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Re-unions of the Davis,
Noble, Kinder families

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Re-Unions

OF THE

Davis, Noble, Kinder

Families



Held at

Bethel M. E. Church

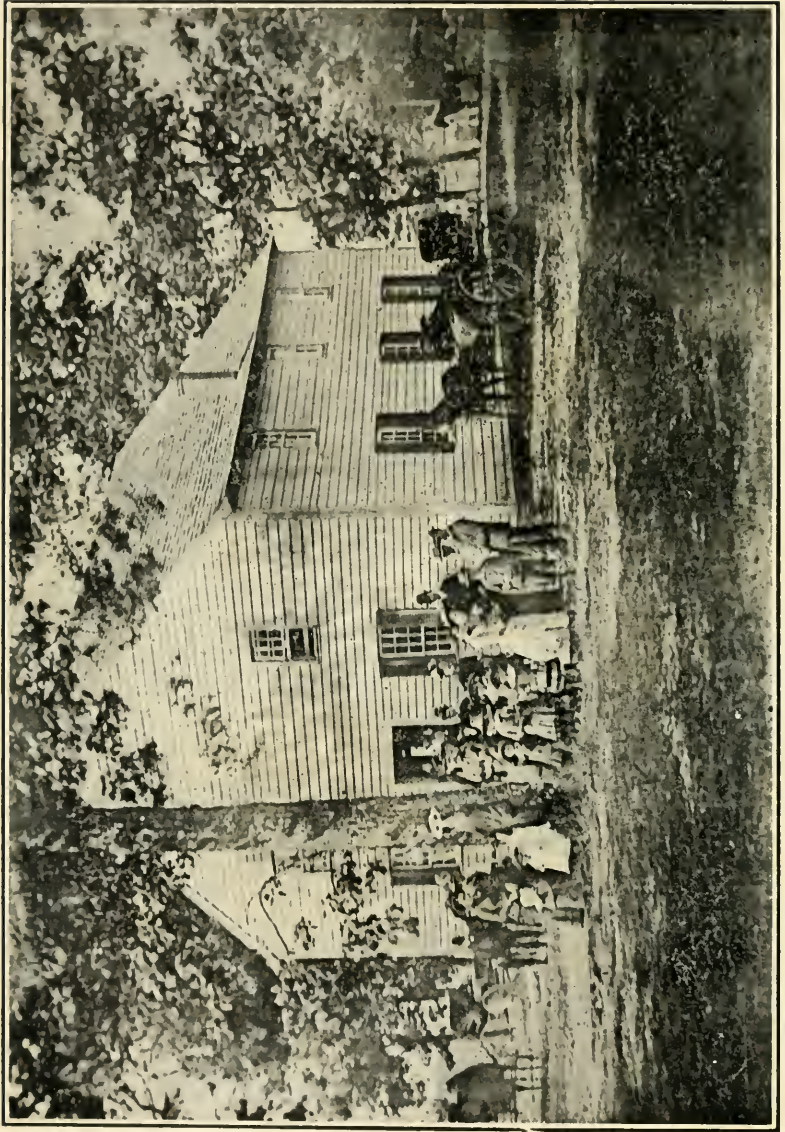
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OLD BETHEL CHURCH.

First Re-Union

RE-UNION OF THE Davis, Noble and Kinder Families

Held at Bethel M. E. Church

October 27th, 1885.



EARLY in the eighteenth century, allured by the salubrity of the climate, the fertility of the soil and the beneficent government of William Penn and Lord Baltimore, there settled within a radius of ten miles from a point midway between Bridgeville, Sussex County, Delaware, and Federalsburg, Caroline County, Maryland, three families the descendents of whom, now numbered by the hundreds, have literally made the wilderness blossom as the rose, and have given character and distinctiveness to that section of country. Although one of the families, the Noble, was originally of the followers of George Fox and Wm. Penn, all three of the families, the Davis and Kinder, especially, early joined the societies of John Wesley, and, accordingly, in 1781 built themselves a neat and commodious house of worship, called at first, Brown's Chapel, but afterwards named Bethel; and it has been in reality a very "House of God" to thousands who have already gone to worship in the "Upper Sanctuary." The old house is still standing and in a very good state of preservation, although not more than \$700 have been spent in repairs since it was first built; the picture forming the frontispiece to this pamphlet gives a very good view of the time-honored sanctuary. The centennial

of its existence was celebrated with appropriate ceremonies in a three days meeting in August, 1881.

During a recent visit of Rev. Edward Davis, the present pastor of the old church, to Dr. Jacob L. Noble, of Taylor's Island, Dorchester County, Maryland, the Dr. broached the idea of a re-union of the three families, at the time-honored sanctuary, Bethel. Mr. Davis, at his next appointment, mentioned the conversation between the Dr. and himself and asked for an expression of the sentiments of the congregation, which was a unanimous one in favor of such a re-union, and the time set, October 27th. A committee of arrangements was subsequently appointed, composed of Mrs. Mary Davis, Mr. Joseph T. Davis, Mrs. Castelia Corbin, Mrs. Emily Davis, Mr. S. Maddux Noble and Mr. and Mrs. Isaac S. Warren, to which committee Rev. Edward Davis was afterwards added. The committee met and elected Mr. E. Frank Davis, of Federalsburg, to have charge of the singing, and Mrs. James H. Davis, of Federalsburg, to preside at the organ; they also adopted following programme which, on October 27th, was carried into execution.

PROGRAMME.

Voluntary by Miss Bertie Davis.

Organization, by electing Rev. P. H. Rawlins to the chair, and Isaac S. Warren, Secretary.

Anthem, "Jerusalem My Glorious Home."

Prayer by Rev. W. W. Morgan.

Singing, No. 1105, Methodist Hymnal.

Historical sketch of Davis family, by Rev. Edward Davis.

Singing by Rev. Edward Davis and family, "Lead Me Gently Home, Father."

Singing, No. 789, Hymnal.

RECESS UNTIL 1.30 O'CLOCK, P. M.

Voluntary by Miss Bertie Davis.

Singing by James H. Davis and family, "Angels are Waiting for Me."

Historical sketch of Kinder family, by Samuel W. Kinder, Esq.

Singing, No. 798, Hymnal.

Historical sketch of Noble family, by Dr. J. L. Noble, represented by Col. James M. McCarter.

Singing, No. 796, Hymnal.

Speech by Rev. P. H. Rawlins.

Singing, No. 442, Hymnal.

Speech by Rev. A. W. Milby, P. E.

Singing by Rev. Edward Davis and family, "God be with you till we meet again."

Speech by Rev. W. S. Robinson, late pastor.

Singing, No. 807, Hymnal.

Dismission by Rev. W. E. England.

Before the meeting came to a close a resolution was adopted appointing a committee to have the proceedings published, consisting of Samuel W. Kinder, Jonathan T. Noble, and Joseph T. Davis, Esqs., to which committee Mr. Isaac S. Warren was afterwards added.

The 27th of October 1885 dawned a beautiful, balmy day, such a day as only October can give; the woods, gorgeous with their autumnal tints, the arrangements perfect, the music inspiring, the speeches stirring, and taken as a whole, a most enjoyable day; the mid-day meal was eaten in the shade of the old trees, which, had, for upwards of a century, cast their shadows athwart the Temple raised by the Fathers.

There were upwards of five hundred persons present, most of whom could lay claim to kinship with one or more of the families; and the reunion of the Davis, Noble and Kinder families, marks an epoch in the local history of this section of the Peninsula.

A Historical Sketch

OF THE

Davis Family

As raised up in the neighborhood of Bethel M. E. Church.

BY REV. E. DAVIS.

In giving a correct historical statement of this family, we ought to be able to go back to the first one of this connection that settled in this country. But of that we have but little information. Therefore, our knowledge of that part is very limited, and, of course, we can say but little. However, we have learned through the older members of the family that we here represent, that about one hundred and fifty years ago, or more, there was a man came over from England, by the name of Solomon Davis, and settled in Dorchester County, Maryland, near what was called at that time "North West Fork Bridge," but now known as the town of Federalsburg. We are informed that this man was married three times, and had born unto him nine children by each wife, making a total of twenty-seven children.

How many of these children lived to grow up to maturity, we have no records to show, or what became of those that did grow up to manhood or womanhood, we have but little knowledge with the exception of one, and that one we here represent to-day in this social gathering, and to this one our sketch will be chiefly confined.

Lemuel Davis, son of Solomon Davis, settled in Caroline County, Maryland, over one hundred years ago, within about two miles of this place where Bethel M. E. Church now stands. He was married to Miss Mary Ann Noble, and raised nine children, six sons and three daughters, by the following names: William, Solomon, Tilghman, Ennals, Caleb, Sovern, Elizabeth, Kitturah and Amelia. Each of these grew up to maturity, married and became the head of families. William Davis had born unto him eleven children, Solomon Davis had born unto him eight children, Tilghman Davis had born unto him nine children, Ennals Davis

had born unto him six children, Caleb P. Davis had born unto him fourteen children, Sovern Davis had born unto him four children, Elizabeth Davis Vickers had born unto her four children, Kitturah Davis Cannon had born unto her three children, Amelia Davis Williams had born unto her two children, making a total of sixty-one grandchildren.

A majority of these grandchildren grew up to manhood and womanhood, and have married and raised up children, so that the number of great-grandchildren of Lemuel Davis far exceeds the number of grandchildren.

From the best information that we have at command, the number of great-grandchildren, born unto Lemuel Davis, was about one hundred and seventy-five and the number of great, great grandchildren, born unto Lemuel Davis, was from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy; so that, if the children, grandchildren, great grandchildren, great, great grandchildren, of Lemuel Davis, were all living and here at this re-union to-day, we should have about 400 persons of the descendants of Lemuel Davis. But all the children of Lemuel Davis have died and passed away many years ago; and of the sixty-one grand children, there are but seven living today; but of the great, and great, great grandchildren, there are many living, but we had no means of ascertaining their accurate number. Lemuel Davis, together with Jacob Kinder and White Brown, were the leading men in the erecting and building of this time-honored Church in which we are assembled to-day, which has been standing now one hundred and four years.

Lemuel Davis was a plain, unassuming christian gentleman, upright in all his dealings with his fellow men; he was also a minister of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, filling the local ranks, as a methodist preacher, with great credit to himself and the church. So that the mantle of this man of God, this father in Israel, has seemingly fallen upon his posterity, for there has been a minister of the gospel connected with this family, and the M. E. Church, and retaining the name of Davis, with the exception of a very short interval, for about one hundred years.

Another feature in connection with this family is worthy of notice, that the great majority of the descendants of Lemuel Davis, have been, and are, members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and are a church-going people.

William Davis, one of the sons of Lemuel Davis, was a very popular local preacher in the M. E. Church, and served the people, at Bethel, faithfully, for many years. The record shows that he married over 200 couples during his ministry.

And we would further state in connection with this family, that, by an allwise Providence, an event has occurred which is very rare in the history of Methodism. That is this; that one of the grand sons of Lemuel Davis has become, and is at this time, the pastor of a people that worship God in the same church that the grandfather took so much interest in building, and in which the grandfather and one of his sons preached the gospel as local preacher for many years. And no doubt this event has had something to do in leading our brother, Dr. Jacob L. Noble, to conceive the idea of proposing this family gathering; we call it a family gathering, because the Nobles, Kinders and Davises have married and intermarried, until it seems almost like one great family, and as we look over these families here assembled to-day, in this time-honored temple, built by the hands of our forefathers, we can truthfully say that we are "not ashamed to call you brethren." And this re-union of these christian families here assembled to-day, causes our minds to go back to many long years ago, and to bring to us, by memory, many pleasant and delightful recollections of the past. It was here, in this temple, this sacred spot, that our fathers and mothers led us, in our childhood days, to hear the joyful sound of the gospel, and the songs of praise, and taught us to worship the true and living God. And while we look over this respectable assembly, and witness such love and christian fellowship that has brought us together at this re-union, it kindles the fire of love in our hearts, and moves us to say that we feel proud that we are Methodists, but prouder still that we are Christians; and we are led to say, in the language of the Psalmist, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard, that went down to the skirts of his garments; as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion, for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."

But this re-union at Bethel is only for a day; we meet here in these happy greetings, and spend a few delightful hours together as christian friends, but in a few hours we will have to take the parting hand and bid each other farewell, and in all probability never be permitted again to see each other in the flesh.

But this happy event, this re-union of these families here, on this 27th day of October, 1885, turns our minds forward also, to a future, a brighter, a happier re-union, in the upper Temple, in that heavenly home, where many of our loved ones, who have gone on before us, are waiting to greet us in the mansions of

light. That re-union will not be for a single day; it will not be to meet for a few hours in a temple made by men's hands, which is subjected to decay, and crumble to the dust. It will not be in a world blighted by sin, stamped with mortality, where our hearts are often made sad by death entering our homes, and cutting down our loved ones by our side, and we are called to follow their lifeless forms, and see them buried in the grave.

No, no, but that future re-union will be in the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," where there will be no sickness, no sorrow, pain nor death, but where the people of God shall dwell forever in that beautiful home, that land of rest, to behold the King in his beauty, and never part again. Then,

"Forever with the Lord,"
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality.



The Kinder Family

BY S. W. KINDER, ESQ.

Jacob Kinder was born in Rotterdam, South Holland, about the year 1736, and was married to Miss Katey Clay, in the year 1760.

The happy couple elected, for a "bridal tour," a trip across the wide, wide ocean, and started forthwith for the continent of America. With modern facilities for travel, we can now cross the broad expanse of water in eight days; it is probable that, then, it required more than as many weeks. The good Book declares that "man is born unto trouble," and a crushing sorrow met this man and wife upon the very threshold of their newly begun life. On reaching this country, they ascertained that they had failed to take the proper vouchers for the money paid for their fare, and the proprietor of the boat demanded that it should be paid again. This must have been a sore conflict at the very outset of their married life. Strangers in a strange land, without money and without friends. However, nothing daunted, and possessed of those characteristics of German blood—honesty, industry, and unfaltering courage—they devised a plan equal to the emergency, and light broke again long their pathway.

They met a man who proved himself to be a high-toned gentleman, and a friend to them in time of need.

His name was Lightfoot, and the proprietor of an iron furnace, located about the spot where the town of Millsboro now stands, along the Indian River Shore. They agreed, if Mr. Lightfoot would repay the fare, that they would work for him until the debt was canceled. Lightfoot accepted the proposition, and when the obligation was met, he gave the man an honorable discharge, and the happy hearts full of hope, and inspired with self-reliance, began life anew.

On reaching this country, this party proposed to locate in Lancaster County, Pa. But, probably, owing to the trouble to which we have just adverted, their plans were thwarted, and they came, instead, to what was called Deep Creek; now Concord, Del. At the latter place, in the year 1770, their first child was born, whom they called Jacob.

From Deep Creek they moved to the farm now owned and occupied by Mr. Joseph B. Allen, situated along the Delaware Railroad, near Cannon's Crossing. Mr. Kinder rented this farm of a man named Bradley—there being a number of families of that name living in that vicinity. While living on this farm, their second child was born, and they called him Isaac, after a prominent man living in that community, named Isaac Bradley.

While living on the aforesaid farm, he ascertained that there was a piece of vacant land—land which had never been surveyed or taken up—close by.

He walked to Philadelphia, a distance of 125 miles, took out a Patent, had the land entered to his account, and returned, performing the tedious journey in about one week. This tract of land he called "Jacob's Choice," and is the identical piece of land now owned and occupied by Mr. Jesse Allen, located about three miles north-west of the town of Seaford.

While Jacob Kinder lived on the Bradley farm, Mr. Bradley died, and bequeathed to Mr. Kinder, as a legacy, the use of the farm for three years free of rent, showing his deep interest in, and high appreciation of, the man.

At the expiration of this time, by selling the tract of land he had taken up, he was enabled to purchase the farm located one and a half miles from this church, now owned and occupied by one of his great grand-sons, William Kinder. Mr. Kinder moved to this farm in the latter part of the year 1777. About this time a daughter was born unto this family, whom they called Nancy.

In the year 1781, this time-honored Temple, Bethel M. E. Church, was built.

The same year, Mr. White Brown, who owned and lived on the farm adjoining the church lot, (now belonging to the heirs of John Twiford, deceased,) built the brick dwelling which still stands, despite the weight of years and the peltings of the storms. Mr. Brown was a prominent man in this community, and a leading spirit in the erection of this church.

His time was so occupied with his own building and the building of the church, he proposed that Jacob Kinder should take his, Brown's hands and his own hands, and cultivate both farms without remuneration. Mr. Kinder, anxious to help in every good enterprise, accepted the proposition, and all things moved along smoothly and harmoniously while this house of God was being built.

Jacob Kinder remained on the farm where he last settled, until the year 1790, at which time he died, aged 54 years, leaving

three children, viz. Jacob, Isaac and Nancy. His widow survived him about 32 years.

Some years before his death he received a letter from Holland, stating that his father was dead, and that there was property left him, and if he or any of his children would come, they could obtain it. He thought for a time he would go in quest of it, but the matter was postponed from time to time, and finally altogether abandoned.

Their eldest son, Jacob, married quite young, before he had reached his majority, Miss Rachael Owens, who resided in Cedar Creek Hundred, Sussex County. There were born unto this marriage eight children, viz. Isaac, Lizzie, Polly, Lovey, Katy, Owens, Milley and Nancy.

For want of information we are obliged to pass this interesting family, excepting a brief sketch of the two sons, Isaac and Owens.

Isaac Kinder spent his boyhood on the farm in his father's home. His early manhood was given to educational and mercantile pursuits, in the city of Philadelphia.

At the age of 25 years he sought his fortune in the west. He located in the State of Ohio, Pickaway County, and engaged in school-teaching for a livelihood. It was while teaching and boarding around as a country school master, that he made the acquaintance of the fair-haired girl who afterward became his wife.

On May 4th, 1819, he was married to Miss Maria Brown, eldest daughter of Peter and Mary Polk Brown, and granddaughter of Judge William Polk, of the Superior Court of Del., the ceremony being performed by Squire Stephen Horsey, also of the State of Delaware.

Some two years later, emigration set in toward Indiana, and it was thought that fortunes lay in that direction. Mr. Kinder drifted with the tide, traveled extensively through the State, entered government land, and in March, 1822, removed his family into the very midst of the "Western Wilds." The journey was long and perilous, through the almost trackless forest, through swollen gorges, and over frozen streams, until at length it was ended. The log cabin was reared, and for ten long years he worked steadily and hard, the farm all the time improving, from the cabin to a handsome two-story brick, which still stands in good repair.

At this juncture, owing to impaired health, he was obliged to quit the farm and moved his family to the rapidly growing city of Indianapolis.

Nathaniel Horsey.

married

Having served as County Surveyor for several years, he added to this the dry goods business, and became one of the leading merchants of that mighty, prosperous city.

Mr. Kinder purchased property in the latter place, which proved in the course of time to be the spot-nucleus of the Grand Central Depot of that mighty metropolis. This investment greatly enhanced in value by the rapid growth of the city, not only blessed his children with competence, but rendered them quite wealthy.

There were born unto this union of Isaac and Maria Brown Kinder, thirteen children, two sons and eleven daughters. Four of the daughters have visited their relatives in Delaware, and have exhibited unmistakable signs of broad culture, extensive travel, and are useful, influential members of society.

The only son who grew to maturity was called Trustin Brown Kinder. No expense or pains was spared in educating this young man for the law. He was admitted to the bar, and bade fair to make one of the first lawyers of the city.

This ambitious young man enlisted in the Mexican war in 1846, was made Captain of Co. B, 2d Indiana Volunteers, and fell, sorely wounded, February 23d, 1847, at the battle of Buena Vista. His comrades seized him, and while en route for the hospital, was overtaken by the Mexican Lancers, and cruelly murdered and robbed.

This young man, Captain T. B. Kinder, was affianced to a young lady named Miss Sarah T. Bolton, who contributed the following lines as a tender tribute of respect for the young man and gallant soldier, whom she had loved :

There is a tear for all who die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And triumph weeps above the brave.

—BYRON.

Sing a dirge full of woe,
For the noble and gifted,
For his head lieth low,
And the sword is unlifted;
Sad requiems may swell
O'er the land that he cherished;
Storied marble may tell
Where the young hero perished.
We may blazon his name,
We may weep and deplore him;
We may give him to fame,
But we cannot restore him.

Gallant Soldier, farewell;
 True thy country has proved thee,
 And thy memory will dwell
 In the warm hearts that loved thee.
 They have made thee a grave
 In the field of thy glory,
 They have written thee brave
 On the pages of story;
 And fair Freedom will come
 Her sad tribute to render,
 O'er the low, silent tomb,
 Of her gallant defender.

Thou didst pass from our sight,
 In the hour of life's morning,
 When thy pathway was bright
 With hope's brilliant adorning.
 In thy home once so dear,
 There is weeping and wailing;
 But the sigh and the tear
 Are alike unavailing;
 For the conflict is o'er,
 And life's ties are all riven,
 We will meet thee no more
 Till we meet thee in Heaven.

Isaac Kinder never recovered from the shock this sad event occasioned, and in two short years death came suddenly, and a good husband, a devoted father, and an esteemed citizen, was called from labor to reward. His widow survived him 32 years, and died March 19th, 1885, with a hope full of immortality and eternal life.

Owens, the younger son of Jacob and Rachel Owens Kinder, married Miss Alice Smith, who lived in Cedar Creek Hundred, Sussex County.

Thirteen children were born of this marriage. He lived and died in the home of his fathers. He was good man, a useful member of society, and the writer will never forget his earnest, zealous, ardent prayers, and his fiery zeal for God's house.

Isaac, the second son of Jacob and Katy Clay Kinder, located on the farm now owned and occupied by his youngest son, Daniel Byas Kinder, situated about two miles from this church, with his widowed mother to keep his house.

The writer is said to be a good hand to keep a secret, but for the enjoyment, and perhaps edification of US young folks, he feels strongly tempted, just at this juncture, to divulge a little family secret.

This young man, Isaac Kinder, had met and was favorably

impressed with a Miss Stevens, a young lady who resided near St. Johnstown, in Sussex County.

He had visited her a few times, and while on his way to a "Beach Party," held at some point on the Delaware Bay, passing this lady's home, called to see her, and spent the night. Kinder like, (with a few exceptions), he was not slow to speak to her of the purposes of his mind and heart, and asked her to accept his hand in marriage.

Like all true, thoughtful young ladies, she hesitated to answer so serious and important a question.

He told her he would call to see her again on his return, at which time she promised him a definite answer. While at the beach party, he met a sweet, impressive young lady whom he had known in early girlhood, Miss Rhoda Warren, daughter of Alexander and Sina Warren, who lived in Cedar Creek Hundred, Sussex County.

This young lady so won upon his heart during his stay at the party, that he changed his mind, and determined if he could win her heart, he would call her his wife.

On his return home, as good as his word, he called to see Miss Stevens. Supper over, and once in the parlor, the subject of matrimony was again introduced. She told him she had come to the conclusion that she was too young to marry, and he had better look further for a wife. He joined her, told her he thought so too, and if she would wait longer, doubtless, she might do better.

Soon tiring of "bachelor's hall," and "single blessedness," he addressed, wooed, won, and married Miss Rhoda Warren in her father's home, on the 19th day of October, 1797.

There were no carriages in this section of the country at that time, and they were accompanied from the bride's father's, a distance of twenty-five miles, by a cavalcade of twenty-five couples, on horse-back, to his quiet country home.

The modern "bridal tourists" to Washington, New York, Saratoga and other fashionable centers of the Country, by rail and steamer, know but little of the real romance and solid joy which filled the minds and flooded the hearts of that happy couple, as their noble steeds loped over hill and dale, and brought them in safety to their rustic home.

Isaac Kinder, soon after his marriage, sat under the preaching of the Gospel of Jesus, and went to his home convinced of "sin, righteousness and of judgment to come." For weeks, he sought an interest in the blood of Christ, about his home. One day while walking on his farm in great distress of mind and heart,

Bunker Hill Hero was
relative of Rhoda
Warren's.
See Encyclopedia
of Dr. Jno. Warren

DR. JOHN WARREN DEAD.

Last of Line of Six Physicians—
Descendant of Bunker Hill Hero.
Special to The New York Times.
BOSTON, July 17.—Dr. John War-
ren, eminent Boston physician and

asking what he must do to be saved, these sweet words of Jesus flashed like a jewel upon his mind.—“Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.” “Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.” That was the glad hour when the darkness dispersed, and the light broke in, when the burden rolled away, and his soul, light and happy, held uninterrupted communion with his Savior and his God.

Rhoda Warren Kinder, his happy bride, was one of the best women who ever lived. There was a motherly love and tenderness pervading her heart and life which baffled human description. She proved to be, to her confiding husband, the kind of woman described by Solomon—“who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies—the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, she will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands. She riseth, also, while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She maketh fine linen and selleth it. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

“Her children arise and call her blessed, her husband, also, and he prizeth her.”

There were born unto this happy union nine children, viz: Nancy, Warren, John, Stephen, Jacob, Sina, Daniel Byas, Elizabeth Riley and Mary Hudson.

Nancy, the first-born, died when nine years old.

Warren Kinder married, 1st, Miss Annie M. Davis, daughter of Caleb and Nancy Cannon Davis; 2nd, Mrs. Eliza Bradley; 3rd, Miss Emeline Davis sister to his first wife.

John Kinder married, 1st, Miss Castelia Davis, daughter of Tilghman and Mary Wilson Davis; 2nd, Miss Catherine Davis, sister to his first wife.

Stephen Kinder married Miss Mary Wright, daughter of Jacob and Milky Wright.

Jacob Kinder married Miss Mary Cannon, daughter of Wiugate and Sallie Wilson Cannon.

Daniel Byas married, 1st, Miss Mary Dukes; 2nd, Miss Emily Davis, daughter of Jessie Davis.

Sina Kinder, the only daughter of Isaac and Rhoda Warren Kinder who lived to maturity, married Lewis N. Wright, a man of precious memory, whose noble, industrious, heroic life, deserves many pages in this brief record. He died December 25th, 1883, and passed to his eternal rest.

World War veteran, died today at the Massachusetts General Hospital. He was the last of unexpectedly a line of Warrens, all doctors, and with one exception, all Harvard men, dating back to Revolutionary times, when the family tradition of medical service was begun by two brothers, General Joseph Warren, who was instrumental in the founding of the Harvard Medical School. The first Dr. John Warren was followed by five descendants who were doctors, the last of whom was the man who died today. He never married. Death was due to an injury to a knee, received in a fall in Italy several months ago.

Stephen Kinder was powerfully converted to God in his early manhood—was considered the more pious of the sons—was appointed class-leader at Bethel M. E. Church, and in eight short months after his marriage died in full hope of a better life at the early age of 23 years. It was thought by those who knew him best, had he lived, he would have become a minister of the everlasting Gospel.

Elizabeth Riley Kinder embraced the christian religion in her 14th year, and at about the age of 15, in the very bloom of youth, passed to the eternal life, with a bright hope of a blissful immortality. We are told there were no doubts to cloud her mind, and that the last words she uttered were: "My ransomed soul shall soar away to sing God's praise in endless days."

Mary Hudson Kinder died in her 17th year. Like Mary in the New Testament, she remembered her creator in the days of her youth. We are told her life seemed to be "hid with Christ in God," that she was sweet-spirited and amiable in her life, and most interesting and lovely in her death.

A fitting epitaph upon her tombstone would have been—'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excelleth them all.'

Nancy Kinder, the only daughter of Isaac and Katy Clay Kinder, was married quite young to Mr. Robert Owens, who lived but a few years and died without issue.

She afterward married Mr. Stephen Warren, of Sussex County, Delaware.

There were born of this marriage five children, viz: Mary, David, Rhoda, Katy and Stephen.

We are sorry that for the want of information we cannot speak more particularly of this family.

Jacob Kinder, the eldest son of the first Jacob, remained on the farm now occupied by William F. Kinder, until the year 1831, when he gave it into the hands of his son, Owens, and purchased and moved to a farm located one and a half miles west of the town of Bridgeville, familiarly known as the "Laws Farm," and remained at the latter place until his death, which occurred in the year 1837, in the 68th year of his age.

Isaac Kinder greatly improved his temporal condition, purchased many hundred acres of land, lived a life of great activity and usefulness, and came down to a good old age like a ripe shock of corn, ready to be garnered in the skies.

He remained on the farm where he first settled, now occupied by his youngest son—Daniel Byas—until his death, which took place in the year 1855, aged 82 years.

Nancy Kinder, afterward Nancy Warren, settled with her husband in Cedar Creek Hundred, Sussex County, and there remained until the year 1852, when she died, aged about 77 years.

There were born unto Jacob and Katy Clay Kinder, who came from Holland to this continent in 1760, three children, twenty-two grandchildren, and one hundred and two great grandchildren. Being unable to trace the fourth generation accurately, we think we approximate the truth, when we say there were about one hundred and fifty, great, great grandchildren.

We have reserved our last page to speak more particularly of the three sons of Isaac and Rhoda Warren Kinder, who have fought life's battles successfully, and have gone to their eternal reward; viz: Warren, John and Jacob, three of the noblest and grandest men who ever lived in this community.

In a general respect, they all reminded me of the Ocean. The Ocean is grand, so were those men.

The Ocean is majestic, so were those men. And yet, each one reminded me of the Ocean under varied circumstances. Warren reminded me of the Ocean when it stretches on and on in its majestic grandeur, under the solemn stillness of an autumn's sun. John reminded me of the Ocean, when the breezes have fanned themselves into a brisk gale, and have piled up its bosom into mighty, towering columns of strength and power. Jacob reminded me of the Ocean when the dark storm-cloud gathers, and the driving winds lash it into fury, and its mighty huge billows, rolling mountains high, dash and break upon the shore as if they would submerge and engulf the very earth. Jacob Kinder possessed a restless, riggling activity, which would not let him be still. But give him something to do, something that was worthy of his doing, and he was up and at it, and never succumbed until the task was accomplished, and thoroughly accomplished.

Like the seabird, happiest when riding the highest wave of the storm, Jacob Kinder was most and greatest and mightiest when he was ascending the very crest of some mountain barrier, and had but to reach forth his hand, nerved by his mighty indomitable will, and wrench success from the very jaws of apparent death.

Those men were firm men. Men of the staunchest type of integrity. Men, wherever known, whose word was as good as their bond. Men who always exerted an influence for good, and impressed their noble spirits upon all with whom they came in contact. Men who did their own thinking, and arrived at their own conclusions, and when they had once reached a conclusion,

you had might as well try to move the earth with a crowbar, as to move those men from their conviction of right and duty.

We are not here to say that those men were perfect, or free from weakness which are the common lot of humanity—else they had not been human—we are not here to say that those men did not study policy in their actions and transactions among men, but we are here to say that whenever a question of policy or right was presented to those men for decision, there was such a deep sense of abiding rectitude and right in the very constitution of their natures, that they invariably verged to the right, let the outcome be loss or gain.

They were good men. Since their death many tender tributes of respect have greeted my ears from men who knew them well all their lifetime. The writer was standing at the desk of a prominent merchant, who is struggling to accumulate this world's goods, when the news of the death of my uncle, Lewis N. Wright, came, and said this man: "I envy such men as Warren Kinder, your father, and Lewis Wright, when I hear of their death. Men who have acted a noble part in life, and have come down to its final close with honor and credit to themselves, and the respect and love of all who knew them."

A few weeks after my father's death, I met one of the most prominent men who ever lived in this State, Senator Saulsbury, who knew him long and well, and speaking of his noble life, said he, "John Kinder was the salt of the earth."

Men who have made it the business of their lives to find fault with christian men and to point out their weaknesses rather than their strength, men who knew Jacob Kinder well, were compelled to acknowledge the purity and uprightness of his life, and the holy triumph of his death. Many men have been made by circumstances, but the process was too slow for Jacob Kinder. He made circumstances, and pushed all the interests of his vocation to their utmost bounds, and at the same time lived a life devoted to God, and the great interests of His Church.

These facts have been mentioned to show that those men's noble, active lives were impressed upon all lives about them, and that there is a power in the christianity which they professed and lived, which raised them above the suspicion of men, and crowned their years with honor, goodness and success.

Those men had an unconquerable faith in their Mother's Bible and their Mother's God. Several ministers visited Warren on one occasion. During the day they took a walk on his farm. One of the ministers could not be satisfied long at a time without

a book in his hand, and he said in the walk, "I wish I had a good book to read." My uncle remarked "he had a very good book in his house." The minister felt somewhat elated to think he was in such close proximity to a good book and on returning to his home Warren Kinder handed him a copy of the Holy Bible saying: "That is the best book I ever read."

Those men lived close together in their lives and were not far apart in their death, and at a good ripe old age closed their eyes upon the conflicts of mortality and have gone to live and grow and sing forever in the Paradise of Angels and God.

And now as we look upon the friendly, familiar faces which compose this re-union—earth-born and fleeing—and as we look beyond it and beyond this Church—this time-honored Temple—and beyond these grounds and beyond the horizon, and beyond the clouds and beyond the stars let us ask ourselves the question: "Shall we all meet in that grand re-union in the upper Temple and with Abraham and Isaac and Warren and John and Jacob be eternally shut in to go out no more forever?"



The Noble Family

BY COL. J. M. McCARTER.

The first of this family, we think, came to America from England settling on the Eastern Shore of the Province of Maryland about A. D. 1650. At this time about fifty families among whom were the Richards, the Wrights, and the Nobles, and others, followed John Richards to Dorchester County who had patented large tracts of land lying in what is now known as North West Fork Hundred in the State of Delaware, and in several of the upper election districts of Dorchester County, Md. The writer of this sketch has seen and examined the original title deeds from King Charles I of England to the aforesaid John Richards, one or more of which is yet in the possession of his lineal descendant, Mrs. Doctor Hugh Martin, nee Richards, of Seaford, Delaware.

We have no means of ascertaining the christian name of the first immigrant bearing the name of Noble in the early settlement in Dorchester County. He and his descendants, for several generations, lived unobtrusive and quiet lives. When the celebrated Dr. Johnson, author of the English dictionary, was refused marriage by the lady whom he addressed with that view, and he pressed her to know the reason of such refusal, she is said to have replied, that an insuperable obstacle was in the fact that her father had been hung; to which he made answer, that the hanging of several of his ancestors was, he had no doubt, richly deserved, if it had not been effected, and instead of its being an objection, was an honor. This era in English history was the period of death for political offences, and we know that :

“Whether on the gallows high,
Or in the battle’s van,
The noblest place for man to die
Is, where he dies for man.”

We know of none of the Nobles who have been hung, or who have been lifted into notice in history by either heroic or criminal conduct. The generations succeeding the first immigrant bearing this name, lived through exciting periods, but no one

bearing the name of Noble was conspicuous in the disputed boundary question between Delaware and Maryland; nor in the Claiborne or Cromwellian wars of Maryland. Even in the struggle for independence, we have no knowledge of one of this name fighting either in the ranks of the "Maryland Line," or in those of the "Blue Hen's Chickens," as the soldiers of Delaware were called. So far back as we can trace them, they were Quakers.

The origin of name designating individuals and families sometimes was found in the qualities, or characteristics of the person. We flatter ourself that this was the case in the name of Noble; and strange and incongruous as it seems in a Republican Government and a Democratic State, we have had Nobles (a uobility) from its beginning, and today finds us surrounded if not indeed, overawed, by NOBLES.

The grandfather of our present Sheriff William Noble was a member of the Society of Friends; a Dorchester citizen who was twice married. By his first marriage were two sons, John and William. His second wife was a Miss Jackson of Dorchester County; by this marriage there were two sons also; Joshua and Mark Noble who are the progenitors of the family here today assembled. Of the other and earlier brothers, we are without record.

The father of Joshua and Mark Noble was removed from them by death when they were quite young; and their mother married, for a second husband a gentleman by the name of Brooks, who squandered a very considerable estate of his own and of his wife's, in gambling and horse-racing. The extent to which horse-racing was indulged in, at the close of the last century, and indeed throughout the entire century, by those residing in the colonies settled by the English, may be learned by reading the July number of The Century Magazine, 1885, in an article by Dr. Eggleston. Mr. Brooks was devoted to this sport, and when Joshua, the elder of his two step-sons, became old enough to manage a race-horse, he, under the control of his step-father, became a race-rider; going, not unfrequently, the distance of one hundred miles from home, to ride in races for Mr. Brooks. When Joshua arrived at the age of seventeen years, after mature deliberation, he determined never to ride again, and so informed his step-father. He expected to be severely chastised for this avowal. Mr. Brooks did not, much to his surprise, even threaten him, and never afterward asked him to get into a saddle for a race. Joshua was ever after the most determined foe of horse-racing. Soon after this Mr. Brooks died and left his two step-children and their

mother almost penniless. These boys kept her, as long as she lived, by their earnings; devoting themselves, for her sake, to hard and self-denying manual labor. Upon his arrival at man's estate, Joshua came over the line into Delaware, and soon after purchased the farm now known as Kirk farm, almost in sight of where we are now assembled. He then married Sally, daughter of Solomon Twiford. This marriage occurred in the year 1797. Their children were Charles, Daniel, John, Archibald, Lovey, Elizabeth, Solomon, Hester, James, Alexander, William 1st, Amelia, William 2d, now Sheriff Noble, Twiford, Rhoda and Jane; sixteen, of whom twelve grew to maturity. Daniel and John died when young men, unmarried. Daniel at his father's, and John near Chillicothe, Ohio.

Charles Noble married Mahala, daughter of Rev. Wm. Davis. He died leaving four children: Mary, Jonathan, William and Sarah Ann. Mary and Jonathan are with us today. Sarah married twice. Her first husband, Arthur Neal, died, leaving two sons, James and Jonathan Neal, deceased. Her second husband was Samuel Ward. She died leaving two children of this marriage, Mary and William Ward.

Mary, daughter of Charles Noble, is the wife of Alfred Davis. Their children are Emily, wife of Henry Cannon, of Seaford; Augusta, now Mrs. Booth, of Philadelphia; Mary Adaline, deceased 1874, married Joseph James, of Seaford, and left three children, Rose, Frederick and Lena. Charles, resident of this vicinity; and Sallie C., wife of W. E. Carpenter, of Cannon's Ferry. Anna, who died 1883; James, and Laura A., wife of Oliver Obier, of Seaford, Delaware.

Jonathan Noble, of Charles, married Eliza Ward; their children are Mary, wife of Isaac S. Warren; Sarah, wife of George Williams; Joseph, who died in early manhood, 1871, and Charles, now in Arizona Territory.

William Noble, of Charles, known as Dr. Noble, died in Federalsburg, 1879, after years of successful practice in his profession; one of the nobility of earth; a man of honor and worth; a scholar, a man of rare genius and a christian gentleman. He was twice married, first to Elizabeth, daughter of Joseph Vickers, and of this marriage there is one survivor, Mrs. Corinne Johnson, of Sioux Rapids, Iowa. For his second wife he married Miss Mary A. Houston, who survives him. By this second marriage are four sons, William H. Noble, M. D., of Port Deposit, Md; Robert, Lieutenant U. S. Army, a graduate of West Point, and now stationed in Arizona; Charles Noble, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa., and Herbert, a student of St. John's College, Annapolis.

Elizabeth, daughter of Joshua Noble, married Anthony R. Adams. She died at the house of Sheriff Noble, 1875, leaving one surviving daughter, Ruth, wife of James Harris, of Seaford, Delaware.

Emily married Noah Lednum; she died leaving one son, Francis Lednum.

Margaret died unmarried.

Hester, also died unmarried.

Solomon, son of Joshua Noble, born 1809, married Harriet, daughter of Noble Williams. He died February, 1868, leaving a widow and ten children, of whom eight are yet living; those are Lottie, now Mrs. Raimy, of Baltimore, Md.; Martha; Joseph died April, 1885; Rhoda, wife of John Mark Davis, of Baltimore, Md.; Harriet, wife of Wm. Alberger, Federalsburg; Clementine, now Mrs. Zebdice Fountain, of Andersontown, Md.; Hally, wife of Alfred Noble, Federalsburg; S. Maddux and Robert.

Hester, daughter of Joshua Noble, married Charles Smith; she died leaving one daughter, the late Mrs. Ross, who left two sons, William, and Noble Rolph, children by her second husband, Mr. James Rolph.

James, of Joshua, married Mary Howard, of Somerset County, Md. He died 1866, leaving a widow and four children, all living. These are Frances Josephine, now Mrs. Lieutenant Windsor, U. S. Navy; Ella, wife of Alva Hubbard, of Baltimore, and Mary Belle.

Alexander, of Joshua, married Louisa, daughter of Aaron Wright; died 1853, leaving five children: Daniel F.; James A., merchant, Linchester, Caroline County; Mary C., wife of R. D. Bradley, Charles W., who died 1860, and Harriet, wife of John Pert, of Andersontown.

Amelia married William N. Collins. Rev. Wm. Collins, of St. Louis, is one of ten surviving children; Joshua, who died 1883, left a wife and children; Henry, a resident of Indiana; Sallie, widow of Robert Bratton; he died 1884; Georgiana, now Mrs. Studly, of Kansas; Emily married Henry Schock; Henry and Laura are married, and Rhoda and Edward yet unmarried; all residents of Kansas except William and Henry Collins.

William 2d, known as Sheriff Noble, of Caroline County, born 1818, married Rhoda Ann, daughter of Warren and Anna Maria (Davis) Kinder. Three of their children died in infancy, and Sallie, wife of James M. Andrews, of Dorchester County, is their only surviving child.

Twiford S., of Joshua, was born 1820, and died February,

1882, leaving a widow and four children. He married first, Ruth Hannah, daughter of Jacob and Hannah Leverton. She died leaving two sons, Jacob L. Noble, M. D., engaged in the practice of medicine on Taylor's Island, and Rufus, a merchant, also of Taylor's Island. His second wife was Caroline, daughter of Caleb P. and Nancy Davis, who died leaving Ada, now Mrs. Robert Jarrell, and Alexander, farmer, at the homestead near Preston. His third wife was Levisa A. Martin, widow of James Rumbold, who survives him.

Jane, daughter of Joshua Noble, born Jan. 21st, 1824, was twice married; first to Wm. Henry Wright; of this marriage were four children: Twiford N., Sally C., who married Tilghman Davis; Louisa, now Mrs Daniel Moore, of Federalsburg, and Maggie, now widow of Eli Gullett, late of Federalsburg. For her second husband she married John T. Fleetwood and died leaving one child, Ida Fleetwood.

Mark Noble, younger brother of Joshua, of whose family we have given the foregoing sketch, was married three times. His last wife was Betsey, daughter of William Maloney, of Delaware.

His children were Daniel, Nathan, Milly, Joshua and Ridson.

Daniel, of Mark, married Nancy, daughter of Garey Leverton. Of this marriage, five children grew to maturity. Willis Noble; Isaac, a resident of Preston, Caroline County; Amelia, now Mrs. Bland, of Cambridge; Daniel James, and Garey L., who became a soldier in the late war; a member of the 8th Maryland Regiment, U. S. Service; died 1863 in the 23d year of his age.

Nathan, of Mark, married Mary Hubbard, of Bloomery, Caroline County. They had four children: Henry, deceased; Elisha and James, residing in the west; and Elizabeth, widow of Greenbury Nichols, residing near Pine Grove Church, Caroline County, Md.

Joshua, of Mark, became extensively known as a minister of the Society of Friends. He resided near Federalsburg, where he died 18th of August, 1870, in the 62d year of his age. His children are Joseph M., of Hurlock's Station, Dorchester County, Md; John H., Mark E., and Alfred Noble, all of whom are living within a few miles of the parental homestead.

In intelligence, integrity and industry, this family has a most honorable record, and as eulogy is inappropriate in such a paper as this, we submit this brief sketch of the history of Noble family.

Address of Rev. P. H. Rawlins

Dear friends and kindred: I am neither a Davis, a Noble, nor a Kinder, but I number among my most intimate friends, members of each of these families; and my wife, as you all know, is a descendant of the Kinder family, and her father, Lewis N. Wright, has had honorable mention today.

We have met on historic ground, and have come from far and near to greet each other in this old, time-honored temple. We have come to renew our friendships, and re-ignite in each other's hearts the fires of kindred love, and to extend our acquaintance to others who claim a relationship of consanguinity or affinity. But few remain to meet with us that were acquainted and associated with the fathers of the past generation. A few yet linger to whom we look up and call "the fathers and mothers."

The fathers, whose memories are recalled today, have passed to their long home. Their graves are with us, and on them we would place fresh immortelles, as we are reminded of their names, and deeds, and heroic struggles. They labored long and well to make the "desert rejoice and blossom as the rose."

It is not mine to repeat the story of their lives and the histories of their families; that has been the work of others better prepared than I am to do them justice.

Could the Nobles, Kinders and Davises, of a hundred years ago, look down upon this audience today as we are gathered here, what an army of their descendants would they behold! And who shall say that they do not, from the battlements of the upper world, behold this assembled multitude?

Who knows how near they are permitted to come to this congregation? The veil is thin that intervenes, and with the clearer vision of the disembodied, they may be permitted to look through upon us now. Many of us cannot claim to be their lineal descendants, but charmed by their virtues and fascinated by the smiles of their fair daughters and granddaughters, we sought a place in their circle, and to be twigs on their family trees. Thus,

" 'Tis but one family, the sound is balm,
A seraph whisper to the wounded heart."

No towering obelisks mark the resting places of our ancestors. No long drawn histories tell their noble deeds. No poets have sung of their virtues and thus embalmed their memories; but we, their descendants, have embalmed them in our hearts. Bring the spices and lay around their sleeping forms! Polish their tombs and re-write their names. Tell the story of their lives to our children Honor the fathers and the mothers.

- " 'Tis memory of the pious dead,
 "To earth-worn pilgrim's wistful eye
 "The brightest rays of cheering shed,
 "To point to immortality.
- "A twinkling speck, but fixed and bright,
 "To guide us through the dreary night,
 "Each hero shines, and lures the soul,
 "To gain the distant happy goal.
- "For there is one who, musing o'er the grave
 "Where lies interred the good, the wise the brave,
 "Can poorly think, beneath the mouldering heap
 "That noble being shall forever sleep?
- " 'No,' says the generous heart, and proudly swells,
 " 'Though his cered corpse lies here,
 " 'With God his spirit dwells.' "

There are lessons for us to learn today. We are not to make this simply a festival, an hour of pleasant intercourse, which, like a dream, is forgotten when one awaketh, shall pass from our memories, as we go forth again into the battle of life. Every heart here should be glad to greet its kindred hearts, and every hand to grasp its kindred hands. But then, we may be profited by relating to each other something of life's struggle—the hopes and fears that alternately prevail.

Oh! who has not a story to tell, an experience to relate? To some, the wind has seemed to be tempered, while upon other heads it has poured out its severe, tempestuous blasts. With some perhaps the pathway has been comparatively smooth while others have found it rough and thorny. A benign Providence has smiled upon some and their barns have been filled; no bands have seemed to bind them while others again have sown in tears and reaped in sadness. Yet let us remember that we be brethren. If Joseph rules, it is his brethren that have come to buy corn; let no sacriligious hand destroy the band that would bind together their hearts, or invade the sacred precincts where, falling upon each other's necks, they weep. The re-union has long been deferred. The dark waves have rolled between them and threatened to separate them forever, but the hour has come for these things to

be past. Inquire now, ye brethren, for each other's family and health. Judah and Simeon, and Joseph and Benjamin, inquire for the "old folks at home." Some are not here—"The old man of whom ye spake." This meeting should teach each one of us something we did not know before about the different members of the family. Our acquaintance may have been long and intimate, but some trait of hidden virtue may be developed, some new cord woven which shall bind us the more intimately together. Our acquaintance is to be enlarged.

Why, here are a host of little ones and big ones, young in years, that "knew not Joseph" 'till today. They are members of these families, and at some future re-union, will be among the fathers and mothers, and foremost in the movement. When we, whose heads are now gray, and on whose brows the "crow feet" but foreshadow the coming winter of life, shall have gone to our long home, when these stalwart young men, and cheerful maidens, with rosy cheeks, have grown old with age, may the experiences of this day be repeated, and the story told in the ears of the unborn multitude. And as we weave garlands and place them around the names of our ancestors, and make their graves beautiful with the flowers that affection strews upon them, so may others remember our names and deeds.

Let us learn more than ever to honor the fathers and mothers that remain with us, and bow at their feet to receive their counsel and blessing. There is no more beautiful picture, to my mind, than that of the children of the old patriarch Jacob, as they gather around his dying bed to receive his parting blessing. They had often gathered about him before. They had doubtless told him their little jealousies. How they envied Joseph on account of the favoritism shown him. Of their intention to slay him, and of Reuben's intercession for him, and Judah's proposition to sell him as a slave to the Ishmaelites. The whole story had come to the ears of Jacob, and he had been constrained to say that God overruled it all for good. Now they gather for his last blessing upon them. He calls to their remembrance the names of his ancestors, and the blessings God had promised them and their descendants, and requests them to bury him with his fathers, even in the cave which Abraham bought in the land of promise. The spirit longs to be with the fathers in the land of rest, and desires the body to be laid with theirs in the tomb. A few of the fathers and mothers who knew a former generation, yet remain with us. Their number is growing rapidly less. New made graves are almost constantly being opened to receive some saintly,

beloved form. Let us prize those that remain, more than ever. Oh! I want their blessing upon my head before they go hence. I want to hear more of their counsel and experience, before their lips are closed in death.

Once more, let us be reminded of the time coming, when there is to be a grand re-union of the saintly hosts around the throne of God. We are surrounded to-day by an innumerable crowd of witnesses. What a company! It seems to me, I can almost see them! It seems that the old fathers and mothers who worshiped in this temple years ago, are with us. I go back a hundred years, in imagination, and the Kinders, and Davises and Nobles, of that age and day, with a host of others, are around us. How they sang and prayed. This old temple seems to echo again with their shouts and songs. There are the grey-headed sires, and the infant of days. They are in the unseen multitude now—the host of disembodied saints! Our eyes are holden, we cannot see them, it is only a flight of imagination! But let us move on down the ages, until the cycling years of time are ended. The Arch-Angel with the trumpet declares that time shall be no more. The tombs are bursting. All these old grave yards are torn in pieces, and the graves are opened. Behold the multitude as they come forth! See that saintly host gathering at the right hand of the throne! What a company! It is a re-union of the godly of all ages, and our faith is, that a multitude of these families represented here to-day, will be there. Oh, may we all be there!

“Over the river they beckon to me,
 Loved ones who have crossed to the further side,
 The gleam of their shadowy robes I see,
 Their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
 They crossed in the twilight grey and cold,
 And the pale mist hid them from mortal view.
 We saw not the angels who met them there,
 The gates of the city we could not see.
 Over the river, over the river,
 Our fathers are waiting for you and me.”

“Over the river, the boatman pale
 Carried others—our household pets,
 Their brown curls waved in the gentle gale,
 Darling children! I see them yet.
 They crossed on their bosoms their dimpled hands,
 And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
 We watched it glide from the silver sands,
 And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
 We know they are safe on the other side,
 Where all the ransomed and angels be;
 Over the river, the mystic river,
 Our household idols wait for you and me.”

Address of
Rev. A. W. Milby, P. E.

We are assembled to celebrate the re-union of three families, to wit; Davis, Kinder, and Noble.

Mankind exists in three conditions ordained of God; in the family; in the nation; in the church. The family includes person, the nation is composed of families, and the church comprehends nations. And as the family is the first, so it will be the last form of human development, as the Apostle speaks of the whole family in heaven and earth.

This general introduction prepares the way for a four-fold division of the subject. We will then consider you, firstly, analytically; secondly, synthetically; thirdly, anithetically; and, in the fourth place, potentially.

In considering you analytically, we must resolve you into parts, and thus address you individually, and impress upon you, severally, the great idea of personal responsibility. A thoughtful man asks, what is time? Who can readily and briefly explain this? Who can, even in thought, comprehend it, so as to utter a word about it? But what, in discourse, do we mention more familiarly and knowingly than time? And we understand when we speak of it; we understand, also, when we hear it spoken of by another. What, then, is time? If no one asks me I know; if I wish to explain it to one that asketh, I know not; yet I say boldly that I know, that if nothing passed away, time past were not; and if nothing were coming, a time to come were not; and if nothing were, time present were not. Those two times, past and to come, how are they? Seeing the past now is not, and that to come is not yet, but the present, should it always be present, and never pass into time past, verily, it should not be time, but eternity. If, therefore, time present, in order to be time at all, comes into existence only because it passes into time past, how can we say that that is in existence whose cause of being is, that it shall not be? How is it we can not truly say that time is, but because it is tending not to be?

The difficulty of properly appreciating the present moment arises from a delusion practiced upon the understanding. As the ancients, in their ignorance, imagined the earth to be a vast plain instead of an immense globe, so we, in our folly, conceive of time past, present and to come, as a continuous line; whereas the time present more truly resembles a point at which an infinite number of imaginary circles meet.

Thus the present hour touches the present moment; the present day meets the present hour at the point of the immediate now; and the present week coalesces with the present day and the present hour in the present time; and the present month meets the present week and the present day, and the present hour in the immediate present moments. So, also, the present year touches the present month, and the present week, and the present day, and the hour in the present moment.

Thus we may go on until we shall see, that in reality as to all the consequences of our being and well-being, the great cycle or infinite orb of eternity touches upon this particular, punctual spot.

Hence, instead of considering this moment as part of an imaginary line of unbroken continuity, we ought to regard it as a centre of power developing itself concentrically, and the various acts of our lives in this world as having a controlling power over our destiny in that world where an eternal now forever lasts.

In order to correct impressions made upon the mind by external objects, let us imagine a man with his feet firmly planted upon a block of wood, which rests securely upon the ground; he would feel safe; proximity to the earth, and the presence of surrounding objects, would impart an air of composure and self-possession; but suppose by some mechanical power that piece of wood is made to rise, silently and steadily, with every fluxion of its advance there would creep over him a feeling of insecurity, and his ascent, if continued to a great altitude would become absolutely perilous. Now why is this? You cannot resolve the whole question by a simple reference to the law of gravitation, for according to our supposition, the power beneath him is amply sufficient to counteract the force of gravity.

The present moment is, then, the summing up—the epitome—the abridgment of eternity. Your present character is the result of the combination of circumstances which have entered into your antecedent history; causes external and internal, have acted and reached and made you what you now are; what you will be depends very much upon the decisions of the present time.

We can, with the utmost precision, tell an eclipse of the moon, and of the sun; we can determine the distance of a fixed star scarcely visable by the aid of the most powerful telescope. We can calculate the velocity of the planets, as they move in their orbits through the regions of infinite space. We can do almost anything and everything but sound the mysterious depths of the human will. The decisions of the present can only be made manifest by the time to come.

'Tis not for man to trifle. Life is brief
 And sin is here;
 Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
 A dropping tear.
 We have no time to sport away the hours;
 All must be earnest in a world like ours;

 Not many lives, but only *one*, have we—
 One, *only* one;
 How sacred should that one life ever be,
 That narrow span!
 Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
 Hour after hour still brings in new spoil.

We come now to the second part of our subject which is to consider you synthetically. Now in this we are obliged to put you back into your original places where Providence has put you in the family, in society, and in the church. As the christian is the highest style of man, we exhort you as travelers upon the highway of life. Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ.

Some there are who are, contitutionally, very desponding, always looking on the dark side of every picture, and harassing their minds with the apprehension of imaginary evils. Such are subject to great depression of spirits, and in that state no more capable of judging of their religious condition than the eye can see itself. How prone are persons of such temperament to write bitter things against themselves. The ailments of their body give a color to their spiritual exercises, and while their despondency is a hindrance to their own spiritual enjoyment, they frequently infuse their melancholy forebodings into the cup of pleasure of those around them. With such minds there can be little sympathy with those who are of a more joyous and buoyant spirit; and without mutual forbearance and due consideration of diversities of temperament, the asperities of life's journey will be greatly augmented. Christian kindness should teach you to study well the character and disposition of such, and not aggravate

their already afflicted minds by any harsh and unkind expressions.

There are others who are naturally light and volatile. Such is the peculiarity of their disposition, that they never get credit for the piety they actually possess. It was the remark of Mr. Whitefield that an ounce of grace would show more in some persons, than a pound would in others. Moroseness and stern austerity have often passed in this world as true godliness, and many a man has obtained reputation for piety more through a bad stomach, than a good heart. The austere, unsocial virtues of John the Baptist made a more profound impression upon the public mind than the meek unostentatious piety of the Son of Man. Our Saviour does not condemn that type of piety which was exemplified in his forerunner without its natural abuses, but He does not extol it as the most desirable, and His own example favors the more amiable virtues.

I make not these observations to extenuate folly or excuse levity, but to caution persons of an opposite temperament not to be too hasty to blot from the book of life the names of those whose infirmity is an exuberance of animal spirit.

Others there are of a peculiar serious and thoughtful turn of mind. Religion with them is an exceedingly solemn concern. Their very solemnity, in fact, has more the appearance of superstitious dread, than of a filial, loving fear of offending God. When reminded that like as a Father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him, they are ready to reply; it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. You would imagine them continually, musing on such sentiment, as those expressed by the poet:

No room for mirth and trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear
If life so soon be gone;
If now the judge is at the door
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne!

Now without objecting to the poetry questioning the sentiment expressed, we do, nevertheless, think that this world is something more than a place to diet in, and man should not always look as if he were going to a funeral. The very rejoicings of the bouyant and hopeful are, to such minds, indications of presumptuous confidence. And they are often surprised that others, by whom they are surrounded, who are by no means remarkable in their religious life, can go from the enjoyment of the innocent festivities of pleasure to the Sanctuary, and unite with

fervor with the assembly of God's people, as though, like Anna, they departed, not from the temple. Others there are who are exceedingly fond of decorating their persons, very much to the annoyance of those who regard plainness of apparel as no bad indication of inward holiness. Now such persons are disposed to say to the remonstrances of those who are more plain in their dress, such things don't hurt me; which is certainly true.

Gold and costly apparel never hurt anybody, but they are frequently the sign that those who wear them have been most seriously injured. But how shall we settle this interminable controversy between two distinct classes in the church of God? Though we may not all agree as to what is wrong, yet there is by no means unanimity of opinion concerning what is precisely right.

With the variety of tastes among men and women, uniformity of dress is by no means possible, if desirable. The question is not to be determined by the subtle rules of logic or the arts of casuists, but must come for adjudication before the bar of every christian conscience. In the mean time bear one another's burden.

Again, there are others who are, naturally, censorious; disposed to find fault with everything; their aim being, as they would fain have others believe, to bring the church up to a more commanding style of life and duty. You observe I present not this disposition in contrast with any other of an opposite character, but as viewed in opposition to every other disposition; for the individual possessing it assumes the unenviable position of public censor, and every one must pass, if possible, the inspection of his jaundiced eye; nor would I so much as mention this as an infirmity, but as a virtue, if the complaints of such persons terminated upon themselves; but such is not the case; they, in their own conceit, are perfect paragons of excellence, and the faults are all in their brethren. If such persons will not give up the offensive practice, and correct the infirmity by a strict and careful watchfulness, it is a burden that must be endured.

What a burden!! Lord help!!

The last we shall notice, are those which arise out of the manifestation of religious emotion. These are as various as the dispositions of men. Some there are who are, constitutionally, very quiet. They move with the regularity and precision of the most exquisite piece of mechanism.

No transports or rhapsodies disturb the even tenor of their experience; with feet firmly planted upon earth, and eye steadily gazing upon the recompense of reward, the vanities of this world

obscure not their vision of heavenly beatitudes, and their footsteps are as sure as the earth upon which they tread. Their lives are marked by no great and sudden transitions, as if by a leap they had passed some fearful chasm; while others, all emotion and sensibility, are either borne aloft upon the topmost wave of glorious expectation, or precipitated into abysmal depths of self-dejection.

How is it possible to mould temperaments of such opposite character after the same pattern? Nothing is more common than to hear persons of the former character saying, religion does not consist in noise and extravagant expressions of the feelings; while those of the latter, skeptically ask, how is it possible to have the love of God without shouting aloud the praises of Him who loved us and gave himself for us?

Now both are wrong; religion does not make us the same creatures, but new creatures, with all that variety of disposition after, as before, that wonderful transformation.

We come now to the anithetical part of our subject, which, for completeness, we must not omit. We are necessitated to compare; comparisons are often invidious, and sometimes odious. I will endeavor to pursue my way through the intricacies of this part of my subject without giving any offense. Without saying anything as to the wisdom of your forefathers, I venture to affirm you surpass them amazingly in self-conceit. You would do well to remember that this age, though an age of railroads, telegraph and telephones, yet it is also an age of gas, and every jet is not an electric light.

Again, you are not as good looking as your parents fondly hoped you would be. In this you have wonderfully disappointed expectations. Bright, beautiful, and charming creatures you once were when looked at by your parents through the glittering iris of their affections, but you have developed into mortals very much after the common mould.

Then you are not as good as you would have been had you, in all respects, followed the example and obeyed the precepts of those who have gone on before you.

We come now to that part of our subject which, for the want of a better word, we call the potential aspect, which, in the main, is very dark and difficult to unfold.

The only point luminous is, that the occasion gives the grandest scope to the possibilities of an old bachelor's nature. If he looks forward, he beholds the dark shadow of death—and death will swallow him up, and blot out his memorial forever. Hence, an old bachelor must look backward, or down his nose;

he cannot look forward, and this is the time to look back.

What further I have to say I can best present in the form of interrogatories.

To-wit: Had your mothers not have had your fathers, would you have had a re-union? If so, tell us; When? How? and Where?

If not; Is not, then, this assemblage a rebuke to a self-chosen, self-inflicted state of bachelorism?



Address of
Judge Levi D. Travers.

I look, today, upon the faces of nearly all of this large assembly for the first time. As I stand before you and speak the inquiry may arise in your minds: who is this stranger that dares to break in upon the unity of this family gathering with his presence and address? It will not surprise you, long, when I tell you, I am a lineal descendant—(and four generations away)—of Henry the 1st, from England—(not King Henry)—who, less than two centuries ago, came to the colony of Maryland, as a school teacher, and soon became absolute ruler of 11 acres of land on Taylor's Island. For forty years, perhaps, he lived in his castle and reigned peaceably over his empire, without conquest of territory or purchase of addition to his kingdom.

His life was devoted to the cause of education and the administration of justice, subservient to the authority of Lord Baltimore, and as a representative of the people in the Colonial legislature. His living, eldest male descendant, is myself with two others, only surviving in manhood.

But why am I here? The two little boys attendant with me in this visitation, may, in fact, furnish the answer. They can tell you that through their bodies courses the Travers as well as the Noble blood. I modestly confess how distinguished my relations are here today; in the fact that my eldest daughter is the wife of a Noble-man's son, and my little grandsons bid fair to be Noble-men themselves.

It is that which makes my appearance among you justifiable in immediate association with Noble men and Noble women.

How it lifts a man up, in the world, especially in his own estimation, to have conspicuous and Noble family connections! I fully appreciate the dignity of these relations. I estimate family dignity, principally, by the standard of uniform, good, innate principles; the establishment of good character, good citizenship and piety, rather than by a lofty family ancestry, without regard to those virtues, upon which elevation and royalty in life ought to be dependent.

I esteem it an honor, therefore, and a blessing to humanity to have kindred associations with the Davis', Kinders', and Noble families. It is a privilege and a joy to me, to be here. This is an auspicious occasion. All nature tranquilly smiles upon this scene.

The sun never shone upon a more beautiful, bracing, balmy day; fit emblem of the life and character of this triune family.

The passing year has come to full maturity of life, and is approaching its termination, now, with gilded beauty and mellowness. So have the aged sires of these families, in all their history, passed into the autumn of their lives, with characters adorned with moral beauty and christian attractiveness.

I have listened with interest, and admiration, to the several representative addresses, which have mainly guided me in my words of compliment and eulogy. You may well be proud, in the spirit of gratitude to God, of your family history. Its pages are well and nobly written in the lives of your ancestry. What worthy examples have the young, in the lives of departed sires, and in many of the fathers yet living, of moral excellence, christian devotion, and firmness of purpose! The record of their lives has been kept by the rule of double-entry—'The day book of this life and in the Lamb's book of life!' When I view and contemplate this grand old church edifice, that is co-existent with the independence and liberty of our great country, and with the work of Methodism on this Peninsula of Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, and associate these families with the christian instruction here imparted to them, with the happy experiences they have received within her hallowed courts, I am forced to the conclusion that Methodism has indeed been a "Bethel" to them, yea, one of the chief agencies of the success and happiness they have attained in this life. Methodist doctrine and spirit has been well suited to constitute them worthy citizens, good christians, and a uniformly happy and contented people. The conjugal relations of these families have been fortunate, in that there was the blending of a natural bent towards good dispositions and principles;—when exception has occurred in the lives of any of their offspring, it was the probable result of the admixture of blood, making a combination in nature, of the naturally bad, with the naturally good dispositions, followed by the influence of bad social companions in youth. I would guard the young, entering now upon maturing life, in respect to the company they keep and against any matrimonial alliance that would associate bad natural dispositions, habits and tastes, so out of harmony with that of your own families.

I do not discourage, but greatly approve, judicious marital selections, outside of family kindred, for both physical and mental reasons. This is a re-union of the living. Many links of the family chain have been broken off at the grave and are hidden from mortal view. There is, today, a fond memory of the Davis, Kinder, and Noble dead. The links, of the family chain, are only broken in earthen vessels; in spirit the chain is unbroken—mutual love, binds it forever: Spirit blends with spirit—unperceived, the glorified departed may now throng with you in this sacred place. Angels are looking on with wonder, at this exhibition of love and unity in a fallen world. The dozen ministers of God present, successors to those they have followed in the ministry of this church and vicinity, are cheered in the midst of their toils, with the evident success of the gospel, in the history of your families. May this hallowed occasion, which has brought to your minds and hearts, such pleasant memories of family history, encourage and stimulate you to more glorious deeds in the race of life, and a fuller consecration of yourselves to the God of your fathers. May your family history, in the future, possess all the excellences of its past, and more, and exhibit greater force and capacity in its influence in the world, for good, as the years of time roll on. And when the world's record is fully made up, preparatory to the general assizes, and heaven's loud auditor shall step down upon the earth's platform of land and sea, and sound out the funeral dirge of time, to the hearing of both the living and the dead; when Jesus comes in the clouds, bringing the spirits of the just made perfect, may you, and all of yours, who now lie in the cemeteries of the dead, come forth in bodily form, and rising with transfigured splendor to meet your coming Lord in the air. May you then with him ascend above the arches of the etherial sky, to the heaven of heavens, and be crowned and quartered upon the everlasting hills of glory. You have sweetly sung today. May you then, flushed with an overpowering joy of full and final victory, with harps in hand, sing "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."

Thoughts on Visiting Bethel.



A Country Church.

Oh, Bethel! 'round thy sacred walls
My memory lingers and recalls,
Full many a scene of other days,
Cemented with this holy place.

'Twas here where first my voice did raise
In song, to lisp a Saviour's praise—
'Twas here my youthful footsteps trod,
To bow my infant knees to God.

And here, beneath this hallowed roof,
I first beheld the light of truth
Shine from the sacred page divine—
A Saviour's love to all mankind.

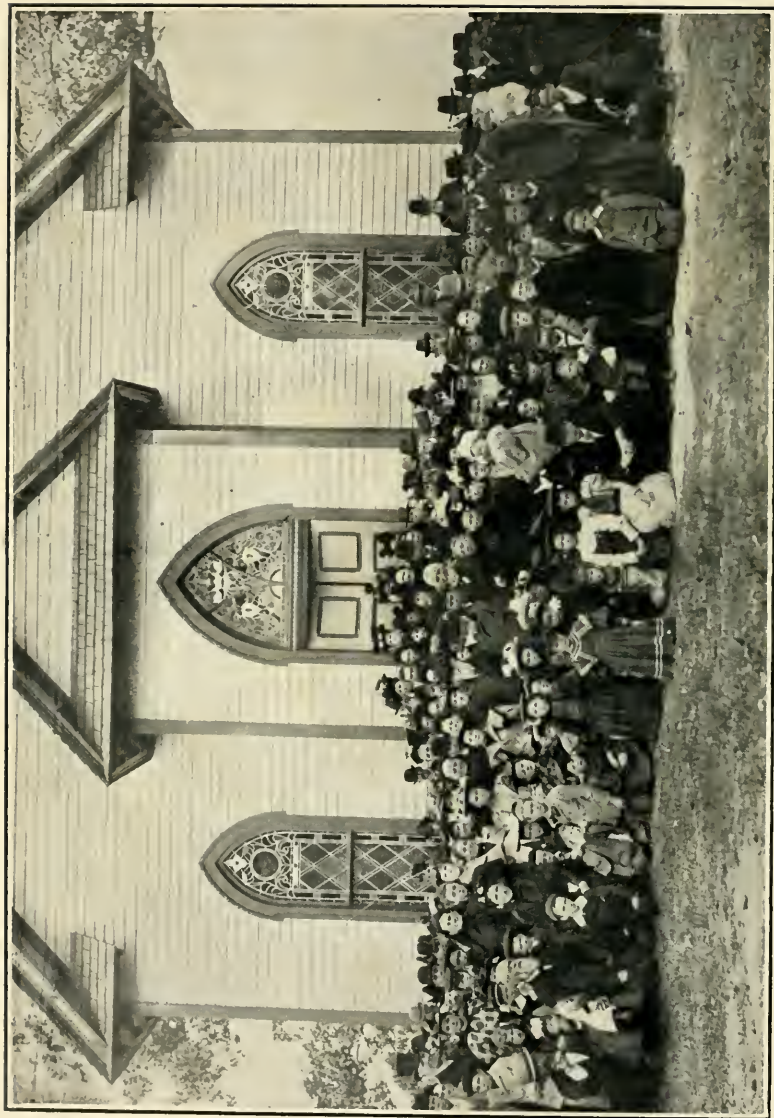
Full many a storm has swept amain
O'er my frail bark, but now again
I sit within thy walls, to join
In praises to thy sacred shrine.

But, as I turn my eyes, they meet
With many a long and vacant seat;
Where once gray fathers sat to sing
The praises of their Heavenly King.

But, they are gone, and 'neath the sod
Their bodies slumber; while with God
Their spirits swell the courts above,
"With praises of redeeming love."

Yes, Bethel, 'round thy sacred walls
My memory lingers and recalls
Some friend of youth, that death has borne,
To that bourne from whence there's no return.

Oh! when the dream of life is past,
And Death's cold arms are round me cast,
Then lay me 'neath the oaks to rest,
That shade the sepulcher of the blest.



SECOND REUNION.

Second Re-Union

RE-UNION OF THE Davis, Noble and Kinder Families

Held at Bethel M. E. Church

October 29th, 1895.



THE second Re-union of the Noble, Davis and Kinder Families was held at Bethel M. E. Church October 29th, 1895. The day decided on dawned clear, bright and crisp, everything conspired to make it an ideal October day. The following program was ushered in as early as could be.

PROGRAMME

- Organ voluntary, Miss M. P. Warren.
- Organization by electing Dr. J. L. Noble, Chairman, J. Noble Warren, Secretary.
- Singing, "And are we yet alive."
- Prayer by Rev. T. G. Eiswald.
- Singing, "Safely."
- Address of Welcome by pastor, Rev. T. S. Williams, D. D.
- Reply to Address of Welcome, Rev. P. H. Rawlins.
- Solo, "The ninety and nine," Rev. Edward Davis.
- "Singing, "Thus far the Lord has led us on."
- Address, History of Kinder Family, S. W. Kinder.
- Address, History of Noble Family, I. S. Warren.
- Address, History of Davie Family, Rev. Edward Davis.
- Singing, "One family, etc."
- Adjournment for dinner.

Afternoon services were opened with organ voluntary by Miss Blanche Davis.

Singing in charge of Federalsburg Choir who sang some very fine selections.

Solo by Rev. Edward Davis.

Address by Hon. J. S. Willis.

Poem by Mrs. A. O. Kinder read by Master Warren Kinder.

Singing, "We'll never say good-bye."

Dismission.

There having been no provision made for publishing the proceedings in pamphlet form, the Federalsburg Courier very kindly offered to publish the addresses of the several speakers, which can be found in the issues of November 9 and November 16, 1895, also on the following pages.



The Kinder Family

BY S. W. KINDER, ESQ.

Chosen by the committee of arrangements to represent, and note the changes in the Kinder family during the decade past.

In a retrospect of the ten years which have elapsed since our last reunion in 1885 many have been the changes. What hopes, what fears, what joys, what heartaches have we met since we assembled last, "but out of all the Lord has led us by his love." And we meet in this beautiful new house this bright October day finding the balance on the right side of Life's Ledger, and note with sadness, not however unmingled with hope, those who have met in the great Re-union above.

Mary Cannon Kinder, widow of Jacob Kinder, was born March 3, 1813, and died at the residence of her son-in-law, Samuel A. Melson, in Sussex County, Del., December 13, 1887. On December 20, 1832, she was married to Jacob Kinder, a man of sterling integrity and devoted attachment to the Methodist Episcopal Church. Their home was a house of prayer and a resting place for the weary itinerant. Her religious life was a decided one. Her place in the church, when she was able to attend, was never vacant. She was of a very quiet temperament but all who met her felt that her life was guided and controlled by the Holy Spirit. Her end was peace.

Sina Kinder Wright was born March 14, 1811, and died in Harrington M. E. Parsonage, May 26, 1895. She was converted when in her 17th year, and joined the M. E. Church at Bethel. Was married to Lewis N. Wright, October 28, 1828, and moved into the neighborhood of Trinity, 1836. Soon after, they had prayer meeting and preaching services in their barn. She was left a widow, December 25, 1883. The five closing years of her life were spent with her daughter, Mrs. P. H. Rawlins. Most of that time, too feeble to attempt any work, and, for the last two years, could not see well enough to read. For 32 years, she had read the Bible through from Genesis to Revelations—once each year. Her christian experience was always of a positive character, always regular at all the services of the church. She was a woman of strong personality, and of affairs. She made and left

her impress upon all minds; she gave shape, order and consistency to all matters which came within the range and province of her undertakings. While all secular matters received due and prompt attention, she always found time to attend to her religious duties—visiting the sick, administering the balm of consolation to the sorrowing, and rich in alm-deeds, and helpfulness to the poor and those in need. What was said of one in the New Testament, may well be said of her—“She hath done what she could.” On Monday night, May 27, there was a memorial service held in Harrington M. E. Church, Dr. Martiale, of Milford in charge, who delivered an appropriate and impressive address. May 28 funeral services took place at Trinity M. E. Church, the place and scene of her long and arduous labors.

Revs. H. Miller, John Poole, and Wm. Harris, who had known her throughout the long years of usefulness, vied with each other in recalling and rehearsing the good works and noble deeds of her life, which must expand and grow and live, though she be dead. She was laid to rest in the Bridgeville Cemetery.

John Morgan Rawlins was born September 7, 1819. Mr. Rawlins was prominent among his compeers. He held for five years the office of Clerk of the Peace for Sussex County, Del. For many years was ticket agent at the R. R. Station in Georgetown. In 1883 was chosen Pay Teller of the Farmers Bank of Georgetown. The latter position he held until his last illness made it necessary for him to resign. He filled all these places of responsibility and high trust with great fidelity and credit to himself and to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned. Mr. Rawlins never formally connected himself with any branch of the christian church, except by baptism, but he was a liberal contributor and regular attendant upon the services of the Protestant Episcopal church.

He could well be called an upright man, and an honest christian gentleman. He was married to Sina Kinder Rawlins December 7, 1879 and died July 30, 1893, after a long and painful illness which he bore with great patience and christian fortitude. His end was peace.

Minnie Castelia, daughter of Thomas and Mary Kinder Layton, who was with us in the delightful services of '85, has since gone out like a meteor through the heavens. Minnie remembered her Creator in the days of her youth. In her social qualities she excelled. One of those bright sunshiny spirits which scatter light, hope and good cheer all around. Whatever of sadness or gloom might rest upon the social circle, when Minnie appeared, it vanished like the mist before the rising sun. There was a

subtle mystic influence which no human tongue can explain or pen describe, bubbling out of the very fountains of her life, which made her the shining mark of every circle, and the charm and delight of all hearts.

Being in somewhat delicate health, she left her home in the early part of October 1887, to visit her sister, Mrs. Fred Calloway, of Denver, Col., hoping by change of scenery and climate to recuperate and regain her wonted strength. For a time her health improved, frequently writing her friends that she was much better and all the time gaining in weight. Thus she continued through the winter, but in the spring time she was seized with a fever which, after two short weeks, affected her brain, and notwithstanding the intervention of the highest order of medical skill and all that loving hearts and tender hands could do, on the 10th day of April, 1888, the pale horse and his rider strode right on, and seized the shining mark for his own. Her remains were conveyed to her country home, and she quietly sleeps, on the hill, in the Bridgeville Cemetery.

Catharine Warren Shockley, widow of Wm. V. Shockley, who was with us at the re-union of '85, has passed to her heavenly rest. Some inquiry of her neighbors and friends brought the answer that she was a bright, sweet, sunny, christian woman, not only highly esteemed for her liberality and work's sake, but greatly beloved by all who knew her. From girlhood she was a member of New Market M. E. Church, Ellendale circuit. The writer frequently passes the quiet country cemetery where she sleeps, and a few days ago stood by her grave and copied the following epitaph from her tombstone with the accompanying verse:

OUR MOTHER

Catharine K. Shockley, wife of Wm. V. Shockley. Born February 2, 1819, died February 18, 1888. Aged 69 years and 16 days.

“Farewell mother but not forever,
There will be a glorious dawn ;
We shall meet to part, no never
On the resurrection morn.”

The Noble Family

BY I. S. WARREN.

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen: The choice of the committee to represent the Noble family was in my opinion an unfortunate one; and I have become more confirmed in that opinion, and the unfitness for the duty of the one chosen, since I have heard the ornate and scholarly utterances of the gentlemen chosen to represent the Davis and Kinder families. But having enjoyed such a treat you will scarcely want to be surfeited with good things, and my lame effort may act as an alternative; my speech, however, will have one excellent feature, viz. its brevity.

In the interval since our re-union of 1885 time has dealt leniently with the members of the Noble family.

The changes have been comparatively few. Some have passed off this stage of action. Prominent amongst the deaths are William Noble, or as he was more familiarly known, "Sheriff Noble," who died suddenly while on a visit to his friend, James Redden, Esq., in Denton, Caroline County, Maryland, in the spring of 1890. A remarkable coincidence connected with this death was the death, within 24 hours, of his nephew, Daniel F. Noble, son of Alexander, who had married Addie Kinder, a sister of his uncle's wife, Rhoda, daughter of the late Warren Kinder, thus leaving two sisters widows almost by the same stroke, each leaving one daughter.

Next in this necrology comes Corinne Johnson, wife of Lyman Johnson, of Sioux Rapids, Iowa, a daughter of the late Dr. William D. Noble, after a protracted and painful illness, on November 3rd, 1890, leaving three children.

Then following, we find Addie Jarrel, wife of Robert Jarrel, of Greensboro, Maryland, a sister of Alexander and half sister, of Rufus and Dr. J. L. Noble, our president for today.

Amelia Collins, a sister of Sheriff Noble, who had married William Collins and moved to Kansas, died during the decade.

Eliza, wife of Jonathan T. Noble, who is with us today, died August 3rd, 1892, leaving three children well known in this community. And lastly George W. Williams, who had married Sarah, daughter of J. T. Noble, died suddenly last March of apoplexy.

Some have married. Lillian, daughter of Daniel F. and Addie Kinder Noble, married Albert Handy, who have been living in Philadelphia, but who have decided to cast in their lot with us and will soon be living on the farm of the late Daniel F. Noble.

George E. Noble, son of Daniel J. Noble, married Alverda Handy, and who have resided since their marriage in New Haven, Connecticut, are now living on the farm known as the Solomon Noble, or Kirk Farm, which they have purchased.

More or less have been born; perhaps more.

Mr. President, to my mind's eye appears a broad, and elevated roadway. Looking backward the prospective is lost in the dim and shadowy past. Straining my eyes looking forward I am dazzled by the brightness of the sight for it reaches to the portals of Eternity; the arch of this highway which claims our attention today, is supported by two pillars on which I see 1885—1895.

Looking backward a century or more on this thoroughfare, crowded from side to side I particularly notice three men, one of whom comes from a stock who with unparalleled courage, more or less sufficiently battled with the Roman power, and retreated sullenly, disputing every inch of ground to the fastness of the Welsh Hills, where they have ever maintained their independence and freedom and afterwards coming to this favored land with all the instincts of independence and freedom unimpaired.

Again I look and behold a sturdy yeoman of the Netherlands, strong in purpose, brawny of form, a fit representative of a stock who by indomitable patience have wrested a kingdom from the sea and who like Archimedes when he said "give me a rest for my fulcome and I will lift the Earth," say give me a place to put the water and I will undertake not alone to dam and pump out the Zayder Zoe, but the Atlantic Ocean itself.

Once more I look and from the cut of his garments and the peaceful expression of his countenance I judge the remaining one to be a follower of George Fox and William Penn, a Quaker. For a time they journey together, strangers to all and to each other, but being mutually attracted, they form an alliance, offensive and defensive, and together occupy the land until now their descendants have become a somewhat homogeneous family, and counted by the myriads have made the wilderness blossom as the rose; and today, Mr. President, we are met in our second or Decennial Re-union to pledge each to the other a renewed friendship.

We see with us today representatives of all three of the men, some of whom, as Mr. Daniel B. Kinder, Rev. Edward Davis,

Mr. Jonathan T. Noble and Mrs. Elizabeth Sorden were contemporary with the fathers still lingering with the children. May many and peaceful be their years.

We see with us young men and maidens who are anxious and ambitious to take up the burdens when laid down by the feeble hands.

We see boys and girls, large and small, who will soon be crowding to the front eager to take part in the fray. May they be

“Not like dumb driven cattle
But heroes in the strife.”

May we all wage a good warfare and go up on this grand highway to that Everlasting Reunion hard by the Eternal Throne.



The Davis Family

BY REV. E. DAVIS.

Mr. Chairman and near friends, I find my name on your program and assigned to give a short sketch of the changes that have occurred in the Davis family during the past decade. I think it would have been better to have assigned this duty to some one living in your midst as my fields of labor have been so far distant from your community during the last ten years that I have been deprived of the means to note the many changes that have occurred. Therefore I will only refer to the changes that have taken place among the grandchildren of my grandfather Samuel Davis, who was one of the founders of the old church, Bethel, which stood a few feet from this building and remained for the period of 114 years. When we met here ten years ago in our first re-union, he had living at that time seven grandchildren. Since that time two have died, viz., Trustin P. Davis and Alfred Davis. They have passed away.

Dear friends, it affords me great pleasure on this bright and beautiful day to be present to look into the faces of so many dear friends and relatives. On my way from Federalsburg to this place this morning, in company with one of my grandnephews, he informed me that this re-union was being held on his birthday; this remark brought to my mind that this was also the birthday of one of the great men of our nation, viz., John Adams, who was born October 29th, 1735, and became the second president of the United States of America. His birth occurred 160 years ago today.

The circumstances that have brought us together today seem to carry me back to the days of my childhood, when I attended school in the old school-house which stood on these historic grounds, I remember that I used to go to the front door of the old church, and peep through the cracks and regard it as being the house of God, the place where His people assembled to worship the true and living God. This made a deep impression on my mind and from that time I have always had a reverence for the house of God.

Great have been the changes in almost everything since that

time; great changes in the mode of cultivating the soil. I remember when the farmers in this neighborhood used the old wooden plow. I was very anxious to learn to guide the plow when a very small boy I would go into the fields where the men were plowing, and would ask them to let me try.

I would have to take hold of the under part of the plow handles, but could not guide it very well. But the farmers do not break the soil with that kind of a plow today.

Great changes in the mode of travel since those days. I remember when Andrew Harris and Joseph Dawson with their families left my father's house in this neighborhood in covered wagons to go West. But people do not travel that way now. God raised up a Fulton and endowed him with a mind to conceive the idea to convert steam power with machinery to drive the boat upon the waters and hence it has also been arranged to drive the car upon the rail at the rate of 60 to 100 miles an hour, so now the people travel by steam power. Also there have been great changes in the mode of conveying news. God raised up a Morse and endowed him with a mind to conceive the idea of sending messages with lightning speed, so that man can now stand on the shore of the Atlantic and talk to his friends on the shore of the Pacific. So great is the speed with which a message goes that were it possible to stretch a wire around our globe and attach this power it would flash around our globe 380 times in a single minute. And now they use electricity to run the cars in our cities, and so great is its power that a short time ago in the city of Baltimore they attached it to a heavy loaded train of cars and drew it through the great tunnel in that city.

And now in looking around over these historic grounds I see a great change has taken place in your midst since we met here and held our first re-union ten years ago. I observe that the old Bethel has disappeared and I find ourselves assembled in this beautiful temple that you have built since that time. Allow me to congratulate you on your fine taste and success in building such a beautiful church. In looking behind me on the window in the rear of the pulpit I see my grandfather's name. I regarded it as an honor to have his name inscribed there and I also regard it as an honor being his grandson. I was permitted on the 6th of January, 1895, to preach the first sermon that was preached in the new Bethel.

A few weeks ago I was forcibly struck as I read in the Sunday School Journal, "The Power of Song," it was on this wise:

"At the session of the Newark Conference which met at St. Paul's Church, Toltonville, Staten Island, N. Y., in the spring

of 1867. Bishop Simpson presided. On the morning of the Conference Sunday he preached with extraordinary eloquence from Matt. 28, 18-20. Dr. J. W. Wiley, at that time editor of the Ladies' Repository, and afterwards more widely known as Bishop Wiley, was greatly moved by the eloquence of the preacher. Though the Doctor was noted for great self-control, he was completely carried away on that occasion as the speaker rose from one climax to another, the audience wondering meanwhile where those lofty flights of the preacher would lead them. At the close of one of these remarkable outbursts, when speaker and hearers were compelled to pause for a moment to take breath, Dr. Wiley brought his hand upon the knee of a friend who sat by his side and calling him familiarly by name; said, 'I can never preach again! I can never preach again!' This was especially noticeable in view of the fact that he had been assigned to preach in the afternoon; but the marvelous eloquence of the Bishop had so wrought upon the feelings of this usually impassive man that he was completely broken up, and doubtless felt, as he expressed it, that he was utterly unfitted to follow such a sublime discourse.

"At the close of the Bishop's sermon, Phillip Phillips took his seat at the organ, and after a softly played prelude, he sang as only he could sing, one of his favorite songs, 'Brother you can sing for Jesus.' As verse after verse proceeded, each one telling what might be done for the Master, and as he sang, 'Brother, you can work for Jesus,' and still again, 'Brother you can die for Jesus,' Dr. Wiley's frame, trembled with emotion, his face was illumined with joy, and again he brought his hand upon the knee of his friend and exclaimed, 'I can preach now; I can preach now!' and he did preach. The sermon will ever dwell in the memory of those who heard it that afternoon in the old Bethel Church. Very few could hope to follow Bishop Simpson as Dr. Wiley did on that memorable occasion."

I close my remarks with a little song. The lesson to be drawn from this song is Christ's great love for a wandering sheep of his:

"HE LEFT THE NINETY AND NINE."

"The sheep were sleeping within the fold,
 The shepherd counted the line,
 The night was dark, and the wind was cold,
 He counted ninety and nine,
 But one was lost on the mountain track,
 The Shepherd started to bring him back
 And left the ninety and nine.

CHORUS : "He left the ninety and nine,
He left the ninety and nine,
How great was the cost, for the one
that was lost,
He left the ninety and nine.

"Securely sheltered within the fold,
Remained the ninety and nine,
Enjoying the shepherd's wealth untold,
Those happy ninety and nine.
They little knew of the shepherd's pain,
Who, suffering thus one sheep to gain,
Had left the ninety and nine. Chorus.

"But at last went up a joyful cry,
I've found this lost one of mine,
He'll live with me in a home on high,
Safe with the ninety and nine.
Then heaven and earth took up the cry,
To save one sheep that was doomed to die
Christ left the ninety and nine." Chorus.



Address of
Hon. J. S. Willis, M. C.

The wild duck flies not alone before the march of winter to ample and congenial feeding-grounds in southern lagoons. Her children and friends are with her. The nesting and rearing were the work of individual life: the migration is in companies and tribes. And while there is a living, quivering wing to cleve the sky, or an instinct to guide the flight of birds through the pathless heavens, this law will remain a controlling force among the families of animated nature.

In man there are laws paradoxical and contradictory, touching the mutual relationships of life—one law of the animal leads the strong to dominate and devour the weak—the other law of the spiritual, and intellectual, attracts, unites and nurtures—under the reign of the one the race would become extinct; under the reign of the other it would multiply and fill the earth. The one would enthrone jealousy, hate, and cruelty. The other would inaugurate the prevalence of love and peace.

Moreover the principle of union would be closer and intense in the ratio of the intimacy of blood relationship. Out of this grows the family, then the community, then the nation.

A perfectly unhindered spiritual law would subordinate and concede individual interests to the common good. This is the law of Christ, and this I take it, is the law which has drawn you people together, and superinduced these festivals of re-union. It is a blessed ovation to some of the higher qualities of human nature.

Your family pride is a contribution to civilized society. I speak not of pride in the sense of vanity or vain glory, but in the sense of moral conservation, self-respect, rectitude and righteousness. A living commendation and endorsement of various forces, which have prevailed through generations, and have preserved these honorable households.

Yours is a record not so famous as the genealogies of princes and lords, but far more beautiful, as it has been marked by justice to man and reverence to God. Your escutcheon is not

stained with oppression and violence; your fortunes are not the result of misused power; your memories are not those of wreck and desolation; your thrones have been built in affection, and they rest in the hearts of loving friends; you will be complaisant, if not delighted, when you review the past and contemplate your domestic structure standing in the adornments of innocence and symmetry, as the fruit of love, justice, diligence, and frugality.

I intended to emphasize the idea that this pride of family is a prime conservator of organized and civilized society. It lies at the bed rocks of human fraternity. It is the seed corn of the nations. For where there are no families there are no nations. It subsisted and wrought in the very dawn of the race. It was potent in Abraham. It was characteristically strong in Jacob, whose dexterity in dealing, was only equalled by his dexterity in social building. It filled an important place in all Jewish history, and preserved that strange people from the encroachments of pagan deterioration. And it has been a fixed factor in British potency and enlargement. And although in the light of this century English privilege and paternalism amount almost to an abomination; yet it cannot be denied that these privileged families have done much to strengthen and exalt the English dominions and the English name.

The time is approaching when hereditary titles will have lost their charm, and class privilege will have become extinct; but the time will never come when honest industry and intelligence will not adorn the fireside, and give value to family descent.

The common people are destined to rebuild the waste places of social life; but they will build better than those who preceded them. The foundations will be relaid with truth and moral worth, and the superstructure will be the measure of well informed and upright manhood. Sacred history and prophecy made much of the genealogies of the Messiah. But the Messiah himself taught the lesson of a higher nobility when he gave the touchstone of the "Golden Rule," and inculcated the imitation of Him after whom "the whole family of earth and Heaven are named."

If you will strip earthly titles of their glamour and trappings, you will find nothing left but a few gouty and imbecile pretenders; the degenerate offspring of an early band of robbers, cut throats, and petty tyrants and the family pride of the Kinders, Davises and Nobles is thoroughly out of tune with those old monsters of the past, and with their bloated and helpless progeny. It reaches higher for its honors, works harder for its fortune, builds more nobly its manhood, makes more permanent its glory.

These people believe that

“The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,
The man’s the gold for a’ that.”

It is needless, my friends, that I should here restate your family genealogies—and tell of the worthy men and faithful women who have honored your households. This has been well done on former occasions. The record is before you, and in your archives you have stowed it away as a precious souvenir to be reviewed in your leisure hours, and dwelt upon with profitable reflection.

“Lives of ‘good’ men all remind us
We may make *our* lives sublime.”

The record of the saints is the dearest legacy of the Church. The annals of our heroes are the most useful and instructive inheritance of statesmen. And the simple story of our honorable forefathers may serve to stimulate us in the attainment of a character which will be a benediction to our offspring after we have entered the long and mysterious sleep of the grave.

There are some counsels which I might give you as the result of my experience in life, which, if followed, would augment the sum of your happiness for the time to come.

First.—Cultivate a spirit of justice.—Selfishness is the mildew of life; but generous justice will drop the honey of gladness into the cup of every experience. The highest attainments, the largest possessions, the widest fame, will not atone for the lack of this heaven-born virtue. Without it the wings of devotion would fall paralyzed before the holiest shrines. Without it the pillow of death would be hard and thorny, and life otherwise comely, would be bitter at its close, and dangerously uncertain in its transition. Without it the whole scheme of life is a failure and the battle ends in defeat. Injustice corrodes the heart, taints the intent, falsifies the action, deteriorates the moral scope, shames manhood, dishonors God, drivels the soul and secures perdition.

Second.—Foster that kindred quality, viz. : A tolerant spirit toward the opinions and convictions of others.—He who assumes such superiority as to demand the surrender of all others’ judgments to his own, is more stupid than Ajax when he defied the lightning, or than Xerxes when he bridged the Hellespont. The world’s shocking tortures of saintly men for conscience sake; the ghastly agencies of stake and fire; the grim dungeons stained with the blood of the fathers, the holocaust of agonies arising

from amidst the altars dedicated to peace and God, are all the fruits of intolerance in those who professed to be the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. The Millennium itself will not be able to wipe out the gory defilements of the Church, perpetrated by hellish hypocrites against the right of free opinion and free speech; and when the judgment scrolls are opened, exaltation will come to the victim, and damnation to the oppressor.

In the great day of God, opinion will count for nothing, but conscience for everything. A thousand accidents may occur to frame and shape the one, but the other must reign the immortal queen in the citadel of the soul. Creeds and professions will fly as chaff before the winds of truth; or be treated as the vagaries, and insubstantial visions of finite minds, while love and innocence will reign supreme.

“He who knows our sorest needs
Cares not how men may count their beads
For righteousness is not in creeds
Nor solemn faces;
But rather lies in kindly deeds
And christian graces.”

Third.—Practice hospitality.—It is advised by St. Paul, endorsed and practiced by Christ, and is verified by the experience of ages. It thaws the prejudices, warms the affections, enlarges the scope of moral vision, dethrones selfishness and is in keeping with that charity and fraternity of which the gospel is the divine guarantee and faith the prophetic outlook.

Fourth.—Cherish the sentiment of hope.—It will solve the riddle of life. It will bring the sunshine of gladness through the clouds of an irksome day. It will give strength to the soul, nerve to the arm, speed to the feet and bring this immortal being safely amid the storms that rage on the river of death.

“Eternal Hope, when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of time
Thy joyous youth began, but not to fade,
When all the sister planets have decayed.
When wrapt in fire the realms of other glow
And heavens last thunder shakes the world below
Thou undismayed shall o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile.”

Your re-union, dear friends, will doubtless lend a charm to memory in the declining years of life. Your intermarriages will be as they have been like enchanted bridges, by which you have crossed thrice enchanted streams, and lingering in the Arcadia of sanctified love you have peopled and shall people these ancient

soldiendes with a thrifty generation of which as in the past, so in the future, no man may be ashamed.

“Ill fares the land to hastening ill a prey
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish and may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath hath made,
But a bold yeomanry, a country pride
When once destroyed can never be supplied.”



A RE-UNION.



To-day a re-union three families hold
Knit close by the strongest of ties ;
The Nobles, the Kinders and Davises too
And how could it be otherwise.

For a century past they have intertwined
Upon a most intricate plan.
Till a lawyer skilled in the love of the Hub
Could not tell where the branches began.

But a school-boy dumb, with pencil and slate,
By figures could readily see
That the Davises, Nobles and Kinders
Belong, to one family tree.

Tho' many they're one by their faith in God ;
The faith that their fathers bore ;
And Bethel upholds the work of the sires
When they rest on the golden shore.

How wonderfully altered is this place
Since closed was the last decade ;
Changed is the plan of the homestead church
And Time sad ravages made.

Come home from the coast the Atlantic sweeps
And the one the Pacific laves ;
From the North and South—your brethren to greet
And visit your ancestors' graves.

Greet with your best Priscie, Mary, Lucinda,
Their stay with us here will be brief,
And Nattie, Daniel, Johnathan and Edward,
Who compare with the sear autumn leaf.

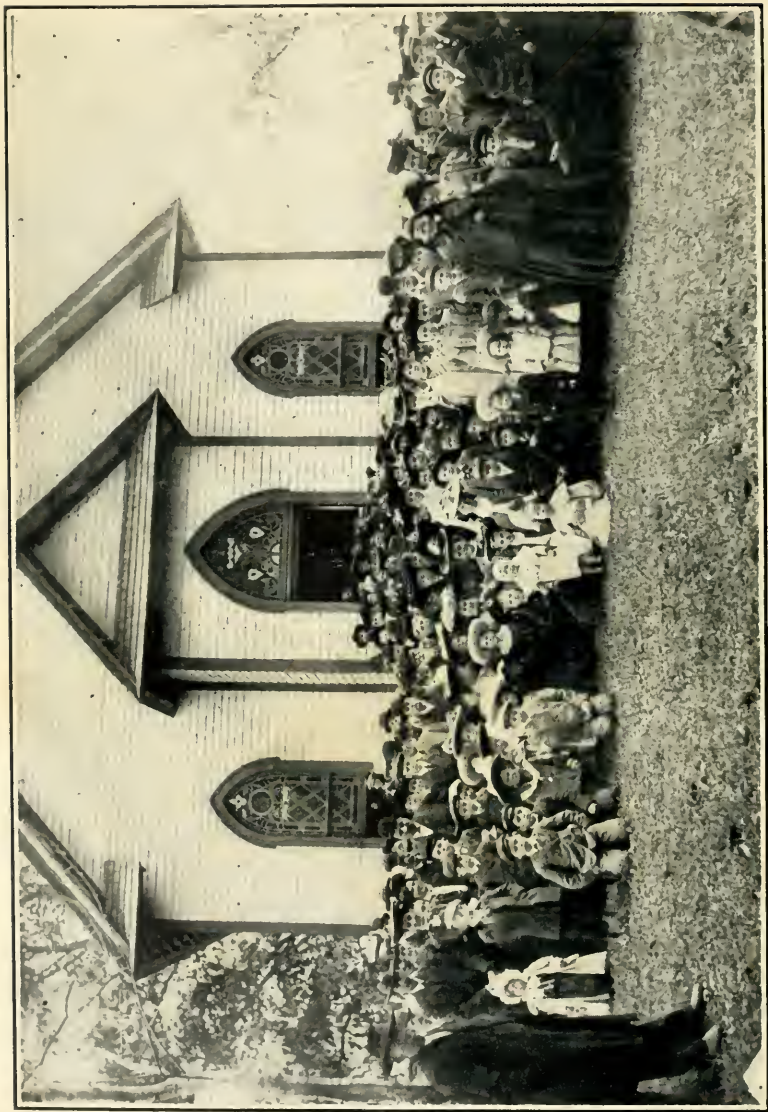
We've summoned you now, lest you fall asleep
Like for Verdie, the call sounds in vain
And 'tis lost on our Truston, William and John
Who will sing for us never again

"The home of the soul" how sweet Edward sang
When they laid our Alfred to rest,
Now with Daniel, Eliza, Joseph, Coriunne,
He sings in the home of the blest.

There are buds Orrie, Gertie, Alvin and Fred
That we hope to meet on that strand.
With Lewis, loved Sina we'll know by her smile,
And Luie, the clasp of her hand.

O blessed hope, how it cheers us all !
That with friends beyond the river,
We will hold reunions in the skies
Nor will break them up forever.

And though, perchance, the Angel come
With scarce a friendly warning,
We hope to bid good-bye on earth—
If not—in Heaven, good-morning.



THIRD REUNION.

Third Re-Union

RE-UNION OF THE
Davis, Noble and Kinder Families

Held at Bethel M. E. Church

October 26th, 1905.



IT having become a custom with the Noble, Davis and Kinder Families to hold a Re-union every ten years, and in accordance with that custom, representative members of the respective families met at Bethel Methodist Episcopal Church, on Seaford Circuit, Sept. 6th, 1905. Mr. Joseph T. Davis was elected Chairman, and Isaac S. Warren Secretary of the meeting.

It was decided to hold the Re-union Oct. 26th, and at the same time the following Committee on program was appointed: I. S. Warren, S. M. Noble, J. T. Davis, W. W. Kinder, R. F. Noble, G. E. Noble and Mrs. C. K. Corbin. The Committee was authorized to make all the necessary arrangements. The Committee invited Rev. W. S. Robinson, D. D., of Summerfield M. E. Church, Newark, N. J., a former pastor at Bethel, and Mr. Herbert Noble, youngest son of the late Dr. W. D. Noble of Federalsburg, of the law firm of Noble, Jackson & Hubbard of New York City, to make addresses at the Reunion.

The Committee decided to have the proceedings of the two preceding Re-unions, with the proceedings of the present one published in one pamphlet.

The Committee also appointed the following Committees :

On publishing proceedings—I. S. Warren, G. E. Noble, Charles Davis, W. W. Kinder, Dr. J. L. Noble.

On securing subscriptions to the published proceedings—Charles S. Lewis, Mrs. C. K. Corbin, S. M. Noble, J. T. Davis, Charles Davis.

On Registration—Hon. T. N. Rawlins, Linden Noble, W. J. Warren.

Ushers—Fred H. Noble, C. L. Warren.

The Committee also recommended that Dr. J. L. Noble be elected to preside at the Re union, and that I. S. Warren be elected Secretary and S. M. Noble, Treasurer.

The Committee also adopted the following program :

PROGRAMME

9.30 Organization, by election of Dr. J. L. Noble, of Preston, President ; I. S. Warren, of Oak Grove, Secretary ; S. M. Noble, of Federalsburg, Treasurer.

Organ Voluntary.

Singing. 1082 Hymnal.

Invocation. S. M. Noble.

Singing. Auld Lang Syne.

10.00 Address of Welcome. Rev. J. L. Johnson, Pastor of Church.

10.15 Reply. Rev. P. H. Rawlins.

10.25 Address.

10.35 Singing.

10.45 History of Kinder Family. S. W. Kinder, Esq.

11.05 History of Davis Family. Charles Davis, Esq.

11.25 History of Noble Family. I. S. Warren.

11.35 Singing. 235 Hymnal.

Announcements.

Call to Refreshments.

- 2.00 Singing. Duett. Mrs. Dr. J. L. Noble and Mrs. Clara Payne.
- 2.15 Introduction of Visitors. (2 minute addresses).
- 2.30 Address. Rev. W. S. Robinson, D. D., of Newark, N. J.
- 3.00 Singing.
- 3.15 Address. Herbert Noble, Esq., of New York.
- 3.45 Closing Exercises, conducted by Rev. S. M. Morgan, D. D.
Singing. "Blest Be the Tie that Binds."

Owing to the unfavorable and threatening state of the weather on Oct. 26th, the program was not carried out as completely as it could have been wished, i. e., we could not begin on schedule time and several of the speakers who had been invited to officiate at the opening exercises were not present. Rev. J. L. Johnson, Pastor, who was to have made an address of welcome, has however kindly furnished manuscript which will be found in proceedings; Rev. P. H. Rawlins, who was expected to reply, has kindly furnished the accompanying letter. Rev. W. S. Robinson, D. D., who made a very eloquent and suitable address, spoke extemporaneously, therefore the reader will be unavoidably deprived of the pleasure of reading his address. The address of Mr. Herbert Noble, which will be found in these pages, speaks for itself. Taken as a whole our Reunion was a success and very enjoyable, and the Committee regrets that the threatening weather prevented so many from being present.



Address of Welcome

BY REV. J. L. JOHNSON.

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Noble, Davis and Kinder Families; Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have been selected by your committee to speak the word of welcome on his occasion though that is hardly the proper term to use, for many of you brought your welcome with you when you came into the world.

I, with a great many others realize, one of the greatest mistakes of my life is; that I was not born either a Noble, a Davis, or a Kinder, but when I was born I did not know there existed such a historic family trio, had I, it might have been otherwise, no one however told me, so I am not to blame. I have partially overcome my mistake by a certain species of adoption; and today I find myself thrice blessed, for I claim now to be related to all three of the families.

This is not the first time you have received the greetings of Bethel Church and been the recipients of the hospitality; you know the warmth of the one and the unbounded generosity of the other, and I voice the sentiment of each member of this Church when I say that each of them appreciates the presence of such a grand assemblage of representative men and women; and they rejoice in the privilege thus accorded you in visiting this historic spot under such happy auspices. Our hearts welcome you and our hands are extended in fraternal greetings.

We wanted you, and we sent for you, and you have come and already our anticipations have been realized; we hope you will sit among us not as strangers but as welcome guests, as neighbors, as friends and brothers and sisters, after the lapse of years, coming home to sit around the family fire-side and eat at the family board.

Yours has been a noble past. It is not my purpose or promise to enter into a discussion of the history of the families or pronounce eulogies on their work. The streams of your unostentatious honesty, industry and sobriety have leaped the boundaries of States and flowed out into many sections of our fair land, East, West, North and South, bearing upon its bosom the same virtues

and refining qualities that characterize it at its fountain head, nor has it been retarded by the artificial distinctions of society. In whatever State or community a member of these families has been found they have taught their lessons of honesty and uprightness, and by their fruits they are known of men. "The wilderness and the solitary place have been made to blossom as the rose" under the magnetic touch of your hand; you have taken the unsightly and polished it into a thing of beauty; you have sawed and planed and hammered the forests into dwelling places; you have given character and distinctiveness to this section of country, until it stands second to none in the whole State. For what you have been, for what you are and for what you are destined to be, I greet you.

You meet today among a generous people and amidst historic surroundings.

Here in the ancient days people of your own blood and kin laid the foundations of a mighty work, the history of this church is interwoven with the history of these families.

Like the Pilgrim Fathers, your ancestors must worship God, and being staunch adherents of the Wesleyan Doctrine their homes were open and their hearts welcomed the early Missionaries sent out by the Wesleyan Societies. In the home of one, William Davis, a Local Preacher, and for 62 years a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, situated less than a mile from where I now stand, Bishops Asbury, Whatcoat and Waugh preached the Word of Life. In 1781 on this very ground the first Chapel was built, then called Brown's Chapel, afterwards called Bethel, this being the 2nd M. E. Church built on this Peninsula. The same year Mr. White Brown, a leading spirit in the community, who owned the farm adjoining the Church Lot (now belonging to the heirs of the late John H. Twiford) built the brick dwelling which is still standing (and over the door are cut in the brick the initials W. B., 1781). Mr. Brown was so much engaged in the work of building his own house and the church, he proposed that Jacob Kinder should take his, Brown's hands, and his own, and cultivate both farms so that he, Brown, might give all his time and attention to the building of his own house and of the church, which was done. Thus we see the spirit of sacrifice as found in these two men; willing to sacrifice their own interests that God's Temple might be erected. This spirit did not die with them; it was of the hereditary type; it descended to the sons and daughters to the third and fourth generation. It is pre-eminently fitting that you should assemble upon this historic spot and upon this consecrated ground in this family re-union, no

place like it, historic to you because of the sacred memories that cluster about it; to the Church because of the ministrations of such men as Asbury, Whatcoat, Waugh and George, the very founders of our beloved Methodism; consecrated because here your fathers labored, toiled, sacrificed and conquered; from here they ascended and were glorified; their ashes remain with you and their memory still abides, while their spirits basking in the golden light of the Eternal World hover round us. And in their name I greet you.

The committee who had charge of this affair, in my judgment, exercised a very wise discretion, they have recognized the fact that man does not live by bread alone, but that there are other senses to be gratified than mere taste, and it has been, evidently, their desire that all five senses should have their proper share of enjoyment. You have already felt the warm clasp of a brother's hand. What is more pleasing to the eye than this array of youth, grace and beauty that I see before me? And our ears have been and will again be charmed by the concord of sweet sounds, but you say where does the fifth sense come in? We have no sweet incense, but listen, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity; it is like the precious ointment on the head," Who will say that this precious ointment does not pervade this whole assembly? It would be unpardonable in me now to make further remarks; I will only renew our thanks to you all for your presence with us, and when you depart, if you are able to carry away with you the slightest conception of the pleasure your company has given us, then we shall feel amply repaid for any feeble effort we may have put forth towards your enjoyment.



Rev. P. H. Rawlins' Letter

Isaac S. Warren, Esq.,

Dear Brother:—You have requested a paper from me to be printed with the proceedings of the Noble, Davis, Kinder re-union held on October last at Bethel Methodist Episcopal Church.

In compliance with your request, I will write you this letter.

I regretted much that I was not able to reach the church on the morning of the meeting to be at the opening of the services and take the part which had been assigned me in the proceedings. These re-unions have been profitable undoubtedly to all who have been present to enjoy them. The meeting of friends not often permitted to see each other, the forming of an acquaintance of the younger generation with the older, and with each other, and also the recognition of the fact that they are kindred, are things of importance, and should be encouraged.

Just as the ancient Jews were careful to preserve their family ties intact, so that their descendants from generation to generation might trace their lineage, so it is well for the families of today to do the same. And to my mind there is much in these re-unions tending to preserve and keep in mind the honorable families to which they belong.

Ten years bring many changes. In that time many, especially of the older ones, pass away to the great re-union. Many others have come into life. Young men and maidens have grown to maturity and gone forth from their parental roofs to build homes for themselves. The families represented at these re-unions are, in many respects, remarkable families. Noted as they have always been, for their industry, their integrity, their economy, and their uprightness of character.

The ancestors of these families built on a solid foundation, and so built that the influence of their lives, and the result of their labors, live on, and are seen in the lives and work of their descendants today. Many of us who were permitted to be present at this last re-union cannot expect to be present at the next, if another ten years is allowed to pass before it is held. I trust, however, that the younger generations will continue these happy gatherings to the end of time, and then when time is no more and the generations and families of all ages, shall gather, these families, the Noble, Davis, and Kinder families shall be with the white robed ones, a great multitude, at the right hand of the throne, a happy company, there to greet each other with holy song, forever with the Lord.

P. H. RAWLINS.

The Kinder Family

BY S. W. KINDER, ESQ.

Owing to the limited time accorded us, we have chosen one member of this large family, and as briefly as we may, shall hold up this life as a model, as a shining light and as a living example to all who survive him, and to the generations yet unborn. We believe that all mind and matter is governed by law. And we believe in the law of heredity—that it is no small or insignificant factor in a man's life to be well born.

Daniel Byas Kinder was born Oct. 3, A. D., 1816. His father, Isaac Kinder, was physically, mentally, and morally, made up of sturdy genuine fibre. His mother, Rhoda Warren Kinder, was a woman unsurpassed by motherly tenderness and love, while her face was as cheerful and bright as the white light of a new born day, and her voice was as gentle and wooing as that of a dove.

At different periods of his life, the writer has attempted to delineate and portray this exquisitely beautiful christian life, but the task has always baffled all efforts of both tongue and pen.

With such auspicious environments, Daniel Kinder grew up in this vicinity, and for many long, eventful years was a central figure, and indeed a large and conspicuous part of the warp and woof of the life and actions and transactions of the generation in which he lived, and which he served with such constant fidelity and trust.

Daniel Kinder was a Godly man. He made the Bible his daily study, and practiced its precepts in every walk of life. No emergency could arise but he had on the end of his tongue a Scripture text which would meet the conditions, and often solve the knotty problems of life. It would be more than an idle waste of words to say that he was scrupulously honest, and fair and square in all his dealings with men. Like Daniel in sacred history, "he purposed in his heart" that he would do right, and leave results with God.

A Sussex Co lawyer, who knew him intimately in business relations, was constrained to say: "That Daniel Kinder was the most careful, the most scrupulous, and the most conscientious man in business transactions it had ever been his good fortune to know."

He took a profound interest in the welfare of others, and never thought his task done until he extended a helping hand and brought light and good cheer to hearts and lives in need. His daughter writes beautifully and says: "He was a kind and affectionate father and ordered the affairs of his household by the law of tenderness and parental love." He was a man of great veneration and esteem. He almost worshipped good and great men, and treasured in his mind and heart many of their wise sayings, and never forgot to weave them into his conversations with his friends.

He was a genuinely hospitable man. Hundreds of relatives and friends have found shelter under his benigu roof, and have enjoyed the good things spread upon his bountiful table, and held communion, sweet converse and Christian fellowship with this devout man of God. His was a home for the itinerant preacher through a long, long series of years, and no wayfaring man was ever turned empty away from his door. He was a class leader for many years, and as you see his name stands enrolled in the list of Trustees in the Official Memorial window of this church.

We shall mention just two incidents which show that his life was completely under the control of the spirit of the Master when He talked so tenderly and so lovingly to His disciples on the Mount.

Some years before his death, he came to the writer's home and brought corn to exchange for seed—a common custom among farmers—and said he wanted five bushels. The corn was quickly measured. While taking the corn which he brought from his wagon, we discovered that there were six bushels, and supposing that he had made a mistake, we began to measure another bushel, but he shook his head—in his significant way—and said "No." And we shall never forget the expression of conscious satisfaction and of honesty of purpose which danced like sunbeams from every feature of his face as he extended his hand, and in his familiar characteristic way said: "Good-bye Sam; I hope I have done you no harm."

Daniel Kinder in every walk of life gave Gospel measure, shaken down, pressed together and running over. We never counted the extra bushel in dollars and cents; we put an infinitely higher value upon it, and always regarded it as a gift of his love, and as an expression of his very best wishes.

On one occasion when sick, his physician ordered that he should procure some ardent spirits, and use as he had prescribed. A messenger was despatched and upon reaching the store, the druggist informed him that he had the article, but his license

for selling it had expired just a few days ago. But with a kindly heart the package was neatly wrapped, and placing it into the hand of the waiting man, said: "Tell Mr. Kinder I have no right to sell it, but I gladly send it as a gift, with my sincere compliments."

As soon as he had recovered, and was able to ride, he went to his poultry yard and selected the finest bird in his flock, took it to the druggist and said: "Mr. C. here is a fowl I have brought you" and turned and walked away. The merchant was puzzled to know what such a transaction meant, but upon further reflection recalled the facts above stated; Daniel Kinder could not have lived happily or died in peace, if he had not in some way have compensated this man for his kindness.

Upon the surface these incidents may seem homely and unimportant, but if we will take the pains to analyze them and get down to the basic truths which they represent, we shall find that they contain the very quintessence of the spirit of the "Golden Rule." Daniel Kinder always tried to "do unto others as he would have others do unto him." This spirit characterized this good man in all his dealings with men, and was indeed the warp and woof of his devoted Christian life.

Today, while we sit together in these sacred surroundings, and recall these pleasing reminiscences, and recount his splendid virtues, all that was mortal of Daniel Byas Kinder sleeps peacefully in the cemetery hard by the Sanctuary in which he worshipped for so many long and happy years. While all that is immortal and heavenly and divine, stands out like a beacon light along the shore of life's dark, rough, tempestuous sea, and with one hand pointing to the divine throne, while with the other he beckons us on, and with a voice of triumphant victory, say: "Follow me, as I followed the Man of Galilee."

"Servant of God, well done;
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last."

Dear friends: After ten years of light and shadows, we have met on this glad day to grasp each others' hands and exchange our sincere hearty greetings. But some seats are vacant, and as the record shows, many of our number have fallen in life's sore battle.

The old book upon which we ventured our all for this life and the life to come, is pregnant with admonitions concerning the brevity of human life. The inspired writers use many symbols

to tell the sad story. One calls it "a hand breadth"—another speaks of it as "a vapor;" still another compares it to "grass which cometh up in the morning, and in the evening is cut down." And away back in the dark ages men kept this serious thought before their mind.

God's old servant, Job, startles us with his unique expression—"My days are swifter than the weavers' shuttle."

We lay along side these sad enunciations—which are the result of sin—the "exceeding great and precious promises" which pervade almost every page of the same old Book, and bring hope and consolation and rest to our timid trembling hearts. There is nothing in all literature half so sweet as the words of Jesus: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Listen to old Paul; "For I reckon—that is, I compute—that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

The old prophet, under a mighty spell of inspiration, did his best to soothe our troubled hearts, and quiet our anxious fears, saying: "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned: neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Listen again; Jesus says: "but the very hairs of your head are all numbered." whether we stand or fall in the coming decade, let us hold fast to the old Book; let's seek shelter and find safety on the old Ship; she surely will land us over, and "God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes."



The Davis Family

BY CHARLES M. DAVIS.

You already have the history of the Davis family up to 1895, but the information extends no farther back than 150 years, and we feel impelled to mention the fact that in 1617 a James Davis came from England in the ship *George* to Virginia, from thence he went to the Western Shore of Maryland, and his descendants settled on the Eastern Shore where 7000 acres of land were laid off for them.

This same history states also that the name originated from David, and for some reasons we may infer that King David of Bible fame was our ancestor—first he was a great singer and musician, and this Davis family have been noted for their musical talent. Then David was a man of war, and the Davis family have ever been found conspicuous in military affairs, ready to respond when duty calls.

This is the third meeting at this time-honored place, and every member of the Davis family present, we believe, cherishes an ardent affection for this temple and kindred hearts beneath its roof.

There have been some changes since we met here ten years ago—death has visited our ranks and removed some of our loved ones from earth to heaven, and the thought comes today, they may be listening, with door ajar, to our words of love and renewed friendships.

Only one of Lemuel Davis' grandchildren is now living, Elizabeth Sorden, daughter of Caleb and Nancy Davis, who is a resident of the "Old Ladies' Home" in Easton, Md., and would have been with us today were it not for her affliction; she is totally blind and very feeble, and only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown, to respond to the call to "come up higher." Two grandsons who were with us ten years ago, and whose presence now would be a benediction, are numbered among the dead.

Nathaniel, son of Tilghman Davis, who was born September 20, 1811, and died July 29, 1900, and Rev. Edward Davis, son of Caleb; he represented the Davis family in both the preceding

re-unions, and rendered the church many years of faithful service. Having finished his work, he is now reaping the reward of his labors.

Others who have passed away from our midst since 1895 are Tina wife of Fernandes Davis, Lillie Kenney, granddaughter of Curtis Davis, Rhoda widow of William Noble, Emily wife of Nathaniel Davis, Amanda wife of Wm. Edward Cannon, L. Shanley Davis son of Curtis, Mary W Moore daughter of Isaac Davis. Lee H. Davis son of James, Ruth May infant daughter of Fernandes Davis, Augusta Booth daughter of Alfred and Mary Davis, Warden Cooper grandson of John Davis, Florence Miles daughter of Lottie Adams, and Eliazbeth P. Morgan and Sallie C. Davis daughters of Charles L. Davis.

We will try to give a partial list of the surviving members of this wonderful family.

Lemuel Davis' children have been named in a former history. The children of Rev. William Davis were William, Greentree, Mary Ann, Truston, Priscilla, Mahala and Jesse. Of William is Franklin Davis of Philadelphia. Of Greentree is Ann Amelia living near Georgetown, Del. Truston Davis' children were Edward and Winfield, neither of them living, but Edward who married Emma Wrightson, left three daughters, Nellie, Nannie and Winnie who reside in Cambridge, Md.

Of Mahala who married Charles Noble we have two living representatives, Jonathan Noble and Mary the widow of Alfred Davis.

Of Jesse Davis are Emily Kinder of this vicinity and Harriet Brown of Baltimore, Md.

The children of Solomon Davis were Lemuel, Mary Ann and Solomon.

Of Lemuel is Dr. W. F. Davis of Dover, Del. Mary Ann married W. A. Whealey and left four sons all living in Dorchester County.

The children of Tilghman Davis were Isaac, James, Nathaniel, Henry, Alfred, Samuel, Kittie, Castelia and Charlotte.

Of Isaac, are Celia wife of Edward Adams of Reliance, who has six children all living; Joseph T. Davis who married Annie Williams, has three children, Raymond, married living in Philadelphia, Addie and Myra living with their parents at the old homestead; Lottie Adams of Seaford, Del., one daughter living and one grand-daughter, Florence Etta Miles living at Upper Fairmount, Md.; and Martha Sharp of Seaford has one son.

Of James Davis son of Tilghman are Willie Prouse of Philadelphia, who has two sons living, Walter and Harry, and two

small grandchildren; Georgia Patton of New Jersey has three children; W. J. Davis of Federalsburg one daughter, Laura, and Lydia Elliott has two daughters, Bessie wife of Earle Noble and Anna the bride of Harry Kinder of Pittsburgh.

Of Nathaniel Davis are Tilghman of Easton, Md., Willard living near Trinity church, Benjamin and three daughters, Leona, Kate and Edith Davis Mulligan who has two children.

Of Henry Davis son of Tilghman are Jacob Tilghman, Harriet McMahou who has two daughters Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Coffin, and Ida Collins of New Jersey.

Of Alfred Davis are Emily wife of Henry Cannon of Seaford, Charles T. a resident of this vicinity. Sallie C. wife of W. E. Carpenter of Woodland, James, and Laura widow of Oliver Obier of Seaford, Del.

Of Castelia who married John Kinder are Isaac and Samuel the only children living today.

Of Charlotte who married John L. Willis are Tilghman and Sallie Samuel Brown both of Seaford, Del.

The children of Ennals Davis were Charles, Peggy, Betsy and Eliza.

Of Charles Davis were Elizabeth V. Morgau. John Marcus, Sallie and Emily; the first three deceased and Emily living near the church.

Of Peggy who married Melvin Andrew, Ann Eliza, Lizzie Hubbard, William D. and Kate Sisk of his vicinity.

Of Eliza who married Truston Cannon, Jacob, Mary E., Antoniette, Arcady, Elizabeth, Eliza Jane, Lillie Newton, Sallie Tilghman, Augusta, Charles Davis and James Wilson.

The children of Caleb Davis were Curtis, Albert, John, Washington, Edward, Lizzie, Mary, Aun, Emeline, Carrie and Jerry.

Of Curtis Davis, Rebecca, his widow, who resides in Federalsburg, L. Shanley Davis his eldest son, whose precious memory lingers with us still, died in 1900, leaving one son who bears his father's full name and lives in New York City; Charles M. Davis residing in Federalsburg has two daughters, Eva the wife of Prof. H. H. Murphy living now in Denton, and Lydia at home with her parents, also one grandson. Rowena, wife of Rev. James T. Kenney has two unmarried daughters all living in Philadelphia; Oliver Davis has two sons, Curtis and Norman both married and all living in New York, Jerome Davis of Goldsboro, Md., is married but has no children; Oscar Davis of Hoboken, New Jersey, has three children; Elena Davis unmarried resides with her mother; Fernandes, living in Federalsburg, has two children.

Wilmer and Winter are both married, living in New York, but have no children; Carrie Lewes wife of H. M. Carroll has one son, and resides in Federalsburg.

Of Albert Davis are Edward F. Davis who has two daughters, Roberta wife of Dr. R. Kemp Jefferson and Ethel Davis, also two grandsons; James H. Davis has five children, two sons, Harry W. Davis, cashier of Federalsburg bank and Albert Davis, and three daughters, Blanche wife of Roland Webster who lives in Cambridge and have one child, Iva and Nancy Davis who live at home with their parents in Federalsburg.

Of John Davis, one daughter, Jennie Cooper, who is a widow with two sons and lives at White Haven, Wicomico Co., Md

Of Rev. Edward Davis, Mattie his widow who resides in Newark, Md., Leland and Belle Bailey of Wilmington; John of Bridgeville and Ella Bowen, who has one son, Edward Farrell, of Newark, Md.

Of Ann who married Warren Kinder were Caleb, Rhoda, Emily, Sina, Amanda, Cassie, Martha, Carrie and Addie.

Caleb, deceased, left one daughter.

Rhoda Noble left one daughter, Sallie, who married James Andrew and lives in Hurlock, Md.

Amanda Cannon left two sons living in Florida, and two daughters, Mary Fooks of Georgetown, Del., and Ella Emery of Seaford.

Carrie Wilson left two children, Maggie of Seaford, Del., and Robert of California.

Sina Rawlins resides in Seaford, Cassie Corbin in this vicinity, Martha Lewis who has one son, Warren lives in Laurel, Del., and Addie Wright of Seaford has one daughter, Lillie Handy.

Of Carrie who married Twiford Noble, Alex Noble of Preston, Md., and Addie, deceased, who married Robert Jarrell of Goldsboro, Md.

In closing this historical sketch we are reminded that there may be some mistakes and names omitted that should be recorded, but we have gone according to our information, and wish to be pardoned for any errors.

One characteristic of the Davis family is a fondness for something good to eat, and the wives of these kind husbands seem to know the art of cooking. To agree with this assertion you have only to visit one of them and partake of their toothsome viands. The latch string of their hospitable homes ever hangs outside.

We part today, but hope to meet again :

“Where the crystal stream doth flow,
And the trees of life doth bloom,
Where no chilling frost can fall,
On flowers that sweetly bloom.

Where the glory of the Lord
Shines thro' all the cloudless skies,
There, as endless ages roll,
Shall be no more good-byes.”



The Noble Family

BY I. S. WARREN.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen. For the third time we have met in re-union of the families of Noble, Davis and Kinder.

Again the frosts of Autumn leave their mark on the forests about us; giving color and beauty to the landscape, and in looking over this large gathering I see the autumn of life is giving light and color to the heads of many in this audience, while the frosts of many winters give notice to many of us that the time of re-unions on Earth will soon be over. May we meet in that grand re-union in Heaven where we shall meet again those with whom we have met on occasions like unto this.

Although I was not the one first selected by the committee to represent the Noble Family not being so well qualified as some others and not a Noble by name, Dr. J. L. Noble our president of today being the one chosen, but the Dr. finding his professional duties of such a character as to preclude his giving the subject matter the attention he would like, he turned it over to me, for which you have my sincere regrets. When a man is so unfortunate as not to be borne a Noble, the very next best thing is to marry a Noble which thing I did and that Noble has reigned in my home not only as a Noble but as a Queen, and still reigns, happy mother of eight children, six of whom are here with us today, one of them the wife of Dr. W. F. Haines of Seaford, with her little son, Harlan Fisher Haines, two are not, for God has taken them since our last re-union.

The Grim Reaper has gathered an abundant harvest of Nobles during the time since we last met on such an occasion as this, he has seemed to love a shining mark. Comparatively few of the older members of the family have fallen, Jonathan T. Noble the Nestor of the Noble name, with his sister Mrs. Mary Noble Davis still lingering with the children, are with us today.

The Nobles are not a long lived family, but Mrs. Davis has reached the advanced age of 84 years and her brother Jonathan 82.

Two years almost today, after our last re-union, Oct. 30, 1897, Sadie E. Warren, eldest daughter of I. S. Warren and Mary E. Noble, a quiet unassuming but most loveable girl passed away, and now awaits the resurrection of the just.

May Noble, eldest daughter of S. M. Noble and Mary E. Kinder, died April 10th, 1900. You will pardon me if I make a digression from the rule I had laid out for myself in regard to these notices. I have about 20 death notices and 40 marriages, and the time allowed me will not suffice but to give the barest notice of each one, but this especial case calls for more than a passing notice.

It might be well said of May Noble none knew her but to love her, none spoke of her but to praise her. A lovely bud, too fair for Earth, she blooms in Heaven. She and her father were to have sung a selection at the Epworth League service on the Sunday before she died, they are to sing it on the Eternal Shore, let us all be there to hear it.

DEATHS

Harvey Fountain, Nov. 9, 1896.
 Sadie E. Warren, Oct. 30, 1897.
 Walton Williams, Sept. 27, 1898.
 Verdie Noble, Oct., 1898.
 Eunice Noble, June 17, 1899.
 May Noble, Apr. 10, 1900.
 Ella Hubbard, May 16, 1900.
 Frank Harris, Feb. 20, 1901.
 Sallie Davis, March 20, 1901.
 Rhoda A. Noble, Apr. 28, 1901.
 Isaac Noble, Nov. 14, 1901.
 Albert B. Chambers, July 3, 1902.
 Elberta Wheatley, August 3, 1902.
 J. Noble Warren, November 19, 1902.
 William T. Piquette, February 7, 1903.
 James A. Noble, January 25, 1903.
 Annie Noble High, August 4, 1904.
 Heien Warren, August, 1904.
 Dr. Hattie N. Purte, May 11, 1905.
 Helen Noble, July 3, 1905.
 Charles Noble, August 20, 1905.

MARRIAGES

Herbert Noble to Elsie Pattison, December 5, 1895.
 Harvey N. Fountain to Nora A. Noble, October 3, 1896.
 Charles S. Bradley to Elizabeth C. Grannis, January 13, 1897.
 Mary Belle Noble to William T. Piquette, October 16, 1897.
 Mary Bradley to George T. Chambers, October 28, 1897.
 Blanche Noble to John W. Stowell, Dec 22, 1898.
 Bertie Noble to Dr. W. T. Kelley, June 7, 1899.
 J. Noble Warren to Katherine Herbert, August 9, 1899.
 Willie V. Alberger to George H. Jefferson, December 23, 1899.
 Edgar Fountain to Annie M. Fountain, March 21, 1900.
 Walter Fountain to Emma Cohee, May 20, 1900.
 Mary Moore to Manning Merriken, June 14, 1900.

Rink Noble to Miss Landy, July 25, 1900.
 Myra Purte to Arthur Prey, July 29, 1900.
 Charles Fulton Noble to Cora Willis, October 26, 1900.
 J. Twiford Williams to Mattie Morris, December 12, 1900.
 Roberta Bradley to W. L. Wheatley, December 25, 1900.
 George E. Noble to Grace Handy, June, 1900.
 Madge E. Warren to Dr. W. F. Haines, March 5, 1901.
 Radie Belle Hubbard to William A. Jones, May 28, 1901.
 Levi D. L. Noble to Jennie Lake, December 18, 1901.
 Minnie Noble to F. W. Booker, January 29, 1902.
 William Davis to —, 1902.
 Myrtle Harris to E. H. Fell, August 6, 1902.
 L. Earle Warren to Lelia C. Jones, June 18, 1902.
 Clara Noble to John Payne, June 2, 1902.
 Mary Andrews to J. H. Loux, May 28, 1903.
 Carrie Andrews to F. N. Casson, November 26, 1903.
 Hattie Fountain to Fred Peters, January 20, 1903.
 Luanna Bradley to L. G. Christopher, January 12, 1904.
 Earle Noble to Bessie Elliott, February 23, 1904.
 Annie Noble High to Mr. Henning, January 1, 1904.
 Herman Noble to Nell Hurr, June 22, 1904.
 Herbert Nichols to Miss Poole. 1904.
 Mary Harris to Frank Robertson, December 21, 1904.
 Frank Fountain to Stella Noble, December 20, 1904.
 Mary Jarrell to Dr. H. W. B. Rowe, March 16, 1904.
 Fannie Jarrell to Dr. Raymond Downes, December 14, 1904.
 William Noble Andrews to Bessie Walworth, October 18, 1904.
 Grace Williams to Raymond P. Vickers, October 20, 1904.
 Grace Noble to E. Lee Chipley, January 11, 1905.
 Mary E. Noble to Dr. James A. Riedy, June 1, 1905.

A retrospect reveals the spring from which issues this stream of stalwart men and women, men and women who stood for upright, clean living, who stood for civic righteousness, who made the wilderness bud and blossom like the rose such as we see about us today.

The prospect is that the future promises even greater achievements, worthy sons of worthy sires, brave and true men, fair, chaste women, whose high destiny shall be fulfilled only when they land in Eternity.

"May there be no sad farewells
 When we at last embark."

Address of
Herbert Noble, Esq.

It is no small pleasure to be again at this historic spot, especially on such an occasion as this; and I am not insensible to the honor of being asked to address you, nor of the burden of so doing. However, I feel that I am among my own people; and that fact forces into prominence in my mind what I conceive to have been and to be their distinguishing characteristics.

The Nobles settled in this region more than two hundred years ago. They came from the counties of Northumberland and Cumberland, Enland, where they had lived for centuries. The first mention of the name in English history was William le Noble, who came to England with William the Conqueror, and was granted an estate in the County of Northumberland for faithful service and loyalty to his sovereign.

I have visited this home where his descendants reside, and the family characteristics were most notable. The head of the present family is William Noble, who might for all the world have been taken for the brother of William Noble or Jonathan Noble, or, my father, William Davis Noble. It was from these Nobles that our ancestors came to Maryland.

But I do not desire to attempt an historical sketch of the Noble family. What they and the others who have settled in this region have accomplished and have stood for, is what I desire to call your attention to. When they came here, there was before them the primeval forests, the home of the Nanticoke Indians. There were black bear, deer and other wild game in abundance; but there were no roads, no farms, no buildings, no homes. Their's it was to blaze the way for civilization; and it required stout hearts to face such a situation for the purpose of making homes. They did not come here seeking gold. They came to make their homes under the beneficent Governments of Lord Baltimore and William Penn: In Maryland where no man's privilege to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience could be violated, since the very charter secured that as a right, and to the colony of William Penn who wanted his people to live in peace and harmony with all men.

And what did these early settlers accomplish? They won the forests for homes, for broad plantations, and they kept alive in their hearts the love of God. They had no wars with the Indians, for they dealt fairly with them; and they dealt justly with each other. They were valant men of peace and fair dealing. They gave in those days, as they give today, a *quid pro quo* for all that they received.

These were not commonplace qualities. They were the qualities of strong and virtuous men; for in the forests, distant from the outpost of civilization, where legal rights are very difficult of enforcement, and where the views of men become loose, because they are so free from restraint, it indicates high personal character to deal justly. It means an imagination which pictures a future in which a conscience void of a sense of wrong doing is indispensable to the enjoyment of a home which was to result from their unending toil and labor. They sought a future which might be enjoyed in content and happiness.

As contrasted with the Puritans who went to New England, the men who came to this region were of a nobler mould. Those who went to New England were satisfied with nothing. Their life was as hard as their beliefs were hard; their sufferings as extreme as their sympathies were narrow. They conceived of a God who was continually visiting evil and harm upon the people, who had elected some to be saved and all the rest of humanity to be damned "in soul and body without intermission in hell fire forever." And such was their attitude toward each other, that if one did not believe these doctrines and treat one's neighbor accordingly, one had the choice of having one's tongue bored, ears clipped or leaving as Roger Williams did in 1636, when he founded Rhode Island, or as Benjamin Franklin was obliged to do more than one hundred years later. "The highest to the lowest were firm believers in portents, prodigies, witchcraft and all the black arts. Every unusual event was attributed to God or the devil, and the latter especially seemed to have amused himself at the expense of helpless humanity." The burning of witches at Salem, and the alleged communications from witches and the spirits of the dead, affirmed to have taken place by Cotton and Increase Mather are familiar history (1700-1750.)

"The Christiauity believed in, and preached, and practiced by the rank and file of the people was lurid and of merciless cruelty and vengeance "

From this period when they attributed the most horrid qualities to a merciful God, they swung, within a few years, to another equally extreme and equally abhorrent point of view, by

denying the Divinity of our Saviour and becoming Unitarians. And this change too was attended by similar conduct toward those who failed to agree.

Speaking of the period of 1807, Barrett Wendell has said :

"In Boston Unitarianism had swept away the pristine religious traditions. Among the older churches only the Old South had stuck by its original Calvinistic colours, and its members generally remained orthodox at the expense of their visiting lists."

In a word, those people who dared to believe what had been so stoutly taught even in Franklin's day, forty years before, were made to feel that they were social outcasts, and that they had no proper places in the community.

With this picture of religious intolerance, and, I might say, degredation, of intellectual unrest, and utter social discontent, compare the situation here. Faith, charity, mercy—these were the qualities attributed by the people here to God. Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, Calvinists and Jews all had an asylum here, where every man sought to build a home in a community where fair dealing was the standard of conduct and the measure of respect, and where religious views deprived no man of his right or his neighbor's respect, so long as he dealt justly and lived honorably. Right living was what one's neighbor required of one; and if a man's religious views were in his neighbor's opinion unsound, he was cordially invited, in the early days, to the Church of England; later, in some parts, to Meeting, and yet again to the Methodist Church. In the earlier days of the Colonies of Maryland, and, indeed under William Penn, the majority of the Churches were those of the Church of England. But the very reason that she lost her ground here, and the Quakers and the Methodists supplanted her, was that the clergy sent out to the Colonies in those days did not measure up to the standard which had been set in this community by the people who lived here. They were not men of high spiritual force. They held their Churches largely as a means of support, with little or no care for the spiritual welfare of the people. They were less concerned with the eternal verities and honorable living than with the mere means of support. So that when the Quakers came preaching that God was not a grim autocrat, and that man was not essentially lost; that there was room for love, mercy and charity, and that what was truly to be understood was "the truth of the universal love of God to all men. That God so loved the world that He sent His Son, that Christ died for all men, and that His atonement availed for all whom every land accepted the light with which He enlightened their minds and consciences,

and who listening to His still small voice in the soul turned in any true sense toward God away from evil" and to right living and fair dealing, they appealed to the spiritual lives of the people here, and many, and among them many Nobles, became Quakers. But the coherence and aggressiveness of the Quakers were not sufficient to satisfy the spiritual life of the people here; and when the spiritual awakening came in England and John Wesley so eloquently and fervently protested against the then unspiritualized condition of the English Church; and when George Whitefield, the great Evangelist, visited and preached in the Colonies, there was aroused great religious fervor in his region. Whitefield's preaching was very impassioned, and very remarkable. Benjamin Franklin, in his autobiography, says of his preaching in Philadelphia:

"The multitudes of all sects and denominations that attended his sermons were enormous and it was matter of speculation to me, who was one of the number, to observe the extraordinary influence of his oratory on his hearers, and how much they admired and respected him, notwithstanding his common abuse of them, by assuring them they were naturally half beasts and half devils. It was wonderful to see the change soon made in the manner of our inhabitants. From being thoughtless or indifferent about religion, it seemed as if all the world were growing religious, so that one could not walk thro' the town in an evening without hearing psalm sung in different families of every street."

The enthusiasm which was aroused by Whitefield, and the other great revivalists who came with him, was sweeping; and it was remarkable how they got funds together to build Churches. On one occasion, writes Franklin, Whitefield desired to establish a charitable orphanage in Georgia which Franklin thought was impracticable, and he said in his autobiography:

"I therefore refused to contribute. I happened soon after to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the coppers. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably that I empty'd my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all."

He must also have been a very genial, lovable man personally, because while Franklin was not in sympathy with his preaching, Whitefield and he seemed to have been great friends, and on one

occasion Whitefield wrote asking Franklin if he might stay with him. Franklin's reply was "You know my house; if you can make shift with its scant accommodations, you will be most heartily welcome."

Whitefield replied "If you made that kind offer for Christ's sake, you should not miss of a reward." And says Franklin, "I returned, 'Don't let me be mistaken; it was not for Christ's sake, but for your sake'" and adds Franklin, "One of our common acquaintances jocosely remark'd that, knowing it to be the custom of the saints, when they received any favour, to shift the burden of the obligation from off their own shoulders, and place it in heaven, I had contriv'd to fix it on earth."

The preaching of Whitefield and his associates was an exhortation to give up bad habits; to live simply, without lewdness and in virtue; to deal justly and fairly by all men; and to turn toward a God to whom was attributed qualities of love, mercy and fatherly kindness.

As I said before, his was the kind of life the people in this community had sought to live, and they responded to his appeal and built chapels for worship; among them Bethel Chapel. Thus Methodism, in its turn, became and has remained a great and moving force for good here.

Referring now to material matters, the produce of the farms was and always has been abundant. Every man has always had sufficient to live on, and many have had an abundance. There were no attempts to take unfair advantage in the business dealings of the community. The standards of honesty were high. Men met their obligations. I cannot recall, as a boy, when I lived in this community, the occurrence of any serious breaches of the law. I remember at my own home, that while the front door of the house was always carefully locked at night, most of the others were wide open. Life and personal property were secure. The delights of life were enjoyed simply, merrily and thoroughly without undue show or ostentation. There was no pride of wealth. Indeed the manner of living of most of the people was too generous to permit of the accumulation of wealth, and men and women enjoyed their lives freely and happily, without any attempt on the part of their neighbors to limit their conduct or control their beliefs.

I have attempted to draw a contrast between the lives of descendants of Englishmen who settled in New England and the lives of descendants of Englishmen, and others, who settled here. On the one hand, in New England while they have undoubtedly accumulated greater wealth than has been accumulated here, they

have lived under the most serious and unlovely philosophy and religious beliefs; and amid the most rigid social conditions, with very little of that which is genial in their lives; whereas, on the other hand, here, the people have lived simply, with a keen desire to see the right and to do it, to be genial and gracious with each other, and to get from life the joy, happiness and pleasure which makes life a delight, and the world a place of beauty.

If the Nobles and the Davises and the Kinders and others, who settled in this community have won for the people who reside here what I have attempted to point out, and what I conceive is the fact, then the result of their work has, to my mind, been more worth while than had they accumulated silver and gold, and at the same time failed to win from life its sweetness and its beauty. They have done more for themselves and the world than those restless and discontented spirits who have lived and worked in New England.

And what for the future? This seems to be an age of doing, of building, of inventing, of organizing. The vast and sudden accumulation of great fortunes, in various parts of the country, seems to have set before the minds of many of our people solely the accumulation of riches as an object of life.

In the great crowded centres the beautiful seems to be giving place to the material. There seems no time to seek the eternal truths, learning, scholarship and to cultivate the gentler side of each other; and, instead of seeking happiness and contentment as an object, the acquirement of wealth for the material position it can bring, seems to be the purpose of the day.

Millions of people in this country are today enjoying better schools, are better clothed, better fed and better housed and they live more securely and are better protected against disease and oppression than ever before in the history of the world, because of the material progress that has been made.

All this means system and organization. The necessities of organization require the closest attention, and it seems unquestionably true that to many the perfecting of organization and combination for the wealth that they will bring, seems an object alone. If this be true generally, in this country, as is frequently asserted, the people have sold their birth-right for a mess of pottage.

But, it is not true generally, and it is only seemingly true in the great crowded centres.

The men needed there, to manage great organizations, are not those thus sordid. The kind of men that are needed are those who see clearly, who have no difficulty at any time in knowing

that they have no right to another man's property, and who, under no circumstances, will take an improper advantage of other men; men of such qualities that they will be patient in the doing of right, in dealing justly and fairly, and in making their conquests the result of fair dealing. So that while on the one hand wealth has been accumulated so suddenly that it seems fairly to stagger the imagination, on the other hand, the qualities which are required for its administration and for the administration and accomplishment of great organizations and the doing of great things, are those qualities and characteristics which those early people, who settled in this community, set for their own living, and which standard of life and of living is the proudest heritage descended to their children.

When the Rev. Dr. Robinson, who has addressed you today, left here more than twenty years ago, he closed his farewell sermon, as I so well recall, with St. Paul's counsel to the Philippians:

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

No man could make a sorrier mistake than to suppose that the seemingly materialistic tendencies of the day have done away with the things that are true, the things that are honest, the things that are just, the things that are pure, the things that are lovely, the things that are of good report.

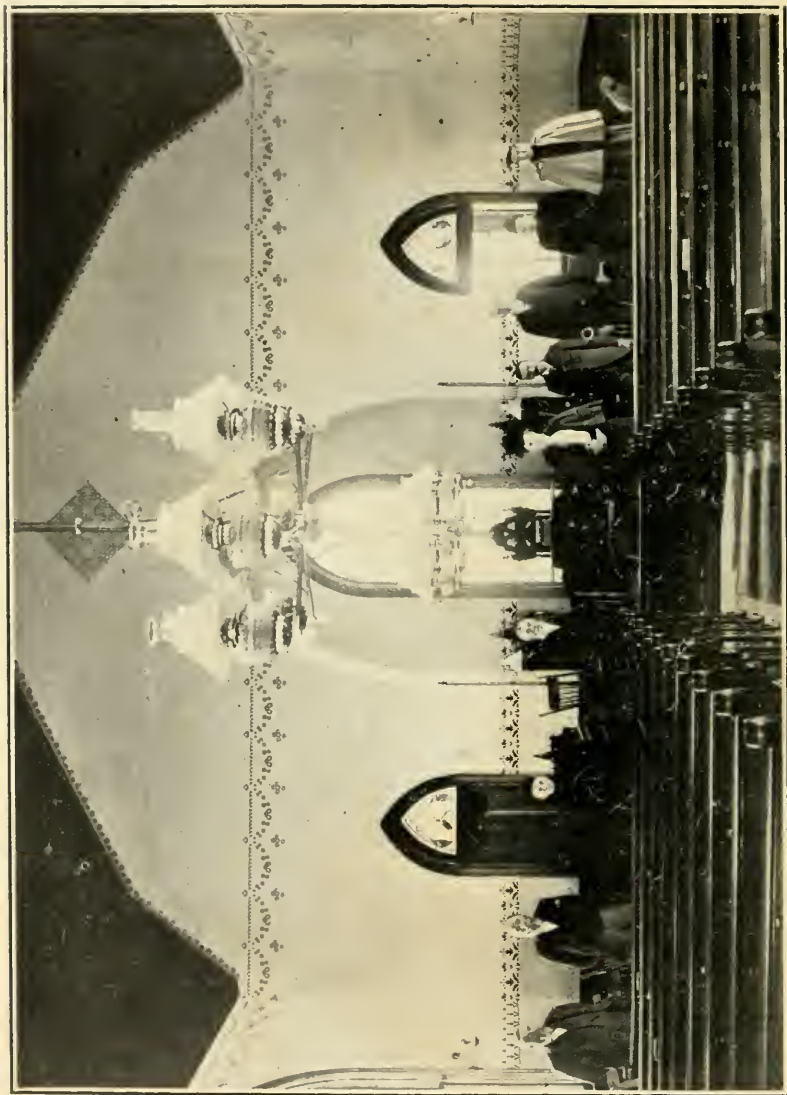
The success of the untruthful and dishonest is ephemeral. The men who in fact are succeeding in the great crowded centres, as well as here, are those who ring true, who are honest and just, whose purposes in affairs are free from guile, are direct and straightforward, in other words, pure, whose lives are in fact worthy of love and respect, and who earnestly seek to have only good report of themselves. They know that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold."

So it would be entirely misleading to believe that there is one test of success in the crowded centres, and another in a community like this. Real success in both places follows from the exercise of the same, identical qualities. The cities are recruited from the country; and those who have the stamina of the men whose settlement here we celebrate today, who have industry, who deal fairly and justly whether here or elsewhere take their important and responsible places in the great combinations and

organizations of life to do things whether it be in one sphere or another.

The men who settled here were right, then, when they gave to their children such standards of what is true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report; for those standards are the true ones and have endured throughout the ages. And it is the privilege, as well as the duty of their descendants to protect their names, preserve their story, and be a lasting monument to their glory.





INTERIOR OF BETHEL CHURCH.

Kinder Family Trees

Descendants of Warren Kinder,

Born Dec. 4, 1800.—Died Oct. 7, 1833.

CHILDREN OF ANN DAVIS KINDER	GRANDCHILDREN
Caleb Davis Kinder, born March 15, 1826. Married Ann Coates. Died July 5, 1854.	Mary F. Kinder, born Nov. 3, 1849. Married 1st, Aug. 12, 1869, Edward Bosman; 2nd, April 23, 1891, Samuel Williams.
Rhoda Ann Kinder, born Jan. 31, 1828. Married Wm. Noble, Jan. 14, 1851. Died Apr. 28, 1901.	Sallie Noble, born Nov. 14, 1852. Married James Andrews.
Emily Kinder, born Dec. 5, 1829. Married Nathaniel Davis, Jan. 16, 1849. Died Sept. 29, 1897.	Mary Anna Davis, born Nov. 14, 1849; died Dec. 25, 1849.
	Tilghman W. Davis, born Nov. 4, 1850. Married Martha Williams, Nov. 26, 1872.
	Leona Davis, born July 11, 1853.
	Benjamin K. Davis, born Jan. 24, 1855. Married Mary F. Whitely, Feb. 26, 1885.
	Margaret C. Davis, born Dec. 20, 1857; died Aug. 20, 1858.
	Willard S. Davis, born Jan. 19, 1859. Married Annie Williams, Dec. 23, 1880.
	Katie J. Davis, born Aug. 15, 1860. Married Scott Collins, Aug. 5, 1896.
	Edith Davis, born Dec. 23, 1867. Married Joseph Milligan, Feb. 13, 1890.
Alexander Warren Kinder, born Jan. 11, 1831; died July 31, 1831.	

Married (1825) Ann M. Davis; (1848) Eliza A. Bradley;
(1859) Emeline Davis.

GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

Norman Bosman, born July 4, 1870; died Feb. 13, 1871.

Hattie Bosman, born Feb. 18, 1872. Married J. Hartzell, Jan. 31, 1905.

Minnie E. Williams, born Oct. 15, 1881. Married O. E. Wiley, Mar. 23, 1905.

Eva Mae Williams, born July 14, 1883.

William Noble Andrews, born Nov. 13, 1876. Married Bessie Walworth, Oct. 18, 1904.

Carrie Andrews, born Jan. 25, 1878. Married Frank Myers Casson, Nov. 26, 1903.

Mary Andrews, born May 25, 1881. Married John Hopkins Loux, May 28, 1903.

Stephen Kinder Andrews, born Feb. 21, 1885.

Helen Andrews, born Apr. 26, 1886.

James E. Andrews, born Apr. 5, 1892.

Howard N. Davis, born June 4, 1874. Married Golda Alford, Dec. 27, 1904.

Benjamin F. Davis, born June 23, 1880. Married Minnie Obier, Feb. 10, 1904.

Ora W. Davis, born Apr. 23, 1883.

William Davis, born Dec. 28, 1885.

Mary Leslie Davis, born Feb. 13, 1887.

Ella Castelia Davis, born May 14, 1888.

Emily Cecilia Davis, born July 30, 1889.

Benjamin Ray Davis, born Aug. 27, 1890.

Charles Davis, born Mar. 13, 1893.

Bessie Leona Davis, born Jan. 13, 1895.

Lewis Wright Davis, born Mar. 22, 1882; died Apr. 30, 1894.

Elsie May Davis, born Sept. 8, 1884.

Gertrude Williams Davis, born June 9, 1887; died Nov. 9, 1892.

Lulu Kinder Davis, born July 26, 1890.

Mary Emily Davis, born Apr. 7, 1895.

Frances Elizabeth Willard Davis, born Apr. 8, 1897.

Ruth Evelyn Davis, born June 29, 1903.

Warren Milligan, born July 12, 1897; died June 29, 1898.

Catherine Ross Milligan, born Jan. 30, 1902.

Emily Davis Milligan, born Jan. 30, 1902.

Descendants of

Stephen Asbury Kinder, born July 19, 1832; died Nov. 10, 1837.	
Sina Kinder, born Mar. 21, 1834. Married, 1st, Thomas L. Rawlins, Jan. 17, 1855; 2nd, John Rawlins, Dec. 1, 1879.	Linden Kinder Rawlins, born July 18 1859; died June 15, 1889.
Eliza Amanda Kinder, born Mar. 18, 1836. Married William E. Cannon, Jan. 28, 1858. Died June 17, 1900.	Olin Penn Cannon, born Oct. 31, 1856. Married Alice Brown, Sept., 1884.
<i>Wm E. Cannon died</i>	Edmerson Everett Cannon, born Dec. 31 1859. Married Sue Finley, July 29 1893.
	Harry Lee Cannon, born Mar., 1864 died June, 1864.
	Mary Cannon, born July 20, 1868. Married Robert Houston Fooks, Jan. 2 1890.
	Ella Cannon, born Sept. 25, 1873. Married George W. Emery, Dec. 4, 1901
Castelia Kinder, born Jan. 3, 1838. Married Amos K. Corbin, Dec. 16, 1880.	
Martha Ellen Kinder, born June 30, 1840. Married Henry C. Lewis, Feb. 9, 1881.	Warren Kendall Lewis, born Aug. 21 1882.
William Edward Kinder, born Sept. 8, 1841; died Sept. 18, 1841.	
Caroline Kinder, born Aug. 27, 1842. Married Robert H. Wilson, Dec. 20, 1864. Died Jan., 1875.	Margaret S. Wilson, born Sept. 3, 1865. Robert G. Wilson, born June 26, 1870. Married Lillie Silcott, Oct., 1893.
Mary Adelaide C. Kinder, born Dec. 12, 1843. Married, 1st, Daniel Noble, Nov. 15, 1865; 2nd, Isaac K. Wright, Oct., 1897.	Lillian C. Noble, born Apr. 17, 1869. Married Albert Handy, 1889.

Descendants of John Kinder

Born June 18, 1803—Died July 17, 1883.

CHILDREN	GRANDCHILDREN
Elizabeth Kinder, born Oct. 29, 1828. Married Rev. Edward Davis, March 24, 1846. Died, July 2, 1874.	Annie Castelia Davis, born October 14th, 1848. Married James Davis. Died August 3, 1869. Leland Ambrose Davis, born July 8, 1851. Married Ella Boston, Nov. 5, 1884. Mary Arribelle Davis, born Nov. 20, 1853. Married Abner Bailey Nov. 18, 1894. John Emory Davis, born April 9, 1856. Married Helena Ward, Feb. 1882. Helena died, June 1, 1882. Ella Chaplain Davis, born Feb. 6, 1865. Married Elijah Thompson Bowen, Jan. 11, 1883.
Mary W. Kinder, born April 10, 1830. Died, Oct. 2, 1832.	
Tilghman D. Kinder, born Dec. 22, 1831. Married Martha J. Cannon, Jan. 19, 1854. Died, Nov. 22, 1901.	Edgar L. Kinder, born May 1, 1855. Married Mary E. Cutler, November 28, 1878. Lelia F. Kinder, born July 25, 1858. Married David J. Lewis, Oct. 25, 1882. John E. Kinder, born August 31, 1865. Married Emily Josephine Simick, April 24, 1901.
Mary W. Kinder, born April 13, 1833. Married Thomas W. Layton, May 17, 1852. Died, May 12, 1899.	Iida Kitturah Layton, born Oct. 21, 1855. Married Elias E. Ward Feb. 18, 1884. Mary Thomas Layton born July 11, 1858. Married George Frederic Callaway Oct. 19, 1880. Minnie Castelin Layton, born Nov. 6, 1861. Died April 10, 1888. Frederick Kinder Layton, born Apr. 26, 1867. Died July 27, 1869. Oscar Linwood Layton, born Sept. 10, 1868. Married, Mary Caroline Turpin Nov. 28, 1899. Madeline White Layton, born Dec. 17, 1872. Died, July 7, 1873.
Isaac A. Kinder, born Nov. 2, 1836. Married, Sarah Lucetta Cannon January 14, 1863.	Katherine Castelia Kinder, born, Nov. 8, 1863. Died March 8, 1865. Franklin Jefferson Kinder, born March 6, 1865. Married, Luella Watson March 31, 1892. Emma Rosalie Kinder, born Apr. 28, 1868. Married Edw. J. Winder Nov. 6, 1889. Harry Edmondson Kinder, born Nov. 8, 1872. Married, Anna Elliott Oct. 25, 1905.
Samuel W. Kinder, born Oct. 20, 1838. Married, Mary P. Richards March 20, 1890.	Mary Castelia Kinder, born May 8, 1891.

Married, Castelia Davis, January 3, 1828; died, Sept. 17, 1857.
Married, Catherine Davis, June 3, 1858; died, Sept. 21, 1860.

GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

Ella Chaplain Davis, born March 5, 1886.

Edward F. Bowen, born February 24, 1895.

Bessie Castelia Kinder, born September 4, 1879.
Katherine Cutler Kinder, born November 23, 1882.
Hurburt Bruce Kinder, born March 27, 1885.
Mabell Kinder, born February 28, 1887.
William Edgar Kinder, born March 31, 1893.
Mary Lectora Kinder, born September 6, 1900.

Walter H. Lewis, born Nov. 16, 1883,
Ethel Lewis, born October 6, 1886.

George C. Kinder, born February 14, 1902.

Edna Layton Ward, born September 15, 1886.
Nellie Ward, born January 30, 1890.
Minnie Ward, born April 10 1892.
Lois Ward, born May 5, 1894.

Marion Vaughan Callaway, born April 20, 1882.
Mary Layton Callaway, born August 29, 1888.
Howard Frederic Callaway, born October 10, 1890.
Laura Adele Callaway, born December 6, 1894.

Myra Demott Layton, born September 15, 1900.
Minnie Frances Layton, born February 3, 1903.
Madeline Love Layton, born June 28, 1905.

Evelyn Cannon Kinder, born September 9, 1893.
Katherine Elizabeth Kinder, born February 28, 1900.
Franklin Watson Kinder, born January 10, 1902. Died, March 7, 1906.

Crawford Cannon Winder, born April 4, 1891. Died, August 22, 1892.
Lucetta Frances Winder, born January 22, 1898. Died, July 3, 1898.

Descendants of Jacob Kinder

Born Dec. 16, 1808—Died Aug. 18, 1885.

CHILDREN OF MARY C. KINDER	GRANDCHILDREN
Charlotte Clay Kinder, born May 20, 1834. Married Samuel H. Melson, Dec. 22, 1858.	James P. Melson, born Nov. 14, 1859; died Jan. 6, 1860.
	Mary E. Melson, born June 22, 1861; died April 1, 1876.
	Daniel F. Melson, born June 14, 1863; died Nov. 14, 1863.
	John F. Melson, born May 23, 1864. Married Willie S. Butler, Dec. 1, 1886.
	Maria E. Melson, born Jan. 9, 1872; died Aug. 13, 1872.
Lewis W. Kinder, born Dec. 27, 1836. Married Catharine Ross, Jan. 15, 1862.	Wm. J. Kinder, born Oct., 1862; died Feb. 16, 1863.
	Charlie H Kinder, born Feb. 7, 1864. Married Alice Handy, Jan. 6, 1891.
	Sallie M. Kinder, born Feb. 23, 1869. Married Oliver W. Handy, June 3, 1905.
	Samuel L. Kinder, born Aug. 18, 1870. Married Sallie Edgell, Jan. 5, 1898.
	Mary C. Kinder, born Nov. 3, 1873. Married Luther W. Handy, Jan. 4, 1899.
John H. Kinder, born Jan. 25, 1839. Married Maria M. Melson, Dec. 19, 1860.	Castelia L. Kinder, born Dec. 21, 1861; died Jan. 2, 1864.
	Laura C. Kinder, born Sept. 4, 1863; died April 5, 1870.
	Mary E. Kinder, born Dec. 26, 1866. Married W. Harry Brown, Dec. 24, 1890.
	John J. Kinder, born March 23, 1871. Married Eva W. Brown, July, 1891.
Lizzie R. Kinder, born Jan. 7, 1841. Married James M. Hollis, Jan. 15, 1873. <i>Died Aug 7-1912</i>	Chas. M. Hollis, born Nov. 27, 1874. Married Mary A. Kinney, Dec. 14, 1904.
Stephen W. Kinder, born June 4, 1843; died Nov. 16, 1904.	
Wesley S. Kinder, born Jan. 25, 1846.	<i>Died May 9 - 1914</i>
David B. Kinder, born June 8, 1848.	
Daniel O. Kinder, born Jan. 20, 1852; died Aug. 11, 1853.	

Married Mary Cannon, December 20, 1832.

GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

Charlie H. Melson, born Nov. 18, 1888.

Roland F. Melson, born Jan. 25, 1895.

S. Elmer Melson, born June 27, 1896.

Edith W. Melson, born May 16, 1898.

Emma Mary John B. Melson

Lewis H. Kinder, born July 20, 1895.

Mary Catharine Kinder, born Dec. 2, 1905.

Harold E. Kinder, born Sept. 4, 1898.

Katie R. Kinder, born Apr. 4, 1901.

Leon P. Kinder, born Apr. 4, 1901 ; died June 4, 1901.

Lizzie H. Kinder, born May 6, 1905.

Myra K. Handy, born Jan. 22, 1900.

Grace Brown, born Oct. 19, 1891.

Karl Kinder Brown, born Sept. 20, 1896

Harlan W. Kinder, born May 27, 1892.

Granville B. Kinder, born Apr. 1, 1900.

Gladys Kinder, born Aug. 18, 1902.

Merle Madison Hollis, born Oct. 11, 1905 ; died in infancy.

Descendants of Sina Kinder

Born March 14, 1811—Died May 26, 1895.

CHILDREN	GRAND CHILDREN
Isaac Kinder Wright, born Sept. 27, 1829. Married 1st, Nancy R. Liden, Jan. 10, 1854; 2nd, Mary A. C. Noble, October 26, 1897. First wife died October 21, 1896. He died October 21, 1905.	Edward Lewis Wright, born Oct. 8, 1854. Married Dec. 21, 1875, Anna Lamorah Ross. Born Oct. 29, 1852.
	Enos Bell Wright, born Sept. 7, 1856. Married, Ella Melson Jan. 10, 1878.
	Mary Selena Wright, born Feb. 16, 1859. Died August 5, 1859.
	Sallie Richards Wright, born Sept. 19, 1861. Married, Jan. 9, 1877, Benjamin F. Melson. Born Mar. 26, 1847.
	Tina V. Wright, born Feb. 16, 1866. Married, Fernandes Davis Jan. 25, 1887. Died June 28, 1896.
Jacob Warren Wright, born Oct. 19, 1832. Died Dec. 19, 1832.	
Rhoda Ann Wright, born July 10, 1836. Married, Dec. 12, 1855, to Philip Henry Rawlins. Born Sept. 18, 1834.	Salina Gabrella Rawlins, born Feb. 13, 1857. Died, Feb. 19, 1857.
<i>Rhoda A. Rawlins died</i>	Thomas Newton Rawlins, born Oct. 6, 1858. Mar'd, S. Alberta Wright, Apr. 14, 1896.
<i>Philip H. Rawlins died Dec. 10 - 1921.</i>	Windsor Rawlins, born Sept. 12, 1860. Died same day.
	Wilbur Fisk Rawlins, born March 29, 1863. Married Flora Jane Buell, Oct. 1, 1891.
	Henry Isaac Rawlins, born Oct. 4, 1874. Died Dec. 25, 1877.
Elizabeth Warren Wright, born Aug. 13, 1839. Married, John Emory Richards Oct. 28, 1857. John E. Richards died Nov. 25, 1897.	John Richards, born Jan. 2, 1859. Married, Nellie Lucretia Williams Feb. 7, 1888. She was born Feb. 7, 1869.
<i>Eliz. died Apr. 23 - 1918</i>	Mary Hughlett Richards, born July 30, 1860. Married, Robert F. Ledentham, Jan. 28, 1885. Born Dec. 15, 1852.
	Sina Ann Richards, Jan. 24, 1863. Died Nov. 14, 1865.
	Sallie Russell Richards, born Dec. 21, 1864. Married, John Henry Willey, Jan. 18, 1888. Born Jan. 11, 1859.
	Elizabeth Causey Richards, born Oct. 30, 1871. Married, Jay Clarence Lockerman, Dec. 25, 1902. Lockerman was born Sept. 19, 1875.
	Lewis Wright Richards, born Apr. 9, 1874. Married, Mary Hargadine Dill, Apr. 24, 1902. She died Jan. 20, 1905.
Mary Selena Wright, born Aug. 19, 1849. Died July 6, 1850.	

Married October 23rd, 1828 to Lewis N. Wright who died
December 25th, 1883, aged 79 years, 4 months and 7 days.

GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

Harry Kinder Wright, born July 17, 1879. *Married Maud*
Glenna Ross Wright, born May 13, 1885. *Wife of Pauline L.*

Helen Fooks Wright, born January 18, 1880. Earnest Jefferson Wright, born Decem-
ber 15, 1882. Lewis Newton Wright, born July 15, 1889. *Don, D.*

Walter Wright Melson, born 1877. Married Clara R. Strayham June 10, 1903. *Robt. Lewis*
Clarence Henry Melson, born 1880. Married Mary C. Simpson, Nov. 22, 1905. *Walter Melson*
Lewis Benjamin Melson, born 1882. Died November 22, 1882. *Walter Melson*
Robert Lewis Melson
Clara R. Strayham
Mary C. Simpson
Walter Melson
Lewis Benjamin Melson
Died 1919

Sarah Wright Rawlins, born August 21, 1897.
Philip Joseph Thomas Rawlins, born March 29, 1902.

Rhoda Ellen Rawlins, born July 8, 1892.
Lois Rawlins, born August 26, 1893.
Flora Rawlins, born July 17, 1897.

John Williams Richards, born October 16th, 1889. *Anna C. R.*

Anna Richards Ledenham, born February 23, 1886. *Walter*
Hubert Stanley Ledenham, born July 14, 1887.
Mary Elizabeth Ledenham, born October 12, 1896. *King*
Emily Ruth Ledenham, born November 15, 1899. *King*

Ralph Emory Willey, born December 21, 1888. Olive Elizabeth Willey, born May
23, 1893. Rhoda Wright Willey, born February 22, 1896. Charles Henry Willey,
born November 10, 1900.

Mary Richards Lockerman, born November 25, 1903.
Anna Tamsey Lockerman, born April 27, 1905. Died July 15, 1905.

Mary Hargadine Dill Richards, born October 2, 1904.

J. E. A.
Anna Dill
David Fisher Richards

Descendants of Daniel B. Kinder

Born Oct. 3, 1816—Died Jan. 23, 1898.

CHILDREN OF MARY E. DUKES KINDER	GRANDCHILDREN
Sina W. Kinder, Born Oct. 17, 1846. Married T. N. Wright, Jan. 8, 1867.	Ella Kinder Wright, born Sept. 28, 1867. Married Samuel Calloway, April 8, 1891.
	Frank L. Wright, born Sept. 18, 1869. Married Ida Wheatley, Sept. 22, 1890.
	Ada C. Wright, born Nov. 1, 1874. Mar- ried Revel Bozman, Dec. 25, 1902. Died Oct. 12, 1905.
	Frederic N. Wright, born July 12, 1877. Married Laura Stroup, Aug. 20, 1902.
CHILDREN OF M. EMILY KINDER	
Wm. Webster Kinder, born Jan. 11, 1855. Married Adelaide Waters, Dec. 31, 1878.	Warren L. Kinder, born Dec. 13, 1883. Frederic W. W. Kinder, born Oct. 3, 1886; died Feb. 12, 1891.
Jesse Kinder, born June 28, 1856; died Nov. 4, 1856.	
James Kinder, born Oct. 5, 1857; died Nov. 4, 1857.	
Mary E. Kinder, born Dec. 19, 1858. Married S. Maddox Noble, Feb. 4, 1879.	Linden C. Noble, born Nov. 1, 1879. May Noble, born Dec. 25, 1883; died Apr. 10, 1900. Elsie R. Noble, born Jan. 12, 1887. Willie C. Noble, born Nov. 9, 1889. Robt. K. Noble, born Sept. 10, 1895. Paul Noble, born Dec. 24, 1901.
J. Thomas Kinder, born Aug. 30, 1861. Married Anna Graham, Feb. 14, 1893.	
Ida F. Kinder, born July 28, 1864. Mar- ried Chas. S. Lewis, Dec. 7, 1898.	Helen May Lewis, born Jan. 17, 1900. died Apr. 20, 1901.
Ella Kinder, born Oct. 3, 1867; died Oct. 24, 1867.	

Married (1st) Mary E. Dukes, February 18th, 1845;
(2nd) Mary Emily Davis, January 26th, 1854.

GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

Daniel Henry Calloway, born March 3, 1892.

Wm. Treat Calloway, born Sept. 12, 1895. *at New Market Va Sept 3 - 1920*

Amos Noble Calloway, born Jan. 11, 1898. *M. Market Va March 21 - 1921*

Esther A. Calloway, born March 12, 1902.

Clara A. Wright, born June 18, 1892; died April 27, 1899.

Sina Emily Wright, born Mar. 11, 1894. *M. Market Va Nov 5 - 1913*

Raymond Bozman, born Oct. 23, 1903; died Aug. 3, 1905.

at New Market Va Aug 1 - 1912

at New Market Va

at New Market Va Feb 21 - 1923

at New Market Va Apr 29 - 1923



Noble Family Trees

and Sallie Twiford

1797.

GREAT-GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

Lena James. Fred James. Rosa James.

Sadie Davis. Annie Davis. Winnie Davis.
Norman Davis. Alfred Davis.

Gertie O'bier. Letha O'bier. Lynn O'bier.

J. Noble Warren, married K. Herbert in
1899; died 1902.

Sadie E. Warren, died 1897.

Mary P. Warren.

Madge Warren, married Dr. W. F.
Haines in 1901.

Wm. J. Warren Gretchen R. Warren.

Chas. L. Warren. Corinne Warren.

Lida Williams, married Wm. Murphy
1896.

J. T. Williams, m. Mattie Morris 1900.

Walton Williams, died 1898.

Bessie Williams.

Grace Williams, m. R. L. Vickers 1904.

J. Oscar Williams.

Mary A. Noble.

Oliver W. Noble

Lyman Johnson. Lloyd Johnson.

Corinne Johnson.

Chas. P. Noble, Jr. Dorothy Noble.

Robert Noble. Eunice Noble, died 1899.

Herbert Noble.

Liston Noble.

Blanche Smith. Floyd Smith, died 1905.

Mary Smith. Chas. Smith, died 1894.

Sadie Smith.

Ethel Ward.

GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

Harlan F. Haines.

Harry T. Murphy.

Mary E. Murphy.

R. L. Vickers.

Descendants of Joshua Noble and

CHILDREN	GRANDCHILDREN
<p>Elizabeth Noble married A. R. Adams. Died 1875.</p>	<p>Emily Adams married Noah Lednum, 1851.</p> <hr/> <p>Hester Adams, died.</p> <hr/> <p>Margaret Adams, died.</p> <hr/> <p>Ruth Adams married James Harris, 1870.</p>
<p>Solomon T. Noble married Harriet Williams. Died 1868.</p>	<p>Joseph W. Noble married Kate Jacobs, 1860. Died 1885.</p> <hr/> <p>Lottie Noble married Mr. Ramey.</p> <hr/> <p>Martha Noble died 1906.</p> <hr/> <p>Rhoda E. Noble married J. M. A. Davis, 1868.</p> <hr/> <p>Harriet W. Noble married William H. Alburger, 1870.</p> <hr/> <p>Clementine Noble married Zebulon Fountain, 1873.</p> <hr/> <p>S. Maddux Noble married Mary E. Kin- der, 1879.</p>

Sallie Twiford. (Continued.)

GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN	GREAT-GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN
Francis Lednum married Mary H. Richards, 1884.	Annie R. Lednum. Herbert S. Lednum. Mary E. Lednum. Emily R. Lednum.
Myrtle Harris married William Fell, 1902.	Ruth Hannah Fell.
Mary Harris married Frank Robertson, 1904.	Hiram S. Fell.
Walter Harris. Geneva Harris. Frank Harris, died 1901.	
Warner Noble married Fannie Swain.	Howard Noble. Joseph Noble.
Dora Noble. Rink Noble married Miss Landy, 1900. Minnie Noble mar. Fred. W. Booker, 1902. Earl Noble m. Elizabeth Elliott, 1904.	
Helen J. Davis married Frank Reed.	Charles Reed.
Nettie K. Davis married I. E. Milbourn.	Dorothy Milbourn.
Katharine Bliss Davis.	
Hettie Alburger married Charles Jefferson, 1893.	M. Marguerite Jefferson. Wm. Herbert Jefferson. Charles Roland Jefferson. Dorothy Anna Jefferson.
Willie Alburger married George Jefferson, 1899.	Rowena May Jefferson.
Eunice Alburger.	
Harvey Fountain married Nora A. Noble, 1896. Died 1896.	
Edgar Fountain married Annie Fountain, 1900.	
Walter Fountain married Emma Cohee, 1900.	
Hattie Fountain married Fred Peters, 1903	
Frank Fountain married Stella Noble, 1904.	
Tina Fountain.	
Zeb Fountain.	
Linden C. Noble married Margaret Jennings, Nov. 1905.	
May Noble, died 1900.	
Elsie R. Noble. William C. Noble. Robert Noble. Paul Noble.	

Descendants of Joshua Noble and

CHILDREN	GRAND CHILDREN
Solomon T. Noble, continued.	<p>Mahala Noble married Wm. Alfred Noble, 1871.</p> <hr style="border: 0.5px solid black;"/> <p>Mary E. Noble married L. K. Warren, 1878.</p> <hr style="border: 0.5px solid black;"/> <p>Robert N. Noble married N. Amelia Eldridge, 1884.</p>
Hester Noble married Charles Smith.	Sarah E. Smith married James Rolf.
James Noble married Mary Howard. Died 1866.	<p>Frank Noble married Annie Edwards. Rady J. Noble married Rear Admiral W. A. Windsor, U. S. N.</p> <p>Ella Noble married Alva Hubbard. Died 1900.</p> <p>Mary Belle Noble married W. F. Piquette, 1897.</p>
Alexander Noble married Louisa Wright.	<p>Daniel F. Noble married Mary Adelaide Kinder, 1865. Died 1890.</p> <hr style="border: 0.5px solid black;"/> <p>James A. Noble married Bessie A. Farquharson. Died 1903.</p> <hr style="border: 0.5px solid black;"/> <p>Mary C. Noble Married Robert D. Bradley, 1866.</p> <hr style="border: 0.5px solid black;"/> <p>Dr. Harriet Noble married John Purte, 1875.</p>

Sallie Twiford. (Continued.)

GREAT GRANDCHILDREN

Blanche Noble married John W. Stowell,
Dec. 22, 1898.
Herman Noble married Nellie Herr, June
22, 1904.
Robert Noble.
Grace Noble married Lee Chipley, June
11, 1905.
Clarence Noble.
Houston Noble.

Earl Warren married Lelia Jones, 1902.

Corinne Warren, died.
Virgil Warren, died.
Ruskin B. Warren.
Gretlia Warren.
Robert N. Warren.
M. Elizabeth Warren.
Kathleen C. Warren, died.
J. Mosena Warren.

Harriet M. Noble, died 1891.
M. Eldredge Noble, died 1893.
Robert Lute Noble.

William Rolf, married.
Noble Rolf, married.

Rady Hubbard married W.A. Jones, 1901.
Myrtle Hubbard.

Lillian Noble married A. S. Handy, 1889.

Carrie S. Noble, died 1881.

James Noble.
Helen Noble, died 1905.

Carrie Bradley.
Mary Bradley married G. T. Chambers,
1897.

Roberta Bradley married W. L. Wheat-
ley, 1900.

Luanna Bradley married L. G. Christo-
pher, 1904.

Charles S. Bradley married Elizabeth
Gronis, 1897.

Myra Purte married Arthur Prey, 1900.
Aldred Purte, died 1895.

GREAT-GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

Helen Warren, died 1904.
Philip Kirkwood Warren.

Alvan N. Handy, d. 1892. Helen Handy.
Roland Handy. Mary Noble Handy.
Albert Handy. George Noble Handy.

Albert B. Chambers, died 1902.
Louise Chambers.

Elberta Wheatley, died 1905.

Lewis Christopher.

Descendants of Joshua Noble and

CHILDREN	GRANDCHILDREN
Amelia Noble married Wm. N. Collins.	Rev. Wm. Collins. Joshua Collins, died 1883. Henry Collins married Miss Busby. Sallie Collins married Robert Bratton. Georgiana Collins married Mr. Studley. Emily Collins married Henry Shock. Hester Collins. Laura Collins. Rhoda Collins married Charles Collins of Bushrod. Edward Collins.
Wm. Noble 2 ^d married Rhoda A Kinder, 1851, Wm. Noble died 1890. Rhoda A. Noble died 1901.	Sallie Noble married Jas. M. Andrews, 1876.
Twiford S. Noble married Ruth Hannah Leverton, 1848.	Jacob L. Noble, M. D., married Manie Travers, 1877. Rufus F. Noble married Kate B. Sewell, 1878. Alex'r Noble married Martha Todd, 1882. Addie Noble married Robert Jarrell, 1877.
Twiford S Noble married Caroline Davis, 1854.	
Twiford S. Noble married Levisa Martin Rumbold. Died 1882.	
Jane Noble married Wm. H. Wright.	T. N. Wright married Sina Kinder, 1867. Sally Wright married Tilghman Davis. Died 1901. Louisa Wright married Daniel Moore. Maggie Wright married Eli Gullett.
Jane Noble m. J.T.Fleetwood. Died 1879.	Ida Fleetwood married Will Adams.

Sallie Twiford. (Continued.)

GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN	GREAT-GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN
<p>Wm. N. Andrews married Bessie Walworth, 1904. Carrie Andrews married F. M. Casson, 1903. Mary Andrews married J. H. Loux, 1904. Stephen K. Andrews. Helen Andrews. James Andrews.</p>	
<p>Duncan Noble. Levi D. L. Noble married Jennie Lake, 1901. Ruth H. Noble. Mary Noble married J. A. Reidy, M. D., 1905. Clara Noble married John Payne, 1902. Inez Noble Maud Noble. Wm. Noble. Jane Noble. John Noble.</p>	<p>Virginia Lee Noble.</p> <hr/> <p>Rachel Payne.</p>
<p>T. Sewell Noble. Fannie L. Noble married Norman Lednum, 1906. K. Marie Noble.</p>	
<p>Fannie Jarrell married J. R. Downes, M. D., 1904. Mary Jarrell married H. W. B. Rowe, M. D., 1904. Addie Jarrell. Robert Jarrell. Noble Jarrell.</p>	<p>Robert Noble Downes.</p>
<p>Ella Wright married Samuel Calloway, 1891.</p>	<p>Daniel K. Calloway. Wm. Treat Calloway. Amos N. Calloway. Esther A. Calloway.</p>
<p>Frank Wright married Ida Wheatley, 1890.</p>	<p>Clara A Wright, died 1899. Sina E. Wright.</p>
<p>Ada Wright married R. Bozman, 1902. Died 1905.</p>	<p>Ramond Bozman, died 1905.</p>
<p>Fred Wright married Laura Stroup, 1902.</p>	
<p>Will Davis married, 1902. Orra Davis, died 1885. Carrie Davis married Henry Wright.</p>	<p>Florence Wright, died 1891. Harlan Wright. Miriam Wright.</p>
<p>Mary Moore married M. Merriken, 1900.</p>	<p>Richard Merriken. Elizabeth Merriken.</p>
<p>Harvey Moore.</p>	
<p>Clinton Gullett.</p>	
<p>Theodore Adams.</p>	

Descendants of Mark Noble

CHILDREN	GRAND CHILDREN	GREAT GRANDCHILDREN
Daniel Noble married Nancy Lev- erton.	Willie Noble married Lizzie Phillips.	
	Isaac Noble married M. E. Cochran, died 1901.	Bertie Noble married Dr. Wm. Kelly, 1889. Wilbur Noble. Chas. Fulton Noble married Cora Willis, 1900. Fred Noble. Edith Noble.
	Amelia Noble mar- ried Robt. Bland.	Emma Bland. Ella Bland. Chas. Bland. Geo. Bland.
	Gary L. Noble, died 1863, member 8th Md. Reg. U. S. Ser- vice, Civil War.	
	Daniel James Noble married Caroline Nichols.	Julia Noble married W. S. Holt.
		Geo. E. Noble married Alverda Handy, 1887.
		Geo. E. Noble married Grace Handy, 1899.
		Gary L. Noble married Miss Head.
		Albert Noble, died.
		Mary Noble married George Morgan.
		Annie Noble married Isaac Cannon.
		Lewis Noble married Emma Dunkle- burgher.
	Daniel James Noble married Martha Carroll.	Nora Noble married Harvey Fountain.
		Nora Noble Fountain married Norman Van Scoy.
		Alexander Noble.
		Amantha Noble married Albert Cahall.
		Raymond Noble.

and Esther Adams

GREAT GREAT GRANDCHILDREN

Carrie Holt married Thomas Hobbs.
Katie Holt. Minnie Holt.
Mary Holt.
Louise Holt.

Fred Noble.
Bertha Noble
Alice Noble.
Sina Noble.

Clara B. Noble.
Hubert Otis Noble.

Annie Noble
Hubert Noble.
Benjamin D. Noble.
Elmer Noble.

Noble Morgan.
Teresa Morgan.
Wesley Morgan.
Romain Morgan.
Mary Morgan.

Harold Cannon.
Edwin Cannon.
Albert Cannon.

Chester Noble, died.

Pearl Fountain.

Ruth Vanscoy.
Wilber Vanscoy.

Thomas Cahall.

GREAT, GREAT, GREAT GRANDCHILDREN

J. Willard Hobbs.

Descendants of Mark Noble and

CHILDREN	GRANDCHILDREN	GREAT GRANDCHILDREN
Nathan Noble married Mary Hubbard.	Henry Noble married Jane Lewis. Died.	
	Elisha Noble married Elizabeth Bennet.	Joseph Noble.
	James Noble.	
	Eizabeth Noble married Greenbury Nichols. Died 1906.	Joshua Nichols married Miss Dukes. Walter Nichols. Herbert Nichols married Miss Pool, 1904. J. Allen Nichols married Miss Trice. Orra Nichols married Miss Wrightson. Nettie Nichols married Mr. Venable
Joshua Noble married Ann Mowbray 1831. Died 1870.	Joseph M. Noble married Katherine Wright, 1854.	Joshua Noble, died 1855.
		J. Walter Noble married K, Smith, 1879.
		Twiford Noble married Miss Mowbray.
		Thomas Noble married Miss Perry.
	Mark E. Noble married Emily Collins.	Kate Noble married J. W. Lipscomb.
		Hettie Noble married T. C. Pindell.
	Wm. Alfred Noble married Mahala Noble. (See Solomon Noble.)	Annie Noble married Mr. High. Married Mr. Henning, 1904. Died 1904.
John Henry Noble married Edna Flowers.	Addie Noble married L. Hignutt.	
	Chas. Noble married Laura Nichols.	
	Laura Noble married John Smith.	
	Albert Noble married Miss Marine.	
J. H. Noble married Lavenia Corchran.	John Noble married Miss Andrews.	
	Raymond Noble.	

Esther Adams. (Continued.)

GREAT GREAT GRANDCHILDREN	GREAT, GREAT, GREAT GRANDCHILDREN
Blanche Nichols.	
Olivia Noble. Iola Noble. Wilmer Noble.	
Glen Noble.	
Eunice Noble.	
Ethel High married Wm. Hurlock 1906.	
Clarence Hignutt. Harland Hignutt.	
Alice Noble. Gertrude Noble.	
Wm. Smith. Charles Smith.	

Descendants of Mark Noble and

Amelia Noble married Cannon Charles.	Isaac Charles, died.	
	Jacob Charles, died.	
	Celia Charles married Chas. Wright.	Aaron Wright married Amanda Corbin.
		Elisha Wright married Sallie Voshell.
		Henry Wright married Laura Williams.
		Rebecca Wright, died.
		James B. Wright married Annie Taylor.
		Mary Wright married John Fleetwood.
	Mary Charles married Peter Wright. Died 1859.	Jacob Wright, died.
	Sarah Ellen Wright married George Irwin. Died 1905.	
	Mary C. Wright married David Hughes.	

Esther Adams. (Continued.)

Fannie Wright married Isaac Willin.

Gertrude Wright married Dr. R. Andrews.

Jennie Wright married Hiram Vaughn.
Died 1905.

Mary V. Wright.
Annie Wright married William Norris.
Charles Wright, died 1895.

Charles Wright.

Rufus Fleetwood.
Fred Fleetwood.
Wm. Fleetwood.
Mary Lillian Fleetwood, died 1895.

Susan Irwin, married Harry Porter.

Ellen Hughes.
George Hughes.

Gertrude Willin. Florence Corbin Willin. Marydell Willin.

Florence Belle Andrews, died 1898.
Walter Melvin Andrews.
Raymond Corbin Andrews.

Willie Vaughn.
Bessie Vaughn.

Laura Louise Norris.

Frank Porter.
William Porter.







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N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA

