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Among Ourselves

VOLUME I

Out of North Carolina

SARAH P. MORRISON



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1901-'04



S.E. Trueblood.

AMONG OURSELVES:
TO A MOTHER'S MEMORY

Being a Life Story of Principally
Seven Generations,

Especially of the Morris-Trueblood Branch, including not only
Descendants of Benoni and Rebecca (Trueblood) Morris,
but their Relatives and Connections; to all of
whom, with other Family and Personal
Friends, it is Affectionately Inscribed.

BY

SARAH P. MORRISON

VOL. I

Out of North Carolina

1901

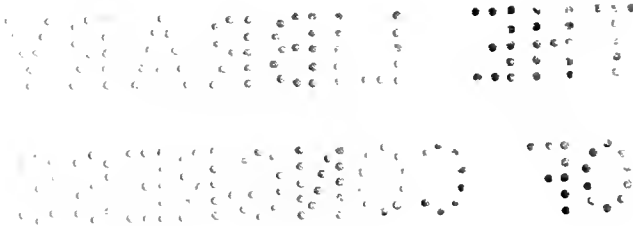
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GENERAL PREFACE.

Once the writer of this Life Story began a Series of Family Biography with a rose-colored pencil. The undertaking, for some reason, was laid aside, and could not now be resumed, as first resolved upon.

But the pencil, though the gloss it once had is gone — either worn off or faded away, while it fails in depicting inky darkness or startling corruscations — has, may one believe, a more natural tint, and hues that may prove the more enduring.

The work, then, or failure, as one chooses to regard it, is accordingly submitted as it is, and inscribed to those whom it most concerns, with the hope that the compilation — with what of original design appears — may not require a moral appended in accordance with any well-worn saying (as, “This is a cow” — “a horse”), respecting early efforts, but to the ingenuous mind receiving it, afford some contemplation not altogether inane, and with no harm, possibly do a little good.

Such motives are stimulated by an ardent desire to pay a great debt, and especially that rescued memorials

of imperishable lives, from which our own have sprung, may still speak to us, diffusing their inimitable aroma of reverence, constancy and affection, and memories still venerated may, as time rolls on, be still cherished and preserved.

The writer cannot make selections to suit others, except according to circumstances, therefore, for general reading, give all in full. Each one will be likely to omit what he does not care for.

VOL. I



Out of North Carolina

OUT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

OUR MYTHICAL ANCESTRY.

The Morris Family in North Carolina, were descended from three Welsh brothers who came to this country together, and were noted for their industry, thrift and other steady habits. Came to North Carolina about 1650 (?) *

As many people now-a-days are so fond of myths as to prefer them to genuine history, it is well for the satisfying of all tastes that we should have one in our Family. And if in our connection there should be a person who wishes to believe himself sprung from nothing, is nothing and shall go back to nothing, we have no quarrel with him; but, leaving the first and third particulars to be decided by a Wisdom beyond us, settle cheerfully into believing the second, even more sincerely than the disbeliever himself. But we do hope, for the credit of the Family, that no one will go back for parentage to the lower animals, though doubtless, as

* Sarah tells this as was told her, but there is no one now living she knows of who vouches for the story. She must have heard it in childhood from some of those long passed away—probably her grandfather.

with the rest of mankind, there may be among us some resemblance mentally to long ears, mulishness and donkeyism. This is not intended to carry a sting with it, but to lead us away from folly, if there be any who need, back to the beautiful Biblical record, "And Adam the son of God." Having said so much, the holder of the rose-colored pencil breathes the aspiration, May all our names be found written in the Book of Life!

Since this was written, Elias White*, an Attorney at Law, of Philadelphia, who has been visiting his old home at Raysville, Ind., hearing in some way of this attempted history, made a call upon Sarah, now at Richmond, and gave her the information that the Morrises, "some of them," were descended from the Moors. (Hail to the "noble" Othello! Still nobler, "our connection," the hapless Desdemona!) "Some from Africa;" Mr. White looked at Sarah occasionally, she thought, as if to see how much she could stand; but, though not believing in amalgamation, she said within herself, "God made of one blood all nations"—in another place it says "of one man." "Some from France"—"The Morris Dance" Webster says "is in imitation of the Moors." "The rebellion of the Moriscoes or Moors" is spoken of in history under the reign of Philip II: "That they still remain scattered in great numbers through their ancient kingdom of Granada, and were driven in 1559 to revolt by Philip's absurd and bigoted tyranny." †

* Son of James and dear Jemima.

† Gregory's (Rev. John M., LL. D.) Hand Book of History, published by Adams, Blackmer & Lyon, Chicago. A. S. Barnes & Company, New York.

CURRENT
EVENTS:

Mr. White also said the Friends were driven out of Virginia to Carolina by persecution; that in those early times Virginia was always intolerant of Friends, the established church bringing the charge of blasphemy against them on account of their not conforming to *their* usage.

Charles Second's Act of Uniformity, 1662.

There was no worse sin in the days of the Charleses, as well as of many other potentates of higher and lower degrees at different stages in the world's progress since, as well as before, than that of non-conformity. In a line with this, Mr. White said the early minutes of North Carolina show that they in their turn debarred the other branch of Friends—Hicksites as they are commonly called, though they themselves never use nor have acknowledged the name—from holding meetings in their meeting houses for all time to come.

Test Act, 1673.

Habeas Corpus, 1679.

There have never been divisions in North Carolina; Mr. White and I can both testify to the simplicity and integrity of their faith there. The command is to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, "Once for all," the new version has it, but still in sweet charity, *i. e.* love.

GENERATIONS.

Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set.—*Prov.* 22:28.

MORRIS FAMILY.

The record of the Morris Family, as furnished by Joseph Morris*, who had it from M. M. White, is as follows :

“Jno Morris was born ye 3rd day of ye 3rd month, 1680. He married Mary Symonds, daughter of Thomas and Rebecca White Symonds. Both Jno Morris and his wife were members of Little River Meeting, Pasquotank, Albemarle, North Carolina. Jno Morris departed this life ye 20th of ye 9th month, in ye year 1739; he being an elder of our meeting pretty well accounted of, and in the 60th year of his age. Mary Symon(d)s Morris was born ye 4th of ye 12th month, 1687. She departed this life ye 14th of ye 8th month, 1745. She was about the age of 58 years, wife of the above named Jno Morris. She being the daughter of Thomas and Rebecca Symonds. (Copied from old records of Little River monthly meeting, North Carolina.) Their children, Aaron, Bettie, Sarah, Joseph, John, Mary, Zachariah and Hannah.

“Aaron, son of Jno and Mary (Symonds) was born 7th month 14th, 1704, and died 9th month 10th, 1770. He married Mary Pritchard, a member of the

* Joseph Morris (since deceased), his wife—one of Sarah’s dearest friends—and their gifted daughter are valued members of Western Yearly Meeting.

Symond Creek Monthly Meeting, held at Pasquotank, 6th month, 1724. She was born 7th month 28th, 1707, and died 12th month 10th day, 1791, aged 85 years. Their children, Joshua, Benjamin, Joseph, Miriam, Susannah, John, Mary, Sarah, Aaron, Elizabeth.

“Joshua Morris, son of Aaron and Mary Morris, was born 4th month 6th, 1726, died 2nd month 17th, 1777. He married first, Hannah Anderson; their children, Mordicai and Clarker. Second, Huldah Newby. Benjamin Morris, son of the second wife, was born ye 26th of ye 5th month, 1754. Mordicai Morris, Sr., son of Joshua and Hannah (Anderson) Morris, was born 3rd month 14th, 1749; died 11th month 3rd, 1831, aged nearly 83 years. Mordicai, Jr., their third son, was born 1st month 17th, 1782, married Martha Winslow at Suttons Creek, 12th month, 1806; this couple were the grandparents of M. M. White, of Cincinnati, to whom I am indebted for this record.”

Let us be sure to remember our ancestor John Morris, he and his wife, members of Little River Meeting, with their goodly family of eight children. And especially because the old chronicles make the record of his death in this wise, “he being an elder of our meeting pretty well accounted of.” Ah, that is matter indeed for praise. Aaron, their oldest son, also will be referred to in a chapter farther on, and others in the line of descent as occasion requires.

FAMILY OF MORDICAI MORRIS, SR.

CURRENT EVENTS: Mordicai Morris, Sr., born 3-14-1749; died 11-3-1831; aged nearly 83 years; son of Joshua Morris and his wife, Abigail Overman, born 1751, died 12-30-1806; daughter of Nathan Overman and his wife, were married 4-28-1773.

	CHILDREN.	BORN.	DIED.	AGED.
1789				
Washington President.	Joshua,	1-13-1774	10-24-1811	37 yrs.
	Nathan,	4-29-1776	1-16-1836	60 yrs.
	Mary,	1-6-1778		
	Thomas,	1-4-1780	3-30-1817	37 yrs.
	*Mordicai, Jr.	2-22-1782		
	†Benoni,	10-30-1784	8-10-1871	86 yrs.
	Anderson,	2-22-1787		
1797	Abigail,	5-11-1790		
John Adams.	Jno. Griffith,	9-7-1794	9-22-1794	infant.
	Hannah,	5-23-1796	9-12-1796	infant.
	Joshua married Margaret Henly, 4-28-1776.			
	Thomas married 1st, Sarah Jordan; 2nd, Ann Henly, 4-30-1807.			
1800	Mordicai, Jr. married 1st, Martha Wins-			
Union between England and Ireland.	low,	12th month, 1806;		
	2nd, Millicent Morgan,	10-19-1808.		
	Anderson, Mary.			
	Abigail married Benjamin Pritchard, 6-2-1808.			

* M. M. White's grandfather.

† Our grandfather.



BENONI MORRIS ("Grandpa"), Aged 82.

Benoni married Rebecca Trueblood, 1811.

*Margaret Henly and Ann, who married Joshua and Thomas, were sisters to Mary, who married Joshua, father of James Trueblood, Rebecca's half brother. Anderson married early, before Benoni. Benjamin Pritchard survived Abigail, removed to Indiana and married a second time, Milly, sister of Samuel White, of Raysville, Indiana. "A large woman, familiarly called Aunt Milly," both lived, died and were buried at Blue River.

James
Madison
1809.

ROBERT MORRIS' LETTER TO SARAH.

SALEM, INDIANA, December 17th, 1898.

Dear Sarah—I received your letter today, and what I know with regard to what you want to know, will, I fear, be of little use. The less a person knows the shorter time it ought to take to tell it.

Grandfather Morris, from what my father told me, was a strict member of church (of the Quaker persuasion), and occupied a high seat facing the audience. He continued a member, in high standing, to the day of his death. There were, if I mistake not, six boys and two girls. Father next youngest; Anderson, I believe, was the youngest. The boys were rugged, resolute, sturdy kind of fellows, great workers, Uncle Mordicai in particular. Their clothes were

* All this additional information has been gathered from E. Hicks Trueblood and Robert Morris.

made of home grown flax, broke, swungled, spun, woven and made—shirts, breeches and buttons, all at home. One suit a year or longer. Their hats were made of wool, white, stiff rim, and round crown to fit the head; purchased at Norfolk, when grandfather made his annual trip to lay in a supply of sugar, molasses, and never-forgotten and indispensable hogshead of rum, with such paraphernalia as would be needed until the next yearly trip.

My father's pride dictated a little finer hat would be more becoming. And when the old gentleman demanded the amount of money the hats would cost from each of the boys, all readily advanced the required cash except father, although he could offer no good reason for refusing, his father accusing him of being the stingiest boy within his knowledge. Father made arrangements with his brother, Anderson (who was married and intended going subsequently to Norfolk), to get him a silk hat that would cost more than double one of the other boys' hats. After receiving it the great trouble then was how to introduce it to his father. After due deliberation he finally thought he had probed the difficulty. When the time arrived for going to meeting (they didn't call it going to church then), grandfather said, "Come boys." Father happened not to be ready. Then his father accused him of always being behind; "Come on boys, we will not wait for Benoni." Father took no offense at this. After they were out of sight he proudly donned the hat, and with elastic step, was soon sitting in front of the astonished, pious old gentleman (the custom among Friends, young and old, in those days, was to

sit with hats on), thus giving plenty of time for angry passions to subside and reconciliation to be established ere an opportunity was afforded for explanation. The next trouble on hand, after ice had been broken, the other boys wanted silk hats. "Rip Van Winkle," by Joe Jefferson, wouldn't be a circumstance toward drawing a crowd compared with such characters as those boys, if at this date could be such to act out their regular course of action and living.

Corn gathering, they were out in the field before the dew was off (not so much frost there as here), and those homespun pants would be wet from bottom to knit suspender supports, and Uncle Mordicai said that of a morning they would stand alone, having thoroughly dried, without starch, clothes line, or any extra washing.

[The remaining subjects of the letter are reserved for later periods to which they more appropriately belong. He concludes with:]

Now I do not see what I have written can be of much help in what you want. Eliminate what you do not wish. Enclosed find marriage certificate. Please return when done with it. Sister Jo could give you more items than I.

P. S.—I am glad you were thoughtful enough to send a postage stamp. They come all the way from Washington city. Indianapolis [where Sarah then was] is so much nearer! [Southern breed do not closely count pennies, especially among relations.]

LETTER OF M. M. WHITE, PRESIDENT FOURTH
NATIONAL BANK.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, February 9, 1899.

My Dear Cousin Sarah—Your letter of 6th, to hand and contents noted. In relation to the Morris Family, in North Carolina, I have scraps of our ancestry not at hand, or in shape to be entirely reliable. I cannot go farther back than the father of our great grandfather, whose name was Aaron Morris. So far as I know our ancestors were all planters and in no way professionals. They were all in comfortable circumstances and possessed of good homes and large farms and all lived in Pasquotank County, which borders on the Albemarle Sound. Our great grandfather, Mordicai Morris, had a very large plantation and had quite a number of children; those I can recall were Joshua, Mordicai, Benoni and John Anderson. Your grandfather was possessed of a great desire to read and study [* A great reader and historian] and did not please his father, who wished him to follow after him, and in course of time, he left North Carolina and settled in Salem, with some means, as his father did not cut him off. My grandfather and other brothers remained and he finally became possessed of most of the plantation [† He was a favorite and stayed there], near 2000 acres, and died in 1841, leaving no children, but two grandchildren, myself and brother [‡ Morris and Frank were quite young when their mother died]. So far as I am informed and from what father used to

* † ‡ These comments were made by "Aunt Joanna" as Sarah read the letter to her.

say, Uncle Benoni was the most talented and far the superior in intellect of any of the family. He went to North Carolina to visit grandfather (Morris) to prevail upon him to free his slaves and succeeded in getting his promise to do so, but did not live long afterwards to accomplish the same.

I might write much more in this rambling way, but it may not be the kind sought for.

With kind regards to you and your sisters, I am very truly your attached cousin,

M. M. WHITE.

COPY FROM ROBERT MORRIS' LETTER, FEB. 22, 1899.

“ I notice that Morris says as far as he knows our ancestry were all planters. They were planters, that is true, but not such as that term is usually applied (raising cotton). They were wonderful growers of corn, and that productive, inexhaustible, naturally rich alluvial soil enabled them successively to raise corn in the same fields year after year. If the lower part of North Carolina had only been healthy, we perhaps would have been natives of “ Old North,” instead of Hoosiers. I thought it was a beautiful country, especially in the winter. The green forests, the beautiful rivers, with the finest eating fish in the known world, Potomac Shad, and a bushel of oysters in the shell for a bushel of corn.”

HISTORY OF THE MORRIS FAMILY.

(Extracts from the Genealogy Book of Eli Morris.— Copied by his permission.)

The Morris' are of direct Welsh descent ; the name is variously spelled, and is composed of the Welsh

words Mawr-rwyce, meaning "Strong or brave in battle." The earliest arrival of those bearing the name (yet found) is as follows: From the muster of the inhabitants of the College lands in Virginia, Elizabeth Cittie, Capt. William Tucker master.

John Morris, aged 24, in the ship Bona Mona, November, 1619.

February 16, 1623, then living in Virginia.

JOHN MORRIS.

The underwritten names are to be transported to Virginia, embarked in the David from ye port of London, 1635, John Morris, aged 26th.

It is more than probable that one of the above John Morris' was the grandfather of the John Morris, born Third mo. 3d, 1680, who, at this date, 1893, heads the line of the North Carolina Family bearing the name.

Henry White, a slaveholder, who owned large tracts of valuable land, as shown by Records in the Land Office, Richmond, Va. (Book 1, page 240), resided in James City Co., Virginia. He had, besides other children, Henry, Jr., Arnold and *Rebecca*. These, with Thomas Symons, Zachariah Nixon and the Thoms removed and settled in Pasquotank Precinct, Albemarle Co., North Carolina, about 1663 to 1665, owing to persecution of those, other than the Church of England, in Virginia, and the large grants of lands offered in the Carolinas, together with full and free liberty of conscience granted to all, so that no man is to be molested or called in question for matters of religious concern, but everyone is to be obedient to the civil government, "Worshiping God after their own way."

Thomas Symons married *Rebecca White*, and from their daughter, *Mary*, who married *John Morris*, descended the numerous Southern branch of the Morris Family. This branch is far older than the Pennsylvania branch, of which we have no record at the present time.

The Southern Morris family have a good Friends' Record from the earliest date, which was from the visit of William Edmonson, a minister, who came to America with George Fox, and found his way to Perquimons and Pasquotank counties, and held meetings as early as Sept., 1671.

Henry White, Thomas and Rebecca Symons and others were all probably converted under his ministry at this time.

Both John Morris and his wife were members of Little River Meeting, Pasquotank Mo. Meeting, Albemarle Co., North Carolina. This meeting was held at the houses of Francis Thoms and Henry White, Jr., for over twenty-five years, as a meeting-house was not built until 1703. John Morris departed this life, etc.

Copied from records of Little River Monthly Meeting of Friends, North Carolina [previously given by Sarah].

William Edmonson's journal gives a very interesting account of his 1st visit to Friends in Albemarle Co., Carolina, in 1671—also in 1677.—“Extracts from old records.”

“Our friend and brother, Zachariah Nixon (and son of the same, who went into North Carolina about 1663 to 65), departed this life the third day of the 12th month, 1691, in the evening, as the sun went

down, and continued his testimony for God's truth to his end, and is now kept with the faithful, where is satisfaction for ever more.''

(Written by one Henry White, "From the journal of Thomas Story, 1st Month 9th, 1699.")

"In the evening we went over Little River and lodged that night with our friend, Thomas Symons (married Rebecca White, sister of the Henry above), and next day had a meeting over the creek at our friend, Henry White's, which was small by reason of the court, which usually holds several days. On the 13th we had a pretty large meeting, where several were tendered, among them several negroes. Thomas Symons having several negroes—one of them, as also several belonging to Henry White—had of late come to meetings, and having a sense of truth, are likely to do well.''

(From the Records of Friends' Meeting at Pasquotank, we copy the following:)

"Margaret Trueblood departed this life the 13th of 11th month, 1829, at Exum Outland's, in Northampton Co., on her way from the Yearly Meeting, held at New Garden, in Guilford county. Also, Thomas Trueblood departed this life the 19th of the 11th month, 1829, at David White's, in Perquimons county, on his way from the Yearly Meeting, held at New Garden, in Guilford Co.''

According to the early accounts, the Morris family were inhabitants of the eastern part of North Carolina, either in Perquimons or Pasquotank Cos. It is supposed that a portion of them removed to the interior of the State, and from thence to Indiana about the year

1816 or 1817. Some came to Wayne county and settled near Milton, others of the family came to Washington county and settled near Salem. Their descendants are very numerous in the State of Indiana.

(By permission of Eli Morris.— Extracted from Burke's Landed Gentry of England and Ireland.)

The name of Morris is variously spelt: Morres, Moris, Morris, Morice, Morrice, Maurice, etc. It is composed of the Welsh words, Mawr-rwyce — in English, "Warlike; Powerful in war." To this, one of the mottoes borne by the present family of Morris seems to have reference: "*Marte et Mara faventibus.*" The family claims descent from Elystan Godrydd, a powerful British chieftain, founder of the fourth royal tribe of Wales, born in 933. From him, and others of his descendants, spring the noble houses of Cadogan, the Pryces of Newton Barons, as well the families of Morice of Werrington (now extinct), Morrice of Betshanger, Morris of the Hurst, Morris of Pentramant, Lloyd of Ferney Hall, etc.

MORRIS OF THE HURST.

John Morris, Alderman of Cuhn in 1587; son of Morris of David, who was descended from Hoedliw ap Cadwgan ap Elystan (Lord of Builth and Radnor), m. Margaret, daughter of Cadwalader ap Owen ap Johns ap Madoc Lloyd of Berstock, and had, with other issue, a son, Robert Morris, who had two sons, Thomas and Anthony.

Arms. Arg.: An Eagle, Displayed, with two heads; Sa.

Crest: An Eagle, Displayed; Sa.

Seat: The Hurst, near Shrewsbury.

The chapter concludes with a

SPECIMEN OR COPY OF A MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE,
AMONG FRIENDS IN EARLY DAYS.

Whereas, Mordicai Morris and Millicent Morgan, both of the County of Pasquotank, and State of North Carolina, having publicly signified their intentions of marriage with each other before several Monthly Meetings of Friends in the County aforesaid, according to the good order used amongst them, whose proceedings therein were approved of by said meetings, they having consent of relations ;

Now, These are to certify those whom it may concern, that for the full accomplishing their said intentions, this nineteenth day of the tenth month, one thousand eight hundred and eight, they, the said Mordicai Morris and Millicent Morgan, appeared in a public assembly of the aforesaid people met together for divine worship, at their public meeting house, at Little River, in Pasquotank County, and State of North Carolina, then and there in the said assembly, the said Mordicai Morris, taking the said Millicent Morgan by the hand, did declare as followeth :
“ Friends, you are my witnesses that I take this my friend, Millicent Morgan, to be my wife, promising, through divine assistance, to be to her a true and loving husband, until death separate us (or words to that effect).

And then and there in the like manner, the said Millicent Morgan, did declare as followeth : “ Friends, you are my witnesses that I take this my friend, Mordicai Morris, to be my husband, promising, through

divine assistance, to be to him a true and loving wife until death separate us (or words to that effect).

And moreover, they, the said Mordicai Morris and Millicent, his now wife, she according to the custom of marriage assuming the name of her husband, as a further confirmation thereof, did then and there, to these present, set their hands, and we whose names are hereunto subscribed, being present among others at the solemnization of the said marriage and subscription, here as witnesses hereunto also subscribed our names the day and year above written.

MORDICAI MORRIS,

MIL LICENT ^{HER} X MORRIS.
MARK.

Benjamin Morgan,	Margaret Morgan,
Mary Morgan,	George Bundy,
Phas. Nixon,	Jehosaphat Morris,
Josiah Bundy,	John Bundy, Jr.,
Lancelott Bell,	Nathan Symons,
Jesse Symons,	Mordicai Morris, Jr.,
Nathan Morris,	Reuben Overman,
Tom Woody,	Thomas Morris,
Ann Morris,	Anderson Morris,
Toms White,	Mary Albertson,
John Bell,	Martha Griffin,
Josiah Bundy,	Aaron Morris,
Nathan Bundy,	Ruth Bundy.

The paper upon which this important document is written is just about the size of a sheet of foolscap opened. It is in a pretty good state of preservation. Has strips of white tissue paper pasted along the back

of the folds, but is yellowed and brown with age and exposure. It is firm, may indeed be parchment, having a grained surface running perpendicular to the writing. It is folded to go in a long envelope, *i. e.* four times.

On the back it has —

“Mordicai Morris and Millicent’s Marriage Certificate.
Recorded in Book No. 2, page 266.”

Within, in a larger hand, again,

“Recorded in Book No. 2, page 266.”

And again,

“Mordicai Morris and Millicent’s Marriage Certificate.
Recorded in Book No: 2, page 266.”

Within it is written across the longest way, the writing occupies most of the sheet, the second column of names reaching to the bottom.

CHAPTER II.

AN IDEAL HOME OF OLDEN TIME, AND CONTINUATION OF MORRIS HISTORY.

There is a knot tied for you ! No marrying in haste to repent at leisure, so far as the order of Friends was concerned. What would they have thought of the divorce laws of a certain loved State? What of the moral irregularities which compel, both in Church and State, a seeking for uniformity in divorce? What of a Mormon State, and Representative in Congress, though polygamy according to law, now done away with? These Friends of olden time lived in happy ignorance of these things to come. Poor little Millicent could not write ! One would think she might have learned in all that time while she was getting married ; but it was no disgrace, or doubtless she would have. Perhaps she waited for her husband to teach her : that were a pretty sight ! She does not know her failure, if such it was, to embrace an opportunity of thus adding to her store of ability, would be a source of astonishment, possibly regret, on the part of some of her descendants. How her eyes would have opened could she have looked forward to this day, when girls, as a matter of course, vie with young men in carrying off college honors, and women, young and old, are not only entering but competing in almost every known profession.

There was not then needed a J. Freeman Clark to raise a warning voice respecting *Sex in Education*, a book written when colleges, real, for women began to be ; nor for a friend to say, as one to a mother of a young girl about going to New England to a famed school, "Do not let her go ; it will spoil her beauty." While high-born ladies of the manor were enhancing their charms by seeking where the magical "May dew was weeping," more rustic maids, in the natural course of their vocations, were of necessity early risers. Especially in the South everything to be done, nearly, called for the early morning. "Rising early," "Before it was yet day," are frequent Bible expressions indicative of the habit of an Oriental people, who must rise betimes to accomplish as much as possible of what they have in hand before the heat of the day. And so in the nearer rural South ; to the question, "At what time do you rise?" the reply was, in North Carolina, "Not very early, sometimes not until a little before five!" Prior to the more recent years of this history, turning night into day with consequent late morning hours, in the simple annals here recorded was scarcely heard of. Franklin's rule in *Poor Richard's Almanac*, I believe,

"Early to bed and early to rise
Will make you healthy, wealthy and wise,"

was an almost universal, matter-of-course practice, giving the first result, to youth at least, in freshness of bloom to be imitated by no earthly art, attained by no assiduity of manual appliances. Then, though it is a trite remark, there was not the rush nor the glare nor the intentness of modern life ; equally, there was less

to turn aside and distract, producing wear and tear of the human constitution, resulting in premature wrinkles, faded complexion and jaded look. Their exercise was, in large part, a means to some domestic end; with the men, for livelihood, about the farm or plantation as they may have said, or whatever business they were engaged in, as milling or trade, and by sea or land, for these lived for the most part bordering on Albemarle Sound.

The modes of exercise for pleasure were fewer, more rational. As horse-back riding: it was exhilaration, freedom, a delightful source of social intercourse. Carriage and other driving were also sources of enjoyment and necessary means of conveyance to meetings and from place to place; walking, strolling under the trees, sitting on the long Southern verandas, also afforded fresh air and society. There must also have been boating and excursions by river and sea. There was a sensible, not too tender, care of the body. They got tired and rested. They followed nature, who in turn followed them. They were truer to instinct and intuitions.

And so of the relations of man and woman. If there was generally more—and there was—of passion, there was less of lust. There were innocent coquetries: the sweet plum was not to drop into the mouth for nothing; but honesty respecting the relations of sex was the rule, the attractions of the one to the other being more entirely of nature's innocence, and genuine. Though Friends, like the primitive Methodists and Puritans—whom, not without reason, they reprobated—were of ascetic turn, yet it was a time when beauty,

if it was granted, with health and sweet domestic virtues, made up the sum of woman's worth. By the *general* consensus she was considered simply the counterpart of man, and there was as much need of her warm bosom as for his protecting arm. Beauty was, indeed, generally regarded as a "glorious gift," a dower to be prized, to be cherished and sought for, but it was less ostentatiously revealed than now to the public regard. Outward graces were veiled, so to speak. Only in the home and with the intimacies of girl-friendships and the rightful lover were they to be even partially unfolded. The sexes regarded each other not so much as is now the case — from the mental, pecuniary and birth endowment — but less artificially, more naturally, from the primitive physical standpoint, intuitively as complements, as of course they are, to each other, but with an eye to present conditions, somewhat regardless of both past and future. She, the ideal of earlier time, surrendered her genuine distinctive charms, and received in turn the admiring devotion of a manly heart that beat for her alone. He, the proud young husband, bore her, a priceless treasure, to the home he had prepared for her, to rule in it; and when she took her rightful place at hearth and board to give him the glad allegiance of a willing mind, the marriages being more generally strictly love marriages, the marriage bed was almost without exception honorable and undefiled. As for over-production, that was the last thing; as for fearing there would not be enough for all, the idea never entered their minds. Of course she was not thinking of children when they married, nor was she thinking the contrary. When

her sweet little hand, that very probably could not write, went confidently to the larger one, which took it and her as a sacred trust, she was thinking of love and a home, of him who would supply all her needs and be ever sufficient, and the pride she would take to make his home all he could wish, more than he could think. He was thinking of love and a home, of innocence and of cherishing. Sweet pictures of domestic bliss! There arose upon his vision the time when he would have her to himself alone; of her neat, cheery figure waiting in the door for him when he came in from toil or other roughness, and of what their home would be. What was the man's part, was the man's part, and lived up to; what was the woman's, the woman's. He took care of outside affairs, she of the household. If he was a "good provider," that was praise. If she was a "good wife and mother,"—meaning keeping things within neat and comfortable, bearing children to follow in the footsteps of their predecessors—she fulfilled her destiny and satisfied *him*. No one could say a word against *her*. She churned, she baked, she brewed, she spun, or saw to it—their children coming on. He plowed, he sowed, he reaped, he garnered, or superintended it, "for mother and the children," and they were both content nor looked much beyond.

Beautiful instinct of human pairing! Consummate human flowering! How barren and melancholy to one dipping into genealogies does the unmated one appear! It seems against the order of heaven. Who has not seen these truncated branches of family trees, making the whole distorted and deformed? Surely,

reproduction simply should not be set before character, intellect, works, and still upon it depends the continuance of these things. Cannot some bright spirit devise some representation for the solitary, who, if their lives please God, He has promised to set in families? Shall their branch descend to the ground as leaving that result to Him, and in some way flower out again into a beneficence, an heroic deed or worthy effort, if they have been or done anything worth surviving? Or some other way? For the Word says: "Neither let the eunuch say, Behold I am a dry tree. For thus saith the Lord unto the eunuchs that keep my Sabbaths and choose the things that please me, and take hold of my covenant; even unto them will I give in mine house and within my walls a place and a name better than of sons and of daughters; I will give them an everlasting name that shall not be cut off."—Isa. 56: 3, 4, 5.

On the other hand, how blessed and complete the marriages, followed by the long lists of offspring! "Happy is the man," says the Psalmist, "that hath his quiver full of them." Was it all better? Is the foregoing altogether an ideal picture? Are there no ideal pictures now? We cannot have just that state back again. Would universal ability to read and write mar it? And children clustering about, sometimes with book in hand? And father and mother able to answer questions and intelligently caring for their advancement? Such a picture there will be farther on, more than one.

SECOND-DAY MORNING, May 15, 1899.

Dear Cousin — Marianna and I have carefully [this Sarah requested] read thy MSS. and think it good and appropriate for the opening [chapter], telling the younger generations what they can only know from history, of the difference in those days and now. I took it over to Martha Overman* and her daughter Alice to read and give their opinion [also requested]. They, too, think it suitable for the beginning, and say tell thee they will gladly do anything they can to help thee, but think Hicks has told thee more and better than they can. They wish their love to thee, and say tell thee they are very glad thee has undertaken the work. She is but poorly, and I am better able to visit her than she is me, so I go often, and am glad we are as near together as we are — about half a mile. Thank thee for sending to us to read. Hope have not kept it too long and it will return to thee all right.

Lovingly,

MARIANNA AND MARGARET.

Poor little Millicent, she never had any “desendents” at all! Was the second wife. (How stupid historians, especially if they find out things after their flourishes with the aforesaid rose-colored pencil!) But if she had learned to write, we might have heard more of her. Moral: Knowledge is power. But how stupid the historian! Here is a metaphorical — no, a rhetorical tear for poor little Millicent, who had the misfortune to leave no one to keep her memory green.

* Uncle Jimmy's oldest daughter.

Let this record stay. We can afford this much. It may be all she has on earth. We do not like to think of being forgotten.

SALEM, February 22, 1899.

Dear Sarah— You commence in your last letter by saying you have come to a difficulty. And it seems to be about Mordicai, Jr., who married Martha Winslow, *i. e.*, Uncle Mordicai. Uncle Mordicai's children were by his first wife. I think there were two daughters and one son. The son, a young man, if I mistake not, visited Salem at one time. John White's wife was one of the daughters. And, by the way, I expect Hannah White*, of Raysville, might have heard her husband tell of the family, and she knows more than any of us. Mordicai's second wife† had no children. I recollect her well. She had not the intelligence of Mrs. Southworth or the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and I think it doubtful about her being able to write her own name; and I should not wonder if she died poor, notwithstanding so large an inheritance.

Yours truly,

ROBERT MORRIS.

There is a characteristic anecdote, in Levi Coffin's *Reminiscences*, p. 26, bearing upon the subject of the lengthy Quaker mode of getting married: "Dr. Caldwell, a learned physician and clergyman, who had a rich vein of humor among the solid qualities of his

* She wrote kindly, but had given her papers years ago to Hannah Amelia White.

† She was a large, fleshy woman; died 8-29-1834.

character, said of Jeremiah Hubbard, then teaching at New Garden: 'You ought to pay Mr. Hubbard double price for tuition, for I hear that he has taught his pupils the art of courting; I hear that two of his pupils have made known their intentions of marriage, or given in meeting, as you call it. How do you suppose these young Quakers feel, now that they are half married?' 'As if they intended to be wholly married soon, I suppose,' young Coffin replied." This also shows his readiness of speech. But of him and his work, plenty more farther on.

We will now resume the Morris history, reviewing authentic records of contemporary events, and adding some scraps of direct testimony, as well as a few stories, if space permit (which it does not here), still current among those who yet live to tell them. And it may be remembered, in passing, that this "we" is not the commonplace, consequential editorial, but a bran new cousinly original, evolved from Sarah's brain for the occasion.

Before the birth of John Morris in 1680, and in all probability the determining cause of the immigration of his ancestors, with very many others at different times, to this country, the Act of Uniformity was passed, besides many other statutes of religious intolerance, resulting in cruel oppressions and persecutions.

The Habeas Corpus Act, however, was passed by Parliament in 1679, the year before our ancestor, John Morris, was born; and when King James succeeded to the throne, the little boy was five years old, and four years later, *i. e.*, when he was a lad of nine, could

scarcely but have heard of the king's deposition and the crowning of William and Mary, amid general rejoicings. He had learned of the discovery of America; that it had been explored, wrestled for, by Spaniard, English, Dutch and French, and colonized; but the Hand-Book of History and Chronology (which Frank used at Williams), by the Rev. John M. Gregory, LL.D., says, "No one seems to have suspected that, among the few settlements, chiefly of a commercial character, was to be the home of great states. But the struggles of Europe had been preparing many liberty-loving souls, and the reaction of the seventeenth century now drove them forth to enjoy in the new world the freedom denied in the old. Raleigh's plans had failed, but they paved the way for more successful efforts." And, again, "When the seventeenth century opened, it remained almost as unbroken a wilderness as Columbus found it." Still, "in America alone, the century was one of progress." A Quaker is not long in discovering the why: Because there were despots and general wars in the rest of the world. He continues: "The destined State-builders of the new world, educated in the stormy trials and triumphs of the sixteenth century, were now driven forth by the iron despotism of the seventeenth, and the long known but unbroken wilds of America were everywhere suddenly filled with teeming colonies. It was as if God, having ripened the seeds for this new world, had now permitted them to be rudely shaken from the European tree." He also speaks of "The intellectual movement of the century as of great and splendid progress, Bacon led the way," and giving the names of "Descartes and Locke in

philosophy, Galileo and Newton in physical science, and Milton and Racine in literature," as those who star the night. He concludes with denominating it as "a somewhat singular period, a century apparently out of place, a return of darkness after the dawn." These subjects were, in general, before the time and beyond the ability of the young boy with whom we have to do, whatever his parents may have known of them. Though they may have taught him the simplicity of the great Newton's illustration of the great law of gravitation, and Milton's opening stop :

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree."

And that Galileo said of the steadfast earth, "It *does* move." But moral questions, the great issues of the day, the vexations of the mother country, and the trials and perils of the new, if they had time and thought for more than their daily burden of duties and cares, they thought and communed of such things. And in their teaching of their little son, first born of eight children, they early imbued his mind with a love of freedom ; a reverence for the All Father of love ; a sympathy for the suffering and helpless of whatever condition ; a respect for the rights of man ; peace, moral accountability and a future beyond. Towards the close of the century, Louis XIV ; Peter the Great ; the chivalrous Sobieski ; the indomitable Charles the XII, the real successor to the great Gustavus ; were the great rulers of other lands.

The children heard these names from afar, but their infant minds drank in more eagerly the nearer story, and the like, of Captain John Smith and the noble and

lovely Pocahontas; the Mayflower; King Philip; William Penn, brightest name yet among them; and the Salem witchcraft. The first Colonial Assembly — the first instance of Representative Government, *i. e.*, of men, on this continent; also, the union of the New England colonies; Indian warfare; with the names just mentioned, were the men and the measures, the active agencies and results, that helped to fill the century. For earlier, to quote loosely from our historian again, “The American colonies were still dependent; France and England struggling for the lion’s share of this best part of the New World, and their colonies were plunged into frequent wars to forward the designs of the mother country, until the final struggle, known in American history as the French and Indian war. First, the French gave up; then came on the struggle between the crown and the colonies. Otis; Franklin; the Stamp Act; Taxation without Representation (as now, in general, with unmarried women and widows); the Boston Tea Party; the first Continental Congress; the American Revolution; the Declaration of Independence (for men); the Revolutionary war; the Peace of Versailles (in which England acknowledged the independence of the United States — closed also the war with France and Spain*); Washington’s Farewell Address; the formation of our present Constitution and Union, eleven States ratifying; Washington, President; are the chief themes of interest.

* Modern Europe, vol. 3, p. 150, (quoted in Hand-Book of History).

These current events are given, that those needing them may form a better idea of the condition of the times of John Morris; his son, Aaron; his son's son, Joshua; the latter's sons, Mordicai, Sr., and Joshua again; Thomas, Mordicai, Jr., with Benoni, Anderson and Abigail—all his children of whom we have, as yet, a particular account. The dates given are interwoven with our history. Sarah leaves further comparisons to those who may be interested in making them, except to say that George Washington became President during the life of the elder Mordicai, who was born in 1749; and John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson, all served during his long life; so that Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren and William Henry Harrison, served successively during the prime of the lives of several of his children, some of whom were living much longer—all of them, to Abigail, having been born before Washington's first incumbency.

To sum up the foregoing: In the time of our known ancestors was the immigration to America, the Rise of Friends, the Independence of the Colonies. What do Friends, as a religious body, believe, anyhow? For to know this is to know how John Morris deported himself, to have honorable mention left on record as "An Elder pretty well accounted of." It is to know how he felt, spoke and acted respecting all the great questions of the day, *and as his descendants continued Friends*, it is also to know their thoughts, words and deeds, so far as their deepest religious convictions were concerned. For the times made convictions, if there

was stuff to make them of, and convictions cost, as they always do and will continue to do. Only those were men who had them. How is it now?

Friends were come-outers from deadness, from formalism, from ordinances, from sacerdotalism, from sect and sex in religion. The leadship of Christ and the absolute equality of believers were their fundamental doctrines. The indwelling and leading of the Holy Spirit and the diversity of spiritual gifts dispensed by Him to the hearts of believers, and absolute freedom for the showing forth of both, were tenaciously held by them. They were down on the one man power, the one man sermon, and a fixed routine of worship, congregational or otherwise.

Sarah had two booklets before her, from which she thought to make extracts; and a slip, a quotation, from Stanley Pumphrey's little book of the same character, Friends' Missions. The booklets are: Society of Friends and its Mission*, by James Wood, read at the World's Congress of Religions, Chicago, Ninth month, 22, 1893; and, The Friends, by Henry Stanley Newman, 1895; and she has in her mind an old book, The Expositor, by Thomas Evans, her mother's at Westtown, published in Philadelphia in 1828, and an unanswerable letter of last year, written by Frances Thomas, and addressed to Mrs. Mary B. Charles, for her benefit, upon the occasion of some doubt of Sarah's as to the clearness of the Westtown book upon the personality of the Three in the Godhead. This chapter has, however, reached its limit. Sarah can now but briefly say,

* Friends' Book and Tract Committee, 45 East Tenth street, New York.

Stanley Pumphrey, emphasizing the Friends' church as a mission one, says: "George Fox tells Friends in America, in 1679" [this is just a year before the birth of John Morris], "'If you are true Christians you must preach the gospel to Indians, Blacks and all others. Christ commands it.'" Henry Stanley Newman says, "The Friends rose to be a people of God in the seventeenth century, and stood forward amid much persecution as a body of religious *Reformers*." James Wood emphasizes the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and says, "By this one truth all distinctive Quakerism is to be interpreted."

CHAPTER III.

INTRODUCTORY LETTERS FROM MARGARET ALBERTSON AND E. HICKS TRUEBLOOD — EARLY HISTORY — GENEALOGY: JOHN TRUEBLOOD TO GRANDMA — JOHN TRUEBLOOD'S WILL — A DEED — NATHAN TRUEBLOOD — THE FREED SLAVE — ANNALS — INDIANA TERRITORY — TREATIES — SLAVERY.

THE TRUEBLOOD ANCESTRY.

Among those who were early most helpful to Sarah in gathering material for her history, were Margaret Albertson, her mother's now venerable cousin, and E. Hicks Trueblood, son of "Uncle Jimmy," both of the Trueblood line, to which we now turn.

Margaret's letters show the spirit of helpfulness and encouragement with which she enters into the present undertaking, and how she has further contributed to make the portion in which she is most deeply concerned veracious and interesting. Her first letter of reply, dated Kansas City, Mo., 2d mo. 23, 1899, begins with: "We were indeed surprised, yet none the less pleased, both to hear from our dear valued and long silent relatives and friends, and to hear that thou hast undertaken that which is very near our hearts — the preparation of the family biography and memoirs. Thou art aware of

my dear husband's death, and also of sister Mary Ann's. The majority of our loved ones are 'over there,' and some of the rest of us are near the 'sunset.' My daughter, Marianna A. Nichols, says please extend her kind wishes to thee, and encouragement in the continuance of the work of preparing the book; and when ready, please inform her, as she will surely want one. She is our youngest and only daughter now left to us, with whom we have made our home for many years and where I hope to spend the remaining years of my life.* I am left for some purpose, I must think, yet a little longer.

"I wish the information I might give were sufficient to attest my interest in the work thee has undertaken, but fear it will fall far short of doing so, but anything I can recall I will gladly give." [She furnishes the account of the Cypress Tree, which will appear farther on.]

Again, "I fear thee will feel quite disappointed because I have told so little of what thee wants to know, and I am ashamed and sorry I can't tell more, but am glad some of the elder ones† can, and hope thee can soon collect all thee needs for a book, and will, before long, have it ready for us to read. If I had been as much interested in my younger days as I am now, while our dear parents, uncles and aunts were living, I might have known more, and perhaps been able to

*Referring most probably to a critical but successful operation, many years ago, with Dr. Thos. B. Harvey, the "beloved physician," of Indianapolis, who, with his wife, the Temperance "Angel," were dear friends; both deceased.

† There were several yet living over eighty.

give some valuable information to the younger; anything I can give or tell I will gladly do so. I do hope brother Joseph will write to thee soon, for I know he can tell thee better about father's dear old farm, its acres, divisions, etc. He is quite feeble*, and know he writes but little, but when he does it always counts, and has his old-time ring. If he don't write soon it will be good to remind him that it needs haste, as thee needs the little things to make up the whole to glean from. Brother William†, too, could give something from his storehouse. He cannot write for himself, on account of nervousness, but his grandson writes for him. Then there is another cousin, E. Hicks Trueblood, Uncle Jimmy's son, Hitchcock, Ind., who has made it his study for some time, and think he can and will be glad to share his information with us, and perhaps he can take us farther back than we have on the Trueblood side. Maybe thee has seen the Trueblood Tree that Dr. Joshua got up years ago?" [No.]

And, again, "I am very glad and thankful thee has undertaken this (in my opinion, important and interesting work), and hope thee will be *helped* and favored to get all the information necessary to make it valuable and instructive. I have long wished it could be done, and hoped that some of you talented ones might take it up." [S. no talent this way.] "Thee truly says, 'There will soon be none to carry forward these memories.' If not too much trouble, we would like to hear from time to time how thee gets along, and

* Over eighty (since deceased).

† Then in his ninetieth year (since deceased).

will repeat that at any time I can do any good, please let me know. May the Lord abundantly bless and help thee.

Lovingly,

MARGARET ALBERTSON."

She could not be otherwise than loving and loyal. She assists in the immediate genealogy and knowledge of events. Her dear daughter furnishes a truly poetical description of Uncle Nathan's place, inserted farther on. Farther on! The expression, used so frequently, carries the mind on to the time when, it is fondly hoped, we shall all know all. The names mentioned and the casual remarks assist in the general information.

Sarah wrote forthwith to Hicks Trueblood, and received the following speedy reply, slightly abridged:

HITCHCOCK, IND., February 25, 1899.

My Dear Cousin—*** and to show I am interested in its contents, reply at once. Though thy mother is a cousin of mine, I scarcely knew her children. I believe, though, thee is the oldest of them; or was thy brother Robert? [Though the perpetrator is innocent of such intention, this might be considered a joke upon brother Robert, who had the habit of telling Sarah's age upon her birthday. "S" is for simpleton. "Why, really, sixty-five is somewhat old." The Simpleton (*vice-versa*, Sarah), looking the six thousand and first time for the word "really," finds the above appropriate but unfeeling quotation, which by the way of reparation she gives. The stress of nature — feme

sole — can no farther go! and finally Webster's quotation caps all, as if in intentional juxtaposition — from “*Young*”!] How different it was, two hundred years ago, with those who were Truebloods, or had Trueblood blood coursing in their veins. Their numbers then were so small, everyone must have known his relation.

Well, I will use pencil, and use it on large size paper. I do not know where to begin to tell thee anything, as there is so much I feel thee would be interested in. I have a good sized book besides the Trueblood and Henley branches; many old marriage certificates of our family — one as far back as two hundred years. Have several old wills, old letters — one an old love-letter of my grandfather Joshua, and his marriage certificate; of my other grandfather, John Trueblood (thy great-grandfather), and his marriage with Mary Griffin. His first wife was Jemima Nixon (thy great-grandmother). I have been fortunate, or lucky, in getting ancestral papers. (The Will of first John Trueblood, see under his name in Genealogy.) I have one older still, but it is on my grandmother's side of the house. But if I keep on telling thee these things, I shall not answer thy inquiries. I will say here, what thee may know, that thy grandmother, Rebecca Trueblood Morris, was the daughter of John Trueblood and Jemima Nixon, his wife. Jemima was the daughter of Phineas Nixon and Mary Pierce, his wife. John was the son of Daniel Trueblood and Mary Morris, his wife. Daniel Trueblood was the son of John Trueblood, the second, and Sarah Albertson, his wife. (Sarah was the daughter of Esau Albertson.)

John Trueblood (2) was the son of John Trueblood (1) and Agnes Fisher, his wife. This is the road thy ancestry comes down, and mine on my father's side the same way; but on my mother's side it comes through Amos, the son of the first John, instead of his brother, John (2).

As it will take a great deal of writing to tell thee all thee would like to learn on this interesting subject to us both, it has crossed my mind that I might send my book for thee to see, and copy as thee saw fit; and thee could keep the book a few weeks. I have had letters asking for information which I have not always been able to give (about slavery and the sugar grove, see in chapter, RESOLVE).

Has thee read Prof. Seibert's *From Slavery to Freedom in Underground Railroad*?—a new and clear work, and I consider excellent. What is in it from here was contributed to the author by myself.

I will write no more at this time, and await an answer from thee.

Very cordially,

E. H. TRUEBLOOD.

(SKIP, WHO MUST!)

“Remove not the ancient landmarks which thy fathers have set.”—*Prov.* 22: 28.

(Copied by permission from E. Hicks Trueblood's Genealogy.)

John Trueblood :

Born in England, about 1660.

Died in Albemarle Province, N. C., 1692.

Son of — Trueblood and — his wife, of
England.

Agnes Fisher, his wife :

Born in England, about 1660*.

Died in Albemarle Province, N. C., 1705.

Daughter of — Fisher and — his wife, of
England.

Were married, about 1682.

Children :

1. Mary, born 1684 ; died (not known).
2. Elizabeth, born 1687 ; died (time unknown).
3. John, born 1689 ; died, about 1745.
4. Amos, born 1692 ; died, 12-20, 1759.

Came to North Carolina about the year 1650* ; settled in Camden county. It is supposed the two sons were born in North Carolina.—(Newton Trueblood, authority).

EXTRACT FROM E. HICKS TRUEBLOOD'S LETTER.

“By very luck I came across the will of the first John Trueblood, executed in 1692. Twelve years ago

* A discrepancy here between the dates 1650 and 1660, which Newton Trueblood could not correct. The earlier date may refer to earlier ancestry.

it was bought, with other papers and books, in a junk shop for a trifle, so the State Librarian of North Carolina wrote me, and it is now framed and hangs in the library room in Raleigh, N. C. I got a copy of it.

“Chas. L. Greaves, of Potsboro, Chatahoga county, who was so kind as to copy the John Trueblood will for me, is the son of Mary E. Greaves, who is the daughter of Nathan Trueblood, who was the son of Thomas and Margaret (Morris) Trueblood; Margaret being the daughter of Thomas Morris and Lucretia (Henley) Morris, thy mother’s uncle.”

A WILL.

(Copied from E. Hicks Trueblood’s Genealogy.)

4 JULIE, 1692, ALBEMARLE PROVINCE, CAROLINA :

In the name of God, amen. I, John Trueblood, being sound in body and mind, do make this my last will and testament, as followeth: I give unto my loving wife, Agnes Trueblood, the ——— or one-half of my movable goods and estate and one-half of my land during her natural life, and after her (natural) death, to be equally divided between my two sons, John Trueblood and Amos Trueblood, and their heirs forever.

Secondly. I give and bequeath the other one-half part of my movable goods, to be equally divided between my four children, that is to say, Mary Trueblood, Elizabeth Trueblood, John Trueblood and Amos Trueblood.

Thirdly. I ordain and appoint my loving wife, Agnes Trueblood, to be my lone and lawful executrix of this my last will and testament, and to bring up my

children according to her discretion and to pay them their portions as they come to lawful age.

Fourthly. And, lastly, I do ordain and appoint, in case my wife should die without making any will, that my — appoints Thomas Symons and Jeremiah Symons to take my estate into their possession, and care for the good of my children and bring them up according to their discretion, as witness my hand and seal this the seventh day of May, 1692.

Signed, sealed and delivered.

JOHN TRUEBLOOD [Seal].

In the presence of us :

JOSEPH SPARROW,
ALICE SPARROW,
GRIFFIN GRAY.

Proven in Court, this 4th day of July, 1692, by the oaths of Joseph Sparrow, Alice Sparrow, Griffin Gray, as attest agents for Paul Lathume.

The numbering of clauses, and his mark, must have been given in one copy ; not, if Sarah remembers, in the first. She thinks later they were in Noble Trueblood's Book, which she also had the privilege of consulting.

The image of an ærial Phonograph has arisen upon the mental vision, since reaching this stage of employ. Far off voices seem to sound over the swelling seas, from the deeps of the past, and from the shores and inlets and rich fields of the dear adopted and native Southland ! and to come clear from the old homesteads about Salem and old Blue River, and remind of their venerable and peaceful burying grounds !

A Will especially voices the past. Here, the man is in truth revealed. "In the name of God, amen!" "I, John Trueblood, being sound in body and mind." What a vigorous ring it has! What a strong chord, to vibrate still after more than two hundred years! Was it the fashion of the times? What faithfulness to his life companion — loyal and loving, hearty and prudent! No megrims disturbed that well-poised nature, to prevent duty. "In the name of God, amen!" It is *True-blood*, is it not?

But what was included in "movable goods?" Could slaves have been? We shall see, further on.

Copied from the same, the line of descent is somewhat condensed here. It is necessary, however, for a clear understanding of the relationships, to keep the thread well in hand. Therefore, to continue:

(SKIP, WHO WISH!)

1st — John Trueblood, 1st.

2d — John Trueblood, 2d.

John Trueblood, 2d, and Sarah Albertson his wife, born about 1695. (Sarah Albertson was daughter of Esau Albertson* and Sarah Sexton his wife.)

Were married about 1720.

All of the Province of Albermarle, N. C.

Children:

(7-7)†

Fisher, born 4-4, 1732; died, 1785.

Daniel, born 4-5, 1734; died, 1795.

*We will show a distinguished man from this line, after awhile.

† Date *above* others, Noble Trueblood's book.

Miriam, born, 1736 ; died, 1785.

Married Algood; married Cann; married James Jones. Two children—an Algood and a Jones.

A DEED.

(Copied from E. Hicks Trueblood's Genealogy.)

10th day of December, 1771.

State of North Carolina, Pasquotank County :

To all Christian people to whom this may come, I, Fisher Trueblood, of Pasquotank county and State of North Carolina, sendeth greeting: Know ye that I, the said Fisher Trueblood, by and with the consent, well liking and approbation of Isabel, my wife, signified by her signing of these presents with her seal, also affixed her name, and in the consideration of the sum of twelve pounds lawful money of said Province, to me in hand paid by Daniel Trueblood of the county and province aforesaid, the receipt whereof I do hereby acknowledge, and myself to be therewith fully satisfied, consented and paid, and thereof and of and from every part and partial thereof, and exonerate and acquit and discharge the said Daniel Trueblood, his heirs, executors and administrators and assigns forever. I, the said Fisher Trueblood, do, by these presents, bargain, convey and confirm, and hath by these presents fully, freely and absolutely, myself, my heirs, executors and assigns forever, a certain tract or piece of land, to him, Daniel Trueblood, and his heirs, on Pasquotank river, in Pasquotank county, containing 77 acres, be the same more or less, being known by the name Blyarses Island, beginning, etc., at Thomas Davis' and the

river; then 10E3 chains to an * * * ; then 10.486 at a * * * ; south 19 degrees, west 31 chains to an * * * ; then No. 84E10 chain to a gum tree, a corner the chain * * * ; then to 76E5 chains to an ash tree, 17 chains to the first station, which * * * Wallow, and ascends from him to Richards Wallow — together with all the privileges, edifices, commodities, to the said Daniel Trueblood * * * , his heirs and assignees forever * * * , as of a good and perfect estate of inheritance.

FISHER TRUEBLOOD [Seal].

ISABEL TRUEBLOOD [Seal].

CALEB JOHNSON.

BAILY JOHNSON.

One thousand seven hundred and seventy-one.

(SKIP, WHO WILL!)

1st — John Trueblood, 1st.

2d — John Trueblood, 2d.

3d — Daniel Trueblood.

(Condensed from E. Hicks Trueblood's Genealogy.)

LINE OF DESCENT.

Daniel Trueblood and Mary Morris, his wife, both of the Province of Albemarle, N. C. (another says Pasquotank Co.)

Mary Morris, born 1-8, 1735 ; died about 1775. Daughter of Aaron Morris and Mary Pritchard, his wife, of near Elizabeth City, N. C.

They were married 2-10, 1757.

* Asterisks indicate something Hicks Trueblood could not make out.

Children :

1. John Trueblood, 3d, born 2-6, 1760; died, 1786.
or Jesse Trueblood.
2. Jesse Trueblood, born 1-16, 1758; died, 1796.
or John Trueblood.

Given in part by Margaret Albertson, from Nathan and Patience Trueblood's Family Record, and so on through.

"Patience!" as the children say, "we are getting warm!"

(SKIP, WHO CAN!)

- 1st — John Trueblood, 1st.
- 2d — John Trueblood, 2d.
- 3d — Daniel Trueblood.
- 4th — John Trueblood, 3d.

John Trueblood, 3d, born in Pasquotank Co., and Jemima Nixon, his wife (born 2-6, 1755; died 12-15, 1791—daughter of Phineas Nixon and Mary Pierce, his wife). Were married at Little River, N. C., 2-14, 1776 or 1778.

Children :

1. Phineas*, born 3-11, 1779; died without offspring.
2. (Here they are!) Nathan, born 10-31, 1781; died 12-2, 1875.
3. Mary, born 2-16, 1784; died 10-27, 1876 (or 12-2, 1875).
4. (Here she is!) Rebecca, born 5-17, 1789; died 2-28, 1881.

* "A nice young man," Susan Trueblood heard her mother say. (Salem visit.)



REBECCA MORRIS ("Grandma"), Aged 94.



5. Sarah, born 12-19, 1790; died 4-7, 1796 — a child of six years.

John Trueblood, 3d. (Second marriage), to Mary Griffin, daughter of William Griffin and wife, at Piney Woods, Perquimmon Co., N. C., in the year 1793.

Children :

1. James, born 2-27-1794; died 5-2-1884.
2. John, born 1-25-1796; died 10-1-1796.

John Trueblood, 3d, died in the year 1796, and was buried at what was called The Narrows, where his first wife was buried, and which is supposed to be the place of burial of all his early ancestors. His second wife, Mary, died 10-10-1814, and was also buried at The Narrows in N. C. (From the same.)

Mary Trueblood, daughter of John Trueblood and Jemima Nixon, his wife, was married to James Overman, son of Charles Overman, and Elizabeth, his wife, 10-1801. One child, a daughter, born to them (Margaret Albertson, authority); died in childhood, named Elizabeth (Susan Trueblood, authority). (Salem visit.)

(SKIP, WHO MAY!)

1. John Trueblood, 1st.
2. John Trueblood, 2d.
3. Daniel Trueblood.
4. John Trueblood, 3d.
5. Nathan Trueblood.

Nathan Trueblood was married at Symon Creek, N. C., 2-28-1805, to Patience Newby, daughter of

Joseph Newby and wife, all of Pasquotank Co. The four oldest children were born to them in N. C., namely:

John, born 9-2-1806; died 11 mo. 28-1818.

William, born 11-19-1809.

Elizabeth, born 3-3-1812.

Asenath, born 10-1-1814.

In the following spring Nathan came with these and other relatives and friends to Indiana, settling near Salem, Washington Co., where they lived and died.

John Coen, son of a freed slave, born in N. C., came with them, lived with them, died and was buried by them, at Blue River. (Sarah to Margaret Albertson:) The freed slave's son? He was very black, if I remember rightly, and had an apologetic air, as if he said, "Excuse me, I really cannot help it. I cannot even help being." Lonely soul! but in a free land and well cared for, kindly sheltered and warmed at that friendly, glowing hearth. (Correction by Margaret Albertson—No, the R. C. P. in fault again; this was some other:) "John Coen was a light mulatto, very neat and gentlemanly in his actions and appearance. I think he died before thee was born. It must have been some of the other colored men who lived at father's when thee used to be there with thy mother, that thee remembers were black."

Before the account of Nathan's immigration to Indiana, various family matters must be disposed of; and that a better notion of their undertaking may be gained by those now living in such different circumstances, some idea of the condition of the New Territory and causes for and manner of their leaving the old

home State, seem to come in place here. An old book falls in our way which, on some accounts, suits the present purpose better than a new one, *Western Annals*, an historical work compiled and published by James R. Albrach, who, in the preface, acknowledges his indebtedness "to the lamented James H. Perkins, a gentleman highly competent for the task."

Indiana Territory was formed in 1800; the necessity for its formation is given on p. 753, as follows:

"The great extent of territory northwest of the Ohio made the ordinary operations of government extremely uncertain and the efficient action of courts almost impossible. The Committee of Congress reported only one court in 3 western counties in 5 years; and the immunity which offenders experience, attracts as to an asylum the most vile and abandoned criminals and at the same time deters useful and virtuous persons from making settlements in such society. The extreme necessity of judiciary attention is experienced in civil as well as criminal cases. The supplying to vacant places necessary officers, as clerks, recorders and others of like kind, is utterly neglected. And as a frontier exposed to foreign nations, whose agents find it to their interests in fomenting insurrection and discontent, and so easily divert a valuable trade in furs from the U. S. The law of Mar. 3, 1791, granting land to certain persons in the western part of said territory, remains unexecuted; great discontent excited requires immediate attention of this Legislature."

Remedy, to divide in two parts, 4th of July next.
(754 p.)

(754 p.) An act was passed and approved upon the 7th of May, from which the following provisions are extracted :

“That from and after the 4th of July next, all that part of the territory of the United States west of the Ohio river, which lies westward of a line beginning at the Ohio opposite to the mouth of Kentucky river, and-so-forth, shall, for the purpose of temporary government, constitute a separate territory, and be called the Indiana Territory,” etc.

(755.) “And be it further enacted, that until,” etc., “St. Vincennes, on the Wabash river, shall be the seat of government for Indiana Territory.”

(789.) “During August, 1804, a series of treaties were made by Governor Harrison, of Vincennes, by which the claims of several Indian nations to large tracts of land were relinquished to the United States, for due consideration.”

(790.) “Tracts of land in Indiana and Illinois,” etc.

In 1800, then, “The act passed and was approved, constituting Indiana Territory.”

(Pages 818-19.) “In 1807, the movement for introducing slavery into Indiana Territory was brought to a close.”

“A petition for slavery in the new territory, which had been pending for some time, having been brought forward by four men of the Kaskaskia region, in 1796, when it was again brought before Congress in 1803, was reported against by Mr. Randolph. In 1804, the resolution was offered in the House of Representatives to the effect that the ordinance which prohibited slavery within the said territory be suspended, etc. In 1806

the same was referred, and in 1807 once more came up, upon a representation by the House and Legislative Council of the Territory. The National Representatives were again asked by their committee to approve the step, but in the Senate a different view was taken, and it was declared inexpedient to suspend the ordinance.”

So, and by so close a shave, was Indiana saved from becoming a battle ground in the civil war.

Isaac Jenkinson, of Richmond, in an interview he kindly afforded Sarah, at Earlham, during the Bible Institute, for the purpose of complying with her request to look at one of her chapters, said Indiana *had* been a slave State. That by some anomalous provisions which had been overlooked in certain parts of the State, slavery, introduced from Virginia, existed until 1828 (?). Mr. Jenkinson may be claimed by Sarah as a foster-father, as he introduced the resolution respecting the admission of women to the State University, and also succeeded her dear father, in time, to the Presidency of the Board. He was editor of the *Palladium* for twenty years and more ; has lectured at Earlham, etc., and is a busy man still. Sarah has shown unbounded assurance, she knows, in asking him to look at her papers, but must let it go with this acknowledgement, lest he turn it upon her, as he is equal to.

CHAPTER IV.

INTRODUCTORY — REBECCA'S STEPMOTHER ; HER WILL — NOTE — BENONI AND REBECCA — THE SOUTH — SOME REFLECTIONS — NOTES AND COMMENTS — DESCRIPTIONS — WEDDING DRESS — COMPARISONS — LETTERS — ANECDOTES — FAMILY RECORD, ETC. — CATHERINE'S RECOLLECTIONS — SOME NORTH CAROLINA RELATIONS — SOUTHERN PEOPLE.

“ Flower of the Mountain Side,
Ellen Adair !
Fairer than all beside
Ellen Adair !
Cast all thy fears aside,
Thou art my heart's dear pride,
Come, be my bonny bride,
Ellen Adair ! ” — *Elmo*.

We return again to the Family ; opening this chapter with a copy of a woman's Will. First, however, recapitulating that the orphan, Rebecca, was still living with her stepmother and the little stepbrother “Jimmy” (James, he was seldom if ever called), the Benjamin of the Family, and in making visits to her sister Mary, who became both a widow and childless in her youth, and at her brother Nathan's, where they rejoiced in a little two-year-old son.

About this time Rebecca's stepmother, falling ill, very sensibly made her Will. She recovered and lived several years, but saw no occasion to alter it. This Hicks Trueblood verifies.—4-15-99. "After grandfather John's death, Aunt Rebecca did not change her home, but lived part of the time with her brother Nathan and with her sister, Mary Overman. (This, we recollect, mother told us.)

(Copy from E. Hicks Trueblood's Genealogy.)

The Will of Mary Trueblood, widow of John Trueblood (3d), and daughter of William Griffin. Executed 8th day of 10th month, 1808.

State of North Carolina, }
Pasquotank County. }

I, Mary Trueblood, of the County and State aforesaid, being sick, but of a sound disposing mind and memory, and taking into consideration the uncertainties of time, here do make and constitute this to be my last Will and Testament, in the manner and form following, viz :

ITEM.—I give to my son, James Trueblood, all my estate as to this world's property, both within house and out of doors, of every description of whatsoever there may be, to him and to his disposal forever. But my will is, that if my son James should die under age, or without lawful heirs, that all my property be equally divided among my husband's first children, viz : Nathian Trueblood, Mary Overman and Rebecca Trueblood, to them and to their disposal forever.

And, lastly, I hereby nominate and appoint Joshua Perisho* and Joshua Trueblood Ex'ers to this my last Will and Testament.

In witness I have herewith set my hand and seal, this the 8th day of the 10th month, 1808.

MARY TRUEBLOOD [Seal].

Signed in the presence of

ELIZABETH TRUEBLOOD.

THOMAS IIGNE.

“Copied from the original Will by a grandson” (Hicks). He acknowledged to Sarah (Salem visit), “Did not wish his name to appear too often.”

The estate was small. Cousin Joseph Trueblood says (Sarah's Salem visit), “only four slaves in all.” The 1st John Trueblood had no compunctions about them. (Movable goods?) “They were inherited,” rather their fathers or their mothers, “before the time of John Woolman, indeed, before the Rise of Friends,” “and he had n't become convinced of the wrong,” and after they were in the family it was easy for son and son's son to follow precedent. “But the mother, Mary,” Cousin Joseph added, “and the grandfather, Joshua, were very much opposed to slavery,” and “it was arranged before her death that they should be sent on,

* Joshua Perisho was her brother-in-law, having married an older sister. His daughter was Mary Outland. A Mary Outland, a member of the Indianapolis meeting, who frequently sat beside Sarah in the Mid-week meeting there, was probably some descendant. She was a minister, a good, warm-hearted, large woman, with impulsive speech. It gave Sarah a peculiarly solemn feeling to find her place suddenly vacant forever.

as we have already heard, and colonized in Philadelphia.”

That our sons (may be) as plants grown up in their youth; our daughters as corner-stones, polished, the similitude of a palace.—*Ps.* 144: 12.

It seems easy enough to grow, if let alone and nourished; but the cutting of the precious stone, for that is the kind of polishing here meant, is another matter. Where shall *she* be found! Gift of God to man; last in the ascending scale of creation; finest human wheaten bread, twice kneaded! It is not good for man to be alone. Some other people must be born. One waits for her in a garden a long time. She is a long time in making. But she comes at last; this last whom generations have been preparing. In this line we must find the help-meet* for Benoui of the foregoing Morris name. The modern Adams have a garden of roses to choose from. He has seen others, but is a prudent young man not to be caught by the fancy merely. He has waited long and secures at last his choice — the one among a thousand for whom he has long served.

This may interest some :

Nathan's, Mary's and Rebecca's father, John Trueblood, 3d.

Nathan's, Mary's and Rebecca's mother, Jemima Nixon, 1st wife.

Jimmy's mother, Mary Griffin, 2d wife.

Their grandfather, Daniel Trueblood.

* "Help me eat," said little Will Ballantine, afterwards President of Oberlin.

Their grandmother, Mary Morris.

Their great grandfather, John Trueblood, 2d.

Their great grandmother, Sarah Albertson.

Their great, great grandfather, John Trueblood, 1st.

Their great, great grandmother, Agnes Fisher.

Their great, great, great grandfather, — Trueblood.

Their great, great, great grandmother, — Trueblood.

Rebecca had been an orphan for fifteen years before her marriage, her mother having died when she was four years old. Her father, however, as we have seen, married again within two years and died after three. James (one of twins) surviving him, but the little sister, Sarah, five years old, and John, an infant, dying the same year as the father, 1796, Rebecca being then nine years old, James two. Nathan and Mary, aged respectively fifteen and twelve; Mary's rather early marriage occurring in 1801, at seventeen.

From the long and utter silence respecting this marriage, Sarah conceived the idea that it was unhappy, which has since been confirmed. Mary gave her little dead daughter's (Elizabeth) clothing to Susan Trueblood's mother after coming to Indiana.

Rebecca once spoke of a cousin, a Trueblood is the impression, "a great lady at Norfolk," to whom she probably made a visit. In this connection she described how a Southern lady washed her china; not having it removed from the table, but with (little) "keelers"—little tubs — (she had them herself at the time of the narration)—containing hot water brought to her, and upon waiters and with little mops, without putting her

hands in the water, she prepared them at her place again for use.*

But Rebecca also told at another time of having water once freezing upon her hands; how or where this could have occurred is unknown, as also why she told it: For it was against her habit to complain, and she made no comment. The one to whom she spoke cannot tell, but it made a vivid impression, still remembered. It was possibly in some later comparison of climate, involving no censure of any, and accounted for farther on. It is safe to say, in the gentle, high-bred connection, she was never intentionally neglected. The brothers and sisters were all extremely fond of each other, but in so much association with sickness, change and death, she had early gone through much more than ordinary vicissitudes. A shy child in grief might have suffered in various ways unknown. Twenty-four is not a romantic age for marrying, especially in the South, but she was at that time certainly slight in form, quiet and reserved in manner, and maturing very probably slowly physically, may have seemed much younger. The following description of her wedding dress is by the same witness, to whom Rebecca, taking it from a linen bag in which it lay, showed the quaint affair. It had been long preserved, for three generations, and young eyes that had first opened in that very room — Rebecca's were growing dim — but one day in her room, a little northwest one, down stairs (not in North Carolina), she took it out from some folds. It

* This was the way in part also they did at Mt. Holyoke when Sarah was there, and in senior dignity, Leader of the "Blue Crockery Circle!"

was of a fine white muslin, perhaps that called Bishop's lawn, very sheer, and very full in waist, skirt and sleeves — was low-necked and short-sleeved, very short in the waist, indeed, not four inches at most from neck to belt, and probably the same in the sleeves. The gathering at the neck was by minute linen tapes run in casings and drawn into a frill of half an inch or so, and this terminated by a very fine hem. And so also the edge of the sleeve about the arm. All the sewing was exquisite. But this was long, long, long after. Very pretty Rebecca must have looked in her bridal array, though a beauty she certainly was not. Her figure was good, of medium height and trim. She had one beautiful feature, the nose; delicate, small, firm and straight. Her head was round, ears rather small, her hair a dark brown, was straight, very fine, and her skin was remarkable for its smoothness and fine color. Her cheeks ever bloomed, and the inside of her rather well-formed hands was colored like the interior of a shell. The texture of her skin was a more extraordinary quality than its color. It had a kind of ivory polish, more like a sound yet delicate apple than anything else suggested—it was both so fine and firm. She had a low, broad brow. Her mouth suggested firmness, decision; her eye, gravity. She was quiet, grave, composed, modest, correct in every way, frugal, abstemious, industrious, conscientious, just, tender to weakness.

At Salem, July 9, '99. Susan Trueblood, speaking of the resemblance of Sarah to her mother, Catherine, and especially the side of her face to her grandmother, said, when Sarah said, "I intend to finish this history

this year." "There! that is just the way Aunt Rebecca spoke about anything." "Can thee do it?" "I intend to." But Sarah may add, her grandmother's was an expression of quietness, as well as of determination.

SOME OF THE FOREGOING COMPARISONS TABULATED.

Rebecca, born 5-17-1787.

Her mother died 12-15-1791, when she was four years old.

Her father married again, 1793, when she was six years old.

James, of twins, born 2-27-1794, when she was seven years old.

Her father died 11-2-1796, when she was nine years old. Also her little sister Sarah and an infant stepbrother same year.

Her sister Mary's marriage (10-1801) was when she was 14 years old.

Her brother Nathan married 1805, when she was 18 years old.

His son, John, born when she was 19 years old.

His son, William, born when she was 22 years old.

When she married, 8-1811, she was 24 years old.

James was 17 years old.

Mary had been married 10 years, Nathan 6.

Benoni was 27 when married, three years older than Rebecca.

When Catherine was born, 1-9-1812, he 28, she 25 years.

When Nixon was born, 17-3-1814, he 30, she 27 years.

James married 10-13-1814, before 20 years old.

His wife, Elizabeth, before 16 years old.

AWAY BACK TO THE MORRIS GENEALOGY.

Benoni was rather stout than tall, but very active. He had a beautiful, twinkling, large blue eye — Rebecca's were brown. He had rather a large head, with full brain. His features generally generous. He was a good converser, lively in wit, quite a genius in figures, *i. e.*, doing in his head as it was called, not only constantly occurring calculations, but rapidly problems of considerable difficulty, such as a well remembered one about the hour and minute hands of a clock. He had but little schooling, but was a constant and careful reader, and had much general and accurate knowledge of men and things. He was generous to a fault, kind, loving, full of fun, guileless and yet shrewd.

How are they mated and how will they get along? She was in his eyes "fairer than all beside." He chose her for her integrity of character — her domestic virtues. This Benoni told to the same witness once at a time when they were alone traveling together; confessing how, except for these shining intrinsic qualities, he might have done differently. She had never disappointed him, and he had never failed to speak her praise. "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." — *Prov.* 31 : 11.

SOME FURTHER COMPARISONS.

Benoni, born 10-30-1784, had four brothers older than himself, and one sister who probably died young; and one brother and one sister following him, as well as a brother and sister younger still, who died in infancy.

Benoni's brother Mordicai was the great worker, a chip of the old block, named for his father, and his especial pride, because following in his money-making ways. As he, Mordicai, Jr., was next older than Benoni, while there seemed, from all accounts, excellent feeling among all of them, Benoni was perhaps naturally more attached to him and Anderson, the two nearer his own age. At least his family heard more about them. Joshua married when himself 22; as he was ten years older than Benoni, the latter was 12 at the time.

Benoni was only four years younger than Thomas, whose second marriage in 1807 was when Benoni was 23. Thomas himself 27 — the age Benoni was when *he* married. Both Abigail, 1st, and then Mordicai, 2d time, a few months after, married in 1808. Mordecai being 26, and Abigail 18; Benoni, 24.

Joshua died two months after Benoni married. E. Hicks Trueblood says (4 mo. 14-99), "I think thee will find in *my book*, in the account of Joseph Henley and wife (Morning Anderson), that Joshua Morris, (thy grandfather's brother), married Margaret Henley, and that Thomas married Lucretia Henley, both sisters of my grandmother (Mary Henley Trueblood), and let me tell thee if they were like my grandmother they were very *queens*."

· Their sons, about the ages of Nixon and Jephtha, visited Indiana later.

Robert also gave Sarah, when she was down (at Salem), an instance of the prankishness of the older generation. Some pigs got into a corn-field. Benoni and Mordicai were sent by their father to drive them

out. They would take an object, and not look till they got so far. But the old gentleman was generally more than a match for them, and they were generally, in spite of rogueishness, good boys. At one time some worms got into the corn and gave much extra trouble. Benoni concluded his father thought, from laziness or negligence, to let his alone until the worms quit. Then he worked his corn out all right. Each one seems to have had a field, and probably got the produce of that portion.

Old Aaron White thought Benoni the personification of laziness when he saw him sewing seed on horseback, "grain or grass, oats most probably." But the land was somewhat swampy, and Benoni fertile in expedients, as will be further shown.

Robert also gave as an evidence of his suppleness of body : that he would lean back as far as he could and pick up a pin with his mouth. "Practiced till he could lean back on a step eight or ten inches high and do it." Robert added he had seen the step ; but that he had never seen anyone else who had attained the performance, except in a circus.

Benoni Morris, son of Mordicai and Abigail Morris, his wife, was born 30th of 10 mo., 1784.

Rebecca Morris, daughter of John Trueblood and Jemima, his wife, was born the 17th of the 5th month, 1787.

Benoni Morris and Rebecca Trueblood were married 8th mo., 1811.

Katharine Morris, daughter of Benoni and Rebecca, was born 1st, 9 mo., 1812, Pasquotank County, North Carolina. (Mother.)

Phineas N. Morris, son of Benoni and Rebecca, was born 17th, 3 mo., 1814, Pasquotank.

The histories of the three families — Nathan's, Benoni's and Jimmy's — are so involved, many dates synchronize, or nearly so; as the births of Catherine and Elizabeth (uncle Nathan's daughter), Asenath and Nixon, along with the death of the 2d mother (Mary), and the marriage of James. Their mutual interests must have drawn them very closely together. The time, however, was drawing very near when each must choose whether this was to continue. Some of their friends had already been to the Far West — Indiana. Some freed slaves had been sent to Philadelphia. Quiet but diligent preparations were being made for some great undertaking. Friends kept their own counsels, except among relatives. Were they all going? and where?

CATHARINE'S EARLY RECOLLECTION IN PASQUOTANK.

(Written some time in the 70's or 80's.)

“ You say you want any history of myself, and just here it begins, so far as I remember it: The very first recollection I have of myself, was a playful opposition of mine to some requirement of my father's, viz., the taking of a pinch of snuff ” [followed by a seed up her nose]. “ I suppose some one unwittingly put the foolish mischief in my mind, that might never have dawned there without the foolish caution. Well, I remember the little chair at the Dr.'s, whither my parents took

me. I had never seen so nice a chair, and perhaps I hadn't. I went about with it, taking it up and holding it in place, ready to sit down in it, when I got with it near mother's. My mother said I was not much over two years old, then."

Will conclude the Chapter with some account of North Carolina Relations, Letters, etc.

Anderson's daughter married a White — was called Betsey. (Sarah hopes she has this — and about the younger sons — right.)

COPY OF LETTER.

(Copied by permission from a letter in possession of E. Hicks Trueblood.)

"I had a letter from Mary Abigail White, of Belvidere, N. C. She says she remembers Lucretia (Hensley) Morris, but that those Morris' are none of THEIR Morris crowd (she was a daughter of Anderson), and she knew nothing of her descendants, but she adds: Lucretia had another sister, Milicent, who married Benjamin Winslow, and died in Perquimons Co. Then Benjamin moved to Indiana and died in this State — that Milicent had two sons, John and George. John removed to Indiana; she supposes he is dead, while George is her neighbor."

Dempsey was one of her sons. She had living with her two or three younger, perhaps by a second marriage. Dempsey, a solid, good-looking man, compactly built, much like Benoni in that respect, not over average height, but of darker complexion and of grave turn though pleasant. He died in recent years, leav-

ing a wife and several children. Lived at Belvidere, North Carolina, of course. Sarah visited them while in N. C. years ago. They were a loving family, and they named one of the twins, born soon after, "Sallie," for her. The oldest daughter, Mollie, is married and has several children. Sanders is the name. A letter is expected from her soon. (Sarah fears she made a mistake and wrote *Landers* instead, and that the letter never reached her.)

A letter from her before her marriage, dated Mar. 18, '83, is at hand. She says she has written "two letters and have n't received one yet, and I thought I would send one more." See the spontaneity and trust of the warm Southern heart! "Mother has two sweet little babies; the little girl's name is Sallie, and the boy is named Caleb, and I think they both are very pretty little babies. They are seven months old to-day. Caleb, he weighs 16 pounds, and Sallie, she weighs 13. Mother has named the little girl after thee, and she says that she wants thee to come here in May" [the Virginia May meeting is a half-year Meeting and answers for their Yearly Meeting], "and bring her a present." Sweet playfulness of their generous hearts! "I and two of my brothers are going to start to school the first of April, and we have got a very good teacher and I hope we will all learn fast. School is going on till the last of June. It is very sickly and deathly here in this neighborhood. Grandmother" [that is "Betsey" (Morris) White, whose father was Anderson], "has been very sick, but is better now. She has not been able to attend meeting any this weather. We hear of some one's death every week; sometimes two or three

times a week." [They were on the uppermost edge of the Great Dismal Swamp.] "We all send our love to you. I must bring my letter to a close by saying good-by. Write soon to me. I still remain your friend,
MOLLIE E. WHITE."

Dear girl! No more loyal heart, in our connection, breathes than hers. She wrote more lately of her father's death — his long illness, borne with Christian fortitude. She also sent to Sarah a plaited lock of her little girl's hair, a dark auburn, and said, "they all thought Sallie, the namesake, 'smart'." I hope "Willie" takes good care of her, for the burdens of motherhood and her dear father's death seem to oppress her. She is too true a spirit to be overborne. Our family has too great an inheritance of gladness to give up to be sad, and which no *old* Presbyterian fatalism, no Scotch moodiness, or any other creature, should ever cause us to disavow. She spoke of the flowers, some place (letter mislaid; instead, a few sentences from letters, written home from North Carolina about the times referred to, are given):

One from New Garden, Nov. 7, '81, speaks of the Y. M. and a monthly Temperance meeting held at Springfield. Of board at New Garden Boarding School at 7 dollars a month! There are many noble trees about and mountain view. Nov. 12, '81, Bush Hill. — At Dr. Tomlinson's. His wife a granddaughter of Nathan Hunt, whose picture in oil is in this room. Started at 8 this morning — two miles in buggy, six more on cars to Greensboro, twelve on another train to High Point, and three in buggy here. Rain and red clay. Same place, Nov. 16, '81. — We have had very

pleasant, cool weather for several days, with some frost. Previously we had frequent rains and of course bad roads. The Yearly Meeting passed very pleasantly. Many invitations to many places. They say it will be winter here before a great while, but roses, very beautiful ones, and sweet-scented violets are now blooming freely, and the trees are in their richest autumn foliage. April 19, '82, High Point.—Mary Cortland and Elihu Mendenhall, Yearly Meeting Committee, are also going. Others will be. It is a beautiful spring day. Everything is in fresh leaf. The dog-wood abundant and in bloom; also fruit trees. But how far behind Florida! It seemed like going from summer to winter. Raleigh, N. C., April 28, '82.—Dear Father: As the train waits I have some time for writing, and send you also a paper. (Am writing with my *shoe blacking*.) Have been about a good deal, mostly in private conveyances from meetings. The cypress is in leaf, a most vivid green.

Belvidere was within 25 miles of where Benoni was born. The two 2d sons of "Aunt Betsey," young men at home, kindly offered to take Sarah there.

Dear Southern People! Not only Friends, but all. It warms one's heart to think of them! Their cordial greetings, their warm hospitality, their lavish entertainment, their closeness of kin, their instinctive politeness, their natural chivalry, their abandon of self, their spontaneous devotion, their contempt of shams, their hatred of small ways, their honesty, their freedom from greed, their quick forgiveness, their magnanimity! Who would not have Southern blood in his veins, love a Southern ancestry, cling to Southern kindred, and call every one "cousin" to the remotest generation?

This early history was long before the war — but after? Was the North stung by defeats? They, the South, more. Who bore privations as they bore them? Who endured as they endured, uncomplainingly accepting their lot? If the North conquered them, they conquered themselves, adjusted themselves to new conditions, proved themselves equal to every emergency, and rose out of the ruin of their hopes, a people freed from inaction, delusion and monstrous wrong, to be the peers of any anywhere! The Worths, and a thousand others, should be named from Sarah's grateful heart, that still remembers them and never will forget.

(Copied from Eli Morris' Genealogy, because I had the Book, and in honor of some dear friends not otherwise particularly mentioned:)

Micajah M. Binford, s. Susanna and Micajah, mar. Susie Binford. [There are hosts of them.]

Susannah and Micajah, like giant forest trees, not to be moved, and sheltering many, many under their hospitable boughs. Bulwarks of the church. Serene, knowing the times, deep-rooted, broad.

Their son, gifted man, disabled at present, Sarah thinks, partly from over-pastoring care. So many of our best, now-a-days, dying in their prime. Is it necessary? One might say — look at the fathers, the ancient worthies of our church; and in warning — why shouldst thou destroy thyself?

“Franklin Elliott m. Alida Grinnell,” dau. Jeremiah and Martha.

Ethel, dear little girl in East Tennessee, when I taught her the little verse —

“ I must not work, I must not play,
Upon God’s holy Sabbath day,”

put her doll away, and her Aunt Mary told me when she asked her why? said, quoting Miss M.: “ I have put her away to sleep until Monday.” Might work and play so sleep of us all! The Aunt Ethel, dear, bright-haired, fresh-colored girl, a favorite, married—in the Territory — an Indian.

Also by permission from the same :

“ Charles White, s. Mary and Caleb, m. Lucy Houghton,” dau. William and Sally.

Of several children, Sarah was best acquainted with Emma, who married — White, and lived at Belvedere, N. C.

Lucy sends on faithfully, year by year, from the “ Lone Star ” State, her costly \$5 subscription for Yearly Meeting purposes. She is a fine writer and natural orator, her style being highly poetic.

William Houghton, Lucy’s father, and Sarah’s father, were warm friends. Much alike in many ways—scholarly, retiring men of convictions, born teachers. Wm. Houghton and Sam’l Pritchard were the stanch old Friends who recommended Sarah for the ministry, and ever stood loyally by her. Lucy slipped a dollar in her hand when she received, *i. e.*, was granted her first Minute. May she be able to return it a hundred fold!

From the same :

“ James White, s. Mary and Caleb, 11-25-1858, m. Jemima D. Henley,” dau. Elias and Judith Mendenhall.

Here is where *Elias* gets his name, who is mentioned as assisting Sarah early in this compilation.

Sybil is the daughter Sarah now knows best, though acquainted with both an older sister and Clara, younger.

Also by permission, from Eli Morris' Book:

(A specimen of persecutions, also referred to in introductory Chapter.)

REFUSING TO SWEAR.

“ 8 mo., 1660, Cheshire—Were prisoners in the Co. jail at West Chester, twenty of the people called Quakers, who had been committed thither for refusing the oath of allegiance, as appears by the representation of the case drawn up and subscribed, viz: Among those are Stephen Morris, Robert Pritchard, John Parker and others. In the following 11 mo., 1660, 89 prisoners were taken for the same: Among them, Thomas and Robert Hatton, Bristol; 1661, Thomas Morris, Sarah Morris, for same offence.

“ John Morris Kent, 1660, 13 of 11 mo.

“ For the same, committed to Sandown Castle, 24-2, viz: Mary Morris, London, same date.”

CHAPTER V.

THE RESOLVE — BENONI'S CHOICE ; HIS FATHER'S OPPOSITION—SLAVERY—THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS — REBECCA—JOHN WOOLMAN (EXTRACTS FROM HIS JOURNAL)—COMPARISONS—JOHN MORRIS AND CHILDREN — WOOLMAN'S INFLUENCE IN NORTH CAROLINA—MARGARET ALBERTSON'S TESTIMONY — HANNAH PARKER'S TESTIMONY — HICKS TRUEBLOOD'S TESTIMONY — DANIEL HUFF'S DEATH — LEA'S CHURCH HISTORY (EXTRACTS FROM CHAPTER ON SLAVERY).

1814-15

THE RESOLVE.

[*A Chapter which those who believe in licensing any moral evil, will do well to skip.*]

Benoni Morris, with his wife and infant children, came to Indiana from the South, North Carolina being their native State and place of residence, in order to bring up their young family free from association with the slave system.

This was a voluntary choice, and deliberate of *exile* on their part, and made at great apparent odds.

Benoni's father, who continued to exercise a somewhat patriarchal authority over the members of his family, even when married, opposed his going. He was, as we have seen, a large planter, or rather land-owner, for they did not raise cotton, or cane, or own

slaves ; his convictions coinciding with the action of the Society of Friends, of which he was an honored member, looking forward to the time when they should be clear of the evil.

There was not, therefore, to outward view, an immediate pressing necessity for taking so radical a step as Benoni contemplated, especially as his father had assisted his sons, at least, of whom there were six, to considerable self-maintenance.

The Society of Friends in North Carolina, especially in the southeastern portion, were in close association with Friends in Maryland and Virginia, now becoming powerful in numbers, and highly regarded by others for their probity and peaceableness. Harmonious, differing, if they did, in loving spirit, and closely knit together by ties of kindred and marriage, as well as religious fellowship. Their lands were well improved, their houses were good, the soil was very rich, the surface admirable for cultivation, the climate was of the best ; they were prosperous, and at peace with the world. What could eye or heart desire more ? But by association they were everywhere connected with the slave system. The process of getting rid of slaves was often necessarily tedious, delicate and difficult. The Society of Friends had acted and were acting too fast or too slow with those who still possessed them, as the matter of immediate, unconditional surrender — though the term was not used then, nor generally even thought of — was personally passed upon an enlightened or unenlightened mind, a conscientious or a greedy one. Gradual manumission was as far as the most astute or far-seeing statesman had yet dreamed of.

“The irrepressible conflict,” though not then so called — for opinions of more than half a century had to crystalize these expressions — was not only then on, which was to be waged for so many years and end in so much blood, but deepening.

The peculiar Institution, so its advocates said — though Friends by no means generally agreed with them — was God-given and Bible defended. But the baleful possession of this sort of chattel, or even willing association with it, produced a squint in the moral vision similar to that effected by any sort of countenance of the license or local option system.

It was becoming more and more difficult by the laws of the State to free slaves. Their moral and intellectual condition was deplorable. Even to teach them to read was soon objected to. Painful scenes were continually witnessed, piercing to the soul, and sharp decisions had to be taken, as when a young man — a slave — entreated young Benoni Morris, then about to leave, to buy him. Benoni at one time told Sarah the incident, and that he spent a great part of a night in the woods alone over the case. Not only were ties of kindred to be severed, and that under a loved father’s disapprobation, but a forsaking of comforts, ease, competence, which would have been comparatively trivial to Benoni alone, but to be well balanced when it included the well-being of wife and infant children. It meant a giving up all the certainties of long-established usage, a breaking from the sweets of neighborliness, so dear in primitive rural districts; and the sacred Meeting, where relatives and chosen friends had their precious communings in company, where they had given

in marriage, and together mourned and buried their dead.

The wife doubtless concurred, and it is more than probable, judging from the composition of justice and mercy so clearly compounded in her character, and her associations, that she was a determining force in the decision. But her husband must still think for her, and with additional care, as she was willing, desirous, determined to make the sacrifice.

To give up all then ; to take that wife and babes from these native home surroundings, not to return, upon a long, perilous journey, necessarily full of discomforts and privations ; to risk encounter with wild animals and wilder Indian, and if they reached their new home — which they had to make — alive and in safety, to be still subject to dangers alone. To work hard in an uncongenial, sometimes rigorous climate, and with soil comparatively poor ; to deliberately condemn a refined lady, though true woman, and their offspring, if they lived, to a life of toil and meagre returns ; to have no suitable house until it was built ; no school near, or meeting, or home, or farm, until they were made, all for an *idea*. Was it right, or could flesh endure it if it was ? But pioneers were made of tough fibre, body and soul ; and the dark cloud was even then portentiously rising, girt with the distant yet approaching thunders and lightnings of the Almighty's wrath. The slave market with its chains ; the overseer and his hunters and dogs and whip ; the buyer and seller, and the tears and groans of an outraged people, and the temptations to the young to lust and greed, not seen so much in the gentle Quaker community in their more

desperate phases, but near at hand, at Elizabeth City and on the coast, and felt nevertheless everywhere, made the young man's resolve firm to flee as for his life.

Some measures had been taken by the Society in general, in their Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, guarded utterances were advanced, and the time was drawing near when, as a Society, they were to be, not only collectively, but individually, clear of the evil. Among others, John Woolman was prominent in protest. He had been able in drawing up valuable instruments of writings to the purpose in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, as well as in New England and the South. His influence was everywhere felt, gentle, powerful, pervasive as the dew.

* John Woolman, 1720-1772, aged 52.

It is interesting to notice, in John Woolman's Journal, with its

“Get the writings of John Woolman by heart.”

CHARLES LAMB.

And its Introduction of fifty pages, by John G. Whittier, who, in bringing it to a close, says, “its preparation has been to me a labor of love.” It is interesting to notice that *his* labors, especially in Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina, may have been among the chief of potent, though long silent causes for produc-

* The selections from John Woolman's Journal are by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the Publishers.

ing the feeling of uneasiness — they said “uneasement” — among Friends, respecting the system of slavery, which resulted in the extraordinary immigration to Indiana ; and it is affecting, to one who has been over some of that ancestral ground, to know that his footsteps also preceded those easier taken since the Civil War. That perhaps, and in all probability, his very voice and words and sweetness of demeanor led some of earlier kindred blood to consider the subject of slavery in the light of the Golden Rule. That he also sat in some of those very Meetings, overshadowed by the broodings of the Holy Spirit, and baptized into suffering in silence with an oppressed people, was enabled afterwards to speak to his weighty concern when it came up in the business meeting, and without offense to many a private ear and heart. For he mentioned Perquimins, where they had several large meetings, and Symons Creek, and writes an epistle to New Garden, and names Little River and other meetings and places strangely familiar.

Thrilling thought ! that the very blessings now enjoyed by the descendants of tender hearts there, are, in part, the result of the faithfulness of this heavenly spirit, who was courageous when it cost to be so, and with equal delicacy and firmness and the availing power of love, witnessed for the truth on error’s ground. Some account of his concern and how he was led will be thought germane to our subject, as intimately connected with those who had to make the important moral decision for themselves.

He had gone through considerable personal experience with the slave problem from the time he was a

young man, in another's employ, until he began traveling as a minister, with that as a special concern.

He relates that when he was a young man, and clerk to a small storekeeper at Mt. Holly, New Jersey, that he wrote, at his employer's desire, though he "felt uneasy at the thought," a bill of conveyance of a negro woman, whom his employer had sold to an elderly Friend. However, "the man was waiting. The thing was sudden." He remembered he was hired by the year, "so, through weakness," he says, "I gave way," but he "was so afflicted" in his mind that he declared to them against the practice as inconsistent with the Christian religion. "I should have been clearer," he added, "if I had desired to be excused from it, as a thing against my conscience; for such it was."

And in cases of writing Wills, though with beautiful forbearance he maintains his ground, and with a single partial exception, which seemed to lie dormant many years, but later cost his tender spirit dear, he will have nothing to do with fastening the chains of slavery. Thus equipped, and pressed by the Spirit, he began his ministry. Any moral reform, as Temperance, Treatment of the Indians, Peace, was sure to find in him a helper, but especially the holding in bondage of his fellow-men appealed most powerfully to his merciful spirit. After he had labored abundantly, traveled among Indians in time of war, and in the South much on foot, paying for his entertainment to wealthy planters in small pieces of silver, which he had provided that he might not partake of slave labor without cost; doing all with such angelic meekness no one

could be offended, and in every way, in tears and contrition in meetings, in burdened silence, and faithful searching individual appeal, bearing his humble yet undaunted testimony against the evil ; he found as his "meditations have been on universal love," his own "conduct in times past" became "of late very grievous" to him. He had assisted a Friend in executing the Will of a deceased Friend, in which a slave was involved. He was in "abasement of heart," on account of it, with his "heart exercised towards that awful Being who respecteth not persons or colors." The "transaction came heavily" upon him, and his mind, "for a time, was covered with darkness and sorrow." "Under this sore affliction" his mind "was softened, to receive instruction." He made pecuniary reparation that set his mind at rest.

These instances are given, to show something of his beautiful style, tenderness of spirit, and the clearness of his convictions. When he was next applied to, his lovely character has the fairer showing, as he has no further trouble with himself. In his first visit South, he says, "I saw in these Southern provinces so many vices and corruptions increased by this trade and this way of life, that it appeared to me as a dark gloominess hanging over the land ; and though now many willingly run into it, yet in future the consequence will be grievous to posterity. I express it as it hath appeared to me, not once or twice, but as a matter fixed on my mind." In his second visit he speaks of "Slaves as a burdensome stone to such as burden themselves with them ;" and adds, "I believe that burden will grow heavier and heavier until times change in a way disa-

greeable to us." The one to whom he was speaking "owned that, in considering their condition and the manner of their treatment in these provinces, he had sometimes thought it might be just in the Almighty so to order it."

Some who were then young became influential in measures taken by the Society, in general, towards the betterment and final release of slaves, in all of which John Woolman had a great share. A letter to Friends on the Continent of America precedes the one to New Garden Monthly Meeting, and was sent as an Epistle from the Philadelphia and New Jersey Spring Meeting. It is, in general terms, respecting "disentanglements—that no earthly possessions may bias our judgments." The one to New Garden has a direct appeal to youth, but preceding it, "He found an engagement," in a meeting of ministers and elders, "to speak freely and plainly to them concerning their slaves; mentioning how they, as the first rank in the Society, whose conduct in that case was much noticed by others, were under the stronger obligations to look carefully to themselves." In the letter, he says, "While I write, the youth come fresh in my way. Dear young people, choose God for your portion; love his truth, and be not ashamed of it; choose for your company such as serve him in righteousness, and shun as most dangerous the conversation of those whose lives are of an ill savor. In the bloom of youth no ornament is so lovely as that of virtue, etc." A concluding passage in respect to the part some had already taken: "I have been informed," he writes, "that there is a large number of Friends in your parts who have no slaves, and, in ten-

der and most affectionate love, I beseech you to keep clear from purchasing any." And, again, "When we look toward the end of life, and think on the division of our substance among our successors, if we know it was collected in the fear of the Lord, in honesty, in equity, and in uprighteousness of heart before him, we may consider it his gift to us, and with a single eye to his blessing, bestow it on those we leave behind us." Such was the sweet teaching of John Woolman falling on good ground.

Before quitting the subject and taking our leave of him, a comparison of a few dates may be found interesting.

The oldest child of John Morris, and of whom we have a particular account, was Aaron, born 1704. Married 1724, when he was a little over twenty. He died in 1770, something over 65 years of age. John Woolman was born sixteen years after Aaron's birth, 1772, surviving him only two years. When we consider his (Woolman's) active, meaning public or known work, it comes very nearly within this life-time. It was in 1746 when he made his first visit South, and speaks of "Perquimins, where they had several large meetings, and found some openness in those parts, and a hopeful appearance amongst the young people." He was himself only 26, and it is highly probable that Aaron, who was 42 at the time, and his large family attended those meetings, so that his children were among the young people mentioned. He married very young. Of the ten children, the youngest may have been born, while the oldest shown by the Record was over sixteen. Woolman's next visit, made in 1757,

would greatly deepen the impressions earlier received by all of the saintly man. And the whole action of Friends as a Society, clearing itself of Slavery, was included during this period of John Woolman's rather short life. So great a work was one commissioned spirit attent to the inward Voice able to accomplish in so limited a time. Be sure the Morris family have deep personal obligation and reason for thankful praise to Almighty God for John Woolman. And if they, the Truebloods, Albertsons, Newbys, Nixons, Whites, Henleys and hosts of others.

MARGARET ALBERTSON'S TESTIMONY.

“My father and mother came to Indiana from North Carolina in the year 1814 (5), and left there on account of slavery. They felt it to be a great undertaking, and many of their friends discouraged them, but they believed it to be right and pushed forward, and landed safely on free soil, and the blessings of the Lord rewarded their labors. I think they inherited slaves and freed them. They took a son of one of the slaves, who used to belong in the family, to Indiana with them, and he stayed with them as long as he lived. I can remember him. He died with consumption, and is buried in our cemetery at old Blue River, and we intend that his grave shall be kept in order while we live, and leave it with the rest of our families, for our children and grandchildren to take care of, after we are gone.”

Will God forget, either that grave or those who befriended the poor lad?

(Extract from Hannah M. Parker's Letter, Knightstown, 2d mo. 13th, 1899.)

I have been trying to call up the families left of our aged friends, nearly all of whom emigrated from North Carolina, and I think nearly all came on account of slavery.

(Notice of Daniel Huff's death, furnished by Ada, and copied at Salem, July 10.)

Daniel Huff died at his home in Fountain City, yesterday, at the age of eighty-three. With a single exception, Mr. Huff was the last survivor of the famous group of men who assisted Levi Coffin in his "underground railroad" work. He personally assisted nearly three thousand fugitive slaves to escape to Canada. Daniel Huff married Emily Nixon, a sister of William Penn Nixon and Dr. Oliver Nixon, of the Chicago Inter-Ocean. Dr. O. N. Huff, of Chicago, is his son.—Indianapolis Journal (Hagerstown Correspondent), July 7.

Cousin Ol(iver) Nixon writes or wrote previously :
 " If our brother, Daniel Huff, of Newport, Ind.," (now Fountain City) "recovers from his serious illness—which is doubtful—he could tell you about the Underground Railroad and its actors. He has written much in regard to it, and takes great delight in it."

[Sarah lost an opportunity when visiting them years ago].

Daniel Huff, of Fountain City, this county, died this morning. He was eighty-three years old. Mr. Huff was one of the prominent men of this county. He was a native of North Carolina, coming to this

county with his parents when but three years old. He was closely associated with Levi Coffin in the work of freeing slaves, and together they had charge of the underground railway system that was responsible for thousands of blacks being spirited away to the Canadian border.—Indianapolis News (Richmond Correspondent), July 6.)

(Of Levi Coffin, whose great coadjutor he was, more some other time.)

(From E. Hicks Trueblood's Letter.)

HITCHCOCK, IND., 2-28-'93.

My father's stand against using the products of slavery was from *conviction*, that he would that much countenance the evil. Why his fine sugar grove was spared in the great storm of '60, of course I could not say.

[Thou shalt not be afraid for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.—*Ps.* 91:6. O give God the glory.]

Robert Cathcart recommended to Sarah's perusal, *Studies in Church History*, by Henry C. Lea, which he had "with the compliments of the Author." She accordingly made some extracts from the last chapter, *The Early Church and Slavery*.

P. 523. (Of Christ.) "When he proclaimed the principle of the Golden Rule.—When St. Paul bade Philemon to take back the fugitive Onesimus, not as a slave, but above a slave, a brother beloved; when he ordered masters to grant justice and equity to slaves for the sake of the Master of all, the rules were laid down,

which, conscientiously followed, must render slavery finally impossible among Christians.”

P. 524. “The world into which Christianity was born recognized slavery everywhere. Practiced by all races from time immemorial, permitted by all religions, regulated by all codes, it was apparently an institution as inseparable from society as the relationship of parent and child.

“It is worth while to cast a glance at slavery as it existed in Rome. In Rome, as elsewhere, slavery had its origin in war. Slavery was not regarded as the natural portion of any race or people. As Ulpian expresses it, ‘although by the (p. 225) civil law slaves were nothing, yet by natural law all men were equal.’ Freedom was virtually imprescriptible. In the earlier ages of the empire, the freeman who was his own master could in no way be reduced to slavery. Even if he sold himself into servitude, the bargain could not be enforced.”

P. 526. “A woman could only be reduced to slavery by marrying a slave and refusing to leave him. Doubtful points were construed in favor of freedom. Her child was free if she had been free any moment. Slavery was merely a creature of the law, and the law was held in all cases to favor the natural right of freedom.”

These things were in the early times.

“Cruelty increased as danger from large numbers of captives increased.”

(Christian Practice, p. 537.) “The liberation of slaves and of martyrs, condemned for the faith, was classed in the same category.”

P. 538. (St. Ambrose on Joseph.) “That the only slavery to be dreaded is that of the passions; for sin is the real servitude, and innocence the only freedom.”

(St. Augustine.) “There was no *belief* in the modern idea that the posterity of Ham were to be perpetually in bondage. The sacrifice of Christ was held to have released them. Slaves were called brothers,” (p. 539) “and considered equals. The authority of the master was to be exercised as a parent over his children. The slave was admitted as a witness. Cruelty reprobated in the strongest manner, even to the extent of refusing the oblations of harsh masters — which was tantamount to excommunication — as gifts coming from those hateful to God, and as unfit to be used in ministering to the wants of the widow and the orphan. Marriage was regarded as binding; masters, under pain of excommunication, to provide spouses, etc. Regular prayers were offered in the Litany for brethren enduring the hardships of servitude. No master was allowed to make them work more than five days in the week, both Saturday and Sunday being days of rest, and numerous additional holidays were allowed them, etc. Under Constantine (p. 542), a slave could be liberated at the altar.”

Not space or time to pursue this interesting subject of history. What has been given is to show, by contrast, how the institution in our late times did out-Herod Herod, so to speak, in many respects.

Sarah read, about the same time, Tolstoi's Sebastopol, a terrible lesson in war; in this proved, with its other abominations and cruelties, to be the parent of human slavery.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HENLEY LETTER — MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE OF JAMES AND E. TRUEBLOOD — WESTERN ANNALS — TREATIES — THE INDIAN GIRL — THE EXODUS — UNCLE NATHAN'S START — PATIENCE — LETTERS OF MARGARET ALBERTSON — THEIR HOME LIFE — AUNT MARY OVERMAN — COMMENTS.

Somehow the Henley Letter seems to Sarah to convey more than appears on the surface. The Underground Railroad was not yet in operation, but for all that, confidential friends opposed to slavery may have had something understood among them that the oligarchy were not to know.

LOUISVILLE, KY., July 6, 1814.

Resp'ed Friend, James Trueblood :

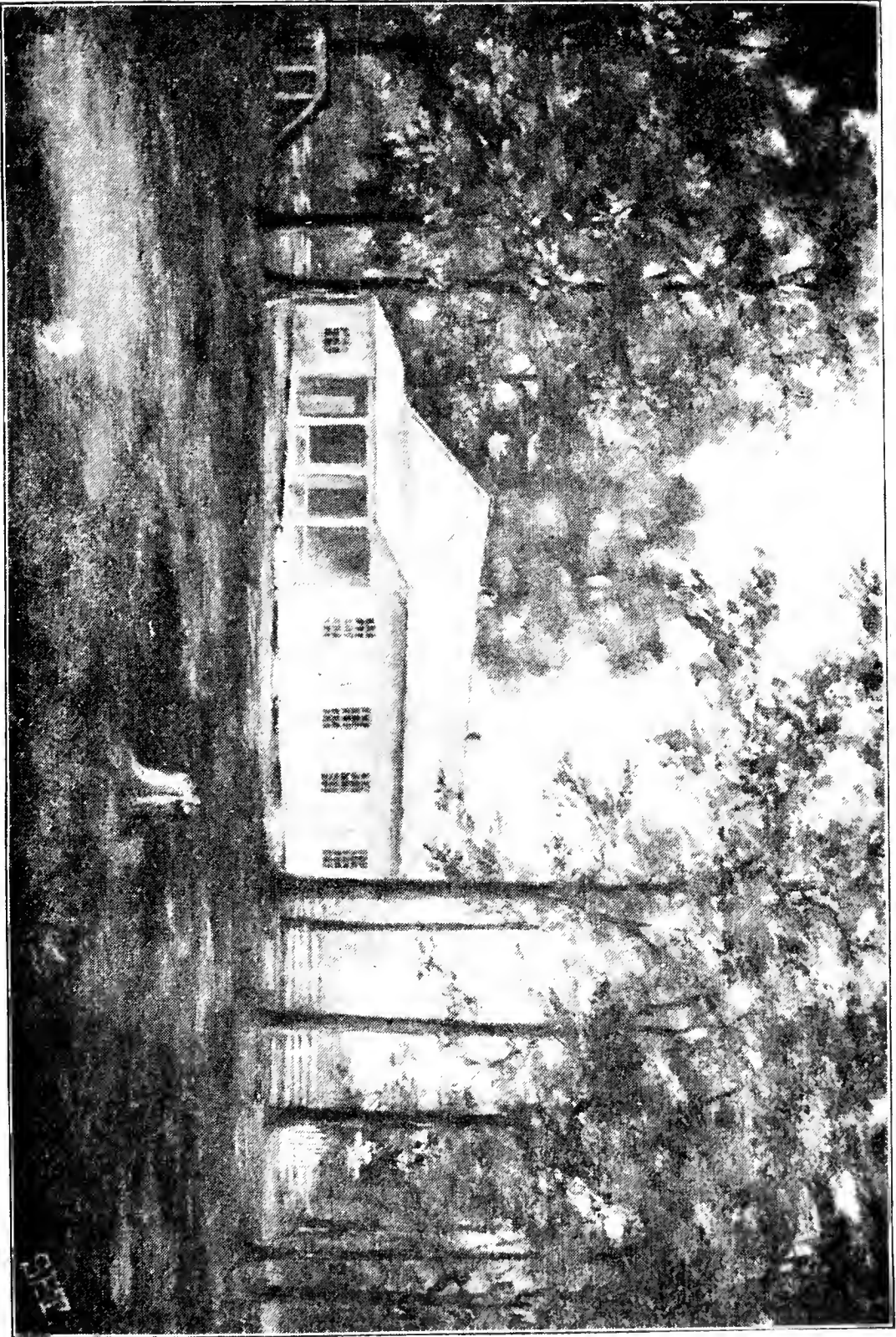
I take the first opportunity of informing thee of my safe arrival at this place, after a very disagreeable journey of 52 days, and am now living in this town, a very flourishing place on the falls of the Ohio, where one may see in sight *five towns* at once. For business this place exceeds all that I ever saw. Was it not so very sickly, no industrious man need to *work* more than five or six years to make his fortune. The common sales of a store in this place are 4000\$ p. we. in cash, then about 12 stores in the place. All mechanics may do well here.

Not kindly furnished by

“OLD HIGHLAND CREEK MEETING-HOUSE.”

Hicks Trueblood tells Sarah this

meeting was drawn by his



The country is rich and fertile, far exceeding any other I ever saw. The new towns of New Albany and Jeffersonville grow very fast. There is in New Albany about 50 houses, three stores, a steam mill nearly completed, two saddle shops, a taylor, two blacksmiths and two taverns.

New Albany will probably be a rival town of Louisville in time. All the people near this place that moved from Elizabeth City are selling off, some going to White river & some to Driftwood, where the land is said to be better than ever before discovered. Tell thy brother Nathan that a man with his capital in this place might double it every year in merchandizing or in speculating in land. Caleb Trueblood and Jacob Morris arrived here 8 days after we did, and all well, but Jacob's wife is dissatisfied. As for me, I am satisfied with the country, but if I was in Elizabeth City, and knew the roads as I do now, I might remain there. We expect to move to Driftwood or White river County soon. Dorcas is well at this time. Please remember me to Father and Mother and family, Nathan Trueblood and family, and other inquiring friends. I hope these lines will find thee and thy good mother well. Tell Nathan and my Father I would never attempt to move here in their own wagons. I close and remain

Thy friend,

J. HENLEY TRUEBLOOD.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE OF JAMES AND ELIZABETH
(BETSEY) TRUEBLOOD 13TH OF 10TH MO., 1814.

Whereas James Trueblood, son of John and Mary Trueblood of the County of Pasquotank and State of North Carolina; and Betsey Trueblood daughter of Joshua and Mary Trueblood of the same place; having declared their intentions of marriage with each other before a Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Symons Creek in the County and State aforesaid, and after due inquiry nothing appearing to hinder, were allowed by said meeting to proceed—Now these are to certify whom it may concern,—That for the full accomplishment of their said intentions this thirteenth day of tenth month, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fourteen; they the said James Trueblood and Betsey Trueblood appeared at a publick meeting of Friends at the Narrows meeting house in the county aforesaid, near the close of which, the said James taking the said Betsey Trueblood by the hand did declare as followeth, (or to this effect). I take this my Friend Betsey Trueblood to be my wife, promising through Divine assistance to be unto her a loving and faithful husband untill death separate us. And the said Betsey Trueblood did in like manner declare as followeth, (or to this effect). I take this my Friend James Trueblood to be my husband, promising with Divine assistance to be unto him a loving and faithful wife until death separates us.

And as a further confirmation thereof they the said James Trueblood and Betsey Trueblood did to

these presents set their hands. She according to custom of marriage, assuming the name of her husband.

JAMES TRUEBLOOD.

BETSEY TRUEBLOOD.

We, whose names are here subscribed were present at the solemnization of the above marriage.

Isaac Overman	Joshua Trueblood
Is bel Overman	Mary Trueblood
Abel Trueblood	Thomas Morris
Eliza Carter	N. Trueblood
John Parisho	Mary Overman
Marcey Parisho	Jehosaphat Morris
Nathan Parisho	Peggey Morris
John Tooley	Nathan Morris
Jhos. Trueblood	Ann Morgan
Jorden Hanley	Joshua Perisho
Thos. Overman	Elizabeth Perisho
William Trueblood.	

“A good day’s work!” the rose-colored pencil writes as the inward comment of Grandfather Joshua, Mother Mary was gone. Shaky the hands of many from age. The bride’s from timidity. The young man would now go North, not to be a wanderer and possibly beguiled; but that could hardly be thought, probably was not of “Jimmy” a *teacher*, rare qualification in those days, and supposed to embrace all excellences — but to form a *home*.

WESTERN ANNALS.

(919–20–21 pp.) The war of 1812 was over, and on the 24th of December, 1812, the Treaty of Ghent

was signed by the representatives of England and the United States. Also the next year the treaties with the various Indian tribes of the west and northwest gave quiet and security to the frontiers once more.

“The war being over, and the Indian tribes of the Northwest being deprived of their distinguished British ally, and having consented” [the conquered always “consent,” if they choose to live], “to be at peace, confidence was restored to the frontier settlements, and immigration again began to pour into the forests and prairies.”

“A careful examination will enable every unprejudiced person to perceive that the course of procedure on the part of the government of the United States with the aborigines of the *northern portion* (then) of our country, has been highly beneficent, paternal and liberal. The United States might have enforced remuneration, but the language of each treaty is ‘that every injury or act of hostility shall be forgiven and forgot.’”

Wonderful magnanimity; for they meant it after all their outrageous wrongs of body, mind and estate. Nothing under similar circumstances more affecting ever came from human lips than the closing words of the Earlham*Indian girl’s Oration, “Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.”

This young lady, as many of us know, Gertrude Simmons, and the oration referred to, gained the 2d place in the intercollegiate contest, held in Indianapolis, March 13, 1896.

* “Sitkāla Sä,” her Indian name, meant “Red Bird.”

THE EXODUS.

The stork knoweth in the heaven her appointed times; the turtle (dove) and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming.—*Jer.* 8: 7.

As an eagle stirreth (tareth) up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings.

The Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him.—*Deut.* 32: 11, 12.

I will hiss (the Oriental call) for them, and gather them; for I have redeemed them, and they shall increase as they have increased.—*Zech.* 10: 8.

Who can account for the mysterious impulse, which acts upon the human soul with so powerful an influence that it suddenly relinquishes its lifetime habitudes, and impelled by a force akin to that of instinct in lower animals, seeks in new lands and surroundings a home? The historian says, "The campaigns served as explorations of new and fertile countries, and opened the way for thousands of hardy pioneers and the formation of settlements," and points out the events and conditions, which are the forerunners of the new resolve in immigration. But when all is said, who can account for the power which acts in conjunction with all these, and gives the one who has seen the finger of Time's guide-board pointing west, or north, or wheresoever, the whisper, "It is *thy* time to arise and be gone." Only a reverent acknowledgment that the Omnipotent God, who shapes concurring providences, also turns human hearts towards them, and prospers movers of deeds who act at His word; who refuse to say, with the sluggard, "There is a lion in the way," when they

have heard his call to start, who refuse to parley and delay on account of clouds, when it is the time to sow.

That campaigns acted as parties of exploration, is true, but indirectly so. We have seen that a great portion at first were criminals — desperate characters — but what impelled the few chosen forerunners, who went in advance before things were ready for the many, to blaze the way, as it were, by their adventurous first departures, for others often more hardy than themselves, less timid and more daring by nature? Who gave that *push* and enduring energy which nothing could restrain, nothing dishearten or wear out? Only the Divine hand in human affairs; only an over-ruling Providence that shapes events can rightly explain condition and time and *man* suiting together in these mighty changes, and strange, yea, wonderful results. And, as it is the multiplicity of little things which contributes to the great, shall we not acknowledge that He, who is over all, has an intimate acquaintance with the minutiae of any great work he has in charge? That He is interested in all its details to the least particular, and especially in *man*, for whom all things are made, and who is of Himself? That in every thought and feeling of the human heart He has a part, and while seldom compelling, He does guide, encourage and bless His obedient, attentive, faithful child? This seems the easy, natural way of thinking, and is also agreeable to the teaching of the Book which is the Revelation of His will.

UNCLE NATHAN'S START.

(All mistakes to be laid to the Rose-Colored Pencil.)

1815.

More than one little grave was left behind forever. Companions of youth; ancestral dust; sweet communion with kindred and life-associates; exchanging all the familiar for the unknown; entering a great and terrible wilderness, through which savage tribes had lately wildly roamed, and whose remnants of them might still be lurking; a mighty Preserve, inhabited by they knew not what of wild beast; with many an uncertain river without bridge to cross; as a rule, with no roads, and many an unforeseen peril to encounter; for the mother and babes to endure stress of weather without other shelter, and to be months, weeks at the best, upon their lonesome, devious way. Two words—"Away!" and "The North!" express the impelling power of a mighty fear and an unconquerable resolution. Thus they go. The great white canvass covered wagons are ready, piled high with household goods and provisions, farming implements, and personal furnishings for years to come; but a place is made in the easiest conveyance and in the best place for Patience's Parlor Rocking Chair. In it she sits, comfortable little body, smiling, sweet, resolute, with her sweet babe, Asceneth, in her arms. John, the reliable oldest, near at hand. The little vivacious William, awed by the leave-taking and all the wonderful preparations and array, is stilled for once. Their adored little sister, the angelic little Elizabeth, is there, as ever, in a place near by.

Seated, composed and serene, was Aunt Mary Overman, in her young widowhood, tall, comely and ever helpful. To the tender brother and his dear sister wife she had, in effect, most probably in the very words said: "Intreat me not to leave thee or return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy God shall be my God, thy people shall be my people; where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me also, if aught but death part thee and me!"

Near by sat Polly Cooper, whom the Scotch would have called "a sonsie lassie," and who stayed with them until she was married. And along with all, driving one of the wagons, or carts, but when not otherwise employed, keeping ever near Nathan and the women and children, the son of the freed slave. God-protected company! They had perhaps an umbrella; no such things as overshoes were known, or rubber waterproofs, but they were abundantly supplied with stout clothing throughout. There were long ample Camlet cloaks that kept in warmth, and would turn water, and stand any amount of mud and weather. Cowhide boots that reached to or above the knees, and stout shoes, or leggins for service on horseback. Thick mittens and buckskin gloves, if needed. Plenty of flannel and linsy; with wagons and horses and saddle-bags — everything that could not be better secured farther on; every utensil for household service, with carpet and matting and oil-cloth, and chairs and tables and high poster bedsteads and cradle — it was convenient to Patience's chair; and bales of cotton and wool, and spinning wheels, great and small, and mirrors and can-

dlesticks and snuffers, and big castor and its accompanys, and waiters and silver carefully wrapped away, except the baby's spoon and one for medicine; and andirons and fender, and coarser kitchen ones of iron called "dog-irons," with crane and steelyards and pots, pans and skillets. Apparently inexhaustible supplies of bedding of all sorts; patched quilts of marvelous designs, but never a "crazy" among them; the linen sheeting of different weavings; the wrought and woven coverlets; the big feather beds; the blankets, thick and thin; the webs of toweling, coarse and fine, and of working wear, most of all of home manufacture; the china, the Delf-ware, all the substantial crockery service. What was there they had not? Quilting frames, loom, reeler; Peafowl feather fly brushes, gorgeous in their long sweep; and pressed turkey wings and other fans, the big palm leaf, and brushes and brooms of various kinds and many different sizes. Everything useful, good, pleasant, suitable, was theirs. And so in company with others, as well or less equipped, they go not as the children of Israel — seeing the guiding pillar of cloud by day, of fire by night — but by faith, as seeing Him who is invisible.

In closest compass, in carefulest secure packing, with these multifarious goods the wagons are laden; but there is room for Patience's little Parlor Rocking Chair, and a little space free about her. Around it, for around her, the household might be said to revolve. She is queen of her realm, center of the home, as she rocks her babe to sleep, or the children cluster, when other resources fail, at her knees — her feet. She takes them in turn in her mother arms; there is no pillow so

sweet as her breast. There is always room for her tender-caring husband to seat himself beside her, taking lovingly her hand, and as they are about to lose sight of those who strain their eyes to still see them, the farewells having been all long spoken, he perhaps saying, 'Thou dost not repent?' "Neither do I."

And, again, after some danger past, "Thou hast not repented yet?" "Neither have I."

And, again, "I shall not repent until *thou* dost." "Then, thou wilt *never!*"

"The heart of her husband safely trusteth in her—she shall do him good—all the days of his life."—*Bible.*

MARGARET'S CORRESPONDENCE.

In her letter, Margaret says: "We are pleased with it, and think it interesting and correct, and do hope thee will be favored" [Divine aid is meant by this expression among Friends], "to finish satisfactorily."—March 3-29-99.

Again, "We feel deeply interested in the make-up of this Biography, so any and everything pertaining to it is eagerly read. Do wish I could help or give thee more material to work from—I say we, because Marianna is as much interested as I am" [In reference to a picture of the place], "but unless we can get some of the grandchildren interested enough to see to it, I don't know how we can get it done." She speaks of "Joseph, he was confined to his bed again, and William long since quit—retired from business on account of his deafness, but she will try and see what she can do by writing." And "has letters for them, waiting for

the Postman, urging all to lend a helping hand in this work thou hast undertaken, and is trying so faithfully to carry out to completion. I think that all the kindred ought to feel interested in having a record kept of our loved ancestry, of whom we can be so justly proud; to honor their memory and strive to imitate their example, and try to follow them as they followed Christ." * * * "I always think," she says, "the Mothers ought to come in fully equal with the Fathers in real life and History. Don't hesitate to tell us when there is any thing or way in which we can help, even a very little, for I don't consider anything trouble that is helping us to help others. For I have long felt it is the little things that I am to see after, and try to be a gleaner after the great workers."

Again she expresses regret :

"I do wish I had written things down when the dear ones were here to tell us. I have mother's small rocking chair that they fixed in the middle of the wagon for her to sit in. Perhaps thee may remember it by the open fireplace at home. They lived in a small house until they built, which I think they were soon able to do, and lived there the remainder of their days. Mother said the woods were so thick that she was afraid for the children to go out of sight for fear they would get lost. What a noble example our dear parents and grandparents have set for us! May we be as willing to endure hardships and privation for the good of others as they were. They felt that they wanted to get away from slavery and raise their children in a land of freedom, and they found their reward."

In another letter, dated "Kansas City, Mo., 3-7, 1899," she says: "When I try to put my thoughts on paper, I often compare it to a brush heap — plenty of thoughts, but not enough order or connection."

[The rose-colored pencil, if it had feeling, would have a fellow-feeling here. It has a *leaning*, as it were, in that direction].

"If I could talk to thee, verbally, I might be able to give thee enough fragments to glean a little from, but, as that cannot be, I will try again to do the next best thing, as I feel that some of us children, especially, ought to keep the blessed memory of our dearly loved Father and Mother alive, not only in our own hearts, but speak of their kind acts, noble deeds and faithful labors, so they may be known and their example followed by their descendants. I did not feel at all satisfied with the letter I wrote thee, for I felt then, and do now, that something of their worthy, useful lives ought to be left on record, which would live and be a stimulus to others after we are gone, but thought my dear brothers, William and Joseph, could do it much better and fuller than I can, that I left it, but after thinking still more about it and not knowing that they will do it, I will venture to speak of a few things as I go back in memory. But let me say, right here, that I do not wish thee to include anything in thy Biography that is not suitable or best that I send.

"Amongst my earliest recollections is that our house was a kind of Mecca, where relatives, friends and acquaintances, rich or poor, high or low, learned or unlearned, were all cordially welcomed, hospitably treated and entertained. Traveling ministers often made that

retreat their headquarters, and were cared for by willing hands and loving hearts. In those days they had to travel by private conveyance, consequently, stayed longer in a place or neighborhood, and required more help and attention than now.

“I can see Father and Mother now as I saw them then, when I was but a mere child. Father having the general oversight, plentifully providing all things needful, etc., etc., and Mother so careful and faithful in doing and having everything possible done for the comfort, pleasure and happiness of all, and how careful she was that the tables were bountifully spread with the good things to sustain and strengthen the body — not forgetting to partake freely with others of the spiritual food which nourishes and strengthens the *soul*, which is free for all, without money and without price.

“Another thing that impressed itself on my mind, at a very early age, was their benevolence and thoughtful kindness to the poor. Don't think they ever, through their long lives, turned one from the door empty, or refused shelter to any who asked. And they not only helped those who came to them, but searched out the poor” [see Job and corresponding Psalm], “afflicted and unfortunate, and gave aid in times of need. Some orphans whom they not only took in their homes but in their hearts, can ‘rise up and call them blessed.’

“It was their sincere desire and chief aim to train their children and those under their care, up in the ‘nature and admonition of the Lord,’ and both by example and precept early instill in our minds the necessity of right living, and taught us to first seek the

kingdom of Heaven, and then all things necessary would be added.

“The little ‘Now I lay me down to sleep’ prayer that my darling Mother taught me to lisp, is more precious to me now than then, and it takes me back to happy childhood days, when our dear Father, Mother, brothers, sisters and Aunt Mary composed our Family circle, at our loved childhood’s home at Old Blue River. Father, Mother and Aunt Mary were, none of them, Ministers of the Gospel, but very acceptably and faithfully filled the place of Elders as long as they lived, and were ready at all times to help and hold up the hands of others who were more actively and publicly called out in the work.

“I always remember Aunt Mary as one of our own family, for my first recollection of her was at our house. We were very early taught to love her, and to always respect her wishes in preference to our own. She was made to feel, from the oldest to the youngest, that she was welcome, and that we were glad to have her as one of our family and we were glad to do anything for her comfort and happiness. I think she enjoyed life as well as any widow can, who is bereft of a dear companion. She had no care, and was at perfect liberty to go and come just as it suited her. She traveled quite considerable as a helpful companion to women ministers, and it can be truly said of her, that she was, indeed, ‘a mother in Israel’. After Father and Mother were ‘called up higher,’ and we could no longer have them with us, if possible we felt a double interest in her welfare and comfort, and willingly and tenderly cared for her until she, too, was gathered

home, 'as a shock of corn fully ripe for the heavenly garner'." [She died at 92.]

"I feel that we children would be very ungrateful if we did not, in all sincerity, feel thankful to God for giving us such loving, devoted Christian Parents and kind relatives, who, by the help and grace of God, have guided us through life and left good examples for us to follow. May we take up their mantles as they have fallen from their shoulders, and humbly seek to know the Lord's will and do it faithfully, so that in the end of life's journey we, too, may hear the 'well done'."

In the next letter she says — whose hand and head and heart are all so steady for good: "Please excuse my many mistakes, for they are from the head, not from the heart, and, bear in mind, I am old and forgetful, and if it was not I have Marianna to prompt me, I would not do even as well as I do."—(3-21-1899.)

This letter, as indeed all, is so full of interest, affection, good sense, delicacy and sweetness, after trying at different times to cut it down, it seems more fitting to give most of it entire for a conclusion to the series, though not the last in order, and so bring the separate account of her family, for the present, to a close. Getting out of North Carolina having been such a protracted undertaking, attention is directed not to the point but to the *end* of the rose-colored pencil, and the image of Father Time presented to the fancy; the passing days, the fleeing hours, the panoramic Calendar, the accumulating MSS., by bits; the wearing of the flesh, the ticking of the clock, near by — all by eye or

ear or mental vision, jog the holder of the aforesaid, speaking to the mind's ear rather discordantly, but with simultaneous sound, "Get on!" so nilly-willy with it, or its proxy, again sharpened, a bending once more to the task.

CHAPTER VII.

1814-1816*.

“THE GLOOMY YEAR,” 1812—THE FIRST WESTERN STEAMBOAT, 1811—COMET—ECLIPSE—IMPOSTOR—INDIANS—EARTHQUAKE—THEATER BURNING, ETC.—JOSHUA T.’S DIARY—SELECTION OF FARMS BY NATHAN TRUEBLOOD—BENONI’S SOJOURN AT GUILFORD AND DEPARTURE—“LITTLE JIMMY,” THE “BENJAMIN” AND REFORMER.

FROM WESTERN ANNALS.

“After Fulton’s successful experiments in steam navigation upon the Hudson, he began to look elsewhere for other fields of action, and the West, which had attracted the attention of both his American predecessors, could not fail to catch his eye. Accordingly, in 1811, Mr. Roosevelt†, of New York, who had visited Western rivers, pursuant to an agreement with Chancellor Livingston and Mr. Fulton, had surveyed them from Pittsburg to New Orleans and reported favorably.” So a boat was built at the former place and launched. It was intended to ply between Natchez and New Or-

* Susan Trueblood (in Salem visit) said, “A *cold* plague visited in the South in 1816. Go to bed well as common—corpse before morning.”

† May have been an ancestor of the present Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, Governor of New York, Vice-President, President.

leans. "In October it left for its experimental voyage. No freight or passengers were taken, the object being merely to bring the boat to its station. After being detained for three weeks on account of low water in the Rapids, and making several trips successfully between Louisville and Cincinnati (nearly overwhelmed with earthquakes), this steamer reached Natchez at the close of the 1st week of Jan., 1812." * * "The novel appearance of the boat and the fearful rapidity (!) with which it made its passage over the broad reaches of the river, excited a mixture of terror and surprise among many settlers on the banks, whom the rumor of such an invention had never reached." "Mr. Latrobe, who spoke with authority," goes on to say, he "has heard the general impression among the good Kentuckians was that a comet had fallen into the Ohio;" but that what follows, he "may at once say" he had "directly from the lips of the parties themselves."

Several events of an uncommon nature exerted a combined influence to throw a shade over the spirits of the people.

"Early in September, a comet appearing in the northern part of the heavens, and after passing across our hemisphere, disappeared at the South, toward the end of the year, created alarm in the minds of very many, who looked upon it as an ominous forerunner of dire misfortune to come.

"This was increased, on the 17th of September, by an annular eclipse of the sun, which occurred between twelve and half-past three, and afforded a solemnly grand and impressive sight, especially as the day was remarkably serene.

“More than all, gloomy apprehensions were fostered in the ignorant and superstitious, by a plausible story of an impostor, who pretended to have a revelation — having been entranced (so the Annals) — foretelling the destruction of one-third part of mankind to take place on the 4th of June, 1812. This, dressed up by a certain ingenious and visionary young lawyer, was published in *pamphlet* form, adorned with sundry Yankee pictures portraying the dire calamity. It found an immense circulation, especially in the Southwest.

“The battle of Tippecanoe was fought (7th of Nov.), which brought grief and distress into almost every family in the West. In Gen. Wm. Harrison’s official letter to the Secretary of War, after the battle, he says, in conclusion: “The Indians manifested a ferocity uncommon even to them.” Soon after, the earthquake followed, on the 15th and 16th of December, and, added to all these, on the 24th or 26th of December, the theater at Richmond, Va., was burned — the flames spreading with such terrific rapidity, people had not time to escape; seventy lost their lives, being burnt or crushed to death by the escaping crowd. The accident was so heart-rending, it threw a shade of grief over the whole community. In addition to these circumstances, the unmistakable evidence of an approaching Indian war was peculiarly calculated to alarm the people of the West, among whom there existed a universal feeling of gloom and consternation.”

This is a long digression, but leads to thoughts of the “stirring of the eagle’s nest.” Many were ready in heart, desirous to be gone, but to start was more than but few could do at once. Human weakness and

opposition of kindred kept many longer in the South, or there, than they would, but the final wrench had to come.

A most graphic and thrilling account of the earthquake is given in the Annals. Some extracts from the pen of Dr. Hildreth are here furnished, but the account needs to be read entire to even faintly appreciate the accumulation of horrors with which it was accompanied. He says: "Several boats kept in company for mutual defense." The points can be but touched upon. The shock at midnight—The thought of Indians—The loud screaming of aquatic birds—And after all was quiet again, and they had concluded the alarm had been occasioned by the falling in of a large mass of the bank near them, when it was light enough, and all were up making ready to depart, "Directly a loud, hissing and roaring, most violent agitation of the shores, and tremendous boiling up of the waters of the Mississippi, *rolling them back*, carrying creaking, crashing trees, with nauseous gases (and foam gathering into barrel-like masses), wide fissures in the earth, opening and closing—the reddish water thrown in jets higher than tree tops—the river returning, shooting down boats like arrows from a bow, amid roaring billows and the wildest commotion, destroying towns and forcing lakes, with water unfit to drink for days," etc.

Another historian, L. F. Linn, in a letter to the Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, dated Feb. 1, 1836, thus concludes his account:

"The day brought no solace in its dawn. Shock followed shock. A dense black cloud of vapor overshadowed the land, through which no struggling sun-

beam found its way to cheer the desponding heart of man, who in silent communion with himself, was compelled to acknowledge his weakness and dependence on the everlasting God." He finally speaks (in italics) of "appearances—leaving an *impression in miniature of a catastrophe much more important in its effects, which had, perhaps, preceded it ages before.*" (The boat was from October to January making its trip.)

Our friends living in peace and security in Indiana must have indeed felt that they had escaped a devoted land.

There is an interesting item in probable connection with the purchase of lands about Salem; in Joshua Trueblood's (Uncle Jimmy's Grandfather's) diary, which, given here in advance of time, is as follows: "6-10-1847.—36 years ago to-day Joshua Morris and myself got home from a trip to this country" [Salem and about], ('47 — '36 = 11). "Home" must have meant North Carolina. How interesting to think that four years before any of the families mentioned in this narrative started for the North and West, that these fathers went, as Caleb and Joshua of old, to spy out the land of promise, and brought back a good report. Perhaps at that very time some of the farms were in part secured; for James, his son says, got his "second-handed." They were brave, indeed, for there were rumors of wars, and Indians, wild and free.

But the land whither ye go to possess it, is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh the water of the rain of heaven. A land which the Lord thy God careth for: the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it,

from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year.—*Deut. 11: 11, 12.*

For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills.—*Deut. 8: 8.*

Nathan, besides his own, was to purchase land for his brother-in-law, Benoni. The selection of these farms was no light matter. A perennial spring of abundant, wholesome water was a first desideratum both for family uses and stock. The ground must be sufficiently elevated for health, free from miasms, and yet enough of it not too rugged for easy plowing, and free enough from stones for deep plowing, and yet a good quantity of stone, near at hand, was indispensable. There must be abundance of woodland of the right kind of timber for manifold uses in building and for fuel, and of such extent as not to become exhausted, but rather to increase with growing demands.

They were to start from the beginning — build, rear, provide. Make most of the clothing when their home supply should give out, and domestic furnishings of every kind, in doors and out. Have and care for horses, cows, sheep, pigs, turkeys, chickens. Raise apples, peaches, pears, plums, grapes. Have all ordinary garden stuffs — asparagus, cabbage, turnips, beets, potatoes, peas beans. All farm products — corn, wheat, rye, flax, wool, wood.

How they succeeded will be found farther on.

“Indiana was admitted to the Union in 1816, and two years previous immigration began.”—Annals.

While the foregoing things narrated were in process, “Jimmy” had stayed to have his convictions,

already beyond others respecting slavery, deepened and made more vivid. The mother died meanwhile. There was nothing to longer detain him, and he went with his bride and the veteran Grandfather Joshua in advance with Nathan's company, which also included Benoni and Rebecca.

EXTRACTS FROM ROBT. MORRIS' LETTER.

“I think Jephtha has the Family Bible. They [speaking of his father and mother] came to Indiana in 1815(?) [Uncle Nathan Trueblood came out before and secured a place for Father], after leaving Pasquotank County two years previous. Sojourned in Guilford County that length of time.”

BENONI'S SOJOURN AND FINAL DEPARTURE.

The going there, *i. e.*, to Guilford, must have been, whatever ulterior design there was, something in the manner of an experiment. But it might have been a temporary, not compromise, but delay, to satisfy Benoni's father, that his mind was really made up. Not that his resolution was not well taken. At any rate, it evinces the large element of shrewdness in his character thus to decide. It is quite probable his father may have asked for it, or really made it a condition of his favor. To be really separated and yet not too far off from connections for opportunities of communication comparatively easy, if they should be desired, by which essential benefits might be derived upon an independent standing and under new conditions. Matters forgotten, or which in the agitation of the leave-taking had slipped

the mind, could be attended to on either side. The way was not really closed after all, and any irritated feeling among any, if there was such, would be allayed, as they either wrote, or a visit to New Garden was asked for and acceded to, or something of the products of either region sent to either, by mutual friends traveling the way, in token of continued good will and affection. Here Benoni had the privilege of living farther north in intercourse with Friends, most of whom had kept themselves free from contact with slavery, or who had come out of the evil, and doubtless his Resolve was much strengthened by the encouragement he received from these kindred spirits. It was an opportunity of testing his resolution under conditions of self-dependence, and yet as partly in a new country, though they were still in the "Old North State." His wife, too, was freer from fears and cares and griefs which had hurried away from their ancestral home her dearest relatives, and she found it easier to be parted from them for a short time in expectation of going to them, than herself to be left where they would be so woefully missed. She could better know her own mind, and that dear brother gone before had in charge also the securing a place for them in the new Territory. The helpful quiet into which she soon found herself was doubtless grateful to Rebecca's spirit, inclined to take on care, and in the larger atmosphere of spiritual freedom Benoni, ever sanguine, must have rejoiced.

The second Company who intended going could arrange their plans and act in better harmony than with some hampered to the last by the old environments. It

was a needed rest by the way, and it may be taken for granted that where there were large Meetings, chiefly composed of those who had relinquished the immediate advantages of Slavery, the spiritual atmosphere would be freer and spiritual power have fuller play. And the reflex influence of their steadfastness, still in the State for a time, and yet in their Resolve and preparations for a final departure, not of it, would (since their temporary stay on some accounts must have been a necessity) be more felt at the old home than if they had really gone afar in the first instance. Either way, those who clung to their share in the peculiar institution had the spectacle before their mind's eye of not only their church mother shaking her garments free from the evil, and clearing herself of the stain, but of their own flesh and blood, many of whom had been reared delicately, and all of whom had had some advantages from the System, turn their backs deliberately upon it, as too monstrous a wrong even to be further looked upon near at hand, and against which they protested by their farewells. But it must have been difficult, especially to tender women and men who had not been used to roughing it, after a life of ease, affluence, to take up the cross of now necessary physical labor, endurance and privation. It took moral backbone, strengthened by religious conviction, and moral nerve, to do it. But there was nothing else for it; they were powerless to change the State, dearly as they loved it; fearful as the journey, and wild and far country must have seemed to those who all their lives had looked upon their own familiar fields. So husbanding their resources, and making their preparations with greater

intelligence and leisure, gathering incomes of spiritual strength for times of need sure to arrive, they lived in at last independence, greater security, serenity and ease of mind, until the time came for their final departure, when they also, as many of their near and dear relatives and other friends and ages of worthies before them, left behind riches for the respect they had to the recompense of reward, assured that He who called them out would not now forsake them, though they obeyed the voice, in a sense, not knowing whither they went. It might have been very important for mutual further plans to have some still near, and yet freed from neighborhood and home environments. The Underground Railroad was soon to be in operation, and great service could be rendered those farther South by a comparatively non-slaveholding community like that of New Garden.

And it has later occurred to Sarah that the Father may have been bitterly disappointed that the object lesson which he was working out with his sturdy sons should partially fail through one's, Benoni's, defection. He may have fondly hoped, poor man! that his example would be followed by others, and Slavery *demonstrated* not a necessity would be given up. It was, alas, too deeply entrenched. His own favorite son, true to the maxims of gain he had taught him, becoming a slave owner.

When the time came their little Company left the soft climate, the mellow earth, the blue-covered forget-me-not and violet-scented hills; Old Smoky, and Hollow and fertile plain, and healthful forests of resinous wood and remembered groves of cypress and juniper;

soft hand and warm heart ; pleasant voice and pretty ways and sweet utterance to encounter — Ah! well that they did not know all ; but they would still have many family friends and acquaintances not far distant — no near relative of thine, poor Benoni, in all the wide forests — and their loved Society, its Meetings, neighbors, and God over all.

ROBT. MORRIS' LETTER.

“ Their conveyance was a two-horse wagon drawn by two nice bay mares. One, after arriving here, was killed by a falling limb. The other, Kit (a daisy), lived to be thirty-six years old. I recollect her well, rode her often, and was deeply impressed with grief the day she died. She drank milk freely that day, and seemed to just quit living on account of extreme age. I think they were just four weeks to a day making the trip, laying by Sundays. One of the party traveled on the Sabbath, and was four days longer on the road, and his team reduced much more than theirs.” [Sarah almost thinks *she* remembers old Kit !]

CATHERINE'S RECOLLECTION, No. 2.

“ Before I was five years old my parents moved to Indiana, and I remember several incidents on the way.
* * * I remember only three houses when I first saw Salem, and one of them was Toms White's, whose widow, Milicent, is still a neighbor of ours here in Knightstown.” (Written in '70's or '80's.)

Uncle Nathan was quite tall, a fine form ; Aunt Mary was large and well proportioned ; Patience, rather below medium size, and inclined to be heavy set. "Jimmy" was a little fellow. Perhaps that was why he was so called. It was not the age of nicknames nor diminutives expressive of kindly feeling often, but somehow there was so little of him and so much to him, and perhaps because others of the same name — "James"—gave the excuse. "*Little Jimmy*" stuck to him, a solitary instance in this way of the triumph of feeling there over Quaker sense of decorum. Friends being especially fond of little ones. He was a youngest brother, and he and his bride so very youthful, and then he went beyond them all in conviction. It became really a title of honor bestowed in tenderness. Rebecca may have said "James." (Did she not say "Brother Jimmy," and "Brother Nathan," and "Sister Mary," and they all "Sister Rebecca?") But he went by the other almost universally, and she, who was very fond of him, as of all her relatives, most probably yielded to affection here. They really had never ceased to regard him as the Benjamin of the family. You know the Bible says, "Little Benjamin." "Little Uncle Jimmy!" This is the Rose Colored Pencil's tribute :

If all who believed in their hearts that slavery was wrong had acted as he did, without a dollar spent, or a drop of blood shed, or a year's delay, slaveholders and slave power would have been brought to an end in the United States. The thing which prevented this consummation was personal, and chiefly physical gratification. The people couldn't do without their *sugar*,

wouldn't do without their cotton, must have their tobacco, and the traders had souls for their hire — having sold their own before — for the money there was in it. The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life are the baits Satan still sets for souls, always has and always will. No, not always; but while time, this age of it, shall last.

It would not be in the holder of the Rose Colored Pencil to fail in admiration of doughty "Little Uncle Jimmy," much less in justice towards a *reformer*, that having been the aspiration of half a lifetime. But having been told that the aforesaid self is *not* one, can only humbly say, claims then to be a failure along that line in preference to success upon any other.

* MATTHEW ARNOLD'S "THE LAST WORD."

Creep into thy narrow bed —
 Creep, and let no more be said;
 Vain thy onset! All stands fast,
 Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease!
 Geese are swans and swans are geese,
 Let them have it how they will!
 Thou art tired! best be still.

They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee;
 Better men fared thus before thee —
 Fired their ringing shot and passed,
 Hotly charged, and broke at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
 Let the victors, when they come,
 When the forts of folly fall,
 Find thy body by the wall!

* From "New Poems," published by Tichnor & Fields, now Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

CHAPTER VIII.

ANNALS — IMMIGRATION TO INDIANA, ILLINOIS AND MISSOURI, FROM KENTUCKY, CAROLINA AND TENNESSEE, 1816-1820—1816, INDIANA CONSTITUTION, STATE; JENNINGS, GOVERNOR — HARVEY MORRIS' LETTER AND R.-C. P. COMMENTS — HICKS TRUEBLOOD'S LETTER — HARVEY'S SECOND LETTER— TO UNCLE NATHAN'S— MARGARET ALBERTSON'S LETTERS — THEIR FAMILY RECORD — THE FARM AND HOUSE — MARIANNA'S GOLDEN WEDDING DESCRIPTION — THE CYPRESS TREE (MARGARET) — THE ROSE-COLORED PENCIL AND MARGARET'S COMMENTS — CATHERINE'S RECOLLECTIONS, NO. 3 — SARAH'S REGRET.

ANNALS.

P. 923. "Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, from 1816 to 1820, received a continuous succession of immigrants; particularly Kentucky, Carolina and Tennessee sent out vast numbers to these new regions, where land was abundant, cheap and productive.

"In the early part of 1816, Congress having previously granted authority, a Convention was elected in Indiana, and assembled to form a State Government. A Constitution was adopted and reported to Congress. It was approved by that body, and the new State received admission into the Union.

“The new State Government went into operation by the election of the Hon. Jonathan Jennings, Governor, who had represented the Territory as Delegate in Congress since 1809. The Constitution having been made at a time when there was, as it were, a lull of party violence produced by the late war, and when a general spirit of political conciliation and good feeling prevailed throughout, was framed with a great deal of care and wisdom. It was more conservative [of Liberty?] than perhaps that of any other State made out of a Northwestern Territory.”

HARVEY MORRIS' LETTER.

HARVEY MORRIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

SALEM, IND., March 6, 1899.

Cousin Sarah — To avert the awful calamity and the long list of personal and family ills which you predict as a penalty of neglect should I fail to write in answer to your letter of Feb. 25, I now will endeavor to spare our relatives the dire misfortune by complying as nearly as possible with your request, although I have sustained the awful suspense of impending danger for the ten days since I received your letter, in an unavailing effort to learn what you wish (me) to procure for you, as you did not state what you wanted in this letter, and I have no recollection of *ever* having received any other* from you, and I have consulted Uncle Robt. and Father in regard to it, and neither can solve the problem, so I suppose I shall become an immortal Martyr through very ignorance for which I should not

* Sarah's former letter must have miscarried in some way.

be held accountable. Of course, no excuse will avail, so I will make none — just plead guilty to any charges without even seeking clemency or even promising to do better in the future, with no hope that such promises might mitigate the punishment or procure the benefit of clergy.

Father says he knows nothing of the “home life” of the family in N. Carolina, as he never went there.

Your cousin,

HARVEY.

O, stupid historian again! What a pencil a rose-colored one is to be sure! The historian, proceeding upon partial evidence from the declaration that Jephtha never went to North Carolina, not having then read Hicks Trueblood’s letter respecting him, jumped at the conclusion that he was born in Indiana. She inserts this to show how mistaken we may be even when we think we have grounds for opinion. A third child *was* added to Rebecca’s little band at Randolph, but doubly stupid historian, some “memories” were inquired of necessarily a supposed infant in arms!

Well may she add: An old Professor once said to her, “Miss Morrison, believe nothing you hear, and only half of what you see.”

The historian again saved (yes, again *and* again) from deviating from the path of veracity — this time as a witness respecting the Lawyer’s own father — hastens, the case being dismissed, to erase the hearsay evidence, lest by some malign influence it may gain a further permanency, and drawing a long breath, as many a witness has done before, in thankfulness for not being self-convicted and committed, may, for the present, be

regarded as wandering in the labyrinth of "Who told me so?"

And yet, upon what testimony must our story rest? That given and handed down by reliable witnesses, so Uncle Jephtha and others give what you have heard from those who knew and handed down to you!

The old Family Bible corrects hasty conclusions and lots of hearsay. In Grandpa's own hand—"Jephtha Morris, born in Randolph Co." We younger generation had a way of slyly taking off Father's provincial manner of saying, "which?" for "what?" "Which State House?" So I say, "Which King? Bezonian, speak or die!" *Which* Randolph? (For there is one in Indiana as well.) But it must have been the North Carolina one, for afterwards Grandpa, in recording other births, writes "Indiana." Now, why did that impression get so generally spread that Jephtha was born in Guilford? Shall that chapter about New Garden—a place of sojourn—come to grief? Even so. See the labors of the historian. Hold! (The solution of the knotty question is simply to place the sojourn after Randolph—as has been done.) Randolph? Where's a map? What do *you* (the holder of pencil was thus taking herself to task—not her constituents), stupid, simpleton, shirk, know about geography, anyhow? But straighten this thing out, and go on with what you have in hand.

It is probable Randolph and Guilford were once the same, as they are adjoining. (Newton Trueblood thinks not probable, but adds, "The Albertsons were in Randolph," nearly connected and dear friends.)

“ Uncle Benoni and Aunt Rebecca, with thy mother and Nixon, started West in 1815 with the caravan, but when they got to Randolph Co. they concluded to stay there, and did for over a year ; in the meantime, Jephtha was born.”—E. HICKS TRUEBLOOD (4-14-99).

Then comes another letter from Harvey, with the prized copy, taken from Benoni’s Family Bible, now in Jephtha’s possession, by his younger son, who says :

SALEM, IND., 22 Mar., 1899.

After so long a time I send you herewith copies of all entries in the old Bible that father has. I have copied them just as they appear in the record, although some of them are almost faded out. All of the births of grandfather’s family are in his hand writing.

If you can think of any excuse for my not obtaining it sooner, you might just enter it to my credit.

Your cousin,

HARVEY MORRIS.

“ Jephtha Morris, son of Benoni and Rebecca, was born 24 of 9th mo., 1816, Randolph County,” and so on.

How long they remained, and why they went to Guilford, Sarah has not been able to ascertain fully. It was probably to enjoy the larger meeting (the counties were adjoining), and more spiritual association at New Garden. Here they sojourned until the Fall of 1816.

LATER. — A look at a map would have spared much perplexity. Newton Trueblood, whose appreciation, ready ability and kindly suggestions in three chapters, have been of great assistance to Sarah, informed her here that they came to Randolph first from

the Eastern Counties, it lying directly in the public way north, and went to Guilford, *first north* on account of larger meeting and better social advantages. There is further evidence farther on — Grandpa himself, in one of his letters, speaks of the sojourn in Guilford.

Their destination is Uncle Nathan's until the farm, which the last named has been commissioned to buy for them, can be sufficiently cleared, and a comfortable temporary dwelling be sufficiently prepared for Rebecca and the little ones. Two years of intelligent industry had changed Uncle Nathan's place from a wilderness to a home, but it was many before it came to answer the description following of the enthusiastic granddaughter. Still, it must have seemed a heavenly haven of rest, after their weary travels, with its gentleness and refinement and never-ended welcome. Poor Rebecca, in a little while she, too, must begin to rough it, but for the present she need not even care for the never still Catherine. Nixon never was the same charge — quiet, pleasant, Quaker child. She is to rest, to sleep, to eat, to be comforted by renewed association with those from whom she has been parted for two years, and is consoled for what she has left behind of kindred and comfort. They are so rejoiced to see her. She sits with her dear brother; first all must have her, after Patience has had her in charge, and she is somewhat rested; they ply her with questions of kindred and home. Of the way, and Guilford, and home, and the children. The little Elizabeth and Catherine, as ever after in spirit, walk together hand in hand. The boys of each, Rebecca's and Patience's, are so charmed by them they forget themselves. Aseneth is a big girl

now, running about, whom all want, but who will stay with none of them long. "What a sturdy, hearty little fellow, Jephtha is!" Benoni is not at a loss, but he must see to his purchase, and as soon as will do, hastens away to survey it. His breezy ways brighten all, if sweet placidity needs brightening. Aunt Mary fills every needed place, and soothes every childish tear. Nathan's heart and Rebecca's are very near together. Jimmy comes soon with his little treasured household, and other relatives and friends warmly and unfeignedly greet and welcome to their hearts and homes and *Meeting*, these latest, who have also borne heroic testimony to the truth. "I am the way, the truth, and the life."—*Jesus*.

These flights after all have not been much out of the way. Margaret Albertson (3-30-99), thus comments upon them. "About thy question whether thy grandparents went to my father's first, I cannot tell positively, but think they did. I know it was a stopping place for the Carolina relatives and friends as they came, even after I was old enough to remember; and I think we are perfectly safe in believing they did go there first, and can easily imagine (of) the happy meeting and cordial welcome given them.

"I remember that Uncle Jimmy was conscientious about using slave labor and avoided it, but don't think any of the rest of the families were so much, as to only buy of Levi Coffin, Cincinnati."

KANSAS CITY, MO., 4-18-1899.

* * * "Thee asks if there is anything particular we want said about our girlhood days, &c. There is a great deal that we like to live over in memory and think and talk about, but it is a very different and difficult thing (for me at least) to begin to cull out and try to put it on paper; so I would not know where to begin or where to stop. It would take volumes, and then the half could not be told in words. I think it would be hard to find six cousins, thy aunts Joanna and Mary, and cousins Mary and Martha (Uncle Jimmy's daughters), and sister Mary Ann and I, who had a better time or got more real enjoyment and pleasure out of life than we did, even from our childhood, or as soon as we were old enough to form attachments. So I look back over those long "bygone days." I can see that our youthful lives were bright, joyous and free, with a great deal more sunshine than shadow, largely made so by our dear parents and older brothers' and sisters' tender care, religious training and good example and kind advice which our dear Heavenly Father permitted us to have and enjoy, even on to mature years, for which I thank and praise Him from the very depths of my heart. I would be glad if thee feels like saying something in my dear sister Mary Ann's honor, for I feel she is worthy." [Heavenly creature!] "Don't suppose thee remembers my older sisters, Elizabeth and Asenath?" [O yes, I do, well.] "They were both like Mary Ann—sincere, devoted Christians, always aiming and trying to do all the good they could and no harm." [Margaret was not at all like them! Oh, no; not in the least like them!] "And I can say

the same about my brothers, who are still living.”
 [Nor her brothers; of course not! What a black sheep
 she must have been, to be sure!] “Hope thee will be
 sure and go and see them when thee goes to Salem. **

“MARGARET ALBERTSON.”

MARGARET'S FAMILY RECORD — CONTINUED.

Aseneth Trueblood was born 10th mo. 1st, 1814.
 Deceased 1st mo. 22d, 1849.

Joseph Trueblood was born 9th mo. 5th, 1817.

Mary Ann Trueblood was born 6th mo. 17th, 1820,
 Deceased 7th mo. 13th, 1895.

Margaret Trueblood was born 12th mo. 17th, 1822.

Nathan Trueblood and Patience Newby were mar-
 ried 2d Mo. 28th, 1805, in Pasquotank Co., North
 Carolina.

Charles Pool and Elizabeth Trueblood were married
 8th Mo. 12th, 1830.

William Trueblood and Isabel Albertson were mar-
 ried 5th Mo. 8th, 1834.

Lewis J. Reyman and Asenath Trueblood were
 married 6th Mo. 2d, 1836.

Joseph Trueblood and Semira B. Lindley were mar-
 ried 2d Mo. 10th, 1842.

Benjamin A. Overman and Mary Ann Trueblood
 were married 9th Mo. 11th, 1845.

Charles Albertson and Margaret Trueblood were
 married 11th Mo. 12th, 1846.

All the children were married at Blue River,
 Washington Co., Indiana.

[All now gone but Margaret.]

CHARLES AND MARGARET ALBERTSON'S CHILDREN
AND GRANDCHILDREN :

Elizabeth P. Albertson was born Sept. 5, 1847 ; died August 15th, 1884.

Maria Albertson was born Jan. 31st, 1851; died Feb. 5th, 1852.

Emma Albertson was born August 16th, 1853; died May 31st, 1886.

Edgar B. Albertson was born Jan. 31st, 1856.

William T. Albertson was born May 6th, 1859.

Marianna Albertson was born April 17th, 1862.

Thomas Benton Hobbs and Emma Albertson were married Jan. 3d, 1878, at Canton, Ind.

Edgar B. Albertson and Melva Stubbs were married June 10th, 1880, at West Elkton, Ohio.

James Elliott Niccolls and Marianna Albertson were married Sept. 29th, 1883, at Canton, Ind.

William T. Albertson and Emma H. Epperson were married April 5th, 1893, at Kansas City, Mo.

Ethel Hobbs, daughter of T. B. and Emma Hobbs, was born March 25th, 1880.

Myron C. Albertson, son of Edgar B. and Melva Albertson, was born Feb. 23, 1881.

Howard Albertson, son of Edgar B. and Melva Albertson, was born August 22d, 1885 ; died May 13, 1887.

Frederic S. Albertson, son of Edgar B. and Melva Albertson, was born Sept. 23d, 1887.

Rolland A. Niccolls son of J. E. and Marianna A. Niccolls, was born March 4th, 1887.

Marianna's husband had two small children when they were married — Robert E. and Eleanor — who we feel like our very own, but as they are no blood kin, cannot be included in Genealogy.

[It is not in Sarah to exclude any so adopted by one so dear.]

The farm Nathan Trueblood purchased from Lewis Woody (Levi's father) for \$1,800* (one thousand eight hundred dollars) was two miles east of Salem, on the way to the Meeting house (the one built after the Separation), about a mile farther on. A lover of beauty, of the picturesque, was Uncle Nathan, under his plain snuff-colored coat, and the house was admirably placed to gratify the most fastidious taste with an eye to natural scenery. It fronted south: a long, two-story frame, with its spacious parlor and guest room on the west. The great sitting room and Aunt Patience's bed room next; then Aunt Mary's room, and another from the ample dining room and its pantries and kitchen, also large, with other little rooms on the north of it at the extreme east. Above these were numerous sleeping apartments of various sizes to suit the children, guests and all. The house was so long it gave, with its Southern veranda running the whole length and covered at the 2d story, the impression of a one-storied building. Guests were received at the west end, or in the middle of the veranda, according as they came at either near or far entrance from the public road. Steps

* An immense sum at that time for it. Cousin Joseph Trueblood says Wash. DePauw offered \$60,000 for it soon after the war. (Salem visit.)



Drawn by
(Mrs.) Annie R. Coffin (Morrison).

“UNCLE NATHAN’S.”

ran up a few feet from the ground at these places and others farther on at the east end for domestic uses. Long settees were placed along at the back of the veranda, and there, in all suitable weather, when not otherwise engaged, Uncle Nathan was to be seen. There was probably something in the view extended before him to remind him of the old Southern home, or it may have been by contrast. It was, at all events, a remarkable scene, not easily come at elsewhere. Sarah stays her own description to give place to the more graphic one of Marianna A. Nichols, who prepared the following for her parents' golden wedding, and kindly permits its insertion :

THE HOMESTEAD, CYPRESS HILL.

“This long, white house of early times in architecture and design, is the Homestead, Cypress Hill.” She continues: “You see, 'tis very near the summit of the rise; the foreground to the south gently slopes in knolls of green a hundred feet or more, when, suddenly breaking, a steep descent is made into a low land of almost a quarter of a mile's expanse, perhaps, before we reach the public road upon the south, where again there are wooded heights.

“The grand old oaks and maples thickly dot this broad expanse in front, and far to the east and west. Their myriad leaves have caught the limit of nature (for this is autumn time), and all around is one great blaze of crimson, gold and russet. Just back the orchard stands—its wealth of fruit garnered, and its greenish, gray and yellow tints a fitting background makes.

“ To either side there winds among the trees a carriage road, which leads out to the highway, and thence to town on either hand, some two miles distant.

“ Descending the hill in front of the grounds, we find two springs of water, pure and cold ; for such was this section famed, and over their sparkling basins stone milk houses were imbedded in the hillside, in which to care for the product of the mild-eyed lowing kine that flocked the hills and pastures.

“ Here, too, threading in and out from east to west, a dainty singing rivulet made its way.

“ Some forty feet in front and midway of the long house east and west, note this cypress tree; its branches now reaching well to the roof of the great long porch that spans the house full length.

“ As sentinel it stands as though to guard from harm its duty be, and now, with more than 70 years of hardy growth, it still remains. A canopy it makes for (many) feet around, and in its shade, where played our mother when a child, and where our grandparents, children and great grandchildren play. The seed of this majestic tree was brought from far Carolina's land, their former home, and planted by the elder daughter of the household. Cared for and nourished by both old and young alike, it grew and flourished, and for it the name of Cypress Hill given.

“ This was a home of frugal hospitality, with ample room both in the hearts and 'round the hearth and board of these true, noble souls who founded it. Its peaceful shelter was sought alike by old and young, and friend and stranger, rich or poor, there found a hearty welcome, and such care as only is bestowed by

loving hearts and willing hands, ever harkening to and interested in the needs and comforts of a common humanity.”

Margaret herself had previously written of the planting of the Cypress :

“The Cypress tree in the yard at the dear old homestead I can remember since it was a very small tree, or rather a little whip. There were four seeds brought from North Carolina, and one was given to our family, and sister Elizabeth planted it in the garden. It came up and grew there large enough to transplant, when father and William set it out where it now stands in the yard. When I saw it last its wide-spreading branches reached to the porch. I can not say sure, but suppose it has been standing where it is about 70 years. The others’ seeds came up and grew to be large trees, too, but do not know whether they are all still standing or not. They were all Carolinians who planted them : James White, Joshua Trueblood and Benjamin Cosand. I think Joshua Trueblood and family went to Indiana the same time father and family did.” [Yes, Hicks Trueblood says so.]

The rose-colored pencil concludes with : The open ground where the sun could be seen descending and the glories of his departing. Thick woods, except where the barn and stables were, and back of the house and near, were elsewhere about. Mighty trees — oak, walnut, maple (called sugar), hickory, giants, Anacks of the forest, with evergreen (cedar chiefly) scattered among them. The sumac spread its crimson, the wild grape made its festoons, the pawpaw displayed its pendant fruit ; the May-apple bloomed ; the dog-wood

arrayed itself in white ; the ground-squirrel, streaked with black, frisked among the leaves ; the fox squirrel and the gray squirrel gamboled, and with saucy chattering sped from tree to ground and back again. The violet grew, and ferns and many a tender wilding flower. Birds built, sang and nested undisturbed, and in all the slyvan loveliness there were no gentler spirits than Uncle Nathan's and Aunt Patience's, and the dear band of cousins their loves had called into being.

MARGARET ALBERTSON.

“Thee has the wild flowers about right, but I will add Forget-me-nots and Sweet Williams that grew abundantly along the meadow fences, where they could get sunlight and warmth. Most, or perhaps all the rest, grew in the woods, where they were more shaded. Yes, the dog-wood grew there, and were generally in full bloom and beautiful about corn-planting time.” She also says : “ I feel it quite an honor to be a member of a family that has been spoken of as thee has of ours, and feel very thankful and glad if thee, or any one else, has had good impressions made on their minds, and were influenced for good by associating with my dear Father, Mother and children. Great and good results often spring from small beginnings. Our loved parents did well in their day ; may we do as well in our day and generation, and set as good examples to others as they have for us.” The rose-colored pencil writes a fervent Amen !

CATHERINE'S RECOLLECTIONS, No. 3.

“But I always thought in those days my Uncle Nathan Trueblood's house was the best place in this world or any other, and really pitied every one who had n't an Uncle Nathan, but thought I was the most favored of all mortals when at my uncle's house. We stopped there, some weeks I think, before our house, near Salem, was ready for our occupancy.”

This is all. Why did I not, says Sarah, with un-availing regret, encourage my dear Mother, whose memory was so clear, to continue? She could have told of the appearance of things when they first went to live at the old (then new) home place. Of the house-building, barn-raising, clearing, and many, many things we can but conjecture, never fully know. She could have told of the coming of each little brother and sister; of the first starting to school; of many a thing no one perhaps now lives to tell, or who is able, and as willing and ready as she. Alas!

CHAPTER IX.

JAMES TRUEBLOOD, BY HIS SON, E. HICKS — THEIR PLACE, ETC. — THE STORM — FAMILY RECORD — A TWIN — CYPRESS TREES — OSCAR'S LETTERS — KINDRED OUT OF NORTH CAROLINA — CLEARINGS — MEETINGS — VISITING — NOTE OR APPENDIX ON MORGAN RAID.

JAMES TRUEBLOOD.

“The son of the 3d John by his second wife, Mary Griffen, was born 2d mo. 27th, 1794, near Elizabeth City, N. C. Was married to Betsey Trueblood, of the same place, daughter of Joshua and Mary Henley Trueblood, 10th mo. 13th, 1814, he being in his 21st and she in her 17th year, their grandfathers, Daniel and Abel Trueblood, being first cousins. The marriage was according to the order then among Friends, and was consummated at a public meeting held at Symons Creek, Pasquotank Co., N. C., many relatives and friends signing the certificate of marriage. This happy young couple made their home with their mother while she lived, which was but a few months. The following spring they, with many others, turned their attention towards the new Northwest, to seek homes away from the sapping and blighting influence of human slavery. They turned away from the land of their nativity — the land where their beloved ancestry lay

buried; turned away from the ocean's waves, and towards the blue Alleghenies that loomed up in the western horizon, through the Cumberland Gap and across Kentucky, the then "bloody ground," to the falls of *La Belle Riviere*, and across this stream, traveled to the head water of Blue River, reaching Salem 7th of 7th mo., 1815. This caravan of Friends from the seaboard of North Carolina had eight wagons along. The one that James and his young wife came in was drawn by one horse. Joshua Trueblood, Nathan Trueblood, Matthew Coffin, Jehosaphat Morris, with their families, were some that helped to fill the wagons. John Cowen, a colored man that had been the property of Nathan Trueblood, drove one of the wagons." ["His father," as Margaret charmingly said, "had once belonged in the family."]

"James Trueblood obtained a fair education, and was a teacher in his native State, and the girl that he married was one of his students. His Father died 11th mo. 2d, 1796, and Joshua became his guardian, and it was with the help and sanction of his guardian that he liberated and sent North three slaves left him by his father." [Ah!] "James was ever after earnest in his opposition to human slavery, so much so, that he refused to eat, drink or wear any of the products that came through it. He bought him a farm a few miles from Salem, and happy it was this farm had a large grove of sugar maples on it, so he could draw from it each spring the sweet, that made the sugar and molasses used on the table. He raised the flax that made the linen goods, the wool that made the woolen garments, and sent to Cincinnati for the cotton goods; kept in a free labor

store by Levi Coffin. His farm was bought second-handed, and was about four miles northeast of Salem, and one mile north of the village of Canton. The little farm was beautifully situated, a stream of water rising in the orchard east of the house, and another on the west, the two coming together south of the house, and another spring of pure and cold water flowing out from under the roots of a spreading beach tree, near the place where these east and west streams came into one." [A little paradise, see Gen. 2, Garden of Eden.] "At the latter spring was the milk house, and where the water came from used in the house. The house stood on the knoll or hill between these small streams, and was known as 'Pleasant Hill.'" [The children's name, 'Rosy Bower'—Margaret A.] "The house was part of logs, and part a common frame, all of it being the work of James. Seeing him so ingenious with tools, people would ask if he had not learned the trade. But he was only with carpenter tools as he was with farm tools of all kinds. He had the vats, and tanned and made his own leather, and the shoes for a large young family" [Ten!] "while his good wife spun, wove and knitted, and bringing up her family along the line of self-support. 'Pleasant Hill' was known for the profusion of flowers; Roses, Dahlias and other flowers in their season, gave enchantment to the place." [As Margaret A.'s letter.] "The sugar grove was a quarter of a mile north of the house, and was on a plot of ground of but little over an acre, no other tree but the sugar maple being on the ground. In the midst of the grove was the *camp*, where the sweet sap was boiled

down, and taken to the house for the women folks to clarify and *stir* off.

“It seemed strange, and was often remarked about, that the great storm of May 21, 1860, that took down a wide swath of timber through this section, lifted, in its approval to the sugar grove, and left every tree standing, the wind lowering again to the ground after jumping it. James Trueblood was not much of a party man until the nomination of J. C. Fremont for the Presidency in 1856, when ‘Fremont and Freedom’ stirred his deepest feelings; and was equally with Lincoln and Hamlin in 1860. There were long years—between 1840 and 1856—that he never went to polls to cast a vote.” [Incident in Politics farther on.] “Another incident might be told here. James, in 1863, had a large fine carriage horse that most of the family could go out and bridle in the fields without trouble. John Morgan, in his *Raid through the country, went through Canton. Two of his soldiers drew up at James Trueblood’s residence, and, freebooters as they were, went out to get the fine horse they saw grazing in the field; but the horse did not see it the way the men did, and turned his heels on them and galloped off, and they went away cursing the *Quaker* horse. Another reminiscence showing James Trueblood’s standing with the people in his native State: Sometime in the early forties a stranger on horseback, with saddle-bags across his horse, was met on the public road, that passed his house, by one of the family, the stranger inquiring if James Trueblood did not live

* See Annie’s account of Morgan’s Raid at the end of Chapter.

about there. As there were three by that name, it was asked which one he meant. 'Why,' said he, 'I want to see the one we called "Gentleman James," in Carolina.' James Trueblood and wife were life members of the religious Society of Friends, as were their ancestors for many generations back. They held to the faith that every soul has implanted in it the seed of *eternal life. They each tried to cultivate this seed given them, and not be dependent on others to show them the path of life.

"James died 5 mo. 8, 1884, after a lingering illness of several months; Betsey died 4 mo. 22, 1884, caused by the terrible ordeal of fire. They were buried side by side in the old burial ground at Blue River. James Trueblood and wife had 10 children, all raised to maturity, namely: John H., Milton M., Mary E., Martha A., Susanna, Warner M., E. Hicks, Catharine M., Eliza E. and Rebecca M. To James Trueblood and wife we may apply the lines of Robert Burns:

' It's no in titles, nor in rank,
It's no in wealth like Lovian bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in making muckle wair,
It's no in books, it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest;
If happiness hae not her seat
And centrie in the breast,

* The user of the r.-c. p. does not agree with the doctrine that every soul has implanted in it a seed of eternal life. If, in the expression, "has" was changed to *had*, and restricted to Adam and Eve, before the fall, of course it would be accepted—by her. But the subject of diversity of doctrine among Friends will come up farther on.

We may be wise, or rich or great,
 But never can be blest;
 Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
 Could make us happy long;
 The heart aye's the part aye,
 That makes us right or wrong.'

E. HICKS TRUEBLOOD.'''

[Who has penned this glowing tribute to the memory of his father and mother.]

Hicks Trueblood also writes (3-22-1899): "I suppose thee knows or has heard that my Father was a *twin*, and that only my Father lived, and he was so small that he could be put into a quart cup and the lid put on, and that a silver dollar would cover his face."

[Cypress trees] "One of them, and I saw it last summer—is at my grandfather's old place; it spreads its limbs out 30 or 40 feet. Another one of the old trees is at Joseph Trueblood's, where thee knows Uncle Nathan lived. At my Father's were tall Lombardy poplars in front of the house, and on the side were grand old pines. This was when I was a boy—all gone now. The house was a two-story, and fronted south, with a piazza the length of it. My grandfather's place joined ours on the east, and was a short walk across the orchard and fields. I have a daughter in Pennsylvania that is an artist, and does some work for the papers. We have an incompleted chart, or tree, of the Trueblood family, my son, the author of it, dying before completing it. The design* is splendid."

As Uncle Jeptha's and Hicks Trueblood's farms are near each other, and their religious tenets in accord,

* Sarah saw this in her visit, July, '99, while at Salem.

these letters from the son of the former may not seem out of place here :

CITY HOTEL.

The only Hotel in the Southern Mines
Run on the European Plan.

SONORA, CAL., March 14, 1899.

Dear Cousin, S. Morrison :

Yours of the 7th at hand, and note what you say about a Family Biography. I am very busy all the time, and a very poor writer, outside of business, but will do all I can to help you. My life has been so varied, and I have been over so much of the country, and am now so mixed up with pursuits that are so different from any of our family. Now, you please give me (a) synopsis of what you wish and I will send it to you, and if you are out anything I will bear my share. I am in the gold mines out here, and such a life is so different from what any of our family know anything about, no one can form an idea of what I come in contact with. So you please let me know what you wish, and I will have a typewriter for you and get it up in shape. I have some dates of coincidence that it would take me some time to get here, but if any are wished by you I will get them. My kind regards to all your folks. Write me here. Your cousin,

O. R. MORRIS,

Box 394.

Sonora, Cal.

This is Jephtha's oldest son. Two from the younger have been already given. This is likewise characteristic. It is comfortable, however moderate one's wants and limited one's expectations, to be backed in undertaking by a Cousinly gold mine! So, if this book gets

out of manuscript, it will be in order to inquire, *i. e.* among relatives, whether it was able to make its own way, or had to be helped outside one's own resources. Blood is thicker than water and better than gold, and Oscar is a generous fellow whose kindred sympathies are quick in response, in spite of wanderings and the big world.

The second letter is equally his own, and as follows :

SONORA, March 24, 1899.

Miss S. P. Morrison, Indianapolis :

DEAR COUSIN — Yours of the 20th at hand, and note all you say. I wish to know if I get in my write-up in four or six weeks will do you, or would it discommode your work? The reason I ask I have a lot of dates and memorandums stored with an old Salem boy at Stockton, Cal., that I wish before I write you, and I will have to go down there in that time and will then get them. I shall write you a good lot of information in a few words, as you know the Morris Family think they are the only ones on earth. [No! really?] But, Cousin, if any of them will see so much of the world as I have, they would find there are others, not that I wish to brag on myself, but I have handled more money in the last 20 years than my whole family has seen. I just helped melt in bullion 22 pounds of gold yesterday. I have seen at one time 22 tons of gold and Bulion, and have been in mines 5,800 feet under ground — over a mile. I am a poor writer, and will have my write-up type-written for you, so now I will not bother you with my poor writing, but wait your reply.

Your Cousin,

Box 394, Sonora, Cal.

O. R. MORRIS.

S. wrote, giving him time, and has not heard from that day to this ! well in November !

Wrote again, (letter returned from mail). He is now in New Mexico. Book, *i. e.* MSS., done, December.

She went on with her story thus : While we wait for letters which will doubtless clear up many things still in cloud-land, and having at last gotten our kindred (nearest) away from the incubus of slavery, and nicely settled upon their own farms near Salem, we are ready for a description of Benoni's farm and the adjacent country, early life in Salem, and visits to and fro, from Uncle Nathan's oftenest, and Uncle Jimmy's and other relatives and friends, whose land — much of it contiguous farms lying along the public road, — soon smiled with sowings of various grains, but where the woodman's ax still resounded, and peaceful, happy families pursued their various occupations ; where domestic animals basked or browsed in the vales and upon the slopes, now partially cleared, and children played about the doors of substantial homes, where savages had lately roamed ; and where on Sabbath (1st day), and in the middle of the week, vehicles of various descriptions, riders on horseback, women with children, often a mother with babe in arms and child behind, sometimes two, wended their way to the Meeting. The house, a large structure, unpainted, unadorned, with wooden benches and galleries for dignitaries. There the men, assisting the women to alight and leisurely fastening horses, after standing about in groups and engaging in friendly converse, go in upon *their* side,

the women upon theirs, and sit the hour, often in entire silence, worshipping. Though sometimes weighty utterances poured forth upon the reverent assemblage, for they had preachers of power among them, women as well as men, and at rare and fixed times traveling ministers drawn to them, spoke as they received an unction from on high, wonderful words of insight in Scripture, spiritual condition, state of the meeting and individual heart, that admonished in tenderness, soothed, elevated and refreshed their waiting souls. The children *never* cried there, never were otherwise than "good," for they, too, felt the influence of the hush. Some compassionate sister-woman would softly lift the sleeping babe from its mother's lap; when it waked, she, too, was refreshed. Older little ones sat by father or mother in the separate rooms, with partition down about the level of their heads. Once in a while a cracker, or a cookie, or piece of apple prepared beforehand, or rarer still, a drop of candy, some such thing, would be given a little one; but it was no place for indulgence. Sometimes they slept leaning against mother or sister or in father's arms; but they early learned the meeting was not for that purpose, either. If there was ever a case of punishment for misbehavior, it has not come to the rose-colored pencil. We, cousins and friends, all know the sweet friendliness, the *gentle* (present generation please take note!), hand-shaking after the meeting was over. No hurry, no loud noise or laugh, but kind inquiries of the absent, pleasant, comforting messages to the sick, cordial invitations to dinner given and accepted among kindred chiefly, especially on 1st day. There was a reason for this, it was dinner time, and

the way home from a mile or two to three or four. All were there in 1st day suits, all clean, all happy, or so it always seemed, there was little sickness, no very old or infirm then among them, and so turning in to Uncle Nathan's — for it was on the way — with gates opened for them, and all waiting upon them, these nearest us, alighted. Rebecca, and Catherine, and Nixon, and Jephtha, and after a while, Sophia, and in another two years, Thomas, and so on, Joanna and Robert, and little Mary. Not all at once often, but in turn. What a flock, and how they grew! And Patience's brood; ah, they lost their oldest; what a blow was that! Not only William, and Elizabeth, and Aseneth, but Joseph, and Mary Ann, and Margaret, and Uncle Jimmy's full quiver. How they've all multiplied and grown! There are never too many. "No," says Patience, "we had *such* a big turkey, I said if you did not all come, it could not be eaten." Or perhaps to Benoni's on mid-week day, or when they happen to be in town. They have a roast pig (always just the right age), and *they* must come, or *it* will never be eaten. Great dishes of choice beef, shoulders of mutton, pies! vegetables, fruit, every wholesome, toothsome thing. The children are simply guided, not controlled. How can they need with such company? The elders talk comfortably. Some one has had a letter from "Old North," or some one is coming. Perhaps they have some revered guest. There is no flattery. Everything a little more stately. The children a little more remote, after a greeting and some kind word to each young heart. Catherine and Elizabeth pace apart on the green. The boys are here and there. Sophia listens to the wise

ones. Nixon, too, and where they are, some of their cousins as attendants or guests.

The first table is soon ready. The children, "No, they shall all wait," says either careful mother, except a vacant place filled by one of the little ones who will not easily leave mother. The babes have been satisfied, and are asleep, or off somewhere, the mothers know, well cared for, (they do eat a long time), but the children have had "a piece"—apples, nuts, and their time comes. All nicely arranged for them; all in order, all pleasantly helped. How pleasant it all is. Too soon, the children think, they must go. If at Nathan's, Benoni can be ready in a twinkling. Yes, Rebecca thinks they "had better go. It has been pleasant. When will you come." And they do, when in town, generally, but it is easier for Benoni's to stop from meeting. There is no jealousy, no feeling of undue obligation. Their ways are different, in some respects. Uncle Nathan's house, Trueblood; Benoni's, Morris, but this constant intercourse is good for both families. And if Benoni is a little breezy for Nathan—too much so, Rebecca often thinks—or Nathan a little too quiet for Benoni, it is so good for Rebecca, and the children are so fond of each other, what could be better? So Nathan turns to Patience, and Benoni makes himself a mate with his own; he has no more lonely hours afield. They learn to ride; learn everything. Nixon, Jephtha are great helpers, and Thomas and Robert coming on; now Catherine? Well, she is certainly a beautiful spinner, and how she sits a horse and drives! and everything she likes she does so easily and well. "My good child, Sophia," the mother

says, and their school days have begun, and there is Salem, even now a considerable town, and yet to be!

THE MORGAN RAID.

1863.

SALEM, IND.

This was a memorable summer at home. One beautiful morning early, there came a man in breathless haste, running at the top of his speed. "Oh, take these notes and bonds! Hide them! Hide them! Morgan has crossed the river and will be in Salem in less than an hour! We are trying to save what we can, and the *bank* will be the first place they will go!" My mother handed my sister Maria one package, and I took the other. I hid mine under the carpet on the stairway. I do not know what she did with hers. We were all dazed with *terror*. We had just returned from preparing a bounteous lunch for our home guards, who were drilling in the public square. The lunch was nicely spread in the court house. What a feast it was for Morgan's men! How they enjoyed their breakfast! And our own home guards hungry *all the day!* It seemed a very short time until the winding roads of Salem were swarming with a mounted foe, *armed to the teeth*. Our beautiful flag was tied to a mule's tail and dragged in the dust. The dreadful news spread like wild-fire. The town was in a delirium of excitement and fear. One storekeeper had a new cistern which was dry. He saved his goods by throwing everything inside, and placing an empty dry goods box over the opening. When Morgan's men came to that store they found "*For Rent*" on the door, and retreated in dis-

gust. At other places they made hasty havoc of whatever they fancied. The finest silks they wound around their forms for sashes, neckties and hat bands; but the humiliation and disgrace that our home guards were compelled to submit to was the worst of all. They were disarmed and paroled. The officers were placed upon mules or on the broken-down horses that they had brought, and tied bareheaded in the blistering sun, compelled to ride backwards.

On and on came the "wave of war!" There were about twenty-five hundred or three thousand at the most (some say five thousand); but the way they came into the town at one side and went through the square and came around again over the same road, made it seem as if the whole Southern army was pouring in upon us. They were only here about *three hours* (in the town), but said they were coming back at night to *burn the town*, and as proof of this they set fire to the railroad station, which burned to the ground.

They having supplied themselves with our horses, swept over the fields like a whirlwind. It was in the midst of the wheat harvest — fences were thrown down, all our *good* horses were taken and their foaming, *worn-out beasts* left behind. They ordered us to get them something to eat — this we refused to do* — though some families were afraid to resist as *we* did. We told them we had not taken a mouthful all day. Several shots were fired at our house. After that there came tearing through the house one of our own men in Federal uniform: "A suit of clothes! Oh, a suit of old

* Mother gave bread in a bag they handed her; said simply, we had no "sweet cakes," when they asked for them.

clothes; for heaven's sake, anything!" This was Captain Rodman. He had been paroled in Kentucky. Morgan recognized him and told him he would be shot. He was fleeing to the woods. How he managed to escape, no one knows, but he afterwards told us that he hid among the mullen stalks and juniper weeds at the foot of the *garden*. When the men were pursuing him, there was a little *dog*, barking furiously, just within reach of him; he seized the little brute and dashed it against a stone, and silenced that voice *forever*. This was all that saved him. About two o'clock the *flying hordes* shook the dust from their feet, and the lovely hills of Salem reverberated again to the sound of a retiring army. Oh, how dismal the tolling of the church bells all that afternoon and all night long! Not a soul undressed in our household. They did not return, for Hobson was close upon their trail. The smouldering ruins of the railroad station and the wholesale desolation of our beautiful fields was the terrible track of these warlike marauders — whom the Southern Army* scorned to call *Confederates*.

(MRS.) ANNIE R. COFFIN (MORRISON).

* Yes, but their act was responsible for them.



CHAPTER X.

BENONI'S FARM AND EARLY LIFE IN SALEM — DESCRIPTION — HOUSE — BENONI — FAMILY LIFE — SCHOOL BOOKS — WIT — FARM IMPROVEMENT — ROBERT'S AND DR. KING'S LETTERS.

The farm purchased as we know for Benoni, by his brother-in-law, Nathan Trueblood, who had preceded him to Indiana, was on the west of Salem, county seat of Washington, and across a considerable branch of Blue River. It was very different from Nathan's, recently described. No outlook like that upon noble hills, but with wider sweeps of view. It had been selected for large cultivation, and was gently rolling in nearly every direction. It was, much earlier, extensively cleared. The prospects were wide instead of picturesque. Far off to the north bounded by dense woods, also to the west; when a little towards the south, and then quite in front, the ground sloped smartly down to the spring lot. Everything was on a large, broad scale, but this, of course, showed better later, when Salem looked like a little city across the southeast, the undulating ground descending either way to the creek bottom. But for a long time woods skirted the intervening inclining plains.

(Joseph Trueblood thought he had the letter of instruction Benoni had written respecting the farm his

father was to purchase for him, but could not find it during Sarah's Salem visit. It may come to light some day.)

When the final two-story compact brick was built, it faced the east, with its front door opening in the middle into a hall from which the stairs ascended, with a little room above, and on either side, the girls' ample room, and the boys', also large, and two beds in each. Below was the parlor, at the left, and on the right, two rooms of half the size exactly, making longish rooms — sleeping apartments of grandma and grandpa. Next, the large living room, and instead of an extension of the hall, the inevitable open Southern piazza, with the kitchen and dining room in one on the north. The garret was over the latter; the cellars under the parlor and hall. There was a smoke house back of the kitchen. The garden extended west from the yard. There was a Balm of Gilead tree near the entrance of the garden, and as stately Lombardy poplars on the north of the yard; a mulberry tree in the northeast corner; a delicious yellow plum in the southeast, and some evergreens, a cedar or two, Sarah remembers. In the spring lot was a beautiful round-topped maple, shading the walk half way down; and off at one side, the farther east, giant oaks and hickory, giant tall. It was a long lot, running past yard and garden and descending from the back pasture and barn lot, irregular in shape on account of "the branch," as the little spring stream was called, which took its rise towards the west and deepened in the opening, or milk house, close by, and issued from beneath its thick walls, running a pretty rivulet towards the east. The vineyard, discontinued in after later years, extended from the

yard on the east far to the outlet of the farm, by a road or lane as it was called, to Salem. A long lane ran on the north, skirting it, and past the house yard, where a large gate led to the barn lot. On the other side of the lane were pasture grounds, and in rotation, crops, successively of corn, grass, clover, oats, wheat. There were fields, large ones, for all of these, extensive rolling ground over which the morning sun shone beautifully, or the rainbow or evening rays glorified. The views, from the upper east windows especially, were wide extended, and at either morning or evening, enchanting; while at night the whole visible starry expanse could be seen from different positions in the yard.

In the lane near the north door of the sitting room was the carriage house, and nearly opposite the kitchen door the "shop," but later built. "Whose apprentice were you, Uncle Robert?" asked Sarah. I fear she said "Uncle Bob." "Bob. Morris'," was his reply.

It should have been remarked before, there was an ample shed or roof with supports running the length of the house on the north, an open porch with brick pavement. There had been a loom room attached to the old kitchen, and then the loom in the large new kitchen, but it, as well as the grand fire-place, with its crane and appurtenances, had to make way in time for modern improvements, and the inevitable stove was introduced; but the fire-place was kept open for a good while, and both were frequently in amicable joint operation and service. The sitting room, as it was called, had its fire-place also, equally large, leaving a little passage-way between that and the kitchen on the side toward the piazza. On the other side in the kitchen

was the sink ; in the sitting room the long clock. The kitchen was furnished with two large cupboards, besides in the modern one an ample pantry opening on the west. The piazza at the kitchen end had its well and cistern both under its cover. The sitting room contained Grandpa's secretary at the northeast corner ; another writing table, with books above, on the east ; a leaf table, for work, on the south, and two other small ones—one square, with a drawer, the other a round top, which could be let down. These were called "stands," and brought out generally at night for the candlestick to stand, more properly sit, upon. There were tiny fire-places in the bed rooms below stairs ; Sarah thinks no such provision up stairs. In the parlor, a nice fire-place with a tall mantel piece, wooden, but painted to look like black veined marble. The carpet was a heavy Brussels, and there was a large velvet rug in front of the fire-place, representing a fruit basket with fruit and flowers, but the insterstices of the basket, or the representation of willow making the insterstices, looked to her childish eye like piano keys, at which she fingered in fantasy many the times.

The parlor was furnished with the conventional black hair-cloth huge sofa and six (or was it twelve?) solemn, straight-backed chairs to match, set in precise order against the wainscot walls, while a lone rocking chair of the same description had its place near the center table, of course that in the exact center of the large square room. Brass andirons and candlesticks and snuffers in a similar dish adorned the fire-place and mantel piece. A magnificent pea-fowl feather duster hung by the side of the chimney, and a dainty hair

broom, or long handled brush it might better be called, adorned the other side. Up stairs and in the bed rooms were bureaus and chests of cedar and cypress for clothes and bedding, a small mirror in each room, and a few chairs. There was a large long mirror in the parlor; a few elegantly bound books on the center table, including the family Bible and some trifles. A large shell or two brought from afar, were at the door, and some exquisite ones adorned the mirror place. Sarah often put them to her ear and heard what "the wild waves were saying."

In all of these homes there was one thing the same, the Southern piazza. It was a memory of the dear home-land. In thought, those who had left it, saw where the "Virgin's bower is twined;" the Southern jessamine, the Virginia creeper, the roses. As the fragrant honeysuckle by the garden gate shed its sweets on the air, many the thoughts of those still there, and fervent petitions were whispered to heaven for their well-being, and for their sakes that of the "Old North State."

Sir Walter Scott, in describing the valley of the clan of the McDonalds of Glencoe, says in *Tales of a Grandfather*, "The minds of men are formed by their habitations." The children of Benoni and Rebecca certainly had room for expansion of hardy bodies; resolute, liberal minds; kind, generous hearts.

The farm was a quarter section of arable land, virgin soil, susceptible of endless improvement, though then, *i. e.* in earliest times, chiefly wooded, and to which Benoni added from time to time until it comprised many more acres. These were added to by

Robert, until as far as the eye could reach, and more, in most directions, was "Grandpa's farm." They also owned what was known as "The Oak Woods," containing a magnificent spring, which in later years Robert deeded to the town of Salem for water works, a great boon, as the town had frequently suffered greatly from drouths before.

Such was Benoni's farm, or such it came to be; though it was said when he first contemplated it, and compared it with the rich land of North Carolina, bordering upon the Sound, which his indefatigable enterprising father — they said he ran to his work — and his six stout sons had brought to the pitch of cultivation, and when he considered what he must do single-handed and alone to eke out a scanty existence — they *do* say he said the soil was "no thicker than a bull's hide" — and sat down, covering his face with his hands, and wept. But his decision had been made; he was not a man to go back upon his own convictions. If he had an hour of reaction, of weakness, after his journey, when he had necessarily had every faculty on the alert, it passed. His family were here. It was for them, in great measure, he had made the sacrifice. They had been delivered from a deadly snare and temptation. They had been protected on their eventful journey. His dear wife and three little children were sheltered under the roof of her loved brother, only a few miles away, while he prepared a home. This was for only a very little while. Sped to them on his fleet horse, he rested with them there a few Sabbaths. He was well, he was stout, he was resolute. He *knew*. He had been trained to early rising, and all vigorous, thrifty

habits, and was now fast becoming inured to hardship. Rebecca was not behind him in endurance, and beyond him in economy. He had the fear of God before his eyes. He was of a happy, jovial temperament, and now for it!

Soon a place was sufficiently cleared for a good though temporary dwelling, while preparations were pushed forward from time to time for the substantial two-story brick structure described, and it was not long before he had—who can tell the acres cleared? The house, yard, the garden, with its great asparagus bed on one side; the vineyard, the pasture, the barn and lot, the orchard, with its rare and bounteous supply of apples back of the barn, and the peach orchard later, on still rising ground farther on, unknown, all well under way, and the fruits of his persevering, well-planned, heaven-blessed labors coming into his hand.

How else Benoni, had his single arm accomplished so much in so short a time? For except for the farmer's extra occasions, as "killing," harvest "raising," he had had little help until his own boys were large enough to be of substantial assistance. He drew a long breath in wonder at his own past since coming. How had he endured? Unutterable had been his longings for dear "Old North," as they affectionately called North Carolina, for his dear loved father, those comrade brothers, full of life and spirit. What an inexhaustible fount of youth he must have had within, to have borne up as he had! There were times, none but God knew of the furtive tear that dropped on his working clothes. The involuntary sigh, nay *sob*, for the familiar tones he might never again hear. Many the ejacula-

tory appeals to heaven for help, for consolation, for light, for cheer. Sometimes — not often — his sturdy frame would suddenly droop, his strong arm falter, and he bowed his head on his sleeve, and felt the burden bear him down. But his wife was no laggard. At the thought of her and the carefully kept home and well ordered meals, and all her wholesome, thrifty ways, of their precious prattlers, he would give a short laugh, toss his dejected head back, seize his dropped tool, plow handle, rein, or what it might be; happiness had returned to his manly breast. It was for them. They were his; he had been richly repaid all along. “Benoni, be a man!”

His rules of life were simple, well thought out, and adhered to, though there was no rigidity in his system, and he was ever cheerful, generous, just and kind. He kept strict and clear accounts; did not go in debt; worked his day’s task; took his regular times for rest; kept a diary; kept a record of the weather — the thermometer hung on a nail in one of the posts of the north side big porch; read history, or something equally improving, by bits every day; took the organ of Friends as soon as it was published, from Philadelphia; the town paper, when it began; sought the companionship of the worthy, the intelligent, the influential; conversed freely with his family; read reverently a portion of Scripture with them aloud every evening before retiring, and with bowed head they engaged in solemn, silent worship.

They sat in the same manner at every meal before beginning to eat. Nothing was done hurriedly, or in a disorderly manner; Rebecca would not have permit-

ted it. They ate heartily of excellent, substantial food, but there was no gluttony among them, and though such workers, none of them were great meat-eaters or overly fond of coffee. Tea was scarcely used among them. Cider they had in apple time and in winter, and wine and other spirits in rare cases of sickness. Rebecca had a case of choice liquors, with elegant bottles, cut glass and gilt, but it never appeared before the children; was reserved for great guests on great occasions, for infirmities and for accidents, supposedly, for Sarah never once saw any poured out.

They went to "meeting" regularly, three miles, then more when it was beyond Uncle Nathan's — not only on First-day, but to the mid-week meetings, though the field was left with the plow — not the horse — standing in the furrow. Whoever belonged to the family went; Rebecca, children, baby, whenever it was practicable. Rebecca was more zealous, stricter, of more frugal habit than Benoni, and kept things in doors well in place, reared her children most carefully in habits of industry, neatness, order, regularity and decorum; was a very Orthodox Friend indeed, as was greater need than in North Carolina, which has never had any trouble with differences in belief.

There was a little old brick school house on the other side of Salem, first taught by Patrick — not an Irishman, I believe — who was a printer and editor, a local preacher — Methodist, possibly — and an assistant Judge, perhaps not all at once. He must have been an influential character of considerable ability and education, of probity, too, Sarah has heard. After awhile a young man who had not succeeded at Walnut

Ridge, but it was thought not his fault, was engaged, not as a rival to Patrick, but in the new Co. Seminary. Patrick performed an important service for him later in life. He was about 19 then, but was thought to have prodigious learning. It will not do to take up the remaining portion of this chapter with him. His name will occur frequently later.

As each child, girl as well as boy, became old enough, Benoni gave it a colt, which the little owner cared for and trained under the father's judicious supervision. Several of them became fine riders and drivers, Catherine notably so, holding the reins in that skilled manner showing the accomplished horsewoman. Jephtha was a famous one about horses. A Jehu, when he became a young man, who would allow nothing on the road to pass him. But the children could hardly think of taking horse to school, a short distance for farmers' children. It was safer and better to walk. The way to school in Salem must have taxed not only shoes, but patience, perseverance and ingenuity, for it was two miles and more over quite an extent of more or less unbroken country, with a stream to cross which became formidable in times of a freshet; sometimes with the log gone upon which they usually crossed, sometimes with the bridge, too, swept away, farther down; but the ever vigilant father and careful mother were equal to whatever emergency arose. And Catherine said in case of sudden showers or snow, her ever thoughtful, kind father, would be at the school house with some kind of vehicle, perhaps with his empty wood wagon, ready to carry a more precious load full of girls and boys. Her Sabbath school teacher, for it seems she

was permitted to go into town for that, was a lovely, gentle lady, though frail, whom the young school-master had married, and who died within a year. This is, however, anticipating, for it was after Catherine started at West Town. Maria Morrison's husband, for that was her name, placed a broad marble, or some sort of stone slab, bearing in lettering, plain yet after an interval of seventy years, "A Christian;" but what tears he shed, or sighs he breathed, or loneliness he felt, who is there to tell?

Catherine bloomed into beauteous womanhood, her father's joy and pride. Her brothers, Nixon and Jephtha, as different in temperament and chosen pursuits as Jacob and Esau of old, regarded accordingly by father and mother, were getting to be almost young men. Sophia was already a good student, as well as her mother's trusted ally in domestic affairs. Thomas and Robert were sturdy boys, Joanna a sprightly little girl, nearly all going to school, except the little Mary, who wanted four apples, they wrote to Catherine, away in another year, when she was four years old. They had been wonderfully preserved and prospered. Health and plenty had smiled. The father and mother were still young and hearty. They had valued friends, not only among the Quaker connection at and near Canton, a little village, more than a mile beyond Uncle Nathan's and the meeting house; but in town, among whom were the Parkes, the Newbys, and Booths, and Bradleys, and Campbells, and Lyons; merchants, doctors, large factory and mill owners, and judges, and lawyers, and substantial cabinet-makers and other tradesmen who flourished, and were respected according to their

degree and merits. What was there to do but to continue as they were, and have their children wed in due time and make homes of their own, and emulate the virtues of those who had risked and endured, that they might enjoy?

UNCLE ROBERT'S LETTER.

“We now have but little conception of the inconvenience the first settlers had to encounter. Getting grinding done and lumber sawed, and salt for the table, stock and meats, were some of the hard, difficult things. Think of going to mill and taking your turn, using your own team hitched to a long pole, together with the miller's team, pulling around for a long time, you doing the driving, and slow grinding at that, which has given cause for many sayings. A boy said to the miller, ‘I can eat that meal faster than you can grind it.’ ‘Yes,’ says the miller, ‘How long can you hold out at that?’ The boy said, ‘Until I starve to death.’ ’T was said that a grist-mill, situated near our front gate, run by water conducted by race on overshot wheel, as soon as it would get done grinding one grain (grist?) ’t would hop right on to another; and a saw-mill in the neighborhood would go up one day and come down the next. Right here, allow me to digress a little; what we called the Institute that your Father built (I think about ’34), the timber was sawed with what was called a whip-saw. The log was placed on a frame, one man above and one underneath, thus pulling the saw up and down. I just can remember seeing it done. By the way, that building is remodeled, and ground graded down to bottom of pavement

on south side, a flat roof, and the house painted a stone or slate color. It is wonderfully improved."

Besides the inconvenience of milling, Uncle Robert mentioned during the Salem visit that salt had to be brought on horseback from New Albany. Of his father's fertility of expedients, he said: "He made himself the first horse hay-rake I ever saw. He would rake till it came to the full, then stop the horse, raise it up and drop it on the windrow," [whatever that is, says Ignorance], "and then start again." In the same connection Robert told of their "gathering corn in the field, he 60, I 20. 'How long before I will be twice as old as thee?'" Robert said he studied awhile and reckoned it. "'I said in twenty years he would be 80, I 40.' 'At that rate how long before we would be of the same age?'"

Thus he amused while he sharpened the wits of his children.

Sarah intended to have a list of his *books*. The Bible he placed first, of which he was a diligent, thoughtful, reverent reader. There were two Family ones: The large embossed one, kept on the parlor center table, used upon special occasions on 1st day and by guests, though there was no prohibition upon turning it over and looking at the pictures or reading, it had in it the *Family Record*; and a convenient sized one for daily family use, with strong leather binding, besides a New Testament containing at the back the Psalms, all in large plain print. Another book in which he read a great deal, probably knew most of it, was *Elements of History*, price \$2.25, his name, Benoni Morris, 1833. There was a flower drawn on the same

page below the name, a tulip, small size, presumably by Catherine. He bought sparingly, judiciously, well selected volumes, frequently at sales, and made their principal contents his own. Famous Salem names appear in some of them as owners from whom they had come to him.

O, Rose-colored Pencil, how you, the holder thereof, have drawn on your own resources. Here comes a letter from Dr. King, of California, who lived in Salem before *you* had an existence, corroborating the oft-told tale of Grandpa's weeping when he saw his poor land. Did you forget? Arable land, indeed! Yes, *made* so stupid, read the letter, and know history must be reliable.

“ I am glad you are writing up your mother's side of the house. My remembrances of Benoni Morris are very pleasant. I recollect his purchase of the old home place on the long eastern slope, west of ‘the creek,’ the west fork of Blue River. It was considered the most improvident speculation he could have made. But, like Michael Angelo's rough block of marble, he ‘saw an angel in it.’ With four sturdy, industrious boys, and his own hand and practical head to direct, ‘the wilderness was made to blossom as the rose.’ In less than five years that quarter section, by an almost incomprehensible process of evolution, was changed from the poorest and most unproductive farm in the vicinity of Salem, into one of remarkable fertility and productiveness. Nixon, Jephtha and Thomas were the reliance for routine work on the farm, while Bob engineered his bovine chariot (ox cart) regularly between the farm and town, transporting all manner of fertilizers from

the barn yards and stables and the old 'ashery' in town to the broad fields at home. But Benoni Morris did not neglect the cultivation of the minds of his children any more than of his productive acres of land, they all enjoyed all the educational advantages afforded at the Washington County Seminary, and some of them the facilities of a higher education"— [all who would, Sarah]. "By his wise and judicious treatment of his land, rotation of crops, persistent fertilizing and clovering, he probably did more to revolutionize and improve agricultural methods in that country than all his contemporaries combined. He was to agriculture what Jno. J. Morrison, 'The Little School-Master,' was to education.

"One of my ambitions is to once more greet my old and dearest friend, Robt. Morris, before I 'shuffle off this mortal coil.' He is, I think, the biggest-hearted boy I ever knew." With which Sarah cordially agrees, and thus ends the chapter and this volume.

Cousins all, A Merry Christmas and Happy New Years!

FINAL NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS.

What has been furnished by Eli Morris is later information and inserted. Burke's Landed Gentry is printed by "Harrison, Publisher to the Queen, Pell Mell, London."

John, Uncle Nathan's and Aunt Patience's oldest son, was early killed by a runaway horse.

Clarkie (or -ey) Morris, d. of Joshua and Hannah, m. William Pool. The record is, "This couple changed their minds and married out of meeting." Daring deed in those days.

Sarah has a more complete list of dates respecting Grandpa's brothers and sisters, but cannot very well, at this time, add to what has been already given.

She will be obliged to anyone who will kindly notify her of errors in the book.

ADDENDA.

AGONIES OF PROOF READING.

Printer, O Printer! Thou 'rt not a machine
But a sensible lad, so print what I mean.
And if I should write what 's not very clear,
Please straighten it out — Editorial Dear!
Not that I'll suffer a change in my say,
No! not a word, but point me the way,
Yet change not a "point," on peril of your life!
For sure as you do betwixt us there's strife.
To gently show me what you think would be best,
And I to joyfully do all the rest,—
Could Writers and Printers thus sweetly agree,
What writing and printing galoriously!

Respectfully,

S. P. M.

(*Sotto Voce* :)

But the fat's in the fire
If we can't win the buyer
To like us nilly willy
Whether wise or silly,
If he won't — call him a l—r!

Please append the following :

Preface. p. 4. The writer—gives—change in person from — I — give.

p. 10. Omit — in another place it (says), and insert — The Revised Version says “of one” (“blood”), omitted, (*man*) understood. Also p. 10 — remained.

p. 13. — 84.

p. 23. Strike out — by permission of, and write — extracted by Eli Morris from, etc., and add — Morrison-Reeves Library, Richmond, Ind. “*Mare or i.*”

(Motto over Morris' Arms.) Translated by Mrs. Elizabeth A. Mills, of Knightstown, Ind.

Gwell Angau na chilydd.

Better Death than Shame.

p. 40. leadership (printer!)

p. 51. Edwin M. Stanton is the name referred to in Note.

p. 54. Rebecca b. 1787.

p. 56. (See p. 99.)

p. 67. Rebecca's marriage on the 14th.

p. 67. Omit before — 20,—and before — 16.

p. 72. Omit — perhaps by a second marriage.

p. 73. Omit. “Betsey,” and insert “Mary A.(?)”

Also p. 75. Omit “Betsey,” and insert “Mary A.(?)”

p. 75. Omit 2d — between two — and — sons.

p. 82. portentously (no *i*—printer! Oh, printer!)

p. 88. —and died 1772.

p. 97. Mother Mary was—insert—not yet—gone.

p. 99. “emigration.” (Annals generally immigration. Rather mixed — see Webster.)

p. 114. forming lakes (printer!)

p. 135. *hint* of nature (printer!)

p. 144. after Rebecca M. insert — besides their own children they raised two grandchildren, Alice T. Overman and James Griffen Trueblood.

p. 147. Box 824. Did S. make a mistake here?

Grandpa's grandfather Joshua was married *four* times. The first child had the singular name, "Orison." Another singular name, "Demaris *Morrison*, was the 2d wife of Henry White, 1615." Their 2d child was also so named. "Married John Symons," the date, "6-8-1700." 85 years probably refers to her death (?) But where did the "Morrison" come from?

Grandpa's 2d brother was married twice. "1st, Tamer Overman. 2d, Mary Pool."

Mary, Grandpa's 1st sister, married "7-16-1795, Cyphian Shepherd, son of John."

The children of Mordicai, Jr., and Martha Winslow, d. John and Rachel White, were:

Susanna, 8-18-1809 — 8-14-1833, m. John T. White
2-21-1829. His 2d wife was Hannah Parker,
d. Benj. and Grace.

Abigail, 6-21-1812 — 18—.

John Winslow, 8-11-1816 — 12-11-1835.

Benoni's "married life was 60 years to a day." John T. White authority (old paper upon which S. took it down from his mouth).

Anderson, m. Mary Toms, d. John and Mary Anderson, 12-1-1812.

Time taken to thoroughly mark the pages for these references will make them not in vain.

ALICE'S VALENTINE.

Dear little girl
 With hair in curl
 On special Sundays,
 O, may your heart,
 Be just as smart
 When come "blue Mondays!"
 And mirror clear
 Your mind, no fear
 Tho' fortune lower;
 Your soul a pearl,
 Tho' round you whirl
 The world,—but you a flower!
 as wind round

Feb. 14, 1902.



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