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JOHN CLARKE

ANN OHERN CLARKE



THE  
CLARKE FAMILY

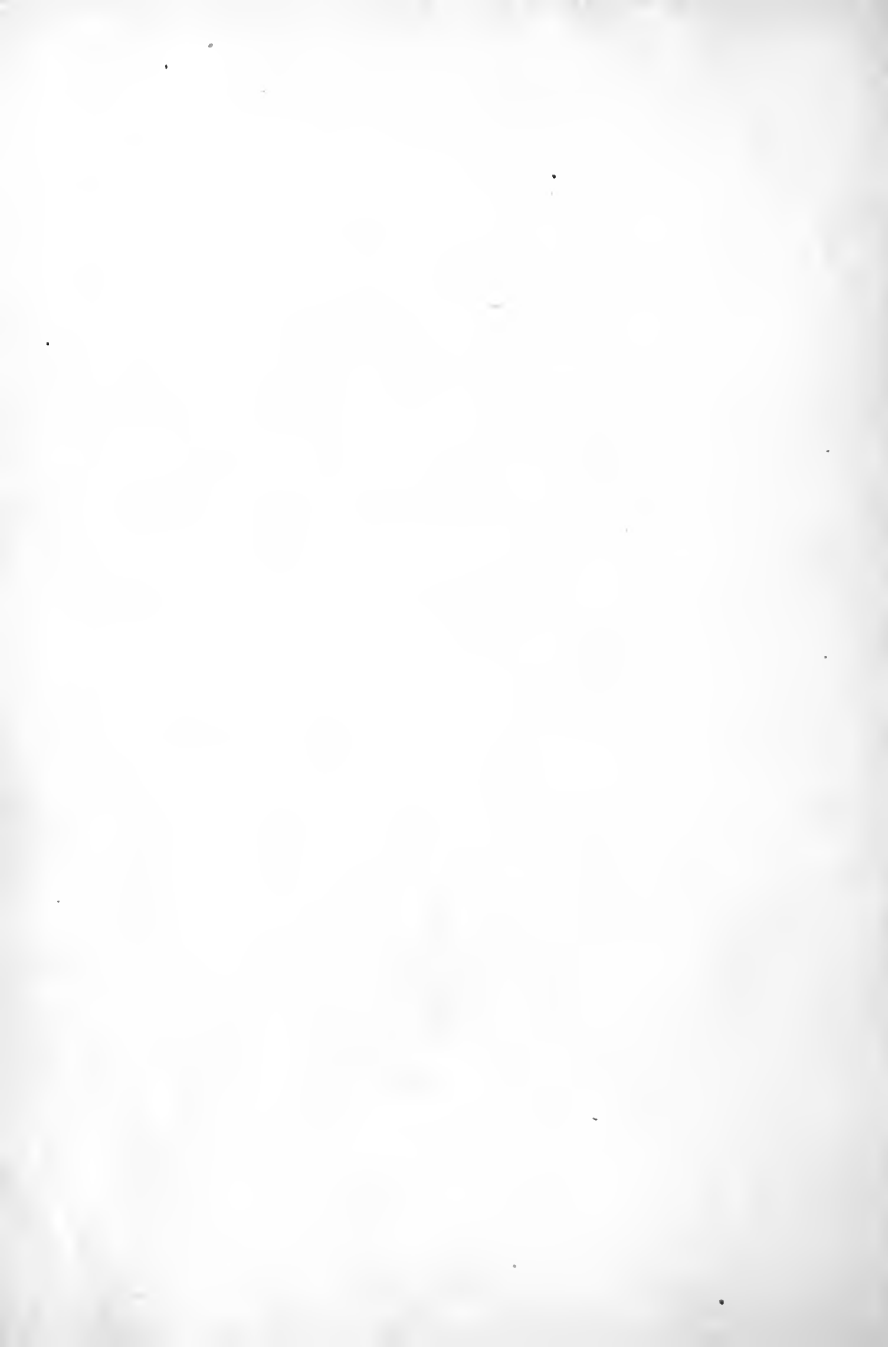
COMPILED AND EDITED  
BY  
LENA M. NIEMAN

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1905

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TO THE MEMORY  
OF  
JOHN CLARKE AND ANN OHERN

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## FOREWORD

Two years and a half ago, for my own benefit, I began a record of the descendants of my great grandfather, Rev. John Clarke. For a year and a half I worked only at intervals and with no definite object in view, but last January again took up the record with more enthusiasm, going one generation further back. I knew that grandfather had left a manuscript containing the record of his family, so sent for it in order to verify the dates, and found in it the account of his ancestry and of his life as given in the succeeding pages. It is evident that he intended this history to be preserved, and I at once decided to copy it.

By reading grandfather's introduction we can see under what difficulties he worked, and it is wonderful that one weakened by age and long illness could write so well. There were a number of repetitions, misplaced words and phrases, as well as a few incomplete sentences; but these mistakes have been rectified in order to make the meaning clearer. I have not in any case changed the thought, and have tried to make only the corrections that grandfather would make were he and not I editing this work.

Through the information given in the manuscript and other data sent me I was enabled to trace the direct descent back to Duncan Clarke, and the "Tree" therefore contains the record of eight generations, as nearly complete as it could be made. Of the one hundred and forty-nine descendants of Duncan Clarke, eighty-nine are now living, eight of the fifth generation, thirty-three of the sixth, forty-seven of the seventh and one of the eighth.

If this little volume should be the means of drawing nearer together the widely scattered members of the family and of creating a feeling of greater interest in each other, I shall be very glad. We have good reason to be proud of our ancestors, who spent their lives in

helping others, and who died leaving the legacy of a true Christian character to their children and their children's children.

In the "Tree" it is not known that the children of James Clarke and Susanna Wood are given in their proper order, according to age. Grandfather tells in his record that his father (John) was the younger son, and since there is no way of knowing positively where each belongs, for the sake of convenience John has been placed as the youngest of the family.

I have perhaps omitted facts that to some may seem important, and inserted others that are unimportant, but I trust due allowance will be made for these and also for all mistakes that I may have made. as, everything considered, I have done my best. I should like to be apprised of any errors in names, dates or places. so that I may correct them in my own copy. If the different families will be careful to continue their records on the blank pages in the back of the book, and will send me all dates of births, marriages and deaths as they occur, it will assist me greatly and save much labor and delay in case a second edition is issued at some future time.

I gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to all those who have in any way aided me, either by giving information or by their words of encouragement. I am especially thankful to the older members of the family, without whose help I should have failed utterly.

LENA M. NIEMAN.

*Pasadena, California, December, 1904.*



## CHAPTER I

### *Introduction to Record of Rev. John Clarke.*

Of late years I have been frequently requested by friends, and urged by members of my family, to record some account of our ancestry and of my own life. Although the requests thus expressed were entitled to respect, I have felt averse to compliance from a conviction that such records were frequently tinged too strongly with the writer's partiality, and might beget doubts and suspicions of its accuracy. Besides, generally, what a person writes about himself is very often not worth reading. I have kept no journal and have very little data on which to base any account of ancestry. Now verging on my eighty-fifth year, besides the infirmities incident to old age, I am so paralyzed in the lower limbs as to be almost helplessly confined to my lonely room, beset with other ailments that together have a disqualifying influence for the task I undertake; yet mind employment — and memory vividly retains circumstances and events of the long past, even to early boyhood — reveals that the proper form of expression greatly fails me, and I hope that any who may chance to read what I aim to write in the following pages will make due allowance on this score.

## CHAPTER II

### *Ancestry on Father's Side.*

In 1834, while stationed in Cincinnati, I read the personal memoir of Adam Clarke, the great commentator, and was surprised at finding in his extended account of his family relations the mention of several of whom I had heard my father often speak as relatives of his, but I had no recollection of father speaking of any relationship to Dr. Clarke or his family. I then wrote to father at his home near Pittsburg, Pa. My letter finding him on his death-bed, he related to my two sisters,

as strength and memory permitted, an answer to my inquiry, my elder sister writing it down as dictated. By a mishap in the mail it never reached me. From my surviving sister (Mrs. Susan Wilson) I obtained the only data upon which I base the conclusion that both families are of the same ancestry. My father's statement enabled me to trace it back to the early part of the sixteenth century, at which time two brothers of the family emigrated from Scotland to Ireland, one settling near Dublin, the other in the County Tyrone. Adam Clarke, I conclude, was a descendant of the former, and my father of the latter of these brothers. My great grandfather's name was Duncan Clarke, and he was therefore a full cousin to Adam Clarke, and a resident of County Tyrone. His son, James Clarke (our grandfather), was also a resident of the same county, a well-to-do farmer and a rigid adherent of Scotch Presbyterianism. His wife's maiden name was Susanna Wood, and both were noted as devoted Christians according to the standard of the times. Our father was their youngest son. He had four sisters and one brother, Archibald, who died in early life leaving no family. Of the sisters I have no definite information other than hearing them spoken of as distinguished for piety and religious lives.

The county in which they lived was one of the first fields of operation in Ireland by Methodist missionaries, who were first known in that region by the name of Ranters. A distinguished clergyman of the Established Church of England, who had become an adherent of the Wesleys in their great revival work in England and a coadjutor in carrying it on, was one of the first missionaries to enter Ireland. The northern part being the most under Protestant influence he sought to commence his labors there. Entering County Tyrone he sought an opportunity to open his mission, but found churches and private houses alike closed against him. Coming into the neighborhood of our grandfather (which was densely populated and known as Ardstraw Bridge, a scattered village) to the alarm of the people generally, but our ancestor in particular, fearing the stranger might be of the Ranters of whom they had heard so

much, and would succeed in leading souls astray and destroy the peace of the community. he could find no place of entrance. So he took up a position on horseback in the most public place on the highway, it being the most ready to escape from should he be attacked by mob violence, and by the novelty of his lusty singing soon gathered a crowd around him, in which was my grandfather, who became impressed so by his dignified manner and the solemn truths he uttered that he ventured to invite him to his home; and soon after, he with his whole household, was rejoicing in a conscious salvation. And his house became a preaching-place for Methodism ever afterward, until it was more suitably provided for, growing and multiplying in all that section of country. Our father at that time was quite a youth, and I have heard him say that he could not tell the precise time when he was converted; that from early youth he enjoyed the evidence of a change of heart and the love of God. Through the greater portion of his life he held an official position in the church, and his end was full of peace and bright with hope.

### CHAPTER III

#### *Ancestry on Mother's Side.*

Of our ancestry on mother's side I have very limited knowledge beyond her family, whose name was Greer, and who were residents also, as were father's family, of the County Tyrone, Ireland. They were well-to-do farmers, and among the first, if not the very first, to embrace and entertain Methodism in the section in which they lived. The family consisted of three sons and four daughters. My parents, with one son (my oldest brother), came to this country in company with mother's sister Rebecca, the wife of James Little, and I believe her brother Joseph. For a time they settled in New Jersey, and afterward in Lancaster County, Pa., where I believe Joseph died. Most of the time they remained in the East their home was in the city of Columbia. They moved westward at different periods, and now (in

1891) are settled in Rushville and vicinity, a numerous and prosperous portion of the community, nearly all earnest adherents to the religion of their ancestors. I have thus departed from the ancestral line because of the more immediate identity of the parties named or referred to. A great number of them are interred in the cemetery of Rushville, awaiting a reunion in an everlasting home where neither death nor distance will evermore separate.

In each new settlement of either family they immediately identified themselves with Methodism, though in the earlier portion of their life in this country it required much sacrifice. I distinctly remember when my mother, on horseback, and father, cane in hand, traveled eleven miles to attend class meeting on Sunday. Members would frequently travel miles to attend a prayer-meeting and were often in each other's homes as social visitors and mutual helpers. The fervor of love and fraternal feeling that was then a characteristic of Methodism has greatly diminished in modern times. It was one of mother's leading characteristics to be in the front of such movements; her generosity was always up to the extent of her means; often have I known her to deny herself of needed comforts to supply the wants of others.

Another sister and her husband, whose name was Ward, had preceded my parents in coming to this country, and had settled as far west as Pittsburg (then Fort Duquesne) on the border of what was then known as the "Back Woods." Through their influence our parents were induced to move back to the same place — I think it was in 1814. I well remember the great difficulties then encountered in crossing the mountains by winding, improvised roads. The only method of travel and conveying supplies was by horseback and six-horse teams harnessed to heavy wagons. Frequently, at the foot of a mountain, these teams would double horses to each wagon, and with two men in the rear carrying blocks to scotch the wagon when the horses were halted for a rest, they would thus, with much difficulty and no little danger, make the ascent. Houses of entertainment, though at convenient distances, were devoid of what would be accommodation in the present generation.

Getting safely to our destination we were comfortably domiciled in the house with my Aunt Ward's family, who, not long after, returned to the East and settled near Alexandria, Va. For some time correspondence was kept up between the families, but I lost all trace of them. Mother's sister, Rebecca, with her husband, James Little, and family came West in the fall of 1837, whither their only son, George, had preceded them, and who was settled in mercantile business in Rushville. Their four daughters also, at different periods, settled in the place and have raised respected families.

My two sisters being married — Susan the wife of Thomas Wilson, and Ann Jane the wife of George Greer — and they having also settled in Rushville, after the death of my father in Sewickley, near Pittsburg, my mother came also to Rushville, where she spent the balance of her days, and died at a great age. I have heard her say that she was converted when six years of age, and she must therefore have been not less than eighty-four years a member of the Methodist Church. Her father's house was one of the first, if not the very first, in that part of the county opened to Methodism, as was our grandfather Clarke's in another portion of the same county. When their dwelling became too small for the congregations that assembled, her father cleaned a large barn on their premises, fitted it up with pulpit and rude benches, and it served the purposes of a church. From this center Methodism soon spread over a large portion of that section of the country and became a great power for good.

Soon after what is known as Wayne's Treaty with the Indians was signed, several families from the neighborhood of our parents in Ireland emigrated to this country and took up lands in Sewickley, fifteen miles west of Pittsburg — then considered the western frontier — and invited our parents to join them. My father having purchased some wild land eligibly located, the settlers united and soon had a respectable cabin in the dense woods ready for the family's reception, to which they moved out, aware that it was bringing on them a new phase of life. I remember their reluctance and serious deliberation of it. On our arrival we found

quite a number of the settlers gathered to make us welcome and an amount of provisions sufficient to supply our wants until we could provide. On the way father had bought a cow and calf. In front of our cabin they constructed a strong pen in which to confine the calf and thus detain the cow. In the morning all of the calf that could be found was a few scattered bones, the wolves having in the night entered the pen, and finding they could not carry the calf out, made their supper of it in the pen. Learning that there were still some straggling Indians marauding through the country, and being so discouraged by this first night's experience, my parents determined to return East, and no influence of neighbors could dissuade them from their purpose. So as soon as preparation could be made the journey was commenced. Meantime, father was persuaded not to sell the land, but he leased it for four years, the consideration being a certain amount of improvements. When about twenty miles east of Pittsburg the team was delayed a short time for some repairs, and my father met the offer of a large school at a good salary. He readily accepted, compromising with the teamster, and we were soon domiciled in a comfortable house.

After spending four years in teaching, he visited his wild purchase and found it pretty well improved and surrounded by a dense settlement of desirable neighbors. He soon returned to it and on it spent the balance of his life in contentment and comfort. The house soon became a regular preaching place and a home of Methodism. For over twenty years he was the leader of a large class in a room of his own house, and as far back as I can remember the home was a house of prayer. Morning and evening a hymn was sung and prayer was offered to God. In early boyhood, to me it was a lonesome evening when there were not from one to four or five Methodist neighbors, who had been acquainted in Ireland, in to spend the evening until bedtime. The lively, and to me, deeply interesting conversation was generally of persons, scenes and incidents in Ireland. Their appreciative recollections of early preachers, many of whom still live in history, early inspired my heart with a feeling of reverence for their names that yet survives

with me. Methodism may not have deteriorated, but it has certainly lost much of its primitive simplicity, fervor of zeal and purity of love. To love with a pure heart, fervently, was one of its most marked characteristics.

Of mother's death a brief record is due here. On Sunday afternoon, Aug. 28, 1867, I spent some hours with her in her room at my sister's home, and was somewhat surprised to find her much more vivacious and cheerful than usual, her mental faculties not betraying any of the weakening so common at her age. Providential dealings throughout her long life employed much of her conversation; her trust in God seemed to be implicit, and rays of heavenly light to illumine the valley of the shadow of death. When I arose to leave she said: "Why, John, you would not leave without praying with me." Kneeling beside her we joined in prayer. As I was leaving she took my hand and went with me to the door, with an affectionate goodbye, remarking: "We may not see each other again." The next morning, when the family gathered in her room for prayers, she was yet in bed and appeared in her usual health. Her son-in-law, Thomas Wilson, read a chapter to which she appeared to give interested attention. My sister, kneeling at the side of the bed, had her attention drawn by an apparent struggle in mother's breathing, and on hastily going to her, found her eyes set in death. The spirit had fled to an everlasting home.

Her funeral from the Methodist Church was attended by a large assemblage. Appropriate services, conducted by the pastor, were there held, and her remains thence borne to the family lot in the beautiful Rushville cemetery, where, shadowed by several evergreen trees and inclosed by an ornamental, tubular iron fence, they rest until the resurrection. Myself and one sister (Susan Wilson) survive the family, and our time on earth is nearly spent.



THE CLARKE FAMILY LOT AT RUSHVILLE, ILL.



A NEARER VIEW



## CHAPTER IV

*The Family Home-Cemetery.*

From distant parts I have disinterred and gathered together, in the same lot and monumented, the remains of our parents, their children and grandchildren, excepting my brother James and his family, who had been buried in Pittsburg and vicinity, and who, for lack of room in the family lot, are reinterred in an adjacent lot in the same cemetery. Of the immediate decendants of father's family [brought up to November, 1904, by Compiler], fifty-four are now deceased; eighty-nine survive, forty-seven of whom are of the fifth generation.

## CHAPTER V

*Father's Family.*

My oldest brother, James, was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, June 17th, 1800, and died at Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 15th, 1855. Endowed with a strong intellect, and being of studious habits, he became early a good scholar in a common English education; for some time he assisted my father in teaching a large school, and was the leader in all the intellectual enterprises of the neighbor-

James Clarke was a very handsome man, of fine physique, and one who would be noted among hundreds. He had but three months' schooling, but considered himself educated in all lines. He both read and wrote a great deal. He was very outspoken on the subject of abolition, and some of his family thought that he met with foul play at the hands of enemies during the "Border Ruffian War." About the time of his visit to Kansas, John Brown, the liberator, became famous in that state, and later James P. Clarke, son of James Clarke, Sr., was with John Brown during the contest against the pro-slavery party's efforts to make Kansas a slave state.

The following obituary was written by James Clarke, Sr., upon the death of his father, John Clarke:

"John Clarke, Sen., the subject of the following notice, was born in the County of Tyrone, Ireland, 1769. At the age of twenty-nine or thirty he became the subject of saving grace and united himself with the Methodist Church in his native country. He ultimately removed to America. He associated himself with

hood. When about eighteen years of age he was converted at a camp-meeting in the vicinity of Pittsburg, and at once began to hold meetings in the neighborhood and labored hard for the conversion and upbuilding of others. In this line he was very popular, and attracted large congregations. He was strongly urged by the church to go into the ministry, but he constantly declined, assigning insufficiency as his reason, also that his voice was not adapted to public speaking. In this I have no doubt he seriously erred. After his marriage, his zeal declined and his labors diminished, although until his

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the Episcopal Methodists in this country, upon certificate from the Rev. Thomas Barber. About eighteen years ago he was appointed class leader, and was always particularly faithful to this charge. So sure as the Sabbath came so sure he attended to his little flock. Never to our knowledge was there a murmur or complaint from one of his members for neglect of duty. Most of this time the class met in his own house, which was also the meeting-house and home of the preacher.

"Being almost constitutionally republican in feeling, when the late division took place in the Methodist Episcopal Church he was inclined to go with the Reformers. There were, however, many difficulties in his way—the friendship of the preachers, separation from the class, many of whom were the companions of his youth, cold feelings and hard sayings—these had been for six or seven years a counterbalance to his principles. Use philosophy, religion, or whatever you please, such circumstances are trying.

"However, last year Bro. Bassett was invited to preach at his house, the preachers of the old fellowship continuing their appointments and class as usual. Some time in August he took occasion to advise with the writer of this article on the subject of transferring himself to the new church, stating that his 'mind latterly had been much agitated in relation to this matter, and that he felt much disposed to take this step.' He was answered, there was no prospect beyond his own family of forming a class, and that, all things considered, if his principles would admit of his enjoying himself as heretofore, he had better not make this change in his relation, especially as the time of his stay in any church on earth must in all probability be very short. Considering the relation I sustained to the Protestant Methodists, he was pleased with the answer. But he replied: 'The shortness of my stay here ought to be a strong inducement to me to discharge a duty which my judgment and conscience dictate should be performed; besides, these will not admit of my enjoying myself where I am, as heretofore. I have deliberated and weighed the matter long enough—the night is drawing nigh, when I cannot work. To unite with the Protestant Methodists I believe is a duty—a

death he remained a devoted and liberal member of the church, nearly always sustaining an official relation to it. In the latter part of his life the abolition of slavery so engaged his sympathies and efforts, that it seemed the controlling purpose of his life to labor for its success. It was thought that his labor and exposure on a visit to Kansas, in order to bear a part in its struggle for freedom, occasioned his death, which occurred on board the steamboat at a landing almost at his home.

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### BROTHER GEORGE.

The second son of my parents, George, was born in Lancaster, Pa., Sept. 6, 1802, and died in the city of Pittsburgh, May 3, 1823. From very early boyhood he manifested a remarkable aptness to learn, and a great fondness for it, and had mastered most of the first rules in arithmetic. Ofttimes, when yet a youth of twelve years, he

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duty which I ought to discharge and leave the issue to Him who rules in righteousness.'

"The next opportunity which offered he cast in his lot with the Reformers — so called — and true it proved that his stay on earth was short. The seeds of mortality were taking deep root. Shortly after, he was confined, by a paralytic stroke; lost the use of his left side; a few days saw him mentally as well as physically diseased by a second stroke of the same. In this situation he urged his family not to be alarmed on his account; stated that the fears of death did not disconcert him; he knew the Saviour was his friend, and that His grace would be sufficient for him, though he had to walk through the valley and the shadow of death; He that had been with him for near forty years he had reason to believe would not forsake him in his last extremity.

"He set his temporal concerns in order,' so that he might unreservedly devote himself to a preparation for death, and for life beyond the grave. He continued for some weeks engaged in prayer and in delivering advice to his family, expressing all the time the greatest confidence in God, till on Tuesday morning, a few minutes past two o'clock, December 24, 1833, in the sixty-third year of his age, he entered upon the joys of his Lord, bequeathing to his family and friends a blooming hope of immortality. And on the morning of that day when the Saviour first visited the dark abode of sinful man, his friends and neighbors followed him — mourning — thro' the storm to the mansion of rest. Yours, etc.,

"JAMES CLARKE."

would keep father up till midnight studying problems in mathematical science, and as there were then few institutions of learning other than common schools, and they much inferior to what now exists, our father took great pains to assist him at home as far as he felt capable. Some thirty miles distant from home lived a noted scholar of father's acquaintance, with whom he arranged to board George in his family and allow him the use of such of his books as were required, father furnishing the others. I do not remember how long George remained under instruction, but it was as long as deemed necessary to complete his studies. After his return from this private instruction he commenced teaching, and for two years was reputed very successful, when, by a mysterious accident, he was injured by a gun from which a friend was trying to dislodge a ball that had got fast in the barrel while loading. Having opened the breech end, an effort was made to bore it out by fastening a large pegging awl in the end of the ramrod, which became fast in the lead and remained as the ramrod was drawn out; then, in the endeavor to melt the ball, the barrel exploded with a loud report, the melted lead and awl entering the upper part of my brother's thigh, and the lead passing so nearly through as to be taken out on the opposite side. The awl remained imbedded in the bone and could not be extracted. When, over thirty years after, his remains were disinterred to be removed to the family lot, the awl was found without the appearance of rust upon it. The mystery was in the loud explosion from a gun barrel open at both ends, with the powder all extracted, and water having been poured in in the effort to move the ball. At the time the matter was freely discussed in the newspapers by scientific writers, but, so far as known to me, is still unsolved, and remains for a mysterious Providence yet to make it plain. After months of confinement and suffering he so far recovered — under skillful treatment — as to venture a visit to the city, and took cold on the way which developed into pneumonia, of which he died soon after. He left a calendar for the ensuing year, almost ready for publication, and a nearly completed volume on mathe-

mathematical science, which had been highly approved by some well-known scholars, and these, together with some mathematical instruments, his mother distributed as souvenirs to distant friends, much to my regret.

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I give this detailed account as a part of family history that may fall into the hands of their descendants and be of some interest to them. Mention of the third son (myself) I will leave until the last, as least worthy; and my desire is that whatever I record of myself may be an illustration of the gracious Providence that has conducted me through old age, and yet, when bending under infirmities, forsakes me not.

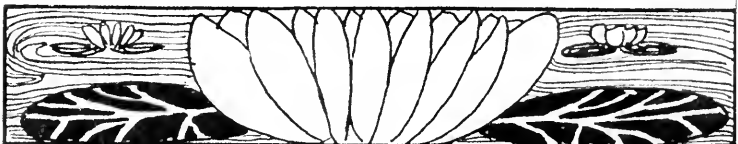
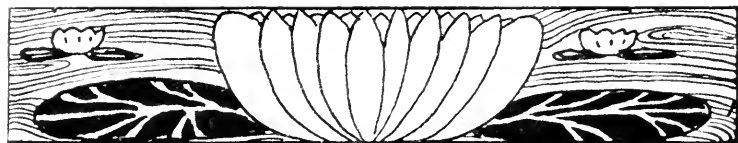
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#### ANN JANE.

Ann Jane, the elder of my sisters, when young was a great sufferer from asthma, and her condition gave but little reason to hope that she would live to mature years. Indeed oftentimes her life was despaired of from day to day. This interfered with her education: but, being naturally of a clear, strong intellect and studious habits, she became an intelligent woman of sound, clear judgment. As she grew up, the left lung gradually diminished in size, and at womanhood the asthmatic trouble left her, but that side of the chest was greatly sunken so as to require outside padding to maintain the natural form. For a time she taught school. I believe successfully, and eventually was married to George Greer. Then with her sister and husband they came west and settled in Rushville, Ill., where their husbands entered into partnership and prospered in mercantile business. Her life exemplified the teachings of Christ, and her death the hope of the Christian.

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Ann Jane Greer was converted at a camp meeting in the vicinity of Pittsburg, Pa., in August, 1831. Her religion was not of the demonstrative kind, but evinced its power and genuineness in the fruits of the spirit and an irreproachable life. Her experience was very uniform, never much elated, and never depressed. As a daughter, sister, wife and mother, she was a model of affectionate fidelity. During a residence of thirty-nine years in Rushville she became the friend of all, but especially of the needy, whom she was always willing to aid.



SUSAN WILSON

## SUSAN.

My sister Susan, the youngest of the family — she and I the only survivors — was converted in early life, and through all its vicissitudes still holds fast the beginning of her confidence. Though not demonstrative in her profession or manner of life, she has inherited her mother's benevolence of heart, and with a plentiful sup-

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Susan Wilson was a woman of unusual gifts and graces, beloved and honored throughout a long and eventful life. She was well born and happily endowed by nature. A bright intellect, a cheerful, buoyant temperament, a strong will and generous instincts, combined with a sound body, capable of great endurance — these qualities might insure a happy and useful life, but the secret of *her* life must be found in her relation to her Heavenly Father, as expressed in her favorite psalm: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth."

Religiously inclined from childhood, the Bible was so familiar to her that her children called her a "Concordance." She believed that the life of a child of God should be one of unbroken fellowship with Him. Whenever her strength permitted, she went joyfully to worship in the house of the Lord; and to the very last the reading of the scripture with much prayer was her daily habit. She knew that "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeded out of the mouth of God;" and she sought as her daily bread the bread from heaven. Not only had she often read the Bible through from beginning to end, but there were about sixty chapters which she knew "by heart." She was also very fond of hymns, and could repeat many word for word. For her part she was fulfilling the exhortation of Paul: "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your heart unto the Lord."

Her favorite hymns admirably revealed her Christian character. She also loved the sweet evening hymns, and often to her children and afterward to her grandchildren would at their bed time repeat the lines:

"Whom Thou dost guard, O King of Kings,  
No evil shall molest  
Under the shadow of Thy wings  
Shall they securely rest."

She had a remarkable memory, and was full of reminiscences of persons and events of bygone years. And yet nothing seems quite so remarkable as her recollection of incidents pertaining to the kingdom of God. In 1885 she wrote in a little book: "A collection of texts which I have heard preached during seventy-five years. Written for my grandchildren." And then the first

ply of means at command the deserving needy always find in her practical sympathy and a helping hand.

I have thus recorded what little I have been able to learn, and on my parents' side more in detail, so that any of our descendants or friends into whose hands the record may fall might have not only to some limited extent an acquaintance with their ancestry, but that the gracious provision of God might be recognized in the results of hearing a sermon preached on horseback, and of a little act of hospitality in entertaining a stranger, as in the case of my mother's parents. "God often moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

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entry: "First one remembered, 1819, 'Many are called but few are chosen.'" This when she was but eight years old. The last one recorded was: "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle." She said that, with a single exception, she could remember the text of every Easter sermon she had ever heard.

Her whole life spoke for the Master whom she loved. Patient, kind, with a charity covering the multitude of others' sins, always esteeming others better than herself, full of good works, she rests from her labors, and her works follow her. As a mother she was devoted, firm in her government, always looking well to the ways of her household. No duty was ever neglected; no sacrifice too great. During her early life and her struggles with adverse circumstances, she was always brave and cheerful. Her home was never too poor or the larder too nearly empty to take in the preacher with his family. Often has she told of a preacher with a large family coming when she was cleaning house and very weary, and she went out behind the rain barrel and prayed for strength to take them in cheerfully. When called upon to minister to the suffering, nothing appalled her. She was first to hasten to the afflicted, no matter at what personal risk.

The missionary work lay near her heart, and one month before her death her voice was lifted in a beautiful prayer at the Woman's Missionary Society.

In her humility and heart-searching integrity she saw nothing good in her life but the grace of God, and wished said of her simply "A sinner saved by grace."

Her end was peaceful. She went to sleep and wakened in glory. It is a wonderful thing to have lived almost a century, and to have been so guided as to stand at the end, still true, still just, still humble, sustaining a moral character without a flaw. Her children and grandchildren "arise and call her blessed."



## CHAPTER VI

*Personal Autobiography — Mischievous Disposition — A School Incident.*

Having in the foregoing given some account of our family personally, I now commence a record of my own life, chiefly for the purpose of relating with thankful heart the goodness of God, as manifested in a gracious providence that as a golden chain of innumerable links has extended all along over my past life, and which to deny or doubt now would be to ignore my own experience, and to question the word of revealed truth. Verging now upon my eighty-fifth year I am beset also with other ailments besides such as are incident to old age, yet memory retraces life almost to childhood and vividly recalls the long past; it seems to have lost nothing that was ever impressed upon it. Ofttimes the influence of association brings up fresh to the mind matters that for many years had not entered my thoughts.

As shown by our family record, I was born in Lancaster, Pa., on the 24th of Sept., 1806. While I was still quite young my parents, with mother's sister's family (Little), moved to Columbia, and occupied a house divided by a hall and stairway in the center, the families taking separate sides of the house. An itinerary preacher of the Dunkards obtained permission of my parents to preach in their lower room, and as was his custom, he rode around and gave notice by a horn, and soon gathered a congregation that crowded the room. Mother sent the children up on the stairs, which by balustrade was guarded on the side next the audience. The lower steps became crowded by hearers. The children had no way of egress, and being very impatient I made my way into the upper room where I found some tufts of long wool, and in a large closet a dough-tray with some flour around the edges. Being greatly interested in the long white beard of the preacher it is likely that, with the paste and wool, I pretty well imitated it. Taking my place on the stairs I attracted the attention of the audience and occasioned much merriment. Mother could not get access to me, and the struggle to defend

my beard against the efforts of my brothers to pull it off increased attention and spoiled the meeting. I suppose that at the time I was nearly four years old. I relate this as a specimen, among many, illustrating the natural order of my mind that my parents had to train and Grace finally to subdue, and which grew with my growth and strengthened with my strength. This disposition that threatened my future with a reckless tendency, occasioned much anxiety to my parents. One incident I well remember, as it has had a controlling influence over my entire life. Coming into my mother's room when she was very ill, I approached her with solicitude to learn her condition. As I came near, I saw her eyes fixed upon me in an expressive gaze. She took my hand and said to me: "Johnny, if I am to die now, you are my chief concern in leaving the world." Her words pierced my heart, and hastening out I sought a secret place and tried to pray, solemnly vowing to God that if He would spare my mother I would lead a different life. She was spared, but my vow, as were many subsequent ones, was broken, yet was ever before me with more or less restraint. I was not given to profanity, or what would be called wickedness, but seemingly had an overpowering tendency to mischief for sport, together with an ungovernable temper that led me to say and do things that were immediately followed by shame and remorse.

An incident characteristic of my leading besetment very often recurs to memory. When eleven or twelve years of age I attended the country school, which was of the primitive order, and which was taught by a lately-arrived Irishman who seemed to have no other idea of governing than by physical force, and thus gained the dislike of his pupils. He increased the stringency of his administration by the addition of prayer at the closing of school, during which all the scholars were required to kneel at their seats. He had prepared for himself a writing-board with one end fastened to the wall, the other supported by legs like a stool, while for a seat he had a bench made of a slab of old chestnut timber perforated with worm holes in close proximity. Immediately in front of where I knelt, there knelt also two youths barefooted, their great toes touching each other.

In my propensity for mischief and sport, finding a string in my pocket, I used all my ingenuity to get their toes tied together. All backs were to me save that of a harmless boy on the opposite side, who was watching the performance, and who broke out in suppressed laughter, at which the teacher suddenly rose from his knees in the midst of his prayer, seized his symbol of authority, ran across the floor, caught the boy by the neck and brutally beat him, then returned to his desk, finished his prayer and dismissed the school. A number of the large scholars remained in the yard discussing the matter. All agreed on punishing the teacher, but not on the manner of doing it. Too small to be admitted to their council, and enraged at the whole matter, I determined on finding some method of my own. The council agreeing to meet the next morning an hour before school time, I was among the first there, but before anything was settled, the teacher and the boy's father were seen in the distance coming toward the schoolhouse, and we all ran in and took seats. The smaller girls had a play they called " Pins." I hurried round among them, borrowed what pins I could, and dropped their heads in the worm holes of the teacher's seat. Thinking himself late, he looked at his watch, pronounced it wrong, and, drawing up the long skirts of his surtout coat, threw himself into his seat; then, with an unearthly yell of misery, leaped up, tearing his writing-board from its fastenings. Drawing the skirts of his coat under one arm and standing in a half-stooped position, he gathered pins from the seat of his pants. What seemed in his case more provokingly intolerable, was the fact that the whole school was in a burst of laughter. Even the boy's father, who had come along with the teacher for the purpose of inquiring into the matter, and who was standing in the midst of the floor, had his gravity overcome, though a venerable minister of the gospel, and tried to hide his face from the ludicrous scene. While I was anxiously watching for an opportunity to escape, my way was hedged by the teacher taking his symbol of authority, planting himself near the door and demanding the name of the perpetrator. Not getting an answer, he threatened violent measures, but was persuaded by the boy's

father to delay awhile as it was probably the work of someone outside during the absence of the school, and if the work of any of the scholars it would not be long a secret; nor was it, but it became a neighborhood affair. The teacher was dismissed and I escaped punishment and received some commendation that did not tend to restrain or correct my wayward disposition.

While such tendencies of mind and a violent temper seemed to have control of me, deep religious convictions followed me and resolutions to break off from my course of life were formed and often written down and carried in my pocket, that remembrance might be retained by frequent reference to them—but all in vain, except to increase a feeling of remorse by their violation.

## CHAPTER VII

*Family Settle at Sewickley—Early Conviction—Obtained Position in Pittsburg—Revival Meetings—Conversion—Persecution by Shopmates—Helpful Associations.*

As before stated, the family settled at Sewickley, twelve miles west of Pittsburg, while I was yet small. Our house at once became a regular preaching place, a welcome home for Methodist preachers and a common place of social worship of the neighborhood, which was chiefly made up of Methodists. I was thus early brought under religious influence outside of home training, which was maintained with much vigilance. I was soon led to feel the necessity of a "new heart," and would often pray in secret, but my natural disposition and irritable temper would so often break through all restraints that life on the whole was miserable. Thus, with occasional glimmerings of hope, did the Spirit of God strive with me. About the age of fifteen I was led into intimate associations with several youth of the neighborhood, who, though of respectable families and general moral habits, were given to excessive frivolity and sport often leading to mischief. Among them I

was soon regarded as a leader, but when alone I would suffer the upbraidings of a guilty conscience that dispelled all peace of mind and drove me to the borders of despair.

Hearing much of a great revival of religion in progress in the city, I concluded that if I were free from surrounding influences and could get within those of the revival I might obtain "a new heart" and thus be enabled to withstand these temptations. With this object, and none other, in view I requested my parents to allow me to go to the city and learn a trade. My father's great objection was that I needed a better education first; my mother's objection was from her fears that I would be led farther astray. The realization that I must have a change of heart or be lost forever, and the terrible apprehension that my day of grace was past, made me very urgent; and consent being obtained, my father soon went to the city to seek a situation and make terms, feeling assured that his judgment would be satisfactory to me. An opening presenting in a hat factory, he made arrangements by which I was to serve six weeks on trial, and if the parties were suited an indenture for three years was then to be made. I felt encouraged by the hope that in that length of time I might obtain what most I sought and return home, a conqueror of self and surroundings, to lead a new life. I left home with a very sad heart, but assured that I was followed by many earnest prayers.

On my arrival in the city, I commenced attending revival meetings every night, praying much in secret, and diligently studying the Bible as I had opportunity. But all seemed of no avail, darkness still enshrouded my mind and a sense of guilt oppressed my soul. All the while I felt an aversion to going up with penitents to the altar, and thought if I were out in some retired place I could succeed better. One evening, while sitting back in the congregation, a youth about my own age crowded into the seat by my side and asked me whether I enjoyed religion. I answered "No."

"Do you desire to?" was his next question.

I answered, "Above all things." He took me by the arm and led me forward. No sooner had I knelt than

it seemed that all eyes in the house were upon me and that I was the prize for which heaven and hell were in contest, and a desperate agony of soul came upon me. Previous to this time my six weeks of probation had expired, but owing to some cause my indentures were not made out, and a determination came upon me to obtain deliverance in the meantime and return home a convert, and at the altar I made the solemn vow that I would not sleep until I obtained deliverance. Several being converted at the altar, I was the last to be led away from it. As I crossed the door-sill, leaving the church, it flashed into my mind as if an evil spirit had spoken it: "You are a reprobate. You cannot live without sleep. For months you have been seeking in vain. Foreordination is true." For a short time the awful gloom of despair seized my mind, and I wandered about the streets, sometimes resting in a secluded place, reasoning with myself on the subject and trying to pray. The dark cloud began to break, and gleams of hope would enter my soul. In the dawn of morning I went to the shop and attended to my work as usual. My sadness being observable to my shopmates, I was frequently jeered through the day by them, however, without any weakening of purpose.

At bedtime I went upstairs, but passing my room, I went on into the attic of the three-story building. There being no seat in the apartment, the night (until about four o'clock in the morning) was spent in walking the floor and kneeling at the sill of an open dormer window. While in this position the bright moonlight, the city in silence, the two rivers in calmness flowing by on either side, the sky studded with stars, all produced a calm in my feelings, and hope sprang up. Everything seemed to proclaim the goodness of God, and I was beginning to feel a certain degree of confidence that He would not cast me off, when suddenly, as a flash of light in the midst of gross darkness, the passage: "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things," seemed audibly spoken in my ear. My darkness fled, the burden fell off, all was light and joy unspeakable. I wanted to shout, but dreaded to alarm the family, so

hastened out into the street. The first persons I met were three Quakers walking abreast, their garb suggesting that they were Methodist preachers. Running up to them with hand stretched out, I was shoved aside as a lunatic. A little farther on I found a young man opening a store. Taking him by the arm, I led him into the store and began my story. He clasped me in his arms and took it from me by telling his experience, which was a duplicate of my own. The great wonder with me now is that I should have labored so long in wretchedness, in the hopeless task of saving myself by works of my own, endeavoring to establish a righteousness of my own and rejecting that of Christ, so freely offered. My heart overflowed with love and an ardent desire that others should be partakers of the same great salvation, and I resolved that the future efforts of my life should be to that end, as opportunity would permit.

My associations in the shop were of the vilest kind, and how it got to be known among the hands so early that I had made a profession of religion, I do not know. On the first day I found myself the object of derision and sport, and finding that I did not resent it they kept it up to a very trying degree, sometimes having a quantity of filthy water poured on my head in mock baptism. My naturally irritable temper was thus put to a severe test, and I was driven to the closet and the Bible to seek support which was not withheld. It was a custom with them that the apprentices should take turns in bringing in their daily supply of whisky. When my turn came I refused, but the bottle was put into my hand. Dropping it on the floor, I was dragged through a narrow alley out to the sidewalk where the bottle was again put into my hand, but was thrown on the pavement and broken, and I started in an opposite direction to the office of a magistrate whom I knew to be a member of the church. On hearing my statement he advised me not to go back to the shop, but to take its proprietor a note, which he handed me. I delivered it, and was told to remain at the store for the present. To my great relief I was retained there some weeks, assisting in the business of the store under the instruction and protection of the workmen who defended my rights and in-

terests. Under the trials that I had endured, I recognized the hand of God in a discipline that has ever since greatly aided me in the control of my previous besetments.

The love of God, so wonderfully manifested in my experience, constrained me to seek congenial associations. The class meeting was my delight, and unless necessarily prevented every evening found me at a religious meeting; nursing mothers and fathers took me by the hand, and with special and loving pains encouraged me to take a leading part in social meetings; and, before my probation ended, I was sent by the authorities of the church with other young men to hold religious meetings at the coal mines, and was generally pushed forward as their leader. We were all encouraged by the attention and manifest interest of the miners. From this, while yet in my eighteenth year, I was removed to take charge of a large mission Sunday-school in a suburb of the city and was kindly aided by older brethren and obtained much help of the Lord. The school wonderfully prospered and some scholars were converted.

## CHAPTER VIII

*On the Tramp — At Meadville, Pa. — Bro. Bowman.  
Class Formed — At Harrisville, O. — Perplexity in  
Regard to Duty — Elected Assistant Superintendent of  
Sunday-school — Health Failed, Started South — At  
Natches — Slave Meeting.*

When out of my apprenticeship, I started out to see more of the country and practice my trade, the pastor favoring me with a fraternal letter of introduction. The first place at which I stopped was Meadville, Pa., and finding employment I immediately sought for Methodists, but found there was no organization of the church there, though I learned of a family two miles out by the name of Bowman, and went to visit them. I received a cordial welcome, spent a very pleasant night, and discovered I



was being entertained by a brother of the present Bishop Bowman. He, with his family, belonged to a society in the adjacent circuit in charge of R. C. Hatten, who had been a frequent lodger in my father's house, and who then had an appointment for the following Sunday afternoon in the town, and Brother Bowman agreed meantime to visit the town and ascertain whether a class could be formed. The result was a class of ten members, nearly all females, with Brother Bowman as a leader, under whose faithful efforts it greatly increased in numbers during my stay. Meadville is now the great seat of Methodism in Northwestern Pennsylvania, and the home of Allegheny College. I go out of my way to make this record, because in the autobiography of Rev. Alfred Brunson it is claimed that he introduced Methodism in Meadville, a claim that justly belongs to Brother Bowman and Brother Hatten.

To return to my personal record. After spending some three months in Meadville, I went by previous purpose to Harrisville, O., and there wrought at my trade for some months, still being under the abiding conviction that I was not in the line of duty, and the love of Christ still constraining me to devote my life more exclusively to His service. My limited education and feeling of insufficiency seemed an insuperable barrier and I endeavored to dismiss it from my mind. Often would I leave my work and retire to a secret place and pray for deliverance from the perplexity of mind that so disquieted me. After several months I returned to Pittsburg and engaged in work at my trade with increasing perplexity of mind, trying to conclude that if preaching the Gospel was my line of duty God would make it plainer to me. So I endeavored to bar it from my thought, and settled in business on my own account, which seemed for a while to prosper. I was soon after appointed leader of the first class organized in what has since become the large city of Allegheny, with numerous large churches and separate charges. My youth and want of self-confidence made me shrink from this responsibility and cross, but drove me nearer to God. Some devout older members rendered me assistance and encouragement, and thus a Special Providence was leading me on by a way I had

not known. The only church in the place was the Presbyterian, in which was organized a large union Sunday-school, superintended by the pastor, and which I attended as a teacher. Without my knowledge, and I believe at the instance of the pastor, I was elected assistant superintendent, and by his resignation soon after the whole responsibility fell upon me and increased the necessity for prayerful study. The great prosperity of the school gave me encouragement, and step by step I was led on, the conviction still pressing on my conscience that duty demanded that I should go out and call sinners to repentance. But now business hedged up the way. A good old local preacher, whom I venerated, took occasion to introduce the subject to me, and to him only I opened my heart, and received counsel and sympathy such as I needed. Very soon after I was seized with a violent attack of pneumonia, which physicians decided to be terminating in consumption of the lungs. Having been confined from business during the summer, I was advised to close it up and spend the winter in a southern climate.

Meantime, and over two years previous to all this, I had concluded that as I was settled in business, my mind would be at ease if I had a home of my own, and accordingly I found her who for sixty years was my chiefest earthly comfort and fellow-helper in all the interests of life, and we were soon settled in a home. Yet, after two years, my conscience still troubled me. Health was gone, business gone, and the thought of leaving home, with the likelihood of filling a distant grave among strangers, seemed to impel the conclusion of the old patriarch—"All these things are against me." Winter approaching, health not improving and friends advising, I decided to leave on what seemed to me an almost hopeless journey. Looking back up the street as I was conveyed to the boat, I saw my wife with our baby daughter in her arms, gazing after me. Clouds and mists overhung my mind and grief seemed to be breaking my heart.

On reaching Louisville, Ky., I called on Rev. J. H. Overstreet, to whom I had a letter of introduction, and in whose home I was very hospitably entertained for sev-

eral days. From there I went to Natchez, where I stopped eight days at a well-ordered hotel. I introduced myself to the local pastor and met a very fraternal reception, and on Sunday afternoon attended with him the African church, where, by his pressing solicitation, I opened the service. We then heard a short sermon by an old slave, that in manner and matter would have been no discredit to any pulpit, and so surcharged with the love of Christ was he that his voice would sometimes falter while a shout of praise would at other times drown it. The sermon was followed with a love-feast, in which the power of the Holy Ghost was manifest. As we were leaving, I saw an intelligent-looking colored woman outside the door wiping the tears from her cheeks with a coarse apron. I stepped up and reached out my hand. She looked amazed and hesitated, but gave me hers. I said: "You had a good meeting." She replied, giving me an earnest but suspicious look: "Yes, massa, that is the only good we have in this world, but it will not be so in the next," and walked off. Directly after, the white pastor told me to be very careful in talking with slaves; I would be recognized as a stranger and it might lead me into trouble. Though an ardent abolitionist, I never before realized so fully the infernal nature of slavery, nor so fully that its continuance would bring the judgment of God upon the nation. Many other instances of its diabolical nature, yet more flagrant, did I witness during my sojourn in the South. Thank God! it is now wiped out, though it was in blood.

## CHAPTER IX

*Trip to New Orleans — At Gen. Gancau's (St. Jaques).  
Experience with Drunken Irishman — Meeting a  
Stranger. Collision of Boats, Bed-fellow's Death, My  
Providential Escape — Gen. Gancau's Generosity.  
Started Homeward — Arrest and Release — Disaster  
at Vicksburg — License to Preach.*

After spending some days in Natchez, I took boat for New Orleans, and on the way formed a pleasant ac-

quaintance with a young man from the East, and we became intimate companions. Leaving our baggage on board we strolled along the wharf viewing the great variety of vessels that lined its entire extent. Passing near a steamboat that appeared ready to start off, we noticed a large group of men gathered near her bow, excitedly gesticulating and talking. Curiosity led us near and we remained some time interested by their strange language and manner. While thus looking on, there stepped up to us a gentleman who seemed to be the most boisterous in the crowd. His first salutation to us was: "You be Americans?" Answered affirmatively, he next asked: "Where you be going?" I replied that I was traveling for health. My companion answered that he was traveling for pleasure. In broken English the man replied: "You come aboard my boat, we are just ready to start. I take you to the prettiest and healthiest country in the world." We supposed him under the influence of liquor and began to excuse ourselves, stating that our trunks were yet on board the vessel we arrived on. "Well, I send for them, cost you nothing." So we consented, saw our trunks safely aboard and berth selected for us and had a very pleasant trip of over one hundred miles. We were landed at the sugar plantation of our friend and as far as the eye would carry saw a beautiful landscape. Meantime, we learned our strange friend's name was Francis Ganeau, and he bore the title of General. He resided in New Orleans, conducting his plantation through an agent, and at that time was a member of the legislature then in session at Donaldson, a short distance farther up the river. I also learned that the conversation of the group that engaged our attention and led to the foregoing results was a question of speed between two rival boats and as to which would carry out the most passengers. The question whether it was chance or Providence that produced the results will be more clearly settled by subsequent events. When my companion left I was cordially invited by our new friend to make that my home as long as I wished, and the overseer was directed to see to my comfort. There being very few persons, except slaves, that spoke or understood the English language, I could have but little

conversation with the people, and hence occupied much of the time with the few books I had with me. As the General's boat was chiefly employed along the coast, it often lay up at his wharf and afforded me pleasant quarters away from the malaria of the interior, and I was considered by him to be of service in guarding it against intruders, and indeed, in every way I sought to make myself of some use and thus relieve the monotony.

Receiving an invitation from a gentleman three miles down, and on the opposite side of the river, a decent-like Irishman employed on the levee proposed to take me there in a skiff. Accepting, I enjoyed a pleasant trip on the river to a very hospitable mansion; different liquors and fruits were set out, and I soon discovered that the Irishman had great relish for the liquor and was beginning to show its effects; so, to draw him away, I proposed to our host that we take a walk and view his grounds. Appreciating the Irishman's case, he promptly accepted. We soon found the other was really drunk, and we could hardly persuade him to return to the skiff; and, when there, he was incapable of managing the oars. Though inexperienced in their use, I took them from him, but made very little headway against the current, and my slight strength began to give out. I could not keep him from staggering in the skiff, in imminent danger of falling out or upsetting our craft, and he continually contended for the oars and attempted to force them from me. I thought of home — that it would never be known what had become of me — and I thought it a duty to try and save my life at the expense of his, so prepared to strike him on the head with the oar and knock him overboard. While the oar was raised for this purpose, an awful feeling came over me, and something within me seemed to say: "Can't you trust God?" Raising my heart in an agony of prayer, I lay down the oar, and almost immediately the man sank in a drunken stupor; then with renewed energy I began to ply the oars. We finally reached shore at an almost perpendicular bank; and with a rope that was fastened to the bow of the skiff I made fast to the projecting root of a tree. Daylight now had departed and there was no prospect of help. Failing to arouse the man from his stupor and

realizing that it would be impossible to get him up the perpendicular bank, I helped myself up by the roots projecting from the bank, and exhausted and feeble tottered up the levee hoping to find someone to whom I could make known my dilemma. Meeting no one, finally, after midnight, I reached the boat on which I was in the habit of lodging, and with thankful heart was soon at rest. Early in the morning I got some of the fellow-laborers of the man I left in the skiff to go in search of him. They returned with the skiff, but found no trace of him. My sad conclusion was that he had met the fate he so narrowly escaped at my hands; but late in the evening he appeared in their camp, much to my relief. Should I doubt or question the Special Providence of God in that day's experience, I would have to ignore it altogether, the circumstances and my own profoundest convictions.

As before stated, I was in the habit of frequently lodging at night on board the General's boat. I was also in the habit of taking a walk along the levee in the evening. On one of these evenings I met an elderly gentleman whom I saluted in passing, and was, to my surprise, answered in my own language. We immediately entered into conversation, in which I learned he was from Cincinnati, where he kept a small grocery and provision store, and lived with his two unmarried daughters, who conducted a successful millinery business. Having lately lost all by fire, and not finding a situation in the city, he had come south in search of one, but as yet had been unsuccessful. His appearance and manner excited my sympathy and I invited him to stop with me until he could see my host, whom I had found to be very generous, and who could likely aid him in obtaining a situation. He thankfully accepted and accompanied me to the boat, where for a trifle I purchased provisions from the cook. The vessel then being tied up, and in my charge, we had our meals on board, and as the berths were single I arranged a temporary one alongside of another for convenience and conversation, and we lay down for the night. I learned he was not a religious man but tried to live an upright life. Urging on him the necessity of a change of heart, he answered that if he got home, it

was his intention to join the church. I tried to argue the danger of such delay, but turning over he remarked that he was tired and sleepy, and would be glad to renew the subject in the morning. Turning up the lamp at my bedside I commenced reading, and shortly hearing the whistle of a steamboat at some distance, went out on deck, and in a dense fog I saw that it was rounding to a warehouse about two miles below, so I returned to bed and soon went to sleep. I was waked up by a terrible crashing of the timbers of the boat, and found myself immovably wedged among them. I could not call, but directly I heard men at work near me, also a heavy moan and a call for more help. While they were extricating my bedfellow I was so far relieved as to make myself heard, and when freed found myself more stunned than hurt, though my bedfellow lay on a board speechless. The concussion made by the other boat had broken ours from her fastenings and had driven her some distance before they were separated. While towing ours back to her moorings the thought seemed to thrill through my soul as though uttered by a voice: "Is your life your own now?"

Quite a number of persons gathered the next day to view the disaster, and I became the chief object of interest to all, each pronouncing it unaccountable that I should have escaped. The mattress on which I lay, the covering and pillow, were torn to fragments, our berths were carried from their place and broken almost into splinters. A leather-bound wallet-book, placed under my pillow, was pierced through the cover and several pages by an iron spike. The other boat was not injured and soon went on her trip. The injured man was borne on a mattress to the house, and soon expired without having spoken. I have ever since regretted not having learned his name or being able to get a trace of his daughters. The General arrived that evening and made arrangements at his own expense for a decent burial in a neighboring Catholic churchyard.

The day preceding, I had written a letter containing a request not to rent our leased property, as I hoped to return to business again; but had not mailed the letter, nor did I ever. The thought of business had now wholly

left my mind and I requested my generous host to let me know my indebtedness, fearing it would exceed my resources. He replied that he had not the means with him to reward my service, and asked me to deliver a line, that was written in French, to his wife in New Orleans. Without waiting to see the body of my bed-fellow buried, I hailed a passing boat, took passage for New Orleans, and on arriving, hastened to deliver my message to the General's wife, without knowing its contents. I was invited to be seated. I complied with an uneasy feeling. She soon returned and handed me forty dollars. Quite bewildered, I hesitated. She showed me the lines I brought her. I answered that I could not read French and she turned away. I then, with emotion, hastened to find a boat that would take me towards home, and engaged passage to Louisville. Upon going out to procure some articles to take along I was arrested by an officer, to be detained as a witness in General Caneau's behalf, in a suit for damages to his boat. On hearing my predicament the officer took me to the General's lawyer, from whom I learned he had no orders from the General to detain me. He requested me to call again the next day, and upon compliance I obtained my release. The "Helen McGregor," a new, splendid boat on which I had arranged to leave, was gone. Fortunately I had not put my baggage on board. Finding another boat ready to leave, next morning, I had my baggage put on and remained with it. Reaching Vicksburg, a horrible scene was presented. On leaving the landing the boilers of the "Helen McGregor" had exploded with such terrible violence as to blow the vessel to fragments, and of her passengers (with which she was crowded) I believe none escaped an awful death. Newspapers, in publishing the disaster, called it the greatest that had ever happened on the Mississippi river. The wharf was strewn with dead bodies laid on boards, and many men were dragging the river and recovering more. Language cannot express the feelings that overcame my soul, not more from the awful spectacle presented than from the thought of my wonderful escape. Never since has a doubt crossed my mind of the Special Providence of God.



The boat going no farther than Louisville, I was detained a couple of days awaiting another, so called on my former host, Rev. J. H. Overstreet, and was handed a letter addressed to me in his care — the first I had received during my absence. With great eagerness I opened it, and found it was from my venerable brother, Father Munden, an esteemed minister at Pittsburg, and contained license to preach, given by the Quarterly Conference of Smithfield Station, Pittsburg, with some explanation and much fatherly counsel. Seeing my deep emotion, my friend inquired if I had sad news. I answered by handing him the letter, on reading which he remarked: "You have been trying to act Jonah." I have no language with which to describe my emotions on the occasion. I could only say in my heart: "The hand of God is in all this." The logic of facts and experience thus added to the cumulative evidence of nature and revelation, compels unquestioning belief in the Special Providence of a Heavenly Father.

## CHAPTER X

*Safe Arrival Home — First Appointment to Preach — At Conference — Appointment to Georgetown Circuit — Providence Provides Through My Resourceful Wife.*

After an absence of six months, and after many vicissitudes and much experience, I safely reached home about midnight. Passing from the boat, my anxieties were greatly relieved on learning that all were well. On reaching the dooryard I fell on my knees, and for the space of about an hour poured out my soul in grateful praise to God for His wonderful mercies, and renewed the dedication of my life to His service.

Of the license received, I spoke to no one until the pastor informed me that he had made an appointment for me to preach in the afternoon on the following Sabbath. I plead excuse on the score of lack of health and time to study, but unavailingly. I, in the meantime, applied myself to preparation for what seemed clearly my duty.

When the hour came I faced a congregation largely made up of familiar acquaintances and associates in the past, among whom I supposed were many critics. Tremblingly I tried, trusting in God, and though discouraged by my effort, encouraging words from many others were helpful to me. From that on, through the summer, I studied diligently for what I felt to be the calling of my future life, and occasionally filled appointments at different places. The Annual Conference met in Cincinnati in the latter part of September, and being recommended by the same body that gave me license I was received in a class of eighteen, and now for over ten years I have been the only survivor of that body of one hundred and nineteen.

My first appointment was to the Georgetown Circuit in Southwestern Ohio, and embraced twelve appointments in a three weeks' circuit. The principal societies were in communities chiefly under Quaker influence, and a large proportion of our members were from these families. They had the Quaker hostility to a *hircling ministry*, as in their view all were who received salary for their labor in the ministry, a doctrine which Methodists readily imbibed. The result was that, with quite an increase of members at the end of the first quarter, I received seven dollars, a large proportion in horsefeed. I could not reconcile myself to remaining with a sense of duty, though in all other respects I was treated with great personal kindness, and had every reason to believe my labors were appreciated and encouragingly successful. I wrote to my wife the state of matters, and that I was about to apply for a release from the circuit, and received by return mail for answer: "Having put your hand to the plow, don't look back. Come and see me." Providing for outstanding appointments I started, and reaching home the second day found her in readiness to return with me. Against the remonstrance of her parents, she persisted that it was her duty to share my Providential destiny. It is proper here to state that when she was not over eight or ten years of age her parents by a fire lost all save their night-clothes, and wisely determined that their only and idolized daughter should not be left to the uncertainties of disaster and misfortune; so, as soon as she had ac-

quired a fair common school education, she entered a fashionable millinery establishment, and at fifteen was an expert, and soon after engaged in business on her own account. These facts had much to do in settling her purpose to share my financial prospects. Our goods were got in readiness; my wife was to start by water for our nearest landing, while I went ahead on horseback to prepare matters. I readily found pleasant quarters occupied by a lone widow who, for a small rent, gave us all but one room in a large house, and in due season I met my wife at the river landing and we were settled in our new home. However, my thoughts were anxiously occupied about the future. I had to leave in a few days on an absence of four weeks, and there was nothing for her support but what she had in her purse. The last of my appointments on the round was within six miles of home, and my anxiety made them seem very long. On coming to a corner, at which I turned to our house, the first thing that struck my attention was a millinery sign hung over the door. My first thought was that her means had run out and she was waiting at some friend's house for my return. I hastened to the door, was met with a cheerful embrace and led into a room changed into a millinery establishment, and a large number of leghorn bonnets were scattered in different parts of the room. While I stood mutely gazing with unutterable emotion, a purse of money was put in my hand, with the remark: "I knew if we would do our duty, Providence would provide."

From that on to the close of the year we had enough and to spare. I cannot but conclude that those who daily pass through the varying incidents of life, and wander amid the operations of God without recognition of a Divine Hand, can of right claim no higher rank in the scale of animated beings than the brute that lives upon His daily bounties and wanders among His works with unconscious gaze. In settling at the close of the year, it was found I had received thirty-seven dollars, a crock of honey and two bushels of oats for my entire salary. Yet, after living plentifully through the year, we had a greater sum left of my wife's earnings.

## CHAPTER XI

*Conference at Zanesville — A Ludicrous Occurrence —  
Appointment to Ohio Circuit — Remarkable Conversion.*

The next session of Conference was held in Zanesville, where a large new church had just been completed. During the year the Conference was considerably enlarged by accessions, among whom were some very able ministers. Being yet a probationer I had no particular part in Conference business, and devoted most of the time in preparing for examination. Instead of night sessions the evenings were occupied with preaching and religious exercises, and it was always announced at noon adjournment who was to be the evening preacher. On Friday I was startled at hearing my name announced for the evening. Immediately applying to the committee I protested without avail, and returning to my lodging applied myself in making such preparation as I could in my great agitation of mind, which increased as the hour drew on. The house was filled to the utmost, the front seats and altar with the older preachers. Brother Ragan opened the service. I besought God for help, and with a faltering voice announced my text, but the subject arranged in mind was all gone. While stammering something that might be related to the text, a kind and sympathizing brother, unobserved by me, set a glass of water on the newly-cushioned book-board, directly beneath which was seated Brother Lesley, a venerable and lusty local preacher who was afflicted with an uncontrollable tendency to sleep when unoccupied. He likely did not expect to be interested and had got into his big arm-chair in his accustomed place, with his heavy cane held by both hands against his breast. Unconsciously moving my hand, the glass of water was thrown off and fell upon his head. Pitching himself forward he dropped his cane, gave an unearthly bawl, and on all fours reached the altar railing where, raising himself to his knees, he looked around at me with a comical expression of surprise, and then on the congregation which was in half-suppressed laughter. Even the grave old ministers in front had

their faces covered with their hands. My attention was completely drawn from my previous nervous condition and wholly occupied with the ludicrous scene. As soon as matters had settled down to a nearly normal condition I announced a hymn which was sung with great spirit. Then I announced my text again; and very seldom, in all subsequent experience, do I recollect enjoying greater liberty and unction, and the services wound up with an interesting prayer-meeting and a joyful time. This ludicrous occurrence is recorded because it had in it a Special Providence, resulting in events that otherwise cannot be accounted for.

A petition from Georgetown Circuit was sent up for my return, and I confidently expected to be sent back and having the humiliation of being mainly supported by my wife's labor. Judge McKeever was attending the Conference for the supply of Ohio Circuit, of which he was a prominent and influential member. Having presented his case (as I afterward learned) to the stationing authority, he was advised to select his choice, and an effort would be made in his behalf. Having no acquaintance with me he requested the committee on evening preaching to appoint me, which was accordingly done, and at his instance they refused to release me. The result was as above stated, and I there spent two of the most successful and happy years of my ministry. The charge more than doubled its strength on all lines; and, in addition to a liberal salary promptly paid, our larder was always kept supplied, and unity and love were the prevailing elements all round.

I will here record a remarkable conversion while on this charge, that with many others of like character serves to demonstrate God's gracious and wonderful dealings. A great revival attended the dedication of a new church (Bethel), and continued for several weeks following. That portion of the county was largely settled by different orders of rigid Calvinists who had several large churches and no sympathy with Methodists. The revival interest and curiosity attracted many of the younger class to Methodist meetings, and quite a number were converted and became useful members. On one Sabbath I observed in the rear of the congregation a lady who

was a stranger to me, but whose face was very expressive of culture and a high order of intelligence, and whom I afterward learned to be the principal of the Florence Female Seminary, some six miles distant, and a very prominent and active member of the Presbyterian Church. On a Sunday soon following, at the close of service, a lady pressed her way to the pulpit steps and urged me to go with her to dinner (the distance was about three miles), that a lady at her home desired to see me. I accordingly went and was ushered into the dining-room, where dinner was waiting. I thought it strange that no one was present, as I expected. Dinner over, I was conducted into the parlor. There on a sofa lay the lady I had observed at church, with a small Bible in hand, and such a picture of despair and anguish of soul I had never witnessed before. I was dumfounded. The lady of the house, with faltering voice, remarked: "Miss Dickey is in great trouble." Turning to her I asked if she felt free to tell me what her trouble was. She replied with a shudder: "Oh, I am a lost sinner!" Putting on an air of confidence I replied: "*You are not*, you have the guarantee of salvation in your hand." She opened the Bible, stained with tears, and pointed to passages in great numbers which she had marked as proving her destiny foreordained. Seeing that it would avail nothing to discuss the doctrine with her, or enter into argument, I remarked that our camp-meeting commenced nearby on the following Thursday week, and I would be pleased to meet her there. I also obtained from her the promise that in the meantime she would search her Bible and mark as many passages as she could find that assured her of a present salvation. I then withdrew. On Thursday forenoon, as I approached the line of tents from without, I passed near a pile of straw intended for use in the camp, and observed a female reclining against it having a book in her hand and a smile of recognition on her face. Turning aside to speak to her, I recognized Miss Dickey; and, with a countenance all radiant with inward joy, she grasped my hand. I asked if she had kept her promise. She smiled an affirmative reply. "Does it prove you a lost sinner?" Pressing the Bible to her heart she replied: "Oh, no!

but a sinner saved. A miracle of grace!" A clearer evidence of a thorough conversion I have never witnessed. She regularly attended our church, but did not unite as a member. At the close of her term at the seminary she was married to a Presbyterian minister, to whom (I was informed) she had been long engaged, and together they left for a distant missionary field. Months after I received a letter from her assuring me of her continued joy in the Lord and in His service. I record the foregoing as a particular instance of Divine leading and supernatural agency in the affairs of men.

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## CHAPTER XII

### *Appointment to Cincinnati — Mob Violence — Abolition.*

My appointment in October, 1831, removed us over three hundred miles, and to a charge of over six hundred members, among whom some divisive elements were at work. During the summer cholera prevailed very fatally. Then the anti-slavery excitement was at its height and had its parties on both sides in the church. Being a decided and conscientious abolitionist I found it hard sailing among such breakers. On the anti-slavery question I had to be very mute in order to avoid opposition in my appointed work. For a time I was quite successful and was favored with sympathy and cooperation from both parties until near the close of my term, when a mob crossed from Kentucky, marched up Main street to the office of the *Philanthropist* — an ably-conducted yet moderate anti-slavery paper edited by James G. Birney — and with such implements as they needed broke open the office, destroyed the press and all the material belonging to the office, loaded all in a cart, hauled it to the river and threw it in, and returned unmolested by city authorities, but cheered by many of the spectators. On the next Sabbath I characterized the affair from the pulpit, and denounced it in terms I thought most appropriate. I was soon given to understand that I had disturbed a hornets' nest. The lines

were now drawn and the Rubicon passed. Several of my former best friends bitterly denounced my course, while others rallied to my support, and I was driven from the stultifying position of sacrificing conscience by conniving at a hideous wrong and outrageous violence. True friends became more numerous and ardent, peace and prosperity were restored and the year closed pleasantly. Although in the great excitement that then prevailed many suffered violence and insult, and although I was thrown into a public position as corresponding secretary of the Indiana State Anti-Slavery Society, a merciful Providence saved me from the personal outrages so common to others. Yet I had to share in the popular odium then attached to abolition, and was often threatened by anonymous letters and placards put up on and near our home.

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## CHAPTER XIII

*Elected President of Ohio Conference—Difficulties in Traveling—Cheering Reception in New Cabin—Crossing Flooded Streams—White River Valley, Frictions of Early Settlers—In Illinois—Westward—Painful Experience with Flies—A Night Near the Oglaze River; Narrow Escape in Crossing.*

The Conference closing my appointment at Cincinnati was held in Louisville, Ky., where public sentiment and state law suppressed discussion of the slave question. My appointment, by election of Conference, was to the executive charge of the district (denominated President) which being yet frontier had no limits westward, and extended to several important charges in Illinois, chiefly in the western portion. These I started to visit in June, when by late storms and rains the roads and streams were rendered very nearly impassable. The season of green-backed flies had become a great calamity in portions of Illinois, and they were a great annoyance on all my route. On this trip throughout I trace the visible hand of Providence, in several instances especially manifest.



My duties were to travel at large over the district, organize circuits and societies, and exercise a general supervision of church interests. The work being scattered at great distances apart, much of the traveling over naked prairies was done at night on account of the swarms of flies making it dangerous through the day, and in many instances the only guides to the traveler were long poles set up at distances that made them scarcely visible in daylight. Except on the eastern and western borders of the state, the settlements were then confined to the growths of timber along the streams. On learning to some extent what was before me, at the eastern border I provided a good covering and a large bottle of fish oil, the former to protect the horse against the flies during the day, the latter to protect him against the enormous clouds of mosquitoes at night by being well rubbed on the uncovered portions of his body.

On this trip I experienced several instances of deliverance from most imminent dangers and apparently fatal results that seemed inevitable. In visiting some points in Western Indiana I was obliged to pass down a portion of the White River Valley that for several miles was unsettled and very heavily timbered. The recent tornado that had passed over had obstructed the road with fallen trees and scattered limbs. Often I had to unhitch the horse from the buggy and get it over logs by such means as I could devise. Just as my strength seemed exhausted and night was closing on me I espied what seemed an opening. I thanked God and took courage. Making all possible speed I reached a new cabin, the light from within glimmering through the chinking. A woman appeared by whom I was told that half a mile ahead was an impassable stream, and had I attempted to cross it in the dark I would have been lost. In a very sympathetic manner she told me I was welcome to the best they had. They were but partly moved into the cabin when the storm and flood stopped them; her husband had since been helping to clear the road;—and, in her own language, they were “in a poor fix.” Pleased with her proffered hospitality, I alighted, unharnessed the horse, secured him to a corner of the cabin and entered, to see that it was yet devoid of all that might be considered the

essentials of housekeeping. There were a few chairs, a table and some tableware, and in a corner a pile of straw covered with bed clothes was the only indication of sleeping quarters. Yet there was something in the cordial, graceful manner of the woman that bespoke better surroundings and imparted a feeling of thankful contentment with my lot, and the knowledge that the enjoyment of life but little depends on external circumstances. On being informed that neither myself nor horse had had anything to eat through the day, she sent out her two little girls with table knives to gather grass for the horse, and for me very soon had some excellent corn dodgers, fried bacon and tea on her substitute for a table. Her husband, then arriving, was equally cordial, and after supper secured the horse in a grass plat while she prepared me a bed of straw in a corner of the cabin, on which I slept soundly and waked thankful that I shared with the ravens and sparrows in a gracious Providence.

My kind host would not allow me to depart until he had ascertained whether the flooded stream was yet passable. On his return, I was informed it would be impossible for me to cross it. During the forenoon five young men on horseback on their way to an election were warned by my friendly host not to attempt crossing the stream. Determined if possible to get to the election, they insisted on trying. I went with them, and we reconnoitered the stream for some distance in search of a more shallow ford. Despairing, we were all turning back, when a boy in a small canoe was seen floating down the stream above us. He was hailed and induced to land on our side. It was then determined to make a cable of halter straps, saddle girths and buggy lines, fastened to the bending limb of a tree that leaned over the stream, and thus swim the horses across, then take saddles and all else in the canoe. My horse was the last to take over. I held the rein while another guided the canoe, which happened to get farther out of its course than on the preceding trips, and so closely in contact with a small tree, that appeared to be in mid-stream, that the horse took the opposite side of the tree and compelled me to let go the bridle rein. By the force of the current he was borne down the stream and was soon out of sight.

Thankful to get safely on land, I left matters in charge of the young man, and hastily, with trembling anxiety, pursued the horse in the hope that he might get to land alive. In the distance of half a mile or over I espied him standing on the bank. On discovering me he expressed his joy in his own language, and when I got him I found him in a tremor and scarcely able to walk. After I had spent some time in rubbing him, he so improved as to be slowly led back. I found the young men waiting and contending with the owner of the canoe, who seemed determined to take it from us and leave us. With the offer of reward I got him reconciled, and with his help got the buggy safely over the stream by taking it apart and floating a portion at a time.

That evening I reached a farm house where myself and horse were comfortably entertained, and the day following I arrived at my appointment in due season and had a profitable meeting.

In my sojourn in the White River and Wabash Valleys some experiences and sights were had that would be scarcely credible even to the present generation of settlers. A mother rocking her child in a sugar trough; on one side, an iron pot containing sufficient fire to afford a dense smoke to defend it from mosquitoes, while she, on the other side, was diligently engaged with a leafy green branch in protecting herself and child. The rich soil of the White River Valley had as yet invited but few settlers, owing in part to its being very heavily timbered and in part to its swarms of large green-headed flies and mosquitoes, to which was added the unfailing annual visitation of chills and fever and all sorts of miasmatic diseases. Through a kind Providence I passed safely through its dangers, finding naught but kindness and hospitality among its rude settlers. Passing up the Wabash Valley to the village of Terre Haute I crossed into Illinois, my objective point being the village of Paris. A dark night overtook me in a strip of timber; and, having no knowledge of the country or the distance to a house, I tied my horse to the limb of a tree and with the buggy cushions for a bed prepared to spend the night. Just as I got matters arranged two men came along on horseback, and by their direction I reached a

cabin about three miles distant. Though the family had retired, I met a cordial reception and soon found that I was in a warm-hearted Methodist family. My heart rejoiced in grateful recognition of the presence and care of God's Special Providence.

I learned that my appointment for the circuit was published for Grand View, several miles westward of Paris. No experience previously had with the large green-headed flies would compare with this day's travel. Not yet provided with protection against them, it was only by constant and hard effort that I could restrain the horse from running at full speed or violently throwing himself on the ground, while I was compelled to submit to their painful attacks. Fly season, chill season, and harvest season altogether did not prevent the zealous, earnest people from having all requisite arrangements made at a pleasant little grove for a two-days' meeting, which was attended by a large congregation and much spiritual influence.

After enjoying for a few days the hospitality of some excellent Christian families, I equipped my horse and myself with protection against the murderous flies and mosquitoes and started for the western portion of the state. It was that afternoon that I experienced one of Egypt's great plagues that made even Pharaoh for a time relent. I saw a new settler breaking prairie with two yoke of oxen smeared over with tar, a veil over his face and mittens on his hands, while a lad who was driving was protected in like manner. The oxen at times would get unmanageable under the assault of flies on unprotected parts of their bodies. Late in the afternoon I reached an improvement on the edge of the timber, and on inquiring of a man at the door of a respectable-like cabin whether I could obtain lodging, I met a cheerful welcome. After having the horse provided for I accompanied him to the house, and on entering the door saw lying on a bed to the left an elderly woman of deathly pallor. In an opposite corner lay two young women, apparently very sick; a fourth, very wan-looking and feeble, busied herself in getting supper. As we were sitting down to the table two carriages drove to the door, and a gentleman inquired for lodging for four ladies and

two men, and was answered with cordial welcome, without any apologies. I concluded my chances now lost. While the horses were being cared for the ladies entered with as much vivacity and pleasantness as if it were a fine city hotel, and at once gave their attention to the sick. Their sympathetic inquiries were answered with: "It is only the chills we have." While three were giving kind attention to the sick, the fourth was assisting in enlarging preparation for supper and entertained me with agreeable conversation. While at supper all eatables were praised. The corn dodger was so good, the fried bacon so nice, the butter excellent, and so of all surroundings, and they seemed heartily to enjoy them and make all cheerful and pleasant. At bedtime the host lighted a taper in a saucer of lard, and ascending a step-ladder placed it on the edge of the loft floor remarking: "There are three beds in the loft; you can divide to suit yourselves." The ladies insisted that I must go up and make my choice first. On submitting, I found three nice clean beds. Dividing one I made myself a comfortable pallet in the most distant corner and gave notice to the company. The ladies distributed the rest all seeming to their liking. The night was chiefly spent in a bloody war with the great armies of mosquitoes that seemed resolutely determined on having our blood. The ladies in great good humor, spent much of the night in mutual defense and amusing jokes.

Having learned that there was a farm house five miles ahead I made an early start in view of getting to it for breakfast, not knowing that the Oglaze river, swollen by recent rains, was to cross in the way. Reaching it about sunrise I found its eastern bank overflowed and the water extending several rods over the bottom. On the west it was bound by a high and nearly perpendicular bank in which a way was dug, and a small ferry boat was tied up. After waiting and calling for over an hour I concluded to unharness the horse and swim him across. For about half the distance the water was not over skirt deep, but suddenly the horse began to flounder — I suppose in the deep mire of the eastern bank of the main stream — and threw me off. As I could not swim I seized his mane, and, until righted on his back, we both

were occasionally under water. After extricating himself from the deep mire he took me safely across, but refused to enter the narrow space between the flat and perpendicular bank. Being unskilled in swimming a horse I tried to force him by the bridle; but, instead of turning his head in the right direction, my effort turned his body over in the water. His mane was then my alternative and his great danger. In the struggle we were nearing the branches of a large tree that had fallen from the bank, and as I could see no possible way of deliverance, in despair of all effort, I ceased trying to guide the horse and committed myself to God. No sooner had I yielded the reins to the horse and given up hope than the seemingly exhausted animal turned his head up the sluggish stream and made a feeble effort to swim until past the ferryboat several rods, when he espied the buggy through the intervening timber. Attempting to whinny he turned short, aimed straight for it and came out at it so exhausted that with difficulty he could stand; nor was I in a better condition. In attempting to change my wet for dry clothing, such myriads of voracious mosquitoes would attack me as if determined on my last drop of blood, that it was only after a painful siege that I succeeded. As soon as so far recovered as to be able, I harnessed up and started back the way I came, but had not gone far when I heard a voice of someone driving oxen. Turning back I discovered a man and boy on the opposite side of the stream whom I induced to ferry me across, minus hat and buggy whip. From him I learned the flat was public property and occasionally had an attendant that lived a mile distant. About two o'clock I got some breakfast and pursued my journey over a great expanse of prairie infested with flies presumably of Egyptian descent. The way was marked out by poles set in the ground at visible distances from each other. I record this experience as an evidence of the ever watchful oversight of God's Special Providence.

## CHAPTER XIV

*Springfield — Entertained at Peter Cartwright's — My Dilemma — Cordiality of the Great Evangelist.*

The third day thereafter I reached Springfield, a gloomy-appearing village of scattered tenements and one public house, which was of limited dimensions and much crowded by settlers who had gathered to hear a speech from the Rev. Peter Cartwright, of whose fame I had heard much and who was then a candidate for the State Legislature. Finding a family of former acquaintances lately moved to the place, I spent a very pleasant afternoon and night with them.

From there I passed the next day through a pretty, well-improved and inviting portion of country. As evening approached I was on the lookout for night quarters. Seeing a fine-looking dwelling some distance from the road, to which a lane led, I turned in, and finding the front door open I entered on hearing conversation in a rear room. A young man answered my rapping, from whom I learned I could be accommodated, and he requested me to be seated until they had finished supper. I found myself within distinct hearing of several voices in animated conversation about church matters. One, in very emphatic tone, made the remark: "If ignorance and impudence are qualifications, he ought to be licensed." I concluded that I was in a Methodist house; but, having learned that there was a Baptist congregation in the neighborhood, I thought I would try to assure myself and act accordingly. Looking around the room for information I found a late number of the *Christian Advocate* addressed to Rev. Peter Cartwright. I knew then where I was, and if my name were known I would be recognized as President of the Ohio Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, of which my host was known to be an inveterate opponent. Soon my horse

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Peter Cartwright entered upon his great work at the age of sixteen. When but twenty-four he began work in Illinois. In thirty-three years he preached fifteen thousand sermons and baptized twelve thousand converts. In his autobiography he

and myself were well cared for, and I found myself in company with a communicative, intelligent host. Aware of complete antagonism I determined to keep myself off church matters. And, rather discourteously avoiding politics, on which there was a manifest disposition to draw me out, I tried to engage his attention by remarks on the fine portion of country around him and the large harvest being then gathered. My effort had a reverse result. The country and crops were splendid, but the many so-called religious sects were ever at variance, keeping up discord and spreading ruinous heresies. Beginning with Campbellites, nearly all denominations but Methodists shared in his denunciations. Knowing that some flourishing Methodist Protestant societies existed not far distant I had reason to dread an unpleasant contact, so deemed it best to try and draw him off before he reached them by remarking that freedom of conscience was an American right, and those who differed from me exercised the same right that I exercised in differing from them, and yet might be equally honest. I met a stern gaze, as though he would say: "Who are you?" But the subject was dropped and I escaped a dreaded controversy. Then the old lady placed a Bible and hymn-book on the stand. Looking at me inquisitively for a moment he asked: "Are you a praying man?"

I answered: "That is my practice."

"Will you have prayers with us?"

"If desired," was my reply. As I rose from my knees he was already seated in his chair gazing at me, and presently remarked: "I suppose you are a preacher." I answered affirmatively.

"I suppose you belong to some evangelical denomination." was the next question.

"I believe it to be evangelical," was my answer.

Quite a pause followed, and then the emphatic remark: "My name is Peter Cartwright. I belong to the Methodist Episcopal Church."

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speaks of attending a Conference in Rushville, and grandfather must certainly have been there also. He—Cartwright—says a pocket Bible, a hymn book and the Discipline constituted his library. Also: "It is true we—itinerants—could not, many of



To which I responded: "My name is John Clarke. I belong to the Methodist Protestant Church."

Quickly rising from his chair he seized my hand with great cordiality, saying: "We differ about government, but are one in faith."

By pressure I remained till afternoon next day and was treated with the utmost fraternal hospitality. When I left he accompanied me a good distance and gave direction and information that was of great service to me. Six years after when moved to the West, I met him in the road a distance from our home and was immediately recognized by him with the most hearty fraternal salutations, and after I became a member of the Illinois Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church I found in him a cordial brother and earnest friend. I give the foregoing narrative out of respect for the memory of a noble though somewhat eccentric pioneer Methodist preacher who did as much or more than any other to plant Methodism in the Prairie State.

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## CHAPTER XV

*Southward — Camp-meeting at Winchester — Alton; Instance of Special Providence in Answer to Prayer — Help in Sore Need.*

My plans led me westward at Beardstown; and, finding the demand greater southward, I abandoned some appointments beyond in the Military Tract otherwise provided for, and from thence my travels were zig-zag to a point some twenty miles below St. Louis, through a portion of the state pretty well settled and improved. My first appointment was a camp-meeting in Scott county in the vicinity of Winchester, then a small village but now quite a populous town and the county seat. The camp-meeting, held in a very fine grove, was well ar-

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us, conjugate a verb or parse a sentence, and murdered the King's English about every lick. But there was a Divine unction attended the word preacher, and thousands fell under the mighty power of God."

ranged and very largely attended. Good order and true Methodist hospitality prevailed, and much good appeared to be accomplished. The next appointment was a quarterly meeting a day's travel southeast. We had preaching services from four to six times a week, which were well attended. I made a stay of two weeks at Alton, enjoying the hospitality of the pleasant home of Brother Charles Howard, a local preacher; who, during the time, rendered effective help in a protracted meeting held in a neat stone church just completed and owned, and which was blessed of God in much apparent good.

An incident here occurred that made an abiding impression on my mind. After preaching on the last night of the meeting, Brother Howard, in concluding the services, prayed most fervently for my wife and children, and that I might be spared to meet them in life and health on my return. The exceptional character and fervor of the prayer struck my heart with the sad apprehension that he had received news, kept secret from me, of sickness or death in my family, and as soon as off my knees I inquired of him. He answered me no, but that they seemed peculiarly impressed on his mind. Such was the impression made on me that, as there was no hope of successful communication otherwise, I decided to return immediately. I disposed of my buggy and harness and procured a saddle and bridle as the most expeditious way of travel on account of flies and unbridged streams. Having an engagement ahead for a camp-meeting and one for a quarterly meeting I was prevailed on to meet them, so after riding some twenty miles through a well-improved section of country I reached my next appointment, found a charge of excellent working members and all preparations for a large camp-meeting, but little prospect of ministerial help. Lay members took hold in good spirit and God gave glorious success. The next published appointment was some twenty miles below St. Louis two weeks ahead. Meantime I visited other societies, preaching nearly every night. Returning to Vandalia, the then capital of the state, and spending a day and night of rest, I was warned not to venture crossing the prairies in daytime as the flies made it dangerous. Accordingly at sundown

on a very sultry evening I left there for home, and had not proceeded far when I was attacked by swarms of the large poisonous flies. The horse became unmanageable and would throw himself down and roll over. I had put his cover on the saddle under me, but finding it impossible to get it on him rolled it up into a swab and beat the flies off and got him up. How to get mounted was a difficulty hard to overcome. By continued beating with my swab for a time I got again seated in the saddle, and by incessant use of the swab and constant jerking of the rein I kept running at full speed. As day began to dawn I entered timber where two men were herding some cows in a great smoke they were keeping up by the side of the road, while a woman was trying to milk them. Taking in my condition they took position on each side of the road; and, as I came up, sprang in, caught the horse by the bit and ran him off into the smoke, and sent me off some distance to the house — which was enclosed by sheets hung at the door and windows — where I spent the day in a gloomy mood. In the stable where my horse with others was housed, a smoke was kept up all day. I was told the flies were worse at that time than they had known them to be before, and that much of the work in their corn had to be done in the night. They hoped for the future. From that on, until across the state, I traveled at night, meeting with but little annoyance, and with all the speed my horse would endure made my way across Indiana to our home in Xenia, O. On my arrival I learned that on the night alluded to at Alton, on which the remarkable prayer of Brother Howard occasioned me such painful anxiety about my family, two physicians had given up our eldest son to die. His mother had given up all hope but in God. A good brother had staked off a spot in his cemetery lot for the grave, had procured the burial clothes, and some friends were watching at his cot. His mother, alone in another room, engaged in prayer. He suddenly turned over and asked for her, and from that hour speedily recovered. Can anyone account for these facts and occurrences by natural causes? I here record it as evidence of God's Special Providence in answering prayer offered in submission to His will.

Another incident connected with the trip above described I here add in evidence of the fatherly care of God in special cases. While my wife was engaged in arranging my clothing, and I was out harnessing and hitching up my horse for a trip of not less than six weeks, Brother Towler, who resided half a mile out of town, had come in to get his mail and see me off. In his mail was a letter for me directed to his care, on opening which I found a ten-dollar bill. It was from a stranger, in another state, of whom I knew nothing. Its contents were: "I see in the church paper you are about starting on a long trip. You may need the enclosed." My eyes filled with tears and I handed the letter and contents to my wife, who with it in her hand immediately left the room, I supposed privately to give thanks to the God of providence. Our larder was very low and we had but one dollar to share between us. My wife's unyielding faith in Providence had often cheered and encouraged me, and this I record as one of many instances of the results of her faith in God, and as an instance of His special care for those that trust Him. Relieved of a burden of sad anxiety I kept the dollar and left the ten, and on my laborious trip covered expenses by rigid economy.

## CHAPTER XVI

*Agent Dearborn College — Trouble on Account of New Student — Arrested on Charge of Assault — Incident in Court — Resignation of my Position — College Buildings Burned.*

The next session of Conference (1837) was held in Madison, Ind., at which I was elected agent for a college under the patronage of the Pittsburg and Ohio Conferences. A board of trustees selected from each Conference had been incorporated by the Legislature of Indiana, but the location had not yet been settled. My first duty was to visit the different places in both Conferences asking for its location, obtain their propositions and report to the trustees in aid of a selection. This

resulted in a great deal of travel, and much time without compensation rendered self-denial and privation a necessity. Getting the trustees collected in a meeting at Cincinnati my support was provided for, the location settled at Lawrenceburg, a valuable tract of land purchased, the payment of a sufficient amount to secure the contract made, and I was sent out to raise several thousand dollars in a given time. Finding my efforts a partial failure in the Pittsburg Conference on account of location, it was by the hardest and most unpleasant labor of my itinerant life that I succeeded with the first payment. The trustees then decided on temporary buildings and on commencing a school in order to secure public attention and confidence. Then became my labor still greater. To collect means, to purchase material and pay workmen as called for, taxed time to the utmost, but I finally succeeded. The next year commenced with twenty-two young men as students, N. Snethen as president and professor, and the entire burden of business interest on my hands — the trustees all being at too great a distance to co-operate. I make this record as an important part of my experience, but there is more, with a different phase added, yet to come.

Brother Snethen, on his return from the General Conference in Baltimore, brought with him as a student a son of Major Pease of Wheeling, a wealthy citizen who had some little trace of African blood, scarce discernible. With the boy came one hundred dollars for me to use in his expenses, and authority to draw on his father as more was needed. Being a well-trained, interesting youth, we took him into our family. After a time a few pro-slavery students discovered the taint of African blood — or perhaps had only heard of it — and commenced a course of proscription and abuse that met with very decided opposition from the other students. As an alternative Brother Snethen gave him private lessons at our house, but this only increased the trouble. A man of the baser sort, employed on the farm, and his son, about sixteen years of age, made themselves very active in spreading the matter, representing the boy as a full-blooded negro. When out on business in the town or neighborhood I discovered myself often looked at with

a peculiar glance, and without my knowledge a delegation went to Cincinnati to see the trustees on the subject. A portion of them got together and wrote to me to send the boy home immediately. I wrote back that I would not and neither should they, unless the money sent by his father was returned. Soon a portion of the board came to see me and concluded to leave the whole matter with Brother Snethen and myself. Brother Snethen, seeing no hope of conciliating the pro-slavery influence, resigned and left, and a competent teacher was temporarily employed until the place could be provided for. Meantime, I was the pro-slavery target, oftentimes receiving anonymous notices of threatening character. By a kind Providence I was saved from harm or personal insult, a few of the more violent students left and seeming quiet was restored.

One day, while some of the students were occupying their noon recess in the garden, the son of the employe on the premises, at the instance of his father, who was concealed nigh at hand, entered and used abusive language, evidently to provoke a quarrel. The young men attempting to put him out of the garden were resisted, and I was called from the house. Taking the lad by the shoulder he was pushed along to the gate, shoved out and sent away. Soon after, I was arrested by an officer on a charge of assault and battery. The students, apprised of it, ran ahead and had a prominent lawyer with them at the magistrate's office. On my arrival a suspicious looking crowd was collected, and I saw my danger, as also did the lawyer, who had a bond soon in readiness with a heavy penalty for my non-appearance at the circuit court, his own name attached as security. Finding themselves thus foiled the crowd scattered, and I started home accompanied by the students.

Soon after, the circuit court commenced its regular term, and as the news of my case had got well noised abroad the courthouse was well crowded. All connected with the school attended with me, and on that account the attorney urged an early hearing; so on the second day the case was called. The prosecutor not answering, the sheriff was ordered to call him at the door, and he had no sooner bawled out his name than a jack across

the street began to bray. On calling the second time, a wag in the courthouse halloed out at the top of his voice: "Why, he answers; don't you hear him?" A great laugh, that officers had to suppress, followed. When the prosecutor and his attorney appeared, the same wag halloed out: "There he is now." Renewing the laughter, he received the reprimand of the court. The prosecution stated the case with severe reflections on the accused, and called his witnesses (father and son). After a little cross-examination, on motion of counsel, the prosecutor was bound over in bond of one hundred dollars to keep the peace, and spent that night in jail. The case is recorded as an instance of the overruling providence of God and a characteristic defense of slavery. The youth who was the innocent occasion of so much trouble and danger was sent home, the trustees assuming all liability.

Having served three years of hard and very responsible labor I determined to resign, though against the protest of the trustees, who urged that another could not have the knowledge of the interests involved that I had acquired. The Conference accepted my resignation with the understanding that I would take an appointment to a charge at Chappels, in that vicinity, in view of rendering such aid as other duties might allow, and Brother A. H. Bassett was made my successor. An auditing committee was appointed at my instance, all accounts closed up, a receipt given for all property and a bond of indemnity against all liabilities on account of the institution, and a vote of thanks. Thus was I relieved of a great responsibility, crushing anxiety and threatening danger.

Brother Snethen having also resigned, was succeeded by David Crall, I believe of Philadelphia, who was possessed of recommendations from prominent names. Under his administration the students soon left, the buildings were burned down, and I believe the land indemnified the trustees. I give so much of detail in this enterprise not more as personal history than as a matter in which the hand of Providence can be so visibly traced; and the character of the anti-slavery controversy, as I was identified with it, may be a matter of record for some of my descendants.

## CHAPTER XVII

*At Chappels—Transferred to Sharpsburg—Conversion of a Scoffer—Escape of Slave Family Managed by My Courageous Wife.*

After two years very pleasantly spent at Chappels with a generous and kind people, who exemplified the character of primitive Methodism more fully than any church that I have known, I took transfer to Pittsburg Conference and was stationed at Sharpsburg, a thriving suburb of the city. Here a new church edifice had lately been completed, and a gracious revival rewarded the enterprise: at every public service the church was overcrowded and numbers were added. In the progress of the revival some incidents occurred out of the common order, one concerning a very profane opposer of Christianity, who was reckoned a well-to-do and, in other respects, a good citizen. His wife was an active and useful member of the church, without restraint from him other than that he would not allow a Bible in their house. Occasionally he would attend with her to find matter of ridicule when in suitable company. On a certain night I noticed him with his usual grin of contempt on his countenance. A powerful manifestation of the Divine Spirit was present, and on the first invitation the altar was crowded with penitents with whom his wife and others were laboring. Espying her husband in the congregation she hastened to him and plead with him to seek the salvation of his soul, and, to the surprise of all who knew him, led him to the altar. Observing his careless expression I quietly requested the wife and those laboring at the altar to pay no attention to him, but pray for him. Finding himself left to his own reflections the Spirit of God reached his heart, and in the anguish of despair he began to cry for mercy, and before he left the altar was converted. Next morning he went out and bought a family Bible, established family worship, and ever after, while I remained in the charge, was a useful member of the church.

Another instance of supernatural control of the affairs of life occurred while in the above state, and concerns others rather than myself. A planter, who lived on the



Kentucky side of the Ohio river, was the owner of a family of slaves consisting of a mother and five children. Becoming embarrassed in business, and fearing that this family that he intended to emancipate might be seized by creditors, he made a bill of sale of them to his son-in-law, with the secret agreement that they were to be returned to him as soon as he could otherwise settle the claims of his creditors. Having surmounted his financial difficulties the slaves were returned to his possession, and soon after were manumitted and settled on a forty-acre farm in the vicinity of Rev. John Rankin, a pastor of a Presbyterian Church on the Ohio side of the river, who was a very prominent abolitionist and distinguished minister, and who believed he was doing God's service when helping slaves to freedom. The family were soon settled in their home of freedom, the eldest son being in a good situation as steward on a steamboat on the Mississippi river. Shortly after their good old master died, and immediately the son-in-law, who had clandestinely retained the sham bill of sale, hastened to Louisville, awaited the arrival of the boat on which the son was employed, and armed with the bill of sale found it an easy task to secure his surrender to slavery by a Kentucky court. He promptly sold him to a southern trader and commenced arrangements to secure the balance of the family. This fact became known to Rev. Rankin, who at once had them distributed among his parishioners and, hastening to Cincinnati, effected an arrangement with the captain of a steamboat to receive them at a designated point as passengers to Pittsburg, and dispatched in advance to friends there to see to their safety on arrival. In due time they arrived and were conducted to a place of supposed safety.

At this time (1842) I was pastor of the Methodist Protestant Church in Sharpsburg and was conducting a meeting which was attended by many persons from the country. The parsonage was on the corner of two streets, fronting on each. Our family bedroom was on the lower floor of the wing fronting the least frequented street. All other bedrooms were occupied by visitors attending the meeting. About midnight when all were retired, a gentle rap at our bedhead was answered by the

inquiry: "Who is there?" "Friends!" (in an undertone). Partly dressed I slipped out by a back way, and, cautiously looking around the corner, espied close to the sidewalk a span of horses and carriage. Meantime my wife had struck a light and held it out of the window, and I recognized the carriage of our friend Edward Stephens of Allegheny City, in charge of the son of the noted abolitionist, Rev. Edward Smith, who suddenly blew out the light, requesting us to keep silent. My wife, hastening out, inquired what was the matter and was told that Mr. Stephens had sent some friends to our care. Opening the carriage door he handed out five fugitive slaves, the mother and four children, ranging from a young woman to a child six years old. I at once objected to receiving them as detection was almost certain and the penalty fine and imprisonment; but my wife's motherly instincts at once decided, and, remarking that *she* would take the responsibility, led them by a back way into the kitchen, gathered up some old carpets and unused comfortables, and took them by a back stairway into an unfinished room. Charging them to maintain perfect silence she locked them up, and for four days attended to their wants without discovery. The fugitives proved to be the family before alluded to—free American citizens, claimed as chattels under a fraudulent bill of sale by the unprincipled son-in-law, and powerless to save themselves from being relegated to slavery. The mother was a sensible Christian woman and the children well-trained; all were comfortably clad, but they wore a pitiable expression of dread anxiety. As soon as practicable I hastened out to Bakertown, fifteen miles distant, in search of a well-known peddler, who, with a good span of horses and a light closely-covered wagon, traveled with his wares as far north as Erie, and was well known to me as being reliable. Failing to find him at his home I arranged to have him sent to our house prepared for a trip to Erie.

In the meantime the claimant, learning of the slaves' escape to Pittsburg, had hastened thither, and by offers of large reward soon had detectives on the search, who after a time located them at the home of a colored man in the outskirts of the city. There they were met by a

barred door, and informed that it would be death to the first man that entered without legal authority. Sure now that he [the claimant] had his game corralled, and leaving a guard at the door, he had hastened to obtain legal authority; but, in his absence, the family were taken by a back way to safer quarters and secured until night, when they were safely conducted over the Allegheny river to Edward Stephens' mansion, thence, as above stated, to our home. Equipped with legal authority the pursuer had a vain search for his prey. Suspecting that they had been spirited off toward Canada, with two men on horseback he pursued in view of overtaking them before they could get passage for Canada, leaving others in the meantime to keep up the search about Pittsburg. While they were thus engaged the peddler arrived at my house early in the night. We soon had a good supply of provisions and a couple of old comfortables packed up, and about midnight they were started on their perilous journey, with many God bless you's bestowed on us by the grateful mother.

From the peddler I afterward learned that, when half way to Erie, they met three men on horseback of whom he took no particular notice as they were on a very public road, but the keenly watchful mother recognized at a distance one of them as their pursuer, and hurriedly got all laid down, covered them with an old comfortable and pulled some loose tinware over them. The peddler, unconscious of any danger and driving carelessly along, observed one of the men take a keen glance into the wagon as they passed. Soon after the mother, now recovered from her fright, informed him that one of the men was their pursuer. He finally saw all safely aboard for a land of personal freedom. Though I have not heard of them since, I have no doubt the Special Providence that so marked every step of their escape still watches over and cares for them.

I have given so much of the details of this thrilling narrative because it clearly exhibits the overruling providence of God in the affairs of human life. Wherever there is life or motion God is there. That He hears the young ravens when they cry, cares for the sparrow, and is imminently present in minutiae as in magnitude, only

an infidel can doubt. But I have given it also as an instance of the heroic spirit and benevolent heart of my departed wife.

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## CHAPTER XVIII

*Special Providence in Marriage—Attractive Jane—  
Another Wooing—Divinely Guided at Last.*

There is such conclusive evidence of a special and overruling providence in the circumstances of my marriage—resulting as it did in the union of two lives that were one in sympathy, interest and aim for over sixty years, and making for me a home the most desirable and happy that earth could afford—that I must ignore my domestic experience and most of my success in life were I to deny or disown the overruling providence of God in thwarting my own plans and purposes in the matter, and bringing about results that involved my dearest interests in life. I feel it due to the one who was so long my greatest source of earthly comfort and ever the wise counselor and efficient helpmate; and, above all, to the gracious Providence that so directed my lot, that I leave this record behind, when I too pass from earth, in the hope that it may some time fall under the notice of others and have some influence in leading them to commit more fully their ways unto the Lord.

As an explanation of, if not an apology for, a seemingly premature intention of marriage, it may be stated that at the age of nineteen years I was free from my apprenticeship, master of a good trade, as fully developed in physical manhood as I have ever since been, and at twenty was settled in business on my own account. Under these circumstances, and others that have no connection here, I was possessed of a desire to have a home of my own, and in order to get it must needs have a companion.

At this time a young lady two years my senior, and a member of the same church with me, strongly attracted my attention. It would not be childish to say I loved

her, but her social position and the reputed wealth of her father seemed insuperable barriers to any hope of gaining her hand, though she did not rebuff my attentions. Indeed I thought she rather encouraged them, so that they grew into intimacy, and my love for her became a passion; yet I could not muster courage to attempt to surmount the seeming barriers in disclosing it, and hence made arrangements to work at my trade in a city over a hundred miles distant (Meadville). Some time before my intended departure her aunt took occasion to ask me privately what my purpose was in keeping company with Jane. Supposing her intention was to forbid it, I answered that social enjoyment was the chief object. She then told me that I had gained her niece's affections to such an extent that I should let her know my designs before I left. This announcement came to me as cold water to a thirsty soul, and I told her that I could not possibly have stronger hold on Jane's affections than she had on mine. The aunt then, with apparently motherly interest, urged that we come to an understanding and shape our course accordingly, a matter we were not long in accomplishing.

As I had given up my situation and had arranged to leave the city, it was agreed that frequent correspondence should be maintained during my absence, and that she should set the time for our marriage and give me due notice, all of which was done with tokens of undying affection. The notice of the wedding date was so late that I had very little time for preparation, and I therefore wrote her not to expect me until the day previous. I arrived on time and, excited by glowing anticipations, hastened to her home. The doorbell was answered by my betrothed, but what was my surprise on meeting a rather cool reception and a very downcast expression. Seated in the room were her aunt and my brother, whose look of confusion and embarrassment utterly confounded me. My brother arose and saluted me with the remark that this was an unfortunate affair. The aunt retained her seat without speaking. Standing in the door, utterly confounded, I was beckoned by Jane into an adjoining room, and followed her with much trepidation of feeling,

anticipating a sad explanation. She there assured me of her fidelity and begged me to be patient, as the present difficulty would soon blow over. She then told me her aunt had very indiscreetly spoken disparagingly of me to my parents as not being Jane's equal in position or fortune, whereupon they retorted with a protest, alleging that the inequality was all on the other side; so my brother had been sent to try and intercept me on my arrival, and, if possible, prevent the ceremony, or at least try to conciliate matters. Failing to meet me he came there, and found her aunt in a very unhappy mood, and matters seemed to grow worse. This revelation overwhelmed me and for a while I was like a sheep dumb before the shearers, but was much relieved by Jane's proposition to renew our engagement and await the outcome of events. This I assented to, and we promised to keep up a clandestine correspondence through the post-office. We bade each other an affectionate goodbye, and, without speaking to the aunt, my brother and I left for a hotel.

I soon obtained employment in the city, the correspondence agreed upon was faithfully kept up, and occasionally we found opportunity to be in each other's company, still expecting a chance to carry out our plan. Sometimes passing the house, on my way to prayer-meeting at the church, on an understood signal she could slip away from her aunt and go with me. On one occasion, as I turned aside to give the signal I observed company enter the door, and so passed on. Returning from church with a young friend he asked me if I knew that Jane was to be married that evening to Mr. P——. Regarding him as joking I answered "No," but he assured me it was a fact. I had no words to express the effect produced upon my feelings by this news, but the impression was thrust into my mind as though by an audible voice: "Now God has a hand in this thing," and with that conviction I consoled myself.

Several mornings after I met her on the sidewalk. Seeing her inclined to look the other way I halted her with a familiar "Good morning," remarking that I heard the incredible story of her marriage to Mr. P——. She answered as if a frog were in her throat: "Well, John,

it is so." To which I responded: "Thank God, it is not to me!" and walked on. I put this bit of personal history on record not so much to interest any one who may happen to read it, but as an evidence of a Special Providence in thwarting the purposes and best laid plans of men and influencing their future destiny.

Another instance, coming under the caption of the preceding, may well be recorded: Soon after this experience I commenced business on my own account, and not having lost confidence in female integrity I began to again indulge in thoughts of a companion and a home of my own. Directly opposite my place of business resided a very wealthy family with whom I became familiarly acquainted. The middle one of three grown-up daughters was a very attractive young woman, to whom my attentions seemed to be quite acceptable, and we had many pleasant evening walks together. She gave me to understand that these were preferred on account of her mother's objection to her entertaining company, which I supposed might have reference to myself, though no intimation of the kind was given. I found that our intimacy was ripening into affection and that I was in honor bound to decide whether to risk eternal interests with a companion who had no sympathy with me on the subject of religion, and whether the family's great wealth was a preponderating consideration. On the mother's account, it was understood between us that when it was convenient to take an evening walk she would put out a signal on the front porch. The signal appearing one evening, I felt constrained to make an ultimate decision, and retired to a back apartment for reflection and prayer. My mind was haunted with a dread of mother's and aunts' interference in such matters, though she had assured me that it was her mother's natural temper and not because of any objection to me. Leaning upon the sill of an open window and engaged in serious thought I determined to watch and follow the indications of Providence, by whom I had been so signally controlled in my purposes on the previous similar affair. My attention was suddenly attracted by three young ladies enjoying themselves in an adjacent lumber yard. One of them —

who seemed to be the leader, and who exhibited great agility, grace and flow of spirit — especially drew my attention as capable and disposed to make others happy. On going to my boarding-house for supper I met the same trio, and was introduced by the landlady to the one above referred to, as a relative, "her parents and I being Methodists." (With the others I had some previous acquaintance.) The girl's ladylike reserve and extreme modesty most favorably impressed me, and the common expression "love on sight" was verified in my case.

On returning for the evening walk, as had been signaled by the other, my mind was made up as to preference and duty, and on the pretext of her mother's objection I proposed that our association should continue purely on the score of friendship. With some inquiries and seeming surprise she assented, and such henceforward it was.

Soon after, I met on the sidewalk the young woman that had attracted me, and stopped her to inquire whether she was engaged in a Sabbath School. I learned that she was, her father being a teacher in a large school of which I was superintendent. As I was then looking for a teacher to supply the place of one about moving away I inquired whether she would take the place and attend our school with her father, it being more convenient. She assented, on condition that her class be provided for.

A few Sundays after she came with her father, and I was prepared to place her in charge of a large Bible class of young ladies, the great number of whom were her seniors. I soon discovered that she acquitted herself with rare good judgment and tact, gaining the confidence and esteem of her class. I formed a high estimate of her character, and became a frequent visitor at her father's house on a campaign of courtship; but, owing to her extreme diffidence and modesty, found it much easier to court the parents than the daughter. Yet through the good providence of God and my perseverance it resulted in the union of two hearts and lives that for over sixty-one years proved my greatest source of earthly comfort and help, until death took her from me to a better home than earth could afford. We were one in interest, sympathy and aim, and she ever made my



home the most desirable and pleasant place to me the world could furnish. In our journey through life together we have sometimes had rugged hills to climb and heavy burdens to bear; great sorrows have cast their shadows over our path, yet we ever found in each other mutual sympathy and comfort. Our days of sunshine have been many and bright, and when death so often invaded our home with deepest sorrow, it has been brightened by hope, and we profited by the process in preparing us for a higher and better state where we shall be joined with loved ones in a more enduring home. It doth not yet appear what we shall be, nor can the mind conceive the rapture of renewing the bonds of earth amid the bliss of heaven, when death is swallowed up in eternal victory. If I were now to doubt or question the doctrine of God's Special Providence and loving care for His creatures, I would be compelled to ignore my own experience through eighty-five years of life, and to deny man his greatest source of consolation under the common ills of humanity.

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## CHAPTER XIX

*Thomas H. Stockton at Madison.*

March 28, 1892. Having written thus far at intervals, in broken health and great feebleness, and having been compelled to lay my work aside for months, it is again resumed in the hope of being enabled to fill out the pages, and leave some further record of the Divine Goodness in dealing with a very unworthy servant. Hitherto I have not attempted to observe a consecutive order of events or dates, aiming mainly at such record as demonstrated the loving care and gracious providence of a Heavenly Father.

In allusion to the Annual Conference at Madison, a matter of interest occurred, though not connected with personal history, of which I do not believe any record has been made. Thomas H. Stockton, than whom Methodism has produced few if any equals in its ministry as a pulpit orator, combining in character the simplicity of a child

and the meekness of Moses, was then in the height of his popularity, but in feeble health. It was given out that he was to preach on Sunday at eleven o'clock. When the hour came it seemed as though the whole city had come together. The large edifice was not only filled to its utmost capacity, but door and windows were crowded outside. His opening prayer was as that of a man in profound humility talking face to face with God, and produced a solemn quietude in the vast crowd. When he rose from his knees many eyes were bathed in tears. As he expounded the Scripture lesson a death-like silence pervaded the assemblage. His text was Solomon's impassioned exclamation when messengers brought to him the news of the safe return of his long absent fleet — "As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country!"

In the introduction of the subject he gave a very brief and fascinating account of its surroundings, and drew a statement and description of the news brought from heaven by the messengers of God to a sinful and ruined race, giving the most vivid and realistic recital of the bitter fruits of sin, in the sufferings and sorrows it had entailed and consequences in which it had resulted. So realistic was the description of some of earth's woes and sorrows that the audience would give expression to the emotions realized by their actual experience. One picture of a mother kneeling by the couch of her dying child, sobbing out the grief of an anguished heart, brought forth sobs throughout the audience from individuals who had been so bereaved. Then instantly a joyful glow would light up his countenance as he followed the child from its couch of suffering to the bliss of heaven and described it as an immortal cherub in unending happiness, where the mother might again embrace it in a home of eternal felicity — good news from a far country. As he described in vivid and realistic manner the "good news" brought by God's messengers from a far country, the alternation of emotion in the audience was manifested by those around the doors and windows. A distinguished lawyer of the city, from whom death had lately taken a beloved wife, had so far

forgotten himself as to rise to his feet back in the congregation. When the sadness of such an event was described he gave vent to his feelings, and when the sweet bends of earth were again renewed amidst the "bliss of heaven" in an everlasting home, he exclaimed: "Oh, I don't want to come back." Then, as if ashamed, he sank down in his seat, and bowing his head buried his face in his hands and remained silent. At the conclusion of the service the people seemed reluctant to leave the place.

Though I have seen published many instances of Brother Stockton's wonderful power over an assembly, I have no knowledge that the foregoing ever has been given. My intimate personal acquaintance with him and love for him prompt its record here.

## CHAPTER XX

*On the Way to Rushville — Obstruction from Ice — Abolition — Slanderous Persecution.*

I now return to my personal record: Having succeeded in making satisfactory arrangements for the supply of my place as pastor of the church in Sharpsburg for the balance of my third year, we left for Rushville, Ill., on the 5th of May, 1843, where we met with a very kind reception from a hospitable people, and I received pressing invitations to occupy the pulpits of the different churches.

A circumstance characteristic of the times revealed my connection with abolition. Early in the previous November I started upon a visit to Rushville to examine the prospects before finally deciding to make it my home. Before the second day had closed it became so intensely cold that the boat was tied up for the night, and in the morning the river was covered with floating ice. From there to Cairo the obstructions from ice were so great as to require over double the usual time for the trip. Reaching Cairo we found the Mississippi covered with floating ice, and a fleet of boats awaiting possible navigation with quite an army of anxious passengers. After several days, the weather having moderated, a number of

passengers clubbed together, and for a liberal sum above ordinary fare induced the captain of a small, staunch vessel to venture the trip to St. Louis, which after many risks and delays was made in double the usual time. After being detained eight days at St. Louis the weather moderated, the Illinois river cleared and a steamer, crowded with passengers, put out for upper points. A few miles above Alton we found an ice gorge extending across the river from shore to shore. The boat was run back some distance and took shelter behind a small island, and there we lay until provisions became scarce. The captain, unable to board us longer, advised us to seek quarters in the country, as he would be responsible for his cargo if he turned back. Passengers for the Missouri side went out in search of quarters and those for the Illinois side were piloted across on the gorge. In company with two young men I traveled on foot that day and at night found lodging at a farm house. In the morning we succeeded in hiring two horses and a boy to take us out to a main road. Two rode on each horse with only a horse blanket for a saddle; we found the road so rough that we soon gave up that mode of conveyance and took it on foot from there to Rushville, a distance of about sixty miles, which we increased by avoiding main roads as much as possible on account of their exceeding roughness. I make this record because the winter of 1843 was the longest and severest that, within my knowledge, the country has ever experienced; but also, chiefly on account of results which follow.

On leaving home on the trip it was agreed with my wife that, to save the trouble of writing as often as desired, she would send a newspaper with an understood mark that indicated to me how matters were at home. Faithful, she, in her innocence, sent the *Spirit of Liberty*, a very able abolition paper published at Pittsburg. While I was delayed as above stated the papers accumulated in the office, and no person being known by my name the good Democratic postmaster distributed them as incendiary matter, so that when I arrived I was pretty well advertised as the incendiary abolitionist. Even after I had called at the office for my mail I ascertained the

paper was given out to others. Although annoyed by not hearing from home, I was glad to be the unintentional instrument of introducing anti-slavery intelligence to that extent, which was the means of an introduction to two steadfast friends of the cause. Mr. Pettijohn, from near Huntsville, came about fifteen miles to visit me and avow himself an original abolitionist from Ohio. Also Benjamin Chadsey, thus learning of me, sought me out and introduced himself as a firm believer in the doctrine of abolition, and subscribed for the *Philanthropist*, the leading anti-slavery paper of the country. These were the only men that for a long time I found of sufficient courage to avow anti-slavery sentiments. I should mention a young man (name forgotten) in McCreery's drug store that later became a zealous adherent of the cause. Numerous relatives and friends earnestly urged me to either disavow the sentiment or keep it wholly to myself. The latter, as a matter of policy if not safety, I endeavored to do for a reason. I was frequently invited to preach at different places, conditioned that I would say nothing on the subject of slavery, but my prompt and perhaps sometimes uncourteous refusals gave the impression that that was my reserved hobby, and thus I became the victim of slanderous tongues among the baser sort. Strange as it may appear, persons who, by position and profession, would lead one to expect better things of them, gave countenance and encouragement to vicious and slanderous assaults; yet in no instance have I ever allowed myself to resist such attacks or give attention to them, though I have preserved several testimonials and affidavits, procured without my knowledge and put in my possession, that place in an unenviable light persons of whom honorable things might be expected. Now, in looking back, I can see the hand of a gracious Providence in all those matters that at the time were painful to endure. Through all, I ever found support and comfort in the judicial counsel of my ever-faithful wife, whose unfaltering faith in a divine Providence so greatly helped to sustain us both in all the emergencies through which we were called to pass.

## CHAPTER XXI

*Connection with M. P. Denomination — Church Relations — Requested Certificate of Release from M. P. Church — Joined M. E. Denomination.*

As before stated, I have not aimed at a consecutive order of events, but have recorded them as they were suggested to the mind. Hence this subject, which in order of time and events would have come earlier in place, is deferred to the latter part.

As early as 1820, the church was agitated by the discussion of the subject of clerical power. I well remember that at that time a pamphlet was published by Beverly Waugh, John Emory and two other distinguished men of the Baltimore Conference, in which substantially the following was used, and it fastened itself on my mind with controlling influence: "*Power is held with tenacious grasp, when once acquired, and its exercise is ever greater in its tremendous tendency to accumulation.*" Hearing the subject occasionally discussed in my father's house, the principle of lay rights in the church became imbedded in my mind, and when I first learned of a paper published by W. S. Stockton of the Philadelphia Conference (I think in 1823) I obtained some numbers of it, and found it devoted to the advocacy of lay rights in the M. E. Church. I was glad to find my cherished sentiments so ably maintained in a Christian spirit, but its circulation was so strongly interdicted by the preachers that it found very limited access to the members. Many of the leading preachers, however, sympathized with object and design, and union societies were formed in various portions of the church for the promotion of the cause in unanimity and concert of action. The *Wesleyan Repository* was succeeded by the *Mutual Rights*, established in Baltimore, strongly backed and ably edited. The decree then went forth from "the powers that be" that it must be suppressed, the agitation permitted to extend no farther, and the work of proscription and expulsion commenced. The first two victims were Dennis B. Dorsey and W. C. Poole prominent

members of the Baltimore Conference, who were expelled for recommending the *Mutual Rights* to a personal friend. Dorsey appealed to the following General Conference, held at Pittsburg in 1828, and though very ably defended his expulsion was affirmed. While but a youth, not quite twenty-two, I had been six years a member of the church and for some time a member of the official board. I suppose there were but few in the Conference that felt a keener interest in or more thorough convictions on the subject, and there were few more attentive to proceedings on the question. Numerous and strong petitions from all parts of the country were presented and advocated by very able men. The answer of the committee to whom they were referred, and which was adopted by the Conference, with me capped the climax. Said the Conference: "*We know no such rights and comprehend no such privileges.*" Henceforward the work of proscription, expulsion and secession went on, resulting in the organization of the Protestant Methodist Church. I was among the first in the city to be identified with it. Hitherto the laity, having no part in the government of the church, concerned themselves almost exclusively with maintaining a religious experience in which they looked to the preachers for instruction and aid, neither thinking nor caring about government. Entering an organization in which they became an essential element and formed the chief basis, they were unprepared to act their part, hence the new organization had to start on a defective foundation. Assuming that the laity understood and were competent for their part in the management of the complex machinery of government, it was soon demonstrated that the organization, though right in principle, did not work harmoniously. In the eagerness to increase in numerical strength, it became a retreat for disaffected and unworthy members of the old church, and early acquired a disturbing and destructive element that drove off many of the most useful members and ministers to other churches and Annual Conferences. From scenes of strife between parties, personal preferences, the ignoring of law and order, disintegration was the result. Min-

isters who left generally united or co-operated with other evangelical churches.

In places where intelligence, combined with Christian principle, predominated, the M. P. Church has prospered, and ranks fairly with other similar bodies. Being publicly identified so long with the cause of lay representation in Methodism I deem it proper that I should leave this record in vindication of my action in returning to the church of my early fellowship and love, an event that probably would not have occurred had not that church introduced in its policy the principle for which I so ardently contended. The seed that was sown in much contention and strife over half a century ago is of late germinating and producing important results. The arbitrary power then held and exercised by the ministry of the M. E. Church would not now be tolerated within her borders, yet I feel it due to leave on record the fact that, personally, I enjoyed fraternal relations with and brotherly kindness from all in the church. I never shunned avowal of my sentiments, but tried to maintain them on all proper occasions, though proscription and expulsion was the general order of the times. I have witnessed scenes and tumults in Smithfield church over the question of clerical supremacy that would be discreditable to political parties; amidst which the most influential half of the church seceded in a body; and, in a convention called for the purpose, organized an association that afterward became the Methodist Protestant Church. For a time it rapidly increased in numerical strength; but, through influences mentioned before, followed by the anti-slavery agitation and consequent division, the body has not maintained its own in the Western States, and in most instances has utterly failed. The church had always honored me with its most important and responsible positions. Four successive times was I sent as delegate to the General Conference. Hoping against hope, I clung to it until, impelled by a sense of duty, I requested a certificate at the session of the Illinois Annual Conference held in Vermont. Being thus released for two years and isolated from church relationship, I occupied myself, to the extent of time that paramount



duties in ministerial service allowed, chiefly with the Presbyterian Church, being reluctant to offer myself uninvited to the church I had left. The Presiding Elder, Brother Guthrie, ascertaining my position, gave me a pressing invitation and I accepted. He called a meeting of the Quarterly Conference next day, by which I was invited and received into the M. E. Church without being called on to answer any questions. At the Annual Conference thereafter I became enrolled as a member of the Illinois Conference of the M. E. Church, and had received four consecutive appointments, when the second year of the war had made such changes in my family and domestic affairs as to require my location. I am now (May 1st, 1892) within four months of being sixty-four years in the ministry. I give these church matters thus in detail, regarding them as important in my life's history, in which some of my descendants may take interest.

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## CHAPTER XXII

### *Appointment to Pulaski Circuit — Base Slander of My Colleague — Providence Demonstrated.*

On another page I had begun a record of an instance of the overruling providence of God that should properly succeed the foregoing narrative, and hence I resume it here.

My appointment being for the second year to Pulaski Circuit, to which I had been asked by a unanimous vote of the Quarterly Conference, and a brother having been sent with me in charge (I will spare his name), I was detained at home by sickness when within less than a day's travel of the circuit. My colleague had given out that I had declined the appointment; and, so far as I could learn, on his own responsibility employed the man that had served with me at the close of the previous year. To justify their action and maintain their course defamation was resorted to. It was asserted by my colleague, as susceptible of the fullest evidence, that I had

defrauded a negro of the wages earned in my service, had decoyed another into Missouri and sold him as a slave, and other such like allegations, originating, no doubt, with the lowest and basest anti-abolition workers. Having made the mistake of detailing such matters in the family of an official member of the circuit he was promptly threatened with prosecution for such base slander, and the brother went before a magistrate and registered an affidavit as to the facts; but, finding out my aversion to such a course or to paying any attention to it, he sent me the affidavit, which is yet in my possession. His employed assistant was an active abettor in this work of defamation, and the Presiding Elder was claimed as being in sympathy with the results intended by it; certainly he gave me no evidence to the contrary.

Through all this somewhat tragical affair I was greatly sustained by the sympathy and counsel of judicious brethren. Seeing that evil results were inevitable, I wrote as brief and mild a statement of matters as I could to Bishop Simpson, requesting an official release from the circuit, and promptly received a kind and sympathetic answer advising me to remain in my position, and inclosing an open letter to my colleague. The first Quarterly Conference was then at hand, and I had no opportunity meantime to deliver the open letter. Before Conference opened I was handed a commission from the Presiding Elder asking my colleague to act in his stead; and I, seeing his forces were strongly on hand and he disposed to exercise all the prerogatives of his position, at once withdrew to my lodgings, accompanied by some members. Then, after a brief statement of my reasons, sent in writing to the Conference, my withdrawal was announced. Not thinking of the Bishop's open letter until after returning home, I retained it that I might hand it to my colleague personally. My first opportunity was at the meeting of the next Annual Conference, when I saw him a few paces in front of me on the sidewalk. Hastening up to him the letter was handed, and I stepped back while he read it. He then threw it into the gutter and walked on. I picked it up, though it was too much saturated with muddy water to be preserved.

I record so much of the details of this, the most unhappy affair that has befallen in all my Christian experience and that I would gladly have dropped from memory long ago, not because it is an item of personal experience, but because it falls in line with my purpose throughout this record—to give instances that to my mind furnish demonstration of the Special Providence of God. I have long ago forgiven the actors in the case, assuming that they were influenced (though improperly) by a base class who deemed it their place to use means to put down abolition; and, giving credence to such stories, in ignorance of their origin, they (in part) supposed they were acting in view of the interests of the church. God, by a Special Providence, overruled the means employed, whatever the purpose may have been, to their sad discomfiture, but also to opposite results. I am sure the circuit has gained by the retirement of such elements as were discordant and had long been the occasion of dissension. As to the main actors in the drama, my colleague, who seemed the leader, has passed into retirement. His name has never been attached to an appointment since, though I believe it is retained on the Conference roll. His coadjutor in the trouble, soon after the scenes of trouble and affliction through which I was led, disappeared from my knowledge, and I believe from that region of country. The Elder that I have reason to believe privately abetted in the matter, was soon after expelled for an immorality; and, so far as I can learn, the circuit has harmoniously prospered and I have consciously profited by the painful experience and learned to commit my ways more fully unto the Lord.

In writing the foregoing abbreviated account of an incident so related to others, I have sometimes paused and doubted whether oblivion were not the proper place for such an occurrence. Under that impression I have been led to cut out some pages and on reflection to replace them; my object and purpose being to leave some record of the Special Providence of God as evidence in my experience. That the human will is free to act is a matter of universal consciousness, and whatever the controlling power of motive may be the action once per-

formed is passed into another realm; it is hence under the control of a Supreme Power that cares for the ravens and sparrows and yet can make even the wrath of man to praise Him. The actions here recorded are in no wise attributed to Providence. That their results, so contrary to their design and purpose, are attributable to the invisible agency of infinite wisdom and goodness is manifest. Such results could not be accidental, nor did human agency have any connection with them. What is here to be understood by a Special Providence is the action of God's general providence in special cases. That we shall reap the fruit of our doings is the decree of immutable justice that nothing but repentance and divine mercy can avert.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### *Meditations on the Present.*

When I now review my almost eighty-six years of life — memory going back to its very early stages — I am compelled either to ignore my conscious experience of its many vicissitudes, or acknowledge with grateful heart the directing and overruling care of a Heavenly Father, very often delivering in great dangers when human agencies could not avail, and often thwarting my most cherished plans and purposes that I have afterward seen would have led to results adverse to my greatest interests and brightest hopes. Now in the evening shades of life, burdened with the weight of years, many ailments and privations, I realize that life is still worth living and much enjoyment can be had in it. While the shades are gathering the star of hope grows brighter, and though death and distance have bereft me of a large family; of the companion that for over sixty-one years was with me, one in sympathy, interest and aim, and the greatest earthly help and comfort God had bestowed on me in the past; of a home to call my own, which had ever been the dearest place on earth to me; and though shut up in my room away from outside intercourse with society —

yet does a gracious Providence supply all needed comforts for this life, open for me many sources of consolation and enjoyment, and preserve me from despondency and discouragement. "Oh, who can tell the joy when the bonds of earth are renewed amidst the bliss of Heaven!"

"Thrice blessed be His holy name,  
Who, for the fallen race,  
Hath purchased by His bitter pain,  
Such plenitude of grace."

Death, as the portal of an endless life of felicity, appears desirable, yet I am content to wait all the days of my appointed time.

Death and distance have scattered my family; early associates are all gone. Of the one hundred and one ordained ministers and eighteen licentiates that composed the Ohio Annual Conference at the time of my joining it in 1830, I have been for over twelve years the only survivor. Of my school-day and early church associates, I learn by correspondence, there is not one surviving. Thus, as wave upon the neck of wave, are generations succeeding each other, and very often the thought occurs to me, "Why am I thus spared?" The only answer I find is that I may be better prepared for the solemn event of death and an everlasting home with loved ones where Jesus is, and to behold His glory and be forever with Him. I now feel that there is very little else that I can do in this world. "The wheels of life are giving out at the cistern."

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## CHAPTER XXIV

*Improvements — Early Workers in Methodism at Pittsburg — Rise of Methodism in the West — Bishop Roberts.*

What marvelous changes have been wrought in my time! I can well remember the first steam-engine started in the city of Pittsburg and the first steamboat that plowed the waters of the Ohio river — a small stern-

wheel craft that had been generally predicted a failure; and so of nearly all the discoveries and improvements that at present abound all over the country, relieving the burdens of humanity and increasing the comforts of life. Educational facilities have kept pace, and, with Christianity, have remodeled civil and social life on a corresponding scale.

It is within my recollection that the Methodists of Pittsburg and vicinity occupied for preaching and social worship a room in Thomas Cooper's house, he being one of its principal founders in the place (then known as Fort Pitt). Mr. Wrenshall, the grandfather of Mrs. U. S. Grant [Julia Dent Grant] was a very prominent citizen, and I used to hear him spoken of as a preacher (though local) of superior talents. These two names are connected in my memory with the introduction and establishment of Methodism in the city of Pittsburg that was soon included in what was called Redstone Circuit, extending from the western foot of the Allegheny mountains west and northwest without limit, and supplied by the Baltimore Conference. It should be here stated that among the most efficient and successful workers in the religious element of Methodism were the four daughters of Wrenshall, young ladies of education, refinement, exemplary piety, and a zeal for God that manifested itself on all proper occasions with remarkable influence. The foregoing circumstances connected with Methodism date back to my early boyhood, but were so frequently the subject of conversation in my father's house that they became fastened in my memory, and now on the verge of my eighty-sixth year are more vivid than much later events. In after life I became familiarly acquainted with several of the early actors in the scenes here recorded. One of the Wrenshall daughters by a second marriage became the wife of Asa Shin, one of the ablest and most prominent ministers of his day, and they were to me a second father and mother. The home of another, who was the wife of a merchant in Washington, Pa., was my very pleasant lodging place when on my second appointment. With the third, the wife of — Fielding, a prominent local preacher in the city of Pittsburg, I was but slightly

acquainted. With the mother of Mrs. U. S. Grant I had no personal acquaintance. If I am correctly informed there are now over twenty large Methodist churches, many of them spacious and of architectural grandeur, and all within my recollection.

An instance characteristic of those early times and illustrative of the Special Providence of God, occurred in what was then known as the Shenango settlement, into which Methodism was introduced, soon after its start in Pittsburg, by the settlement of some pious families, among whom was the family of the subsequent Bishop Roberts' father and the family of a very devout local preacher by the name of McClellan, connected by marriage with the Roberts family. Though the country was new and heavily timbered, the opening of farms very difficult and laborious, and the means of living to be procured, these pious families by their labor and influence soon had a log church raised in the woods where the settlers would meet on the Sabbath to worship God. This primitive Methodist zeal soon resulted in the conversion of souls and the spreading of a saving influence in the region roundabout, and was the nucleus of what ere long was a prosperous circuit. The subsequent Bishop Roberts, as I have often heard related by Thomas McClellan (who I believe was his spiritual father and faithful counselor in early youth), was extremely diffident, yet would always, when called upon, pray in public and sometimes exhort in prayer-meetings — to McClellan's mind clearly exhibiting a talent for usefulness. But no influence he could exert seemed to avail with the self-deprecating youth, until he related to him a dream that had made a serious impression on his own mind, and in which the most disastrous results followed the refusal of his protegee to give himself up more fully to the work of God. The youth seemed alarmed, and declared himself willing to do whatever God required of him, and before they parted consented that McClellan on his own responsibility might make an appointment for him. Two weeks hence their log church was filled with men and women, mostly clad in homespun. At the close of a short sermon he turned the hymnbook over to McClellan,

hastened for the door and thence to the woods, and no more was to be seen of him until late evening at his home. That first short sermon by a trembling youth clad in homespun was the beginning of a career of usefulness and honor that, without collegiate aid, few men have ever reached. When I last saw him he was presiding over a tumultuous Conference in the city of Pittsburg, when pro-slavery prejudice was running into fanaticism and violent measures were resorted to in order to quell the small element of abolition that began to show itself. It seemed to me that the meekness of Moses, the patience of Job, the wisdom of Solomon and the courage of Paul were in a great degree exemplified in the Bishop, who was satisfied to close his honored useful life on his little farm near Greencastle, Ind., and be buried on the soil he owned. Years after, the church removed his bones to a cemetery at the city of Indianapolis and placed a monument over them. It is chiefly from knowledge obtained from members of his parents' family and his early friend and advisor, McClellan, also from his sister, with whom I enjoyed an intimate acquaintance for years, that I make this imperfect record of the Bishop, regarding him as a Providential man in an emphatic sense, raised up by God for a special purpose — as much so as were afterward Abraham Lincoln and U. S. Grant.

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## CHAPTER XXV

*My Wife—Her Family—Burning of Their Home—Conversion—Incident Returning From Quincy—Traveling Across Country to Xenia, O.*

Inclination and duty combine in demanding that the partner with me for over sixty-one years in life's vicissitudes, joys and sorrows, and my chief earthly helper and comfort, should have a place with me in this record. Though now going on six years separated by death, she is daily present in my thoughts, and when I look up at her picture as it hangs on the wall near me a thousand



associations of the past rush into my mind, and I doubt not that memory, as a faculty of the soul, abides with her in an everlasting home of felicity, and the scenes and associations of earth are retained, nor has she ceased to care for me, a tottering and homeless pilgrim here below. Oh, who can tell the joy when the sweet bonds of earth are renewed in heaven, to be separated no more forever! Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived the bliss of that home and its associations.

Heretofore I have given some account of the Providential leadings in courtship and marriage, and will now give place to such few biographical sketches of my partner in life as have come authenticated to my knowledge.

She was the only daughter of John and Sarah Ohern, and had one brother. Her father was a native of Ireland, and was reared a Roman Catholic by parents that I conclude were in good circumstances from the fact that he received a liberal education. He was reputed a thorough mathematician, and brought with him to this country and retained to old age many costly instruments pertaining to the science. He was frequently called on to determine disputed lines in land, and would often employ himself in solving some obtuse problem in science. I learned from himself and others that while quite a young man he was placed in charge of a large estate by a wealthy nobleman near London, England. While in this situation he renounced the Catholic faith and identified himself with the Episcopal Church. Afterward he was placed in charge of premises belonging to the crown, and procured the title of King's Gardener [George III.] While in this position he was married to my wife's mother, of whose ancestry I have learned nothing, knowing only that she was a refined and amiable Christian lady. Her brother, who came with them to this country, was a very prominent and successful business man, acquired wealth, and was an influential member and officer in the Episcopal Church.

Soon after marriage her (my wife's) parents came to this country, and in company with her brother came direct to Pittsburg, bringing with them a handsome little fortune in British gold, and with it foreign notions of

how it should be employed. Her father's first investment was in a farm, some ten miles from the city, which he set about improving after English methods. He scientifically platted the land, and employed men to carry out his plans and show Americans how they ought to farm. Next was the building of a mill to be propelled by the wind. All proving a failure, he rented out the farm, and on the bank of the Allegheny River, outside the city limits, he procured a small plat of ground, with a desirable residence—it is presumed with a view of scientific gardening. Soon after they were comfortably settled in their new home, when asleep in their bed, the wife was awakened by a crackling noise in the room over them, and saw fire through the breaking plastering. Rousing her husband, she sprang for their son, sleeping in a cot close by, while the father seized an article of furniture containing their silverware. There was some delay in getting the front door open, and he dropped his burden to force the door, through which they barely escaped as the upper floor fell, a mass of fire, on the burden he had dropped, and all the building was a blaze of fire. It was so ordered that the little daughter was spending the night with some associates, and escaped the calamity. They soon found an asylum with the wife's brother in the city, but the occurrence waked up a new train of thought. Were they prepared for the eternal future, from the verge of which they had so narrowly escaped? They turned their attention to earnest inquiry. Their church associations did not meet the demands of awakened conscience. In reading and studying the scriptures the husband became assured of greater vitality in Christianity than he had been taught, and began to visit other churches. Starting out one Sabbath he met Edward Moore, a very devout and earnest Methodist, on his way to meet his class. Being acquainted, they stopped, and in a short conversation he learned the object of the man, and invited him to accompany him to his class. Ignorant of what sort of a meeting it might be, he accepted, and, as he afterward declared, found the place and association he was looking for. Soon after he was a converted man and ardent Methodist, as was also his wife.

As a link in the chain of Providence in their case, and the chief design of this record, it must be also stated that their means of living were now very much reduced. The future in this respect was very gloomy, when an aged Englishman of their acquaintance, who had no family, and had long been organist in the church to which they belonged, presented them with a valuable home, in which they spent the balance of their days in comfort and plenty. In later life the husband became immersed in business and alienated from the church. He died a member of the Episcopal Church, and in reduced circumstances, his wife having preceded him several years. The title to their home being in her name, it remained in his possession during his life. They had learned wisdom enough through parental affection and forecast in preparing their two idolized children against the mishaps of varying fortunes of life to foresee that it was their duty to train them to some productive pursuit. Hence they availed themselves of all possible facilities to secure to them an education in the most essential branches of study afforded by the common schools, and placed the daughter at an early age in an extensive millinery establishment to learn the business, in which she soon became an expert, and when but little over sixteen was successfully conducting the business on her own account in the city. Then she became my partner in the subsequent cares and interests of life, and for over sixty-one years we journeyed together in oneness of sympathy, interest and aim, when death took her to a higher sphere. Her mother told me that when eight years of age she [my wife] was taken with her parents to a camp meeting at Gertie's Run, about five miles from the city. Her parents missing her made search for her over the encampment, and finally found her with the seekers at the mourners' bench. Supposing her too young and that she was influenced by the excitement, they took her away to the tent, where she plead with them so earnestly to let her return that her father took her back. After a season she rose of her own accord, joy beaming in her face, and asked to see her mother. She made no profession other than the silent expression of countenance and general deportment. That she was soundly con-

verted at the time her mother had no doubt, and all her future life gave evidence of it. She was of a very cheerful, vivacious disposition, though extremely modest and diffident; yet with heroic courage and fortitude she faced the dangers and encountered the difficulties that came in her way in the line of duty. Physically she had an exceptionally sound constitution, and good average of health, courage that never quailed at danger, and presence of mind that was never lost. Many are the instances where her example shamed me. A case I will here relate.

In returning to Rushville from a visit at Quincy, and having two ladies in the two-horse carriage with us, we missed our way, taking a road that led to a steep, long hill, down which we had gone but a few rods when the tongue and hounds broke loose from the carriage and let it run against a pair of restive horses. My efforts to hold them were unavailing, and our fate seemed inevitable. Our company screamed with fright, and tried to throw themselves out. Instantly my wife jerked one of the lines from my hands, and pulling so violently as to bring the horses round in an angle with the carriage, and there held them in such position as to stop the wheel next them by the hounds and tongue coming under it, while she hurried me out to unhitch the tugs and get a scotch for the other wheel, for which I had to go several rods to procure a fence rail. Meantime, she had much trouble in keeping our company in their seats while she held the horses and I got the wheels blocked and things so far righted as to make us feel safe; but through the whole trouble she seemed as calm and self-possessed as if she felt no sense of danger. We each took a horse's bit, and with our company on foot we got safely down the hill and to a neighboring farm house, where we were assisted in getting things adjusted so as to pursue our way.

Another instance of our experience in our itinerant life recurs to memory vividly, and serves the purpose kept in view in this record, while also it exhibits a distinguishing characteristic of my companion. We were detained several days at Columbus, O., by the condition of the road that we would have to pass soon after leaving the city. About eight miles of track of the National were

thrown up across a piece of marshy land, making impassable ditches on either side, and being hemmed in by dense timber. Impatient of our long delay, after a few days of fine weather, I agreed with a man who had a strong span of horses and a light vehicle to take my wife and trunk through, and I would venture to follow after with horse and buggy. I paid him five dollars, with the promise of more when safe through if that was not sufficient. When about half the distance he refused to go any farther, got my wife and trunk out, and when I caught up had his team turned in the road. We could not prevail on him to go farther, and he offered to return the five dollars, but believing he had earned it I declined the proposal. The trunk being put into the buggy, my wife took the lines, while I on foot took to the woods, keeping in sight of her, and we struggled through and reached Jefferson, a village on terra firma, where we found comfortable lodgings for the night. There we were advised to take a road across the country to Xenia, and found we were great gainers by it, until early in the afternoon we reached a slough around which it was apparent the travel had passed through an adjoining field, the proprietor of which was rebuilding the fence and closing the passage through his field. He sternly refused to let us pass, assuring us that the slough was sufficiently crusted to bear us across. My experience with Illinois sloughs made me fearful, as there was evidence that none had yet crossed, but no influence I could use with the man would avail to let us pass through his field as others had up to that time. Closely inspecting the crusted surface, and with the man's assurance of safety, we ventured, but when within a short distance of the opposite side the horse broke through up to the shafts of the buggy, and in his struggling so broke the crust around us as to leave no way of getting out. The man at the fence had left, and our dilemma seemed hopeless. My wife saw I was giving away to despair, and calmly tried to cheer and encourage me by her confidence that Providence would not leave us to perish in that condition. While she was thus trying to keep up my spirits we discovered a man crossing the road in front of us, driving two yoke of oxen, and having a wagon with a

large load of old rails bound at either end by log chains. Screaming at the top of my voice I gained his attention, and leaving his team he came to us, surveyed our condition, pronounced us in a bad plight, then walked off while I was begging him with great earnestness to help us. My anguish of despair was dissipated when I saw him turn his team toward us, drive to the margin of the slough, unbind his load, search out such rails as answered his purpose, and make a bridge by which he got us out safely. Returning, he got into the buggy, reached over, unhitched the horse, and secured the harness round his hips (he being so completely exhausted as to be submissive;) then by a bridge of rails he got the chain securely fastened to the collar and hames at his breast, and, hitching his oxen to the other end, brought the horse out safely, and by like process the buggy. Pointing to a house some distance off the road he requested us to go there and get the horse and buggy cleaned of mud, then began to load up his wagon. I offered him pay for his service, but he positively declined, saying it was no more than we owed to each other. Both busied ourselves for some time scraping mud off the horse and buggy, then I hitched up and went to the house pointed out to us, where we found the same spirit of kindness. The lady, furnishing a broom and some castaway rags, carried water to us and assisted us in getting cleaned up. The horse on being thoroughly washed and rubbed seemed ready for the road, and, declining with thanks an invitation to remain until next day, we slowly pursued our journey with grateful hearts and increased faith in the Special Providence of our Heavenly Father. On congratulating my wife on her cheerful confidence in such a dilemma, her reply was that she was confident if we trusted God He would not let us perish in that mudhole; He had plenty of resources for our deliverance. We see the great contrast in human character between the man that refused to let us pass through his field and the friend that relieved us in our distress. I have since very often regretted that I did not get the latter's address, that I might by letter or in some tangible way acknowledge his kindness, but I feel assured that he has reward in his own consciousness, and the approval of an all-seeing,

righteous Judge. The placid confidence of my wife has ever since been an inspiration to me in confirming my faith in Providence.

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A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MY  
DEPARTED WIFE .

*Born Aug. 30, 1809; Married Nov. 16, 1826; Died . .  
Feb. 2, 1887.*

It was on the 16th of November, 1826, that Ann Oheru and I gave ourselves to each other as husband and wife, and it was for me subsequently to learn that I was possessed of the greatest gift earth could afford. Drawn together by mutual affection, while with me it was somewhat of a fascinating charm, by a combination of womanly graces; while in her I found a true, pure, womanly love, that from that hour for over sixty years it increasingly manifested itself in true wifely love and wifely offices. It was not the weakling girl of sixteen (her age when married) that would surrender her will and reason with a loving heart to obey the behests of a husband, but with whom the ever controlling motive was loyalty to God and duty; and with hearty confidence and inflexible purpose she adhered to it with unswerving purpose through all the trying vicissitudes of subsequent life. It was not the whimsical ardor of girlish love that would surrender her own womanhood, with slavish carefulness to obediently wait on the whims of a husband. I very soon discovered that I was possessed of a companion of well-rounded and well-developed womanly character, though half concealed by extreme modesty and shrinking diffidence; careful only that her generous devotion to duty should be known to God, approved by conscience and helpful to her husband.

Her devoted, cheerful life that was so frequently developing some unsuspected grace of character, coupled with a self-depreciation that ever sought retirement from public recognition, bent my spirit into profound esteem and respect, and touched my heart with increasing affection, and filled up the cup of connubial felicity. If I at first

loved with passionate fondness, it became modified by the daily exhibition of womanly graces that excited admiration and respect, and I realized that she was my peer. With clear, unbiased judgment, and keen womanly instinct, she could see and justly appreciate whatever of good was in me, and give it impulse and direction, and my faults (though many) were only mentioned with loving diffidence or reproved by loving example that strengthened my heart against them, and gave encouragement in every worthy direction. I learned to have the utmost confidence in her judgment, and the keen, clear, womanly instinct that often seemed to me endowed with prophetic insight, and often when faltering and giving way to discouragement, has her cheering companionship and loving counsel, with her unfaltering faith, encouraged and strengthened my heart. We often met with seeming misfortune and overwhelming sorrow, through all of which she ever exemplified a noble Christian fortitude, receiving all as from a kind parental hand, and administered in love, and with trusting heart would kiss the rod while smarting under the stroke. Often has my sinking heart been buoyed up when passing together through the deep waters of affliction in the repeated death of our loved ones in whom had centered many of our cherished hopes. Her Christian faith would see rays of heavenly light illuminating the dark valley through which they passed from us. In difficult ways and trying circumstances I ever found her at my side strengthening my heart, by sharing my burden, and oftentimes relieving me of it.

Naturally extremely modest and diffident, she always shrunk from notoriety, and when urged to take a more prominent part in public enterprises, her reply would be that it was not her sphere. In domestic duties, and serving the interest of others, she found ample space for her robust powers and active energies: no domestic need or want escaped her eye or hand. I never knew an instance of unredressed want turned away from our door, if she had the means to relieve it. Mere pretense and sham she intensely abhorred, and aimed to act in all her ways as under the immediate inspection of the all-seeing eye of God. Notwithstanding her natural retiring diffi-



dence, I ever found her ready to take hold of public church work when she saw that duty made the demand. In all my public labors and church work she was my judicious counselor and helper, on whom I could rely with the utmost confidence.

I can confidently assert that after sixty years of companionship and confiding intimacy I never knew her by word or action to diverge from the truth as she understood and believed it. Perfect guilelessness and the strictest honesty even in the smallest matters were the unvarying characteristics of her life. With such confidence in her judgment and correct sense of propriety did she inspire me that I cannot remember an instance, when at all practicable, of my writing an article for the press, or preparing on paper a public address, or a letter in private correspondence, that was not submitted to her inspection, nor an instance in which I did not profit by her suggestions when offered.

With her clear, quick instincts and courageous heart she always met the emergencies of life, carefully regarding the lessons God would teach us by them. With hearty confidence and dauntless courage she assumed what she believed her proper place in the world, which was to minister to others, and with self-sacrificing effort and labor seek the well-being and comfort of those around her. Her husband has proved by the test of over sixty years' experience, through the varying vicissitudes of life, her price to be above rubies. His heart has safely trusted her, and she has done him good and not evil all the days of her life. Her dying expression to him was that *God was with her*; and though bereft of his chiefest earthly comfort, he cannot doubt that she entered on a higher and nobler life than earth afforded in an everlasting home in Heaven. Here she reigned the motherly queen of her own household, and the consort queen in her husband's heart. Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. The fruit of her hands, and her own works, they also praise her.

JNO. CLARKE.

## CHAPTER XXVI

*Obituary of Thomas.*

*Died July 31st, 1864.*

Among some old papers, I find the manuscript from which was published an obituary notice of a beloved son, but which notice is now lost, save in the manuscript which is here transcribed by the tremulous hand of his aged father in perpetuation of his memory.

“Thomas W. Clarke was born at Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 15, 1842. He enlisted at Rushville, Ill., in Company 16. Volunteers in the War of the Rebellion, August 15, 1862. Died in hospital at Memphis, Tenn., July 31, 1864, lacking fifteen days of being twenty-two years of age.

“During his time of service in the army, until his last illness, he kept a diary that is now in possession of his parents, in which is contained a daily record of transpiring events and personal experience. From this, together with his frequent letters home, and many of condolence from officers and comrades, we have the assurance that he maintained an upright life, always shunning the too common vices of army life, always cheerfully prompt and faithful in duty, courageous in many battles and patient in severe hardships. The Bible his mother gave him when leaving home, and which was brought back with his corpse, bore marks of diligent reading and study.

“At home he was always cheerful and dutiful, shedding sunshine in the family. His parents state that they have no recollection that he ever grieved or crossed them by a disobedient or undutiful act.”

“FATHER.”

*Transcribed March 25, 1892.*

## CHAPTER XXVII

*Memoranda of Dates.*

Many of the circumstances and events related in the foregoing narrative are without dates, being omitted because at the time of writing I could not confidently

rely on memory, while in all else it was vividly clear. Having since found some missing data I here subjoin what is thus obtained.

Was received on probation in the Smithfield Station M. E. Church, Pittsburg, Pa., May 18, 1823.

Was converted about four o'clock in the morning on the third day after, while alone in the attic of a three-story house on Market street, same city, having spent the two previous nights without sleep.

Was elected Superintendent of a large mission Sunday School in April, 1824, and leader of the first class organized in the city of Allegheny, then connected with Smithfield Station, June 25, 1825.

Commenced business the same year in Allegheny, at my trade.

The same year was elected Superintendent of a large union Sunday School in the Presbyterian Church.

Married Nov. 16, 1826, to Ann Ohern.

Health failed and I started south Oct. 1, 1829. Returned the following May, improved in health. To my great surprise, met a letter at Louisville from an official member of Quarterly Conference at Pittsburg, containing license to preach, dated Aug. 21, 1829.

Joined this Conference in October, 1829.

Appointed to Georgetown Circuit; served one year.

Ordained deacon and appointed to Ohio Circuit in October, 1831. Returned to same and was ordained elder in October, 1833.

Appointed to Sixth-street Station, Cincinnati; served one year.

1834—Elected President Ohio Conference.

1835—Appointed College Agent, served three years and resigned.

1838—Stationed at Chappels two years.

1840—Took transfer and stationed at Sharpsburg, Pittsburg Conference.

1843—Moved to Rushville, Ill., served the church two years.

1845—Elected President Illinois Conference.

1846—Rushville Circuit two years.

1848-9—Vermont and Astoria.

1851-2—Beardstown and Brooklyn, alternate Sundays.

1853—Withdrew from the M. P. Church, subsequently joined the M. E. Church and Illinois Conference, and served one year in Warsaw Station.

Appointed to Pulaski Circuit two years; Virginia Station. one year; when circumstances growing out of the war compelled a location to attend to home interests, and for one year served Rushville Circuit by appointment of the Elder.

In all, thirty years in regular work and thirty-four in local.

Nov. 16, 1893.

[End of the Record of Rev. John Clarke.]

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### *Family of Eleanor Greer, Wife of John Clarke.*

The parents of Eleanor Greer were George Greer and Jane Martin, who were residents of County Tyrone, Ireland, and who had seven children, viz:

1. MARTIN, married Lucinda Crosier in Ireland.
2. JOSEPH, married in America and had one son, George.
3. ROBERT, married an Eriskine, daughter of a minister in the Church of England. He had fourteen children: Aleck, Andrew, Ellen, Lucy, Jane, Joseph, James, Eliza, Lindrum, George, and four others whose names are not known.
4. NANCY, married William Ward, a Catholic. They came to Norfolk, Va.; had one son, George, who died at sea, and one daughter, who was married to a MacCourt in Virginia.
5. REBECCA, married James Little in Ireland. Their children were: Eliza, who died; George, Susan (Whitson), Jane (Snyder), Eleanor (Dewitt), Rebecca (Window).
6. ELEANOR, married John Clarke.

7. JANE, married Thomas Wilson. They had seven children: William, who died near Nauvoo, Ill., leaving a large family; George; Thomas, who married Susan Clarke; Joseph, bachelor, died in Mapleton, Iowa; Robert, married Sarah Lord, died in Nauvoo; Jane, married Miles Wilcox, and died in Mapleton, Iowa; Martha.

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## CHAPTER XXIX

### *Adam Clarke.*

Adam Clarke, Wesleyan preacher, commentator and theological writer, was born about 1760, in the village of Maghera, County Londonderry, Ireland, of a family that had once held extensive estates in the north of Ireland. His father was a village school-master of a superior order and Adam was one of his pupils, but when young he was not quick in his studies and gave no promise of the remarkable love of learning which he afterward displayed. His mother was a Presbyterian of the Old Puritan school — "a person powerful in the scriptures" — and whenever she corrected her children, she gave chapter and verse for it. In this way Adam received early religious impressions that were lasting.

Through the influence of John Wesley, of whom he was a profound admirer, he completed his studies at Kingswood School, near Bristol. At an early age he began to preach, and attained great popularity. He became a most assiduous scholar and a great linguist.

He was a fellow of the Antiquarian Society, a member of the Royal Irish Academy, an associate of the Geological Society of London, a fellow of the Royal Asiatic Society, and a member of the American Historical Institute — honors very rare in the ranks of Wesleyan ministry. He was a personal friend of many dignitaries of the church and other distinguished persons. The Duke of Sussex had a high esteem for him and they exchanged hospitalities.

As a theological writer, Clarke produced many works of ability, the most important being his "Commentary

on the Holy Bible." It had a very wide circulation in its day, but is little consulted now. "He maintained that the serpent that tempted Eve was a baboon; he held that Judas Iscariot was saved; in regard to predestination, he threw Calvin overboard and followed Dr. John Taylor; and on the person of Jesus Christ, while maintaining His divinity, he denied His eternal sonship."

He was engaged to re-edit Rymer's "Fœdera," but was compelled to resign his commission.

Clarke married Miss Mary Cooke, eldest daughter of Mr. Cooke, a Trowbridge clothier; "an excellent woman who took Clarke in his poverty and loved him for himself, and who lived to see him the friend of the great, the learned, the good—the foremost man of a powerful community." One of his sons was educated at Cambridge and took orders in the Established Church.

Clarke was made executor of Wesley's will and a trustee (with six others) of all his literary property.

He died in London, from an attack of cholera, August 26, 1832.

In trying to trace our descent still further back than Duncan Clarke, I found in Sir Bernard Burke's "Landed Gentry of Ireland" the lineage of Clark of Largantogher. This family was established in Ireland at the close of the seventeenth century and became possessed of the Maghera estate previously to 1727. Knowing that Adam Clarke, who according to grandfather's record belonged to one branch of our family, was born in Maghera, I thought there might possibly be some connection between his family and the family of Clark of Largantogher. So I wrote to Mr. James Jackson Clark, now of Largantogher House, in order to obtain some light upon the subject. While I failed to establish any relationship, I received in reply the following interesting letter:

"LARGANTOGHER, Maghera, Co. Derry,  
11 Sept., '04.

Dear Madam:

In reply to yours of the 23 Augt. I am afraid I cannot help you much. In compiling your genealogical history I do not

think you need attach much importance as to whether the name of Clark was spelt with or without a final "e." Twice about 1760 the "e" in my case has been completely dropped. In some of the earlier deeds it has been retained, but by no means universally.

We are not connected with Dr. Adam Clarke. His family was, I think, of Scotch origin. Mine is from Salford in Warwickshire (it is incorrectly stated Lancashire in Burke's). There is no doubt several members of my family about 1770 went to America and settled there, but we have lost all trace of them. The names of two of them were Arthur and William.

If further research suggests any other questions, it will give me much pleasure if I can assist you in solving them.

I have the honor to be, Madam,

Your obdt. servant,  
J. JACKSON CLARK."

## CHAPTER XXX

## THE FAMILY TREE

(Born, Scotland.  
 DUNCAN CLARKE\*..... (Died probably in Ireland.  
 (Buried probably in Ireland.

Son of Duncan Clarke.

(Born, County Tyrone, Ireland.  
 JAMES CLARKE..... (Died, " " "  
 (Buried, " " "

Married probably in County Tyrone, Ireland.

(Born  
 SUSANNA WOOD..... (Died, County Tyrone, Ireland. (?)  
 (Buried, " " "

Children of James Clarke and Susanna Wood.

(Born, County Tyrone, Ireland.  
 1. Archibald Clarke..... (Died, " " "  
 (Buried " " "

(Born, County Tyrone, Ireland.  
 2. Ruth Clarke..... (Died, " " "  
 (Buried, " " "

Married

(Born, Ireland.  
 ————— Kilchrist.... (Died, "  
 (Buried, "

(Born, County Tyrone, Ireland.  
 3. Levina Clarke..... (Died, " " "  
 (Buried, " " "

Married

(Born, Ireland.  
 ————— Faulkner... (Died, "  
 (Buried, "

\* No record has been found of Duncan Clarke's wife, and it is not known if he had other children besides James.



4. Sarah Clarke..... (Born, County Tyrone, Ireland.  
 (Died, " " "  
 (Buried, " " "

Married

———— Atchison... (Born, Ireland.  
 (Died, "  
 (Buried, "

5. John Clarke..... (Born County, Tyrone, Ireland. — 1769.  
 (Died, Sewickley, Pa., Dec. 24, 1833.  
 (Buried, Rushville, Ill.

## FIFTH CHILD OF JAMES CLARKE AND SUSANNA WOOD.

JOHN CLARKE \* ..... (Born, County Tyrone, Ireland, — 1769.  
 (Died, Sewickley, Pa., Dec. 24, 1833.  
 (Buried, Rushville, Ill.

Married, County Tyrone, Ireland, ——— 1799.

ELEANOR GREER ..... (Born, County Tyrone, Ireland.  
 (Died, Rushville, Ill., Aug. 29, 1867.  
 (Buried, Rushville, Ill.

## Children of John Clarke and Eleanor Greer.

1. James ..... (Born, County Tyrone, Ireland, June 17, 1800.  
 (Died, Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 15, 1855.  
 (Buried, Rushville, Ill.
2. George ..... (Born, Lancaster, Pa., Sept. 6, 1802.  
 (Died, Pittsburg, Pa., May 3, 1823.  
 (Buried, Rushville, Ill.
3. John ..... (Born, Lancaster, Pa., Sept. 24, 1806.  
 (Died, Detroit, Mich., May 18, 1896.  
 (Buried, Rushville, Ill.
4. Ann Jane ..... (Born, Lancaster, Pa., Nov. 6, 1808.  
 (Died, Rushville, Ill., Aug. 8, 1876.  
 (Buried, Rushville, Ill.
5. Susan ..... (Born, Lancaster, Pa., Feb. 6, 1811.  
 (Died, Rushville, Ill., March 12, 1902.  
 (Buried, Rushville, Ill.

\* John Clarke came to America in 1801.

## FIRST CHILD OF JOHN CLARKE AND ELEANOR GREER.

JAMES CLARKE..... (Born, County Tyrone, Ireland, June 17, 1800.  
(Died, Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 15, 1855.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.

Married, Pittsburg, Pa., April 20, 1826.

SARAH COOPER..... (Born, Pittsburg, Pa., 1800.  
(Died, Nauvoo, Ill., 1850.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.

## Children of James Clarke and Sarah Cooper.

1. Eleanor..... (Born, Sharpsburg, Pa., March 19, 1827.  
(Died, Geneseo, Ill., March 11, 1902.  
(Buried, Geneseo, Ill.
2. John Cooper..... (Born, Pittsburg, Pa., May 6, 1829.  
(Died, Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 23, 1834.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.
3. George Little... (Born, Pittsburg, Pa., April 5, 1831.  
(Died, San Francisco, Cal., July 28, 1902.  
(Buried, San Francisco, Cal.
4. Sarah Ann..... (Born, Pittsburg, Pa., April 26, 1832.  
(Died, Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 31, 1847.  
(Buried, Nauvoo, Ill.
5. James Patterson.. (Born, Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 7, 1835.  
(Present address, Springfield, Ill.
6. Amanda Jane.... (Born, Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 13, 1837.  
(Died, Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 30, 1840.  
(Buried, Pittsburg, Pa.
7. Louise Mary..... (Born, Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 22, 1840.  
(Died, Pittsburg, Pa., May 8, 1842.  
(Buried, Pittsburg, Pa.
8. Emma Jane..... (Born, Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 22, 1840.  
(Present address, Geneseo, Ill.
9. Milton..... (Born, Pittsburg, Pa., 1843.  
(Died, Pittsburg, Pa., 1844.  
(Buried, Pittsburg, Pa.

## FIRST CHILD OF JAMES CLARKE AND SARAH COOPER.

ELEANOR CLARKE... (Born, Sharpsburg, Pa., March 19, 1827.  
 (Died, Geneseo, Ill., March 11, 1902.  
 (Buried, Geneseo, Ill.

Married, Rushville, Ill., Sept. 21, 1854.

JOHN JACKSON DARIN... (Born, Armstrong Co., Pa., Feb. 9, 1825.  
 (Died, Geneseo, Ill., Oct. 8, 1904.  
 (Buried, Geneseo, Ill.

## Children of Eleanor Clarke and John Jackson Darin.

1. Annie Emily... (Born, Phenix, Ill., Nov. 21, 1855.  
 (Present address, Alexandria, S. D.
2. Sarah Mildred... (Born, Phenix, Ill., May 19, 1857.  
 (Present address, Geneseo, Ill.
3. James Clarke... (Born, Phenix, Ill., April 12, 1859.  
 (Died, Geneseo, Ill., Oct. 22, 1904.  
 (Buried, Geneseo, Ill.
4. Edward Everett... (Born, Phenix, Ill., Sept. 4, 1861.  
 (Present address, Geneseo, Ill.
5. Nora Eleanor... (Born, Phenix, Ill., Nov. 13, 1863.  
 (Present address, Geneseo, Ill.
6. Charles Heber... (Born, Phenix, Ill., Nov. 17, 1865.  
 (Present address, Geneseo, Ill.
7. George Little... (Born, Phenix, Ill., March 28, 1873.  
 (Present address, San Francisco, Cal.

## FIRST CHILD OF ELEANOR CLARKE AND JOHN JACKSON DARIN.

ANNIE EMILY DARIN... (Born, Phenix, Ill., Nov. 21, 1855.  
 (Present address, Alexandria, S. D.

Married, Phenix, Ill., Aug. 8, 1873.

RICHARD ALFRED PINNELL... (Born, Phenix, Ill., Sept. 24, 1849.  
 (Present address, Alexandria, S. D.

## Children of Annie Emily Darin and Richard Alfred Pinnell.

1. Jessie Clarke..... (Born, Phenix, Ill., Dec. 7, 1878.  
(Present address, Alexandria, S. D.
2. Eleanor Mary..... (Born, Phenix, Ill., Feb. 28, 1881.  
(Present address, Alexandria, S. D.
3. John Darin..... (Born, Alexandria, S. D., Dec. 20, 1884.  
(Present address, Alexandria, S. D.
4. Bessie Eva..... (Born, Alexandria, S. D., Nov. 7, 1886.  
(Present address, Alexandria, S. D.
5. Samuel Ward..... (Born, Wayne, S. D., May 3, 1889.  
(
6. E. O. Hazen..... (Born Wayne, S. D., Jan. 30, 1891.  
(

## SECOND CHILD OF ELEANOR CLARKE AND JOHN JACKSON DARIN.

SARAH MILDRED DARIN..... (Born, Phenix, Ill., May 19, 1857.  
(Present address, Geneseo, Ill.

Married, Phenix, Ill., Sept. 21, 1891.

EMANUEL LAUDERBACH .... (Born, Columbia Co., Pa., Dec. 23, 1851.  
(Present address, Geneseo, Ill.

Only Child of Sarah Mildred Darin and Emanuel Lauderbach.

(Born, Phenix, Ill, May 31, 1893.  
Lida Eleanor..... (

## FOURTH CHILD OF ELEANOR CLARKE AND JOHN JACKSON DARIN.

EDWARD EVERETT DARIN... (Born, Phenix, Ill., Sept. 4, 1861.  
(Present address, Geneseo, Ill.

Married, Geneseo, Ill., March 8, 1893.

NETTIE MAY WARD..... (Born, Geneseo, Ill., June 22, 1873.  
(Present address, Geneseo, Ill.

## Children of Edward Everett Darin and Nettie May Ward.

1. Harold Avery. . . . . (Born, Geneseo, Ill., July 27, 1894.  
(
2. Mary Eleanor. . . . . (Born, Geneseo, Ill., May 17, 1897.  
(
3. John Ward. . . . . (Born, Geneseo, Ill., June 16, 1903.  
(

## FIFTH CHILD OF ELEANOR CLARKE AND JOHN JACKSON DARIN.

NORA ELEANOR DARIN. . . . . (Born, Phenix, Ill., Nov. 13, 1863.  
(Present address, Geneseo, Ill.

Married, Phenix, Ill., Jan. 16, 1892.

VIRGIL McHENRY. . . . . (Born, Phenix, Ill., Feb. 23, 1863.  
(Present address, Geneseo, Ill.

## Children of Nora Eleanor Darin and Virgil McHenry.

1. Bessie Helen. . . . . (Born, Phenix, Ill., Jan. 17, 1893.  
(
2. Tella Ada. . . . . (Born, Phenix, Ill., Feb. 21, 1895.  
(
3. Arthur Burdette. . . . . (Born, Phenix, Ill., Feb. 2, 1897.  
(

## SIXTH CHILD OF ELEANOR CLARKE AND JOHN JACKSON DARIN.

CHARLES HEBER DARIN. . . . . (Born, Phenix, Ill., Nov. 17, 1865.  
(Present address, Geneseo, Ill.

Married, Geneseo, Ill., March 22, 1893.

ALICE LORA PIERCE. . . . . (Born, Lackawanna, Pa., July 29, 1872.  
(Present address, Geneseo, Ill.

## Children of Charles Heber Darin and Alice Lora Pierce.

1. Vernie Hazel ..... (Born, Phenix, Ill., Dec. 29, 1895.  
(
2. John Heber..... (Born, Phenix, Ill., March 15, 1897.  
(
3. Hazen Horner..... (Born, Phenix, Ill., Sept. 20, 1899,  
(
4. Ruby Halcyon..... (Born, Phenix, Ill., June 7, 1902.  
(

## FIFTH CHILD OF JAMES CLARKE AND SARAH COOPER.

JAMES PATTERSON CLARKE.. (Born, Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 7, 1835.  
(Present address, Springfield, Ill.

Married, Rushville, Ill., March 11, 1864.

ANNA J. WILSON..... (Born, Sewickley, Pa., Oct. 9, 1835.  
(Present address, Springfield, Ill.

## Only Child of James Patterson Clarke and Anna J. Wilson.

HOWARD W. CLARKE..... (Born, Sacramento, Cal., April 9, 1865.  
(Present address, Springfield, Ill.

Married, Springfield, Ill., 1892.

MARY E. STALKER..... (Born, Jacksonville, Ill., Jan. 12, 1872.  
(Present address, Springfield, Ill.

## Children of Howard W. Clarke and Mary E. Stalker.

1. Helen W..... (Born, Springfield, Ill., June 24, 1893.  
(
2. Eleanor M..... (Born, Springfield, Ill., Aug. 4, 1898.  
(

3. Eva Munson... . . . . (Born, Springfield, Ill., Aug. 5, 1900.  
(  
(
4. Susie W..... . . . . (Born, Springfield, Ill., Jan. 24, 1903.  
(  
(



## THIRD CHILD OF JOHN CLARKE AND ELEANOR GREER.

JOHN CLARKE..... (Born, Lancaster, Pa., Sept. 24, 1806.  
(Died, Detroit, Mich., May 18, 1896.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.,

Married, Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 16, 1826.

ANN OHERN..... (Born, Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 30, 1809.  
(Died, Rushville, Ill., Feb. 2, 1887.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.

## Children of John Clarke and Ann Ohern.

1. Sarah Ellen..... (Born, Allegheny, Pa., Dec. 24, 1827.  
(Died, Detroit, Mich., Nov. 17, 1902.  
(Buried, Detroit, Mich.
2. Louisa Jane..... (Born, Allegheny, Pa., Dec. 23, 1830.  
(Died, Allegheny, Pa., Oct. 21, 1832.  
(Buried, Allegheny, Pa.
3. George Greer..... (Born, West Middletown, Pa., July 18, 1832  
(Died, Rushville, Ill., Feb. 20, 1876.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.
4. John Simpson..... (Born, Cincinnati, O., Sept. 23, 1834.  
(Died, Rushville, Ill., April 20, 1853.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.
5. James Foster..... (Born, Lawrenceburg, Ind., Nov. 10, 1836.  
(Died, Portland, Ore., Oct. 26, 1901.  
(Buried, Portland, Ore.
6. Ancel Henry..... (Born, Lawrenceburg, Ind., July 1, 1838.  
(Died, Rushville, Ill., Aug. 30, 1900.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.
7. Albert Beard..... (Born, Allegheny, Pa., July 5, 1840.  
(Died, Kearney, Neb., Aug. 17, 1890.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.
8. Thomas Wilson..... (Born, Sharpsburg, Pa., Aug. 15, 1842.  
(Died, Memphis, Tenn., July 31, 1864.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.
9. Nicholas Snethen..... (Born, Rushville, Ill., April 14, 1845.  
(Present address, Lawrence, Kan.
10. Mary Louisa..... (Born, Rushville, Ill., April 1, 1847.  
(Died, Rushville, Ill., May 14, 1878.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.

11. Francis Waters..... (Born, Rushville, Ill., Sept. 23, 1849.  
(Died, Rushville, Ill., Aug. 20, 1871.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.
- (Born, Rushville, Ill., Oct. 25, 1851.  
12. Charles Avery..... (Died, Rushville, Ill., March 3, 1876.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.

## FIRST CHILD OF JOHN CLARKE AND ANN OHERN.

- (Born, Allegheny, Pa., Dec. 24, 1827.  
SARAH ELLEN CLARKE..... (Died, Detroit, Mich., Nov. 17, 1902.  
(Buried, Detroit, Mich.

Married, Rushville, Ill., Oct. 30, 1850.

- (Born, Cape Girardeau, Mo., Dec. 20, 1825.  
GEORGE WASHINGTON..... (Died, Detroit, Mich., Sept. 21, 1898.  
SCRIPPS..... (Buried, Detroit, Mich.

## Children of Sarah Ellen Clarke and George Washington Scripps.

- (Born, Rushville, Ill., Dec. 20, 1851.  
1. George Clarke..... (Present address, Detroit, Mich.
- (Born, Rushville, Ill., Aug. 24, 1853.  
2. John Franklin..... (Killed on railroad, Aug. 5, 1870.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.
- (Born, Rushville, Ill., Nov. 27, 1855.  
3. Anna Jane..... (Died, Rushville, Ill., Aug. 3, 1859.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.
- (Born, Rushville, Ill., Feb. 1, 1858.  
4. Ernest Ohern..... (Present address, Portland, Ore.
- (Born, Rushville, Ill., March 10, 1860.  
5. Charles Herman..... (Died, Mt. Clemens, Mich., Nov. 5, 1901.  
(Buried, Detroit, Mich.
- (Born, Rushville, Ill., Feb. 15, 1862.  
6. Catherine Elizabeth.... (Died, Detroit, Mich., Nov. 1, 1899.  
(Buried, Detroit, Mich.
- (Born, Rushville, Ill., Oct. 9, 1864.  
7. Thomas Henry..... (Died, Rushville, Ill., June 18, 1865.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.
- (Born, Rushville, Ill., Dec. 10, 1866.  
8. Benjamin Locke..... (Died, Rushville, Ill., Dec. 10, 1866.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.

- (Born, Rushville, Ill., April 3, 1868.  
 9. William Locke..... (Died, Detroit, Mich., March 23, 1888.  
 (Buried, Detroit, Mich.  
 (Born, Rushville, Ill., Jan. 29, 1870.  
 10. James Albert..... (Died, Rushville, Ill., Jan. 8, 1879.  
 (Buried, Rushville, Ill.

FIRST CHILD OF SARAH ELLEN CLARKE AND GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 SCRIPPS.

(Born, Rushville, Ill., Dec. 20, 1851.  
 GEORGE CLARKE SCRIPPS... ( (Present address, Detroit, Mich.

Married, Detroit, Mich., Dec. 20, 1876.

(Born, Osnabrook, Ont., Oct. 16, 1852.  
 ANNA ADELAIDE MATTICE ( (Present address, Detroit, Mich.

Children of George Clarke Scripps and Anna Adelaide Mattice.

- (Born, Detroit, Mich., Sept. 11, 1877.  
 1. Jessie Adelaide..... ( (Present address, Detroit, Mich.  
 (Born, Detroit, Mich., Nov. 23, 1880.  
 2. George Mattice..... ( (Present address, Detroit, Mich.  
 (Born, Detroit, Mich., May 17, 1885.  
 3. Sarah Adele..... ( (Present address, Detroit, Mich.  
 (Born, Detroit, Mich., March 30, 1889.  
 4. Edith Clarke..... ( (Present address, Detroit, Mich.

FIRST CHILD OF GEORGE CLARKE SCRIPPS AND ANNA ADELAIDE  
 MATTICE.

(Born, Detroit, Mich., Sept. 11, 1877.  
 JESSIE ADELAIDE SCRIPPS... ( (Present address, Detroit, Mich.

Married, Detroit, Mich., May 3, 1898.

(Born, Southfield, Mich., Jan. 7, 1869.  
 MINER ALEXANDER GREGG.. ( (Present address, Detroit, Mich.

SECOND CHILD OF GEORGE CLARKE SCRIPPS AND ANNA ADELAIDE  
MATTICE.

(Born, Detroit, Mich., Nov. 23, 1880.  
GEORGE MATTICE SCRIPPS. ( (Present address, Detroit, Mich.

Married, Detroit, Mich., June 22, 1903.

(Born, Detroit, Mich., Nov. 8, 1884.  
MARGARET FLEMING WILSON ( (Present address, Detroit, Mich.

Children of George Mattice Scripps and Margaret Fleming Wilson.

(Born, Detroit, Mich., April 18, 1904.  
1. Eleanor Wilson..... ( (

FOURTH CHILD OF SARAH ELLEN CLARKE AND GEORGE WASHINGTON  
SCRIPPS.

(Born, Rushville, Ill. Feb. 1, 1858.  
ERNEST OHERN SCRIPPS..... ( (Present address, Portland, Ore.

Married, Rushville, Ill., June 16, 1880.

(Born, Worthington, Ind., Jan. 29, 1859.  
LINNIE WILLS..... (Died, Detroit, Mich., April 24, 1895.  
(Buried, Detroit, Mich.

Only Child of Ernest Ohern Scripps and Linnie Wills.

(Born, Worthington, Ind., March 7, 1882.  
Howard Ernest..... ( (Present address, Detroit, Mich.

FIFTH CHILD OF SARAH ELLEN CLARKE AND GEORGE WASHINGTON  
SCRIPPS.

(Born, Rushville, Ill., March 10, 1860.  
CHARLES HERMAN SCRIPPS (Died, Mt. Clemens, Mich., Dec. 5, 1901.  
(Buried, Detroit, Mich.

Married, Albion, Mich., Sept. 23, 1891.

(Born, Kalamazoo, Mich., Oct. 30, 1865.  
HELEN MAY KNAPPEN... .. ( (Present address, Albion, Mich.

## Children of Charles Herman Scripps and Helen May Knappen.

- (Born, Detroit, Mich., July 2, 1894.  
 1. Charles Knappen . . . . . (Died, Detroit, Mich., Aug. 3, 1894.  
 (Buried, Detroit, Mich.)
- (Born, Detroit, Mich. April 16, 1898.  
 2. Catherine Harriet . . . . . (Died, Detroit, Mich. April 23, 1898.  
 (Buried, Detroit, Mich.)

## SIXTH CHILD OF SARAH ELLEN CLARKE AND GEORGE WASHINGTON SCRIPPS.

(Born, Rushville, Ill., Feb. 15, 1862.  
 CATHERINE ELIZABETH (Died, Detroit, Mich., Nov. 1, 1899.  
 SCRIPPS . . . . . (Buried, Detroit, Mich.)

Married, Detroit, Mich., July 5, 1887.

(Born, Dexter, Mich., July 11, 1864.  
 WILLIAM DUTY SOUTHWICK ( (Present address, Detroit, Mich.)

## Children of Catherine Elizabeth Scripps and William Duty Southwick.

- (Born, Detroit, Mich., April 24, 1888.  
 1. James Scripps . . . . . ( (Present address, Detroit, Mich.)
- (Born, Detroit, Mich., April 3, 1890.  
 2. Helen Marjorie . . . . . (Died, Detroit, Mich., April 16, 1901.  
 (Buried, Detroit, Mich.)
- (Born, Detroit, Mich., July 22, 1892.  
 3. Herman Duty . . . . . ( (Present address, Detroit, Mich.)

## THIRD CHILD OF JOHN CLARKE AND ANN OHERN.

(Born, West Middletown, Pa., July 18 1832.  
 GEORGE GREER CLARKE . . . . . (Died, Rushville, Ill., Feb. 20, 1876.  
 (Buried, Rushville, Ill.)

Married, Rushville, Ill., March 23, 1853.

(Born, Rushville, Ill., Oct. 23, 1834.  
 MARIA LOUISA OWEN . . . . . (Died, Rushville, Ill., March 19, 1887.  
 (Buried, Rushville, Ill.)

## Children of George Greer Clarke and Maria Louisa Owen.

1. John William . . . . . (Born, Rushville, Ill., Dec. 25, 1853.  
(Died, Rushville, Ill., April 6, 1855.  
(Buried, Owen Cemetery, near Tullis School.
2. Charles Edward . . . . . (Born, Rushville, Ill., Jan. 17, 1856.  
(Present address, Elm Creek, Neb.
3. Ella May . . . . . (Born, Rushville, Ill., Nov. 7, 1857.  
(Died, Rushville, Ill., Dec. 11, 1858.  
(Buried, Owen Cemetery, near Tullis School.
4. Anna Maria . . . . . (Born, Rushville, Ill., Oct. 12, 1859.  
(Present address, Pasadena, Cal.
5. Agnes Bertha . . . . . (Born, Rushville, Ill., Feb. 21, 1862.  
(Present address, Rushville, Ill.
6. Harriet Owen . . . . . (Born, Rushville, Ill., Sept. 15, 1864.  
(Present address, Rushville, Ill.

## SECOND CHILD OF GEORGE GREER CLARKE AND MARIA LOUISA OWEN.

CHARLES EDWARD CLARKE (Born, Rushville, Ill., Jan. 17, 1856.  
(Present address, Elm Creek, Neb.

Married, Washington, Ia., Sept. 18, 1878.

MELISSA ADELINE WILSON . . . . . (Born, Fulton Co., Ind., Feb. 10, 1853.  
(Present address, Elm Creek, Neb.

## Children of Charles Edward Clarke and Melissa Adeline Wilson.

1. William Adolph . . . . . (Born, Rushville, Ill., Jan. 4, 1880.  
(Present address, Elm Creek, Neb.
2. Nellie Agnes . . . . . (Born, Irwin, Shelby Co., Ia., Dec. 1, 1882.  
(Present address, Elm Creek, Neb.
3. Ralph Owen . . . . . (Born, Irwin, Shelby Co., Ia., April 21, 1884.  
(Present address, Elm Creek, Neb.

4. Lewis Wilson..... (Born, Irwin, Shelby Co., Ia., Oct. 12, 1886.  
(Present address, Elm Creek, Neb.
5. Hattie Anna..... (Born, Overton, Neb., Feb. 18, 1891  
(Present address, Elm Creek, Neb.

## FOURTH CHILD OF GEORGE GREER CLARKE AND MARIA LOUISA OWEN.

ANNA MARIA CLARKE..... (Born, Rushville, Ill., Oct. 12, 1859.  
(Present address, Pasadena, Cal.

Married, Rushville, Ill., Oct. 27, 1880.

HENRY ADOLPH NIEMAN... (Born, Detmold, Lippe, Germany, Oct. 27,  
1850.  
(Died, Rushville, Ill., Nov. 21, 1885.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.

## Children of Anna Maria Clarke and Henry Adolph Nieman.

1. Lena May..... (Born, Rushville, Ill., Dec. 24, 1881.  
(Present address, Pasadena, Cal.
2. Harriet Agnes..... (Born, Rushville, Ill., Aug. 7, 1883.  
(Present address, Pasadena, Cal.
3. Henry Owen..... (Born, Rushville, Ill., Sept. 2, 1885.  
(Died, Rushville, Ill., April 23, 1886.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.

## FIFTH CHILD OF GEORGE GREER CLARKE AND MARIA LOUISA OWEN.

AGNES BERTHA CLARKE ... (Born, Rushville, Ill., Feb. 21, 1862.  
(Present address, Rushville, Ill.

Married, Rushville, Ill., March 18, 1890.

WILLIS GEORGE BABCOCK... (Born, Rushville, Ill., Nov. 4, 1860.  
(Present address, Rushville, Ill.

## Children of Agnes Bertha Clarke and Willis George Babcock.

1. Justus Clarke..... (Born, Rushville, Ill., July 5, 1892.  
(

- (Born, Rushville, Ill., Oct. 20, 1893.  
 2. Florence Louise..... (

SIXTH CHILD OF GEORGE GREER CLARKE AND MARIA LOUISA OWEN.

- (Born, Rushville, Ill., Sept. 15, 1864.  
 HARRIET OWEN CLARKE.... (

(Present address, Rushville, Ill.  
 Married, Rushville, Ill., Nov. 4, 1891.

- (Born, Rushville, Ill., March 22, 1860.  
 CHARLES ARTHUR KNOWLES (

(Present address, Rushville, Ill.

FIFTH CHILD OF JOHN CLARKE AND ANN OHERN.

- (Born, Lawrenceburg, Ind., Nov. 10, 1836.  
 JAMES FOSTER CLARKE..... (Died, Portland, Ore., Oct. 26, 1901.  
 (Buried, "Lone Fir" Cemetery, Portland, Ore.

Married first, Rushville, Ill., April 2, 1862.

- (Born, Rushville, Ill., Feb. 22, 1836.  
 HATTIE OWEN..... (Died, Rushville, Ill., Aug. 22, 1867.  
 (Buried, Rushville, Ill.

Married second, Portland, Ore., July 28, 1869.

- (Born, Warmesen, Germany, July 10, 1842.  
 SOPHIA MARIE EVERDING.... (

(Present address, Portland, Ore.

Children of James Foster Clarke and Sophia Marie Everding.

- (Born, Portland, Ore., April 19, 1870.  
 1. Clara Beebe..... (

(Present address, Portland Ore.

- (Born, Portland, Ore., Oct. 19, 1871.  
 2. James Richard..... (Died, Portland, Ore., Aug. 8, 1878.  
 (Buried, "Lone Fir" Cemetery, Portland, Ore.

- (Born, Portland, Ore., Aug. 19, 1873.  
 3. Theresa..... (

(Present address, Portland, Ore.



THIRD CHILD OF JAMES FOSTER CLARKE AND SOPHIA MARIE  
EVERDING.

TERESA CLARKE ..... (Born, Portland, Ore., Aug. 19, 1873.  
(Present address, Portland, Ore.

Married, Portland, Ore., March 12, 1901.

ALBERT VIVIAN BAXTER ..... (Born, Fostoria, Ohio, Aug. 17, 1865.  
(Present address, Portland, Ore.

## Children of Theresa Clarke and Albert Vivian Baxter.

1. Clara Everding..... (Born, Portland, Ore., Feb. 23, 1902.  
(

## SIXTH CHILD OF JOHN CLARKE AND ANN OHERN.

ANCEL HENRY CLARKE..... (Born, Lawrenceburg, Ind., July 1, 1838.  
(Died, Rushville, Ill., Aug. 30, 1900.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.

Married first, Rushville, Ill., Jan. 4, 1865.

MARGARET ELIZABETH  
YOUNG..... (Born, Rushville, Ill., Sept. 27, 1836.  
(Died, Rushville, Ill., Nov. 27, 1884.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.

Married second, Chillicothe, O., March 3, 1886.

ALICE WATSON..... (Born, Chillicothe, O., Dec. 27, 1854.  
(Present address, Chillicothe, O.

## SEVENTH CHILD OF JOHN CLARKE AND ANN CHERN.

ALBERT BEARD CLARKE..... (Born, Allegheny, Pa., July 5, 1840.  
(Died, Kearney, Neb., Aug. 17, 1890.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.

Married first, Rushville, Ill., June 7, 1866.

SARAH LOUISE PARROTT..... (Born, Rushville, Ill., March 28, 1841.  
(Died, Kearney, Neb., Nov. 30, 1885.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.

Married second, Kearney, Neb., Oct. 27, 1886.

ADDIE LOUISE HIGLEY..... (Born, Rutland, O., March 13, 1859.  
(Present address, Sioux Falls, S. D.

## Children of Albert Beard Clarke and Addie Louise Higley.

- (Born, Kearney, Neb., Sept. 4, 1887.  
 1. Adah Alberta . . . . . ( (Present address, Sioux Falls, S. D.  
 (Born, Kearney, Neb., Dec. 17, 1889.  
 2. Stephen Higley . . . . . (Died, Kearney, Neb., April 10, 1892.  
 (Buried, Kearney, Neb.

## NINTH CHILD OF JOHN CLARKE AND ANN OHERN.

(Born, Rushville, Ill., April 14, 1845.  
 NICHOLAS SNETHEN CLARKE. ( (Present address, Lawrence, Kan.

Married, Lawrence, Kan., Sept. 30, 1874.

(Born, Findlay, O., April 4, 1846.  
 LUCY JANE PATTERSON . . . . . ( (Present address, Lawrence, Kan.

## Children of Nicholas Snethen Clarke and Lucy Jane Patterson.

- (Born, Lawrence, Kan., Aug. 26, 1879.  
 1. Mary Patterson . . . . . ( (Present address, Lawrence, Kan.  
 (Born, Lawrence, Kan., Aug. 26, 1879.  
 2. Angie Sarah . . . . . (Died, Lawrence, Kan., Aug. 9, 1880.  
 (Buried, Lawrence, Kan.  
 (Born, Lawrence, Kan., Aug. 26, 1879.  
 3. Helen Maude . . . . . ( (Present address, Lawrence, Kan.

## TENTH CHILD OF JOHN CLARKE AND ANN OHERN.

(Born, Rushville, Ill., April 1, 1847.  
 MARY LOUISA CLARKE . . . . . (Died, Rushville, Ill., May 14, 1878.  
 (Buried, Rushville, Ill.

Married, Rushville, Ill., Oct. 13, 1869.

(Born, Rushville, Ill., June 14, 1832.  
 JOHN ALEXANDER YOUNG . . . . . (Died, Rushville, Ill., May 14, 1902.  
 (Buried, Rushville, Ill.

## Children of Mary Louisa Clarke and John Alexander Young.

- (Born, Rushville, Ill., Aug. 9, 1870.  
 1. Carl Clarke . . . . . ( (Present address, Rushville, Ill.

- (Born, Rushville, Ill., Aug. 3, 1872.  
 2. Anna Florence..... (Died, South Bend, Ind., March 12, 1905.  
 (Buried, South Bend, Ind.
- (Born, Rushville, Ill., Aug. 23, 1874.  
 3. Sarah Eleanor..... ( (Present address, Rushville, Ill.
- (Born, Rushville, Ill., Dec. 10, 1876.  
 4. James Henry..... ( (Present address, Rushville, Ill.

FIRST CHILD OF MARY LOUISA CLARKE AND JOHN ALEXANDER  
 YOUNG.

(Born, Rushville, Ill., Aug. 9, 1870.  
 CARL CLARKE YOUNG..... ( (Present address, Rushville, Ill.

Married, Rushville, Ill., May 26, 1897.

(Born, Rushville, Ill., May 10, 1875.  
 LILLIAN MAY CRANDALL..... ( (Present address, Rushville, Ill.

SECOND CHILD OF MARY LOUISA CLARKE AND JOHN ALEXANDER  
 YOUNG.

(Born, Rushville, Ill., Aug. 3, 1872.  
 ANNA FLORENCE YOUNG..... (Died, South Bend, Ind., March 12, 1905.  
 (Buried, South Bend, Ind.

Married, Rushville, Ill., Sept. 5, 1901.

(Born, La Fontaine, Ind., Dec. 25, 1864.  
 JOSEPH EDGAR NEFF..... ( (Present address, South Bend, Ind.

THIRD CHILD OF MARY LOUISA CLARKE AND JOHN ALEXANDER  
 YOUNG.

(Born, Rushville, Ill., Aug. 23, 1874.  
 SARAH ELEANOR YOUNG..... ( (Present address, Rushville, Ill.

Married, Rushville, Ill., May 6, 1896.

(Born, Rushville, Ill., May 10, 1873.  
 JAMES HERBERT NELL..... ( (Present address, Rushville, Ill.

## Children of Sarah Eleanor Young and James Herbert Nell.

- (Born, Rushville, Ill., Sept. 11, 1897.  
 1. Mary Eleanor..... ( )  
 ( )
- (Born, Rushville, Ill., March 18, 1899.  
 2. Florence Lillian..... ( )  
 ( )
- (Born, Rushville, Ill., May 6, 1903.  
 3. Edna Maxine..... ( )  
 ( )

## FOURTH CHILD OF MARY LOUISA CLARKE AND JOHN ALEXANDER YOUNG.

- (Born, Rushville, Ill., Dec. 10, 1876.  
 JAMES HENRY YOUNG..... ( )  
 (Present address, Rushville, Ill.

Married, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 26, 1901.

- ELIZABETH (Born, Jacksonville, Ill., July 24, 1875.  
 FRANCES ( )  
 PATTERSON..... (Present address, Rushville, Ill.

## Children of James Henry Young and Elizabeth Frances Patterson.

- (Born, Rushville, Ill., July 10, 1903.  
 1. James Russell..... ( )  
 ( )

## FOURTH CHILD OF JOHN CLARKE AND ELEANOR GREER,

(Born, Lancaster, Pa., Nov. 6, 1808.  
**ANN JANE CLARKE**..... (Died, Rushville, Ill., Aug. 8, 1876.  
 (Buried, Rushville, Ill.

Married, Sewickley, Penn., April 6, 1837.

(Born, County Tyrone, Ireland, Aug. 1, 1814.  
**GEORGE GREER**..... (Died, Rushville, Ill., July 10, 1899.  
 (Buried Rushville., Ill.

## Children of Ann Jane Clarke and George Greer.

- (Born, Rushville, Ill., June 19, 1842.  
 1. **Susanna**..... ( (Present address, San Francisco, Cal.  
 (Born, Rushville, Ill., April 3, 1846.  
 2. **Almira**..... ( (Present address, San Francisco, Cal.

## FIRST CHILD OF ANN JANE CLARKE AND GEORGE GREER,

(Born, Rushville, Ill., June 19, 1842.  
**SUSANNA GREER**..... ( (Present address, San Francisco, Cal.

Married in California, Feb. 23, 1867.

(Born, Brooklyn, Ill., Dec. 19, 1841.  
**HENRY C. BROWN**..... ( (Present address, San Francisco, Cal.

## Children of Susanna Greer and Henry C. Brown.

- (Born, Sacramento, Cal., Nov. 29, 1867.  
 1. **Almira**..... (Died, Sacramento, Cal., Jan. 6, 1868.  
 (Buried, Sacramento, Cal.  
 (Born, Sacramento, Cal., March 11, 1869.  
 2. **Ollie Margaret**..... ( (Present address, San Francisco, Cal.  
 (Born, Sacramento, Cal., Aug. 15, 1870.  
 3. **Eleanor Clarke**..... (Died, Sacramento, Cal., May 28, 1892.  
 (Buried, Sacramento, Cal.  
 (Born, Sacramento, Cal., May 27, 1874.  
 4. **Seth C.**..... (Died, Sacramento, Cal., Jan. 19, 1882.  
 (Buried, Sacramento, Cal.

- (Born, Sacramento, Cal., Feb. 5, 1876.  
 5. George Clay..... (Died, Sacramento, Cal., Feb. 7, 1876.  
 (Buried, Sacramento, Cal.  
 (Born, Sacramento, Cal., July 29, 1877.  
 6. Newton..... (Died, Sacramento, Cal., Nov. 30, 1877.  
 (Buried, Sacramento, Cal.  
 (Born, San Francisco, Cal., April 19, 1885.  
 7. Henry Lynn..... (Present address, San Francisco, Cal.

## SECOND CHILD OF SUSANNA GREER AND HENRY C. BROWN.

- (Born, Sacramento, Cal., March 11, 1869.  
 OLLIE MARGARET BROWN.... (Present address, San Francisco, Cal.

Married in California, April 16, 1899.

- (Born, ———— Ia., Aug. 15, 1865.  
 WILLIAM O. BRINK ..... (Present address, San Francisco, Cal.

## SECOND CHILD OF ANN JANE CLARKE AND GEORGE GREER.

- (Born, Rushville, Ill., April 3, 1846.  
 ALMIRA GREER..... (Present address, San Francisco, Cal.

Married, Sacramento, Cal., Sept. 10, 1865.

- (Born, Elmira, N. Y., April 26, 1843.  
 EDWIN POWER McCCLURE.... (Died, Rushville, Ill., Sept. 25, 1904.  
 (Buried, Rushville, Ill.

## Children of Almira Greer and Edwin Power McClure.

- (Born, Sacramento, Cal., June 4, 1866.  
 1. Edwin Clarke..... (Died at sea, April 2, 1867.  
 (Buried in Pacific Ocean.  
 (Born, Rushville, Ill., June 17, 1868.  
 2. George Hepburn..... (Died, Manhattan, Kan., Aug. 25, 1897.  
 (Buried, Rushville, Ill.  
 (Born, Rushville, Ill., June 10, 1875.  
 3. Margaret M. .... (Present address, San Francisco, Cal.  
 (Born, Rushville, Ill., Sept. 20, 1877.  
 4. Jennie Louise..... (Died, Rushville, Ill., May 5, 1879.  
 (Buried, Rushville, Ill.

## SECOND CHILD OF ALMIRA GREER AND EDWIN POWER McCLURE.

(Born, Rushville, Ill., June 17, 1868.  
GEORGE HEPBURN McCLURE, (Died, Manhattan, Kan., Aug. 25, 1897.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.

Married, Peabody, Kan., Dec. 13, 1895.

(Born, ————— Jan. 13, 1873.  
RENA E. BLISS..... (Died, Manhattan, Kan., Aug. 10, 1899.  
(Buried, Manhattan, Kan.

## FIFTH CHILD OF JOHN CLARKE AND ELEANOR GREER.

SUSAN CLARKE..... (Born, Lancaster, Pa., Feb. 6, 1811.  
(Died, Rushville, Ill., March 12, 1902.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.

Married, Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 18, 1834.

THOMAS WILSON..... (Born, County Tyrone, Ireland, March — 1812  
(Died, Rushville, Ill., Aug. 28, 1898.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.

## Children of Susan Clarke and Thomas Wilson.

1. Anna J..... (Born, Sewickley, Penn., Oct. 9, 1835.  
(Present address, Springfield, Ill.,
2. Eleanor..... (Born, Rushville, Ill., July 28, 1838.  
(Died, Rushville, Ill., Dec. 19, 1860.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.
3. John Clarke..... (Born, Rushville, Ill., Sept. 23, 1841.  
(Present address, Rushville, Ill.
4. Amelia Lorinda.... (Born, Rushville, Ill., June 17, 1844.  
(Present address, Rushville, Ill.,
5. Sarah Eliza..... (Born, Rushville, Ill., April 4, 1847.  
(Died, Rushville, Ill., Feb. 21, 1883.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.

## FIRST CHILD OF SUSAN CLARKE AND THOMAS WILSON.

ANNA J. WILSON..... (Born, Sewickley, Pa., Oct. 9, 1835.  
(Present address, Springfield, Ill.

Married James Patterson Clarke. (See Fifth Child of James Clarke and Sarah Cooper.)

## FOURTH CHILD OF SUSAN CLARKE AND THOMAS WILSON.

AMELIA LORINDA WILSON... (Born, Rushville, Ill., June 17, 1844.  
(Present address, Rushville, Ill.

Married, Rushville, Ill., Feb. 20, 1867.

JOHN LINN SWEENEY..... (Born, Harrodsburg, Ky., Sept. 16, 1842.  
(Present address, Rushville, Ill.



## Children of Amelia Lorinda Wilson and John Linn Sweeney.

1. Eleanor..... (Born, Rushville, Ill., April 22, 1868.  
(Present address, Tecumseh, Neb.
2. Jessie Mildred..... (Born, Rushville, Ill., April 12, 1873.  
(Present address, Geneseo, Ill.
3. Thomas Wilson.... (Born, Galva, Ill., Oct. 21, 1875.  
(Present address, Rushville, Ill.
4. Frank Linn..... (Born, Ray, Ill., Nov. 12, 1877.  
(Present address, Rushville, Ill.
5. Susan Sanders..... (Born, Ray, Ill., Aug. 5, 1880.  
(Present address, Rushville, Ill.

## FIRST CHILD OF AMELIA LORINDA WILSON AND JOHN LINN SWEENEY.

ELEANOR SWEENEY..... (Born, Rushville, Ill., April 22, 1868.  
(Present address, Tecumseh, Neb.

Married, Rushville, Ill., April 12, 1898.

CHARLES WESLEY GRAFF.... (Born, Rushville, Ill., Dec. 15, 1868.  
(Present address, Tecumseh, Neb.

## Children of Eleanor Sweeney and Charles Wesley Graff.

1. Thomas Sweeney.... (Born, Tecumseh, Neb., May 20, 1900.  
(Died, Tecumseh, Neb., June 24, 1901.  
(Buried, Tecumseh, Neb.
2. Susan Eleanor..... (Born, Tecumseh, Neb., March 21, 1902.  
(
3. Mildred..... (Born, Tecumseh, Neb., Nov. 30, 1903.  
(

## SECOND CHILD OF AMELIA LORINDA WILSON AND JOHN LINN SWEENEY.

JESSIE MILDRED SWEENEY.... (Born, Rushville, Ill., April 12, 1873.  
(Present address, Geneseo Ill.

Married, Rushville, Ill., Dec. 28, 1899.

(Born, ----- Ill., Dec. 31, 1871.  
**HENRY BENEDICT FISHER**.... ( (Present address, Geneseo, Ill.

**Children of Jessie Mildred Sweeney and Henry Benedict Fisher.**

(Born, Rushville, Ill., June 14, 1902.  
 1. **Mary Sweeney**..... ( (

(Born, Lexington, Ill., Oct. 6, 1904.  
 2. **Linda**..... ( (

**THIRD CHILD OF AMELIA LORINDA WILSON AND JOHN LINN SWEENEY.**

(Born, Galva, Ill., Oct. 21, 1875.  
**THOMAS WILSON SWEENEY**.... ( (Present address, Rushville, Ill.

Married, Jacksonville, Ill., June 1, 1899.

(Born, Jacksonville, Ill., Nov. 7, 1876.  
**HELEN MAUDE ROTTGER**.... ( (Present address, Rushville, Ill.

**Children of Thomas Wilson Sweeney and Helen Maude Rottger.**

(Born, Rushville, Ill., April 13, 1901.  
 1. **Thomas Wilson**..... (Died, Rushville, Ill., Sept. 17, 1901.  
 (Buried, Rushville, Ill.

**FIFTH CHILD OF AMELIA LORINDA WILSON AND JOHN LINN SWEENEY.**

(Born, Ray, Ill., Aug. 5, 1880.  
**SUSAN SANDERS SWEENEY**... ( (Present address, Rushville, Ill.

Married, Rushville, Ill., June 28, 1905.

(Born, Rushville, Ill., Aug. 30, 1880.  
**CHARLES ARTHUR GRIFFITH** ( (Present address, Rushville, Ill.

**FIFTH CHILD OF SUSAN CLARKE AND THOMAS WILSON.**

(Born, Rushville, Ill., April 4, 1847.  
**SARAH ELIZA WILSON**..... (Died, Rushville, Ill., Feb. 21, 1883.  
 (Buried, Rushville, Ill.

Married, Rushville, Ill., Dec. — 1871.

HIRAM B. GRAFF..... (Born, Westmoreland Co., Penn., Oct. 20, 1844.  
(Present address, Rushville, Ill.

Children of Sarah Eliza Wilson and Hiram B. Graff.

1. Herbert... (Born, Rushville, Ill., May 24, 1874.  
(Died, Rushville, Ill., March 30, 1878.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.
2. Wilbur W..... (Born, Rushville, Ill., July 20, 1877.  
(Present address, Ishpeming, Mich.
3. John Clarké..... (Born, Rushville, Ill., April 21, 1879.  
(Present address, Rushville, Ill.
4. Harold Wilson..... (Born, Rushville, Ill., June 15, 1881.  
(Died, Rushville, Ill., Feb. 16, 1905.  
(Buried, Rushville, Ill.

SECOND CHILD OF SARAH ELIZA WILSON AND HIRAM B. GRAFF.

WILBUR W. GRAFF..... (Born, Rushville, Ill., July 20, 1877.  
(Present address, Ishpeming, Mich.

Married, Dayton, O., Aug. 6, 1904.

ETHEL M. FOSTER..... (Born, Wadsworth, O., April 24, 1877.  
(Present address, Ishpeming, Mich.

THIRD CHILD OF SARAH ELIZA WILSON AND HIRAM B. GRAFF.

JOHN CLARKE GRAFF..... (Born, Rushville, Ill., April 21, 1879.  
(Present address, Rushville, Ill.

Married, Lewistown, Ill., Nov. 10, 1904.

HELEN SCOTT..... (Born, Lewistown, Ill., Aug. 13, 1881.  
(Present address, Rushville, Ill.

## FOURTH CHILD OF SARAH ELIZA WILSON AND HIRAM B. GRAFF.

(Born, Rushville, Ill., June 15, 1881.  
**HAROLD WILSON GRAFF**..... (Died, Rushville, Ill., Feb. 16, 1905.  
 (Buried, Rushville, Ill.

Married, Keokuk, Ia., Nov: 9, 1902.

(Born, Mt. Sterling, Ill., Feb. 20, 1880.  
**LELIA HARPER**..... ( (Present address, Rushville, Ill.

## Child of Harold Wilson Graff and Lelia Harper.

(Born, Rushville, Ill., March 28, 1904.  
 1. **Harold Wilson**..... ( (





















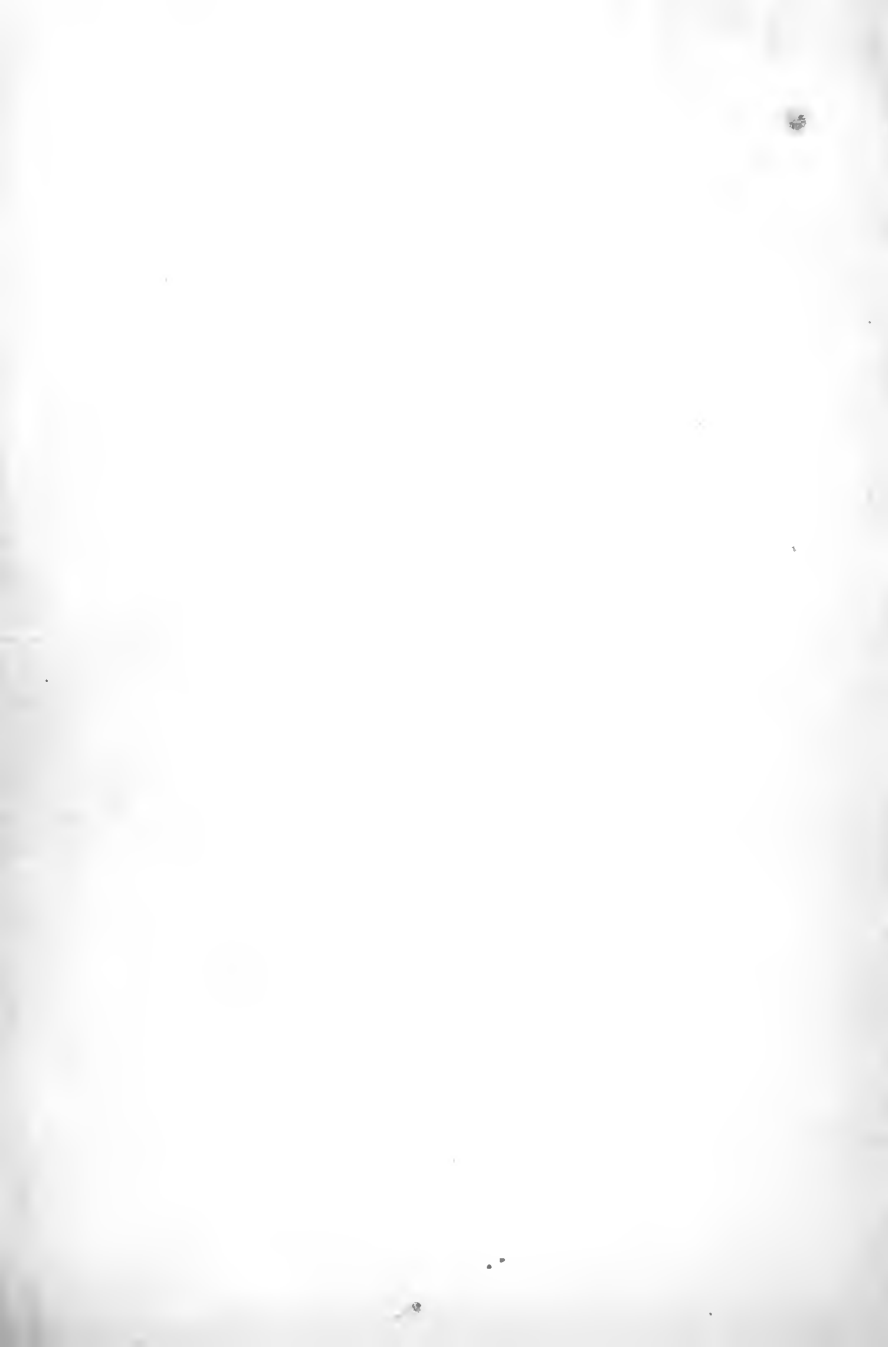












Chapter

XXVIII.--- Family of Eleanor Greer.

XXIX.--- Adam Clarke.

XXX.--- The Family Tree.

