

This is from a collection  
of genealogy records written  
by Jane Mitchell (daughter of  
William Lane <sup>Cawert</sup> and Mary Mead <sup>Cawert</sup>)  
CHAPTER 6. THE MEAD FAMILY

- 2) Jean Elizabeth McClaren married Robert James of Montreal, Quebec, Canada on 31 May 1972. They are now divorced and Jean goes by her maiden name. She is a commercial artist who was recently living in Colorado Springs, but has since moved to Fairfield, Iowa, where she is associated with the weekly newspaper. Jean has one daughter, Mary Elizabeth James, born 12 October 1973.
- 3) Kathryn Jane McClaren married Richard Swift on 1 November 1966. He was born 29 July 1935 in Seattle, Washington. They live at 5002 51st Avenue, Seattle, Washington. Kathryn is an occupational therapist working at a Seattle hospital. They have two children, Andrew Baker Swift, born 6 May 1970 and Jason James Swift, born 25 October 1973, both in Seattle, Washington.

#### Grandchildren of John Crerar Bunyan and Jessie Humphrey

1. Elizabeth Smeallie Bunyan and Sutherland Ruggs Stuart had two children:
  - 1) John Bunyan Stuart married Barbara Jean Morris on 28 February 1956. They have two children, James Sutherland, born 15 October 1956 and Elizabeth Jean, born 16 February 1958.
  - 2) Polly Stuart married Norman Roy Dyer. They have three children: Dawn Elizabeth, born 18 September 1953, married Morris Shook of Thayer, Missouri. Deborah, born 18 September 1954, married Thomas Eugene Kiser on 2 March 1974. They live in Tennessee. David Stuart was born 12 October 1959.
2. George Humphrey Bunyan married Elizabeth Susan Ostermann on 1 July 1936. They have three children:
  - 1) Barbara Osterman was born 11 April 1938.
  - 2) Christine Greene was born 1 September 1942.
  - 3) John Albert was born 12 June 1952.

#### Appendix

Following are excerpts from letters and other articles that give a little insight into what life was like during the early 1900's.

Helen Skinner Shadbolt sent me the following account of their growing up years in Brooklyn, New York—period of the early 1900's. The Skinners and the Bunyans lived next door to each other; Betty Bunyan and Helen Skinner were not only cousins, but the best of friends. I quote:

"Betty was known to her best friends as Lizzie Smellie Onion (her name being Elizabeth Smeallie Bunyan). We were brought up almost as twins ( she was two years younger). We would shout between our houses (we didn't have a phone), "What are you going to wear?" by way of starting the day. She was in our house as much as in her own., We spent many summers at the Mead farm until I went off to St. Paul for 2 years

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in 1917. (Helen lived with my parents for two years in the hope that the fresh air in the midwest would cure her sinus problems). Betty went to Skidmore College in Saratoga Springs (as later did my sister, Mary)—Betty after marrying Sud Stuart, lived in Glen Falls, then San Francisco, then to Portland and then were sent to New Orleans and on to Jacksonville, Florida, still working for Kaiser. ( this was during World War II). Their son, Jack, was in the Navy, stationed in Jacksonville, Florida where he married a local girl and as far as I know, still lives there. Their daughter, Elspeth (Polly) married a navy man stationed in Jacksonville (Norman Dyer). He is the son of a pioneer family from Maine, via Cape Horn to Whiskey Island, Washington. They were one of the earliest settlers.”

The following is excerpts from a letter written to my sister Elizabeth and me, by Elizabeth Smeallie Bunyan Stuart. She was a wonderful letter writer and I print it here since it gives a little of the flavor of the farm that my mother was brought up on (and in the house built by John Mead and Margaret DeMott when they were among the very early settlers in West Charlton). It also tells about my mother’s wedding which was held at home. I quote:

“I am glad you liked what I could remember about the farm. (I don’t have a copy of that letter anymore). It really is such a little to tell when we really did have such good times there. Did I write you how we all got dressed in our very best clothes on Sundays and walked up past the apple orchard to the Scotch church? When you went up the broad steps, Mr. Gordon the minister would stand in the entry and shake hands with everyone and then we would all go inside and there was the oldest, mustiest smell, of a place little used and shut away from the sunshine and fresh air. The pews were hard and stiff and every Sunday Betty and Helen fought to see who was going to sit on the side of Aunt Janey (Grandpa Mead’s spinster sister), which had the pocket with her peppermints in it. We would watch all of grandma’s neighbors come in and they would all smile and bow and whisper a ‘Good Morning’ to Mrs. Mead. There was the nicest little old lady who sat in front of us and she always wore a grey satin or taffeta dress that would have a wee design of black in it. Helen and Betty liked to watch that design while trying to keep still. Finally Mrs. DeGraff would waddle down the aisle and with her broad brimmed hat overloaded with feathers, seat herself at the organ. Every time she led the choir, she did it with the feathers on her hat. . . . She looked at the choir which consisted of pink cheeked plump country girls, usually in pink voile waists and blue serge skirts or flowered lawn dresses, and straw hats, loaded with field flowers. The men were generally older, one of them had a most engaging Adam’s apple that would bounce about his collar. He really was my favorite. After Mr. Gordon had walked down the aisle, his coat tails flying, we would all sing, and from then until the last prayer was said, that man’s voice howled and roared about the little walls until I am sure that that was what made the numerous cracks in the stained glass windows.”

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“But what you really wanted to know about, was your mother’s wedding. Well, in the first place, there was utter confusion for days in advance as to where this, that and the other person was to be dressed and what was to be done with furniture, etc. But finally the day arrived, bright and sunny. The big dining room table was moved to the kitchen, the piano to the North parlor, a bite of lunch was eaten. George and Mary had their naps. Helen, Betty and their fathers and mothers were dressed and then the babies. Mary was just big enough to run around and George wore a little white suit (everybody praying he wouldn’t wet his pants). Betty and Helen had beautiful white dresses with wide pink sashes and bow. The bridesmaid had the loveliest pink dress that we little girls had ever seen. Finally we all gathered in grandma’s bedroom where your mother, her hair all shining gold, was slipping on her long white stockings and then her dress and veil and everyone all laughing and the two little girls under everyone’s feet. All of a sudden your Uncle Sam knocked on the door and whispered to Aunt Jessie that the tailor had forgotten to put the buttons on your father’s pants while Dudley lay in a state of hysterics (no zippers then). Then grandma, Aunt Gertrude, Jessie and George and Mary left us and pretty soon the Williams girls played the Wedding March and Helen and Betty holding white satin ribbons marched through the North parlor to the living room, then into the living room where we parted when we found the match that marked the place on the rug where we were to stand. There were more people than we had ever seen before in our lives and grandma’s front lawn was full of cars of all sizes and descriptions. Between the two front windows there was a bower of green and in front of it stood Mr. Gordon and Dudley with a broad grin on his face, and to one side your father, looking decidedly serious, and your Uncle Sam, pretty serious. After we had arrived, the bridesmaid in all her pink with a big bouquet of pink roses came and stood next to Betty and then came your mother all in white holding on to Uncle Jack’s arm. Just as she arrived and Mr. Gordon had opened his mouth to start the ceremony, little Mary decided she had to go to the bathroom much to the embarrassment and consternation of the family, and particularly to Aunt Gertrude. The only guest I really remember was Doris Bullard who was just home from Paris, and had her black hair done in a French twist. She had on a white satin dress with black jet buttons all down the front. It had a high collar and in her ears, black jet earrings She was just overpowering to the small Betty. However, while I can’t remember the other guests, I know that everyone from near and far were there. At the reception your mother and all her friends sat in the front parlor, the people Aunt Gertrude’s and Uncle Jack’s age sat in the dining room and all the people grandma’s age were in the North parlor. About all I remember about that was that I spilled my chicken salad all over the floor. Well, we had our pictures taken and there was lots of laughing and fooling. Aunt Gertrude had bought lovely paper rose leaves for us to throw at the bride but Sam and Dudley had found plenty of rice and confetti and your mother and father went off in a mess. And then everyone else went except Mrs. Gordon, the minister’s wife. Aunt Jessie turned

to her and said, "Wasn't it a lovely wedding?". She sniffed and remarked that she had seen others just as nice. That remark sent all of the family into a fury. But the truth came out the next morning when Sam drove up and said that he had forgotten to pay the minister. It took Grandma and Aunt Gertrude all that fall and most of the next summer to get all of the confetti out of the house."

"I expect that there was lots more to that wedding than I remember but I was fully as important as the bride that day as it was my first wedding and I imagine that filled my head to such an extent that there was much I missed."

Unfortunately you never knew these cousins; they were quite a bit older than I. Just Helen and George of that generation are still living. Although we seldom saw them, we did keep in touch.

I also want to add a bit about the West Charlton United Presbyterian church which all of the Meads from the first settlers, John and Margaret DeMott Mead, attended. It was known as the "Old Scotch Church", from the fact that its founders were mostly natives of Scotland and called the road running north and south through their settlement, Scotch street.

From the time of their first settlement in 1774 til they were forced to leave their homes and flee to Schenectady from fear of the Tories and Indians in 1777, regular weekly meetings were held from house to house on each recurring Sabbath. After the danger was passed and confidence and safety restored and assured by the successful close of the Burgoyne campaign, only a few of these people returned. It was not until several years later that the society was fully organized. Additions to the settlement were made rapidly after the close of the Revolution, and so they were able to finally organize the church.

The first meeting house was built before 1794 and was in the town of Galway. It was a frame building, was never plastered or lathed or artificially warmed, and yet here in the coldest weather, the people assembled for worship. The settlers having built a house of worship, the Rev. James Mairs, who had been educated for the ministry in Ireland and Scotland, emigrated and accepted the call as first pastor. He remained more than forty one years. In 1803 a new and larger church was started on part of the lot that now is the cemetery. It was finished in 1804 and in 1811. they added the modern luxury of stoves. In 1846 the present church was built and in 1876 they spent about \$3000 to remodel it. The church now is on a site, which is across the road from the cemetery and right next to the Mead farm. The church will seat comfortably nearly 400 people; it is of Colonial design, very simple, painted white and situated on a beautiful site. The present parsonage was built on a lot of eleven acres purchased from George Mead for \$385.00 in 1794. In 1990 when we were last in the area, the parsonage was also still there.

The church resembles many country churches that you would see around the midwest. It stands on the corner of the highway, right next to the Mead farm, which stayed in the family until 1918 when my mother, then living in Minnesota, sold it. The cemetery is across the street. West Charlton and its surrounding area is scenic and interesting; I hope that someday some of you will be able to visit it. Just beyond the church, back behind the trees, one can get just a glimpse of the Mead family home; unfortunately, it is not kept in as good repair as when the Mead's occupied

it. The church and cemetery are at the intersection of highway 67 and state road 147, in West Charlton, Saratoga County, New York..

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