

# Sweetland/Swetland Lore #23

(Sweetland Lore)

September 2002

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## SFA 2003 Reunion

Your reunion committee has fixed the date for the 2003 SA Reunion. We will meet on Friday and Saturday, July 11 and 12, 2003. Our meeting center will be the Holiday Inn in Wilkes-Barre, PA.

The Wyoming Historical and Geological Society plans to hold many activities in 2003. That year will mark the 225th anniversary of the battle of Wyoming and the 200th anniversary of the building of Luke Swetland's home. Their committee in charge of the events for 2003 have asked whether we could hold a Sweetland event at Luke's home in 2003. They have offered us the use of the lawn for a catered supper on Friday and the use of the upstairs rooms that night for our social events that evening.

Irwin Messick has been instrumental in getting information from the society committee and will play a major part in our plans for the 2003 reunion.

To reduce costs we will use S/S Lore #24 as the invitation to the reunion. Copies will go to all those who receive a reunion mailing. We will send with the

newsletter a sheet asking you to tell us your preliminary plans for attending.

We plan to have the catered supper take place on the lawn of the Sweetland Homestead starting in the late afternoon. After supper we will meet in the upstairs rooms of the Homestead for social activities and perhaps a talk.

Saturday's agenda will appear in S/S Lore #24 together with the costs. We will have several talks, a report on our treasury as of the reunion, the award of the 2003 scholarship and the regular business meeting. We intend to begin at 8:30 a.m. and finish by 3:30 p.m.

If you wish to present a talk on Friday evening or Saturday, please contact me at the address on page 4. We can use one half hour talk on Friday evening and two somewhat longer talks on Saturday.

Our hope is to have a large number to show the Society that Sweetland/Swetland interest is strong. Past meetings here brought between 65 and 83 members so 2003 is the time to reach or break the attendance of past years.

## A New Format

After several years for no reason Microsoft Publisher 97 failed to create the format you saw before. The result is a new format from Microsoft Publisher 2000. Trying to learn how to make Publisher 97 work again would take longer than creating S/S Lore #23 using Publisher 2000. I trust you will accept the change and not think I have gone nuts, although

it feels that way at times. I had tried Publisher 2000 before but liked the old format so I went back to using Publisher 97. Live and learn, they say, but it seems that I have not yet lived long enough. An expert will know how to create the Publisher 97 format with Publisher 2000. If one reads this, please call. See page 4 for the phone number.

# Internet Ramblings

It is amazing and almost unbelievable how much information is available on the Internet. Here are some examples:

Sweetland Pines 9-Hole Par 3 Golf—Whether you are a beginner out with the kids or just looking for a short practice game, Sweetland Pines is the place for relaxing par 3 golf. The course is off Rt. 5 between Batavia and LeRoy, NY. From Batavia take Rt. 5 east to Fargo Road, right on Fargo to Sweetland Road, turn left on Sweetland Road and you can't miss it.

Dan Weiskotten has written a large number of historical sketches. The purpose of many of these papers has been to straighten

out the myths and outright fallacies of Cazenovia's past. One such is The Cazenovia Paper Mill, located on Chittenango Creek on the northern edge of the Village of Cazenovia. Zadock Sweetland opened a paper mill on this spot in 1810, being one of the first paper mills in central New York. Rising like phoenix from the ashes of several fires and having its dam washed out by several floods, the paper mill was operated by the Sweetland family until 1865 when it was sold to Henry Monroe who kept the industry alive until he too was burned out in 1870.

At Family Trees of Calvert, Newfoundland you can find The Sweetland Family of Devon, Eng-

land and Ferryland and Calvert (Calvin Bay), Newfoundland. This is a family tree of the Sweetland family of Devon, England who settled in Ferryland in the 1770s. Some members of the Ferryland family settled in Devon, England and Calvert (Calvin Bay) before later moving to Bonavista and Trinity, Newfoundland and Brooklyn, NY.

## Bette Steinbrenner's Book

Bette has created a marvelous book entitled *Partial History of George and Emma Sweetland Family*. She sent me a copy which will provide some stories for future issues of S/S Lore. This new format regrettably reduces the amount of data I can put in each issue.

## SFA Treasury

Donations to the treasury to date in 2002 are \$238.16. Donors are James and Betty Vogel, Lynn Sweetland, Anne Kirby, Stuart Swetland, Rev. Kenneth Swetland, Ted Sweetland, Mike O'Connor, Bette Steinbrenner, Marjorie Scott and Judith L. Young-Thayer. How wonderful it is to have so many donors. But as you will see, we can use more donors.

Postage costs now approach \$200.00 a year. Funds on hand assure this issue and two more and perhaps a fourth can be squeezed in but it will be tight. If you have not yet donated, now is a wonderful time. Make your check payable to the Swetland Family Association and mail the check to Priscilla Swetland, R. R. #4, Box 121A, Montrose, PA 18801-9437.

Priscilla has given the present treasury status as \$562.74, \$243.00 in the scholarship fund and \$319.74 in the general/newsletter fund. \$7.00 more will fund the 2003 scholarship. I will appoint a scholarship committee by the next issue of S/S Lore. Donations in postage are also welcome as you can tell from the yearly costs. You may be sure that we waste no funds.

## Marjorie Swetland Scott, January 24, 1926-August 7, 2002

We have lost a dear friend. Marjorie Swetland Scott passed away August 7, 2002 due to a major infection which set in after surgery. She is missed. She wrote regularly passing on information on her family and her ancestors. You have read some of her stories in past issues of our newsletter.

SFA records do not show the first time she attended a reunion but she came in 1995 and attended those since except for 2001. A broken right arm kept her away that year. With her arm still recovering she kept in touch, first printing and finally writing again. Her determination was inspiring.

To the 1999 reunion Marjorie brought two "Memory Books" which she had created using Creative Memories materials and tools. These were "scrapbooks" filled with family stories, pictures and genealogy data. It was a joy to read them and realize how much she accomplished. She is greatly missed!

# Louisa Marie Chubbuck

Anne Kirby has given permission to use this story from the book on Ernest John Sweetland written by her husband, Dale Kirby.

William Harris Sweetland married Louisa Marie Chubbuck in November 1873. She was born June 16, 1853 in Weymouth, MA to George Washington Chubbuck and Mary Lovell Gardner and died June 26, 1938 in Oakland CA. The following story is a letter she wrote to her daughter, Sarah ("Sade") Cottrell when Louisa was 69 years old.

Louisa Marie Chubbuck  
Crosses The Plains

On May 1st 1863 George W. Chubbuck and family and his aged mother left Platteville, Wisconsin, destination California. The outfit consisted of a covered wagon and six mules. The wagon train started at Council Bluffs, and consisted of fifty wagons. Mr. Kendall was appointed as Captain of the train. We left Council Bluffs about the 8th of May. A son was born to mother as we camped on the Platte River. We finally started with a great many happenings along the road. The son that was born on the Platte River died a few months later in Placer-ville, California. A great many things I can hardly remember, as I was not quite ten years old. However, I will mention a few things that I can well remember.

One that impressed me, in fact that we all felt badly over the death of a little child, and to think it had to be buried way out on the plains. We were so far from civilization there was no way of getting a little coffin or getting material to make one, so my uncle being along and very handy with tools said that if each one could help with by what material they would spare, some pieces of wood, nails and material for lining, he would do the best he could, so he made the little coffin. Each one gave gladly the best that they had, and the dear little one was laid to rest with the help of the kind people in the train, the little mound was covered with

rocks to keep the wild animals from digging it up, which would have been done without that protection, and we left the little grave with tears and sympathy for the ones that had to part with their dear one way out in the lonely desert. The coffin was made of sixty pieces of wood that different ones gave, and I think of thirty pieces of material of different kinds to line the little coffin. All was given gladly and the best each one had. It seems that no matter where we are or what the circumstances are, there is some way of doing good and helping each other in times of trouble and sorrow.

We had several thrilling experiences with the Indians. At one place we camped, a band of Indians came to our camp just as we had finished eating. Mother made some nice biscuits, and when the Indians asked for anything to eat we were afraid to refuse them. So they sat down to our little table and asked for biscuits and coffee. One of the young men in our party was anxious to try and see how he could shoot with a bow and arrow, so one of the Indians gave him the bow and arrow to see what he could do by shooting with it. It did not take very long for us to find out, and nearly to our sorrow. As the arrow came down, instead of hitting the mark it struck the Indian in the back while he was eating. We all knew the arrow hurt the Indian, for when the arrow was pulled out of his back, the blood began to trickle down his back.

It was all excitement for a while, and the Chief got a lot of his men together and we all thought we would be massacred. I well remember how we all felt. My grandmother (father's mother) went in the emigrant wagon and there she prayed for the good Lord to spare our lives. My sister Lizzie and I were crying. The old Chief got on his horse and so did the other Indians get on their horses, and were about to start for more Indians. What to do was a problem. Finally, we made peace with them by giving them all the tobacco and molasses we had in the emigrant train. My father was the one

who thought of the tobacco and a man in the train had some. We were not going to give them but one large piece of it. Then they talked among themselves a long time and the old chief came back to my father and held up two of his fingers and said "Two to whack, no kill," and you may believe that was settled and we left in a hurry. It was dark and we thought that if we staid there they might return and make trouble. It was a serious affair to have anything like that happen, as the Indians were at war with the Whites. A great many times we traveled by night and had no camp fire, for fear of being seen by the Indians and being carried off and killed by them as killing of whites and getting a scalp to hang on their belts was a great honor to them.

We traveled until we came to a place where we could get fuel and water. Our fuel was buffalo chips. The water was very bad and scarce. Most of it tasted of salt and sulfur. At one time it was so bad that mother said she did not know what they would do, and George says, "Well, if you can't get water, make tea, mother." At last we got to a place where the water was very good. We were undecided whether we should stay or try to go on further, and then we decided to stay there overnight. It was fortunate for us that we stayed there as the next morning we passed a station that the Indians had burned down and three men lying by the roadside burned to a crisp. There were some horses also burned. We started on our way and passed a stage loaded with soldiers all armed. We knew we were in a dangerous part of the country.

(This is a good place to stop for this issue. The story will take several more issues to finish. Isn't this a wonderful story to have? Can you imagine what it was like to travel through Indian country when they were at war and fighting with the Whites? This story was lived through and written by the woman who became Anne Kirby's great-grand-mother.)

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SWETLAND FAMILY ASSOCIATION

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## Organization

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Treasurer—Priscilla Swetland, R.R. #4, Box  
121A, Montrose, PA 18801-9437  
Reunion Coordinator—Dr. Jason Stevens  
Genealogist—Roger Swetland, R.R. #4, Box  
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## Partial History of George and Emma Swetland Family

From the Introduction to Bette Steinbrenner's book  
"When I was a child, I can remember relatives saying,  
"Kathleen not only looks like Grandma Bernice, but she acts like  
her!" This made an impression on me, and as the years passed  
and I got to know Grandma O'Connor, I saw many similar traits.  
I also became aware of the beautiful brown eyes that were so  
prominent in our relatives. As I did more research, I was given  
the George Swetland family photo hung in Grandpa Jim and  
Grandma Bernice O'Connor's home. Lucille Churchill Gates had  
the treasured photo in a box given to her by her mother Vada  
O'Connor Churchill. After analyzing the photo, I believe that Ber-  
nice's mother Emma Caroline Fosnot Swetland was the carrier of  
these brown eye genes. In the eleventh generation, Vada, Forest,  
and several of their children were blessed with the brown eyes.  
Our daughter Suzanne, we believe, was the first Steinbrenner  
with brown eyes. Her daughter Rachel was the first Hurd, we  
believe, with brown eyes. I was elated.

"Another family trait is the forehead hairline, a widow's  
peak that appears in several succeeding generations, including all  
of Bernice's and Jim's five children. Grandma Bernice's lovely  
black hair which was just a few silver threads when she was in  
her 70s, Kathleen and my brother Jim were fortunate to inherit.  
Not I."

(more in another issue)

## Judith L. Young-Thayer—Sweetland Researcher

This is the story of my Sweet-  
land/Swetland connection.

Once I had documented my  
father's distaff lineage in 1976, I was  
able to pull together enough data to  
determine our Sweetland/Swetland  
ancestry.

My great-grandmother was  
Anna Garnsey, daughter of Nathan  
and Lydia (Barnes) Garnsey of Clifton  
Park, Saratoga Co., NY. In 1836,  
Anna married Samuel Spier, son of  
Ezra and Clarissa (Swetland) Spier of  
New Lebanon, Columbia So., NY

Researching the Swetland  
family of Saratoga Co., NY, proved to  
be very interesting, as the records  
documented that Clarissa was the  
daughter of Nathan's eldest sister,  
Nancy Garnsey, who had married  
about 1758 in CT, Samuel Swetland.  
So in effect Nathan's daughter, Anna  
Garnsey and Nancy (Garnsey) Swet-  
land's grandson, Samuel Spier, were

first cousins, one/half removed, if such  
a thing exists.

While the Garnsey family is  
well documented, and several gene-  
alogies are published, broad gaps ex-  
ist in the Swetland research and fam-  
ily history. Thus, finding and docu-  
menting Samuel Swetland's family  
and lineage was a more difficult task.

For several years my search  
led me through court houses, librari-  
es, historical societies, and into all  
the records and published mentions of  
the Sweetland/Swetland name I could  
find. I contacted Sweetland/Swetland  
researchers and recorded everything I  
could find in records in many states.  
Eventually, I created a database and  
discovered I had "captured" enough  
information to document my Samuel  
Swetland to his father, Ebenezer,  
grandfather, John, and to the emi-  
grant ancestor, William Swetland of  
Salem, MA.

The story of Luke Swetland.  
"the Seneca Captive," intrigued me,  
so discovering that Luke was a  
younger brother of my Ebenezer was  
very interesting. Luke's story and  
lineage is well known and docu-  
mented.

In summary, I have found  
those names connected to Swetlands  
that I am researching. As with most  
of us, I am actively researching hun-  
dreds of surnames, connected to my  
parents and their families.

I am very pleased that  
Sweetland/Swetland researchers,  
Mark Swetland and Doug Sweetland,  
among others, have "adopted" me into  
the Sweetland/Swetland family.

(Ed.: Space does not permit  
listing Judy's Swetland ancestors  
other than those mentioned in this  
article. You may see the listing in  
another issue.)

(Judy, we are proud of you.)