A FAMILY RETROSPECT

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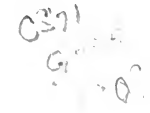
BY
MARY ELLEN GRAYDON SHARPE

"Each generation gathers together the imperishable children of the past, and increases them by new sons of light, alike radiant with immortality."—BANCROFT.

Personal Edition

THE HOLLENBECK PRESS
INDIANAPOLIS



DEDICATED

TO MY CHILDREN

"Out of monuments, names, words, proverbs, traditions, private records and evidences, fragments of stories, passages of books, and the like, we do save and recover somewhat from the deluge of time."

—BACON.

FOREWORD

For the benefit of my children and relatives, I have gathered together bits of authenticated family history, to which I have added my own reminiscences.

No effort has been made to present a formal account or complete history of a family worthy of much better treatment; but it has been the pleasant undertaking of one—already past her fourscore years—to set forth these annals. A grateful tribute to past generations—and a labor of love for the present.

MARY ELLEN GRAYDON SHARPE.

Indianapolis, 1909.

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ALEXANDER GRAYDON, the first of his name in America, was born in Longford, Ireland, in 1708, of Scotch-Irish parents. He was educated in Dublin and graduated from the Dublin University. He was married to a Miss Emerson, and in 1730 came to this country, settling in Philadelphia. There his wife died some years later, leaving two children. "Being designed for the pulpit he had received a fine education, to which, having added many of the accomplishments at the time in fashion, he was distinguished in his home city, Philadelphia, both as a scholar and a gentleman."

Chief Justice Shippen has said of him: "He was the person always appealed to in

the coffee house controversies of the young men of the day, on points of science and literature."

During his presidency of the county courts of Bucks he had made himself a good lawyer in so much that at the time of his death he was in nomination for the office of a judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

From copies of his letters to his friends in Ireland, soon after his arrival in Philadelphia, he appears not to have taken up very favorable sentiments of its inhabitants.

"Most of our trading people," he says, "are complaisant sharpers; and that maxim in trade—to think every man a knave until the contrary appears, would well be observed here if anywhere. In this province we have a toleration for all religions, which some have enlarged so far as to make a neglect and indifference of *all* religions their *only religion.*" These being the opinions of

a young man of about two and twenty years of age, it is not improbable that they were too hastily formed. In a letter dated the 18th of March, 1731, he says: "Soon after we arrived here we rented a house from one Mr. Peter Boynton, adjacent to his own, who is a considerable merchant in this city. As he is a man of singular sobriety and not well affected to the reigning humor in this town, he has admitted us into his chief confidence and distinguished us as his principal friends and associates, in so much that he will enter upon no project or design in trade without admitting us to a share in it; and from the success of some we have already undertaken we have not the least room to doubt his sincerity and kindness." Such is his sketch of Philadelphia manners in 1731.

He continued to reside in Philadelphia and in the war, probably with Spain, which broke out in 1741, was engaged with several of the leading men of the city in building

and fitting out the Tartar privateer. This vessel, supposed to be the finest, as she was the largest, that had at that time been built on the Delaware, had a singular fate. On her passage to the sea, at a fine season of the year, she was lost in the bay. To make the most of a gentle breeze, she was under full sail, when either from a deficiency of ballast, a disproportion in her rigging or some other fault in her construction, she was almost instantaneously overturned. The owners, who had formed a party to see her out of the capes, were on board, Alexander Graydon among them. So mild was the day, and so little cause was there for apprehension, that he was amusing himself on deck with one of Molière's plays when the disaster happened. Finding himself precipitated among the waves, he seized on a chest that had floated from the vessel and with two sailors who were also on it were driven at the mercy of the waves for a considerable

time with no prospect of relief. They were about to resign themselves to their fate when a vessel hove in sight and appeared to be making toward them. It proved to be true, and they were taken up while yet enough of vital power remained to render the means used for their restoration efficacious. The captain and the great part of the Tartar's crew were drowned, as were most of the owners on board."—This account of my great-grandfather has been taken from "Graydon's Memoirs."

Alexander Graydon's second wife was Rachel Marks, the eldest of four daughters. She was born in the island of Barbadoes and at the age of about seven years came with her parents to reside in Philadelphia. Her father was a German, born in Frankfort-on-the-Main. He had been engaged in business in Barbadoes and brought with him into Pennsylvania considerable property. Her mother was from Scotland, born in the city

of Glasgow. How these ancestors of mine, with so little national affinity, were brought together I do not know. They resided in London previously to settling in the Barbadoes. "While the tongue of my great-grandfather retained the character of its original dialect, that of his wife bore testimony of the country of her birth, and while he, a determined Episcopalian, had his pew in Christ church, she, a strict Presbyterian, was a constant attendant at Buttonwood church. No feuds were engendered by this want of religious conformity, and if my male ancestor sometimes consented to hear a sermon at the Presbyterian church, it might be considered a concession on his part for a sermon of Archbishop Tillotson which was regularly read aloud by one of the family on Sunday evening."

Rachel Marks, who became the wife of Alexander Graydon, was pronounced by the celebrated Dr. Baird, "the finest girl in

Philadelphia, having the manners of a lady bred at court," and when I look at her dainty wedding slipper of white satin embroidered in colors and spangled, which is still carefully preserved, I can well imagine my gracious great-grandmother dancing the stately minuet with charming dignity.

They had three sons, Alexander, Andrew and William. "They moved with their family to Bristol, Bucks county, Pennsylvania. There he built a large country mansion on an elevation a mile from the town, on the banks of the Delaware. He had long been improving the site before he began to build; had planted it with the best fruits of every kind, and given to it the style of embellishment, with respect to the disposition of the ground and trees, which was at that time in fashion." Several India ink drawings of this estate, made by one of his sons, are still in existence. This home he enjoyed only a few years, his death coming suddenly

in March, 1761. "His funeral took place in Philadelphia. Six of his old friends there were the pall-bearers. Much pomp was shown on the occasion. He was buried in the graveyard of the Market street church in or near the tomb wherein his first wife laid. He died possessed of a large landed property, consisting of an equal part of one thousand acres near Bristol, purchased in conjunction with Mr. McIlvaine in the year 1752, of William Whitaker of London."

Mrs. Graydon was left a widow at the age of thirty-two with a family of four children. She decided to remove to Philadelphia in order to educate her sons, and while there she occupied *The Old Penn House* on Market street, known as the "Slate House."

During the stirring times preceding the Revolution many British officers made their home with her, as with some others of the good citizens of the little city, then so

crowded with foreigners. Washington and Hancock were also frequent guests.

Two sons, at the commencement of the war, entered the service, Alexander and Andrew. The latter gave his life to his country early in the strife, the former became captain in the regiment of Colonel Cadwallader of Philadelphia, and met with many interesting adventures. These, with the bravery of his mother, have filled quite a little space in the annals of that period and the latter may justly be called "a matron of the Revolution." When the war commenced in earnest it was not deemed safe to remain in Philadelphia and she removed to Reading, where, the account continues, "her home was the seat of hospitality and the resort of numerous guests of distinction. Baron de Kalb was often there and between her own and General Mifflin's family there was a strong intimacy existing."

In 1777, Captain Graydon was taken

prisoner at the battle of Fort Washington, and it was rumored the prisoners were inhumanly treated and were to be sent to England. Mrs. Graydon determined to go to New York, notwithstanding the opposition of her friends on account of the difficulties of traveling at that time. She accordingly purchased a horse and chair and set out for Philadelphia. On her arrival in the city, a relative of her mother named Fisher was officious in tendering his services to drive her to New York, and the offer was accepted, but when they had nearly reached Princeton, they were overtaken, to their astonishment, by a detachment of American cavalry, Fisher, it seems, being a loyalist. Mrs. Graydon, found in such evil company, was also taken in custody, and after some delay was obliged to retrace her road to Philadelphia under an escort of horse.

When they arrived at Bristol on their return, means were found for Mr. Fisher to

go on without the chair, and at once proper measures were taken for Mrs. Graydon to proceed within the British lines. Colonel McIlvaine, an old friend, agreed to accompany her, and the following passport was obtained from the President of Congress:

"To all Continental officers whom it may concern: Permit Colonel Joseph McIlvaine and Mrs. Rachel Graydon to pass Morristown without the least hindrance or interruption. Given under my hand at Philadelphia, this twenty-sixth day of May, 1777.

"JOHN HANCOCK, President."

"Mr. Gustavus Reisburgh attends Mrs. Graydon to Bristol, who is to pass unmolested. JOHN HANCOCK, President."

Proceeding under the escort of Colonel McIlvaine to the headquarters of the American Army, General Washington gave the following:

"Mrs. Graydon, a widow lady of Philadelphia, has permission to pass the guards of my army in order to go into Brunswick, to endeavor to obtain liberty of the commanding officer there to go into New York to visit her son, Captain Graydon, a prisoner of War.

"Given at Headquarters Camp at Middle Brook, this 30th day of May, 1777.

"GEO. WASHINGTON."

After being conducted to the lines, Mrs. Graydon was committed to the courtesy of some Hessian officers. It happened during the ceremony of the flag that a gun was somewhere discharged on the American side. This infringement of military etiquette was furiously resented by the German officers, and their vehement gestures and expressions of indignation, but imperfectly understood by Mrs. Graydon, alarmed her not a little. She supported herself as well as

she could under this inauspicious introduction into the hostile territory, and had her horse led to the quarters of General Cornwallis, who was in command in Brunswick, where she alighted and was shown into a parlor. Weary and faint from fatigue and agitation, she partook of some refreshment offered her, and then went to deliver a letter of introduction she had received from Mr. Van Horn, of Boundbrook, to a gentleman in Brunswick. Five of the Misses Van Horn, his nieces, were staying at the house and with them Mrs. Graydon became well acquainted, as they avowed Whig principles. Their uncle had been compelled to leave Flatbush on account of his attachment to the American cause, but was permitted not long afterward to return to his house there, accompanied by Mrs. Van Horn and her daughters.

On presenting her passports to General

Cornwallis, that officer directed the following order to be issued:

"BRUNSWICK, May 31st, 1777.

"It is Lord Cornwallis' order that Mrs. Graydon be permitted to go to New York in one of the sloops.

"CHAS. EUSTICE, Aide-de-Camp."

Being detained in Brunswick several days, Mrs. Graydon at last embarked in a sloop or shallop for New York, where she arrived in due time. The vessel, however, was fired upon from the shore, but no one was injured. At New York she received upon application the following:

"To all whom it may concern: Mrs. Graydon has permission to pass and repass from hence to Flatbush to see her son.

"JAS. LORING, Commissary Prisoners.

"New York, 3rd June, 1777."

Reaching Flatbush, Mrs. Graydon, through the kindness of Mr. Bache, occupied his part of Mr. Suydam's house during her stay there. Here, in the society of her son, her accustomed flow of good spirits returned. She even gave one or two tea-drinkings to the "rebel clan" and learned from Major Williams the art of making "Johnny cakes" in the true Maryland fashion. These recreations did not, however, interfere with the object of her expedition, nor could her son dissuade her from her purpose of proving the result of an application.

When Mrs. Graydon called on Mr. Galloway, in New York, whom she had known when he was a citizen of Philadelphia, and who was supposed to have much influence at British headquarters, he advised her to apply to Sir William Howe by memorial, and offered to draw one up for her. In a few minutes he produced what accorded

with his ideas on the subject, and read to her what he had written, commencing with:

"Whereas, Mrs. Graydon has always been a true and faithful subject to His Majesty, George the Third, and

"Whereas, her son, an inexperienced youth, has been deluded by the arts of designing men ——"

"Oh, Sir," said Mrs. Graydon, "that will never do! My son can not obtain his release on *those* terms." "Then, Madame," replied Mr. Galloway peevishly, "I can do nothing for you."

Though depressed by the treatment she thus received at the hands of Mr. Galloway, Mrs. Graydon would not relinquish her object, but continued to advise with every one she thought able or willing to assist her. In accordance with the counsel she received from a friend, she at length resolved upon a direct application to Sir William Howe.

After several weeks of delay, anxiety and disappointment, the design was put into execution. Without having informed her son of what she meant to do, lest he might prevent her, through the fear of improper concessions on her part, she went one evening into New York and boldly waited upon General Howe. She was shown into a parlor and had a few minutes to consider how she should address him who possessed the power to grant her request or destroy her hopes. He entered the room and was near her before she perceived him.

"Sir William Howe, I presume?" said Mrs. Graydon, rising. He bowed; she made known her business—a mother's feelings doubtless giving eloquence to her speech—and entreated permission for her son to go home on parole.

"And then immediately to take up arms against us, I suppose?" said Lord Howe.

"By no means, Sir; I solicit his release

upon parole, that will restrain him until exchanged; but on my own part I will go further and say that if I have any influence over him he shall never take up arms again." Here the feelings of the patriot were wholly lost in those of the "war-detesting mother." General Howe seemed to hesitate, but at the earnest renewal of her suit, gave the desired permission.

The mother's joy at her success was the prelude to a welcome summons to the prisoner to repair to New York for the purpose of being transported in a flag vessel to Elizabethtown.

After some further adventures the travelers reached Philadelphia where they dined at President Hancock's. The latter had at first, it is said, opposed Mrs. Graydon's going to New York, but was gratified at her success. On all sides she was warmly congratulated for her endurance and heroism, and after a lapse of over a century the ac-

count as herewith given exemplifies, in a great measure, the hardships of a true American woman of the Revolution. (This account is taken from "Notes and Queries," by William Henry Egle.)

Several years after the close of the war Captain Graydon gave to the world his book "Memoirs of a Life," a book treating of affairs *at the time* and *after* the war when the country was in the process of reconstruction. It was a book of high merit and was well esteemed. "The Compendium of American Literature," used to-day in our schools, styles it "the first book of *literary* merit published in America." The author's ripe scholarship is evidenced in his graceful style and his frequent use of Latin and French in both poetry and prose. The Historical Society of Philadelphia issued an Edition de Luxe of this book in 1879. Captain Alexander Graydon II was buried at Bristol, Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

My grandfather, William Graydon, the son of Alexander Graydon and Rachel Marks, was born near Bristol, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, September 4th, 1759. "He was educated in Philadelphia, and studied law under his relative, Edward Biddle, of that city. He came to Harrisburg upon the organization of the county of Dauphin, and began the practice of his profession, being admitted at the May term, 1786. He was the first notary public, commissioned September 2nd, 1791, and a leading man in the borough during the 'Mill Dam Troubles' of 1794-5. He was many years member of the town council and president thereof, and subsequently one of the burgesses. He was the author of 'Forms of Conveyancing' (in two volumes), 'Graydon's Digest,' 'The Judge's Assistant,' and edited 'An Abridgment of the Laws of the United States' in 1802. Mr. Graydon was prominent in the organization of the First

Presbyterian church, and was for many years an elder thereof. He died at Harrisburg on the 13th of October, 1840, in the eighty-second year of his age. 'Mr. Graydon,' says Dr. Robinson, 'was a man of fine literary tastes; was highly esteemed as a gentleman of the old school, in his manners refined, courteous, of unblemished integrity in the many trusts committed to him, of high and honorable principles, and in the church and walks of Christian life a man of true piety and deep devotion.' Mr. Harris in his 'Reminiscences of the Bar' says, 'He was a man of medium height, of very gentlemanly manners, of dark lively eyes, neat if not precise in dress, and of an intelligent countenance. His portrait painted by the renowned Francis is in existence, and is an excellent representation. He wore a cue tied with a ribbon, and had his hair powdered.' We can add this additional testimony, that he

was humane and benevolent, and in all charitable enterprises was the acknowledged leader. H. Murray Graydon, lawyer of Harrisburg, and Dr. William Graydon of Dauphin, were his sons." (From Egle's "Notes and Queries," Vol. 1.)

My grandfather's appearance deserves word of mention before passing on to other things. The portrait by Francis shows him seated, holding a prayer-book in his hand. His cue is tied with ribbon, lace frills at the neck and wrists and a rose in his buttonhole. His face is strong and highly intellectual. As he used to sit in his old armchair just under this portrait, one could scarcely tell which was the real man.

A little incident of my childhood still lingers with me. A cousin of my grandfather, Marks Biddle of Reading, was in the habit of paying him frequent visits. He was equally immaculate in appearance, and it was very quaint to see these two precise

old gentlemen, with their powdered hair, shoe and knee buckles, greet each other by clasping their hands and kissing each other in the most affectionate manner. Truly a picture of the olden times!

My grandfather had great Christian fortitude. For a long time before his death he was ill, and on one occasion when his daughter Rachel was grieving over his suffering, he said to her with his usual courage "It is all right, my daughter. Strange that a harp of a thousand strings should keep in tune so long!"

My grandfather was married to Eleanor, daughter of Major Peter Scull. Their children were:

Alexander, my father;

Andrew, who never married;

Rachel, who became the wife of Judge McKinney;

Eleanor, who married Dr. Joseph Smith, and after his death, George Whitehill;

Mary, who married the Rev. A. O. Hubbard.

Several years after the death of his first wife, my grandfather, William Graydon, married Eleanor Murray. Their children were:

Theodosia, who married Joel Hinckley;

William, a physician, who married Esther Marshall of Virginia;

Julia, who died in her lovely girlhood;

Henry Murray, who married Sarah Sloan, and lived in the old Harrisburg home during a long and useful life.

My grandparents were buried in the old cemetery at Harrisburg.

A few years ago the mortal remains of Murray Graydon, the dear friend of my youth, were laid to rest in the beautiful Mount Kalmia, and when the grave closed over him, *not one* of the *old family* was left. They all died in the faith. They were loyal to home and duty. The grave covered

nothing that in any of their lives were better hid, no heart secret or mortal stain, and they sweetly rest, in hope of eternal life.

In regard to Major Peter Scull's record the following is from a certified copy taken from the Pennsylvania Archives: "Major Peter Scull was commissioned July, 1775, Second Lieutenant of Captain Nagle's company. Then promoted to Captain of 3rd Pennsylvania Battalion. Then was promoted to Major. On July 17th, 1779, he was made secretary of the Board of War. He died at sea November 4th, 1779."

After copying this short account of my great-grandfather, Major Scull, there came into my hands a package that had laid in the attic of the old home more than a hundred years. From the inscription I infer it had been there from the year 1800. I must confess to a feeling of awe and reverence as I untied the strings that had been fastened by hands long since laid in ever-

lasting repose. It contained many papers relating to the estate of Major Peter Scull, of which my grandfather, William Graydon, was one of the executors. Also a letter from the surgeon of the ship on which he died, written in 1780. Besides there was an inventory of his personal effects. From the number and character of his books, aside from those on military tactics, I infer that my great-grandfather had decided literary tastes. Some things enumerated in the inventory were quite odd to our modern ideas, and led me to believe he was also a man of fashion, such as "one pair of white satin breeches, one pair of nankeen, one hair bag for wig, red cloth coat, silver knee buckles," and other things equally quaint. There were two papers of exceeding interest to me. One, the commission of Peter Scull as Major in the regiment of Colonel Pattison, signed by "John Hancock, President of Congress." The other, with the great seal

of the thirteen states attached, was the commission of a certain Henry Savage with the signature, in two places, of "John Jay, President of Congress," and of "Major Peter Scull, Secretary of Board of War; in the fourth year of our independence, 1779."

I felt I had indeed come into the possession of a treasure, a tangible proof of the part my great-grandfather had taken in the great Revolution. I looked with reverence at the handwriting of two of our country's greatest statesmen, and thanked God that in her hour of peril, such men were at the helm, guiding our Ship of State.

My father, Alexander Graydon III, the eldest son in a large family of sons and daughters, was born in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, September 18, 1791, where he resided until he had arrived at middle life.

During the serious trouble with the British, under Admiral Cockburn in 1814, when they burned Washington and committed

many serious depredations all along the coast, marching at last to Baltimore and bombarding Fort McHenry, my father enlisted in the service and with his regiment marched to the seat of war. There he remained in camp until the British were driven away.

My father was first married to Sarah Geddes on June 23rd, 1818. She died the following year after the birth of her son, Robert Geddes Graydon.

Dr. Robert Geddes Graydon, after his graduation at eastern colleges, went to Indiana. Early in life he married Sarah Todd, daughter of Judge Levi Todd of Kentucky. After her death he married her cousin Eliza Todd, who lived but a few months. After many years he married Flora Finch of Indianapolis, with whom he lived in great happiness for twenty-five years.

My father was married to my mother, Jane Chambers McKinney, September

19th, 1822. Here I close his personal history and jot down what I know of my mother's ancestors, before continuing a narrative of their united lives.

The following I copy from an account written by my mother in her old age, regarding her family:

"My father was Mordecai McKinney. He was born in New Jersey about 1750. The New Jersey Historical Society furnished this certified account:

"'Mordecai McKinney served as a private minute man in the Hunterdon County, New Jersey militia; private, Captain George Ribble's company, First Regiment, Sussex county, New Jersey militia. Private, Captain Joseph Harkus' company, Second Regiment, Sussex county, New Jersey militia; also served as private in Major Samuel Westbrook's Battalion, New Jersey State Troops, during the Revolutionary War.'"

Mordecai McKinney was married to Agnes Bodine in 1752. Her ancestor, "Jean Bodine, founder of the Bodine family, was born in France and fled from there with other Huguenots, first to London in 1681, and then to Staten Island where he died in 1695. He left numerous descendants in New Jersey." (From Rev. Theodore F. Chambers' book, "The Early Germans in New Jersey.")

"My grandparents had quite a large family of children. They lived in the Valley of Wyoming, Pennsylvania, and in the great massacre by the Indians they were obliged to flee for their lives. Coming down the Susquehanna River they stopped at Paxton, where my grandfather died and was buried in the old graveyard of Paxton church.

"One son, John, married Miss Taliaferro of Virginia, and their son, John Taliaferro McKinney became one of the Supreme Judges of Indiana. He resided in Brook-

ville, Indiana, and died there in 1830. He is buried in the old Presbyterian graveyard in Brookville. One daughter, my Aunt Catherine, married Cornelius Lowe and had several children; one of them was a lawyer in Ithaca, New York, and a daughter married Captain Cross, U. S. A., and after his death Colonel Perry of St. Louis. The family were great sufferers by the war of 1812, living on what was called the frontier, near Erie, Pennsylvania. At the surrender of Fort Erie and the battle of Queenstown, Uncle Lowe was killed. His son, Lieutenant Lowe, and his son-in-law, a son of Ethan Allan of Revolutionary fame, were also numbered among the slain. When the cry came, 'The English and Indians are coming!' a daughter, whose name I have forgotten, was surprised by her husband's rushing in with the alarming news, just as she was in the act of dressing her babe. She barely had time to snatch up a few clothes

and escape for her life. After the storm of battle was over and they could return to their homes in safety, nothing was to be seen but the land—house, barn and live stock all destroyed.

"Aunt Lowe's youngest son Vincent was appointed cadet at West Point. He lost his life by the explosion of a cannon at a 4th of July celebration. A monument was erected to his memory at West Point. It was the first one erected there and still stands. He was much beloved by his classmates and tutors.

"Another daughter, Aunt Buckalew, lived in Clearfield county, Pennsylvania. In 1824 with my father and mother and my *wee little daughter* (the author of this little history) we paid them a visit. They were living in simple style, in what was then a wilderness. Uncle Buckalew was a fine specimen of an old man, eighty years of age, and could handle a flail as well as his sons. Aunt was

a beautiful old lady. The children of this old couple were good, clever people, who did faithfully what was given them to do. In later days the name has become known through the prominence and popularity of a grandson, Charles Buckalew, who was sent to Congress by his district, where he was noted for many years for his eloquence and democracy.

"Another daughter, Ann, married Michael Elder, one of the ten sons of old Parson Elder. They had two children, Myra and Preston.

"Mordecai McKinney, my father, was a man of great energy and large business experience. He was engaged in shipping and had two mills, cotton and wool, in Wilmington and Newport, Delaware. Spinning jennies were then a favorite topic of conversation, with the raising of sheep. I remember, when a child, my father brought home a big black merino buck, which cost several

hundred dollars. To go with him to the sheepfold and see the little lambs was a great treat to me. My father was a good patriot, and refused, as did many others, to import anything from the mother country, so the mills were kept very busy to manufacture what would supply the home demand. I have heard my mother say that he was a proud man when he walked out one day with his four little daughters all dressed in gingham of his own manufacture. Even now I have in my possession some beautiful materials manufactured by him. He afterward moved to Pennsylvania, having purchased Grandfather Chambers' beautiful farm, which had large water power. Here we lived until 1817, when we moved to Harrisburg. From the effect of the late war, the condition of the country brought on a crisis. Mills stopped everywhere, and all this industry and energy was expended in vain. After coming to Harrisburg my

father was in failing health for several years, and in the year 1827 was taken to that better country where there are no disappointments."

Here I close my mother's recital, and will recall something of her own family.

My grandmother's (my mother's mother) maiden name was Mary (Polly) Chambers, the daughter of Colonel William Chambers and of Eleanor Talbot of Maryland.

"William Chambers, commissioned captain, First Battalion Cumberland County Associators, and in actual service July, 1776.

"William Chambers, commissioned colonel, July 31, 1777, of Third Battalion Cumberland County militia; called into service by order of Council July 28th, 1777.

"William Chambers, colonel of the Third Battalion Cumberland County militia, May

14th, 1778; in service 'to ye Standing Stone' by order of Council July 14, 1778.

"William Chambers in command of a part of his Class Battalion of Cumberland County militia in service on the frontier of Bedford and Westmoreland counties, in the spring and summer of 1779.

"Certified to by

"WILLIAM HENRY EGLE, M. D.

"Editor Penn'a Archives."

Colonel Chambers is mentioned in the minutes of the Council of Safety, as captain in the First Regiment of Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, in 1777, under Colonel Ephraim Blaine, great-grandfather of the late James G. Blaine. He fought in the Battle of Brandywine and in the battles of Trenton, Princeton and Germantown. (From Wing's History of Cumberland County Pennsylvania.)

Colonel Chambers was the son of John

Chambers, who was the son of Ronald Chambers, who was the son of James Chambers of Alster, Ireland. Their home was on a beautiful estate in Cumberland County, near Carlisle. There were several daughters who were noted for their beauty and were the boast of that region. His son Colonel Talbot Chambers, was in the United States service. He was stationed for many years in Texas, then the most forlorn region on the frontier, being considered the asylum for all criminals from the states. There he died alone, and of all the property he owned there and all his personal effects, the family have never been able to find a trace. Other children were John, Arthur, Mary (Polly), Jane, Margaret and Ellen.

A large family of great-grandchildren of Colonel Chambers were prominent in Pennsylvania and New York. Among them were:

Rev. Talbot Chambers of New York, who

married Miss Louisa Frelinghuysen. He was pastor, until his death, of the Associate Dutch Reformed Church of New York City. Dr. Theodore Frelinghuysen Chambers, his son, is a well-known minister. He is the author of "The Early Germans of New Jersey," and other books.

William Chambers, who was the well-known portrait and figure painter. He spent much time in Italy. He died while still young in Philadelphia where much of his work is still highly valued. (I own several of his portraits, and a copy of an Old Master, all very beautiful.)

Mary Chambers married George Sharswood of Philadelphia, one of the Chief Justices of Pennsylvania. Her home in Philadelphia, which was shared by her sisters, Misses Annie and Elizabeth Chambers, was filled with rare paintings and works of art, and in later days its charm was increased by its quaintness. Cousin Ann

Near, a beautiful old lady, was also a member of this household, in her old age.

My grandparents, Mordecai McKinney and Mary (Polly) Chambers were married June 18th, 1795, and removed to the state of Delaware. (The record of Mordecai McKinney as Revolutionary soldier has already been given.) Their children were:

Mordecai McKinney, graduate of Dickinson College, lawyer and judge at Harrisburg, author of several popular law books.

Eliza, unmarried, born 1800, died 1865.

Jane Chambers, married Alexander Graydon.

Sarah, married the Rev. John McKinney and removed to Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Ellen, a beautiful girl who died at the age of nineteen.

John Chambers, unmarried, graduate of Dickinson College, professor in several colleges, born 1812, died 1880.

Edmund, graduate of Washington Col-

lege and divinity student at Andover, married Theresa Dennis of Pittsburg.

Mary Ann, married the Rev. William P. Alexander. They went as missionaries to the Sandwich Islands.

I well remember sitting beside my grandmother, when I was a girl, and hearing her tell many interesting things of times past. Once, she said, they were all summoned to the front lawn, servants and all, and down the road, through clouds of dust, came the equipage of General Washington! It was in true English style, a coach and four, outriders, postillions and all the other et ceteras of grandeur. Within was seated the great hero himself, bowing graciously as he passed. She thought him "a handsome man, with very dignified presence," which has been the accepted idea always.

My grandmother was small and very erect, even at the time of her death at an advanced age. I own a quaint and fascin-

ating portrait of her, in a mob cap, made when she was first married, and it is not hard to believe that she was a belle in her day. The companion piece, of her husband, is quite as interesting.

My grandfather, Mordecai McKinney, died in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, where he was buried. My grandmother died at the home of my mother in Indianapolis, Indiana, in 1865, at the age of ninety-four, retaining to the last the beauty and dignity of a true gentlewoman. She is buried in Crown Hill cemetery.

Her youngest daughter, Mary Ann, was married in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, to the Rev. William Patterson Alexander of Paris, Kentucky, on October 25th, 1831, and sailed with him as missionary to the Sandwich Islands. How well I remember dear Aunt Mary Ann. I was only a little girl of seven and stood on the veranda and witnessed the last parting from parents and rel-

atives. All had gathered to say good-by, never expecting to meet again. The stage was at the door. The last farewells were said and soon the stage passed out of sight. I never forgot the scene. What courage, what a devotion to Christ's religion, that would make such a sacrifice possible! For more than half a century they labored and suffered for the cause they loved, and they lived to see the glorious light of the Gospel irradiating those beautiful isles of the sea. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy" has been abundantly fulfilled in their lives of consecration and self-denial; their hopes were crowned with success, their labors not in vain. Mr. Alexander died August 13th, 1884, and his wife followed him June 29th, 1888. At the time of their golden wedding in 1881, which was celebrated with great joy by the whole community, they were blessed with the presence of their children and grandchildren numbering forty-four in

all. One grandchild had died, the only death in fifty years. Their children are:

William DeWitt Alexander, surveyor-general of Hawaii, Honolulu, married Abigail Charlotte Baldwin in 1860;

Samuel Thomas Alexander, married Martha Eliza Cooke at Honolulu, 1864;

James McKinney Alexander, clergyman, married Mary Webster, California, 1867;

Ann Elizabeth Alexander, married Charles Henry Dickey, Indianapolis, 1867;

Emily Whitney Alexander, married Henry Perrine Baldwin, Wailuku, Maui, 1870;

Henry Martyn Alexander, married Eliza Wight at Kohala, Hawaii, 1874;

Charles Hodge Alexander, married Helen Goodale Thurston at Honolulu, 1878;

Ellen Charlotte Alexander, married Giulio Ferreri, London, England, 1901;

Mary Jane Alexander, unmarried.

In 1904 there were sixty-one descendants.

These sons and daughters were all graduates of the leading colleges of the United States and have traveled the world over.

Samuel Alexander met with a tragic death in 1904 while hunting with his daughter in Africa.

Rev. James Alexander is author of "Mission Life in Hawaii," "Islands of the Pacific," and other books.

My mother, Jane Chambers McKinney, was born in Wilmington, Delaware, on July 16th, 1802. She was essentially a child of the century, opening her baby eyes at its commencement and closing them as it neared its end.

Her early life was spent in Wilmington. She went to school to a celebrated teacher, Evan Lewis, whom she always remembered with gratitude. Her thirst for knowledge was extreme. Indeed, throughout her whole life, she was remarkable for her enthusiasm in the cultivation of her mind, putting to

shame younger members of the family in her energetic pursuit of any subject that claimed her attention. At the age of eighty she was studying astronomy with all the enthusiasm of youth.

My mother always loved to talk of her beautiful home on the banks of the Brandywine, the old stone mansion, with its hospitable halls, and the romantic grounds surrounding it. Two old slaves, "Daddy Jack" and "Old Sackey" were her special friends and she loved to go to their cabins and listen to the weird stories of their early lives. "Old Sackey" was a king's daughter in Africa. She was playing on the beach one day with other girls, when the white man came and stole her away and thrust her into the horrible hold of a slave ship. She could never speak of the awful experience without trembling all over, and *to the day of her death she never smiled!*

My mother attributed much of her own

horror of slavery to the impression made on her childish mind by these recitals.

The family moved to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, when she was thirteen years old, so that her girlhood and much of her married life was spent there.

She was one of five sisters, and their home life was a very happy one. There was so much of earnestness and vivacity in the character of my mother that she was a born leader, and not only did her home feel her influence, but in widening circles of benevolence and religion her power was felt. She united with the Presbyterian church, under Dr. Dewitt of Harrisburg, in her eighteenth year and was a faithful member of the church, through long years of service, till she joined the church triumphant in the upper home.

It has been a source of amusement in the family to hear my mother, rather shyly, tell of her love affairs. It seems that my father

had never been openly attentive to her, and where there were so many sisters it would be difficult to designate a single one as an especial favorite. But the fates were propitious! There came a very stormy night. It rained and blew fierce blasts down the Susquehanna River, and the old home on its bank felt all the force of the storm, but within all was cozy comfort. All the sisters and a young friend sat at their work in the back parlor. The father, who loved quiet, closed the door between and sat in the adjoining room with his books and papers. Suddenly there came a loud knock at the street door. What was it? Some belated wanderer seeking refuge from the storm? The father went to the door and ushered some one in. The girls waited breathlessly, until he came to the door and said very pointedly, "Jane, Mr. Graydon wishes to see you!" My mother could never exactly explain *how* she got from one room to an-

other amid the smiles and glances of the girls around her. But *that* was the beginning, and in the year 1822 my father, Alexander Graydon, and my mother, Jane Chambers McKinney, were married.

A large family of children and the duties and cares they brought with them were cheerfully borne by my good, patient mother. She never owned to being tired, but worked with hand and heart for the welfare of her household. Her children were:

Mary Ellen, who married Joseph Kinne Sharpe, of Indianapolis. He was born in Pomfret, Connecticut.

William, married Mary Merrill, Indianapolis.

Alexander, married Mary Frank Foster of Madison, Indiana.

Vincent Lowe, died at the age of twenty-one.

Sarah, died in infancy.

Jane McKinney, died in her nineteenth

year, on the eve of her marriage to Mr. Abram Brower of Aurora.

Theodore, died in his fourteenth year.

Twins, unnamed, visitants of a day.

Edwin, died at age of one year.

Emma, married to James Alexander of Paris, Illinois.

Andrew, married to Lavinia Doxon of Indianapolis.

Edward Payson, died in infancy.

James Weir, married to Mary McCulloch of New Orleans.

In the latter part of our residence in Harrisburg, began the great struggle between the old Colonization Society and the Abolitionists.

I well remember hearing conversations, arguments and often very bitter words between the elder members of our large connection, when they would meet *en famille* at our home, and what had always been a pleasure to me as a child became a source

of dread. My parents and one uncle stood firm for the slave and the duty of abolition; while all the others considered them fanatics and hurled abuse upon them in no very gentle manner. My grandfather once said to my father, in my presence, "I can not see, Alexander, *why* you have taken up such wild ideas! Why do you attempt to force public opinion? Why not let well enough alone?" and I can even now hear my father's firm reply: "If the old society should work a hundred years it could not lift more than a few hundreds of poor slaves out of bondage a year, while this system is piling up its tens of thousands of agonized men and women and children every year of its existence. No, we will work until slavery is wiped out and is no longer a foul blot on our escutcheon." From that time our home was thrown open for all whose sympathies were with the slave, and became the *central station of the underground railroad.*

Here I copy what relates to this subject in some reminiscences I wrote after the death of John Greenleaf Whittier, for the Indianapolis News:

"The name of Whittier for many years was a household word to me. Aside from the melody and pathos of his beautiful poetry, his real, living presence as a welcome guest at our home is ever a cherished memory. In the early days of the anti-slavery movement, when to avow such sentiments meant social ostracism, our home in Harrisburg was the center and gathering place for the friends of the slave. Here came many earnest men, from the atmosphere of William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, pledged to the downfall of slavery. How impressed was I, a girl in her early teens, with their devotion and steadfastness in the midst of all the opprobrium and ridicule heaped upon them."

I believe I can count on my two hands the names of those in our goodly town who believed that slavery was wrong and prayed for a day of release. To others, the presence of those men was an insult, calling for many threats of violence, even from those who had been lifelong friends.

The *first anti-slavery society* in that region *was formed in my mother's parlor,* the court house opposite, the expected place of meeting being barred against them.

For many months Mr. Whittier, William and Charles Burleigh, the Rev. Jonathan Blanchard, and at times, Lewis Tappan of New York were our guests. My mother, an enthusiast in the cause, welcomed them under every possible condition of family, no sacrifice of time or comfort being too great for her to make.

These men would lecture at different points and then return to recount their suc-

cesses or disappointments,—and to devise new ways to help the righteous cause.

Of all these noble men, who sat around our fireside, none ever attracted my girlish fancy as did Mr. Whittier. His fine, clear-cut features, his dark, soft eyes, his quaint speech of the Quaker, his beautiful, serene expression—and withal the vein of earnest steadfastness running through his character, coupled with his poetic genius—aroused in me an intense admiration.

In returning to these stormy times in which we were so identified I well remember a certain Sunday morning. My father, being an elder in the Presbyterian church, had induced our pastor, a dear, good man, to invite Mr. Blanchard to preach. Very fearful was he that some allusions to the sins of slavery would be made that might offend some of his flock—but was assured that nothing but the plain gospel would be preached. However, in the opening prayer,

when it was the custom to gather all the world, with all its needs, in one special petition to the Throne of Grace, Mr. Blanchard prayed "for the sick and afflicted, for those shut up in cells of disgrace"—and horror of horrors!—for *"the down trodden and oppressed!"* There was a sudden movement down the aisles, and slamming of pew doors—by those superlatively sensitive souls who loved their southern brethren as they did themselves. Many remaining, suffered from attacks of extreme nervousness. After this our good pastor studiously refrained from ever asking an abolitionist to preach.

I can well remember the piles of anti-slavery literature that found a place in our home. The writings of Wilberforce and Granville Sharp on the slave trade, our own Garrison and others, who appealed to the humanity of man, and the stirring lyrics of Whittier—were here collected—and with

heaps of documents, short and pertinent, awaited distribution. Many a time, *at night,* these good friends would carry them to the State House—placing a pamphlet on every chair—in both halls—awaiting the perusal of its morning occupant. In the glare of day, such a procedure would not be tolerated. Our immediate friends rather avoided our house, fearing, I suppose, that such inflammable material might produce spontaneous combustion!

Very proud am I to-day that my father and mother were brave and loyal to their consciences and bore no mean part in helping to mold the public sentiment that in years after culminated in the grand proclamation of freedom to every slave in the great Republic.

A memory of my childhood lingers with me as I write of these times, so long past. I recall an awakening from sleep to hear a peculiar call, then my father's step on the

balcony, a hurried whisper, and later a group of dusky forms passing through my room, piloted by my mother to a secret hiding place! There, often, these poor souls would remain for many days, cared for by my mother, before venturing farther on their road to freedom. Then, some dark, starless night would find my father and other faithful friends leading them many a mile, in silence, before reaching the boat that would take them farther on their road to safety.

Many have wondered why Mr. Whittier was never married—a man so eminently fitted for the love of a happy home. Since his death much has been written in regard to it. Many reading between the lines have taken some of his sad refrains as veritable heart histories of his own. Be that as it may, I have often queried whether the letters of a certain young woman called "Gertrude," which he constantly received while with us,

and which were always eagerly awaited, causing much pleasant raillery between the "Burleighs" and himself, may have been from the one woman of the world to him! Her early death, or sudden change, might have sealed the fountain of his own personal love, turning it into wider and deeper channels of love and charity to all mankind. This "might have been,"—but the secret lies—

> "Deeply buried from human eyes,
> Till in the hereafter angels may
> Roll the stone from its grave away!"

Still the question recurs to me again and again. Had not the poet an early love, and did she bear the name of his fair correspondent—"Gertrude"?

A few years before his death I received a pleasant letter from Mr. Whittier, making many inquiries about my parents, who had borne with him the burden and heat of the

day. After reverting to many who had passed on before, he says: "In fact, but few of the old guard are still left. Very thankful am I that I have lived to see the end of slavery.

"Did we dare
In our agony of prayer
Ask for more than He has done?
Where was ever His right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now—beneath the sun?

"Ring and swing
Bells of joy on morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains,
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!"

"Laus Deo." Whittier.

In 1843, after much thought and consideration, my parents decided it was best to

leave our old home and seek a new one in the West—that new country that held out wonderful inducements for Eastern energy. My brothers were growing up and looking around with eager eyes for their life work. My brother Robert had graduated at Dartmouth and studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. The younger boys were finishing their studies, and anxious to begin life in new surroundings.

My father had made a preliminary tour of investigation through the West, and had decided upon locating in Indianapolis, Indiana, a thriving young town.

In the spring of 1843, with almost all of the dear inhabitants of Harrisburg accompanying us to the wharf to say farewell, we took our places in a crowded canal boat and glided away from the beloved home of our childhood, henceforth to be only a memory.

The separation from old friends was, to my mother, a very great trial, besides which

there were little green mounds in our old churchyard which she had tended for many a year. These would be left desolate and neglected.

It was a lovely Tuesday evening in May when we began our journey westward. Going to the Hoosier State was as going into a wilderness to many of our friends.

Grandmother McKinney, then seventy-two years of age, was with us, for at the last she could not bear the separation. She was very brave throughout the long journey. Oh, the crowded, uncomfortable little boat! For a day and night it was our home, with the patient mules tugging us along. Then came the stage over the grand Alleghanies, and then the boat again, until at last, on Saturday morning, we hove in sight of Pittsburg, which was to be our resting place over the Sabbath. How glad were we to rest, and how delighted was I to find awaiting me my dear lifelong friend, Nancy Shunk, daugh-

ter of Governor Shunk, of Pennsylvania, who took me to her home during our stay.

On Monday we continued our journey in a steamboat, down the Ohio river—blessed change from the poor little canal boat.

On Wednesday we reached Cincinnati. There we remained a short time in order that my mother might pay a visit to a cousin, Mrs. Helen, who lived in Covington. She had not seen her since she was a bride, and was quite shocked to find her an old lady. Her son was later Governor of Kentucky. We again took the steamboat for Madison, arriving there on Friday. Then the cars furnished us transportation for a short distance, and then began our never-to-be-forgotten ride over a corduroy road! Description is impossible!—just a succession of mud-holes, stumps, and uneven logs—causing a continual jolting and bouncing. Often we were obliged to get out and walk. A trying experience, but amusing as well.

On Saturday afternoon we arrived at our destination, some of us in sad plight. I, myself, was minus one gaiter! Thus ended our two weeks' pilgrimage to our Western home.

On our arrival at Indianapolis we were much surprised to find the town so far from the river. Our careful study of the map had revealed to us that the town was situated on White River, and we had hoped that our new home on this stream would in some ways remind us of the old home, so dear, on the banks of the Susquehanna. The town was small, numbering at that time but four thousand inhabitants.

My brave, cheery mother, with her characteristic resolution, set about to establish a pleasant home for us, in surroundings very different from what she had been accustomed. We were warmly welcomed by the old residents of the town, and their kindness and hospitality is a cherished memory. A

better class of people than we found in our church and social relations and in our pleasant neighborhood, never existed! Can we ever forget the beautiful welcome given by Mrs. John M. Bradley, perfect strangers! Coming, as she did, to meet us at the stage door, on our arrival! A bit of friendship that increased as we lived next door to each other in true neighborly fashion for many, many years, our two families being on the most loving and intimate terms.

And oh, how many dear friends there were for us in this new life! And how my memory goes back and loves to linger in those days when our now beautiful Indianapolis was in its infancy!

As soon as we were well settled in our new home, my parents began to look about them for the continuance of their labors for the negro race. There was a small African church, and they at once took classes in the Sunday school. They were the *first white*

people to help in this way, and it was greatly to the horror of many citizens. Often they were hooted at on their way to Sunday school. For many years they continued to teach, and until old age admonished them to lay aside their work and rest. The names of Mr. and Mrs. Graydon were household words among the colored people, by whom they were greatly beloved.

Here, in our new home, within a short interval, we laid to rest a dearly loved brother just come to man's estate, another dear boy, full of hope and life, a little blossom transplanted early to the garden of the Lord, and our beautiful sister "Kinney," on the eve of a marriage full of hope and promise, and my mother felt that *here,* too, in God's Acre, there were for her tender and sweet attachments.

On coming to Indianapolis my parents connected themselves with the Second Presbyterian Church, of which the re-

nowned Henry Ward Beecher was the well-beloved pastor.

My father was at once made one of the elders of the church, as he had been in the old home church in Harrisburg, an office he continued to hold until the day of his death. After some years he was set aside, with several of the Second Church elders, to form the Fourth Presbyterian Church, and for many years my parents and every member of the family connection worked diligently for the up-building of a new and struggling church, giving largely of their time, their talents and their means.

Not only were the eloquence and power of Mr. Beecher's sermons a source of delight to my parents, but his strong and ardent interest for the slave was to them a wonderful comfort and encouragement. Many an hour of heart to heart communion took place in our home by these apostles of universal freedom.

Well, the dawn came, and they all lived to see its brightness, and know that every man in this glorious country stood *for a man* and not a chattel, unfettered and free to work out his own salvation!

At the breaking out of our Civil War two of my brothers went to the front. My brother, Andrew Graydon, enlisted in the Eleventh Indiana Regiment, and was afterward transferred to the Seventieth Indiana Regiment, Colonel Benjamin Harrison commanding. Later he was made Lieutenant of Battery A, Second U. S. Artillery. He remained in the service until the close of the war and had a record to be proud of.

My youngest brother, James Weir Graydon, went into the service at the early age of fourteen. He was in the Seventh Indiana Cavalry, Colonel Shank commanding. He was a brave and daring soldier and the accounts of his exploits are graphically set forth in the "Soldier of Indiana," Vol. II.

Later he received an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, from which he graduated in 1869.

He became a Lieutenant in U. S. Navy. He gained a wide reputation as an inventor of warfare explosives, selling his patent to the Chinese government in 1887.

My mother, with her spirit of patriotism, at the age of sixty, gave her services as an army nurse, and with an old friend, Mrs. Calvin Fletcher, went to the hospitals in Nashville, Tennessee, where she performed important duties.

In all the years of my mother's busy life she never ceased to work for the betterment of those around her. She was president of the Indianapolis Bible Society, which office she held until the day of her death. She was one of the founders of the Indianapolis Orphan Asylum, and for many years one of its officers. She helped in the formation of the Benevolent Society, and year after year

worked for it with hand and heart, a work that can hardly be appreciated in these days of liberality and system. In all church work she was indefatigable and she is still remembered for her wise counsel and her unusual gift in prayer.

My father, after a life of many vicissitudes, went to his rest on December 12, 1868, being seventy-seven years of age. A good man and true. A loving and devoted father, as I, his eldest daughter, can abundantly testify, and exhibiting *always* all the characteristics of a courteous, Christian gentleman.

My mother spent the days of her widowhood surrounded by her children and in the quietude of her own home. She often recalled the stirring scenes of her life, and retraced the path by which she had been led, until at the closing there was abiding peace. On March 30, 1891, in her eighty-ninth year, my beloved mother gently closed her

eyes, as a little child, to earthly scenes, and opened them in Paradise.

As we stood beside her open grave on that lovely spring evening, the sun just throwing its parting gleams across the scene, we could not sorrow, for "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, they rest from their labors and their works do follow them," and to both the dear ones lying side by side, eternal peace had come!

Within a decade, three of my brothers, all having passed the "threescore years and ten," went home to join that family in their "ain countree," whose numbers are steadily increasing as the years go by.

Alexander Graydon IV, born 1827, died 1897. His death occurred in St. Louis where for many years he had held an important railroad position. He was a courteous and Christian gentleman who worthily bore the name of his fathers. Through all his life he was true to his duties, a devoted

son, a loving husband, a tender and affectionate father to the one dear child of his love. He was buried in Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati.

Dr. Robert Geddes Graydon, born 1819, died in 1899, at his home in Southport, Indiana. He was a graduate of Dartmouth College in 1842, and of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania in 1845. His was a long and peaceful life, devoted to his profession, in which he was eminent, to his church and to scholarly pursuits. In looking back over the years I can think of no character more pure and Christian than that of my brother Robert. He is buried in Crown Hill.

William Mordecai Graydon, born 1825, died in 1903 in Indianapolis. The well-beloved son and brother, who, in spite of many disappointments, retained so beautiful a spirit and so much of good cheer that he was especially endeared to his family and a

large circle of friends. Through his nature ran a vein of quaint, original humor that was the delight of all, and made him the loved companion of *all children,* who were his devoted friends. It helped smooth a pathway often rugged and wearisome.

He was decidedly gifted with his pen, and might have made a name in the world of letters had it not been for his very retiring disposition. He was buried in Crown Hill.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

Within this period also occurred the death of my beloved husband, who was ever a devoted son to my parents and a true brother to my own brothers and sisters. No history of my own family would be complete without a mention of this son and brother, connected to them through marriage.

"Joseph Kinne Sharpe was born in Pom-

fret, Connecticut, in 1819. He was a descendant of two prominent New England families. His branch of the Sharpe family is in direct descent from Robert Sharpe, of Brookline, Massachusetts, who came from England in 1635. His mother's name was Trowbridge and he had great pride in the fact that his family on both sides had been prominent as patriots in the Revolutionary struggle. He came to Indianapolis in 1844, and was married to Mary Ellen Graydon on August 2, 1847, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher performing the ceremony, and going east with the young people on their wedding journey."

He was a manly man in every sense of the word, a broad-minded Christian gentleman, and one who loved his fellow-man, as his many benevolences will testify.

From "Sketches of Prominent Citizens," I quote: "Mr. Sharpe, a man of fine personal appearance and magnetic manners,

was noted for his courteous manner, always meeting his numerous friends with a welcome recognition and open hands. He was ever liberal to the poor, donating largely for the erection of churches and all charitable and benevolent purposes. This case has been noted more particularly than others mentioned, that it may be a stimulus to young men to go and do likewise."

He died in 1900, and is buried in Crown Hill. A true man, a citizen of worth, an ideal in his family relations.

With this, my own generation of the family, I close my little history, not dealing with the lives of others still living, nor of the generations that follow them.

With difficulty I have refrained from including much that I have gathered concerning mine own dear people, striving only to give the most important facts in these life-histories, and as they are pertinent to public events.

The retrospection has had its own fascinations and has not been without benefit. In considering our forefathers, one can not but feel that we are pledged to the present by our recollections of the past, and truly "The inheritance of a distinguished and noble name is a proud inheritance to him who lives worthily of it."

"It is a noble faculty of our nature which enables us to connect our thoughts, sympathies and happiness, with what is distant in place or time; and looking before and after, to hold communion at once with our ancestors and our posterity. There is a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors, which elevates the character and improves the heart. Next to the sense of religious duty and moral feeling, I hardly know what should bear with stronger obligation on a liberal and enlightened mind, than a consciousness of an alliance with ex-

cellence which is departed; and a consciousness, too, that in its acts and conduct, and even in its sentiments and thoughts, it may be actively operating on the happiness of those that come after it." *Daniel Webster.*

THE END