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Clarke, James.

Memorials of the Clarke  
family



MEMORIALS

OF THE

CLARKE FAMILY

FORMERLY OF THE

COUNTY OF NORTHAMPTON,

IN GREAT BRITAIN,

THEIR EMIGRATION TO THE WEST AND SETTLEMENT IN  
THE SOUTHWEST PART OF  
SHELBY COUNTY, INDIANA.

ORIGINALLY WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1845.  
REWRITTEN AND REVISED IN THE YEAR 1874.

BY

JAMES CLARKE,

OF HAVELY.

INDIANAPOLIS:

PRINTED AT THE INDIANAPOLIS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING HOUSE  
1875.



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16-91

## PREFACE TO THE SECOND PRINTING

Owing to the deteriorating condition of copies of this work from the original printing, published in 1875, and wishing to preserve the account of his life, as set forth by James Clarke late into his old age; so that future generations may continue to enjoy and benefit from these recollections; to this end a second printing has been undertaken. This task has been accomplished, not as in the first printing, with the use of a typesetter and a printing press; but rather with the more modern convenience of an IBM compatible computer and Epson inkjet matrix printer. The original has been reproduced as exactly as possible, such incongruities as may be found owing, in most cases, to minor limitations of the word processor used, or to such typographical errors as have escaped notice during proofreading.

The author, James Clarke, subsequent to the publication of his work, lived for eleven years more, until he passed from this life on January 1, 1886. He is buried in Mt. Auburn in Shelby county, Indiana.

Inquiries regarding this printing may be advanced to Florence Clarke Tait of Cincinnati, Ohio.

December 30, 1986.



A CHAPTER  
IN THE  
HISTORY OF SECTS,  
BEING  
CHAPTER THE FIRST.

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There is either an innate propensity of mind amongst the human family, when allowed freedom of thought and expansion, to exercise that faculty to the fullest extent; so that there is no idea, however strange, no speculation, however wild, nor any belief, however absurd, but what has been broached and swallowed by different sections of the human family at various periods of the world's history; or else there are some men who, wishing to be distinguished from their fellows, and to have their names handed down to posterity as the leaders of sects or heresies, who torture their brains to invent systems hitherto unknown, and theological dogmas never before thought of. These varying ideas, too, are often far removed from reason and revelation, as well as from the region of human comprehension, such as the nature and manner of existence of the Deity, his secret counsels, etc., and other subjects which, not being revealed, are not profitable to discuss, inasmuch as they are beyond human comprehension. This remark is equally applicable to the Athanasian and Nicene creeds, as developed by the Council of Nice, or parts of the Westminster Confession, as composed by a number of divines assembled for political purposes by an English Parliament, as to the sublime, mystical speculations of the Rev. W. C.

But the inquiry is now, Who is, or was, the Rev. W. C.? and what were his abstract speculations in theology? The following narrative will unfold:

About ninety years ago (1874) the theological writings of Emanuel Swedenborg began to be extensively circulated in England among the numerous readers of works, in which are to be found many

sublime ideas, mixed up with abstract metaphysical speculations, with wonderful relations of the realities of the invisible world, it is not surprising there should be some believers. These believers included persons of all classes, and even some divines of the Church of England. One of the most noted of this class was the Rev. John Clowes, Rector of St. John's Church, in Manchester. This gentleman (whom I once heard preach) was, as far as my information extends, of a very amiable disposition, and spent the greatest part of a long life in translating from the original Latin, the voluminous writings of his favorite author, and in writing tracts, sermons and essays, elucidating and defending the "heavenly doctrines of the New Jerusalem." And it is indeed remarkable that he was suffered to remain as a minister of the Church of England as by law established, and even to draw a large salary, while teaching and inculcating doctrines at variance in many respects with the XXXIX Articles.

About the year 1795 this worthy clergyman had a curate, or deputy preacher, under him, also a believer in the reveries of Emanuel Swedenborg, by name William Cowherd. This personage, who was a native of the north of England, was a man of extensive reading and high classical attainments. He was also remarkable for possessing traits of character essentially different and at variance with each other: capable of being highly pleasing in conversation, he was often stern and morose; able to reason justly, yet full often taking his premises for granted on the most untenable grounds; professing to be a follower of the humble Savior, he was yet highly overbearing and dictatorial; whilst denying himself the indulgence of animal food and intoxicating liquors, he indulged himself in all the costly niceties and luxuries the vegetable kingdom would afford; calling himself a Bible Christian, he yet would twist and translate that Bible to suit his own extravagant fancies; of an awkward appearance and forbidding manners, he yet had the art of obtaining considerable influence over many; in short, he appears to have fully understood his own character, from the inscription he ordered to be engraven upon his tombstone:

"All feared, none loved, and few understood."

Which inscription was engraven upon a marble monument erected to his memory after his death, which happened in the year 1816.

But to return to the year 1795: for a time our two preachers appeared to harmonize very well together, but soon a difficulty arose whether it was about some metaphysical abstractions incomprehensible by either; or whether our curate was tired of playing second fiddle, when he thought himself competent to lead an orchestra; or whether he presumed to pay his addresses to Mr.

Clowes' sister against her brother's wishes, I know not, but the fact is certain that they parted; and as Lot, when he separated from his brother Abraham, cast his eye over the fruitful and well watered plain of Jordan; so W. Cowherd, casting his eyes across the river Irwell, beheld the populous town of Salford, where he concluded to cast his lot.

Being possessed of some property, he purchased a lot of land, part of which he laid off for burial lots, erecting upon the rest a neat and commodious house of worship, with a convenient dwelling-house adjoining. His house of worship he dignified with the title of Christ-Church, and here he employed himself in preaching and building up a religious society, occasionally practicing medicine (1800).

Eight years passed away after the building of the aforesaid house, and a moderate sized congregation had been gathered together, when our preacher, either convinced of some of his former errors, or wishing to differ from the rest of his brethren of the New Jerusalem; or else wishing to see how far his influence extended among his disciples; or lastly, being ambitious of heading a new sect, and of handing his name down to posterity as one whose labors contributed to effect a mighty revolution in the world and form a new era; broached several new ideas, which may be summed up in the following *postulata* and conclusions:

*Postulatum 1st.*--The eating of animal food, and consequently the killing of animals for food, is contrary to the design of the Creator when he formed man; *therefore* the people of God in ancient times never made use of the article; and by consequence all those passages of scripture, which hold forth the idea, are incorrectly translated from the original and ought to be amended.

*Postulatum 2d.*Inasmuch as the Lord's people never made use of animal food, they could not have slain real animals for sacrifice. *Therefore*, all those parts of scripture which allude to the same, are incorrect and need revising; for according to our preacher's idea, the Jewish sacrifices consisted, first, of money stamped with the image of animals, bearing their name; and secondly, as the oriental nations made use of the skins of animals, to keep various articles in, or as bottles to hold water or other liquids; or even sometimes cooked their food in them; *therefore*, the skins of such animals, with the contents either raw or cooked, presented to the Lord, were the real sacrifices of the Jewish nation; a most absurd and far-fetched idea.

*Postulatum 3d.*--Wars are directly contrary to Christian charity *therefore*, the ancient Jews and Gentiles who were not Christians, never carried on any; so then those places in the Bible that speak

of wars and fightings ought to be revised, so as to represent theological debates, doubtless as bloodless, and conducted as orderly as those which Alexander Campbell held with the modern advocates of human traditions. How to fix those passages which speak of the numbers slain, the cities sacked and burnt, was no difficulty to our theologian.

*Postulatum 4th.*--It is taken for granted, that the Patriarichal and Jewish dispensations were equal if not superior to Christianity; therefore, the standard of morality must have been as high or higher in those ages, and by a consequence, all those great personages who stand recorded on the pages of inspiration, as guilty of various crimes, have been libeled by the translators; for instance, Cain did not kill Abel, he only excommunicated or anathematized him--Noah did not get drunk--Abraham was not the father of Ishmael by his maid-servant, he only adopted her child as his son--Lot did not commit incest, he only adopted his daughters' children--Jacob had only one wife--Solomon had not so many concubines--Ehud did not assassinate Eglon, king of Moab--Joshua did not exterminate so many nations, and so on and so forth.

Besides these there were various other postulata and conclusions, not reducible to the forgoing heads; such as that Adam and Eve were not our first parents--the serpent that tempted them was an Hindoo fakir--the deluge was not universal, etc.; besides various abstruse speculations concerning the Trinity, of which we can not here speak; the localities and locations of the spiritual worlds--the septennial judgments: from all which we may judge, that the person who made the Scriptures speak just what he pleased, well deserved the name he now assumed, that of "Bible Christian," or rather Bible Twistian.

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#### A CONTINUATION OF THE CHAPTER ON SECTS, CONTAINING THE HISTORY OF NUNC LICET.

No sooner had our preacher broached these new-fangled ideas, than, as might be expected, there was a schism among the people of his congregation. However, it is probable that the far greater part of his flock would have swallowed them, had it not been for the practical part of the theory, I mean the proposal to adopt the doctrine of abstinence as inculcated by the teacher. Many however were found to kick up at the plan, which was not indeed surprising, for without charging the dissentients with making their appetite their god, we may readily suppose, that no one without

very cogent reasons, would adopt a plan which was calculated to make so wide a distinction between themselves and the rest of mankind. However there were some that adopted it with all the heart, and the plan itself was fancied to promise so much benefit to the human family, that in their church register, opposite the name of each member, was written the date of time when he or she commenced abstaining.

Most of these dissentients being thorough-going Swedenborgians, and probably being somewhat displeased at our teacher's supposed deviations from the doctrines of their favorite author, and possessing some men of property, being afterwards joined by some more of Cowherd's disciples, whom as will be hereafter related, had had their hides lacerated by too close shearing, determined to erect a house of worship of their own. For this purpose they purchased a piece of ground about the size of the burial ground of Christ-Church, from which they had separated, and erected thereon a building, to which they gave the name of "New Jerusalem Temple;" it was however familiarly known as "Beef-Steak Chapel," some wag acquainted with the circumstances of their secession from Cowherd, having written on the wall one night with chalk while the edifice was erecting, this inscription: "Beef-Steak Chapel, or Cowherd done over." Over the door of the temple, besides the date of the first and second Advents (1814-57, I think) were engraven these words, "Nunc Licet," which inscription, taken from one of Swedenborg's visions in which he describes the New Jerusalem Church under the figure of a temple, over the door of which was written the same words, which he explains to signify, "Now it is allowable to enter into the mysteries of faith;" which inscription I say was somewhat of a puzzler to the uninitiated. Such of them as had any knowledge of Latin, knew that the words "Nunc Licet" signified "Now it is lawful or allowable," they therefore supposed it meant, "Now it is lawful to eat beef-steaks," beef being the animal food chiefly used in that part of the world. To this supposition our preacher alludes in the following pasquinade, in which he vented his spleen on the dissentients, in the form of a sermon on these words of Paul, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," which as near as I can recollect, after so many years, is as follows:

"Drunkenness, my brethren, absolute drunkenness, should be avoided as scandalous even in a New Church man. It is therefore advisable, that no one of us be seen to drink at any time, as much as two full quarts of brothers Mottram's tenpenny; a single pint of his, or any other beer equally potent, may in my humble opinion be safely taken in public by any of us, without fear of giving offense to God, when we give none to man. Of wine too, which has an

excellent correspondency, and should be drank in preference by ministers, no one should exceed the moderate quantum of one-half of what usually intoxicates a strong man. With respect to ardent spirits, as from their high price at present, they may be considered as purchasable only by ladies and gentlemen, who well know how to guard appearances, they may be allowed two-thirds of an overwhelming dose.

"As to the eating of animal food, that we can prove, not indeed from Scripture, but from the equivalent writings of our heaven-taught scribe, to be '*Nunc Licet*,' that is to say, '*now allowable*;' let his words be heard with becoming reverence: 'Eating the flesh of animals, considered in itself is somewhat profane; for the people of the most ancient time, never on any account killed animals or ate the flesh; but subsisted wholly on fruits, grain and pulse, especially on bread made of wheat, and the milk of their flocks and herds. To kill animals and eat their flesh, seemed to them unlawful, yea as something bestial. But in process of time, when man began to grow fierce as a wild beast, yea much fiercer, then indeed they began to slay animals and to eat their flesh; and forasmuch as man's nature and quality became of such sort, the killing and eating of animals was permitted, and it is at this day permitted.'—SWEDENBORG'S ARCANAE CAELESTIA, No. 1002.

"It would be superfluous, brethren, to enquire how the Baron came by such positive and comforting information; since you know it is firmly believed among us, that he was taught all things by immediate inspiration. Here beloved brethren, it is as plain as words can make it, that flesh meat was allowed in the beginning in consequence of sin, and so long as a sinful, brutal nature continues in man, it is still permitted. And forasmuch as it is the testimony of our infallible author, that hereditary evil can never be entirely extirpated from man, no not in heaven itself, we may consider ourselves as graciously permitted to kill and eat the bodies of animals here and their souls hereafter. Let us therefore, brethren, unmortified needlessly in our corporeal appetites as the Lord's spiritual freedmen, 'eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.'"

There is but little more to add to the history of "*Nunc Licet*" except that in spite of inscriptions and pasquinades, the building was finished, and Robert Hindmarsh, formerly printer to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales (late George IV), and distinguished as a translator of some of the Baron's writings, and author of some works in defense of the same, and sneeringly styled by Cowherd "Defender of the faith and so forth," to whom I have recited many a Latin lesson out of Cornelius Nepos, was appointed first minister.

Note.—I have occupied so much space with the above matters

from the consideration, that my father's acquaintance with Cowherd (or Sherbet, as he was called by the boys, from his fondness for the oriental drink of that name) was a part of that chain of events which determined our emigration to America. My father was engaged in mercantile business; Cowherd declaimed against it, and in favor of an agricultural life; that life could only be enjoyed in America; Cowherd prophesied that his labors were destined to benefit (?) America, so when the difficulties of the times thickened around us to America we came.

I will here introduce another prophecy of Cowherd's, delivered January 23, 1814, in a discourse on Luke xix:13: "Before fifty years are over there will not be a house either in Manchester or Salford." Sixty years have passed, and the houses still stand; indeed the place contains four times the inhabitants of that day.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### IN WHICH SOME NOTICE IS TAKEN OF A PROMINENT CHARACTER AMONG THE BIBLE-CHRISTIANS.

Sixty years have now elapsed since the erection of *Nunc Licet*, and for anything I know to the contrary, the building is still standing, re-echoing each Lord's day the heavenly doctrines of the New Jerusalem; we shall therefore leave these Dissenters from Bible-Christianity, and return to those who professed and practiced the newly-discovered orthodox faith.

And here it will be necessary to introduce another personage; one who adopted the new theories with all the heart, and who, careless of consequences, labored to recommend them to the world. One who endured many trials, and passed through many difficulties, which he bore with unshaken fortitude, who always practiced what he sincerely thought to be right, though all mankind should have opposed him; one of so versatile a genius as to be capable of excelling in whatever he turned his hand to, whether it was attending behind the counter of a store, or instructing youth, or attending to mechanical business; yet never successful in scraping together this world's goods. Though of a somewhat hasty temper, yet he was a kind father, though kind, yet absolute in his family, which was well governed; a sincere friend, often to his own loss; a good citizen so far as conscience allowed him, and I may add a devoted Christian, notwithstanding his unorthodox opinions; his errors were of the head and not of the

heart. Such a man was my father.

James Clarke was born June 27, 1778, at Denshanger, a village near Stoney Stratford in Buckinghamshire. His father, John Clarke, was a farmer in good circumstances, as had been his ancestors for several generations. Through his mother (Ann Lapidge Smith) he claimed relationship with the poets and writers Dryden and Swift. The family having removed to Abthorpe, near Towcester, in the county of Northampton, while he was quite young, he received the rudiments of an English education in the village school of that place.

The family consisted of six daughters and two sons, my father being the youngest: I never saw any of the family excepting uncle John, who was at Manchester once or twice. He farmed at East Haddon and Collingtree, near Northampton, many years, but failing in business, at the request of his son he went over to Ireland, where he resided at Gorey, County Wexford, and there he died, 1841, aged 65. One of the daughters, named Sophia, married a man named Atterbury; another, Abigail, Daniel Roe. I have forgotten the names of most of the others.

The family, and most of the connections, were what was called "church and king," that is to say, they were supporters of the church as by law established, and took part with the government in every measure, right or wrong. The French Revolution broke out while my father was yet young, and party politics ran very high in England, yet my grandfather was rather moderate, though he was somewhat horrified one day at Dryden Smith, a cousin of my grandmother's, who was of opposite politics, entering the harvest field, and wishing the sickles in the bowels of the Prussians who were then invading the French territory. At what period of life my father embraced liberal principles, I am ignorant, though I have reason to suppose he must have been quite young; it is however certain, that before he emigrated to America, his republican principles were so strong, and his expression of them so bold and decided, as to render him obnoxious to the partisans of the ruling party.

His religious sentiments probably did not experience a change till some time after leaving home, as the last words addressed to him by his fond mother, at nineteen years of age, when he entered as clerk in a dry-goods store at Northampton, were: "Jemmy, I hope you will stick to the church." It is probable, however, that he early imbibed a dislike to a hireling clergy, from a circumstance he once related to me. In the rear of my grandfather's garden, stood a venerable plum tree, which being generally well loaded with fruit, was a place of great resort to young James at the proper season.



One day the parson of the parish, who occupied an adjoining house, came in a great splutter to his father's, complaining of the robbery of said plum tree by James, before he had received his regular share of tithes from the same.

During my father's residence with the haberdasher or linen draper of Northampton, he had considerable leisure to improve himself by reading, and amongst other books, the Bible was not forgotten; for, two years afterwards, while acting as clerk in the store of a Mr. Benton, of Manchester, being observed by his employer to be much engaged in the study of the Scriptures, was thus addressed by him: "Mr. Clarke, you will read that book till you will not have a penny in your pocket." Such are the ideas of men of the world, who fancy nothing to be worthy of attention, unless it will put pence into the pocket.

Having become early deeply impressed with the realities of another life, and having formed the idea (which is without solid foundation) that nothing hinders the Divine communications to man, as in former times, but moral corruption; he was prepared to receive the testimony of any one who had any feasible pretensions to Divine illuminations. About this time, one Richard Brothers was handing forth what he called prophecies, in the city of London. Whether or not my father had full faith in the authenticity of his revelations I know not, but it was certain he was somewhat inclined to believe; but Brothers having his prophecies brought to a close by being lodged in a lunatic asylum, his revelations passed away. However, soon after my father fell in with a work which attracted his attention; it was entitled, "A Treatise on Heaven and Hell, and of the Wonderful Things therein, as Heard and Seen, by the honorable Emanuel Swedenborg." The many new and sublime ideas, the wonderful relations, the able manner in which several points are argued, together with the irreproachable character of the author, appeared irresistably to compel faith; and becoming soon after acquainted with other writings by the same author, he became a firm believer. About the year 1806-7 he became acquainted with the inventor of Bible-Christianity, at that time considered a preacher of the New Jerusalem; and when he broached the new ideas as before related, heartily received them.

While these changes in his religious views were going on, his temporal affairs underwent various mutations. After a residence of two years at Northampton, and spending some little time at a place called Chesterfield, in Derbyshire, he came to Manchester, where, after being employed a while as clerk to a Mr. Benton, he commenced business himself in partnership with a Mr. Randall. While attending behind the counter of his store, he first saw and formed

the acquaintance of my mother, Miss Frances Chesshyre. She was the daughter of Thomas<sup>1</sup> and Alice<sup>2</sup> Chesshyre, of a respectable and rather aristocratic<sup>3</sup> family. Her father claimed some connection with the Barons of Halton<sup>4</sup> in the county of Chester; a cousin of his married the Hon. Mr. Rawdon, a brother or cousin of Lord Rawdon, well known in American Revolutionary history; another cousin married the Hon. Mr. Kenyon, a brother of Lord Kenyon's. (I was once at the old lady's house in Salford.) Her mother claimed some relationship to the royal family of Stuarts, through the Stanleys or Earls of Derby. Accordingly, in the year 1745, when Prince Charles Stuart, commonly known as the Pretender, passed through Manchester, her family being zealous Jacobites, took an active interest in his proceedings. They were the parents of seventeen children, of whom my mother was the youngest. Some of their sons attained to some distinction: the oldest, John,<sup>5</sup> having entered the navy, rose at length to the rank of Admiral, and died at an advanced age.

The old gentleman had formerly been engaged extensively in the woolen manufacture, but having credited extensively to Americans, before the war of the Revolution broke out, that event, by depriv-

<sup>1</sup>Thomas, son of John Chesshyre, born March 15, 1732, at Warrington, Lancashire.

<sup>2</sup>Alice, daughter of Edward and Martha Gothard, born 1735; married 1754.

<sup>3</sup>"What is our coat of arms?" said aunt Sarah Chesshyre to my grandfather one day, when I was there. "A bear's paw," said he. Whether the old gentleman was joking, or whether a bear's paw was the heraldic device of his kinsman, Sir John Chesshyre, I know not; but one thing is certain, that the nobility and aristocracy of Europe have adopted as their family symbols, beasts and birds of prey, or parts thereof; fit emblems of their habits of living upon and devouring the substance of the laborers of the land. Who Sir John Chesshyre was, where he belonged to, whether he was a knight or baron-knight, I know not; but as Mr. Toots says, It's of no consequence.

<sup>4</sup>On a fertile plain a little distance south-east of the village of Runcorn, near the head of the tidewater of the river Mersey, upon an elevated mound, stands, or did stand, when I a little boy saw it, the ruins of the ancient castle of Halton, formerly the residence of the Barons of Halton, who were feudatories of the Earls of Chester.

<sup>5</sup>John Chesshyre commanded a vessel in a great sea-fight with the French in 1794, June 1st. His commander was Admiral Lord Howe. In consequence of that fight he received considerable prize-money, and the rank of Post Captain. Leaving active service some time after, he was stationed at Swansea in South Wales, where he had the command of a part of the coast. When the Duke of Clarence became king under the title of William IV, having been himself employed in the navy, he made a general promotion in the ranks of the navy, and Post Captain John Chesshyre was raised to the rank of Admiral. One of his sons went as a cadet to India, where he died. His other son, William, was one of the reverend clergy at Canterbury, in Kent, at my last advices.

ing him of his returns, was a heavy loss to him; inspiring him ever afterwards with a hearty hatred of Americans and republicanism. "The Americans," said my grandmother to me one day, "are naughty folks; they used to transport criminals to America, like they do now to Botany Bay, and that is the reason why the people there are so bad"!! Notwithstanding her aristocratic prejudices, she was a very worthy woman, and lived with her husband in the holy bonds of matrimony sixty-five years, and died at the age of eighty-four. The old man survived till near ninety\* (89 years, 9 months).

Soon after my father's marriage, which took place November 10, 1803, he commenced business himself, which, however, he soon found to be a losing business. His capital was small, his rent and taxes enormously high--ninety pounds (over four hundred dollars) a year; so after struggling along for a year or two, his creditors got out a commission of bankruptcy against him; the whole of his property was placed in the hands of assignees for their benefit, who finally declared a dividend of only four shillings and sixpence in the pound (22 1/2 per cent.). This, as may be well supposed, was a serious misfortune to young beginners in the world. His creditors however had such confidence in his integrity, that they gave up to him most of his household furniture.

A Mr. Barrett, who had married a youthful acquaintance of my mother's, having been attacked with insanity, my father was employed to attend to his business. Soon after, my grandfather Clarke deceased, leaving my father such a sum of money as enabled him to re-commence business in the wholesale line, in partnership with a certain Mr. Livesey: what became of some of his money will be revealed in the next chapter.

Note.--The following is a list of the children of Thomas Chesshyre and his wife, Alice (Gothard) Chesshyre:

John--The Admiral.

Edward--An attorney in Manchester. Died childless and wealthy.

Elizabeth--Deaf and dumb. Died unmarried at an advanced age.

Alice--Died in infancy.

Alice--Married John Walker, a prosperous attorney of Manchester.

Mary--A good old lady, died unmarried at an advanced age.

Sarah--Married at fifty years of age a Mr. Watmough of Liverpool.

Martha--Married John Owen, an attorney of Manchester.

Ann--Married Mr. Molineus; left two children, Edward and Elizabeth.

Thomas--Died unmarried.

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\*They were both buried in a part of the old Collegiate Church of Manchester, known as Lord Derby's chapel.

Robert--Died before my recollection, leaving three sons, Edward, Samuel and William, and daughter, Susannah. William died in Jamaica; the others all married, without any descendants.

James--Died in infancy.

Frances--Same.

James--Died in childhood.

Charles--Followed the business of a weaver; died a poor man, leaving two daughters.

Harriet--Married Mr. Nichol, a bookseller of London; left a tolerably large family; one of her daughters emigrated to Adelaide, in Australia; a son, a surgeon, somewhere in Canada; another son had a post in the Treasury; another daughter, wife of a farmer in Lincolnshire.

Frances--My mother.

List of the children of John Clarke and his wife Ann.

Abigail--Married Daniel Roe, a baker of Ecton.

Sophia--Married Mr. Atterbury.

Elizabeth--Died young.

A daughter--Name unknown, Susan, I think, married Mr. Abbot.

Same--Married Mr. Gray.

Nancy--Died after being confined to her bed by paralysis many years.

\*John--Died near Gorey, County Wexford, Ireland.

James--My father.

The following is a list of the children of James and Frances Clarke.

DIED.	NAME.	WHEN BORN.	WHERE BORN.
-----	James-----	Nov. 18, 1804.	Chapel Street, Salford, Manchester.
Jan., 1873.	Thomas Smith.	April 22, 1806	Deansgate, Manchester.
Feb. 19, 1809	Frances . . . . .	Jan. 15, 1808.	Hodson Street, Salford.
Sept. 11, 1853.	Ann . . . . .	July 2, 1809 . . .	Boond Street, Salford.
Dec. 19, 1813	John. . . . .	Feb. 1, 1811 . . .	Hulme, near Manchester.
-----	William . . . . .	Nov. 21, 1812. . .	Same.
July, 1871. . . .	Frances . . . . .	Oct. 13, 1814. . .	Oldfield Road, Salford.
-----	Mary. . . . .	May 25, 1816 . . .	Hulme, near Manchester.
June 27, 1819	Sarah Watmough. . . . .	Dec. 26, 1818. . .	Baltimore, Maryland.
-----, 1868. . . .	Edward Chesshyre. . . . .	July 16, 1820 . . .	Near Lebanon, Ohio.
-----	Ellen . . . . .	July 18, 1822. . .	Same.
-----	John. . . . .	Nov. 1, 1824 . . .	Springboro', Ohio.
-----	Charles . . . . .	Oct. 29, 1826. . .	Jackson Tp., Shelby Co., Indiana.

\*John Clarke died in the year 1842, aged 66. His son Henry died young; his son Samuel resided at Gorey, in Ireland, in the year 1852; had then a family of six children. His (uncle John's) two daughters, Sarah and Ann Lapidge, married two brothers named King, farmers, near Stowe, in Buckinghamshire, but childless.

## CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH IS RELATED SOME OF THE EMBARRASMENTS  
WHICH BEFEL BIBLE CHRISTIANITY, FOR WANT OF MONEY;  
AND THE MEANS BY WHICH IT WAS RELIEVED.

I have before related, that in the first year of the nineteenth century, Billy Cowherd purchased a lot of ground for a burying ground, upon which he erected a house for worship and a commodious dwelling-house. About the year 1807, he purchased a still larger lot in a place called Hulme, a suburb of Manchester, upon which he likewise erected a house of worship, with a large and commodious school-room attached, and twenty-four dwelling-houses arranged in rather a fantastic manner. Two years afterwards he built on his first purchase another large and commodious school-house, which was dignified with the title of "Salford Grammer School and Academy of Sciences." The erection of all these buildings, requiring more of the needful than was forthcoming, our church builder was in danger of experiencing some of the sweets of the law. In this exigency, which threatened the ruin of Bible-Christianity, three members of his congregation came forward to save him and his cause from ruin, by endorsing his bills. Solomon tells us somewhere, "that he who is surety shall smart for it," and so our trio found it, for they had the money to pay. One of them, named Thomas Leeming, thinking the shears clipped too close, left the church, and became a prominent member of *Nunc Licet*. The second person, Joseph Brotherton, had wealth sufficient to stand the shock: he was a worthy man of mild and affable manners, the owner of an extensive cotton manufactory; after his instructor's death, he expounded the Bible according to the doctrines of Bible-Christianity from the pulpit of the founder; at a still later date represented the town of Salford in the Imperial Parliament. My father, who was the third sufferer, sometimes blamed him for taking care of himself in the transaction, thinking that he ought to have borne the brunt with himself in proportion to their respective properties. My father's losses were near fifteen hundred dollars, and the immediate consequence was, that he was obliged to borrow from a friend of his residing at Addingham in Yorkshire, Mr. Ambrose Dean, a like amount, in order to fulfill his engagements in the partnership with Mr. Livesey. This debt was often the source of great uneasiness to my father, but it was finally arranged, that whenever the church was able to raise the amount of money Mr. Cowherd owed him, that it was to be appropriated to pay that debt.

The obligations our preacher was under to these gentlemen, did not at all lessen his independent bearing towards them, for finally,

upon some dispute with my father, he turned him out of his house. His spleen was not satisfied, when he was out of humor with an individual, by venting it on him alone, but extended to all the connections of that person. The day after the affray happened, as I was reciting my lesson to him in his school-room, happening to make a blunder, he fell upon me: "Take your hat," said he, "and leave the school, for like your father, you will never learn anything." I had another example of the same disposition, I think some time afterwards. One of the teachers in the Academy, William Metcalfe, a good scholar, and a young man of mild temper, happening to leave the Academy to reside in Yorkshire (where Mr. A. Dean undertook to erect an edifice, where either Swedenborgianism or Bible-Christianity might be taught, as the case might be), under circumstances which displeased the Right Reverend gentleman, he could not bear that those around him should associate with him. During the Christmas vacation in the Academy in the year 1813, Joseph Wright, an under-teacher in the Academy, and brother-in-law to the said Metcalfe, thought proper to pay him, and some other relatives he had living in Yorkshire, a visit, in company with John Chorlton, a student in the Academy and a classmate of mine. The scarlet fever happening to rage very fatally in Manchester at that time, even having made an inroad into our own family, carrying off one of my little brothers, my father determined to send me along with them, to pass the Christmas holidays and be out of the way of the contagion. Upon our return to school, an arrangement was made that the first class, to which I belonged, should study their lessons in a lower room of the Academy, separate from the rest. This room was divided into two compartments, by two brick walls, five feet in height, which extended from the door to within six feet of the teacher's desk, so that no one could pass from one side of the room to the other without passing the teacher's desk. However, as luck would have it, we had no teacher to interfere with us, the Reverend Doctor Cowherd, Principal of the Academy, only entering the school-room two or three times a week. At other times the first class had to go into his house to recite to him. Whenever he did enter the school-room he created a sensation. I can well remember the silence that always ensued whenever his solemn and heavy step was heard on the stone staircase leading to the upper room of the Academy; but when the door was thrown open, and his portly person was fairly seen gliding with solemn and stately steps to the huge arm-chair at the teacher's desk, the effect was highly imposing; among the hundred pupils who filled the room, nothing was seen but attention to books—you might have heard a pin drop.

A short time after our return from Yorkshire, as we were in our

room, either pursuing our studies, or amusing ourselves, I forget which, the door was suddenly thrown open and the Reverend Doctor marched up to the teacher's pulpit: he called for our lessons and we obeyed the summons. There was an angry scowl upon his brow, which portended anything but peace. At length the storm burst forth. We were reciting to him, out of the Greek Testament, a portion of John's Gospel, when taking advantage of some blunders we made, he commenced upbraiding us in no measured terms, such of us as had made the above mentioned visit, that we should have the audacity to hold communication with persons whom he had disowned and virtually excommunicated. Then, to cap the climax of his fury, seizing his Greek Testament, a ponderous folio, he forthwith drove them down the aforesaid alley out into the lobby or entrance hall of the building. As I was then a little shaver (being only nine years of age), and withal at the foot of the class, I had hoped to have escaped unnoticed in the general rout; so took the opportunity to slip in the rear of the victor to my seat. Vain hope! for no sooner had he cleared the room of the main body of the class, than he turned his artillery upon me, for obeying my father's orders in going into the country to escape the pestilence. Yet this man would declaim against tyrants and priestcraft! Strange inconsistency of human nature.

But to return from this digression. The expulsion of my father from the Reverend Doctor's house came very near weaning him from "Bible-Christianity." For several Sundays he wandered about from one place of worship to another, but it appeared that the teachings of our founder had taken such deep root that they could not be eradicated, and he longed for his accustomed seat in Christ Church, Salford, and the profound instructions of its minister. He accordingly addressed the following note to the Doctor, which appears to hold out the idea that the difficulty originated about money matters: "James Clarke, desiring the liberty of Minister and Church, begs leave to inform Mr. Cowherd that he does, for himself and family, renounce any claims he may have upon him and the church." Thus a claim of near fifteen hundred dollars was disposed of, for a seat in a meeting-house, to listen to the visionary theories of the inventor of "Bible-Christianity." Though my father in this transaction forgot the direction of the Apostle Paul, which requires every one to take care of his own household, yet it shows the sacrifices he was prepared to make for what he considered to be the truth. After the Doctor's decease, however, the Church agreed to reimburse my father's advances, as I have before related, to satisfy Mr. Dean.

The above communication appeared to satisfy our Divine, who began to think that my father might not only learn himself, but be

apt to teach others also. Accordingly he gave him a call to preach. He commenced by expounding the Epistle to the Romans on Sunday evenings in the Academy; and soon after our Divine being dissatisfied with Mr. Samuel Dean, whom he had placed in the pulpit of Christ Church, Hulme, he removed him, and placed my father therein. Of my father's qualifications as a preacher, it would probably not become me to speak; he certainly was not an orator, though zealous in the cause he had espoused. Though naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, yet he became fearless and bold in the exposure of what he considered to be evil and error, no matter whether in high or low, rich or poor. When he happened to have correct premises laid down, he could reason well from them; but as I have said before with respect to "Bible-Christianity," many of its premises and positions were altogether untenable.

But to return to temporalities: about the year 1814 my father and Mr. Livesey took into partnership in their business a conceited coxcomb named Robert Armitstead, who pretended to be a nephew or near relation of the famous Sir Robert Peel. This gentleman, to whom was committed the care of a branch of the establishment which was opened in London, credited goods to so many irresponsible persons as to shake greatly the credit of the whole firm; so that my father was obliged to retire therefrom, and open a warehouse for the sale of goods on commission. His reverses in the mercantile line, produced a disgust at the profession of a trader, and he imbibed the idea that "sin sticks so close betwixt buying and selling," as to render it almost impossible for a merchant to be either an honest man or a good Christian. Finally he resolved to quit merchandising forever and devote himself to the education of youth; accordingly he opened a school, in conjunction with Joseph Wright, in the school-room attached to the meeting-house in which he officiated.

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## CHAPTER V.

### DESCRIPTION OF SALFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, AND OF THE TEACHERS AND INSTRUCTORS THEREIN.

It is well known that in our day and time, each and every sect of any notoriety, has its colleges, universities, seminaries, theological schools, and so forth, in which "pious young men" may be prepared for the ministry, and properly initiated into the art, trade and mystery of an expounder of the dogmas of the sects to which they respectively belong.



Our Reverend Doctor was well aware of the importance of such institutions in perpetuating and increasing the religious societies who patronized them. Accordingly, soon after the anti-flesh-eating dogmas were first promulgated, he determined that an institution of learning should be got up, in which instruction should be afforded at a cheap rate to the public generally, but more especially to those who were attached to his congregation. At the same time he made arrangements to accommodate, if necessary, one hundred boarders, who of course would be expected to conform to the Pythagorean diet of the principal.

The building was finished in the year 1809: it was a brick building of two lofty stories, besides the basement and the attic. The church yard being raised five or six feet higher than the streets on each side, probably in the process of grading, caused the basement to open upon the street. It was used chiefly for the storage of coals for fuel, although I recollect seeing a large box, in which were cultivated mushrooms, to gratify the mortified appetite of the inventor of "Bible-Christianity." The entrance to the Academy was from the grave-yard; on either side of the entrance hall were the two rooms I have formerly described, each lighted by two semi-circular windows. A flight of stone stairs ascended to the second story of the building, a large room, perhaps thirty feet by sixty, perhaps more. A large fireplace was placed at each end of the room, near each of which there was a teacher's desk. The brick walls were unplastered for about five feet above the floor, which was occupied by commodious desks and seats for the scholars, who received light from five semi-circular windows placed eight or nine feet from the floor. A staircase from this room led to the attic, which was divided into three compartments, lighted by windows placed in the roof, from which there was an extensive prospect. As the building was to be styled not only Grammar School, but Academy of Sciences, the founder took care that suitable apparatus should be provided, in order that science might be taught if required. Two pair of globes, (nine inch and eighteen), two powerful electrical machines, with other necessary apparatus to illustrate that science, a magic lantern, a large solar microscope, a six feet reflecting telescope, an air pump, composed the chief articles that I can recollect of. A valuable library belonging to the congregation was kept in the Academy, and to complete the whole, a printing press and types was placed in the attic in order to enable the founder to publish his version of the Bible and other theological writings if necessary.

No sooner was the institution opened than the cheapness with which instruction was proposed to be dispensed filled the building with one hundred and fifty pupils, of whom, upwards of twenty

being from a distance, boarded with the principal. So many scholars of course required a corresponding number of tutors, and several young men were employed as assistants in order to pay for their own instruction. The first I shall mention was named William Munroe; where he was from I know not, but I well recollect that he was afflicted with weak eyes, and had to wear glasses to assist his sight, which, however, did not prevent the principal from occasionally knocking them off with his big book while performing that operation which the scholars technically styled "*dumping*," which consisted in belaboring the head and shoulders at one time with the ponderous folio of Bryan Walton's Polyglot, at another with a heavy tome of a Greek Testament, but in the present case with the Latin Quarto of Swedenborg's Economy of the Animal Kingdom. This youngster, having thus a good example set him, took the liberty one day when the other teachers were not present to break a round box-wood ruler more than an inch in diameter over the back of one of the scholars. This assumption of authority was not to be borne with; accordingly, by a vote of the school taken with beans and peas, he was expelled almost unanimously. What became of him afterwards I know not.

I have already mentioned William Metcalfe as being a good scholar and of a mild temper. During the short time he remained in the Academy he was generally pretty well liked. He was one of the little party of emigrants who accompanied us to America, and became minister of the Bible-Christian Society of Philadelphia. Becoming tired of the business of teaching, he engaged as editor of a paper which flourished under the various names of "Protector," "Independent Democrat," and "Evening Star," which was zealously engaged in advocating the election of Gen. Harrison to the Presidency, but soon afterwards expired. He afterwards edited the "American Vegetarian," assisted by Dr. Wm. A. Alcott, and died in the year 1862, in the 75th year of his age.\*

I have also mentioned Robert Hindmarsh, the minister of Nunc Licet, and Joseph Wright, brother-in-law to Wm. Metcalfe. This latter personage was endowed with a moderate portion of self-conceit, and lacked (it was said) correct morals. I have introduced him already as engaged in partnership with my father in the business of teaching; he afterwards emigrated to America and had for some time the care of an academy at the Head of Chester in Maryland, where I hope he had leisure to reform his conduct.

But the two pinks of pedagogism who occupied for the longest time the floors of Salford Grammar School and Academy of Sciences

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\*See American Phrenological Journal, Vol. XXXVII, p. 36, also his life written by Joseph, and published by Fowler & Wells, N. Y.

were the Reverend James Scholefield and the Reverend John Booth Stretles. The first named personage when he first made his appearance among us was as awkward a country-looking Yorkshire tyke as you would wish to see on a summer's day; but being endowed with a moderate quantity of self-estimation, and having a very good idea of his own attainments, which however were moderate, he displayed his personal vanity by combing his hair Madonna fashion, and sporting a shining pair of top-boots, and his Pharisaism by washing his hands after having defiled them by shaking hands with some old acquaintance from Yorkshire. He was however tolerably well beliked by the scholars. After our emigration to America he became minister of Christ Church, Hulme, but not agreeing very well with Joseph Brotherton, he left that Church with a part of the flock, who erected for him a place of worship; but whether he founded a new sect or still retained the old cognomen of Bible Christian, I am not informed. The other gentleman, although not so well liked as the other, was a much more correct scholar, albeit of stern and snappish disposition. It was very good sport for the scholars to be spectators of the quarrels of these two Reverends, as they styled themselves, which often turned upon the question as to who was head master. Sometimes Scholefield, rising to his feet with great dignity, which made the tassels of his top-boots vibrate majestically, and throwing the door at the head of the stairs wide open, would command Stretlegs, as the boys called him, to leave the house, which command however had no other effect than to excite the laughter of his opponent. The founder of Bible-Christianity having given him (Stretles) a call to preach, he occasionally exercised his talents on that line. I went to hear him once, but found it a very dry performance.

A few words respecting the routine of study in this institution will close the present chapter.

No sooner was a pupil elevated from the elementary school to a seat in the upper room, than the Eton Latin Grammar was put into his hands, accompanied with a little work in Latin and English entitled Corderius' Colloquies, which was succeeded by Cornelius Nepos, Caesar's Commentaries, and the Latin poets Ovid, Virgil and Horace. The Eton Greek Grammar was likewise used, with the Greek Testament, Selected Sententiae, and the Iliad of Homer.

At half-past eight in the morning the roll was called, and all hands were paraded on the floor, and called upon to recite the portion of grammar lesson assigned them to memorize; and woe to the wight who was unprepared--the best he could expect was to have his book flung in his face, and himself remanded to the foot of the line, to take a fresh trial when his turn came around again.

From that time till eleven A. M. we had to prepare our Latin lessons, and in the meantime the Rev. J. B. Strettlles amused himself by reading some pleasant romance from the shelves of a circulating library; occasionally, however, casting an eye on his pupils to see whether any of them were playing at ball or leap-frog. If he observed any disorder, the four foot of ratan cane which lay on his desk near at hand, after performing a semi-circular curve through the air, suddenly alighted among the offenders, who had the honor of returning it to the teacher, and the still further satisfaction of having the palms of their hands well warmed therewith previous to their return to their seats.

After reciting our Latin lessons we were dismissed for dinner, which, while the principal kept boarders, was served up in the school room, and honored by the presence of the principal himself.

At half-past one the roll was again called, and our copy-books were handed out to us; after writing a copy we attended to our arithmetical studies till four, when we read an English lesson, parsed some sentences therein, spelt some of the words contained in the lesson, and were dismissed for the day. On Saturday mornings the few scholars who attended directed their attention especially to geography.

Such was the institution and such the routine in which I passed six years of my life, during which time I never missed but one day, besides the regular holidays of the school; went seven or eight times through the Latin grammar, read the intermediate books and half way through Horace; passed through the Greek grammar three or four times, read some in John's Gospel, the Acts of Apostles and Greek Sentences; studied some in Caddick's Hebrew Grammar, read several chapters of Genesis and several Psalms in the original; became a tolerably good proficient in Murray's English Grammar, and advanced in arithmetic as far as decimal fractions; and upon reviewing the whole, the method of instruction seems to me more calculated for the ease of the master than the advancement of the scholar.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE EMIGRATION.

The year 1816 was a season of peculiar difficulty and distress to the laboring classes of the manufacturing districts of Great Britain. After having been engaged for nearly twenty-five years in a deadly struggle with the French Revolution and the French Emperor, she found herself exhausted with the contest, and crushed to the earth with an enormous load of debt amounting to four thousand millions of dollars, which will no doubt be paid--when the Philosopher's Stone is discovered. Upon the return of peace, the workshops and manufactories of the continent, which during the presence of actual hostilities there had been in a measure suspended, were enabled to resume their former activity. This, by a necessary consequence, somewhat diminished the demand for British manufactures, and of course many of the operatives were thrown out of employ, while others were obliged to work at reduced wages. To crown the whole, the harvest of that year proved almost a complete failure; the unremitting wet weather in the season of harvest proved so injurious to the crop, that there was scarcely a bushel saved fit to be eaten. The only flour to be had, that was worth having, was American barrel, which was retailed at the enormous rates of six shillings per dozen pounds, or eleven dollars per hundred.

The scarcity of employment, combined with the high price of provisions, had a considerable effect upon the minds and temper of the people. The well-known abuses and corruptions of the British Government of that day were made use of by artful and designing men to inflame the passions of the lower classes to occasional outbreaks of the law. Great mass meetings of the populace were held in the fields and open spaces of the towns, where the subject of Parliamentary Reform was descanted on by the popular orators, as the grand panacea and cure for all their privations.

My father's politics being decidedly favorable to these political Reformers, even occasionally descanting on the subject from the pulpit, he was of course intimate with some of the popular leaders, which rendered him obnoxious not only to the hired minions of power, but also to our own relatives.

The pressure of the times likewise had such an effect in diminishing his school, as to reduce his income very materially. This combination of circumstances induced him to direct his attention to America. The free and liberal government of the United States, the

engage once more in the cultivation of the soil; the insinuations or prophecies of old Billy Cowherd, that America was to be the scene where Bible-Christianity was to spread and flourish, determined his course, much to the dislike of our aristocratic relatives.

But one important item was necessary to be taken into consideration, in order to undertake a voyage to America--funds were requisite, and they were scarce. However, this obstacle was at length overcome. Several of his brethren of the Bible-Christian order had likewise determined to emigrate, and so after various meetings and consultations, a plan was at length agreed upon for mutual aid and assistance in the proposed enterprise, which was substantially as follows:

1st--That such of the brethren of the Bible Christian order as wished to emigrate to America, who were possessed of any property, should throw the same into a common stock, called "The Fund."

2dly--That those brethren who were not able to pay their passage, should be assisted out of the common stock, upon the condition of repaying the same soon after their arrival in the land of promise.

3dly--That such of the preaching brethren as wished to go, should likewise be assisted, whether they repaid or not.

4thly--On their arrival in America, what was remaining of the Fund was to be invested in lands, upon which all were to labor in common till the year 1821 (one of the inventor's Judgment years), when the whole was to be divided among the members in proportion to their original advances.

5thly--Those who had never advanced anything were to be assisted in making a start by the more fortunate.

These preliminaries having been adjusted, suitable enquiries were made at Liverpool, when it was ascertained that the ship Liverpool Packet, Steven Singleton, master, bound for Philadelphia, would sail about the 1st of April, 1817, and that an agreement could be made by which the whole company of emigrants (originally intended to be eighty, but eventually only forty souls) could be accommodated on reasonable terms.

The time proposed for the commencement of the voyage was considered by the brethren as very auspicious, as being about the time of the Exodus, when the Children of Israel were delivered from Egyptian bondage. An agreement was forthwith entered into with the captain for the passage of as many of the brethren as could be paraded, who arrived in Liverpool a few days before the time proposed for sailing.

The following are the names of the company, so far as I can recollect:

James Clarke (Minister), wife and six children, . . . . 8

John Bury (Treasurer) and wife, . . . . .	2
William Metcalfe, wife and children, . . . . .	6
James Royle and wife, . . . . .	2
Wm. Heggs, wife, child and her sister, Miss Richardson, . . . . .	4
George Radford and wife, . . . . .	2
Thomas Dax, wife and son, . . . . .	3
Adam Lowe, single man, . . . . .	1
Mrs. Barber, widow, . . . . .	1
William Almond and two children, . . . . .	3
Jeremiah Horrocks, wife and two children, . . . . .	4
John Freeland and wife, . . . . .	2
Miss Collins, an outsider, . . . . .	1
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Total, . . . . .	39

Of these worthies, Royle, Higgens and Radford contributed about \$900 each to the fund, Bury and Horrocks about \$200 each; the balance had scarcely enough to pay their passage. This inequality of contribution was, as might have been expected, a fruitful source of grumblement among the Exodes; but let us not anticipate events.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE VOYAGE,

All things having been prepared, a due proportion of sea-biscuit, flour, potatoes, pease, butter, eggs stowed away in salt, groceries, etc., being provided, two goats having also been taken on board to supply milk for the tea of the company, on the fifth of April A. D. 1817, the ship Liverpool Packet was warped out of dock with a favorable tide, and dropping down the river Mersey, cast anchor three or four miles below the town of Liverpool.

The next morning the captain came on board, followed by a custom house officer with two assistants. The said officer being taken down into the cabin, liberally treated with good liquor, and furthermore having a gold guinea placed over each eye by the accommodating captain, his assistants made a show of searching the vessel for contraband goods and passengers, but finding none, took their leave.

The anchor being weighed, the sails set, in a short time we found ourselves on the expanse of the Irish Sea. No sooner did our vessel get in motion, and rise and fall on the swelling waves of the open sea, when a sudden dizziness seized upon all the land-loafers, and old Neptune claimed as a tribute the breakfasts we had swallowed in the morning. This disagreeable nausea, which lasted a few days, we found affected a boatful of passengers who now made

their appearance on board, having been prevented by the absurd laws of England, which then prohibited the emigration of artizans, from publicly taking their passage; at the same time several others made their appearance from the hold, having been stowed away among the salt and coal with which the vessel was ballasted.

All hands being now on board, we progressed in earnest on our voyage. The wind being for sometime unfavorable, we were obliged to tack, alternately approaching the Welsh mountains and the Wicklow hills of swate Ireland; in a day or two, however, we cleared St. George's Channel and launched out on the blue waters of the broad Atlantic. Our sea-sickness having now principally abated, we had leisure to survey the novelty of the scene. As far as the sight could extend, nothing could be seen but a wide waste of waters, with occasionally a passing sail in the distance. The waters, which, while we remained within soundings, appeared of a greenish hue, now assumed a dark indigo blue. Occasionally a shoal of porpoises served to vary the scene, acting their antic gambols ahead of the vessel's bow. On these occasions a harpoon was sometimes rigged, though only once successfully, when one was captured and taken on board. Sometimes it so happened that one was wounded, when instanter the whole troop would move off in double-quick time, leaping and careering as long as they remained in sight. Sometimes we observed at a distance the jets of water thrown up by whales; once only had I the opportunity of observing one anyways close. Sharks would sometimes be observed sailing with the dorsal fin above the water, but though a stout hook was baited, none were ever captured.

For several days the weather was moderate and the sea tolerably smooth; but upon approaching the latitude of the Bay of Biscay, having a pretty stiff breeze, we came to a part of the ocean where there had been recently a severe storm, and the water was as yet very considerably agitated. We entered this boisterous region about dark, and the chests and boxes not having been properly secured, occasioned considerable disturbance by sliding and rolling about; however no great damage was done, save the demolition of sundry piles of crockery which had been carefully laid upon the shelves, and the overspilling of certain trays full of pease soup. About midnight an alarm of fire was raised, which turned out to be only the steward striking a light. In the morning a sublime yet awful sight presented itself; the waves, raised to a mountain hight, came rolling on as though they would overwhelm us, and as they approached us would raise us aloft on their briny summits, and as they passed on would sink us down into a deep valley. Occasionally might be observed, rolling on at the distance of half a mile or more, a wave more towering than the rest, advancing like a



squadron of horse on a charge, which, as it reached us, would give the vessel a shock, causing it to vibrate from stem to stern, and as it sank down into the trough of the sea the uproar would be followed by an awful yet momentary stillness.

By degrees, however, this turmoil subsided, and about the 20th of April land was discovered peering above the waters, which proved to be Porto Santo, one of the Madeiras. Leaving it to the right, we shortly came in sight of the principal island of the group, which lay right ahead. About the middle of the afternoon we passed on the left a small uninhabited island or group of islets called the Desertas. The wind being unfavorable we did not weather the cape which forms the southeast point of Madeira till early next morning, when about ten o'clock we cast anchor in the Bay or rather Road of Funchal, about a quarter of a mile from the shore, in ninety fathoms of water with a muddy bottom. After having been deprived for sometime of the sight of land, the prospect thereof was quite refreshing to the eye, more especially as it presented to us quite an unusual appearance. The whole island presented the appearance of a vast mountain with very little level land thereon. It is indeed a huge mountain of volcanic origin, thirty miles from east to west and twelve from north to south, some of the peaks rising to an elevation of over 6,000 feet. Before us, to the north, the land rose to a considerable elevation, covered almost to the summit with vineyards or cultivated fields, while further to the east the ground did not appear to be much cultivated, but was covered with a kind of furze-bush, which being covered with yellow blossoms made rather a gay appearance. The south-east point of the bay came down with a high rocky bluff into the ocean, while the south-west extended out with a considerable stretch on level land. At the center of this semi-circular arch was situated the town or city of Funchal, which at that distance presented a very neat appearance, the buildings being whitewashed on the outside and roofed with red tiles. At each extremity of the town a fortification stood to defend the place, which was said to contain twenty thousand inhabitants, and carried on at that time a considerable trade in wine. Several vessels were anchored near us, two British brigs-of-war, five or six huge East Indiamen, a Swedish vessel, with three or four others of different nations.

No sooner was the anchor let go, than there appeared approaching us from the shore a small barge, having the Portuguese flag flying at the stern. Having arrived within earshot, a gentleman who was seated therein hailed our captain in a squeaking, effeminate voice, and in tolerably good English, enquiring after the health of the persons on board. After a parade of calling the muster-roll, the gentleman, who appears to have been health-officer

of the port, threw our captain a yellow flag and took his leave. This flag having floated at the mast-head about fifteen minutes, was taken down, and we were allowed a free communication with the shore, which privilege many of the passengers embraced.

The captain having given us the use of his boat, some of us landed at a little cove in the rocks, just under the castle on the west side of the bay, and crossing a narrow causeway across a kind of swamp or inlet of the sea, soon found ourselves at the gates of the town. Upon entering it we were much disappointed in its appearance, the streets being narrow and dirty, and the majority of the houses of a mean appearance. Very few were accommodated with glass windows, lattices of wood supplying their place. No carts, wagons, nor any other kind of wheel-carriages were to be seen, their place being supplied by sleds drawn by oxen. The roofs were covered with tiles, which swarmed with lizards. The dress and appearance of the people showed that we were in a foreign country; some few were well dressed but a large majority were rather indifferently clothed in a shirt and trousers with high peaked woolen caps. The streets swarmed with great numbers of the black tribe, who, barefooted and bareheaded, and not over-clean, strolled along, subsisting as drones upon the community, giving nothing in return but barren and unprofitable prayers. From the shortness of our stay, we had not an opportunity of making any enquiries as to their morals, but judging from the proverb, "Like priest, like people," I should not form a very favorable opinion, for the people were the veriest beggars in creation, the men begging for pistareens, and the boys for vingtems, a copper coin worth about two cents.

In the course of our rambles through town, we came to a church with a monastery attached. It was built after the plan of some of the oriental houses, having a large courtyard in the middle. The church occupied the front of the square, and the buildings of the monastery the other three sides. Upon going into the church, we observed in the vestibule a basin of holy water fixed up against the wall, for the use of all true believers, who sealed themselves on the forehead with the sign of the cross, as they entered the building. On one side of the vestibule was a room, said to have silver gates, used as a confessional; on the other side was an apartment containing a display of images from the Virgin Mary down to the Savior. The main body of the church was not furnished with pews or seats of any kind, which I am informed are not common in the Catholic churches of Continental Europe. Passing through the chapel and ascending a flight of stairs, we found ourselves in a long, dark gallery, dimly lighted by a window at one end; on each side of the gallery were the cells occupied by the

monks, who here droned away part of that time which had been better employed in doing something useful to society. The Governor's palace was a sizeable building, not remarkable for beauty; however, in front was a pleasant promenade, planted with various kinds of flowering shrubs and trees, the luxuriance and beauty of which, with the groves of orange trees, reminded us of the southern climate. Visiting the market place, we found it situated in a square of no great extent, fitted up with stalls resembling a watchman's or sentry's box, in which were exposed for sale various vegetables and fruits. Although as early as the last week of April, potatoes and onions were large, and strawberries abundant. Different kinds of fruit, such as bananas, oranges and lemons, were plentiful and cheap. Here, too, for the first time, we saw Indian corn some of which we purchased to feed our goats. After partaking of a comfortable shore dinner at a house of entertainment called the English Hotel, situated in the Rua das Ingleses, or English street, we returned on board.

A day or two afterwards we again went ashore intending to visit some cavalier's gardens and grounds three or four miles in the interior. Leaving the town by the northern gate, we began to ascend the hill along a narrow lane, bordered by stone walls which separated it from the fields and vineyards on either hand. The most remarkable thing I recollect having noticed, was some cactus bushes five or six feet high, growing by the side of the road. We occasionally met with some of the natives, who as usual employed themselves in begging of our party such refreshments as they had with them. As we continued the ascent, the ground became more rocky and barren, until we reached the summit, when looking back, we saw the town as it were beneath our feet, and the dark, rolling ocean stretched beyond it as far as the eye could discern, with the shipping dwindled in the distance to nothing. There was also a sensible change in the climate; the lizards had disappeared, the orange and lemon were no more seen, and the only cultivation visible was some patches of oats. The waste grounds were occupied by briars and furze bushes. The dwellings of the people corresponded with the poverty of the scene, appearing like heaps of stones loosely laid up without mortar, at one end of which was a fireplace raised from the ground and somewhat resembling a blacksmith's forge.

Discovering that we had lost our way, we struck off in an easterly direction across the hills and hollows, and after traveling a mile or two, we came to one of the aforesaid stone huts, inhabited by an old woman, who, up to her knees in a brook that ran by, was occupied in washing clothes, using the rough stones of the branch as a wash-board. With some difficulty we made her under-

stand the place of our destination, when she showed us the proper course. She then began to beg, but finding she made nothing thereby, she pursued us with her maledictions.

After leaving the old lady, we shortly arrived at a grove of cedars, a small remnant of the heavy forests with the island was covered when first discovered; and here I will remark that the word Maderia in the Portuguese language signifies timber or forest. Soon after the discovery of the island, a fire broke out thereon, which consumed nearly the whole of the timber. Passing the grove, we found ourselves in a valley of some little extent, in which was situated the object of our excursion. After viewing the gardens, admiring a pair of swans, etc., we set out on our return. The road led down the valley of a small stream, which discharged itself in the ocean near the town. After being annoyed some by beggars we entered the town, and went down to the beach in order to embark for our vessel. The shore here lying open to the ocean, is always washed by a surf, which compels these islanders always to haul their boats upon landing high and dry upon the beach. In the course of the day a strong wind from the south had considerably ruffled the surface of the ocean, and caused the surf to break upon the beach with increased fury. Some of our party becoming alarmed, concluded to remain on shore for the night, while the rest of us, seating ourselves in a boat on the shore, were launched out through the foaming surf by half-a-dozen stout fellows, some of whom got pretty well soaked by the operation. After buffeting the billows for ten or fifteen minutes we reached our vessel in safety. The rough water continued for a day or two, which caused a renewal of seasickness among some of us, which, however, soon passed away.

After sojourning at our anchorage a week, taking in sundry pipes of wine, and replenishing our water casks, our anchor was weighed; we stood for the south-west with a pleasant breeze, and in a few hours the elevated hills of Maderia sank in the ocean.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE VOYAGE CONTINUED.

Among the number of persons who are packed together in a sea-  
vessel on a long voyage--persons of different tempers, manners,  
and condition in life being thus thrown together, and obliged in  
some degree to associate together--there must necessarily be many  
good opportunities to study human nature. Besides a crew of  
about thirty men, we had on board upwards of one hundred pas-  
sengers of all ages, and different conditions in life. Besides our  
company of forty Bible-Christians, there were a number of farmers  
from Wigan in Lancashire, very fine folks, named Taylor, Caldwell  
and Gore;\* two or three families of Irish Roman Catholics, as I then  
thought the dirtiest folks in creation; some Welsh and Scotch, with  
one or two would-be gentlemen as cabin passengers; however, we  
got along very well without much jar. Our captain was a big stout  
fellow, a good seaman, somewhat passionate, especially when he had  
been indulging in strong drink. I recollect on a certain time, when  
in the track of shipping bound from the West Indies to Europe, we  
fell in with a vessel bound from Jamaica to Liverpool. All hands  
being rather scarce of groceries, our captain determined to board  
her in order to obtain a supply. A boat being accordingly manned,  
he steered for her, she being more than a mile distant. After an  
absence of two or three hours he returned well supplied with  
coffee and sugar, and with his inward man well replenished with  
turtlesoup and Jamaica rum. The boat's crew had also been  
liberally treated and felt their keeping. After supplying such of  
his passengers as needed with groceries, he divided the remainder  
among the crew. As his Royal Highness the captain of the Liver-  
pool Packet was taking a walk on the forecastle, he happened to  
overhear one of his boat's crew grumbling about the division of

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\*These persons immediately upon landing pushed out to what was then the Far West, and settled upon the hills and broken ground on the east side of the lower course of the river Muskingum, in Ohio. It is somewhat singular that I should have heard of them more than once since that time. About the year 1820, a young man of my acquaintance, residing near Lebanon, Ohio, while visiting some relatives on the Muskingum, fell in with and made acquaintance with some of them. Two or three years ago, or fifty years later, I became acquainted with an old gentleman of the name of Paget, residing near Drakesville, Iowa, who was raised in that region of country, and was well acquainted with them. They were distinguished for industry and frugality, though not located in a very fertile region of country.

the groceries. Forthwith calling him up, he proceeded to administer to him a castigation pugnibus et calcibus, and finally knocked him down the hatchway. Then fastening a rope, which swung from the foreyard, around the fellow's body, he ordered all hands to man the rope and hoist him up to the yard. No one obeyed the mandate, except one sturdy fellow, a Norwegian by birth, who after giving a few faint "yo-heave-hos" relinquished the task. A young man named Mason now stepped forward, and began to remonstrate with the captain upon his conduct, with no other effect than to cause his wrath to concentrate upon himself. Seizing a huge tackle block by the hook, he began to belabor Mason about the head, who of course naturally endeavored to keep him off. Dropping the block, he started in a towering passion to the cabin, in order to arm himself with his pistols; but the passengers succeeded so far in pacifying him, that sending for Mason to the cabin, he contented himself with bestowing upon him a pair of black eyes, which operation he performed while the steward and McQuillen, the second mate, held his victim. Thus terminated this affray, after giving the women a hearty fright.

Upon leaving Maderia, which lies in about 33° north latitude, we proceeded still further south, in order to obtain the benefit of the north-east trade winds, which blow almost uninterruptedly from that direction. We there found very pleasant weather, with an easterly breeze most of the time. Sometimes, however, it fell calm, and the surface of the ocean became as smooth as a millpond. Sometimes, however, these calms occurred when the sea was undulated into broad swells, which occasioned a much more disagreeable pitching of the ship than when urged along by a stiff gale. During the continuance of one of these calms, we espied at some distance something floating upon the surface of the water, which experienced eyes knew to be a sea-turtle asleep. A boat was forthwith lowered and manned, which succeeded in capturing the gentleman, who being brought on board was stowed away in a hogshead of sea-water, when after remaining fasting for several days, he was manufactured into soup. Sometimes the monotony of the scene was enlivened or varied by an occasional shoal of porpoises, occasionally by a gang of dolphins, or by numbers of flying fish skipping out of the water; sometimes at a distance we observed the wake of a shark, and not unfrequently were we treated with the sight of a whale-spout, though but on one occasion did I have the satisfaction of observing one of these monsters of the deep close at hand. Being seated one day in the long-boat, which occupied the center of the main deck, I distinctly saw one at the distance of eight or ten rods rushing by with great velocity.

The revolution of the earth from west to east, necessarily causes the water of the ocean between the tropics, aided by the trade-winds, to move in an opposite direction. The waters of the great Atlantic are thus dammed up in the Gulf of Mexico, and seeking to obtain a vent rush with great velocity round the southern point of Florida at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour; then proceeding in a north-easterly direction, the velocity gradually diminishes till it is finally lost. After a few days we found ourselves in this Gulf Stream, distinguished by the superior temperature of the waters. This is so striking, and the boundaries of this hot current are so well defined, that the stem of a ship out of the current may be in water of 40° temperature, while the bows thereof in the current may be at 70°. This superior temperature of the waters of this current as it spreads itself towards Ireland and the north-west of Europe, is the cause of the comparatively mild climate of those regions. We also passed through immense quantities of the so-called gulf-weed, covering many square miles.

We now steered a northwest course near the Bermudas, but not in sight of them. Various signs now indicated our near approach to the land, of which the variegated hues of the clouds at sunset were most striking. Early one morning we fell in with a pilot-boat of which there are many constantly employed in cruising off the coast, seeking employment in piloting vessels into the harbors. Having supplied ourselves with one, who immediately took command of the sailing department, we began to consider our voyage as nearly closed. And here we had an example of the accuracy with which those who go down to the deep in ships navigate them across the great waters. "You are rather too far north, captain, for the Capes of the Delaware, for yesterday we saw the woodlands off Egg Harbor, in Jersey," said our pilot upon coming on board. "Wait till noon," said Captain Singleton, "and we shall see." Meridian came, and with it the usual observation of the altitude of the sun, which showed our captain to be correct and the pilot mistaken. Accordingly, the first object that cheered our sight upon rising in the morning was the summit of the light-house on Cape Henlopen, peering above the waters on our larboard bow. In a short time the coast, which is here very low, became visible, and before noon we entered the Delaware Bay.

The shores of the Bay are low and sandy, covered with timber mostly of the pine family, and did not appear to be very thickly settled. Just within the Cape on the Delaware side stood the little town of Lewes, a rendezvous for pilots. Having anchored during the night, we passed the next day the ancient town of New Castle, and shortly after we observed upon the first elevated ground at

some distance from the bay, the town of Wilmington. Passing the mouth of Brandywine, famous for its manufactories both of flour and gunpowder, towards evening we came near Mud Island, on which are situated some fortifications called (I think) Fort Mifflin, just below the mouth of the Schuylkill river. Here we were boarded by a health officer, who expressed himself well pleased with our appearance.

Our captain being desirous of reaching Philadelphia the same evening, sent Mr. McQuillen, the second mate, with a boat to search for a buoy anchored on a shoal, with orders to keep a light burning by it till the ship had passed. In the morning we found he had been unsuccessful, for the ship was aground hard and fast, lying with her broadside up stream, her bow towards the fort, and her stern towards Red Bank, in Jersey, famous for a fight with the Hessians during the Revolutionary War.

About ten o'clock a steamboat came streaking it up the river, when a number of us took the opportunity of taking a passage in her up to the city, and in a short time we found ourselves once more on terra firma, amongst the inhabitants of the new world, after a tedious passage of seventy days, it being Sunday, June 14th, 1817.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### PHILADELPHIA.

Upon landing at Philadelphia we took up our quarters for a day or two at the house of Mrs. Chambers, sign of the Plow, in North Third street, till we could find more suitable lodgings; when we rented two upper rooms from Mr. Buchanan, near the northeast corner of Locust and Eleventh streets, at a dollar per week.

Such of our company as were mechanics speedily found employment at good wages. Mr. Metcalfe, finding one of his old acquaintances about declining the business of teaching, stepped into his place, and in his school-room our little company assembled on the Lord's-day for worship. But as I have said before, the chief object proposed in this emigration was the cultivation of the soil, and to further this object, my father, fortunately or rather unfortunately, became acquainted with John Vaughan, Esq., acting Portuguese consul, a gentleman well known at that time in the city of Philadelphia. It appears that this person was somewhat interested in lands situated about one hundred and eighty miles north north-



west from the city, near the forks of Loyal Sock Creek, in Lycoming, now Sullivan county. It was here that a large tract had been laid in by the late Dr. Joseph Priestley, of Unitarian memory, probably in order to form a Unitarian settlement; but be that as it may, most of the lands there were owned by his son, Joseph Priestley, of Northumberland, Pa., and most of the few settlers there were English. The representations of this gentleman, that is Mr. Vaughan, induced my father and Mr. Royle to undertake a journey to spy out the land; but not liking its appearance, they took a round to look at some farms in other parts of the State.

Upon their return to Philadelphia, the favorable terms upon which these lands were offered as to price and terms of payments, the promise of the proprietors to advance money towards building a house of worship and towards repairing the roads, combined with their own scantiness of funds, induced them to give the proposal a more favorable consideration; so, after another journey of exploration, it was finally determined that the proposed settlement should be made there.

Preparations were now accordingly made by the purchase of wagons, horses, gears, &c., for the removal of the families to the contemplated location; but before this took place an explosion happened among the members and fund-holders of the Bible Christian Club.

The inequality of the contributions to that fund has already been alluded to. It appears that Higgs and Radford, not wishing to have any part or lot in the proposed settlement, laid their heads together to contrive a plan to get their money back. For this purpose, two or three days before the time set for starting, Radford, in company with a gentleman who carried a small slip of paper, appeared at our lodgings. This slip of paper was a summons for my father to appear forthwith before some justice or other officer to answer George Radford of a plea of debt. Upon adjourning to the magistrate's office, Radford stated that my father owed him two hundred pounds sterling, less the passage money of himself and wife. My father wished to see his witness, whereupon Higgs, who appears to have been hanging about, was called in. Higgs stated that he had seen Radford hand the aforesaid \$200 to my father, who immediately handed it to John Bury, treasurer of the fund. (Why did they not come upon Bury?) The original articles of agreement were then produced, by which it appeared that no claim could be sustained for the money advanced until the year 1821. Radford tried to evade this conclusion, by stating that he had not personally subscribed to these articles: this plea was overruled, inasmuch as Radford himself confessed that he had authorized his

name to be placed there. The magistrate observing that this was a disagreement among friends, stated that he should dismiss the case, advising them to settle the difficulty in a friendly manner. Radford and Higgs whereupon agreed to take orders upon those individuals who were indebted to the fund for their passage money.

This matter having been arranged, preparations were made for instant departure. These preparations were not very extensive, consisting only of two two-horse wagons, with some indispensable articles for use in a new settlement. The persons who accompanied us were, Jeremiah Horrocks and family, James Royle and wife, and Thomas Dax, a brother of Mrs. Royle. Jeremiah Horrocks was an honest, friendly-hearted, industrious fellow, much attached to my father, by whom he had been rescued from a life of intemperance, as were also his two brothers. He was a dyer by trade, and endowed with great personal strength. His education had been very limited, and of course his information was not extensive. He remained at the Elklands a short time after we left there, then returned to Philadelphia, where he died about eighteen years afterwards. Royle was a man of ordinary abilities, a saddler by trade, but had some knowledge of farming. When he left the Elklands he purchased a little farm not far from the city of P., and died at an advanced age. His brother-in-law, Dax, was a harmless, inoffensive fellow, but had a termagant of a wife, who happily was left behind, she refusing to accompany us, and preventing her son (a boy of my age) from following his father.

At this distance of time, I have no certain recollection of the precise date when we took our departure from the Quaker City, all the papers which would have assisted my memory having perished through time and neglect. It was, however, some time in the month of August, rather late in the afternoon, as we only journeyed five or six miles to the falls of Schuylkill, where we put up for the night, and ordered coffee. Jerry Horrocks remarked we would have to tell them what we wanted, or they would be cooking us a whole jorum of meat. This remark of Jerry's was the cause of our finding out in what manner moving families traveled in Pennsylvania in those days. The people of the inn informed us that they were only preparing coffee, as it was common for movers to carry their own bread and other provisions with them, and call at the taverns for so many quarts of coffee or milk. This information we found very useful in the course of our journeyings.

The scenery around this place was very pretty. There was a large building erected on the bank of the river, used as a wire manufactory. From this building to a tree on the opposite bank was constructed a foot-bridge of wires stretched across the river,

which appeared to us quite much of a curiosity. A frame bridge was also in the course of erection. The next day we pursued our journey, and soon discovered that we were overloaded; a gray mare which my father drove in his wagon refused to pull. After bothering with her some time, we swapped her off for an old bay horse, which, as we moved along pretty blithely afterwards, we named Jolly. We passed on through Norristown, in Montgomery county, a pleasant place, and late in the evening arrived at Unsecker's tavern, at a place called Trap, where we thought best to store part of our loads. Passing along more briskly, we came about noon to Pottsgrove, a pleasant village, and some time after reached the borough of Reading, in Berks county, then as now a flourishing town. In passing through this county we put up at night at a private house, where the landlady, though born and raised in the neighborhood, was unable to converse in the English tongue, a proof of the prevalence of a German population. Indeed the whole of the fine country in this part of the State seemed occupied by the Dutch, who appeared universally to have erected immense stone barns. After a day or two's journey more, and passing through Hamburg (where we passed the Sunday), and Orwigsburg, then the county seat of Schuylkill, the country became more hilly as we approached the head of the Schuylkill river and the Blue Range of mountains. These mountains have several ridges, distinguishable in this part of the State as the North, South and Locust mountains.

These mountains, though thinly inhabited, produce great quantities of huckleberries, which are very refreshing. At Stambach's tavern, where we passed a night, we saw a young elk which was confined in a stable, also a young fawn which was quite a pet, being suckled by the landlady.

Getting clear of the mountains, we arrived at Sunbury, a quiet looking town situated on the east bank of the Susquehanna, just below the junction of the North and West branches of that river. Although this stream carries a considerable quantity of water, yet the navigation thereof is rather difficult, owing to the rapidity of the current, the numerous shoals and rocks with which its bed is encumbered. At that period it was chiefly used for floating down rafts of pine lumber from its upper tributaries during seasons of freshet. A short distance from Sunbury stands the town of Northumberland, in the forks of the river. We reached it by crossing two noble frame bridges thrown over the North Branch, which is here divided into two channels by the beautiful and fertile island of Shamokin. After leaving Northumberland, our route lay up the West Branch, sometimes on the river bank, on which stands the vil-

lage of Milton, and after two days' traveling we arrived at Pennsborough, near Muncy Creek, where we were detained some time by the heavy and continued rain. The rain abating, although the water was out of the creek bottoms, we waded through till we came to the creek, where fortunately there was a good stone bridge. We then went up the creek to the residence of a worthy person named Grundy Lyon, whose acquaintance my father had made on his previous journeys. This gentleman had given our company an invitation to spend a few days at his house, which we gladly accepted, and were treated with the greatest hospitality. He was the owner of a mill and a distillery, and was well to do in the world.

As our next stage was across the Alleghanies, it was determined to leave one of the wagons behind and double teams upon the other one. Accordingly we all went forward one evening a few miles to Webster's, at the foot of the Alleghany ridge, from whence to Richard Rogers' on Loyal Sock, the next day, which was ten miles, without a human habitation, over a most miserable road. Royle, Horrocks and Dax went forward, while we stayed at old John Huckel's, a little further up Loyal Sock, who sent us up to our location in his ox cart.

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## CHAPTER X.

### RESIDENCE AT ELKLANDS.

In the northern part of Lycoming, now Sullivan county, is situated the township of Elklands, from which the neighborhood is familiarly called the Elklands. Bounded on the south by the Alleghany ridge, on the North by an elevated chain called Barnet's ridge; on the east it extended to the waters of the main Forks of Loyal Sock Creek, and on the west to some little beyond Elk Creek. It was six miles southeast from our location to the Forks of Loyal Sock, and four miles west to Elk Lake, the head of Elk Creek, which discharged itself into the Loyal Sock about five miles below the Forks, after flowing nine or ten miles in a southerly direction. East of us was a small stream called Beaver Creek, which emptied into Elk Creek three or four miles below. We were about thirty miles north of Muncie on the West Branch of the Susquehannah, and eighteen southwest of Towanda, in Bradford county, on the North Branch.

Although there were considerable tracts of level land in this district, some parts were very hilly and broken, as the Loyal Sock

and its tributaries flowed in very deep valleys. The prevailing timber in this region was beech, interspersed in many parts with sugar-trees, many of them of large growth, and huge hemlocks. Some black ash was found in the slashes, as the level ground was inclined to be wet; wild cherry, bass-wood or linden, maple, birch and ironwood, with some pines on the Loyal Sock hills, completed the catalogue. Throughout this whole region there was not an oak of any size to be found, neither hickory, white ash nor walnut. In Indiana we find that beech land, which bears sugar-trees of a good size, is of a good quality; but the soil of the Elklands was nothing to brag of. Each large tree had a small hillock around itself, and after the ground was cleared of timber, there was another clearing off of stones, most of them blocks of a coarse sandstone, though the rocks beneath the surface appeared to be a kind of red slate rock. The soil seemed more suited to grass than grain, of which only spring rye, oats and buckwheat could be raised to any advantage. Of wild fruits, there was an abundance of fine large strawberries, red raspberries and blackberries.

The population was very sparse,\* and as usual in such cases very friendly. The Sunday after our arrival, we were visited by many of our new neighbors, bringing presents of butter, eggs, fruits, etc. Two of them volunteered to lend us each a cow, of which we had the use of five or six months.

The tract of land bargained for by my father and J. Horrocks consisted of four hundred acres, of which nearly one hundred had been improved. It had been settled about twenty years before by an English Quaker of the name of Ecroyd, who had expended large sums in making improvements, and not finding it profitable had abandoned it. Since which time it had sometimes been rented out, and sometimes not; the fences had been consumed by fire, and acres of it had grown up with birch, wild cherry and briar bushes. The improved land sloped east towards Beaver Creek, and south towards a stretch of level country. The price was three dollars per acre. Mr. Royle's tract lay southwest of this, and was more valuable, being better improved. There were not any buildings on our tract of land, but a few rods north thereof was a two story hewed log building, the upper story unfinished, and a round log double barn, of which we had the use and occupancy.

Although some of the settlers had resided there 15 or 20 years, yet they were often obliged to go either to Muncie or Towanda to buy grain; and many were yet in debt for their land. Our nearest

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\*In 1850 the population of Elkland township was 408; of Sullivan county about 3700. In 1860--5637.

neighbor was Edward Eldred, Esq., a gentlemanly man of agreeable manners. This personage was formerly a silk merchant in London, who (as it was said) leaving a wife in that city, ran off with a young girl, and twenty years before had buried himself in this wilderness. He had built himself a mansion, consisting of four two storied hewed log buildings, raised with the corners together, so that in shape it resembled a Greek cross, or an old fashioned French chateau. Had this building been finished, it might have been made a commodious dwelling, but it was not then, nor have I any idea that it ever was. The owner, however, dignified it with the title of Liberty Hall, and sure enough there was liberty enough for the winds and rains to sweep through at pleasure.

In the second chapter of Acts of Apostles we are informed that, in the generous enthusiaam that prevailed among believers on the first publication of Christianity, all things were in common. This kind of plan, however specious in theory, is very difficult in practice, on account of the selfish propensities of human nature; more especially when several families reside together under the same roof. It does not appear, however, that the Primitive Christians lived together like the Shakers, Harmonites, or Fourierites, for the same second chapter of Acts, forty-sixth verse, informs us that they broke bread from house to house. The Shakers appear to be more successful than other Communists in keeping peace in the families, which may arise from their plan of separating husband and wife, parents and children. In our case we found it would not answer, for my mother and Mrs. Horrocks, though neither of them ill-tempered women, soon found one house too small for them.

Now, it so happened that at the southern extremity of our improvement there had been a building raised and covered for a Friends' meeting house; and it afterwards appeared that although Friend Ecroyd had executed to us a general warranty deed for the whole tract, yet that he had previously deeded this building and five or six acres of ground around it to the Society of Friends. This building we determined to fit up for a separate dwelling. Accordingly the talents of Thomas Dax were put in requisition to erect for us a double chimney of the loose stones which lay around in the fields, filling up the interstices with clay, with two wooden arches or mantle-pieces of hewed cherry logs (not a very fire-proof arrangement); and it was otherwise fitted up so that we were able to winter therein, and as the building was constructed entirely of cherry logs, we might, following the example of our neighbor Eldred, have called it Cherry Cottage.

The tedious winter having passed over, we found the five or six acres of rye, which we had sown in the fall, were not likely to

yield much grain, it having been frozen out. The difficulty of making a living in this mountainous region, produced a depressing effect on my father's spirits, and he soon came to the conclusion to leave the Elklands. Accordingly, when the summer came on he undertook a journey on foot to Washington City and Baltimore; and in this latter city he determined to locate, and endeavor to maintain his family by teaching. The hind axle and wheels of the wagon were now taken off, a pair of shafts rigged thereto, a cart body placed thereon; old Ball was hitched to it, our little plunder placed therein, and we bid farewell to the Elklands.

Note.--In the autumn of the year 1863, after an absence of forty-five years, I revisited the Elklands. When persons become advanced in years they have a natural desire to visit the scenes of their youthful days, and the Elklands was about as far back as I thought I could get, so I went there via Indianapolis, Bellefontaine, Cleveland, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Rochester, Elmira, to Canton, Bradford County, Pennsylvania. I arrived there about 8 o'clock in the evening, October the first, and was directed to a tavern at the lower end of the town, where I passed the night. Early in the morning I took a walk round the place. It appeared to cover considerable ground, but was not very compactly built, on ground which sloped from the railroad east to a branch of Towanda Creek. I found that the little place supported three what the old Quaker called steeple-houses, whence I concluded that the people were somewhat divided upon religious matters, and upon inquiry I found that one house was a Baptist, the second a Presbyterian, and the other was occupied by the Disciples; whether they were the disciples of Moses, or John the Baptist, or of Christ, or of some body else, I was not informed, but supposed that they were the same calling themselves in the West the Church of Christ, by some styled the Christian Church, and by others Campbellites. The public mind has become so debauched that it can not comprehend the idea that any one, or any body of people, should be content with the name or names given to the followers of Christ in the New Testament; indeed, it thinks they are somewhat presumptuous in so doing, and so bestows upon them some nickname as New Light, Campbellite, Winbarnnarian, &c.

Upon asking for my bill, after breakfast, I was told it was four shillings, not saying whether it was sterling or Pennsylvania currency, but found it was neither, being York currency, and four shillings stood for fifty cents. I afterwards found that this was a common method of computation there; for, upon inquiring the price of wheat, I was told the amount in shillings. I found that the people about town knew very little about the Elklands, or the way

to get there; so I inquired who did the preaching for the Disciples, and was told his name was James Encell, and that he staid at an old gentleman's of the name of Rockwell, who owned a mill on the west side of the railroad. I found Bro. Rockwell, but not the preacher. He had resided there about sixty years, having come from Vermont at seventeen years of age. I found he was the right man to inform me about the Elklands, having been acquainted with most of the residents there ever since he had resided about Canton.

About nine or ten o'clock I started down towards the creek, crossed it, climbed the hill on the other side, and, after winding along over some hilly ground, came to the foot of a very steep hill, which I think they called the South Mountain. On the top of this mountain I found a road apparently pretty well traveled leading south. After following this road a mile or two I turned east and soon entered a country resembling Elklands, covered with tall beech and some sugar tree, birch, cherry and hemlock. Below this was a thick undergrowth, fifteen and twenty feet high, of birch and wild cherry, and close to the ground were some bushes and shrubs three or four feet high. How such looking soil could produce such a load of timber I can not contrive. There appeared to be hardly a spot where a team could be driven a rod outside of the road. The farms were few and far between (three or four miles apart). After a time I began to descend towards a stream called Fox creek, and in a part of the road which happened to be straight I had a view of the country many miles ahead, consisting of three or four ranges of mountains rising behind each other. At the creek was a considerable opening in the woods, with several houses and a grist-mill. I entered the mill, but it was not running, nor did I see anybody about. On the top of the hill there was a school-house, and a cross-road leading south, as the finger-board informed me, to Hillsgrove, I suppose on Loyal Sock, where forty five years before a man named Hill used to live. I then plunged into the wilderness again, and after awhile came upon some branches of Elk creek. Thinking I was getting pretty near the old stamping ground I inquired for Eldredville, as marked on the map, supposing it to be located somewhere about Liberty Hall, but found there was no such town or village, but that it was the name of the post-office, and as the office was moved from house to house, so Eldredville was moved about.

The house where I called, was a place I had visited when a resident of the Elklands, belonging to a Quaker named McCarty; his two sons, old bachelors, and a maiden sister, kept house together. The elder, John McCarty, a man about the same age as myself, recollected me as coming to his father's, that I got somewhat lost



on the road, which was true; he also recollected what errand brought me there, which I had forgotten myself. I found that there were few of the old residents about there any more, some having died, some left, indeed the wonder was that more had not left; but the country had one good recommendation, it was very healthy, no agues, chills and fever were known there. The farmers did not try to raise any wheat, for a very sufficient reason that it would be useless. John McCarty said there was no lime in the soil, nor indeed was there any in the chimneys, the stones of which they were built being laid up with mud only; I did not see any bricks. It did not appear that much rye was raised any more; their labor in the grain line was expended in raising yellow flint corn, oats, and buckwheat. For this latter grain, the soil and climate appeared to be favorable; some extensive fields which I saw were cradled and set up to dry; at a distance bunches of buckwheat seemed nearly as large as the shocks of flint corn, which were cut up for fodder. Were it not for the long and severe winters, the country might be advantageous for stock. As it was, it appeared that considerable butter was made, for I saw some fellows going around engaging the article, for which they offered what appeared to the farmers there a liberal price, twenty-five cents, which it was at that time.

When I informed friend McCarty that in Indiana the grain was reaped and the grass mown by machinery, he expressed his preference for half a dozen stout men with good scythes to go into a meadow and level the grass; and no doubt it was the best for the rough ground in that locality.

Leaving McCarty's in the morning I kept on east, crossing Elk Creek, and after a while I came to a road running north and south, the road from Muncy to Towanda. Turning up north I soon came to the land, there having been some clearing done close up to the south line. Keeping up the road some distance farther, I turned to the left about forty rods, and struck the edge of the old farm. The south part of the place appeared to have been untouched since I left it, some sugar trees a foot in diameter, with other brushy trees having grown up thereon. Turning to the left, between the original woods and the new growth, I reached the site of Cherry Cottage, but it had been consumed by fire years ago; part of the old chimney was still standing, one of the arches or mantel pieces of hewed cherry lying upon the ground nearly decayed; the other had been burnt up with the building. After resting awhile, and musing on the mutability of earthly affairs, I started up north to see the site of the other buildings. The upper part of the place appeared to have been taken some care of. There was a small

plank house, but uninhabited; a little farther north was the place of Jerry Horrock's house, and the old log barn, but they were gone. The ruins of an old stone chimney were there, but upon a survey of the ground, I discovered that it was not the chimney of Jerry's house; that had vanished years ago; another had been built a few rods to the north, and that had also disappeared. A bed of tansy on the old garden spot seemed more persistent than the works of man. Twenty rods south-east of the house there used to be about a dozen scrubby apple trees; those apple trees were there yet, as scrubby as ever, bearing some hard, sour apples.

Having viewed the place to my satisfaction, I went down the hill east to Beaver Creek, somewhat flushed with the previous night's rain, at any rate the water was very brown, like dried hemlock leaf tea, crossing which, there was a new farm with good frame barn, situated on the Towanda road. On the east side of the road was the place where we had made sugar, now grown up with brush, and some distance farther north was the site of Liberty Hall, also consumed by fire, the original Eldredville. Old 'Squire Eldred had died at a good old age many years before, and there was only one of the family left in the neighborhood. There appeared to be a considerable opening here, three or four houses being in sight. At Eldredville a road came in from the Forks of Loyal Sock, distant about six miles in a S. S. E. direction. This road I concluded to follow, as it passed by the place where I used to go to mill on old Ball, when a resident of Elklands. There were some deserted places, and some improvements on this road. About two miles below Liberty Hall was a log school house, and a cross road; about two miles on there was another school house of frame and painted, a little beyond which the road commenced descending the hill to the Loyal Sock bottoms, and a very long hill it is; after I had got to the foot where I used to turn to the left and cross the creek to the mill, I still appeared to be going downward. The mill was gone; a piece of ground on the hill side, between the road and the creek, which used to be a meadow, was grown up thick with brush, among which were some apple trees on which I found some very good apples.

About this time I began to find out that my boots and feet did not agree, and that my feet had the worst of it; so I had to give up the plan I had formed of a day or two's pedestrian excursion down Loyal Sock and over the hills in a south-westerly direction, striking the railroad somewhere between Canton and Williamsport; so turning about I climbed the hill, and finding the road that ran east I got back to McCarty's, and the next day returned to Canton, whence I took the train homeward via Pittsburgh.

## CHAPTER XI.

## JOURNEY TO AND RESIDENCE AT BALTIMORE.

It was about the middle of a pleasant day in the month of August when we set out over the rough roads of the Elklands. Four or five miles below our location was a very steep hill, called Bishop White's Hill, leading into the valley of Elk Creek. However, as we only had to descend it, it was not much of a bugbear, but when we got into the valley we found that two or three families had settled along it, and turned the road out of the bottom up on to the hillside. Not noticing this we kept on, and soon got entangled in a chopping; however, after discomposing my father's patience somewhat, and jumping our cart over a few score of logs, we got out, and some time after dark arrived at old John Huckel's. The next night found us on the summit of the Alleghany; however we got safely down, and passed the night at Webster's, at the foot of the mountain. Again we spent a day or two at the hospitable residence of Grundy Lyon; and two or three days leaving there we were most hospitably entertained for several days at the mansion of his father on Shamokin Island, of which he was the proprietor, and a beautiful farm it was.

Leaving these kind and long-remembered friends, we pursued our journey, which led directly down the Susquehanna, crossing it at a ferry a short distance below Sunbury. We passed the night not far from Selinsgrove, a neat village and the residence of Gov. Simon Snyder, whose name was given to the county. Some distance below we recrossed the river, and soon after passed through Harrisburg, the seat of government of the State. Keeping on down the river, we passed through a place called Middletown, where we reated at noon. Just below this place is a creek called Swatara, which, though small, we were obliged to ferry, and towards evening ferried the Susquehanna again, just below the falls or rapids. On the west side of the river there is a canal and locks around these rapids, and a little town called Yorkhaven. We spent the night at a tavern on a hill just below, and noon next day found us in the town of York, near a small stream called the Codorus.

In those days the political parties were styled Federal and Republican. The Feds got to calling themselves Federal Republicans, when the opposite party, in order to distinguish themselves, assumed the appellation of Democratic Republicans, which was abbreviated into Democrats. While at York, two persons in the barroom got into conversation with us. I overheard one say to the other, "I'll find out whether this gentleman (my father) is a Federal or

Democrat." He then commenced a tirade against the government and Mr. Monroe's administration, as being the cursedest government on the face of the earth; warning my father, as being a stranger, he ought to be very careful how he expressed himself, etc., but he failed to find out what he wished to know.

The next day we crossed into Maryland, from a free to a slave State, and the first farm showed the difference; it might have been purely accidental, but the difference struck me forcibly at the time. The quality of the soil, too, seemed to deteriorate as we approached Baltimore, where we arrived all in good health.

Baltimore, sometimes called the Monumental City, at that time the third city in the Union, is built around an inlet called the Basin, putting out of the Patapsco River, a branch of the Chesapeake. This basin will, however, only accommodate small vessels; large vessels can only come up to the lower part of the city called Fell's Point. The chief foreign trade appeared to be with the West Indies. It is or was by no means so neatly built as Philadelphia; it is not as healthy, nor is the surrounding country as fertile. Some streets which had been built quite lately in the northern part of the city presented a very neat appearance, as did many of the public buildings. A large Roman Catholic cathedral, which had been on hand twelve or fifteen years, was as yet unfinished. The Unitarian church, finished during our stay at B., was a very neat affair. It was built after a Grecian model; the portico in front supported by massive marble columns, was crowned by a pediment, bearing the inscription, *To mono theo*, as though nobody worshiped one God but the Unitarians, reminding one somewhat of the inscription on the altar at Athens: "To the unknown God." The handsomely-carved and bronzed doors opened from the portico into the aisles, which were paved with blocks of black and white marble in checkers. The pews were handsomely carved and finished, and those designed for the accommodation of the ladies were furnished with crimson velvet cushions. The pulpit was very splendid, and in front thereof was placed a finely-cut crystal font for aspersion. Over the portico was a gallery, which was occupied by an organ, the gilt pipes in the front thereof being arranged in the figure of an ancient harp or lyre. The roof was surmounted by a dome of handsome proportions; in short, it seemed too grand and luxurious a place to preach repentance in.

Although entire strangers in the place, Providence raised us up some good friends. My father formed some acquaintance with John Hargrove, an Irishman by birth, chief clerk in the mayor's office, and minister of the New Jerusalem society; he seemed, however, to have some jealousy of my father, and was not of much assistance to him. Some members of the Society of Friends of the name

of Tyson were very kind. I shall also record the name of Nathaniel Knight, Esq., a bookseller of Fell's Point, and a Swedenborgian. But the person who interested herself the most in our favor, and who was of the most essential service to us, was an old lady, also a Swedenborgian, of the name of Clayton. She exerted herself to procure scholars for our school, credit at the flour stores, and for desks and benches for our school-room; she even went so far as to beg some articles of clothing for the children, borrow furniture, get a sign painted gratis, etc., etc.; in short, there could be no way thought of to benefit us, but the kind old soul would ferret it out. Her husband, Richard Clayton, was tolerably friendly, though rather a selfish old codger, and fond of good strong porter. We rented a house of him, No. 111 Camden street, at the rather high rent of one hundred and eighty dollars per annum; making use of the front apartment for a school-room. For a time it would seem that our enterprise would be successful; scholars were tolerably plenty for a new institution, our patrons seemed pretty well pleased, and by making use of economy we hoped to get along. But when the summer of 1819 came on, as the heat of the weather increased, so the school decreased, and it was with the utmost difficulty we were enabled to pay our rent. Furthermore there did not appear to be much chance of doing execution in the preaching line. These circumstances induced my father to try the Western regions, where he thought there might be some opportunity to turn his hand to farming. Upon disposing of his furniture, etc., he found he would not have much left after discharging his obligations. Resources, however, were found by sacrificing part of his library at auction. He employed a wagoner named Samuel Kercheval to haul his clothing, bedding, etc., and part of his family to Wheeling, on the Ohio, at six dollars per hundred; my father, brother Thomas and myself taking it afoot. We had not much money to pay our expenses, but we had traded off some property for three or four quarto Bibles and some shoes, which we proposed to peddle out along the road. And so with high expectations of seeing something more of the world, we prepared ourselves for our journey.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### WESTWARD-HO.

My father kept a journal of the events of this journey, as far as Wheeling, but this, too, has perished through time and neglect: I have therefore to trust entirely to memory, and as before, I can

not recollect the exact date. My sister, Sarah Watmough, died June 27, and it was some time afterwards; cherries were plenty and ripe, and that of the sweetest kind of black-hearts, when we reached the great valley of Virginia; stubble fields were bare of shocks, so it was about the middle of July or a little later. As wagoners have a great antipathy to paying turnpikeage, our company made a detour to avoid it by taking the Reisterstown road a short distance, then turning to the left passed through a place called Fredericktown.

The first day or two's travel was over an indifferent country, rather hilly, covered chiefly with oak timber, but on approaching Frederick the country became better, and the bottoms of the Monocacy were very fertile. Fredericktown, now Frederick City, appeared to be a thriving town, with considerable of the Dutch element. Soon after leaving Frederick we left the direct western route and took the road to Harper's Ferry, which towards evening brought us near the Potomac. Early next morning we found ourselves on the banks of this famous stream, where I observed pawpaw bushes for the first time. In a short time we entered the narrow defile, by which that river passes through the Blue Ridge. On the south side of the river, for some distance, the mountain rose up abrupt for a considerable distance, while on the north side there was but little more than room for the road. We soon ferried the river at the town of Harper's Ferry, which stands at the junction of the Shenandoah and Potomac. The site is uneven, and was then an inconsiderable place, remarkable for nothing but the buildings of the United States Armory, and the splendid scene of the passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge. Since then it has become noted as the scene of John Brown's mad adventures.

After passing a short distance among hills covered with pine woods, we arrived at a more productive region, being part of the great valley of Virginia. On this road is situated Charlestown, county-seat of Jefferson, where John Brown paid the penalty of his insane rashness. Somewhere in this neighborhood we fell in with a gentleman traveling on horseback along the road. He entered into conversation with my father, and staid in our company for some time: it appeared that he had lately been on a journey to the West. He had traveled on horseback to and from Newport in Kentucky, and advised us to settle somewhere in the Northwest, as being a more agreeable place of residence for Englishmen on account of the absence of slavery. We were informed that this gentleman, who appeared to be a very agreeable man, was Mr. Thornton Washington, a nephew of the old General's.

The second night after leaving Harper's Ferry, after passing

through a little place called Smithfield, we came to a place called Bunker's Hill, where our wagoner had his home. Here we staid three or four days. This place is situated on the road from Martinaburg to Winchester, on a small stream, where there was a mill. The little mill-pond was full of mud tortoises; and as it was near the tavern kept by Head and Cromwell where we took up our quarters, and as there was a small skiff thereon, we boys had a good time of it.

The country from Bunker's Hill to the foot of the Alleghany is rather hilly, though there are many fine valleys and large tracts of level land. The weather was very hot and dry, so much so that the corn crops were suffering from drought, and good water was scarce. We also experienced another inconvenience; the tavern-keepers in the land of slaves refused to supply us with provisions unless we would partake of the same at their tables after the manner of gentlemen travelers, a course which would have speedily depleted our shallow pockets. A day or two after leaving Bunker's Hill, our wagoner stopped to feed his horses at noon, at a tavern near the forks of Cacapon; but there was no feed for us. So proceeding on a mile or so, at a cabin near the road, a woman supplied us with a hot pone, with butter and milk to match, at the moderate charge of twenty-five cents, and both parties well satisfied. Darkness closed upon us before we reached our resting place for the night, but we were regaled with the songs of hundreds of whip-poor-wills with which these pine woods abound. At the tavern, which was built on a hill side near a small branch, and the kitchen, which was partly underground, and occupied by a tribe of dirty blacks, we received the same treatment as on the preceding day. After crossing the south branch of the Potomac at a place called Frankfort, we crossed the elevated country, between there and the main stream. As we descended the hill into the valley of the Potomac, we were overtaken by a terrible storm of rain, which completely drenched and chilled us. Pushing through the river, which was about knee deep, but much warmer than the rain, we were in the State of Maryland again. Shortly after crossing the river one of the wagons in company with us upset at a deep rut in the road. About dark we arrived at Carter's tavern on the National or Cumberland road, at the foot of the Alleghany Mountains, where with much difficulty we got a chance to dry ourselves.

The next day, the rain having abated, we continued our journey on the National road, which is or was a very excellent thoroughfare, ascending the mountains without difficulty. These mountains did not appear to us to be as elevated or sterile as they are in the northern part of Pennsylvania; they appeared to be pretty well

settled, at least along the road, where almost every cabin displayed the shingle or sign board of a tavern. The road was well paved with stone, coated with gravel, and the streams were crossed by substantial stone bridges. After crossing the mountains we passed through a tract of country called the glades, which are a kind of wet prairies, where great numbers of cattle are kept. We soon found ourselves in Pennsylvania again, and having crossed the Big and Little Youghogheny, we ascended Laurel Hill. The sun was sinking low as we reached the summit, from which we had an extensive view over the hilly country to the westward. A rapid descent of two miles brought us to the village of Monroe, at the foot of the mountain, and near the head of Redstone creek; where we passed the night, and were treated with more civility than we had been in the land of slaves.

Early next day we passed through Uniontown over a pleasant but hilly country, and towards evening arrived at Brownsville, situated on the hill-sides near the Monongahela river. Stone coal was very abundant about the place, being dug out of the hills about. My father called upon John McCaddon, to whom he had a letter of introduction; he found him superintending the erection of a bridge over the river, which is a very fine stream of water. We crossed it by ferrying, and staid over night on the west banks of the stream.

The country from thence to Washington was not quite so hilly. Soon after leaving Washington, near a place called West Alexandria, we crossed into Virginia, or what is now West Virginia; soon after which we got upon the waters of Wheeling creek, which discharges itself into the Ohio at the town of Wheeling, and early next morning arrived at that place on the banks of the far-famed Ohio, after a journey of nineteen days from Baltimore. And here we were; our baggage unladen on the banks of the river; strangers to every one in the place, and with but very little of the needful. Observing a vacant house near at hand, owned by the mayor of the town, my father set off to obtain his permission to place our property in there for a few days. Unfortunately his Honor was not at home, and his lady, who was said not to be very accommodating, denied his request. We, however, got leave to put it in the upper story of a frame building, which some workmen were employed in finishing, and here we took up our quarters.

Our next object was to devise a plan for descending the Ohio. And here two proposals were made by a fellow who followed the business: One was to construct a skiff twelve feet long for twelve dollars; the other was to build a kind of flat, sixteen feet long, for sixteen dollars. A day or two after our arrival at Wheeling we formed the acquaintance of an English tailor and his wife, who also



wished to go down the river; so agreeing to go in company we engaged the sixteen-foot boat. This concern, which it took the fellow about a day's work to hammer up, being finished, we were detained a day or two waiting for the return of the tailor, who had gone to St. Clairsville; but he not making his appearance, with considerable difficulty we raised enough to satisfy the fellow. We then got some scraps of lumber, and setting up some posts, weatherboarded our boat somewhat in ark fashion, covering over the top with some blankets or bed quilts. We then traded off one of our big bibles for bread to provision us on our voyage; unloosed our cable from the shore, and fairly embarked on our expedition.

I shall not particularly describe the difficulties of this voyage, arising from our ignorance of navigation and the proper channel of the river, the leakiness of our boat, our difficulty of procuring provisions, sticking upon sunken logs, and the lowness of the water. Our boat, owing to the carelessness of the builder, sunk one night at a place called Siatersville in the Long Reach. The bread we had laid in became mouldy in a few days and spoiled. It was the hardest times for grub I ever experienced. One Sunday afternoon we landed at some place on the Ohio side below the mouth of the Scioto. The people there finding out that my father spoke in public invited him to preach for them, which he did, and after sermon, one of the people made us a present of near a bushel ears of green corn, which was very acceptable. In those days steamboats were rare on the Western waters; although we often met keel-boats poling up stream, and they often passed us going down; yet the first steamer we saw was below Maysville aground on a sand-bar. As we passed her, a boat came rushing down to us with her captain aboard, who wished a passage to Cincinnati. Some distance below, the wind being very strong, the waves ran rather high, and we were obliged to creep under the lee of the Kentucky shore. The captain seemed nearly as uneasy as we were, and after awhile persuaded us to cross the river and land him near the mouth of the Little Miami. It seems almost a miracle that we should have navigated that distance in such a craft with such navigators without any serious accidents: nevertheless, after a tedious voyage, we landed at Cincinnati that same evening, without a cent of money in our pockets. Some Kentuckian, happening to cross the river in a canoe with marketing, got us to take charge of his canoe during the night, for which he gave us 12 1/2 cents, which served to purchase some bread for breakfast. However, we found some kind friends who helped us in our extremity. These friends were Thomas Reddish and James Ramsey. Mr. Reddish had a book store on Broadway; he was from Manchester, as also was Ramsey. Both

had listened to Bible Christian teaching, and were very friendly thereto. Mr. Reddish not only advanced us money, but gave us the use of the unoccupied dwelling attached to his store, in which we resided so long as we staid in Cincinnati, he being a bachelor. He afterwards married, but was drowned in the last of several voyages he made to Europe, the vessel being wrecked off the coast of Wales. Ramsey was employed in an iron foundry, and had nothing but his daily labor for support. A friend in need is a friend indeed.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

#### STILL FARTHER WEST.

During our residence in Manchester my father became acquainted with a gentleman named Thomas Hulme. This person from small beginnings became possessed of a good competency, and after our arrival in this country he emigrated himself to the United States and settled in the city of Philadelphia. In the year 1818 this gentleman undertook a journey to the Western country, going as far west as the settlement of Morris Birkbeck, Esq. in Illinois, between the Big and Little Wabash Rivers. He kept a journal of his travels, which journal was published by William Cobbett in a work he issued at that time, entitled "A Year's Residence in the United States of America." The same volume which contained Hulme's journal also contained letters by Mr. Cobbett addressed to Mr. Birkbeck. Mr. B. had published a volume of travels in the United States, also a volume of letters from Illinois, recommendatory of that locality as a good place, especially for English farmers. Cobbett commented very sharply upon these letters and Mr. B.'s statements; showing that how versed soever he might have been in British politics, he knew nothing at all about the Western country. This was a short time before his return to England with the bones of Tom Paine.

To return from this digression: when my father concluded to leave Baltimore, he opened up a correspondence with Mr. Hulme, from whom he received a letter recommendatory to various persons in the Western country, with whom he had formed an acquaintance on his tour. Among the names, I recollect Gov. Worthington, of Ohio, Henry Clay, of Kentucky, and Dr. Daniel Drake, of Cincinnati. This gentleman, well known at that time as an author and editor, as an eminent physician and highly respectable citizen, treated my father with great civility, and gave him introductory letters to various persons residing in different parts of the Miami country.

Accordingly, a few days after our landing at C., my father and myself set out on a tour of observation. The first person to whom we were accredited was Mr. Arthur Henrie, of Miamitown, a place about fifteen miles northwest of C. About half way there we espied, some little distance from the road on the hill-side, a fine peach orchard. Under the Mosaic law the Israelite was privileged to go into his neighbor's vineyard, eat of grapes to the fill, but not put any in his basket. (Deut. xxiii. 24.) Now, although we were not Israelites, nor under the law, nor were grapes but peaches in question, yet thinking the principle good, we walked up towards the peach orchard, but hardly had we reached the premises when a woman, with a big dog, appeared upon the scene to warn off intruders. Just at the edge of the Miami bottoms we passed an old log school house, where an Irish-looking old teacher was being abused by one of his patrons: this did not look very encouraging for teachers. Mr. Henrie not giving us much encouragement either, we returned to the city that same evening. The next place we visited was Springfield, now Springdale, in Hamilton county. Our reference here was the Rev. John Thompson. This gentleman was formerly coadjutor of B. W. Stone, and one of the signers of the last will and testament of the Springfield Presbytery, but had returned to the communion of the Presbyterian Church. The country around was very sickly; some graves were digging in the village cemetery. At the place where we staid over night some of the people were sick, and the next morning at Hamilton Dr. Milliken informed us that it seemed as though the people must smell his pill bags as he rode through the woods, so prevalent were the autumnal fevers. Crossing the Big Miami on a mill-dam just above town, we stopped at a house to inquire the road where a couple of stout young fellows had just been taken down with the fever. Passing up the rich valley of Four Mile, about the middle of the afternoon we stopped at a house which stood where the Lebanon and Oxford road crosses, to get some refreshments. The folks not being able to make change for one of John H. Piatt's one dollar bills, in order to get the levy (12 1/2 cents) they charged us for our bread and milk; we went on and staid all night five or six miles short of Eaton. Having got into the beech, we found we had left the fevers behind, but in the place thereof indifferent land. Here again the people had not any change, so went on to Eaton to breakfast. This was then an inconsiderable place, and did not have a very inviting aspect, so we turned our course and took the road to Franklin on the Big Miami, and passed the night at the house of a miller on Twin Creek, where the Dutch woman charged us *nix* for our lodging. At Franklin our recommendation was to Gen. Schenck, not our present Minister to England, but (I believe)

some connection of his. In the afternoon we came to Lebanon, where we had a letter to Dr. Joseph Canby,\* a Swedenborgian. He informed us that the Rev. Thomas Newport, a New Jerusalem minister, lived three or four miles out of town, and that the next day an annual meeting was to be held. Some of the persons at that meeting wished my father to teach for them, which he finally concluded to do. Accordingly, we moved up into that neighborhood in the latter part of the month of September, 1819. We took a lease for three years from James Sweny, and brother Thomas and myself worked considerably both for him and his father. His father, William Sweny, was a very good man. Both himself and family treated us in the most friendly manner, not only when we resided near them, but whenever, in after times, any of us visited them. In the spring of the year 1823 we removed to the town of Springboro, on Clear Creek, where we resided till the last of November, 1824. During the time we resided in Warren county, Ohio, though we had pretty hard scratching to get along, yet we gradually gathered up necessary farming utensils, such as two horses and gears, wagon, plows, cattle, sheep, and some tools. In the year 1823, grandmother Clarke departed this life. By this event my father became entitled, under his father's will, to two hundred pounds sterling. However, as he had long ago disposed of his reversionary interest in the same to my uncle Edward Chesshyre, he had no legal claim thereto. However, my uncle declared that if the money could be invested so as to benefit our family, he would waive his claim therein. Upon inquiring into the state of affairs, we found that our uncle John Clarke, who was sole executor of my grandfather's will, being possessed of a ruinous lease of a farm at East Haddon in Northamptonshire, had by the indulgence of his mother, made use of the money in making improvements thereon, and lost it. Being made bankrupt, his estate did not yield more than four or five shillings in the pound, so that instead of receiving two hundred pounds, we hardly received as many dollars. With this sum my father entered 160 acres of land in Jackson township, Shelby county, Indiana. The difficulties and hardships of settlers in the green beech, with nothing to depend on but their own labor, I shall not speak of here, though the present generation of Indianians know very little about the matter.

The first week in August, 1826, my father was attacked with intermittent fever; however, by using proper remedies, in a few days it left him. But going to work too soon, it returned upon

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\*Dr. Canby had a son, then a little boy, who went by the name of Sprigg. Some time after that he went to the U. S. Military Academy of West Point. The next I hear of him it is Gen. Canby, the unfortunate man who lost his life in a conference with the Modocs.

him, but did not appear to be very severe. After lingering along some days, in hope of bettering himself, he was induced to make use of what proved to be injudicious treatment, and on August 29 grew worse, finally passing off on Saturday evening, the 31st, aged 48 years, 2 months and 4 days. He did not live long enough on his place to see much of an improvement about him, it being only the 5th day of December, 1824, that he landed with his family in Indiana.

My mother survived my father nearly fifteen years. She saw a tolerably good farm spread around her, three of her sons and two of her daughters married, with pretty fair prospects, and was called home April 20th, 1841, in her sixtieth year, she having been born August 14, 1781.

POSTSCRIPT.--As I have brought down this narrative to the settlement of our family in Shelby county, Indiana, as proposed in the title page, it would seem as though I should close; but as I design this history as much for the information of my own posterity as anything else, it may not be irrelevant to say something about myself. We all know that number one is about as important a character as any we are acquainted with, so for a few pages I propose to spread him out to public view. I was born November 18th, 1804, in that part of Manchester which is called Salford, being on the north side of the river Irwell. In the southeast part of Salford is a church building called Trinity Chapel, popularly known as Salford Chapel or Sawfurt Chapel. A street of considerable length runs past this building, named Chapel street. At the east end of the Chapel yard is an open space, where about the 18th November there is held a fair for the sale of stock of different kinds, as also for the exhibition of wild beasts, circuses and other shows. As the weather at that time of the year is usually damp, rainy and very muddy, this fair was always known as Dirt Fair. In a house adjoining this fair ground, at the time of holding said fair, it was my luck to be born. A few weeks thereafter another important event was said to have taken place. This was no less than my regeneration. How was this? may be asked. Well it depends upon certain contingencies. First, whether a building, Trinity Chapel for instance, in consequence of being consecrated by the ministrations of the Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Chester acquired any particular virtue. Secondly, whether a priest, by having the hands of the same personage laid upon him received any particular power, so that by using a certain formula and sprinkling a little water on an unconscious babe he was capable of regenerating it. Thirdly,

whether the Church of England Prayer Book teaches, as is commonly believed, Baptismal Regeneration. Fourthly, whether if it does do so, whether it teaches the truth. As I have serious doubts about all these matters, except the thirdly, I do not build much upon it, and am rather inclined to think that was not the time nor place when that event happened. In connection with the above, I will relate that about nine years afterwards my father took brother Thomas and myself to Dr. Cowherd's Church; there, in presence of each other, the reverend doctor and my father, we were again sprinkled, for what purpose I know not, unless it was to introduce us into the Bible Christian Church. All that I knew about it then was our father said come, and we went.

About the earliest matter I can recollect happened on Christmas day in the year 1808. I had been attending a school for small children, kept by an old lady named Jackson. There was to be a vacation, and on that day the children met at the school room to drink tea with each other and the teacher previous to the holidays. This was called a parting. On that day, dressed in a white frock, not having yet attained the dignity of trowsers, I was taken to the party by our maid-servant. In February following my oldest sister, Frances, died of the smallpox, and I well recollect her burial.

After leaving Mrs. Jackson's school I attended one taught by Mr. Bethell; both boys and girls were taught by him, but in separate apartments. Here I suppose I must have learned to read, as at five years I was able to read as well as I am at present. In the year 1810 Dr. Cowherd opened his academy, where I attended punctually. During the six years of my pupilage there, with the exception of the regular holidays of the school, I never missed but one day, and that was through a mistake. The degree of proficiency I attained there has already been specified; what other attainments I have, or have had, were acquired though my own exertions; not having attended school two months after leaving England in my thirteenth year. My father's love of books coupled with my early schooling, had a tendency to make a book worm of me. All the coppers bestowed upon me by my friends were saved up by me to purchase books. The consequence was, that at the time of our emigration I had a little book-case of two shelves well filled with books, among which were Addison's Spectator in eight volumes, Peter Pindar's poems in four, Bruce's Travels, with others now forgotten. When my father sacrificed his library to raise means to leave Baltimore, most of my books went with them. As the habits acquired in youth commonly go with us through life, I still, at

seventy years of age, retain my fondness for books.

Another habit which circumstances led me into, in childhood, still clings to me. It was about the year 1808 that Dr. Cowherd first broached the anti-flesh-eating dogma; as it was eagerly embraced by my father, and imposed by him upon his family, and adhered to during his life, I have no recollection of the time when animal food was used in my father's family; and as boys commonly suppose that dad knows it all, and can not err, I became a zealous vegetarian myself, having an aversion even to the smell of animal food; consequently when at my father's death, the family generally fell into the habits of the rest of mankind, I clung to the habits of nearly twenty years, and adhere to them to this day. Whether the abstemious habits I have formed and followed have had a beneficial effect upon my health, I will not assert; but one thing is certain, I have enjoyed a considerable portion of good health. The fact mentioned in the preceding paragraph that I was not hindered a day by sickness in my attendance on school during the space of six years, testifies that that was the case during that term of time. From that time (1816) to 1830 I have no recollection of being laid up by indisposition more than a day at a time. In August of that year I had an attack of fever which went off in a day or two, but in a few days more it came back in the form of a shaking ague, from which I was not fully relieved till January following. During the last forty-four years, I have two or three times had returns of chills, but never for any length of time. So that upon the whole I think I have had more than the average health of human beings. But although I have never been in any danger of losing my life by sickness, yet I have had two or three narrow escapes in my time. In the year 1820 I was working alone on the lease we had on James Sweny's land, near Lebanon, Ohio. I had felled an ash tree, or rather lodged it against another tree at an angle of about forty-five degrees. A little distance off stood another ash tree about eighteen inches in diameter; this tree I concluded to fall on the lodged tree, and so knock it down. So I chopped away on it till it fell; but it failed to start the lodged tree; the top being heavy, the butt of the tree flew up; as it was flying up the top broke, so the butt came down, and as I was gawking carelessly about, it took me near the shoulder, scraping me down the back, felling me to the ground. Fortunately there lay just by a large log upon which the tree rested, so that I escaped with nothing more than a terrible jarring. Some time afterwards, on the same place, I was engaged in chopping down a small oak; about twenty-five feet up the tree forked; in that fork was lodged a blue ash limb about ten feet

long, and about as large as a man's leg. A few minutes after I commenced work, the limb came down end foremost, striking me, or rather grazing the side of my head; one inch better aim at my cranium would have effectually precluded me from writing these memoirs. Many years afterwards, as my son John and myself were engaged in cleaning some ground on my farm, on the Slash creek, I had another narrow escape. The tree which John was chopping at commenced falling. It fell towards a sugar tree which had been deadened, but which, having grown upon one side, was still green. As the falling tree struck this tree I expected it would take it down, as it bent it over considerably; but as it failed to do so, as the falling tree left it, it sprang back again, and commenced falling in an opposite direction, aiming for the spot where I was standing watching it. I immediately started upon the run, but, becoming entangled in some rubbish, I looked up and saw the brush of the falling tree a few feet above my head; I squatted down close to the ground, and in a few seconds the top of the falling tree was upon me giving me a severe switching. Having escaped all these accidents I still survive, and so far as present health is concerned may yet survive some years. Not being descended from a very large stock, I have never attained very large dimensions myself, five feet and a half being my altitude. For many years my weight was 127 pounds, but of late years there has been an increase, but never exceeding 145. My father, who was hardly my height, never exceeded that weight himself. His brother John was about the same height, but rather heavier make. My mother's family were also persons of a moderate size.

On the 17th day of May, 1831, I was married to Sarah Hageman, daughter of Adrian and Elizabeth H. The family came from Amsterdam, in Holland, about the beginning of the last century, and settled in the neighborhood of Elizabethtown, in New Jersey. In those days they used to bring brick and tile from Holland to build and cover houses in America. There is a tradition that the vessel which brought them over sunk with her cargo of brick soon after her arrival. About the commencement of the present century Sarah's grandfather, John Hageman, with his sons and daughters, removed from New Jersey and settled in the valley of Mill Creek, in Hamilton county, Ohio, near the place where Sharonville now stands, twelve miles north of Cincinnati. Her father, Adrian, at the time of his decease was treasurer of Hamilton county. During his last sickness, his business being neglected, his affairs became embarrassed, so that his family inherited little more than sufficient to purchase 160 acres of land in the wilderness. Sarah being brought



up in the Presbyterian faith, which was the family religion, was of a pious turn of mind, virtuous, industrious, cleanly and economical; we lived together with but little jarring for eleven years, when she was suddenly stricken down by paralysis, under which she lingered along for twenty-eight years and a half. In the year 1870 repeated attacks of paralysis rendered her a complete wreck both in mind and body, and carried her off November 27. She was the mother of six children, five sons and one daughter. Her two youngest sons died in infancy, the third lost his life by locomotive at twelve years of age, in the town of Edinburgh, Indiana.

Soon after my father's death, my mother's friends in England sent her a present of money; with eighty-five dollars of that money,\* and a horse worth at that time thirty-five or forty dollars, I traded for eighty acres of land in this township, totally unimproved; with some help obtained by inheritance, I increased my number of acres to two hundred. In the year 1858 I made an arrangement to let my two sons have that land, and settled myself on forty acres of land I purchased a mile north of Mt. Auburn, in Shelby county. Since that time, through my own imprudence and the dishonorable conduct of others, I have met with several pecuniary losses, amounting in the whole to twenty-two hundred dollars; which sum, subtracted from my little capital, is not well calculated to help me along in my old age, but I suppose I shall get through without having to beg very much.

It is very commonly the custom of elderly persons to depreciate the present and exalt the past; indeed, it was the case nearly three thousand years ago, in Solomon's time. In Eccles. vii: 10, we read: "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this:" intimating that there is little difference between the past and the present; yet in some respects the former days (forty or fifty years ago) were better than the present. When our family first came to Indiana, we brought a quantity of peach seeds; these seeds, mixed with a little earth in an old sugar-trough, and kept all winter under the puncheons of a cabin floor, were aprouded sufficiently to plant out in the spring. Against fall they had grown five or six feet in hight; began to bear in three years fine, large, luscious fruit; scarcely ever failed to bear not only sufficient for family use, but also some for the swine. Contrast that

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\*After I was twenty-one years of age, I staid at home three years and three months, laboring nearly the whole of that time for the benefit of my mother, and her children who were fatherless.

with the difficulty of raising the fruit in these days. In the year 1829 I planted out an apple orchard; in a few years they began to bear fine large, round and smooth apples, not the knotty, rotten fruit of the present time. There were many wild plums in the woods, in the former days pretty fair fruit, the curculio of late years not having made its appearance. The potato bug or bugs were also unknown in those days; so it appears that from some cause or other insect pests have increased.

Upon our arrival in Philadelphia we found the citizens there engaged in an active political campaign. William Findlay was the gubernatorial candidate of the Democratic Republican party, while Joseph Heister was supported by persons calling themselves old-school Democrats, as also by the Federalists, who, being in a minority, could not, even by the help of the old-school men, elect their candidate. As my father imbibed the idea that the Federalists were rather inclined to aristocracy, of course he rather favored the Democratic party. In the year 1824 four presidential candidates were brought before the people, all belonging to that party (the old Federal party having died out), viz.: J. Q. Adams, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay and Wm. H. Crawford. My father preferred Adams, consequently his children became Anti-Jackson; so when the Whig party sprang up they were ready to act with it. In 1854, when, in consequence of the repeal by the pro-slavery element of the Missouri compromise, there was a general smash-up of the old parties, we were prepared to endorse the Republican party. Old questions appear to be rather fading away at the present time, and what may be the parties of the future, time will show. In a free country, where persons have liberty to think and to express their thoughts there always will be parties; and as some minds are progressive and others conservative, parties are a necessary evil. Progressives might advance too fast for the public good, if conservatives did not occasionally put on the brakes; and conservatism might sink into old fogyism, and advance backwards, if not occasionally stimulated by the friends of progress. So, while all parties keep in the bounds of reason, and do not unnecessarily abuse each other, I say go ahead; but we have amongst us so many who are anxious for the honors and emoluments of office, that in order to attain their ends, caring nothing for principle, are ready to run after or to lead the popular mind into any extravagance. I am thankful that I have cared very little for office. I served three terms (fourteen years) as Justice, yet never desired the post but once.

I have already mentioned my introduction into the Church of

England a few weeks after my birth, also my entrance or translation into the Bible-Christian Church, nine years afterwards. Our parents sought to bring us up in a moral and religious manner, and in some respects they succeeded. Profane or indecent language was never heard in our family. Total abstinence from intoxicating drinks being rigidly inculcated, none of us ever acquired a love for, or a habit of indulging in, strong drink, consequently we were never engaged in brawls or quarrels with others, and we were generally considered as quite a moral family.

When I became old enough to think for myself, I soon found that Dr. Cowherd's views of Old Testament history, as developed in the first chapter of these memoirs, were altogether unreasonable and impossible, so fell back upon Swedenborgianism; but in process of time began to think, as I told one of the preachers who questioned me upon that subject, that though there were many good, yea, grand and sublime ideas in his writings, yet with respect to his revelations and teachings respecting the future state, I was willing to wait till I reached there before I made up my mind on the subject. Soon after my father's decease in the year 1826 I got into rather a singular frame of mind: whatever I could see, or hear, or feel, or in any way appreciate with my bodily senses, I knew, or supposed I knew, had a real existence; but anything outside of that, I knew nothing about and doubted its existence. As the Divine Being was not appreciated by the bodily senses, I of course fell into doubts upon that subject; but I soon began to find out that Atheism was an unprofitable doctrine. I became fretful and peevish, everything looked dark and gloomy. After awhile the clouds broke away, my doubts were removed, and have never since returned.

In the neighborhood where I lived, some few years afterwards, there were established two religious societies, namely, a Methodist class and a Separate Baptist church. A little distance off was a small Presbyterian congregation, of which my wife was a member, which however soon ran down and became extinct. In those days we used to hear a good deal about "getting religion," a phrase not found in the New Testament. Persons became anxious on the subject of their spiritual condition, found that they were not saved, and in order to obtain the Divine favor, agonized, prayed, wept and labored, till in the course of weeks, months or years they supposed they had found in themselves something to satisfy their minds. Some who had been under conviction and sorrow for some time, when by a natural reaction of their minds the clouds broke away, supposed they had got through; whilst others of a matter-of-

fact turn of mind, with but little imagination about them, not finding the expected change after a long search, subsided into indifference, or wandered off into infidelity. The Acts of Apostles, which appears to have been written to inform us how the Apostles preached the Gospel, under the commission given them by their master, and which records several cases of conversion under their preaching, gives us no instance of persons striving for weeks and months and years for the coveted blessing; but the same day, sometimes the same hour of the night, they rejoiced in hope of the glory of God. In mentioning this difference to one of my neighbors, and inquiring why it was so, he replied, he supposed that when the Holy Ghost was first poured out, it was more powerful than at present. So many hundred years having elapsed since that event took place, its strength, like some material substance, had evaporated. I did not think his explanation satisfactory.

The different classes of Baptists in these days, and I suppose to some extent at the present, required the relation of an experience previous to baptism. The Separates, however, did not require (as one of the preachers expressed it) a long rigmarole of an experience; the shortest statement appeared to suffice. Another of the preachers appeared to think that my Atheistic experience was a very good Christian experience.

The Separates believed that the Lord called persons to preach in some supernatural manner, or gave them some supernatural sign of their call to the office, and that when so called, it was not necessary to inform themselves, or to study to show themselves workmen approved; but that when they stood up to preach, all they had to do was not to take thought what they should say, but to open their mouths, and the Holy Spirit would put therein all that was necessary for the occasion. The consequence was that education and human learning were despised, and the preachers were not only ignorant, but what was worse, without natural talent. I do not know whether their views on these matters have been modified in the last forty years, if not, in the increasing enlightenment of society they must become extinct.

In those early days I used occasionally to attend class meeting, even taking a part therein, but never could receive the idea of miraculous conversion or getting religion, as it was called, considering it too uncertain and unreliable, leading to enthusiasm, fanaticism, and the vagaries of an excited imagination. In the year 1829 I was engaged in teaching a common school near Lebanon, Ohio. During my residence there, being one day at William Sweny's, he informed me that he had just returned from Cincinnati,

where he had been listening to a part of the debate between Alexander Campbell and Robert Owen, on the subject of Revelation and the truth of the Christian Religion. Father Sweny appeared to think that A. C. handled the subject in a masterly manner, inflicting deadly wounds on infidelity. One thing, however, he thought that Mr. Campbell was in error about, that was, he denied the operation of the Holy Spirit. I agreed with him, that if that was the case he certainly was. About this time I saw some numbers of the "Christian Baptist," which were taken by a worthy old gentleman in the neighborhood, at that time called a "New-light," but did not have an opportunity of reading any of them.

In consequence of the infirmity and disability of my wife, in the year 1843 I removed to the town of Mt. Auburn, in order to follow for a time the business of teaching. In this place there had been for some time a congregation of Disciples of Christ, sometimes spoken of as the Christian Church. Previous to my removal to Mt. Auburn I had for some time listened occasionally to preaching in the old log meeting-house, and though wife, family and friends stood in opposition, looking down with contempt upon the reformatory movement, yet, assuming the privilege to think and act for myself on such matters, I took a decided step, a step which I have never regretted. I think it is sufficient for the followers of Christ to take his name without any addition thereto; that Christianity does not consist in any notions or opinions, or in the belief of any theory, however sound or orthodox; but in faith in Christ, and obedience to his commandments--this, in the age in which we live, is the whole duty of man.

Soon after my attachment to the church, I was chosen to fill the office of one of the overseers, bishops or elders of the congregation. In carrying out the office, it became occasionally necessary for me to lead the devotions of the congregation, and so I got eventually into a habit of speaking in public, which I have followed more or less for twenty-seven years. Though I have occasionally visited surrounding congregations, yet my ministrations have been chiefly confined to home, occupying the stand only when unoccupied by some one of more ability. Many preachers nowadays can not go a few miles to visit a congregation without a twenty-dollar bill thrust in their hands and transferred to their pockets; but I can safely say, I have never received one cent for such service, unless it may be said that the last few years I have been exempted from contributing to the fund for the compensation of the preachers that visit us; however, as my means are not very plentiful, I could not contribute much anyway. Perhaps, also, I have received

for such services fully as much as they were worth, of which, however, I myself am not much of a judge.

And now the weight of three-score and ten years is upon me; in the course of nature I can not expect to stay here very much longer. When I look back upon the years that have passed, the vicissitudes, the trials, the temptations, the pleasures and pains, the gains and losses that have checkered them, I consider that I have reason to be thankful for many things: first, in being well born, not of a highly aristocratic family, but of moral and religious parents in the middle walks of life; secondly, in the measure of education I received in my youthful days; thirdly, in the unusual degree of health I have enjoyed through life; fourthly, in seeing my children (though few in number) grow up to be moral and religious, orderly and useful members of society; and lastly, but not least, in the consolation of living in a civilized and Christian land, where I have been able to take hold of the promises set before us in the Gospel, and to look forward in hopes of Eternal Life.

AUGUST 20, 1874.

**SUPPLEMENT .**





## SUPPLEMENT .

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At the suggestion of my nephew, J. Harrison Clarke, of Edinburgh, I am induced to offer a few pages as to the present *status* or condition of the family. In order that I might do so advisedly I issued circulars to the different branches of the family for the necessary information; but, as some have failed entirely to respond, and the others (with the exception of Bro. S. A. Moore, who gave me a very full report) have only given a very meager account, I have to trust to my own personal knowledge and recollections only.

Of the thirteen children of James and Frances Clarke, ten arrived at maturity; of these only six are at present living. Of the elder, the writer of these pages, it is but necessary to say little more, as he has said about enough concerning himself in the Postscript: we shall only add that on the 15th of March, 1872, he married Mrs. Ellen Rhea, a daughter of Garvin Mitchell, fifty years ago for some time postmaster at Edinburgh, Ind. He (that is J. C.) had formerly some desire for office, but never succeeded in obtaining any, except some petty ones, such as township trustee, examiner of teachers, and fourteen years as justice of the peace. He is also somewhat of a scribbler, as appears from his penning these pages on such an uninteresting subject; he has also written several essays on theological subjects, which were published in the *Christian Record*, a periodical published at Bloomington, Indianapolis, and at present at Bedford, Indiana.

It is customary in Old England to give to every farm a name; so following the example, he has named his present residence Waveley, it being rolling or waving ground, and when he bought it covered with a lea, lee or ley of grass. He has appended it to his name in the title-page to distinguish him from his father, James Clarke of Denshanger.\*

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\*When a native of this place was asked as to his nativity, the general reply was, "At Denshanger, where the moon changes." Had our father only had the luck to have resided among these sharp people till manhood, peradventure he might have made his mark in the world.

His two sons, Thomas and John Howard, married the daughters of Wm. P. Records, one of the first settlers of Bartholomew county, Indiana, but for many years a resident of Jackson township, in Shelby county. They have left the paternal acres, alluded to in the Postscript, and now reside a little west of Mt. Auburn. His daughter, Frances E., married Ezra J. Hicks, now residing near Lebanon, Boone county, Indiana.

Thomas S. Clarke married, December 24, 1833, Martha M. Harris, a descendant of a Virginia family, with whom he resided nine years, on the line between Shelby and Bartholomew counties. Soon after his second marriage, which took place June 15, 1847, to Letitia Query, he removed to the hills of Stotts' Creek, on the west side of Johnson county, where he died in January, 1873. Of the three sons by his first marriage, the elder, H. Stanley, and the younger, James E., served a tour in the army. The elder died May 27, 1868. The younger resides at Bargersville, in Johnson county, where he practices medicine; having married a young lady named Skeggs, from the neighborhood of a place called Cape Horn, in Morgan county. The second son, J. Harrison, was brought up by his aunt, Elizabeth Hageman, and receiving a good education, was employed as teacher in an educational establishment located at Stockwell, in Tippecanoe county. Upon leaving this place he married Miss Jeannie Lunger, with whom he resides at present in Edinburgh. Catharine, the daughter, married a cousin of Dr. J. E.'s wife, now residing in Morgan county. Thomas S. left three sons, the children of his last wife, still inhabitants of the hills of Stotts' Creek.

William Clarke married, December 25, 1833, Mary, daughter of James Vanbenthusen, a member of the Indiana Constitutional Convention of 1852. Soon after his marriage he settled on forty acres of ground, in a region called The Slash, situated in the north-west part of Washington township, in Shelby county; at that time not considered a very desirable location, but now, through drainage and improvements, about as desirable as any part of the county. By industry and economy he has been enabled by annexations to add considerably to his original starting-point. Being so fortunate as not to meet with any great ups or downs in life, he has been enabled to go on the even tenor of his way, without troubling or being troubled by anybody. Of his daughters, Elizabeth married Isaac Watson; Fanny, James Parrish; Mary Ann, James Green; and Margaret, William Chesser: all these are farmers, residing in Shelby county, with the exception of Mr. Watson, who lives in Howard. His son John resides on his father's farm, having married a Miss Doron, while the younger, William, still lives at home.

Frances, when quite young, married Wm. Vanbenthusen, brother

of William's wife. He, too, settled in the aforesaid Slash, where he had a very good start for a farm, when in the year 1853 he removed to Davis county, Iowa. During the Mexican war he served under General Scott in Mexico. During the late rebellion he tried the military line again, serving as captain. Upon his return, having removed to Bloomfield, the county-seat, he served as County Judge and County Auditor. They have been peculiarly unfortunate in their family: out of fifteen children born to them, only four survive. Two of the sons died in the army, and two daughters were unfortunately drowned. Of the survivors, one daughter, Eliza Jane, married Joseph W. Claton, at present Auditor of Davis county; Fanny, or Frank, a citizen of Bloomfield named DeMooth; and Barbara, another citizen named Curl. The only surviving son, named William, in conjunction with his cousin, William F. Moore, edits and publishes a paper in Bloomfield called the "Commonwealth."

Mary, in early life married Jacob Guile, an industrious and managing farmer, who settled in the woods on Lewis' Creek, in Shelby county, where they have now a very fine farm. Their daughter Milly married Jesse Gantt, and died several years ago; Frances some years afterwards, married Mr. Kelsey, residing on Lewis' Creek, who left her a widow about three years ago, when she returned home. The youngest, Martha, married John Hageman, while the two boys, Newton and Albert, still live at home.

Of Edward C. Clarke's children, two live in Shelby county; where the other three are I know not, as the widow, soon after his decease, left the country, and failed to keep up a regular correspondence with the family.

On the 14th of May, 1844, Ellen Clarke married Samuel A. Moore, a native of Lawrenceburgh, Indiana. At the early age of six years he lost his father; two and a half years afterwards he was apprenticed to the printing business for four years, receiving but little education. At the time of his marriage he resided as a farmer in the north part of Bartholomew county, whence he moved to Columbus early in 1849, where for three months he published a weekly newspaper, called the "Spirit of the West." For nearly four years he filled the office of postmaster at that place; in the meantime (1850,'51) serving a term as representative of that county in the State Legislature. In the spring of 1853 he removed to Davis county, Iowa, where two years later he was elected County Judge. In the winter of 1860 he quit the farming business for merchandising, in which business he has continued nearly ever since at Bloomfield, Iowa, and Memphis, Missouri. His dwelling and store were consumed by fire January 20th, 1868, at a loss of \$6500. When the rebellion broke out, he enlisted in the Second Iowa In-

fantry, and commanded a company at the capture of Fort Donelson. At Pittsburgh Landing, or Shiloh, he was severely wounded in both legs. Upon his recovery and joining Iowa Regiment 45, he was chosen Lieutenant-Colonel. He was elected twice (1863 and 1865) to the office of State Senator. To use his own language, he is, "in religious sentiment a Universalist, lectures occasionally to our denomination, and travels some as a lecturer on other subjects."

Of their children, the eldest, Mary Ellen, married John B. Findley, a druggist of Bloomfield; the second daughter married James E. Cooper, a clothing merchant of Bloomfield. Thomas Dick Moore married Miss L. L. N. Hill, of Memphis, Missouri; his employment is merchant's clerk. The oldest son, Frederic William, married Miss M. M. Wallace, of Bloomfield. He appears, according to the theory of phrenologists, to have the bump of language well developed, speaking German like a native, and diving into Chinese; is an attorney at law in Bloomfield, also a printer, being associated with his cousin, William N. B., in printing and publishing the "Commonwealth" newspaper in that place. Their two youngest children, Henry Clay and Emma, are as yet unmarried, the first a printer and the other a music teacher.

John Clarke in his youth studied the art, trade and mystery of a blacksmith, which he still occasionally practices. In early life he married Sarah Ann, daughter of Henry Steenberger, one of the early settlers of Bartholomew county, Indiana, who died soon after the birth of their second child, which soon followed her. He afterwards married Jane Akers, a resident also of Bartholomew county. About that time he settled on a farm on Lewis' Creek, in Shelby county, but in the year 1856 removed to Davis county, Iowa, where he now occupies a good farm. His oldest son, Charles, is engaged in banking business at Red Oak, in Montgomery county, Iowa. The first son of the second marriage, George W., is engaged in some business at Oskaloosa, in the same State; his son Marshall and daughter Mary are still at home.

Charles Clarke, the youngest of the family, never saw his father, being born two months after his decease: like his brother John, he studied the blacksmith trade. Though a peaceable fellow, and the son of a decided man of peace, in the year 1847 he enlisted in the Mexican war, and was engaged under Gen. Taylor in the battle of Buena Vista. He afterwards served as captain in the war against the rebellion. After his return from the Mexican war, at the close of the year 1848 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Claton. She must have been very young at the time of her marriage, as at the time of her death, which happened April 11, 1855, she was only 20 years, 7 months and 16 days old. Her two

daughters still live, the oldest, Ann, married to Dennis Allender, a dentist, of Bloomfield, Iowa. About the year 1854 he removed to Davis county, Iowa; he afterwards lived for a time in Jefferson county, same State, but now resides at Armstrong, Wyandotte county, in Kansas, where he is postmaster, and engaged in the grocery and provision business. After the death of Elizabeth, he married Diana Cavender, of Davis county, Iowa; she has six children living, who being young are still living at home. About the middle of February last, when he returned home with his wife at midnight, from a temporary absence, he found his house burnt down, with all his household goods and clothing, his children barefoot and naked in the snow: such are the misfortunes of life.

Dr. Adam Clarke, the well-known commentator, tells us in his memoirs, that he examined the Roll of Battle Abbey, containing the names of those who came over to England with William the Norman in 1066, but failed to find any Clarks in the list. He then tells us (I quote from memory) that in the times when the present generation of surnames took their origin, a person who could read and write (such persons being scarce) was called a clerk, whence the name lengthened out, became Clerke, Clark, and Clarke. He further says that such persons being more enlightened than the mass, were generally persons of an intelligent and liberal turn of mind, and orderly behavior; and such, he says, were the general characteristics of the Clarkes. I think I can say (without boasting) that such was the general character of our branch of the name, as far back as my information extends, which upon such matters takes in upwards of one hundred years. During that time no case of conviction for crime, no case of divorce or bastardy, has ever occurred; and I can say the same for my mother's family.

With respect to the present stock in the United States, to the best of my knowledge none are addicted to the use of profane language, or to indulgence in intoxicating drinks. I do not say this merely through pride or vain glory, but in hopes that should any of the descendants of James Clarke of Denshanger read these pages, they may be encouraged to keep up the ancient reputation of the family, by an upright walk and chaste conversation.

FAREWELL.

**TABLE**  
 OF THE  
 DECENDANTS OF JAMES AND FRANCES CLARKE.  
 1 8 7 4 .

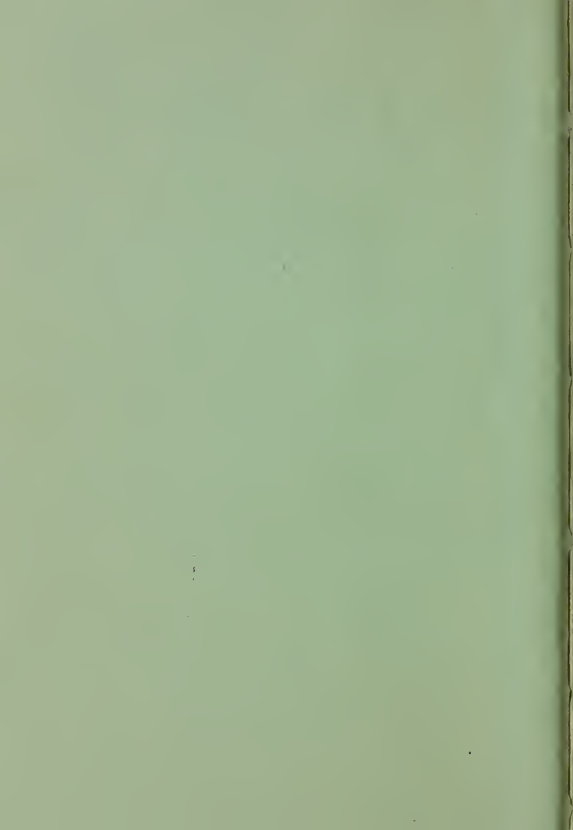
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*Children. Grandchildren. Great-grandchildren. Total.*

Died without posterity... 4.....--.....--.....	4
James Clarke..... 1..... 6.....18.....	25
Thomas S. Clarke..... 1..... 7..... 5.....	13
William Clarke..... 1..... 7.....24.....	32
Mary Guile..... 1..... 8..... 9.....	18
Frances Vanbenthusen..... 1.....15..... 6.....	22
Edward C. Clarke..... 1..... 5.....--.....	6
Ellen Moore..... 1..... 7..... 2.....	10
John Clarke..... 1..... 5.....--.....	6
Charles Clarke..... 1.....12..... 1.....	14
--                    --                    --                    --	
Total.....13                    72                    65                    150	

Not having received full returns to my inquiries, some of the above numbers are conjectural, but nearly correct. Of this number I suppose about one hundred are living.











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