

FAMILY MEMORIALS

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Family Memorials by John Herman Bradshaw & Antoinette Bradshaw Shattuck

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JOHN HERMAN BRADSHAW & ANTOINETTE BRADSHAW SHATTUCK

FAMILY MEMORIALS

NON - CIRCULATING

FAMILY MEMORIALS.

COMPILED

BY

ANTOINETTE BRADSHAW SHATTUCK

AND

JOHN HERMAN BRADSHAW.



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1880.

"About ten years more or less, after the generation in advance of our own has all died off, it occurs to us all at once: 'There! I can ask my old friend what he knows of that picture, which must be a Copley, of that house and its legends, about which there is such a mystery, He (or she) must know all about them. Too late! Too late!'"—O. W. HOLMES.

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INTRODUCTION.

To all the cousins of every degree, descendants of the twelve children of John Bradshaw and Rebecca Knickerbocker, his wife, and of the eleven children of Jedediah Boynton and Clarinda Comstock, his wife, these memorials of the various families are inscribed.

The fact that nearly all the "old friends" who could have answered questions about our ancestors had already passed away, led me to use such sources of information as still remained, and to note down the results in a little book intended only for the eyes of John Herman Bradshaw and his family.

He entered with earnestness into the work, and has added much to the records by his own correspondence, and now puts them in print, that any one who desires them may possess a copy.

For much information relating to the first and second generations of Bradshaws, and the families connected with them, we are indebted to Mrs. Elizabeth Fairbanks, our "Aunt Betsey." A born historian, whose memory was always a proverb in the family circle, she still retains, at the age of ninety-four, all her faculties and a vivid remembrance of the events of her long life. She lives with

her daughter, Mrs. E. B. Fish, of Oakland, California, who has written out her account of many things that would otherwise pass into oblivion with her, the last one living who has a personal knowledge of them.

These pages do not contain a complete genealogy of any family or line. Many blanks have to be left, and equal prominence is given to the male and to the female lines.

More personal items would gladly have been included had they been furnished.

In printing, space is given to each name of persons living, for completing the record as time may require it.

If it serves no other purpose, it may, at least, stimulate others to fill out the blanks and continue the record.

A. B. S.

BRADSHAW FAMILY.

FIRST GENERATION.

John Bradshaw and Mary Wool, his wife, from whom our family is descended, came to America from Antrim County, Ireland, in the year 1740.

The Saxon name, Bradshaw, signifying broad shade, taken with their protestant faith, indicates an English origin. They may have been among those who found an asylum in Ireland upon the restoration of Charles II of England, as one of the judges who condemned Charles I bore the name of John Bradshaw.

John and Mary left their eldest and only child, another John, in Ireland, but the day before they landed in New Jersey a second son was born to them. How long they remained in New Jersey I do not know; the parents, probably for life.

The record of their other children, as far as known, will be found on page 9.

In 1765 William Bradshaw, the sea-born child, married Sarah MacKillip, of Cambridge, Washington Co., New York, and settled, then or soon after, in Halfmoon, Saratoga Co., N. Y. He was a carpenter by trade.

In 1781 he bought of General Philip Schuyler a farm of 200 acres in the N. E. corner of the town. The locality was then called "The Burough," but is now included in the village of Mechanicville. The price, \$600, was paid in continental money, which the next day was good for nothing.

Gen. Schuyler used to drive up from Albany in a little old wagon drawn by an old brown horse, to collect his rents. As he passed he would call out to "Squire Billy" Bradshaw: "How goes time, Billy?" And the reply would be: "Well, how goes Continental, General?"

The farm stretched from the Hudson river across a beautiful intervale up on to the hills on the west. It included also two islands in the river. The great road from Albany to the northern settlements passed through it. There were two houses on it when he bought it. One stood just northwest of the canal bridge, the other at the foot of the hill in front of the house Father built, now called the Sears place. The one by the bridge was a fine house in its day. I remember the double door with brass knocker, the corner cupboards and the carved woodwork. They must both have been built long before the Revolution. Father took them down in 1840.

Squire Billy built himself a house in 1805. The site was well chosen on the east side of the road. The barn with an immense roof that came within a few feet of the ground, and the garden and orchard lay to the east toward the river. The house was a square two-story upright, with a low wing for a kitchen on the east side. A broad

hall ran through the house with a door at each end ; heavy doors they were, divided into an upper and lower half, a custom originating in times when it was not always safe to open the whole door at once, and continuing as a fashion after the danger had ceased. There were huge fire places in all the larger rooms and a great garret above all. This garret had its suspicion of a ghost, as so many places had in those days. In this house his wife Sarah died in 1822. From that time his grand-daughter Elizabeth, our "Aunt Betsey," was his housekeeper until his death in 1824.

None of his children except John, our grandfather, survived him. A few weeks before his death he stood sponsor at the baptism of his first great-grandchildren, Uncle John's twin daughters Charlotte and Mary Ann. He is described as a genial, kind-hearted, honest man. Our father, his oldest grandson and namesake, is said to have been much like him in person and disposition, and he, too, was known for years as "Squire."

It was a sore trial to Squire Billy when the progress of the age drove "Gov. Clinton's Ditch," the Champlain canal, right through his dooryard west of the house. But fortunately he did not live to see the railroad from Troy to Saratoga run within ten feet of his kitchen on the other side.

Aunt Betsey says of the canal. The contract for building it through Mechanicville was taken by rods instead of miles. By the house it was difficult to dig, being through such hard slate rock that it required much blast-