Vimeiro 1808; Baylen 1808; Corunna 1809; Talevera 1809; Bussaco 1810; Torres Vedras 1810-1811; Salamanca 1812; Vittoria 1813; Ligny, France 1814, Quatre-Bras and Waterloo 1815.*

*\*in Africa:*

*\*Alexandria 1807; Senegal 1809; Cape Colony 1800 - 1814; Mauritius and Reunion 1810.*

*\*and in the Americas:*

*\*Fort Ticonderoga 1758; Plains of Abraham, Quebec 1759; Martinique 1762; West Indies and Cuba 1762; Lexington and Concord 1775; Bunker Hill 1775; Trenton 1776; Princeton 1777; Saratoga 1777; Monmouth 1778; Yorktown 1781; West Indies 1794; Martinique 1809; War of 1812.*

### **"IMPROVEMENT OF THE HIGHLANDS" 1813-1850S**

*The greed of sheep-rearing land-owners increased and became formalised in the 19th century. Justified in hindsight by such economists as Adam Smith, the British Government set in train a formal 'Policy for the Improvement of the Highlands' in 1813. The policy was to forcibly remove crofting people from the inland valleys and to settle them on the coast. The first great clearances began in 1814, the "Year of the Burning", in Sutherland and Ross. The dispersal lasted until the middle of the century and the sheep empire endured until it was destroyed by competition from the wool and mutton of Australia, where many of the Scottish exiles had fled.*

*For some years the kelp industry of the isles sustained a large population, and even encouraged immigration. But in the end it decayed and was replaced by sheep. Emigration to the colonies was now regarded by the Government as a noble purpose and supported by government funds and private subscription. (Similar activities took place, albeit on a smaller and less emotive scale, in Kent and Sussex in England, whose salt-marshes and downs were ripe for sheep farming.)*

*This period saw frequent famines, the worst of which followed the potato blight of 1846 which affected much of rural Scotland as well as Ireland. There were epidemics of cholera, and whole families were found dead in the rotting straw of their huts. In the food riots which followed both blight and pestilence, Highland regiments marched against Highland men and women. These last clearances of all, in Knoidart, were considered the most terrible, since they were intended to remove a vestigial pauper population before it became a Poor Law liability for the incoming graziers.*

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*which has been subjected to much subsequent revisionism e.g. MacLeod's 'Gloomy Memories' and a detailed report of the trial of the Braes Crofters.*

\* ***STORIES OF THE HIGHLAND CLEARANCES:*** published by Lang Syne Publishers Ltd: Newtongrange, Midlothian, in 1986.

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\* ***THE SCOTCH-IRISH: OR, THE SCOT IN NORTH BRITAIN, NORTH IRELAND, AND NORTH AMERICA:*** Charles A. Hanna: published in New York, (1902). 2 volumes. The classic study of the Scots-Irish emigrants to North America.

\* ***DESTINY OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH:*** an account of a migration from Ballybay, Ireland to Washington County, New York, Abbeville District, South Carolina, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Prebble County, Ohio, Randolph County Illinois and the Central Illinois Prairie 1720 - 1853: Leonard Porter: published by The Porter Co. Inc., PO Box 7533, Winter Haven, FL 33881 (1990); 125 pages. Provides an explanation for part of the Scotch-Irish migration, when many families would follow a minister when he was called from one church to another.

\* ***FROM ULSTER TO CAROLINA: THE MIGRATION OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH TO SOUTH-WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA:*** Tyler Blethen and Curtis Wood, Jr.: published by Western Carolina University, The Mountain Heritage Centre (1983 second edition 1986). This 44 page booklet gives an overview of the migration to Ulster, then to Pennsylvania, then south and west via the Great Wagon Road. It includes two pages of suggested readings.

\* ***THE SCOTCH IRISH; A SOCIAL HISTORY:*** Leyburn: A general work on the Scotch-Irish, showing the gradual development of Lowland Scots to Ulstermen and the modification of these Ulstermen and their institutions when they came, two hundred thousand strong to the American colonies in the 18th century. (1962) 377 pp. Paperback: \$14.95

\* ***HISTORY OF THE SCOTTISH PEOPLE:*** Christopher Smout: believed available in paperback in the USA (Fontana?).

\* ***NEW HISTORY OF SCOTLAND:*** Michael Lynch: believed available in paperback in the UK.

\* ***THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ST KILDA:*** Tom Steel; published by Fontana/Collins Original (paperback) in 1975; ISBN 0-00 613622 2; an excellent narrative description of the way of life of the tight-knit population of this remote island and how the impact of 20th century civilization led to the community's death.

#### **ANOTHER CLEARANCES TIMELINE<sup>6</sup>**

**13th Century --** *The Seer Thomas of Erceldoune (a.k.a. Thomas the Rhymer or True Thomas) reportedly prophesied about the Highlands: "The teeth of the sheep shall lay the (useless) plough up on the shelf." Approximately 350 years later, Coinneach Odhar, the Brahan Seer, expanded on Thomas' vision: "The day will come when the Big Sheep will put the plough up in the rafters.....the Big Sheep will overrun the country till they meet the Northern Sea.....(and) in the end, old men shall return from new lands..."*

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<sup>6</sup> <http://www.macgowan.org/pre1800.html>.



*1739 -- MacDonald of Sleat and Macleod of Dunvegan sell selected Clan members as indentured servants to landowners in the Carolinas.*

*1746 (April) -- Following the Battle of Culloden, surviving Highlanders are sent to the Caribbean as slaves.*

*1747 -- the Act of Proscription bans the wearing of tartan, the teaching of Gaelic, the right of Highlanders to "gather," and the playing of bagpipes in Scotland.*

*1747 -- the Heritable Jurisdictions Act forces Highland landowners to either accept all English jurisdiction or else forfeit their lands. Many Highland landowners and Clan chiefs move to London.*

*1762 -- Sir John Lockhart-Ross brings sheep to his Balnagowan estate, raises tenant rents, installs fences and Lowlander shepherds.*

*1782 -- Thomas Gillespie and Henry Gibson lease a sheep-walk at Loch Quoich, removing more than 500 tenants, most of whom emigrate to Canada.*

*1782 -- the Act of Proscription is repealed, but many Highland landowners, who have been born and raised in London or other metropolitan areas, remain in their urban homes, distancing themselves from the tenant Clan members on their lands.*

*1780s (late) -- Donald Cameron of Lochiel begins clearing his family lands, which span from Loch Leven to Loch Arkaig.*

*1791 --The Society of the Propagation of Christian Knowledge reports that over the previous 19 years more than 6,400 people emigrated from the Inverness and Ross areas.*

*1791 -- "The dis-peopling in great measure of large tracts of country in order to make room for sheep (is taking place)," observes the Reverend Kemp after visiting the Highlands.*

*1792 -- Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster brings the first Cheviot Sheep to his Caithness estates. These sheep would later be referred to as four-footed Clansmen, indicating the tenants' rage at being removed in favor of animals.*

*1792 (late July to early August) -- Angry tenant farmers drive all the Cheviots in Ross-shire to Boath. The 42nd Regiment intervenes, and the sheep are returned to Ross-shire.*



**Graphic No. 16**

**Statue of Colonel David Stewart. The last Atholl Tack Holder of Garth, Foss and Kynachan Estates. (See Chapter Five) Located at the entrance to Garth Castle. Photo by Author 1993**

## CHAPTER FIVE

### SOCIAL & POLITICAL LIFE IN GLEN LYON (ARE WE THERE YET?)

I will now narrow the geographical view to the local area for our Stewart family. I know you, the reader, are probably getting bored with the history and social life in Scotland. However, to understand the Scot Stewarts, you must first understand their country and the people in it. Chapters three and four dealt with the broad sweep of Scotland in general. Now I must get out the small brush and paint in some of the more complex and intimate details of the time and place. We would not climb a mountain or walk across the desert to understand the life of a deep sea fisherman, but would search the sea towns and the sea to understand him.

Just as in the Highlands generally, this area, Glen Lyon, was being drained of its population due to the clearances. It should be noted that in the 1801 general census Glen Lyon had a population of 4,055. In the census of 1951 the count was only 2,055. These numbers were found on the Internet and various other sources. It is also reported that from 1743 to 1950 more than 100,000 Scots had left either voluntarily or in chains.

I will start by naming some specific names and places in this chapter. The development of these characters and places will come in the subsequent chapters. For example, David Stewart of Garth, (*see Graphic No. 16, page 51*) while not of my direct family is nonetheless one of the Lords (Lairds) of the Atholl Stewarts that are visible in historical research. By understanding who and what these people are will shed light on who are my ancestors.

Names that will come up frequently are Foss, Kynachan and Garth. These are estates of the royalty, that is, the Lords, Barons, etc. of Scotland, who were tack holders (*renters*) to the upper echelon of royalty, the Earls, Dukes, etc. The estates in this class were very large and rent was paid to the king. For example, the Duke of Athole's (*now Atholl*) estate was more than 1.5 million acres. They are known by the name of their estate, that is John of Foss, David of Kynachan, or David of Garth. They all were Stewarts, but their identity was tied to their place of residence. Their title was Laird or today is Lord. I am concerned more with Foss as this is the estate my GGGG Grandfather Alexander Stewart was a tenant on. (*For more on geographical location see Appendix H, Graphics No. 173 thru 179, pages 317-21.*)

Through my reading of both Scottish and English writers it has become apparent to me that the highwayman, robber, or as known in Scotland, 'reiver', was an accepted way of life. For example, the novel *Lorna Doone*<sup>1</sup> takes place in Exmoor, England, in the 16th century. The plot includes a family of 'highwaymen' that are accepted in the community as necessary to the community's existence. The protagonist's sister also marries a reformed 'highwayman.' Another example would be the legendary Robin Hood, who was supposed to have robbed only the rich and gave to the poor.

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<sup>1</sup> R. D. Blackmore, *Lorna Doone* (Chicago: W. B. Conkey Co.,

So these robbers were tolerated as long as they did not get greedy. In most all cases, as with Robin Hood, part of the loot is given to the desperate needy. This also fills a need in the local society. The local population no longer have to feel guilt at not taking care of the poor. However, if and when the rules are broken and the robber/robbers get greedy then the community steps in and punishes them.

The following story was provided by James Irvine Robertson<sup>2</sup>, who is descended from the Atholl Stewarts. David Stewart of Garth is descended from David Stewart, 2nd Laird of Kynachan. David was a successful officer in the British army, reaching the rank of Major General. He was the last Stewart owner of Garth, Kynachan and Foss. Again, he is not to be confused with the David Stewart, 2nd of Kynachan, who is his grandfather. After David's death the properties had to be sold to satisfy his enormous debts.

In 1817 he instructed his manager to take a census of the Stewart families on his properties. While David Stewart of Garth was collecting material for his book 'Sketches of the Highlanders' in the early 19th century, Archibald Macdiarmid of Roro, Glen Lyon, sent him two traditional tales which had been told up on the Glen. One, Stewart used in the book in a truncated form; that was the tale of the battle between the Stewarts of Garth and the MacIvors. The other, the Grim Shoemaker, he did not use. It does not seem to appear in print anywhere and so this might be the first time that it has been published. It is probable that this is the first time it has been related for 150 years. The writing is obscure in places and so some of the place names may not be correctly transcribed. It must be remembered these stories I have included here are of the genre of 'legend or mythology,' but do give reality to the life as it was lived at the time.

### **UNTO THE HONORABLE COLONEL DAVID STEWART, GARTH THE GRIM SHOEMAKER**

*Tradition says that Ioin dubh nan Launn (a title he got for having built his first house at or on the Launnidichean a little west of Kencknock) was married twice. His first wife was a daughter of Chisholm of Chisholm, whom he enticed to follow him, at the same time he was driving her country's black cattle before him, for her future maintenance. (A strong proof that open robbery was counted honourable, when committed beyond their own district.) The rest of this young lady's story is buried in oblivion; one thing we know, that they were but a short time together, whether their separation was owing to death, or to other domestic disagreements, tradition is silent. It seems that she left no issue and that cause drew a veil over her memory.*

*His second wife is said to be of the Stewart name, and a widdow; she had a younger brother of the Campbells of Glen Urchey (afterwards of Glenlyon) first husband by whom she had one child, namely a son who as we observed already was the ancestor of the Campbells of Glenlyon and successor to Ioin Dubh na Lann. But whether he acquired the estate by virtue of his mother's rights to the same, or that his stepfather had the power to enfeoff (to take away his fue (fuedal) obligation) him, I cannot say, but we are told that Ioin dubh had numerous offspring by his second wife, to wit seven sons and one daughter, but that they all dyed before himself. Upon his second marriage he removed from his first place of abode and settled upon a height above Craigelick called Druimnaforguill and there he built a more commodious house, some vestiges of it is seen to this day. Mrs Campbell (some-time ago in Fortingall and recently gone to America) when a young girl found a key of an extraordi-*

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<sup>2</sup> Kynachan & Garth records obtained from James Irvine Robertson, Aberfeldy, Scotland, 1996.

nary size in the ruins of it, and notwithstanding it being worn by rust, a spade of the highland kind was manufactured of it.

*It seems where he made his first excursion to Straglaish from when he took his first spouse that Chisholm of Chisholm (her brother) was then only a child, but on coming to manhood and to understand his sister's fate, he determined to retaliate the affront done to his country and family, and in order to accomplish this design, he marched to Glen Lyon with as many men as he thought necessary for his purpose, fully resolved to kill his sister's seducer, and also to take compensation for the booty taken along with her. It seems a considerable time had elapsed since the first transaction before this took place, for Ioin Dubh was living (as is said already) at Druimnaforguill with a numerous family when the Chisholm arrived. When a messenger came in and told him that the Lisalach and his men were at Innerwick (which place is right opposite to where he was) whether it was from consciousness of guilt or the fear of so formidable an enemy we cannot say, but true it is that his former courage forsook him and instead of giving the alarm to his vassals, he ran out and hid himself and left his wife and family to the mercy of his inveterate enemies. There happened to be in the house at the time one of the name of McCallum, a shoemaker by trade and the expertest bowman of his time, he was better known by the appellation of Greasiche-rioch, or the Grim Shoemaker, the last of his descendants that I know was a tenant in Slatich, he was his great great grandson, and only died in my own time. As I said the Greasiche-rioch being in the house at the time and working at his trade, when Ioin Dubh's wife began to lament her hard dealing, a cruel justly incensed foe approaching and no one to defend her or her helpless infants from his fury; her dolorific complaints had wrought so powerfully upon the grim hero that he resolved on the arduous attempt of guarding the house against so superior an enemy in number, be the consequence what it will; he therefore encouraged the mistress of the house by saying (Gaelic) or 'if I see the breadth of an arrow's point of him in a mortal part he shall fall by me'.*

*Having accoutered himself with a bow and quiver, he set out to watch the enemy's motion; who was by this time fording the river below Inverwick, the Shoemaker descended down by a hollow that a small burn had made in order to gain advantage from a copse of wood that lay between them, and there he climbed up in one of the trees that had the thickest foliage, and there he remained concealed until the Chisholms had advanced within two hundred yards of where he was. There they halted, their Chief being armed cap-a-pie had a coat of mail on and leaned against a big stone when he put his hand to lift his helmet a little higher that he might view Druimnaforguill house, the Greasiche-rioch with the certainty that attends death's shaft only let fly an arrow at him which nailed his hand to his forehead and there he fell lifeless, his followers did not wait the second arrow much less their Chief's interment but ran back the same way they came with the disagreeable news of their disgrace.*

*He was buried near the big stone where he fell, that bears his name to this day, it stood on the road side about a quarter mile to the west from Craidelic but was partly broken up to furnish stones for the new dyke that was built there lately, parts of it are still standing. He was called Lissalach uaine I suppose on account of his having a habit of green colour on when he fell; a little eminence near to the forementioned stone is called Druimuainen in allusion to the transaction. For this doughty deed MacCallum got his choice of all the farms in Glenlyon and he judiciously pitched upon Dericambus a place remote from the inroads of thieves on either hand, the Lyon river formed a barrier on the north and there is not an opening to it on the south from which there was no danger to be apprehended; he*



*likewise has Caslhie for summer grass which advantages must have given the preference to Dericambus of any farm in the Country both for bread and beef.*

*We are not told how long Ioin dubh ban Lann lived afterwards but MacCallum continued a favourite under his successor (Campbell). We are told that he had the exclusive honour of rearing all his Campbell children successively from the time of their weaning until they came to eight years of age and fit to attend school at which time they were sent home from Dericambus with a cow and calf for every year they had passed with their God-father as a present a sure token that the MacCallum was not rack-rented at the time.*

*But the Chisholms were not ignorant of the person who killed their chief and the place of his abode; one night in November a band of them came and surprised his two herds who had fallen asleep in the watching hut on the froachan rioch, east from his house, killed them both, and took all his cattle with them, they forded the river at Buine dubh below Dericambus. MacCallum's wife happened to be at the mill, and had stayed late out; on her way home she met her own cattle, she concealed herself in a bush until they went by, and heard the robbers regret that their vengeance was not more compleat. On her arrival at the watch-hut, she found her herds reeking in gore; then she hastened to the house, and found MacCallum (ignorant of what was passing) playing on his Trump to pass the time. The wife exclaimed is it thus, that you pass your time, when your herds are slain and your cattle driven away by strangers; your conduct betrays your cowardice: MacCallum did not wait any more of her clamour, he fastened on his Quiver, and took his trusty yew bow in his hand, and passing by them, he lay in ambush for them, at several convenient places, dispatching one after another as opportunity occurred, until they were very near in sight of lochrannoch where he killed the last of them, returning home with his cattle, he met his neighbours, who had been alarmed by his wife, but all the honour they got was permission to bury the dead.*

*This last carnage so exasperated the Chisholms, that a certain number of desperadoes were sent next year to make a sure end of MacCallum. Accordingly they were directed to wait for him at a fair that was then held on the south side of Loch Tay, called Feil mhic Cormhic but now transferred to Kenmore, being the principal mart for Perthshire they were sure to meet him there. Matters turned out to their wishes, some person had shewn the Gresiche to the strangers, without consideration or suspicion, and when he had left the fair they followed him but offered him no violence until he was half way across the hill between Lawers and Glenlyon.*

*There they began to attack with keen arrows, no doubt but he plyed them with no less vigor & from his uncommon talents we may infer that some of them perished by his hands, but a number of them had followed him even within sight of his own house, which when he had entered he had no less than four and twenty arrows sticking in his body; which was no sooner drawn than he expired. Thus we see a bloody man ending in a bloody fray.*

*A strong notion prevailed in those days that if a murderer was to do homage to the manes of the murdered person at his grave that he would thereby obtain pardon from the deceased's angry spirit, and of course run no risk of being annoyed with him afterwards. The Chisholms were of this persuasion, they loitered concealed in the hill waiting the burial, that they might make thus their peace before they would go home. But when his friends had proceeded as far as Innerinan with the funeral the Corpse began to bleed, which was a sure signal that the murderers were in sight of the coffin, they therefore looked about and discovered the guilty party crossing the burn in an opening above them in the foresaid place. A party was immediately dispatched, with his patron (Campbell) at*

*their head to take them dead or alive; it is said that the corpse bled twice more to wit at the opening of Gencaire, and that of ?Glendatheug, in both places the Chisholms could not conceal themselves.*

*Be that as it may, the Lyoners encountered them behind Craigelic, and the meeting was fatal to the strangers, they were all without exception killed on the spot to pacify the Greasiche-rioch's manes.*

*If this traditional story should happen to throw light upon the more important history of Glenlyon or contribute in the smallest degree to your Honour's amusement I shall be very happy even proud. Hoping that your candours and open temper will forgive the freedom I shall conclude with the old adage 'Is fearr caride sa churt na bo an buailidh' (No translation furnished)*

*Your Honour's most Humble and Devoted Servant Archd Macdiarmid. Glenlyon Feb 16 1817*

*The Macgrigors suppose that Ioin dhu had been contemporary with the hero that expelled the Macdiarmids of Glenlyon and that he had exchanged all the land between Cambusfernan and Glenlyon for the latter to the foresaid Hero except Wester Druimcharry which he reserved for his father and younger brothers, But others are of a different opinion and say that he was only an adventurer from Glen Urchay besides I think from what I learn from others that he must be of a later date than the Macdiarmids and what confirms me in my opinion is that when the Campbells took possession of Glenlyon, the Macgrigors of Drumcharry never disputed their right to the same which would not be the case if (as is supposed) they were as near a kin as his brother's children<sup>3</sup>.*

### **THE HISTORY OF GARTH CASTLE**

*written by Hilary Wheather<sup>4</sup> .*

*"The prisoners are ready, sire." The short, sturdy figure of the Highlander in his homespun plaid gave a last tug at the knot of the blindfold and stood back. In a line before him five figures knelt on the ground, their hands and feet bound tightly, a rough piece of cloth fastened round their heads masking their eyes. Each figure was positioned at a gap in the ramparts, their knees touching the rough stone of the outer wall, their faces turned towards the heather clad hills over which, until recently, they had roamed free.*

*A man stepped from among the spectators crowded on the rooftop of Garth Castle; a figure so tall, arresting and full of authority that even the grey streaking his flaming thatch of hair and shaggy beard gave his followers no doubt that he was still their undisputed leader. This was Alexander Stewart, fourth son of King Robert II of Scotland, Earl of Buchan, terror of the Highlands and known throughout Scotland as the 'Wolf of Badenoch.'*

*The Wolf halted behind the first crouching figure until complete silence had fallen. Suddenly, flinging out his arms and uttering a wild, bloodcurdling yell, Alexander Stewart kicked out at his defenseless victim. The trussed body jerked forward, toppled through the gap in the ramparts and tum-*

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<sup>3</sup> The above story is furnished to give a background to be able to understand the wildness and brutality of life prior to the 17th and 18th centuries. The next one will also give a description of the brutality of life again in the 12th century. Only this time this is closer to home.

<sup>4</sup> Unpublished text material obtained from Maryse Vogelaar-Verkaik, owner of Garth Castle in 1993. Author's Note: This story must be taken with several grains of salt! e.g., The author is a close friend of Maryse, who is a self-proclaimed psychic. Maryse related to me how she talked to the ghosts of Garth Castle after she bought it. It is also to be remembered that this sort of cruelty was not unusual at the time.

*bled helplessly 110 feet into the roaring waters of the Keltneyburn below. A shrill scream of terror echoed through the surrounding hills until it ended abruptly, pumped from lungs exploded on the vicious rocks below.*

*Five times Alexander Stewart lashed out and each time a roar of approbation erupted from the onlookers. When the last body had tumbled to its fate the crowd surged to the battlements and watched hungrily until the last tinge of bloody water and the last mangled limb had been swept down the river and out of sight.*

*The Wolf was the first to step back and clapping an arm round the two men next to him he remarked with satisfaction, 'A good day, my children.' Striding off he made his way down the stairs within the thickness of the eight-foot thick walls of the castle followed by his band of outlaws and innumerable illegitimate children to the laden tables in the great hall below.*

*And this, according to legend, is how Alexander Stewart, Wolf of Badenoch, disposed of those unfortunate enough to cross his path.*

*The Wolf had become the most feared and hated man of his time with a reputation that has outlived him by centuries. His power over his fellow men was so great that he managed to persuade Janet Menzies of Dull, on the eve of her marriage to his eldest illegitimate son, to sign over her inheritance of the rich Abthanasie of Dull with the plum that he had coveted for so long, the Castle of Garth, not to her intended husband, but to the Wolf himself.*

*Looking very much then as it does today. Garth Castle was an impregnable retreat for him and his followers with its square keep, sixty feet high, perched on an Island in the middle of the Keltneyburn, the sides of which were perpendicular cliffs dropping a further fifty feet to the waters of Keltneyburn.*

*The Wolf died on 24th July, 1394, and his tombstone lies in Dunkeld Cathedral. He had left no legitimate heirs, but had married Euphemla, the Countess of Ross, solely to gain possession of her vast tracts of lands and the title, Earl of Buchan. He had left her the day after their wedding to return to his beloved Mariota, mistress of the moment, and all his illegitimate children and their mothers at Garth. After his death the 'Slol a Chuilein Churta' (the 'race of the Accursed Whelp') continued to live at Garth Castle for another two hundred years.*

*Though they had had a bad start under the guidance of their father, the sons of the Accursed Whelp lived comparatively normal and useful lives. 150 years later the last successor in the line from Alexander Stewart, one Niel Gointe (the Fated) Stewart earned for himself the title of his famous ancestor, the 'Chuilein Churta.'*

*Niel's father had lost the coveted Baron Courts of Glenlyon thanks to his action regarding the Mclvors and had died a bitter man. This bitterness had rubbed off onto his son, and although he still retained the Baron-bailiary of Slios-Min on the south side of Rannoch, Niel Gointe used this position to help himself instead of the people of Rannoch whom this court was supposed to protect.*

*The wild and rugged Moor of Rannoch and the slopes of Schiehallion became the hiding place of the broken men of the district. There they could disappear into caves and bogs, gather together, carry out a raid, separate and vanish once more. They terrorised the peaceful Inhabitants and constantly harried and pilfered their livestock. Instead of hunting out, bringing to trial and punishing these men as his position demanded, Niel Stewart recruited them into his own cateran army and like his ancestor, led them on raids and forays.*

*As a result King James IV took away his rights and gave the Baron Bailiary of Slios-Min to Sir Robert Menzies of Weem. Sir Robert was a good and kindly man much loved by all his tenants and*



*he knew only too well how the people of Rannoch had suffered thanks to the depredations of the cat-eran band. As soon as he took over office he scoured Rannoch and captured over twenty of the out-laws, marching them to Castle Menzies to be tried.*

*In the middle of the night Niel Gointe and his men stole along the strath to Weem. They surrounded the sleeping and unsuspecting Castle, dragged Sir Robert and his wife and their household out of their beds, freed the captives and set fire to the Castle. Taking Sir Robert with them as prisoner they returned to Garth leaving the inhabitants of Weem Castle shivering outside the burning Castle from which Lady Menzies contracted a fever and died a few days later.*

*Sir Robert was chained in the dungeons where the Wolf of Badenoch had held his captives and there the old man was told he would stay until he had signed over to Niel Gointe the rights of the Bailiary of Slios-Min and the Abthanage of Dull. Poor Niel the Fated; impregnable in his castle retreat he had what he wanted safely in his grasp. Or had he? In his haste he had made a single mistake. He had forgotten to obtain legal papers for Sir Robert to sign and now a wrathful King James IV himself heading up to Rannoch with a strong force behind him, no limb of the law for love nor money would make out for him the necessary documents.*

*Niel had no alternative but to let his captive go. Niel's powerful father-in-law by his first marriage, the Duke of Atholl, intervened to persuade the King to spare his life but nothing could mitigate the claims for damages made on him by Sir Robert Menzies.*

*Niel, however, was not yet finished with the law. The Curate of Fortingall records in the Black Book of Taymouth: "Death and slaughter of Mariota, daughter of Donald MacQueen, spouse of Niel Stewart of Garth, who was killed by Alexander Stewart, in the burn below the Castle of Garth, negligently by the blow of a stone, on the 16th day of August, in the year of the Lord 1545, and was buried in Fortyrgill."*



Graphic No. 17

Garth Castle Photo by Author 1993. (See Appendix H, Graphic No. 208, page 341 for 1850 engraving.)

*Niel was accused of contriving the death of his second wife and imprisoned in his own dungeon where he remained, for nine years until he died.*

### GARTH CASTLE TODAY

Now you may think this story of the ‘Wolf’ is complete. There is more! When David Stewart of Garth (see “*The Grim Shoemaker*” above) designated that a census be taken of the Stewarts on his lands in 1817, he found that there were about 2,500 individuals, with the surname Stewart and others, that could or did claim descent from Alexander Stewart, Wolf of Badenoch. So it is assumed today’s remaining, or those emigrated, members of the Stewart families of Glen Lyon are all descendants of the ‘Wolf’ unless proven otherwise. Not a sterling recommendation. It must be remembered this was the 13<sup>th</sup> century!

As an addition there is an oral story or legend in Glen Lyon that the ‘Wolf’ was distressed by the treatment of his clansmen by Churchmen of Elgin. So he took his army, advanced upon the Church, burned it to the ground and killed all the priests. This, in turn, distressed the general population and specifically his father, King Robert II. So, his father marched to Garth Castle, took his son prisoner and placed him in his own dungeon where he supposedly died some seven years later. (*This is confused with Neil Gointe Stewart who was imprisoned in his own dungeon until his death, see above.*) This little tidbit of information has no historical support. This was before the time of Henry VIII, so this was a Roman Catholic Church. What Henry began was to be the nearly complete destruction of the Roman Church in Scotland, England and Wales over the next two hundred years, so that by the 18<sup>th</sup> century there was only the Church of Scotland and the Anglican Church. The Church of Scotland is now Anglican, but to us became Presbyterian Church in America. My GG Grandfather, James Stewart, was a Deacon and Elder of that church.

So there is a tradition in this area and in the Stewart Clan Society that if you are descended from Stewarts and they lived in Glen Lyon (*to get a geographic view of the area of my family’s residence, see Appendix H, Graphics No’s 173-179, pages 317-21*) you are most likely a descendant of the “Wolf.” During my trip to Scotland, while talking to the Society members, the current residents and known descendants of families from this area, this tradition was expressed many times over. I’m not sure whether it is snobbery or envy.

Garth Castle, is a typical block castle built on an island in Keltney Burn, a canyon-like river that drains into Loch Tay. The castle, originally built in the 14<sup>th</sup> century<sup>5,6</sup> is approximately 60 ft high and the roof is 120 ft above the water line of the river. After that the Castle changed hands many times but lay empty and neglected for over 400 years until it was purchased and painstakingly restored in 1950<sup>7</sup>. It was completely refurbished and upgraded with plumbing, electrical and heating by David Fry. He died before he could occupy it.

It served as a Bed and Breakfast with 14 units (*for an interior view see Appendix H, Graphic No. 185, page 328*) when I was there in 1993. Originally it had a drawbridge to the 2<sup>nd</sup> story across the river; now a kitchen building replaces it with an entry from the parking lot. Another entry has been added on the 1<sup>st</sup> story on the opposite side of the building.

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<sup>5</sup> The Book of Garth & Fortingall (1888) by Duncan Campbell

<sup>6</sup> <http://www.incallander.co.uk/scottishcastles.htm>

<sup>7</sup> David Fry was known as the “Chocolate King” of Britain. In 1950 he purchased Garth Castle, spent large sums of money for reconstruction, plumbing, electrical, etc. He died before he was able to move in.

## Chapter Five

A Dutch woman, Maryse Vogelaar-Verkaik, owned and ran Garth Castle as an 'Open Castle', to retreat and recharge in this magical place, now a vortex of peaceful energy, that is, a Bed And Breakfast. When she was searching for a place to purchase she came upon Garth Castle. The main item she was looking for was a heated table. In the Master Kitchen on the 2nd story it has an electrically heated stone table. She apparently saw herself a psychic able to talk to spirits that inhabited the castle.

When we visited there in 1993 it was for sale for 125,000 British pounds. Maryse's husband evidently had given her an ultimatum: "Move back home to Holland or don't bother coming back." I would like to have known the outcome. In my current research I have found a report that Garth Castle was sold in 1996 to an American family and it is used for holidays. (see *Graphic No. 205, Appendix H, page 338*)

### THE DUKE OF ATHOLL

As mentioned in Beth's Stewart's notes, the Duke was supposedly a cousin to Alexander's mother. From the geographic and social fabric of the time it is certainly possible and probably true. From the genealogical standpoint it is more than likely true, but difficult to find documents that would conclusively prove this connection. In fact it is not really very important to prove this family connection. Of more importance here is to find proof of our direct ancestor, Alexander, his parentage, and to get an understanding of the society and the geography into which he was born.

The following article is of interest only as to location. The present Duke is no longer a Stewart and has not been since 1743, as can be seen in the news clipping below. That title was taken by convoluted heir manipulation after the Duke of our timeline here expired following the uncomfortable end brought about by the loss of the Battle of Culloden, the final skirmish in 1746 of the "Jacobite Rebellion". After that time the lands of the Jacobite Scots Lairds and titled owners was forfeit. The English then took over most of them. Some were returned to their rightful owners in the following years.

The following article was hand written



**Graphic No. 18**

**Foss Home Sign, Location of Present Estate buildings. Ceann na Coile, Alexander's farm, is approximately one mile due east from this sign. (Home has the same meaning as "Mains" or "Manse.") Photo by Author 1993.**



by Beth Stewart<sup>8</sup>. (*The Cousin Charlotte mentioned below is Charlotte Van Valkenburg, daughter-in-law of Catherine, eldest daughter of my GGG Grandfather, Robert Stewart, first to come to the US from Scotland.*)

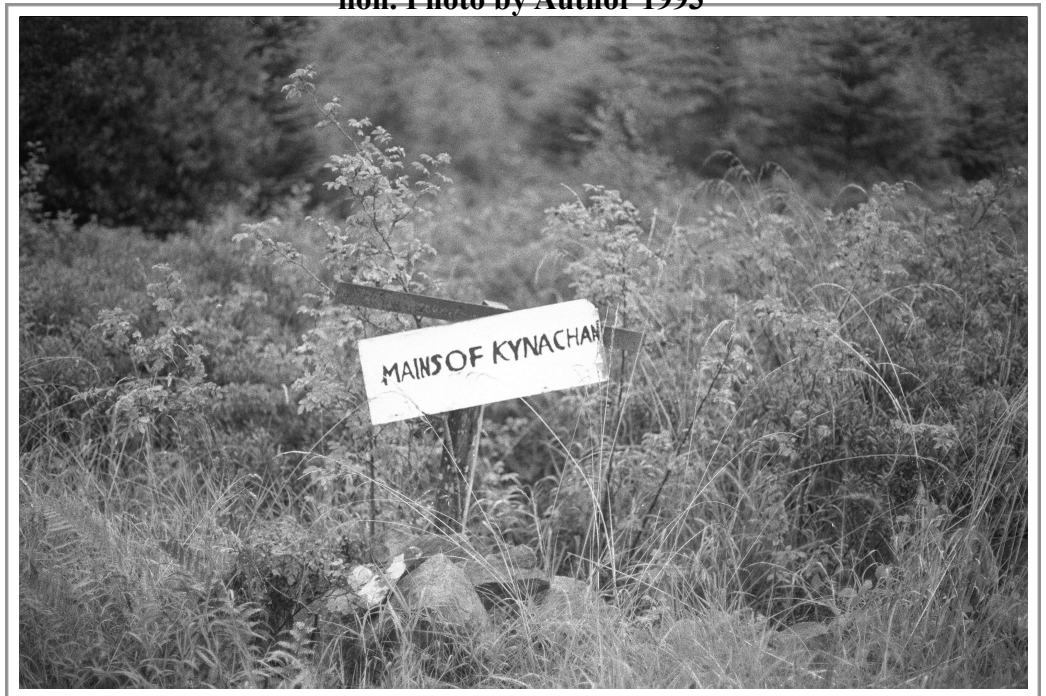
*Clipping sent by  
Cousin Charlotte  
March 14th, 1906,  
signed by Marquise De  
Fontenoy  
Duke of Atholl's Fine  
Bodyguard.*

*The Duke of Atholl, who has so very curtly and peremptorily denied his reported engagement to Miss Potter Palmer by denouncing the story as a 'pure lie', is of all the great nobles of Scotland the one who is most distinguished by pride of race and who has preserved more than any other grand seignior of the Northern Kingdom the old feudal customs and ideas on his estates. Enjoys the distinction, unique not only in Great Britain but also in Europe, of*



Graphic No. 19

Kynachan Estate Manse built in 1745 just prior to the last Jacobite rebellion. Photo by Author 1993



Graphic No. 20

Sign at the drive leading to the Manse. (*Mansion*) 'Mains' is a word to distinguish the estate lands around the Manse from the many farms on the estate. The sign for Foss uses the modern word 'Home,' (See Graphic No. 18. Photo by Author 1993.)

<sup>8</sup> Beth Fellows Stewart Archive.

*being permitted to maintain a full-fledged armed bodyguard with artillery, about a thousand strong, composed exclusively of 6-foot members of the Murray Clan of which he is the Chieftain. And its regimental colors were presented to it by no less personage than the late Queen Victoria on occasion of one of her many stays at Blair Atholl.*

*The latter is a hideous white-washed old place of no architectural pretension. Its only remarkable feature is the incomparable double avenue of elms by which it is approached. Part of the edifice dates back to the thirteenth century and it is held by the Duke of Atholl from the Crown by one of those strange tenures which are occasionally to be found in Great Britain, the duke being under the obligation of presenting to the sovereign a white rose whenever he or she visits the castle, under penalty of forfeiture. Another feature of Blair Atholl though of more modern origin, is the copper plated finial which surmount the dome of the Mahdi's tomb at Omdurman and which now figure on the top of one of the towers of Blair Atholl. It was brought home from the Sudan by the Duke's eldest son, the Marquis of Gullibardine who greatly distinguished himself under Lord Kitchener at the Battle of Omdurmanard and picked up this trophy as his own particular piece of loot. The Marquis is married to a very pretty Miss Ramsay and when he brought her home to Blair Atholl for the first time as his wife he caught her up in his arms and carried her across the threshold of the castle in accordance with the requirements of the ancient custom on the house, that the bride who enters the castle for the first time must not walk into it. This reminds me that there is in the neighborhood of the castle an inn which goes by the name of "The Duke of Atholl's Arms". In former times there was a stage coach running thence, called "The Duchess of Atholl" and the hour of its daily departure was announced in capitol letters in the newspapers of the district in the following manner: "The Duchess of Atholl" starts from "The Duke of Atholl's Arms" every morning, sharp at 8 o'clock.*

*The Duke of Atholl who is the only member of the House of Lords who can speak Gaelic with fluency (the Marquis of Bute being the only peer who is master of the jaw breaking Welsh language) owns considerably more than two hundred thousand acres in Scotland and therefore has no inducement whatsoever to wed a fortune. Moreover he is devoted to the memory of his wife, one of the lovely Moncrieffe girls, sister of the widowed Countess of Dudley, and one of the most beautiful women in England. The Duke lives almost entirely on his estates, where he has placed about 2 million larches, a tree he has been the first to introduce into Scotland. He is a very useful member of the British peerage, beloved by all his people on his vast estates for whose moral and material welfare he considers himself responsible.*

*End of Article.*

## ESTATES, CROFTS, FARMS, ETC

I have been using the names of estates and other place names frequently. Perhaps a definition of these geographic entities is in order. First of all are estates; these vary in size from Blair Atholl of over a million acres (*see Graphic No. 13, page 30*) to more moderate size estates such as Kynachan, Foss and Garth, to the tenant farms or crofts within these estates. Of course each step down was classed in the feudal system, Earl, Duke, Laird, and many other denotations of the peerage; down to the bottom were the tenants. Many of these farms were not just tenants but land that had been awarded and then passed down through families. I have given the modern size of acres, but in the eighteenth century land was given a valuation, that is, merkland. A merk or mark is a silver coin worth 13 shillings 4 pence (or two-thirds of a pound) Scots at the time of the Union; common also as a unit of valuation of land. In other

## Chapter Five

words the amount of land thirteen and four could reserve for a year as tack (rent), since land could not be sold. I would also imagine size of a merk land would depend whether it was a rocky hillside or a level fertile field.

Taken from the records of Kynachan in the Charter of 1714: *‘the town and lands of Kynachan being eleven and a half merk land comprehending the 3 merk land of the Mains of Kynachan, the one merk land of Belleschastle, the four merk land of Drumnackyle, the one merk land of Achmore, the half merk land of Drunachat, the half merk land of Daldow, the half merk land of Milntown and the miln of Kynachan Milnlands . . . .’*. On and on to the many sub-divisions of the large estates. Some of these names will come up in the next chapters. I think the use of names are very similar to the use of names of farms in Ireland. I cite Tullibrachy, which is the name of the farm in Limerick, Ireland where my spouse’s Grandmother, Catherine Kirby, was born.

## CHAPTER SIX

### GETTING STARTED - - IT'S BEEN A DRAG!

Now that I have established the geographic location, some of the social and political climate, and the current English version of the Duke, let me take you back in time to the Jacobite Rebellion of 1715. This was near the time of the birth of my GGGG Grandfather, Alexander. First, I had completed my research in Scotland on the "Old Parish Records" (OPR's) in 1991.<sup>1</sup> There was a great amount of information both on the surface and beneath the surface which required more research and documentation for verification. These reports written below in bold italics are verbatim transcriptions, not abstracts of the church record entries. They include original spelling, cross outs, etc., e.g.: ffooss = Foss, paroch = parish. There is much information to be learned from them providing they are not passed through the mind of an abstractor. Additionally they indicate the geographical location of the subject's residence that appears on my maps (see *Appendix H, Graphic No's 173-9, pages 316-22*).

### THE MARRIAGE OF ALEXANDER:

***21 July 1743 Old Parish Records, Dull Parish:***

***"Alexander Stewart and Christian Stewart in ffooss both in this paroch were Married. John Stewart of ffooss and Robert Stewart witnesses."***

Here is an instance of the hidden information contained in the original records. In this regard I quote from a learned genealogy researcher<sup>2</sup>: ***"The term 'of' in documents is regarded as standing for 'heritable proprietor of', 'in' signifies someone living in a place and 'at' refers to a sojourner or temporary resident at."*** The 'in' indicates that Alexander was a resident (*tenant in this case*) living on the estate of Foss. This will be verified in later OPR's. In addition it should be noted that 'John Stewart of Foss' indicates that he, John Stewart, is the renter/owner (*Laird or Lord*) of Foss. This is confirmed for this period that John Stewart was indeed the Lord of Foss. (*See Appendix D, page 267, John Stewart, 10th of Foss.*)

It came to my attention that a "Retour"<sup>3</sup> for John, son of the Alexander originally put as my ancestor may be incorrect. ***(Retour: the report of any inquest which had been held to determine who was next heir to the property of a dead vassal who had held his lands of the Crown; it was in effect the reply to a brieve of inquisition. Once the inquest had made up their minds, the retour would be "retoured" (returned) to the king's Chancery. A "special retour" established the heir's right to succeed to particular lands.)***

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<sup>1</sup> Scots Ancestry Research Society Report #B/61833, 21 May 1991.

<sup>2</sup> In Search of Scottish Ancestry, Gerald Hamilton-Edwards, 2nd Ed. Baltimore, Genealogical Publishing Co., Inc., 1986, pages 125 & 71.

<sup>3</sup>Ref: Scottish Settlers in North America, Vol. II, 1984, David Dobson, Gen R 929.3 DOB V II. Stewart, John, Albany, New York, son of Alexander Stewart, tenant in Pitcurril, Dull parish, Perthshire, 1798. (Retours)(SG).

First, in the retour, that Alexander died in 1798; in my oral history has that my GGGG Grandfather Alexander died 1760-70. Perhaps due to Joseph's birth in 1758 as his last recorded child of his first union. Secondly I was able to pinpoint the tenanted farms in the retour as being different than reported in the OPR's (*Old Parish Records*) for the birth of Alexander's children. The confusion arose due to the fact that the farms were only a few miles apart; if they are not the same person, both Alexanders were contemporaries. Or perhaps this may be my GGGG Grandfather. He is reported to have two wives in the oral history. Two of the farms, Kenardochy and Donanain, reported in the retour were located on the Kynachan estate and one, Pitcurril, was on Foss.. However, Pitcurril may really be located on Kynachan, (*See map, Appendix H, Graphic No. 178, page 321.*) The lairds of these estates were both Stewarts and 'tackholders' to the Duke of Atholl. Their lands were adjacent to each other on the southern banks of the River Tummel and Loch Tummel. This may be a false lead, or may be true. At this point it is just speculation since there is no connection to each.

### ALEXANDER'S CHILDREN

I looked at the Baptismal records of Alexander and Christian Stewart's children obtained from research of the OPR's from Dull Parish<sup>4</sup> (*these are verbatim transcriptions from the original Old Parish Records as above, made by researchers familiar with the records, not abstracts. It was found the Latter Day Saint's OPR's were abstracts and do not include all the pertinent information that allowed my deductions above and as follows.*):

***"November 4th 1744, John son to Alexander Stewart and Christian Stewart in Keana Keilly of ffoss was baptised. Robert Stewart and Donald fforbes witnesses"***

***"Elspeit Stewart Bapt 26 Oct 1746 Keanakeilly of ffoss wits Alexander Irvine and Donald McDonald"***

***"Isobel Stewart bapt 4th ffebry 1748 Keanakeilly of ffoss Wits Alexander Irvine and Donald McDonald"***

***"March 15 1750 Robert son to Alexander Stewart and Christian Stewart in Mains of Foss was Baptized"***

***"Christian Stewart Bapt 27 Aprile 1752"***

***"April 13 1755 Margt natural (scored out) Daughter to Alexr Stewart and Christian Stewart in Kynachan (and added in another hand 'Kynacoile') was Baptised"***

***"Jean Stewart Bapt 6 Dec 1756 Kenacoile"***

***"Joseph Stewart Bapt 17 Sept 1758 Keanakulah"***

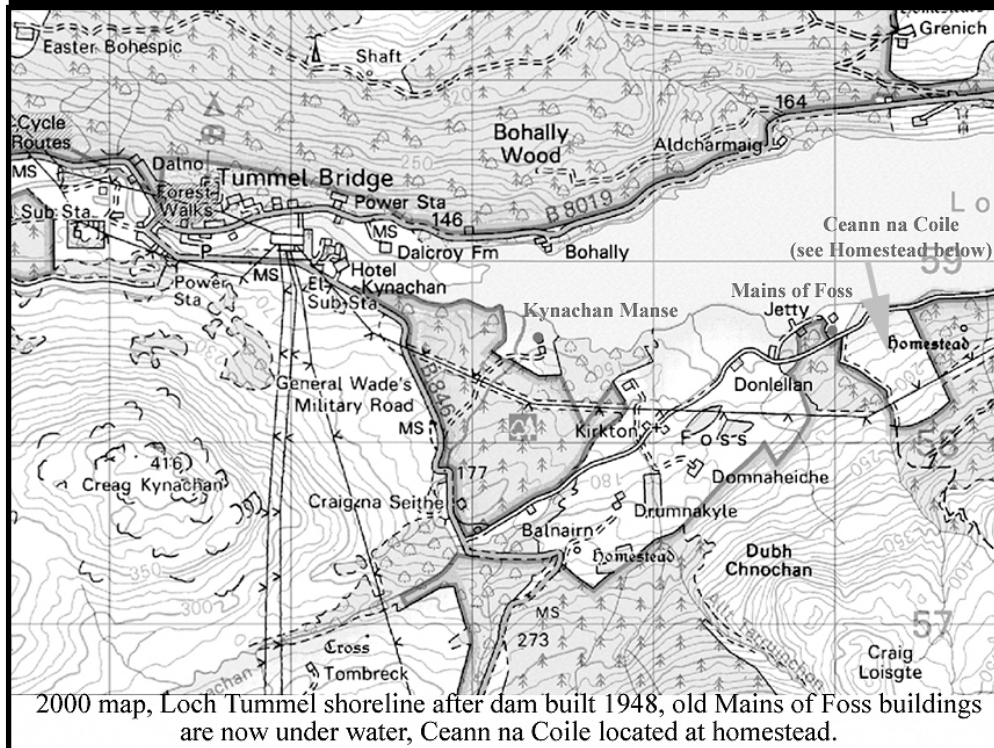
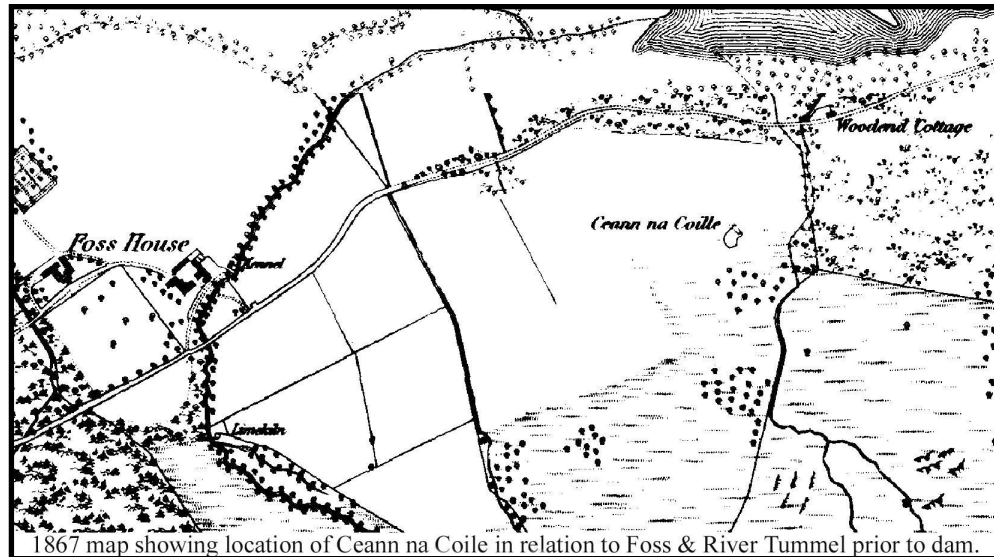
In the above, the use of "of" indicates Alexander is a tenant on the estate of Foss. Keany Keilly and other names used can be construed to be a colloquial form of Ceann na Coile. It could also indicate

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<sup>4</sup> Scots Ancestry Research Society Report #B/61833, 21 May 1991.



Kynachan of Foss, but that would not make sense. From research on the Internet for Gaelic names I have found Kynachan (ky na kan) and Ceann na Coile (ky na kol) have the same virtual meaning.<sup>5</sup> They are from two sets of Celtic words that have the same meaning: *ceann*, *kyann* = *head or headland* and *coille*, *killie*, (*modern-chan*) = *wood, forest*. Likewise the spelling Keanacoile, and similar spellings in the OPRs above. Kyna, ceann, chinn = head or headland and coill, coile = wood, forest, literally wood end. Locally the spellings have been retained. The location of Ceann na Coile has been determined to be less than a mile from the modern Mains of Foss. (See *Graphic No's 22 & 23 to the right, also Graphic No. 177-8, page 320.*) The original Foss Manse (*Mains of Foss*) is now located beneath the waters of Loch Tummel as the River Tummel was dammed for electric power production in 1948. The evidence overwhelmingly points to Foss; it becomes obvious that Alexander was a tenant on

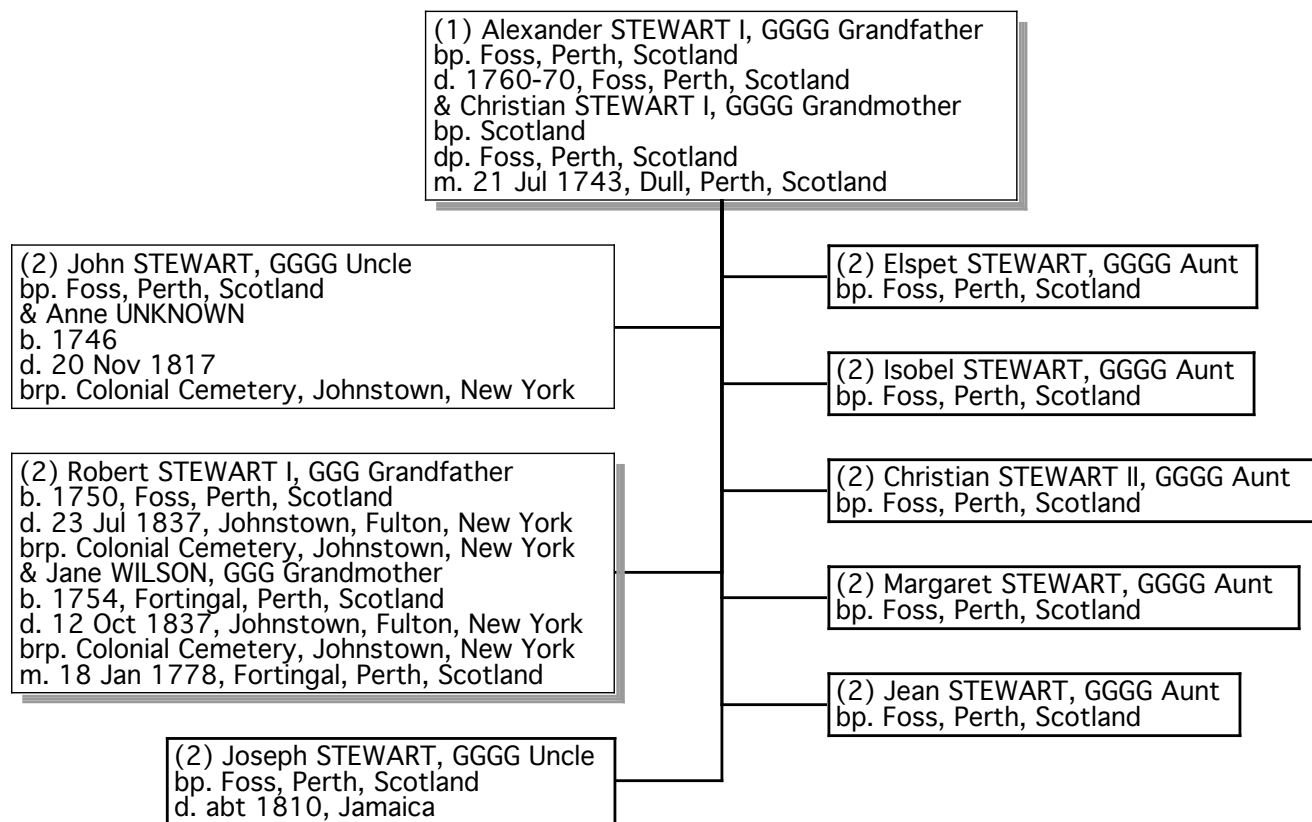


## Graphics No. 22 & 23

**22, shows the location of Ceann na Coile in relations to pre-1948 Foss Home Farm and 23, map from 2000 showing expanded Loch Tummel and Ceann na Coile location.**

<sup>5</sup> Robert Bain, Gaelic Glossary of Scottish Place Names.

## Chapter Six



**Graphic No. 21**

**My GGGG Grandfather, Alexander Stewart I's family chart. 2nd reported family was not found.**

Foss when married to Christian. Later he may have moved to farms on the Kynachan Estate and died in 1798.

From OPR's above I note the birth of the first son, John, is born in the right time frame. Still not enough proof. Then the last son, Joseph, also right time frame and he was reported to have died in Kingston, Jamaica. I did not research the Jamaica lead. Still not enough proof. The middle son is Robert, born 1750. Could this be my GGG Grandfather, Robert Stewart? I found my ancestor Robert in America, his will and probate in 1837<sup>6</sup> that he was in fact born in 1750. NOT married in 1750 as reported in the Oral Family History<sup>7</sup>. With this information, the two other sons, John the eldest and Joseph the youngest, gives credence to take this as proof this is my Robert whose parent is Alexander. The use of the date 1750 as his marriage date is simply a transposition with his birth date error. I think this is collectively and clearly substantiated. There is more proof in further documents.

### THE STATUS OF ALEXANDER

A "tack holder" did not signify ownership as such, but more of a renter, since all land was technically "owned" by the King. A particular Lord (*Earl, Duke, Baron, etc*) was awarded "proprietorship"

<sup>6</sup> Will of Robert Stewart, Surrogate Court Records, Montgomery County, Fonda, New York, 1837.

<sup>7</sup> Beth F Stewart Archive.

of the lands by the King. The Duke of Atholl was “proprietor” of vast tracts (a million acres or more) of land as a Lord of the Realm which he ‘rented’ or ‘feud’ to his Lairds. Technically, John Stewart would be considered ‘owner’ of Foss today, but had the status of a “tack holder” in the 1700’s. The tack was paid on a regular yearly basis in Sterling (*silver money of the realm*)<sup>8</sup> by Kynachan, Foss and Garth to John Stewart, Duke of Atholl. In the Feudal system these Lairds were considered owners of the Estate in spite of the technicalities of the royalty. Alexander was a tenant on a small farm, Ceann na Coile, on the Foss Estate. He was just a vassal to John Stewart of Foss in this feudal system of Scotland. Perhaps also a cousin.

### ALEXANDER’S PARENTS

Looking at the Oral History number two, presented in Chapter 1 the first line: ***{(John Stewart) Earl of Garth brother of great-great grandmother great grandfather}*** makes a very significant statement. First of all, there never was an “Earl” of Garth. Perusal of the records for Garth and adjacent estates did not produce any leads to support this statement. I leave that to others of greater insight and capability.

### ALEXANDER’S MILITARY BACKGROUND

With that I can now turn to the social and political milieu of Alexander’s time to get an idea of



**Graphic No. 25**

**Bunrannoch Church, of Dull Parish, located on road between Kynachan and Foss Estates. Appears to be Church of Estate holders.**



**Graphic No. 26**

**Mausoleum in church yard, appears to be for Stewart Lairds use. This one belonged to Stewart of Kinnaird, a Tackman of the Duke of Atholl.**

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<sup>8</sup> Kynachan & Garth Records obtained from James Irvine Robertson, Aberfeldy, Perth, Scotland,

what kind of man he was. He was married in 1743 and he was a prime draftee for the last Jacobite Rebellion in 1745, known as the “ ‘45”. The previous Jacobite Rebellion occurred in 1715 and more than likely his parent was drafted for a similar Jacobite Rebellion known as the “ ‘15”. (*For clarification of these convoluted series of political events see Chapter Four, page 43.*) This came about at the time when exiled Bonnie Prince Charlie returned from France, supposedly with French support consisting of a fleet of ships with 5,000 troops ready to cross the channel to London when needed.<sup>9</sup> And draft they did. I am told by my writer/researcher cousin, James Irvine Robertson, at present living in Scotland, if an able-bodied man refused to follow the Laird into battle he was usually incarcerated. Most of the time he was simply shot. So there was not a lot of resistance to such a draft. After all, the purpose of the numerous tenants was to provide an army for the Estate’s protection.

Alexander would have been a part of the Atholl Brigade. This was a group of some 300-plus men from Foss, Garth and Kynachan led by Major David Stewart, the Laird (*Estate Holder, his father was John Stewart, the 1<sup>st</sup> Laird of Kynachan!*) of Garth. This group was a part of the 5,000-man army that soundly defeated the English army in the Highlands. They then marched south, chasing the English as they went. When within 100 miles of London, Prince Charles’ advisor and General, decided London was too well defended, so they retreated. According to many analysts, the Highlands Army could have easily taken London and the French were actually ready, but not in the promised numbers.

The Scots army proceeded back north with the reorganized English Army in pursuit. The English, having learned the Scots’ charge upon their firing line, routed the musketeers. As soon as the Scots hit the line it was hand to hand fighting, something the Scots excelled in. As the English pursued the Scots they did so very slowly by intent. At each encampment the English troops were given training in up close fighting. They carefully fortified themselves with many cannon, another reason for their slowness. Thus it was at the final battle in 1746 at Culloden, just southeast of Inverness, (*see Graphic No. 15, in Chapter four, page 45*) the Scots were defeated badly.

The Scots were tired, having had no sleep the previous night and the day dawned cold with a rain. They were met with withering cannon fire that morning. When they charged they were met with bayonets and swords. Training the troops had paid off for the English. The Scots were tired, beaten and decimated by the cannon fire and the renewed English tactics.

The Culloden battle was over just at sundown. Major David Stewart, with the remaining Atholl Brigade, retreated and hid in a barn. In the meantime the English were killing all wounded who remained on the battle field. The English soldiers observed Major David Stewart with his men entering the barn. They burned it at dawn the next morning, shooting all who attempted to escape. Nearly half of the Scots Army of 5,000 perished either at Culloden or from their wounds as they retreated.

However, all the Atholl Brigade did not perish that day. Some got away; it is unknown how many. They returned to Glen Lyon individually, most of the well-known hiding in caves in the nearby mountains. Some just disappeared into the crowd elsewhere. Over the next two or three years the English hunted them down but could find only a few in hiding. They burned their buildings and killed many members of their family and any tenants that they suspected were sympathetic to the Jacobite cause. There is no story of how Alexander survived but it is quite apparent he did, as six more children were baptized by 1758<sup>10</sup>. The family history has it he died about 1760-70. After two years or so some land owners were forgiven and some lands were restored to the original owners. David’s wife, Janet, was able

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<sup>9</sup> Battlefield Britain, “Culloden: 1746”, BBC TV program aired on KAET, AZ., PBS, 21 April 2005.

<sup>10</sup> Scots Ancestry Research Society Report #B/61833, done for Bruce Stewart, 21 May 1991.

## Chapter Six

to keep Kynachan in spite of the unwritten law of the land that no woman could retain title to land unless of upper class. But that is yet another story. A more thorough story of David's life and death can be found in James Irvine Robertson's book "*The Lady Of Kynachan*".<sup>11</sup> (See Appendix H, Graphic No. 184, page 327 for the book cover art.)

The battlefield can be seen from the roof of the Stuart Castle at Inverness. We visited there on our UK trip in 1993. Having said all that about the English, it must be remembered that this was not a war of independence for the Scots. This was more of a civil war, instigated by the English. The English army was made up of many Scots and Irish. The Campbells had their own Division. Many of the Lairds (*Estate Holders*) had seen the 'handwriting on the wall' and were managing their Scots estates from London. Some estates had already been forfeited, taken over by the men chosen by the King who were his supporters.

Thus began the Clearances and the prime reason for our ancestor to leave Scotland forever. Three male children of Alexander and Christian left Scotland. John and Robert went to America, Johnstown, NY. Another brother, Joseph, was a ranking Military Officer and died in Kingston, Jamaica about 1810<sup>12</sup>.

The chart at the beginning of this chapter shows the five female Stewart ancestors of whom nothing more is known. They may have remained in Scotland. The following clip from the internet is inserted here to add to the understanding of the geographical portent of the Stewart Clan. It has been noted by the author that depending on where you go in Scotland there will be a different Clan Stewart source. However, the web of family eventually will rest on the shoulders of Walter, the first STEWARD of Scotland about the eighth century.

### **CLAN STEWART<sup>13</sup>**

***Viewpoint and indicator at car park at the War Memorial at the east end of the loch.<sup>14</sup>***

***The first Stewart clansmen invaded Rannoch in the 14th century led by Alexander Stewart, the Wolf of Badenoch. Later Stewarts occupied the land at the east end of the loch, called Bun-Rannoch. They were a warlike clan and, of course, loyal to the Stewart sovereigns for whom they fought on many occasions. However, at Culloden in 1746 they suffered greatly; those who survived the battle and the immediate reprisals escaped to Bun-Rannoch as outlaws. Here all their villages and houses were destroyed, and they were hunted relentlessly by government troops.***

### **THE STEWARTS**

***'By the wee birchen corries lie patches of green,  
Where gardens and bare-headed bairnies have been,  
But the huts now are rickles of stones nettle-grown  
And the once human homes, e'en their names are unknown'.***

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<sup>11</sup> James Irvine Robertson, *The Lady of Kynachan: A Novel of The '45* (City: Corgi Books, 1995).

<sup>12</sup> Beth F Stewart Archive.

<sup>13</sup> From Web Site: <http://www.visitrannoch.com/clan-stewart.htm> (With Permission).

<sup>14</sup> Loch Rannoch several miles to the west of Kynachan & Foss.



*Principal Shairp, who was a frequent visitor to Rannoch a hundred years ago, sums up in his little poem the situation of a place that used to be. All the clansmen, the MacDougalls, the Robertsons, the MacGregors, the Camerons, the Menzies and the MacDonalds have departed and left nothing but rickles of stones, and so it was also with the Stewarts.*

*When a Stewart ascended the throne of Scotland it was natural that the King's kith and kin should benefit. The first Stewart King, Robert II, in 1379, the year of his accession, gave his son Alexander Stewart the lands which included 'Lassintullich, Crossmount, Tulichcroske, and Kynachan' in Rannoch. He became known as the Wolf of Badenoch, not without cause because by all accounts he was a vicious and cruel man who lived by murder and rapine. I do not think he had much to do with Rannoch as there was nothing for him to steal or plunder here. He went for richer gains such as existed in Forres and Elgin where the towns and the cathedral of Elgin were burnt to the ground. He was finally killed in battle near Blairgowrie in 1392 and buried in Dunkeld Cathedral where his tomb is. The inscription on it must have been engraved by someone with a sense of humour for it says about this man, who was surely the biggest blackguard of his time, 'Hic jacet Dominus Alexander, Dominus de Badenoch, bonae memoriae' 'Here lies Lord Alexander, Lord of Badenoch, of good memory!'*

*The early Stewarts in Rannoch carried on in a similar lawless fashion as the Wolf. They led bands of wild Rannoch tribesmen on cattle raids far and wide and one of them, Neil Stewart, who lived at Garth, by some means or other acquired more land in Rannoch. He laid claim to the north side of the Loch, called Slios Min, land which the Menzies regarded as theirs. After frequent fights the sovereign was brought in by the Menzies and he decided in favour of them. This was in 1477.*

*It was sometime after this that Stewarts of Appin arrived in Rannoch. They settled in Innerhadden, Bunrannoch, Tempar and Strathgarry and at first they, like the rest of the Rannoch clansmen, led anything but a peaceful life. It was called the time of 'misruell in Atoill' when murders and oppression were common. It was so bad that the Privy Council ordered that a watch be set out to guard the country.*

*The Stewarts did not have a clan chief in Rannoch and they usually joined the Robertsons in the various risings and rebellions in support of the House of Stewart. When they went to battle they carried with them the banner 'Bratach na Mogan', meaning the 'Banner of the Stocking'. They carried this as a compliment to the bravery of their women, for one day when the men were away in the hills Bunrannoch was attacked by a strong force of raiders. The raid was so sudden that the women had no time to provide themselves with weapons, so they took off their stockings, put sufficient stones in them and used them as cudgels. So successful were they that they drove off the attackers who left empty handed.*

*It is sad that there are so few names to record of the many Stewarts of the Bunrannoch area who gave their lives in the '15 and the '45. It is said that the villages were deserted of all but the women folk whose men found their graves at Culloden and elsewhere. There was one, Allan Stewart of Innerhadden, called Great Allan, who was a poet . . . some say a much better one than Struan Robertson. He strode on to the hill which bears his name now, Dun Allan, and chose it as his burying place so that*

## Chapter Six

*on Judgement Day he and his race might come back and see their old lands stretched out before them. He was not killed at Culloden but after the battle he managed to hide himself successfully in the district and he and Stewart of Crossmount evaded capture until the hue and cry died down. They eventually got their lands back but their houses had been burnt down as reprisals. Stewart of Kynachan was killed, also Neil Stewart of Tempar, James Stewart, brother of Tullochcroisk, and sixteen others of the Athollmen fell and will no doubt be with Big Allan and the other Rannoch Stewarts on Judgement Day, and with all their brave tenants who fought in vain for their royal kinsman.*

*A.D. Cunningham.*



**Graphic No. 27**

**Fortingall Parish Church. My GGG Grandfather Robert Stewart and Jean (*Jane*) Wilson were married in this church in 1850. The Yew tree on the left is mythically 3,000 years old. It is was also mythically planted by Pontius Pilate when serving in the Roman Army of Occupation.**

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### ROBERT I, MY FIRST STEWART TO THE UNITED STATES

From my “oral history” I have a GGG Grandfather Robert Stewart, whose father was named Alexander; a brother John, who also emigrated to Johnstown, New York; and a brother Joseph, who died in the English Army in Kingston, Jamaica in 1810-2. (*Joseph’s death was not researched, it will require more time for paid research in Scotland. The mere fact of his existence by name is convincing evidence.*) The girls were not mentioned by name. Taking into consideration only the oral history, this could be coincidence. The name matches except Robert’s marriage date I have reported elsewhere as 1778. For the real proof I must go forward in time to USA after emigration from Scotland. In Robert’s Will in Johnstown<sup>1</sup> and the Colonial Cemetery Records<sup>2</sup> I found he died in 1837 at the age of 87 years. Quick subtraction gives 1750 for his birth date. An error in our “oral history”? I think this is very likely. After all Beth may have been my mother, but she was also human! There were other folks that handed down that information to her, so the error not have been hers. So I think I have the right family with the date of birth reported as the date of marriage. There is enough documentation to support these names, location and dates. Banns of marriage were published, see below,<sup>3</sup> in both Fortingall & Dull Parishes.

***Dull Parish, OPR: “January 17th 1778 Robert Stewart in this Parish and Jean Wilson in the Parish of Fortingall gave up their names to be proclaimed in order to marriage”***

***Fortingall Parish, OPR: “Janry 18th 1778 Robert Stewart Pitcharin in Parish of Dull and Jean Wilson in Geligan in this parish were Booked” (NOTE: The given names Jane and Jean are used equivocally in old Scotland.)***

These records do not mention place of residence. Robert is reported<sup>4,5</sup> to have come to the U.S. in 1786 with his wife Jane Wilson and three children, Alexander, John Robert and Catherine. They all are named; James is not mentioned. In addition it also named a Neil Stewart, and son Robert, having left Glen Lyon at the same time and who were traveling together. This Robert Stewart is the man Catherine married later. The report mentioned there were half brothers already in New York, having left several years earlier. These are Donald and Dugald Stewart.

Robert was very much aware of the difficulties of raising a family in Scotland at this time. His father, Alexander, had been active in the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745. I am sure Alexander’s war experience and subsequent survival was impressed on his sons John and Robert from birth. Robert’s birth was a little over five years after the bloody defeat at Culloden, and his older brother John was two years old at the time of the Battle at Culloden. Their father would have told them stories of the terrible war. How they had defeated and chased the English nearly to London and then retreated to the far north. Told of

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<sup>1</sup> Will of Robert Stewart, Surrogate Court Records, Montgomery County, Fonda, New York, 1837.

<sup>2</sup> Records of the Presbyterian Church of Johnstown in Fulton County, New York, 1916.

<sup>3</sup> Scots Ancestry Research Society Report #B/61833, 21 May 1991.

<sup>4</sup> A Dictionary of Scottish Immigrants to the US, David Whyte, page 426.

<sup>5</sup> Directory of Scottish Settlers in North America, 1625-1825, David Dobson,



## Chapter Seven

the defeat at Culloden followed by the order “search and kill” by the English of all wounded survivors. Perhaps how he had hidden in the mountains of Glen Lyon, coming down to visit his wife only in the dark of night. Or of visits by family to his hidden cave bringing him food and drink.

Even though fighting and killing had been the way of the Highland life for many years, this could be just too much for a youngster growing up. Especially since there was no longer any hope of any freedom from the yoke of the monarchy. I remember reading my father’s copy of “Scottish Chiefs” and not understanding that way of life. It was bloody!

It is not known what “Pitcharin in Parish of Dull,” as mentioned in Robert and Jane’s wedding Banns, really means. Even Scottish Genealogists I have contacted do not know. However, I have come to the conclusion this is ‘my’ GGG Grandfather Robert whose father is Alexander. It is the only logical conclusion. The names I have mesh rather nicely with those found. My documentation, while not absolute, is quite conclusive. Even though the number of Stewarts with names like Alexander, Robert, John, Charles, Neil, etc., is mind boggling, I think my conclusions are sound. I found another Alexander and Christian Stewart couple that had records in the Parish of Dull. They did not match any of my information from the oral tradition.

There were so many church burnings during and after the era of King Henry VIII. It is very difficult to find any definable documentation prior to 1675 except in private estate collections. We are very lucky to have found as much as this. Therefore, my conclusion is, this information gathered can be accepted as complete with good documentation that conforms, with minor adjustments, to the family oral tradition handed down through the years. The ultimate result would not be the same without the oral family history that was kept down through the years. The keywords being the Foss, Dull (*Parish*), Garth (*Duke of*), Loch Tummel, River Tummel, and the Duke of Atholl.

### SHOW ME THE MONEY!

Before we get Robert and family on a boat it would be interesting to determine, if possible, the financial logistics of their departure. We think the family was not wealthy, even though some help could be had from parents, cousins, etc. Even so, all of these families were, so to speak, in the same boat. The Clearances had started and many had been sent to become fishermen on the coasts of Scotland, many had gone to Northern Ireland and many more were on their way to the United States in bondage (*indentured*) as slaves. It costs money to buy passage on a ship. There was land to be purchased in the new country. So where did Robert and Jane come up with the ready cash?

There were also rich Englishmen (*Royalists*) who had large grants of land from the King in the U.S. They would then give grants of land to Scots who would and could swear allegiance to the Crown. For example, Sir William Johnson was given nearly a half million acres of land in New York State where he founded the town of Johnstown (*named for his son John*), the ultimate residence of Robert and Jane. We know Robert and Jane did not sign on directly for the one hundred acres of land from Sir William. The reason being all the Royalist Scots who had grants of land from Sir William would have their land confiscated during the War of Independence, ten years before their arrival. Those Royalists were also obliged to fight on the side of the British and when they lost the war the survivors were arrested or forced to cross into Canada. Robert’s son, John Robert, died at Sackets Harbor, Jefferson County, New York<sup>6</sup> in 1813 as a member of the American Army in the War of 1812.

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<sup>6</sup> Jo Dee Frasco, “Johnstown Cemeteries,” [www.rootsweb/~nyfulton/Cemeteries/JohnsCem.html](http://www.rootsweb/~nyfulton/Cemeteries/JohnsCem.html) 27 Feb 2001.

So how did Robert and Jane accumulate enough cash to buy their way to the U.S.? I think, based on the timeline of this family, there is a logical conclusion. They were married in 1778. In 1779 Alexander was born, in 1780 Catherine, followed in 1781 by John. The family oral history reported that our ancestor James, the next in line, was born in Scotland. However, only three children were listed by name as leaving Glen Lyon by both Dobson<sup>7</sup> and Whyte<sup>8</sup> in 1786. James was born 20 Aug 1786. Therefore there was five years between the birth of number three, John Robert, and James. If Robert and Jane abstained from their marriage intimacy for that period they may have saved enough to buy passage to the U.S.

The alternative was not very good. They *had* to leave Scotland. If they stayed it would mean a radical change in their lives with no guaranty of any life for them. For that matter, life at all. Most of the families living in the Jacobite centers of Scotland had been forced to leave and many were executed as traitors after the '45<sup>9</sup>. Others were shipped to the penal colonies in America and Australia. Some of the more dependent became fishermen on the coasts with the help of their Laird. There could only be so many fishermen to be able to derive a living from that way of life. Others were shipped to the new world, self-indentured for terms of five, ten or more years, where they struggled working to pay off their cost of the ship's voyage. The Lairds could no longer afford nor did they need their army of tenants to defend them. They, too, were poor and were struggling to get by raising sheep. Sheep needed pasturage on land that the tenants were occupying.

Perhaps in 1781 right after the birth of John Robert . . . this dialog may have occurred.

### **ROBERT AND JANE STEWART GET READY TO LEAVE SCOTLAND**

**Jane (formal) and Jean (pet name) are synonymous at this time**

*"Jean darlin', I've just talked to my brothers Donald and Dugald. They are getting money together to take their families to America."*

*"What are they going to do when they get there?"*

*"Well, Jean, they have talked to families of some of cousin David's men who have received letters from over there. They were able to actually buy land with very little cash and something called a mortgage. It's similar to our Croft agreement with Foss, only they really own the land when it's paid."*

*"Just a minute Robb, I need to feed wee Johnnie." Some rustling of clothing and then contented sucking noises. Jane then says, "Yes, but how did they save enough money to buy their passage on the ships and then still have some for land? We have three bairns and if we are to have more then we cannot save any thing at all."*

*Robert looked somewhat depressed, "Well, I hadn't thought of that. I don't know."*

*Days later they were together and again thinking about how to go to America. This time she was nursing John, "We are feeding and clothing our wee bairns now from our income with a little left over. How long would it take to save enough for ship's passage and land?"*

*Robert screwed up his face, counting on his fingers several times, he said, "Probably ten years if we are careful. If we have five or six more bairns maybe never." He even looked more depressed than before. Although he smiled as Jane detached John from her ample breast and put him down in his bed to sleep. Perhaps he was seeing the only benefit for him if they stayed in the Highlands.*

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<sup>7</sup> David Dobson, "[Directory of Scottish Settlers in North America, 1625-1825.](#)"

<sup>8</sup> David Whyte, "[A Dictionary of Scottish Immigrants to the US.](#)"

<sup>9</sup> The last Jacobite Rebellion.

## Chapter Seven

*“Robb, suppose we had no more bairns for a while, then how long would it be? After three, we both now know how they came about.”*

*He sputtered and walked around the room four or five times. “About five years, six at the most. We know what this means. Do you really think we can?”, he said.*

*“Sometimes it would mean sleeping on the floor, swimming in the River Tummel or even just going somewhere else for a little while.”*

*They loved each other dearly and that intimate act was sometimes all they had to keep their lives on an even keel. “Jean, love, I don’t know if I can.”*

*“Perhaps if we help each other we can do it.”*

*Thus, later, it was decided that Jane and Robert would remain dormant sexually for a time. It turned out to be about five years to be exact, a long, long, long time. They both had reservations about their decision. Asking each other again and again, “Can we really do this?”*

*They, two lonely people, lived from day to day. Sometimes when the going was very dim they sought solace in each other. Soon, “Jean, we had better find something else to do or we will be right back where we started,” he said.*

*Usually a soft reply, “Aye, Robb, I love thee more than ever, we can do it.” Then off to some work or to walk out into the cool night. They persisted thus until they thought they might talk to Cousin John Stewart, the Laird of Foss, about leaving even though they didn’t think their savings were quite enough.*

*The pressure was on Foss who, even though a cousin, was being strongly influenced financially to clear out his tenants and pasture sheep. Money was a problem for him, tenants did not bring in enough revenue and the need for defense was gone now that the English were in complete control. After the usual formal greetings, Robert opened the talk with the great respect he felt for his cousin, “Jean and I are getting ready to leave if your Lordship would allow us to do so.”*

*John beamed. “Aye, Robbie, I have been hoping you would come to me soon, I have watched you grow into manhood and you have a fine family.” It seems he had been quite worried how to broach the subject with this family, for most of his tenants were cousins, uncles, brothers who were dependent on him for their living. These were families that he rented land to and their rents barely paid his tack. He had been a witness at Alexander’s wedding in ‘43. He had a twinkle in his eye for he knew of Robert and Jane’s promise to each other. “I have been aware of your hardship in trying to save coin for the trip to America. As my cousin you and Jean are very close to me, I promised your father before he died I would see to it that you would get out of here some way, not tied to some monied man who wants to make more money from your sweat. So, here is what I have to offer you, it is nearly the same I gave to Dugald and Donald when they left a year ago. I can return the balance of your yearly tithe and I will pay you for your house and barn.”*

*Now Dugald and Donald were also John’s cousins and Robert’s half-brothers and they had written to Robert they had land and knew how to get more for Robert and Jane. What’s more, they knew how much cash the land would cost. “Uncle John, you have just completed our dreams, we will now be able to leave here midyear if I can arrange passage, . . . thank you.”*

*With that he dashed out of the house. Robert covered the mile or so from the Foss Manse to his house in record time. Shouting the last 100 yards, “Jean, Jean, we can go, we can go!” They leapt into each others arms in their happiness.*

*“Oh, Robbie, I am so proud of you, it has been so very hard, hasn’t it?” Later that night there was no walking in the cold night or finding something else to do. There was love to it’s fullest. Thus was*

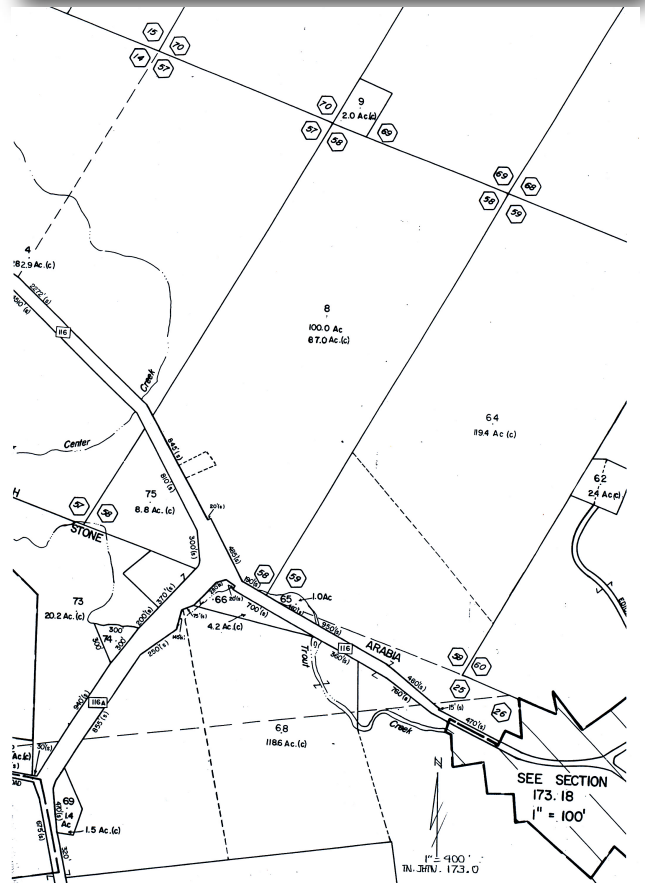
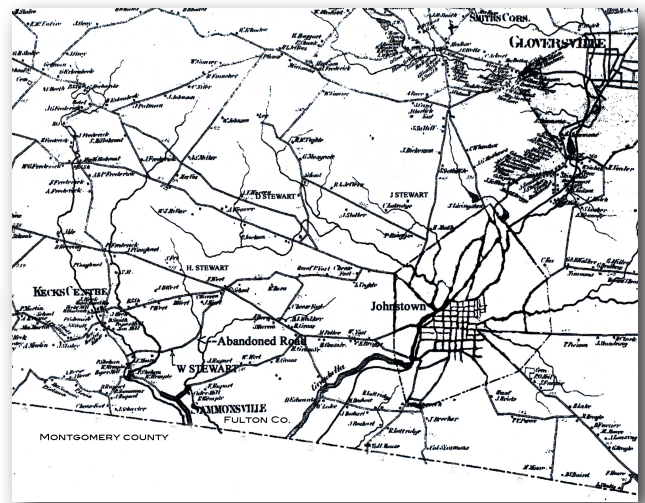
our ancestor, James, conceived on a cool night in December, 1785.

The following months were full of letter writing to find a ship, send payment, settling accounts with John, pack and repack. They could not take everything with them, but Robert insisted he would take most of his farm tools. "It was the wilderness they were going to, wasn't it? Where can I find replacements for the tools I made myself? After all, I am a farmer!", he muttered to himself.

## NOW BACK TO REALITY

So much for speculation. I think that little vignette put some reality into Robert and Jane's day to day trials; at least it did for me. Now, when exactly did they leave Scotland and arrive in New York? Research on the transcribed ship's manifests yielded nothing for this time period, departure point Greenock, the Highlands and arrival point New York. Other arrival points were also researched, but for one reason or another could be discounted for Robert. After all, Greenock is the closest departure point to Foss and New York is the closest port to Johnstown and he was reported to have departed for New York.

Almost all of the available manifests transcribed are after 1820, when the U.S. required all ships to provide them by law. The only other way to research was the information of the ships by name only. This will not provide the names of passengers, only name of ship, logistics, Captain, owner, places and dates of departure and arrival and number of passengers. For this information I turned again to Dobson<sup>10</sup> where three ships were found in that time period. I found the "Alexander" from Greenock to Philadelphia, arrival date March 28, 1785. This may be a bit too early as Whyte and Dobson already reported "1786 to New York" (see Footnotes 7 & 8). Next is the "Caledonia" from Greenock to New York, June 20, 1785, still a year early but a possibility. With this notation: "with passengers 6 guineas." The third, which is my preference and fits



**Graphic No. 28 & 29**

**28 is the local plat map for Johnstown, showing the location of Stewart Homestead in relation to the Town of Johnstown and Village of Sammonsville, No. 29 shows a Kingsborough Patent map, a close up of the Homestead, Lot # 58, with boundaries of lots.**

<sup>10</sup> Ships From Scotland to America, 1628-1828, David Dobson, pages 5, 19 & 49.

Whyte's report, the "George of Greenock," to New York, October 5, 1786. With the notation: "with passengers, {steerage passengers 6 gns guineas, cabin passengers 18 gns}." I found this ship, "George," made multiple trips such as this starting in 1686 through 1804 with as many as 224 passengers to various ports in the U.S. and Canada. I did not look for any departures from other areas such as London. I do not think our thrifty Scot would even dream of adding to the cost of travel to a more distant port of departure. Research has not turned up any other ship's records in the prescribed time period.

Now to support this choice, I can place Robert and Jane in Fulton County (*actually Montgomery County, Fulton County did not exist until after 1837*) on March 25, 1787,<sup>11</sup> when they recorded a mortgage to buy Lot # 58, that is, the Stewart Homestead of 100 acres. (*See Graphic No. 28 on previous page for location, also Graphic No. 146, page 237.*) There were to be two payments of 50 pounds each, with "lawful interest," to be made March 25, 1791, and March 25, 1794.

So my GGG Grandfather Robert Stewart and family are in America! The ship of my choice, the "George of Greenock," arrived in New York October 5th, 1786. About forty seven days earlier, on August 20, 1786, James was born. He probably was born on board ship on the high seas, or shortly before departure, depending on the departure and travel time from Greenock. What a woman! With three other children to care for, and Robert being no slouch either! This shows how desperate they must have been.

A transcription of the Mortgage Deed cited above is included below. Whether a down payment was given is not stated.

***MORTGAGE RECORD - Robert and Jane STEWART to George Courtald, dated March 25, 1787, recorded 20 October 1788, Fulton County records Book No. A, page No. 283***

*Transcribed by Bruce M. Stewart 27 Sep 2001 from a copy obtained from Fulton Co. Clerk, Johnstown, June 26, 2001. FILE:TDRobert<GCourtald1787.*

***Registered for and at the request of George Courtald of the district of Caghnawaga in the County of Montgomery, mortgagee. All that certain Tract or parcel of Land -- mortgaged unto him by ROBERT STEWART and JANE, his wife, on the twenty fifth day of March in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty seven to secure the payment of fifty pounds lawful money of the State of New York on the twenty fifth day of March in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety one, and the sum of fifty pounds like money on the twenty fifth day of March in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety four with lawful Interest. Known by the name of Lot number fifty eight situate lying and being in the County of Montgomery and State of New York aforesaid being part of the patent of Kingsborough & the Western Allotment of said Patent and is butted and bounded as follows viz.: beginning at the South Easterly corner of Lot No. Seventy & running thence south thirty seven degrees west fifty chains to the southeast corner of Lot number fifty seven, thence south sixty three degrees east twenty chains, thence north thirty seven degrees east fifty chains thence north sixty three degrees west twenty chains to the place of beginning estimated at one hundred Acres be the same more or less.***

***Registered this 20th day of October, 1788 and compared by me. (s) Chris P Yates Clerk.***

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<sup>11</sup> MORTGAGE RECORD, Robert & Jane Stewart to George Courtald, dated March 25, 1787, Fulton Co. Book # A, Page # 283.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### THEY ARE HERE!

Our first effort, now that I have Robert here in the USA, is to find out who this man and his family are. Before the first visit to Johnstown with our RV in 1996, I corresponded with the Montgomery County, New York, Department of History and Archives. The replies were encouraging so this Department became a first stop located in Fonda, close to Johnstown.

We were welcomed, “We are so glad to have you come to use our facility. This is what we are organized for. We do not do research; however, we will be happy to help you find anything you need.”

Me, “Thank you.”

“This is our Archivist if you want to see any particular item, ask her. She also will make copies for you.”

Me, “Thank you.”

“You are in luck, for this gentleman,” introducing me to him, “is familiar with our files and if you need any help he may be willing to help if you ask. He is doing research for another party, is not an employee, but helps many others who visit.”

Me, “Thank you again.”

I took a deep breath, let some of the information sink in, and proceeded to browse the many files available to me. Three long days I collected document after document and had them copied, then took them back to our RV for organization.

We would have discussions about them in the evening.

“Who is this man?”

“What family does he belong to?”

“Well, where does this one fit?”

My answers usually turned out to be “I don’t know.” or “Maybe a son?” or “Probably not my line.” or “How are we going to put this all together?”

“Who are we really looking for?”, Mary Kay asked

That last question really hit home. I repeated, “WHO are we looking for? Robert, of course.”

“How are we going to find him?”, Mary Kay asked.

“We’ve found at least four Robert Stewarts so far, none of which looked at all familiar to me.”

“What did he do that would leave the most important record?”, she asked.

“He was already married, besides those records would probably be in his church along with baptisms, births and so on,” I responded

“He died!” she said.

“Huh?” from me.

“When he died did he leave a will? They do something legal with that don’t they?”

“Yeah, probate, I know just where to go now, Probate Court!” After that we went to bed. I was feeling much better. I knew exactly what I was going to do the next morning. Our mystery had deepened into confusion by looking for clues where there were so very many that had no meaning . . . to me, yet.

**BACK ON TRACK, THE NEXT CLUE**

The next morning I walked into the Probate Department in the new Court House just down the street from the Archives at 9:30 a.m..

Going to the counter, “May I help you?” was the cheery greeting.

“Yes, I am looking for the will of Robert Stewart.”

“Did he live in this county?”

I nodded.

“When did he die?” she asked.

“Well, I don’t know, he was born in 1750. So, lets say he was 80+, that would make it about 1830,” I responded.

Holding up the counter drop leaf, “OK, if you will step around the counter I will show you the books where you can look.” Laying several very large, old looking volumes on a table, she showed me how to look by date and name. “When you find something let me know and I will show you where the files are.”

Hmm, I do my own lookin’ then I do my own file dippin’, sounded great to me. Am I going to have to run a copy machine too? Why not? It didn’t seem to matter, I was beginning to enjoy this thing called research. I looked at the book. It had been handled many times. A musty smell of age came from it when I opened it. I had done this quite a few times before in other offices, other states. Each time it felt like opening a door. I was going to step through that door into, . . . what?

Then the researcher in me took over. The names are grouped alphabetically by name then by date. The book had dates inclusive 1820 to 1830. Running my finger down the hand written names, no Robert there. Next volume, 1830 to 1840. I hit Robert Stewart in 1837. Suddenly the adrenaline kicked in. I tried to walk slowly to the clerk’s desk, but I think I must have leaped over several tables on the way.

From the look on my face, she queried, “You found something?”

I pointed to Robert’s name in the huge book I was carrying, unable to form any words.

Looking where I was pointing she said, “Oh, he will be down stairs, follow me.”

The use of the pronoun ‘he’ felt comfortable and reassuring. She wrote down some numbers, then went down the stairs, with me in tow, still unable to say hardly anything. Handing me her note, “These are the file cabinet numbers you want. They start at number one here and go clockwise around the room and then to the center group. When you find all of his files, there should be one large envelope in each cabinet, bring them up and I’ll make copies.”

A ha, I don’t run the copy machine! I had a hard time reading her note, the paper just would not hold still. It was dark, only one light bulb in the center of the room. Holding the paper under the light it was simple, there were four letters on the paper. I went to the first marked cabinet, A, and found an envelope marked Robert Stewart. Each time I pulled out another Robert Stewart envelope I found it harder to NOT open them to read what was inside. When I had gone through to the D cabinet, I stood still for a moment. I was holding part of the history of my ancestor of five generations. My ancestor who died almost exactly ninety years before I was born.

I carried the bulky envelopes up the stairs. Still shaking a little, I handed them to her. “I found them all.”

## Chapter Eight

I waited while she made copies, then I wrote her a check, “Thank you so much, you just made my day!”

“You are very welcome, come back if you want to look again.”

I was back in the RV by 11:30 a.m. It had taken a little over one hour and a half to find information on Robert that three full days of searching had not produced. It was also past Tea Time.

Within this large packet of twenty-two documents, I found Robert’s Will, which contained the Tract, the Kingsborough Patent and Lot number 58 of the Homestead. (*See Graphic No. 28, Kingsborough Patent in Chap. 7, page 77.*) This is the will referenced in Chapter 6 to confirm Robert’s birth date<sup>1</sup>. With this information we found this map at the equally cooperative County Planning Department showing the exact location, west of Johnstown about three miles near a very small village called Sammonsville.

We also discovered the current owner was a Richard Sammons and found his address in the phone book. Going up to his door I asked, “Could we have permission to walk on the 100 acres you own just the other side of the village on the north side of the road?”

He said, “Oh, the Stewart Homestead?”

“Yes indeed, I see you know your land history; this was Robert Stewart’s purchase in 1787. Can you tell me about it, are there any buildings left?”

“There was a barn. My Dad was cleaning the hay baler in the barn with gasoline and a wire brush. It caught fire from the sparks from the wire brush and there went the barn. This was quite a few years ago sometime after we bought it. The foundations are way up on the northwest corner of the property, facing the old road.”

He really seemed interested about our family, so I had to tell him what information we had gathered about Robert and that my branch of the family moved west to Illinois. We chatted for a while longer then I excused myself and drove to the location of the Homestead, into a long drive, going by an occupied mobile home and up a small hill. Mary Kay and I decided to go no further as the downgrade got steeper with deep ruts from the tractor wheels. We parked our RV on the hill top, and prepared to walk the rest of the way. After all it was only one hundred acres.

Walking down the rutted path and over a tractor sturdy bridge a wide vista of green opened in front of us. The surrounding trees, hills and farmland were somewhat like Scotland. The small stream tinkled merrily through a meadow on the left and under the bridge. Old apple trees had grown in the fence lines. Wild flowers were blooming, shoving up through the tall grass. On the right was a lush hay field which looked a little like rocks might be lurking just under the bright green. Near the hilltop was a field of less than knee high corn in need of a good soaking rain and some warm sunshine.

Walking toward the fence, I spied the barn foundation. Claiming it as my own, I yelled, “Here it is, I found it!” I climbed the fence and I was there! I walked around the barn with the spirit of Robert. Must have been his spirit ‘cuz goose bumps were raising the hair on my arms. I sat down on the foundation and tried to imagine the barn full of hay, with cattle stalls under, as it was a basement barn built into the hill. I saw a rusty, handmade spike that once held a large wood beam in place. This would go with me to be tagged, to be shown and eventually given to one of my grandchildren.

The farm site lay high on the slope, facing south, framed behind by trees growing to the top. We searched for several hours; a warm breeze attempted to dry our perspiration. No house foundation. We did find the remains of a small building without a foundation. It was half buried in the boggy soil further

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<sup>1</sup> Will and Probate of Robert Stewart, Surrogate Court Records, Montgomery County, Fonda, New York, 1837.



## Chapter Eight

up the hill. From the location and looks of the wet ground, it could have been their water supply, a spring house. We left feeling exhilarated but somewhat incomplete. I felt a compulsion to return, something was missing. Of course, the house foundation location was missing!

### A CLUE FROM ROBERT

Flashing forward with the passing of four years, we returned with a different RV, parked on the same hill. I began the splendid walk down the hill, feeling proud as one who was about to solve a great mystery. Mary Kay trudged behind with the camera, recording this moment in my career as a successful genealogist. We crossed the little stream, telling the tale of its journey down the hill, past flowers and apple trees, while the birds seemed to welcome us back.

Several more hours later, our searching as before came to . . . nothing. Where was that glorious feeling of success? Had Robert abandoned us? We switched to the 'search and rescue' method. The two of us split and walked in parallel directions about 20 feet apart across a logical house location area just below the spring. I again felt Robert's presence. Maybe this was the right way.

The cattle had not grazed heavily and the grass was very tall, sometimes over my head. It was difficult going. "Hey, sweetie, watch out for fresh cow pies!" I was relaxing, my mind at rest, enjoying the place and time. Hearing the bees searching for flowers, then seeing the flowers and trees waving their branches gave me a needed nudge. "Hon, did you see those yellow daisies back there?"

No answer, but a smile and a nod told me all I needed to know. A light breeze was drifting up the lush hill. The smells took me back to growing up on the farm in Illinois. It was a game to be enjoyed. Walk to the edge of the slope, turn, walk 20 feet, turn, walk forward again, back and forth slowly. The game? Hide and seek with my past.

In this dreamy state I spied a rose bush. I burst out with, "Hah!" When the echoed had died, "A rosebush!" followed. Then, excitement welling up, "What is a house without a rosebush?"

To which the camera person replied, "What is a rosebush without a house?"

I said, "A foundation! It's a tea rose not a wild one." Picking one of the roses, "Ouch." Wading through tall grass and brush, I nearly fell into the foundation pit. "Yikes!"

"Did you find it?"

"Yeah, I found it, be careful, it's deep. Turn right about 30 degrees, then walk straight ahead, I'll meet you there." Robert had done it again. We both headed to what seemed to be an opening in the tall grass and found a clear space with the foundation of large rocks and homemade brick exposed. How did we miss it four years ago?

"Here, my love." I presented her the rose. "One of Jane's roses for you." The thought seemed romantic, Robert had planted this rose bush beside their home one hundred years before I was born. Perhaps on an anniversary or birthday. The words, "*And to my beloved wife . . .*" in his will, written just previous to the time of his death, came to mind. It was the rose that gave us the clue to the location of the foundation of their family home for nearly one hundred fifty years. The four of us, me, Mary Kay, Robert and Jane, sat on the foundation facing the setting sun. (See Appendix H, Graphic No's 187-8, pages 329-30.)

When the home site came into view, I felt an even more glorious thrill as when we found the barn foundation four years before. I sensed my heritage while walking around the barn site again, as if Robert were at my side. Had Robert walked with a proud bearing of ownership here as I do? Was he the one who sent our family's heritage through the years to me? He deserved to be proud. A job well done.

## Chapter Eight

Both the camera person and I were in awe of this place. My ancestors lived, loved, birthed children, walked and worked here. For me it was sacred ground. Perhaps if I listened hard enough I could hear them as they laughed and cried about life. They would speak with the Scots brogue wouldn't they? They must have done something right to have raised twelve healthy children to adulthood. Love, laugh, work and respect all things. This is what I heard at the close of that beautiful sunny day.

In front of us a bit, we could see evidence of the old road. Richard Sammons was right. The only way to recognize it as a road was the steep embankments of the cut over the top of the hill, completely overgrown with large trees. Later we even found an old map of the area that showed it. For me, perception had become reality; I felt at home.

### MORE FAMILY?

Some other members of our family came to Johnstown from Scotland. Donald and brother Dugald Stewart are reported to have come in 1785<sup>2</sup>. It also mentions they are sons of Alexander, the father of Robert. This would make them half brothers, a lot closer than cousins. This family assumes more importance as it is mentioned elsewhere, that Dugald is a kinsman of Robert<sup>3</sup> That he could possibly be a half-brother to Robert lends credence to the statement in the oral family history: ***“By his second wife he had 5 more children . . .”***.

Here is another interesting part, as Dugald is one of the executors of Robert's will. We have already mentioned Robert's eldest brother, John, who also came to Johnstown. His wife is buried in the Colonial Cemetery in Robert's plot<sup>4</sup> 20 Nov 1817, age 71 years. I have been unable to trace the location of John after this time period. He was reported to have died in Johnstown, again from the family oral history. I have not included any of Donald or Dugald's genealogy here. They both married, raised large families and were also members of the Presbyterian Church of Johnstown.

My visits to Johnstown were four years apart, 1996 and 2000. I found it incredible that the condition of the limestone headstones could have deteriorated to the point they were virtually unreadable in 2000.

### A NEW COUNTRY

Here we have Robert and Jane, with three, no, four children, in Johnstown. They obviously did not come with empty pockets, having purchased 100 acres of New York land on partial credit with a mortgage of 100 pounds. I say partial credit since we do not know if there was any down payment involved, at least none was mentioned in the Mortgage Deed. What we do know it certainly must have been paid off for the land stayed in the family even after Robert's death.

Now that we are here perhaps we had better look around to see what the political situation was at that time<sup>5</sup>. They and many others left Scotland because of the squeeze put on them during the Clearances (*see Chapter 3*). The English had been shipping prisoners of the Jacobite wars to America and Australia for at least one hundred years as slave labor. So how was the immigration to the U.S. accomplished near

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<sup>2</sup> Stewart Clan Magazine, Vol XXIX, No 3 ,p161.

<sup>3</sup> Stewart Clan Magazine, Vol XXIII, No 12 ,p149.

<sup>4</sup> Records of the Presbyterian Church of Johnstown In Fulton County, New York, R. W. Vosburgh, Ed, 1916.

<sup>5</sup> The following historical, social and political information was researched on two visits to Johnstown 1997 & 2001 by the author.

## Chapter Eight

the end of English rule in America? One of the methods used was that the King granted large tracts of land to members of the 'privileged' class who had distinguished themselves in service to the Crown. Up and down the coast in all thirteen colonies this was taking place. In New York at Johnstown Sir William Johnson was granted approximately one hundred thousand acres of land.<sup>6</sup> (*Johnstown was named for his son John.*) He had been a General in the French-Indian war of 1755 and was rewarded well. In 1773 he sent recruiters to areas in Scotland that were loyal to the Crown. (*Not our Glen Lyon!*) They were offered one hundred acres of land in the New World if they would bring their family with them and establish residence. In return they must swear allegiance to the Crown and sign a document requiring them to "defend the Crown in all things." Many others came and settled here, starting in the mid 1700's, including the folks from the 1773 recruitment by Sir William. By 1786, when Robert and Jane arrived, Johnstown was a bustling community.

Sir William provided well for his people. He built three large buildings that served as a home and school for each of the school masters that he hired. They were in separate parts of the settlement, providing education for the children of the settlers. One was on Green Street next to the Colonial Cemetery. It is still standing and is now a small Museum. He built a stone church across the street that was open to all who wished to use it. The Presbyterian Church was established there in 1763, and this is where the Stewarts worshipped until they were able to build their own church around the corner on Market Street. The stone church no longer exists. There may have been friction in the congregation or perhaps they needed a larger church. The Presbyterian congregation built a new, much larger church three blocks south on Market Street. The Stewarts always remained active members of the Presbyterian Church, no matter where they went.

Along came the Revolutionary War. Johnson's settlers fought on the English side and when defeated were exiled to Canada. All their settled and unsettled land was forfeit. Sir William had died in 1774 before the war began, so his son, John, had been in charge at the time of the Revolutionary War. Sir William's home and several others of that era are still standing and are maintained as historic structures.

The forfeit land was purchased by investors and resold at a profit. This was perhaps Robert's land purchase. If someone had purchased forfeit land from the new government at a very cheap price, it could be sold, at a great profit, without much equity involved. We were unable to determine the history of that parcel prior to his purchase. However, since it was part of the Sir William's land grant it could be assumed this might be the case. Many other settlers from Scotland also purchased land in the Kingsborough Patent, including half brothers Donald and Dugald. The settlement of America was rife with profiteers, buying land and reselling. The Stewart family learned this well as they marched west across the country, as we shall see in later chapters.

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<sup>6</sup> Stewart Clan Magazine, Vol. XXVIII, No. 12, June 1951, Page F149.

CHAPTER NINE

***“OH ROBBIE, WASN’T IT WORTH IT?”***

*With those words, life for Robert and Jane Stewart began on the the 100 acre Homestead near Johnstown, New York in 1787. They were standing on the hill where Robert would build a house and barn next to the road from the village of Sammonsville, or Caghnawaga as it was called then. The road has been abandoned as the small parcels were merged into modern and larger farms. This was a place where the Mohawks had lived in the not-too-long-ago past. Not far from here is the place where the Mohawk Princess Saukagewea is eulogized with a memorial. Perhaps we push too hard to own land and places just to be our independent persons? Ah, pressure on us, and the progress we get from that pressure.*

*“Jean my love after we have given up so much . . . ”*

*Jane interrupted, “Oh, Robbie, wasn’t it worth it though?”. She often called him Robbie. This was an occasion that left her breathless. “Now we have four healthy children, a place for them to grow and be free from those small-minded English!” She had been waiting for many years to say something like this without looking over her shoulder. Persecution had been terrible. They lost so many family in the thirty-seven years since Robert was born. Her father-in-law had told them the stories of his escape and the years hiding in the hills.*

*“Aye, Jean, it feels so good to have land that is ours, . . . well, almost ours,” remembering they had a loan to pay before it was really theirs. “Now we must build and grow food for . . . ”*

*Jane interrupted again, “We are so lucky to have Dugald and Donald so close, they all will be coming here in a week to help start building our house.”*

*Robert started walking around the meadow. “Where would you like to have your house then, Jean?”*

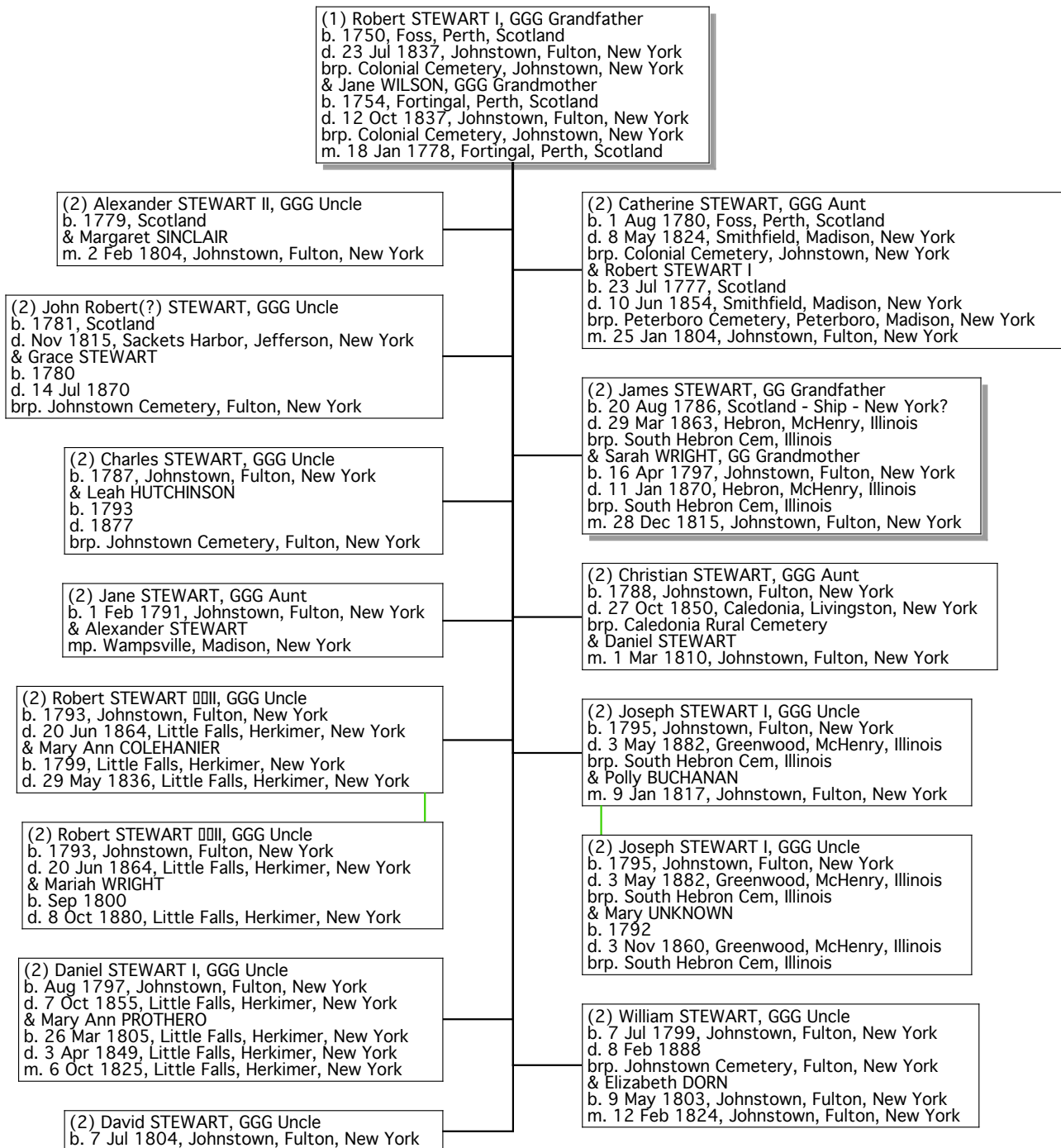
*“Right here,” pointing at a spot overlooking the road, “and with the front porch facing this way,” pointing south down to the valley below. “The spring for our water is right there behind the house.” That concluded the planning layout of the farmhouse; the rest would be up to Robert to plan the size, rooms and out buildings.*

*The three older children were having a great time chasing one another through the trees and over the meadow. Jane shifted James in his sling around her neck as he finished nursing. “I hope I can nurse him at least a full year or maybe more,” she mumbled to herself. She knew that once she stopped nursing she would most likely be with child again within weeks. She called to the others, “Alex, Robbie, Catherine . . . come quickly, we must leave now to get back before dark.” Then to Robert, “Whyn’t you stay here, plan out the house and barn. The children and I can walk to cousin Donald’s as it’s only a mile or so. We can be there before dark.”*

*“Aye, Jean, but be careful there are wild animals around and talk is there might even be some of the Mohawk about yet,” he said with a comforting grin, knowing what any bear or Indian would be in for when confronting ‘that’ Mother.*

*Robert and Jane went on building on the one hundred acre Stewart Homestead as it is known even today, though it has not had the Stewart title of ownership for about ninety years. The original Township name was Caghnawaga, which is a Mohawk name. Later it was changed to Mohawk Town-*

## Chapter Nine



**Graphic No. 30**  
**My GGG Grandfather, Robert Stewart I's family chart**

ship. The Homestead was located about one half mile from the Village of Sammons ville which is still in existence, although there are only a few houses there. For convenience, all geographic references of Stewart events used in this book have been Johnstown, as it is now located within the city limits of Johnstown and bears that Postal address.

## Chapter Nine

Robert was active in the Presbyterian Church, attending services in the stone church provided by Sir William Johnson. The first stone church was quickly found to be too small and ill equipped for church services. Johnson then built a second stone church of much better construction and dimensions. The Presbyterians built their own church in 1797 just around the corner on Market St. In 1799, the listed Deacons included a John Stewart. This could possibly have been Robert's older brother. This church building continued as a home for the Presbyterians until 1985 when they built a new church one-half mile south on Market St. The old church now houses the New Covenant Community Church. The rest of the family continued membership in the Presbyterian Churches as they traveled west in search of land and prosperity.

As Robert prospered he purchased lots in Johnstown as did Charles, Joseph, and others of the family previously mentioned. Most were commercial lots. Robert was well known in the city. Judge Daniel Cady was signatory to his will. Dugald Stewart, his half-brother, was one of the executors of his will. Perhaps this is where James, my GG Grandfather, learned about the value of land? Robert had a deep feeling about land. In his native Scotland land was wealth and security. Above all, their livelihood and food came from land. It was not possible for men such as Robert to own land there; the king owned it all and only gave use of it to his supporters, thus the reason for his leaving. The very first action he took on arrival in America was the purchase of one hundred acres of . . . KING GEORGE'S LAND!

Daniel Cady, later became a member of the State Assembly, U.S. Congressman and NY Supreme Court Judge. He is also the father of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who worked closely with Susan B. Anthony for women's rights. They worked in Peterboro, a little town in Madison County, where Robert's daughter Catherine's family lived and are buried. It was the center for the Suffragette Movement during the mid-1800's. In addition, it was the northernmost station on the Underground Railway prior to the Civil War. The first meeting of the New York Anti-Slavery Society was held here in 1835. It was also the place where the Holstien-Fresian Association was chartered and Cow No. 1 was registered to Gerrit Smith Miller in 1867. Gerrit Smith Miller was Daniel Cady's grand nephew. Peter Smith, father of Gerrit Smith, was his brother-in-law.

### JEAN

O' a' the airts the wind can blaw  
I dearly lo'e the west,  
For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
The lassie I lo'e best.  
There wildwoods grow, and rivers row,  
And mony a hill between;  
But day and night my fancy's flight  
Is ever wi' my Jean

I see her in the dewy flowers'



## Chapter Nine

I see her sweet and fair;  
I hear her in the turnefu' birds;  
I hear her charm the air,  
There's not a bonnie flower that springs  
By fountain, shaw, or green;  
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,  
But minds me o' my Jean.

**Robert Burns**



**Graphic No. 31**

**The broken headstone of my GGG Grandfather, -mother, Robert and Jane Wilson Stewart in the Colonial Cemetery, Johnstown, NY. Photo by the Author in 2000. This was our second trip to this cemetery, the first was in 1996. In the span of those four years the headstones on Robert's site had become almost unreadable. Had we not recorded them in 1996, we would not have been able to decipher the letters.**



## CHAPTER TEN

### THE CHILDREN OF “ROBBIE” AND JANE

Both Robert and Jane had to learn how to get on in this ‘foreign’ society, although many of their neighbors were from Scotland. It was different not having to be wary of all strangers, especially with accents from the south. England! It was hard work, but that was their way. The house got built and then a small barn for livestock. A much larger barn would be added later. With everyone helping each other they went into the next winter with food preserved on the shelf and root crops in an underground cellar. When first married their children arrived on a yearly basis. After the period of abstention they came about every two years, ending in July 1804 with David the twelfth healthy bairn. We do not know how happy they were but we do know Robert and Jane loved each other dearly and he provided for her in his will with words reflecting his love.

The following excerpt shows the care with which Robert expected their son William was to exercise in caring for his mother. It was at this time in our history when many children abused the surviving parent, especially the mother. Women were the non-entity with no rights before 1921.

#### EXCERPT FROM ROBERT’S WILL 1837<sup>1</sup> (& = and)

*“I bequeath to Jane my beloved wife one room of my dwelling home, that is to say her choice of the rooms with the privilege of the joint use of the cellar and porch together with the joint use of the garden, barn, stable, and every other privilege about the buildings and the farm according to her need. I bequeath to her two of my cows Vis. her choice of them and six of my sheep Vis. her choice of them; both these cows and sheep aforesaid to be kept and fed, by my son William for his mother, with hay and pasture in summer & winter, in the same manner in which his own cows and sheep are fed and kept. And that my said son, William, provide a horse and waggon (sic) for his said mother to carry her to meeting and to any other place where she desires to go. Likewise I bequeath to her one stove, and as much of my household furniture, as she needs & thinks necessary for her own use. Likewise I bequeath to her for her maintenance yearly and every year ten bushels of wheat, eight bushels of Indian Corn, five bushels of rye, twenty bushels of potatoes, one bushel of salt, one barrel of cider, as many apples as she shall need or use, one fat hog weighing from one hundred & twenty pound weight to two hundred pound weight, one quarter of fat beef weighing from sixty pound weight to one hundred pound weight, twelve pounds of flax, twenty dollars in cash & as much firewood as she shall need, to be brought to her chopped and left at the door, ready for her use. The said quantities of grain to be given to her in the winter of each year, or at any other time of the year that she has need of it, the potatoes, salt & cider in the fall or winter, the pork and beef at killing time, the flax in*

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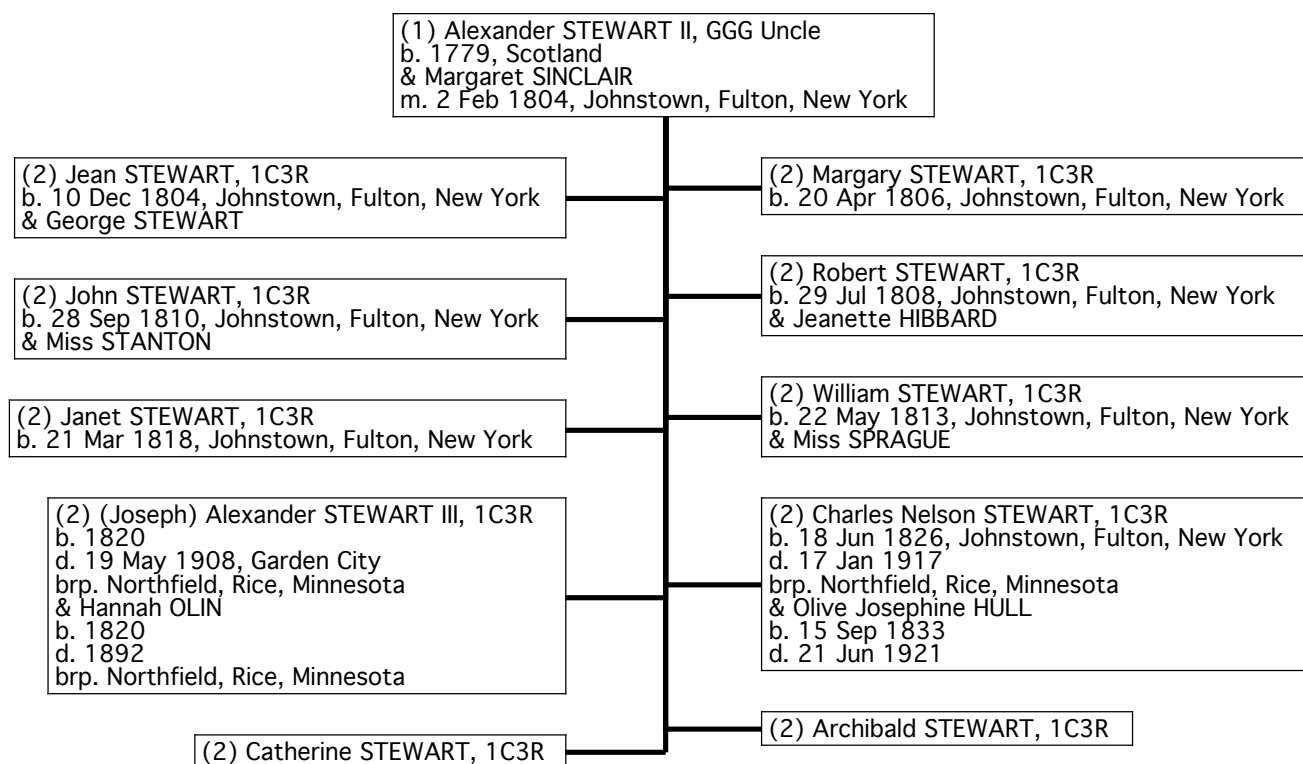
<sup>1</sup> Last Will and Testament of Robert Stewart. Records of the Surrogate Court, Montgomery County, Fonda, New York, Book # 6, pages 135-6. October 30, 1837.

*the fall or winter and the cash on the first day of March in each year during her natural life and all these aforesaid bequests are during her natural life."*

It is interesting to see how Robert's children fared. From his will we found listed all of his children and their places of residence in 1837. Also the names and place of residence of the children of the deceased children of Robert and Jane, Catherine and John Robert are given.

## ALEXANDER STEWART II BORN 1779 SCOTLAND

Being the oldest is not always the best place to be in a family. Alexander was named for his grandfather. Being the eldest he would have been the heir of the family fortune by Scots law. The Old Scots tradition seems to have been broken. He seemed to have done well for himself, having married Margaret Sinclair<sup>2</sup> in 1804 with whom he had ten children<sup>3</sup>. Alexander and Margaret migrated west with some of the family to Fenner in Smithfield Township, Madison County, the same village where sister



**Graphic No. 32**  
**My GGG Uncle Alexander Stewart's family chart.**

Catherine lived. Next they arrived at Manlius Four Corners, now Fayetteville, where brother James lived. They became members of the Fayetteville Presbyterian Church in April 1836 and left the church September 1840<sup>4</sup>, and I do not know where they went. Charles Nelson, their son, removed to Northfield,

<sup>2</sup> Records of the Presbyterian Church of Johnstown in Fulton County, New York, Transcribed by The New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, Edited by Roydan Woodward Vosburgh, New York City, December 1916,

<sup>3</sup> *ibid*,

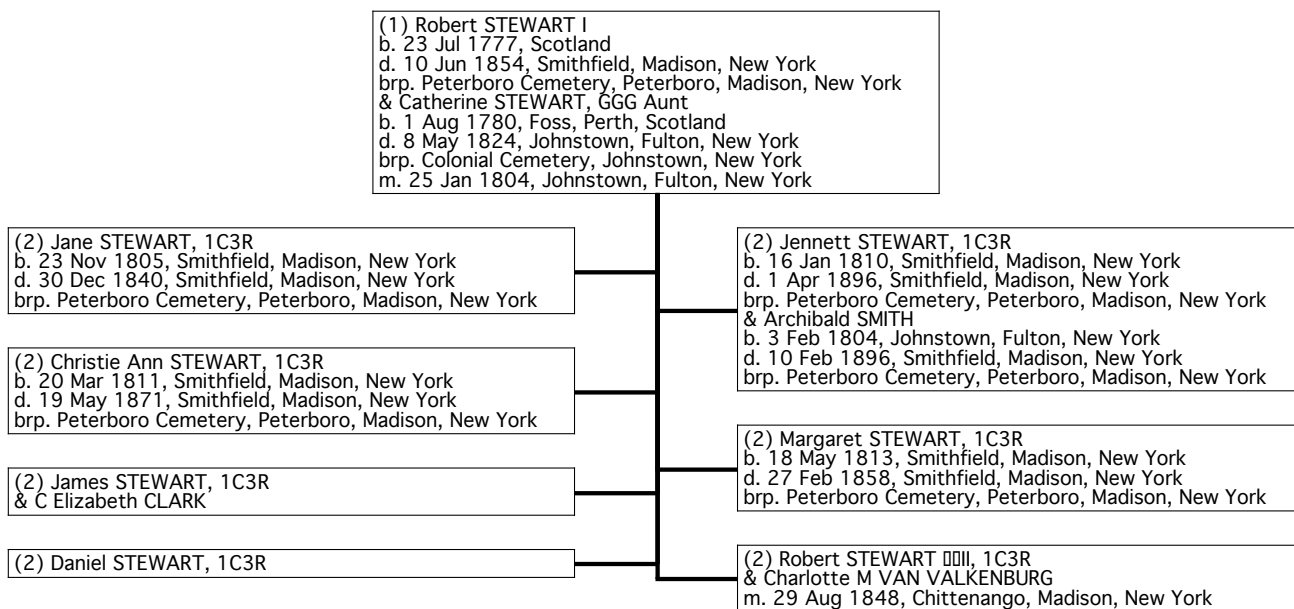
<sup>4</sup> Town of Manlius Church records, Vol 4, 1960, Copied by the Mediceans Club.

## Chapter Ten

MN<sup>5</sup>. Alexander & Margaret may have made it to Minnesota. We traveled to Northfield and I photo-documented the headstones of some of their children and grandchildren. It is to be noted we found the Charles Nelson family plot right next to the grave and very large headstone of the bank teller by the name of Heywood, who was shot by Jesse James in his infamous last bank robbery. While we were there we read some Rice County histories and an Alexander Stewart was mentioned. Whether this is our Alexander we were not able to determine. No further research done in Northfield.

### CATHERINE STEWART STEWART BORN AUGUST 1780 SCOTLAND

Catherine could have been Robert's favorite child. She was his first daughter. She was the first of the family to die in the U.S. She is buried in the Colonial Cemetery in Johnstown next to her father with a rather ornate headstone, whereas the rest of her family is buried in the Peterboro Cemetery in Madison



### Graphic No. 33

#### My GGG Aunt Catherine Stewart Stewart's family chart.

County. She became ill and moved back to Johnstown with her parents. She died in 1824 at the age of forty-three. Catherine married Robert Stewart. Oops, that's right, Robert was son of Neil (*Cornelius*) Stewart who, it is thought, also traveled with the Robert Stewart family on the ship to the U.S.<sup>6</sup> (*See Chapter 10, Graphic No. 205, page 101, for the chart that delineates most of the Robert name conflicts.*) Catherine was six and Robert was nine years old when they came to the U.S. Neil, Robert and family went on to Smithfield in Madison County. Young Robert and Catherine were married when she turned twenty-three. An interesting long distance romance. The chances are great they were cousins. It is interesting she and her brother, Alexander, were married the same year and both moved to Smithfield at

<sup>5</sup> E-Mail, Sue Fitzpatrick <[sue\\_fitzpatrick@amat.com](mailto:sue_fitzpatrick@amat.com)>, 12 Feb 2001.

<sup>6</sup> A Dictionary of Scottish Immigrants to the U.S., David Whyte, page 426-7.

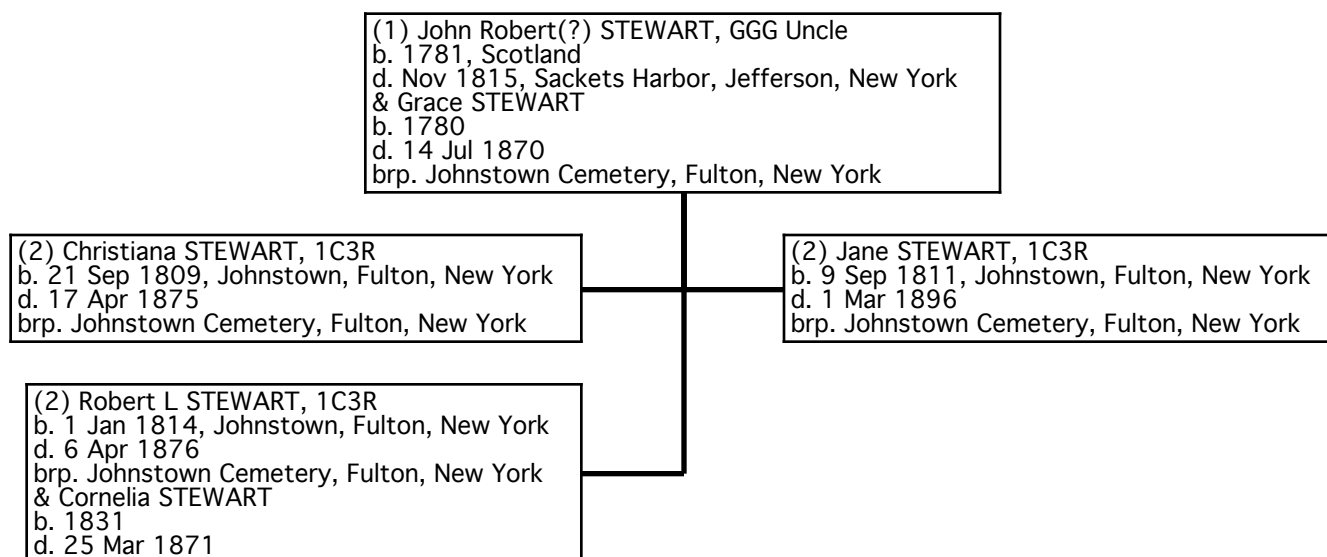
## Chapter Ten

nearly the same time. They were farmers and lived in the small village of Fenner in Smithfield Township. Perhaps a close brother-sister relationship.

Not much is known about her seven children. Jane, Christie and Margaret never married and are buried in the Peterboro Cemetery. Catherine's son Robert married Charlotte Van Valkenburg and they were known to descendants of the original Robert that settled in Tennessee and others. Jennett married an Archibald Smith from Johnstown who had moved to Madison County when young. They are both buried in the Peterboro Cemetery. Apparently they had no children. Nothing is known of the youngest, Daniel. See Chart above.

### JOHN ROBERT STEWART BORN 1781 SCOTLAND

John Robert married Grace Stewart, another cousin. They had three children: Christiana, Jane



**Graphic No. 34**  
**My GGG Uncle John Robert Stewart's family chart.**

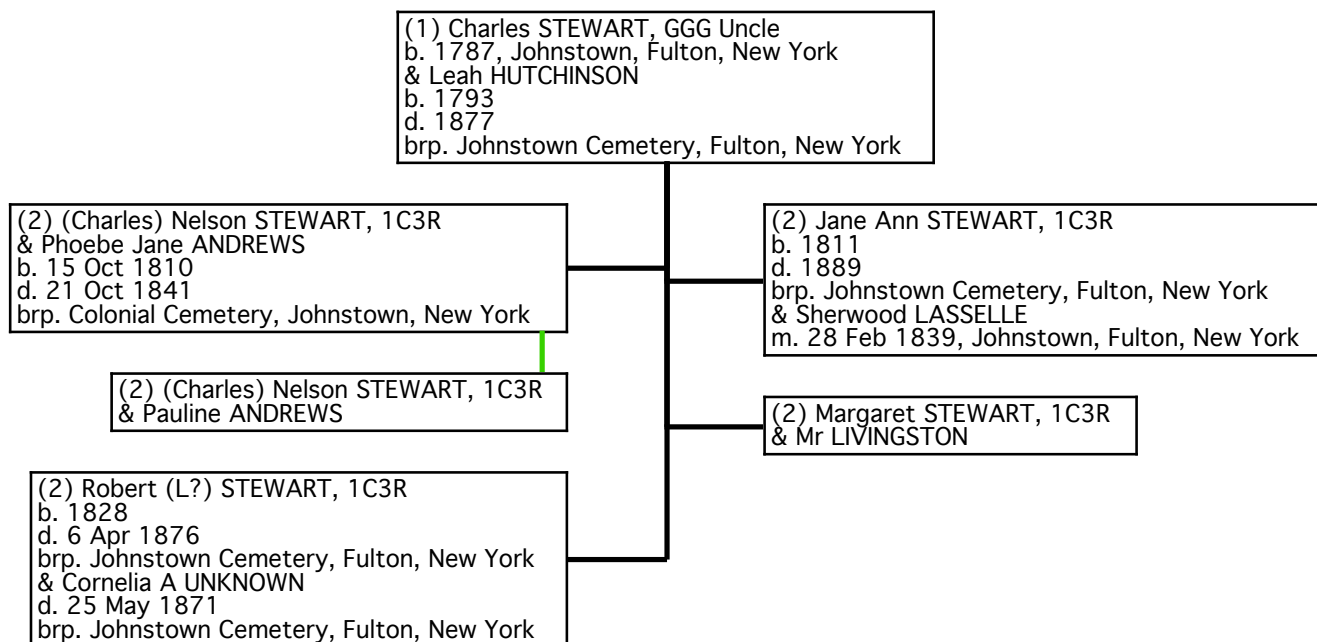
and Robert. Neither Christie nor Jane married and both are buried in the Johnstown Cemetery. Robert married another Stewart cousin, Cornelia Stewart, though where they lived and died is not known. About the time Robert was born his father went to war, the War of 1812, against the British. He died of swamp fever in Sackets Harbor, Jefferson County, NY<sup>7</sup>. He is also buried in the Johnstown Cemetery<sup>8</sup>.

### JAMES STEWART, MY DIRECT ANCESTOR - SEE CHAPTER ELEVEN

<sup>7</sup> History of McHenry County, Illinois, 1902, page 986

<sup>8</sup> Jo Dee Frasco, Johnstown Cemeteries, [www.rootsweb.com/~nyfulton/Cemeteries/JohnsCem.html](http://www.rootsweb.com/~nyfulton/Cemeteries/JohnsCem.html), L3 Lot#1193

## CHARLES STEWART BORN 1787 JOHNSTOWN, NY



**Graphic No. 35**  
**My GGG Uncle Charles Stewart's family chart.**

Perhaps in spite of Jane nursing James well into 1787, Charles was conceived early and was born a little over a year after James. He would turn out to be the maverick of the Robert Stewart family. This first came to my knowledge discovering this sentence in Robert's will. ***"I bequeath to my son James, to my son Robert, to my son Daniel, to my son Joseph, to my son David, to Robert the son of my son John, deceased, and to my son Charles, each thirty dollars to be paid to each of them after their mothers death except my son Charles, who is not to receive it himself but it is to be paid to his son David to be expended for the benefit of his father."***<sup>9</sup> The others were a number of land transactions by Charles, wherein he purchased quite a bit of property involving fairly large amounts of money. One of Robert's land transactions<sup>10</sup> also involved Charles with legal ramifications which I did not understand. However, the indication is that Charles somehow sold property that did not belong to him. The further question is where did all the money come from? One of the transactions specifically withheld wife Leah's dower rights, which later were Quit Claimed by her to the purchasers. (***Note: This is a legal right women were provided with so that their husbands could not manipulate them.***) All in all, the indications are Charles was not altogether honest with his family. Robert was either a harsh father who punished for

<sup>9</sup> Will of Robert Stewart, Surrogate Court Records, Montgomery County, Fonda, New York. Wills Book #6, Pages 135-6, October 30, 1837.

<sup>10</sup> Grant Deed-David Moore/Duncan & Isabella McLaren to Robert Stewart, Montgomery Co. Records Book #24, p#340-1, March 22, 1828.

## Chapter Ten

a small indiscretion or a loving father who bailed his son out of deep doo-doo. This facet of the research I leave to those who would deal in dysfunctional family problems.

Of their children, Charles Nelson, the eldest of their children, married a Phoebe Jane (*surname unknown*) and they had a child, Caroline. Both died young, Phoebe, age thirty-one and Caroline, age twenty, are buried in the Colonial Cemetery in Robert's lot. It is not known where Charles Nelson is buried. There is some controversy involving him and the other Charles Nelson, the son of Charles' brother, Alexander. An attempt was made to resolve this mystery; however, the descendants of a Charles Nelson have refused to participate in mutual research and discussion. Leah and children Jane Ann and Robert (L) are buried in the Johnstown Cemetery. There was a contact made by a researcher of the Lassalle line, Jane Ann's spouse, but nothing came of it.

### CHRISTIAN STEWART BORN 1788, JOHNSTOWN, NY

(1) Daniel STEWART  
& Christian STEWART, GGG Aunt  
b. 1788, Johnstown, Fulton, New York  
d. 27 Oct 1850, Caledonia, Livingston, New York  
brp. Caledonia Rural Cemetery  
m. 1 Mar 1810, Johnstown, Fulton, New York

I have very little information on Christie. From the family history<sup>11</sup> they had a large family and lived in Caledonia, NY. From the records of the Caledonia Cemetery, NY, Christie died 27 Oct 1850 age 62 years and Jane died 15 Aug 1839 age 5 years 9 months. Another cousin marriage perhaps, no spousal research done. No further research done on this family.

(2) Jane STEWART, 1C3R  
b. Dec 1833, Caledonia, Livingston, New York  
d. 15 Aug 1839, Caledonia, Livingston, New York  
brp. Caledonia Rural Cemetery

**Graphic No. 36**  
**My GGG Aunt Christian Stewart Stewart's family chart.**

### JANE STEWART BORN 1 FEB 1791 JOHNSTOWN, NY

Again I have very little information and possibly another cousin marriage. The name confusion and migration to the west gave a bit of interference with my research concerning older brother Alexander who also lived in Wampsville (*Madison County Seat*) and Lennox for a short time. Then this

(1) Alexander STEWART  
& Jane STEWART, GGG Aunt  
b. 1 Feb 1791, Johnstown, Fulton, New York  
mp. Wampsville, Madison, New York

(2) Alex STEWART, 1C3R

(2) Charlotte STEWART, 1C3R

(2) Margaret STEWART, 1C3R  
& George BENTLY

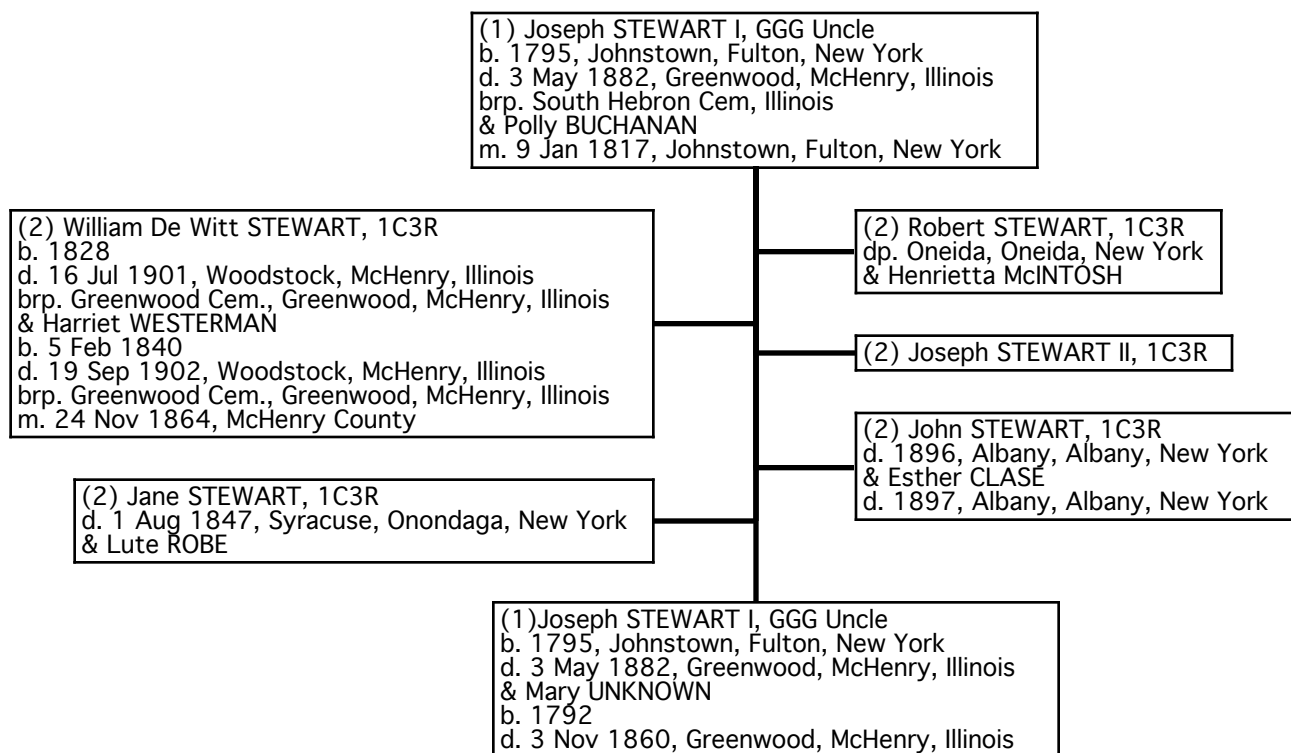
**Graphic No. 37**  
**My GGG Aunt Jane Stewart Stewart's family chart.**

family moved to Fenner where Catherine and Joseph both lived. Catherine died and Joseph moved west along with the James Stewarts. Both Jane and Alexander were members of the Johnstown Presbyterian

<sup>11</sup> Beth F. Stewart Archive.

## Chapter Ten

Church. It is not known which of the family moved to Madison County first; however, I would suspect it would be Catherine. There also must have been a family connection between Johnstown and Madison



**Graphic No. 38**  
**My GGG Uncle Joseph Stewart's family chart.**

County which endured into Fayetteville, NY and to the town of Hebron in Illinois.

### JOSEPH STEWART BORN 1795 JOHNSTOWN, NY

Joseph is rather an anomaly. Here we have a family member, of which very little is known, right in our own backyard. He and his wife, Mary, have a twelve-foot high kiosk in the Stewart Cemetery on the Robert Stewart Homestead in Hebron Township, Illinois. Yet when did first wife Polly die? Who is his second wife, Mary, and when did they marry? I know Polly was still alive when he sold a lot in Johnstown<sup>12</sup> on 18 May 1829 as she was a cosigner as his wife. Perhaps Polly died giving birth to William in 1828, who appears to be their youngest child. Did Joseph and Mary have children? These are questions I would like to have answered; perhaps there will be time later.

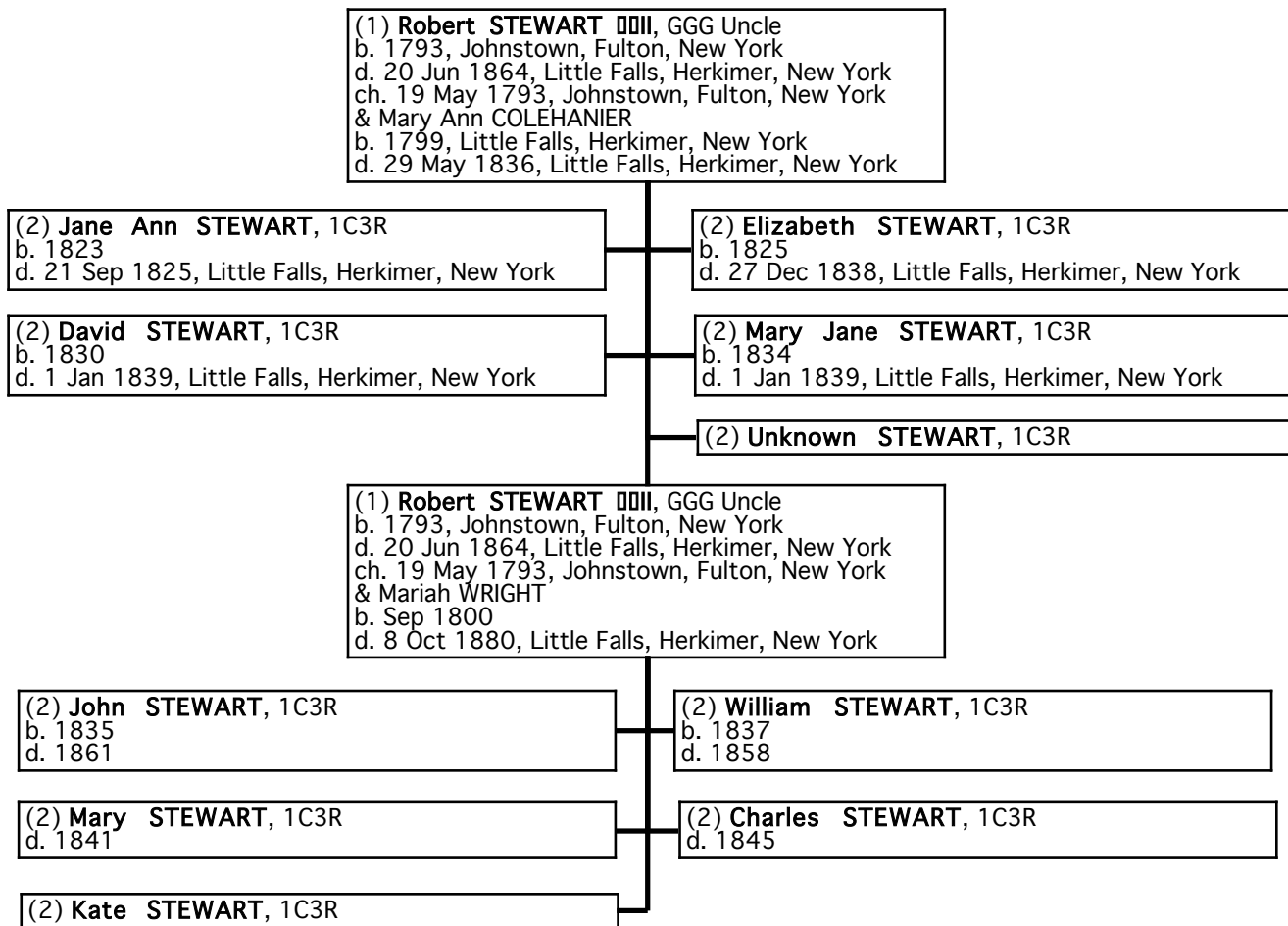
He obviously followed in the footsteps of Robert and James, although there was no trace of him found in Fayetteville. Again, perhaps I wasn't looking for him. Their son Robert died in Oneida. James and family spent two years on the Oneida Indian Reservation. During this time period there was no cen-

<sup>12</sup> Grant Deed - Joseph & Mary Stewart, his wife, to Catherine Munro Part of lot 42, dated and recorded May 18, 1829, Montgomery County Records Book #26 P #251-2.



## Chapter Ten

sus so they were not to be found there. Daughter Jane married and lived in Syracuse. Modern Fayette-



### Graphic No. 39

#### My GGG Uncle Robert Stewart II's family chart

teville is now a suburb of Syracuse. These little tidbits of information should lead somewhere eventually.

### ROBERT STEWART II BORN 1793 JOHNSTOWN, NY

I visited Little Falls in 1996. On entering town I saw a sign 'Herkimer County Historical Society' on a building right next to the main street. We stopped and parked across the street and went inside. I was greeted by several docents, "Can we help you?" they said.

I said, "I am looking for a Robert Stewart."

One of them said, "Oh, I know where he is, follow me. She took me to an alcove full of filing cabinets and began pulling out folders.

I started reading the first one out loud, "*Robert Stewart, mason, was the building contractor that built the Herkimer County Bank building.*"

At this, all the docent ladies chimed in with, "*We are in the Herkimer County Bank building!*"

## Chapter Ten

Robert and Daniel seemed to be a working, living team in Little Falls, a small community about forty-five miles west of Johnstown. Who went there first is not known, or perhaps they went together. They both married Little Falls women. Robert married first, to Mary Ann Colehanier; it is known they had more children than Jane Ann. The 1835 census<sup>13</sup> shows five unmarried females under the age of 16 living in his household, one born the preceding year. Mary Ann died in 1836. That would mean he had five daughters from his first marriage.

Mariah Wright, his second wife, was from Stillwater, Saratoga Co, NY. She was married first to a Mr. Wright, who died shortly after their marriage. There has been no relationship found to James Stewart's wife, Sarah Wright. They had two children, Harriet A. and Abram B. born two years apart. She moved to Little Falls in 1835 when the children were eight and six and married Robert sometime after Mary Ann's death in 1836<sup>14</sup>. The County Historian reported they married in 1835, see Time Line below, I changed the date to 1837. This seems unlikely, perhaps a typo error. Family history reported they had five children; all five were found without any personal data<sup>15</sup>. Harriet became a school teacher and eventually became the "Preceptress" of "The Academy" for forty-five years even though she had no formal education other than "The Academy." She started teaching when she was fifteen. This is remarkably close to my mother, Beth Stewart, who started teaching at age seventeen right out of high school in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.

Robert was a person of repute and a Stonecutter (*Mason*) Contractor in Little Falls. He did the mason work on a large number of county, city and private buildings. Here is a timeline of some of his activities:<sup>16</sup>

- **1827**     *Fireman*
- **1828**     *Village Trustee*
- **1830**     *Fireman*
- **1831**     *Bought Lot on East Ann St and Albany St*
- **1833**     *Built Herkimer County Bank NE corner Ann St and Albany St*
- **1835**     *Married Mariah Wright (incorrect, date is actually 1837, BS)*
- **1842**     *Little Falls Village President*
- **1838-44** *Partnered with Saunders to build "Little Falls Academy,"*
- **1846**     *Partnered with Beardsly to build Benton Hall Auditorium.*
- **1848**     *Built first Church Street School*
- **1852**     *Built house 34 Church St for J. R. Taylor.*
- **1864**     *Died June 20 age 71.*

*In addition to the above from other sources of the Herkimer Historical Society:*

- **1831**     *He was one of the first Trustees of the First Presbyterian Church when incorporated.*
- **1823**     *Became a member (Secretary) of Little Falls Masonic Lodge #386*
- **1825**     *Became Worshipful Master of Little Falls Masonic Lodge #386*
- **1827**     *Second term of Worshipful Master of Little Falls Masonic Lodge #386*
- **1849**     *Formed a second Masonic Lodge #181, Worshipful Master, Daniel Stewart, Treasurer.*

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<sup>13</sup> Federal & County Census, Little Falls, Herkimer, New York, 1830, 1835, 1855, 1865.

<sup>14</sup> Mohawk Courier, dtd 2 Jun 1836, Mrs Mary Ann Stewart died in this village 29 May 1836, about 37, wife of Robt Stewart.

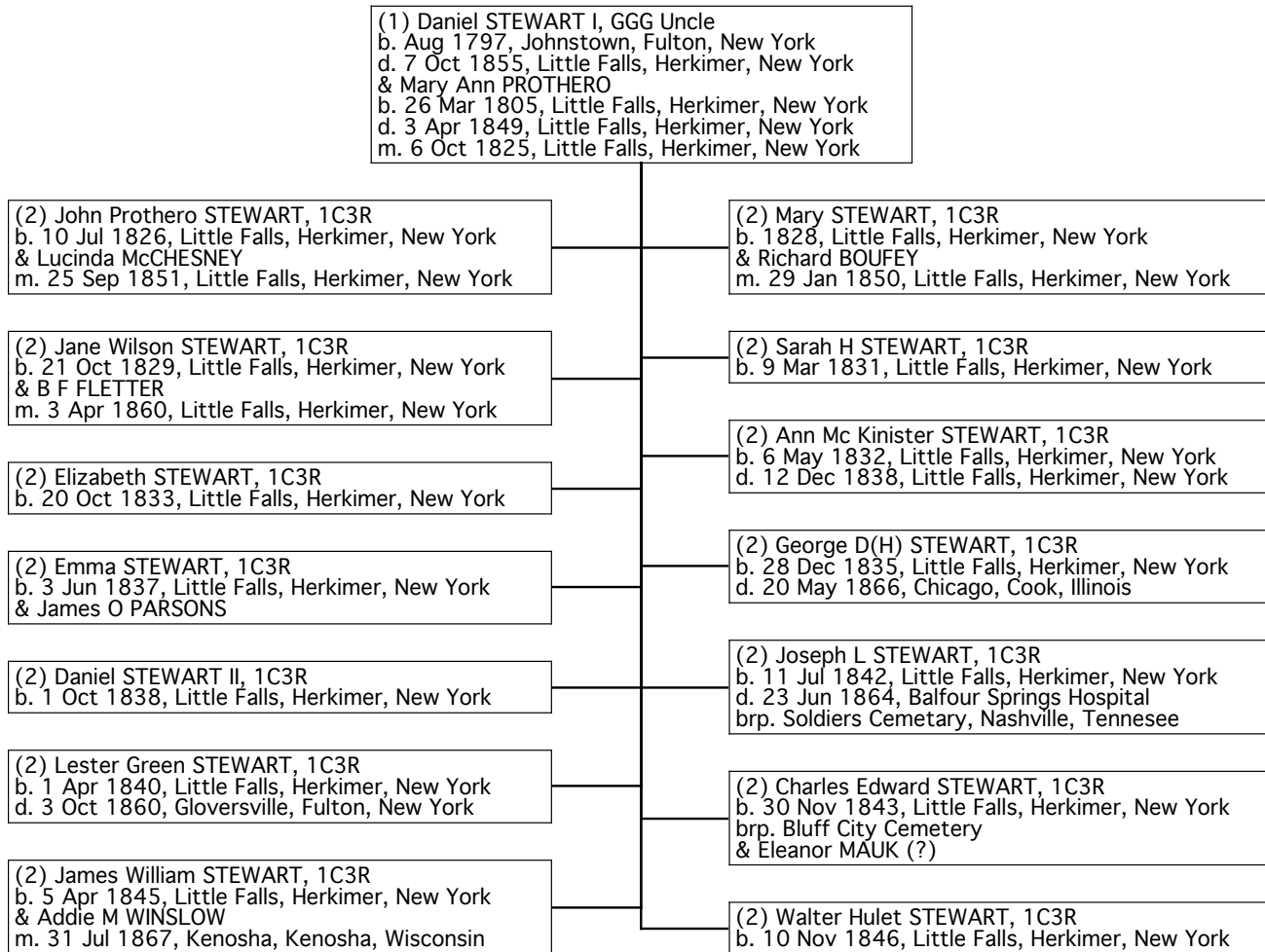
<sup>15</sup> Federal & County Census, Little Falls, Herkimer, New York, 1830, 1835, 1855, 1865.

<sup>16</sup>Herkimer Co Hist. Soc. from research done by Co. Historian Mr. Coons.

## Chapter Ten

Robert was a busy man. All the buildings he built as a Stonecutter were of the local dark, almost black, rock. Each block was hand hewn from the larger blocks at the quarry. None of the buildings I viewed were built of natural stone. That is, they were all dressed stone blocks. All the dressing of each block was done by hand. An enormous amount of physical labor. The Herkimer County Bank (see 1833 above) building is now the home of the Herkimer County Historical Society.

### DANIEL I. STEWART BORN AUG 1797 JOHNSTOWN, NY



**Graphic No. 40**  
**My GGG Uncle Daniel Stewart's family chart.**

It may be coincidental that Daniel and Robert both married Little Falls women with the given name of Mary Ann. Their lives were very different, though both had large families and died early. Daniel's Mary Ann died at age forty-four, leaving him with fourteen children, the youngest being less than two-and-a-half years old. However, Ann had died in 1838 and by 1855<sup>17</sup> when Daniel died, five had left home or were being cared for by others.

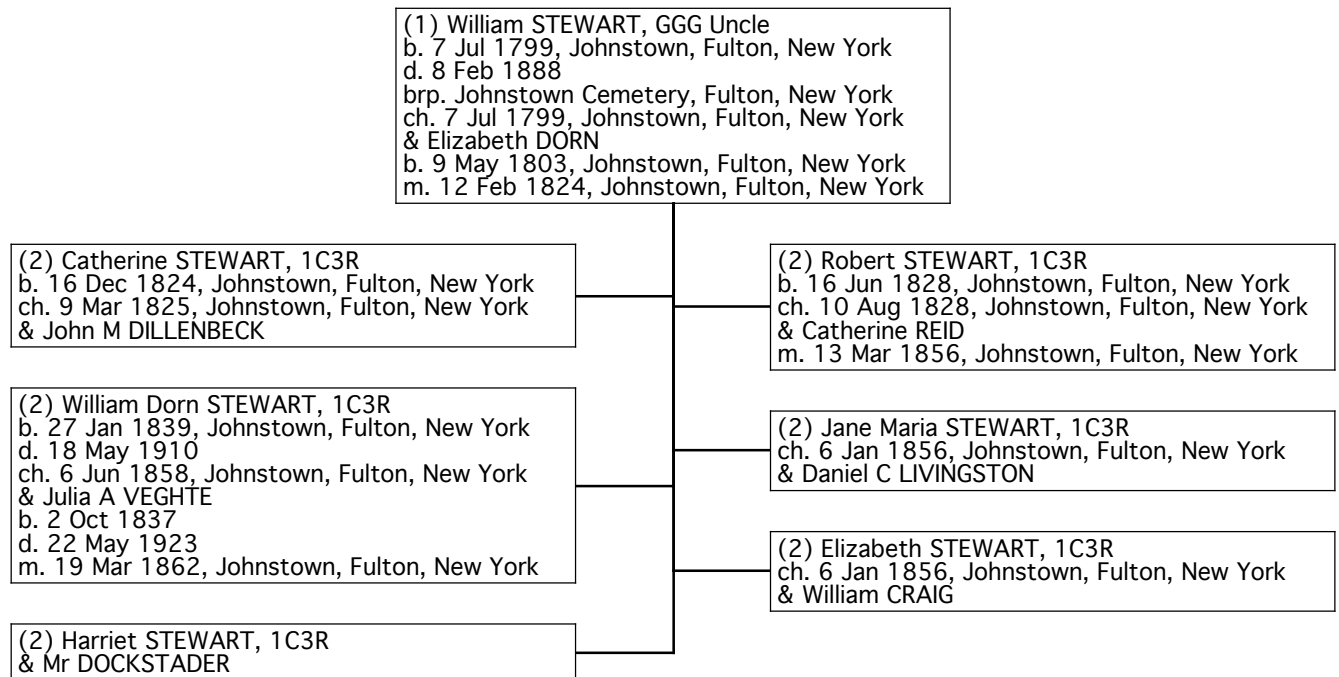
<sup>17</sup> Federal & County Census, Little Falls, Herkimer, New York, 1830, 1835, 1855, 1865.

## Chapter Ten

Parenting would have been monumental task for a working man. Daniel was a Wagon Maker by trade, perhaps having apprenticed with his older brother, James. There was not as extensive data available for Daniel; perhaps he did not have the public exposure that Robert seemed to have, just their personal identity.

### WILLIAM STEWART BORN JOHNSTOWN 1799

William must have been working the farm before his father's death in 1837 since he was heir to



**Graphic No. 41**  
**My GGG Uncle William Stewart's family chart.**

the Homestead. Just as today they would work on "shares," the son buying animals and equipment from the father on a loan until that would be paid off, then making a further agreement to buy the land. This sometimes causes family problems so it would need to be done in a very businesslike manner. With a family of twelve how else to be equitable? William bought, then passed the farm on down to his son in a like manner and when the son died the land was sold by his heirs and the Stewart Homestead passed into history<sup>18</sup>. This document only transferred ten acres; there must be another transaction for the balance of the Homestead. The Sammons family currently does own the Homestead acreage. Elizabeth "Betsy" Dorn Stewart was mentioned in the family history when she was ninety years old. (See page 25.)

William bought additional acreage nearby in 1837. Charles, William Dorn Stewart's nephew, was farming while purchasing this additional farm. William D. and Julia did not have any children. In his

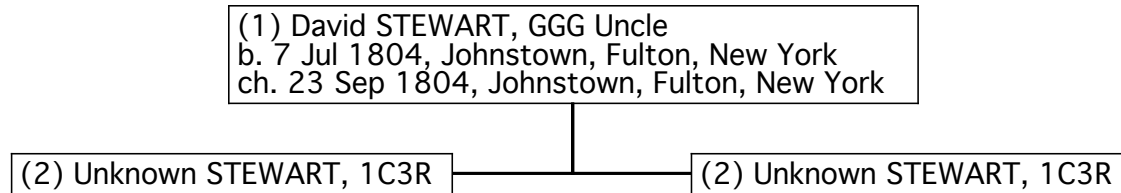
<sup>18</sup> Executor's Deed, Wm D Stewart (dec) to Willard S Sammon's, 3 Feb 1917, Johnstown Surrogate Court, NY Bk #149, p#397.

## Chapter Ten

will he left everything to Julia and on her death, to brother Robert's son Charles and Charles' daughter Florence<sup>19</sup>.

### DAVID STEWART BORN 7 JUL 1804 JOHNSTOWN, NY

Very little is known about David and his family. Our family history has him having two wives



#### Graphic No. 42

#### My GGG Uncle David Stewart's chart, no documentation.

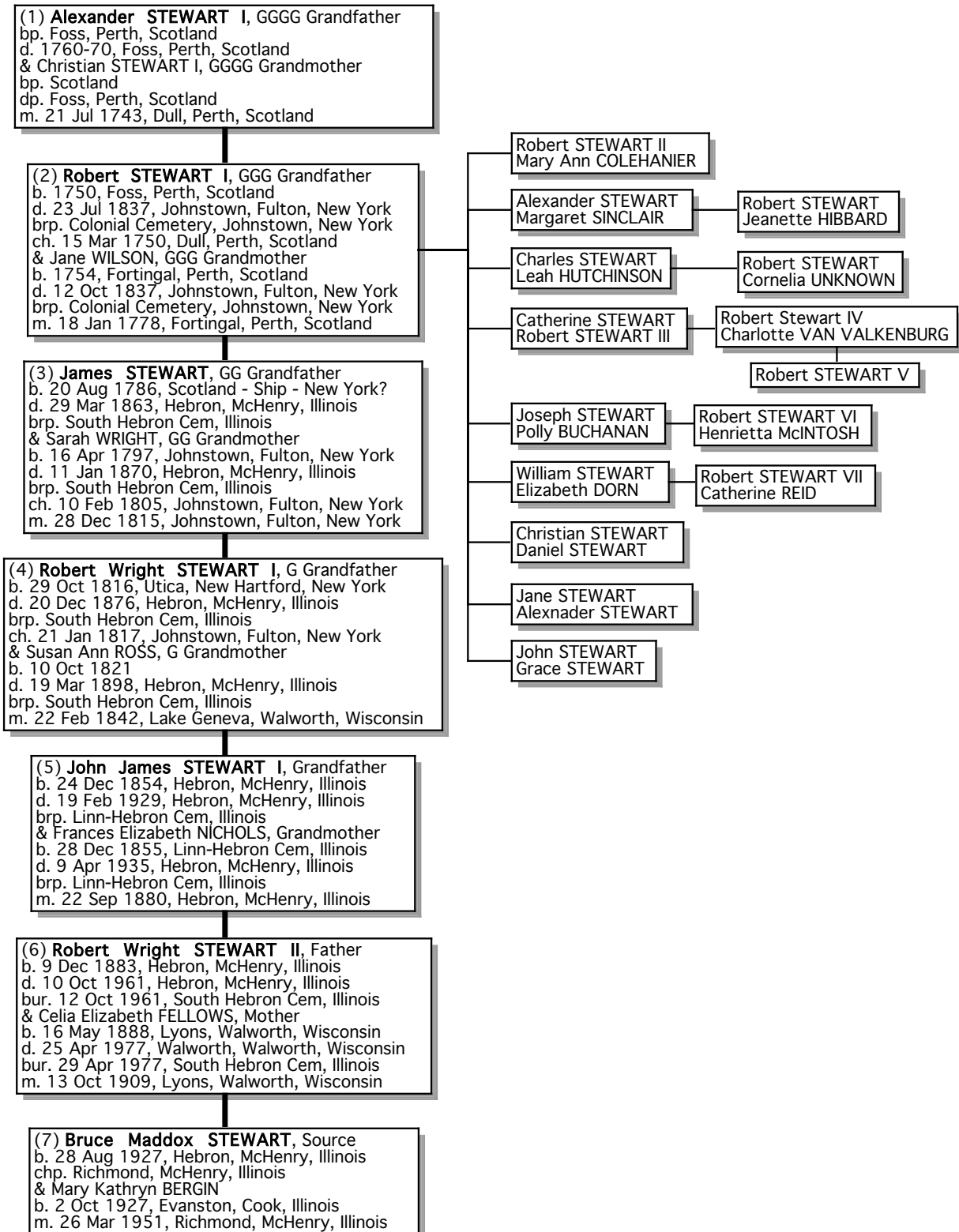
and leaving two daughters who live in Troy, New York, In Robert's Will<sup>20</sup> in 1837 David was living in Watervliet, Albany County, New York. *(NOTE: Watervliet and Troy are adjacent to each other near Albany, NY.)*

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<sup>19</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>20</sup> Will of Robert Stewart, Surrogate Court Records, Montgomery County, Fonda, New York. Wills Book #6, Pages 135-6, October 30, 1837.

## Chapter Ten



Graphic No. 205

This chart illustrates just how many Robert Stewarts there are in my Stewart generations. How many more are there I have not found? How many Stewarts marrying Stewarts can you find?

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### JAMES AND SARAH WRIGHT STEWART ARE MARRIED

Now begins the second phase of the Stewart migration from Scotland to the U.S. and thence westward. Robert had learned the lesson well. There was nothing left in Scotland for them. Just think what might have happened if Robert and Jane had no more children after James. Alexander or James might have stayed and farmed the Stewart Homestead. Add to that the turmoil of the formation of a new country after a terrible war followed by another war in 1812. Everyone could have been happy in New York.

Then add eight more children to the family. By the early 1800s the homestead and homeland would have seemed to be bursting at the seams.

Not enough room. Land available to the west. Letters are coming back with glowing reports of fertile land from friends, cousins . . .

no wonder they all got itchy feet. The greatest incentive of all was a government that wanted to settle and add more land for an ever-growing population. Robert laid the foundation by finding a living better than the old in Scotland. Property could be bought with the money earned not only from farming but the



**Graphic No. 43**

**My GG Grand parents, James Stewart and Sarah Wright. This is a Canon scan of a glass positive similar to that of Robert and Susan's wedding photo. Perhaps it was taken at the same time, circa 1842. From Beth Stewart Archives. Restored using Photo Shop.**



## Chapter Eleven

tasks of building the tools of progress . . . wagons, for example. James was a wagon maker by trade. He must have been good at it for he supported himself building wagons as he traveled west looking for a place to settle.

Thus began the Stewart trek west again. My GG Grandfather, James Stewart, went to Madison County where his sister Catherine lived. Family history has it<sup>1</sup> sometime before the birth in 1816 of Robert Wright Stewart, the First, here-after known as RWS I. Then he went to the Oneida Indian Reservation and stayed for two years near Utica, New York. Since that span is between the 1815 State census and the 1820 Federal census he cannot be traced there. He does appear in the 1830 Census of Manlius Four Corners.

I found that on May 6, 1830<sup>2</sup> twenty-three members of the Manilius Presbyterian Church had withdrawn and formed what is now known as The Presbyterian Church of Fayetteville. The reason given was that it was too far to travel to the town of Manlius for services. On that date James Stewart and John McVicar were both named as Elders and elected Deacons of that Church. James would remain as a member of the Church until 1841. John remained in the church until his death in 1854. It must be remembered Fayetteville then was known as Manlius Four Corners, the U.S Postal Service would not make the change to Fayetteville until 1844.

I have only one photo of James and Sarah. (*See Graphic No. 43, on previous page.*) They are dressed very formally, probably for Robert and Susan Ann's wedding in Illinois. However, they are both stark, solemn figures and he fulfills the image of the titles of Deacon and Elder of the Presbyterian Church.

Other family members followed James to this location and church. Ann Wright, Sarah's sister, married Stephen Hulbert, whose five children were listed as members in 1834, became a member in 1830. RWS I became a member in 1831, brother William H. Stewart in 1834, and Alexander and Margaret Sinclair Stewart, James' oldest brother, became members in 1836, as did James' daughter, Eunice Jane.

I found James to be in business as a wagon maker<sup>3</sup>: ***"Others who have been in business or mechanics in Fayetteville . . . Deacon ~~Robert~~ James Stewart, wagon maker opposite the Presbyterian Church. . . ."*** This reference put me in a tizzy, it had named Robert rather than James. I have changed it in the quote above. Although it really does not make much difference in the final analysis. Robert was never a Deacon, so it is unlikely he would be listed as such. However, James started the wagon making business and undoubtedly apprenticed Robert. As James became more involved in land dealings, RWS I, being a very hard worker, more than likely took over the operation of the business. This leads me to think the editor of the reference made a simple error, listing Robert as Deacon and owner of the business. So what? It certainly could be the source of the large amount of cash needed for the land purchases in Wisconsin and Illinois.

RWS I's grandfather, Robert Stewart, lead the way in teaching the value of land, an attitude taught him by his father, James. Teaching in the most illustrative way, by example. Perhaps this is where the capital for all the land purchases in Wisconsin and Illinois came from. It would make sense, as he undoubtedly started at an early age and by twenty-one he would have been earning a goodly amount.

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<sup>1</sup> Beth F. Stewart Archive.

<sup>2</sup> History of the Local Churches, The Presbyterian Church, by F. E Dawley, May 10, 1934, The Eagle Bulletin, Fayetteville, NY, May 10, 1934, page 50.

<sup>3</sup> Early Settlers of Manlius, Onondaga Centennial, D. H. Bruce Editor, 1896, Vol I, page 792.

Having few personal expenses he probably saved most of it. Another illustration of his rigorous work ethic.

This gave me a physical location for James' home as well since he probably would have lived where he had his business. The location as given is on the Northwest corner of Genesee and Academy Streets. Academy Street is named for the school which the James Stewart children attended<sup>4</sup>, the Fayetteville Academy. Robert never attended the Academy as he left home the year before the school opened. The Hulbert children, however, did attend the Academy.

As a matter of interest in the education system of the time, the following is quoted from this history: *"For the academic year 1838/39, the terms of tuition per quarter were: Juvenile department, from \$1.50 to \$2.00, academical (sp) department for reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar and geography, \$3.00; all higher English branches, \$4.00, Latin, Greek, French and drawing \$5.00, music exclusive of the use of the instrument \$8.00, inclusive of it \$10.00."* They attended from 1837, when the school opened to 1841, when the family left for Hebron, Illinois.

My GG Uncle William H. Stewart was still registered as a student in 1841. This is interesting as he was 23 years old at the time. He attended Union College for a time, and was apprenticed to Judge Watson of Manlius Four Corners<sup>5</sup>. He arrived in Hebron, Illinois in 1843, after he completed his studies, his apprenticeship, and passed the New York State Bar Examination.

During that time the family lived in Manlius Four Corners, (*modern Fayetteville*) from 1820 to 1841. The city experienced a growth brought on by the completion of the Erie Canal in 1825. James' father, Robert, coming from a feudal society, would strongly plant in his children's minds and hearts the value and importance of land. James and Sarah modeled this value in their land deals. They evidently bought and sold many parcels of land. From the records it appears he bought large parcels and sold smaller lots from them. I have at least a dozen Grantee Deeds recorded at the Onondaga County Courthouse selling these lots between 1830 and 1841. It appears the desire for land was inherited, for it shows he valued land ownership.

*(I have found an LDS document on the internet stating RWI was born in Utica, NY<sup>6</sup>. Several McHenry County Illinois histories also state the Utica birthplace. Even though the Johnstown Presbyterian Church Records give his birth date with his baptism does not mean he was born there. There is no separate entry for his birth.)*

### ***James and Sarah Leave Johnstown***

**Here is a conversation which could have taken place between Deacon James and Sarah Wright Stewart. The time is early spring 1816.**

*"Sarah, it's time we think about going somewhere we can earn a better living. I have apprenticed now for two years and all that I am doing is working at wagon building for him. I should be working my own business," referring to the Master Wagon Maker he serves as an apprentice.*

*"I think you're very right, James,"*

*With that, James laid an open letter in front of Sarah. "Here is a letter I received from sister Catherine today and she says land is still high-priced there but she has heard of some Indian land being*

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<sup>4</sup> Fayetteville Academy, submitted by Kathy Crowell to [www.rootsweb.com/%enyonnonda](http://www.rootsweb.com/%enyonnonda) page 1-20.

<sup>5</sup> History of McHenry County, Illinois, 1902.

<sup>6</sup> Edmond West, Family Data Collection, [myfamily.com](http://myfamily.com), 10/23/2006, James Stewart.

## Chapter Eleven

*available near Utica. It seems a Peter Smith bought a large tract of land from the Oneida Indians and is selling small parcels."*

*"We have to be careful. Some of those Indians may still be angry for being put off their land," Sarah said, slipping her glasses down.*

*"It is a great boon for us to have land to move onto but if this is really their land." Shaking his head, he continued, "Father and mother are too difficult to live with. We really need to do something,"*

*"Sometimes my mother treats me like I am not grownup and married. This is not a better living, it is just living!" Sarah said,*

*"Perhaps I should build a couple of wagons for us to move," James suggested,*

*Both continued talking this project over and over until they had mutually agreed on almost everything each proposed. Then James answered Catherine's letter, telling her they would be moving soon, where he did not yet know, but they would write her before leaving.*

*When James told his father his plans, Robert remarked, "Wherever it is, make sure there is a lot of land available. The less land, the higher the price! I see no other difficulties in your leaving."*

*"No difficulties, eh?" Sarah sputtered. "Sometimes I think the blinders should come off."*

*"Now, go easy my love, they are just my parents." James smiled, "We are not married to them."*

*"Well, . . . I wanted to talk to you about my sister anyway. They have a similar problem." Sarah grinned, "She and Stephen want to come with us to Utica. They can't move right now, but do you think we could just see if there would be a place for them?"*

*James nodded. "I think that can be arranged, once we get there. We can let them know later."*

*Soon after, brother Joseph came to visit. "Hello James, I hear you and Sarah are leaving Johnstown."*

*"Yes, Joseph, we will be leaving within the week."*

*Joseph squirmed. "Uh, um. Do you think I could come with you?" Joseph was still living at the homestead with Mother and Father Stewart.*

*James replied, laughing, "Joseph, all you have to do is bring all your stuff, and horses, I have one wagon already completed and another almost finished. You can put your things in with ours for there is room." James looked at Joseph quizzically. "I thought you and Polly were going to get married? I'm curious, why do you want to leave?"*

*Joseph sniffed. "Well, I see the problems Alexander had after he and Margaret married. Now you are leaving. I just don't know what could happen to us. Polly and I are going to have to wait until we can find someplace to live."*

*Then came the days of packing and loading. James' wagons held almost all they wanted to take. They had little furniture and Joseph had none. Sarah insisted on taking her rocker that James had made for her. "Perhaps I might be a little upset if I couldn't ease my back in my chair," was her reply when asked.*

*All their belongings were stacked in the back with boxes of clothing and utensils and the chair firmly tied on top. He laid boards on top just behind the driver's seat, then laid the ticking mattress on that for Sarah and him to sleep on and likewise one for Joseph in his wagon. Each little 'bedroom' had canvas stretched overhead on wooden hoops attached to the wagon bed.*

*On the final evening James said, "Sarah, Joseph, tomorrow morn will be departure, are ye ready?" Two hearty "Aye's" was the response. And so they left Johnstown. They stopped at Little Falls, about forty-five miles west of Johnstown, for a short visit with James' brother, Robert. He had left Johnstown several years previously and was apprenticing with a stone mason there.*

## Chapter Eleven

*When it rained the roads were sometimes almost impassable. They would need to stop for a day just to dry out. Several times they lost their way and stopped to get directions from farmers who put them back on the right road.*

*After about a week's travel they turned onto Robert and Catherine's farm lane in Smithfield. Children streamed from the farmhouse. They dashed up to the wagon where Sarah was sitting, "Hello Aunt Sarah," they chorused. "Me too!" came from three-year-old Margaret. Then, "Are you going to have a baby soon?" from Jane.*

*Aunt Sarah smiled and responded, "Yes, in about six months."*

*Catherine and Robert walked to the wagons. "Hello James, Sarah, Joseph, welcome to our home."*

*After exchange of greetings and familial hugs, James and Joseph pulled the wagons some distance away from the house and put their horses in Robert's barn with water and feed for the first time in over a week. The women and children went into the house to prepare a farmer's meal for the group, chattering happily as they worked.*

*"Well, Robert," James began, "have you heard anything further about the Smith lands up near Utica?"*

*Robert, giving oats to the horses, said, "Their story still is the same, land is available to those willing to stay for five years."*

*"Who is this Smith? He bothers me," James said, shaking his head.*

*"Well," said Robert, "he seems to be a land baron out to make money on Indian land."*

*"It sounds a little bit like fish bait but it may be worth taking a look at it. We have come this far and land prices are out of our reach here," James replied. Turning to Joseph he said, "what do you think?"*

*"Robert tells me there is a farm down the road that the renters had to leave due to sickness. It's the off season so the rent is really reasonable. It seems a good way for Polly and I to get started since our cash is quite low."*

*James looked thoughtful for a moment and then smiling he said, "Joseph you can keep the wagon, we'll let that be a wedding-start-farming present. I would like that and so would Sarah."*

*With that they looked at each other and Joseph said, "Thank you very much James, if the farm looks good I'll drive back to Johnstown and my Polly."*

*James put on his Deacon grin saying, "I think it's time we told all the females of 'OUR' decision!" With that load off their minds they chatted happily on the way to a family meal.*

*James awoke the next morning, feeling some misgivings about his decision to go on. When Sarah asked, "James, are you sure you want to go through with continuing to Utica now?" He knew what he had to do.*

*"Your question rings true my dear, I think we need to find out more about what there is for us there," James continued, "I'm going to ride Nicker over to Utica today. I want to talk to Mr. Smith face to face."*

*"Will it take you long, dear?"*

*"It shouldn't take more than two days and I can be back here in about five days all told." With that, they went to breakfast.*

*After breakfast James turned to Robert and Catherine, "Do you two mind if Sarah stays with you for another week? If it's all right with you I'm going to ride over to Utica and check out the situation there."*

## Chapter Eleven

*Jane overheard his question and squealed with delight, "And I get to visit with Aunt Sarah!"*

*Catherine agreed, "It will be just fun for us and Sarah can take a rest. It has been a hard trip, hasn't it Sarah?" Catherine continued, "Not only that, James and I have been thinking Utica could stand some looking into. It reminds me of the way our father talked about the English and their high-handed ways in Scotland."*

*On his return five days later, James seemed very thoughtful, though in a much better mood than when he left. All he would say to the family was, "Sarah and I have much to talk about and we can do that on our way to Utica. Everything seems to be honest and straightforward with the land owner there. I still have some reservations though."*

*James visited Joseph that evening on his new farm. He found him in the barn milking the cow he had bought two days ago. "Well, Joseph, it seems you have settled into farming very quickly. How is it now?"*

*Joseph grinned, "Brother James, it feels like a freedom I have never felt before!"*

*"Breaking away from Mother and Father feels so wonderful," James replied, "however, soon you will appreciate them all the more for it. I just came over to tell you we will be leaving in the morning, but we will return in a fortnight to pick up the things we left in Robert's barn."*

*They left Smithfield the next morning with their wagon overflowing. Once the wagon was out on the road James breathed a sigh of relief. It was nice to be with his older sister, but he and Sarah had to make their way on their own. "Sarah," James began, "I have made a decision about the land deal in Utica. I met with the folks we have been corresponding with and I found them seemingly trustworthy, I still have reservations though. So what I have done is instead of giving them the deposit we agreed upon, with their acceptance, I gave it to an independent store owner to hold for all of us for a year and six months. If, at the end of that time we want to stay, he will turn the money over to Smith. In the meantime we will be living in his house, paying rent. It has a large barn where I can start building wagons and maybe even keep a cow." James took a deep breath.*

*Sarah said, "James, you do have a great head for business, I don't think I could have thought of all those details. What of Ann and Stephen? I think I should write her and tell them that it's not a good time for them to come?"*

*"I think you are right, Sarah," James replied, "By the way, the store keeper is an Elder in the Church and wants some help in organizing the new congregation."*

*They took their time, knowing the journey would take more than a day. He planned an overnight stop at the farm where he had stopped to ask directions the week before.*

*After their arrival all went as planned. The family spent the next year working on the little plot of land with the house and James building more wagons. He had sold their travel wagon right after making the trip back to Smithfield to pick up the rest of their household goods. When the eighteen-month contract was nearly over they decided not to buy the land.*

*Their money would be returned to them. They realized the land would never feel like it belonged to them. Both James and Sarah had the feeling they would be usurping the Indian land even though it was legal. The truth is all the land in the new country had been taken from the Indians in one way or another.*

*He had commitments for heavy wagons and several light traveling wagons, better known as buggies. James muttered to himself, "Where in the world did they ever come up with the name 'buggy'?"*

*To Sarah he said, "It might be with that black canvas stretched over the top that makes them look like little black bugs bouncing down the road."*

## Chapter Eleven

*James was feeling happy. Sarah had birthed their first bairn, Robbie, officially named Robert Wright Stewart, out of regard for both their fathers. He and Sarah were now ready to move on to the next step in their lives.*

*It took the rest of the year and into late May to finish his wagon orders. Their rent contract was ending, so they must leave. Sarah had written their parents about the birth of Robbie. Mother Jane had written right back and asked if they would come back home to Johnstown for his baptism. She said Grandpa Robert wanted them to come home so he could participate. He really was a proud grandfather and wanted to see his newest grandson.*

*"This could be a good thing for us, we haven't seen the family for almost two years," James said. "Didn't Catherine write and say she and Robert would be going to Joseph's wedding soon?"*

*"Yes, she did, James, the wedding is on January ninth."*

*James responded. "We could get the Wee One baptized and Joseph and Polly married at the same time."*

*"I have already written to Catherine," Sarah answered. "Since their farm is on our way to Johnstown, I suggested we take them in our wagon. We are coming back here before we move any way."*

*"Sarah, sometimes I think you could be as smart as I am!"*

*They saw Joseph and Polly wed and their child baptized on the twenty-first day of January 1817. They were back in Utica by the first week of February. However, James was getting more anxious by the day. He had much to do before they could leave and they did not have a definite place to go yet. He knew one thing for certain, he was going further west. He was finishing his wagon orders.*

*They had accumulated quite a bit more in furniture, tools and, of course, more baby clothes. He calculated that they would need two wagons. If he had two, who would drive the second one? Sarah could drive all right, but not with the baby. He would have to find some other way. That problem was solved when one of his customers asked him if he knew of someone going west with a wagon. It seems this man's son had come for a visit and bought some furniture and needed some way to get the furniture and himself back home near Wampsville, the Madison County Seat. James knew where that was. He said, "Send your son here and we can work it out." He now had a driver.*

*James came rushing in from the barn sweating and very dirty, Sarah met him with a stern look. "Clean up before you come in the house."*

*James paused. "Sarah, if I just took my Saturday bath you would complain I was too wet! I just wanted to tell you I have cleaned the barn after finishing our new wagons. After we pack we will be ready to leave."*

*"James, where are we going?"*

*"Sarah, if you will just let me in the house I'll tell you all about it."*

*"Oh, all right, come in, but wipe your feet first."*

*James wiped and stomped his feet vigorously, and came in the house, "I met a man at Daniel's store this morning. He has a friend from a town west of here called Manlius Four Corners and is an elder in the church there. He says he heard there is an opportunity for a wagon maker. His name is John McVicar, he lives in Manlius Four Corners, and he says it is a fast growing town."*

*"So, I suppose you are already half way there?"*

*"Yes, Sarah, I think this is where we should be going."*

*"It seems to me that every time we are in a pickle something comes up to get us out and directs us on to the next step." Sarah nodded her head. "The Good Lord seems to provide. Although sometimes I even think it might be because you are a good man, James. Maybe just a little bit smarter than most."*

## Chapter Eleven

*With that she gave him a hug, dirt and all. She pulled away, smiled and added, "And by the way, James, we are going to be parents again!"*

*James gasped, then smiled. "Perhaps we should wait a few weeks until the weather lets up and the rains stop. After all our Wee One isn't even two yet." With his bigger-than-Deacon-James grin he let out a "Whoopee!" and did a jig around the room. "By the way, woman, I am smarter because the Good Lord is on our side!"*

*A month later they were in their new town. The young man driving the second wagon made the move much easier. They dropped the furniture off in Wampsville. The young man drove the second wagon to Manlius Four Corners and then walked back to his home.*

*The town was all McVicar said it was. Within days James found a shop with a small house behind it on the main street just right for setting up his wagon business. It had been a food supplies store and had become too small. Yes, this town was growing. Their deposit from Utica, which they had never had to spend, was all it took to get his wagon business going and provide a home. He had the two travel wagons from the move to sell immediately and soon new orders started coming.*

*He talked to Mr. Allen who was also a wagon-maker down the street, who said he was relieved to have James set up business in town. "You know, Mr. Stewart, there are two mills on this little creek that runs through town; several more are being built and factories are coming in also. I can't keep up making wagons to haul the grain the farmers are growing. I had two orders from Syracuse just last week."*

*"I've made those new buggies too, that should help," James replied,*

*"There are increasingly more people who can afford them. Looks to me as if you and I are going to be very busy," Allen said.*

*"Sarah, I think it is time you wrote Ann and Stephen. I think this is the place for them too," James told her one morning. "I really believe Stephen would do well here."*

*James and Sarah traveled to Manlius town twice a week for church. It was only eight miles. That was long way even in the new buggy James built for Sarah and of course the newest Stewart, William Henry. Their congregation was not very large, about 40 or so. James and John McVicar had many conversations about the trips to and from church every week. There were other members of the congregation who lived in Manlius Four Corners, so called to avoid the confusion of names, Manlius and Manlius Four Corners*

*James and John invited those other Four Corners' residents to a meeting in his wagon shop. James started, "I know all of you, like myself, drive or ride to church twice a week and perhaps are just as disturbed as Sarah and I are. I would like to know if any of you can see a solution to our problem?"*

*John raised his arm. "I think we ought to form a new church in Four Corners."*

*"To do that we have to petition the Presbytery of New York and then obtain a Charter for Incorporation from the State," a member named Flint responded,*

*John replied, "I can contact the Presbytery and will do so. The Charter can be done any time after we receive the approval." There was much more discussion but in the end everyone agreed this was what they wanted to do.*

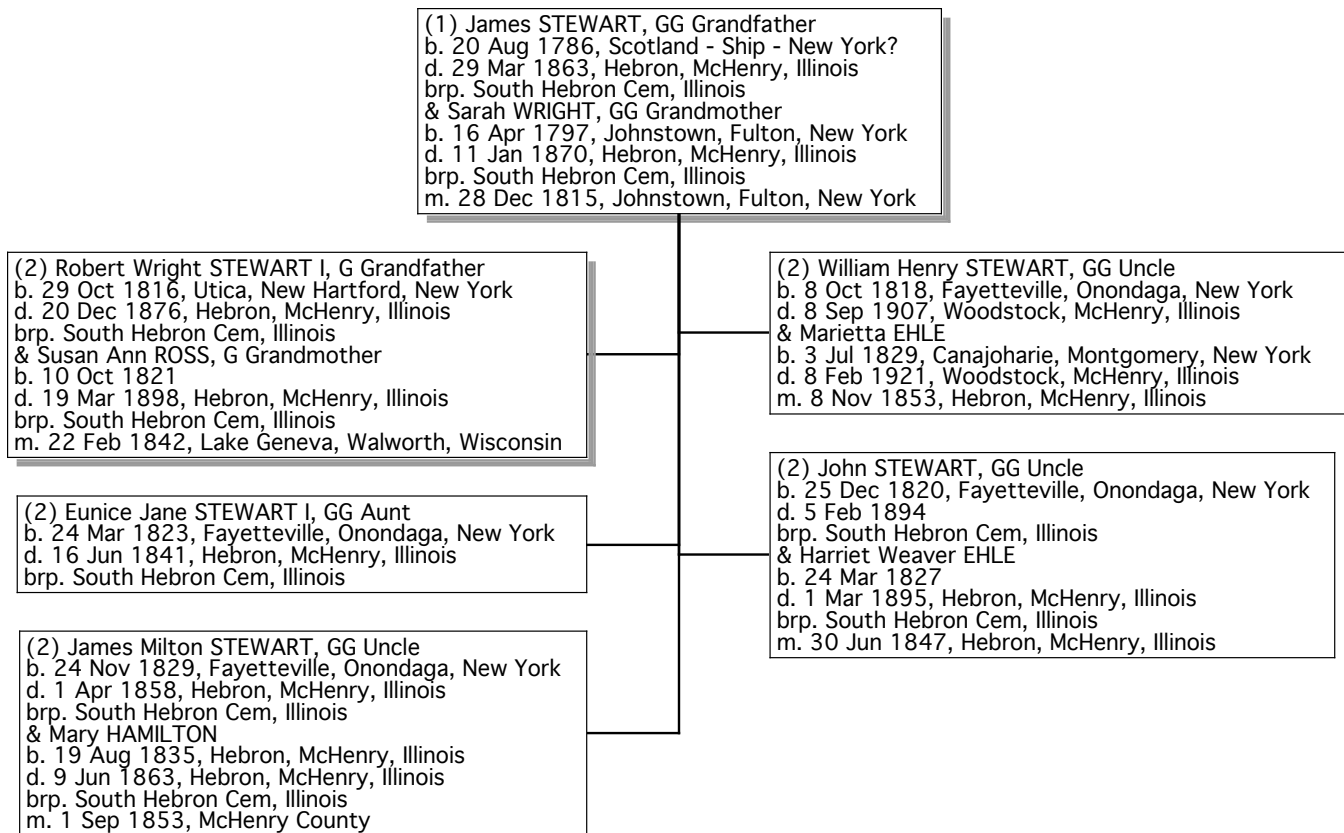
*It was a long wait until the approval came back. When it did they gathered everyone together in John McVicar's home. There were twenty-three of them. Then they elected John McVicar, James Stewart and Philip Flint their Elders. The church records are not clear as to the date. It was sometime in late 1819 or 1820. It is known that on May 6, 1830, John McVicar and James Stewart were elected Deacons of the Church. John served until his death in 1854 and James served until he left in 1841 to go to Hebron, Illinois.*



## Chapter Eleven

*Four Corners was growing. The two streams that flowed through town were directed into one channel through town. The advantage of the increased water power was for grain mills and factories being built. In 1825 the Erie canal came through and with it brought more settlers to the area. The town continued to be known as “Manlius Four Corners” until it was decided in 1844 to incorporate. The U.S. Postal Service then decided to change the name to Fayetteville, in honor of La Fayette. By 1841, all these Stewarts, excepting William H., had already moved on west to Hebron, Illinois. William stayed on until 1843.*

*James Stewart and John McVicer apparently became business partners in the land business. Even in Hebron they still transacted business. They had quite a few transactions together. James pursued buying and selling with eagerness. His business prospered and he spent all his free time roaming the city and countryside in search of property for sale. He seemed to have a sixth sense. He bought large*



**Graphic No. 44**

### **My GG Grandfather James Stewart's family chart.**

*pieces and then broke them into smaller lots for residents and businesses to build. Sarah sometimes complained, “James, how can you spend so much time gadding about?”*

*James' reply was, “Sarah, I have an obligation to our church and family. I take you to services as required and my wagon business feeds and clothes us.” Taking another breath, he went on, “I have great concern about our future and as my father has said, ‘Land is your future.’ That is what I believe, so I am building our future with land!”*

*Robert Wright, now sixteen years old, joined in, “But father, you are dealing in small pieces of land. I think farm lands would be more attractive and there would be more profit involved.”*

## Chapter Eleven

*James replied, "You are certainly right about that. The only problem is it takes much more investment. Perhaps you feel the need to find less expensive land. I do not have the large amounts of cash to do that here." Launching into his teaching mode James said, "Robert, you have a good head on your shoulders. Perhaps when you come of age you, too, can buy and sell land. Right now you need to concern yourself with attendance to church to keep your heart honest and to attend to your studies with your tutor to train your mind. In addition keep your body clean, so you will be able to hold your head high in any group and yet not hold another in disdain. It is a very difficult task to sell to someone you do not admire. It indicates a deficiency in your character."*

*Robert, younger brothers William, 14, and John, 12, listened carefully to this lecture. They were going to be students at the Academy and were members of the church where their father was Deacon. They were very impressionable. During the ensuing years, they had many more conversations regarding church and school, as well as their status as young men. The subject of land was always a part of these conversations. Robert Wright and John were good students; however, as time went on William proved to be the best student and more inclined to studies such as Latin and Greek. He went on to attend Union College in Schenectady, NY. Then he apprenticed under a standing Judge, a Mr. Watson. He passed the New York Bar in 1843. Their sister Eunice Jane was also an excellent student at the Academy.*

*Stephen and Ann Wright Hulbert had married in 1822 and joined them in Manlius Four Corners a year later. Some of their children also attended the Academy. They all attended the Presbyterian Church. They would also move to Hebron with Deacon James and his family. Strangely enough, Sarah's parents, Hugh and Eunice Watters (Waters), would also move to Hebron, Illinois. They are both buried in the Stewart Cemetery. It is not known if they had come to Fayetteville or not. They did not appear in the Church documents there.*

## CHAPTER TWELVE

### ROBERT WRIGHT STEWART I GOES TO WISCONSIN

My GG Grandfather, Robert Wright Stewart I, here after referred to as RWS I, had made up his mind to go west in search of land. The oral family tradition that I was able to pick up was that he first went to Wisconsin, then to Hebron, Illinois, finding good land (soil) more to his liking there. Based on this information I searched for Patents, on the internet, issued by the Government Land Office (GLO) under the Land Act of 1820 for the Territory of Wisconsin. I found RWS I was issued a Patent<sup>1</sup> for 160 acres in Section 22 of Spring Prairie Township County of Walworth in 1841. This Patent was issued to Robert Wright Stewart of Walworth County, Wisconsin Territory, not just Robert or Robert W. Stewart. The clincher for me was while searching recorded deeds in the county seat of Elkhorn, I found that the very same parcel was sold about a year-and-a-half later by James and Sarah Stewart<sup>2</sup> of McHenry County, State of Illinois. This is rather conclusive evidence this is our RWS I. There was no Deed of transfer found to James, but he obviously had title.

The Patent in question was recorded 25 March 1841. However, these recorded Patents were received two to five years after being submitted and paid for. I thought that is why oral family tradition says RWS I, his father and brothers were said to have “squatted” on their land in Hebron. There is a reference on the GLO internet website regarding pre-emption as follows: ***“Some patents have the word pre-emption in the upper left-hand corner. Pre-emption was a tactful way of saying squatter. In other words, the settler was physically on the property before the GLO officially sold or even surveyed the tract, and he was thus given a pre-emptive right to acquire the land from the United States.”*** This would be paid for but not officially recorded until the survey was complete. There is only one I found, that of Palmer Gardner, Patent # 905 (see Appendix B, Graphic No. 131, page 221) and that was because that area in the Wisconsin Territory had not been surveyed. His business was surveying and engineering. More on this in the following chapter.

Searching the Census records of 1840 for Manlius Four Corners (Fayetteville), Onondaga, NY<sup>3</sup> gave James, Sarah and three children. Neither RWS I nor William H. were in the record. William H. is presumed to be enrolled in Union College at that time. Census records of 1850<sup>4</sup> for Hebron, McHenry County Illinois gave RWS I a residence with Susan Ann, wife, three children, Eunice J., Ellen A. & Mary E. It also included two Irish farmers (*laborers*), 18 and 22 years of age, and an Irish woman of 25 years of age (*domestic*), all listed by name. There was a Samuel Stewart, also listed in Hebron, but not of our family. A search of the 1840 Census of McHenry County listed three Stewart names, Alexander, Daniel and David as heads of household. Even though those are familiar names in the family these were not in Hebron Township and were never mentioned as being related in the oral family tradition. Further

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<sup>1</sup> <http://www.glorerecords.blm.gov/>, Patent No. 2777, 25 March 1841, Sec 22, 160A.

<sup>2</sup> Grant Deed, James & Sarah Stewart to Benj. L Reed recorded in Walworth Co. Wisconsin, Book No 002, page 428, dated 20 Oct 1842.

<sup>3</sup> Federal Census Schedule, Town of Manlius, County of Onondaga, State of New York, 1840, p288.

<sup>4</sup> Federal Census Schedule I, Town of Hebron, County of McHenry, State of Illinois, 5 Dec 1850, p139.

research on those specific names led to other Stewart families from parts of the USA other than Johnstown, New York.

Therefore, I think it is factual that RWS I came to Wisconsin about the year 1837 per tradition and made his home in Walworth County for a short time. The key word being *about*; perhaps it may have been as early as 1836. Looking in the 1840 Federal Census for Geneva, Walworth County I found the Ross families. Morris Ross, Susan's father, his sons Brittain and William P., all heads of households. This was the last census where the only names given were for the heads of the household. Non-family residents were listed just as family members were, with a number in the age columns. In the 1850 Census all names of residents of a household were written with occupation and last place of residence given. Analysis of the 1840 Census for Morris Ross, of nine children, the two oldest girls were gone from home. One male age 10-15 (Freeman), one male age 15-20 (George), one female (Susan Ann) and one male age 20-30 (Clarkson) were shown. Robert could have been working with his future father-in-law. Since I had searched 1840 Census Records for RWI both in McHenry and Walworth counties, I am left with a dilemma. Where was he living? He is not married and is not head of a household; therefore, was left out of the 1840 census. So he probably was "squatting" on land in Wisconsin or Illinois, as a land owner. His property would not have any buildings on them. It is likely he could have pitched a tent. I think, being unmarried, he would have been easy to miss in the Census. He was not listed in one of the three Ross households but could have been listed in another household, as a roomer. He had the wagon making experience, but there is no record of any mention of a business venture anywhere in the Wisconsin or Illinois histories.

Another item that has been found in a local history<sup>5</sup> is about a Mr. Palmer Gardner, who was a trained surveyor and engineer. He left Manlius at the age of thirty-two in 1835 and made a tour of Michigan, northern Indiana and Illinois in search of acceptable land sites. He returned nearly a year later and then left Manlius again in 1836, shipping seed and provisions by boat (*to Milwaukee?*) from Ohio. He also hired Ira T. Hunt to work for him one year. In Niles, Michigan he purchased three yoke of oxen for pulling a wagon with provisions for immediate use, arriving in Spring Prairie April 1836. Here he must have filed an intent of purchase a U.S. Patent of 160 acres of land in Section twenty-six the previous year, with preemptive right. Again, returning to the GLO internet site, it is found that Palmer Gardner was also granted three Patents for 480 acres of land in Sections twenty-five<sup>6</sup> and twenty-six<sup>7</sup> of Spring Prairie Township.

Is this a coincidence? Is this valid speculation? RWS I purchased 160 acres of land in Section 22 in Spring Prairie approximately one mile from Mr Gardner's, who came from Manlius. This is the Village (*or Township*) of Manlius not to be confused with Manlius Four Corners where RWS I lived. The family went to church in the Village for nearly ten years before chartering the church in Four Corners. So RWS I would have been quite familiar with the residents there.

Some pertinent dates were found in the Walworth County History 1872 (see Footnote # 4): ***page 890 "Palmer Gardner, who arrived on fifteenth day of April, 1836, . . ." and page 896 "The first breaking was done by Palmer Gardner, on section twenty-five. He commenced on the 2d day of May, 1836, and plowed eighteen acres, which was all sowed to wheat, barley and oats, or planted to corn or potatoes in May and June, 1836."***

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<sup>5</sup> History of Walworth County, Published by Walworth County, 1882, Spring Prairie, p905.

<sup>6</sup> <http://www.glorerecords.blm.gov/>, Pat. #2837, Walworth, 25 Mar 1841, Sec 25, 320A.

<sup>7</sup> <http://www.glorerecords.blm.gov/>, Pat. #905, Walworth, 3 Mar 1843, Sec 26, 160A.

## Chapter Twelve

Not only that, his connection to the Ross family does not seem to be coincidental either. Everyone concerned is interested in land at a low price. Hence Morris Ross, his three sons, Palmer Gardner, RWS I, his two brothers and father all purchased land under the Land Act of 1820 from the GLO. They all were on that land farming it prior to the actual recordation dates. Somehow they all ended up in the same area doing the same thing, starting life anew in the same new land. This was a time of tremendous migration, in each of these Townships 30 to 40 families would be buying and settling on this inexpensive land. They were some of the first and we know Robert Wright Stewart the First married Susan Ann Ross in 1842 in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.

Here again the Clearances and the lack of ability to own land that drove thousands of immigrants from Scotland and Europe in general, shows the innate desire to acquire that land. Also the lines of communication were still operating. Remember that when Robert Stewart came to America he had land waiting for his purchase, indicating there must have been information passing back and forth to Scotland previous to his departure. So his Grandson RWS I traveled to Wisconsin and found a similar situation, land ready for purchase. So he must have known someone already living there now or who had been there!

RWS I must have not been satisfied by the area completely. Oral family history has it that he roved the countryside seeking the land he wanted to farm and found it on the Hebron Prairie. The land was flat, black soil, with some bottom land that was wet and peat based, with large tracts of native Burr Oak trees scattered throughout the area. This was land unlike that of the Homestead in New York, which resembled the Scottish Highlands, with hills and quite a few rocks. He began purchasing GLO Land tracts, for he ended up in the middle of Hebron Township both before and after his marriage in 1842 with a with a great amount of land. He also disposed of, or rather his father sold, the 160 acres in Spring Prairie, Wisconsin. So in reality he must have settled in Hebron, Illinois around 1836-7 or earlier in spite of not being reported in the 1840 Census.

At this point I would like to digress from the genealogical narrative and tell the story as I see it. How my GG Grandfather Robert Wright Stewart the First happened to travel to the midwest and marry a pretty young woman born in New Jersey.

### ***HOW ROBERT WRIGHT I JOURNEYED TO WISCONSIN***

*While talking to friends about their favorite topic, Robert heard an interesting tale about a man looking for land! They told him this man was going to do a 'look-see' of the western States and Territories for the best farm land. He was a successful surveyor and engineer. He left Manlius the previous year for his trip and was due back shortly. He planned to be gone about a year to search the Territory of Michigan, northern Indiana and Illinois States and southern part of the Territory of Wisconsin. His name was Palmer Gardner.*

*Robert immediately began making his plans. He just turned his 19th birthday and had been working with his father for the last three years. He had been dreaming, saving his money to buy land, his own farm. He wanted to work the soil as his grandfather had done. In the meantime he had saved most of his earnings while still living at home. His father appreciated his goals and his dedication to achieving them. He paid him good wages. Business was good and with the work Robert had been doing gave his father more time to find more property to buy and sell. Robert would await Mr. Gardner's return, hopefully with the knowledge of one of the best places to find land.*

## Chapter Twelve

*He met Gardner after services at the Manlius Presbyterian Church where he had been going for the last three weeks, hoping to meet him when he returned. He had made an arrangement with the pastor for an introduction. After the formalities he and Gardner went to the local tavern to talk.*

*Robert began, "Mr Gardner I have been thinking a long time about getting land. I really want to farm. Do you think you could advise me?"*

*Gardner replied, "Oh, that is very easy. Our Congress has enacted a new law making millions of acres of land available to us for \$1.25 an acre. This would raise the money our government needs after the two wars with England. I have just returned from a trip through the West just to look at that land. All that is required is to go to the Government Land Office in the State or Territory you want land, apply, and pay. That is all."*

*Robert asked, "Is it hard to find the right parcel of land?"*

*Gardner answered, "While I was there I filed a 'pre-emption' on 160 acres in Wisconsin that has not been surveyed yet. I have surveyed it, so I am certain of my boundaries."*

*"Well, Mr. Gardner, when do you plan on leaving for Wisconsin?"*

*"Oh, probably in several months. I have a lot of planning to do before I leave. On my way there I will hire a man for a year to assist me in purchasing everything I need and also building a house and barn when we get there."*

*Robert took a few moments to take all this information in and then asked, "Could you come to our house in Four Corners and talk to my father and me? I think I can get my mom to cook us dinner." So started a friendship that would take them both to their new home. In reality Palmer Gardner had detailed plans.*

*The land excitement was catching, for Robert's father had said, ". . . it takes much more investment or perhaps you need to find less expensive land."*

*Now it was coming true. Palmer said, "The Federal offices are open in Milwaukee and Chicago for the Territory of Wisconsin and State of Illinois. When the U.S. is finished the survey of the area, all that need be done is to submit to Government Land Office, on their form, with payment in cash and the land is yours. The price of the Federal land is \$1.25 per acre."*

*Gardner came for dinner and they made arrangements to talk even further. "Well, Robert, are you ready to go on to the Wisconsin Territory?"*

*Robert immediately responded, "All I have to do is pack my clothes, get my money and I am ready to go."*

*Smiling, Gardner replied, "On my way to Wisconsin I want to buy my equipment, seeds and tools. Most of it I will ship by boat to Milwaukee. Then I will get a wagon big enough to haul my immediate needs to Wisconsin."*

*Robert jumped up excitedly. "I can build that wagon for you. And I would surely like to go with you. I could help drive. This sounds like my dream come true! Could I go with you?"*

*Gardner nodded. "That would be to my liking. However, I do not think hauling a wagon from here is advisable. I can purchase everything I need much closer to Wisconsin."*

*Robert was disappointed. He would not be able to put his newly learned trade to use. But he was going to Wisconsin to buy land! He responded, "Thank you for arranging for me to go with you."*

*Palmer nodded his recognition of Robert's thanks and said, "There are some people you should meet in Wisconsin. They were getting ready to buy their land Patents when I left." Shaking hands on their agreement, they both started to work preparing for the journey.*

## Chapter Twelve

*The day came when all was ready for departure. Mr. Gardner, or Palmer, as Robert now referred to him, quipped, "Robert, do you think you have enough money for all the land you are dreaming of?"*

*Robert's response was, "I have talked to my father and he has given me some of his investment money to buy land for him if I run out."*

*All Robert's family, even his sister Eunice were there, and encouraging. She was almost an invalid, very thin, and could hardly breathe, even with the slightest activity. Robert would miss her the most. She was a very loving person and his only sister. She carried herself with dignity even while carrying the scourge of her disease.*

*It was important that he have the prayers and support not only his family but of the people of his Church, especially since his father was an Elder of the Church as well as a Deacon. The other Deacon, John McVicar, was also there with his blessings for the journey. John was an especially good friend and had been a great help to Robert in thinking through the why's and where fore's of both land and the migration west to a new country.*

*They left early in the morning on the 1st day of March 1836. They walked quickly to the Canal and boarded a boat that would deposit them at the westernmost end of the Canal . . . Lake Erie at Buffalo. The Canal had been open for nine years and was used to transport goods and people across the State of New York for nearly 300 miles. Their trip was a little over half that. Even though Robert was anxious, it didn't seem long. They traveled by boat to Ohio, where Palmer purchased almost a thousand dollars worth of equipment, seeds and supplies, which he shipped to Milwaukee. The next leg was to Niles, Michigan, where Palmer bought oxen, a large wagon, equipment, seeds, and supplies he would need when he arrived, and for the journey. In addition he hired a Mr I. T. Hunt for the next year to assist him on the trip and in his farming endeavor.*

*It turned out navigating over land was not as easy as Robert had thought, but Palmer had more experience. Three span (6 total) of oxen were difficult to control and keep headed in the right direction. "Watch it, Mr. Palmer. There's a big rock on this side!" and "Careful, Robert. We are too close to the creek." These and hundreds more warnings made up the day, while keeping the direction of the sun behind them in the morning, on the left during the day. They would stop when it was in their eyes.*

*Robert learned how to drive oxen and how to get along with men under stressful conditions. With horses there would be a leather strap (rein) going to each side of the horse's bit. They were hard to stop and needed a strong pull on the bit to slow or stop them along with voice commands.. Oxen were slow and were more amenable to voice commands. Each lead oxen had a ring in his nose with a connection to one another and a long rein or rope on the outside of each that the driver held. To start it was "Geeup" or some semblance of that and a slap of the reins or whip. When he wanted them to go right he would shout out "Gee" and pull on the right rein. Or left "Haw" and pull on the left rein. To stop it was "Whoa" and pull back on both reins. After the driver and the oxen were used to each other there was little need to use the reins or whip which were often tied to the seat or brake handle. Most of the time the driver would walk beside the lead oxen. It seemed to ease them and it was much easier to direct them.*

*With the addition of a third man came an additional learning experience of getting along with people. Robert, quick and smart, expected everyone to be equally quick, but sometimes human nature and personality required a humility Robert lacked. Many times Robert felt anger due to some action by one of his partners. He found if he took a deep breath and made the effort to understand the other person's way, he usually soothed himself. Robert was growing up.*

*They traveled six days a week and rested on Sunday. Sometimes they would find some folks in small towns to attend Services with.*



*Mostly they just camped where ever they stopped. Right at the start, Robert was perplexed as to how to measure distance traveled. Guessing was just that, a guess. Palmer, being a Surveyor, thought if he measured the distance around the big wheels and count the number of turns he could then figure how many miles traveled. The only problem was how to count the turns? Again Palmer suggested fastening a stick to the wheel and have it hit a flexible stick mounted on the wagon, then count the number of clicks in a minute or five minutes. Mostly they figured by their maps the distance between large landmarks and then by dividing by days . . . It really didn't matter anyway, it was just a way to pass the time.*

*They talked about the Land Act in great detail. Palmer had a thick packet of papers including his survey map for the Township of Spring Prairie, Walworth County, Wisconsin Territory. He also had the letter he had gotten from the Government Land Office in Wisconsin giving him official right to live on the 160 acres in Wisconsin even though it had not been surveyed yet. He showed Robert the form that had to be filled out with all their personal information. They read together all the requirements, costs, and time involved that was included with the packet until each grew familiar with it all. Palmer said they would find their farms (he showed Robert his on the map), figure out how much they could afford, fill out the forms and then go to Milwaukee to register. Robert was getting excited. He studied the Spring Prairie map in detail and soon figured out where he would buy his first farm.*

*"Well, Palmer, we should be getting to the Wisconsin line soon. What do you figure?"*

*Palmer responded, "We are in Wisconsin Territory right now, we turned off the Chicago-Madison State Road in Illinois late this morning. We might even be in Bloomfield Township. I think I smell water again and that would be the lake near Geneva Township."*

*They arrived in Wisconsin at Palmer's farm in Spring Prairie, April 15, 1836<sup>8</sup>. They would not unload the wagon as there were no buildings in which to store anything. His first order to his hired man was, "Ira, we need to get started on the house right away. I'll pitch the tent."*

*The next few days were spent getting everything in order. Palmer was a neat person and well organized. The day came when Palmer and Robert both bought horses to ride. The saddles and tack they had brought with them. Now they were off to look for LAND! They first inspected Palmer's selection in half of Section 25 which seemed to be all right, no stakes or other indication of someone else having laid claim. Palmer went to work immediately plowing and planting crops.*

*Robert then went looking for his choice of land. About a mile away in Section 22, was the 160 acres of really nice looking land he had picked out from Palmer's survey map. Apparently no one had laid a claim to it yet. Robert made note of another parcel nearby in case the first was taken when he got to Milwaukee.*

*"Well, Robert, now that we have selected our land, but before we go to Milwaukee, I must introduce you to some very nice gentlemen I met a year ago over in Geneva."*

*"I've gotten used to the jerky we brought with us, so we can eat our lunch while riding. Lead the way, Palmer, and please pass the canteen."<sup>9</sup>*

*It was then about noontime and it took them several hours to reach the farm of Morris Ross. After introductions around, Morris invited them for supper. They talked about the land that Morris and his sons, William and Brittain, were going to purchase. Palmer showed them the documents. They would have to enter the land description when the survey became available for Geneva Township. He told them he was able to submit a purchase request prior to the completion of the survey because he was a sur-*

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<sup>8</sup> History of Walworth County Wisconsin, 1882, page 890.

## Chapter Twelve

veyor and had determined the proper land description for his parcel. He even had a map that was included the Section lines and numbers even though the Federal Surveyors had not yet surveyed the land.

At supper Robert met the rest of the family. There were nine children, Not truly children in this hard-working family. He stared at their 16-year-old daughter, Susan Ann, as she helped Mrs. Ross with supper. As she took his hand in greeting, he realized his mind was no longer focused entirely on land! When she came to sit at the table she returned his stare with a soft smile.

After supper, as they sat and talked, Morris asked, "Just what are your plans, Robert?"

"I plan on buying that 160 acres close to Palmer's in Spring Prairie. But, I liked the looks of the land just south of there where we turned off the Chicago-Madison State Road in Illinois. I thought I would go down and look more closely at it."

"Don't you like the land here?" Morris asked.

"Well the land here looks good, only what happens when there isn't enough rain?"

"I suppose we may have a crop failure once in a while, but I think we can get by for the land is rich. We always put aside for such things, but you do have a point."

Brittain then asked, "Robert, where do you plan on living if you are not planning to build a home here? If you would like we have a spare bedroom, you can stay with us while you are looking."

Robert replied, "I accept. I was wondering where I could put up my tent. I can't believe you three have all started farming at the same time. You must need help. I could work with you for a while until I get myself where I want to be?"

All three answered at the same time, "Yes!"

And so it began. Robert worked very hard, sometimes in Illinois, sometimes in Wisconsin with Brittain, Morris, and William Ross and . . . all the time dreaming about his wife to be, Susan Ann.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

### LAND ON THE HEBRON PRAIRIE \* PHASE ONE

I have my GG Grandfather, Robert Wright Stewart 1, now firmly established in Wisconsin, I know he didn't stay there. He obviously worked very hard. If his wedding photo is studied carefully we can see the etched face of a hard-working outdoors man. His hair awry, clearly he was more interested in his work than social niceties. He is holding the hands of the woman he loved and would spend the rest of his life with. He probably had his own earnings to buy land with. Perhaps his father may have partially sponsored him. It seems the family may have been working closely whenever it came to land dealings. Certainly this ability to work with the system was displayed in his very first transaction, the land purchase in Wisconsin making 50 percent profit in a span of two years.

The thirst for land was great in the country at this time. Two successful wars against England, the French-Indian war, and the Mexican-Texas dispute made an enormous amount of land available to an enormous number of immigrants. These folks worked very hard. They tilled the land with equipment that they made themselves, working with horses, oxen, and sometimes with their own backs. With new land comes the need for new dwellings, farm buildings and new farm equipment.

How did they live? How did they farm? We know at this time approximately 98 percent of the population of the U.S. were subsistence farmers. They grew most of their sustenance on their farms and traded with the neighbors. Perhaps the best way to find out what they did was to look to see what they did not or could not do. Such as marketing of their produce in quantity. They could produce only enough milk, butter and cheese the family could eat or trade locally. Meat preservation was a long, tedious proc-



**Graphic No. 49**

**Some 'modern' farm machinery is shown here. My father Robert Wright Stewart II driving the horses, circa 1920. This was on the land purchased by RWS I with Land Patent # 5532, in 1839 in Section # 27. Photo by Beth Stewart.**

## Chapter Thirteen

ess and even then difficult to do properly.<sup>1</sup> The earliest settlers in America could depend on hunting to provide most of their meat. Even at this time a significant portion of their larder came from hunting. But to make a living, providing meat for a large population depended on better transportation and preservation methods for keeping it safe and palatable. The advent of rail travel in the mid and late nineteenth century would provide the vehicle for the expansion of farm produce marketing.

I know from the histories of the time they grew many grains, including flax, that supplied the fiber for the linen shirts. as well as a home medicine. Even now as we reach the extremity of age we add a food to our diet derived from the flax<sup>2</sup> for our health. In each family there were several women and some men who processed the fiber and wove it into the linen for clothing. From the other grains came wheat flour for bread, and oats were an excellent energy food for the horses as well as cereal for the family breakfast. Most grains can be successfully stored for long periods of time if dried properly, kept dry<sup>3</sup> and away from insects and rodents. Barley was fermented, making beer and other alcoholic drinks. Corn was fed to cattle and hogs to make excellent meat, and to cows to produce milk, butter and cheese. With these items, together with an excellent garden and orchard, each family fed themselves and only needed cash or barter for salt. Another item that supplied a sweetener was sorghum. This is a grain similar to corn except the whole plant is crushed, pressed, and the the liquid is boiled to thicken it to the consistency of honey. Wild honey was also used.

NWNW	NENW	NWNE	NENE
SWNW	SENW	SWNE	SESE
NWSW	NESW	NWSE	NESE
SWSW	SESW	SWSE	SESE

**Graphic No. 50**

**Section template. Each square represents 40 acres.**

All of this was mostly by the labor of their backs. Some were able to purchase crude machinery such as saws, plows, drags and other clod-breaking implements. More sophisticated equipment included a horse-powered crusher/grinder used in the process to make sorghum syrup that is similar to molasses. All of their equipment was hand made of wood or metal work made by a smith. The wagons were important also. We know who supplied them: James and Robert Wright Stewart. These skills were learned and passed on in families. The only item left out is an animal that has been around for home use for many thousands of years. These people took advantage of them as did their ancestors in Scotland. They were the main reason why they had to leave Scotland . . . sheep! Sheep provided warm water-resistant

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<sup>1</sup> I can remember my father smoking hams and bacon and storing them in the granary when done. The smoke house on the Stewart Homestead still exists. Our smoke house was the well pit under the windmill. It had a cement ceiling, walls and floor. Mother would cook and can beef in quart jars, along with garden vegetables and fruit. We had a 5-acre apple orchard. The Author.

<sup>2</sup> Metamucil.

<sup>3</sup> As a matter of interest when I was living in Rockford, Illinois in 1971-2, I grew wheat and rye on part of the 7 acres where we lived. I still have a sealed 5-gal. bucket about 3/4 full of that rye grain. I periodically grind a pound or so and make bread, right up to the time of writing this in 2008. I don't plan on throwing any away either. The Author.

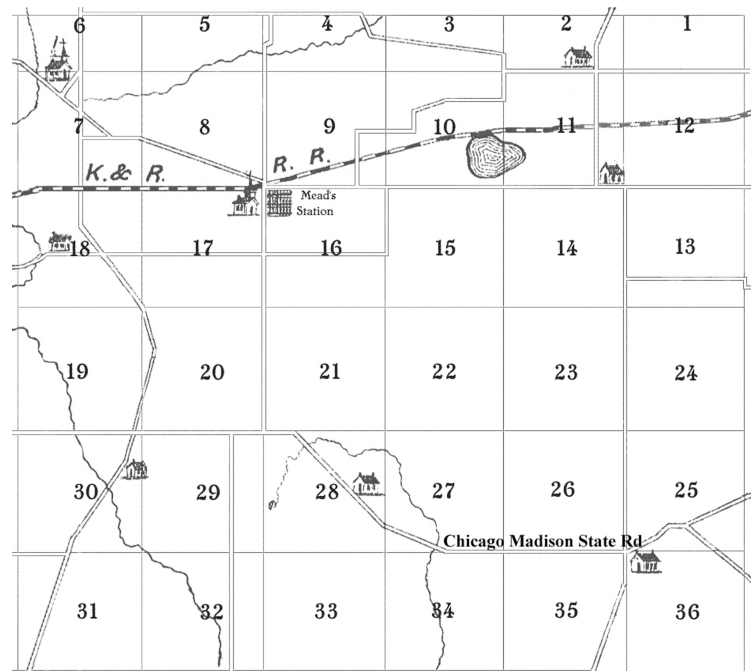
## Chapter Thirteen

clothing made from their wool, and along with flax, clothing for every person. Our earlier ancestors had sheep, but more on that later.

Acquisition of land, building a home and barn, growing crops and husbanding animals, was how the men spent their time after acquiring homestead land. So this was how RWS I spent his time. He was now acquiring the land he had so dreamed of. He began building and planting so by the time of the marriage in 1842 he had a house, perhaps a barn, crops in the field and animals enough to support a family. He obviously was on the Homestead by June 1841 for his sister Eunice Jane is buried in the Stewart Cemetery (*now known as the "South Hebron Cemetery"*) on that farm. According to oral history, his father arrived June 12, 1841 and four days later Eunice Jane died. It is reported in the 1885 county history<sup>4</sup>, "**Robert W Stewart left Manlius Four Corners, NY in 1837 and made a squatters claim on a farm where he has since resided and where he died.**".

Robert Wright Stewart I may have been the first to travel to Wisconsin and Illinois, but his father and brothers were right behind him. His youngest brother, James Milton, was only twelve in 1841 when James brought the family to Hebron. John was 21 and more than ready to work. William H. was still working on passing the NY Bar Examination and would arrive in 1843. I have tried to think of a way to describe the extent of these land transactions that would best show the coverage of Hebron Township. I found graphic presentation to be the easiest method of showing this. It also shows the 'cluster' their purchases made in the center of Hebron Township.

I present a section map showing acquisitions of land. For ease of interpretation these maps I show the following: Graphic No. 50, above, represents a full section of 640 acres. Each of the 16 boxes represents 40 acres. The letters in those boxes is the legal description of the 40 acres represented, e.g. NWNW represents the Northwest quarter of the Northwest quarter of Section XX. The Hebron Township map, Graphic No. 51, above, shows the location of the sections in the maps that follow. There are six half sections on the northern boundary of Hebron Township due to a dispute over the location of the State line when the Wisconsin Territory became a state. The following information is taken from the website of the Government Land Office<sup>5</sup> to help in understanding the land survey system used on the Land Maps. I present this bulky information here instead of in the Appendix as it is essential for the reader to understand the enormity of the land



**Graphic No. 51**

**Hebron Township 1872. Village was called Mead Station, later named Hebron as suggested by Bela Tryon.**

<sup>4</sup> History of McHenry County Illinois, Interstate Publishing Co, Chicago, Ill, 1885, page 722.

<sup>5</sup> [www.glorerecords.blm.gov/](http://www.glorerecords.blm.gov/).

acquisition involved. (See Appendix D, page 287-92 for a time line for implementation of distribution of land by the newly formed government.)

### **RECTANGULAR SURVEY SYSTEM**

#### ***Township / Range***

*The Township identifies a major subdivision of the public lands under the rectangular system of surveys. Most Townships measure approximately 6 miles on each side and contain approximately 23,040 acres. (NOTE: Hebron Township contains 21,120 acres, it's only 33 full sections not 36, see Sections 1 through 6 in Graphic No. 51. BS) A Township is identified by its relationship to a base line and a principal meridian. For example, "Township 46 North, Range 7 East, 3rd Principal Meridian" identifies a particular township that is 46 tiers north from the base line of the 3rd Principal Meridian. (NOTE: I have inserted Hebron designations here and below. BS.)*

*The Range is used in conjunction with the Township data field identifies a row or tier of townships lying east or west of the principal meridian and numbered successively to the east or west from the principal meridian. In the example "Township 46 North, Range 7 East," the number 7 represents the Range Number that is used to identify the township that is 7 tiers to the east of the principal meridian.*

#### ***Section Number***

*The Section Number identifies a tract of land, usually 1 mile square, within a township. Most townships contain 36 sections. Standard sections contain 640 acres. A section number identifies each section within a township.*

#### ***Aliquot Parts***

*Using the rectangular system of survey, lands were divided into Townships containing 36 square miles. Each Township was subdivided into 36 Sections, each containing approximately 640 acres. Each Section was further subdivided into halves and quarters, repeatedly, until the parcel of land was accurately described. Without the use of Fractional Sections, Blocks, or Lots (in the case of uneven parcels of land), Aliquot Parts were used to represent the exact subdivision of the section of land. Halves of a Section (or subdivision thereof) are represented as N, S, E, and W (such as "the north half of section 5"). Quarters of a Section (or subdivision thereof) are represented as NW, SW, NE, and SE (such as "the northwest quarter of section 5"). Sometimes, several Aliquot Parts are required to accurately describe a parcel of land. For example, "ESW or E2SW" denotes the east half of the southwest quarter containing 80 acres and "SWNENE" denotes the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter containing 10 acres. It is important to remember that the Aliquots shown in the data base (e.g., "SWNENE") usually translates into words found on the land document.*

Dear reader, you may be slightly confused by the foregoing description of the 'rectangular survey system', given by a government employee thoroughly immersed in a large data-based and somewhat redundant bureaucracy. I know I was, but I learned how to deal with these functions the last ten years of my working life. Just stick with it for a time, and it all becomes clear. You will need it to make sense of the following maps.

This intense land acquisition by the family seems to have been started by one man, my GG Grandfather RWS I, migrating to a new state and sending back the message, "land is cheap, better come and get it before it's gone." I think he was the point man for the family, moving to the new territory, buy-

# Chapter Thirteen

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PUBLIC LAND PATENT PURCHASES BY STEWARTS IN HEBRON TOWNSHIP - 1841 to 1860					
Sec 6	Sec 5	Sec 4	Sec 3	Sec 2	Sec 1
Sec 7	Sec 8	Sec 9	Sec 10	Sec 11	Sec 12
Sec 18	Sec 17	Sec 16	Sec 15	Sec 14	Sec 13
Sec 19	Sec 20	Sec 21	Sec 22	Sec 23	Sec 24
Sec 30	Sec 29	Sec 28	Sec 27	Sec 26	Sec 25
Sec 31	Sec 32	Sec 33	Sec 34	Sec 35	Sec 36



**Robert Wright Stewart**, Patent # 5532, File: IL0810\_\_386.pdf, W2SW + SE of Section # 27, Total 240 Acres, 20 May 1841 + (SENE of Section #27, 40 Acres, ILL State records}



**Robert Wright Stewart**, Patent # 7853, File: IL0860\_\_196.pdf, SESW Section # 27, Total 40 Acres, 10 Mar 1843. (See Manahan to Wm H. I have been unable to resolve this dilemma & Amos Carpenter's Patent Purchase. Also shows in ILL State records}



**James Stewart**, Patent # 8766, File: IL0880\_\_145.pdf, E1/2NW + W1/2NE Section # 28, Total 160 Acres, 10 Mar 1843.



**John Stewart**, NENW + W2NW 120 Acres 1 JAN 1848, + NWNE 40 Acres 20 Jun 1849 from Illinois State Records of Puclic Land Sales.

**Graphic No. 52**



## Chapter Thirteen

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### PUBLIC LAND PURCHASES BY STEWARTS IN HEBRON TOWNSHIP - 1841 to 1850



**Robert Wright Stewart**, Patent # 8767, File:IL0880\_\_\_.146.pdf, SESE Section # 28, Total 40 Acres, 10 Mar 1843.



**Robert Wright Stewart**, Patent # 8950, File:IL0880\_\_\_.316.pdf, E1/2NE Section # 33, Total 80 Acres, 10 Mar 1843.



**John Stewart**, Patent # 9085, File:IL0880\_\_\_.442.pdf, SESW Section #28, Total 40 Acres, 10 Mar 1843.



**Robert Wright Stewart**, Patent # 18685, File:IL1080\_\_\_.036.pdf, NWSW of Section 26, Total 40 Acres, 1 Feb 1846.



**John Stewart**, Patent # 17756, File:IL1060\_\_\_.146.pdf, W1/2SE of Section # 28, Total 80 Acres, 1 Feb 1846.



**Robert Wright Stewart**, Patent # 21730, File:IL1140\_\_\_.050.pdf, SENE of Section # 27, Total 40 Acres, 10 Mar 1848.



**Robert Wright Stewart**, Patent # 22446, File:IL1150\_\_\_.240.pdf, E1/2SW of Section # 15, Total 80 Acres, 10 Mar 1848.



**William H. Stewart**, Patent # 22475, File:IL1150\_\_\_.269.pdf, NESW of Section # 34, Total 40 Acres, 10 Mar 1848.



**Robert Wright Stewart**, Patent # 3727, File:TDRobertWI<US1848, NENE of Section # 27, E1/2SE of Section # 22, SWSW of Section # 23, Total 160 Acres, 1 Apr 1848.



**William Henry Stewart**, Patent # 38700, File:TDWmH<US1850, W1/2SE of Section # 22, NWNE of Section # 27, Total 120 Acres, 10 Aug 1850



**Robert Wright Stewart**, Patent # 27887, File:IL1260\_\_\_.122.pdf, NWSW of Section 23, Total 40 Acres, 1 Dec 1850.



**Robert Wright Stewart**, Public School Land, State of Illinois, File:TDRobertW1<Illinois1847, W1/2SW of Section # 16, Total 80 Acres, 6 Jan 1847.



**John Stewart**, Patent # 7425, File:TDJohn<US1848, W1/2NE + E1/2NW of Section # 33, Total 160 Acres, 1 Apr 1848.


**NOTE: There are several duplications of Patents.**


**Graphic No. 53**


# Chapter Thirteen

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OTHER LAND PURCHASES BY STEWARTS IN HEBRON TOWNSHIP - 1841 to 1860					
Sec 6	Sec 5	Sec 4	Sec 3	Sec 2	Sec 1
Sec 7	Sec 8	Sec 9	Sec 10	Sec 11	Sec 12
Sec 18	Sec 17	Sec 16	Sec 15	Sec 14	Sec 13
Sec 19	Sec 20	Sec 21	Sec 22	Sec 23	Sec 24
Sec 30	Sec 29	Sec 28	Sec 27	Sec 26	Sec 25
Sec 31	Sec 32	Sec 33	Sec 34	Sec 35	Sec 36

 J.W Burt to James Stewart, Bk C, p380, 26 Jul 1843, \$450.00, NESE, Sec #28, 40 A, + W1/2NW, Sec #34, 127 A, File:TDJames<J.W.Burt1843

 George Weller to William H Stewart, Bk 7, p152-4, 3 Feb 1851, \$300.00, W1/2SW, 80 A, + SESW, 40 A, Sec #34, Total 120 Acres, File:TDWmH<G.Weller1851.

 John S Greene to James Stewart, Bk 45, p227-8, 13 Oct 1853, \$442.00, SW + S1/2NW, Sec # 22, 240 Acres, File:TDJames<J.S.Greene1853.

Graphic No. 54

## Chapter Thirteen

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### OTHER LAND PURCHASES BY STEWARTS IN HEBRON TOWNSHIP - 1841 to 1850



A. Hurlbert to R. W. Stewart, Bk K, P353-4, 20 Sep 1848, \$143.00, W1/2SE, Sec # 15, 80 A. File: **TDRobertWI<A.Hurlbert1846.**



L. D. Hyde to Robert W Stewart, Bk 20, p262, 26 Jul 1858, \$1857.00, NENW, Sec # 22, 40 Acres. File: **TDRobertWI<L.D.Hyde1857.**



Joseph Manahan to Wm H Stewart, Bk 20, P261, 26 Jul 1858, \$1600.00, SENW, 40 A, + E1/2SW, 80 A, Section # 27, Total 120 Acres, File: **TDWmH<Manahan1856.**



Johnathan L Church to Robert W. Stewart, (Mortgage Deed), Bk 19, p372-3, 26 Jul 1858, 5 yearly payments of \$720.00 + Int, W1/2NW + E1/2NW of Sec # 26, Total 160 Acres, File: **TDRobertW<JLChurch1853.**



D and J Church to Robert W Stewart, Bk 24, p123-5, 24 Mar 1860, \$1120.0, Grant Deed to settle the estate of J. L. Church, Mortgage payoff. Sec # 26, 160 Acres as above. File: **TDRobertWI<D.Church1860.**



Amos Carpenter to Robert W. Stewart, 17 Jun 1850, recorded, Bk 19, p374, Jul 26, 1858, \$1.00, a portion of SWNE, Sec # 27, Total 32.5 Acres, File: **TDRobertWI<Carpenter1958.** AC purchased this 40 acre parcel under Patent #21467.



Joseph Manahan to Robert W Stewart, 25 Jan 1856, recorded Bk 20, p259, Jul 26, 1858, the remainder of SWNE, Sec # 27, Total 7.5 Acres, File: **TDRobertWI<Manahan1856.** (See above transaction)

### Graphic No. 55

ing land. With preparation, the extended family could then join in on the settlement of the wilderness with the purchase of even more land. RWS I came in 1837 (*or 1836*) and purchased a land Patent<sup>6</sup> in Wisconsin for 160 acres, then a month later purchased another land Patent<sup>7</sup> in Hebron, Illinois of 240 acres.

I find it hard to believe a young man of twenty-one would be that well endowed with cash. His education was mostly by apprenticeship, with his father (*he did not attend The Academy*) as a wagon maker. As such he would have been contributing to the business and/or making wagons on his own for as many as five to six years. This would have given him and/or his father a largess of funds. Remember his father has already been dealing in real estate for quite a few years in Manlius Four Corners.

I believe he may have been a part of a family consortium, formed for the purpose of setting themselves up in the wilderness with ample land. Then again, perhaps it just might have happened that

<sup>6</sup> Patent # 2777, 24 Apr 1841, NE 1/4, Sec 22. Spring Prairie, Wisc, 160 A.

<sup>7</sup> Patent # 5532, 20 May 1841, W1/2SW + SE 1/4, Sec 27, Hebron, ILL, 240 A.

## Chapter Thirteen

way. With everyone just taking advantage of circumstances as they occurred. Given the final result, it looks to me like a lot of planning all around. With more study there might be other conclusions. However, the way I see it they participated in a massive immigration fueled by the availability of cheap land.

They also found themselves wives for the first time outside their exclusive Scottish family group. My first immigrant ancestor, GGG Grandfather Robert Stewart had twelve children, 3 females and 9 males. His spouse, Jane Wilson was undoubtedly a cousin, even though from a different Parish. Of his family, all three females married Stewart cousins and one male also married a Stewart cousin. Further research may even show more marriages to cousins with different surnames.

Now the family was bringing to the new territory eligible males. The only female, Eunice Jane, died shortly after their arrival. RWS I came first and found his wife Susan Ann Ross in 1842. John came four years later and found his life partner, Harriet W. Ehle, in 1847. William Henry came in 1843 and found his mate, Marietta Ehle, Harriet's sister, in 1853. Finally young James Milton found his spouse, Mary Hamilton, a few months later in 1853.

The preceding maps show the area of concentration of land purchases in the Township of Hebron. The land RWS I found evidently satisfied his father and brothers for they all joined in. Even Robert's brother-in-law, Stephen Hulbert, was involved with the family. They were obviously good business men. Their subsequent land dealings with each other and neighbors proves that. It is also obvious that they were determined to carve their niche out of the wilderness with hard work. I have farmed enough to know what farming can be without tractors, equipment and even more important, milking machines!

### **In addition to the purchases shown on the foregoing map Graphic No 54, the following were also purchases of Public Patent Land by the Stewart family.**

Robert W. Stewart I, US Pat. #2777, NE, Sec. # 22, 160 acres, Spring Prairie, Walworth, Territory of Wisconsin, 25 Mar 1841, File: WI2510\_\_\_.353.pdf.

James Stewart, US Pat. #12854, SENW, Sec #13, 40 acres, Richmond, McHenry, Illinois, 1 May 1845, File:IL0960\_\_230.pdf.

### **Additionally there were some small purchases in Linn (*Lynn, original spelling.*) Township just north of Hebron.**

C. L. Autman to Robert Wright Stewart of Hebron, McHenry, Illinois, 21 Apr 1845, Book # 5, page # 55, Section # 4, twenty four acres, \$120.00, Linn Township, Walworth, Territory of Wisconsin. (*Not transcribed*)

C. L. Autman to James Stewart of Hebron, McHenry, Illinois, 21 Nov 1845, Book # 5, page #499-500, Section #4, 76 acres, \$100.00, Linn Township, Walworth, Territory of Wisconsin. (*Not transcribed*)

## **PUBLIC LAND PURCHASED**

ROBERT W: 960 A + JOHN: 280 A + JAMES: 200 A + Wm H: 160 A = **1890 A**  
Land from Illinois Archives; RWS I 160A + JOHN 200A+ WmH: 40A = 400A  
Total = **2290 A**

**OTHER LAND PURCHASED**

ROBERT W: 160 A + JAMES: 277 A + JOHN: 80 A + Wm H: 120 A = **637A**

Total land purchases by family = **2,927**

These totals are not accurate as there are other purchases coming to light as research goes on. Just add 10 or 20 percent, or who knows how much. They had a lot of land.



**Graphic No. 56**

**My Grandfather, John James Stewart I with corn grown in the Back Forty. He is at the front porch of the tenant house, on the FranElChar farm, where Robert Wright Stewart II family lived from 1910 to 1954.**

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

### A LOOK INTO THE LAND OF THE HEBRON PRAIRIE

I was born and raised on the Hebron Prairie on a portion of the land my GGG Grandfather, RWS I, first acquired in Section 27. I was active in farming there all during my high school days and before, and I was in partnership with my father, RWS II, for three years after my marriage. On this basis I think I am qualified to use my own analysis of the topography and soil. The bulk of RWS I's farm land lay north of the Nippersink Creek. A small branch of the creek<sup>1</sup> drained the farm land and fed directly south to the center of the loop of the Nippersink. One of the first things he did was to form a drainage district with all the land owners in the watershed draining into the creek. The district deepened the creek bed, extending open drainage further north at least a mile. They installed a thirty-six-inch drainage tile from the northeast and a sixteen-inch from the northwest joining and emptying into the newly dug head of the creek.

Each land owner was then responsible for installing tile for individual field drainage on their properties. These laterals were usually four, six, eight and twelve inches in diameter depending on the area to be drained. The smaller tile were twelve inches long. The sixteen inch and above were twenty-four and thirty-six inches long for the twenty-four and thirty-six inch diameter tile. The tile were laid in a trench at a depth so that each lateral had a one to two degree slope into the top of the larger tile. Or in the case of the thirty-six-inch dumping into the creek, above normal water level. Each tile was laid end to end with no grout leaving small cracks between, so that water seeped through the cracks into the tile, flowing down into the larger tile and thence into the creek

### THE BACK FORTY

My father started operating his farm in the early 1900's. On the north half of the remaining original Stewart farmland, there was a forty-acre field, known to us as the "back forty", of virgin land in the far northwest corner. This field was one half mile, 180 rods (*1 rod = 16.5 feet*) long and 40 rods wide. Hence each rod in width equaled one acre. This field of wetlands and oak groves was almost completely surrounded by the same type virgin land of the neighbors, Vander Karr on the west, Gates (*later Emerson*) on the north and Fredricks on the east. Fredricks' land was the only wetland actively farmed, being about a foot higher in elevation than the rest of the surrounding land being bog or wetland used only for pasturage.

The land in this "back forty" is quite unique. The far northeast corner is a small hill about fifteen to twenty feet high with a permanent growth of June grass, a.k.a. Kentucky Blue Grass, and fifteen or so young Burr Oak trees. The only use for this hill was harvesting a hay crop now and again when the summer pasture was restricted to the lower twenty acres. This was one of my favorite places on the

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<sup>1</sup> Now known as the "Vander Karr Creek, Hebron Township Plat Map 2007.

farm. Often when there, I would lie on the soft grass and gaze at the sky dreaming of the future. I had hoped to build a home there one day, but that was not to be.

Below the hill and taking in the northern two-thirds of the field was bog land. This soil is probably the most fertile soil on the whole prairie. It consists of fine black, spongy soil resembling carbon black from a chimney. The depth can be up to two feet in most places. Below that lies brown peat, as that dug in Ireland and burned for fuel after drying. The depth of the peat is unknown; I have gone as deep as eight feet without reaching clay or rock. That was called 'getting stuck with a tractor'! There are other smaller areas of this peat bog or as it is known, 'wetland' on the surrounding farms, as well as RWS I's farmland. I think this was his primary reason for settling on the Hebron Prairie.

The southern ten to twelve acres was thick oak grove when I first saw it. My Grandfather, John J. Stewart I, started harvesting these trees and my father finished the job. I remember my brother, John, using dynamite to remove stumps. Here was my first technically difficult farm job was to plant corn on that ten acres of the south end of the "back forty." (*See Chapter Twenty, page 178*)

The watershed was the prime mover for this farm. Having seen many seasons of rain on that farm, I can imagine what it was like before the drainage system was functioning. From my observation, when it would rain the fields would flood from a few inches to three feet. This includes a lot of runoff from the northeast and northwest. On my father's 167 acres nearly half would be covered with shallow ponds. The shallow basin in the "back forty" would be covered except for the hill and the south ten or so acres. These ponds were left after all runoff had occurred. The remainder would have to drain through the tile system, which would take about a week, sometimes longer. Before the drainage system was installed, it would have taken months for the basins to dry and some places would be permanently wet or "wetlands." This is not a problem as long as there is enough land that is higher and drier for farming, which RWSI had an ample supply of.

### ROBERT WRIGHT MEETS HIS MATCH

Back to RWS I. I left him in the midst of his work in Illinois on his farm. He has another great incentive, having met a very intriguing young woman that has taken his eye and his heart. He has been working continuously carving a working farm out of the wilderness on the Hebron prairie. There is proof in a County History that he had settled prior to 1840 even though he does not show up in that Census<sup>2</sup>. It has him 'squatted' on his land in 1838, 'where he has since resided'.

He has neighbors that are supportive, having bought land Patents also. There were Bela Tryon and Alvin Parker to the east, with whom he would dedicate a contiguous cemetery on the southeast corner of his farm. On the 16th of June in 1841 his sister, Eunice Jane,<sup>3</sup> died and would be the first to be buried there. Her death occurred three days after arriving from New York with her father, James and family. She was just 18 years old. She had been sickly and frail, suffering from consumption (*tuberculosis*) for some time.

It's time again to look into the heart and mind of this ancestor to see how he established his dynasty on the Hebron Prairie. He traveled across four states in search of that ever-elusive place, 'The Land of His Dreams'. Now he has found it and the next phase of his life begins. Here is the continuing saga of Robert Wright Stewart the First and, Susan Ann Ross, the woman of his dreams.

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<sup>2</sup> History of McHenry County, Illinois, Inter-state Publishing Co, Chicago, 1885, page 722.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid, page 723.



## Chapter Fourteen

Robert, hurried, almost running, into the Ross home. "Susan Ann, . . . ah, umm, can we talk?"

"Yes, Robert, . . . I've been waiting three whole weeks for you to come and talk to me."

"Please call me Robbie, it's what Granma called Granpa. I was named for him." Robert smiled. "We met almost a year ago. It seems like we have known each other for a long time. You're so easy to talk to, just like a friend." He took a deep breath, "It's like, well, like when Palmer and I came from New York together. We could talk all day while we were driving the oxen."

Susan stared out the window, her mouth turned up into a soft grin, "Robbie . . . ROBBIE . . . I like the sound of that name." Turning slowly to him, "Now what is it you have on your mind?"

"Ah, well . . . I . . . ugh, umm, could I, . . . er, . . . keep . . . ah----." His face reddening, he said, "S-s-susan--Ann--could--I--court--you?"

Still grinning,, "Well, Robbie, that would please me very much, but you'll have to ask Daddy first. After all I'm only sixteen . . . and a half,"

Taking her willing hand, "Oh, I will Susan Ann, first thing tomorrow morning."

So began the courtship of Susan Ann Ross. Robert would spend several weeks in Illinois, working on his farm. Then he would travel to Geneva for several days to help the Ross boys and their father on their farms and to spend some short, but luxurious time with Susan..

Robert and the Ross men, together, built several houses and a barn or two in Wisconsin. Together they built Robert's house and some out buildings in Hebron. Time seemed to fly for Robert. He would visit with Susan and then rush back to Hebron to work on his house or to the field planting, then harvesting. He managed to start a substantial flock of sheep. He hired a man to help him with the farm work and stay on the farm to watch the sheep when he was absent in Geneva.

When his house was finally closed in enough to move into, he folded his tent for the last time. He invited the whole Ross family from Geneva for, as he said, a 'house warming'. Robert also invited his neighbors, the Parkers, the Tryons, the Giddings, and a few other families; they all had a wonderful time getting to know one another. Robert Wright Stewart the First has prospered. He was a farmer, a member of the community and above all, a landowner.

Early in 1840 he received a letter from his father saying he was coming to join Robert in Hebron as soon as he could finish disposing of their house, wagon business and all his other property in Manlius Four Corners. James expressed praise for the way son Robert had settled on land and started his farming career. But, what was that final sentence in his last letter.? About a pretty girl?

"Ah, Susan Ann, my father is going to bring my family to Hebron soon. That means you and I could, ah, maybe . . . ."

"Oh Robbie, I know. Haven't we talked about this? We think highly of each other and may want to spend our lives together on your farm in Illinois."

"But Susan Ann, I want you to marry me."

"I love you, an' we can let Daddy know soon, just let's wait a little longer until I'm more sure." Her face brightened. "Mother made a new dress for my twentieth birthday. Will you take me to the party at church Saturday?"

"Yes, Susan."

And so it went, every time Robert would bring up the subject of their marriage, Susan would distract him. This time when he went back to his farm, instead of going to work, he told his farmhand, "I'm going to take a little trip tomorrow morning, early. I'll be back in four or five days."

He repacked his saddle bags and early the next morning he set out for Chicago. It took him almost two days to get there. He spent a day searching before he found precisely his need. After he made

## Chapter Fourteen

his purchase, he went to the Federal Land office to make sure he had all the proper information and forms he would have to turn in when the Survey was done. They told him it would be almost another year before he could turn them in.

Then two days home again. He felt satisfaction in what he had done on his trip. He had a surprise for Susan and was extremely happy. Instead of working for two or three weeks, the very next morning he headed right up to Geneva, singing songs he sang in church and whistling tunes heard when he took Susan to the church party. Arriving in the afternoon, he made it known to Susan he wanted to talk to her . . . alone.

After supper they left her parents doing the dishes and went out into the summer evening. Outside under the trees, his face serious with lips pressed thin, he took Susan's left hand in his, and quickly slipped a silver ring on her finger. "There Susan Ann, I have done it and I won't take no for an answer!"

Susan looked at the ring for a moment, her face coloring, her mouth saying "O", though no sound came. Then with her little grin, "Robbie, I can . . . no, I want to . . . I, . . . I don't know what to say . . ."

"Then say yes!"

"YES!"

Robert's face lit up. "Now we can talk about when. I will speak to your father right now, tonight!"

"All right, Robert."

He turned to go to the house. Softly, Susan said, "Robbie, wait."

He turned back and was met by Susan's soft kiss on his lips. Pulling back, Susan breathed, "I've been waiting a long time to do that Robbie."

Robert hesitated, kissed her again . . . then turned and walked very fast to the door of the house. "Morris, ah, Mr. Ross. . . ."

"Yes, Robert, in the parlor."

Breathing deeply, he entered the parlor. "Mr. Ross I would like to talk to you of something of grave importance."

"It sounds very important, so go right ahead," Morris said,

"Mr. Ross, ah, . . . y-y-you gave your permission some time ago for me to court Susan Ann and I have . . . ah . . . we have . . . ough, Mr. Ross, we are engaged, with your permission of course!"

"Well, congratulations Robert, you took a little longer than Mother thought and a lot longer than I figured. Yes, you and Susan may become engaged. When will the wedding be?"

"I don't know yet, it was a hard row for me to hoe, just to get a ring on her finger. Your daughter has a mind of her own and sometimes it's hard to see what's going on in there." Sighing, "I really want to keep looking though."

And so Robert and Susan Ann were engaged to be married. But when? She accepted the ring with exuberance. Now Robert must convince her that an early wedding would fit nicely into his plans. Even so, he had more work to do before the house in Hebron would be ready for his bride. The next months were devoted to making sure the house would be fit for a lady such as Susan. After all, she had three older sisters who, as their goal, saw to it she did not succumb to the rudeness of the wilderness nor of their four much wilder brothers. Robert could not remember if he had ever seen Susan dressed in anything other than clean, well cared for dresses. To himself, "Humpf, she sure IS a lady!"

They spent the next six months finishing the houses and preparing for winter. It turned out to be quite cold but their houses were well heated and much better than Robert's tent!

## Chapter Fourteen

*Morris and his two sons, William and Brittain, Robert, and Palmer Gardiner rode into Milwaukee together before the snows arrived. They had to submit their Patent applications and pay for the land they were buying at the Federal Land Office.*

*The next time he went to the Ross house Spring was in the air. Susan was dancing around the kitchen as he entered. "Oh, Robbie, a letter came for you. I think it's from your father. Here it is."*

*Robert took the letter, tore it open and without looking at it, smiled and handed it to Susan, "You read it aloud, Susan."*

*He sat down and waited as a smiling Susan unfolded the letter and began to read. "Dear Robert, We have nearly completed our tasks of ridding ourselves of all our real estate and personal belongings we will not need in Illinois. I have finished the new wagon for moving, John and I will load it this week.*

*Your mother, Jane and young James Milton will be traveling with us down the Erie Canal as far as Buffalo. From there they will travel by boat to Milwaukee as you said they should. John and I will be driving the wagon the rest of the way to Illinois. I have told your mother you would meet her when she arrives with Jane and James Milton. I have said goodbye to my congregation. It was a sad time for me.*

*John, James Milton and Jane have finished at the Academy and William has started his apprenticeship with Judge Watson. He will follow us to Hebron when he passes the state examination for lawyering. John and I should arrive sometime mid-June. You have your mother's schedule. Meet her!*

*Your Father, Deacon James."*

*"Well, it seems you're going to meet my family."*

*"Oh, yes Robbie, I am so thrilled and excited. I knew there was something important in that letter. I can't wait to meet your sister."*

*"Well now my love, don't you think it's time we set the date for our wedding? My mother will think I don't know how to find, much less keep a wife."*

*"All right, I'll talk to your mother when she comes and we can set the date together. I love you very much, Robbie."*

*Robert still felt impatient as he always was. It took such a long time for anything to happen, especially with Susan. He felt a flood of, of . . . 'passion.' The word ricocheted through his mind. He and Susan had hugged and cuddled quite a few times. He wasn't quite sure what would happen when they were man and wife, but he was quite sure he wanted it to happen. He was no dummy; he was a farmer. "Robert, stop that, you're just making yourself miserable," he thought.*

*He threw himself into his work on the farm. He had gone to Milwaukee and met Mother, Jane and James. Jane was very pale, "I've been sick all the way here," she said. "I didn't know you could get seasick on a lake. But then with this stupid consumption everything feels bad."*

*Robert helped her into the wagon where he had arranged a straw mattress for her to lie on and a chair to sit in. His mother smiled at the tenderness he showed his sister. Almost all the way home Robert told them all about Susan. After listening to Robert ramble on for several hours, eleven-year-old James Milton laughed, "I'm going to find me a wilderness wife too! She sounds just like someone I would want."*

*After he showed the three of them his house, he said, "Mother, you and Father will share the big bedroom when he gets here." Then he added, "You still sleep in the same bed?"*

*By the time his father was due he had finished the house and made some furniture. His sheep had lambed and they were doing well. Some barley and oats carpeted several fields green. A small plot of flax near the house was growing tall. It felt so grand standing with the sun on his back looking out over*

## Chapter Fourteen

*the fields he had planted with his own hand. He mused, "Soon I'll have to build more fences for my sheep. It's been a grand three years."*

*He was working on a surprise for Susan in the little shed next to the house. He was building a buggy. He remembered how his father had made them and had shown him some tricks that saved a lot of time when making the wheels and axles.*

*As he was giving the buggy its last coat of black paint he spied a wagon turning into the lane. John was driving. He gave a whoop. Running toward Robert without stopping the oxen, he said, "Robbie, we're here, we're here!" They hugged and danced around him as they did when they were children. "What a magnificent farm you have in the wilderness. I can't wait till I build my house."*

*Robert smiled. "I can show you how to get your farm, I just bought another forty acres about a month ago in Chicago."*

*Swelling his chest, John replied, "You don't need to. When we came through Chicago, father and I got some maps. I'll show you where, They're really near. We are going back to Chicago to the land office as soon as we can to buy 160 acres for Dad and 40 acres for me."*

*Robert admired his brother John. He had such energy, "running when walking will do," he muttered to himself. "John always seems to have such a lot of fun though. Father says John will get there before I do. I just would like to know where 'there' is."*

*Jane never recovered from the boat trip across the lakes. Her fever got worse and her coughing never stopped. Early in the morning on June 16th, she breathed her last. Robert had stayed with his little sister and Mother all through the night, running to get things she needed or seemed to want. He told her, "Janey, I will name my first girl Eunice Jane for you and our Grandmothers." She had smiled and nodded her head but did not reply.*

*James had little to say. His face drawn and tired looking. As Deacon he performed the blessings and the eulogy for his daughter. The last he said was, "She had so little comfort in her life."*

*Robert raised his tear stained face to him. "Father, I have a place in mind where Jane would be happy in her rest. Come with me, I will show you. They walked east from the house on the unpaved road about a quarter mile to a post at the edge of the road. Pointing to the post, he said, "Mr. Parker and I have agreed we would set aside a place to bury our dead on our farms next to each other. I want Jane here."*

*They laid Jane to rest there in the Hebron Prairie, her father presiding.*

*The whole Ross family had come to the funeral. From the moment she arrived, Susan had clung to Robert. "I am so very sorry I never got to know your sister, Robert. She must have been a wonderful girl."*

*"Aye, Susan she was that. Even when most sick she always smiled and always laughed at my stupid jokes. I will miss her greatly."*

*"I've talked to your Mother and we agreed it would not be right for us to marry right now. She said since they were staying in your house until your Father got his house built, it would not be a good idea for us to start our life together with them in the way. She suggested when they move out we marry. What do you think of that?"*

*He said, "You and Mother make sense. Besides I need some time to come to grips with life without Jane. Mother and Father were expecting this, but it's even hard for them now she's gone."*

*With the arrival of his family, Robert's work day lengthened. He had much field work to do, fences to build and the sheep were overdo for shearing. His father was starting to build his house half*

## Chapter Fourteen

*mile down the road to the west on his land Patent in Section 28. He felt the need to help him with that, especially if it would make his wedding day arrive faster.*

*"Father, I think we need to hire some help to build your house. Susan and I were to be married right after you arrived, but we have delayed until you and Mother have a place to live."*

*"I know Robert, I agree with you. I already hired a carpenter, and am looking for a laborer to fetch lumber, supplies and help the carpenter."*

*"How about John?"*

*"He's already digging trenches for the foundation then he will haul in rocks to build it. His brother Milton is our 'gitme'."*

*"Father, what in the world is a gitme?"*

*"Well, when the carpenter needs nails he yells, 'gitme some nails,' young James runs to the wagon and gets nails for him."*

*A thoughtful look came over Robert's face, "Father, gitme a wife!"*

*"We will have to see that you and Susan have your wedding soon. How would it be if we can have our house all settled by the end of the year. Then you two can have your wedding within a month after, say February?"*

*It happened, though a little later than planned; Robert Wright Stewart I and Susan Ann Ross were married February 22, 1842 in Geneva, Walworth County, Wisconsin. They moved into the house he had built for her on what is now known as the Stewart Homestead. (See their wedding photo in Appendix H, Graphic No. 193, page 336.)*

*Almost exactly one year later, February 26, 1843, a little girl child was born to them. They named her Eunice Jane, who, as she grew, became Jennie E. The promise Robert made to his sister, Eunice Jane, was fulfilled.*

### LIFE BEGINS AND ENDS

Robert prospered. Adding more land to his already large holdings. His father James, brothers John, William H., James Milton and he had control over nearly 4,000 acres of fertile Illinois Prairie land. By 1853 all were married and raising families.

All the James Stewart family had now moved from New York and was busily farming in Hebron. James and John are on their own farms near Robert's. William H. arrived after he passed the Bar Examination in 1843 in New York and purchased his own Land Patent farm nearby. Stephen Hulbert, with his wife, Ann Wright and their family, came also. They are helping each other build their house and out buildings just as Robert had done with the Ross family. John married Harriet Ehle in 1847. They all had hired men for farm work and women to help their wives. In the 1850 Census, Robert had two Irish farm hands, 18 and 22 years of age. He also had an Irish woman of age 25, to help Susan with housework. James and Sarah had a 22-year-old German woman for help. John had a local girl of 16 to help Harriet.

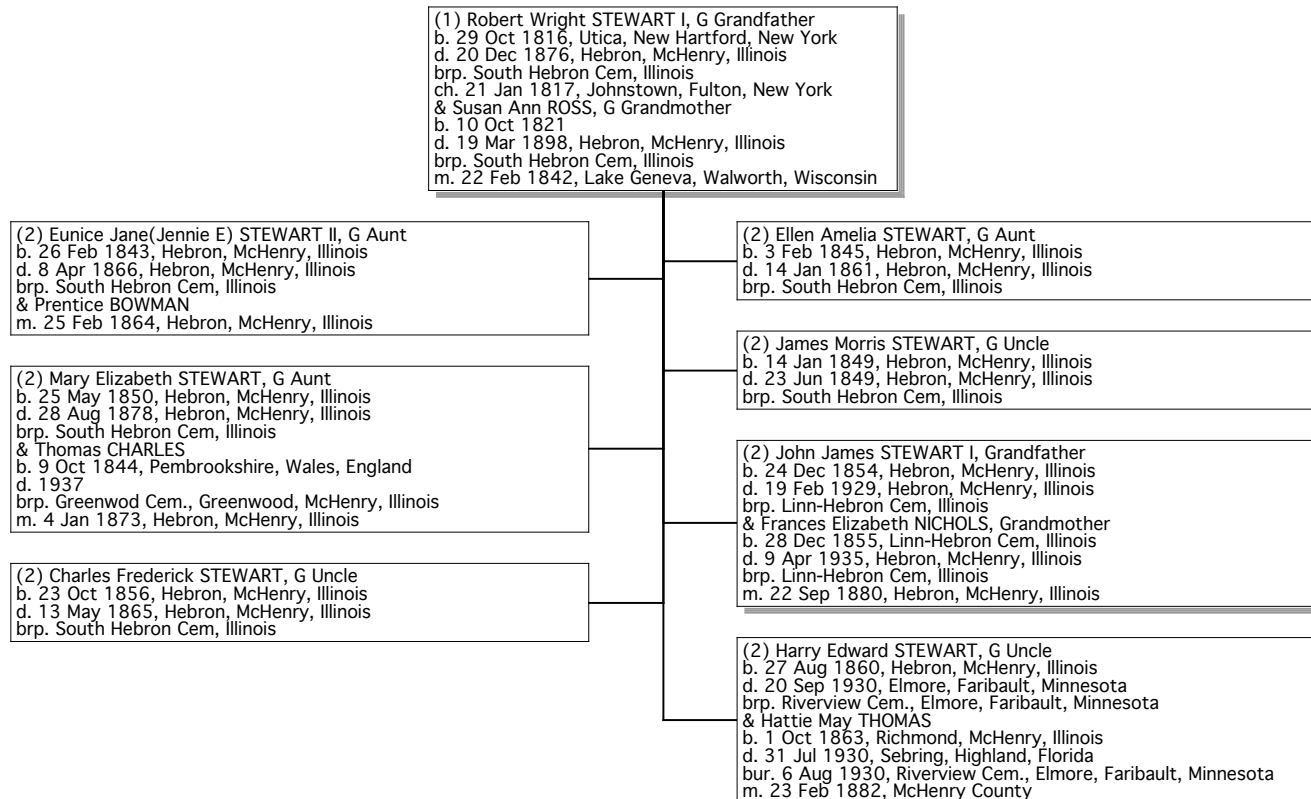
There was much activity in the United States at this time. It was a period of immense growth. New territories and states were being created; towns and villages springing up where ever there was potable water and fertile land. A wave of migrants swept over the land leaving detritus of names, crops, fences, roads, houses, towns and cities.

Most folks did not know, and if they did, may not even cared that this land was occupied by another people, called Indians. They were displacing, sometimes with force, the people they thought owned the land. What made it easy was the **Indians did not seem** to own it. These Stewart emigrants

## Chapter Fourteen

had been treated badly in their own country, now tasted the freedom that comes with owning land. They drank deeply of that freedom.

Robert and Susan are married and have started their family. Jennie E. (Eunice Jane) was born 1843, Ellen Amelia in 1845, James Morris in 1849, Mary Elizabeth in 1850, John James in 1854, Charles Fredrick in 1856 and Harry Edward in 1860. Tragedy struck this family several times in the ensuing years. First was James Morris who died within six months of birth. The next was Ellen Amelia, age sixteen, who died, cause unknown, in 1861. Then Charles Fredrick died at age nine, in 1865. Jennie E. (Eunice Jane II) married Prentice Bowman in 1864. A little over two years later she died at age twenty-three giving birth to a daughter, Susie, who also died. Mary Elizabeth married Thomas Charles in 1873. Their second child died at age three months of unknown cause. Mary died one month after the birth of



**Graphic No. 57**  
**My G Grandfather Robert Wright Stewart I's family chart.**

their third child, at age twenty-eight. Of Robert and Susan's seven children, only John James and Harry Edward lived to maturity. See Robert and Susan's descendant chart above.

Tragedy was not limited to just this family. Robert Wright Stewart's brother, John and wife Harriet also experienced loss of children. Between 1861 and 1865 they lost four children. Three, Sarah Catherine (*Kittie age nine*), Robert Wright (*Robbie age six*) and Elizabeth Adelia (*Lizzie age one*) all died within four weeks, 26 Dec 1861 to 20 Jan 1862, of Diphtheria<sup>4</sup>. Anna Margaret died at age eight-and-one-half years in 1865. In addition, in the Stewart Cemetery, next to their headstones is a small stone simply chiseled, "Infant," to designate another loss. John and Harriet adopted a little girl, Louella

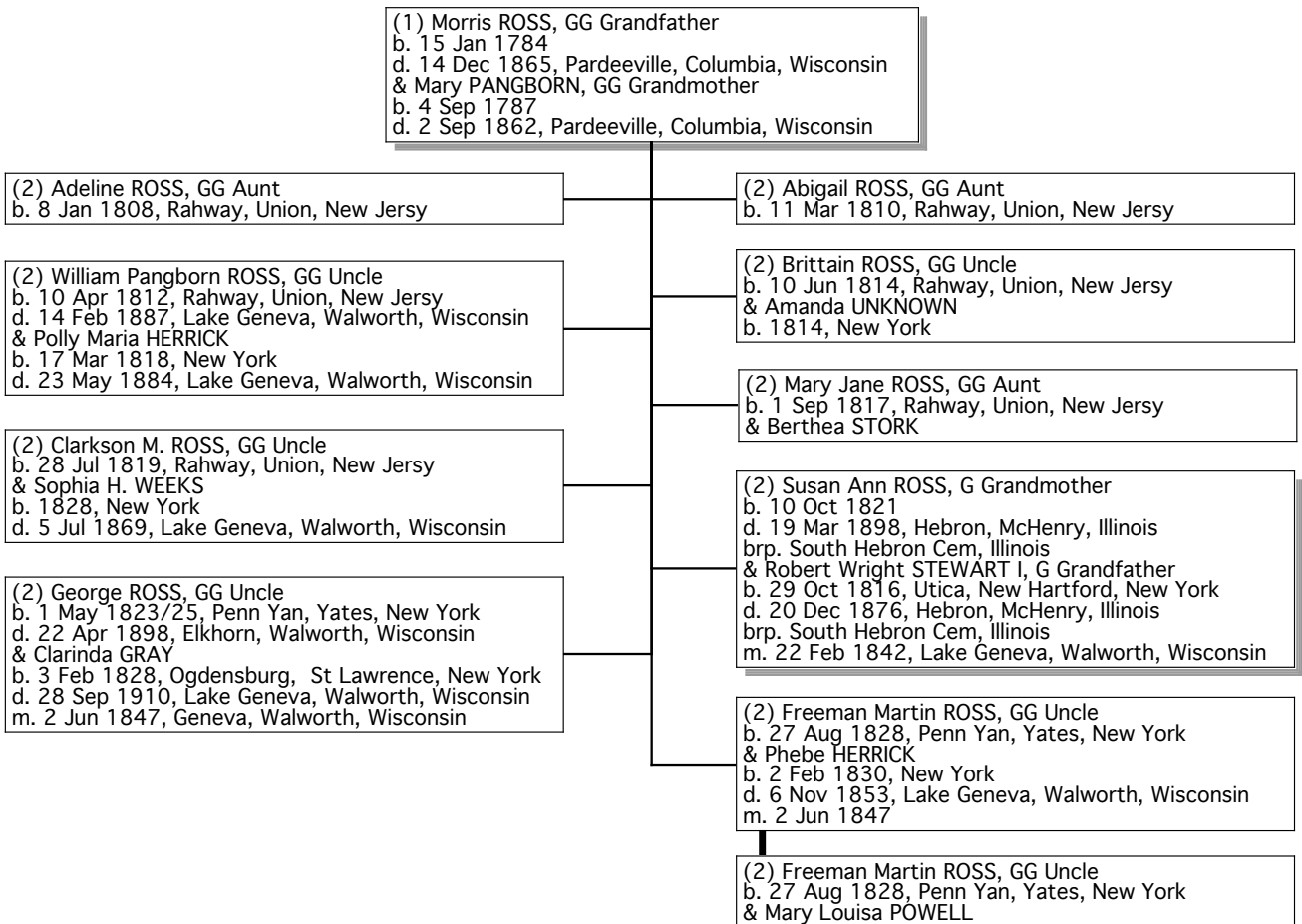
<sup>4</sup> Woodstock, Illinois Daily Sentinel, 29 Jan 1862.

## Chapter Fourteen

Tucker<sup>5</sup>, perhaps to replace the loss of all their daughters. Louella married a Charles Weter who died age forty-nine; she lived to a ripe age of ninety-seven. She died in 1956. Harriet, another heroic farm woman, birthed ten (*or eleven*<sup>6</sup>) children. Six boys reached maturity.

James and Sarah did not escape from this catastrophic epidemic either. In addition to Eunice Jane's death shortly after their arrival in Hebron in 1841, more tragedy would befall them. Youngest son James Milton married Mary Hamilton in 1853. They had a son, William Jesse, in 1855. James Milton died in 1858. Then Sarah's husband, James, died in March of 1863. In June of 1863, Mary Hamilton Stewart died, leaving William Jesse orphaned.

William Henry's family seemed to have escaped the tragedy of the mid-19<sup>th</sup> century. Perhaps



### Graphic No.58

#### My GG Grandfather, Morris Ross' family chart.

since they only had two children their chances were better. He also served in the Civil War, was wounded and then returned to active duty after several months of recuperation. (*See Appendix G, page 310.*)

### THE ROSS' OF GENEVA, WISCONSIN

<sup>5</sup> Obit of Edward Marshal Stewart of Richmond, IL May 22, 1929.

<sup>6</sup> There is a small headstone in the John Stewart plot marked simply "Infant", Stewart (S. Hebron) Cemetery.



## Chapter Fourteen

According to the Walworth County History<sup>7</sup>, Morris Ross, his wife and family of nine children came from New York to Geneva Township, Walworth County, Territory of Wisconsin in 1836-8. Morris and his two oldest sons bought Land Patents about the same time as RWS I bought the Spring Prairie Patent. Just when Susan was discovered by Robert, it is unknown.

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<sup>7</sup> History of Walworth County, Wisconsin, 1912 Albert Clayton Beckwith, page 1095.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

### LAND ON THE HEBRON PRAIRIE \* PHASE TWO

This Chapter deals chronologically with land the Stewarts sold, to themselves and to others. There appears to be a few documents missing. John Stewart sold a lot of land for which I do not have any documents to substantiate his ownership. All this information is necessary to the completeness of this book even though it is rather tedious. It does tell the story of the Stewart land dealings. There was a legal limitation of six-hundred-forty acres an individual could purchase of Public Lands. It seems that part of the Land Act of 1820 was not enforced. Perhaps that is the reason the Stewarts purchased some of the land from individuals. I believe land wasn't available where they wanted it so they purchased it wherever they could.

The land was disposed of by the authority of many acts of Congress, homesteading, warrants for military service, timber culture, mining, etc. One of the primary purposes of these public land laws was to encourage people from the East to move West. In the early 1800's people could buy public land for \$1.25 an acre. For a time, they could buy up to six-hundred-forty acres under this law. The sale of public land under the "Cash Act" is no longer in effect. Several Military Warrant Acts granted public land to soldiers instead of pay or bonuses. These acts have been repealed or expired.

Due to the tremendous amount of land sold in the 1800's, the General Land Office experienced quite a backlog in the middle part of the 19th century. It was not unusual for several years to pass between the time an individual purchased land from the local land office and the time a patent for that tract was finally signed by the GLO in Washington, D.C.

Some patents have the word "Pre-emption" in the upper left-hand corner. "Pre-emption" was a tactful way of saying "squatter". In other words, the settler was physically on the property before the GLO officially sold or even surveyed the tract, and he was thus given a preemptive right to acquire the land from the United States. It is presumed the purchaser had paid the \$1.25 per acre required by law. It should also be noted the original document prepared in these land purchases was in duplicate. One for the purchaser and one to be sent to Washington, both prepared by scribes. In Washington another duplicate set of documents was prepared for signature by the authorized individual. This is the one recorded and dated when it was signed in Washington. The time involved was one to several years. (*See Patent granted to Palmer Gardner; Appendix B, Graphic No. 131, page 221.*)

The land dealers who were in the push only for profit had finally Patented and sold all the land they could get. The reason I mention this here is that Hebron Township had its big land dealer. It wasn't one of the Stewarts either. His name was James Adsit. There are several of his land Patents shown in Appendix A. I began looking at his purchases when one of RWS I's Warrants<sup>1</sup> and one of Mr. Adsit's Patents<sup>2</sup> were on the same forty acres in Section # 22.. In other words, perhaps the General Land Office of the United States sold a piece of property twice. RWS I won out, I presume due to his brother Wil-

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<sup>1</sup> <http://www.aapld.org/genealogyclass/illinoisources.html>, ILL. Vol. 684, p. 251, NENE, Sec #22, 40 A.

<sup>2</sup> US Patent #26195, NENE, Sec. # 22, 40 acres, Hebron, McHenry, Illinois, 1 May 1849.

liam's legal training and it may have been when William H. Stewart was County Clerk. Given Mr. Adsit's apparent aptitude and government bureaucracy, it would not seem to be an unusual occurrence.

Pursuing this Mr. Adsit, I did two searches on the GLO website. First I looked for ALL the Patents issued for the Township of Hebron from the Chicago GLO. There were a total of about 235 Patents issued, eleven of which were issued to Mr. Adsit (*they are listed in Appendix A, page 191*). The list shows all the names of Patentees issued Patents for the entire Township. I included this list in its entirety to show all the names of the original homesteaders in Hebron.

Next, I did a search for all Patents issued to Mr. Adsit from the Chicago GLO. He purchased over 250 Patents, mostly in northern Illinois. How could he get around the 640 acre limitation? Perhaps it was not rigidly enforced. I did not include them here for they would not serve any purpose for this history other than to illustrate the persistence of Mr. Adsit in his money-making scheme. Since there were other Government Land Offices in Illinois and the Territory of Wisconsin, I presume he worked them also.

**25 Mar 1841, Patent No. 2777, File: WI2510\_.353.pdf,** (*See Appendix B, Graphic No. 129, page 219.*) This is the first Stewart land transaction found in the midwest. The Patent was originally granted in the Milwaukee Land Office at least in 1837, more than likely much earlier. It granted 160 acres in Spring Prairie Township, (*Township # 3 North, Range 18 East*) North East Quarter of Section Number 22. It was sold by Deacon James and Sarah in 1842.

**20 Oct 1842, File: TDJames\_Sarah>BLReed1842,** Grant Deed: James and Sarah Stewart to Benj. L Reed, 20 Oct 1842 recorded in Walworth Co., Wisconsin, Book No. 002 Page 428, dated 21 Oct. 1842. The first Stewart sale was actually not made in Illinois, but in Walworth County Wisconsin. This was the 160 acre Patent purchased by RWS I, for \$200.00. The sale was made by James and Sarah Stewart, 20 Oct 1842 to Benjamin L. Read of Walworth County in the amount of \$500.00. That was a net profit of \$300.00! I did not find a Deed of Trust in Walworth County transferring the property to James and Sarah, but RWS I was a witness to the transaction. Walworth Co. Deeds Record Book #2, page # 428. 1842. Perhaps a Quit Claim Deed should have been searched for.

**17 Jun 1844, File:TDJames>PWCase1844,** The next transaction was a sale of 160 acres by James and Sarah Stewart to P. W. Case, of the land purchased from the GLO by James, Patent # 8766, 10



**Graphic No. 60**

**John Stewart, my GG Uncle, Homestead as shown in the Combination Atlas of McHenry County, Ill. Published 1872 by Everts, Baskin & Stewart, Chicago, Ill and reprinted by the McHenry County Illinois Genealogical Society, 1985. Reprinted by permission.**

## Chapter Fifteen

Mar 1843, E1/2NW + W1/2NE of Section # 38 for \$239.79. McHenry Co. Deeds Record Book #D, Pages 226-7, 1844.

**1 Mar 1845, File:TDRobertWI>James1845**, RWS I sold to his father, James Stewart, 200 acres he had purchased under three Patents: # 5532, W1/2SW, Section # 27, 80 acres; #8767, SE1/4NE, Section # 28, 40 acres; #8950, E1/2NE, Section # 33, 80 acres; all for \$370.00. Evidently to make their farms contiguous. McHenry Co. Deed Records Book #45, pages #229-30, 14 Jun 1870.

**1 Mar 1845, File:TDJames>John1845**, James sold to his son John Stewart 160 acres for \$250.00. Part of the land he had purchased from RWS I in the preceding paragraph: W1/2SW, Section # 27, 80 acres + SE1/4SE, Section # 28, 40 acres; part he had purchased from J. W. Burt, NE1/4NE, Section # 28, 40 acres. McHenry Co Deeds Record Book #20, page #260, 26 Jul 1858

**21 June 1850, File:TDJohn>James1850**, John Stewart sold to his father, James Stewart, a part of the SE quarter of Section # 28 described as follows: "Commencing at the center of Section # 28 . . . East along the quarter line sixteen 73/100 chains to a Burr Oak. Thence south nineteen degrees west twenty 64/100 chains to past standing. Two hundred seventeen links south of northeast corner of south east quarter of south west quarter of Section #28. Thence north on line of eighties twenty one 89/100 chains to place of beginning." The Deed does not state the acreage of this parcel, nor the total acreage of the sale. (*NOTE: One chain = 66 ft = 100 links. I laid this out on a 40 acre map. The parcel described appears to be about 20 acres. The map may be highly inaccurate, but does give an idea of the 'lie of the land'. BS*). Also the E1/2NW, Section # 33, 80 acres + W1/2NW + NE1/4NW, Section # 27, 120 acres + NE1/4NE, Section # 28, 40 acres. Selling price \$280.00 for nearly 260 acres. John bought the 80 acres in Section # 33 under Patent #7425, the 60+ acres in Section # 28 under Patent # 17756. I have no idea where he purchased the 120 acres in Section # 27. The GLO has no record of sale of those two parcels. McHenry Co Deeds Record Book #5, page #456, 19 Dec 1852.

**15 Feb 1851, File:TDWmH>RobertWI1851**, William H. Stewart sold to RWS I 120 acres he had bought under Patent # 38700, W1/2SE, Section # 22, 80 acres + NW1/4NE, Section # 27, 40 acres. All for \$1.00! McHenry Co. Deeds Records Book #19, page # 375, 26 Jul 1858

**3 Jun 1853, File:TDJames>JamesM1853**, James Stewart sold to his grandson, James Milton Stewart 560 acres for \$1,000.00. JMS married 1 Sep 1853 to Mary Hamilton, this may have been a family wedding present? S1/2NW + SW, Section # 22, 240 acres + W1/2NW + NENW + W1/2SW, Section # 27, 200 acres + NE1/4NE, Section # 34, 40 acres + W1/2N2, Section # 34, 80 acres. McHenry Co. Deeds Record Book #6, pages #578-9, 21 Jul 1853.

**11 Feb 1858, File:TDRobertWI>M.C.Palmer1858**, RWS I sold to Mary C. Palmer 200 acres for \$2,125.00, W1.2SE + E1/2SE, Section # 15, 160 acres + E1/2N1/2NW, Section # 22, 40 acres. McHenry Co. Deed Records Book #20, page # 178, 5 Jun 1858.

**4 Oct 1858, File:TDJohn>P.J.Erkenbreck1858**, John Stewart sold to P.J. Erkanbreck 6.3 acres. Commencing at the center os Section #28, . . . thence east 48 rods, thence south 40 degrees east 64 rods, thence north 42 rods to place of beginning. McHenry Co. Deeds Record Book #2, page #646, 18 Feb 1859.

**20 Jun 1860, File:TDMaryS<W.J.Hamilton1860**, W. J. Hamilton was Mary Stewart's father. Her husband was James Milton Stewart. The one equal undivided 1/4 of the north 1/2 of Lots # 7 and 8 in Block # 4 being in the Village of Richmond, McHenry Co. These are two residential lots in town. McHenry Co Deed Records Book #25, page # 99, 20 Jun 1860.



**29 Nov 1860, File:TDJames<R.W.Stewart1860**, RWS I deeded land on the south side of the road to father James Stewart. So much of the SESW, Section # 27 . . . as lies south of the center of the Chicago and Madison Road. \$1.00. McHenry Co. Deed Records Book #24, pages #596-7, 29 Nov 1860.

**29 Nov 1860, File:TDJames>WmH.Stewart1860**, James Stewart deeded the very same triangle shaped property south of the road to Wm H. Stewart as the previous entry, "So much of the SE1/4 of Section # 27 . . . south of the center of the Chicago & Madison Road". See Graphic No. 40, page 101 for location of road. In addition James Quit Claimed 47 acres (*note: no acreage given in Deed, calculation by author*) adjacent to the triangle. "Also the westerly part of the NW quarter of Section # 34 . . . as follows: Beginning at the NW corner of said quarter section, thence on the north line of said quarter section 33 50/100 chains. Thence south five degrees west to the south line of said quarter section, thence west 30 chains to the west quarter stake of said section, thence north on the west line of said section to the place of beginning. Excepting the west half of said NW quarter." \$1.00. McHenry Co. Deed Records Book # 24, pages 594-5, 29 Nov 1860.

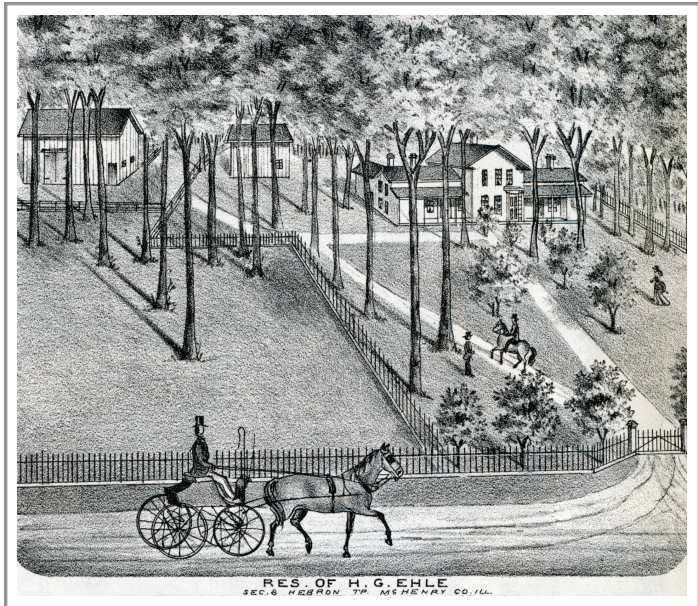
**16 Nov 1861, TDWmH>ABMcConnell1861**, Wm H. Stewart held a mortgage that was defaulted. The property was foreclosed on and sold to the highest bidder. S1/2E1/2NE, Section # 9 in Township #44, N Range # 7E of 3rd PM. Dorr Township, 40 acres, \$200.00. McHenry Co. Deed Records Book #26, pages #362-3, 16 Nov 1861.

**1 Nov 1862, TDJohn>PeterRowe1862**, John Stewart sold to Peter Rowe, W1.2NE, Section # 17, 80 acres, 80 acres, \$2,000.00. McHenry Co. Deed Records Book #33, page # 246, 17 Aug 1864. The price of land is going up.

**30 Sep 1864, TDSarahetal>F.Jones1864**, Sarah Stewart and other heirs sold land after Deacon James Stewart's death in 1863. W12NW + SENW, Section # 22, 120 acres, \$1,200.00. McHenry Co Deed Records Book #31, page #321, 1 Oct 1864.

**25 Nov 1869, TDJohn>C&NWRailway1869**, John Stewart sold a 3/4 mile strip of land to the rail company to build through Hebron to Harvard. "All that part of the SW quarter and the W1/2SE quarter Section # 8 . . . lying south of a line parallel to and 50 feet north of the center of the track of the Kenosha Division of said Railway as now laid down and used containing 6 17/100 acres, \$525.00. McHenry Co. Deed Record Book #45, pages #281-2, 23 Jul 1870.

**28 May 1868, TDJohn<WmJ.[minor]1868**, James Stewart's son, James Milton Stewart, deceased, his wife Mary also deceased, all intestate, leaving a minor child, Wm. Jesse Stewart, as heir.



**Graphic No. 207**

**Henry G. Ehle, brother-in-law of both William Henry and John Stewart, Homestead as shown in the Combination Atlas of McHenry County, Ill Published 1872 by Everts, Baskin & Stewart, Chicago, Ill and reprinted by the McHenry County Illinois Genealogical Society, 1985. Reprinted by Permission**

This property was in possession of Smith Vander Karr which was declared in default and sold to the highest bidder, John Stewart. W1/2SW + NENW, Section # 27, 120 acres, \$1,000.00. McHenry Co Deed Record Book #45, pages #225-6, 4 Jun 1870.

**5 May 1871, TDJohn>H.G.Ehle1871**, John Stewart sold to his brother-in-law 560 acres north and west of the village of Hebron. E1/2NE Section #7, 80 acres, N1/2NW +S1/2NW +W1/2NE +W1/2SE + SW Section #8, 480 acres, \$2,000.00. McHenry Co. Deed Record Book #48, page #67, 6 May 1871.

**11 Jun 1870, TDJohn>C.S.Vanderkarr1870**, John Stewart sold to his son's, James E., future father-in-law 480 acres. SW Section #22, 160 acres, W1/2SW + W1/2NW + NESNW Section #27, 200 acres, NESE Section#28, 40 acres, W1/2NW Section #34, 80 acres, \$6,000.00. McHenry Co. Deed Record Book #47, page #123, 16 Jun 1870.

There are a few more land transactions I have not found in the McHenry County Recorder's office. For example, William H. may have been involved in the tract on Judd Street in the city of Woodstock where he built his house in 1905. There is a plaque on the house stating the date and builder. There is also a transaction in 1880 when he sold his share in the cheese factory on the Homestead to John J. Stewart. I have not included about twenty deed transactions that do not have bearing on the Stewart history involving either a Stewart or land they sold.

I discovered the State of Illinois database<sup>3</sup> on their internet website. This lists land that is not covered by the GLO Patents, as well as the Patent land. Such as land awarded to individuals for military service, etc. These are Warrants that could be purchased from the individual to whom they were awarded. Also school land, railroad land and miscellaneous land from the State. Some of them were recorded and I have them, and was able to add about twelve more land purchases to the Stewarts. (*See Appendix A, Land Patents.*) I hope I can be forgiven for including some of these deeds more than once and some not at all. The total picture is very confusing and to be fully understood would require much time and effort, but could be done.

It clears up the mystery of John Stewart selling land I could not verify as his, at the beginning of this chapter. This list does not show any original documents as the GLO site does. However it does give the Book and Page number of each transaction that is recorded in the Illinois Archive. It also lists the date for RWS I's purchase for the 240 acres in Section # 27 as 1839 instead of 1841. Indicating he did pre-empt the land or as we so lovingly say, "squatted" prior to purchase. It does not, however, mean I have found all the transactions that were made by the family.

### THE STEWART MEN - 1844

*The Stewart family is all together again. Ever since RWS I left Manlius Four Corners in 1836 with Palmer Gardner they had not been together as a family. Eunice Jane's death was over two years ago, yet her smile was still sorely missed. They have much to celebrate and be thankful for, so a huge gathering had been planned. There was no large building they could get everyone into after William Henry had arrived in Hebron in 1843, so they decided to postpone till the next year.*

*In 1844 the Stewart family gathered for Thanksgiving in Robert's new house. It was very crowded. No one minded, as they were together. His father, "The Deacon," had pronounced the blessing*

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<sup>3</sup> <http://www.aapld.org/genealogyclass/illinoisources.html>.

## Chapter Fifteen

*at the beginning of the meal. This was one of his better blessings. It was short to begin with; secondly, he was giving thanks and was not trying to direct the familial congregation.*

*After the last piece of pie had been consumed, he nodded at James Milton. "Milton, you must have some things on your mind about today and where we are. Can you close this sumptuous feast with some words of thanks?"*

*For James Milton, the youngest in the family, this was an honor. He bowed his head for a moment. Everyone was quiet with hands folded and heads bowed, waiting. "I miss my sister," he said, tears forming in his eyes. "I have three great older brothers and a father and a mother whom I love. I only have one sister-in-law, I need two more, just like the one we have now." Susan blushed and squeezed Robert's hand. "We all have warm homes to live in and raise the food we eat and I am grateful. But if it's not too much to ask, I want a farm . . . and a wife, too!"*

*There was a moment of silence, James opened his mouth to speak. Robert stood and slowly started clapping his hands together. The rest followed suit. James Milton blushed slightly and bowed to his elder brother Robert, a "thank you." formed on his lips.*

*Following the meal when all was quiet again, Sarah said, "Susan, if you, Ann and I can get this male rabble to carry dishes to the kitchen and bring in more water, we can manage to wash them, can't we?"*

*"Wouldn't there be someone kind enough to come and dry for us?" Susan asked.*

*"Yes, Susan," Robert said.*

*"But I'm the youngest and really deserve the pleasure of the presence of these two females!", James Milton said as he carried a big stack of plates to the kitchen. "I'll get more wood for the stove, and some water too." He came back in a second, "Robbie, remember it all and tell me when you are through, alright?"*

*Robert chuckled, "What a pleasant day. It sounds like our little fourteen-year-old brother is becoming quite a man. All right gentlemen, we have some things to decide now that William is with us."*

*William Henry had some things to talk about. He had just arrived in Hebron a little while ago, and had spent his first month walking around the center of the Township where Robert had his farm. "I think we should continue to concentrate on getting land next to each other. There is power and control in that," he stated.*

*"Will, this has been Father's and my plan for the last six years," Robert replied. "Father sold the 160 acres I purchased in Wisconsin and purchased 160 acres in Section 28. I have purchased another 160 acres in Sections 27, 28 and 33."*

*"I added 40 acres in Section 28 to the pot." John said. "I fall plowed about 5 of it already."*

*"Sounds like I had better join the Stewart farming group," William replied. "I have been to the books too long. I do like the idea of running a farm."*

*"I have checked and we do not have enough, at least in my treasury, to purchase any more land this year," James said. "How about you, Stephen, wouldn't you like to get some land for yourself?"*

*"No, James, I can't think about that right now. I have too many debts. I am very grateful to you, for agreeing to rent us the 40 acres. We are doing well, our debts are slowly being paid off." Stephen replied. Stephen was married to Sarah's sister Ann.*

*"I need to earn some money," said William. "Do any of you have some acreage I can rent? I feel like becoming a farmer."*

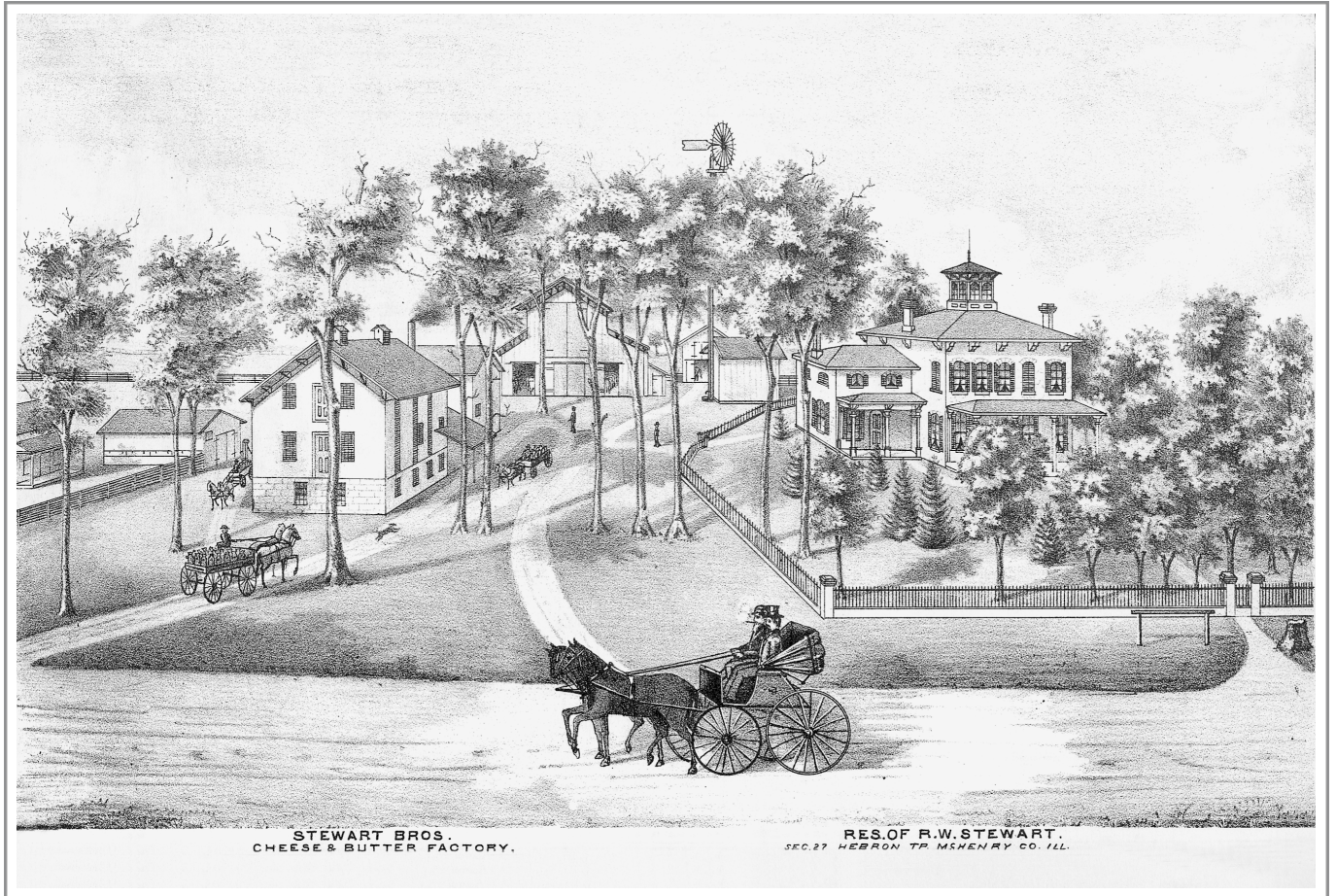
*They all laughed at that. What they thought was a joke was no joke for William. He was very serious. "I have been sitting on my behind so long I have forgotten how good it feels to do physical labor,"*



## Chapter Fifteen

he said. "Besides that, money is power; and right now I am powerless. Eh, Stephen? I think I will go to Woodstock and check out the legal eagles there. Perhaps I can pick up some business since I have passed my Bar Examinations."

"We will all have to work to loosen up more cash if we want to concentrate on Sections 27, 28, 33 and 34." Robert added. "Father, I have modified one of your big wagons. I think I can now haul



Graphic No. 59

**Robert Wright Stewart I, my GG Grandfather's, Homestead as shown in the Combination Atlas of McHenry County, Ill Published 1872 by Everts, Baskin & Stewart, Chicago, Ill and reprinted by the McHenry County Illinois Genealogical Society, 1985. William H. Stewart was a partner in the cheese and butter factory endeavor. Reprinted by permission.**

about fifteen to twenty sheep to Kenosha, Wisconsin. Here they can and dry some of the meat. I want to try that. I may lose one on the way, but the price is right. I think we can still make a good profit."

"I have about 20 bundles of wool that you could take at the same time," James said. "You can put the wool bags in the back rack. They will only add about 400 pounds to the load and quite a bit more income for the drive."

"Couldn't we use horses instead of oxen to pull the wagon?" William asked. "We may have to use four instead of two. They would still be much quicker than oxen."

"Sounds like a very good idea, Will," replied Robert. "Maybe we can cut losses that way. Stephen, since some of your mutton will be on the wagon, would you consent to go with me on this load?"



*"That would be just great, Robert. I need to get away from the sheep pens for a time," said Stephen, smiling.*

*And so it was the Stewart family was about its business of taming the wilderness and populating it with more hardworking farmers. Farmers that are learning, not only how to grow better crops and animals, but how to distribute their products to increase their wealth. The farmer who grew just enough for his own sustenance was disappearing.*

*The talk was turning to more urbane topics. Such as the lack of eligible females in Hebron Township. "Robert, it's too bad Susan's sisters are either taken or are too old for us," John said.*

*"I think you just do not have enough to do, John. Perhaps if you came to help me build some fence you would feel better," Robert replied.*

*"I'm twenty-three years old, I have a farm; I want a wife!" John was visibly upset.*

*"Easy John, perhaps . . . Hmmm? You do seem to have quite a yearning though. Have you talked this over with God?" said The Deacon James. He always became supportive when his boys voiced their problems.*

*"Yes, father, I know, you and I talked about this problem last year, but . . ."*

*"I may have found a solution for you boys! Susan says there is a family that moved to Geneva last month from New York . . ."*

*"Do they have any daughters, Robert?", John interrupted.*

*"Yes, John, there are four of them, twenty-one to fourteen. Maybe, father and Susan should talk to them, to see if they would settle in Hebron. Or perhaps you and Milton would like to go to Geneva to court the ladies," Robert laughed.*

*Indeed, they did go to Geneva, and they did talk them into moving to Hebron. John, just like his father, James, married a younger woman, seven years his junior. When did William Henry go? He waited for the 14-year-old to grow up and married her when she was 24. She was 11 years younger just as William Henry's mother Sarah was. Robert W. always laughed when the subject was brought up. "Susan made me wait until she was of age before she said yes," was his usual reply. (He was five years older than Susan!)*



**Graphic No. 211**

**My GG Grandmother, Susan Ann Ross (Stewart), circa 1870. Photo courtesy Kenneth Paul Stewart.**

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

### ROBERT WRIGHT STEWART I AND BROTHERS

This chapter is the most difficult to write of the whole book. There is so much data on the generations that follow. A book could be written on each.

I left my GG Grandfather, Robert Wright Stewart I, (*RWS I*) with his family planning their future as wilderness farmers, working hard and enjoying it. What was he up to during his productive years on the Hebron Prairie? The years in question are from his marriage to Susan Ann Ross in 1842, to his death in 1876. Most of the information for this period comes from the four Histories of McHenry County. The dates of publication are 1872, 1885, 1902 and 1922. Most are repetition from the previous editions. The most descriptive for RWS I is the 1885<sup>1</sup> edition.

He raised sheep from the very beginning of his farming career. Having over two sections of land for pasturage, it was a productive venture. He became the Sheep Master for the area<sup>2</sup>. There is no definition other than the implication of the name Sheep Master itself. The last family conversation that was had in 1844 (*see Chap. 15*), I proposed they were just planning to ship their live sheep and wool to Kenosha, Wisconsin, using their own wagons for transport.

It was eleven years after they first shipped by wagon, that the railroad came to nearby Richmond in 1854<sup>3</sup>. By 1861, just the start of the Civil War, Hebron would have Chicago & Northwestern rail service<sup>4</sup>. Their long miles of transport to market were ended, time that was now invested in getting more animals and wool ready for shipping. They were prepared for the massive market that the war opened up for them to supply large amounts of meat and wool. This they did with enthusiasm.

The ending of the war must have presented a terrible dilemma for them. The demand for wool and meat would be greatly reduced, if not stopped altogether. Secondly, Americans were cultivating a taste for pork and beef, as well as dairy products. Thirdly, the industrial revolution was gaining momentum. The railroads spanned the country, making distribution of food the impetus, driving the farmers of America to greater production.

Here we see RWS I riding the wave of progress again. Twenty-five years earlier he found the land available to settle on, carve out a home and farm in the wilderness. Now he found the cash needed to go in a different direction. The sheep were gone and that era put behind them. The need of feeding a huge army generated huge profit from that endeavor. They invested in dairy cattle, more comfortable homes and a new business: the making of cheese and butter. A new way to get their product, milk, to a growing population. Thus, in the spring of 1866 Robert and William Henry built the first<sup>5</sup> cheese factory in McHenry County. ***“A two-story frame building, 30 X 55 feet, enlarged the second year. The first 5 months’ production was 1,000,000 pounds of milk, producing 112,000 pounds of cheese, as re-***

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<sup>1</sup> History of McHenry County, 1885, pages 721-3.

<sup>2</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> Craig Pfannkuche, Genealogical Archivist, C&NW Hist. Soc., 2007

<sup>4</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>5</sup> History of McHenry County, 1885, page 219.

*ported in 1867 by the Woodstock Sentinel.*" It is unknown what the time frame was, but the same year, RWS I built his new yellow brick mansion just across the driveway from the cheese factory. He was a very busy man. He was also milking about 80 cows. If they were fair producers, one-fifth, about 200,000 pounds, could have been from his herd alone.

Once into dairying, he went full steam ahead in the development of all phases of the business. According to the histories again, he was one of the founders of the Northwestern Dairymen's Association, the Elgin Board of Trade for dairy products and the McHenry County Agricultural Association. The latter was with his brother, William Henry. Not only was he part of the founding, but in the continuing leadership and operation of these organizations.

*NOTE: I would venture to guess that from the description of his activities and work habits, they might have contributed to his somewhat early death. I watched my father, Robert Wright Stewart II, as I was growing up. His work habits were very strenuous and involved long hours. Rising at 4:30AM and then coming into the house after the evening milking at 7:30PM. It didn't work for me. BMS*

## WILLIAM HENRY AND MARIETTA EHLE STEWART

The hope is, the living cousins I have found in the process of this research will not feel left out of the Stewart Family History. They have contributed immensely to the knowledge and understanding of the tribe. 'Who we are?' is the result of 'Who were we?' to a great degree. We are all of that and more. With that I plunge into the life of my GG Uncle, William Henry Stewart, Robert's closest brother.

We left William Henry, newly arrived in Hebron, deciding to become a full-time farmer. He farmed 160 acres next to his brother, RWS I's Homestead, part in Section # 27 and part in Section # 34. He had quite a few land dealings. However, I was unable to determine exactly how many acres and where. There is quite a bit of research to be done just in this area, if the complete story of the land transactions are to be revealed.

He was very active in the community. In 1852 he was the prime organizer of the McHenry County Agricultural Society<sup>6</sup>. In 1874 the name was changed to Agricultural Board of McHenry County when it came under the aegis of the State. It remains the primary organization holding the County Fairs today, owning the fairgrounds just east of the City of Woodstock.

(1) William Henry STEWART, GG Uncle  
b. 8 Oct 1818, Fayetteville, Onondaga, New York  
d. 8 Sep 1907, Woodstock, McHenry, Illinois  
& Marietta EHLE  
b. 3 Jul 1829, Canajoharie, Montgomery, New York  
d. 8 Feb 1921, Woodstock, McHenry, Illinois  
m. 8 Nov 1853, Hebron, McHenry, Illinois

(2) Adda Wylheimien STEWART, 1C2R  
b. 18 Aug 1854, Hebron, McHenry, Illinois  
dp. Woodstock, McHenry, Illinois  
& Frank SPITZER  
m. 21 Jun 1888

(2) Albert Montieth, STEWART, 1C2R  
b. 25 Jun 1866, Woodstock, McHenry, Illinois  
d. 8 Feb 1957, Knoxville, Knox, Tennessee  
brp. Highland Memorial Cem., Knoxville, Tennessee  
& Marion TRESISE  
b. 2 Jul 1867, Hartford, Hartford, Connecticut  
d. 23 Apr 1950, Knoxville, Knox, Tennessee  
brp. Highland Memorial Cem., Knoxville  
m. 14 Jun 1888, Lincoln, Lancaster, Nebraska

### Graphic No. 61

### My GG Uncle William Henry Stewart's family chart.

<sup>6</sup>History of McHenry County, 1885, page 215.

He was also active in the Presbyterian Church of Woodstock. The following is from the Woodstock Sentinel<sup>7</sup>, another article<sup>8</sup> gives greater detail of the event:

***Married on the 5th inst. by the Rev. W. C. YOUNG, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Francis L. PATTON, at the Fullerton Ave Presbyterian Church, Chicago---Rev. John D. McLEAN of Woodstock, Ill. to Miss Louise Becker of Chicago. The parties will return next week. The home of Wm H. STEWART will be thrown open and all are invited to give him a hearty reception on Thursday, Sept. 19 from 7 to 10 p.m.***

The following year, 1853, he married Marietta Ehle, daughter of John A. and Catherine Van Alstine Ehle.<sup>9</sup> As I noted previously, they had moved to Hebron in 1843 from Canajoharie, NY. Marietta's mother, Catherine, wrote a detailed genealogy of the Ehle/Van Alstine families which Marietta gave to my mother. It is part of my archives and the information has been entered into the family database on computer.

In 1857, William H. was elected County Clerk and moved to Woodstock. Eventually he sold his farm to James Shaw in 1903<sup>10</sup>.

*(NOTE: As a matter of interest, the Shaw farm is now [2009] owned jointly, by brothers, John James Stewart III and Kenneth Paul Stewart. BMS)*

William H. served four years as County Clerk. He also served as County Treasurer four years. He was one of the founders of the Republican Party in McHenry County. On September 4, 1862, he enlisted in the 95th Regiment, Company F, Illinois Volunteer Infantry and served as a Captain commanding that unit. He served until August 1865. *(See Appendix G, page 310, for excerpts from his Diary of the war.)* He was wounded in the Battle of Guntown in both thighs, and he came home on medical furlough for three months. Then he rejoined his unit, completing his service in 1865.

With his brother, Robert W. Stewart I, he built a cheese factory on the Stewart Homestead in 1866 under the name 'Stewart Brothers'. Robert had sold all of his sheep before that time, He then switched to dairy farming, milking upwards of 80 cows. There was a market for sheep during the Civil War when the demand for meat and wool was very great. They more than likely supported the war effort



**Graphics No. 45 & 46**  
**My GG Uncle, William Henry Stewart & Merietta Ehle (Stewart).**  
**Photos from Beth Stewart's Archive.**

<sup>7</sup> Woodstock Sentinel, 12 Sep 1878.

<sup>8</sup> The Sunday Tribune of Chicago, 12 Sep 1878.

<sup>9</sup> History of McHenry County, 1902, pages 985-7.

<sup>10</sup> McHenry County Book #108, Page 163, recorded Feb 1903.

## Chapter Sixteen

with a great increase in meat and wool production. The result was a greater income than usual. William Henry sold his interest in Stewart Brothers Cheese Factory to John James Stewart I in 1888<sup>11</sup>. JJS-I. was RWS-I's son. Around 1909 the cheese factory was dismantled and the lumber was used to build a 100-foot long barn on the tenant house site one-half mile to the north of the Homestead.

William Henry led an interesting life. He built the only home of his own on West Judd Street, Woodstock, Illinois, in 1903. It has an Historic Place Plaque near the front door.

He and Marietta had two children, Adda Wylheimien and Albert Montieth. On 21 Jun 1888 Adda married Frank Spitzer. She died in Woodstock. I have no further information on her.

Her brother Albert Monteith Stewart married Marion Tresise, 14 Jun 1888. He first went to Kansas and then went east, where he was in the coal mining business. They lived in Tennessee where he managed several mines. They had three daughters. The first, Helen Wylheimien, married William Ernest Evans on 25 Jun 1912. They had five boys. The youngest John Albert Evans, is still living in South Carolina. John Albert's four brothers are now deceased. He has provided much information on his branch of the family. I still have some names to enter into the Stewart database from this line at this time.

Albert's second daughter, Harriett Marion, died in her second month. The third daughter, Kathryn Eugenie, married Walter Robert Moore in 1917. They had two daughters, Marion and Helen, and one son, Walter Robert.

This is enough in-depth analysis of the extended family. I presented this only to introduce you to the living crop of Stewarts still around in this great country of ours. John Evans' grandfather, Albert Monteith Stewart, was in contact with my mother and passed much of the oral Stewart history to her. In addition, Albert Monteith donated two volumes of his father's Diary of the Civil War to the Southern Historical Collection, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, North Carolina. In 1922 he communicated to the publisher of the Stewart Clan Magazine<sup>12</sup>, Mr Edson, the lineage of the Stewart family from Scotland to his generation. These pages were of great help in finding our well spring in Scotland.

### JOHN AND HARRIET WEAVER EHLE STEWART

I have covered the disasters John and Harriet endured, with terrible loss of all their female children. Rather than confuse the reader more with mixed family history, I will finish their history in Hebron. John was the third child of James and Sarah Stewart. He was in his twenty-first year when they arrived in Hebron from New York. There are quite a few indications there was a closeness in this family. Robert promising to name his first girl baby after his sister, Eunice Jane, is one. Another instance is, I was given a beautiful black wood cane by my mother, with an engraved silver head. The engraving read, "To Robert W. Stewart from John Stewart". This is another clue showing family regard for one another. When Robert sold his sheep, John did also. It must have generated quite a bit of cash for John must have purchased dairy cattle to replace the sheep. He also built a new house on his farm in the year 1866, after the Civil War. I presume the demand for meat and wool during the war was responsible for the increased income.

The cane is now in possession of my son, Robert W. Stewart III. Technically he is not the III as his middle name is William, but the initials are there. The head of the cane was damaged by another

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<sup>11</sup> McHenry County Book #77, page 584, recorded July 1888.

<sup>12</sup> Stewart Clan Magazine, TOME A16 (Vol. 1, No. 4, October 1922, page #16), the first year of publication.



## Chapter Sixteen

family member and the engraving is now unreadable. This is an indication of a very disturbed family member. But, then, who said we were not a dysfunctional family?



**Graphic No. 63.**

**Family portrait of my GG Uncle, John Stewart, circa 1890. Photographer Unknown.**

**L to R Back: Walter Scott Stewart, Louella Scott Stewart (*adopted*), James Ehle Stewart, Middle Row: Alfred Hervey Stewart (*was crippled by a fall from a porch*), John Stewart, Harriet W. Ehle Stewart, Carl Schrembling Stewart (*sitting in front*), Edward Marshall Stewart (*seated in window at right*), Richard Henry Stewart (*in front of Ed*).**

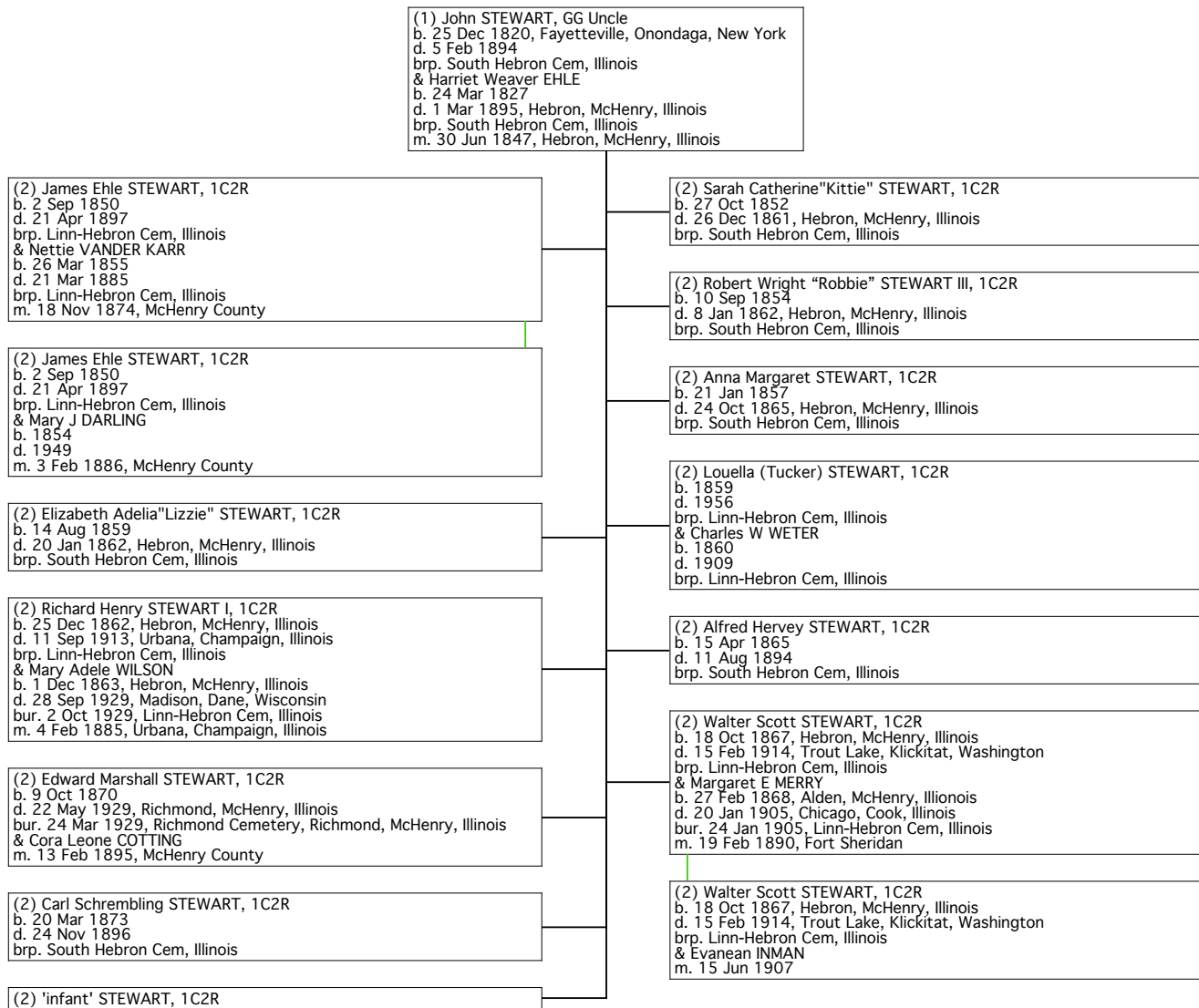
John and Harriet never did have a smooth life after the loss of three of their female children and one boy to diphtheria, followed by a another female infant death. Their boys seemed to lead a more normal life, by contrast to their sisters and brother. However, some had lives that were shorter than most male life expectancy for that era (*see the following*).

Their eldest son, James Ehle Stewart, married the next door neighbor, Nettie Vander Karr. She died at the age of 29. They had four children. Eleven months later James married again, to Mary J. Darling; they had one daughter, Nettie M. She died when she was eight years old. In her obituary it was mentioned: "*She always was a delicate child, . . .*"<sup>13</sup>. Her father, James Ehle Stewart, died aged 46.

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<sup>13</sup> Obituary, 23 Feb 1903.

## Chapter Sixteen



**Graphic No. 62**  
**My GG Uncle John Stewart's family chart.**

While for this time this is not an unusual age for death to occur, it seems to me there was a preponderance of young deaths in John and Harriet's family. Read on.

Richard Henry married Mary Wilson. The Wilsons are another old Hebron family. From Richard Henry's Obituary, it is stated: ". . . *he has been a sufferer from Tuberculosis, which eventually caused his death.*"<sup>14</sup> He died at age 50. Their one son, Harold Wilson Stewart, married Margery Adams Nichols. She happens to be the niece of Francis Elizabeth Nichols, my Grandmother, wife of John James Stewart I. Ah, the web gets evermore intertwined.

Alfred Hervey Stewart died at age 29, fatally injured when jumping off a moving train. He had been agent for the day at his younger brother Carl's business in Salem, WI. He was coming home on the train with his cousin, Will Woodruff. (*I do not know the connection here.*) He decided not to get off at the depot, but waited to get off nearer to his destination. The train was moving quite fast by then. He fell

<sup>14</sup> Obituary, 13 Sep 1913.



when jumping off. His cousin ran to him and helped him up. He said he could not breathe. His cousin ran to get help, but Alfred died at the scene. It was mentioned in Alfred Hervey's obituary that: "On account of an accident in early childhood, which left him in delicate health . . ."<sup>15</sup> That accident was a fall from the porch on their home.

(See Graphic No. 63, page 151.)

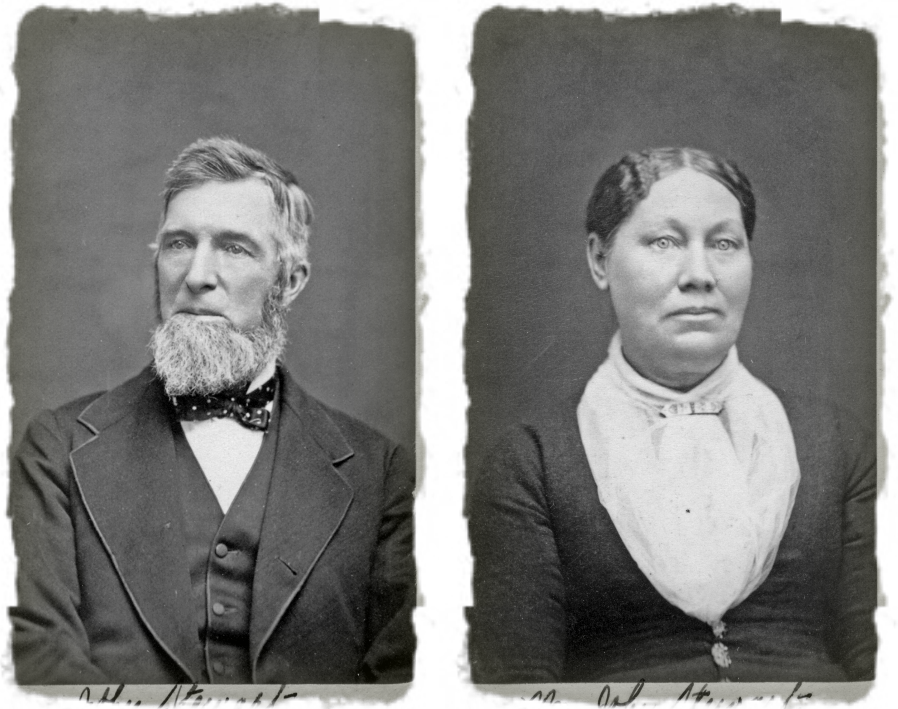
Walter Scott Stewart married another Hebron girl, Margaret E. Merry. They lived in Alden Township. She was the daughter of the Hebron Drug Store owner. She died at the age of 36. Walter was re-married two years later to Evenean Inman. He died at the age of 46, after a long illness and operation in Oregon, of peritonitis<sup>16</sup>

The youngest of the ten children of John and Harriet, Carl Schrembling Stewart died at the age of 23, leaving a bride of a few days and a growing business in Salem, WI<sup>17</sup>. His was the fourth family death in less than three years, his father, mother and Alfred Hervey.

Edward Marshall Stewart died at the age of 58.

His parents were the only natural members of the family to live longer than he. He married into the Copping family of Richmond, Illinois. He owned a successful automobile dealership there, which his son Charles operated until his death at age 43. Ed also had a daughter, Miriam Caroline.

Whatever the problem in the John and Harriet Stewart family was, it seemed to strike over and over again. The only child in their family to live to a ripe old age was their adopted daughter, Louella Tucker Stewart. She married a Hebron man, Charles Weter, and lived to the age of 97 years. To summarize, they had a total of eleven children, five girls (*all of whom died young*), an infant death, six sons and an adoption of a young girl. So ends the John and Harriet saga.



**Graphics No. 65 & 66**

**My GG Uncle, John Stewart & Harriet Weaver Ehle (Stewart). These photos were from an album donated to the McHenry Co. Historical Society. The album was from the family of Dr. Charles Bailey. He was our family doctor; he delivered me when I was born.**

### **JAMES MILTON AND MARY HAMILTON STEWART**

<sup>15</sup> Obituary, 13 Aug 1894.

<sup>16</sup> Obituary, 18 Feb 1914.

<sup>17</sup> Obituary, 26 Nov 1896.

I now come to the the youngest of the James and Sarah children, James M., who was 12 years old when they came to Hebron in 1841. He never seemed to take part in the land dealings as did the rest of the family. I can presume he took part in the farm work, as his father was still farming; James Stewart was 67 years old in 1853. That was quite old for a hardworking man in that era. He had been moving, building wagons and making land deals for many years. James Milton would probably have been of great help to his father. So when it became time for romance in his life, his father felt here is my son who will take over from me. He sold almost his entire land holdings, 560 acres, to his son, for the sum of \$1,000.00. That works out to be \$1.78 per acre. Quite a wedding present. Land that at a minimum he paid \$1.25, when purchased from the government. A fantastically low price in 1853.

In addition, James had written into the Deed of Trust<sup>18</sup> the following condition, which I find rather to be expected of such a father:

*“ . . . subject never the less to the following condition, namely that the said party of the first part has conveyed the title to the above described land to the said party of the second part partly in consideration of the Natural love and affection which he as the father of the said party of the second part bears towards him and this conveyance is also made, executed and delivered on the express condition that the said party of the first part is to enjoy the undisputed right to use, occupy, cultivate and enjoy the premises herein conveyed jointly with the said party of the second part for and during the natural life of him the said party of the first part and that on the decease of the party of the first part all the right, title, interest, claim and demand of the said party of the first part of in and to the above described premises shall ( ? ) unconditionally and absolutely in fee simple in the said party of the second part, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns forever.”*

What does this mean in plain English? It means that James is turning over his farm to James Milton, with the condition James may continue to occupy and work the farm as long as he, James, lives. When he dies, the farm becomes the sole property of James Milton. Quite a nice gesture and wedding present, as James Milton was married the following September to Mary Hamilton. A wonderful start on a lifetime of marriage and farming. But it was not to be, for James Milton died five years later, in 1858, of unknown causes. He left not only a young wife, but a three-year-old son, William Jesse.

Mary was left with quite an estate. Even this did not work well, for Mary died in 1863. What is there left of this family? An eight-year-old orphan boy, with abundant land and no way to benefit from it. There may have been amicable dealings between the Stewart and Hamilton families, there is no way

(1) James Milton STEWART, GG Uncle  
b. 24 Nov 1829, Fayetteville, Onondaga, New York  
d. 1 Apr 1858, Hebron, McHenry, Illinois  
brp. South Hebron Cem, Illinois  
& Mary HAMILTON  
b. 19 Aug 1835, Hebron, McHenry, Illinois  
d. 9 Jun 1863, Hebron, McHenry, Illinois  
brp. South Hebron Cem, Illinois  
m. 1 Sep 1853, McHenry County

(2) William Jesse STEWART, 1C2R  
b. 2 Aug 1855, Hebron, McHenry, Illinois  
d. 22 Jun 1904, E Bolton, Cowley, Kansas  
brp. Springside Cemetery, E Bolton Twnshp, Cowley, Kansas  
& Dorcas Isabel DIXON  
b. 14 Apr 1860, St Joseph, Buchanan, Missouri  
d. 6 Oct 1930, Ashton, Sumner, Kansas  
brp. Springside Cemetery, E Bolton Twnshp, Cowley, Kansas  
m. 3 Nov 1877, Caldwell, Sumner, Kansas

## Graphic No. 64

### My GG Uncle James Milton Stewart's family chart.

<sup>18</sup> Warranty Deed - James Stewart To James M. Stewart, 560 A, \$1,000.00, Sec's. #22, 27, 28 & 34, Deed dated 3 Jun 1853, recorded 21 Jul 1853, McHenry County Deed Records Book #6, page #578-9.

## Chapter Sixteen

to tell. The estate settlement spanned nearly ten years. The last parcel was sold, by William Jesse's grandfather in 1871, to John Stewart<sup>19</sup>. The land in question was purchased by the Stewarts. William Jesse became the ward of his grandfather. The Stewart grandfather, James, also died in 1863, therefore leaving title to the 560 acres in question clear. But then, what could an under-age child do with such a huge farm?

The Hamiltons moved to Washington County in southern Illinois. William Jesse eventually moved to Kansas, where he died at the age of 48, in 1904, from a fall from his windmill. He married Dorcas Dixon, and they had six children. From these descendants I have found quite a few living members of the family. One, Robert Helmar II, died in 2002 in Irvine, California. There are quite a few more I will not mention, as I have not cleared their names to be used in publication.

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<sup>19</sup> Guardians Deed - William J. Hamilton to John Stewart, 80 A. Sec. #21, Deed dated 31 Dec 1870, recorded 5 Jan 1871, McHenry County Deed Records Book #25, page #421-3.

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

### ROBERT'S LAST CHAPTER

I have been dealing with my GG Grandfather (*RWS I*) for almost fifty pages in this book. There is little I can add of factual importance at this point. So I will go back to my world of imagination again and see what I can find out about Robert and Susan as they grow older. I pick up several days after Thanksgiving 1844. They have been married over two years.

*"Robbie, now that the brothers are through talking, how do you feel about your grand plans?"*

*"Well . . . the conversation did sound a bit grand at times."*

*"But do you really think we can be happy here?" she asked.*

*"We arrived here to set up a new life here in the wilderness. It looks quite possible, as we have so much support from everyone here in Mead Station. (That was the village of Hebron's first name.) It's a good place, we have our family and I like my neighbors," he replied.*

*"I mean, do you think **you and I** can be happy here?"*

*"Susan! Don't you understand? The first time I saw you at sixteen, I knew I wanted you by my side for the rest of my life!"*

*"Robbie, do you really love me?"*

*"Yes, Susan!"*

*"I know you do," she sighed. "I remember how you squeezed my hand, when we had that long wait for our photo to be taken after our wedding, but . . ."*

*Robert had difficulty in anything that was not dealing in land, farming or organization of his work. He was not a big man, maybe five feet eight or nine inches tall. His hands were hardened with calluses, and arms and legs were small and wiry. His body was ideal for hard farm work as time and movement allowed. He liked the way he felt while working, especially the pride when he finished a job. Robert could shear a sheep in record time, without cutting the skin, leaving a neat bundle of wool rolled and tied with twine. His horses were well trained, hardly requiring a slight pull on the reins, to make a furrow, arrow straight from one end of the field to the other. When he built a fence, looking down the fence line, he could see only one post. He was like the young oak trees on his land, standing firm and solid, bending in the wind, but not breaking. He had pride in himself and his accomplishments.*

### THE FIRST TRIAL

*Robert and Susan had just buried their only son, James Morris, near Robert's sister, Eunice Jane. Susan, dressed in black with a black veil, had been crying for nearly three days, since their six-month-old son died. It was the end of June 1849. Immediately after little James died, Robert stormed out of the house to the wood pile. After two hours of furious chopping, he had nearly split the whole pile. He leaned the axe against the chopping block and began piling the fragrant oak wood into a neat pile. He was doing what his brain told him to do, work the pain from his body with . . . work.*

## Chapter Seventeen

*A soft call, "Robbie" came from the back door of the house. He turned and walked slowly to the door where Susan waited. "Robbie, come in, I need you."*

*Robert was dripping with sweat. There had been a rain the night before. The sun was blazing down as if to purge the air of moisture. They held each other. Robert sobbed, "My son is gone." That was as close as he came to crying for his son. A look of grim stoicism took the place of tears and pain. It remained there for the next three months.*

*The afternoon was chill, it was September. Susan threw her shawl about her shoulders and walked toward the barn, calling out "Robbie, come to supper."*

*"I still have chores to finish," Robert called out from the hay mow.*

*Half an hour later Robert came in, washed and sat at the kitchen table. "Supper's cold, I can warm it up if you want," said Susan.*

*"This will be fine, I'm not very hungry."*

*There was no more conversation through the rest of the meal. Robert usually jostled, cuddled, squeezed and once in awhile kissed Susan while she cleared the table. Tonight he got up quickly, pulled on his cap, jacket and said "Goin' for a walk," and went out the door.*

*Susan finished the dishes, put on her shawl, and followed Robert out. The moon was shining brightly. She could see Robert walking up the road. Running, she met him on the road. "Robbie, did you talk to your father?" Her breath curled up in the chill air.*

*"Yes." He turned and looked into her eyes, "Susan, I need a son."*

*She threw her arms around him and said, "Well, Robbie, I think we should go to the house, look in to see if the girls are asleep. Then see if we can find a son for you."*

*They didn't find a son, but on the 25th of May 1850, Mary Elizabeth was born. The hard, cold look of pain on Robert's face was gone the next morning.*

### **TO HAVE AND TO HOLD AS LONG AS YE BOTH SHALL LIVE**

*The crops were in, the sheep had been sheared and were out to pasture. The heat of summer had just set in. The oats, wheat and barley were starting to head out. The corn was beyond 'Knee high by the fourth of July'. The years had been good to the Stewart families. They were now ten years into their grand plan, late summer 1853.*

*"Robbie, Mother Stewart just told me, brother Milton is to be married in the fall, September," she said.*

*"Well now . . ." Robert puffed up, "I just heard from Father. He is going to marry Milton and Mary, AND Will has finally caught Harriet's little sister. They will be married in November, AND Father is going to marry them, AND he is going to practically give Milton his whole farm as a wedding present!"*

*"Well, la di di, mister know it all. Aren't you the smart one." Susan laughed.*

*For the first time since he saw Susan at sixteen, Robert Wright Stewart the First, giggled. "Isn't this fun, all these families being made out of just our one? I think Father is being very generous to Milton."*

*"Wasn't he generous to you, older brother?" she asked.*

*"Yes, he got the rest of us going in getting land for our farming. I never would have gotten so much land if it weren't for him" He frowned, "But I still need a son, our Morris died much too . . . ."*



*Susan put her arms around him and held him close. "Now, now, Robbie you know both he and Ellen were very sick. There wasn't anything we or the Doctor could do."*

*"Susan, you are very comforting when you hold me like this. Things just seem to get better!"*

*"Robbie, the last time you looked, you found a girl. Maybe, if you looked again you might find that son," she said. The search didn't take long; my grandfather, John James I, was born Dec. 1854.*



**Graphic No. 67**

**Headstone carving for my G Grandfather & G Grandmother, Robert Wright Stewart I & Susan Ann Ross Stewart on the west side of my GGG Grandfather, James Stewart's kiosk in Stewart Cemetery, aka South Hebron Cemetery, on the Stewart Homestead, Hebron, Illinois.**

### ***DEATH COMES A-VISITING AGAIN***

*Four years later, 1858, RWS-1's brother, James Milton died, leaving a three-year-old son, William Jesse. His wife, Mary Hamilton, died in 1863, along with James, the Patriarch of the family and Deacon of the Presbyterian Church. James had disposed of a large amount of his assets to James Milton, and the remainder was divided equally between Sarah and their three sons in his Will.*

*William Jesse was now an orphan. James Milton died intestate, that is, without leaving a will. His maternal grandfather, William Jesse Hamilton, was appointed by the court as his guardian. The settlement of the estate took nearly ten years. The final document was recorded in 1870. The Stewart family must have rallied together again. Through agreement they foreclosed on the Mortgage given to the elder*

## Chapter Seventeen

Hamilton in 1864. John Stewart bought James Milton's 560 acres and sold 480 acres of it to C. S. Vander Karr. The Hamiltons moved out of McHenry County to Southern Illinois, taking William Jesse with them.

### AND AGAIN

"Robbie, why won't you make out a will? Your brother Milton didn't and look at all the trouble and time it took to settle everything."

"I intend to, just as soon as I can find some time. I am not the legal genius Will is." he said.

"This is what you said last year and the year before that. It always seems you have an emergency on the farm to handle or someone else needs your help."

"I know, I know, I have a lot of time yet. I feel just fine. Both Milton, Father and even Mary were sick before they died," he snapped.

"Oh, Robbie, I won't bother you any more about it. I am just worried about our family."

Unfortunately, this issue was never resolved. Robert Wright Stewart the 1st died in the cold of winter, December 20, 1876. Without a will! The family rallied once again. William H. was appointed Administrator. The personal assets, farm equipment and animals were auctioned off.

Twenty-two year old John J. had been running the farm with his father. He purchased most everything at auction. There were debts to be paid. The sale of personal assets was not enough, so sale of his land assets was mandated by the court. John J. also bought 824 acres of farmland for



**Graphic No. 213**  
**Prentice Bowman, Jennie E's husband**

(1) Prentice BOWMAN  
& Eunice Jane (Jennie E) STEWART II, G Aunt  
b. 26 Feb 1843, Hebron, McHenry, Illinois  
d. 8 Apr 1866, Hebron, McHenry, Illinois  
brp. South Hebron Cem, Illinois  
m. 25 Feb 1864, Hebron, McHenry, Illinois

(2) Susie BOWMAN, 1C1R  
b. 8 Apr 1866  
d. 8 Apr 1866

**Graphic No. 209**  
**My G Aunt Eunice Jane "Jennie E."**  
**Stewart II's family chart.**



**Graphic No. 212**  
**My G Aunt Eunice Jane "Jennie E"**  
**Stewart II. Photo courtesy Kenneth P. Stewart.**



## Chapter Seventeen

\$12,000.00. This Probate took four years to reach conclusion. The lesson for us is this: **“Don’t die without a will.”**

*Of Robert’s children, John J. and Harry Edward were the only survivors at this time. It would seem that the family (probably John) may have loaned John J. the money to get started. Harry was under age at the time so did not participate in any of the legal dealings, except as he was represented by the court as a ward of the court. Perhaps this may have had something to do with his moving to Minnesota after his marriage. More on him later.*

*Thus ended the odyssey of Robert Wright Stewart the 1st. Born in Utica, NY, then to Manlius Four Corners, NY, then to Spring Prairie, Wisconsin and finally to Hebron, Illinois. He now rests in a small plot of land on the Southeast corner of the Stewart Homestead. He is surrounded by land, that still produces large crops of corn, beans, grain, alfalfa and prodigious amounts of milk. Land that he had first broken with plow forty years before his death. A true Wilderness Pioneer.*

### AND AGAIN

*The year was 1866. The nation was now at peace. For nearly five years, Americans had been killing Americans. Over five hundred thousand men had died in battle, in camps from disease, malnutrition, cold, and many other ways. The Stewart’s vast acreage had been devoted to producing the quantities needed to meet the demands of war. The Stewarts of Hebron had profited from the sales of meat and wool. Plans had been made to convert to a more lucrative market for milk products now that the transportation problem was partially solved. The railroad had come to Hebron in 1854. The sheep were gone, now milk cows would take their place. It was still impossible to ship raw milk, but cheese and butter were smaller quantities, and would not spoil quickly, so shipping these was relatively easy. Building, with tanks to make the dairy products, was in progress.*

*The profits from the war must have been quite large as RWS I also built the yellow brick mansion that has become known and the “Stewart Homestead” the same year. RWS I’s brother John Stewart, being part of the consortium, must have done equally well from the war as he too built a new frame house a mile to the west. The pioneer spirit reaches a conclusion and change.*

*Then tragedy struck again, Robert and Susan’s first child, the one he promised his dying sister he would name for her, died giving birth to a baby girl, who also died. Married a little over two years, at the age of twenty-three, she was gone. Death had not been kind to Robert and Susan. First, James Morris in 1849, then Ellen Amelia in 1861, Charles Frederick in 1865, and finally, ‘Jennie E’ (Eunice Jane II) would die in this year of plenty. Sadness mixed with the joy of living and taming the wilderness of this land of America.*

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

### JOHN JAMES STEWART THE 1ST

I never knew my grandfather, John James Stewart I. (*JJS I*) He died in February 1929 when I was two-and-a-half. One year after I had claimed my dog, Speeder. I do not remember his death at all, much less the loss of a person in the form of a grandfather. I would liked to have known him. He comes to me, through the family, as a somewhat gruff, hard working man, used to having his own way. His own



Graphic No. 68

**My Grandmother, Frances Elizabeth Nichols (*Stewart*) with 13 of her 16 grandchildren. Jim, the baby here was born Dec 1918. John, Fred, Cese, Elsie, Charlotte, Betty, Ruth, Edith, Jim (*baby*), Elizabeth, Dorothy, Alice & Stewart Mathison Taken in 1919, Susan Ann, Donna Patricia and Bruce Maddox had not yet been born. Photographer, Beth Stewart.**



**Graphic No. 69**  
**My Grandfather, John James Stewart I, Age Eleven Years? Photo courtesy Kenneth Paul Stewart.**

second birthday.

Gran Nichol's family of origin appeared to me to be more goal oriented and ambitious than the Stewarts, in spite of all the Stewart land dealings. I remember her as a somewhat grumpy old lady that played Old Maid with me and did not seem to like me very well. She died six years after grandfather. She had him buried in the Mathison plot in the Linn-Hebron Cemetery rather than the Stewart Family Cemetery on the farm. She is also buried there.

Gran Nichols is remembered by the one sibling cousin I have been able to communicate with, George Stewart Mathison I, (*Stewie*) the son of my Aunt Mary (*May*) Nichols Stewart (*Mathi-*

wife, my grandmother. Frances Elizabeth Nichols, seemed to be even more used to having her own way. What conflicts were, we may never know. There are indications there were some. However, just as with my GGG Grandfather, the first Robert in 1786, who had one son that apparently was a maverick, it can happen.

JJS I's, younger brother, Charles Fredrick, died when eight years old. His sister Ellen Amelia when fifteen and James Morris died at age one. This would be five years before my grandfather was born. That left Harry Edward, the last of RWS I's children, six years younger than JJS I, when RWS I died. JJS I was then in the position of the only son to work with his dad, which he had done for several years. RWS I died in 1876 at sixty, an early age for the Stewarts. Already in control of the farm, JJS I became heir of the Stewart Homestead four days before his twenty-



**Graphic No. 70**  
**My G Aunt, Mary Elizabeth, my Grandfather, John James I, and my G Uncle, Charles Frederick Stewart, Photo from Beth Stewart Archive. Circa 1863.**





Graphic No. 71

My Grandfather, John James Stewart, I driving to town with his favorite horse Emily C.



Graphic No. 72

My Grandfather, John James Stewart I, ready to mow hay with Rocky & Lady Bird.



**Graphic No. 73**

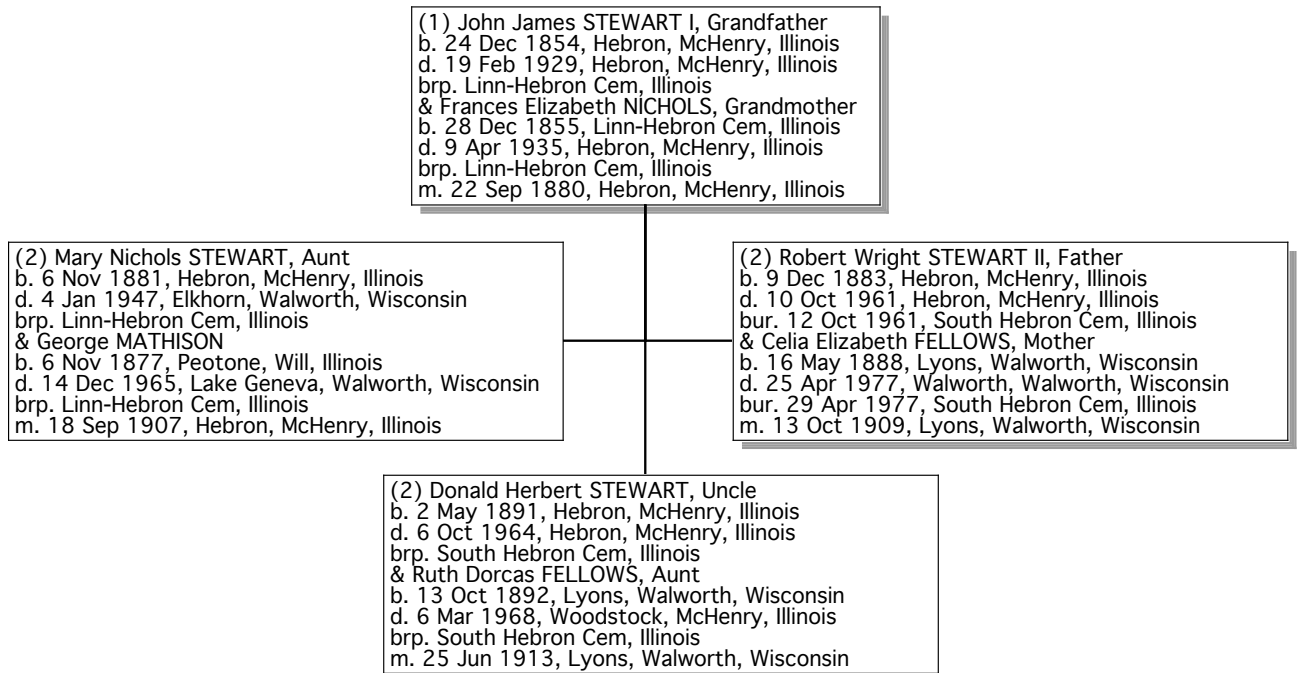
**Cutting grain on the Homestead by my Uncle Donald H. Stewart and son, JJS II (?) on the fender of McCormack-Deering tractor. Two others are hired men? Circa 1928. Photo by Beth.**

son). My Aunt May is the eldest child of JJS 1 and sister of my father Robert and Uncle Donald. Stewie remembers Gran Nichols as a kind, warm, grandmotherly person. Stewie was born in 1913, 14 years my senior. Stewie died in 2006. Perhaps I was just too bratty an eight-year-old for my old Granny. I had a better relationship with my other grandparents, my mother's mom and dad. However, she being the oldest in the Fellows family, they were not quite so aged when I was growing up. My grandfather, Fred Winslow Fellows, was sixty-seven and my grandmother, Lilla May Woolsey, was sixty when I was born. They both died just months before I married Mary Kathryn Bergin on March 26, 1951.

I do know my Mother, Beth and her mother-in-law, Frances Nichols Stewart, could not get along with each other. My parents, Robert and Beth, lived with them in the Stewart Homestead House for about a year after they were married October 13, 1909. When things became too upsetting, they moved to the tenant house about a half-mile to the north of the Homestead. This is where Robert and Beth Stewart raised six of us children. My father Robert, gave up the Stewart Homestead manse and that half of the farm to little brother, Donald Herbert Stewart, who fulfilled the requirement of naming his first



## Chapter Eighteen



### Graphic No. 74

**My Grandfather, John James Stewart I's family chart.**



**Graphic No. 75**

**JJS I, driving the corn binder filling silo.  
Circa 1920 (?). Photo by Beth.**



**Graphic No. 76**

**JJS I and Frances Nichols in a light moment.  
Photo by Beth.**

and only son, John James the 2nd. The split of the farm land was about even, 160+ acres each. I did not find any documentation for these transactions. I was more interested in the land acquisitions by the earlier family members.



**Graphic No. 77**

**My Grandmother, Frances Nichols Stewart, with her son, Robert Wright Stewart II, with five of his children, Robert John, Fred Fellows, Francese May, Elsie Jean and Charlotte Fellows Stewart. The author was not born yet, circa 1918. Photo by Beth.**

I would like very much to delve further into the relationship of my father, Robert, and Uncle Donald. I think I am both too close or not close enough to be objective. Therefore I will forgo writing my interpretation of these two people's lives. I would have liked to know them better, personally, rather than through the verbal descriptions and depictions by family members. My research of the earlier ancestors gave me the feeling of closeness and understanding of them. This probably comes under the heading of romanticization. Perhaps this is the kindest way of reporting sometimes. At least it may not ruffle too many family feathers!

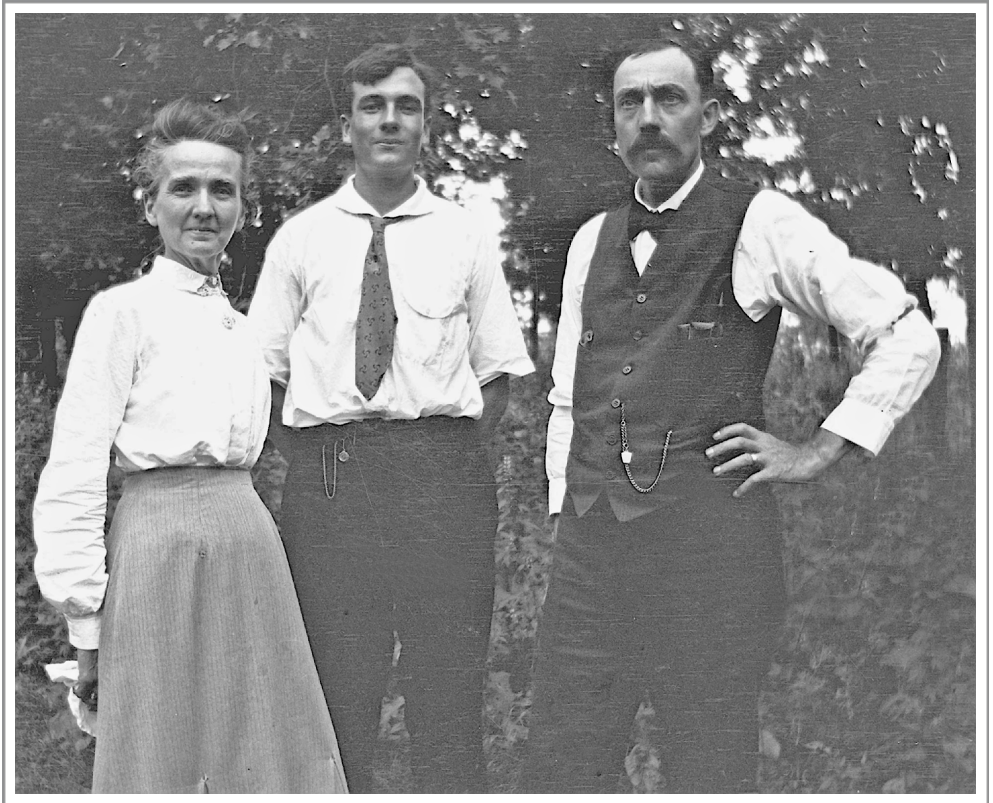
I feel very sad that I cannot add more information about my grandfather and grandmother, John James Stewart II and Frances Elizabeth Nichols Stewart. I am adding a few photos of them in this chapter and in the last two chapters, from Beth's photo collection.



## CHAPTER NINETEEN

### HARRY EDWARD STEWART

Sometime, after August 25, 1894<sup>1</sup>, my great Uncle Harry Edward Stewart, loaded all his machinery, livestock and family on a train and headed West to Pilot Grove Township, Faribault Co., Minnesota. He had purchased 160 acres from a Mr. Hunter for \$1,700.00. Evidently he found that the Hebron Prairie had become too crowded and too expensive. His older brother, JJS I, had been farming with their father, for some time, when RWS I died. That left Harry at age sixteen a ward of the court and out of the land loop. James had given his son, James Milton, all his remaining acreage, approximately 560 acres, as a wedding present for the price of \$1,000.00. Evidently Harry still was able to start a successful farming operation. However, when it came time for expansion there was only expensive land left. So, Harry, being a smart man, headed out west



**Graphic No. 78**

**My G Uncle, Harry Edward Stewart, his wife Hattie May Thomas Stewart and their son, John Ross Stewart, at FranElChar Farm. Circa 1915. Photo by Beth.**

for land to be had for the taking, under the Homestead Act of 1862. He did not find land to his liking that could be homesteaded. He had gone to South Dakota with his shovel and determined the land better in Minnesota. He purchased 160 acres that had been homesteaded previously. He farmed here successfully, had two children, Bessie May and John Ross. One of Harry Edward Stewart's grandchildren, John Char-

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<sup>1</sup> Information on the migration and farm purchase from his grandson, my 2nd cousin, John Charles Stewart.

les Stewart, still owns and works the farm with Harry's great grandson Todd Stewart, in Pilot Knob, Elmore, Minnesota.

His descendants are still populating the southern part of Minnesota and northern Iowa. My Mother remained in contact with some of them. I have visited extensively with them in the last ten years. We found a lovely campground in the town of Blue Earth just a few miles north of Elmore at the Fairgrounds where we stayed while visiting.

I have an aside to this story. One of my sons, Robert W. Stewart III, (*Robbie*) purchased a well worn auto unbeknownst to me. It was strictly a 'basket case', with hay, rust and dirt on all the parts, strewn in an unrecognizable state of being an automobile, in the delivery trailer.

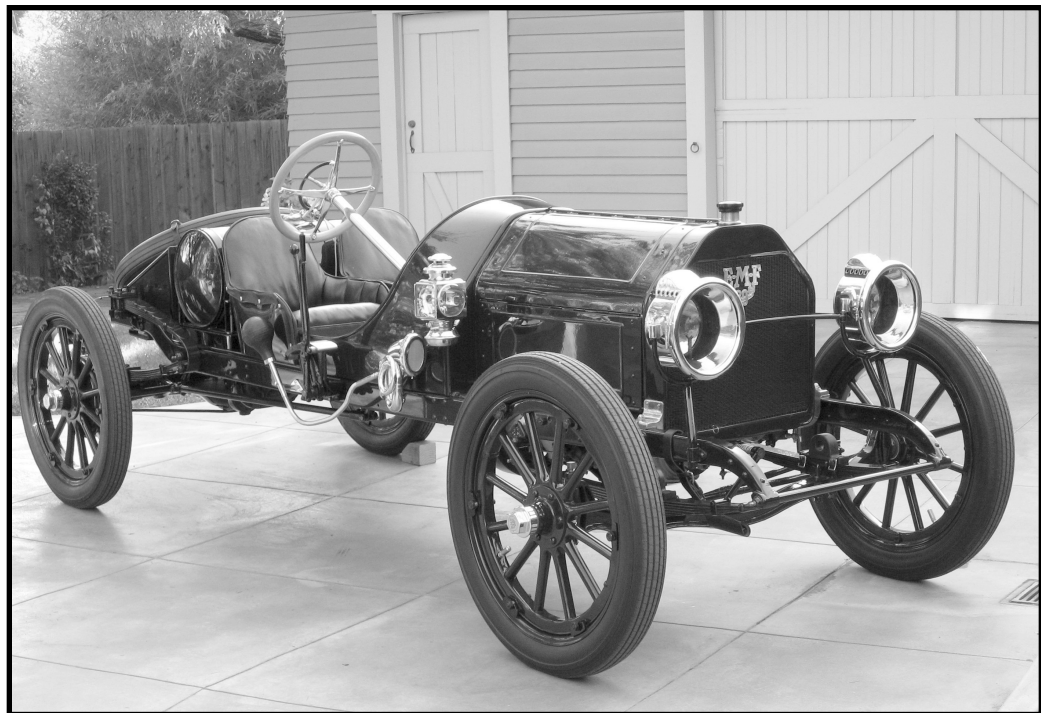
Previously I had gone through all my old photos and sent him a CD disk with all the photos that had antique autos in them. A day or so later I received an excited phone call from him.

"Dad, I just bought a 1912 EMF, just like the one of the photos you sent!" He went on to explain which photo he referred to. "But who is the gentleman leaning



**Graphic No. 79**

**My G Uncle, Harry Edward Stewart at the FranElChar Farm, with his 1912 EMF. Photo by Beth, circa 1920.**



**Graphic No. 80**

**My Son, Robert William Stewart's 1912 EMF restored to it's original state with a new racer body. Photo by RWS III. Circa 2007.**



on the car?”

Here I should explain the one he was talking about is shown in Graphic No. 79. Yes, it turned out to be a 1912 EMF, which stands for Edgars, Metzger and Flanders. They were manufacturers of autos concurrently with other car manufacturers such as Olds, Cadillac, etc. Sales were about 125,000 per year for most of the teens and into the twenties.

His question: “Who is the gentleman leaning on the car?” baffled me. I did not know at the time. I had two other photos of the same car taken at the same time, but could not see a license plate or any other identifying marks. I did not even think of Harry Edward Stewart until I noted a pennant hanging from the roof supports. On enlargement and other manipulations in Photo Shop on my computer, I determined “Minnesota” was printed on the pennant. I immediately sent a copy of the photo to the Minnesota Stewarts. By email, they confirmed it was Harry Edward Stewart, “Thank you for the photo of Granpa!”



**Graphic No. 81**

**My G Aunt Hattie May Charles (Stewart) and Grandmother Frances Elizabeth Nichols (Stewart). Circa 1915. Photo by Beth.**

It turns out my son's objective was not restoration to its original state as shown in the old photo. But restoration to a common renovation of the late teens and early twenties called 'THE RACER.' The

## Chapter Nineteen

EMF was one of the first cars that was modified to race and I saw the end results of such modifications at the Indie 500 in 1937 when I attended the race with the older brothers at the age of 10 years.

This is part of 'writers license' to throw in little stories from time to time about other family members. Even to provide a little bragging about one's offspring.



### Graphic No. 206

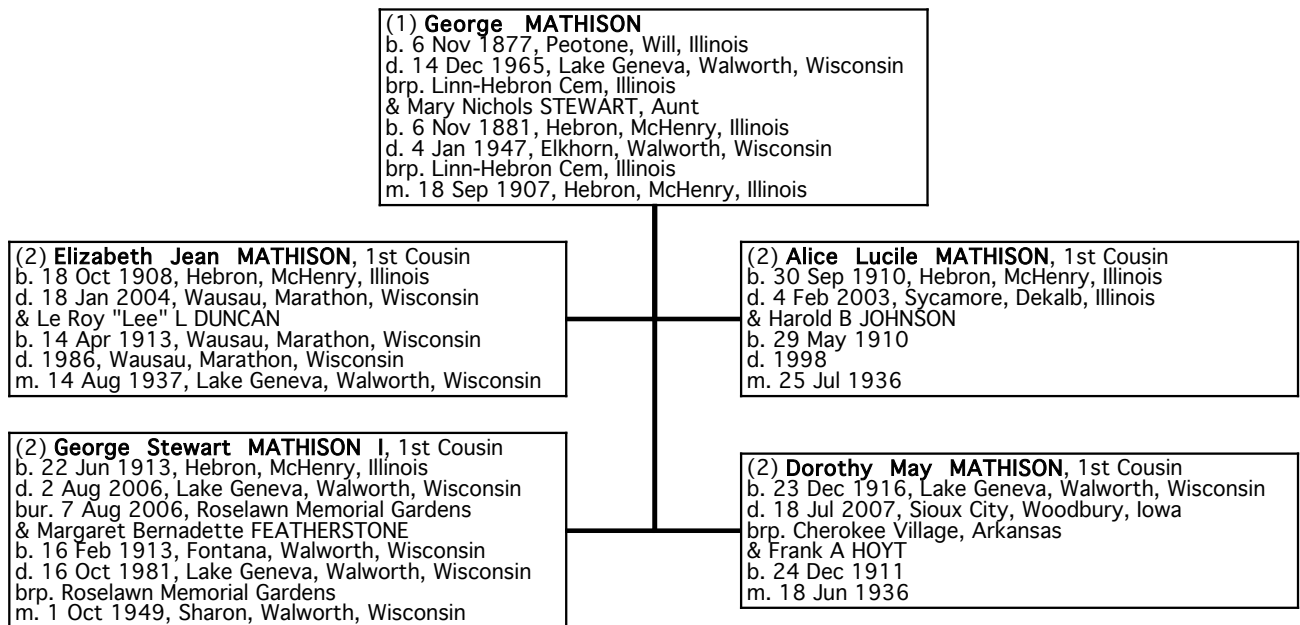
**My G Uncle Harry Edward Stewart's family chart.**

## CHAPTER TWENTY

## CHILDREN OF JOHN JAMES STEWART I

## MARY NICHOLS STEWART

My Aunt May (*Mary*) was the eldest child of my grandfather, JJS I, and grandmother, Frances Nichols. In his Will<sup>1</sup>, he made sure that in the event of his demise before Frances, she would be taken care of. Even more important, when both were gone, he stipulated that their remaining estate would be



Graphic No. 83

**My G Aunt, Mary Nichols Stewart (Mathison) and G Uncle George Mathison's family chart.**

divided equally between the three children, Mary, Robert and Donald. Perhaps, during his lifetime, he made sure that Mary received cash in lieu of land, so that the farm could be divided between the two boys and the division of the estate would be equal overall. At least that is my guess.

My uncle, George Mathison (*married to May Stewart, daughter of John James Stewart and Frances Nichols*), built a beautiful dark red brick home on their farm in Linn Township, Walworth County, north of Hebron, just over the state line in Wisconsin. The third of four children and their only son, my first cousin, George Stewart Mathison (Sr.), would remain on the farm until his retirement from farming in 1971 at the age of 58. Stew (*as he was called*) sold the farm and moved into the nearby city of Lake Geneva. He couldn't immediately get farming out of his blood, however, as it wasn't long before

<sup>1</sup> Last Will and Testament of John J. Stewart, 10 Sep 1907.



he was back on neighboring land working for one of his shirttail cousins, Eugene Behrens, who had taken over operation of the farms of another cousin, John Nichols, after John's death. Stew eventually "retired" to the role of cashier at a convenience store and then a restaurant within walking distance of his Lake Geneva home, working until about the age of 88. He passed away in 2006 at the age of 93. Stew and his wife, Margaret (*dec. 1981*), had one child, George Stewart Mathison (Jr.), who -- like his father -- also goes by his middle name, Stewart. He currently resides in the family home in Lake Geneva.

As I was growing up, the dinner on Thanksgiving Day was shared three ways. One year we would go to Wisconsin, the next everyone came to our house and then the third year we all met at Uncle Donald and Aunt Dot's house. Her given name was Ruth Dorcas, but her family nickname was Dot, that's what she wanted to be called. When I was ten or twelve this exchange was stopped for some reason. It seems there was some sort of ruckus between my father and Uncle Donald. It was never resolved to my knowledge. It affected our relations with 'their' family and 'our' family.

Aunt May, as we called her, was afflicted with Asthma. Sometimes she had great difficulty breathing. Growing up on a farm I knew that animals frequently stopped breathing and died. This always bothered me. She always carried in her purse a small round tin box with a tight fitting lid. When she had a coughing spell and her breathing became labored, she would open the tin, with a tiny scoop, she would place several scoops of grayish powder onto the overturned lid. She would ignite the powder with a match. It did not burn with a flame, but it produced a lot of smoke. She would pull a cloth over her head and breath the smoke. After a bit she was able to breath quite normally again.

Their children, like my brothers and sisters, were older siblings, only were cousins. Just as my immediate family, the three girls were superior, they made sure I knew it. We did have a great time for a few years at the Thanksgiving celebrations and occasional visits back and forth. My cousin, George Stewart Mathison Sr., we always called him 'Stew' or 'Stewie', was always very kind and gentle with me. I suppose having three rambunctious older sisters had a lot to do with that. I remember on one such visit to their home, I was complaining I needed a suit, but my Ma and Pa said we could not afford one. My Aunt May, Stew's mother, said to him, "Don't you have a suit you grew out of, Stewart?" He did and I had my very first suit that I wore for several years.



**Graphic No. 47 & 48**

**My Aunt Mary Nichols Stewart Mathison, No. 47 and my Uncle George Mathison, No. 48. Circa 1930, photographer not known.**



## ROBERT WRIGHT STEWART THE SECOND

My father, Robert W. Stewart II (*RWS II*), was born in the winter of 1883 on the Stewart Homestead in Hebron, Illinois. He was the eldest son, and had an older sister. He learned to fit into the work ethic of the dairy farmer, having great respect for and loving the cattle that he worked with. His grandfather, and namesake, along with his Uncle, William H. Stewart, founded a Dairy Organization that would become the Dairy Herd Improvement Association (*DHIA*), of which RWS II was an active member. His cattle were all registered with the Holstein-Friesian Association, that was mentioned earlier as being founded in Peterboro, New York.

Each cow and bull had its distinctive markings drawn on each registry page. Later a photograph would be taken to place on the register in addition to the drawing. Each registrant had a distinctive name that reflected its genealogy. So each individual animal could be traced by its ancestry, through its name and registration number, and the same information from its mother (*dam*) and father (*bull*). Registration with the Holstein-Friesian Association and the data from the DHIA, assisted breeding cows, and bulls, for both increased production and butter fat content of the milk.

Each month the DHIA 'Official Milk Tester' would come to the farm, to test for butterfat and weigh each of the cows' milk, for two separate milkings and sometimes more, if there was a problem. This required the milk tester stay overnight, at least one and sometimes two nights. This way, the Stewart dairymen knew exactly which cows were the ones to breed and which to sell. There always seemed to be a market for these cattle. Registration and DHIA testing paid off in other ways besides increased production.

But I get ahead of myself in telling my father's story. He learned the many things a farm boy must learn to survive and his interest was piqued by the advancing technical requirements of farming. At the age of nineteen, in 1902, he registered and attended the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, Illinois. Of course, he majored in Agriculture. He also played football for the Illini team for the two-and-a-half years he was registered.

His University career was cut short late in the fall of 1904 when his father, JJS I, became ill. He was required to come home and take over the daily farming operations. I suppose his thirteen-year-old brother, Donald Herbert Stewart, was of great help to him, but it was essential for him to stay and manage the farm for the rest of the school year. As in most cases like this one, he never returned to finish his college degree.

His knowledge of cattle increased immensely over the next five years, as he and his father, JJS I, worked together. He started putting his own herd together during this time, not knowing exactly when he would be on his own with his own farming operation. He was preparing for that as best he could.



**Graphic No. 84**

**District # 7 School House in 2000. A corn dryer sits next to it now. Beth Fellows (Stewart) taught here in 1906-7 before her marriage. A local resident is attempting to get it moved.**

**Photo by the Author.**

JJS I purchased William H. Stewart's interest in the Cheese Factory for \$250.00, in 1888<sup>2</sup>. In the years after Robert's return from University they decided to tear down the Stewart Cheese and Butter factory since the need for it had passed. JJS I and son would build another barn at the tenant house location. There would be two bases of operation, one for Robert and one for Donald. The farm would be split equally between them. Apparently Donald was much too competitive. Coming from the same birth position, I certainly can understand the problem. Family cooperation shown in the James/Robert Wright Stewart I dynasty would not and could not continue as it had in the past when land was available and farming was not as intensive.

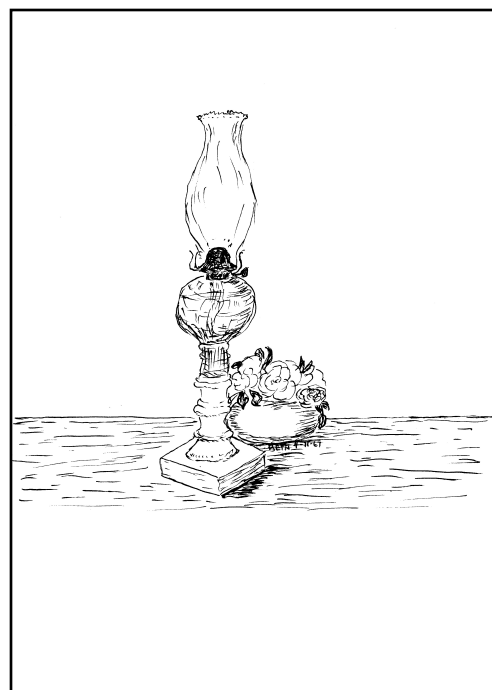
## IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN!

In the fall of 1906 a new teacher was hired to teach in a one room school located north of Hebron just over the state line in Wisconsin. The school was District Number 7, Linn and Bloomfield Townships, Walworth County.

It happened to be located on the farm of John Nichols, a cousin of my grandmother Frances Nichols. I can imagine how that teacher and my father were introduced. There was a period of courtship that I do not know the extent of. I have firsthand knowledge from my father, there were quite a few forty-four mile round trip buggy rides between Hebron, Illinois and Lyons, Wisconsin, sometimes ending late at night. The result of this courtship was the marriage of my father, Robert Wright Stewart II, to Celia Elizabeth Fellows (*Beth*) on October 19, 1909, at the home of her parents, in Lyons, Wisconsin.

That courtship took place in the parlor by the light of what was known in the family as the Sparking Lamp. Her parents', Fred Winslow Fellows and Lilla May Fellows, courtship, had taken place some twenty years earlier, with the very same Sparking Lamp, in Beth's great Aunt Phebe's parlor in Lyons, Wisconsin.

My Mother and Father birthed two boys then three girls in five-and-one-half years, November 1911 to May 1916. This is how they started their lives together. RWS II had his father as a work model. From all that I could gather he worked as hard as his father had. He had to.



**Graphic No. 87**

**The Sparking Lamp. Ink pen drawing by Beth.**

HAPPY BIRTHDAY  
CARMA

### THE SPARKING LAMP.

The courtship was aided by this  
small lamp  
when outside the weather was  
damp  
Lily May and Fred sat firmly  
apart  
Looked at each other each  
with brimming hearts  
Right in Aunt Phebe's parlor  
this small flame  
lighted their sweet faces which  
put to shame  
The small light which spread  
around  
And our family was launched  
and on the bond,  
Happiness to you now from  
Not. Love Beth

**Graphic No.88**

**Poem by Beth on back of Sprking Lamp drawing.**

<sup>2</sup> Bill of Sale: William H. Stewart to John James Stewart, recorded in McHenry County Book No. 7, page 584, dated 12 Jul 1888.

My mother, Beth, had her mother as a model also. Beth was the first of eight children. Her first child, Robert John, was born eleven months after her mother's eighth. It was interesting to hear about their conflicts over the "Uncle" word.

Beth was an artist also. She drew with pencil and ink pen as a child. I remember at the age of seventy-five, she was taking oil painting lessons. On the previous page is an ink pen drawing made by Beth Apr 11, 1967 on a postcard. This kerosene lamp was once owned by her Great Aunt Phebe. The base is white glass, with a brass screw coupling the base to the clear glass globe, that held the kerosene. It has since been wired with an electric bulb and is in possession of one of Beth's grandchildren. I think it should have remained a kerosene lamp.

On the back of the drawing on the previous page is a poem Beth wrote about her parents' courtship for her younger sister, my Aunt Carma's, sixty-third birthday, who was born in 1904.

### THE FARMING BEGINS

When Robert took over the 167 acres of farmland his father was leaving/selling him, there was still a lot of untilled and undrained land. The fields closest to the Homestead house would naturally be worked on first. They were mostly well drained which left only a few wet spots out in the fields most years. (See Google Earth map in Appendix H, Graphic No. 194, page 337.)

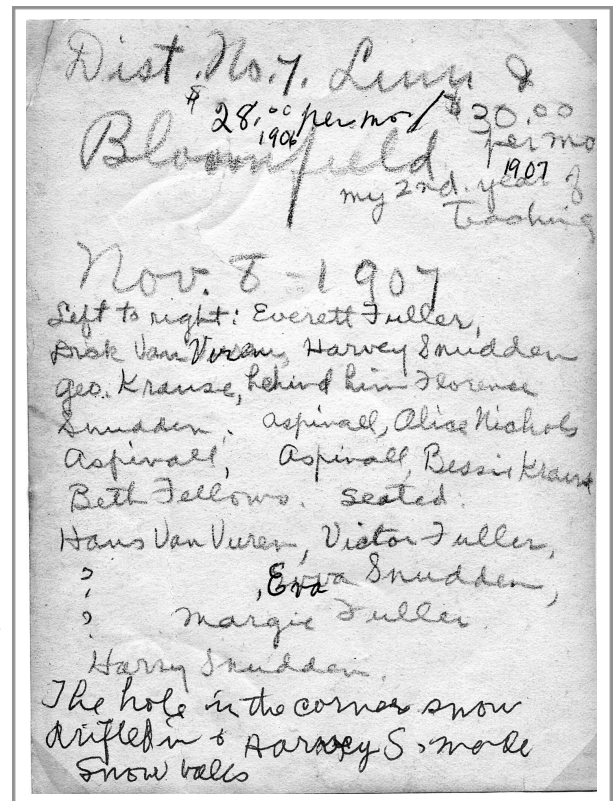
Robert and Beth, immediately after the birth of their first five children, named the farm as was previously mentioned. The name taken from the first syllable of each of their three daughters, Francese, Elsie and Charlotte, FranElChar.

An inventory of this land follows. The 'Back Forty'<sup>3</sup> was the furthest from the farm buildings. Nearly a mile away and actually one-half mile long. It consisted of approximately thirty acres of undrained bog land that had never been plowed and ten acres of virgin Burr Oak forest. Of the rest of the farm, about one hundred acres was slightly undulating hill land,



**Graphic No. 85**

**Class of 1907 with their teacher Beth Fellows. Photo by Beth's camera.**



**Graphic No.86**

**List of students, Teacher and information about District # 7, one room School. (See Graphic No. 84, year 2000 on page 173.)**

<sup>3</sup> See Section "Back Forty", Page 129.

and the remaining 27 acres were miscellaneous spots of lowland subject to ponding when it rained in the spring. These ponds did not surface drain, so were not usable for crops after extended spring rainfall. The pond's location was usually right in the middle of a nice long field which made it quite easy to get the farm equipment stuck in the mud while tilling the rest of the field.

Since cattle and other livestock were a part of this endeavor, fencing was necessary. By the time I was involved, there was a wide lane from the farm buildings to the south end of the Back Forty. This lane was fenced permanently and followed part of the northern boundary of the Homestead<sup>4</sup> half. (*Note: In the Google Earth map it can be seen the lane no longer exists, see Appendix H, Graphic No. 194, page 337.*) It was nearly three-fourths-of-a-mile long. Though when walked it seemed like ten miles. The outer boundaries of the farm were permanently fenced also. For pasturage of miscellaneous fields temporary fences were installed and the livestock could be driven by the lane into each field. In later years the fences were a single electrified wire on steel posts and much easier to install and move.

For approximately the first thirty years of Robert's farming life, the Back Forty was a permanent pasture. Each spring the young milk cows (*heifers*) were driven there, via the lane, to stay until the next fall. On the north end of the next southerly field was a gravel pit that served as source of paving material for the roads on the homestead. By deepening a small spot in the pit the water table was reached and there was a water supply for the cattle all summer.

My father's first job in making a more productive farm was to drain the low spots. He purchased a railroad carload of four, six and eight-inch tile. They were trucked to the gravel pit area on the south end of the Back Forty. There was open space with about five or six medium sized oak trees. Once, I remember some vandals found the stack and broke quite a few. He hired a man to dig trenches by hand and lay the tile to drain the low spots one by one, connecting each one to the existing main tile. The drainage ditch was deepened and widened so that he could plant his crops right through it. Later the ditch was permanently grassed so it would not wash deeper.

Pa's next job was draining the 'Back Forty'. He ran a twelve-inch secondary main lateral from the main tile to the north three-quarters of the field. When there was a dry summer the bogs were cut up and it was plowed for the first time. No crops were planted the first year, but the first crop was thirty acres of Smart Weed. There had hardly been any Smart Weed seen there so the seeds must have been lying dormant for many years. Not much cropping was done until the tile was all in place, then that field produced larger crops of corn than any of the rest of the farm<sup>5</sup>.

That left the southern end of this field which was virgin Bur Oak forest. Some of these trees were cut every year. The straight logs were allowed to dry and then taken to the lumber mill to be sawn into lumber<sup>6</sup>. This lumber was used to build sheds to store equipment in and corn cribs. The rest of the wood from the trees was sawn up and used to heat the farm house. Later, as the trees were nearly gone, the heating fuel was supplemented with coal hauled with the farm truck from a coal mine in Morris, Illinois. Pa later installed a coal feeder that required ground coal, which was also supplied by the coal mine.

As to living conditions, the house and barn were both wired with knob and tube for low voltage<sup>7</sup> electricity. There was a regular sized, painted, sheet metal bath tub in the 'back room' just off the

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<sup>4</sup> See Google Earth photo in Appendix H, Graphic No. 194, page 337.

<sup>5</sup> See Graphic No. 56, Chapter 13, page 128..

<sup>6</sup> See Graphic No. 82, Chapter 20, page 189.

<sup>7</sup> 48 volts supplied by a series of acid batteries that were charged by a gasoline generator, automatically started when the voltage in the batteries dropped. Made a horrible noise at night!



kitchen. It was not heated so bath days were quite exciting in a family of eight. About one hundred feet from the back door, behind the garage, there was a two hole 'outhouse' toilet.

There was even an electric generator in the barn. It provided power for the house as well as for the vacuum pump for the milking machines.

An interesting thing happened with this generator. My oldest brother, John, was starting the generator in preparation for the evening milking. It was raining heavily with wind and lightning. As he pushed the start button a bolt of lightning struck and threw him to the barn floor. He was carried outside and held under a gushing down spout. He was revived, spent two days in bed, for full recovery to his ornery self.

In 1935, Congress passed the Farm Support Bill. This gave the dairy farmers relief from the very low milk prices due to the Depression. The next year they passed the Rural Electrification Bill. This delivered electric power to farmers living at a distance from towns and generating plants. So Robert and his two eldest sons set out to take advantage of this cheap supply of electricity!

The back room was jacked up and with the John Deere GP tractor and horses they dug a basement beneath it. (See *Graphic No. 90 here, for finished work No. 91, page 179.*) They put in plumbing, electrical, a new foundation and a cement floor. A bathroom and sewing room were built above. Then added on an entry with stairs down and up. They also took out the batteries and gasoline-powered generator. My father, RWS II, now had electricity in all buildings, water pumped with electricity, and milking machine operated by an 120-volt electric motor-driven vacuum pump.

Looking back in our family history we began with hand and animal powered work on our farms. Starting at the turn of the century steam and gas powered engines pointed to-



**Graphic No. 89**

**My Father, Robert Wright Stewart II and my two Brothers, John and Fred, sawing firewood with a John Deere GP-powered buzz saw. Circa 1925.**

**Photo by Beth**



**Graphic No. 90**

**My Mother and Father, Beth & Robert, shoveling. My brother, Fred, can be seen under the building, lower right. The 'Back Room' being readied for a new foundation/basement. Circa 1936, very early spring, note no leaves on the Oak Tree in background. Photo by Beth, well, her camera.**

## Chapter Twenty

ward a new day of being able to increase production. Can you imagine growing crops with only hand tools and horses or oxen? I can remember planting a five-acre field of potatoes by hand with a pail of seed potatoes. The shallow trench was made by a single horse pulling the trencher. The trench was filled in with another pass, same horse with a drag. Then later when the potatoes had grown the same trencher was used to dig them up and then we picked them up using the buckets, then filling big gunny sacks. Seems like we got thousands of bags full. RWS II sold a lot of potatoes. Another crop was sugar beets, sold to a plant that made syrup and sugar.

The cash crop I liked best was my father's apple orchard. Sometime in about 1915 or 1920 he planted nearly five acres of various apples, plums and pears. Beth canned fruit and apple sauce for the whole winter. The perfect apples on the trees were picked, wrapped in newspaper, stored in wooden barrels in an empty chicken house. There a kerosene lamp was left burning all night when it was subzero. The apples never froze. The remaining apples on the ground and those left on the trees were shaken off, picked up and put in a eight by twelve (*long*) foot wagon with twelve inch side boards. The wagon held over a ton of apples. About five or six eight-gallon milk cans were put in the truck and the wagonload of apples pulled behind were taken to the Street Farm four miles away. Here the apples were shoveled into a grinder and then squeezed in a large press. This produced about five or six milk cans of cider (*apple juice*). This was our drink for the next several months from the barrels left outside in the cold and vinegar from the ones in the basement. Sometimes it would ferment (*not really intended as neither Robert nor Beth would drink alcohol*) and a fine apple jack would occur. This was shared with neighbors and visiting sales people, unbeknownst to Robert and Beth.

Of course there was always the garden every year, including grapes and miscellaneous berries. Seldom was the RWS II family required to buy many groceries. We ate well, sustaining life from the land.

Back to the farming. The "Back Forty" (*see Chapter Fourteen, page 129*) was now drained and could be farmed almost every year. Sometimes there were exceptionally wet years when no equipment could get into the fields until too late to plant. After a quick disking, some oats were planted for cattle pasture and then plowed in the fall hoping for a drier next year. The oak grove was nearly gone by the mid-1920's and it was decided it was time to remove the tree stumps. So my older brother took a quick do-it-yourself course in stump removal with dynamite. The first stump was blown apart and scattered up to nearly a mile away. He was quite disturbed and quit for the day and went to the barn. The neighbor east of our farm house came over that night with a large piece of oak root that fell in his barnyard. He did not appear angry, but he did have a strange look in his eye.

So John reduced the charge and tried several times again until he got it right. They slowly cleared the ten acres of stumps and the shattered debris. This wood was sawn into sixteen-inch chunks and burned the next winter to heat the house. The field was disked several times followed by the spring-toothed harrow. Each time more roots were removed.

Later this ten acres would become my introduction to the intricacies of the farming craft. At the age of fourteen, I was given a team of two horses, a two-row corn planter with a roll of check wire, several bags of seed corn and a pickup truck load of eighty-pound fertilizer bags. Pa gave the command, "Check the corn in this field so we can get the thistles cleaned out." The field was forty rods square, the purpose was to "check" the corn hills. That is, the check wire had a knot every thirty-four inches and the rows were thirty-four inches apart. The knot opened the tube and several kernels would drop. The idea was to be able to cultivate the corn with the two-row cultivator in two directions. I was successful, but oh the time consumed. My team of horses, Pet (*a dappled grey*) and Kit (*a black*), were well trained,



would stand for as long as it took me to refill the seed corn and fertilizer boxes, reset the wire and any other time consuming chores. I learned to be as patient as they. How meticulous some farm work was.

Sometime before Robert's marriage the cheese and butter factory was torn down and a barn built. It must have been of the 'barn raising' type of project. There is not a record as permits were not required at that time. The size of the barn was stupendous, over one hundred feet long. It was a basement barn. It contained stanchions for forty milk cows, a bull pen with a separate exercise pen outside, four two-horse and one single-horse stalls, and two large calf pens. A manure spreader could be pulled in one end by horses, the barn cleaned, then pull out the other end. The silos were built close to the barn. The silage was loaded on carts, then wheeled in from the built-in silo room to feed the cattle. There was hay storage above for several hundred tons of hay and grain. There was also a hammer mill to grind the grains for feed.

There was a large water tank installed in one of the hay mows above the cattle. The water was pumped by the wind mill to fill the tank. This was to give water pressure to the automatic cattle waterers and others uses. When the tank was full it would run over into the basement causing some cattle stalls to get wet. There was a rule in place. "Only pump water when someone was in the barn." It wasn't always followed.

In 1923, when the silos were empty, a huge storm came up and both silos were blown down. RWS II organized his work crew, salvaged the lumber, and started reconstruction. Some new material was required to replace the broken silo staves and roofs. That fall when the corn was ready for silo they filled the silos without the roofs being finished. Additional staves were added to give another ten feet in height, to make them forty feet high instead of the thirty feet when blown down.



**Graphic No. 91**

**The farmhouse on the FranElChar Farm, after 'Back Room' remodeling. Circa 1939. Photo by Beth.**

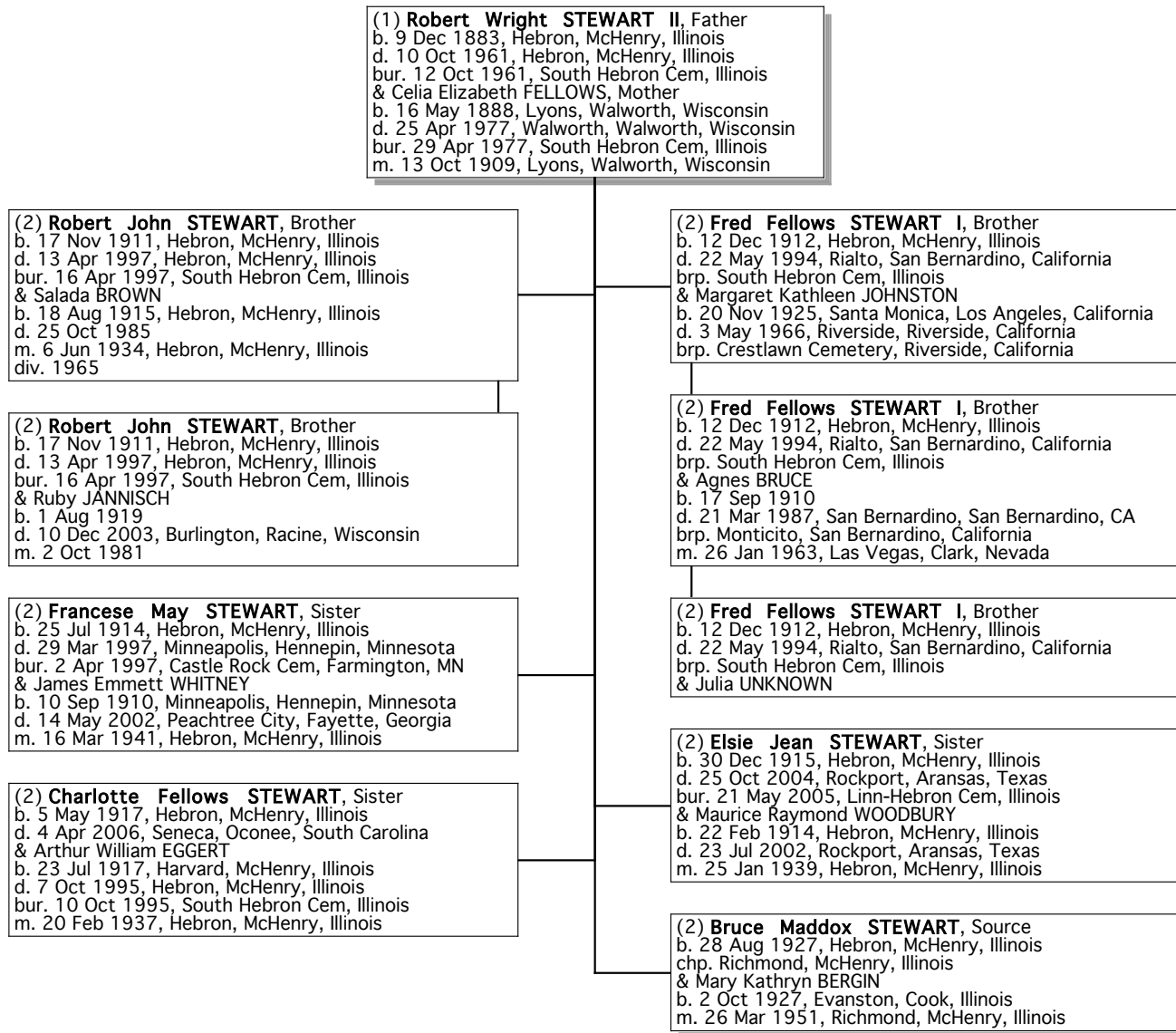


**Graphic No. 92**

**My Brother, R. John Stewart, the dynamite 'expert' and hired man.**

## Chapter Twenty

There were many additions to the equipment needed for modern farming. The first tractors were not tractors at all but stationary engines. About 1912-15 they were using the Waterloo Boy stationary engine for their filling silo, grinding grain, etc.



**Graphic No. 102**  
**My father, Robert Wright Stewart II's family chart.**

There was a Fordson tractor and a Waterloo Boy tractor. I do not know what order they were in. The Van Brunt thresher, mostly wood construction, was in use at the same time as the Waterloo Boy tractor on Robert's farm. (See Graphic No. 96, page 181.)

The Waterloo Boy two-cylinder engine was very innovative for its time. It burned kerosene, aka distillate, similar to diesel fuel. It had a higher compression ratio than a gasoline engine. To start it small valves (petcocks) were opened that allowed turning the engine over with the flywheel. It was just about impossible to turn it over by hand without this pressure relief. The engine was started with gasoline from a small tank with the petcocks open. When running, the petcocks were closed and a baffle on the radia-

## Chapter Twenty

tor closed. When the engine was hot the fuel was switched from gas to kerosene. It was a very powerful engine compared to other makes. These were great times of the industrial revolution on the farm. This was the forerunner of the two cylinder John Deere tractors

In 1948, after RWS II had retired from active farming, the beautiful long barn burned. RWS II's



**Graphic No. 93**

**The barn on FranElChar Farm after silos blew down in a summer storm in July 1923. The barn was built prior to 1909 from the lumber from the cheese factory on the Stewart Homestead. Photo by Beth.**



**Graphic No. 95**

**Silo filling with Waterloo Boy stationary engine at unknown neighbor's farm. Circa 1921. My Sister, Charlotte Stewart in foreground. Photo by Beth.**



**Graphic No. 94**

**Filling silo in 1923 after they were rebuilt. On the left the size is 14' in diameter, on the right is 16' in diameter. Both are 40' high, originally they were 30'. Photo by Beth.**



**Graphic No. 96**

**My Father, Robert W. Stewart II, pulling the Advance-Rumley threshing machine with Waterloo Boy Tractor. Circa 1916. (*This thresher was still in use when I was growing up.*) Photo by Beth**

second son, Fred Stewart, was working the farm and put in hay that had too high a moisture content. A fire broke out in the night. No cattle were lost in the fire, but all the hay and grain in the barn was gone. The barn and machine shed were burned to the foundation. The little young stock shed on the south end of the barn did not burn. Beth quoted a story that





**Graphic No. 98**  
New barn construction 1948. Photo by Beth



**Graphic No. 97**  
New barn construction 1948. Photo by Beth



**Graphic No. 99**  
New barn construction 1948. Photo by Beth

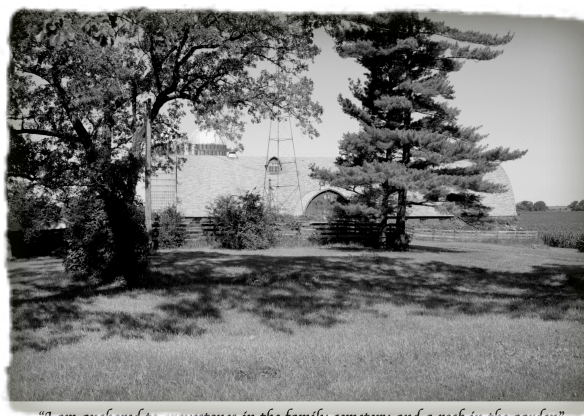
said if swallows left a building it would more than likely burn if one adjacent

burned. However if they stayed and built their nests, the building would not be burned. The young stock shed had five active swallow nests in it at the time of the fire.

So once again in his life, RWS II had to build a barn. This time it had to be of all new materials and would require a permit. Even though they had not lost any cattle, the new construction would be of nonflammable materials, at least where the live stock were kept. They used steel girders on cinder block for the basement. On top of the girders was placed waterproofed one-



**Graphic No. 100**  
“The Little Red House on the Hill” or  
“Gran’s House” Color copy of this photo is  
in Appendix H, Graphic No. 195, page 338.  
Photo by Author. Circa 2002.



**Graphic No. 101**  
Site of the FranElChar farm house, windmill  
and barn in background. Color copy of this  
photo is in Appendix H, Graphic No. 197,  
page 340. Photo by Author, 2005.

inch plywood sheets, then four-and-one-half inches of concrete was poured. The wood structure above was of laminated curved roof rafters that gave greater storage capacity than the original barn as it had no internal support posts. It was twenty five feet longer than the original and a pit was added for the manure spreader on the North end. There was a long chain with paddles around in the gutter, full length of the barn that pulled the manure into the spreader. No more shoveling!

Prior to the barn burning, Robert and Beth had decided to move out of the old FranElChar farm house. The farm was being share cropped with son Fred and family and it was just too much to expect both families to live in that little house. (*This was a known factor!*) So they built a small two bedroom house just to the south of the orchard. It was a house designed for the thousands of GI's coming home from the war in Europe and Asia. It was from a company called Green's Ready-Built. The foundation and basement was dug and concrete poured. The house structure was then shipped by truck. It was then put together like a jig-saw puzzle. The walls were all pieces four feet by eight feet tall, pre-constructed of two panels of plywood with insulation for a blank wall, a window or a door. Each piece was designed to go in a specific place. The windows were dual pane with openable vents top and bottom. It was, as Beth put it, "A cute and cozy little house." She always wanted to have a barn red house, so it was painted barn red. (*See Graphic No. 195, page 338.*)

Robert suffered from arthritis, a hernia that never had been taken care of properly and while still working around the farm fell and broke a hip. He never walked again without crutches. Today he would have surgery at once and perhaps would have walked again. Ten years later with his full knowledge and request, the medicine he was taking for a heart condition was withdrawn and he died a peaceful death. Beth lived on for several more years in the little red house. When she needed more care she moved in with daughter Charlotte and husband in Hebron. When she became needful of full-time care, was put into a care home and died two weeks later.

My mother and father, Robert Wright Stewart II and Celia Elizabeth "Beth" Fellows (Stewart) are now long gone. The FranElChar farm was sold in the late 1960's or early 70's. The old farm house became a haven for Raccoons, then someone entered the house and started a fire. The fire was put out and the house sat in an ugly state for several years. After a while it was demolished, the basement filled in and grass planted. (*See Graphic No. 197, page 340.*) Long gone but not forgotten. Thus, Robert's chapter is now closed.

### DONALD HERBERT STEWART

My Uncle, Donald Herbert Stewart, married my mother Beth's sister, Ruth Dorcas Fellows, four years after Robert and Beth were married. The wedding was performed by the same Pastor, Rev. White, that married the bride's parents, Fred W. Fellows and Lilla May Woolsey Fellows. The ceremony was held on the Fellows home farm in Lyons, Wis-



**Graphic No. 104**  
**My Uncle Donald Herbert Stewart,**  
**age eleven (?). Photographer un-**  
**known, circa 1902.**



consin, A professional photographer took a group photo of all that attended.

I include the photo here to emphasize the importance of identifying folks in photographs for genealogical purposes. This was a gold mine of information concerning the Fellows, Stewart and Nichols families. In this photo there are 79 individuals, identified. The sister of the groom, Mary Nichols Stewart, was not able to attend the wedding because three days earlier she had given birth to her third child, George Stewart Mathison Sr. This is another instance of the Beth Archive information. She wrote all these names on the back of an 8" x 10" copy of the photo. For more information on who is in the photo, I am including the photos and this information at the end of this Chapter.

I remember my "Aunt Dot", as she was known to all, as a kind, helpful woman in my life. I attended the one-room Vander Karr School for eight years, as had my brothers and sisters before me. As I have reminded my children many times, I walked there for all eight years. I think I can remember a few times when my older brother, John, would let me ride with him in the truck when he took the milk to the factory in Hebron. The point being I would walk cross lots from our farm in a straight line to school most every day. When it was raining or snowing too heavily I had to walk via the road that took me by the Stewart Homestead. Then of course I would stop to see Aunt Dot, at the Homestead, on my way home. She most always made me a sandwich of a slice of fresh white bread spread with butter, sprinkled with white sugar and folded over.

On the weekends I would often walk to their house to play with my older cousin, Donna. My dog, Speeder, most always accompanied me. When we finished our play I would go into the house to say "Good-bye" to Aunt Dot and to hope for a sandwich. Most every time there would be the sandwich. One time I said, "Auntie, Speeder is hungry too!" She paused and then made another sandwich for him. Later she often told this story about "The only time I ever made a sandwich for a dog!"



**Graphic No. 106**

**My Uncle Fred Warner Fellows and his sister,  
my Aunt Ruth Dorcas "Dot" Fellows Stewart.  
Photo by Beth circa 1925.**



**Graphic No. 107**

**My Aunt Ruth Dorcas "Dot" Fellows  
Stewart. Photographer unknown circa  
1960.**



I ran into an interesting incident I cannot adequately explain. Someone pointed out to me, as I was gathering documents for my research, that my birth certificate listed Ruth Dorcas Stewart as my mother. I brought this up to my Mother, Beth, and she was astounded. Her thought was that since the information came from Doc Bailey, that he had made a mistake. I was able to file a correction with the State of Illinois to legally change my mother's name on my Birth Certificate. Still . . .

I have often wondered why my Grandfather, John J. Stewart I, was buried in the Linn-Hebron Cemetery, along with my Aunt May and her husband, George Mathison. Was there a rift? No one can talk now, so I can only speculate. I think they all should be in the Stewart Homestead Cemetery.

The Stewart Homestead Home is qualified to be listed by the McHenry County Historical Preservation Commission for preservation. So far the present owners have refused to complete the process and make it official to preserve the home. This house figures prominently in the history of the Stewart family and the County of McHenry. I am concerned this house will some day be razed or remodeled and lost to the development history of Hebron Township.

There is really little concern of restrictions to remodeling the interior of exterior. Preserving simply means not changing the basic design of the house. The interior could be completely modernized. The exterior could have the porches replaced, even the cupola be restored if so desired.

Thus ends the story of the Stewart family's trip from the homeland of Scotland to the United States. There is much that has not been documented. I have found many things about my family's homes, the way they lived and where. I am sure I could find out a lot more. This is the end of my endeavors in the search for family. I have found most of what I was looking for. I leave the documentation of the current and future generations to someone else who will pick up where I left off.

❧ The End ❧

(1) **Donald Herbert STEWART**, Uncle  
b. 2 May 1891, Hebron, McHenry, Illinois  
d. 6 Oct 1964, Hebron, McHenry, Illinois  
brp. South Hebron Cem, Illinois  
& Ruth Dorcas FELLOWS, Aunt  
b. 13 Oct 1892, Lyons, Walworth, Wisconsin  
d. 6 Mar 1968, Woodstock, McHenry, Illinois  
brp. South Hebron Cem, Illinois  
m. 25 Jun 1913, Lyons, Walworth, Wisconsin

(2) **May Elizabeth "Betty" STEWART**, 1st Cousin  
b. 26 May 1914, Hebron, McHenry, Illinois  
d. 25 Jan 2007  
& Lynn ELLISON  
b. 27 Aug 1915, Hebron, McHenry, Illinois  
d. 21 Sep 2000, Woodstock, McHenry, Illinois  
m. 30 Aug 1936, Hebron, McHenry, Illinois

(2) **Ruth Wright STEWART**, 1st Cousin  
b. 11 Aug 1915, Hebron, McHenry, Illinois  
d. 12 Jan 1992, Woodstock, McHenry, Illinois  
brp. South Hebron Cem, Illinois  
& Donald David YOUNG  
b. 29 Jul 1912, Woodstock, McHenry, Illinois  
d. 22 Aug 1993  
brp. South Hebron Cem, Illinois  
m. 16 Apr 1938, Dubuque, Dubuque, Iowa

(2) **Edith Georgia STEWART**, 1st Cousin  
b. 10 Dec 1917, Hebron, McHenry, Illinois  
d. 14 Jul 1999, Monroe, Green, Wisconsin  
bur. 17 Jul 1999, South Hebron Cem, Illinois

(2) **John James STEWART II**, 1st Cousin  
b. 7 Dec 1918, Hebron, McHenry, Illinois  
d. 6 Dec 2002, Hebron, McHenry, Illinois  
brp. South Hebron Cem, Illinois  
& Viola May TIBBITTS  
b. 12 Sep 1922  
m. 22 Aug 1943

(2) **Susan Ann STEWART**, 1st Cousin  
b. 1 May 1920, Hebron, McHenry, Illinois  
d. 5 May 1973  
brp. Fairview Cem, Greenwood, McHenry, IL  
& Lyle GIVEN  
b. 13 Sep 1913  
m. 3 Jun 1945

(2) **Donna Patricia STEWART**, 1st Cousin  
b. 6 Dec 1923, Hebron, McHenry, Illinois  
& George Henry DITZENBERGER  
b. 4 Apr 1924, Zenda, Walworth, Wisconsin  
d. 2 Jan 2002, Browntown, Green, Wisconsin  
m. 17 Jan 1946, Hebron, McHenry, Illinois

## Graphic No. 105

My Uncle Donald Herbert Stewart's family chart.



Graphic No. 214

This is the left side of the photo of the folks at Wedding of Donald H. Stewart and Ruth Dorcas Fellows on 25 Jun 1913, at the farm of Fred Winslow Fellows and Lilla May Woolsey Fellows in Lyons, Wisconsin. (See *Graphic No. 103, page 188, for original photo.*) Each person has a number above, below or beside their head. The two photos, left and right, over lap several people.

**FRONT ROW SIT:** 1. Mrs L. A. Nichols, 2. Mrs Emma Walkter, 3. L. A. Nichols, 4. Helen Nichols, 5. L. A. Travis, 6. Lucia Travis, 7. Susan Fellows, 8. Francis Travis, **2ND ROW STAND-ING:** 23. C. L. Nichols, Jr, 24. Harlow Healy, 25. Keith Fellows, 26. Leone Travis (Twist), 27. Laura Nichols White, 28. Herbert White, 29. Nettie Vander Karr, 30. MaryNichols (Woodward), 31. Louise Nichols (Robertson), 32. Harriet Nichols, **BACK ROW:** 45. James G. Nichols, 46. George Mathison, 47. Charles G. Healy, 48. Charles H. Nichols, 49. J. Ed Nichols, 50. Cora Nichols (face blocked), 51. Frank Stewart, 52. Lucy Stewart, 53. George Lasch, 54. J. A. St(r)assen, 55. Mrs. G. Lasch, 56. Hattie T. Blanke, 57. W. J. Schroeder, 58. L. M. Vander Karr, 59. Frank Blanke holding, 60. Lorraine Blanke, 61. Eleanor Nichols (Behrens), 62. F. Blanke. **BACK ON CHAIRS:** 78. Mrs J. A. Strassen, 79. Merle Travis.





Graphic No. 215

This is the right side of the Wedding photo, see previous page. Manipulations done with Photo Shop. (See Graphic No. 103, page 188, for original photo.)

**FRONT ROW SEATED:** 9. Phebe G. Healy holding, 10. Carma Fellows(Piper), 11. Gilbert Travis holding his grandson, 12. Wallace Blanke, 13. Ben Skiff holding, 14. John Nichols and, 15. Elizabeth Jean Mathison, 16. Mrs. Ben Skiff holding, 17. Alice Mathison, 18. Mrs. F. W. Fellows holding, 19. Richard R. Fellows, **SEATED ON GRASS:** 20. Ralph Nichols, 21. Velma Nichols, 22. Ford Stewart. **2ND ROW STANDING:** 33. Mrs. J. J. Stewart I, 34. J. J. Stewart I, 35. Donald Stewart, 36. F. W. Fellows, 37. Mrs. Donald H. Stewart, 38. Lottie Fellows (Emerson), 39. Phebe Fellows (Ellsworth), 40. Nell Fellows, 41. Beth Stewart holding, 42. Fred F. Stewart, 43. Robert W. Stewart holding, 44. R. John Stewart. **BACK ROW STANDING:** 63. Mrs. Wilber Weeks, 64. Irma Strassen, 65. Wilber Weeks, 66. Dr. White. 67 Mrs. C. Stubbs/Bertha Riggs. 68. Mrs. White, 69. C.H. Stubbs, 70. Warner Fellows, 71. Neva Frazier(Monica), 72. Porter (La Pine), 73. Rev. George White, 74. Walter Frazier holding, 75. Mildred Frazier, 76. Olive Houghton, 77. Margaret Houghton (Bungard) behind all. (NOTE: I would disagree with # 72, I think that is really Rev. George White, No. 73, from other photos I have seen. Bruce Stewart,



**Graphic No. 103**  
**Donald H. Stewart and Ruth Dorcas Fellows wedding 1913, Lyons, Wisconsin**





**Graphic No. 82**

**The Samson Truck ready to go to the sawmill. It is in the drive of the Stewart Homestead. The log looks like a pine from the Homestead front yard, similar to those in the background. Photo by Beth, circa 1912-16.**

## AFTERWORD

*In this attempt to follow Robert Stewart from Scotland to the United States, much has been said about the reasoning behind his journey and the consequences of that action. In glancing back I thought it might behoove me to synopsise that journey to help the reader understand the reason for it better.*

### WHY/WHEN?

In the 1700's the Scots had been defeated by the British. Anyone still suspect of being a part of the uprising was either arrested, executed if found guilty, imprisoned, sent to the colonies as bondsmen and many other atrocities. Culloden (1746) was the last battle the Scots were involved in, the need for the Estates to have the protection of their small army of tenants no longer existed. They were an unnecessary expense. Just a few men could herd the sheep that were now the main source of income for these Estates. By the time of the American Revolution the pressure to relocate was great. As such, King George III needed all the cash he could lay his hands on to fight that war.

### HOW?

Most everyone on the Atholl Stewart Estates were related to some degree. As such, the Estate Tack Holders (*renters from the King*) felt an obligation to at least keep their tenant cousins safe. They gave them as much assistance as they could afford. The early emigrants paved the way by exploring places where they were welcome and land was available to those that had some where-with-all. Further migration was encouraged as the new U.S. government pushed west, making land available cheaply.

### WHERE?

Many were forced to re-locate to Northern Ireland. Those loyal to the King were given land in the colonies in return for swearing allegiance. After the American Revolution, Loyalist land became available when it was made forfeit by the U.S. government. This was the case for Robert Stewart in 1786 when he purchased land in the Kingsborough Patent in Johnstown, NY.

### SUMMARY

My Stewarts escaped from the Laird (*Lord*) dominated feudal existence of Scotland to a new country where land was readily available and hard work was rewarded.

## APPENDIX CONTENTS

Appendix A	ALL PATENTS ISSUED IN HEBRON TOWNSHIP, ILLINOIS	Page 191
Appendix B	HEBRON TOWNSHIP & WALWORTH CO., WI PATENTS PURCHASED BY STEWARTS & ROSS' FROM PATENTEE	Page 198
Appendix C	ALL OTHER DEEDS	Page 237
Appendix D	BOOK CITATIONS AND OTHER DOCUMENTS	Page 264
Appendix E	FOOTNOTES AND BIBLIOGRAPHY	Page 293
Appendix F	GRAPHICS, CHARTS AND TRANSCRIPTS IN THIS BOOK	Page 301
Appendix G	WILLIAM H STEWART CIVIL WAR DIARY EXCERPTS	Page 310
Appendix H	COLOR GRAPHICS	Page 315