

SEYMOUR, IND., March 4th, 1890.

MY DEAR COUSIN, DELPHINE:—You will probably never know just how glad we all were to get a letter from you. We both laughed and cried during its reading, for we found the sad side of life came in for its full share of space. Your letter gave me more information concerning the kinfolks living near Hector, and that part of the State, than any letter I had ever received. You will please remember us kindly to all the kin. I hope the time will come when we will be better acquainted. Dear cousin, in your letter you ask a big thing of me. To write a history of the Durlands is something I dare not undertake, but am willing to contribute my mite, and give you all the information I can. The subject has been on my mind more or less for more than 25 years. I once wrote to Aunt Jane Hiltz for her to tell me what she knew about the ancestry of the family, but word came back, "Our dear mother is dead," so that put a stop to any further effort, for I did not know where to write or who to write to. But now, since you have revived the subject, I will write and give you all the information I can, which is mostly of a traditional character, stories that my mother used to tell, and some old letters, one dating back to 1807. You ask, who were the original four brothers that left Holland and settled in Morris county, N. J.; I answer, from the best

evidence I can get, my Grandfather, William Durland, and your Great-Grandfather, William Durland, was one of the four brothers; if I am mistaken, I would be glad to be corrected. To come to that conclusion, I reason in this way: About the year 1760 or 1765, there came four brothers from Holland and settled in Morris county, N. J., one of them being a carpenter, was killed by falling timber, the other three married and raised families. They were young and in active life when the war of the Revolution was fought. After the war was over and peace restored, one of the brothers, not liking the new order of things, went back to Canada, so as to be under the old government. That left but two in Jersey. Now, my father was born in the year 1778, when the war was being fought, and his father was William Durland. Now, if he was not one of the original four, the question still remains, who was he? It is clear to my mind that Grandfather William Durland was one of the original four. The Durland that went back to Canada drifted in the direction of Nova Scotia. In 1867, when I was in Lawrence, Kansas, I met with a Joseph Durland who had descended from that branch of the family, but he did not seem to know anything of his ancestry. We now return to Morris county. Our Grandfather had four sons, Robert, Peter, John and William; they all moved to New York but John, who remained in Jersey till he was old. His children

married and moved to Illinois to live. I do not know how many children he had, but remember that two daughters had married and lived there, don't know their names. He had one son, his name was John Miller Durland. Uncle John and his wife, being left alone in Jersey, moved to Illinois to live with their children, but did not enjoy their new home long, they soon fell victims to the prevailing disease of that country, and died within a short time of each other.

Some 30 years ago or more, my brother, Robert, with some of his neighbors, fitted up a wagon and made a trip out west to see the new countries, then being settled, and in returning home through Illinois he heard of a Durland nearly on his route, and went to his place, and staid over night with him, and, sure enough, it was his cousin, John Miller. Robert was well pleased with him; I don't remember that I ever heard anything direct from him since, and at this time have no knowledge of Uncle John's family.

I wish now to return to Morris county, N. J., for a short time; I left our Grandfather and one brother still living there. What became of that brother? Was he buried in Morris county, or did he leave there? I once heard of a family of Durlands living in Kentucky, and that there was a very old man living with them; who could that old man have been? They were said to be

nice people, and that is about all I could learn about them.

You ask me to give names, that I am sorry to say I can not do; it seems to me that my mother told me that the carpenter's name was Jeremiah, but am not positive; of the other two I have no recollection. I am ashamed to say that I have not written to that Pennsylvania Durland; I lost his address and did not know how to reach him. A young man lives here that was raised in his county, and has written for his address, since I received your letter, soon as I get it will write to him, and if I learn anything from him will let you know.

My mother had three sisters; her maiden name was Youngs; will write more of her later. Aunt Katy married Joseph Ireton, she was the youngest sister of my mother; they made us a visit about forty years ago; they had one son, Edgar, and one daughter, Dorothy, the other daughters we do not remember. I think they lived at Dundee. We do not know anything of them now. Aunt Sibyl married Aaron Starkes; they are lost to us now. Aunt Hannah married George King, their posterity live in Jennings county, this state. Anthony Hilts married my father's sister, Jane; they reside in Hamilton county, Ohio, their postoffice was Springdale, now Glendale. They had quite a family of sons and daughters; during the year 1837 three of the children drove through the country in a

carriage and made us a visit. Their names were Robert, Malinda and Lydia; William visited us several years later, Anthony and Charles I never saw. They were a family of very considerable wealth and respectability; we have have had no word from them for many years. Of Uncle Runyon's family we know nothing, except that they moved into Ohio and lived near Dayton; Aunt Runyon was also a sister of my father, her given name we don't know. Aunt Hilts may have named a daughter for her.

Dear Cousin, I will now write about my father and his family. My father was born in Morris county, Jan. 2d, 1778, and my mother was born, same county, Feb. 22d, 1782; her maiden name was Sarah Youngs, daughter of Phineas and Dorothy Youngs, all of Morris county. My oldest sister, Sibyl, who died in infancy, was born Jan. 23d, 1802; my next oldest sister, Jane, was born Dec. 31st, 1803; my oldest brother, Phineas, was born Oct. 5th, 1806; my next oldest sister, Eliza Ann, was born April 2d, 1809. These were all born in Morris county, N. J. I have no record of the marriage of my father and mother, but from other dates suppose it was about the year 1800.

Since writing the above, I have been looking over an old letter, written by my Grandfather Young to my father in New York; the letter begins thus: "Roxbury township, Morris coun-



ty, State of New Jersey, June 29th, 1807." So you see that my father must have moved to New York early in the year 1807, and my sister Eliza Ann, must have been born in that State instead of New Jersey, so I stand corrected, and I hope you will pardon the error. The next birth in the family were twins, William Caskey and Gilbert Budd, born May 1st, 1812. Nelson Coleman was born April 26th, 1815. Robert, my youngest brother, was born April 2d, 1818. About the year 1819 or '20, my father left New York for Indiana, and settled at Brownstown, Jackson county, and here my youngest sister, Sarah Mariah, was born, June 2d, 1821. This was a disastrous move for my father, for he not only, mainly lost his farm in New York through the villainy of one Hacket, to whom he had sold, but died March 20th, 1823, comparatively a young man. He had bought two farms of 120 acres each; he had moved a few loads of plunder to one of them, but took sick and died before the move was accomplished, leaving us a strange family in a strange land. Mournful as the occasion was, it was upon us, and we had to face it. The move was completed, and although I was still small, I shall never forget it, it was more like going to a funeral than to our future home. We went to work—springtime was upon us. My brother, Youngs, as we always called him, was about 17 years old, and we all looked to him to tell us what to do. We made a good living for

that early day, and that was our home and rallying point for the family so long as there were enough of us left to make a rally. My brother Robert finally become the owner, and lived there till something over 20 years ago, he sold the farm and moved to Flora, Illinois. Since that time the old homestead has been in the hands of strangers. The farm was three miles north of Brownstown, on the main road through the country. My father's grave and the family burying ground is on one corner of the farm. (Public ground.)

Having written of my father's family as a whole, I come now to write of each individual member, and will be as brief as I can to do justice to each and give you an idea of each one. I write now without the aid of a family record or dates, and will do the best I can from memory. First—My sister, Jane, was married twice, her first husband was by the name of Austin Gould, a young carpenter from Connecticut, and no finer man ever lived. They had three children that lived to be grown and married, but all are dead now. Her second husband was Allen Shepard, a very good man from Massachusetts; by him she had two children, Allen and Phoebe, both living and married. Phoebe married a man by the name of Worrell, and lives in Indianapolis; Allen married a young lady named Fanny Holmes, both raised in the same township, seven miles south of Brownstown. My sister Jane died Feb. 2d, 1864, aged 60 years.

My brother Phineas Y. Durland, lived to be quite an old man, then married a Miss Elizabeth Denison, her family lived long in Ohio, then moved to this county. They were of eastern origin. They had three children that grew to maturity, one daughter and two sons. The daughter died in early womanhood, the sons are still living and married. The oldest, Columbus Edward, and the one that wrote the letter to Cousin Henry, (and did not receive an answer) lives in Elizabethtown, Bartholomew Co., Ind., or about 16 miles from here; he is a nice man, and takes quite an interest in the ancestry of the family. You would do well to get acquainted with him and correspond. They have one child, a son, and his name is Phineas Youngs, he is a young man now.

I forgot to tell you who Edward C., my nephew, married, her name was Sarah Wilson, raised near Scipio, Jennings Co., Ind. They have done well, by inheritance and industry they have accumulated enough of this world's goods, and bid fair to be worth a great deal more, should they live long, and they are yet quite young. Ed., as we always called him, has a brother, and he is the Arkansas nephew you ask about in your letter; his name is Otto Clay Durland. After their mother married again, they moved to Flora, Ill., where Otto grew to manhood and married. After living there several years he moved to Ar-



kansas, and lived there a few years, then moved again to Cook county, Texas, where I understand they are doing well. It is said that Otto has a very nice woman for a wife, and they are raising a very nice family. He was a soldier in the 50th regiment Indiana volunteers and confidential aid to the Colonel. Ed. was also a soldier, and the boys made a good record. This will finish all I have to say about Phineas Y. and his family.

The next, in regular order, is my sister Eliza Ann; she was ten years old when my father left New York. Some of the older ones of Uncle Peter's family may remember her; she lived till her 19th year, and grew into beautiful womanhood, when the cruel spoiler came. She died of influenza, Dec. 28th, 1827.

The next in regular order, is my brother William Caskey. He lived with my sister Jane and learned the carpenter business with her husband, Austin Gould. About the year 1839, he married a Miss Margaret Philips, a young lady raised in Kentucky. They lived in Brownstown; they are both dead now, and have been for a number of years. They left four children, two girls and two boys; the oldest, William, learned to be an ornamental painter, was a soldier in the army, and for some unknown cause became demented, and is now at the insane asylum at Indianapolis. Sarah married a machinist by the name of John Stokes, who is now superinten-

dent of the shops at Pana, Ill. They have become quite wealthy; they have four children, about grown now. The other two, George Caskey and Mary Matilda, are both single; they lived with their mother till she died, and have continued to live as they always did. The Matilda in Mary's name is for the wife that Uncle Robert brought with him when he visited us in the summer of 1847. We thought so much of them. George is a first-class machinist, working for the O. and M. company at Washington, Ind., where he and Mary reside at present. This is all I can say at present of my brother, Caskey's family.

The next is Gilbert Budd, twin brother to Caskey; he learned the saddle and harness making business and lived in Brownstown. He carried on that business till he died, about 1856; his wife died some years later, she was a Miss Margaret Mooney. They left three children, John, Charles Hilts and Nancy. John lived a number of years in poor health, and died single. Charley married Miss Clara Ford; is in the grocery business at Brownstown and is doing well. Nan married a man by the name of Corman; he was in the hardware and furniture business in Pana, Ill., where her cousin Sarah lives; has become wealthy and retired from business. This is all I can say of my brother Gilbert's family.

The next in regular order is my humble self, N. C. I lived with my sister Jane in town till I

was wanted on the farm, when I went home, and at the age of 14, with my brother, took charge of the farm, and run it successfully for four years, when I went to learn a trade and left Robert in charge of the farm. I learned the carpenter business with my brother Caskey, and lived again, for a time, with my sister Jane. The year 1836 was an eventful year for me; in April of that year I became 21 years of age; in November I cast my first vote for president—Gen. William Henry Harrison—and in December married Miss Elizabeth Beggs Stilwell, and set out in life on my own hook, and for 53 years we have traveled life's journey together, and during that time eleven children were born to us; three died in early life, and one, Austin, after serving three years in the army, went to visit friends in northern Illinois, and died at Lanark, Stevenson Co. I was with him when he died; brought him home, and he is buried in our family ground. This leaves the family that you will find in the group that I sent to Henry—you have seen it, I guess. Please look after it, and keep it in the family.

Sarah, my oldest daughter, married William A. Findley, a young man raised in the neighborhood. They are doing well and have quite a family of children.

Solon lives in Denison, Texas. He is engaged in the railroad office at a good salary; of course he is doing well. He married a Miss Ma-

ry E. Vannice, in Appleton City, Mo., in 1880, who died in 1885, leaving him with a babe two weeks old. It is his little boy we have with us.

Emma comes next; she wrote you recently. She married a man named Bacon, and at present are making their home in Denver, Colorado, though they own several hundred acres of land in that State.

Jane is the next in order. She married a man by the name of Springer; they live in Palmyra, Missouri; they are doing well. He owns a farm a few miles in the country and is in the grocery business in town.

Mary Ann is married to a traveling man named Orman; they live in Terre Haute, Ind., and are doing well.

Our daughter Margaret A. is the youngest daughter, and the only one that is single. She has been in poor health for several years, but is improving now, and we hope is on the road to health.

Gilbert Lincoln is our youngest child; he is a railroader by profession. He married Miss Jennie Kennedy, raised in this town. They live in St. Louis. He is a passenger conductor; his run is from St. Louis to Cincinnati, Ohio; he passes through this town four times a week.

My brother Robert was the youngest member of the family when we left New York. He grew up to manhood at the old home and never left it; he did not aspire to be anything but a farm-

er. He finally became the owner of the old homestead, and my mother's home was always with him. In process of time Robert married a girl of the neighborhood, a Miss Mary Ann Crane, and brought her home. They farmed and prospered. Robert was a man that never worried over anything; I don't think I ever saw him under excitement, and yet everything he took hold of prospered in his hands. After my mother's death, which occurred in 1859, he became dissatisfied and finally sold the old homestead, and other lands that he had bought, and moved to Flora, Ill., and went into the hardware business, and also bought several tracts of land a few miles out. He did well at the hardware business; their trade reached out many miles through the country, but in process of time Robert's health failed; he lingered for a time and died, and was buried at Flora. He left three sons and three daughters. Eliza Ann, the oldest of the family, married William Hancock; they have a very interesting son and daughter, nearly grown. Amanda married a dentist from New York, who died several years ago, leaving her with a daughter, who has since married and lives in California. Amanda is living with her daughter. Phoebe married Henry Tonney, who died several years ago, leaving her with, I believe, four children and very well provided for. William R., the oldest of his sons, married Miss Laura Dye. James Y. married Miss Rebecca

Free. Morris G. married Miss Maggie McBride. The sons all married at Flora, and are raising very interesting families. The sons, William Youngs and Morris, took the store and are still running it, and, it is said, are doing well with it. Robert's widow is still living, and lives with her son William.

My sister Sarah was the youngest of the family and the only one born in Indiana. She lived with her mother and Robert at the old homestead till she grew to womanhood, when she married a young man of the neighborhood by the name of Obediah Crane, brother to Robert's wife. He engaged in selling goods in a little town about a mile away. They did well and were doing well when, a few years later, my sister took sick and died, leaving two children in infancy; Lorette, aged two years, and Francis, aged three months. My mother took the children and cared for them until Crane married again, and went to Iowa.

Now, dear Cousin, according to my program, this letter is done, and I fear that you will be disappointed with it, but be assured that I have done the best I can, with the records and dates I had to go by.

N. C. DURLAND.



I will now write you a few things in a post-scriptive way, a few corrections and other things. My mother died at the home of my sister Jane, seven miles south of Brownstown. She spent the last years of her life in visiting her children, spending a good part of her time with Jane, she being the only daughter left to her; she took sick there and died at the age of 77 years. I did not speak of the death of my brother Phineas in its proper place. His death was a tragic one; he was engaged in the dry goods and grocery business 16 miles west of Brownstown, and was on his way to Cincinnati to buy goods. The only railroad we had then ran from Madison, on the Ohio river, to Indianapolis, and people going to Cincinnati had to get to the Ohio river the best way they could, then take a boat to the city. In going down the long incline, at Madison, an accident occurred which cost him his life. He died March 27th, 1844, aged 38 years, and had been married only eight years.

I wrote to the woman in New Jersey, whose name you gave me, Mrs. Wilkinson; her daughter answered it by saying, "My mother was a child when her sister married Peter Durland; Grandfather William Durland lived and died near Budd's Lake, but know nothing of his brothers; Robert and Peter moved to New York and John went to Illinois." They will send my letter to Robert Durland Caskey, who lives about two miles from them. I think he will be

able to tell me something of the old stock that I have not yet been able to learn. It seems strange that I can learn nothing of my Grandfather's brother that must have remained in New Jersey. If he had left there I would think that the relatives would have known it.

You ask where did we live in New York, before moving to Indiana. We lived first in Steuben county, about four miles from Bath, where I was born; my father sold that farm and bought in another part of the county and settled there; the farm is now covered partly or mostly by the town of Dundee; the county was afterward divided and is now Yates county: from there we moved to Indiana, about the year 1819. I write this from tradition.

I have a cross-cut saw that my Grandfather, William Durland, owned and used in his time. He gave it to my father, William Durland, and my mother gave it to my brother, William Durland, and I bought it at his sale to keep it in the family; its value is only in its antiquity. I have some old letters that are interesting from their date; one from my Grandfather Phineas Youngs to my father, after he moved to New York, asking if they thought best for him to move there too, but he never made the change. This letter bears the date, June 29th, 1807. Also one from Uncle Peter, written to us after my father's death, and sent to us by Moses Shepard, an old friend of the family. I remember him well;

the letter bears date thus, "Penn Yann, Sept. 5th, 1827," and signed Peter and Nancy Durland. Also one written by my father, while he was back on business, dated 1821, the rest of the date is gone. Also one written by John Stark, written on business and dated Aug. 25th, and the rest is gone; and a power of attorney given by father to Alexander Howard, and dated July 23, 1819. Dear Cousin, I will now close this very long letter. Will you have patience to read it? I have tried to make it plain and not be tedious, how well I have succeeded, you must be the judge. Any of the family would be glad to correspond with you. Be sure to write to Ed., also Solon; write to me as often as you can while I am here. Can't you come? With sincere affection, we all send our kindest regards to you.

NELSON C. DURLAND.