

Palmes

Andrew Palmes

Born: May 6, 1755 in New London, Conn.

Parents: Bryan Palmes (1714-1766) and Sarah Savell (1717-____)

Children of Bryan and Sarah Palmes

Bryan	1751		1754
Andrew (t)	1755	m Sarah Mattocks	1846
Samuel (t)	1755	m Mary Foster	1848

NOTES

Bryan Palmes (1714) was born November 7 in New London, Connecticut, and died April 12, 1756, also in New London.

Sarah Savell (1717) was first married to Thomas Way (1714-1747) in 1737. Their children were Sarah (b&d 1738), John (1740-1831), Sarah (1742-1818), Abigail 1744-1746), and Thomas (1746-1747). She and Bryan Palmes were married in 1750.

Samuel Palmes (1755) was Andrew's twin. He married Mary Foster (1756-1824) of New London and had seven children: Samuel, Guy, John, Mary, George, Oliver, and Chauncey. He was a saddler and trunk maker.

Andrew Palmes (1755)

m July 24, 1782 in Connecticut

Sarah Mattocks (1765-1852)

Children of Andrew and Sarah Palmes

Samuel	1783	m Dency Nicholson (1808)	1812
Mary "Polly"	1786	m Reuben Wallace (1806)	1864
Anna	1788	m Samuel Chipman (1810)	1866
Sarah "Sally"	1791	m David Pierpont (1812)	1860
Lucy	1794	m Reuben Hickox (1830)	c.1848
Theodosia	1796	m 1) Orra DeLong (1817)	1883
		m 2) Adam Willis	
George	1799	m Janet Churchill	1845
Eliza	1802	m 1) James Dixson (1822)	1878
		m 2) William Perine	
Amelia	1805	m William Fitch Reed (1822)	1877
Susan	1808		1872
Edward	1811	m 1) Mary Ann Gilbert	1891
		m 2) Emeline Ostrander	

Death

Andrew: April 11, 1846 in Richmond; bur. Richmond Center Cemetery

Sarah: October 2, 1852 in Richmond, bur. Richmond Center Cemetery

About Andrew Palmes

Much may be learned of Andrew's life from his obituary, which was printed in a Canandaigua newspaper April 27, 1846, two weeks after his death.

Another Soldier Of The Revolution Gone. It is now seldom that we are called upon to record the departure, from among us, of any of those worthies of a bygone age, who took part in that glorious struggle which achieved our country's independence. Only a few of that band of patriots survive: and those few, like the last leaves of Autumn, withered, and have awaited their allotted time, until they now tremble in the blast of life's winter -- having seemingly outlived the generation in which they belonged. But as one after another of this venerated few passes away to that silent home where his kindred in arms have gone before him, it is natural, as well as profitable for us to revert back, from the joyous present, to those days of gloom, when our Revolutionary sires toiled, and suffered, and bled, and died, for our country's welfare.

Andrew Palmes, a soldier of the Revolution, and the subject of this obituary notice, was born in the town of New London Connecticut, on the sixth day of May, 1755; the year after the commencement of the "French And Indian War". He had a twin brother, Samuel, whom he so much resembled, that even their mother could not distinguish one from the other, when they were dressed alike, except on close examination. Many anecdotes are related of each having been mistaken for the other, not only in youth, but even after they had grown up to manhood. When Andrew's children first saw their uncle, they supposed it was their own father and having just returned from school they began the familiarities with him, when suddenly their father returned from an adjoining room. Completely astounded they ran to their mother, whom they accosted with "Mother! Mother! Have we two fathers?"

The father of the brothers died when they were but eleven years old, leaving a comfortable property for the widow and children, but which through mismanagement, was wasted; and at the age of fourteen Andrew was bound to learn the trade of shoemaking in his native village of New London. Here he remained until 1775, the commencement of the war of the Revolution; when fired with patriotic zeal on hearing the news of the battle of Lexington, he enlisted in the army for eight months, and immediately proceeded to join the American forces, then besieging the British in Boston.

Most of the remaining obituary is a long quotation of a memoir written by Andrew's granddaughter Helen Palmes Moss. She recorded that her grandfather "enlisted a second time [in the Continental Line] for a year. He was attached to one of the companies that took possession of Dorchester Heights on the memorable 4th of March 1776, and when the British were compelled to evacuate Boston, he proceeded with the Army to New York." Here he was "engaged in several skirmishes with the enemy" and here he suffered from time to time with "bilious fever."

Service at Sea

At the close of Andrew's enlistment with the Army, he signed on for service at sea. His first assignment as Sergeant of Marines aboard the *Warren*, did not materialize and

early in 1777 he was transferred to the *Confederacy*, a 36-gun frigate berthed in New London. Due to a delay in the sailing of this vessel, he was reassigned once more, taken aboard a privateer captained by Hezekiah Perkins. He continued aboard the privateer for nearly two years, during which time they made many successful cruises, principally to the West Indies. In 1778, while cruising the Caribbean, his vessel was captured by a British ship and taken into Port Royal on the Island of Jamaica.

Captured by the British

He and several other American seamen were taken from Jamaica by a British gang and impressed into service on board the enemy ship *Lyon*. Not long afterward, a fierce battle ensued between the *Lyon* and a French ship, during which fifty men aboard the *Lyon* were killed and 300 were wounded. Two of those injured were at the same gun at which Andrew was stationed. The *Lyon* was so damaged that she with difficulty reached Port Royal. After repairs were made, she was ready for sea again and in company with several other British vessels she sailed around the Caribbean, capturing several ships -- a Dutch Schooner, a French Frigate, and nine American vessels (of which eight were from Andrew's home state of Connecticut.)

Escape

While the *Lyon* lay off the east end of the island of Cuba, Andrew, in company with three other Americans, seized an opportunity to escape. During a dark night the four men "very secretly let themselves down from the vessel, determined to swim ashore or perish in the attempt...The distance was so great that they were in the water a long time, and when they reached the shore they were several times washed back into the ocean by the receding waves. One of the men, the best swimmer among them, found a watery grave. The other three, though nearly exhausted, finally effected a landing and in the darkness commenced their march toward the interior of the island over a barren waste, nearly destitute of clothing and without food or water.

"They soon met with two Irishmen who had been sent on shore a day or two previous for water and had likewise deserted. The five traveled together four days without finding anything to eat. On the fifth day they found twelve turtle eggs and a few plantains which they divided amongst themselves and greedily devoured. They finally reached a Negro plantation, where they were kindly passed from one plantation to another until they reached Havana." In Havana they were arrested on the suspicion that they were English spies, but after being closely questioned the whole party was released.

Return Home

Andrew enlisted onboard an American privateer, and during a short cruise his ship was successful in making two captures. Andrew's share of the prize money netted him forty dollars. This money did not last him long, as he contracted a serious fever and had to pay the physician's fee. Finding transport aboard another ship, he arrived in Baltimore in 1780, "sick and [nearly] penniless."

In Baltimore he worked at his trade of shoemaker until he'd earned fifteen dollars. At that time he set out on foot for New London. He was still suffering on and off with fever and at times "he fell into the hands of Tories." Most of these men he characterized as "perfect land sharks," though others were kindly. "Sometimes a meal of victuals was given him and at other times he paid for it exorbitantly. In one instance [he was charged] eighteen dollars Continental Money for breakfast."

In his old age he often recounted his wartime exploits and in his memory “fought his battles o'er again.” When telling of these events to his family, he said, “I was finally spared to see my Mother. She had long before buried me but I came to her as one from the grave.”

NOTES

Sarah Mattocks (1765) was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 13, 1765, the daughter of James (1733) and Sarah Mattocks.

Samuel Palmes (1783) was born December 31, 1783 in Litchfield, Connecticut. He married in Connecticut Dency Nicholson (1788-1851) and had two daughters: Mary (1809), and Sally (1811).

Mary Palmes (1786) was born in Litchfield, Connecticut February 13, 1786. She married Reuben Wallace (1783-1865) in Connecticut. The family settled about 1820 in Dansville (Steuben County), New York. Her children were William (1807), Julia (1808), Reuben (1811), Amelia (1812), and Orra (1822). In a tribute to his mother one of the sons wrote: “No other children were blest with a better mother...She was one of the good old aunties that was an auntie to all that knew her, the kindred now living that can remember her call her blessed, the dear old soul.”

Anna Palmes (1788) was born October 8, 1788, in Litchfield, Connecticut. About 1810 she married Samuel Chipman (1788-1864), the son of Lemuel Chipman (1754-1831) and Sinai Fitch (1767-1841). Samuel was a cousin of William F. Reed (husband of Anna's sister Amelia); their mothers were sisters. (In 1810 Samuel and Anna were living in the household of his father in Richmond.)

They lived in Honeoye Falls and in Rochester. Samuel was a noted temperance advocate. In 1834 he visited every jail and poor house in New York State and compiled a list of statistics showing the deleterious effects of alcohol intoxication. In a pamphlet of 96 pages he outlined his conclusions, showing “conclusively” that “there would be almost no crime, no pauperism, and no taxes, but for the distiller and the rum seller.” Encouraging all to become “Cold Water Drinkers” Samuel advised “Americans! Would you be healthy, happy, and free?! Abandon the whole tribe of intoxicating drinks. Confine yourselves to the pure element that springs from your thousand hills, and flows through your beautiful valleys, and was designed by a wise and bountiful Providence, to quench the thirst and promote the health of this creatures.”

Anna's children were Tapping Reeve (1811), Wilhelmus (1814), and Edward (1819). Tapping was named in honor of the husband of Sarah Burr, the only sister of Aaron Burr. Tapping Reeve Chipman grew up to be an Episcopal minister in White Plains, New York. The two younger boys were born in Richmond. Samuel Chipman died in Honeoye Falls and was buried in the West Avenue Cemetery in Canandaigua. Anna died two years later at the home of her son Tapping in White Plains; she is buried beside her husband.

Sarah “Sally” Palmes (1791) was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, May 25, 1791. She married David Pierpont (1788-1862) in Connecticut. David was a second cousin of Aaron Burr (1756) and his sister Sarah (1754). Sarah Burr married Tapping Reeve, a prominent lawyer in New England. Sally's first son, David A. Pierpont, was born in Connecticut in 1815. The next year she and David, with their infant son, came to

Richmond, where they settled at Allen's Hill. She had three more children: Frances (1818), Caroline (1821), and Ogden (1824).

David bought the Bemis farm and Gideon Gates' tavern. After completing the building of the tavern he inaugurated the operation of a stage coach line between Canandaigua and Perry. He was a talented cabinet maker in Allen's Hill. In 1828 he bought the house and farm of Lemuel Chipman, on the northeast corner of Abbey Road and Pierpont Road. She died March 31, 1860, and her husband David two years later April 3, 1862. They are both buried in Allen's Hill Cemetery.

Lucy Palmes (1794) was born January 26, 1794, in Litchfield, Connecticut. She was in her early twenties when she came to Richmond with her parents and younger siblings. In 1830, in Allen's Hill, she married Reuben Hickox (1790-1848) of Avon. They settled in Avon where their three children were born; Sarah (1832), Burton (1834), and Amelia (1835). They later lived in Leicester (Livingston County), New York, where Reuben and Lucy both died about the same time.

Theodosia Palmes (1796) was born December 5, 1796, in Litchfield. In the 1860s her grandson, Herman W. DeLong, wrote his "Boyhood Reminiscences" in which he mentioned that his grandmother "was named after the daughter of Aaron Burr" (third vice-president of the United States). Theodosia Burr was thirteen years old when her namesake was born, and DeLong wrote that "when a young girl [she] often held my grandmother on her lap down in Connecticut."

At Allen's Hill Theodosia married Orra DeLong (1793-1821) in her early twenties. DeLong never knew his grandfather, but he heard stories of him from Mrs. Lyman Cook (Hannah Chipman, the daughter of Cyrus Chipman, and the wife of Dansville's Richmond-trained doctor). Mrs. Cook knew Orra "when she was a girl over at Allen's Hill...and he was a young carpenter lately emigrated from the east. This was about 1815 and she would tell [me] of the parties and dances and singing schools where she met him, and once she said, 'Why, Hermie, your grandfather was the handsomest man and the best singer I ever saw,' and sitting on a kitchen chair waiting for the cow, I would swell up with pride tinged with regret that I had never seen this paragon progenitor." For Orra DeLong, an early pioneer of Indiana, died there of fever at age twenty-seven. His wife Theodosia and their only son George (1818-1907) returned to New York.

Theodosia married Adam Willis (1790-1870) and had three more children: Elizabeth (1832), David (1834), and William (1836). They settled in Honeoye Falls, then relocated to Dansville about 1850.

George Palmes (1799) was born November 25, 1799, in Litchfield, Connecticut. He married Janet Churchill (1803-1861) in Connecticut; they had three children: Andrew (1823), George (1828), and Edward (1843). The two older boys were probably born in Richmond, Edward was born in St. Joseph County, Michigan, where the family settled in the 1830s, and where George died in 1845.

Eliza Palmes (1802) was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, on August 2, 1802. She was eighteen when her family moved to Richmond in 1820. She married James Dixson of Honeoye Falls and there her children were born -- four sons and a daughter: Alexander Hamilton (1824), Edward (1827; he became a judge in Colorado), Elizabeth (1830; she did not survive her mother), James (1832), and George (1834). After the death of her husband, Eliza married William Perine (1793-1877) of Dansville. Though she died in Dansville, she is buried in the Honeoye Falls Cemetery next to her first husband.

Amelia Palmes (1805) was born February 1, 1805, in Litchfield, Connecticut. She was fifteen when her family came to Richmond. On January 2, 1823, she married William Fitch Reed (1800-1862), son of Philip Reed (1756-1828) and Margaret Fitch (1763-1833). William was a cousin of Samuel Chipman (husband of Amelia's sister Anna), their mothers were sisters. Their children were Caroline (1824), Samuel (1827), Theodosia (1829), Martha (1833), Edward (1835), Charles (1839), and Francis (1843). They lived in Richmond, in the home that William built in 1827 on the west side of Reed Road, about a mile south of the intersection of Richmond Mills Road. She died November 4, 1877 in Richmond and is buried in the Richmond Center Cemetery.

Her son Charles E. Reed was in the Civil War. (His letters are on display in the H-RHS Museum.) He is the grandfather of Charles Blackmer.

Susan Palmes (1808) was born July 21, 1808, in Litchfield, Connecticut. When she was about twelve her family moved to Richmond. She never married, but -- being the youngest daughter -- stayed at home with her ageing parents. After their deaths, she settled in Dansville, near her brother Edward and sisters Eliza and Theodosia. Her grand-nephew, Herman W. DeLong, wrote of her in his memoir: "I remember once before Christmas of going [to Wetmore's Drug Store] with my great Aunt Susan... and buying a little red painted ship with a man on deck, for a cent. A word about Aunt Susan. She was father's aunt and a sister to Uncle Edward. She was a tailoress of great skill and was always busy, a perfect example of the last century type of old maid... She lived in a little house around on Adams street all by herself, and I loved to go and see her. She was very good to me and I had free range whenever I came. Everything about the house was diminutive, the cookstove was almost a toy it was so tiny. The rooms were little and neat as wax, and a china statuette of Napoleon (possibly it was Wellington) on the mantel shelf beside the clock gave a touch to the interior of her workroom that suited me exactly. She had a foot stove that on cold Sunday mornings she would carry to church, this filled with live coals would keep her feet comfortable, for the big wood stoves only heated the upper air and that very imperfectly. When she ventured forth of an evening to deliver finished garments, make a social call, or feed her soul at prayer meeting she would carry a queer lantern made of tin and perforated all about with small holes that let out the light of a tallow candle to show her the way. Aunt Susan was fat and jolly, with all the Palmes love for a joke -- so long as it wasn't on her. She and Uncle Ed were always exchanging shafts of wit and the latter would chuckle mightily when he got a good one on Susan..."

Susan's niece, Helen Palmes Moss (the daughter of Susan's brother Edward), also wrote fondly of her aunt: "Susan was a devoted daughter, sacrificing her own happiness that she might care for the father and mother who so depended upon her, refusing advantageous offers of marriage while they lived and then death occurred so late in life that Susan's chances for home and husband was gone. She yielded to my father's wish that she come to Dansville for the remainder of her days, where, he, her only living brother could care for her. She had been alone so much, her wish was granted that she have her own little home near Edward. She was carefully looked after until her death. I was at home then... I used to stay days with her, during her brief illness while father stayed nights, he was devoted to her... My father was the youngest child and Susan's baby brother and in early childhood her constant companion and playmate. It was only natural they should love each other... It is only fitting that his oldest living daughter

should speak kindly words for the dear old Auntie. She died in Dansville, September 2, 1872. 'Blessed are the pure in heart.'"

Edward Palmes (1811) was born November 17, 1811, in Litchfield, Connecticut, the youngest of eleven children. When he was nine years old, his family moved to Richmond. He married first Mary Ann Gilbert of Honeoye Falls (1811-1856) and they settled in Dansville. Mary Ann had two daughters: Frances (1836) and Mary Helen (1840-1931). Mary Ann died in 1856 and Edward married Emeline Ostrander (1821-1917) the next year. Emma's children were George (1858) and Anna (1861). (Anna had a stillborn twin sister.) After the death of Edward's sister Susan, he and his family settled in St. Paul, Minnesota.

In his late seventies, Edward wrote a personal memoir:

I was the youngest of a family of three sons and eight daughters, all born in Litchfield, Connecticut. I was the Benjamin of the family, the son of father's old age, he being fifty-four when I was born. My earliest recollections of him are, as an old man with hair thick, bushy and white as snow. When I was sixteen, father almost seventy, he and I were at work at the rear end of the farm. Father said "Ed, let's run a race to the house, if you win I will give you the homestead". Off we started; he stepped so high and so awkwardly, I got to laughing so I fell down and thus lost the race and did not get the homestead.

He and my mother were both members of Doctor Beecher's Church, and Henry Ward Beecher, myself and the these incorrigibles of the community used to occupy the front seat of the old sanctuary, directly under the surveillance of the worthy old Doctor himself. When my father moved to Richmond I was then nine years old and the long sleigh ride from Litchfield, Connecticut to New York is one of my pleasant recollections.

It was after settling down to farm life in the old log house in Western New York that father's revolutionary stories began to make an impression on me. With Sister Susan on one knee and myself on the other, he would sit before the big fire place and with a pitcher of cider (with just a little red pepper in it) warming in the hearth, would sing, "My name was Captain Kidd as I sailed, as I sailed" then the genial warmth of the back coupled with the mild influence of the cider cleared away the mists of years and brought back recollection of long ago. He would relate reminiscences of Revolutionary days that are clear to my mind as if it were but yesterday.

All my brothers and sisters have passed away and I alone am left. It seems to me that I am a sort of rusty link connecting the past with the present -- but never mind it will be all right some time. [Father's] personal recollections of the old Revolutionary times which [he] often related to me in time past, is a pleasing memory and stands as a monument to the perils and privations of those troublesome times.

Edward's son George, after reading his father's account of the "olden days", later wrote: "A few summers ago when I visited the old burial ground and stood at the grave of my grandfather reading on his simple tombstone 'Andrew Palmes, a soldier of the Revolution' I more fully appreciated the value of these written words of my father."