

A Biography of
Sophia Elizabeth “Sophy” Morgan Ireland
Born 3 November 1817 in London, England
Died 8 April 1910 in Bronson, Kansas

as recounted at age 90 with the assistance of her daughter

Ellen Alice Ireland Clarke
1908

Bronson, Kansas

Abstract

As Ellen A. I. Clarke was caring for her 90 year old mother, Sophia E. M. Ireland, she transcribed the story of their family’s life across five generations – as immigrants from England to Philadelphia, and migrants on to the western wilds of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and Kansas.

Sophy’s story at times reads like fiction, but it is a true story of the challenges faced by the second wave of America’s struggling immigrants in the early and mid-1800s.

Editor’s Notes

This manuscript was originally written for Morgan and Ireland family members, and assumes a close familiarity with our genealogy. This version of the text does not include genealogy clarifications, grammar corrections or other edits. An annotated edition will be made available before the end of this year.

Thanks to Robert Ireland for providing a copy of the 1908 document.

It’s been fascinating to learn so much about my great-great-great-grandmother Sophy, her parents, husband, children and extended family. Author Ellen is the aunt of my great-grandfather William Mathewson Ireland, who died in Parsons KS two years before I was born – but is well known to many of my living relatives.

Kevin Ireland
Atlanta, GA
2015

Chapter I

Thomas Francis Morgan and Sophia E. Charles (Morgan), his wife, were born and raised in England, and were living within the sound of the Bow Bells, London, at the time of my mother's birth, November 3rd, 1817.

Four children, all boys, had preceded the little Sophia Elizabeth. When she was nearing 18 months old the four boys were swept away from the home by death within a few weeks of one another, by the dread disease, smallpox.

The father and mother were of course brokenhearted, and he became so restless and unhappy that he longed to get away from the scenes which held such bitter memories for him. After some deliberation he concluded to come to America, the then much talked of new country, and seek a home for his family.

He had agreed to sail at a certain time, with several friends. Had expected the advent of another little one in his family before sailing, but the expected event being somewhat postponed, he was obliged to set sail leaving his wife and baby girl with kind friends and relatives.

The little son who soon arrived was named John and never saw his father's face until he was seven years old.

The father not finding it easy to get employment in the new country sufficiently lucrative to promise a fair living for his dear ones, delayed from time to time, and so the years rolled by.

In the meanwhile, the wife and mother found employment as forewoman in a large fur and silk hat establishment. Here the days passed pleasantly, as she dreamed of the future home in America, and the happy meeting of the reunited family, and earned a comfortable competency for herself and little John.

The little daughter Sophy as she was now called, finding a home with her grandparents (Morgan) in a suburb of London called Hamstead, and she has never forgotten the dear old grandmother who so carefully trained her hands to useful labor, and her heart for God and Heaven.

Here was laid the foundation for a good and useful life.

Chapter II

Her grandfather kept a small dairy in which he was assisted by his grandson, Charley Hosley.

In the same house lived Blind Thomas, grandmother's brother, in a brick paved room, but not with them. Does not recall any circumstances concerning his way of life but never forgot that he was blind.

After her grandfather's death which occurred when she was about four years old her grandmother opened a little store just opposite the Red Lion Tavern, so called from Red Lion hill, at the base of which it stood. Up this hill Sophia climbed each day to the school house, where she also climbed the tree of knowledge, not getting very high however, as little but the merest rudiments were here taught. Reading, spelling and sewing, being her chief work.

Down below the tavern stood the soldiers' barracks and the child was often amused to see a squad of the Redcoats march up to the tavern for their beer, which in those days was considered an essential beverage in England.

Another incident is recalled of a drunken soldier kneeling near her grandmother's door praying vociferously. Soon was heard the Bum, Bum, Bum of the drum, as the soldiers marched up surrounding and marching the very devout fellow off to the guard house.

Chapter III

Generally the life Sophia led with her grandmother was a very quiet and peaceful one. An occasional visit to her many aunts and uncles in the great metropolis being especial bright spots in her memory.

Well does she remember now, at the age of ninety years, the happy hours she spent with her favorite cousins, Caroline Ellen and Mary Morgan.

Soon after grandmother opened the store Sophia was now about 4 years old, she found the candy jars very tempting, especially one kind. One evening when her grandmother's back was turned she slyly introduced her tiny hand in the jar, helping herself liberally, thinking to escape detection, by taking them to bed and eating under cover, forgetting that the cracking of the hard candy would betray her. The taste of the sweets would not be so well remembered if it were not for the bitterness of the paddling which followed, not for the value of the candy but to impress upon her youthful mind that she had been a thief and the awful wickedness of it.

Again her grandmother would teach her to pray, "Our Father who art in Heaven" and to sing. One song "Glory to Thee, my God this night" she never forgot, and used to teach her children to sing it, at her knee years after, and tell them of the dear old grandmother who had lived across the big ocean and taught her to be a good child, to love God and seek Heaven. And now as I write in my old invalid mother's room I have heard her often say I do so long to meet that dear old lady in Heaven, for I think we shall know each other then.

Her Aunt Hetty used very frequently to come out from London to assist her mother. She was a maiden lady well up in the 30s and was unmarried because her consumptive lover felt that he was too poor to take unto himself a wife and she was too faithful in love to desert him

for anyone else. But he was always Uncle Lydaly just the same, died at last, still her love but not her husband, leaving his very little property to her.

Here I recall an incident in mother's baby days which I think will show the difference in the child of then and now.

After many denials of self she had accumulated a few pennies with which she wished to purchase a much coveted jews harp, and so she gave the commission to Aunt Hetty who was to buy it and bring it with her the first time she came to visit. Then came an impatient waiting, and a joyful beating heart when Aunt Hetty next appeared. After waiting, with wistful longing eyes, which must have been noticed if they had not been occupied with other affairs, joy began to fade, as she realized that Aunt Hetty had forgotten the important mission entrusted to her. She had been taught that children must be seen and not heard, and she thought it would be very rude and disrespectful to make any inquiries. "Aunt Hetty will remember next time," was the thought of the childish heart, but several visits came and went, and at last hope died and nothing remained but the sad memory of "what might have been."

The child of today would have rushed upon her at first sight, "You have my jews harp Aunt Hetty?" and the disappointment in the little face would not have allowed her to forget the next time. Which is the better way?

Chapter IV

Years passed and still the husband and father in America seemed to be as far from being able to send for his dear ones as ever.

He had at last drifted into a drug store in Philadelphia, his employer being a good and wealthy old gentleman named North, not so cold-natured as one might suppose him to be, by his name, as the sequel shows.

One day he confidentially told his trouble to this good man, who said, "This is not right, Thomas, you must send for your family. If you have no means, I will advance to you. You say your wife is a good English cook? There is nothing I would like better than to taste some of the cooking of my boyhood days. Bring your family here until you wish to make other arrangements. I would like to have them."

Gladly the husband and father listened and obeyed, and of course the next letter which reached his wife in England brought excitement and preparation.

It had been planned that they should sail with another family but for some reason unknown to me the plan failed to materialize, and the wife and two children, now 10 and 7 years old, respectively, were put in the care of the splendid Capt. of the ship ELECTOR, the mother and daughter being the only females on board with some 300 men.

Anything but steerage passage in those days was impossible for anyone in moderate circumstances. The Capt. who was very kind and attentive to them curtained an apartment for them, and every man on board vied with each other to show them the utmost respect and consideration.

The sailing vessels of eighty years ago were not the fast going steamers of today, and for the next two months and two days they were on the briny deep before they reached America.

They had to lay in their own provisions, Salt beef and oatmeal, crackers and toasted bread being among the main things. No canned goods in those days. Before the voyage was over, all provisions taste so badly of the ship that it was almost untestable.

Grandmother Morgan came to the ship to say goodbye but could not be induced to try the hardships of a new country. Though it must have been hard for her to part with the little girl who had been her inseparable companion for so many years.

Mother never forgot as the ship receded from the shore how her mother stood with clasped hands and streaming tears, exclaiming, "Oh it is the last sight I shall ever have of my native country, The last I shall ever see of old England. Farewell, my native country, farewell."

Chapter V

The voyage was without incident excepting in case of one terrible storm, which came on with terrific force and raged all night, and the Capt. told them afterwards that for two hours he expected the ship to go down, had no hope of saving her. The men passengers as well as the crew took turns in pumping the water out and were nearly if not quite exhausted, when the storm was abated.

The mother on the ship with her children was of course greatly alarmed and being a woman of simple faith, knew of nothing she could do to help save the ship but to pray. So while the men worked she and the children prayed on their knees for hours. She would stop long enough to say, "Pray Sophy, pray John and the little hands went up, and the Lord's prayer, the only one they knew, was said over and over again.

Oh, if we could always be as earnest in prayer as we are in times of great danger, the words would not matter so much, the heart's cry would reach the Throne of God. Who knows but these simple heartfelt prayers saved the ship. Perhaps when we no longer "see through a glass darkly but then face to face" we will know.

Chapter VI

Now while they are sailing over the dark blue sea, we will return to London and tell something of mother's relatives left behind.

One sister of her father's ran away from home at 16 years of age, to marry the man she dearly loved, who was a consumptive and very poor.

The family went to church one Sunday morning, leaving Jane (Morgan) to get dinner. When they came home she had fled with her lover who soon became her husband. The family was unforgiving, but at the end of a year, when twins came to her, her mother could not refuse her cry for mother and went to her, finding her in direst poverty, but not repentant for having married her husband, for she loved him well to the end of life, just as dearly, though he was only a poor shoemaker and a very sickly one at that.

She sewed shoes with him and together they managed to keep the wolf from the door, enough so they were not in actual need of food. Mother recalls the fact that it did not seem so nice at Aunt Jane Rice's house as at Uncle Charley's and Aunt Sarah's more prosperous home, though they were good, kind, hospitable people, who would share their last crust with anyone who went to see them. But to the child like mother who came and could not understand, the food seemed coarse, and the sheets rough, to her tender flesh, and she would wonder why they lived like that.

Chapter VII

The above-mentioned Uncle Charley (Morgan) was her father's youngest brother, and Sarah, his wife, the parents of the favorite cousins, Caroline Ellen and Mary Morgan.

She has now a sampler, worked by the latter's fingers, in the bureau drawer, which was sent to her soon after she left England now eighty years old, and she treasures the little simple piece of work yet, because Mary made it.

Another sister, Ann, married a Mr. Hosley, a very consequent man who thought very well of himself, and was upheld in the opinion by his wife, who thought the same way. The rest of the family not having such an exalted opinion of him as he had of himself, liked to play little tricks to hear him roar.

Once I recall was on Valentine's Day. They sent him a valentine, he sitting in a tub, his wife giving him a good scrubbing and making him appear very small indeed.

The girls of the family, mother's mother for one, who had sent it on the sly, went around to call upon him in the evening, and found him in a very frothy condition, was determined to prosecute if he could find out the perpetrators of the outrageous insult. The girls of course sympathized deeply with him.

Well it was only intended for a little fun, no harm meant, and all the actors in that little drama have gone from earth long, long ago, and we all have our little oddities and perhaps are not altogether responsible for them.

Mother's Uncle John Morgan was a very nice young gentleman, small of stature but known in the family as the best dresser of the family – the dude you might say, but quite the reverse to that senseless class, in character at that time.

He unfortunately fell in love with a cousin, a Miss Day, cousin on his mother's side, who was a very fine appearing and well to do young lady. He never had the courage to ask her to marry him, feeling that his case was hopeless, and so he too came to America, to get away from his sorrow. He came in the same ship as his brother Thomas, he coming to the then wild west and grandfather remaining in the east. We will find him a much different man when we meet him again.

We will now return to the little girl, Sophy, on the ship.

The voyage is almost over, the ship is nearing the American harbor, all is excitement. The father who has come down the Delaware river, in a small boat, the meet the ship is waiting with anxious heart. As he nears the ship he cries out, "Is there a woman on board named Morgan?" "Yes, yes," the sailors reply. With one spring he lands in the ocean instead, is hauled out by the sailors dripping but happy, runs down to his wife and children, gathers her under one arm, the two children under the other, and runs up on deck with them, strong as a lion in his great excitement and joy.

Chapter VIII

Now they settle with Mr. North for a time. The only incidents here that I remember is of the teasing lad, Ben North, who used to steal grandmother's pies sometimes when she had them ready for the table, just the mischievous boy who loved a little fun, (and perhaps pie.) And the more serious trouble of the old gentleman's death, and how being laid in ice for several days for preservation, in a room through which mother had to go in the dark to bed, she could hear the drip, drip of the drops which melted and dropped from the body. 'Twas rather ghoulish for a child of ten years, but children were not supposed to be afraid in those days.

After Mr. North's death they moved to the house of a Mrs. Bondfield, the lady acquaintance who was to have come with them in the ship from England, if circumstances had not prevent.

Here they had rooms upstairs. The back of the house opened out on a square open court in the center of which stood a pump, to which all the people surrounding the court had access.

You will understand why I am thus explicit in describing this place as my story proceeds.

Grandmother had been used to working at a business in London, so as the two children went to school and mother was old enough to do some little things around the house and they could purchase everything they needed for the table already prepared, she found employment

in a silk hat and fur establishment! Now with this explanation I have to record the most terrible and pathetic trial of my mother's life.

Chapter IX

One Saturday afternoon she was to have the fire made when her mother came home. She had lighted a candle and childlike had placed it on the floor nearby while she arranged the fuel.

Her dress at the back touched the flame, and in a moment it was blazing fast. She ran screaming downstairs and Mrs. Bonfield instead of throwing something around her to extinguish the flames opened the door and let her out into the open court, where in a moment, was much excitement and horror at sight of the burning and screaming child.

A young man ran with bucket to the pump, two ladies dressing for the opera rushed out, with opera cloaks thrown around them. Miss Hayes, the old Scotch lady, ran with blanket, reaching and extinguishing the flames, just before the young man with bucket of water reached her, thus saving her life as the doctor said she was so badly burned that she would have died immediately if the water had been thrown upon her.

The Mrs. Debroach and daughter, wealthy ladies, sent for their own family physician, an Englishman who had been prominent in Guy Hospital, London, a very aristocratic doctor and good man as the sequel shows.

Before the doctor arrived, however, the friends with kind and sympathetic hands had wrapped the poor child in turpentine and cotton and sent for her poor parents, who were of course filled with anguish and sorrow unspeakable. The doctor came, commended the work done, and did what he could.

Then came the long year of suffering under the physician's hands, the last two or three months of which she was able to go to him with her arm in a sling.

Eighty years ago, the 4th of July as a holiday was not so well known to children from abroad as now, at least was not to the little afflicted Sophy, and she wondered what the 4th of July could be as the good doctor would coax her to have her wounds dressed with the terrible medicines, which gave her so much pain, that she might be well enough to celebrate the Glorious day. No doubt this English doctor was greatly interested in our great National day which celebrated the defeat of the people of his own homeland. Anyway, he seemed to think a great deal of this English family who had thus been brought under his notice and care.

When the time came for a settlement he would not allow them to pay one cent. It would have been a very large bill, to a wealthy patient, and as he said, he knew they were not able to pay it, and should not be harassed with debt, and so generously cancelled all indebtedness.

Mother at last was well, and strange to say, after being burned almost to death, hair and even eyebrows burned off, she had not one scar on face or hands, but oh, how badly scarred on breast, shoulders and arm. When the young ladies wore low-necked and short-sleeved dresses they would often say, "Why are you so old-fashioned Sophy, why don't you wear your dress as others do," but never to any but one dear young lady friend and the lover who was to become her husband, did she ever confess the reason why.

I remember when a child that the bone of her breast was so decayed from being burned that it worked out of her flesh and her father, who had now become a doctor, had to cut it off from time to time, with his surgical instruments, until it all came away.

But I am getting a long way ahead of my story.

In all of these years, now at the age of 13, she had, very little opportunity for education, had been carefully trained to sew and was now a beautiful seamstress at this early age. Sewing machines were then unknown, and every stitch was done by hand, and it was considered quite an accomplishment to be a fine needle woman. Her father was still having to struggle to support his family, though so willing a worker and a very good, intelligent man.

About this time, another child came to their home, born in a Philadelphia hospital, as it was customary in those days, to go there at such times. Ellen Alice was the little sister's name.

Mother was at this time a great comfort and help to her parents and she remembers well the great preparation, she and her father made for the homecoming of the mother and tiny sister.

Now she begins to think of making her own living, and thus relieves her father to that extent. Her first work is in a silk hat and fur establishment.

Her father had always been a believer in the Bible, and always carried one with him wherever he went, but had never made up his mind to what church he belonged. He was thrown under the influence about this time, of a Dr. Brandly, of the Baptist Church, and finding this church to be the church of his choice he became a member and remained a consistent Christian and a staunch Baptist the rest of his life.

When mother was about 14 years old her father received a letter from his brother John, who had settled in Shawnee town, Ill. begging him to come west, and as he had always had a longing for the wilds of the west he concluded to go, after persuading his wife and children that it was for the best.

The father was first and they were to follow.

Travelling by steam was not then as now, and the old stage wagon must be taken across the Allegheny mountains, the mother and children and a woman named Rose who wanted to go as far as Pittsburgh, was in the company.

After travelling for some time in this way, Mother, her brother John and Rose, concluded they would walk for a while, but by some accident got lost from the wagon, and walked and walked miles upon miles to again get trace of it, as last Mother fell exhausted by the wayside, her brother and Rose offered to help her, but no, she could go no farther.

Oh, how distressed they are. What shall they do? While sitting here trying to plan their next move, they see something in the far distance moving towards them. What can it be, they watch it with keen interest. It comes nearer. Oh! joy, it is the dear old stagewagon, and there is the little distressed mother, as badly worried as they or more so. She has exclaimed in her fright "and Sophy has the money too" and naturally the driver thinks they are trying to trick him, and hints broadly to that effect. But no all is bright again, and they will keep close to the old stage until they get to Pittsburgh, where they take the boat to Shawnee town, their destination.

Here they were confounded to find the well dressed gentlemanly gentleman John (as they used to know him) settled in a two room cabin in the woods, a rather rough drinking man, married to a comely widow of a scoundrelly Englishman who had married her, lived with her for a few months, then making the excuse of urgent business, left her with board paid in advance for three months, then sailed for England never to return.

She and Uncle John seemed happy in a way, he being very good tempered, but his ways did not suit his brother Thomas, and they had very little communication after a few months.

Grandfather now found employment in a large warehouse in the town of Shawnee on the Ohio river.

Here many incidents relating to the life of slavery occurred. Many slave owners from Kentucky hiring out slaves on the Ohio [ed: actually, Illinois] side of the river.

Here old Winnie and her husband, first class cook and carpenter hired out, paying their master \$400 per week retaining any surplus for themselves.

Here coal black Hetty wades waist-deep in water in time of flood for the precious drop of whiskey to be obtained at the end of journey. Again several slaves are hired for nearly a week, by a wealthy man named Efford who had made a fortune here and was leaving the place, to cook a great feast, that he intended to give, in connection with a great ball, in a large new warehouse, as a farewell.

And Mother in her youthful folly, she is now 15 years, dresses for the ball, having pierced her ears that day that she may wear the beautiful eardrops that her mother has given her, tightening her waist to 18 in. (it was a matter of refinement and beauty to be slim, in those days) putting on shoes one size too small, she arrived at the ball and managed to stay long enough to see the beautiful spread but alas, her headache was past endurance by this time and she had to call upon her gallant to see her home. The feast of course untasted by her covetous palate.

It was not many months before her mother became disgusted with the wild life they lived and persuaded her husband to return to Philadelphia.

Again they took the slow journey over the Allegheny Mountains and arrived at the place where mother and daughter, at least, felt much more at home.

Here in this beautiful Quaker City was spent the flower of her days as I have often heard her say.

She was soon engaged in business and industriously cared for herself and assisted her parents.

Little Thomas Francis soon makes his appearance and there are now 4 children.

One day in passing along the street to business, she saw some masons working at a chimney on a high building. A few bricks accidentally fell, one of which struck a poor old lady, who was just then passing. She was carried away by kind hands, the blood flowing from the wounds and mother often wondered if she were dead.

A couple of years afterwards she was sitting at her work in a bookfolding establishment and talking to her most intimate friend, Lidia Pettit by name, she happened to relate the above incident and was surprised when Lidia exclaimed, "Why that was my old mother, and she has never been quite the same since. At times her mind gives quite away."

This incident seemed to draw the two girls more closely than ever together, and they became fast friends. I remember a necklace of beads, very pretty, which my mother gave me years ago, that Lidia took off her neck and gave mother when they were parting. The initials L.P. being woven with beads in the necklace. I had them until the silk decayed and they fell to pieces.

Her father still longs for the west and at last mother and daughter consent to try it once more. A family of Stanleys, very intimate friends being the chief instigators of this move, they moving at the same time to the same place, near Madison Ind. and becoming still more closely bound by the ties of friendship.

Grandfather settled in the heavy timber and began to open a timber farm, had about an acre cleared and a log cabin of two rooms built ready for the arrival of his family. This was near the town of Marion not far from Madison on what was called the Michigan road between Madison and Indianapolis. (By consulting your map you will find that the location of Marion has changed in this seventy years and is now towards the north of the state.)

Marion was a small town but could boast of two hotels. Here mother found employment as a seamstress and was treated with great respect as a young lady from Philadelphia.

The hotels stood opposite of each other, had stores in connection and mother never lacked for work between them. Mrs. Mackentire in one Mrs. Edwards in the other.

Another party tried to engage her services but Mrs. Mackentire did not wish her to go, said they only wanted to have the name of having her working for them, so you will see that even a seamstress could be something in those days, if she held herself respectfully.

Many a nice small article found its way from the store, to the log cabin in the woods and as she bought china, tinware, etc., Mrs. Edwards jocularly accused her of getting ready for housekeeping.

Mother was happy here, the life not being so much different to her, as to her mother in the woods. It was a great trial to her, so unlike anything she had ever been used to and she could not be happy and satisfied as her husband could, on the cornbread, pork, etc. so she began to plead to go back to the city, begging mother to join her in the pleading.

Before going farther I will relate two little affairs which to my grandfather seemed like a providence for his family.

They were out of meat and lard and had very little cash. A large drove of hogs were driven past to market. One immensely large animal, too fat to travel farther, fell in front of his door. The owner selling him for a mere song, so here was both meat and lard.

Another day travelers passing must have dropped the large sack of home-mad soap found nearby, the owners could not be traced and grandmother fell heiress to same and could now clean house and wash clothing to heart's content, and grandmother was a little woman who could not be happy even in a log cabin unless everything shone in cleanliness.

Well, to return to subject of leaving the woods for the city. Grandfather cannot refuse the pleading voice of his loved ones and they are to go back to Cincinnati, not such a long journey this time. Mother was now a little over 18, nearly 20 years old, I think.

Her brother John was nearing 17 years. He had been apprenticed to a Mrs. Armstrong at Marion as a shoemaker, and as he had not yet learned the trade his parents left him on their removal to Cincinnati, expecting him to follow when through, never dreaming when they bid him farewell that it would be eleven years before they again saw the face of their dear boy, but such was the fact.

Early in the summer of 1836 he was persuaded to join a company of boy volunteers for the Texas service, going under Dr. Joe Rodgers as Captain. On the 12th of July they embarked for Texas. These facts I find in an article written by himself, which I have in my scrap book. No doubt this was a great blow to his parents, especially as they never again heard from him until he came home to Cincinnati eleven years later.

He had had wonderful adventures but the greatest event of his life, as I am sure he would have thought it to be, was his conversion to God.

I think from what he told his people that he had become a very wild and reckless young man, after he had been in the army a while but in going to a camp meeting to disturb it with several others as well as he himself, God suddenly checked him in his wild career, by powerfully convicting him of sin and wonderfully converting his heart.

Now in Texas his son is preaching the gospel, and his grandson was ordained last spring, 1907, and is preaching the gospel of his Lord and master, in New Mexico, and so the work which God in his great mercy did for him still lives, and his good works follow him.

Now we will return to the sister in Cincinnati, who has obtained employment in the Dennison Hotel as seamstress and is here steadily employed for a year. She is treated with the greatest respect, almost as one of the family, taken to the ladies private dining table where some of the wealthy boards pay \$14.00 a week. Mrs. Dennison being a prominent Methodist and a lady who lived, worked, and managed, in her young days, and was not too proud to say so, though at this time she was wealthy, her son William becoming Governor of Ohio and Postmaster General later on. Here she sees much to entertain and amuse her. One story she used to tell me, I have not forgotten, was of a colored man who came to the hotel as waiter. He was a very dandyfied darkey, and made himself so useful that they were quite delighted to have him in their service.

In those days all food was taken to the tables in large dishes. As mother sat sewing behind a curtain in a room through which the food was carried from kitchen to dining room, this tony waiter came through, as he supposed, the unoccupied room with a large dish of beans, and as he passed to place them on the ladies private table, was shoveling them into his own mouth with the tablespoon which was left in the dish. Mother was no talebearer and so kept mum, perhaps not relishing her fine food quite so much.

He had only been there a short time, however, when the man who attended to the 4 o'clock morning stage business came out into the long hall from which opened many bedroom doors, to notice a pair of slippers setting just inside the door, as he was wondering about them a man came out of one room and quietly entered another, of course he immediately suspected something wrong and gave the alarm. The house was up and gave chase, in a moment, as he came out and tried to make his escape, no way being open, he fled upstairs getting in the top of Mrs. D's bedroom chimney. He was soon found and as he had become wedged they had some difficulty to extract him from his position.

It proved to be the dandy waiter who no doubt made a forlorn appearance as he was hauled out of the sooty chimney. He was made to disgorge of course and received 30 lashes on his bare back, sent to parts unknown a wiser, but it is to be feared, not a better man.

Another evening when mother was about to go home her cloak and bonnet was missing, another steal. Mrs. Dennison soon found her a much nicer and fit, and she was better off for the exchange.

Another affair relating to slavery days occurred here one day. A gentleman (?) from Kentucky came to the hotel with a very beautiful quadroon girl, and left her there for a few hours, someone hinted to her that her master was about to sell her. She laughed scornfully, "Oh, no danger of that, master love me too well for that, and he is the father of my child. Master won't see me."

In a short time she found she was mistaken, and her new master came to claim her. Mother said it was awful to hear her screams and see her tear her hair. Was to be taken from her child, and the home where she had thought she was loved so well, and such was slavery.

Grandfather and grandmother had kept boarders when they first came to Cincinnati, but he is now to become the sexton and treasurer of the First Baptist church, nice large rooms being provided for them, in the basement, which opened out on a nicely paved brick alley, at the side. Here they lived for several years. But I am getting ahead of my story again. When they had kept boards, a young man named Robert Ireland had been recommended to them by a friend who had boarded him for a long time but was not now keeping boarders, and could not take him, but she told him she would recommend him to a family that she knew and that he must set his cap for the nice little English girl he would find there, to mother she said Sophia, I am going to bring you the nicest beau (matchmaking you see) but mother only laughed, was not one to trouble much about beaus and gave it no thought.

However, she changed her mind after while, and he really seemed to be the one allotted to her, as they soon became friends, such dear ones too, that it soon resulted in the same old story which has so often been told.

The 20 of May was to be the wedding day. The time arrived and all was excitement getting ready for the event. Mother apparently being the most unconcerned in the house, so far as making a fuss was concerned, but the lady boarders all wanted to have a finger in the pie, which they did. Grandmother always delighted at the least excuse for getting up a feast of good things.

They were to remain as boarders at home for a time, Mother to still go to the Dennison house as usual.

Dr. Lynd of 1st Church was called to tie the knot and told Mother jocularly that she had made a quick trip to Ireland, and now it is no longer Miss Sophia E. Morgan but Mrs. Sophia E. Ireland takes her place.

In a few months they were ready to go to housekeeping, and secured a little house at the west end of 5th St. near the old Quaker Church, the house belonged to Old Nicholas

Longworth who has recently married the President's daughter (by the way, does this bring any honor or family connection for Mother's descendants?)

Mrs. Dennison had told Mother when she got ready for housekeeping, if she let her know she would furnish a room nicely for her, but Mother was too proud to do so, so lost her opportunity.

The following April their first child was born and named Thomas Francis, they were very happy for nearly 2 years when misfortune overtook my father his arms being rendered useless by a stroke of paralysis. As they depended on his labor for their support they were of course in trouble. Father belonged to an association who paid their members \$3.00 per week in case of sickness, and this now was all they had to depend upon.

Grandfather had now removed to the church, and he proposed for them to come to him, they would board them for the \$3.00, Mother of course to assist with the household duties, and as grandfather had been studying medicine he proposed to doctor my father as well as save them rent. My father recovered in a few weeks, but they still continued to make their home in the church.

When Little Tommy was nearly two years old he was taken suddenly sick, could not awaken him one morning, and he continued to get worse, inflammation of the lungs, I think they called it, until he passed away in a very few days. This was a terrible blow to the young parents and to all in the home, for Tommy had been almost idealized.

He was buried in a large cemetery in the city, and his grave marked with a board and father's initials on it. Six weeks later when they went to put a stone over the grave the board had been removed and very many little graves dug around it that it could not be identified.

His death occurred in Feb. of 1840, this had been a winter of great religious awakening in Cincinnati. The 1st Baptist Church under Dr. Lynd had a great revival and some 200 were added to its members.

Soon after Tommy's death mother felt that she must confess her Savior before men, although she had always been a believer in Jesus from her grandmother's knee.

She determined to come out publicly, acknowledge Christ, and unite with the church and had told her pastor of her resolve.

It was of course a cross for a timid young woman to come before that great church, and as she came from the vestry that evening from a door as far as it could be from the pulpit the pastor cried out, this way sister Ireland, and she went feeling something of what Paul must have felt when he said, "Woe is one if I preach not the Gospel."

In a short time she was baptized, with thirty others, by Dr. Lynd and she was a member of the Baptist Church for life, and has been a staunch Baptist ever since.

The following March on the 30th of the month the second child was born and named William Henry after two of my father's brothers.

Two years later in May (the 8th) David James the third child came, both being born in the church. I do not know the date but between the birth of last one and the next child, Thomas Francis, my parents had moved to a house on Pleasant Street, where I also, the only girl of the family was born, and was named Ellen Alice after my mother's sister.

About fifteen months after this the sister was married to a Mr. Samuel Crossman and I have heard her say that I, her pet and plaything at this time, stood just behind her pulling her beautiful white dress as the ceremony was performed, and exclaiming, "Oh, pretty Auntie, oh pretty Auntie," my open admiration almost making her forget the solemnity of the occasion.

A short time before this my grandfather Ireland, my father's father, came to make his home with them. He was very old and was something of a trial to mother, but she would not allow him to know, and he preferred to stay with them than to go to his son William who also lived in Cincinnati at this time and made him welcome at his home.

He died very suddenly of old age (80) without suffering. As mother's brother Thomas was passing his room about noon on the day he died he old man said, "Thomas, look at my hand," as he held it out. It had the appearance of a dead hand. Mother was called and could see that he was struck with death. "Shall I send for Robert, father, you do not look so well." "Oh, I don't know," he answered, but before midnight he was gone.

Soon after my birth my father's health began to decline and he became less and less able to work at his trade (coppersmith.)

About 40 miles east of Cincinnati an association of people called the Phalanx had been formed. They bought a large tract of land, put up a very large house to accommodate all who would join them, were to live as one large family eating at the same table, having everything in common.

Grandfather left the church where he had been sexton so long and joined this group as Dr. and schoolmaster and was for a time considered quite a factor among them, I think.

I have heard brother Will tell with much satisfaction of the pleasant times he had when on a visit to the Phalanx at 9 years old, and attending the school led by grandfather who when the boys got too restive under their great mental efforts he would have them each shoulder an ax and taking them to the woods would leave them develop muscle and prepare fuel for winter use.

Things did not go so well with the organization as they had hoped and there was much dissatisfaction among them and so when the overwhelming floods of the great Ohio river came rushing down through the valleys, taking everything before it, the great building was undermined and fell, seventeen people losing their lives as a result. There was no thought of

rebuilding but the land was divided into small sections and sold to any who wished to purchase. Many of the Phalanx people settled here.

Grandfather foreseeing my father's inability to work many more years advised them to buy a small place in the country that the boys could manage as they became older.

Mother was not at all enthusiastic over it, always preferring the city but my father taking up with the idea she could hardly hold against it and so consented. A small portion, of 18 acres of the old Phalanx ground was purchased. Here father had a comfortable house built with all necessary outbuildings, and grandfather went with the family to the new home while father still continued to work at his business to the best of his ability.

Mother was a very busy woman during these days, and we were very happy. Our mother was always good and kind, our home was neat as hands could make it, and we as we became old enough were sent regularly to school. The school house being about ¼ mile away.

Grandfather was more than happy, up first in the morning, with huge, log fires in the old fashioned fire place in the cold winter mornings, and with the Bible and hymn book in hand he gave the first hour of the day at least to the worship of the God he loved and honored.

We had very little of a religious character surrounding us at that time, the only service I remember of any kind being the Sabbath school each summer which grandfather made a strenuous effort to keep alive, with very little success.

Our neighbors as a rule were very good, moral, well disposed people, kind to each other but did not seem to take much interest in matters pertaining to the salvation of their souls.

In January of 1850 came into the family life, and five years later little Harry, one of Heaven's brightest gems came to us on New Year's morning only to stay with us long enough to break our hearts at parting. Died on a steamboat as mother was hastening to get him to the city where she could be with grandfather and get medical aid, not dreaming that he was so very ill.

The next day he was placed in a little casket and grandfather brought the remains back to our home, where all that was mortal of our little brother was laid away until the great resurrection day, but the soul that had lived in the little body was wafted by the angels to be forever in the bright realms of the blessed, forever with his Savior, Blessed though he cannot come to us but we can go to him. Shall you, dear one, Shall I heed our Master's Call. God help us every one.

A couple of years before this Mother's brother Thomas had married a most estimable and beautiful young lady named Miss Eliza Fairfax, grandfather and grandmother were now living with them in Cincinnati, and in this time of bereavement they thought it best for mother to stay a couple of weeks with them to help wear off the edge of her sorrow, but I have heard her say that although it did help her at the time to some extent her grief was just as deep as it

would have been at first when she returned home to see his little baby things scattered through the house.

In 1856, my Uncle Henry and Aunt Rebecca Ireland came to visit us from New York. They were a very nice couple, who while not rich lived in good style in Yonkers, N.Y., keeping a fashionable boarding house with five servants to look after things. Our little Robert or Robbie, as we called him, was now a very bright, handsome little fellow of 6 years and Aunt Rebecca fell in love with him as soon as she found he could read a chapter in God's Word, as well as most grown people, and could spell almost anything you could give him correctly. She called for a contest in spelling between the little chap and Harry as she called her husband, and the former won out, much to the amusement of all concerned, Uncle being in the book business in N.Y. City was supposedly a moderate speller, at least.

Now they began to plead that they may be allowed to take him home with them for a few years. They will give him more advantages that he cannot have in a country school, and they have no little ones to bless their home "and their brother has several children, father and mother are now having the struggle of their lives to keep the wolf from the door, as he is no longer able to work at his business."

Mother toils from morning until midnight in her own family and sewing for others she will not allow the home to be sold as father in his helpless condition thinks is best, but she manages to keep the roof over our heads. So father joins his brother and wife in thinking it would be best for the darling of the family, the baby now that Harry was gone (though we would have hardly dared call him that, he was such a manly little fellow) and now comes the strife in the mother's heart, shall she sacrifice her own feelings for the good of her child, and feeling, at least that it is best for him she gives her reluctant consent. Now Aunt takes him to Cincinnati, discarded the country clothing, comfortable but not in accordance with her notion of quality and fashion, and he now looks the little gentleman that he really is. A little money is given him in his pocket and he feels like a moneyed man. After getting to New York Aunt wrote back that she is so amused at him, in the great depot in N.Y. to hear him read the sign over the door, "Beware of pickpockets" and then to see him slap his hand on his pockets and say, "They can't get my money." Pretty well for a 6 year old, don't you think?

A year or two before this brother David had gone to Cincinnati to make his home with Uncle Thomas who was going to educate him, and he of course had a much nicer home or at least much better fare and clothing than he would have had at home, and it was not so hard for mother, as he came home to spend his vacation every summer and was only 40 miles away.

Years passed swiftly away and in 1859, three years after Robbie left us, Uncle Henry died and as he wanted to come home, and it was now not so convenient for Aunt to keep him, she came for another visit and brought him home, and I remember well how proud Tom and I were of our little civilized brother, and how we almost quarreled off, and as I was the only girl

Aunt decided that I should have the honor, and I felt quite puffed up, as I went with him to several of our neighbors.

Aunt brought us many beautiful presents. I never had so many before in all my life at one time, and for years after, the Christmas letter always came with a \$5.00 gold piece for Robbie and a \$2.50 each for Tom and I, and a big bunch of papers, Frank Lestien illustrated magazine and several others came weekly to help the country home and to help us to have some little knowledge of the world outside.

In Sept. before I was fifteen our brother Fred, the pet and darling of all, came to us, the one that was to cheer my mother's lonely hours after my father had passed away.

Soon the Civil War breaks out and Brother David who has just graduated from Cincinnati High School and Brother Tom who is now just 18 enlist in the army, in the 83rd O.V. I. at Camp Dennison (named after the Governor no doubt) near Cincinnati. My oldest brother remaining at home to care for the family, my father being a confirmed invalid at this time.

A few months before this a family of our neighborhood moved to Macon, Ill. and the son, a chum of Brother Will's wrote such glowing accts. of the new country, the beautiful prairies and the rich lands that my father was induced to sell our home and make preparations for our removal to that place, which was accomplished in March of '63, I think.

Our home in Ohio was sold for \$1000 and a new farm of 80 acres of very rich land was purchased of a Mr. McCool for \$2000, Mr. McCool with his large family moving to Canada, their former home.

We had a very small house, much less comfortable there than our Ohio home, but with mother at the helm it soon became home and was neat at least, and we were happy in the hope that we would be more prosperous financially than we had been on the few acres. The first year however was one of much disappointment. The crop was good but we were not able to realize anything from it. An immense herd of cattle roamed the prairies around us and as our fences were poor soon broke through them to eat and destroy the entire crop.

My father at this time was failing rapidly and in the August of this year, '63, he passed away to the great beyond, and my mother is now a widow. She has always been a good wife, and my father said in his last sickness, no man ever had a better one. When we know we "have done our best or at least tried to do so, it must be a comfort to be this appreciated."

The children were all grown up or nearly so, excepting the 18 months old Fred, and what a very great consolation he was. I have heard her say that sometimes when we older ones were away from home and she alone with her babe, she would press him to her heart and thank God for the gift of this dear one, who seemed to be sent to cheer her loneliness.

Among the many friends, for though so short a time had elapsed since coming here, many in our new home had come to sympathize with us in this time of sorrow, we laid our father's body away in the country cemetery, 2 miles away.

As we were having a rather hard time financially this year, mother accepted a very urgent invitation from her sister Ellen who now resided in Alton, Ill. for me to come to her and stay, while learning the dressmaking trade. I had been obliged to leave school at the age of fifteen to assist mother in the care of my small brother Freddy, and so was hardly capable of making my living by my education, and now it seemed necessary for me to do something for myself at least.

Mother was not so strong now as formerly and missed my help greatly at home, as she had trained me to be useful, and I shared the labors of the household with her.

The life on the farm went on, but the year of '64 was quite the reverse of '63 financially for us. The land around us was taken up and fenced in, thereby preserving our crops from the cattle. A large crop of corn and wheat rewarded the labor of my brother Will and 12-year old Robert, war prices prevailed, and we were lifted up considerably in finances. The farm was paid for \$1000, being still due, machinery needed badly on the farm was bought and mother was able to buy a much larger stock of dry goods than she had had at one time for many years.

During my stay in Alton, which was one and one half years, I met Miss Louisa Parker, who afterwards became my brother David's wife, and who is today my mother's dear daughter Lou, and my equally dear sister.

I returned home in the summer of '65, and soon after my brothers came home from the war which was now ended.

Tom settled at home for a time, and David went to Alton and became a clerk in the store of Wm. Crossman, brother to Aunt Nellie's husband. Here he became somewhat acquainted with the clothing business, which soon became his own permanent life work or rather business.

Bro. Will still, with Robert's help running the farm. Tom also at home, farming adjacent land if my memory serves me right.

Mr. McCool's family returned from Canada about this time, and the girls made a pleasant addition to the young people of the neighborhood, settling on a small farm very near us.

During the year '65 especially through the summer months, an epidemic of fever and ague raged around us, and every one in the family, mother alone excepted, were down with it. Surely her place was the hardest of all, no one to help among the sick ones, money could not hire help as every family for miles around were in the same condition, not enough well to wait on the sick.

Plenty of remedies came our way and it was not hard to break the chills, but it was extremely hard to keep them broken. In 7 or 24 days they would be back again as hard as ever.

Perhaps because I would not stay in of evenings and take care of myself as my good Mother advised me to do, I did not get rid of the trouble as soon as the rest but was shaking all winter. Aunt Eliza wrote from Newport, Ky. (just opposite Cincinnati) where my Uncle Thomas Morgan's family now lived, that they thought there was nothing that would effect a cure in the age, like a change of climate, even a short distance, effecting a cure, and that if I would come on and assist Aunt for a few months in her home they would pay my travelling expenses and pay me wages besides. I was wild to go, and mother could not refuse, and so when I was about 19 years old I went to my uncle's to stay eight months. The little Alice was born soon after I arrived, and I was able to be of much assistance to My Aunt as I only had two chills after getting there.

During my absence my mother had a very sick spell and I have often heard her speak of her need of me at that time.

My days fled swiftly in my uncle's house, and I was very happy. They were more than kind to me, and though I assisted Aunt with the work I could not have been treated better if I had been a daughter of the household. As I am not supposed to be giving my history I will not tell of the many pleasures they threw in my way, but proceed.

I returned home in the fall of '66, I think, if I have not mixed dates, and found mother as usual, and things on the farm much the same.

A great revival broke out in the M.E. church, under Bro. Peter Wallace, in the winter of '66 and '67. We all attended those meetings and here Bro. Tom and I were converted to God one Sunday evening in Jan. and united later with the same church.

In the Fall of '67 Tom went to Mo. and began farming there.

In April of '68 on the 22nd of May Bro. William, now 28 years old, was married to Miss Maria McCool and she joined us in our home, mother abdicating as housekeeper in favor of the young married couple. Never having to regret the entrance into the family of our good daughter and sister "Pet" who mother says grows better and better looking every year of her life, and her older brother here on a visit and in conversation with mother who said, "Pet has always been so good," replied, "she could not possibly help it, she was born so."

In a month or two, Tom came back home on a visit and coveting his brother's happiness I guess, concluded to do likewise if he could his affections, no doubt, being already engaged, he sought the hand and heart of Miss Samantha (don't tell her I called her that of she will come out here and beat me) McCool, sister to Bro. Will's wife. She not having refused his suit, they were married on the 20th day of August, his 24th birthday, and he took her home with him to the little cottage in Mo., north of Gallatin, I think it was.

The next April David was married to the aforementioned Miss Lou Parker of Alton, and now my mother's three oldest boys are married men.

Bro. Will now begins to want to be in his own home, and so Mother sells the farm for \$4400.00 and divides the money among the children, we to pay her 2 per cent during her lifetime. Will to give her a home for life, and to retain Fred's share until he is 21.

Will now buys a farm of 80 acres on the or near the Hannibal and St. Joe R.R., 20 miles east of St. Joseph, Mo.

Mother takes very sick after we have sold out and is bedfast for several weeks, she is somewhat convalescent and Will takes little Fred, now a lad of 8 years with him, and goes to the new farm to prepare for his wife and baby Mary Louisa, and Freddy to make Tom and his wife a visit until Mother is ready to join them again.

We all thought as mother would be going still farther West, that it would be a good time for her to make her brother Thomas and family, who have now moved to Richmond, Ind. a visit, and now though very feeble from her sick spell, she goes again to see dear old foster mother and the other dear ones. She makes quite an extended visit, and it is the last she ever sees of the parents with whom she has passed so much of her life, and she has often spoken of the bitterness of the parting.

She is called from Richmond to Edwardsville, Ill, the home of her sister, when little Ed the last of Aunt Nellie's children, had just arrived. Another pleasant visit here and she is called to Alton 25 miles distant to visit her first grandson, David's first son, Frank. Another visit is here enjoyed. I had joined her here and together we cared for Sister Lou.

In a few months I went to stay with Aunt Nellie and mother made her way out to Stewartsville where Will had now settled.

In the meanwhile he had built a neat white cottage with a green latticed porch which made a very presentable appearance among the unpainted homes of the neighborhood, building with his own hand with very little help, planting his orchard, building his fences – but the crops were very discouraging, every misfortune overtaking them, grasshoppers, chinch bugs, too much rain or too little and it began to appear a little more difficult to pay for the farm, at only \$15 per acre and ten years' time. It was not the fine farming country of Central Ill. and poor market, besides.

Bro. David moves from Alton and sets up in the clothing business in the town of Stewartsville, just 5 miles from Will. I come out with the sister Lou and made my home between the two brothers for a while.

On New Year's day of 1873 I was married to a Mr. William Clarke, a printer who had learned his trade in Alton, Ill. with my uncle Sam Crossman and this is where I first met him, and his home is now in Kansas City where I now go to reside.

Brother Tom sometime before this, moves on an adjoining farm of 40 acres and so now Mother has all of her children around her for a time, excepting brother Robert who has in these years been working his way through college, first in Shurtleff and then through the Chicago University, studying law and settling in Elgin, Ill. in that business.

We had one or two very happy Christmases together before I married and Tom went to homestead 60 acres of good land only 2 ½ miles from a flourishing little town called Lone Tree in Messick Co. He was doing as well as he could here and bid as fair as anyone, so far as human eyes could see, for a long life and a prosperous one, but he took suddenly sick, a letter came from his wife saying he was very sick, a telegram almost with the letter said "my husband is dying." Oh, how sad for the young wife and little children away from all home folk, how sad for the mother who loved her boy so well, and for all of us. Brother Will boards the first train. Oh, if he can only speak one word before he is gone, but no, he is gone, has been dead a day before Will reaches him, his poor dead body is sent back to Stewartsville for burial, a hasty sale of personal effects follow; the farm is put in charge of someone, and my brother's widow and her three little ones come back home with brother Will, to the home of her sister. She finally goes back to her mother in Macon Ill, where the most of her family live, and has lived there ever since.

I was not well and my brothers and mother thought it best for me not to come home to the funeral, and so I did not even have the consolation of seeing his poor dead face, but my brother was a Christian, and that is the greatest consolation we can have when we know we can never again behold him in this life.

Brother Will had had a good offer for his farm, so selling, he bought again in the neighborhood and improved, again sold at quite an advance, again building and buying in the neighborhood, coming out clear on his farm this time, I think, if not making his crops pay for his land, his work did. He had not quite finished his new house on the third place when one early morning in March he got up and made a big fire in the stove, going back to bed. His wife got up a few minutes later to find the house on fire. I was there with my five year old boy and it is a never forgotten morning to all of us. The house was burned to the ground, with much of its contents and we were turned out homeless, not even saving enough provisions for our breakfast. No house could be gotten in the vicinity excepting a shanty of 2 rooms about ¼ of a mile away, and there we had to go and crowd in the best we could. Fortunately the house was insured and the insurance was paid immediately, and so all that summer Brother Will worked hard to get the house again ready for us. In May Little Tom arrived in the family. (He is a big six footer now) and mother and I cared for my sister as best we could, under the circumstances, and we got along very well. I was glad I could be with them in this time of trouble, the greatest inconvenience being the lack of water.

I would have to take the week's washing to the "Burnt House" as Alice and Willie the 3 ½ year old called it, and with iron boiler wash outside, but I was very happy and did not mind it at all, glad to be useful (as well as ornamental).

We moved in the new house before the windows were in, or the doors hung, and found it more comfortable even in this shape, there that house than in the shanty. Will had built a nice large room for mother and a small one beside it for Fred, now a sturdy lad of 17 years, and industrious, good boy, much given to goodnatured teasing of the children, who were around him, and who have always regarded him as an older brother more than an uncle.

Mother had united with the Baptist Church of Stewartsville, glad to get where she could again be in the church of her choice, and spent many happy days in Stewartsville at brother David's where she can attend church.

In a few years, about Feb. of '82 I think, Will moves with his family to Bronson, Kansas, where he had bought a nice farm of 160 acres which has always been their home since.

Mother remained at Stewartsville a while and then came again to Will's. Will and Fred built her a nice room in addition to the house that is already here, and I am sitting in it while I write.

Mother again united with the Baptist Church, this time at Bronson where she has now been a member for over 20 years, though for about the last ten has not been able to attend as she has been afflicted with cancer on her face, and been feeble too, but she has never ceased to give it what financial aid she could, with her earnest prayers for its prosperity.

In '93 Mother spent the year in Chicago at brother David's, he had retired from business and moved here a short time before. He and Lou kindly opened their door to the relatives who wish to attend the World's Fair, which is held at this time, and I made a never forgotten visit to Chicago, with my son Adna, a young man now 18 years old.

I had been living in country and small towns, since the great improvements had been made in electricity and had not had the opportunity before, of seeing any wonderful things now in vogue, and I no doubt appeared the country green horn that I was, but I enjoyed it all hugely and shall always be grateful to my brother and wife for the opportunity they gave me of thus "seeing the sights."

I had too, the pleasure of visiting with mother who as I said made her home with them and had the chance to see a great many of the relatives who took in the Fair that year.

In the year '95 a heavy blow fell on us all, but most of all on mother, in the death of Brother Robert, who had been suffering terribly for about two years, and now passed away in April of that year, and she has never ceased to mourn his loss.

Five years ago she had a very bad sick spell, and David and myself came to her, thinking perhaps we must now give up our mother, as she was very old, but she recovered, and my brothers thought it best for me to remain with her until the end comes, as she needed care and my sister in law was such a very busy woman in her large family that she could not possibly give

her the attention she needed, and so I have been, and will be here, until one or the other of us is called away from earth.

My mother is now a sufferer waiting to be called home, longing for the time to come when God shall say "it is enough, come home." The only complaint she makes is that she fears she is not patient enough as one of God's children ought to be.

Mother's life has been a simple one, no great things can be recorded unless indeed, the life of a true wife and mother can be called great, but she has well performed the little things that have come in her way. Only the one talent perhaps but it has been put to use, she has done what she could, what more can any of us do? And I believe when the journey is over she will receive the welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Ellen A. Ireland Clarke
1908