

# The Port Ryerse Journal

The RYERSE-RYERSON Family Association Newsletter

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March 1996

## The Battle of Kings Mountain

October 7, 1780

Col. Robert Windsor Wilson



*"The mountain was covered with flame and smoke and seemed to thunder,"* recalled one eye-witness. *"It appeared volcanic,"* remembered another. *"There flashed along its summit and up its sides, one long sulphurous blaze,"*

It had been a quiet, rainy day and the men were resting in their tents. Major Patrick Ferguson, a dedicated, aggressive, highly competent soldier had moved his men to the top of this ridge the previous afternoon. They had set up their tents inside a semicircle of wagons across the end of the mountain. Here Ferguson felt he had the greatest advantage since the mountain was high, its sides exceedingly steep and its top covered with craggy cliffs of rocks. With pickets posted along the crest, Ferguson felt secure. To Cornwallis he wrote, *"I arrived today at Kings Mountain and have taken a post where I do not think I can be forced by a stronger enemy than that against us."* There were 1104 men - the Provincial Corps of some one hundred hand-picked 'provincials' from New York and New Jersey regiments, (including **Captain Samuel Ryerson**) who wore the traditional red coats and white breeches of the British army. Long service and good training had made them proud and capable. The rest of his force consisted of about 1000 Tory militia.

After the British army had captured the city of Charleston, South Carolina in May 1780, Cornwallis decided to extend his control northward into North Carolina. With his own troops as the pivot, he sent Tareyton's Legion north through the center of South Carolina and Major Ferguson and his crack light troops on that long left sweep up the western border to subdue the rebels and secure the countryside. His men were in fine fettle and did their job well. They marched during the cool of the early mornings and despite an occasional skirmish along the way, they enlisted several thousand Loyalist recruits during that long hot summer.

*Continued on page 2*



## Kings Mountain *continued*

Until then the settlers living along the western frontier of the Appalachian Mountains had not been involved in the war. Their free pioneer life existed without interference from the King's officials. They were little concerned with the course of this 5 year old war until England, now at a stalemate in the northern colonies, had turned her military strategy toward conquest of the South. With Ferguson operating close to their homes and with Loyalist activity on the increase, these fiercely independent hunters and farmers were becoming uneasy.

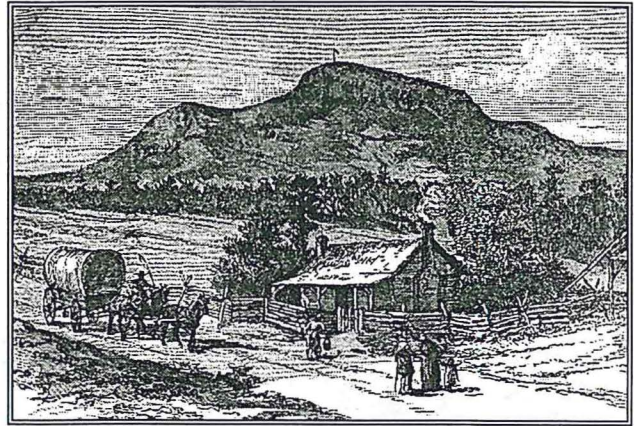


Early in September, Ferguson was at Gilbert Town, North Carolina, the present day Rutherfordton. In an attempt to frighten the leaders of the mountaineers, he sent a message through the mountains that if they did not desist from their opposition to British arms and declare allegiance to

**Maj. Patrick Ferguson** Britain, he would "*march his army over the mountains, hang their leaders, and lay waste their country with fire and sword.*" But Ferguson misjudged the temper of these American frontiersmen. The message had exactly the opposite effect. Roused by this threat to their homes, the mountaineer militiamen of North Carolina and Tennessee began to assemble for battle. By early October more than 1200 had assembled in the vicinity of Rocky Mount, northwest of Ferguson's post at Gilbert Town. From the west they came, climbing above the clouds over mountain tops in snow shoe-top deep, dressed in hunting shirts, leggings, knives at their belts and the long slender hunting rifle of the frontier across their saddles. They came full of wrath seeking their adversary and determined to battle him to the finish.

Warned by his scouts that the Americans were close behind and advancing on him, Ferguson had taken this defensive position on Kings Mountain. Despite his previous experience in this country, he had not yet learned that trees and rocks were perfect cover for the frontiersman who had learned his fighting from the Indians during years of frontier warfare. The mountaineers, riding day and night through cold, soaking rainstorms, wrapping their rifles and ammunition in their blankets and shirts to keep them dry and stopping just long enough to partake of parched corn and squirrel stew, relentlessly pursued their quarry. Shortly after noon on

October 7th, they caught up with him. Halting a mile from the ridge, they hitched their horses and proceeded toward the mountain on foot. Each detachment was to take a prearranged position at the base of the ridge to complete the encirclement of Ferguson's corps. Quietly, they slipped into positions all around the sixty-foot high mountain and waited for the signal to attack.



**KINGS MOUNTAIN**, a rocky, wooded, outlying spur of the Blue Ridge Mountains rising some 60 feet above the plain around it. A plateau at its summit is about 600 yards long and from 70 to 120 feet wide. - Draper

## The Loyalists were taken totally by surprise

At about 3 o'clock, the rain had stopped and Ferguson's men were drying out in the sunlight. An officer was about to report to him that all was quiet when the stillness was shattered by a shot that rang out in the woods below. With no more warning than that, the battle was on. With Indian war whoops ringing through the trees, the mountaineers on opposite sides of the slope simultaneously opened fire. On the crest, the startled British immediately drummed to arms and formed behind a chain of rocks that appeared impregnable. They discharged a volley of fire at their assailants but the cliffs were so steep and the sides of the mountain so densely wooded that most of their musket balls flew harmlessly over the heads of the attackers.

The sharp crack of the rifle was now heard as the mountaineers fought their way uphill Indian-style, moving from tree to tree and rock to rock, sharpshooting as they went. One of them later recalled that he "*took right up the side of the mountain and fought from tree to tree to the summit.*" As the two regiments neared the top, Ferguson ordered a bayonet charge and drove them back down the slope but the attackers simply gave way before the pointed blades. None of them were equipped with bayonets nor would they have known how to use



them if they had been. Nearing the bottom of the hill, they heard a signal from Ferguson's whistle. Hurriedly, the Provincials rushed back uphill to defend against a new threat coming from the other side but as they fell back, their ranks were thinned out by well-aimed shots.

The Tories fired steadily but did little to stop the steady advance of the rebels. Twice the mountaineers charged and were driven back but now other attacks were coming from the opposite end of the ridge. Alarmed at this heavy new assault, Ferguson ordered Capt. DePeyster to take part of the Provincials and meet that challenge. It was a costly order as the deadly rifle fire of the concealed frontiersmen took a heavy toll. It must have been like a game for these marksmen to pick off the Loyalists as they showed themselves against the sky. Perhaps it was at this moment that **Captain Ryerson** was hit. *"I was wounded in the beginning of the action,"* he wrote, *"through the left hand and wrist ....though it don't hinder me from keeping the field."*

Over the vicious crack of rifles and the shouts of men crashing through the brush, there sounded continually the shrill call of the silver whistle which Ferguson used to maneuver his men. Cruelly punishing an agile horse, he was everywhere, a conspicuous target in a checkered hunting shirt worn over his uniform. Using his provincials as a mobile reserve, he rushed them from one side of the hill to the other, wherever danger threatened. The fire fight was raging all around the mountain and now, completely surrounded, Ferguson's disorganized and rapidly decreasing force was gradually being pushed towards its campsite on the northeastern end of the ridge. It was a desperate situation yet Ferguson's proud heart could not think of surrender. He swore *"he never would yield to such a dammed banditti."* But as the Americans were closing in, Ferguson was shot from his horse and killed. For an hour the sharpshooters had been looking for this target and now at least a dozen rifles had found their mark.

### Surrender

Command now fell to Captain DePeyster and he wasted no time. White flags went up immediately and cries for mercy were heard, but with the Americans scattered as they were around the mountain, a coordinated cease-fire was difficult to achieve. Furthermore, many of them had friends or relatives killed by Tories in other actions and were reluctant to stop their firing. Commanders could not immediately restrain their men who continued to shoot down the terrified, disordered men who were now crowded into a space less than one hundred feet wide and two hundred feet long.

Finally, however, the rifles were silent. These back water men whom Ferguson had scorned as "mongrels," had killed, wounded or captured his entire force.

In one hour and five minutes the battle was all over. Savage was the struggle. Bitterness and hatred found an outlet on both sides. Neighbor fired at neighbor, brother at brother, hunting shirt at red coat. It was a scene for poets:

*"But vain was pluck and vain each charge  
for from each tree there came  
a deadly rifle bullet and a little spurt of flame.  
The men who fired we could not see  
--- they picked us off like game."*

Ordered to sit down on the ground, the frontiersmen stood in a ring around them, staring and taunting. Three times the shout rang out - *"Hurrah for LIBERTY!"* - a sound like thunder heard by residents in all the surrounding area. For over an hour they had listened to the sounds of guns, wondering how the battle went. Now they knew. The Loyalists had lost 225 men, had 163 wounded and 716 taken prisoner. The Americans had 28 killed and 62 wounded. It is reported that **Captain Ryerson** surrendered his sword to Adjutant Franklin with the comment, *"You deserve it, Sir."* What anger, humiliation and despair he must have been feeling.

### The autumn darkness descended swiftly

The aftermath of the battle was cruel and gruesome. *"Awful, indeed was the scene of the wounded, the dead and dying, on the field after the carnage of that dreadful day,"* remembered one soldier. *"We had to encamp on the ground with the dead and wounded and pass the night amid groans and lamentations,"* remembered another. It was a night of care, anxiety and suffering, vividly remembered as long as any of them lived. The cries of the wounded for a little water, when coming from the Loyalists, were cruelly ignored. Nor were their wounded given any medical aid. **Captain Ryerson**, now a seriously wounded prisoner of war, probably bound his own wounds as best he could. His good friend Dr. Johnson, when he was allowed to, would have dilated his wound, draining any fluid and suturing any veins or arteries that may have been cut. **Captain Ryerson** later wrote that he *"had lost his ring finger"* and Dr. Johnson may have had to do that amputation if the rifle bullet had not done a clean job of it. A bread and milk poultice and a bandage would have finished his work - an operation achieved without benefit of any pain killer save a little spiritous liquor or rum - and perhaps a lead bullet to bite on to mask the pain and prevent splitting his teeth from clenching them so hard!



## Death March

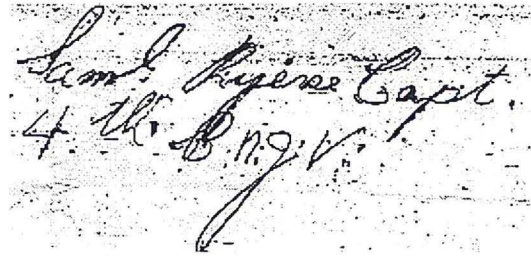
It is said that the next morning, frost lay lightly on both dead men and dead horses. The mountainenmen had marched for almost two weeks, crossing the most rugged mountain chain in eastern America. They had been without sleep for 36 hours and had eaten only scraps of food for almost 24 hours - but there was little to eat on Kings Mountain. Ferguson's cupboard was bare and so victor and vanquished alike faced the next morning with hunger.

In their very hour of triumph, the frontiersmen were still in deadly danger. Almost out of ammunition and saddled with an army of some 800 prisoners, there was great uneasiness over the whereabouts of Tarleton. The threat of an attack was very real but this rebel army was in no condition to take on another battle. Yet there was much to be done before they could head for the hills. The seventeen captured baggage wagons were pulled across the campfires and allowed to burn. A burial detail hastily began to dig two large pits and bodies were tumbled in without much ceremony then covered over with old logs, bark of old trees and rocks. The prisoners were made to carry their own arms. The flints were taken from the locks and they were marched past the pile of 1200-1500 muskets captured on the field. The strong and healthy were directed to carry two. Spurred by renewed rumors that Tarleton was fast approaching, the army finally marched about 10 a.m. Orders were given that should Tarleton attack, they were immediately to fire upon Capt. DePeyster and his officers (Capt. Ryerson among them!) who were in the front, and then a second volley on the men.

The prisoners were marched 12 miles that day and camped on a deserted plantation where they found a field planted in sweet potatoes. *"This was most fortunate,"* said one soldier, *"for not one in fifty of us had tasted food for the last two days and nights."* Food would be exceedingly scarce in the coming days. Still under threat of an imagined Tarleton attack, they forced a march of 16 miles one day, 20 miles the next, 12 the next, and so on, pushing themselves and their prisoners to the limits of endurance, suffering from extreme fatigue and hunger. **Samuel Ryerson**, weakened from a loss of blood, must have suffered much. During this trek many of the captives were beaten, mutilated and even killed if they could not keep up the pace. When they reached Gilbert Town, the citizens there demanded retribution for the execution earlier that summer of several local patriots. A trial was held in a driving rainstorm, thirty-six prisoners were convicted and nine were hanged.

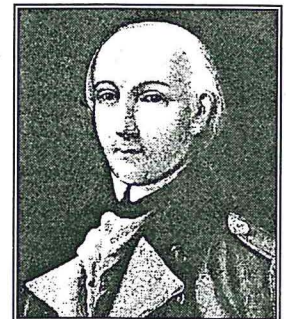
On the 13th of October, **Samuel Ryerson** was made to sign a document acknowledging that he was a prisoner and that he

*"would not act against the troops or citizens of the United States either by carrying arms, giving Intelligence or any other means until I am fairly exchanged according to the rules and Customs of War...."*



Evidence of stress can be seen in Samuel's signature. It is interesting that he now chose to spell his name RYERSE. On October 15th, the prisoners were kicked awake before dawn and forced to march without food through a steady downpour for 32 miles over quagmire roads. The goal was to cross the upper Catawba river before Tarleton could catch them. It was 10 o'clock that night before they reached the river and it was rising fast from all the rain. Formed into columns and hanging on to each other for their lives, they struggled to cross to the other side. By morning the river had risen ten feet and finally, the threat of an attack by Tarleton or anyone else was over. (Ironically, Cornwallis *had* sent Tarleton to Ferguson's aid but before he reached Kings Mountain, he learned of the disaster and turned back so that he was *never* a threat.)

The surviving Loyalists were finally delivered to the Continental Army at Hillsboro, North Carolina and by the second week of November 1780 were placed under guard in a jail and log house at Salisbury. There they were ordered to erect huts for their use as cooking and sleeping apartments. History records that in February of 1781, Captains DePeyster and Ryerson were paroled to Charleston and found upon their arrival that they were to be exchanged. **Samuel Ryerson** apparently traveled on to Savannah where he picked up some of his baggage and probably found passage by ship back to New York.



**Capt. DePeyster**



### Aftershocks of the Battle of Kings Mountain....

....and of the terrible death march that followed, reverberated throughout the country. It has been claimed about many battles of the American Revolution - that each was a turning point in the war. In the case of Kings Mountain, it is undoubtedly true. This battle marked the beginning of the end of British occupation of the South and paved the way for the closing scene of a long and bitter war at Yorktown.

There is no doubt that Samuel Ryerson's elation at being picked for special service in the south soon gave way to discomfort and grief - from the misery of the voyage south, the hardships and rigors of military life marching through South Carolina, the trauma of Kings Mountain and his injuries, to the terrors of being a prisoner of war. Samuel's own words say it best.

Of the battle, he said, "*It is an agreeable satisfaction to think that though they got the better of us Damn'em, we made them pay for it. I can assure you Sir we deserved success although it was not in our power to command it.*"

Of his captivity, he said, "*You have undoubtedly heard of my misfortune in being a prisoner.....were I to relate all the cruelties that I and my fellow prisoners have suffered you would hardly believe it possible that any of the human species could be possessed of so much barbarity. If you will call to mind the most horrid cruelties that have ever been affected by savages you will then in some measure be able to judge what we have seen and suffered.*"

And finally, back in New York, he wrote to his brother in May 1781, "*...in the course of another campaign hope to drive the Rebels out of the country or make them own George their Master.*"

PR

From the many interesting accounts of this battle, the following references were most helpful: Compact History of the Revolutionary War - Dupuy

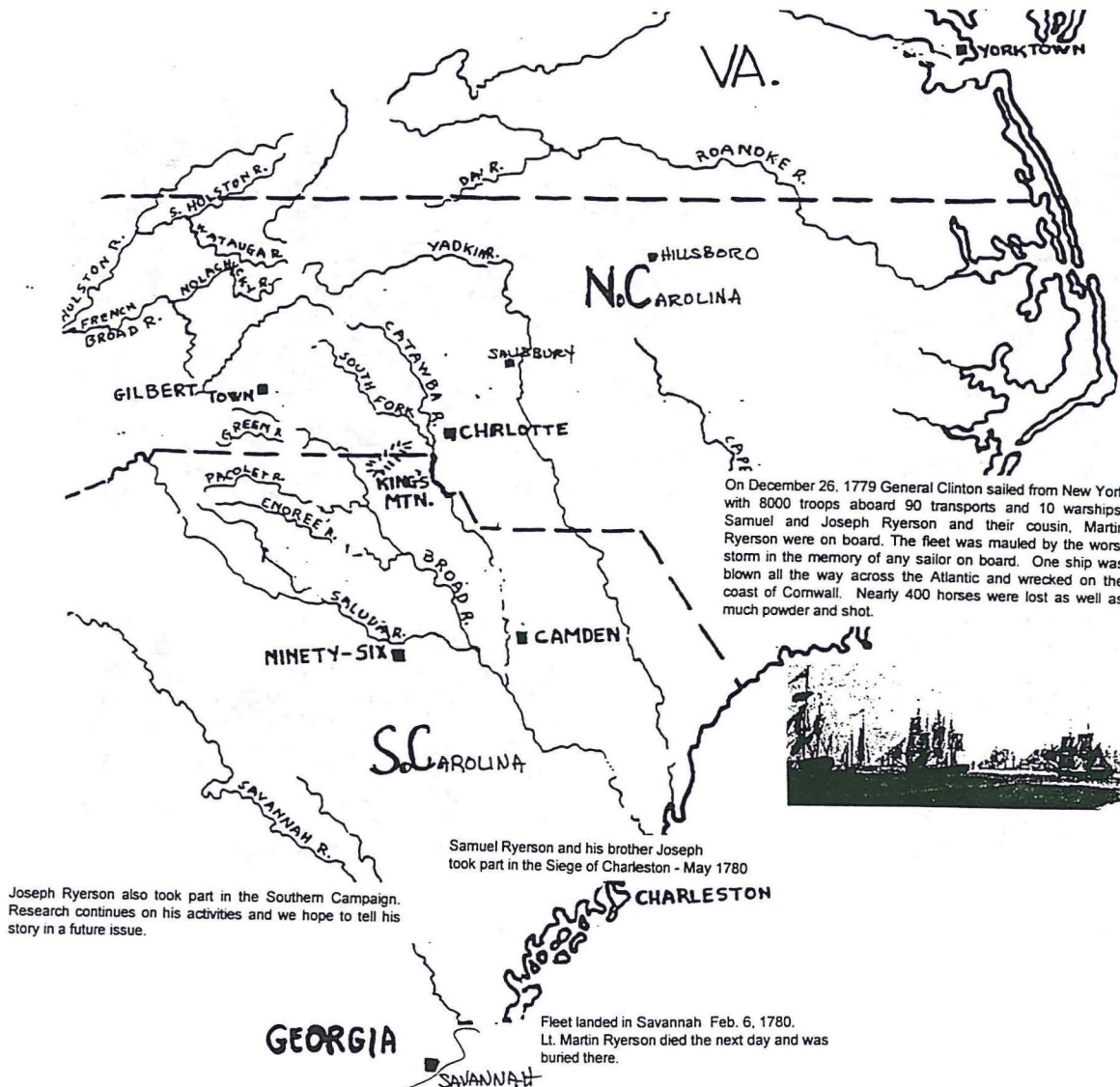
Kings Mountain - National Park Service Handbook #22

Kings Mountain & Its Heroes - Lyman C. Draper

and the excellent King's Mountain by Hank Messick.

The portrait of Major Ferguson was painted by Col. Robert Wilson and hangs in the Visitor Center at Kings Mountain.

The portrait of Capt. DePeyster is courtesy of the New York Historical Society.





## QUICK TRIP to AMSTERDAM

*(Pictures and letter dated August 1995 from Julia McMurray, a cousin from Wisconsin)*

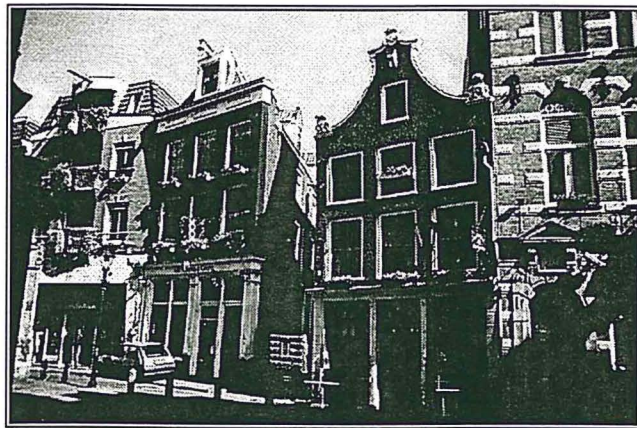
"Well, we did it! We managed to get to Holland and Amsterdam for two days. We had originally planned to travel only in France but when we picked up our rental car - and a map of Holland just happened to be in the glove compartment, I knew the "genealogy gods" were watching over us. After spending two nights in Paris, we took off for Normandy and Brittany and the grand chateaux of the Loire Valley. After seeing about a dozen chateaux, I convinced Bob we could make it to Amsterdam, which we did in about seven hours and a slight detour after we crossed the Belgium border. (We got lost a lot!)

We arrived in Amsterdam late Sunday afternoon and found a hotel within walking distance of the Nieuwe Kirk. We were not able to get into the church at that time but took lots of pictures. We found the Rozenstraat and Bloemstraat and took more pictures. It was a thrill to be

there. Some of the buildings, I am sure, were probably standing there in the 1600's. As we were taking pictures on the corner of Rozenstraat and the Prinsengracht, a very attractive woman came to the window who spoke perfect English. I told her that my ancestor lived on her street (maybe where she now lived!) She was very charming.

The next morning we were able to enter the church. It is no longer an active church and is used only for exhibitions. It is marvelous! It was restored in the early 1980's for Queen Beatrice's coronation and is truly magnificent. Two wonderful young people gave us a tour of the church.

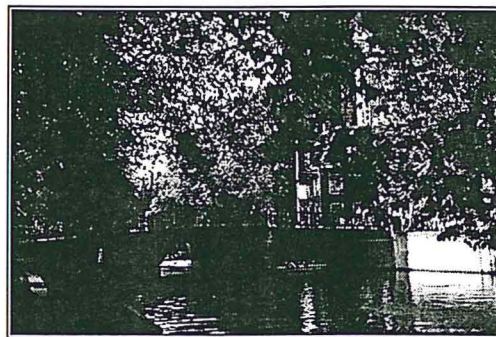
We walked all over Amsterdam on Monday. Bikers everywhere. Canals and waterways abound. We found the City Archives and spent two hours (not enough time) before we left Amsterdam. We biked north of Amsterdam on Tuesday along canals and amongst windmills and then headed back to Paris. We had a wonderful time - but not enough time. My fantasy would be to spend an entire summer there, going from one small Dutch town to another tracing ancestors. Perhaps in a next life!"



*A look at Bloemstraat where our ancestors lived.*



*Julia on the Rozenstraat*



*Prinsengracht (canal) from Rozenstraat*

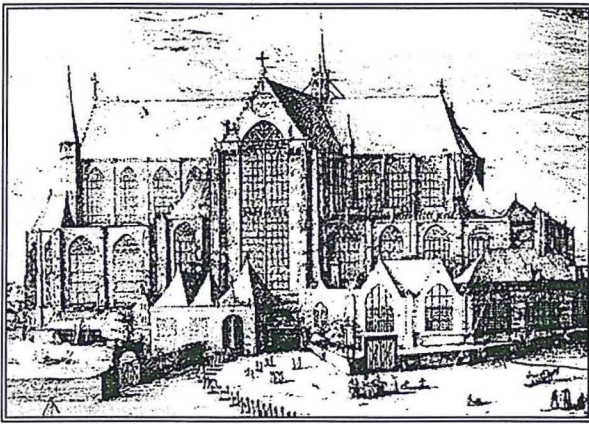


## AMSTERDAM'S Nieuwe Kerk

Because of the rapid growth of medieval Amsterdam at the end of the 14th century, St. Nicholas Church, better known as the Oude Kerk (the Old Church) could no longer cope with the size of its congregation and so a second church was built. It soon became known as the Nieuwe Kerk or the New Church. In 1578 the church passed into the hands of the Protestants and a large number of altars and saints' images were removed. It was not until after the great fire of 1645 (and after our ancestors had left for New York) that a magnificent pulpit, stately pews, a large main organ and a brass choir screen were installed in the building. These remain today. Located on Dam Square along side City Hall, the great cross-shaped roof of the New Church is easily spotted on the Amsterdam skyline. It was here that our early Reijersz ancestors were married and their children, Marten and Geertruid, were baptized.



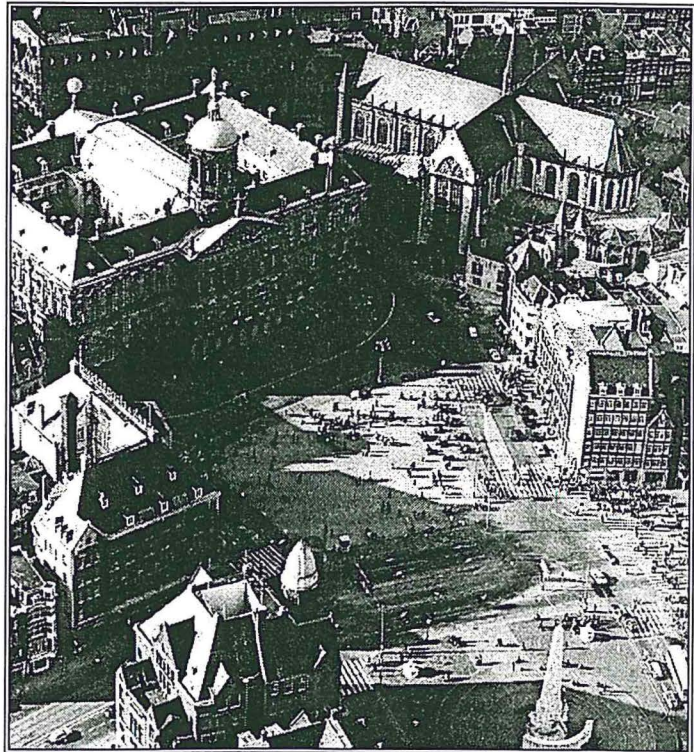
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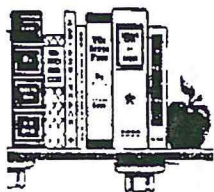
*A very early view of the New Church*

*A contemporary look at Dam Square, Amsterdam, Holland showing the New Church where our ancestors attended.*

*Early baptismal records of this church show those for the children of the Reijersz family as well as the children of the famous Dutch painter, Rembrandt (Van Rijn).*







## *A Message From the Editors*

### RETURN to King's Mountain

During all the years that I've been researching this family, it has always been a special treat for me to steal a little time away from a busy schedule to visit a house or a church or a location connected in some way with our family. One of those special places was Kings Mountain National Military Park on the border between North and South Carolina, the scene of one of the most dramatic and momentous events in the life of Samuel Ryerse. To walk the mile and a half trail around and upward to the summit of that mountain and to see where he fought with such valor until he was wounded and taken prisoner - was a very moving experience.

Several logging operations cut over the entire mountain before the Park Service took over the site in 1878 and it has been burned over more than once. The rocky terrain, however, looks much as it did in 1780 even though only a few of the thick-trunked forest giants have survived. Still, it is heavily wooded again, peaceful and quiet except for the sounds of a few birds and the rustling of leaves high in the trees. It is difficult to imagine the brutal sounds of battle, of men fighting and dying amidst rifle fire and smoke. Wayside exhibits help explain how the battle took place and an encampment of re-enactment soldiers there at the time of my visit added much to the sense of history. I enjoyed their weapons demonstration and had a very interesting conversation with a young fellow portraying a doctor in a medical tent outfitted with all sorts of nasty looking medicines and surgical instruments that looked more like carpenters tools! He was well versed in the subject and gave me a graphic description of the kind of medical aid that Samuel Ryerse undoubtedly received. There are several monuments and a Visitor Center that has maps and an excellent diorama showing how the battle raged over the mountain. The exhibit on Major Patrick Ferguson includes one of his rare breech-loading rifles.

We hope you enjoy reading about King's Mountain. In future issues we plan to take you along on visits to other interesting places connected with the family. We welcome your comments and suggestions and would enjoy hearing from you. Be sure your subscription is renewed. You won't want to miss a single issue!

PR

### BIRTHS

- **Byers, Alannah Crossley**, born Feb. 24, 1995 daughter of Peter and Laurel (Crossley) Byers. (Pg 264 - # 2440)
- **Lewis, Shelby Taylor**, born Feb. 17, 1995 daughter of Kristofer & Anne (Bolda) Lewis. (Pg. 356 - #4556)
- **Wheeler**, infant, born Feb. 1996, child of Kirk A. and Amy Wheeler. (Pg. 347 - #4558)

### DEATHS

- **Byers, Donald Albert James** died August 27, 1995 in Niagara Falls, ON. He was the husband of Rhea (Pow) Byers. (#1372)
- **Ryerson, Donald Egerton** died November 1995 in Toronto, ON. (#4142)

### MARRIAGES

- **Beemer, Patrick D.** Married Tina \_\_\_\_\_ on September 2, 1995. (Pg. 347)

### QUERIES

We have heard from a Dutch cousin, **Dick Reyerse** who lives in Zaan Dam, Holland, a town located just a quick ride north west of Amsterdam. He builds houses and apartments and has a 20-man crew that works for him. His cat, Doepie, rides with him in his truck to building sites and sleeps there while he works. Dick is 53 years old and can speak 'a little' English, French, German and Spanish. He watches CNN, enjoys The Oprah Show and likes Heineken Beer. He and his wife (now divorced) once visited Florida where they saw DisneyWorld, Cape Canaveral and Busch Gardens. (He liked their free beer!) Dick says, "With me the name Reyerse goes away because I have no children. Sorry, I am not a hero on this writing machine!" We love his colorful English as well as the Dutch licorice and the red ball of Edam cheese he sent.



When he was a child his grandfather told him that some of his ancestors "went off to Amerika." His grandfather, Maarten Reyerse, died when he was young. After the second world war, his uncle, Cor Reyerse went by ship to the United States. It was thought that he was employed by the city of Denver, Colorado. Since then the family has lost all contact and Dick wonders if we can help find Uncle Cor?

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# The Port Ryerse Journal

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## REST in PEACE

Gone But Not Forgotten *by Phyllis Ryerse*

**N**EWs of an ancient and little known cemetery where some of our early ancestors might be buried, sent me off on yet another adventure.

My visit to that quaint old burial ground was enhanced immeasurably by a dark sky full of rumbling thunder. Through the creaky iron gate I went, into a small yard of lush, overgrown ground ivy. The warm summer rain dripped down through low hanging branches onto a few old cross covered tombstones, leaning as though they were too weary to stand up straight. It was a setting right out of a good mystery thriller and great fun for me - even though I didn't find anyone I knew! Other graveyard visits, while less dramatic, have been more productive. It soon became clear that the members of this family were just as interesting in death as they were in life.

**The Earliest Death** on record belongs to our 'grandmother' Marritje (pronounced Mah-reeck-juh) Francen, the wife of Reijer Reijersz. She died on April 28, 1643 in Amsterdam, Holland and was buried in the yard of the Nieuw Kirk, a location which to the best of our reckoning lies today beneath the pavement of Dam Square. (See *Port Ryerse Journal*-March 1996.) Marritje was probably a victim of the great plague that devastated the European population in that year. Her death is recorded in the Burial Register kept by the grave diggers and gives her name, where she lived and the amount charged for the rental of a shroud, burial, and the tolling of the great church bell out over the rooftops of Amsterdam. The amount of 10.13 Dutch currency was marked paid in full on the old record.

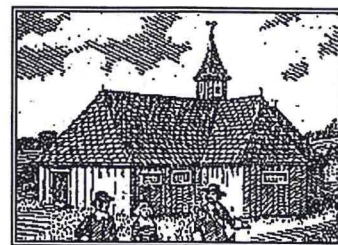


**Many** of our early ancestors found their last resting place in secluded, unmarked locations right on their own farms. This may be the case for Marten and Annetje (Rapalje) Ryerson although it is possible that they were buried near the old

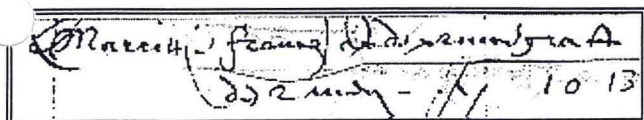
Dutch Church in Breukelen where Marten served as deacon. This church sat in the middle of the present Fulton Street, the old wagon road passing it by on both sides. Sometime after 1860, with the bustling city of Brooklyn, NY growing up all around it, these old graves were moved to Greenwood Cemetery. Records are poor and in many instances the remains were unidentifiable.

**The Deacons Account Book** of the Flatbush Dutch Reformed Church gives us a sad record of the deaths of seven children born to Adriaen Reyersz and his wife Annetje Schenck (see *Ryerse-Ryerson Family History* page 4). In the very early days of that settlement it was customary to bury the dead under

the church as was done in Holland and England (as well as for security against pigs and Indians who sometimes disturbed the graves!) In 1671, Adrian Reyersz paid 8 g. for a grave in the church for a child, probably little Geertje. On January 8, 1675 he paid for a grave for another child, probably Sarah, and in January of 1681 he paid for a 'small grave' in the church, probably for little Reyer. In May of the same year, Aryen Reyersz, as he was now called, paid for another grave in the church and in October for the use of a shroud. In 1699, Ary Ryerse paid 10 g. for the use of two shrouds, perhaps for the twins, Abraham and Sarah.



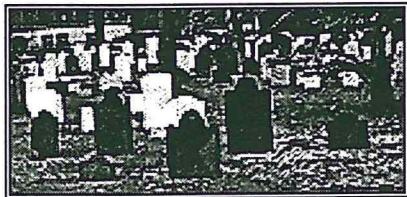
Early Flatbush Church





### Rest In Peace - continued from page 1

In November of 1710, Adriaen's son, Marten Adriaensz, was called on to provide a shroud for his father's burial and in 1727 he paid for a grave in the church for his mother. Thus these two hardy Dutch settlers were laid to rest beneath the church in which they had worshipped for so long.



Now come along outside to the graveyard behind the Church. Many of the old tombstones here are in Dutch. "Hier Leyt Begraven" (Here lies buried) read some - or the solemn "In den Heere Ontslapen" (Sleeping in the Lord). You will find 6 or 8 of our cousins buried here, all descendants of our Uncle Adriaen Reyersz.



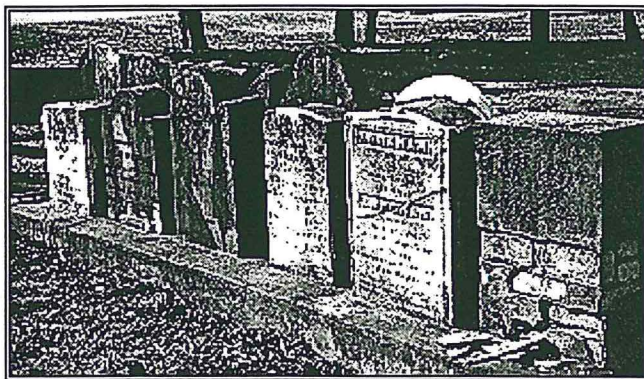
The earliest burial belongs to **Rem Martense** (1695-1760) who was Adriaen's grandson by his son Marten Adriaensz. (A basic knowledge of patronymics will help explain these names.) The old tombstone has a wonderful relief carving of a winged skull, the handiwork of an early stone mason. I was able to get an excellent full sized 'rubbing.'

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Scanty records and the absence of a tombstone prevent us from finding the exact location of the grave of **Elizabeth Ellis Ryerson**. We know for certain, however, that the wife of George M. Ryerson is buried in the green oasis that is **Trinity Church** graveyard in the heart of New York's financial district. Along with Elizabeth are buried many notable people including Alexander Hamilton who died from wounds sustained in his famous duel with Aaron Burr. George and Elizabeth Ryerson were Loyalists who went to Nova Scotia after the Revolution but later returned to settle in Bergen County, NJ. Elizabeth's parents owned the now-famous Ellis Island in New York Harbor.

### A Grave Situation (no pun intended!)

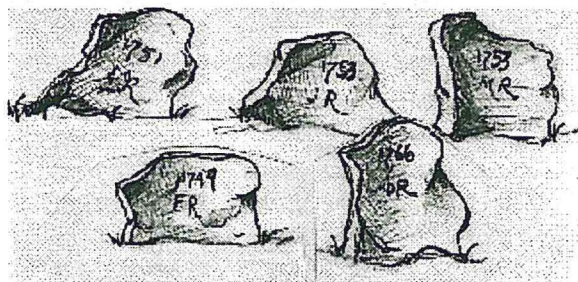
You have already read the sad story of the destruction of the Ryerson family burial ground in Pequannock, NJ. (*Ryerson-Ryerson Family History* pg. 21.) This ancient burial ground was first bulldozed to create a roadway, vandalized by treasure hunting ghouls who dug into the graves, and finally, the New Jersey Highway Dept. 'fixed' it all by plowing the remains into the embankment for an overpass. The few broken tombstones rescued from that cemetery have been



mounted together on a cement base located near the Dey Mansion on the grounds of the Passaic Co. Golf Course, Wayne, NJ. The oldest stones are dated 1792 and belong to George Ryerson Jr. and his wife Mary.

\*\*\*\*\*

**Frans Ryerson** followed his older brother Joris to New Jersey and built his house facing the Passaic River, now Hawthorne, NJ. A small plot of ground just east of his house became the burying ground for family members, friends and neighbors. Rough field stones, crudely inscribed, with one end stuck down into the ground, were used as markers for these Ryerson graves.



This family burial ground has been swallowed up by an industrial area, the stones long gone, stolen, moved or sunk down into the earth. The exact location is nearly impossible to pinpoint. When we last visited the area in 1975, permission had to be granted from the guard at a chemical plant to search for the burial ground through thick underbrush full of old tires and beer cans. No definite record exists to confirm that some of these graves were moved.

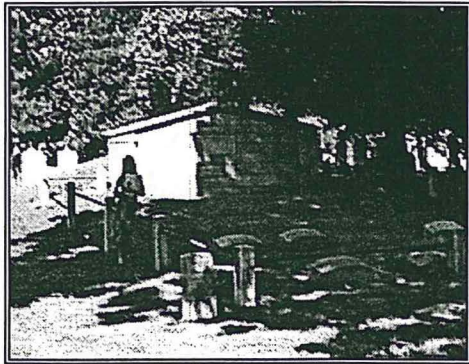


**The Pompton Plains Dutch Reformed Church** was the center of 'Ryerson Country' for many years and its graveyard holds many of our cousins. In the shadow of the beautiful Christopher Wren steeple you will find the graves of Lucas Ryerson, the silversmith and clockmaker as well as James Ryerson, the Pompton Plains School Master. We hope to tell their stories in a future issue of the *Port Ryerse Journal*.



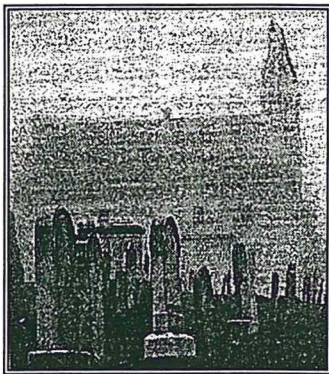
\*\*\*\*\*

Buried in this impressive vault in the graveyard behind the **Pompton Lakes Reformed Church** are many members of the **Martin I. Ryerson** family. Martin was a man of great enterprise, amassing a fortune in the iron business.



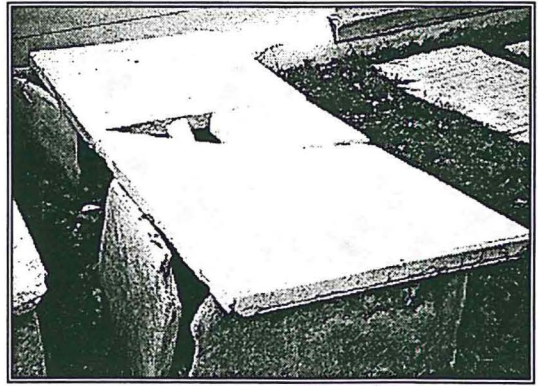
His grand-son **Martin John Ryerson** carried on the iron business in Bloomingdale, NJ, becoming one of its leading citizens. When Martin John died, his obituary states that elegant horse-drawn carriages were sent to the station to meet the many guests arriving on the noon-time train from New York to pay their respects.

\*\*\*\*\*



#### **Old Tennant Church near Freehold, New Jersey**

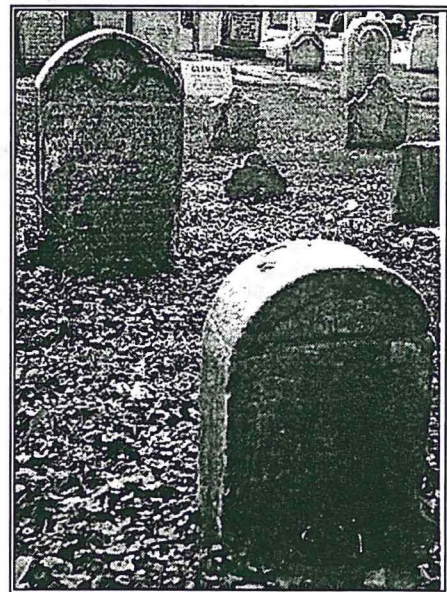
In this famous old graveyard you will find the grave of Gitty Sutphen. She was the niece of Samuel Ryerse, being the daughter of his youngest sister Elizabeth.



**An above ground marble crypt!** These kinds of monuments have always fascinated me. (Is the body buried in the ground or is the coffin right there inside that box?) Imagine my surprise when I found the grave of Lt. Thomas Ryerson behind old **St. Pauls Episcopal Church** in Philadelphia. It was cracked, caved in and in dismal disrepair. Overcome with curiosity, I finally gathered enough courage to (*please forgive me!*) peek between the cracks to discover --- it was empty! (Does that mean the body was buried beneath the ground after all? I still don't know!) Thomas was the father of Joseph T. Ryerson, the founder of Ryerson Steel Co. in Chicago IL. We hope a caring descendant will someday restore the old crypt to its original condition.

\*\*\*\*\*

Philadelphia is also the location of the grave of **Elizabeth Ryerse Liger Roulliet**, the daughter of Samuel Ryerse. Buried behind Old Swedes Church, her elegant tombstone is unique because she has both a *head* stone and a *foot* stone.





*Rest In Peace - continued from page 3*

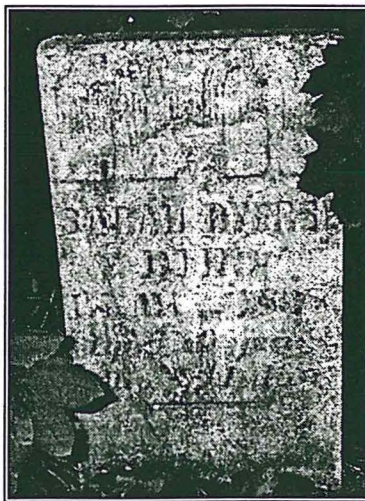
One of my very favorite graveyards is behind the **Port Ryerse Memorial Church** in Port Ryerse, Ontario. Amelia (Ryerse) Harris wrote in her diary, *"When my father came within the bay formed by Long Point, he watched the coast for a favorable impression and after a scrutiny of many miles, the boat was run into a small creek, the high banks sloping gradually on each side. My father had not been long on shore before he decided that this should be his home. In wandering about, he came to an eminence which would, when the trees were felled, command a view of the harbor. He gazed around him for a few moments and said, 'Here I will be buried,' and here is where he sleeps in peace."*

It's easy to imagine the scene of Col. Sam's funeral - a solemn affair with full military honors befitting this loyal old soldier. His brother Joseph was there and probably some of the Norfolk militia, proudly standing at attention, their flag snapping in the breeze. Time and weather have almost worn the letters off the old stone. One wonders if restoration is possible.

\*\*\*\*\*

**Sarah Ryerse, Col.**

Sam's wife, passed away while visiting her daughter Amelia in London, Ontario. A horse drawn hearse or maybe a humble farm wagon carried her body the 60 miles back to Port Ryerse for burial. One can almost see the group of friends and family all dressed in black, standing around her freshly dug grave on that brisk fall day.



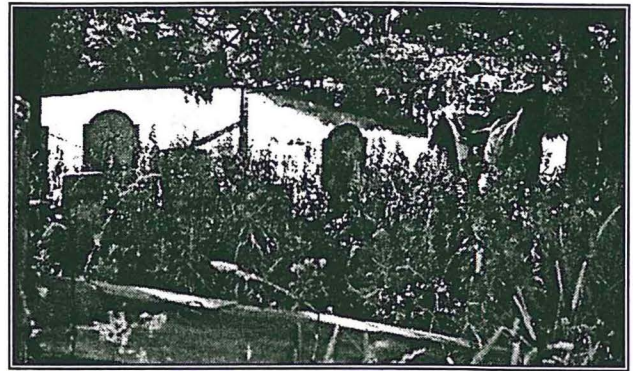
Carved into her tombstone you will find a pair of weeping willow trees, nature's lament for a departed soul and a favorite design of early stone-masons.

\*\*\*\*\*



These large and elegant monuments in Woodland Cemetery, London, Ontario, mark the graves of **John and Amelia (Ryerse) Harris**. They give evidence of the affluence and high social standing of Col. Sam's daughter and her husband.

\*\*\*\*\*



In peaceful contrast is the **Mitchell cemetery**, located in Charlotteville, Ontario where horses graze in the pasture that holds the last resting place of Elizabeth Ryerson and her husband, Judge James Mitchell.

\*\*\*\*\*



"In May 1885 during a battle of the North-West Rebellion, thirty year old military surgeon George Ryerson wanted to identify his horse-drawn ambulance wagon. Recalling the symbol of the European group that cared for the war wounded, he cut red cotton into strips and sewed them onto a white square. Forty years later, when Dr. Ryerson died at 71, his coffin was draped with a formal version of his makeshift banner - the flag of the Red Cross"....to honor this founder of the Canadian Red Cross Society. - *The Red Cross Bulletin*.



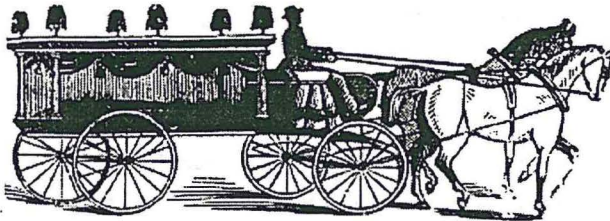


The Ryerson family's "favorite son," **Egerton Ryerson**, is famous for his religious and educational achievements across the North American continent. His list of accomplishments is extraordinary. At his death, the *Toronto Globe* published his obituary framed with a thick black border. On the day of his funeral, the bells of the Anglican St. James' Cathedral tolled across the city joined by those of many other churches. The Legislature adjourned so that the Speaker and members could attend the service.

Over 3500 people crowded

into the church to pay their last respects. Memorial services were held the following Sunday at the Metropolitan Methodist Church. The eulogy compared Egerton Ryerson to "a great tree of the forest whose branches rake the passing clouds so that men can only guess at its height; but when it falls, then they can measure its true proportions." Egerton was buried in Toronto's Mt. Pleasant Cemetery.

\*\*\*\*\*



Cousin Martin Ryerson and his wife Antje Van Rypen are the most "well traveled" of all our dead relatives. They were buried in the family burying ground on their farm in Totowa, NJ. When this farm was sold, they were moved to the old burying ground on Ryle Ave. where their antique, box-shaped tombs of white marble were conspicuous objects for several generations. In 1854 they were moved once again to Cedar Lawn Cemetery in Paterson, NJ. Since they've remained at that location for 125 years, it is probably fair to assume that their travels are over!

\*\*\*\*\*

## STILL SEARCHING

There are several family members whose graves remain undiscovered in spite of our best efforts to find them. **WHERE** is the grave of Samuel Ryerse's first wife Helena? We've looked for her in cemeteries in New Jersey, New York City, Brooklyn - and even consulted a group called "The Friends of Neglected and Abandoned Cemeteries" on Staten Island!

**WHERE** are the graves of the four children of Samuel and Sarah Ryerse, brought healthy from New Brunswick to New York who all died there within 8 weeks? Smallpox was raging through the city and historians have recorded that there were so many deaths that bodies were buried in ditches. We sincerely hope that these ignominious burials did not include those dear children!

**WHERE** is the grave of Lt. Martin Ryerson, the young Loyalist soldier who died in Savannah, Georgia after a brutally rough voyage south by ship with General Clinton's troops in 1780? Samuel Ryerse wrote home that he had arranged to have Martin buried there 'with all military honors' but did he have enough time or resources to have the grave marked? We will search again on our next trip to Savannah!

\*\*\*\*\*

I have visited countless graveyards over the years - sometimes in the fall when the ground was covered with the rustle of dry leaves, or in the dead of winter with icy winds screaming through the rows of stones. If I was lucky it was warm and I could enjoy the violets, the Virginia creeper and the buzzing of bees in the shade of tall melancholy oaks. I found that a large majority of the tombstones of our ancestors carry only simple inscriptions, the name and age of those who sleep beneath. Those few that carry erroneous dates I call 'monumental lies!' Some carry epitaphs declaring a simple faith and a belief in immortality. Favorites of mine include the stone that carries only four words:

## *The Bones of Lydia*

and the one with a lesson for the living:

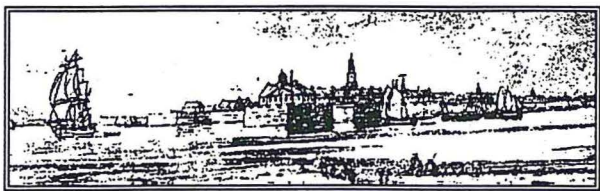
### Death Has Conquered Life But Christ Has Conquered Death And I Shall Live Again

My search goes on. I haven't found them all. Please let me know of any unusual graves that I've missed.

".... and so may the bones of our noble ancestors rest in peace once again after this flagrant and rude disturbance of their sleep of the ages." --*The Black Book* 1964



## More War Stories from the South



Charleston in 1776

Fifteen year old **Joseph Ryerson**, eager to follow his older brother, Samuel, joined the British army on May 6, 1776 as a cadet. Small and slight of build, he is listed on several rosters as a "drummer" but he was soon given a light fowling piece (rather than a heavy musket) and eagerly learned the complicated military exercise in just a few days. Attached to the New Jersey Volunteers, he was garrisoned on Staten Island and was outfitted in a green regimental coat with white facings, white wool small clothes, brown leggings and a black cocked hat bound with white trim. During this time the NJ Volunteers made many raids into New Jersey and were praised for their conduct in battle. Joseph was a Light Infantryman, trained to fight using natural surroundings such as trees and fences, rather than in tight ranks like the battalion companies.

In the Autumn of 1778, the theater of war shifted from the North to the South and the British sent a force to capture Georgia and to besiege Charleston. Included in this force was the 3rd Battalion of the NJ Volunteers. Col. Ennis, Inspector General of the New York troops, was ordered to check out the readiness of these men. When he came to Joseph, he called him out of the ranks and said, "You are too young and too small to go." Immediately Joseph replied, "Sir! I am growing older and stouter every day!" Laughing heartily at the young mans spirited reply, he said, "Well then, you shall go!" So hard and dangerous was the service performed by these Light Infantry volunteers that out of 550 men, rank and file, only 86 of them returned.

Unlike his brother Samuel, whose whereabouts and movements can be traced almost on a daily basis from several diaries that still exist, Joseph was attached at different times to different regiments and we can only form a sketchy picture of his activities. Moored off Savannah, Georgia at Christmastime 1778, the 3rd Battalion would serve in the south until Christmas of 1782 when they evacuated Charleston, South Carolina and returned to New York. During that time they

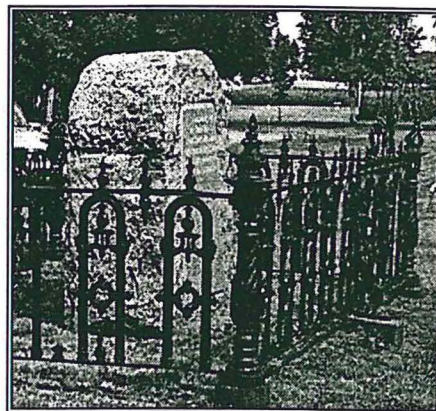
joined the campaign to take Savannah, Briar Creek, Stono Ferry and took part in the Siege of Charleston. Encamped along Charleston's Ashley River, one soldier wrote, "*Our camp was alive with all kinds of snakes and we saw at least eight crocodiles on the marshy bank of the river.*" Another soldier added, "*The most unpleasant things in these provinces are the intense heat and the innumerable sand flies whose bites are quite painful. This very day a poisonous rattlesnake was shot fifty paces from my hut.*" They also saw action in Augusta, Ninety Six and Eutaw Springs. During some part of that time, Joseph was attached to the 37th, the 71st and the 84th Regiments and was called on to carry special "despatches" from Charleston, 196 miles into the interior of South Carolina during which he had several hair-breadth escapes. He also carried messages north by sea, eluding the enemy in successive attacks and pursuits.

Joseph is remembered by his close friend and fellow soldier, Peter Rodner as being "one of the most determined men he ever knew, the service of his country uppermost in his mind and often exposing himself to great danger to accomplish his purpose." He relates that on one occasion "Joseph was sent out on a scouting expedition and was rash enough to crawl right up to the tent of some American officers. He was discovered by one standing in the door, but determined to save himself and by an act of unparalleled intrepidity, walked boldly up to him, drew his bayonet, plunged it through the heart of the hesitating officer and escaped before the startled Americans could give pursuit."

Joseph's obituary states that he fought in six battles, several skirmishes and was wounded once. He was made an ensign in the Prince of Wales Regiment and in 1783 was promoted to a lieutenancy in the same regiment. Joseph Ryerson lived to be 94. He died in 1854 and was buried in Old Woodhouse Cemetery, Norfolk Co.

Ontario,  
*"the last of a  
 race of men  
 remarkable for  
 longevity and  
 energy and  
 a noble  
 enthusiasm for  
 British  
 institutions."*

PR





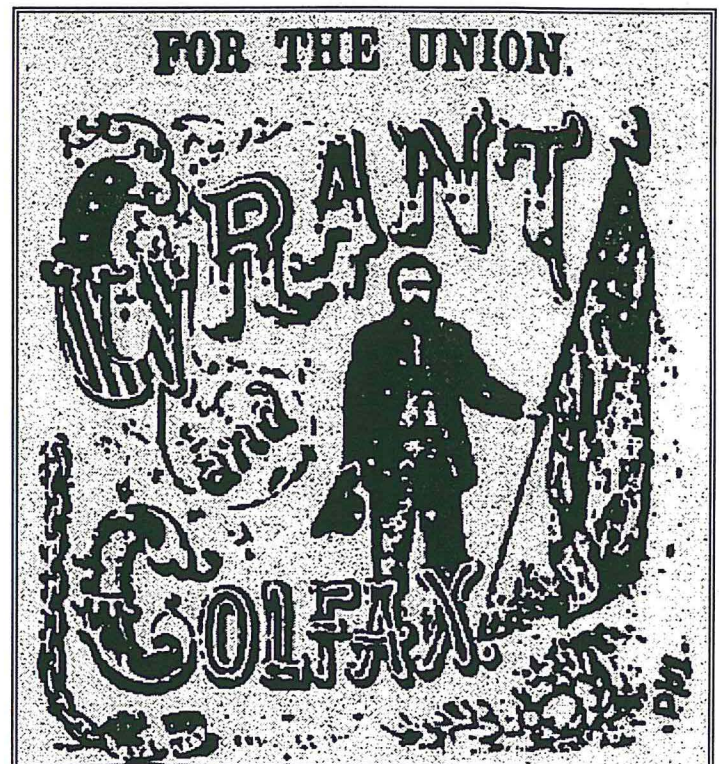
76  
 Rev. S. E. Ryerson  
 Sep 12 To 3 1/2 yds Blk Cloth 24-13 61 10  
 " " " 3 yds Alpaca 24-13 15 6  
 " " " 1 1/2 yds Italian Silk 24-13 6 6  
 " " " 1 1/2 yds Coat Buttons 24-13 5 0  
 Dec 19 " 3 yds Satinett 24-13 1 6 6  
 1838 28 " 1/2 yds Lamb Gauntlets 12 0  
 Jan 9 " 3 yds Satinett 14 0  
 " " " 1 1/2 yds Cotton Shirting 10 3  
 12 1/2 1 11  
 S. E. Ryerson  
 Dec 12 1838  
 Recd. (P. Ryerson)  
 Blk Cloth 24-13  
 1 1/2 yds Alpaca  
 1 1/2 yds Italian Silk  
 1 1/2 yds Coat Buttons  
 3 yds Satinett  
 1/2 yds Lamb Gauntlets  
 3 yds Satinett  
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### A Suit Of Clothes For A 'Man Of The Cloth.'

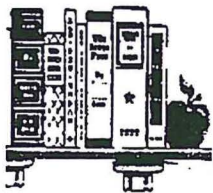
Rev. Seth E. Ryerson was an Itinerant Minister licensed by the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada. He served several circuits during his career. In 1838 he ordered these items to be made into a suit of clothing. The list includes black cloth, several yards of alpaca, Italian silk twist, coat and vest buttons, 3 yards of Satinett, a pair of lamb gauntlets and several yards of cotton shirting.

### VOTE! - GRANT & COLFAX

Schuyler Colfax was born in New York in 1823. In 1845 he acquired the *St. Joseph Valley Register*, a South Bend, Indiana newspaper. He was a delegate to the Whig national conventions of 1848 and 1852 and in 1854 was elected to the U.S. House of Representatives by the newly formed Republican party. He served as Speaker of the House for three terms, including that of Abraham Lincoln's presidency. In 1868 he was nominated and elected on the ticket with General Ulysses S. Grant as Vice-President of the United States. He was the founder of the Daughters of Rebekah branch of American Odd Fellowship. Caught up in the far-reaching political scandal of the Credit Mobilier of America, he failed to win re-election for a second term and spent the remainder of his life in political retirement. Although not all charges were proven and the full investigation was finally dropped, many political careers were ruined. Schuyler Colfax was a 6th generation descendant of Marten Reyerszen and the grandson of Gen. William Colfax, staff-officer to Gen. George Washington.







## *A Message From the Editors*

### **HISTORY!**

How I hated that class when I was in school.

Dull rote - dates and places. The people *never* came alive. Every lesson, every class *should* have been intensely exciting, for history is the story of people - how they coped - how they met problems - how they handled all the emotions of jealousy, hate and love. History is the drama of human existence, full of passion, power and conflict! It is important that we teach our children that they belong to a long chain of people who were actors in the very history they are being asked to study.

I never cared about the ancient history of Europe until I discovered that my own ancestors were Saxons! I never knew much about early immigrants until I found my own great-great grandparents on a creaky little sailing ship headed bravely across the wide ocean for 'Amerika.' I hated all the gruesome details of armies and wars until I discovered that my husband's ancestor *was there* during battles that turned the tide of a revolution - and that my own ancestors fought bravely at Gettysburg and Spotsylvania. How different history 'reads' if it is *your* people who were there and saw it all happen!

We hope we've made our family history come ALIVE for you and your children - even though the lead story in this issue is all about the DEAD! <Grin>  
No one said we couldn't have a little fun along the way!

### **It's REUNION time again!**

Mark your calendar and join the family in Port Ryerse on July 14th for good food, good company and a fun day.  
See enclosed flyer for detailed information.

*Phyllis Ryerse*

### **2nd Printing Available Soon**

We're pleased to announce that the 2nd printing of the Ryerse-Ryerson Family 1574-1994 will be available about the 12th of August. Reprinted on a limited basis, you'll want to order your extra copies for family and gifts as soon as possible. (\$45 Canadian /\$40 US). Contact Thomas Ryerson c/o the Family Association - Box 262, Ingersoll, Ontario N5C 3K5.

**Order NOW**

### **RYERSON Scholarship Awarded**

Yale University, New Haven, CT has just announced the selection of this years recipient of the **Arthur Larned Ryerson Scholarship**. Arthur was the young Yale student who was tragically killed in an automobile accident in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania in 1912. His family, vacationing in France at the time, booked passage on the first ship returning to the United States. That ship was the R.M.S. Titanic. One disaster was followed by another as young Arthur's father lost his life when the Titanic sank on its maiden voyage. Newly widowed, Arthur's mother gave \$5000 to Yale University, endowing a scholarship in memory of her son. From that year to this, the scholarship has been awarded 84 times. This year it goes to Hanna Norfleet of Monmouth, Oregon. She majors in biology, and plans to pursue a career in veterinary medicine.  
Congratulations Hanna!

### **TWIN Scholarships Awarded**

The University of Georgia School of Art has announced the selection of Tiffany Ryerse as this years recipient of the Vince Dooley Scholarship for Graphic Design. Tiffany is also the winner of the prestigious Tate Scholarship for the 1996-97 academic year. The daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Ryerse of Gainesville, Georgia, Tiffany is a Senior majoring in Graphic Design and will pursue a career in advertising.  
Congratulations Tiffany!

### **New INFO found**

From an old Embarkation List we have discovered that it was the ship **NESTOR** that carried Capt. Ferguson's Corp. (including Samuel Ryerson) south to Savannah, Georgia in 1780.

(See Battle of Kings Mountain-Port Ryerse Journal - March 1996.)

45 Niagara	-	Delach. and M. & B.
44 Nestor	-	Capt. Ferguson's Corp.
43 Ryerson	-	

#### **The Port Ryerse Journal**

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**RYERSE-RYERSON Family Association.**

Box 262, Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada N5C 3K5

Subscription rate \$10 year

Submissions Welcome



# The Port Ryerse Journal

The RYERSE-RYERSON Family Association Newsletter

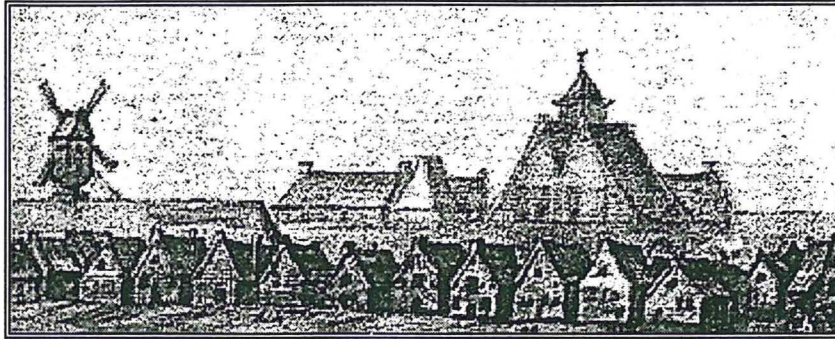
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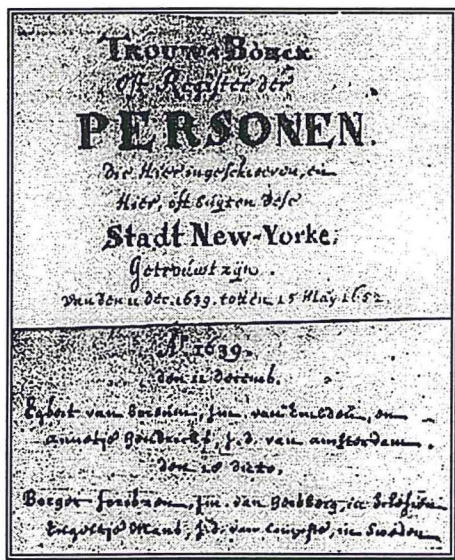
## The Ryerses and Religion

From the very early days, most members of the Ryerse/Ryerson family were faithful to their religious beliefs and to their church. At first that church was the Dutch Reformed. In later years they would embrace the teachings of the Anglicans, the Methodists, the Baptists and many other denominations. Early meeting places for worship were of the simplest type. Sometimes in a barn, sometimes in someone's home and for awhile in New Netherlands, services were even held in the upper part of the horse mill at the fort. In time these rude gathering places gave way to buildings of wood and stone and the neighborhood skylines soon boasted of church spires.

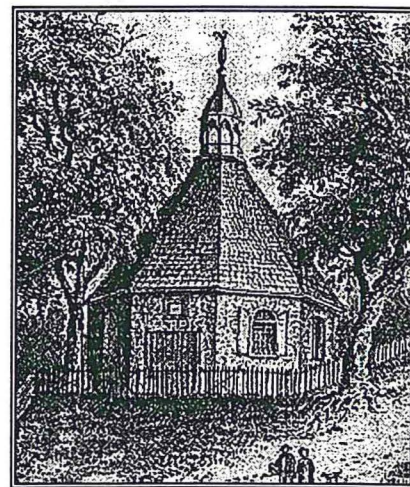


St. Nicholas Dutch Church inside the fort - New Amsterdam

One early historian has written, "On Sunday mornings, in their long green wagon, the Ryersons made their way to church from their plantation on the Wallabout." Like the early days in New York, the little congregation in Brooklyn worshipped in a barn, but the attendance was regular and full. By 1666 it was decided to build a church, an octagonal shaped building with a conical, thatched roof. Inside it was dark and gloomy with little light from the small windows - making it impossible to read inside after 4 o'clock. Twenty-four year old Henricus Selyns was engaged to serve as Dominie and within a few years had increased his flock four fold. The records of this church are still preserved in Selyns hand writing.



Many of our Reijerszen ancestors are recorded in this old Trouw (marriage) Book as well as the baptismal records of the New Amsterdam Dutch Church.

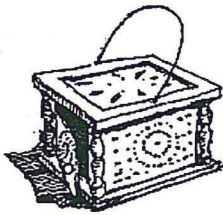


Curious looking buildings they must have been those first Dutch churches, eight-sided with a high pyramid-like roof, topped off with a belfry and a weathervane.

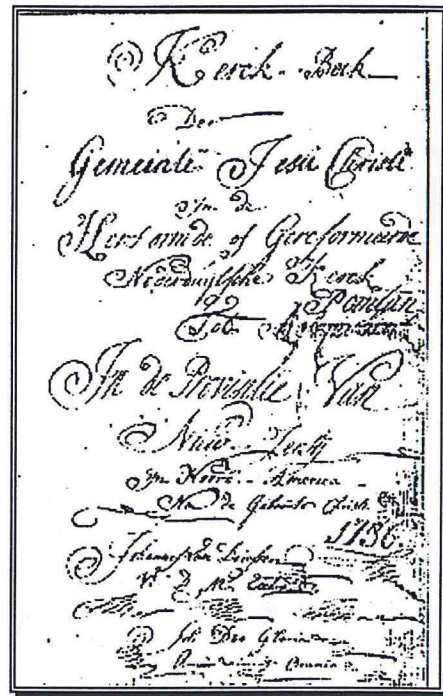


There was no church nearby when Joris Ryerson moved his family to his newly acquired, sparsely settled lands along the Pequannock River in New Jersey. You can be sure that religious instruction was carried on for the children in the household and whenever possible, neighbors and friends would gather for Bible reading and fellowship. Joris would read the service and it is recorded that on at least one occasion, the famed Dominie T. J. Frelinghuysen preached a sermon at the Ryerson home.

By 1716 Joris was named a Deacon at the **Dutch Church at Acquackanonck** (now Passaic, NJ) and the records of that church hold many entries for our Ryerse cousins. If there was no preacher present, Joris would be called on to read the service. Located some distance from their home, the family probably rode to church in a farm wagon, sitting on sheaves of straw. Those who walked would carry their shoes and when they reached the church, would wash their feet in a nearby creek, put on their shoes and enter the church. The service they would hear was conducted in Dutch and would be for many more years to come.



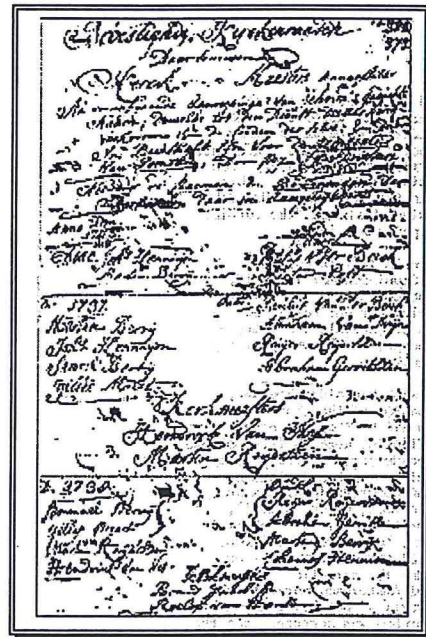
By 1736 the first **Reformed Dutch Church of Pompton** was built. Records show that Joris' brother, Ryer Reyerszen was an Elder in 1737. This building was undoubtedly of octagonal shape like most Dutch churches in those days. It probably had pews running parallel to the walls and a gallery across one end. Candles were the only means of illumination. With no means of heat, the churchgoers brought with them to services, small heaters to keep their feet warm. Tradition says that the Dominie kept warm by means of "extreme gesture!" The church was dedicated to the service of God with a sermon from the first chapter of Song of Solomon, "Tell me O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon." The little church prospered surprisingly well and by 1738 had 72 members.



Two pages from the old.....

'Church Book of the Congregation of Jesus Christ in the Reformed Netherlands Dutch Church of Pompton and Acquackanonk in the Province of New Jersey in North America after the birth of Christ in the year 1736. Johannes Van Driessen, V.D.M.

To God only be the glory. Love conquers all.'



Careful examination of the old record book finds the names of Ryer Reyerszen and Marten Reyerszen.



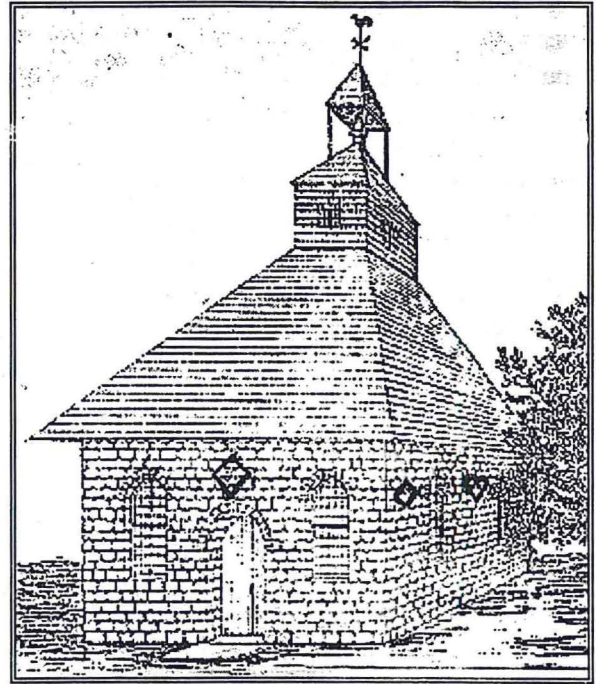
Another church of the Dutch Reformed faith which was attended by members of the Ryerson family was the **Old Dutch Church at Totowa**. Joris Ryerson's son Johannis was a member of the first consistory as was Martin Ryerson, the oldest son of Joris' brother Frans. This church was built near Totowa Bridge which crossed the rippling Passaic River and was within the sound of the roar of the Great Falls (*now Paterson, NJ*).

Martin Ryerson gave generously towards the erection of this church - and was also the stone mason who laid up the rough stone walls. Over the doorway he installed a smoothly cut stone deeply inscribed with the words, "**Het Huijs des Heeren 1755**" which translated means, "This is the House of the Lord - 1755." On the south side of the building he installed two more smooth stones, one in the shape of a diamond and the other, that of a heart. On the diamond he inscribed MR, his own initials. On the heart he inscribed the letters AVR, the initials of his wife Annetje Van Ryphen.



This church boasted of a "swallows nest" or pulpit, reached by a narrow, steep step ladder. The Dominie, when mounted to his perch was 8 or 10 feet above the congregation. Above him was suspended like a great umbrella, that wonderful and ancient contrivance known as a sounding board which was supposed to catch all the preachers eloquence and hurl it down upon the congregation below him! Here for nearly three-quarters of a century did these folk assemble to hear God's Word expounded in solemn and impressive Dutch.

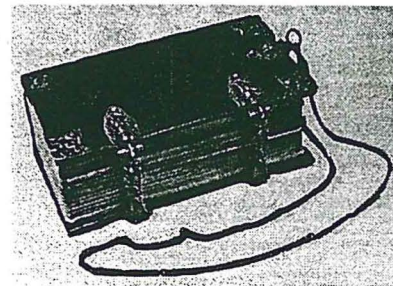
On a dry and windy day in March 1827, the neighborhood was startled by the cry of fire. Two primitive hand engines were hurried to the scene but there was no saving the old Totowa Church. The cedar shingles were dry as tinder and in the course of an hour, nothing but bleak and blackened walls remained. As the crowd stood helplessly by, the old bell which had rung for nearly 75 years now wept great tears of metal as the pitiless flames slowly and savagely crawled up and around it - until at last it fairly wept itself away and the whole roof fell in with a crash.



**The Old Dutch Church at Totowa**

Jersey "Dutch" was spoken in back-country places as late as 1900, two hundred years after the last Dutchman came to America. The Dutch language seemed to Jersey Dutchmen, to have a ring of sincerity that the English language lacked. It was, they felt, peculiarly suited to sermons. One Dominie was told that "*whenever I hear you preach I think that the law must have been given in the Dutch language.*" "Very likely," he replied, "*and I have always thought that English must have been the language in which the serpent spoke to Eve in Paradise!*"

When at last the preaching in these churches was changed to English, the older members were very distressed, declaring, "If we can't hear the old service in Dutch, we won't hear it at all," and many of them ceased their church-going.



**An ancient Dutch Bible**



During the mid-1700's, the Dutch Reformed Church was torn by a bitter conflict. Throughout all of Dutch New York and New Jersey, virtually every Dutch Church was broken apart by the conflict. Growing out of a difference of opinion, one side, called the "Conferentie" held that only those men educated and licensed in Holland schools should be called as local ministers. The other side, called the "Coetus" felt that there was no impropriety in calling as pastors of their churches, men who had been educated and licensed in the colonies. It is easy to understand then, that when the Revolutionary War broke out, most of the "Conferentie" party became Tories and the "Coetus" party were Whigs. Houses of worship were locked by one part of the congregation against the other. Tumults on the Lord's Day at the doors of the churches were frequent and the attacks and disturbances did little to honor the Christian name. The conflict is portrayed vividly in the following verse.

### **Ballad of a Dutch Dispute**

When Flatbush, in New Netherland  
Was a town of ax and plow,  
Its farmers found themselves involved  
In a Dutch Reformed Church row.

Each faction claimed its views were just,  
Its motives, God's intent.  
The meetings of Consistory  
Were hot with argument.

Out of those days a tale still lives,  
Passed down by word of mouth.  
At dusk, an elder was driving north,  
A deacon was driving south.

Their buggies met on a narrow lane  
In a heavy growth of wood.  
No pulling out and they could not pass,  
So there the buggies stood.

Neither Dutchman would back an inch --  
Too much like giving in --  
And each one glared as if he met  
A vehicle of sin.

Had they been Irish, without a doubt,  
These two unyielding foes,  
Would have battled on the dusty lane  
With loud, resounding blows.

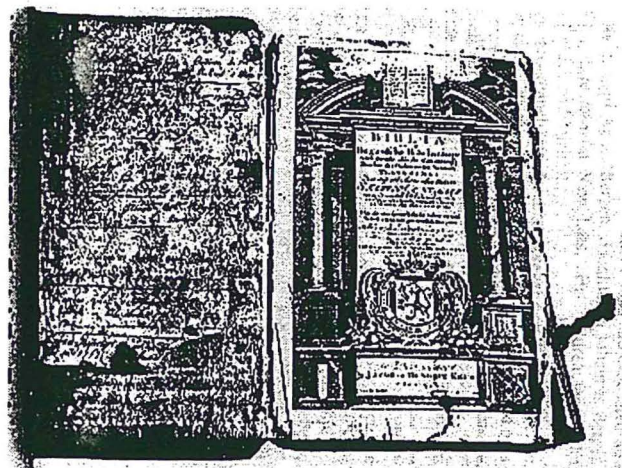
Had they been French, they would have flung  
Swift words of ridicule,  
And planned to settle the dispute  
In a neatly ordered duel.

Had they been men of Italy  
Or from the land of Spain,  
There would have been the flash of blades  
Upon that country lane.

But these two Dutchmen, legend says,  
Stayed in that grove of oak.  
Each took out his long clay pipe,  
And each began to smoke!

How tantalizing legend is!  
It gives no names, and then  
It leaves two Dutchmen on that lane -  
Two stubborn, smoking men.

- Gertrude R. Bennett.



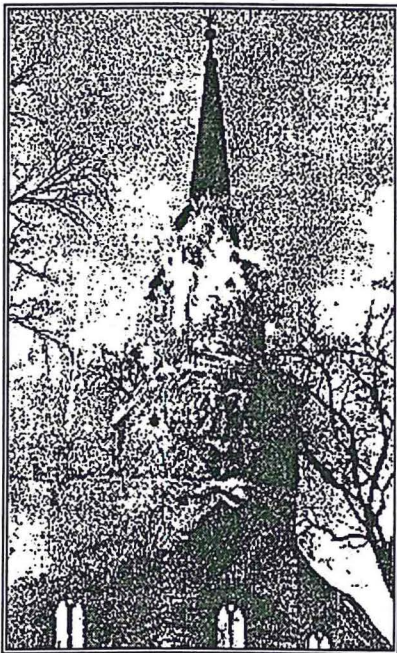
**The old Rapalje Family Bible**  
showing the family records. Listed there is the Rapalje's 9th child, Annetje who would become the wife of Marten Reyerszen.



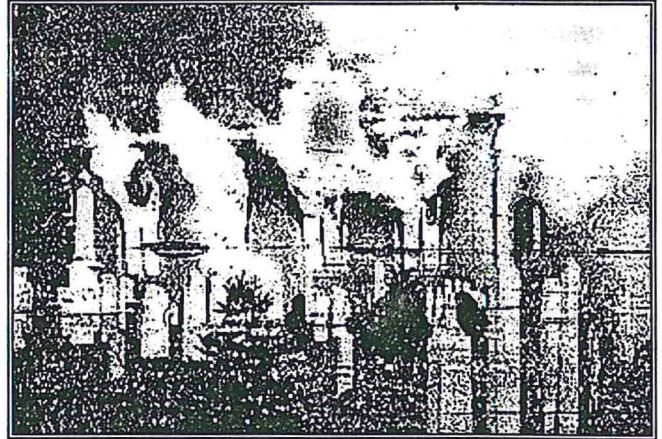
## Peace and Harmony Restored

Although the Pompton Plains Church suffered much dissension during the church conflict, steps were finally taken to unite the two parties and to build a new church for the accommodation of all. Thunis Dey conveyed one acre of land to the church and the Rev. Hermanus Meyer was called as pastor. He was a man of great learning and of mild temper. Few men stood higher in the opinion of the churches at large. Under his leadership and guidance, the people laid aside their former disagreements and became united and harmonious. Rev. Meyer was a faithful Ambassador for Christ even though the days in which he labored were the dark and troublesome days of the Revolution. An interesting note here is that in August of 1779, Rev. Meyer's 13 year old son Jacob died and was laid to rest in the Ryerson Family graveyard.

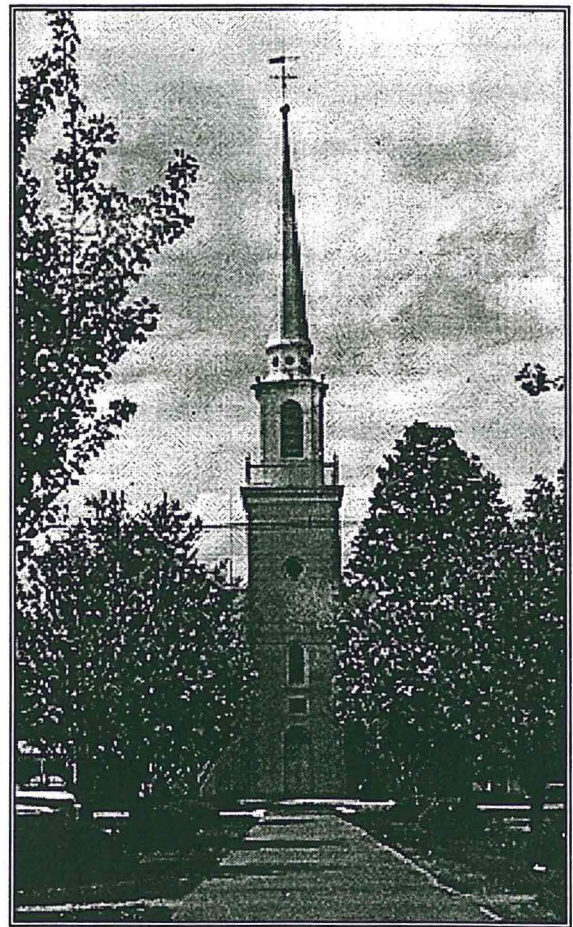
In the years after the war, the church grew and prospered and was enlarged several times. It remained until Sunday morning, Oct. 24, 1937 when all but the outer walls were destroyed by fire. These 60 year old newspaper photos show the terrible destruction of this historic church.



Flames consumed the towering steeple just minutes before it crashed to the ground, severing phone and power lines.



This picture shows the flames blazing out of the windows of the main sanctuary. In the foreground is the church cemetery which holds many of those who had contributed to the success of this famous landmark - including many Ryersons.

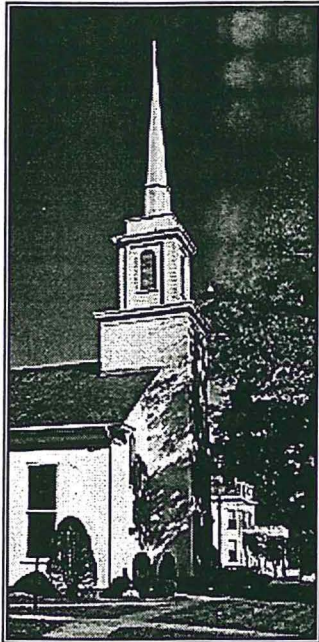


**Pompton Plains Reformed Church**

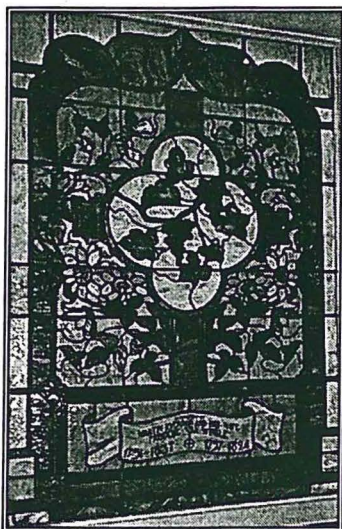
*as it looks today in a beautiful photo by Mead Stapler*



The Ryerson family figured prominently in the establishment of the **Pompton Lakes Dutch Reformed Church** where Martin J. Ryerson, the ironmaster, gave so generously of his time and money. Along with an acre of land he also donated a large part of the materials for its erection and \$300 in cash. His wife contributed the communion service and the bell. Documents exist showing that the family purchased pews in the church for their personal use.



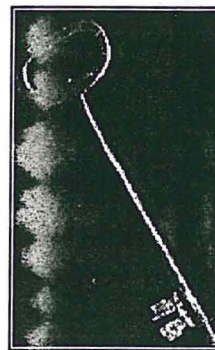
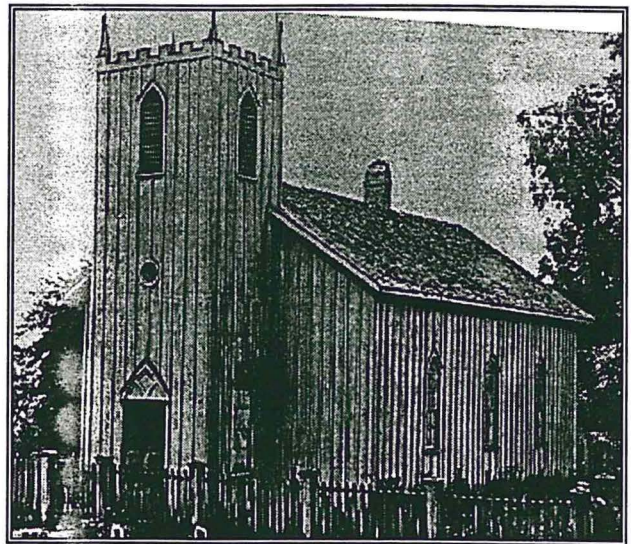
In later years a lovely Memorial Window was placed in the church by Ryerson descendants.



*photos by John Galbraith*

Records show that many members of the family purchased/reserved their own pews in their respective churches. The list includes Samuel Ryerse who arranged for a pew for his family at Christ Church in Maugerville, New Brunswick.

During the early days of Port Ryerse, all energies went toward building homes to shelter their families and mills to grind the grain and saw the lumber to sustain them through the early years. Amelia Ryerse wrote, "There was a sad want of religious instruction amongst the early settlers. For many years there was no clergyman nearer than Niagara, a distance of 100 miles, without roads. My father used to read the church service every Sunday to his household and any of the laborers who would attend" By the 1860's the folk in this little settlement would meet every week for an open air service in the yard of Edward Powers Ryerse. They carried out a desk for the minister and sat on long boards held up by blocks of wood. By 1865, plans were made to erect a church building.



Original old key to the  
**MEMORIAL Church** in  
Port Ryerse, Norfolk Co.  
Ontario, Canada



A quick check of the Ryerson family history turns up about 15 or 20 Ryerson descendants who became ministers of the Gospel, not counting those Ryerson girls who married ministers. Most notable are the five sons of Joseph Ryerson who *all* became Methodist ministers, serving as pastors and circuit riders in the Provinces of Canada. George was a very effective minister. Egerton is well known for his work in the church and in establishing the educational system of Canada. John became very influential in the councils of the Methodist Church. Edwy was the circuit rider, for awhile paid just 50 dollars a year for food and shelter while accomplishing great work as a Missionary to the Indians in the Niagara District. William was the Methodist Church's most renowned preacher and the most highly gifted as an orator of all the five brothers.

Mention must be made of Elder George Joseph Ryerse who studied medicine and became an ordained Baptist minister. Most of his life was spent preaching and serving sick people for which no charge was ever made for any of his services. Every winter he would visit a drug store in Buffalo, bringing home a large supply of drugs which he would disperse to his patients during the next year. On Sundays he would mount his horse and travel long distances to conduct religious services where there were none.

Another faithful member of the church was Lorenzo Ryerson, a pioneer in the Sunday School and other work of the Pompton Plains Church. Gifted musically, he served 48 years in the church choir, 34 of them as chorister.

Rev. Robert L. Ryerse was a faithful servant of the Lord his entire life, carrying on an effective ministry in churches in Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Virginia and Iowa. In later years he was affiliated with the International Council of Christian Churches, Associated Missions and was the Vice President and Northern Deputation Secretary for Baptist Mid-Missions in Cleveland, Ohio. The impact of his ministry and his far-reaching work in missions was felt throughout the entire Christian world. (It is interesting to note that at age 17 he qualified for the Canadian Olympic Team, running the mile in 4:20 minutes when the world's record was 4:16. Needed more at home to help with the farm work, he never competed in those world games.)

George L. Ryerson was the older half-brother of Samuel Ryerse and Joseph Ryerson, a man who after their father died, became mentor to his younger brothers. George lived to be just three months short of 100 years old. It is said of him that he was a liberal supporter of the church. He continued going to church until just a few weeks before he died. Deaf and unable to hear the service, he explained that he went there because he "loved to be in the House of the Lord."

**There's a church in the valley by the wildwood  
No lovelier spot in the dale  
No place is so dear to my childhood  
As the little white church in the vale.**

**How sweet on a clear Sabbath morning  
To list to the clear ringing bell  
Its tone so sweetly calling  
Oh, come to the church in vale.**

-verses from a favorite old hymn

Found in an old newspaper:

A new translation of the Bible will soon be issued. Those who cannot afford the expense will have to take their chances with the old!

Now available in its 2nd Printing

## **The Ryerse-Ryerson Family History**

*by Phyllis A. Ryerse and Thomas A. Ryerson*

This historically important record of one of the oldest families in America and Canada is available again for a short time.

**Don't miss this opportunity  
to add this book to your  
family collection.**

**Looking for a unique Christmas gift?**

*Order your copy now for delivery  
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Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada

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# Happy Birthday Margaret!



*To the lady who won the prize  
for being 97 years old!*

Born Margaret Drusilla England  
on August 13, 1899.

At five, while prowling in the  
horse barn, she discovered that  
one of the horses had been left

with his halter on. Confidently mounting, she had a wonderful ride (probably through the more secluded areas of the farm) and returned the horse to the barn. "Pa" would never have known except that she was too little to properly retie the shank!

Margaret studied at the Normal School in Hamilton, Ontario, became a teacher and taught at rural schools in the Port Dover area until she met and married Collin Ryerse in 1923. Her teaching skills were put to good use with piano lessons and nature studies for the grandchildren, especially during the annual grandkids spring trek into the woods where she identified the hepaticas, jack-in-the pulpits and trilliums.

Her philosophy of life? "Make the most of what you've got." She and Collin struggled through the depression to raise six children. Thanks to the farm, the necessities of life were available but money was never plentiful. She often tells about the package of lollipops, the family treat, brought home with the groceries every Saturday. One for each. She learned to like green best since that's usually all that was left! Throughout her life, Margaret has been much happier outside than inside the house. Her busy adult life as farm wife and mother didn't leave much time for horseback riding but her flower garden and her vegetables were sources of pride and joy, an inspiration to many descendants. Her husband's constant refrain was "Don't spend too long out there standing on your head!"

She is a collector, not only of family history, but of all those miniature shoes - china, brass, glass - even Collin's handmade clay ones! She has a marvelous collection of buttons too - some Victorian jets that are quite valuable.

Memories of some of her offspring:

*"I remember staying with Grandma and Grandad during the holidays and hearing the milkpails being taken to the pantry early in the morning. Sometimes Grandma would come to our room and take us out to see the deer and their fawns drinking at the sulphur*

*ponds in the flats. And who can forget her home-baked bread spread with hand-churned butter and a thick sprinkling of brown sugar!"*

Then there was the time she stepped **through** the decaying corner on the old cistern at the corner of the house. Trapped in the old wood, she banged and called for Grandad who was right inside the house, but she couldn't rouse him and had to wait in that awkward position to be discovered!

Although her physical strength is waning after 97 strenuous years, her mental faculties are still impressive. Now a resident at the Port Dover Health Care Centre, she recently confided to her granddaughter that as she was being wheeled back from dinner, two men in fedoras and big coats came hurrying along the corridor toward her. One stumbled and fell against her wheelchair and she realized that the man behind him had nudged him forward with the butt of his gun! "Ah, Grandma, you haven't been napping in front of NYPD Blue, have you? You're sure there were guys with guns here at Port Dover Health Care Centre?" Well, Margaret was right! It seems that some fugitive from justice had sought refuge with the old folk and had been roused out by the constabulary!

Margaret is proud of the fact that she has attended every Ryerse reunion for 43 years. Each and every descendant (we've lost count of how many!) receives a birthday card with \$2 enclosed, a special gift they all enjoy. She keeps up with the arrival of each new great-grandchild and we know she's hoping to be around for the birth of the first of the great-greats!

Margaret, you are quite a remarkable lady. We hope you had a wonderful birthday and we look forward to seeing you at next years reunion.



*Surrounded by family, Margaret enjoyed the festivities of the Bicentennial Reunion in 1994.*



## Ryerson Station, Pennsylvania

This story begins with a rough and ready frontier pioneer, Jacob Ryerson, who settled on land that was still under dispute between the states of Virginia and Pennsylvania. On what would eventually become the most south-westerly corner of Pennsylvania, Jacob built "Ryerson Fort" (or Station), a place of refuge from Indian raids for these hardy pioneers. His son George Ryerson "tomahawked" the land in the spring of 1765, thus becoming the first white man to lay claim to the land on the Elk Ridge.

During that same summer George built a signal tower using two large beech trees that stood close together with large limbs parallel to each other about 30 feet above the ground. After trimming all the brush from the trees up to the tallest limbs, he split heavy board rails 16 feet long and hauled them up by a grapevine cable, laying them from tree to tree making a platform 16 feet square. He placed several inches of clay gravel soil on the platform and a layer of thin stone upon which he kindled fires and smothered them to hold the smoke which was allowed to pass up and out through a hollow log creating smoke signals. These could be seen for miles and read with accuracy to warn the outlying settlers that Indians were on the trail or in the neighborhood. This old smoke signal tower remained there until the fall season of 1803 when the platform gave way and fell to the ground, the old Elk Ridge landmark thus becoming only a matter of history.

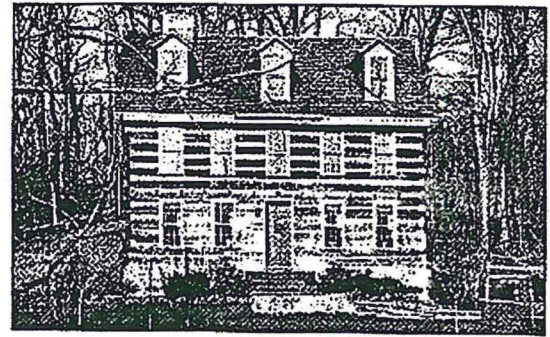
George and his brother Daniel Ryerson also built a block house in which the family lived until 1780 when George traded all his claims to James Graham for an ox team, 10 cows, 2 muskets and 12 pounds Virginia money. Three other block houses were part of Ryerson Fort as well, probably built on each of the four corners. The entire area today is part of **Ryerson Station State Park** with facilities for picnicking, boating, fishing, hiking, and camping. From a historical marker in the park we learn that the Indian troubles continued even after the Revolution with an attack on some soldiers sent there by George Washington for protection.

### Ryerson Blockhouse for sale

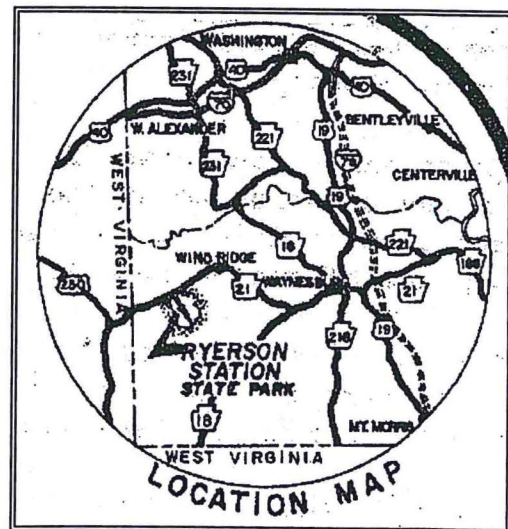
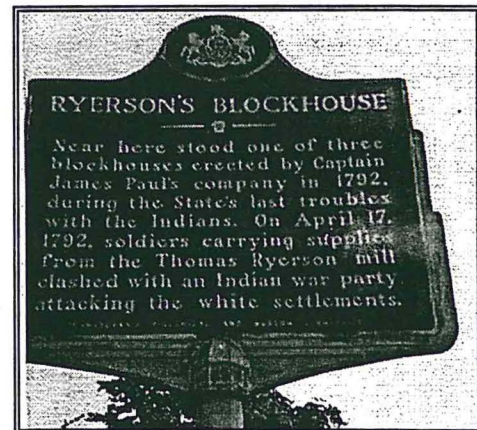
The Ryerson Blockhouse has been dismantled, relocated and lovingly restored on 3 wooded acres in Peters Township, a half hour southwest of Pittsburgh. One of the state's largest log structures, it has hand-crafted woodwork, forged replica hardware and

reproduction tin lighting. The original fireplaces and flooring remain but modern amenities have been added. In the fall of 1995, the **Mitchell/Ryerson Blockhouse** was offered for sale by RE/MAX of McMurray, Pa. at a price of \$399,000.

PR



The Mitchell/Ryerson Blockhouse





## Rascals, Scoundrels & Horse-Thieves!

**NO**, we weren't all fearless pioneers, brave soldiers and beautiful ladies! Here and there on our family tree can be found a handful of rascals, a few scandals and several tragedies - which proves, we suppose, that we're just like most every other family on this earth!

**YES**, there were family squabbles and divorces. One poor fellow died of a gunshot wound received accidentally while on a hunting trip. One young cousin was finally declared a lunatic but not before setting a frightful forest fire out back near the barn. His condition caused the family grief for years. One family fought so bitterly over Dad's farm that the courts finally divided it for them. One man accused the preacher of improprieties with his daughter. Frans Ryerson fell out of a fishing boat and drowned. An inquisition ruled it accidental but we still wonder about that one. One Ryerson cousin and his wife were hacked to death with a meat cleaver, an event that rocked the neighborhood for months. A young cousin and his friend died in a tragic automobile accident when there were still only a handful of cars on the road. One mans venture into big business ended sadly in bankruptcy -- taking several sons down with him. Another cousin lost his father's land holdings and extensive business empire through poor management and changing business conditions.

We lost cousins in the tragic sinking of the Titanic, the torpedoing of the Lusitania and a young mother and her two were children drowned when the ship Ercolana went down in a terrible storm in the Mediterranean. One fellow was written out of his fathers Will and another barely escaped with his life during an Indian raid. A cousin who was a surveyor of rough, uncharted forest and mountain land - did such a poor job on one of his assignments that his boss accused him of surveying that lot of land "on horseback!"

Then there was poor Luke Ryerson Jr., the older half brother of Samuel and Joseph. His grand scheme for wealth and success included the operation of a boat which would carry goods along the coast of the American colonies. He asked for (early) and received from his father, his inheritance and then borrowed a sizable amount of money from several neighbors and friends. The results of his efforts are mercifully hidden in the mists of time but it is obvious that some calamity befell his shipping venture - it may have

sunk taking all of his grand plans with it, for within a year he had defaulted on his loans and was asking for an extension of time to pay off his creditors. It appears he was able to survive this terrible loss and failure, for the balance of his life was spent in the beautiful mountains of Maine where he became a respected citizen and farmer and the father of 24 children! The area where he settled is still called "Ryerson Mountain!"

We must not forget to tell you about those young Ryerse cousins who had a good time setting off fire-crackers on Victoria Day, oblivious of the sparks that settled on the roof of their grandfathers house - resulting in the destruction by fire of an early Port Ryerse landmark!

You will be encouraged to learn that those ancestors who had problem children were not in the least bit hesitant to discipline and reprimand. One young Ryerson went off to New York at the turn of this century to enter the business world. It was not long before he received a letter from his father charging him with misbehavior and dissipation! Here are excerpts of his reply.

*"It hurts me to think that I should be the cause of so much grief.....you have been informed that I keep bad company ...and stay out late.... but I believe there are few in my walk of life who keep better company than I do. I am willing that my conduct should undergo your rigid scrutiny...to determine for yourself if I shall return to live in the country. I have carefully considered the instructions afforded by the (Bible) chapter you recommended to me..... I know the standing of the family to be good.....I don't know of anything that has blasted my reputation or that of the family. I have the satisfaction of signing myself most respectfully,*

*Your Obedient Son."*

We're happy to report that he 'shaped up' and won back his father's approval.

Yes, this family has had its' share of rogues and rascals, a condition summed up in this fascinating excerpt from a letter written back in 1863 by Theodore Ryerson. Replying to the comment that he was a "chip off the old block," he observed, ".....although in some aspects it may be hard to discover the genuine stock, yet one cannot fail to recognize the peculiar cross grained and knotty fibers of the old Ryerson stump!"

PR







## U.S. Threatens Canada!

### Canadians ready for Revenge!

The menacing sounds of impending war? NAH!  
It's just the 'silly season' in Washington and Ottawa!  
Or maybe it's the summer heat!

In response to the U.S. Helms-Burton law which punishes any foreign company that does business in Cuba that holds property expropriated from Americans, a bill proposed by two Canadian Liberal MP's (*which both mimics and mocks the U.S. Bill*), would permit descendants of United Empire Loyalists who fled the U.S. following the American Revolution in 1776, to reclaim land that was 'confiscated unjustly and illegally by the American government and its citizens.'

The spokesman for the Ontario United Empire Loyalist Association has declared the Godfrey-Milliken bill 'a great idea.' After all, the value of all this confiscated property has been measured in the billions of dollars. (*Don't forget those 30 acres taken from Capt. Samuel Ryerson in Wayne, N.J.!*)

Peter Milliken, co-author of the bill who admits it was written 'tongue-in-cheek,' planned to introduce the law as a private members bill when the Parliament convened in September. (Private Member bills seldom pass but wouldn't it be great fun to see what would happen if it did! *ed.note.*)

## Cemetery Vandalism - July 1996

The 150 year old Little Lake Cemetery in Peterborough, Ontario was the scene of near-total destruction as vandals kicked over more than 170 headstones and grave markers. Numerous flower pots and planters were dumped and litter the cemetery. Police estimate the damage in excess of \$30,000. Buried in this cemetery are many descendants of Joseph Ryerson through his grand-daughter Hettie Stickney Bostwick, the wife of Rev. Mark Burnham. There is no rational explanation for such mindless acts. We await word of whether the police have found those responsible and what punishment will be meted out.

## 43rd Ryerse-Ryerson Reunion

The weather was perfect, the food was delicious - and look who won the prizes!

Ariel Ryerse won for the longest hair. Marcus Ryerson had the shortest hair. Clarence and Dorothy Ryerse were married the longest at 54 years. Bob and Barb Ryerse were married the shortest at 2 years 7 months. Margaret Ryerse was the oldest lady present at 96 years 11 months. Tom Tucker was the oldest fellow at 83 years 3 months. The littlest lady present was Michele Ward at 14 months. The littlest fellow was Joseph Ryerse at 23 months.

### An award winning family to be sure!

But that wasn't all!

The door prize and guessing game winners were:

Alex Wilkinson, Sam Edwards, Kathryn Livingstone, Rebecca Ryerse and Jamie McPherson.

Winners of the Potato Sack Races, the Three Legged Race and the Fifty Food Dash included

Laura Ryerse, Olivia Brown, Rebecca Ryerse, Averil MacArthur, Katy Wilkinson, Vanessa Stratford, Ryan Wilkinson, Allison Ryerse, Alexander Brown, Sam Edwards, Becky Magee, Emily Ryerse, Kathryn and Jennifer Livingstone, Jamie McPherson and Matt Trembley.

It's hard to believe that we've been having this much family fun for 43 years! And remember, our 50th anniversary is coming up.

Any ideas on how to celebrate that milestone?

### Births

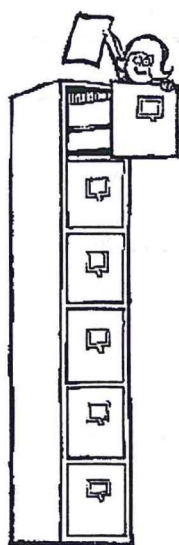
- **McBride, Sydney Ann and Robert Justice** - twins - born June 6, 1996 in Las Vegas, NV to Tyler and Kalee McBride. Kalee is the daughter of Ann and Ken Rooker. (Pg 197 #2343)
- **Lyons, Danae Christine** born Oct. 14, 1995 in Poway, CA to James and Karene Lyons. (Pg 221 #1588)
- **Swanson, Kendall Victoria** born Aug. 8, 1995 in Poway, CA to Geoffrey and Helene Swanson. (Pg 222 #1589)
- **Ryerse, Joanna Louise** born Sep. 6, 1994 in Mt. Hope, Idaho to Parry and Kristina Ryerse. (Pg 227 #1164)
- **McCormack, Andrew Donald** born Feb. 6, 1995.
- **McCormack, Jennifer Frances** born June 29, 1996. Proud parents to both of these children are Steven and Frances (Woods) McCormack of Oakville. (Pg 340 #4441)
- **Wheeler, Kelly Jo** is the name of the little girl born Feb 1996 to Kirk and Amy Wheeler.
- **Palladino, Nicole Toni** born Jan 8th 1996 to Tony and Shelley Palladino in Edmonton, Alberta. (Pg 162 #919)





## *A Message From the Editor*

**Atlanta 1996** As I write this, the 1996 Olympic Centennial Games are winding down here in the Atlanta area. What a lot of excitement we've had - from discovering that our youngest daughter had been standing right by that light tower just 10 minutes before the bomb went off (!) - to watching the kayaking finals here on Lake Lanier. We also saw several track and field events in the Olympic Stadium where the Canadian team easily beat the American boys. With our roots in both countries, we cheered wildly for the Canadian victory and got goose bumps when the strains of *O, Canada* filled that enormous stadium when they awarded the medals. That day also happened to be my birthday and on the shuttle bus ride back to our car, my daughter-in-law led that entire bus load of tired but happy people from all over the world in singing happy birthday to me - in a multitude of foreign accents. A hilarious and very special moment, indeed!



Thanks to all our subscribers both old and new, for your continued interest in the Ryerse-Ryerson family. I've been digging deep into the family files and have found some interesting stories for this issue that I think you'll enjoy. As promised - we rattled the bones of a few family skeletons! Among the other stories that we're working on for coming issues include the Ryersons in the iron and steel business and a look at ship building in Port Ryerse, a story that has never been told. Stay tuned.

*Phyllis Ryerse*

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Submissions Welcome

## **In Memory**

We are saddened to report the death of **Victor Ryerse** on July 24, 1996. Born on Feb. 1, 1916, he was married to Donna Whitnum and had three children: Peter, Victoria and Cynthia. 'Vic' and his brother Vern owned and operated the famous Arbor in Port Dover, Ontario for many years. Founded by their father, Carl in 1919, it was noted for the delicious Golden Glow orange drink as well as Ritz Red Hots, their famous foot long hot dogs. In recent years, the Arbor was sold out of the family - long after it had become a local institution and a trademark for the town - know far and wide.

Vic was a past member of the Lions Club and was deeply involved with the Scouting movement. He loved curling and golf and flying planes. He fought for Canada in the Second World War. His funeral service was held at St. Paul's Anglican Church with burial at the Port Dover Cemetery. (Pg 120 #520)



**Victor Ryerse (right) and his brother Vernon**

- **Ryerse, Alice Mae (Bliss)** died Feb. 8, 1996 in Conroe, Texas. She was buried beside her husband, the late Covert K. "Cub" Ryerse in Dry Creek Cemetery, Eagle, Idaho. She was the 11th of 14 children born to Chancey & Hattie Bliss of Baker, Nevada. (Pg 119 #510)
- **Mann, Lloyd John Basil**, died July 5, 1994 in London, Ontario in his 70th year. He was buried at Woodland Cemetery, London. Lloyd was the first husband of Ethel May Ryerse and the son of John H. & Dorothy G. (Bancroft) Mann. A tree was planted as a living memorial to Lloyd. (Pg 230 #1776)
- **Ryerson, Carol Jeanette (Peers)** died July 23, 1996 in her 66th year. She was the first wife of Allan G. Ryerson. (Pg 334 #4172)