

Sweetland/Swetland Lore #24

(Sweetland Lore)

December 2002

SFA 2003 Reunion

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This is your personal invitation to attend the 14th Family Association reunion July 11-12, 2002 in Wilkes-Barre, PA.

We have chosen the Holiday Inn in Wilkes-Barre for our reunion motel. They have offered us a special rate of \$69.00 per night plus tax which includes a continental breakfast.

Plans for the reunion progress. Friday afternoon and evening we will hold a catered supper under a tent at the Sweetland Homestead, less than ten miles from the Holiday Inn. The building of the Sweetland Homestead was begun by Luke Sweetland in 1802 so Sweetlands are re-turning 200 years later.

The Wyoming Historical and Geological Society will give us tours of the Homestead in groups of ten after the supper. The two upstairs rooms of the Homestead are open to us after the tours for social gatherings during the evening.

Saturday we will convene at the Holiday Inn for our meeting. Following registration and introductions we will hold a memorial service to honor those

who have left us since the 2001 reunion.

Irwin Messick and Roger Sweetland have agreed to give talks on their Revolutionary War ancestors. I hope to have on hand a musket carried during the Revolutionary War. We welcome all others who wish to speak on their Revolutionary War ancestors.

The Society will give a talk on events that took place in the Wyoming Valley during the Revolutionary War.

The day will end with a business meeting to plan the next two years. We will award our scholarship, if we have suitable applicants, elect officers of President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer and discuss plans for our future.. Present officers may serve another term if they wish.

I urge each of you who come to arrive on Friday evening. The Society is making special efforts to attract Sweetland descendants of all spellings to attend the 225th anniversary of the battle of Forty Fort and the 200th anniversary of Luke Sweetland's home. Please fill out and return the enclosed sheet.

Newsletter Extras

This issue comes with two extra pages. One is a response form to help us plan the reunion. Please fill out this page and return it as soon as possible. This information will give us a preliminary idea of how many to plan for and what we can expect from those who come. We need your early response.

The second has the details of the family scholarship which we give in alternate years. Please note that applicants should send in the necessary data to the address shown on the form. They should arrive no later than March 1, 2003 to allow time for selection of the winner of the scholarship.

Internet Ramblings—Swetland Coat of Arms

I decided to look for a coat of arms for the name Swetland. This search led me to a web site, <http://www.family-crests.com>. The site led me to an index of names. My curiosity caused me to enter both Swetland and Sweetland. I was a bit surprised to find that they had a crest for both names. Each name has a record number. Looking at both made me feel they were so similar that one crest would satisfy me.

Since one can order on line, I entered an order for Swetland. The costs was \$19.99. They sent the crest via email as two attachments. I then used MGI PhotoSuite 4 and printed each file.



color. If only you could see it! I have printed one copy of each for my records. The attachments were two files of what seems to be the same crest but scanned or copied indifferent sizes. One file has over 927,000 bytes and the second about 230,000 bytes. Printing both of them shows little difference.

The figure shown here is the second file printed in black. Yes, I know, this is playing but the results were fascinating. Unless I lose my mind before next summer, you will be able to see the crests at the reunion. I plan to bring them mounted in frames for everyone to see.

SFA Treasury

Thank you for the generous donations to the Treasury. The following have donated: Mike O'Connor, Bette Steinbrenner, Marjorie Scott, JoAnn Faubion, Judith L. Young-Thayer, Lee and Nancy Swetland, Lynn Bradley, Ted Sweetland, Keith Sweatland, David and Velma Williams, Patricia Sanaker. Henry Johnson, Susan Bloom, Susan Hahn and Lyle Swet-

land. If anyone should be on the list but is not, please tell me so you can be listed in the next newsletter. The treasury now has \$293.00 in the scholarship fund and \$552.36 in the general fund, which pays for all newsletter costs, a total of \$845.36. Expenses up to the reunion are well covered. Your generosity brings great joy to your editor and provides a warm sense of appreciation.

Norman D. Bowers

Our family association lost a staunch, dedicated member. Dr. Norman D. Bowers passed away November 8th, 2002. We extend deepest sympathy to his wife Mary and their daughters, Alice, Karen and Laura. Norman's marvelous voice made it sure that all listened to him. He always had something worth saying. He spoke up at our meetings and he carried out what he offered to do. We will sorely miss his wise counsel.

More Ramblings

Anne Kirby found a manuscript reference to my great-great-grandfather, Harmon Swetland which read as follows"

Harmon Swetland, son of Aaron Swetland and Mary Chipman married Rosamond Watrous. They lived in Free-town Corners until sometime in 1850 when they moved to Harrison Valley, Potter County, PA. They had three sons

and one daughter, Morgan, Mulford, Austin and Esther. Morgan, Mulford and Austin came to a farm on Snyder Hill, Harrison Valley in 1864.

Morgan Swetland and Pamela Stevens Swetland had five children. Of these four were born in Free-town Corners. They were Chester, Karl, Clara and Luella. Henry was

born on Snyder Hill in PA.

Henry had five children, Miner, Howard, Mae, Helen and Mildred. Howard was my father. (The manuscript date was 1966. This data must be updated by later information.)

Louisa Marie Chubbuck

Louisa Marie Chubbuck
Crosses The Plains
(Continued from S/S Lore #23)

As we were passing the stage we saw something bouncing from one side to the other of the road as six big stage horses were coming down the road as fast as they could, and saw an Indian on the back of the stage dragging him to death. He had several scalps hanging on his belt where he had killed people and taken their scalps. One place where we camped near a band of Indians, they did not seem very savage although they did not look good to us, they were dancing a war dance in a circle, some of them had women's scalps hanging from their belts and all bright colored feathers sticking in their hats, or whatever they had on their heads.

I was a great lover of riding on a horse or mule, so to please me Father let me ride on one of the spare animals. I thought this great, so this day I got a little ahead of the emigrant train, which I should not have done as Father and Mother told me never to get out of sight of the wagon. I was going a little faster than the wagon train, so I was undecided when I came to a couple of roads running in different directions. I happened to look and right by my side were a couple of men. They did not look very good to me. One said, "Little girl, where are you going? What a fine animal you have." I started on the road I thought was the one to take. One said, "That is the wrong road." I began to feel afraid and turned as if I were going to take the other road, instead I just made quick time and back to the wagon and I learned to do as I was told, not to get out of sight of the wagon again. No doubt if I had on the road they told me to take, I would never have seen my folks again.

We staid in Salt Lake City ten days to get the mules shod and rested up, and while in Salt Lake City mother and father wanted to have pictures taken, so grandma said she would stay by the wagon while we went to the photograph

gallery. There was Lizzie, George and myself. Well, we had our pictures taken. We have them now (you might laugh to see them). When we returned poor old grandma had fallen asleep and what of you think happened? All of our best clothes were stolen. Mother has sewed all of her nice dresses, father's broadcloth dress suit, Lizzie's and my silk dress we had for best all in three sacks, as trunks would have taken too much room in our wagon. We all felt sorry about it, but not as sorry about the clothes as we did for poor grandma. They also took our provisions and cleaned most everything out they could. Father got a policeman and the town was hunted over, but no trace of them, so we all remember our stay in Salt Lake City. We were there on the 4th of July, arriving the 30th of June, on Lizzie's birthday, 1863. The men went swimming or bathing in the Salt Lake. When they came out of the water, their clothes were perfectly white and stiff, as the water was so strong with salt. Salt Lake City is a beautiful place. I remember how the women would come to sell berries and vegetables. Then we started our trip to California again.

Going out of Salt Lake City we had an experience I shall never forget. We were the last wagon out of Salt Lake, as father had to have his mules shod. As we were going through a deep cut in the mountains rather slowly, a wagon drove up with several men in it. One came alongside our wagon and asked if they could pass as they were in a hurry. By that time we were in a very narrow cut and impossible to pass or get by. One of the men came back and was trying to get the spare span of mules that was hitch at the back of the wagon. We had a span ready to change when the others would get tired. My father protested, when he saw what they were doing. It did no good, as it seemed they were determined to get the mules. They said they would have them and our lives as well. At their threats we were very much frightened, we children began crying, poor dear mother

pleading for our lives, and father doing all he could to protect us, poor old Grandma praying for our safety and for relief to come. It seemed as if her prayers were answered, as our uncle and some other men in the train missed us and rode back just on time, as they had their guns and knives out, either to murder or frighten us, which they most certainly did. It looked as if we would have been dealt with roughly if help had not come just as it did. Child as I was, I will never forget what we passed through.

On the desert it looked so beautiful to look off, and as we thought to nice homes, green grass, trees and running water. Looked as if the homes were fenced in with picket fences, so we would travel to get to those lovely spots. Finally we were told there were no homes or anything, just a mirage. The weather became so hot we had to travel by night. In some way we got separated from the train and got lost on the desert. We could not find any wagon tracks and traveled around and around for a night and a day and perhaps longer. I cannot remember just how long. I know we were getting quite discouraged. The water we carried was about gone, the animals were in need of water, traveling on the dry, dusty desert. We began to realize we were in a very serious position and it seemed as if we could never find our way out. We has lost our bearing entirely as to where we were or how far from the road, and to see broken wagons and bones of animals and people that had been lost and died, that was certainly terrible. Again I think dear old Grandma's prayers were answered, as we saw what looked like a very slight mark of what was an old wagon track which we followed and were happy when we found it took us to the main road and we were safe once more. We did not meet any of the party again. No doubt they looked for us and wondered where we were. We got so far away and off the road they could not find us, as we were way out on the plains.

(To be finished in S/S Lore #25)

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Partial History of George and Emma Swetland Family

Continuing the Introduction to Bette Steinbrenner's book

In retirement, I have tried to learn to tat. I can remember Grandma Bernice sitting in her rocking chair, carrying on a lively conversation and seldom looking at her project and watching as the tatted border "grew." Another memory I have revolves around her knitting. She asked my dad to put his hand on some brown paper so she could get the right size for the knitted gloves she wanted to make and without a pattern. Those soft fine yarn knit gloves were a treasure that I inherited and wore for years. Grandma, I guess skills are not inherited.

In my research I found two tintype childhood photos of Grandma Bernice. I scanned them on the computer and gave a print to Kathleen; she was in awe of how similar...she is now a true believer.

Throughout the book I was most interested in compiling data of the Reedsburg tenth and eleventh generations descending from William and Agnes Swetland, my treasured aunts and uncles. I spent much time and effort researching our Civil War soldiers, sons of Joseph R. and Hester Ann Miller. I obtained their military records and learned most of them entered the service when they were teenagers. They suffered, plagued with chronic health concerns enabling them to receive pensions in later life. I was intrigued by their names, named after our famous Presidents. The Civil War photos are from Company A, Wisconsin—
(more in another issue)

Swetland Ancestors of Judith L. Young-Thayer

Judy's great-grandmother was Anna Garnsey who married Samuel Spier. Judy's great-grandfather was the son of Ezra and Clarissa (Swetland) Spier.

Samuel Swetland was born in November 1758 in Coventry, CT. He was the second son and the fifth child of Ebenezer and Sarah *Leach Swetland. Samuel was married 4 November 1785, possibly in New York State. He died 5 February 1831 in his 73rd year in Jonesville, Saratoga County, NY and is buried there. His wife, Nancy Garnsey, was born in 1762, probably in Litchfield, CT. She died 19 August 1843, in Jonesville and is buried with Samuel.

Ebenezer Swetland was born 21 February 1720/21 in Lebanon, CT. He married Sarah Leach 14 August 1749 in Coventry, CT Ebenezer died 26 April 1805 in the town of Gran-

ville, NY, but his burial place is unknown. Sarah Leach, daughter of Ebenezer and (?) Leach, was born in 1728, probably in Coventry, CT and died 14 August 1762 in her 34th year in Coventry, CT. Ebenezer Swetland was the 5th son and 7th child of John and Sarah (Davis) Swetland.

John Swetland, 2nd son and 5th child of William and Agnes Swetland of Salem, MA, was born 1 July 1681 in Salem, MA. He died in December (?) in Lebanon, CT. About 1707 he married Sarah Davis, possibly in Charleston, MA. Sarah was the daughter of Hopewell and Sarah (Boynton) Davis. The date of her death is unknown but surely after the birth of her 8th child.

The birth and death of both William and Agnes of Salem is still a mystery. Perhaps, they were born in England before coming to Salem.

Judy is one of two people who have told Doug Sweetland that William and Agnes were born and married in England and had one or two daughters born in England. As yet we do not have the parish records in England to confirm this data. Wouldn't it be wonderful to have one of our Swetland researchers find the information so we can confirm this data.? Perhaps, they had two daughters born in England, Agnes and Sarah. .

Anyone wishing to contribute to the costs of hiring a researcher should contact Anne Kirby, 3482 Concomly Rd S, Salem, OR 97306. Five or so people contributing to the same object may find results come sooner than when only one person acts. So far it seems unlikely that the data we want is already in the IGI data which the Church of the Latter Day Saints has made available to genealogists..