

About My Family

My father, William Smith (#2) was born on November 27, 1890 at Shaffards Mill in Hertfordshire, England, -- this was, as I recall it, about two miles north of the town of St. Albans, on the “Great North Road” of the Romans, or “Watling Street.” (See old map of “35 Miles around London” published by Crutchings in 1825, in my library).

Shaffards Mill was a small brick, water power(ed), grist mill on the small river Ver. The property was, as I understand, leased from the Earl of Verulame, who lives at Gorhambury Park, nearby. From work in the mill my father became a strong robust man, and as I recall him, of about 5 ft. 8 in. in height, but strongly, stoutly and solidly built, dark complexion, dark hair and eyes, and considered handsome. He had an impulsive, genial disposition, with something of the dashing. His personal habits were good, he lived home; the family attended Saint Michael’s Church in St. Albans. (Episcopal) His father and mother were interred there—in front of the Church on the left hand as face the church from the road. On my last visit all evidence of the interment had disappeared to make room for recent interments. He was fond of the higher mathematics and I have heard him say that he had paid a celebrated master in that science in London, named Treigold, one guinea a lesson on **obtruce** propositions. He left many mathematical books, and some writings. Country people used to come to him to find the size to build cisterns to hold so much water. He spent much time and money in inventions and models. He was a lover of literature and well up on the English authors of his own and previous century. He knew the writings of Scott, Cooper and Irving well, and was up in all of the political questions of his own and other countries. He had a circle of friends of semi-literary character in London, where he went frequently to transact business for his father. I have heard him speak of meeting the poet Tom Moore there. If he ever went to any school or college, I have never heard him speak of it, though my sisters are satisfied that he did. I am satisfied that he had a good and polite English education, and in Wales, and as a young man had made a voyage to America. What points he visited in America beyond New York and Albany, I do not know. On this visit he bore letters of introduction to prominent Americans at these cities.

Saint Albans was by no means an out of the way location in the days of my father and grandfather, being situated on the Great North Road – the bastion the kingdom – it was daily traveled by the famous six hours mail coaches, which ran **against** time between London, Holy Head, Liverpool, York and Edinburgh, and bringing London within about two hours time.

My father’s n=mother was a Miss Elenor Geary of Cunningham Hill Farm near St. Albans, who died when he was about two years old. My father was the youngest of four children, the other three being girls, named – Elizabeth, Sarah and Ellen, who married men named respectively, White, Edwards and Coles, of whom I have no knowledge.

My father on August 10th, 1833 married Emma Kerl the 2nd daughter of William Kerl, a retired London leather merchant, who had rented the estate of “Hammonds End,” near Shaffards Hill. See Map.

After their marriage my father and mother lived at Pré Mill House, located on the Ver, between Shaffards Mill and St. Albans. This property consisted of a two story brick dwelling of at least eight rooms and commanding a fine view of the valley of the Ver. In the south front bed-room of which I was born on the 28th of May 1834. There was also a grist mill, miller's house and a considerable quantity of farm or meadow land, not joining but near the residence. The house is still in a good state of preservation, and from its picturesque surroundings the favorite abode of Artists—the last being Kitton. The mill has been destroyed—pulled down I think—as small water mills no longer compete with steam. I have a good picture of the house in March 1899 number of the “The BOOK BUYER.” At this time I am satisfied my father was in comfortable circumstances, as I remember that the family kept a horse and carriage, servants, and lived liberally.

Myself and my brother William Henry – called Henry, now in Sydney, Australia, Edward Kerl, called Bob, who lived and died at Canandaigua, New York, – and sister, Ellen Emma – called Nellie – who married N. H. Spencer and lives in Elmira, N.Y., were born in Pré Mill House. The rest of my brothers and sisters were born in Toronto, or in Canandaigua, New York. They were Louisa, born in Bristol Center, Ontario County, New York, who married Alfred M. Hollis, and now lives in Canandaigua; Frederick Clapham, born in Toronto, Canada, and now living in Atlanta, Georgia; Eva who married Dr. Ira Hawley, and died at Canandaigua, and the youngest, Maria, who was born in England, lived and died your in Toronto, Canada. All of my brothers and sisters had children, and I think grandchildren.

My father took a prominent part in the milling and farming interests of the county—attended Fairs—Agricultural shows, and their banquets, made speeches, etc., at the famous George Inn at St. Albans, which I visited, and found the old wainscoted banquet room as it must have been a hundred years ago—coaching pictures, etc., adorning the walls. He was the first to introduce linseed oil cake into the county—as an animal food—and manufactured the cake at his mill.

I remember the Miller, whose name was Westcote, and his family. The mill stood directly on the Ver, while Pré Mill House stood perhaps a quarter of a mile away on elevated ground on the London Road, and it was quite a treat to be allowed to go to the Mill. The residence has a very pretty garden on the south side, which sloped gradually down to the river. Pré is a common locality name in the vicinity, coming from Sir Roger de Pré—one of William the Conqueror's Knights, who had estates there.

The sweet music of the chimes of the bells of the great St. Albans Abbey are among my pleasantest and early recollections. Of these chimes the people believed that the music said:

“Neighbor, neighbor lend me your wife,
I'll lend you mine tomorrow.”

and the reply...

“Ill love my wife and I love my life,
I'll neither lend nor borrow.”

The Kerl family attended Saint Peter's Church on the top of the hill on which the town of St. Albans is situated, while the Smith family—as I have said—attended Saint Michael's, which is in the valley near the river Ver, the older part of the town.

I have been told, that being the first grandchild of the Kerl family, there was much discussion as to what I should be christened, which was not settled up to the time of the gathering of the families at St. Michael's Church on the day set for the baptism. This church being the parish church of the Verulame family, of which Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulame, and Viscount St. Albans, was the most illustrious member, and contains a famous statue of Sir Francis. When the last moment for decision had arrived, a compromise was effected between the two families that I should be christened Francis. This is the only way in which I can account for my bearing a name outside of both families, the only objection I have to the proceeding, is that they did not give me the brains of the great Elizabethan statesman with his name.

The church is one of the oldest in the Kingdom—of Saxon origin and was as well as St. Albans Abby, built from the ruins of the ancient Verulame, which was the capitol city of the ancient Britons, before the invasion of the island by the Romans. The town was of British origin, as it is recoded that the Saxons destroyed it 1400 years ago.

My childhood was a very pleasant one, spent in rambles about this pleasant country with my pretty, gentle, young mother, and a large New Foundland dog named Hector, and in long visits to my grand-parents at Hammonds End. The first school I attended was that of the Misses Mercier at Herpenden, which my mother and her sisters had attended. Herpenden was a village on the eastern or other side of Hammonds End. The school was a long low ivy clad cottage close to the church and facing the Green. (See Walks and Talks in Hertfordshire, by W.W. Tompkins) and only separated from Hammonds End by the park of Sir John Laws named Rothamsted. This is the gentleman who later became famous on account of his success in experimental farming, study of soils. Etc. I boarded with the Misses Mercier but went to Hammonds End every week, as I well recall the pleasant walks through the Park with one of the Kerl family or their servants. The Kerl family had also a pew in the church at Herpenden, it was one of the old fashioned high-green-paise-walled enclosures, with broad soft seats on which I could sleep, but from which my feet could not touch the floor. It was well filled with high foot stools for the adults.

On the path through the Park was the cottage of John Turner, one of the gardeners of the estate, who always had a bunch of flowers—I recall particularly primroses and cowslips—for me or for the young ladies of the Kerl family—my mother's sisters Mary Ann and Louisa. I was in the vicinity in 1896, and found at a house at Herpenden end gate of the Park a large oak table, which, I was told, had been a part of the cottage furniture, and obtained by him from Hammonds End.

About twenty years ago I became acquainted with a Mr. J. Tellitson Hodgson, a director of the Midland Railway, who lived at Herpenden, who said that his wife had been a girl friend and perhaps school mate of my mother.

My next school was to that of a Miss Kirkwood at Ramsgate, of which I recall little, except my pleasure in getting out on the pier or on the shore among the Coast Guardsmen with their blue jackets and brass buttoned uniforms and long telescopes, where they were on duty on the south shore of England, looking out for shipwrecks and smugglers from France.

My next school was that of Miss Batsford at Fulham on the Thames, as short distance above London. This was something of a high **toned** boarding school for boys. My chief recollection of this period of my life is that the school building adjoined the church and near the park and palace of the Bishop of London, to which the beautiful Jane Shore, the wife of the Lombard Street goldsmith and the unwilling mistress of King Edward IV, was compelled to walk barefoot from St. Paul's as a penance. We boys liked the Bishop as he would often ask that we be granted a holiday, which request was always granted.

Another incident which I recall, was that on special occasions we boys were amused by a gentleman who said funny and witty things to us, of which I recall something like this: "L.A.W. Law—which has such a duce of a claw, if you get into its maw, or under its duced paw, etc." In later years, I learned that at this time the Improvising Poet, Theodore Hook, lived in Fulham and I have felt sure it was he who was our entertainer. On one of my visits to England, I visited Fulham. The Batsford School had been pulled down and a modern apartment building in its place. It also adjoined the church.

My father realizing that without strong family influence in England there would be but little opportunity for a family of boys to "get on" as it is called over there, and having knowledge of the room for advancement in America, from his visit there some years before, decided upon emigrating, and in April 1842 with myself and brother Harry, sailed from Liverpool to Philadelphia, on the sailing packet Thomas P. Cope, as steerage passengers, where we arrived after a stormy passage of about sixty days.

My father settled in Toronto, Canada, and owing to the influence of a fellow passenger named Jonathan Oaks from Manchester, engaged in the manufacture of tallow candles on Younge Street of that city, and shortly after sent for my mother who with the younger children came over as salon passengers on the steamship "British Queen", being the second regular passenger steamship to cross the ocean, the first being the "Great Western", though the experimental steamship passage had been that of the "Savannah" in 1819.

Among the passengers of the "British Queen" was a gentleman named Samuel Childs, one of the sons of the Childs who founded the great London soap and candle house of Childs & Co. Mr. Childs came to Toronto and being a man of refinement and education and quite an amateur musician, hand had been something of a traveler, became a member of our family, which located permanently on the corner of King and Frederick Streets.

Mr. Childs in time induced my father to go much more extensively into the soap and candle business including that of making stearine, wax or margarine candles with an extensive factory near the River Don on South Park Street near the lower end of Wellington Street, and opened a retail grocery store in the same building with the home. It was in this house that my youngest sister Maria died of scarlet fever.

The family lived in Toronto eight years—laterly in a house built adjoining the factory. This enterprise proved unprofitable, and in 1850 was abandoned. While in Toronto I did not go to school much. I remember going for a little while to a Mr. **Rentoul**, who spent much time reciting his own poetry, and also to Crombries Grammar School, on Church Street, but work most of the time in the factory. (See opening chapters of my article “Going to Sea”).

My life in Toronto was a pleasant one. We always had a sail boat and several dogse and went sailing with Mr. Childs a good deal in summer on the vine bay, picnics on the island, up the River Doc, and through the Marsh, where we speared fish with a jack-light by night. In the winter the sport was skating and spearing white fish through holed in the two feet thick ice. It was the usual custom of my parents—Mother in particular, to read aloud to the children in the evening, History, Biography, Poetry and stories.

While the family resided on the corner of King and Frederick streets, opposite lived the family of the late Hon. John Baldwin, with the children of this family, Morgan, Maurice and Louisa, I became intimate, but it was with Maurice I became “Sworn Brother”, as the boys called it. Maurice became a Bishop of the Episcopal Church, a great and good man, lately stationed in London, Canada.

The Toronto business required my father to make trips across Lake Ontario to Rochester to buy tallow. On these trips he became acquainted with Mr. Oliver Case, who lived near Canandaigua, bought sheep and produced a good deal of tallow. On the failure of the Toronto business it was concluded to go back to first principles and make only tallow candles where the tallow was produced. So the business was begun in North Bristol in Ontario, County, State of New York. The family lived about a mile or so **out** at Bristol Center.

Being fond of a life on the water, after spending summer on various trips on the Great Lakes from Chicago or Quebec, I left Toronto to go to sea in the autumn and before the change of location was made, and am not familiar with the details of removal from Toronto to Bristol. I now think that on account of the eight miles distance to the railroad to haul the goods, that the new venture was not profitable to either my father or Mr. Case, so after some years my father bought property in Canandaigua, the county seat of Ontario County, with funds of my mother. In Canandaigua he became naturalized during my minority and resided there until his death in 1866.

My father had a good deal of ill health after he removed to Canandaigua and did not engage extensively in any business, I think, but gratified his love of writing poetry, and all or nearly all of this literary remains, which I am collecting and are having J.M.

Bowles edit and present in typewritten form, were written at this time. My father was a "Master Mason" in England and attended the Lodges of the order in whatever cities he resided.

After three years at sea, and during the Canandaigua residence, the Kerl relations arranged that I should go to school some more, so I went to a new educational center in Schoharie County, NY, just started by Rev. Alonzo Flack, called Charlottesville, which was forty miles or so from Albany by stage coach. Here measles soon broke out and I was restive of this change from my seagoing life. I got the Physician to say that I and my measles had better be sent home, so I returned to Canandaigua, at which point was a very fine school, (which Stephan A. Douglas was said to have attended). This academy was under the direction of the famous educator and gentleman Noah T. Clark, here I remained for probably two years.

Further as to my drawings is included in a pencil sketch I have begun calling "Going to Sea" and in a sketch called "Drifting". Also an old thin green copy book and a small leather memorandum book with it. These contain a sort of "log" or story of a trip in 1830 to 1833 by sea from Canandaigua to New York and California and back, say 50,000 miles by sea, which I may prepare into better form some day.

My father's father was William Smith (1st) the tenant of Sheffards Mill, which was nearer the village of Redbourne than to any other community, and was still a short distance further north on the Roman or north Road, than Pré Mill House, and where the mail coaches stopped for meals. Redbourne is four miles north of St. Albans. I cannot now tell for how long he and his ancestors had occupied Sheffards Mill, but I never heard of any of the family living anywhere else, or of any one else before his death occupying that mill.

I believe that my father was the last of a family of millers who lived in this location for many generations, because in "Walks and Talks of Hertfordshire", by H.W. Tompkins published by McMillan & Co., I find there were many mills on the numerous small streams of the vicinity, which in earlier days were important in the revenue of the Abbots of St. Albans, but which since the demolition of the monasteries by Henry the VIII, had gone elsewhere. From this item and from the fact that in my day and to the present, straw plaiting was perhaps the chief industry of the locality, I am sure that the growing of wheat was the chief agricultural pursuit of the people.

I have but a very dim recollection of my grandfather Smith, that is of an old man, taller and thinner than my father. He died at the age of seventy-seven at Ramgate, where he had gone for his health, from taking in hot bath in opposition to his physician's orders, I have heard. He must have been a thrifty, money saving man, and fairly well off for those times, and had accumulated some money for his son, but which he was compelled to lose through complications with his sons-in-law, some of whom were a bad lot and cost him much money. The loss of this money, I think had much to do with my father's emigrating to America a poor man, instead of remaining in England in comfortable

circumstances. The money my father invested in businesses in Toronto was an advance of my Grandfather Kerl on account of my mother's portion of his estate.

William Smith, 1st, had a brother named George, of whom at this writing I have no definite information, except that an old family Bible in possession of one of my sisters, is, I think, that of George Smith, and am of the impression that George was of an adventurous spirit and commanded or owned a privateer in the U.S. service, in the War of 1812, with Great Britain, I think this is the strain in the blood which has given our roving disposition.

The members of the Smith family as they died were buried in the grave yard of St. Michael's Church. In front of the Church and to the left hand as you approach the church.

In connection with the restoration changes all evidence of these old and neglected graves were removed, but no doubt all knowledge of **??able** of the Smith family can be had from baptismal and burial records of the church.

Much on the subject of this church and vicinity can be found in "Highways and Byways of Hertfordshire", by Herbert W. Tompkins, lately published by McMillan & Co., which contains a picture of St. Michael's Church.

The burial place of the Kerl family was in the graveyard of St. Peter's Church, St. Albans. When I was in England (St. Albans) last, the visit was a business one, and I was pressed for time, or I would have looked up the records for St. Michael's for details of the history of the Smith family.

I knew my grandfather, William Kerl, (2nd) and grandmother Ann Kerl, formerly Clapham, well, and their children, my Uncles and Aunts. I was at Hammond End a good deal, which was their family residence. Before I went to America, and later with my mother visited at my grandmother's house, #1 Hans Place, Sloan Street, Chelsea, London, in 1865, since rebuilt by owner. She rented the house and lived there from the date of my grandfather's death at Hammonds End in 1845, until her death in 1873. I understand that my grandfather William Kerl, No. 2, was son of William Kyrle No. 1, who lived and died at Sydenham, near London, and married Milicent White. My grandmother says that originally all of her father's letters were addressed "Kyrle" but that later the name became Kerl. William Kyrle, No. 1, had children, William Kerl, No 2, being the eldest, also James who was the only other child my mother knew.

In 1865 I visited the town of Ross in North Wales and the places there connected with the memory of John Kyrle, the Man of Ross made famous by Pope and found that his crest was the same as that of my grand father's family, viz., a hedgehog, for coat or arms and Memoir of "Man of Ross", see my Widcomb library.

Hammonds End was a large, plainly and squarely built, two story, red brick house, with farm steading in front and a flower garden on the other front, with a small, pretty piece of

woods and orchard nearby. In this wood my grandfather tenderly buried her favorite dogs when they died. There were several fields belonging to the property, which my grandfather farmed in wheat, etc. The property was rented from a family of Dutch extraction, named Van Antwerp, whose ancestor was a refuge from Holland in the days of the Spanish persecution. The house was [spacious, substantial and comfortable. I recall its plan, its large parlor, drawing room, kitchen, has and its oak stair cases, and particularly the "Dutch tiles" which adorned the fireplaces. After my grandfather's death this property was rented to my father's old time friend, William Howe.

Comment [PBD1]: Gender problem here, but that's how it reads.

The children of my grandfather Kerl were: William Kerl, No.3, who lived until his death, at Angmering in Sussex, where I visited him in 1865. He married Anne Dupir. My uncle William Kerl, No. 3, died on April 1, 1899. He had a son who died young, and three daughters, Rose, who married William Parnell, who is now a widow with one son. In 1865 I visited the Parnells at their home in the very beautiful mountainous country between Tintem Abbey and Manmouth, where he owned a paper factory.

Nellie, who died some years before her father, and after I had visited Angmering in 1865. Annie, the younger, who married a man named Duck or Luck, and had several children.

Thomas, who survived all the rest and died, married, at Bath, on August 26, 1902, aged 92. He married a Miss Emmeline Huddart, and lived the greater part of his life in Bath. He had a son who died in childhood and a daughter, named Emmeline who married a Mr. Serrell, who died. She then married a Mr. John Clark, and lives two or three miles north of Bath, on a property called Kyrle, Bathesaton. By Mr. Serrell she had two daughters, the elder named Laura Emmeline, who married a country clergyman named Luxton, and has two children. The younger daughter, Florence Edit Serrell is unmarried.

Henry, who, while I remember, I did not know much of, he died early, married. They had five children, three daughters and two sons. Mary, who married a man named Davis, and is now a widow living in London in needy circumstances, and Kate and Millicent who are unmarried. Henry and William are understood to be in Australia.

Mary Ann, who married a very worthy gentleman named Ralph Thomas, a solicitor of the old legal firm of Thomas & Skeat, of over one hundred years standing, of Greys Inn, London. They have two daughters, Helen and Laura, both unmarried, and living at Hasting-in-Surry, and three sons, Augustus, who died in China, officer of a ship. Clapham, who is in the Bank of England, and married, and John (Johnny) who married and died leaving several children.

Louisa, the youngest of the family, who married a handsome dashing young man named Raven. I think in the law, from London, but he lived fast, and my grandfather Kerl, forced a separation and entailed Aunt Louisa's portion of his estate on her children, (see copy of Will of William Kerl in my possession) who were two daughters, one Louisa, who married a gentleman in easy circumstances, named Streeter.

They traveled a good deal and when I was in London with my mother in 1865, lived at Hillington, near Windsor. Louisa Streeter is now dead, and I think left a daughter. The other daughter was named Snnie and never married.

The exact details of all of my cousins are to be found in the bundle of letters of my mother to me and of her English relations to her.

My grandmother Kerl, nee Clapham, was a small, thrifty woman with golden rod hair, which crops out again in my son Bolton, and daughter Frances. I have two pictures of her. She had no sister but one brother, William, who in early days went to India in the service of the East India Co., and served under Wellington and General Baird, in the Madres Infantry. See General Maxwell's book on the Battles of Wellington, in Widcomb library. I have heard that he was considered the handsomest man in the Indian Army. He returned late in life to England, and lived on an estate called Overcourt near Bristol, and later, a the story goes, he met, at the opening of the then famous Menia suspension bridge connecting Wales and Anglesea, a Miss Parry Yale, who fell in love with married him. She is Welsh, and as to her family, see Illustrated London News for 27th of July 1867, in Windcomb, where an obituary is to be found of Col. William Parry Yale, who was her brother, their father being Thomas Parry Jones Parry of Llyuonn, Denbeighshire, and who I am satisfied from information obtained form Yale College, was of the same family as Elihu Yale of the same county, for whom the college was named, being formerly "New Haven College", but on September 12, 1817, the Trustees changed the name to Yale College in consideration of the generosity of Elihu Yale, who is buried in the churchyard of St Giles church, at Wrexham, Denbeighshire, Wales. In support of the foregoing, I am told that one of the college yells of the students is "Elihu Yale".

At His marriage "General" William Clapham bought an estate of about thirty acres in the suburbs of Bath, called Widcomb Manor, of which there are numerous pictures in the "Widcombe Library". This estate was settled upon his wife, and the rest of his estate upon his sister Ann Kerl, for life and remainder on her children, and their children in remainder. The residue of these moneys was divided in 1907. See copy of will in my possession. General Clapham and his wife had no children. Mrs. Clapham had two nieces, Gertrude Jones Parry and Ellen Jones Parry. Ellen married Rev. Mr. Tate, the rector of Widcombe Church. She and her husband are dead, and the Widcombe estate passed through Ellen to Gertrude, who married Mr. St. Ledger Langford. I understand that these ladies were not sisters, but cousins of each other.

General Clapham died in 1850 and is buried in a beautiful cemetery close by; same where Harry (Henry) Crabb Robinson's mother is buried. (See his book in my library.)

Comment [PBD2]: A Google search locates a famous Henry Crabb Robinson, who was a writer.

The only pictures we have of General Clapham is a silhouette which my mother had. There is a good oil painting of him in the drawing room of Widcombe House. In one of her letters my mother speaks of visiting her uncle at Widcomb House.

The tablet to his memory in Widcomb old church is "In Memory of Major General William Clapham, H.E.I.C.S., (Hon. East India Company Service), Colonel to the 49th

Reg. N.I. (Native Infantry) Madras Presidency, who departed this life at his residence, Widcomb House, August 20, 1851, aged 70, leaving a widow to deplore his loss. He was beloved and respected as a sincere friend and brave officer during a long period of service in India. Oh Lord God, thou strength of my health, thou has covered my head in the day of battle. Psalm 140. His remains are interred in the Abbey Cemetery”

In a letter from my mother of December 27th, 1882, is much family news as to the Bath people also extract from a letter of my grandmother Kerl concerning the family name, and requesting that some of (my mother's) children be christened Kerl. This is at present in the old red blotter with other family papers in bottom drawer of my desk. Also there is a letter of my mother of November 11, 1894, to my daughter, Frances, giving story of the family. There is on the mantle piece of the library at Widcombe in San Antonio, the framed lid of a large snuff box, as much as four inches in diameter. In September 1897, the box and lid were given to me by my mother who said the box belonged to her grandfather Kerl. On the lid are painted three beautiful female heads. Hen Gopie & Co., framed the lid for me, they said that the center one was a copy of one of Sir Joshua Reynolds heads, and the other the two of heads by Gainsboro.

The lid bears the inscription: “Pinxt. By. Raven. **Recognized** by H.P.H. the Duke of Sussex and Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg”.

My cousin Mrs. Emmeline Clark of Bath has furnished me with information about the Bath relatives.

For information concerning the last thirty years of my live, see my pamphlet on the Introduction of Foreign Money into the Southern States of America.

Francis Smith
San Antonio, Texas, December 25, 1907.

Children
of
William and Emma Kerl Smith

Francis Smith Born May 28, 1834.
 Henry William or William Henry Smith Born October 30, 1835.
 Edward Kerl Smith Born July 2, 1837.
 Ellen Emma Smith Born March 1839.
 Frederick Clapham Smith Born March 10, 1847
 Louisa Maria Smith..... Born in 1850.
 Eva Mary Anne Smith Born April 23, 1854.

Known Residences
(as of December 25, 1907)

Francis Smith San Antonio, Texas
 Henry William or William Henry Smith Sydney, Australia.
 Edward Kerl Smith Canandaigua, N.Y.
 Frederick Clapham Smith Atlanta, Georgia.
 Ellen Emma Spencer..... Elmira, N.Y.
 Louisa Maria Hollis Canandaigua, N.Y.
 Eva Mary Anne Hawley..... Canandaigua, N.Y.