

NOTES ON NO. 13 AND DESCENDANTS

There is of record an interesting document, a pre-nuptial contract concerning grand-mother Nancy Oneal Holliday, who some years after the death of her first husband, married John W. Butler in 1850. The exact copy may be of interest to future generations.

State of Georgia, Wilkes County. This indenture of three parties made and entered into, this 9th day of December in the year of our Lord 1850, between John W. Butler of Columbia county and state aforesaid, of the first part and Nancy Holliday, widow, of the county of Wilkes, and state aforesaid, of the second part, and William D. Holliday—of the other part. Witnesseth that the said John W. Butler, of the first part for and in consideration of marriage to be had and solemnized between the said John W. Butler of the first part and the said Nancy of the second part, does for himself, his heirs, executors and administrators, covenant, grant and agree that the following property, to-wit: Isham, a Negro man about 50 years of age, Warren, a Negro man about 24 years old, and Matilda, a woman about 33 years old, Lucinda,

a woman about 22 years of age, and her three children, Mariah Ann, Reen Sam and Martin, together with all the interests of said Negroes, and all stock of every description, and all household and kitchen furniture, and all money which the said Nancy may have at interest, or in hand, and all other property or effects, which she, the said Nancy may have, and all other property which may be given said Nancy by any person whatsoever, by will or otherwise, to be her separate property and estate, and shall not in law or in equity be subject to the payment of the debts, contracts or liabilities of the said John W. Butler, or be subject to be sold or conveyed, or in any manner controlled by him, the said John W. Butler, but the right and title of said property shall be vested in said William D. Holliday of the third part, for the use and benefit of the said Nancy Holliday.

The said John W. Butler further covenants and agrees that the said Nancy Holliday may dispose of said property, all of which is now in her possession, by will or otherwise, to any person she may desire, subject, however, to be used by the said John W. Butler, with the approval of the said William D. Holliday during the

continuation of conveyance for the mutual benefit and advantage of the said John and Nancy, and said John W. Butler and Nancy Holliday nominate and appoint said William D. Holliday, trustee of the said property in conformity with this indenture, and the said William D. Holliday consents and agrees to his said nomination and appointment, as trustee aforesaid. Quotation ends.

This document is properly signed, sealed, and witnessed.

It should be stated that the children of Allen and Nancy Holliday had already received their share of slaves and other property, from their father's estate, before the second marriage of their mother.

The following should prove of interest to some of those now living as well as to the coming generations. It is a portion of a letter from my father, Allen T. Holliday, 13, to my mother. The letter is dated Sept. 2, 1864, and tells of the fall and burning of Atlanta, to General Sherman's army.

"Yesterday, last night, and today up to this time, will long be remembered by many a worn-out and broken down soldier. For two days I worked in putting up stockades around Atlanta. Last night, at dark, we were ordered to march. We traveled all night, all day today until ten o'clock, without food.

Atlanta is gone up in smoke. Today the Yanks are in possession of it. I can give but one reason as to why it was given up, and that is that the Yanks were about to get possession of the Macon road, thus cutting off our supplies. Hardy whipped the Yanks yesterday morning and drove them off the Macon road, and when we received orders to march, we thought we were going to pursue instead of making a retreat. I reckon Atlanta is just about burned up. All of the cars there were set on fire as we were passing through. They were loaded with ammunition, such as cartridges and shells. I thought I had heard noise before, but never anything to equal that. The terrible noise continued all night."

After finishing my study of the Holliday family in England and America, there is still much speculation in my mind as to what nation-

ality or blood is strongest in my veins. Some writers say the Hollidays came hundreds of years ago from Normandy, and that's in France, while most of the evidence proves that the old Hollidays did their fighting around in England and Scotland, and just for a change of scenery, occasionally in Ireland. A bunch of exceedingly warlike old-timers in the twelfth century joined an expedition to go down and help clean up the Holy Land.

Grandmother, on the Holliday side, was named Nancy Oneal, which sounds Irish, but I never heard any one speak of her as Irish. I know of no way to find out. The only Oneal relative known to me, now living, is Benjamin Oneal, a lumber dealer of Macon, Georgia. I have not seen him since I was a small boy.

On our maternal side, there has been no doubt in my mind, all of my seventy-four years, that Zellars is of German descent, until I read a few days ago in Chalkley's *Chronicles of the Scotch-Irish Settlement in Virginia*, vol. 2, page 314, of the marriage bonds of Jacob Zeller and Barbara Fudge, in Spottsylvania county, Virginia, on October 6, 1794, John Fudge, surety.

Now, there is no doubt that they were my great-grandparents, but if they were German how does it happen that this historian gets them mixed up with the Scotch and Irish?

Right glad am I, that I can tell Hitler, when he comes over to mop up America, what I think of him. I never did think that my mother, or my uncle, John Zellars, had the objectionable traits, that very many Germans do have.

It does now seem, that we are a mixture of English, Scotch, possibly a little Irish, some French, and the barest possibility that our blood may contain a little of the German. So, let's let it go at that, and just be what we all really are—GOOD AMERICANS.

THE ZELLARS LINE

Allen T. Holliday married Elizabeth Zellars before she was sixteen. Her father was John Zellars who died in 1855. His wife was Polly Huguley, daughter of John and Rebecca Huguley. John's father was Jacob Zellars, whose wife was Barbara Fudge. Jacob Zeller is listed as a soldier in the War of the Revolution. Note, Zeller is changed to Zellars.

My information regarding my maternal grandmother is very meagre. She was Polly Huguley, and a daughter of John Huguley of Wilkes county, Georgia. Another descendant claims that her father was George, but I am of the opinion that George was her uncle because John Huguley's will is recorded in Wilkes county, and in the will he mentions other children by name, and "Polly." I remember quite well that grandmother was called Polly. The name Huguley is of French descent, probably from Alsace-Lorraine.

My mother had two brothers, John and Peter. Peter was killed in the Civil war. A sister died in infancy. My uncle John was the only uncle I ever knew, and God never made a better man

—if so it has never been my good fortune to meet him. He married Mary Florence, and they had six children as follows:

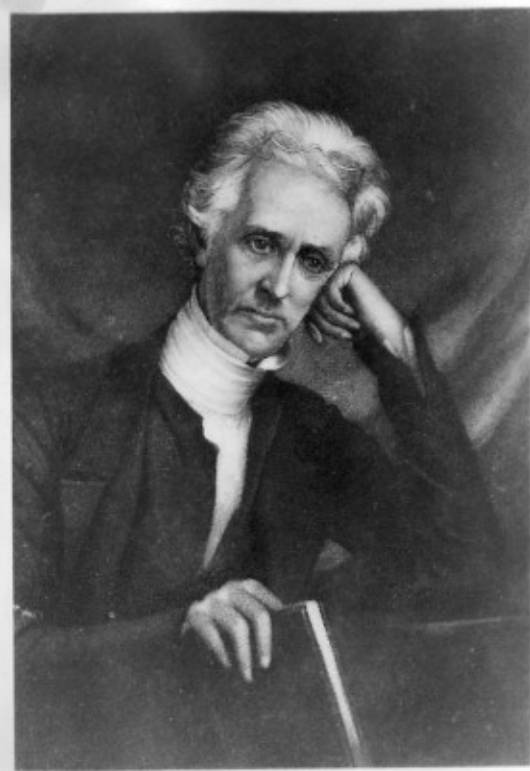
Peter, 1867-1932, married Lucy Nash. Mary, 1870-1918, single. Albert, 1874, married, 1st Texas Brown, a son, Broadus Brown; second Irene Collier, children, Mary and Myrtle. Brantly, 1877-1900, single. Maggie, 1879, single. Allene, 1882-1918, married W. Roy Groves, children, John Zellars, F. Coleman, Elizabeth, Edwin R., and William R. Three of the Groves men moved to Louisville, Ky.

Peter Zellars was my room mate in college and we graduated in the same class at Mercer in 1886. He spent most of his life as a teacher. In fact, he was a born teacher and the few years he spent in the banking business can be looked upon as misspent years. He had three children, John T., Reid Nash, and Macye Pete.

John T. is also a graduate of Mercer University and is now a Major in the U. S. Army, and is stationed at present at Fort Douglas, Utah. He went through the war college at Fort Leavenworth and later the war college in Washington. He happened to be on duty in

China in 1931, when Japan decided to annex Manchukuo. He was the first American officer to reach the scene of action. I imagine that his report to his government, made at that time, would be good reading just now.

Broadus Brown Zellars, son of Albert, is also a graduate of Mercer University. He is at present assistant attorney general for the state of Georgia. I have never seen him. Clark Howell's History of Georgia pays a splendid tribute to this young man.



*Rev. Billington McCarty Sanders
1789 - 1854.*

THE SANDERS AND WILLET LINE

AS RELATED TO OMAR HOLLIDAY AND ROSALIE

WILLET'S MARRIAGE IN 1889

Dickerson Holliday, 1782-1827, was writer's great uncle and he was also the great grandfather, maternal side, of his wife, Rosalie Willet. Dickerson married Rebecca Ragan, 1785-1825. Both were buried in the old burial grounds at Raysville (a dead town), Lincoln county, Georgia. The old marble slabs still stand to memory of Dickerson and his wife Rebecca, and also to both parents of Rebecca.

Dickerson's daughter, Cynthia, 1804-1887, married Billington McCarty Sanders, 1789-1854, as his second wife, in 1824. They reared a large family—(13). Daughter Emily married Joseph Edgerton Willet in 1851. See notes. Youngest daughter of this marriage was Rosalie, 1869, the writer's beloved wife. You can figure it out yourself, but we have always considered that we are fifth cousins.

Cynthia Holliday Sanders was quite a person in Georgia, as was her distinguished husband. One of the old dormitories at Mercer was called Holliday Hall, in her memory. I am not sure

that it still stands. Her slaves lovingly called her "ole miss," before and after they were freed. She was also, "ole miss" to many of the college boys. Some are still living who loved her. Billington M. and Cynthia Holliday Sanders, are the great-great grandparents of Joseph Willet Holliday's (15) children.

She lived at Penfield with most of her family nearby, for seventeen years after the college was moved. At her request the inscription on her tomb is: "She hath done what she could."

Billington M. Sanders, Rosalie's grandfather, was a distinguished Baptist minister, teacher and planter. He was successful in all three lines and cared nothing for personal honors. This was emphasized in his handling of Jesse Mercer. History shows that Mercer had accumulated a considerable fortune, and had married some more. Mr. Sanders needed money to enlarge Sanders Institute which he founded in 1839, just 100 years ago. When appealed to for help, Mercer agreed to leave most of his fortune to education with the understanding that the name be changed to Mercer University. Mr. Sanders was much more interested in education of the young men of the south than he was in



Cynthia Holliday Sanders.
1804 - 1887.

perpetuating his own name. This was the real beginning of Mercer University. Since then many well known men of the south have been educated at Mercer.

It is interesting to record here that Jesse Mercer married as his second wife, Mrs. Nancy Mills Simons of Wilkes county, Georgia. Her first husband was Capt. Abram Simons, who had been married once and possibly twice before. The wife before Nancy, was Mildred Holliday, widow of John Holliday, hence related to Mrs. Sanders. Simons was a large slave owner and a very successful planter. His wife Mildred, died young, but left four children by her first husband. Her son, Owen Holliday, was remembered in Simon's will with the sum of \$1700.

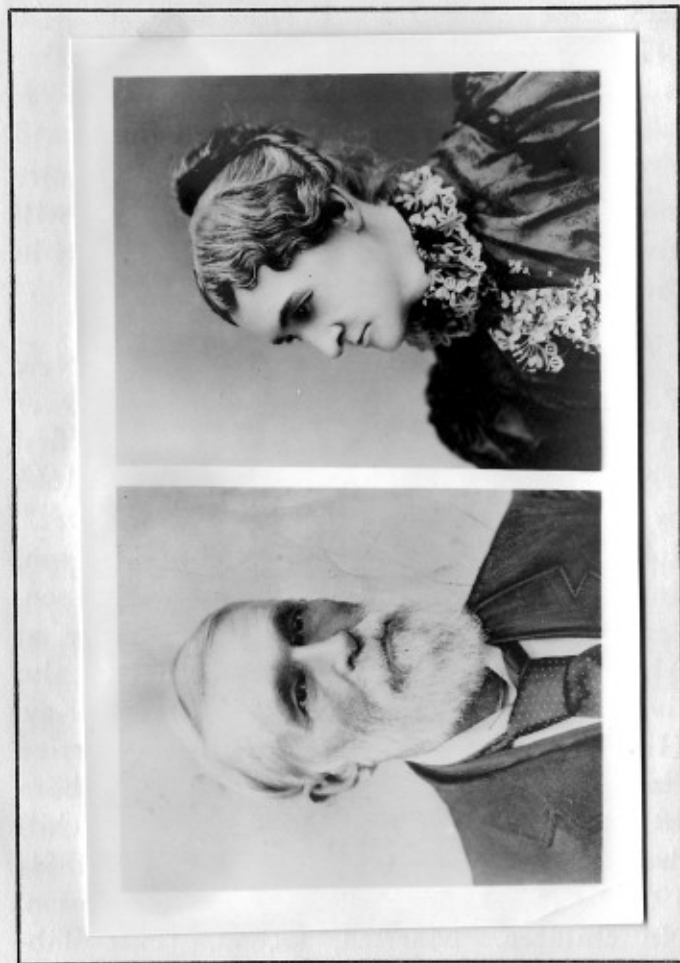
After Mildred's death Simons married in 1789 Nancy Mills, 1772. Simons died about 1820 and his widow, Nancy, married Jesse Mercer in 1827. Simons old home was only three miles from where the writer was born. The old residence or at least a part of it, still stands, but it is in a very dilapidated condition. It has been occupied by Negroes for many years. Many a story has the writer heard the old ex-

slaves tell of Mr. Simons, who was considered very wicked by them.

One of the tales was that he had horses that could run so fast that they could "outrun the rain." He was buried in a standing position, in a grave prepared by himself, in a hand-made metal coffin, which he had his slaves hammer out. He also had built around the grave a very substantial stone fence about twelve feet high. After he was interred, the hand-made metal gate was cemented in with the stone, so that it could not be opened except by tearing out some of the wall. The Negroes claimed that under Simons' directions the coffin was locked and the key thrown away—"So that the Devil could never find him." Portions of the old Simons farm are now owned by my niece, Miss Edith Holliday of Atlanta and my son, Joseph, of Kansas City, Mo.

Simons' will was contested by Mrs. Elizabeth (Christopher) Brooks, who was not named in his will, but who claimed to be Simons' daughter, and entitled to half his estate. Evidently she lost out because Jesse Mercer finally married Simons' widow and through her inherited the fortune, supposed to have been considerable.

As intimated above, Mrs. Brooks could have been a daughter by an earlier marriage, or even an illegitimate child. Mr. Simons' old home-site is now owned by Col. Mitchell Burdette.



Joseph Edgerton Willet — 1826 - 1898
Emily Sanders Willet — 1832 - 1909

DR. JOSEPH EDGERTON WILLET

1826 - 1898

To do full justice to this line would require more space than can be given here, so I will give only a brief summary of what is already in the hands of some members of the family.

Thomas Willet was the first mayor of New York in 1665. He came over on the Mayflower in 1629. This was not the Mayflower's first trip by any means. He was appointed in 1665 by the old Dutch governor "to serve forever." John Willet lived at Groton, Mass. His son, John, 1727-1819, was a ship builder. His son, Jedediah, 1768, was also a boat builder at Macon, Georgia. His son, Joseph, 1798, also lived at Macon and married Margaret McKay. His son, Joseph Edgerton Willet, married Emily Sanders at Penfield, Ga., in 1851, born 1832, died 1909. The children and grand children of this marriage were Nathaniel L, 1851-1933. Married first, Anne Capen of Boston. No children. Married, second, Jessie Tibbetts of New York state. No children. Laura M., April 18, 1854. Married James Riddle, 1913. No children. Hugh Miller, July 22,

1858. Married, first, Lucy Lester, 1884. She died in 1922. Hugh M. Jr., 1894-1918. Emily, 1891-1905. Lawrence, 1896. Married Julia Brantley of Georgia. No children. It looks like this branch of the Willet family ends with Lawrence. Hugh M., married second, Mrs. Annie McKenzie of Atlanta. No children.

Emily S., daughter of Joseph E., married Charles A. Davis, 1850. Children, Charles W., 1880-1919. Married Lizzie May Turner, 1904. Laura, 1901, married first, Harvey Anderson. No children. Married second, Prince Webster. No children.

Tochie, 1883. Married Hudson Moore. The Moores have three sons—Hudson, Davis and Willet. In 1939 they are all living in Denver, Colo. Hudson and Davis are married and have children.

Rosalie, 1894. Married Col. Mart B. Bailey. One son, Mart B. Jr. Charles W. Davis had two children, Charles 3rd and Elizabeth Anne.

Rosalie C., daughter of Joseph E. Willet. Married Omar Holliday, Nov. 28, 1889. For more complete information on the Willet line see Bookstaver's Willet Genealogy.

Mrs. Emily Willet Davis secured membership in N.S.D.A.R. Nat. No. 34565 on the service of Capt. Thomas Holliday, who served with Georgia troops under Col. Elijah Clark. Thomas Holliday lived from about 1750 to 1800. Later Mrs. Davis secured a higher rating through some Willet who was a colonel or a general.

Dr. Joseph E. Willet was educated at Mercer University and at Yale. While a student at Yale he was a charter member of the Berzelius Society, and was its first president. In 1938 Hugh M. (his son), presented the society with a handsome portrait of his father, which now hangs in the society's new building at Yale.

Dr. Willet studied law and was admitted to practice, but before he had fairly started on a legal career he was elected, without his applying for the place, to a professorship at Mercer University. He accepted and there he spent practically his whole life. All of the students who really wanted an education loved him, but the slackers did not fare so well. He had a long string of college degrees, a number of them honorary. He was acting president of Mercer for some months before he retired, on account of his health.

He then came to Atlanta and he and Mrs. Willet spent the last few remaining months of his life with us. He passed away in 1898 and his body was taken to Macon, where it was interred in Riverside Cemetery. At her death his devoted wife's body was placed beside his.

When Leland Stanford University was young Dr. Willet was offered the chair of Natural Philosophy, or it may have been chemistry. Conflicting emotions made it difficult for him to decide, but he did decide to remain with Mercer, because of his love for it, and because Mrs. Willet did not wish to go so far away from her mother who was already along in years.

On Feb. 22, 1939, there was dedicated at Mercer University, Macon, Ga., the Joseph E. Willet Biology Building. This building, largely was made possible by a gift from Mrs. Jessie T. Willet, widow of Nathaniel L., with smaller gifts from other members of the family. The mechanical and scientific equipment was provided with funds furnished by the General Educational Fund of Rockefeller Foundation.

CONCLUSION

MY MOTHER

Father died before I was one year old, so my mother, Elizabeth Zellars Holliday, was both father and mother to me. She was left a rather young mother with six children, the oldest just twelve. About forty slaves had just been freed. The close of the Civil War left her with these six children, 2000 acres of land and not much else.

Those of you reading this could not understand the terrible trials and hardships of those first ten years after the war, nor can I, so I will not attempt to tell you. I will only say that my mother made an excellent job of a most difficult one. She had sufficient ambition to see that all of the children had the best educations they would take.

I wanted to go to the University of Georgia, but she being a good Baptist, wanted me to go to Mercer University. I had my way through sophomore year. Just before time to return for the junior year, she told me that if I went back to Athens, that I would have to go at my own expense. She agreed to lend me the money, but her wishes and my Scotch blood triumphed. Just think, if I had not gone to Mercer, I might never have met my Rosalie!

MY WIFE

As a young girl Rosalie was beautiful and always charming. As a young mother she was a perfect one. (Ask her children.) When she reached middle age, and daughter Ruth went away to college, her health collapsed, and for the past quarter century, she has suffered much. Her spirit and courage have never faltered. Through it all, she has retained a vivid interest in life, friends, and even politics. Some invalids are hard to live with, but not with Rosalie.

It is her wish that I may survive her, but if she goes first, I am wondering how I am going to live without her. Regardless of all her suffering, she has grown more beautiful and charming, and her husband is not the only one who thinks so.

Is fifty years a long time? It has seemed very short to us.

HALLIDAY — HOLLIDAY

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And many other books and magazines, to be found in any first class genealogical collection, such as the writer found in the Los Angeles City Library. In fact, one of the big surprises, was finding the name Holliday in so many publications.

OUR HOME

Our home is on a mountain,
A mountain by the sea.
Its beauty is like a fountain,
A fountain joyous to see.

Our garden is on a hillside,
A lovely shaded slope
Filled with blossoms of delight,
Tokens of a gardener's faith and hope.

Our air comes o'er the Pacific sea,
A wonderful thing to know
It's air conditioned just for us
That healthier we may grow.

Our aim is for charm
Peace and beauty,
With no pretense at show,
That our lives to others may be
An inspiration.

—HOLLY DAY.