

David P. Van Brackle

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GENEALOGY OF VAN BRACKLE FAMILY

The known pedigree of this family dates back to the year 1618. The same year that Hendrick Hudson discovered the coast of New Jersey, Raritan Bay and the Hudson River.

The first of the family, as far as there is any known record was a Barron Van Brackle who was a large landholder on Brackle Lake in central Holland. It seems there was a custom with the Dutch when they came to this country to take the name of the place they last lived in, in Holland, and as Van in Dutch means from, they put that as a prefix to their name - hence we have Van Brackle, and a host of other Vans, all of which were names from some place they lived in, in Holland.

When Barron Van Brackle died he left three sons and a widow as heirs, to his estate. They sold their property and came to America. Their intentions were to settle in Long Island, as the greater part of the inhabitants were from Holland; but not finding a place that suited them they came over to what is now New Jersey. Here they found a track of land that suited them although it was a wilderness. But a Holland Dutchman never runs away from hard work. The Indians claimed the land but a small sum and a few presents satisfied them. It was included in a section which was owned by a company of in England and was in the care of an Agent by the name of John Swinton. The part that they bought was bounded on the West by the road leading from Freehold to Matawan so on down to Union on the West ~~by the road leading from Freehold to Mata~~ Bay Shore. This road was an Indian trail originally. There was another Trail branched off from the main one at Freehold, came down through what is now Dutch Lane, Holmdel to Keyport, a third trail left the one at Holmdel came down to the Shore at Keyport. Another branched off at Holmdel came through Middletown on to the Highlands. These branches were the termination or end of the main Indian Trail that commenced in the central part of New York State. It came down to the Delaware River at the Delaware Water Gap, followed the River as far as where Trenton is located, from thence to Freehold there it branched off into different routes which lead to the shore of Raritan Bay. This trail was at least six hundred

miles long and was traveled twice every year, Spring and Fall. These Indians belong to the Mohawk tribe which was a part of the Algonquin Nation. They came down to the Bay to fish to get oysters and clams which they dried on pieces of the bark of trees to take back with them to use as food through the Winter. As we travel these roads it is interesting to know that they were traveled by a people unknown by the White Race long before our forefathers were borne.

I have digressed from the main subject of my narrative. We will return to the boundary of the Van Brackle Estate. Which was bounded on the North by the road leading from Matawan through Bethany and intersecting the road that connects Heyport with Middletown. The Eastern boundary started some where near Paren Brown's corner, running South until it terminated in the road that starts at Freneau and ends at the Holmdel Cemetery. It was on this road their house was built, nearly opposite the location where James Van Brackles residence stands. The house when first built was constructed of logs, but in the course of time it was weatherboarded and plastered inside and made comfortable. The Chimney and fireplace was built of stone and was eight feet from jam to jam; large enough to accommodate the whole family.

When a boy, I often visited the family and well remember the old house and think I could make a drawing of it. A little incident occurred at one of my visits which had a tendency to aid my memory. As I sat at the table eating, the old lady said in broken English, "Bat what you want but make quick the Man's is coming".

This we had for a long time, as a by word when we wished any one to hurry. "Make quick the man's is coming".

Mathias, Garret and Gilbert the three brothers owned the property jointly for a short time. Garret and Gilbert became dissatisfied, the partnership was dissolved. Mathias becoming the entire owner. Garret went South and settled in one of the Carolinas at that time there was but one; afterward it was divided and it became North and South Carolina. Here Stephen married and had three children and adopted one which made four children in the family. Stephen, Samuel and Dolly were his own children. In the course of time the father died. The mother came North with her three children to the home in which her deceased husband once had a share, now owned by Mathias. He had a Stephen

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with that of his brother's made two Stephens in the same family. To prevent discord and secure harmony they changed the name of Stephen to Himes, the maiden name of his mother. This was my Father and your brother's and Sister's grandfather. The adopted son remained South with his grandparents.

Gilbert after settling up his affairs here embarked onboard of a vessel bound for Cuba - one of the West India Islands. The ship was stranded on one of the Bermuda Islands and it was reported that he was drowned. But the report was false. He was picked up and taken to Cuba. A few years ago an old gray bearded man called to see me. He introduced himself by inquiring if my name was Van Brackle. "Well, said I, "we must be somehow related for that is my name, for there are but few of that name living". He proved to be the son of Gilbert who was reported lost. He then gave in detail the adventure of his father who had been reported drowned and his own life. I failed to get the full history of his father's family which I very much regret. He was a ~~Marion~~ bachelor. His health had failed him and he was advised by his physician to come North. He did so and bought a ranch in the West, not liking the business sold out and was then on his way back to Cuba. I regret that our interview was so short for there were many things I could have learned that I failed to get.

We now resume our narrative of the Linage of the Van Brackle family. In writing the linage of the family I find that the custom of using the same name in families of different generations creates confusion and is difficult sometimes to tell which family they belong. The custom seems to come from a desire as a mark of honor to our Progenators and friends.

In 1876 there was a Barron Van Brackle that visited the Centennial of World's Air at Philadelphia from Holland. So some of the name must still be in existence and the name is not dying out in Holland as it is in this Country. A dozen or less would cover all of that name that I know. At one time it numbered many but by marriage it has become nearly extinct. Those that are living are the descendants of Mathias and Garret of the three brothers of the original family.

As for Gilbert all we know or can learn of him was that he was not drowned as reported, but saved, went to Cuba married and had children. Mathias, the eldest

of the three that first came to this Country had children. His eldest son took his

4. father's name, (Mathias). He was a leading politician and was a member of the assembly for many years. Besides <sup>her</sup> ~~he~~ was a Major of the Militia. He married Rachel Briton. He had a daughter that married Gen. James Morgan who owned the property on the Bay Shore that bears his name. Stephen, another son of Mathias the first - who married the widow of John Wall. Her decedents <sup>her</sup> (by her first husband, a family numerous and very popular. It is not known that she had any children by her second husband.

A third Mathias of the lineage was about my age we looked so much alike that we were often taken one for the other. He married a Miss Carhart. She died. He then married the widow of John Bedie. He had a blacksmith shop that was located about where the Hazlet R. R. Station is. It was moved from there to the Keyport Middletown road just about where Roseveer's house stands, finally <sup>ally</sup>, it was moved to Mechanicville. He had children by his last wife, but I don't know how many or whether there are any living.

Stephen, grandson of Mathias the first, married Maria Padington. He had a son, Stephen, who was a private in the Revolution. He had a brother who was killed by a mob of Englishmen in Matawan. This occurred in 1778. There was a Hannah in this family who married Tunis Conover. There was a John Van Brackle who had a Blacksmith Shop in Frennau who was a lay judge of the County of Monmouth for many years. He had a daughter who married Major Thomas Arrowsmith. They had four children, John, George and Stephen and Emma. George was killed at Gettysburg during the Civil War, Stephen was principal of the Public School at Red Bank, N. J. I don't know if Emma is living or not.

The next <sup>e</sup> lineage is that of Garret's. It will be remembered that his widow returned with three children; Stephen or Himes, Samuel and Dolly. All I know as I remember Samuel he was very lame. When a child he lived, it is said with a man that was a hard drinker, when <sup>away</sup> from home one night he got drunk and laid out of doors all night. Samuel stayed with him, took a heavy cold which was the cause of his lameness as long as he lived. This was the Van Brackle that Dora Aumack lived with, when a boy. He had five children that I knew, John, Stephen, Eliza, Nancy and Mrs. Burnham. Stephen never married and Mrs. Burnham had four children, two sons and two daughters. <sup>or</sup> Their aunt, Mrs. William Ackerson adopted one of the daughters, who married Stafford Murphy. They had four children, Carrie, Harry Lida and Katie. Carrée married

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William Emmons and Lida married John Willie.

Samuel the progenitor of this branch of the family died October 25, 1835 and was buried in the Cedar Grove Cemetery. There was a Mathias Van Brackle, that married a daughter of Hendrick Vanderbilt. He was the father of James M. Van Brackle recently deceased. Two sons of his are living on a part of the Homestead.

Dolly, the daughter of Stephen Van Brackle and only sister of my father married Joseph Stoney. The progenitor of all the Stoney's in and about Keyport. Joseph Stoney was Capt. of a sloop that plied between Keyport and New York for many years and was very popular. They had eleven or twelve children, I remember the following: William, Stephen, George, Ann, James Samuel, Richard, Joseph, Mary and Amanda. William married a Miss Cottrell and Ann married John Walling. The others married but I do not know to whom. Stephen had a son living in Keyport, the only one of the entire number who is alive.

The next in order is the progeny Himes, who married Amy Pool, daughter of George Pool. They had <sup>had</sup> eleven children, Stephen, Samuel, Mary, Catherine, Nancy, George, Jacob, Elizabeth, James, Monroe and David. Stephen married Jane Morrell, Samuel never married, Mary married Sylvanus Taylor by him she had three children, Samuel, Rebecca and Amy. Samuel died in infancy, Rebecca married George Pool, they had three children, Monroe, Charles and Emmogene. Sylvanus died when Samuel was a babe. She afterwards married Richard Pool, by him she had four children, Ida, Margaret, George and Lizzie. Ida married Robert Wardell. By him she has one child, a daughter. She afterward married. She had no children. Maggie married William Cowley. She had no children. George married a lady living in Newark, New Jersey. They had one child, George. Lizzie married Jacob Garrabramdt.

Amy, sister of Rebecca and daughter of Mary Taylor, married William Emmons. They had two children, Malisse and Edward.

Stephen that married Jane Morrell had two children, Joseph and Florence, who died when a young lady. Joseph married Caroline \_\_\_\_\_. They had two children, Joseph and Jennie. Jennie married Dan Sullivan. She had two children, Dora and Naomi, who married William Sullivan.

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Next to George came Jacob, who married Martha Walling. They had wight children, James, Hannah B. Richard, Mary, Nancy, Amelia, Ann, Amy, and Joseph. James married a Miss Benise. They had two children, John who is also married and Nana who is also married. Hannah Lib married William Peper. Mary married his brother, George. They hve two daughters who have two daughters. James went away and was never heard from afterwards. Monroe, a very promising young man, died when about twenty-two or three years old. David the youngest is still living at the age of nearly ninety-six years. This ends the Genealogy of the long and prolific family of Van Brackles.

The Van Brackles families came from a nation the stock of which was noted for their honesty, morality and a desire to live in peace at home and with nations abroad. Slow and sure was their rule of life. Washington Irving gives a graphic description of the manners and customs of the Dutch in his Golden Age of New York. He says, "They were the most non-excitabile people living on the face of the Earth. They had a different way of living and doing things from other people. He gives an example, their dwellings were always built with their gable end to the road or street. The first story of their dwellings were built of wood, the second story was of brick. The interior was kept scrupulously clean. Their furniture was scanty and plain, colored and wites ate at the same table. There was one article of food on the table at every meal, that was fried pork cut up into bits werved from wooden bowls and harpooned with a fork as a fisherman would harpoon a shark. The first story was divided into two rooms, one was occupied by the family with a large fireplace large enough to accommodate the whole family, let <sup>it</sup> be more or less. One corner was usually occupied by the Old Burgher, the other by <sup>an</sup> ab old crone of a negro. The front foom was the spare department that served the purpose of bedroom in which no one ever slept and Parlor. It was not even entered except on Weddings and Funerals

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and sweeping days, which occurred once a week. They had no carpets, that was considered an unnecessary extravagance. They sprinkles white sand on the floor and the House wife walked out backwards so as to leave no tracks and making all sorts of rhomboids with her broom.

End.

#### THE POOL FAMILY

The progenitors of this family were natives of England. They came to this Country in its early history before the American Revolution. Nothing is known of the family previous to their coming to this Country. George and his wife Mary were the progenitors of all the Pools of Monmouth County. They bought a tract of land at what is now known as Union about two miles north of Keyport. The number of acres in the original tract is not known, but it is supposed to be several hundred. It is now divided into several farms owned by Gilbert Van Mater and others.

Their first house stood near where the present one stands, not far from the shore. There was a spring of water in the garden in front of the house which saved the house when set on fire by the British. They had eight children, four boys and four girls. Richard, Joseph, James, George, Polly, Amy and Pattie and one that married a Blackledge ( I don't remember her first name). The father and his two sons, Richard and James, were drafted in the Army. The father served in the fortifications on Sandy Hook. Richard was a drummer and James was a private in the ranks. These three served during the eight years or during the entire war. Owing to the proximity of their residence to the shore they were subjected to continual annoyance and often endangered of being murdered by the enemy who would sail around Sandy Hook into the Bay, anchor and come on Shore and commit all kinds of depredations.

Often have I listened to my Mother's stories as she related the danger to which they were subjected to continually during the war and the exploits of her father and brothers in outwitting the British in their attacks. A few of these exploits as far as I know have never been published. I give the account of them as I heard them related.

One day in the Spring of 1775 a British man of War came sailing around Sandy Hook and anchored a short distance from shore. My grandfather and one of his sons happened to be home on furlough. They harnessed the horses to a wagon, put the mother and small children in it and sent them up among the hills. There was a <sup>chamber</sup> celler near the back

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door, for people at that time owing to the <sup>city</sup>scarcity of brick made cellars of logs and dirt such as the one on the Poole property. The father and son hid in this cellar, taking their guns with them and hid in the corners so they could not be seen through the glass in the door. They had not long to wait before they heard the enemy coming. When they got to the house the doors were locked, they tried the cellar door that was also locked. They tried the windows and they were fastened. The leader then gave his instructions, one to keep guard outside, two others were to go through the house for plunder, the other ~~were~~ to pile the furniture in one of the rooms, when all was ready set fire to the pile and burn the whole house. That was their plan well formed, but the execution was a failure. The watchman took his position in front of the house while the four went into obey their orders. The enemy had stacked their guns against the cellar near the door. When those in the house had got well engaged in their work of destruction the two in the cellar quietly opened the door and took the guns inside, leaving ~~two-in-the~~ the enemy without any arms of defence. When those inside ~~ha~~ were well engaged the two in the cellar commenced to yell, the centinal ~~came~~ running from his post in the road, when he turned the corner of the house met a load of shot and fell dead. The others in the house ran for their guns but instead got a load of shot. There lay four dead men. One after another fell dead as they made their appearance. They had piled the furniture in one of the rooms put a straw bed on top of ~~the~~ furniture set fire to the bed which was just getting under good headway when a few pails of water saved not only the furniture but the house. It was the promptness in action and the nearby spring that saved all.

Among the furniture was an old flax spinning wheel, that was charred considerably but ~~not~~ so it was useless. It was kept until the loom made such wheels useless. It was then kept in the family as a Relic. My mother had it for years and it <sup>is from</sup> ~~is~~ her that I got the information that I am writing. In the course of years our home passed into other hands. I learned that the owner was remodeling the house. I thought of the old wheel for it was put in a ~~six~~ loft above the ceiling, this place could only be entered through a trap door which was too small for the wheel to pass through, I heard they were making alterations and went immediately to go after the old relic. On approaching the premisses,



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the first object that drew my attention was parts of the old wheel. They had broken it in pieces in getting it out. Such is the result of thoughtlessness. The mother and children returned expecting to find their home in ashes but they rejoiced to find everything saved except the loss of a straw bed and damaged furniture.

Those were times when safety required vigilance and even the greatest caution as they were never free from danger. For War was the same then as it is now, life and property was never secure and victory was never won without danger.

Another exploit of the Pool family shows they were not ironies and could see danger ahead and could prepare to meet or prevent it. One day a full rigged British man of War came in from the Sea and anchored opposite Union. There was evident indications of mischief ahead. The old father and his two sons happened to be home. At this time the British had possession of Staten Island for the Tories traded with them. The Pools took a calf, geese and chickens and tied them on the deck of their smack, each one taking an extra gun, went on board and hid in the hole of the vessel. When all was ready they hoisted a sail and took their course as if they were going on the opposite shore of the bay. The calf bawled, the geese squalled and the chicken cackled. All was confusion on deck of the smack. The British seeing them undoubtedly though they had a prize, launched their small boat and a crew of four men jumped in and rowed with all their strength for the smack. When within a short distance the seamen yelled out surrender. Two boys jumped out of the hole and before the British could bring their guns to their shoulders two of them received a full charge and dropped and the third was wounded, the fourth was made prisoner. The one that escaped being shot proved to be an American that had been pressed into the British service and had a small family in Pennsylvania. The dead were buried by the side of the beach at the Highwater mark a little East of the present dock. The stearnsman of the small boat was the mate of the crew which proved to be a great loss to the British service.

At another time they were awakened in the dead hours of night by a hog squealing in the pen not far from the house. An investigation proved that a boat had come from ship in the bay. They had come ashore and were stealing hogs. My grandmother crept out stealthily got the range of the thieves and fired. Instead of having a hog to take on

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board they had a dead man.

Such is the original stock of the Pool family. To my knowledge the Ancestors of those living have reason to boast of their lineage. They may not have been brilliant as they were what is far better they were honest and patriotic and Old orators and statesmen but they were in their Country's Service from the time they were young... old enough to handle a musket until the War was ended. I regret that I have not succeeded in getting the full lineage of the family. The old stock I knew well, but the younger ones scattered as they grew up.

The progenitors of the Poole Family as already stated were George and Mary Poole. They were English by birth. They came to this country in its early history as already stated. I regret that I am not able to give the lineage in full of this noted and prolific family. There were eight children four boys and four girls. Richard the eldest, then George, James and Joseph. The girls were Polly, Amy and two others I am unable to give their first names, but one married a Grames, the other a Blackledge. Richard had two children that I knew, George and Eliza. George Had five, Joseph, James, Richard, Jane and Ida. So we know but little of this prolific family. (Lineage of the Van Brackle Family.)

PARENTS	BIRTH DATED	MARRIAGES
Himes	January 31 1784	Amy Poole August 12, 1803
Amy Poole	August 25, 1781	Himes (Stephen Van Brackle)
<b>CHILDREN</b>		
Stephen	June 24, 1804	Jane Morrell
Samuel	Nov. 20, 1805	Not married
Catherine	Nov. 10, 1807	Died in infancy
Mary	Dec. 20, 1808	Syvenus Taylor No. 2 Richard Poole
Elizabeth	Jan. 30, 1812	Not married
Nancy	Nov. 20, 1810	Benjamin Everson August 1831 Mr. Vail
George	Aug. 16, 1814	Margaret Denise
Jacob	Aug. 2, 1816	Martha Walling
James	Sept. 13, 1818	Died 1830
Monroe	Feb. 17, 1821	Jane Wood/1834 Died Oct. 16, 18
David P.	Aug. 23, 1823	Jane Wood 1854

D. P. Van Brackle.

*old school master*