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STOUT LADY

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PENELOPE STOUT

By

William Foster Hayes

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May 14, 1991

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STOUT LADY

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PENELOPE STOUT

The laughter woke her. Consciousness flooded slowly into Penelope's brain like the first rays of dawn illuminating a landscape.

Were they talking to her? If so, she couldn't understand a word they said.

She stirred, and pain engulfed her. Suddenly fear erased the pain, as she began to remember where she was and what had just happened.

The Iroquois hunting party had found them, Penelope and her husband, and cut him to pieces right in front of her. Then they attacked her with their sharp knives and frightening tomahawks.

A cloud of smoke from a wood fire played about her and then blew on. From the way the Iroquois hunters were talking she knew they must be eating. One seemed to be telling the others a vivid tale of personal exploit. His punctuation was grunts and laughter from his audience.

Penelope wanted to open her eyes, but decided she'd better not. If the Indians thought she was dead perhaps they

would not harm her further. She became aware of something sticky on her face, drying in the gusty wind; she slipped her tongue between her lips and took a taste. Blood.

Of course. One of her attackers had hit her viciously on the head with his tomahawk. With that recollection, she realized her scalp felt like a thousand bee stings and her head throbbed with each pulse. A wave of nausea swept over Penelope and, mercifully, she fainted.

Some time later, seagulls called her awake again. She became aware of the surf rattling rocks at the edge of the water. She listened, heard the rough wind, the birds and the surf, but no crackling of fire and no guttural Iroquois sounds. Had they gone? She strained to listen for several minutes, but heard nothing recognizably human.

Heartened by the silence, Penelope opened her eyes. Through coagulated blood she brought her eyes into focus on a sight that would haunt her dreams the rest of her life. Scarcely six feet away sprawled the mutilated remains of her husband's naked body, limbs flung awkwardly like a discarded rag doll.

She sobbed and lurched her head away from the ghastly scene, clamping her eyes shut again. Moments went by before she could reopen them. Then curiosity directed Penelope to raise her head and investigate her situation. The Indians had scattered the fire and departed, leaving the bodies of their victims lying in their own blood.

Penelope shuddered at the sight of her husband's corpse, then considered her own wounds. She could tell the Indians had done something horrible to her scalp. They also had hacked her left arm between the elbow and the shoulder so that the arm hung lifelessly at her side. And then she discovered they had crisscrossed her abdomen with a knife; her intestines were actually protruding through the slit membranes. Her entire body felt bruised, but she could find no other major injuries.

Suddenly Penelope feared her attackers might return, find her still alive and kill her outright. Holding her bowels in with her one good arm, she slowly made her way down to the shore, rinsed off the blood and cleansed her wounds as best she could in the saltwater, and headed for the woods lining the beach. She located a large hollow tree, crept inside, pulled some fallen branches around the opening, and prepared to wait until help came. Then, for the first time, she allowed herself to think about the events which carried her to this distant shore, events brought on by that old life's nemesis: religious persecution.

Isn't it strange how organized religions, though filled with the most idealistic and humanitarian-minded philosophers, cannot abide disagreement? It seems to me that, down through the ages, zealous and dogmatic leaders of religious groups have too often missed the point.

In Penelope's case it was all Christian versus

Christian. Before she was born her father, an ordained minister in Kent, England, was banished from his home because he would not accede to the iron-bound demands of the State Church. King James the First, who reigned from 1603 to 1625, was the autocrat of the Church of England; he allowed no freedom of thought, nor any deviation from the current church practices. His law apparently was, "Shape up or ship out."

Rev. Prince, Penelope's father, was a Puritan Separatist. Forced to leave England, he migrated to The Netherlands, where the prevailing Protestantism was somewhat less rigid. Other Puritan Separatists, you may recall, sailed on the Mayflower in 1620, landing at Plymouth Rock in Massachusetts.

But in 1620, when the Prince family arrived in Amsterdam, the Protestant Netherlands was having its own religious strife. Back in 1581, fed up with the Inquisition, Holland had declared its independence from Catholic Spain. King Phillip the Second of Spain refused to acknowledge this secession and sent troops and ships to maintain his rule. The ensuing War for Dutch Independence raged until 1648.

Penelope Prince was born in Amsterdam in 1622. She grew up there, speaking both Dutch and English, surrounded by the sounds and sights of constant war between the Spaniards and the Dutch. Word of New Netherland piqued her interest.

New Netherland (parts of what is now Connecticut, Delaware, New Jersey and New York) had been colonized in 1624

by the Netherlands to compete against the Spanish Empire. The Dutch West Indies Company, in 1626, bought Manhattan Island from the Indians and founded New Amsterdam (now New York City). All this sounded very exciting to Penelope.

The governors of New Netherland were harsh rulers themselves. They allowed only limited religious freedom in the new colony, which caused friction among the colonists. But to Penelope the prospect of getting away from war-torn Holland was too good to pass up. In 1639, at the ripe old age of seventeen, she married and immediately emigrated to America with her new husband.

Unfortunately, her husband will remain nameless in this report, since no one has yet uncovered a reliable source which names him. Some accounts of Penelope's remarkable life refer to him as Mr. Van Princin or Van Princes, but that has recently been proved erroneous.

We know they married in 1639 and honeymooned on a ship bound for New Amsterdam, New Netherland in the New World. Their specific destination was the tiny coastal village of Gravesend on Long Island. Gravesend is now a small section of Brooklyn, New York.

Penelope's husband did not make the Atlantic crossing well. He was seriously ill the entire voyage.

The sailing vessel approached Long Island, tacked along its southern shore and rounded Coney Island. As it came about into Gravesend Bay, a sudden squall drove it south past

the spit of land called Sandy Hook and onto the rocky northern coast of what is now New Jersey (see map). The wind, surf and shoals broke up the ship; passengers and crew abandoned their belongings and spilled ashore. In 1639, no white men lived there.

New Jersey at the time was the homeland of the Delaware Indians, one of the large Algonquin family of tribes. It was also the favorite hunting ground of the warlike Iroquois.

The Delawares, who called themselves the Lenni Lenape (The Original People), were generally friendly toward the whites, eager to trade with them and even make treaties of peace. When Giovanni da Verrazano had explored the (New Jersey) coastline for the French in 1524, and even when the English sea captain Henry Hudson cruised the Sandy Hook region for the Dutch in 1609, relations between the whites and the Delaware Nation were not particularly antagonistic. A few Dutch traders had even co-existed with them along the Hudson River since 1618, and feelings on the whole were amicable.

But the bellicose Iroquois were another story. They were proud fighters, and since the Dutch had traded them guns in the early 1600's they now controlled the fur trade and were in the process of subduing the Delawares and any others who got in their way.

Aware that the Iroquois would probably be hunting in that area and would be in no mood to see white settlers poach

their land and game, the passengers and crew proposed to set out in the ship's lifeboats northward up the coast of what is now Staten Island, to where they could find protection. Then they could cross the Verrazano Narrows to Gravesend.

However, as they prepared to depart the windswept shore, it became apparent that Penelope's husband was too sick to travel any further. He lay groaning on the sand, miserably weak. Penelope would not leave him alone, even for a short time. The company promised to send help back as soon as they could; then they leaped into the lifeboats and rowed away.

Soon after the crew and passengers were out of sight, a group of Iroquois hunters, who had probably watched the shipwreck, slipped out of the woods and attacked the defenseless pair. They killed the husband first, then turned on Penelope, cutting and wounding her until she fell bleeding and senseless. As Penelope surmised, they had built a fire and cooked a meal; when they finished eating they departed, believing both victims to be dead.

But somehow Penelope did not die. She was young and healthy. Her soul was hearty. Her pioneer spirit did not give up. Inside the hollow tree, she fell into an exhausted sleep.

When she awoke she was shivering. Night had fallen. Penelope left her make-shift tree-home, made her way back to the fire on the beach, found a few coals and built up the fire to warm herself. And, of course, she prayed that the

perpetrators would not return. They did not. The smoke from the fire also helped keep the insects away from her wounds. She kept the fire going all night long, and at the first sign of dawn crept once again into the relative safety of her hollow tree.

After a few hours of much-needed sleep she awoke to intense hunger and thirst. Her need drove her to a nearby creek for water, but food was not so accessible. There were a few dried berries nearby. She ate those and also some large mushrooms which she found growing on the tree. Penelope tried to force down some globs of resin attached to the bark, but those merely made her vomit.

After her fire went out she spent a mournful few days in her tree-nest, hoping that help would come soon. It did, but not in the form she expected.

One morning, nearly famished from lack of food, she left the tree to look for something to eat. A young deer with two arrows protruding from its side stumbled into her path, followed by two tall Indians. They were as surprised to see a mutilated white woman as Penelope was to see them. Fearing that her life was over, she fell on her knees and collapsed.

However, as the Indians caught the wounded deer and put it out of its misery, they argued over what to do with the wounded woman. The young Indian thought she should be finished off, like the deer. The older Indian, who took pity on her, said he would take her home with him. He picked

Penelope up, slung her over his shoulder and set out for his village. The young Indian picked up the deer, slung it around his neck and followed.

The two Indians were Delawares, from the village of Chaquasitt, about four miles inland. They were of the sub-tribe called Menamies (Turtle) or possibly Unalachtgo (Turkey).

Unfortunately, the name of the old Indian has not been recorded. He carried Penelope to his wigwam and gave orders to his squaws to care for her. The Indian women gave her food and water, bathed her and patched up her wounds with spider webs, mud and various herbal remedies, sewing the deepest gashes together with fishbone needles and vegetable fibers.

As winter was approaching, they built her a wigwam home: a circular hut of sod, skins and tightly woven grasses. They furnished her with clothing of skins and blankets to wrap around herself at night, and they saw to it that she had food handy at all times.

Slowly Penelope recovered her health and strength. Her saviors showed her how to cook a tasty combination of corn and beans which they called "siquotash" (succotash), and they taught her how to fish for bass, grouper and shad, dig for clams and prepare venison by alternately freezing and thawing the meat until it became tender.

By the time spring arrived, she had learned enough of the Delaware tongue to communicate with her new friends.

Penelope became, in effect, an adoptive daughter. Life was not bad, considering how close she had come to death. She fashioned a headpiece to cover the mangled skin of her scalp, her left arm hung useless at her side, and the vicious wounds on her abdomen healed but left unsightly growths of scar tissue that stuck out about an inch in a large "X" pattern.

When she regained enough strength, her old Indian benefactor encouraged her to join the other women at their chores: pounding corn, cooking food, skinning and tanning, carrying burdens, tending fires and looking after each other's babies. Penelope did not even consider trying to run away, for in that wild country where could she go that was safer than the village of Chaquasitt? Furthermore, the Indians all treated her more like a friend than a prisoner.

Since members of the village traded up and down the coast, word finally reached New Amsterdam that a white woman was living in this particular Indian camp. Her fellow shipwreck passengers in Gravesend, guessing it might be Penelope, crossed the bay and went to investigate. Arriving at Chaquasitt, they ascertained that it was she and that she was alive and well. They demanded her release.

The village fathers sat down with the whites to discuss the matter. For counsel they looked to the old Indian who had saved her life. He considered this thought a few moments, then announced his decision: he would leave it to Penelope to decide for herself.

The old Indian went to her wigwam and put the question to her, confident that she would prefer to remain with him and the other Indians. He explained that the men had come for her, but that he was leaving the decision to her. He said to her in effect, "Here you are, with a comfortable home, plenty to eat and drink, good Indian clothes to wear, as well treated as any Indian woman, and with everything to make you comfortable and happy; and here you may stay if you choose. On the other hand, if you wish to go to New Amsterdam, you would find no one with whom you are acquainted except those people who rowed away and left you on that desolate coast and who might have come in search of you a long time before if they really had cared anything about you. If you want to live here among friends who have been kind to you and cared for you, you may do so; if you want to go away and live among people who actually deserted you and appear to have forgotten you, well, you could do that, too."

Penelope reluctantly explained to this good Indian friend (whom she later referred to as her "Indian father") that, though she sincerely appreciated his saving her life and though she had a warm feeling for those of the village who treated her with such consideration, she really needed to go back and live with people of her own race and country. She needed to hear her native languages; she needed her church. He was surprised and saddened and told her so. She bade a tearful farewell to her Delaware friends and departed with the

men who had come for her.

Over the next few years Penelope kept in close touch with the kindly old Delaware, sending him beads, scissors, cloth, bracelets, mirrors and other trinkets. But she was relieved to return to the Dutch/English society of Gravesend. The year was 1640. She was eighteen.

In Gravesend she met Richard Stout, a twenty-five-year-old English soldier who had just arrived in town. They became good friends.

Richard Stout was born in 1615 in the seaside town of Burton Joyce, Nottinghamshire, England. His parents, John Stout and Elizabeth Bee, were married November 13th, 1609, in Nottinghamshire; Richard was their only known child.

It is said that the Stout family was of Viking origin, that the British progenitor was a Norman companion of William the Conqueror at Hastings in 1066. Whatever his French name was, his British nickname was "The Stout."

Richard, at the age of 18, fell in love with a young woman and wanted to marry her. His father felt the woman was so far beneath them in rank that he commanded Richard to have nothing to do with her. They argued so unpleasantly that Richard left home and joined the Royal British Navy, never returning home.

After serving seven years on a British man-of-war, Richard resigned from the Navy and took his discharge in New Amsterdam. With the money he had earned from his years at sea

he bought land in Gravesend. By 1643 he owned Plantation 18 on the outskirts of Gravesend.

Fate had brought together the paths of these two hardy, lonely emigrants. Penelope married Richard Stout in 1644. They bought land (from Dutch Director-General Kieft) in 1645, just in time for Penelope to bear their first child. They named the boy John. A year later Richard Stout, Jr., was born. Richard Stout, Sr., served as a soldier at the Gravesend Fort until 1648. Long Island Indians were often sheltered at the fort, fleeing attacks from the Mohawks. Through this service Richard became a Dutch subject; he also joined the Huguenot Society and the Dutch Reformed Church.

The Dutch governors of New Netherland still kept a tight collar on their local church members. Penelope and Richard smarted under this strictness, and looked for the time when they could move away from it.

Penelope continued to speak with such fondness about the green hilly land across the bay that, in 1648, she and Richard moved there. They and four other adventuresome couples (surnames: Bowne, Lawrence, Grover and Whitlock) crossed to the exact spot where Penelope had been shipwrecked nine years before. They all agreed it was beautiful, lush with trees and wildflowers, fertile for planting, a perfect location for a new home. The families staked out as much raw land as they thought they could handle, prayed over it and made the big move.

The region which they settled, called "Navesink" by the Delawares, is now part of Monmouth County, New Jersey. Richard and Penelope settled near the village of Chaquasitt, cleared and planted some land, built a spacious log house and barn. Theirs was the first home in what is now Middletown, in Pleasant Valley. The Bowne family at Chigarora Creek spread out in what is now the area of Union, East and West Keyport, Brown's Point and Cliffwood. The Lawrence family settled from Colt's Neck to what is now Holmdel. The Whitlocks preferred the bay shore, near the site of the present Port Monmouth.

In the following six years Richard and Penelope produced four more children: James, born in 1648, Mary in 1650, Alice in 1652 and Peter in 1654. They loved their new home and basked in the religious freedom; as years rolled by their farmland flourished. All was going well--or so they thought.

The old Indian who had befriended Penelope fifteen years before, now quite an elderly man, was very sociable and often used to visit Mrs. Stout in her home. His feelings for the woman he had saved from death remained strong and sincere.

One day in September, 1655, he came to her house, walked in and sat down, pensive and silent; he would not accept any food. This conduct was unusual. After he sighed several times, she asked him what was wrong. He took a deep breath and told her he was risking his life to be there. He explained that, since the white community seemed to be

expanding, the new young leaders of his village had become worried their land was about to be taken over; a council had just been held, coming to the conclusion that the whites of the area must all leave. Carrying it one step further, an attack was planned, to occur that night or early the next morning, to burn all the houses, drive off the livestock and put to death all men, women and children who were found.

He described where he had concealed a large canoe, and told Penelope that she and her family must leave immediately before the attack took place. Having said this, and having urged her to lose no time in getting away, the old Indian rose and left. She never saw him again.

At first the men were prepared to stay and fight for their land, but then changed their minds and decided to move back to Gravesend until there were no more feelings of animosity between the Indians and whites. They all left their homes and returned to Gravesend. The Stouts stayed in Gravesend for the next nine years. Penelope had two more children during that period: Sarah, born in 1656, and Jonathan in 1660. She and Richard had now been married for 20 years and had eight children to show for it.

It was probably a good thing they moved back when they did. The early 1660's saw the powerful Iroquois come down from the north, armed with many guns, to establish a bloody supremacy in the land of the Delawares. Whole villages disappeared. Instances of ambush, massacre and scalping were

frequent.

The once-mighty Nation of Algonquin Lenape, which had at one time numbered over 60,000 warriors, was nearly wiped out. By 1664, fewer than two thousand Delawares remained in about twenty small villages and transient families. They began, therefore, to invite the white men back into their community, looking to the immigrants as defenders and protectors.

Penelope and Richard were ready. By this time they were so unhappy with the religious situation that moving back to their pioneer home could only be an improvement. They and a small group of friends (James Hubbard, Captain John Bowne, John Tilton, Jr., William Goulding and Samuel Spicer) returned to the Monmouth County area, recleared and planted their land, built blockhouses and settled down never to move again. This time they built more permanent homes and barns, using stone in addition to logs. And this time they decided to make their land acquisition completely legal. The six friends contacted the local Delaware Chief, whose name was Popomora, paid him for the land, and even drew up a deed for the transaction. Mischacoing, Popomora's brother, signed the deed; other Indians named Rickhoran, Checockran, Chrye, Serand and Mingwash signed as witnesses. That deed is in the New Jersey Archives today.

As it turned out, 1664 was a big year in that part of the world. Late in the summer the English sent a fleet of

warships to capture New Netherland for the Duke of York. The Dutch colonists were so angry about the relentless religious persecution that they refused to fight. On August 27th, 1664, Governor Peter Stuyvesant was forced to surrender to England. New Netherland became the British colony of New York, named after the Duke of York. The Duke installed Col. Richard Nicolls as the new Governor.

So, although the six friends had just purchased the land from Chief Popomora, the Duke of York (brother to King Charles II, later King James II) demanded another contract. On April 18th, 1665, the Monmouth Patent was signed by Col. Nicolls as Governor, authorizing land to Richard Stout, the five friends mentioned above, and Walter Clarke, William Reape, Nathaniel Silvester, Obadiah Holmes and Nicholas Davis. The New Jersey Archives also contain the original Monmouth Patent.

The Duke of York then leased the whole area to Baron John Berkeley of Straton and Sir George Carteret for a sum equaling \$32.00 a year. Since he already had used the name York, he decided to call this territory New Jersey, because of Carteret's connection with the Isle of Jersey. Actually, he gave it the old name of Jersey: Caesaria. Over the years, the name "Caesaria" (pronounced "Chez-a-ria") was corrupted into "Jersey." Hence: Nova Caesaria, or New Jersey.

In 1665, Richard and Penelope's daughter Mary married Captain James Bowne. Captain James, an ancestor of Abraham

Lincoln, had been driven out of Massachusetts as an "accursed Baptist." He, too, was looking for the elusive religious freedom of the New World.

Richard and Penelope had two more children in their new home: David in 1667, Benjamin in 1669, bringing the grand total to ten. In 1670, their son John married Elizabeth Crawford and their daughter Alice married John Throckmorton. The Stout family burgeoned with children and grandchildren.

Penelope always wore a special headpiece to hide her unnatural-looking scalp, her left arm was ever useless, but her old abdominal wounds became the marvel of her many grandchildren. Those grizzled old scars still stood out from her tummy in inch-high ridges, and for good behavior Penelope's grandchildren were permitted to pass their fingers over them so that the remembrance of her story would ever be vivid in their minds.

Slowly peace came to Middletown. The few Delawares left in the area stayed friendly with their white neighbors, who protected them from the occasional marauding bands of Iroquois. The Delawares taught the settlers how to build homes on the south side of the hills as protection against the fierce blasts of winter. When the streams froze over, they showed the newcomers how to cut holes in the ice, cover themselves with blankets and catch fish. And after the spring thaws they showed the pioneers how to shoot fish in the streams with a bow and arrow. The plentiful game was openly

shared. Though her "Indian father" was gone, Penelope continued to maintain a close tie with the Delawares who remained in Chaquasitt.

By 1675, there were 25 separate families living in Middletown. They raised cattle, hogs, horses, geese, turkeys and pigeons. Crops and produce included wheat, barley, oats, beans, peas, tobacco, corn, hemp and flax, carrots, parsnips, cabbage, turnips, radishes, onions, cucumbers and squashes. Their fruit orchards contained apples, pears, plums, quinces, currants, gooseberries, peaches, mulberries, strawberries, watermelons, muskmelons and grapes (red and white). Every family had its walnut trees. Sugar maples grew wild, so syrup and sugar were plentiful.

Fish and seafood were available in abundance: perch, roach (a freshwater sunfish), oysters, clams, crabs, sturgeon, eels and more. And any time the settlers wanted venison on the table they could buy a fat buck from the Indians for a pound and a half of powder or lead.

Spinning and weaving was a part of their lives, and most families made their own clothing. There was some fashion influence from Europe, but the Puritan costume was the one most frequently worn by these pioneers. The women mostly wore tight-waisted gray dresses with cuffed sleeves and plain Puritan collars, ribbon belts, long aprons and starched linen caps. The men stuck to black breeches and doublets with plain white Puritan collars; many wore the broad-brimmed Puritan

hats, and almost all wore rough leather riding boots with broad turned-down tops. Sashes might be worn to church or special meetings.

Women baked bread every morning. Some of the men brewed British beer. Children were in charge of manufacturing soap and candles.

Carpets of wildflowers colored the forest floor from early spring to late fall: monkshood, columbine, foxglove, bleeding heart, bee balm, spiderwort, bugbane, toadlily, bloodroot, merrybell.

In 1680, Richard and Penelope's son Benjamin married and moved to Maryland; also their son David married Rebecca Ashton, the daughter of a rather famous clergyman of Monmouth County, the Rev. James Ashton (and his wife Deliverance Throckmorton).

In 1681, their son Jonathan married Anna Throckmorton Bollen and moved thirty miles west to be a founding pioneer of a new community. That community subsequently became known as Hopewell. For many years it was in Hunterdon County, but boundaries have changed and it is now in Mercer County.

Jonathan Stout's homesteading neighbors were a cosmopolitan group. Cornelius Anderson and his wife Annetie Opdyck were second generation Dutch. Thomas Runyon's father, Vincent Rongnion, was a French Huguenot emigrant from the French Province of Poitou; Thomas Runyon's mother, Ann Boutcher, was a British emigrant from Hertfordshire. Thomas

Runyon had married Martha Dunn, whose parents were emigrants: Hugh Dunn (Irish) and Elizabeth Drake (English), both of whom had fled to New Jersey from New Hampshire, to escape Indian wars.

Jonathan Stout started the First Baptist Church of Hopewell, holding worship services in his own home for years until a proper church could be built. Jonathan's daughter Sarah married Andrew Smith, Jr., son of the Andrew Smith who in 1688 named Hopewell after his family's home back in England. Jonathan's son, Col. Joseph Stout, built a magnificent house in Hopewell, which was to become the site of one of General George Washington's most important councils of war with Generals LaFayette and "Mad Anthony" Wayne in 1778. It was there decided that American troops would finally go on the offensive in the Revolutionary War.

The rest of Richard and Penelope's children stayed in Middletown. All were blessed with good farmland and many children. Penelope and Richard celebrated their sixty-first wedding anniversary in 1705. And then Richard died, at age 90. His will, proved in Perth Amboy, NJ, October 23, 1705 (Lib. 1, p. 12, NJ Wills), deeded many hundreds of acres to his heirs.

Penelope went on living, and went on, and went on. She finally succumbed in 1732, at age 110. Her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren totaled 502. Penelope was buried in a family plot now called the Old Lippit-Taylor

Burying Ground, off Penelope Lane, north of King's Highway, in Middletown.

On March 8th, 1991, I visited Middletown, drove on Penelope Lane, went to the local library to research this lady; I scouted the area, drove out to the end of Sandy Hook, took in the green hills and bucolic beauty of Monmouth County, was thrilled to breathe the same air as my dear ancestor.

What a life she had! It's no wonder to me why New Jersey history books all devote a substantial passage to this wonderful pioneer woman. My great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great grandmother was a stout lady indeed. She was Penelope Stout.

Penelope Prince married Richard Stout.

They had Jonathan Stout, who married Anna Throckmorton Bollen.

They had Col. Joseph Stout, who married Ruth Brinson.

They had John Stout, who married Catherine Stout (his second cousin).

They had Rachel Stout, who married Nehemiah Stout (her second cousin, once removed).

They had Annie Stout, who married (Pvt.) Andrew Anderson (Revolutionary War).

They had Amy Stout Anderson, who married James Miller.

They had Reuben Anderson Miller, who married Martha Susan Ford.

They had John Simpson Miller, who married Chinese

Catherine Haynes.

They had Susan Ambie Miller, who married William Foster Hayes I.

They had William Foster Hayes II, who married Betty Mitchell.

They had William Foster Hayes III. That's me.

* * * * *



MANHATTAN

HUDSON RIVER

LONG ISLAND

STATEN ISLAND

VERRAZANO NARROWS

GRAVESEND

CONEY ISLAND

SHIPWRECK

SANDY HOOK

CLIFFWOOD

KEYPORT

PORT MONMOUTH

MIDDLETOWN

NAVESINK RIVER

HOLMDEL

COLT'S NECK

SCALE - 1" = 4 1/3 MI.

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WILLIAM FOSTER HAYES
4528 BECK AVENUE
NO. HOLLYWOOD, CA 91602

Penelope Van Prince Stout

Text by Douglas B. Dick, a descendent of Penelope Stout

About or around 1642/43 Penelope Van Prince, a widow of twenty-three was a noble woman who had passed through many struggles nearing death several times during her efforts to reach America.

The ship which was bringing Penelope and her husband wrecked off Sandy Hook, New Jersey. Her husband had been quite ill during the voyage and was seriously injured in the attempt to reach land. The ship's passengers feared an attack by Indians, so they decided to travel immediately to Amsterdam. Penelope's husband was in no condition to travel so they were left behind.

Shortly after they were left alone, a large party of Indians found them and attacked them. Penelope and her husband were left for dead, but she survived. She suffered a fractured skull. Her left arm was hacked so severely that she was never able to use that arm again like she did the other. A cut across the abdomen left bare part of her bowels, these she held in with her hands. She suffered in this painful condition for seven days.

Two Indians approached her. She felt relief for she thought they would put her out of her misery. However, the older of the two stayed the hand of the younger man who intended to kill her; and took her to his wigwam where he tended her. He then took her to New Amsterdam where he traded her to the white settlers expecting ten times her value in return. She met Richard Stout and they were married in 1644. To them were born ten children. She lived to see 510 of her descendents and died at the age of 110. A monument stands to her honor in New England.

To exchange information on this family, please e-mail Douglas B. Dick.



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Return to Notable Women Ancestors.

The Poet and the Half-Scalped Woman

WHO Penelope Scambly Schott, 56, of Rocky Hill, a poet and faculty consultant at Thomas Edison State College in Trenton. Mrs. Schott's most recent work, "Penelope: The Story of the Half-Scalped Woman," is a narrative poem based on a true story from early New Jersey history.

THE WORK The book tells the story of Penelope Stout, a young woman born in England in 1620. She and her father boarded a ship to the New World, only to be shipwrecked off Sandy Hook. Attacked and left for dead by Indians, Mrs. Stout was rescued and eventually went on to marry and raise a family. She left behind 502 descendants. The book is structured as a series of poems, each dealing with a stage in Mrs. Stout's life, like "Misbegotten Voyage" and "Raising Many Children." At just 64 pages, including a glossary, "Penelope" is a quick read.

WHY POETRY "It's the intensity of the communication," Mrs. Schott said. "It's almost like you boil it down, you know. I sometimes think in poetry now. I like to work in fewer words, and I'm very interested in what happens in the white spaces on the page."

EXCERPT This section is called "Mother Penelope Is Buried in Middletown in Glory."

*Three daughters and seven sons;
by the time of her death in 1712,*

*five-hundred-and-two blood
descendants
and just one story;*

*if she had been Odysseus instead,
to sail the whole known world?*

*But listen: the spirits of four winds
twirl and bend to this one place.*

In the tree it began; in a stone, it ends.

AUTHOR'S BACKGROUND Mrs. Schott is the author of a novel, "A Little Ignorance," as well as four previous works of poetry. She won the Violet Reed Hass Prize for Poetry for "The Perfect Mother," and has been awarded four fellowships from the New Jersey State Council on the Arts. Mrs. Schott, born in New York City, received her Ph.D. in Renaissance English Literature at the Graduate Center of the City of New York. She has worked as a college professor, doughnut maker, artist's model and home health aide for the elderly, a job she continues today. She lives with her husband, and has two grown children.

HER INSPIRATION When Mrs. Schott moved from New York City to New Jersey in 1971, she started reading about New Jersey history. "I had a typical New York bad attitude about New Jersey," she said. "And I decided that I ought to do a little attitude adjustment." She came across a reference



Jeff Zelevansky for The New York Times

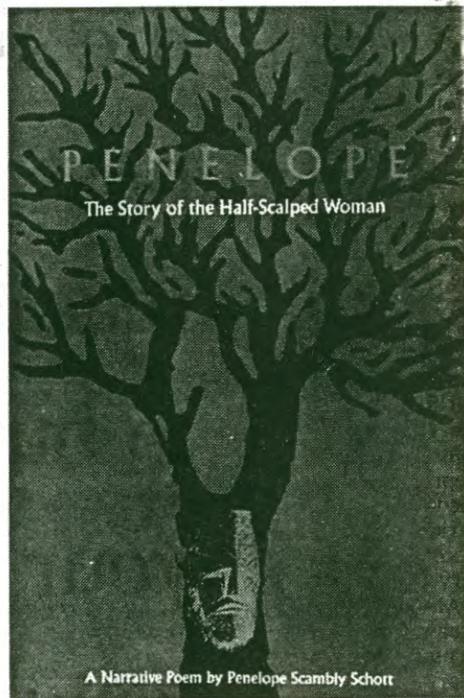
Penelope Scambly Schott, the poet who wrote "Penelope: The Story of the Half-Scalped Woman."

to Penelope Stout, and it stuck with her because the women shared the same first name. In 1997, Mrs. Schott received a writing fellowship from the Fine Arts Work Center in Massachusetts. "I remembered what I had read about Penelope Stout. And I thought, 'Ah-hah, this is a good story.'"

THE RESEARCH "Penelope" is based on a variety of sources, including books, newspaper articles and interviews. Mrs. Schott did much of her research in the Hopewell Public Library, where many of the Stout family records are located. "I gave a reading from this book in Princeton," she said. "And one of the people in the audience was a descendant of Penelope, and I asked her, 'Did I get the story right?' And she said, 'That's what my grandmother told me.'"

Most of the book is based on fact. Mrs. Schott filled in the gaps with her own sense of what Mrs. Stout would have done.

THE MESSAGE "The major theme or message I see is living between two cultures," Mrs. Schott said. "And that was an appeal to me, because in many ways women of my generation are living between two cultures, because of where we fell in the women's movement. I know what it's like to have one set of values and have them replaced by another, and be left somewhere in between. So I guess to some extent I'm saying something about women. And that there is heroism in bearing and raising children. That there is a kind of strength in simply going on. And I very much appreciate Penelope's openness to two cultures."



IN PROGRESS Mrs. Schott is working on a new narrative poem about a distant relative who lived in the early 20th century. The relative, a dancer, suffered from schizophrenia. The work will blend the themes of dance and madness. "It's about ghost dancing — a kind of magical dancing that the Plains Indians did in order to drive away the white man. I find myself fascinated by history. That's one of the reasons I've been going back and looking at old stories."

ERIC EPSTEIN