



Soule Kindred Newsletter

Library of Congress: C371, Vol. XXXVIII, No. 3

Fall 2014

Pioneers of the Oregon Trail

Editor's Note: I came across this article as I was contemplating the migration of my 6th & 7th generation Soule ancestors to Michigan before it became a state and the migration of other Soule descendants to Indiana where the 2015 reunion will be held. It appears that Soule descendants carried George's pioneer spirit well into the 19th century. This article was originally printed in the October 1968 (Vol. II, No. 4) issue of the Soule Kindred Newsletter. The editor was Soule Kindred co-founder George Soule. The article has been edited slightly for clarity.

Editor's Note: The following concerns primarily SOLOMON⁷ SOULE (1800 - 18[79]) [George, John, Moses, Gideon, Gideon, William], his son SAMUEL PAGE⁸ SOULE (1825-1901) and their families. It was contributed by one of their descendants (Mildred Soule¹⁰ Coplen) who identifies it as written by a pioneer friend in the 1800s. We found it fascinating background of a Maine family's migration to Wisconsin and thence overland in 1853 & 1854 to Oregon and Washington territories. To facilitate understanding of this story, we have added on two pages a map of the OREGON TRAIL as of 1846 compiled from authentic data by the Bureau of Public Roads in 1938. [Editor's Note: A different map is included.]

Solomon Soule was born in the beginning of the nineteenth century at Farmington, Maine, and was married in that state to Miss Keziah Page, making their residence in Penobscot County. Of this marriage were born Samuel P. and a daughter named Lucy, who died in early life. His second marriage with Miss Lydia Bessie resulted in a family of eight children, four sons and four daughters.

In the spring of 1846, Mr. Soule and his son Samuel went to Wisconsin, and being pleased with the country, obtained a piece of land near Baraboo, and built a house where they were soon joined by the rest of the family. Here they became acquainted with a family named Adams, who arrived from Crystal Lake, Illinois in the same month. June third, 1849, Samuel Soule and Mary M. Adams were wed. Mary Adams and her brother John were the only children of Timothy M. Adams who belonged to old Puritan Stock, being descended from the Adamses of Massachusetts colony. His grandfather fought in the Revolutionary War. His mother was a Carey, a granddaughter of Israel Putnam. Timothy M. Adams married a Miss Fuller, who traced her lineage to the Fullers of Mayflower fame, thus uniting in their children at least three strains of old colonial blood. Mary M. Adams Soule was born in Essex County, New York, but her early childhood was spent in Ohio. She remembers distinctly the Tippecanoe campaign. When the school children were gathered on a bridge to do honor to the future President, little Mary stood next to the teacher. General Harrison, the renowned Indian fighter, patted her on the head. It became her lot to live in four territories as her father, leaving Ohio, settled in Illinois before it became a state. Oregon, Washington, and Illinois were all yet territories when she first became resident in them.

In the year 1853 the western fever struck the Baraboo settlement. Timothy Adams and wife; John Adams, who had married Mary Ann Soule; Solomon Soule and family; Samuel Soule, his wife and two children (the younger only three weeks old) set out on the long journey to Oregon.

continued on page 3

*Preserving Soule Heritage
for Future Generations*

In This Issue:

**Oysters and Lobsters
and Eels! Oh, my!**
p. 8



**Calling All Soules! It's
Time to Start Making
Plans to Attend the
2015 Reunion**
p. 10



Fort Wayne, IN, skyline

Contents Fall 2014

Editor's Comments

Do not follow where the path may lead. Go instead where there is no path and leave a trail. Ralph Waldo Emerson

Certainly the above quote refers to our ancestor, George Soule. It also applies to many of his descendants as is evidenced by our cover story on Solomon Soule and his family's pioneering journey on the Oregon Trail.

By the time of Solomon Soule's journey, Soule descendants had been on the move across America for two centuries. A family named Soules was enumerated in the Vigo, IN, census by 1830 and three families named Soule were enumerated in northeastern Indiana by the 1840 census.

In part because of this long history of Soule descendants in Indiana, and, of course, the presence of the Allen County Public Library, Fort Wayne, IN, was chosen as the site for the 2015 Soule Kindred reunion. You can read about the reunion on page 10 and then begin your plans to attend.

What would the fall issue of the newsletter be without recipes for your Thanksgiving feast? This year you can pretend you are a 17th century cook and try your hand at sowced oysters or maybe a sallet of rosebuds and clove gillyflowers. Enjoy!

After four and a half years of having the honor of editing this newsletter, I am handing off this task to someone else. Although I will be assisting, at least for awhile, you will meet a new Editor in January. Thank you for your continued support and for your kind comments over the last four and a half years.

Karen L. McNally

Soule Kindred in America, Inc.

1348 E. Vinedo Ln.
Tempe, AZ 85284-1667

Website: soulekindred.org

E-mail: info@soulekindred.org

Soule Kindred Newsletter is a quarterly publication and serves as the voice of Soule Kindred in America, Inc.

Soule Kindred Newsletter is not responsible for individual opinions or viewpoints printed in this publication.

Questions regarding the newsletter should be addressed to the editor.

Original materials from this newsletter may not be reprinted without the permission of Soule Kindred in America, Inc.

vvv

Soule Kindred Newsletter

Fall 2014 Edition
Edited by

Karen L. McNally

Proofreader

Matt Korbeck

Contact

editor@soulekindred.org

Printer

eDigital Graphics
Green Brook, NJ 00812
info@edigitalgraphics.com



FEATURED ARTICLES

On the Cover:

Pioneers of the Oregon Trail

This account of the adventures of the Solomon Soule family as its members made their way west on the Oregon Trail was written by a family friend in the 1800s.

Oysters and Lobsters and Eels! Oh, my! 8

According to Edward Winslow, oysters, lobsters, and eels were among the readily available food items the Pilgrims may have eaten during their three day feast in the fall of 1621.

Calling All Soules! It's Time to Start Making Plans to Attend the 2015 Reunion 10

A full agenda of Soule history in the Fort Wayne, IN, area; genealogy research; sightseeing; and socializing is planned.



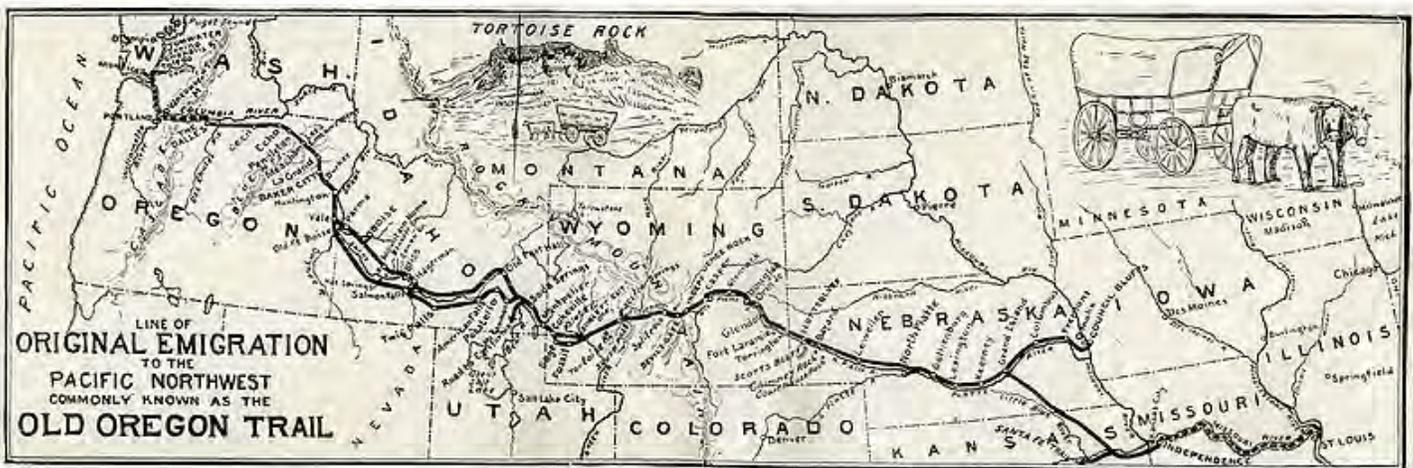
Pennsylvania Railroad Station, now The History Center, Fort Wayne, IN

Also in this issue:

Obituary 11

This and That 11

They crossed the Mississippi at Dubuque, Iowa, and fell in with a numerous party who were driving a large band of cattle, going to cross the Plains. This party was under the leadership of Stolph and Wright, who had previously been to California and were now retiring to that state. Somewhere in Iowa, Timothy Adams and his son John each had a cow stolen. Reaching Council Bluffs June fourth, they had to ferry the Missouri which was in flood. On account of the number of cattle in the train, the crossing was tedious, as the scow was small. At Omaha, they joined the great emigrant train which embraced the greater part of the summer's travel across the continent. Stolph and Wright, having been over the route before, were interested with the leadership. So large a train found difficulty in regard to pasturage, so they soon divided in two or three sections. That portion with which our friends travelled was virtually without leadership. They reached a point on the Platte River opposite Fort Laramie on the fourth of July. The Stars and Stripes assured them that they were citizens of our dear republic. Somewhere in the Rockies, Soule Sr. was attacked with mountain fever. Samuel with his wife and children drove forward as fast as possible to see if a doctor might not be found somewhere along the road. They fell in with a train in which were Stevens and Wing (Pacific County pioneers of Oysterville). With them they found Dr. Rednour, who joined the Soules and did all he could for the sick man. He did a good job, for Soule lived for more than twenty years afterwards.



Ezra Meeker, 1907

On the Sweet Water, Samuel killed a buffalo. The fat juicy steaks were much relished for a change of diet. There he lost a knife that he valued very highly, not only because it was a good knife but because he had traded for it with a friend named Hornby before leaving Wisconsin. It was found by one of the company and returned. Not many days after, when cutting jerked beef, he laid it down on a firkin and forgot it. When he looked for it, it had disappeared. In the morning Mrs. Gould, one of the company called out, "Oh Sam, come over and see your Aunty." Complying with the request he received his knife again, probably with admonitions to take better care of it.



Oregon Trail Ruts, Guernsey, WY
Photo by Phil Konstantin

The beautiful scenery along the Green River was fully appreciated, as well as the pleasant surroundings at Fort Bridger. The abundant grass there tempted them to stop several days to recruit their teams before crossing the rugged Wasatch Mountains. One night in the defiles of the Wasatch they traveled farther than they wished, hoping to find a comfortable camping place, but were compelled to stop by approaching darkness. Among the rocky ridges no place could be found level enough for a wagon to stand on in a horizontal position. The cattle were turned out to shift for themselves, as neither grass nor comfortable standing room were left near the wagons. The road clung to one side of the steep ridge, with a canyon of unknown depth just below them. In this wild and uncomfortable situation they sought repose. Soon the night was made hideous by the howling of wolves, which later became frightfully mingled with bellowing of cattle. On account of the dangerous ground, no one could leave camp till

day dawned. On crossing the canyon, two cows belonging to John Adams and his father respectively, were

continued on next page

Oregon Trail

found shockingly mutilated and partly eaten by wolves. The poor creatures were still alive and suffering untold agony. They were mercifully shot.

When they reached Salt Lake valley they found abundant grass and camped for several days. A wagon loaded with vegetables drove into camp. The stranger said, "I have brought these to give you a taste, as I have crossed the plains myself." This act of disinterested kindness can never be forgotten by any who shared in its benefit. The season was now far advanced and further traveling, especially toward Oregon must have been attended with danger of mountain storms. Accordingly, the Soule and Adams connection concluded to winter at Salt Lake. So likewise did James Force, his sister-in-law, and a married nephew named Marcellus with his family. This James Force had crossed the plains in '46 and his brother John had built the first house in Oregon City. Samuel Soule took his family and some others of the company and went nine miles from the city where logs were being got out and sawed into lumber. He built a house and remained till spring, working at lumbering. This was a sad winter for all



Our Camp, Alfred Jacob Miller

of these emigrants as nearly all were called to mourn someone more or less dear to them. Mountain fever attacked nearly the whole party. John Adams lost a little daughter named Rosella and also his beloved wife who left a baby girl two weeks old. The child was named Mary, and became the pet of all, but was the special charge of her grandmother Adams. Marcellus Force died as did his cousin Mrs. George Mercer who also left an infant to be cared for by its grandmother Petteys. Manual Petteys of this party afterwards married a daughter of one of Willapa's pioneers named Gangier. Betsy Soule and a niece of Force's were married and remained in Salt Lake.

Soon after the Soules were settled comfortably near the saw mill, there came a man riding up to their door named Elisha Plummer, an old acquaintance who had left Wisconsin in the '40s and in making the trip to the Pacific Coast had been reduced to eating mule meat to save himself from starvation. He was now carrying mail from Oregon to Salt Lake. This meeting with a former friend gave much pleasure and resulted in some future good. In the spring, with diminished numbers they took to the trail. They found Bear River difficult crossing on account of high water. Somewhere on Bear River they met 'Lish Plummer going to Salt Lake. The route was very circuitous as they proceeded northward until within twelve miles of Fort Hall, where they laid over for a day or two, some of the men going on to the fort. They were joined at Fort Hall by the Boggs family who traveled with them all the rest of the way to Oregon. At Snake River they camped where Pocatello is now situated. From this place they made a wide sweep to the west to avoid crossing the Snake. On the Weber they met a party going eastward, among them a man who had been "forted" up with Spaulding during Indian hostilities. Here they had some blacksmithing done. Sam Soule lent his knife to a boy, and when they resumed their journey it was forgotten. On Smith River (a fork of the Owyhee) a number of their cattle died of poison. Traveling down the Snake River one of their oxen, probably stampeded by the Indians, plunged into the river and swam to an island far out in the swiftly flowing stream. Oxen were by this time none too plentiful. Accordingly, some of the men launched a wagonbox some distance up the stream, sprang boldly in and succeeded in reaching the island. They forced the ox to swim back again. They landed themselves a long distance below.

When they reached the Owyhee River they were alarmed by what appeared to be a party of Indians, who hovered about their vicinity for some time. 'Lish Plummer overtook them, and after he joined, then the Indians were seen no more. He brought Sam's knife. He travelled with them till his business, requiring more haste, obliged him to push on. Salmon River was unfordable. In order to cross, it was necessary for one of them to swim across on horseback carrying a light line to which a rope was attached. By this means the wagon boxes and their contents were towed across. The cattle swam with the wagons. Having safely reached the desired shore they met a party eastward bound who hired our friends to ferry them the other

continued on next page

way. Among them was a young child, for whose comfort an ingenious saddle had been devised which permitted it to sit or lie at pleasure without danger of falling off. These people, like the ten spies of old, brought back an evil report of the land which had a rather depressing effect but could not extinguish the hopefulness of the home seekers. Farther on in the mountains, they met a man who had lost his wife and who left him a pair of twin baby girls. The twins were placed in a sort of pannier on each side of a great grey mule, which although carefully led showed almost human intelligence in avoiding anything that could injure her precious burden.

Soon afterwards they fell in with a large band of Indians and traveled in their company for half a day. The Indians had about three hundred ponies (many of them beautiful animals) which they took great pride in showing off to the best advantage. Their feats of horsemanship were a wonder and delight to the Yankees. At night they all camped together in a lovely little valley where the abundant grass grew in unbroken smoothness except where a dancing stream of pure water shimmered in the sunlight. The mountains rose grandly around them, their timbered tops shading into an amethystine setting for the emerald gem which they encircled. For several days the pale faces and the red men bivouaced together in this peaceful spot, unconscious that the very next emigrant train passing in a few weeks later would be attacked not far away and foully murdered, only a very few escaping. Two boys named Ward were left for dead, but they were found by soldiers from Fort Boise, brought in and nursed back to life. One of them, when found, was pierced by an arrow which remained in the wound until extracted by the soldiers. A cousin of these boys in after years became the wife of Sam Soule's second son.

The descent to the Grand Ponde* valley was steep, curving, and terribly rocky. Here one of the oxen fell sick and all camped for a week. They were finally obliged to buy another. The Indians seemed friendly and let them have a pony for barter. This beautiful valley bore testimony to the hardships of the old emigrant trail.



Grand Ronde Valley, OR [Wikimedia Commons](#)

For beneath its sod lay many who had sought a home on the Pacific slope, but never passed beyond this camping ground. Mrs. Warman, wife of a Pacific County pioneer, finished her earthly journey and was laid to her long rest where waving grasses murmur a low requiem and the winds chant an eternal dirge for the brave and the good who have left their footprints along life's rugged trails. In the Blue Mountains they met another company returning east. Among them was a young woman riding man-fashion by her husband's side. This woman had driven a four horse team all the way from Omaha and was now going back and afterwards returning, driving four horses again. Her second husband was Isaac Smith, one of the earliest settlers on Willapa Harbor. Her third husband was Dr. Hays, an old Californian, but for many years a

resident of the County. Lee's encampment, so called because Lee's company was snowed in at that place, was a charming spot on top of the mountains. In the clear air the view was one of vast extent and unparalleled beauty. A dimpling stream with pebbly bottom ran almost on the surface of the ground. The open meadowland was dotted by clumps of trees, some wearing the somber hue of the evergreens, others dressed in the brighter green that marks a deciduous growth. In the distance were visible the eternal snows of grand old mountain peaks. But amid all this beauty were blackened campfires, ruined wagons, and very many graves. Many of Lee's company had perished there. Other trains finding abundant feed and water had camped in the same place to rest their sick and bury their dead.

When they reached Umatilla, they concluded to stop and take a general washup that they might be in better plight to enter civilization, not but that washing had been done as often as the exigencies of so long a journey, with poor facilities, had made such a proceeding necessary. They had chosen an unfortunate spot, as many of them came in contact with poison oak and they paid the usual penalty. Mrs. Adams especially was severely poisoned. From thence they took the old Barlow road over the Cascades. Through these magnificent mountains the timber was a daily wonder, but the route was terrible. Roots and rocks, hills, gullies, and streams were mixed up and jumbled together in utter confusion. One precipitous descent seemed worse than the rest, so most of the men thought it best to unhitch their teams and let the wagons down with ropes. This was a tedious operation. Samuel Soule rough-locked his wagon and fastened a

*The correct name is Grand Ronde.

continued on next page

Oregon Trail

scraggy treetop behind it. That worked like pulling a cat by the tail. In this manner he went rattling down in safety. At the mouth of the Sandy they came upon a settler's cabin. The owner named Revere came out to their camp and was eagerly questioned as to when they would reach the Willamette Valley. "You are there now," he replied.

They camped at Foster's on Eagle Creek the second day of July. They found an abundance of ripe blackberries on which they feasted. A half day's drive farther brought them to an abandoned pottery where they stayed for a week or more while the men went forward to select homes. From thence they removed to Milwaukee which became their headquarters for a few months. Before winter, Solomon Soule came to Willapa to look at the country and returned to Milwaukee. Timothy Adams moved to Tualatin Plains where he took a donation claim. In the spring of '55 Solomon Soule moved to Willapa, Washington. His sons Samuel and Charles went with him to drive in the stock. Not finding things just to his liking Samuel P. drove his own cattle back again and joined his father-in-law at Tualatin Plains, where he also took a claim and resided there for several years. Here Merrill A. Soule died and was borne to his last camping ground. Eels and Prof. Moosh, old pioneers, conducted the final services and gave what consolation they could to the sad hearted parents. Here, too, Emmett and Axia were born.

Solomon Soule and his wife each took a donation claim at the head of tidewater on the Willapa. His three youngest sons helped improve the farm. They were Sanfield, Edwin, and Fred. In 1856 Sanfield went to Oregon and stayed a year, returning again to his father's place. Charles stayed either in Oregon or Washington as he could find most profitable employment, frequently sending home wages and supplies.

In the latter part of December 1860, the Adamsons and Samuel P. Soule removed to Pacific County. They came by boat down the Willamette and Columbia Rivers. They had to lay over for a week at Astoria on account of storms, then crossed the Columbia in a small plunger with two drunken sailors for Captain and crew. They landed at the mouth of the Wallicut at John Edmond's place. They had brought a nice lunch from Astoria and fain would have eaten it before leaving the boat, but the sailors suggested that they wait and get a cup of tea at Edmond's. This plan was favored by the men folks out of consideration for their cold and weary womenkind, who went to the house to wait till it was prepared. The men spent much valuable time in getting a team to haul their belongings across the portage. When the tea was ready it proved vile stuff, and the fare that accompanied it was of the plainest description and poorly cooked and miserably served. For this they were charged fifty cents per meal. When their effects were loaded on the sled they found that the sailors had got away with their nice lunch. Conveyance could only be found for their goods and they perforce must walk. The rain poured down, the mud was anywhere from two or three inches to half a leg deep. Mr. Soule took Emmett in his arms and walked with the sled. Mrs. Soule, her mother and the other two children following as their strength permitted. Night drew on and they were alone in the woods, the deep mud dogging their footsteps.

As it grew dark they came to a fork in the road running nearly parallel which promised to be better walking. Having heard there was but one road they supposed it would unite with the other track after a short detour. They went along it for some distance while the darkness settled around them until it was so dark they had to feel their way. Soon they came to an immense log which lay across the road, so large it was impossible for them to climb over it. They thought to follow around it but could not move from the track on account of the dense wall of undergrowth mingled with fallen timber which barred their way. Cold, dripping, lost, almost too weary to drag themselves farther, these two women yielded for a moment to discouragement. The baby girl began to cry and her wailing voice was heard by her father, who had reached the other end of the portage. He left Emmet and returned with lantern to meet his family. He listened for a moment and sent out a ringing halloo which carried with it a sense of relief, and after some time he came crashing through the thickets. Lifting his little daughter in his arms he led the way back to the fork and then on and on with dreary splash of footfalls and dripping skies overhead till at last their eyes were gladdened by a lighted window. They had reached the end of the portage and the house of John Edmonds, Jr. was opened for their reception. The half-caste mistress was absent and in the only room was no place to disrobe for the night, so they sat up all night by the fire trying to dry their sodden garments. Here the fare was a repetition of what they had eaten at the host's paternal house and they found it hard to satisfy their hunger with what was provided. They eagerly welcomed the cold grey morning when they embarked in Captain Dodge's plunger on the waters of the Bay. A chill wind blew and the clouds settled into a steady drip. The wind failing, they drifted aground off Oysterville and went ashore, putting up at Stevens Hotel. They found good lodging, but could not dry their clothes.

continued on next page

Next morning they set sail before a light wind which soon died out and they lay becalmed in a cold pelting rain till nearly nightfall. Then a breeze sprang up and they made Bruceport. The first man who offered accommodations said he could take the men but not the women and children. (He had no wife.) In their chilled and miserable condition it seemed heartless indeed. While discussing the question, Dr. Johnson came down to the beach and humorously said he could take the women but not the men. So all found shelter from the pitiless storm and good Mrs. Johnson prepared an excellent meal and a warm fire to dry their clothing. To the way-worn women and children this seemed a veritable harbor of refuge. With morning came the inevitable boating. Their next stopping place was at Riverside at Captain Vails. The owners were absent, but Charles Soule was in charge of the place and prepared them a sort of meal. They lodged there and next day reached the home of Solomon Soule and found a warm welcome. The old gentleman getting up in the night to relieve the fearful cough of his daughter-in-law. The long exposure had made it very troublesome. After resting awhile, Samuel Soule went down to the Narrows and occupied a cabin on the north bank of the river. Not long afterwards Timothy Adams, his son John, Samuel P. Soule and Captain Dodge bought of Daniel Wilson a sawmill situated on Mill Creek, also the claim on which it stood. The four owners lived together for nearly a year, repairing the mill and making improvements. The property was then rented to Charles Soule. T.M. Adams took a claim up the river from Captain Vail's which later became the Barstow Place. He continued to reside on it till his health failed after which he lived with his children until his death. Samuel went to Bruceport in April of 1862. Owing to some defect in the title of the place, Daniel Wilson demanded the mill property back again, and it was relinquished. John Adams left for a time, visiting California, Alaska, and British Columbia. On his return, he took a place opposite Captain Vail's, now called St. Pauls. Here he resided until his marriage with Mrs. Vail, John Edmonds coming from the Columbia River to perform the ceremony.



Graphic from Wikimedia Commons

Samuel P. Soule next occupied a homestead on the south side of the Narrows where he lived many years. Charles took the place across the river. In 1870 he married Mirian Melville of Chehalis County. In 1889 he sold his place and went to California, where he still resides. His two oldest sons met a sad fate, being drowned in the Columbia River, whose cruel waters refused to give up their dead. Sanfield married Celia Shippy of Oysterville in 1872. Sometimes they lived in Oysterville and sometimes at Willapa. He was an excellent shipwright. Fred Soule died March 17, 1871 and was buried in the orchard on his father's estate. Annie Soule married a man named Woodard and removed to Chehalis County until her death. She left a son and a daughter.

The donation claim of Solomon Soule and his wife was one of the finest places on the Willapa. Their hospitable doors were always open, not only to members of the family, but strangers were bidden a

cordial welcome. Mr. S. Soule Sr., was a man of more than ordinary intelligence. His wife was universally esteemed for her kindness and cheerfulness. Solomon died suddenly of heart failure, falling on his own doorstep. He was buried with Masonic honors. The large concourse of friends and neighbors gathered at his burial showed the respect and esteem in which he was held, and marked the sympathy felt for his family, the many children and grandchildren who wept around his tomb. He was a man of fine appearance, and possessed that gentle courtesy so charming in old gentlemen. Mrs. Lydia Bessie Soule died at the home of her son, Sanfield, at Ilwaco. Her remains were brought and laid beside her husband and son on the old homestead.

Samuel P. Soule sold his home at the Narrows and removed up the valley, buying a few acres from Job Bullard on which he erected a comfortable residence and had every prospect of enjoying a serene old age. But the physical affliction which fell on the partner of his checkered career cast a shadow over all their otherwise pleasant surroundings. Of their children, Axia, born in Oregon, lies buried at Riverside, where are clustered a few graves of deceased pioneers. Later some of these were removed to Fern Hill near Menlo. Little Merrill sleeps under the sod of Tualatin Plains and Janie, a winsome girl of fourteen years, tenants a spot in "God's Acre" at South Bend. The remaining eight sons and a daughter are all residents of Willapa Valley. Five are married and a goodly number of grandchildren are welcome guests of their beloved grandparents. END

Oysters and Lobsters and Eels! Oh my!

What we know about the 1621 autumn feast comes mainly from a letter written that same year by Edward Winslow which was sent to England with a group of documents now called Mourt's Relation. Not only does Winslow mention the three day feast, but he also discusses the various types of grain, meat, fish, vegetables, and fruits available to the Pilgrims as well as the types of food travelers to New England might want to bring with them. Excerpts from the letter are reproduced below. You can read the full letter, which was transcribed by Caleb Johnson, in the Autumn 2009 issue of the Soule Kindred Newsletter (Vol. XXXXIII, No. 4) or on Caleb's website (mayflowerhistory.com). Ever wonder how the Pilgrims prepared their food? You'll find some 17th century recipes on the next page. Sourced oysters for Thanksgiving, anyone?

Loving, and old Friend; although I received no letter from you by this ship, yet forasmuch as I know you expect the performance of my promise, which was, to write unto you truly and faithfully of all things. I have therefore at this time sent unto you accordingly. Referring you for further satisfaction to our more large relations.

...We set the last spring some twenty acres of Indian corn, and sowed some six acres of barley and peas, and according to the manner of the Indians, we manured our ground with herrings or rather shads, which we have in great abundance, and take with great ease at our doors. Our corn did prove well, and God be praised, we had a good increase of Indian corn, and our barley indifferent good, but our peas not worth the gathering, for we feared they were too late sown, they came up very well, and blossomed, but the sun parched them in the blossom; our harvest being gotten in, our governor sent four men on fowling, that so we might after a more special manner rejoice together, after we had gathered the fruit of our labors; they four in one day killed as much fowl, as with a little help beside, served the company almost a week, at which time amongst other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and among the rest their greatest King Massasoit, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation and bestowed on our governor, and upon the captain, and others. And although it be not always so plentiful, as it was at this time with us, yet by the goodness of God, we are so far from want, that we often wish you partakers of our plenty. We have found the Indians very faithful in their covenant of peace with us; ...we entertain them familiarly in our houses, and they as friendly bestowing their venison on us.



...I never in my life remember a more seasonable year, than we have here enjoyed: and if we have once but kine, horses, and sheep, I make no question, but men might live as contented here as in any part of the world. For fish and fowl, we have great abundance, fresh cod in the summer is but coarse meat with us, our bay is full of lobsters all the summer, and affordeth variety of other fish; in September we can take a hogshead of eels in a night, with small labor, and can dig them out of their beds, all the winter we have mussels and othus at our doors: oysters we have none near, but we can have them brought by the Indians when we will; all the springtime the earth sendeth forth naturally very good sallet herbs: here are grapes, white and red, and very sweet and strong also. Strawberries, gooseberries, raspas, etc. Plums of three sorts, with black and red, being almost as good as a damson: abundance of roses, white, red, and damask: single, but very sweet indeed;....

...Now because I expect your coming unto us with other of our friends, whose company we much desire, I thought good to advertise you of a few things needful; be careful to have a very good bread-room to put your biscuits in, let your cask for beer and water be iron-bound for the first tire if not more; let not your meat be dry-salted, none can better do it than the sailors; let your meal be so hard trod in your cask that you shall need an adz or hatchet to work it out with: trust not too much on us for corn at this time, for by reason of this last company that came, depending wholly upon us, we shall have little enough till harvest; be careful to come by some of your meal to spend by the way, it will much refresh you,....

...bring every man a musket or fowling-piece, let your piece be long in the barrel, and fear not the weight of it, for most of our shooting is from stands; bring juice of lemons, and take it fasting, it is of good use; for hot waters, aniseed water is the best, but use it sparingly: if you bring anything for comfort in the country, butter or sallet oil, or both is very good; our Indian corn even the coarsest, maketh as pleasant meat as rice, therefore spare that unless to spend by the way; ... let your shot be most for big fowls, and bring store of powder and shot: I forbear further to write for the present, hoping to see you by the next return, so I take my leave, commending you to the Lord for a safe conduct unto us. Resting in Him

Plymouth in New England
this 11 of December.
1621.

Your loving Friend
E. W.

The Dressing and Ordering of Meate, in Good and Wholesome Manner: Some 17th Century English Recipes



To bake Eeles. After you have drawne your Eeles, chop them into small pieces of three or foure inches, and season them with Pepper, Salt and Ginger, and so put them into a coffin with a good lump of Butter, great Raysins, Onions small chopt, and so close it, bake it, and serve it up.

To boile a Mallard. To boile a Mallard curiously, take the Mallard when it is faire dressed, washed and trust, and put it one a spit and rost it till you can get the gravy out of it; then take it from the spit and boile it, then take the best of the broth in a pipkin, and the gravy which you saved, with a peece of sweete butter and Currants, Vineger, Sugar, Pepper and grated bread: Thus boile all these together, and when the Mallard is boiled sufficiently, lay it on a dish with sippets, and the broth upon it, and so serve it forth.

Sauce for a Mallard. Take a good store of onions, pill them, and slice them, and put them into Vinegar, and boyle them very well till they be tender; then put into it a good lump of sweete Butter, and season it well with Sugar and Cinamon, and so serve it up with the Fowle.



To sowce Oysters. Take out the meat of the greatest Oysters: save the liquor that commeth from them, and streine it into an earthen Pipkin: put into it halfe a pinte of white Wine, and halfe a pinte of white Wine vinegar: put in some whole Pepper, and sliced Ginger. Boyle all these together with two or three Cloaves, when it hath boyled a little, put in your Oysters, and let them boyle two or three walmes, but not too much. Then take them up, and let the sirrurp stand untill it be cold: then put in your Oysters, and so you may keepe them all the yeere.



To roast Venison. If you roast any Venison after you have washt it, & clensed al blood from it, you shal sticke it with cloves all over on the out side; and if it be leane you shall larde it either with Mutton larde, or Porke larde, but mutton is the best: then spit it and roast it by a good soking fire, then take Vinegar, bread crummes, and some of the gravy, which comes from the Venison, and boile them well in a dish: then season it with sugar, cinamon, ginger, and salt, And serve the Venison forth upon the sauce when it is roasted enough



A Sallet of Rosebuds and Clove Gillyflowers. Pick Rose-buds, and put them into an earthen Pipkin, with White-wine, vinegar and Sugar: so may you use Cowslips, Violets, or Rose-mary-flowers.

A Cherrie Tart. Take the fairest Cherries you can get, and picke them cleane from leaves and stalkes; then spread out you coffin as for your Pippin-tart, and cover the bottome with Suger; then cover those Cherries with Sugar, some sticks of Cinamon and cloves, till the coffin be filled up; then cover it, and bake it in all points as the codling and pipping tart, and so serve it; and in the same manner you may make Tarts of Gooseberries, Strawberries, Rasberries, Bilberries, or any other Berrie whatsoever.



Sources:

17th Century Recipes at godecookery.com.

Gervase Markham, *Country Contentments, or the English Huswife: containing the Inward and Outward Vertues which ought to be in a Compleate Woman* (London, 1623). Accessed on line at LSE Digital Library (<http://digital.library.lse.ac.uk/objects/lse:heh898zor>).

Photographs from Wikimedia Commons.



Calling All Soules!

It's Time to Start Making Plans to Attend the 2015 Reunion.

Soule Kindred Reunion October 22-24, 2015 Ft. Wayne, IN

Join us for the Soule Kindred 2015 reunion in Fort Wayne, IN, on **Thursday, October 22nd**, **Friday, October 23rd** and **Saturday, October 24th**, to meet your cousins, learn about Soule descendants who live(d) in the area, and conduct genealogy research at the Allen County Public Library. The library's Fred J. Reynolds Historical Genealogy Department is the largest public genealogy department in North America. The basic schedule for the reunion is shown below. Every minute is not set in stone, however. So if there is an activity you would like to see added, or if you have any questions, please feel free to contact host Virginia Hayes at vlhayes46755@yahoo.com or (260) 347-2412.

Thursday, October 22, 2015

- 4:00 PM Registration opens for attendees
Dinner on your own
- 6:00 PM Get acquainted and reunion schedule overview
at Allen County Public Library
- 6:30 PM Membership meeting
- 7:15 PM Soule Kindred Family Tree Database Presentation
- 8:00 PM Library tour



Allen County Public Library

Friday, October 23, 2015

- 9:00 AM Option 1: Use library for research. Lunch on your own.
Option 2: Short stops at three cemeteries in Angola, IN; short presentations about Soule, Soules, Solles, Sowle, and Sowles families in the area. Lunch at Timbuktoo in Fremont, IN (each person buys his/her own lunch). Stop at the Auburn Cord Deussenburg Museum in Auburn, IN, and the National Auto and Truck Museum next door.
- 4:00 PM Return to Fort Wayne (Option 2)
- 6:00 PM Reunion Banquet
- 7:00 PM Show and Tell - Present items that came from your Soule ancestors (including grandparents or parents) or tell stories you remember about your Soule ancestors if you don't have an item to bring.

Saturday, October 24, 2015

- 9:00 AM Botanical Garden tour followed by a walking tour of downtown Fort Wayne.
- 12:00 PM Check out of hotel unless you are staying longer. Lunch on your own - informal gathering
- PM Travel home

A block of rooms is available for reunion attendees at the **Hilton Grand Wayne** (260-420-1100), Fort Wayne, IN. The rate is \$119.00/per night, including breakfast for up to two people per room. This special rate also applies for up to two nights prior to the reunion and two nights after the reunion. Further reservation information will be provided in the next issue of the newsletter. Fort Wayne is easily accessible by driving or flying. It is 18 miles from the Ohio border, 50 miles from the Michigan border, and 122 miles from Indianapolis. Fort Wayne International Airport is served by the following airlines: Allegiant, American, Delta, and United.

Fort Wayne, located in the northeast corner of Indiana, has a population of just under 257,000 and is home to 15 museums and art galleries, the Allen County Public Library, a botanical garden, and the gravesite of John "Johnny Appleseed" Chapman, among other attractions. Three families named Sowle were living in nearby Stueben County by the 1840 census.

This and That

f

Doris Ellen Clark, age 83, passed away on August 24, 2014, in Kansas City, KS. She was a native of Montpelier, OH. Doris graduated from Lincoln Christian University in Lincoln, IL, with a degree in music and taught piano for over 50 years. She was a member of the Lyon County Genealogy Association and the Piano Music Teachers Association of Kansas.

Doris (George, George, Nathaniel, Sylvanus, William, Joseph, Joseph, Harriet Melissa (Soule) Ewers, Adolphus, Flora Mae (Ewers) Millard, Lowell Adolphus) joined Soule Kindred in 1983.

f

Give the Gift of Membership

If you're looking for something unique for friends and family, consider a Soule Kindred gift membership. It's a gift that gives all year, supporting our work while informing your loved ones about their family history. To purchase a membership as a gift or for yourself, simply visit **soulekindred.org**. Memberships are essential to our present and future as we honor the past.

VVV

Give a Donation

And support the preservation of Soule heritage for future generations. To donate online, visit **soulekindred.org**, click on Donate, and choose the Colonel John Soule Research and Publication Fund, the Soule Kindred Memorial Scholarship Fund or the General Support Fund.

Meet the Soule Kindred

Board of Directors

Officers

Helen A. Soulé
President

Jo Anne Makely
Vice President

Julia S. Holden
Secretary

Judith A. Hughes
Treasurer

Directors

Judith A. Hughes
Karen L. McNally
Julia S. Holden
Jo Anne Makely
Charles E. Soule
Keith Kingman
Helen A. Soulé
Jeanette Taylor

Contact Information

General Information:
info@soulekindred.org

Biennial Reunion:
reunion@soulekindred.org

Membership:
membership@soulekindred.org

Newsletter Editor:
editor@soulekindred.org

Soule Family Tree Project:
familytree@soulekindred.org

Volunteer:
volunteer@soulekindred.org

WANTED: YOUR JANUARY 1, 2015 MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS

Those members whose annual membership renews on January 1, 2015, have received, or will soon be receiving, their renewal forms in the mail. Please send your renewal to the address shown on the form or renew online at **www.soulekindred.org**. If you have not previously renewed online, just sign in using your e-mail address and password. After signing in, click on **SETTINGS** at the top of the page, then click on **Subscription** and follow the instructions to securely send your payment through our PayPal account.

VVV

SOULE KINDRED HELD ITS ANNUAL MEETING VIA TELEPHONE CONFERENCE CALL ON OCTOBER 25, 2014.

Members can access a recording of the Annual Meeting on the website at **www.soulekindred.org**.

VVV

THE FEDERATION OF GENEALOGICAL SOCIETIES (FGS) AND ROOTSTECH

are joining together for a special genealogy event at the Salt Palace Convention Center in Salt Lake City, February 11-14, 2015. Go to **www.fgsconference.org** to learn more about this exciting event.

Soule Kindred in America, Inc.
1348 E. Vinedo Ln.
Tempe, AZ 85284-1667

Non-Profit Org.
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
NEW BRUNSWICK, NJ
PERMIT NO. 1826

*Sauce for a Quaile, Raile, or any fat big
bird, is Claret Wine and Salt mixt together
with the gravie of the Bird, and a few fine
bread-crummes well boild together, and
either a Sage-leafe, or Bay-leafe crusht
among it according to mens' tastes.*

*Country Contentments, or the
English Huswife: containing the
Inward and Outward Vertues
which ought to be in a Compleate
Woman (London, 1623)*



Happy Thanksgiving!