

Part I

THE LIFE AND MEMOIRS OF
MARIA EDWARDS KILOH LEWIS

Reproduced Here From Her Own Hand-
Written Record Covering the Years
1800 - 1910 With References to Even
Earlier Periods, and Being a Brief
History of the Kith and Kin of Cer-
tain Branches of the Kiloh Family
of Aberdeen, Scotland, and of the
Lewis Family of Norwalk, Ohio.

Copy by Percy Williams Lewis,
La Grange, Illinois, December, 1968

(1) Your recollections of the Wills, Edwards and
 Lewis families written by Mr & Lewis at the
 request of Mrs Edward Lewis, Gormanston, County Dub.
 I like somewhat the beginning the early story of our family
 as it sheds on uncertainty as to as regards my father's
 and mother's ancestry. My father's name on his father's
 side is Lewis, Lord for a long time in Merioneth, Gwynedd,
 and its vicinity and to have Lewis allied to the Seymours
 and the Wottons sounds from my aunt Sarah's dated
 June 23/89 contained most of the information I have been able
 to obtain in regard to your great-grandfather's antecedents. It is rather
 and a little other information our dear Arthur has put in keeping John
 Wills was the name of my great-grandfather he lived on a farm
 ten miles north of Aberystwyth, the farm was called Aberystwyth
 Thomas (in the parish of St. Mary's) where all his family lived
 for a century. I hope of this see the last page of the book.
 My grandfather's name was Thomas, a well-to-do man and
 connected by profession and relationship to Lewis and family
 relationships called him to London. I do not know of any
 note he provided our English Lady by name. I have been told

First Page Reproduction of the Original Manuscript
 of the Memoirs of Maria Edwards Kiloh Lewis in Her
 Own Handwriting

A FEW RECOLLECTIONS OF THE KILOH, EDWARDS AND
LEWIS FAMILIES WRITTEN BY MARIA EDWARDS LEWIS
AT THE REQUEST OF HER BELOVED SON NORMAN STANLEY LEWIS

Like countless other beginnings the early story of our family is shrouded in uncertainty both as regards my father's and mother's ancestry. My father's (people) on his father's side seem to have lived for a length of time in Aberdeen, Scotland and its vicinity and to have been allied to the Seymours and Keiths. A letter received from my aunt Sarah dated June 23, 1889 contained most of the information I have been able to obtain in regards to your great grandfather's antecedents. This letter and a little other information our dear Archie has in his keeping.

John Kiloh was the name of my great grandfather. He lived on a farm 10 miles north of Aberdeen. The farm was called Brown Hills. It was in the parish of New Machar where all his family lived. John Kiloh had a family of two sons and four daughters who all married. John Kiloh's wife's name was Keith. Her father was an Episcopal clergyman. At one time he had a church at Belhelvie, 7 miles north of Aberdeen. The Rev. Mr. Keith had another daughter besides my great grandmother, and three sons, one of whom was also a clergyman. Two sons went to America and died here. As far as I know they were unmarried. They left money it seems, and an old lady who had known them before they came to America remarked in reference to this fact "That surely there could be no poor people in America when the Keiths left money". This is sort of an enigma meaning, I suppose, that the Keiths had not the ability to earn money or that they were spendthrifts. At any rate our immediate family knows nothing about this money. The sister also married, a farmer by the name of Seymour, - the house of Mr. Seymour being in New Machar. These Seymours were a large family. There were 6 daughters, and my aunt thought, sons too, one of whom became a minister. One of the daughters married a Mr. Black of Forest Hill, another a Mr. Irvine of Old Town. The Birney's and Mrs. Ferguson were the grand children of my great grand uncle. Except these few stems, my darling boy, we only have some gleanings from old cemeteries collected very kindly by one of the "Black" descendants, Elizabeth Danney. One of the epitaphs Miss or Mrs. Danney sent, I copy. It is the inscription on the tomb of the Rev. James Keith, New Machar churchyard:

Hic jacet Master Jacobus Keith, quendam verbi
divini minister. Vir pietatis insignis qui
diem superum. Obiit Dec. A. D. 1730 Octat 71.
Omnium eodem cognatum

Archie's translation: Here lies Mr. James Keith, formerly minister of the Divine Word. A man distinguished for piety beyond the time. Died Dec. A. D. 1730, Aged 71.

The same was known by all.

My grandfather's name was Alexander Kiloh. He was an architect by profession and whether his business or family relationships called him to London, I do not know. At any rate he married an English lady by name Ann Leonard. She was a Londoner and must have possessed many most lovable traits from the affectionate manner in which I have heard her spoken of. She had brothers, but I never knew but one of them, James Leonard. He was a hospitable, kind-hearted man who maintained a most comfortable home in London. As a child I esteemed it a great treat to visit his house with my mother during our occasional visits to London. The only other member of my grandmother's family that I knew was a cousin of my father's who used to visit us in Aberdeen. A beautiful gentleman he was too, but dying of consumption... it must have been very slowly for I think he visited Scotland three times within my recollection. I remember his trying to sing and failing and weeping. My father said he had been a fine singer. ... Since coming to Cleveland to live we have met other relatives of your great grandmother as you know, my dear Stanley. Mrs. Cordelle and Fanny Leonard-- certainly gentle interesting women: these are second cousins of your grandfather. Your great grandmother died while I was still a little child. I do not remember her at all. The picture your aunt Sarah had sent to me is so she said a good likeness of her as quite a young woman.

Alexander Kiloh was a native of the north of Scotland as his forefathers had been for generations. I do not know whether he was born in the city of Aberdeen, but his married life was spent in that city. There chiefly he practiced his profession which was that of an architect. The only children that I remember hearing of were, besides my father John Kiloh who was the eldest of the family, his sister Sarah and my uncle David who was the youngest of the family. Besides I have heard my father speak of two (other) brothers who died. My grandfather was suddenly killed by a fall from the scaffolding of a building in London of which he was superintending the erection. The shock of the news was so great as almost to kill my grandmother, a woman never of strong health. My aunt wrote me that she had a distinct recollection of the terror of that day when the little children they all were, were met at the door on their coming home, from school by the tidings of their father's death. It seemed my grandparents were greatly devoted to each other. From that sad day the familiar word father was scarcely ever spoken. Though as you know my dear boy your grandfather lived to the great age of eighty and spent his last years in our family I never could draw out of him very much about his immediate family. There were cousins of my father living in Aberdeen by the name of Birney. A sister of these was married to a Mr. Ferguson, a lawyer who was a great assistance in many ways to my parents. These people had all prospered

greatly in a financial point of view and lived in beautiful houses. About the earliest recollections as well as the loveliest are of visiting at the beautiful places, one of which was called "Ash Grove" from the great number of beautiful ash trees about it. There were other relatives by the names of Simm, Skene, and Watt. One young man by the name of Simm, your grandfather often spoke of. He died while in the prime of life. His mother, aunt Simm, as we called her greatly revered his memory. He was her only child and I have been told he was one of the most devoted of sons and a brilliant lawyer.

John Skene who was another cousin of my father's I remember, was a student at King's College, Aberdeen. He used to come to our house to teach us Latin. He was our first teacher in Latin. We were very young at that time and I am afraid we were not very pains taking. I could not have been more than eight years old. But John Skene displayed infinite patience with us. I remember, too, afterwards this same John Skene entering the ministry of the Presbyterian church. After his marriage we heard of him as still living in Aberdeen. Whether he was in charge of a church in that city or whether he was teaching, I do not know, but he was during my aunt Sarah's life a great comfort to her in many ways.

This dear aunt, my father's only sister was an almost ideal person. Such a sweet gentle spirit she possessed, spending her life in the service of others. Her home was a quiet and inviting haven of rest. One of our sweetest privileges as children was to be taken for a day's visit to aunt Sarah's. If ever you should go to Aberdeen on a visit as I hope my dear boy you may you will find the house on the corner of King's St. where Queen's St. comes into it at an angle. The North Church was just opposite the house in the space made by the angle. All the houses in Aberdeen being built of granite, I am supposing buildings are less changed by the passage of years than they are in this country.

My uncle David I only remember seeing once. He came to London to make a flying visit to my father just previous to his (my father's) sailing for America. He was a wonderfully handsome man, very tall and fair. He was in the employment of an uncle of his who lived in Malta, one of the Leonards. You perhaps remember your cousin Fanny had a great deal to say about this uncle Leonard with whom she had lived...I rather think up to the time of his death. Perhaps you remember your cousin Fanny had interesting photographs of Malta and of your great uncle's home there which had been the residence centuries before of the principal "Knights of Malta" at a time when the Knights of Malta were a conspicuous element in the history of Europe. Your uncle David afterwards went to Liverpool. He was married and had one son who also had

one son whose name is Edwin Kiloh. You may remember his picture in my album - a very delicate looking boy. This as far as I know is the last in the male line of the Kiloh family. I have always thought it so strange that my father took no pains to correspond with my uncle David. I have never seen a letter from him and all we knew about him after coming to this country was learned through letters from aunt Sarah. Aunt Sarah lived to be nearly ninety, but for years was almost a constant sufferer from ill health. My aunt, like your grandfather was an Episcopalian, no bigot but loyal and sincere.

I think I have told you the romantic story of my mother's grandmother, but as you may have forgotten it I will put it down here. Her earliest recollection was of life in a very large and beautiful home where each hour was filled with happiness, then of a great upheaval and confusion followed by what seemed an interminable ride in a large family coach and with two gentlemen who called themselves her uncles. My great grandmother whose name was Amelia Clark considered that long ride followed upon the death of one or other of her parents, and that the distance covered was between Wales and London. Her home after this to the end of her long life was the city of London. She must have been at the time of going to London a very little girl because she could only see into the street by jumping on to her tiptoes. The room in which she was kept for what seemed to her a length of time was in the upper part of one of those old houses where one story projects out over the street and each successive story extends out over that just below so that from the upper stories of houses built in this way people might almost shake hands across those narrow streets. You have seen such houses in pictures, I presume. Fancy a tiny little girl in a room away up high seeing no one day after day but the woman who took care of her and brought her food. We must believe this concealment had no kindness in its intention and I have so often wondered why neither my grandfather or either of his sons did not ferret out the story. After a time my great grandmother was removed from this house and placed in boarding school spending her vacations in the house of Lady Cornwallis whom she called aunt. Lord Cornwallis she called uncle. Her life until her marriage and I do not know but after that was spent when not at school in this house. Admiral Skinner was the gentleman to whom my great grandmother was married. My grandmother, my mother's mother, was their only child. Admiral Skinner I have heard my mother say was killed in a naval engagement soon after his marriage. For years we had various articles that had belonged to him. Among other things I remember a cocked hat box - quite a handsome box of wood padded inside and lined and an admiral's hat in it. Then there was sword sheath. I can't recall anything else. There was double dealing again though in regard to my great grandmother being persuaded to be called by her maiden name. She

was called Mrs. Clark. One remark I often heard her make was that Amelia was always an unfortunate name. She expressed sorrow because my uncle Henry named one of his daughters after her. Mrs. Clark was a beautiful gentle lady. She used to visit my grandmother every week. She was very healthy and a famous pedestrian. She came to the vessel to see us off for America although she was then eighty-four years old. The captain of our vessel remarked that although he had been sailing the seas for years he never had had in his ship's cabin before four generations, great grandmother, grandmother, mother and greatgrand children. I have so often regretted that I took no pains as a child to ask questions about our antecedents but I do not know that I ever did and the little I have gleaned and recorded here my darling came to me mostly by letter from my aunt Sarah and from my aunt Betsey, the mother of Mrs. Caswell (cousin Lila we call her). Mrs. Clark lived nicely in London, keeping house with the assistance of one domestic. She carefully avoided society and was so I have heard my mother say a hater of men.

Of my grandfather Edwards family I only know they were Londoners and that his father and grandfather were in the service of the Bank of England, as my grandfather was too, his position being principal in the Will Office. Of all my grandparents he was the one I knew best for he visited Aberdeen several times and when we were at his home or near London he was so kind to us. He was devoted to business and although on account of the length of time he had served the bank he might have retired on a handsome pension he went to the city every day until shortly before his death. Every one in the bank knew and loved my gentle grandfather. It was very gratifying to notice the attentions shown him in the great institution he had served for so many years. He could introduce me a little girl of ten years as the eldest of the twelve, there being twelve grandchildren.

Henry Edwards was a typical Methodist, one of Wesley's early stewards of what had become the famous City Road Chapel. Mr. Edwards had two nephews quite young men who used to be at his house when they were in London. Their names were William and John Flynn. They were in the English navy and we understood one of them during the Civil War deserted to the American side. Besides these he had a niece Mrs. Walsh, a very accomplished musician. I mention these names because it may happen some day you may come across some of these people.

And now I have come down to my own dear parents about whom I write with more knowledge than of others. My father had I fancy rather an uneventful life up to the time of his marriage. After leaving school he was apprenticed to one of the famous booksellers of London. I believe it was Murray. Seven years he served and then returning to Aberdeen opened a bookstore ..

a cousin of his, a lawyer, Mr. Ferguson, furnishing the capital. While a resident of London he formed many valuable friendships not only through his relatives the Leonards but on account of the warm interest he took in religious things. He was introduced to my mother's family through a Miss Cruden of Aberdeen, a cousin of the famous (Alexander) Cruden who prepared Cruden's (Biblical) Concordance. My grandfather Edwards had attended King's College, Aberdeen and was an inmate of her family. I remember Miss Cruden well. My sisters and I were often taken to her beautiful house to spend our Saturday afternoons. She was a woman of rare intelligence and my mother prized her friendship highly. Miss Cruden too loved my mother dearly and used her influence to assist my mother's interests in every way. To return to London and my father... He and my mother were married in Christ Church, Blackfriars, London, July 21, 1827. I copy the record made by my father of the births of his children: Maria Edwards born August 2nd, 1828 in Aberdeen Scotland baptized in St. Paul's Chapel; Ann born September 6th 1829 baptized in St. Paul's, and Henrietta born June 5th, 1831, baptized in St. Paul's. As far back as I can remember my father kept a bookstore on Union St., Aberdeen. There was always a crowd around his window. This he arranged himself with infinite taste. As far as I know child as I was he was very much devoted to business, working at it early and late but for some reason or other he didn't succeed. Whether he had strong competition or not I do not know, but at any rate my mother opened a school for girls and had large patronage. My beloved mother taught and superintended her large house. She was assisted by a corps of charming women who seconded her valuable leadership so that her school enjoyed an uncommon reputation. Many of the pupils boarded in the house. But although the assistants both in the school and in the household were exceptionally efficient, the responsibility resting upon my mother must have been too great so that she sold out her school to four sisters, English ladies by the name of Bickwell. Three of these ladies had been her assistants.

Then my father rented a dear little cottage in the middle of a large fruit and flower garden. Just one of my mother's pupils remained with her, the daughter of one of my mother's early playmates, Henrietta Turnley by name. The sweet family life in that cottage is a beautiful memory. My mother devoted herself to teaching us and we saw so much more of my father than we had ever done before. But after two or three years my mother's strength gave out and her father came to Aberdeen and took her to London that she might enjoy complete rest and her mother's care. Sir Benjamin Brodie an eminent surgeon who became interested in her case seconded the urgent request of my mother's brother John Edwards who had been in this country for some years and was anxious his sister should come to the these United States, urging that a total change of climate might be of great benefit to her.

I think my gentle English mother never liked Scotland. The Scotch people then were rough and uncouth compared with the English and with the exception of our greatly loved minister Dr. John Brown, I fancy there were no strong friendships to be broken. So it was no trial to my mother not to return to Scotland. Instead my father with the assistance of his sister, my dear aunt Sarah of whom you have so often heard me speak, packed up our silver ware, china and bed and table linens and we came to my grandfather Edwards' home in a beautiful suburb of London called Peckham. My uncle John had secured a very good position for my father in Cincinnati and he felt it necessary to hasten over here to accept it; so his stay in London was brief, only just long enough I fancy to make preparations for the long sea voyage. As I have said before, my uncle David came to London to bid my father Good-Bye and this was the only time I ever saw this relative. I think my father accompanied his brother to Liverpool and probably sailed from that port because the leave taking which you may imagine was a sad one was made at my grandfather's house. You must remember my darling that crossing the Atlantic fifty or sixty years ago was a very different affair from the same journey today. My father sailed in a vessel called the Sylvanus Jenkins. The journey occupied three months the ship being driven completely out of its course by terrific storms. The captain of whom my father spoke highly finally succeeded in bringing the ship into the harbor of the island of St. Thomas where it was found repairs would have to be made before the journey could be continued. I fancy the sight of land must have been acceptable indeed and that the stay at St. Thomas made a delightful break in the monotony of the journey. A severe earthquake shock which threw down many houses occurred during the stay. A Russian in the cabin by the name of Baum formed a most interesting companion all through the voyage. He remained in New York which was his destination and the following year when we reached that port he met us in the harbor and escorted us about New York. He was a delightful and polished gentleman. My father of course made all the haste he could to reach Cincinnati and was kindly cared for in my uncle John's family. In the meantime, during those three months, fancy my dear mother's anxiety. How she wept when we were by ourselves. I well remember night after night my kind sympathetic grandfather would come home from business reporting, "No word from Lloyds", which was the great shipping directory. A letter sent from the island of St. Thomas came to my mother about the same time as one from New York. But the strain had been so great that my mother was taken very ill and as she recovered Henrietta was attacked by scarlet fever. For days her life hung upon a thread. Annie and I stayed for weeks in the family of Mr. Turnley, the old friend before mentioned. There were four little girls in the family

about our own age and their mother was a loving beautiful woman. We had lessons in the morning and in the afternoon with the children's maid we used to go out for a ramble. I think these weeks were ideal in the happiness they afforded us aside of course from the concern we felt about Henrietta. But the long beautiful days passed away, Henrietta got well and we returned to grandfather's house. Then came the bustle of preparation for our voyage. My mother's father at first decided to take passage for us on a steamer, but just then a very fine steamer called the President was unaccounted for and it's supposed must have taken fire at sea. It was filled with passengers, but no one lived to tell its story. The horror of this changed our plans and we sailed in the Lawson a sailing vessel. We too encountered storms but we were only six weeks between London and New York. We had a congenial ship's company. I have often wished we could have met some of those people again. We saw only one after we were settled in Cincinnati and that was a Mr. Blanchard whose home was in Louisville. He had been to England to make his claim to a wealthy English estate and became a rich man. There were two beautiful young ladies in whom every body felt an interest. One, Miss Husband, a golden haired girl who had been in England finishing her education, the other a dark beauty the sister of the captain's wife. Her name was Appleton. She was constantly absorbed in a large book. Two young men were completely captivated by Miss Husband. Everyone became interested in the competition for the young lady's favor. But their future history as far as we were concerned we knew nothing of.

Mr. Baum the Russian gentleman who was my father's fellow passenger in crossing the ocean met us in New York, took us to his boarding place and paid us many attentions. That first week in New York was full of novelty and enchantment. The boarding house life was a great novelty to all of us. I omitted to mention an experience we had on entering New York Bay. A pilot came out in a little boat as is the custom to bring our ship safely through the dangerous channel, and it is customary for the ship's captain to resign the command of the vessel. But our captain (Sturgess by name) had an old grudge against this pilot and determined not to have him for temporary master. Captain Sturgess was in great part owner of the vessel and had been a sailor all his life. He was besides a man of violent temper. A fight was begun between these two lawless men which frightened the passengers badly. In the meantime a great gale was blowing and the crew was without a director, so the first mate assumed the command and brought us safely to harbor while these fighters attempted to settle their differences with blows. They were probably dealt with afterwards, but I didn't know about that.

I think my dear mother hoped that either her husband or brother would meet her in New York and assist her the remainder of the journey to Cincinnati, but probably the expense was too great. We came to our western house but a short part of the way by railroad, though we did cross the Alleghany mountains by rail. Most of the distance we came by canal and then down the Ohio on a steamboat arriving in Cincinnati in the month of October (probably in 1840 as she states she was born in 1828 and was twelve years old when she came to this country: ed.). It is scarcely necessary to say our meeting with my dear father and uncle was a most joyful one. Aunt Betsey made room for us in her home and did her very best to make us feel at home and happy. We were thoughtless children in those days as I recall them now. We used to speak out our minds without considering the sting the words often conveyed. Aunt Betsey's mother lived with her and Lila was a baby about eleven months old and cutting teeth. My aunt and her mother were close economists. They kept no girl. Just think how we must have added to their work. But we did nothing to relieve them, just played the live long day. We had always been accustomed to servants. My dear mother invalid as she was used to help about the house and especially with the baby. She kept up our studies too with us. What an infinity of pains she did take with us.

In the early Spring after the winter spent at our uncle John's house we removed into a large house on Seventh street. My uncle's house was on Fifth St. My mother now took charge of the house, my uncle and his family boarding with us and two young men friends of my father, one of them, his employer in a hardware store where he was book keeper. My uncle was employed in the Commercial Bank. Of course here my mother kept helpers. Our uncle was devoted to our beautiful mother. They did enjoy each other intensely together. Their tastes were so similar, music especially with them both was quite a passion. But this dear uncle was of too fine a fibre to meet some of the emergencies which presented themselves and he was taken ill with brain fever. He was ill but a little while. A sort of religious melancholy had preceded this illness and his ravings during his illness were pitiful to hear. No skill could avail to save him and he died at the age of thirty-five. This was a terrible blow to my mother. One of aunt Betsey's brothers came for her and took her, her mother and baby to Iowa to live with him. My father gave up the house in which occurred this pitiful loss and removed to a house on Mt. Auburn, then the loveliest suburb of Cincinnati. My mother opened a school for girls which was well patronized by the neighborhood and for a time all went well. The position uncle John had held in the bank was given to your grandfather and though the salary was not large we lived in comfort.

For some unaccountable reason aunt Betsey and her two children (Lila and her brother Frank born after their father's death) came to live with us. As you may imagine this accession to our family was a formidable burden. But although we were obliged to practice all sorts of self denials, I never heard a murmur from the lips of either of my parents. Aunt Betsey remained with us most of the time after that until my mother's death although she had two brothers in Iowa who were well able to provide for her. In many ways it was very pleasant to have her in the house though we felt she did not appreciate our dear mother as she ought. Perhaps she could not for she was very much of a materialist and our dear mother was one of the most spiritually minded people I ever knew. We were all very fond of Lila and Frank. We took them everywhere with us. Frank was named for his father John Francis. Aunt Betsey had always called her husband "My Frank", so it came very naturally to call his little son Frank.

I find I have omitted to speak of my mother's brothers - she had no sisters. Her brothers were highly prized by her. Henry was the eldest. He enjoyed fine opportunities for education at Oxford. He was so fine a scholar that he was called by his class, "dux" which means leader. When he was at home he made it a point to commit two hundred lines of Greek to memory before breakfast and when he was only eight years old took the part of Agamemnon in a Greek play. Unfortunately he fell very much in love while his college course was still unfinished and was so much afraid of losing his prize that he was married secretly because it was contrary to the laws of the University for students to marry. His wife's parents knew of the marriage and their daughter remained at home with them, but after a year the secret came out and your uncle was dismissed from college. He had been studying for the ministry of the Episcopal church but he was so provoked because he was discharged that he went into a Dissenting college in the north of England and then completed his theological course and was ordained to the ministry of the so called Independent church. I fancy it compares with the Congregational church. Uncle Henry's marriage was a most happy one. He and his wife were devoted to each other. They came to London to visit us for a few weeks before we sailed. My grandmother was very proud of him. She was member of the Independent Church. Uncle Henry was an enthusiastical Greek scholar and wrote what was said to be a fine poem in Greek which he called the continuation of The Odyssey.

Uncle Joseph was the youngest brother. He grew tired of the restraints of his mother's house. She was a rigid disciplinarian. So this boy ran away from home and came to this country where he encountered all sorts of hardships, but too proud to go back to England. Then in some way making his great needs known his brother John came here looked him up and sent him home.

My uncle John was offered employment in Montreal. There he met his fate in the shape of the beautiful Betsey Cattermole. Joseph had a position given him in a bank at Birmingham, England. He also married and had three children, I think. Two I know. The whole family were at my grandfather's house to say Good Bye to us. The eldest of my uncle Joseph's children who was also called Joseph we afterward learned met his death on board a British ship at nearly the beginning of the Civil War. His vessel was attempting to run the blockade before Fort Sumpter.

The only other cousin belonging to the English families that I knew of was one of uncle Henry's sons who was a neighbor for a time of your aunt Annie. He became so homesick in Newport that he returned to England. Cousin Frank, Lila's brother died, her mother too is dead. She died at Lila's house in Knoxville. Lila as you know has two children, Bert and Helen. All this family is now living in Detroit. Y our aunt Annie removed from Newport, Kentucky to New York about twelve years ago. She has lived in Brooklyn, Northampton, and Lynn, but now she has returned to New York and most of her family are within easy reach of her. Y our aunt Henrietta after living in Cedarville and Xenia during most of her married life, some years after her husband's death followed her son Charles to Cleveland, and hither most of her children have followed her.

Now to return to our life on Mount Auburn. We spent many very happy days in the two different houses we occupied on the Hill as it was called. Our beloved friend and minister lived opposite to us for a time, he was in charge of St. Paul's. He did love and appreciate my parents and new comers as they were he took great pains to introduce them to the church people. The religious life which had always been the everyday life of our house sustained our dear parents through many trying experiences and at the same time greatly endeared them to their friends, especially the old-country people. At that time fifty years ago and more, the dividing line between foreigners and native-born citizens was a much wider and more marked one than it is now and after the passing away of her brother I am quite sure my mother suffered from intense homesickness. Contrary to expectation our mother's health did not improve. She enjoyed the warmth of the summer climate and the brilliant sunshine, but the disease from which she suffered was not understood then as it is now and notwithstanding my father employed physicians of different schools, some of them eminent men in their profession. Our patient mother obtained but little relief from treatment. She was very active though most of the time and as I look back upon her life now I realize more and more how self-forgetful she was and what an inspiration she made of herself in many directions.

Reading what Dr. Adam Smith has to say about Drummond I was reminded of the value my mother constantly set upon time. She almost constantly when conversing had a little piece of needlework in her hand and among young people who were listless and idle if she could not interest them in any other way she would suggest a game in which she would participate with more zest probably than any one. One could not be in her society five minutes without learning something. My mother continued her school on Mt. Auburn until her health again gave way and then as our mode of life on Mt. Auburn necessitated our keeping a horse and carriage, incurring considerable expense we removed to town and lived on Fifth street. You will realize these were before the days of even omnibuses. As I have told you my father was given my uncle John's place in the bank. The Commercial Bank was on Main St. between Fourth and Fifth and your grandfather must have had fully two miles to walk to business. But he was always a famous walker as indeed my mother was too.

The next stirring event in our family was our going to boarding school. After a good deal of consideration and even personal observation we were placed in the episcopal school at Granville. How I have regretted the year I spent in that school. It does seem as though I squandered my time and made so little use of my privilege which to our parents must have been a costly one. We were delightfully associated but the standard of instruction in a boarding school then was not what it is now. I presume our dear Bessie (daughter of Melville Lewis; entered Lake Erie Seminary, Sept. 1899 - Ed) during the time she has been at Painesville about two months now has really acquired more solid knowledge and valuable mental training than I did through the whole year.

At this time of my life a great wave of excitement passed over the country on account of the preaching of the near coming of Christ. These people were called Second Adventists. Of course all Christians assume to believe that Christ will come at some time to judge the earth, but most put away resolutely the thought we are living at a time in the history of the world when we should be anxiously looking and praying for the Lord's coming the second time. Many ministers who declared in favor of the belief that prophecy and the signs of the times pointed to 1843 as the time were driven from their churches and many members were expelled. Episcopalians generally accepted the fact. My own parents so firmly expected the Lord's coming that my father threw up his position in the bank and my mother parted with all her jewelry. She had quite a quantity and it was sold to help spread the good news. We entertained ministers at our house constantly who were declaring the glorious message. A very large tabernacle as it was called was built in the western part of the city in which wonderful services were held almost continuously and our entire family was absorbed in the "Hope". But

time passed, fixed dates went by, and people returned to their usual avocations. The disappointment almost killed some people who had been wrought up to a pitch of enthusiasm beyond belief. My father's work in the bank had not suffered by his absence. His associates in the office had kindly kept it up for him. I want here to specially mention a Mr. Nourse who was one of the tellers in the bank and who although a Romanist was during all of our Cincinnati life your grandfathers fast friend as had been your uncle John's.

It was during our living on Fifth St. that we were away at school and very soon after we reached home we removed to a new house with a quantity of ground about it in what was called the Mill Creek district and then again kept a horse and carriage. Our physician felt that your grandmother should breathe a purer atmosphere and carrying about her as she did a large tumor it was very difficult for her to go about much, though she had always greatly enjoyed the exercise of walking. I must tell you about the Mill Creek house for it brought us the friendship of one of the most delightful families you can imagine. Mr. Ernst was a German but he was a man of unusual refinement. His business was that of a nurseryman and florist. He had a beautiful house which he delighted to fill with his friends. His warm-hearted cultured wife belonged to the James Otis family of Boston. The daughters of the family were great friends of ours: Emily, Amanda and Rosalie. Emily was one of the most intimate friends I ever had. She died early in life. She had been engaged to a Mr. Lord, a Lane Seminary student. He died and she felt the blow so keenly that it resulted in her death. Mr. Ernst was a strong friend of the black man. He organized and acted as president of an anti slavery society that had for its object the clothing, caring for, and forwarding from Cincinnati fugitive slaves. Although it was conjectured in those days that many colored people found their way to Canada and freedom, I presume no one ever knew the large number who were piloted through Ohio to the lands of freedom, and this was largely effected through the society which completely disguised these men and women in furnishing them respectable clothing. Of course the cause was most unpopular. Many mobs in Cincinnati beset and tore down buildings hoping to get hold of runaway slaves. Sometimes they did get them and hurried the poor creatures back to a slavery worse than ever.

This anti-slavery society met each week. It held a convention and brought to the west Fred Douglass, Henry Ward and Garrison. I don't remember whether Wendell Phillips was among the speakers. This convention caused an immense amount of opposition, but it was the beginning of better times for the black man, and really the white man was helped too. One

great step forward was made when the slaves' case had a hearing and indeed these dear friends of ours were in the advance. Another interest very dear to Mr. and Mrs. Ernst was the laying out of Spring Grove cemetery. Mr. Ernst called the cemetery his baby and as long as his health permitted used to drive over there every day. A great deal of what is most tasteful and beautiful about it is of his suggesting.

I never get tired of talking about these friends. Mrs. Ernst's influence I know had greatly helped me. She was a woman of so much discernment and knew always what is worth holding on to and what we had better let go. Association with these dear friends up to the time of our leaving that neighborhood or I ought to say up to the time of Mr. Ernst's death and my leaving Cincinnati formed one of the delightful episodes of my whole life. Mrs. Ernst after she had arranged her business affairs returned to Boston and resumed the prominent place her father's family had occupied in society. She became blind some years before her death. This must have been a sore trial for she was such an indefatigable reader.

We were obliged by the abuse a neighbor annoyed us with to leave Mill Creek. We moved twice more before your dear grandmother's death which occurred on the eleventh of October, 1846. Among countless other circumstances which I remember about her was the fact that she did luxuriate in sunshine and I believe the last words she spoke and which we felt had a double meaning were "Wheel me into the sunshine". She was sitting in a large arm chair our father had made for her. I want to bear testimony here to the faithful nursing our father bestowed upon our mother all through her long illness. Until the last few nights of her life he took the whole care of her. A few times when our patient sufferer would be taken with some new and acute pain he would call two of us up to rub her or minister to her in some way while he would make a journey to the doctor's or druggist's. The journey of course had to be made on foot for this was before the days of horse cars even. I think but very few days passed but that our dear father brought home some tempting dainty to tempt his wife's appetite. How he loved her, not for weeks, or months, but for years. And after she passed away we used to hear him moaning in his room at night when he supposed we were asleep. Your grandma is buried in Spring Grove cemetery near Cincinnati. Beside her is laid her dearly beloved brother John Francis Edwards (Lila's father). Our mother requested he should be laid beside her. Your cousin Alice and two little brothers of her's lie in the same lot. There is still one unoccupied grave in the Spring Grove lot. This ground was bought in the name of John Kiloh. There is no mark or monument of any kind either there or out at Lake View. (Later Alice Clark was buried in the Spring Grove lot and her husband John Clark has marked this grave.) I trust my dear children someday will feel able to mark these graves in some modest way.

After our mother's death I left home to go to Granville to teach music, your dear Aunt Annie remaining at home as her father's housekeeper. Aunt Betsey and her children were still at our house, but shortly a change was made by a removal to Mt. Auburn, aunt Betsy renting Mr. Blunt's house and receiving boarders, among them my father and two sisters and George Knight's family just arrived from England, Mr. Du Bois our minister and who afterward married Bishop Mc Ilvaine's eldest daughter, so that when I returned from Granville, home arrangements were entirely changed. Life must have been quite a struggle for poor aunt Betsey with her two children Lila and Frank trying to support herself and keep out of debt, for she didn't like debt. But she struggled bravely on, and as I look back to that portion of my life I fear I was not as sympathetic and helpful as I might have been. I find in fact that my life will not endure close introspection, but strive as we may the past is irreparable.

On returning home I learned for the first time about your father. He was as a former classmate the very intimate friend of Mr. Du Bois. He was teaching at that time in what was called St. John's College of which the Rev. Dr. Colton was the president. It seems it had rather been pre-arranged by some of the home folks that Charles Lewis was to be my special friend. He came very often to our home on Mt. Auburn to visit Mr. Du Bois, as did also his brother Samuel who was attending the law school of Cincinnati and Mr. Isaac Collins who afterward became Judge Collins. We used to have delightful evenings, musical chiefly, Henrietta playing the piano and I the harp. After a little while Charles Lewis began to come alone, and the first intimation I had that he cared especially for me was in his opposition to my accepting a position which a Mrs. Miller offered me in her school in Macon near Memphis, Tenn. Mr. Lewis had been all about those parts having been urged by the Bishop of Tennessee to accept a parish in his diocese. But the pitiful condition of the black man and the comparative inertia of life wherever he went decided his New England temperament to forgo all the tempting offers presented and to hurry back to the north. My fixed purpose for a time was to accept the very tempting offers made by Mrs. Miller but my dear father joined his entreaties to Mr. Lewis's and I gave up the south, your aunt Henrietta going in my place. Mr. John Orr was connected with Macon University and so there this sister met her fate.

I must add here that Mr. Du Bois first became dear to us through his devotion to our mother for he came to see her every day and sympathized with her most tenderly.

Meanwhile your father's and my affairs progressed steadily and sweetly. Mr. Du Bois was married to the bewitching Maria Mc Ilvaine and resigning his Cincinnati charge of Trinity Church and went west. I speak particularly of this dear friend because as well as it being through him that I first met your father, it was through him and his brother's assistance that we were enabled to pay a mortgage on our little home in Wakeman after your father died. They were rich men of New York originally, their father being a most successful business man. They in their quiet way did a great deal of good. They were devoted episcopalians. If you should ever meet any one of that name I hope you will interest yourself in them. They were French Huguenots originally.

Well aunt Betsey continued keeping boarders, your father taking Mr. Du Bois' place at the table, and his room. But this didn't last very long, my father became tired of boarding and your father of teaching for Dr. Colton. He determined to take a parish to which I rather urged him and I accepted a position as teacher in an Episcopal school at Marietta. Although my duties in the Rev Mr. Tolford's seminary were quite taxing, the year spent in Marietta was a happy one. I made some delightful friends and the town itself is of great interest. Mrs. Tolford was a valuable friend, one of the most spiritually minded women I ever knew.

While I was in Marietta your grandfather and my sister Annie moved from Mt. Auburn into the city on to a little street called McFarland St. Dear sister Annie in those days was struggling against delicate health but fulfilling so faithfully housekeeping duties for my father while Henrietta and I were earning money and least I am afraid foolishly spending it, and selfishly. Your father was offered a parish in Monroe, Michigan. Thither he went before I left home to go to Marietta. Of course the year of teaching was not very eventful for me, but the memory of it is dear. Mr. Tolford at the close of the year wished to re-engage me and I wanted to continue teaching, but your father refused to defer our marriage any longer. School closed in the early part of June and I went immediately to that dear little cosy home. Henrietta was also at home but left to return to teaching in the Fall. My dear sister Annie assisted me in my preparations and on the 6th of November, 1849 your father and I were married in Little Trinity church by Dr. Aydelotte. Your grandfather gave us a nice little wedding, an elegant lunch being served by a caterer, but there were only present a few very old friends besides my aunt, Lila and Frank. Mr. Collins was groomsman, my dear Annie bridesmaid, and Lila and Frank also stood with us as attendants. I shall never forget how handsome Frank looked in a black silk velvet suit in the style of one of the old French kings.

The distance to Trinity from our house was a long one and we rode in carriages reaching the church at noon according to my father's wish, because he was married at noon. It was not the custom in this country then as it has become in these days to have the marriage ceremony performed at noon. We had a pleasant trip after our luncheon as it was called, first to Springfield by rail, then to Columbus by stage where we visited some dear friends the Moodies. Then to Mt. Vernon and Gambier where we both had friends, then to Norwalk, Samuel meeting us at Monroeville with his father's large carriage. The entire family was gathered at the old homestead when we reached there that dark November evening, and as Samuel was the only one I knew you may imagine the ordeal was a bit trying, but without exception they were so cordial that my heart went out to them at once. The three sisters were present, Mrs Curtiss and Mrs. Mead with their husbands and children, Isaac and John (the brothers) besides of course your grandparents. With the exception of Samuel too these dear folks always treated me with the most uniform kindness though some of them were unjust in after years to your father.

Our stay in Norwalk was as it ever after was perfectly delightful. The dear ones there were so brim full of hospitality. But we couldn't visit always. There was work waiting for your father in Monroe. His people gave us a warm welcome and the charm of our life there was complete except, and that exception became a haunting dread, the sorrowful condition of your father's throat so that at the close of Sunday services his voice was gone. The people were sympathetic and were continually excusing him from duties of one sort or another. They were fine people and their society was well worth cultivating. They were mostly from western New York. They had beautiful houses and gardens. Everything was inviting, but the doctor decided that your father must at any rate take a rest if he ever was able to preach again and so it came that, I first, and about four weeks later, your father reported at Norwalk. At Monroe we boarded in a hotel and there were four other brides there at the same time. We had a gay winter, the gayest I ever spent in my life. Pretty thoughtless I fear I was in those days. We were boarding because the house that your father had engaged was still occupied, but the people were going away in the early Spring. I had plenty to do getting ready for house-keeping, for I omitted to tell you that just after returning home from Marietta I had a long illness which interfered with all my preparations for my marriage. Dear Annie then, as so often before and since not only caring for me, but assisting me in countless ways or I should not have been ready at all.

To proceed. We had a delightful visit in Norwalk. The

dear folks there were always hospitable and in the meantime your grandfather anxious we should return to Cincinnati busied himself in finding something for your father to do. Almost immediately after I left home my father broke up housekeeping again and he and sister Annie went into a Boarding house carried on by Mrs. Edward Knight, your uncle George's sister in law, your aunt Henrietta still being away from home teaching, though not in the South but in a most delightful family at Terre Haute, Indiana. The name of the family was Krumbaugh. At this time she was engaged to Mr. Orr. As soon as my father obtained a position for your father, that of book keeper for a Commission House on Water St. we went to Cincinnati and boarded also with Mrs. Knight. This was in the early Spring of 1850. The boarders were very congenial and Edward Knight always a grand friend of mine was a perfectly delightful host. But in the early summer that terrible scourge, cholera, made its appearance in the city. It had prevailed considerably the year previous, but now raged furiously for some weeks, reaching the greatest mortality on the Fourth of July. Scarcely a house was exempt from the disease. The panic was fearful. We had cases in the house, but all recovered. The doctors salivated these.

In the meantime sister Henrietta had come home for her summer vacation and my father determined to go into housekeeping again. A sort of partnership between your grandfather and father - I was to keep house. A house was taken on Sixth St. and we were soon settled in the midst of a most pleasant neighborhood. I was glad enough to be with my father and sister again and everything went merrily as a marriage ball. My precious (first born) John came to us in October 5, 1850, my sister Annie was married in November and left us for a house of her own in another part of the city. John was very delicate and needed a great deal of care so that I was obliged to keep a nurse girl. We already had a good cook who also did the washing and ironing. I think we paid her a dollar and a half a week which was considered good wages then. I was able to contribute towards paying our expenses as I had a little music class. I often gave lessons with baby on my knee, then and for years afterwards setting the little fellows on the floor when I wished to show my pupils how I wished them to play a certain piece. Those were for the most part happy days.

Your father considered his employer didn't use him well and threw up his position. Then he obtained the agency for the sale of some books, especially "The London Art Journal", illustrative of the first "World's Fair" projected by Prince Albert. It was a most beautiful book about the size of your Art Journals. He had greatly improved in health and was often invited to assist at the regular services of the different

Episcopal churches in the city, especially at St. Paul's. Mr. Gillespie the rector there was always one of his steadfast friends. He afterwards became Bishop of Michigan. We had John baptized at little Trinity church by the same clergyman who married us. There too I first met your father.

The next event of importance in our Sixth St. house was the marriage of your aunt Henrietta, your father performing the ceremony, as he did afterwards for your grandfather and had previously for your aunt Annie. Your aunt Henrietta went directly south to Macon after her marriage. While your grandfather was away on his wedding trip, he and his bride Anna Wright visited Ann's married sister Mrs. Hamilton of Hamilton Canada. Anna before she left expressed the wish that we might live nearer her mother's house; so while they were gone we took a house on Court St. and were all settled when they returned. At first she and her whole family treated your father and myself very nicely, but shortly Anna was so ungracious that we realized we must seek other quarters. Indeed she plainly told us she had made my father promise that none of his children should ever live with him. We never asked my father anything about his obligation to her, but upon consultation with Bishop Mc Ilvaine he urged our opening a school at Yellow Springs and your father's holding services on Sundays. We found we should be warmly welcomed there so we removed again, boarding with Colonel Mills who kept a large hotel very much frequented in those days during the summer time. We were well patronized. We had the use of the large dining room which was only used in summer. We had several of Judge Mills' children in our schoolroom and the judge who was a son of the colonel decided to build a school for us in a pretty grove near his own house, and as Antioch College had just been located there at Yellow Springs, he called the pretty little building Little Antioch. Soon after we opened our school we had five Cincinnati boys sent us whose parents wished us to seek some other boarding places for their sons then the hotel. So we went to live in a private home, filling it pretty full you may imagine with our five boys, your father, myself our dear little boy and his nurse. My time was so closely occupied in teaching I was obliged to keep a girl to take care of my room and baby. She was so devoted to her charge she wept herself ill when we left the village. Our quarters were too occupied at Mr. Johnston's and we couldn't get a house suitable in the town, and a good opening for a school presenting in Springfield we made arrangements to go there in time to open our school in September. We had determined to make it a young ladies school and not to have any boys. I was sorry to part with the boys - they were nice fellows. Your cousin Juliet came to us at this time and we had two dear little girls from Yellow Springs. We couldn't get immediate possession

of the Warder House, but we had a beautiful and commodious house in town. Here in December of that year, 1852 our dear Charles was born (Dec. 14). He was a great pet from the very first. Our school girls fairly fought to hold him. We had so many delightful friends in Springfield. Of all the places I have lived this town has carried off the palms, but I suppose it has changed so that it is much more of a city and less the dwelling place of cultured people. The Warders, Philadelphia Quakers, had given an admirable tone to society. We spent our summer vacation of 1853 at your aunt Annie's on Pine St. Hill just out of the city (Cincinnati) visiting for a few hours at a time your grandfather's house in the city as well as other dear friends, though Charles being a little baby, I could not go about so very much.

One of my experiences at that time consisted in the woman I had to care for the children getting intoxicated and falling down stairs with the baby in her arms. Providentially neither of them were hurt but I felt obliged to discharge my woman although she rendered me most efficient service. She was one of the finest cooks I ever knew.

After a very nice visit in Cincinnati we came back to Springfield and took possession of the Warder house you have so often heard me talk about. At once we had all the patronage we could take care of. We were greatly assisted by Mrs. Warder. We had two of her granddaughters in our school and had two daughters of the gentleman of whom we bought our furniture, and as they were music and Greek scholars, this was a great help. We gathered about us a company of helpful and cultivated people. We employed Mr. Webber as a teacher of drawing and painting and it was under his tuition that our dear pupil Mary Spenser developed the talent that has since made her famous in Cincinnati. In the Fall of 1854 at the opening of our Fall term your aunt Amy returned with Juliet and remained with us I think a year. She was worth her weight in gold to me that year for my life was full of duty and your aunt relieved me of much of my house-keeping duty. She was a most excellent housekeeper. Your father paid her for her services as I found in an old account book, but at the time I supposed she was helping us on Juliet's account. Juliet was with us four years but we never received money for this, though of course at that time though our income seemed large our expenses were great. But your uncle Orlando, Juliet's father and Juliet herself repaid us, we felt their gratitude exceedingly. We never regretted doing what we did for Juliet. She was always loyal to duty and certainly one of the brightest girls I ever knew. Her father too was one of nature's noblemen and one of the truest friends I ever had.

Well, on November 30 that year, 1854, our dear Melville came crowding in, but he was welcome. Your father and I although our hands were so full managed to have a good deal of time with our babies. We were fortunate most of the time in having most excellent help. The most serious interference with direction of servants that we had was during the height of the Know Nothing movement when we felt obliged to dismiss four most excellent Irish Romanists we had and take colored help. The excitement caused by the movement didn't last very long, but it created a sharp dividing line and for a little while at least made Protestants watchful. We entertained one of the editors of a "Know Nothing" paper to which your father was a regular contributor, for although a rigid episcopalian he was bitterly anti-Romish - a true hold-over in the latter respect of Bishop Mc Ilvaine.

By the time we had been teaching three years in Springfield the spirit of unrest which followed your father all his life took possession of him and as it seemed to him, there was a fine opportunity for a school like ours in Hamilton. The parents of some of our pupils who lived in that town urged your father to go, making great promises. He looked the ground over and decided that was the place for us because the only competition there was the public schools whereas in Springfield there were two boarding schools for girls, a Presbyterian and a Methodist. I said everything to try to dissuade him. I proposed that he go to Hamilton and try it for a year in a day school while I with the assistance of Helen Spenser continued our Springfield enterprise which we had fully tested and made a success of. But no argument availed; go he would and I must go with him.

Hamilton has some nice people in it, but our experiment there was an utter failure. It is a democratic stronghold and in those days it overflowed with beer-loving Dutchmen. Our house only admitted of our taking four girls to board. We had some perfectly charming girls in our day school but so few that I could easily take care of them. Our receipts were too small to justify occupying the time of both so then again your father took an agency for books, going into Indiana on a soliciting tour. My husband had been holding services for the little company of episcopalians there were in Hamilton. These he discontinued of course because his trips kept him away for two or three weeks at a time. My task was too much for me and I broke down and your father discouraged enough gave up the school as well as the agency which had not been profitable: people subscribing for books and when he took them refusing to accept them. Your father had to prepay for them.

Just at this time a gentleman who was about to open what he called a Collegiate Institute came to engage us to teach for him at Germantown about twelve miles from Dayton. We boarded

with the president. We had pleasant quarters and were well fed, but we had a great deal to do. Y our father taught classes in mathematics, Greek and Latin, and I had the largest number of music pupils I ever had, besides I had my three little children and my rooms to take care of. John was not six years old, but he did his best to take care of himself and his brothers through the long hours when I was busy in the music rooms. Had it not been for his help I couldn't have taught. Just after college opened Lila came to visit us and decided to remain and study. She was a lovely girl and we enjoyed having her with us so much. I hadn't seen her since my wedding day as her mother had left Cincinnati. Together we visited Cincinnati at the Christmas vacation time and it must have been then she caught scarlet fever for we hadn't been back at school a week before she was down with it. She was isolated in a room that led off a porch and though no one in the house had ever had the fever it didn't spread. I took the whole charge of her, the good Dr. Antrim assisting me all he could. On the whole we passed a pleasant winter and spring. 1856

In the spring at Easter time I think it was Mr. Legg decided my pupils should give a concert. Some of the young ladies played finely and I was only too willing to show them off, but the extra work was too much for me and although I continued to teach until the beginning of June I really was not fit to sit up, and Amy wrote urging me to go to Norwalk. How many times that village has been a sweet haven of rest for me. Y our grandfather Lewis had rented the old farm and moved into a large wing your uncle Joel had built on to his house. On the preceding October of which I am writing, your grandma Lewis had passed away after a brief illness with pneumonia. Your aunt Amy was keeping house out on a farm, having married just a little while before her mother died. The doctor thought it best for me to try the change so taking my boys off went to Norwalk, but stayed mostly at your aunt Angeline's. Y ou remember her bright cheerful house I think. We were not far from your aunt Anne and your grandpa. 1857

In the latter part of June your father having severed his connexion with Mr. Legg and gone into the manufacture of a water proof blacking, He had rented a building near the hotel in which he had engaged boarding for us. I was still to teach music, the pupils to come to my room in the hotel. The services of your father were a great loss to Mr. Legg and giving up teaching was for your father a great mistake. He was a born teacher. What he undertook to teach he knew so well that he would make a subject transparently clear. If only your father had persevered in teaching, remaining in one place he could I am sure have in time secured prominence and acceptance. But he lacked in two essentials: continuity and self confidence. I was first attracted to him by his entire freedom from egotism, but your father carried this small opin- 1858

ion of himself so far as to detract from his dignity so that from his undervaluing himself others came to undervalue him. Some of my own dear boys have a good deal of the same make up, I am afraid.

Well, this husband of mine as I say went into the manufacture of water-proof blacking, selling it for the most part wholesale to travelling wagons of which several went out from Germantown which was the centre of quite a tobacco growing and manufacturing region. I continued my music class in connexion with the Institute. It was another busy year, for dear baby Clarence came on the 23rd of November, 1857. I want to acknowledge here my great obligation to my dear John for although he was but a child not more than seven years old he used to help me so much in caring for baby and the two little boys - in fact I could not have done the work I did if John hadn't assisted me as he did. Besides caring for baby he with the assistance of five year old Charles carried all the firewood up three long flights of stairs. It was too bad. I don't know how I came to let him do it. When my second year of teaching music closed I took a summer school of four months. The district was in the country near Middletown. And here again my dear John was my chief aid caring for the baby while I was away at school about a quarter of a mile away from the place where we boarded. I did washing on Saturday and my ironing in the evenings after my darlings had gone to bed. Those too were busy days. The school sessions were seven hours, four hours in the morning and three in the afternoon. I went home to dinner and to take care of my baby boys. They were kind nice people that we boarded with.

In the meantime your father continued making his blacking at Germantown, continuing boarding in the same hotel until he decided he couldn't make a success of it and resolved to return to the ministry. Bishop McIlvaine always glad to assist him, although I think he never really appreciated your father, but the Bishop directed him to Worthington and then when my summer school closed we went. You have so often heard me speak of our happy life in Worthington, that dear old great town on the banks of the Scioto. The people were loving and sympathetic, the dear old church a historic one. There the first Bishop of Ohio lived and founded a school. A mural tablet in the church tells of the entombment of his wife. I shall fasten in the end of this book an interesting sketch of the village which came very near being the capital of Ohio. The rectory near the church was our happy home for I think nearly four years, and then came the destroyer of our peace in the shape of a minister's wife. In the building which Bishop Chase had put up for a school expecting to make it a feeder for Kenyon College, your father proposed to open a school for boys. It had been unused for years. But your father's duties were already quite taxing as he supplied

the pulpit and did quite a good deal of parochial work at Dublin. I prevailed upon him to get someone else for the school and an episcopal minister by the name of Ruth came whom your father received with the greatest courtesy. He had a wife and four children - the children of a former wife. Mrs. Ruth, at first most agreeable, proved to be a snake in the grass. She originated and circulated vile stories about your father, declaring he was so bad she wouldn't receive the sacrament from him. Your father did everything in his power to conciliate her, inviting Mr. Ruth to preach, whereupon she would take pains to draw comparisons between the two men. To make a long story short, your father resigned his charge and almost immediately after accepted a call to the church at Milan with Wakeman as a mission to be cared for.

But before I go any farther I want to tell you more about Mrs. Ruth. The patronage the school received was very small and Mr. Ruth was glad to serve in the dear old church. Mrs. Ruth assumed the rule every where, telling not only the ladies of the congregation but the gentlemen what they must do. She was so intollerable in her house that her husband used to take refuge in the garret. We used to see a light burning there away into the night. The elder girl, a most interesting young lady used to come over to our house to escape her mother's temper and the younger girl was so unhappy she tried to kill herself. The family didn't stay in Worthington very long. I understood that Mrs. Ruth died in an insane asylum.

Our dear gentle Gilbert was born in Worthington on the 22nd of January, 1860, and named for our dear friends the Gilberts, - De Lancy after the famous Bishop of Western New York. My father came to us a little while before we left Worthington and went with us to Milan. The church people in Milan were not the earnest church loving people they were in Worthington. We had some nice neighbors and a delightful house and it was ever so pleasant being near the Norwalk friends of whom we saw a great deal. Juliet and Jennie Mead both boarded with us for a little while and attended the Normal school. Mr. Mead showed us countless kindnesses. He attempted to give us a cow to use, but it would get out of the pasture and go home.

The people at Wakeman wanted us to go there and live and promised so much. Mr. Beecher, his son-in-law Mr. Arnold, and Mr. French went over with their great farm wagons and brought over our goods. I always felt we made a mistake leaving Milan. It was in many ways a promising field and our children would have enjoyed better school opportunities than they ever did in Wakeman. Your father was so sensitive in his makeup that he was constantly being wounded and I

presume often felt hurt when no wound was intended. Often, I myself was surprised by his taking the sayings and doings of others to heart, and I am sure in Milan he did have some very loving friends and it is such a pretty town. I left it with regret.

The first house we lived in in Wakeman was a house belonging to Mrs. Whitmore - a comfortable place we found it. Shortly the good people of the town and country came to see us. What dear friends they were: the Strongs, Benhams, Beechers, Tods, Frenches, Shermans, Whitney's, Canfields, etc., and above all Mrs. Collacott. Besides the school at Wakeman your father held services every other Sunday in Townsend as it was then called. There were the Bryants and Stowes. There had been no services at Wakeman for years when your father first took charge of the parish, but there was a faithful few who had held to the dear old church, though the building had become demoralized. Your father worked most faithfully and was pretty well seconded by the people in the effort to renovate the church, establish a Sunday School and build up the attendance and membership. For a time all went prosperously although we were then experiencing the sadness of the Civil War. The firing on Fort Sumpter having happened before we left Milan. Hundreds of noble fellows went from Huron County and did good service for the cause of the Union and the black man. My boys were too young to go into that fight, but your father often said he would have gone if he had not been a clergyman.

I forgot to mention that very soon after we went to Milan your grandfather having a good position offered him by a friend in San Francisco went to California, sailing from New York and crossing the Isthmus going along the Pacific to the Golden Gate. His wife who remained in Cincinnati when your grandfather came to us and had been very anxious he should go to California refused to follow him and never lived with him again. She certainly was a disgrace to the name of Kiloh and I am glad for one she re-assumed her maiden name of Anna Wright.

After six months in Mrs. Whitmore's house, a small sum of money from my grandfather's estate determined us to buy the little house which became so dear to us all and in which four of my darling boys were born, our precious Spencer passed into Paradise, and your father too went to his Heavenly Home. Fourteen years we lived in the dear little house. Checkered years they were - I would not care to live them over again. We had friends there it is true. I never expect outside of my own family to have such friends again. But life was so narrow and rough that if it had not been for the devotion of my darling boys I should have lost my reason.

My beloved father came home home from California in 1868 and spent the remainder of his life between sister Annie's home in Newport, Tenn. and ours. Dear loving gentle man, he was nearly a saint. How much I owe him. During part of our life in Wakeman your father had charge of the post-office through the influence of our dear friend Mr. Peck. What a stalwart friend he was. I would go down in the afternoon and take charge of it. Then your father secured the agency for making "Pain Annihilator", and I went out to give music lessons at the same time. I was doing all my own housework. Next your father and I taught in the Public Schools. Finally after our precious Archie came and I had to devote myself more closely to home your father decided he must seek a parish where a salary was paid that would maintain his family. He was very much broken in health and spirits and although it seemed hard to be left to carry on the home without your father's assistance he decided to accept a proposition made him by Bishop Williams of Connecticut and assume the charge of an academy at Newtown, Conn.

My darling boys had been variously employed before their father left home and redoubled their effort after he left. First John had clerked for Mr. Bunce and then Charlie, John leaving Mr. Bunce to study telegraphy and Charles taking John's place in the store, Melville, Clarence and even Gilbert working for the farmers about Wakeman when they ought all to have been in school. One inconsistent idea of my husband's was that education did not count for anything. Dear Melville from that day to this has done a man's work and especially after the two older boys left home, Charlie to come to Cleveland and John to Kipton first and then to Port Clinton as telegrapher. Melville became my chief reliance and dear Clarence three years younger only a little behind him. Gilbert worked at the barrel factory a little where Melville and Clarence were, then clerked for Dr. Bunce who kept a drug store and afterwards in Mr. Harris's store and his cousin Charles Curtiss's store, - he had opened a grocery store in Wakeman. Walter at home was baby tender and such a helper in the house.

The boys had enlarged and beautified our little home. My husband when he first went into the home had drained and cultivated the land, stocked it richly with all sorts of fruit which yielded abundantly so that we had an abundance of fruit and vegetables. We got on very well until the strain of hard work began to tell on us all. John first came home sick, then Clarence had a long serious illness, then I was useless and in bed for weeks, and our precious Melville fell into poor health. Dear aunt Annie came to us at that time bringing Harry with her. She had visited us twice before in Wakeman. The dear girl set my house in or-

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Charles
Clarence
Gilbert

Charles
Clarence
Gilbert

der and nursed us back to health. During my illness the kind neighbors and the Norwalk friends were very kind.

I forgot to mention that before your father left for the East, of course before Archie was born, your grandfather Lewis, your uncles Orlando and Head as well as our angel boy Spencer had all passed away. Our Archie was born about a year after Spencer passed away and indeed he was a welcome baby. Up to the present writing he has filled a large place in my heart and home for he has been so much my companion. Through all the years from the advent of baby John my precious boys have been my most beloved companions. I was never tired of them - in fact never had as much of their dear society as I craved. My greatest regret in life has been that I have not been able to give them opportunities of education commensurate with their abilities. As it is they are honest, true hearted, industrious, unselfish to a fault. They have taught me much. Their love has been one of the chiefest blessings of my life. They have been my earthly wealth. Indeed my life had scarce been worth the living had it not been for them. At the age of 72 I am penning this story and my gratitude to the loving Father for the continuance of the lives of these dear ones is supreme. *Spencer*

While we were working on, John telegraphing at Port Clinton and afterwards at Brownhelm, Charlie in Cleveland, your father had removed from Newtown and taken a parish at Tariffville near Hartford, then afterward at Smethport, Pennsylvania. He had been in charge there but a few months when he met with the accident which brought on his final illness and death. Besides Smethport he had two other parishes among the mountains of Pennsylvania, and going to one of these on a stormy snowy Saturday a drunken driver turned the sleigh over a mountainside. As your father fell he struck a rail fence in such a way as to wound his side and lung which afterward developed an abscess. I went to Renovo to care for him and he seemed to improve so that his physician thought he would entirely recover and as I had left Walter as housekeeper and Archie was not yet four years old and your father had all the care he needed I went home. Almost immediately he was taken worse. He was brought home as carefully as possible and for a time he rallied. He was so glad to be at home and our little house looked beautiful for he came home in the month of May and our dear little house was embowered in bloom. We employed a Dr. Wills who had been highly recommended to us but he was a sad bungler we found, and having a consultation of physicians, one of them, Dr. Allan of Oberlin, we changed to a Norwalk doctor, but he did no good, so we fell back on our good Dr. Beeman whom we felt had done wonders in our family. We were satisfied with his diagnosis and treatment, but there seemed no help for your father and on the 14th of September (1874) the very day that Archie was 4 years old your father died. *John*
Charlie
Accident
1874

The dear Wakeman people left nothing undone that could be done for us and the dead. His casket was taken to the church and Mr. Irvine who had succeeded your father in charge of the church officiated. The services were very largely attended. Your father had often said he didn't wish to be buried in the Wakeman burial ground, it was so wet. Mr. De Forrest, one of Charlie's employers in Cleveland kindly offered to select a lot in Lake View Cemetery, then comparatively new, and from my insurance money I afterwards paid \$175.00 for the lot. Charlie holds the deed. So your father was brought here for burial and since we came to Cleveland our darling baby boy's remains which were at first buried in our garden a little way from my bedroom window and which John had for some unaccountable reason removed to Mr. Peck's lot in Wakeman. The casket was re-boxed and buried beside his father, my father was afterwards buried there, and my precious little grand-daughter Marie, Charlie's second girl. Originally the lot would hold eleven graves.

As I have said at the time of your father's death, John was telegraphing at Port Clinton, but was shortly given the Brownhelm office. Charles was in Cleveland and Melville was carrying on a little printing office in Wakeman, printing a little paper called the Riverside Echo and doing job work of different kinds. Bishop Bedell and his wife interested some of our Cincinnati friends in furnishing part of the money for the press and other equipment. Quite a good part of my insurance money I furnished the dear boy with. Gilbert clerked for Mr. Passon. I don't remember now how the dear boy Clarence was employed, but I think at the barrel factory.

Winter passed and a larger field was opened for Melville's work in Amherst and John could assist me there by boarding at home. In the latter part of July we removed to Amherst, our family then consisting of my father, Melville, Walter, Stanley and Archie, - John boarding with us and going to Brownhelm as night operator, - Clarence and Gilbert remaining in their positions in Wakeman for a while. Gilbert had for some time been practicing telegraphy and when John was given the day office Gilbert succeeded him as night man in Brownhelm. Clarence came to Amherst to assist Melville.

In 1876 on the 14th of September, John and Julia were married and they lived with us until John was given the Wakeman day office which gave him the opportunity of living in the old home. It had been rented to a Mr. Nickerson. Harry Knight came to work in Melville's office so there was a merry company there and our house in Amherst was a very happy one. There as every where else that we had lived we had some delightful friends. There as elsewhere my life was busy for I did all my own work including washing, etc. My family was not

small either for I had besides my father and Harry, six of my own boys. I should have been glad to remain on there, though now I think of it life in Amherst was rather distressful for you was it not? Melville determined about this time to be married and the printing office income did not justify the prospect of maintaining any larger family, though to be sure John, Charles, and Gilbert all helped and in consideration of your grandpa being with me Mr. Orr and your aunt Annie each sent me five dollars a month. At this time too through the kind influence of Bishop Bedell I was receiving \$100.00 a year from the "Bishop White Prayer Book Society".

I consulted Charlie and he replied immediately. "Do what I have wanted you to do for a long time. Come to me, come to Cleveland." So in the spring of 1878 we, that is my father, Stanley, Archie, and I came to Davenport street to live with Charlie, leaving Clarence and Walter to assist Melville. I believe they boarded at the Jackson House, which as Clarence was already engaged to Carrie, probably proved very pleasant. In May Melville was married to our very dear Edna. What a happy marriage this has been leaving out of account their financial difficulties. With Charlie's valuable assistance we were not long in organizing a delightfully happy home and it was such a privilege to be with Charlie again. I had hoped when we came here that you, my dear Stanley would have continued in school, but you hadn't enough self-confidence, if I remember right, and Charlie made room for you in the store, 9 W. Superior St. Here was your place for I think (12 yrs. per N. S. L. - ed.). Into our happy home on Davenport St. shortly came Walter to work for a News office in the Forest City Hotel. Our dear Archie started into school in September. I see him now going with hesitating steps for he was a timid little fellow. But Jennie Roberts whom he loved dearly held his hand and leading him to the St. Claire school introduced him to his teachers. He had attended school in Amherst.

Before our first year in Cleveland closed my darling Clarence came to us to enter the service of the American News Co. He was not very long with that company before a position opened for him with the Bingham Co., and there he has remained true and steadfast as time itself. As you know, we enjoyed seven happy years in that house. Your's and Walter's lives and indeed Archie's and my own were greatly enriched in the best sense by attendance at Plymouth (church), and especially through coming in contact with the Rev. Mr. Collins and the dear people of Plymouth Church, among whom there were certainly many rare spirits. One sad event in the beginning of March 1880 clouded our happiness for a time in the passing away of your gentle grandfather (Kiloh). How lovely he was, the most beautiful old person I ever saw. I often long to see him with a wistfulness I cannot express. We had delightful friends on Davenport St. and enjoyed visits from my sis-

ters, from Eva Knight, Eva and Louise Brown, Annie, Rose and Olive Orr, as well as from George and Percy Knight. Here too we most of us first met our incomparable Minnie who for some years thereafter as Charlie's betrothed and wife filled so large a place in our hearts. At this time Walter and Mary Knight were with us. Everton Penn who had been with us for nearly three years had left us. Our Walter after various changes having been employed at Ryden's, the Worthingtons, the Iron Age Co., and the Cleveland Baking Co., was with the Merriam, Morgan Paraffin Co.

Charlie deciding to be married we moved into a house the two Walters selected on Sibley St., where we had scarcely settled when both (Walters) left the city, - my own Walter to go to Chicago to represent his firm under Mr. Avery and Walter Knight to go to Providence. We had the privilege of a delightful neighbor, Mrs. Charles Penn, certainly a rare Woman and we were very near dear Plymouth church with its rich privileges. Walter and Stanley were already members and Archie shortly became so. Mr. Collins had gone to join the church triumphant and after quite a little lapse of time and a hearing of many preachers Dr. Leavitt was called to the pastorate. I think, Stanley, he was one of the best friends you ever had. I love him very dearly myself.

Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Bentley, Mr. Van Stone, Miss Ray, and Miss Aplin, and I must not forget the grand and good Mr. Doland were with us for longer and shorter times in this Sibley St. house. Charlie for a while came to dinner with us but after a while gave it up. Gilbert I have rather left out for from the time that we left Amherst except for a little while that he worked in Collinwood and lived with us on Davenport St. he has been away from me only in person. He is very dear to me. He thought the Lake Shore people didn't use him well and he applied to Mr. Thomas of the Pennsylvania system for a position. He sent him into Illinois, I think it was. Then after a time he got back to Ohio and has been working for different companies in Toledo for years. He is now working for the Ohio Central and has been for sometime. He has an excellent wife and three dear children and a pleasant home. He has lost two children, as you know. While we still lived on Davenport St., Bessie and Rex were born and while we lived on Sibley St., Carl and Charlie still further enlarged the Lewis family. John had left Wakeman after buying the Wakeman house and had been given the Fremont office. These years we still remained in the Sibley St. house and then Clarence having been married and wishing to keep house, as you know, you, Archie, Mary, Geibel and I went into the East Madison St. house. (Clarence's first wife was Carrie Jackson. - ed.).

Melville was living on the same street north of us. His baby son Walter had made his debut in the house and was

certainly one of the most beautiful babies that ever was and he hasn't got over that yet.. I think we enjoyed our Madison Avenue house very much. Poor Mary Geibel who had helped me over many rough places left us after we got thoroughly settled. Alice Wilford our dear Carrie's niece came to live with us on Madison Avenue. She was very anxious to obtain an education. She attended school and was a great help to me in the house since we were still four in the family. Archie had entered college after graduating from the High School (Central Highschool). He was a very happy and care-free boy in those days. You my dear boy were having some unpleasant lessons to learn, but I have often looked back regretfully to that time. We saw quite a good deal of our dear Edna. While we lived on Madison Avenue Melville moved into his own house on Burt St., where he still is living. Our precious Minnie with (her son) Carl used to come over and spend the day. The dear girl loved the snow and as sure as we had a good snow storm I might expect to see her beautiful face.

But a pitiful tragedy broke up our house as you know with the coming of the second New Year out in the east end for with the birth of Henry our beloved Minnie went away. So much brightness and beauty went with her. I think the world has never since seemed the same to any of us who knew her. Poor Charlie wished Stanley, Archie and his mother to go to his house and care for the children. We spent a sorrowful six months in Charlie's home for he refused to be comforted, and Mrs. Marshall, Minnie's mother, who lived next door was ardently anxious to care for the children herself. We ought to have had Charlie and the boys come to us instead of our going to them. My two dear home boys were badly incommoded and you, Stanley, were put to considerable expense. I shall never forget how tenderly sweet and patient you were with me through those dark days. I think we three realized then as never before that we were outside of a cold world. Our dear Carrie and Edna opened their houses to us and we availed ourselves of their kindness, you deciding I had better take advantage of the interval of finding another dwelling place by visiting my sister Henrietta in Xenia.

While we were still living on Sibley St., John had removed from Fremont to this city and established himself in a hardware store on St. Clair St. where he remained several years, and then bought his house on Winchester Avenue where he has lived up to this time except for a few months on Durham Avenue. He has been variously employed, part of the time with his old work of telegraphy. Just after John's removal to Winchester a beautiful little girl came to enrich his life so that he now has two dear children. (Rex and Helen, - ed.). Walter was still in Chicago so after I had made

a delightful visit at Xenia and also at Gilbert's in Toledo, I went to Chicago and spent a whole delightful month with him and his friends, and what hosts of friends he had. That visit was one of the most pleasant breaks I ever had in my life. There for the first time I met Florence Jewett who afterwards, if she had not then, captivated our beloved Walter's heart, and is now one of my own dear daughters.

But of course I had powerful lodestones drawing me Cleveland-wards. I expected to have to help look for a house and of course arrange it, instead of which my darlings had taken a house on Granger St., all our belongings had been gathered from different quarters, the dear house was in perfect order and my children gathered to greet me, with a good supper waiting. You and Archie, you have not forgotten, met me at the depot and brought me home in a carriage. I need not remind you of all the disagreeable things I said because all of the boys didn't meet me at the cars nor heartily ashamed I was when I was landed at the cosy Granger St. house and found how much pains had been taken to prepare comforts of all sorts for me. Our dear Carrie I remember particularly that evening. How full of life and fun she was.

With the Leavitts for our neighbors next door, Plymouth church, and many of our dear friends near, we three with the addition of a helper were happy indeed. Then the next great trial came in parting with you, Stanley, when you left us for Toledo. Well you know how I fought against your leaving not only me but poor Charlie for you had been worth everything to him. Well, I have never become reconciled to that separation to this day. I missed your daily tender sympathy. Dear boy, you ought to have been a woman, though you do make a manly man. My precious Archie next came to be the head of the house and things moved on in a beautiful quiet manner, though I was startled by Stanley's announcement of his engagement and speedy marriage made on one of his quite frequent visits home during his first year in Toledo. Our dear Grace though was a most welcome accession to our family. She has been one of my most valued personal friends. That the dear girl has been to you, Stanley, a noble helper, certainly an almost ideal wife and mother goes without the saying. But these two dear lives had to be lived for a time at least in Toledo.

Next came news of my precious Walter's engagement, though I should scarcely call this news, for he had asked my permission to pay his addresses to Florence and how could I deny anything that might contribute to his happiness? Next came Charlie's marriage to Maybelle. Walter had come back to us

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before this and had obtained a position with the Taylor, Austin Co. At Christmas we had a delightful reunion. You and Grace were with us besides Emma, Charles and Blanche Orr with Hazel and Walter Orr. Charlie and Maybelle were married in February and Walter and Florence the following October. They were married in Chicago at Florence's uncle's house. As I resigned the housekeeping to Florence I went to Toledo to visit my children.

My dear Archie remained by their wish with Walter. Archie was still in college. Dear boy, he had a struggling time I'm afraid though there is one thing about him he is a fine financier, as indeed are all my boys, a good deal better in this respect as in many others than their mother. I did enjoy my visit with my children in Toledo. Walter and Florence stopped at Toledo on their way to Cleveland and I met them there. They had been married on the 27th October, 1892. Maybelle's Helen was born a few days afterwards and three days after Helen came our precious Paul. He has always been a great darling with me. We spent so many hours together when he was a baby. In the early summer I again visited Xenia and from there went home to Walter's house on Broadway now on account of the active part he took in the Bohemian work. Archie was still in college, but finished in 1894, cum laude. He began tutoring. He had had some pupils before, but now he gave all his time to teaching. Baby Frank was now an important figure in our family but was very delicate. Charlie had lost his beautiful Marie, his second little girl a few weeks before Frank was born. Carrie's health was in a critical state and Clarence expressed the wish that I should go to his home for a while at least. Frank was so weak and ill, Maybelle who has always been his lover made room for Walter and Florence in her home. Archie with his belongings went to Melville's to stay and the Broadway house was broken up.

Our two dear boys, John and Charlie, had gone into business together as successors of Kennedy, De Foust, Parsons & Co., but it was the time of a sad financial depression in business all over the country and like hundreds of others they failed to meet their obligations. It was a terrible blow to them both. Charlie had a severe fit of illness which alarmed us all. To this day the question is unanswered. What became of their investment? For they were not only in debt, they had nothing left. They tried various things. John bought a milk route finally and did very well at it, but it was too hard a life. Charlie was in Toledo for a while with an old friend in the bicycle business. Mr. Ridge interested himself in him and he was given a position in Kinney and Levan's store as book-keeper where he is now at the present writing.

Dear baby Frank with the most devoted care lived on and finally the dear folks felt they must resume housekeeping again and took a house on Fowler St. near the church, Bethlehem by name. Archie too had been in Toledo assisting Stanley for a while but being offered a position in the Turner Worsted Mills he returned to Cleveland and again took up his house at Walter's. Archie has been all his life especially dear to Walter and he and yourself I may include Melville made it possible for Archie to go through college. I had gone to Toledo before Charlie and Archie left your dear home which was such a haven of rest in those days. Mrs. Jackson had returned from the West and our dear Carrie's doctor was anxious she and Clarence should board near his office which they did, temporarily closing their home on Madison Ave. Of course this set me free and again I went to Toledo until in the beginning of December word came of our precious Carrie's death. I hastened here the next morning, Stanley and Gilbert coming next day to attend the funeral. Our dear Clarence's heart and home were left desolate, but he was so beautifully self forgetful and struggled bravely with his sorrow. The dear boy surely had Divine help given him. We had all loved him before he met with his great loss, but we all have learned to love him better than ever by observing his beautiful resignation. Mrs. Jackson and I remained with Clarence for a time when he concluded to break up his home and board at his brother Charlie's. He and Carrie were so deeply interested in the little Methodist church. He was superintendent of its Sunday school and held various offices that it made boarding near by very desirable.

Archie proposed I should keep house for him, Clarence having offered us the use of his furniture, Walter having mine, and so it came that we established ourselves at 50 Hough Place. Archie left nothing undone that could be done for my happiness and comfort and indeed our little house was ideal, our neighborhood unsurpassed. Into your house had come within a week after Carrie's death your darling Janet, while I was with Clarence, Walter's second boy Clarence had enriched our family by their coming. Then came Charles Spenser and your Margaret. Archie became anxious to secure a house of his own and trusting to the permanence of his position looked about for a location and finding the terms of building a house within his ability decided upon Mayfield Heights for his site. In the meantime within about a year and a half after I left Clarence, he married his minister's sister, Margaret Young, one of the dearest girls that ever was. They reoccupied the house on Madison Avenue for about a year and then went into the Lake View Flats until the Spring of this year when they and we came up on the heights together. Their house is next to Archie's. To add to our exceeding happiness, on the 10th of August a dear little girl was born to them whom they named Winifred Kiloh.

During this year 1900 our family has undergone changes which I trust may prove in every way beneficial, though a good deal of heartache has gone with them. First, your own
 your removal from Toledo you had learned to love so well to an untried house in Sharon, Penn. Then later our dear Walter's family going to Philadelphia. We hope this may prove a blessing in disguise and finally Bessie's marrying (Harry Colburn, - ed) and removing to New York.

Well, dear Stanley, I sit writing this story at the little desk you gave me when you left home. I never sit down to it but I think of you and all your love and tenderness. When I have done with this desk will you see that little Spenser has it and have him understand that he has it because he bears that name. I hope you will enjoy this story. Many things are left out that I should like to have put down, but it is I fear tediously long without. The writing has been a labor of love and I do want you to have it on your birthday (wedding day too). I trust all good things may attend you and Grace.

(Ed's. note: The above concludes these memoirs in the year 1900. In the year 1906 they were resumed as follows:)

You wished me to continue the story which I gladly do. In fact I had expected to go on with it when I first came here six months ago, but my correspondence is so long that I became almost tired of the pen. To go on with my story which was brought up to 1900: It is now 1906 and I am writing in my dear boy Walter's house in Wayne, a beautiful suburb of Philadelphia to which he removed his family last Spring. This is now the 7th day of 1906. Interruptions occurring, we have reached the 19th day of March.

I notice in reading some pages back that I omitted to speak of Clarence first and Charlie afterwards having also built houses for themselves on the Hill, Clarence next door to Archie and Charlie just the other side of Clarence. It needs no telling how delightful it was for me as well as for the most of us. It was such a gracious thing for these elder brothers to establish themselves in our immediate neighborhood. I felt my happiness was complete. Our house built according to Archie's planning was most comfortable and cozy. We had everything that heart could wish with the dearest society in the world close at hand and Archie for my household companion. I must not omit mention of a valuable affectionate helper I had in our house for a long time and who did very much to make our house the sweet place it was. My own health at this time was very poor, but Mary Lockwood ministered to me like a sister. She clung to me as to one of her best earthly friends. Her own life was full of suffering and at last she was persuaded to enter a hospital for

an operation and died under the surgeon's knife. Perhaps this was best, but had I been in Cleveland I would have done my best to prevent her going into a hospital. Mary Lockwood was a loyal soul, true to the service of her Heavenly Master. Doubtless she is with that dear Master. I felt it my privilege to write as I have done of her.

Our dear Charlie's house was completed and already preparations were made for removal from the old home in West Cleveland to the new home on the Heights when our beautiful Ray Spenser was taken from us. It was heartbreaking to part with him. He was truly one of the most precious of earthly treasures, so bright and winsome. My heart ached for Charlie and Maybelle for this dear boy filled a large place in their home. For the third time my beloved boy's heart was left desolate. But he did not sorrow alone after the passing of the two babies. Maybelle suffered with him. The dear folks came up to their new home and have taken great pains to make it attractive. We were all so happy together.

My dear Archie was paying his addresses to Bessie Williams. In fact he had become engaged to her, and I supposed that after their marriage they would still continue to live on the Hill. I realized they would like to have the house to themselves for a while so my good Mary packed my trunk and I accepted your and dear Grace's invitation and went to your Sharon home, though I visited Gilbert at Toledo first. I did have a very nice visit at your dear home, whither I went in October and left the following June. Your home has been in so many respects ideal. The precious Savior is constantly recognized, the dear children are being carefully reared, you are both earnestly engaged in helping every good cause, all of these considerations render your home a sweet one to live in. Dear Grace always included me in all her plans, took pains to have me meet her friends, so that I constantly felt included in all that was going on. This may seem a small matter, but it keeps the heart young, it relieves the weight that will settle down upon us with the burden of years. As long as I live dear Grace my gratitude will go out to you. And you too my great hearted Stanley who sought every opportunity to relieve the monotony of my life.

A great sorrow befell me while I was at your house in the breaking up of the home on the Heights. The thing was done in such a heartless underhanded way as though I was an insignificant child, not quite "compos mentis". The blow was struck and henceforth though houses were opened to me I had none of my own since that time. I have been a wanderer, always afraid of staying too long in one place and wearing out my welcome. The reasons given for this giving up of the old home were so trifling and yet I do not blame my Archie.

The first reason given was that Mr. Brooks the general superintendent at the N. M. W. (National Malleable Works, - ed) thought my boy's house was too far from the office. Now for the greater part of the year he lived twice as far away. Another reason: it was said the dear little house my beloved boy had taken so much pains to plan and build was poorly built and would immediately need repairs. This too has proved a poor reason for only papering has been done and the house since Archie left it has constantly been rented and is today in perfect condition. The feeling will stay by me as long as I live that I was unfairly used, - Charlie and Clarence too, for they came up on the Heights on purpose to be near Archie and myself. The plot was laid and it worked out all right. I do not think any disinterested person would blame me for feeling as I do.

Well, my darling boy went to town to live in the house owned 1902 by his mother-in-law (at 887 Case Ave., Cleveland. The address has since been changed to 2205 East 40th Street--FWL, 1968.) Shortly after they were settled there a darling little boy who is named Percy came to gladden his parents' hearts. Feb. 1903 Bessie and Archie are apparently very much attached to each other. They seem to be happy. Bessie is a good wife and mother. My life has been quiet and without much variety. After my long stay with you my dear ones I went again to visit Gilbert. Returning I brought Clara with me. We were at Clarence's house. After she went home I came to Archie's house in town for a while, then visited at Melville's awhile. He and Edna have been invariably very kind to me and if Edna would consent to have some one to relieve her of drudgery I should love to stay there, but she is very particular and does all her own work excepting her washing. Although these liberal generous folks are always asking me to their home I do not want to burden them. If I could only assist in some way with housework, but my back pains me badly if I only dry a few dishes or set the chairs to the table.

Our dear Clarence came for me and took me to his house, a sweet haven of rest. The kind people next door in Charlie's house and the many nice people on the Hill make Clarence's home over which our dear Margaret presides a charming place to stay. Then there is the darling little Winifred in that home. She is the sweetest of companions. Our dear Clarence has expressed the wish that I make his house my headquarters. This is so very loving and beautiful of this loving large-hearted boy. Bessie (Archie's wife) went west to visit her brother (Percy Williams) at Tucson the first winter of little Percy's life. He was born in February and she went in the following December, remaining until April, I think. So I stayed at Archie's house. It was so sweet to be under the same roof with him once again, to experience his tender care and thoughtfulness. He read aloud to me in the evenings and

lived our old sweet times over again. It was such a precious interlude. We heard the Messiah wonderfully rendered by the Oberlin great chorus with the Pittsburg orchestra for accompaniment, and four leading singers as soloists. We went to church together when the weather permitted. The winter was fierce. *Archie*

Then Bessie came home, dear little Percy too who had won golden opinions everywhere. Bessie began putting her house in order for a tenant who was to occupy it during the summer and the little family went out to the Lake Shore. I returned to Clarence's and except short visits at John's, Melville's and Archie's homes remained there until I went to your home in the winter of 1904. I am so glad for you, my dear Stanley that you have a beautiful home, with all earth's blessing, comforts and even luxuries about you, and gladder still that amid all temporary prosperity you so distinctly recognize your highest service belongs to your loving Heavenly Father and that dear Grace is so perfectly in harmony with yourself. I know no better place to express my gratitude to the dear Heavenly Father than this because He has given my dear boys such loving, peaceful homes. *Apr. 1904*
Bessie
Stanley
Grace
887 case

My dear John has had many unfortunate experiences in business, he has lost quite a good deal of money, but his dear wife Julia has struggled along by his side and endeavored to help him. They are both the very soul of hospitality. I do hope their two children will grow up to be a comfort to them. John is a hard worker in a broker's office just now, adding in the summer time, duties in the Forest City Park. Our dear Charlie and Maybelle form a peaceful unit. Our precious boy although encountering so much sorrow in the loss of a beloved wife and two children besides complete failure in business has striven industriously to maintain his manhood and provide respectably for his family. He is still one of the book keepers in Kinney and Levan's China and Glass store. My precious Melville and Edna I never think of without the other. Their marriage has been an ideal one. Twin souls these. Their trials I fancy have only been financial ones. Both industrious, energetic and large-hearted, they are living on in the house, 35 Burt St. Melville is engaged in printing and publishing a paper called Hotel Life, having given up the railroad guide he sent out for many years. Bessie (Colburn) his eldest child is now living in her own home on Long Island. Harry Colburn, her husband, is connected with a banking institution, having been obliged to resign his chosen work, that of the Secretary of the Educational Department of the New York Y. M. C. A. on account of his health, the work was so over exacting. Harry Colburn is a young man of exceptional worth. I am so *John & Julia*
Charles & Maybelle
Kinney & Levan
Melville & Edna
Colburn
1906

glad for our dear Bessie that she has a husband whom it always will be safe to follow for he surely belongs to the Master. Bessie and Harry up to this time since their marriage have lived in or near New York. They have two children, Harold and Florence the second child. Marion went to Paradise before she was a year old. A sorrowful experience this was. Melville's only son, Walter, a bright beautiful boy hopes to graduate from the Cleveland High School the coming June, 1906. Our dear Clarence is working away in the Wm. Bingham's hardware store where he has been so many years. He has introduced Carl into the store. In this grandson of mine I take a special interest as well as in his brother Henry for they are our angel Minnie's children. I do hope each will come up to the requirements made of him as our dear Clarence has done. *Oct 16, 1904* *1906* *Carl* *Clarence* *Henry*

Our dear Gilbert is still in Toledo and still working for a railroad company. He has just bought himself a comfortable new home. His three children are giving great satisfaction to their parents. My precious Walter with whom I have been spending nearly a year in Wayne, a suburb of Philadelphia, is at the head of the Book Department in the great store of Strawbridge and Clothier. What the dear boy has been to me I cannot find words to express. I want to say here that Clarence, Walter and you yourself, dear Stanley, have been so kindly considerate in furnishing me money regularly. I trust the self sacrifice you have been obliged to make in order to furnish me with these monies may redound to your own greater happiness by and by. It is always precious to be remembered, especially by those very dear to us. *Gilbert* *Walter S.*

I am now contemplating a visit to your house, dear Stanley, where my welcome is always loving. It is the 26th of May 1906. We have just enjoyed a most delightful visit from my beloved sister Annie Kiloh Knight and my niece Dr. Eva Knight, a practicing physician in New York and a most successful one. *1906* My sister's husband passed away about three years ago in New York City. My dear Annie is now living in Brooklyn, keeping house for her younger son George, a noble fellow who loves his mother so well that he will not marry. My sister whose house had been in Cincinnati and Newport ever since coming to these United States removed to New York some seventeen years ago. She has had eleven children three of whom are in Paradise. My sister became a member of the Society of Friends and is now a minister among them. She is a most charming companion for her conversation is of heavenly things. Although only thirteen months younger than I am she is very much more active doing quite a good deal of her own housework, attending religious service regularly. Her children are more scattered than mine for Leonard is in Kentucky, Percy in California and Walter in Providence. Herbert, Harry, Eva and Maysie are near her. My sister *Annie*

Henrietta as you know is living in Cleveland with her son Charles. Her children are all alive and all but one, Rose, married.

My daughter, Florence, my dear Walter's wife, feels not enough has been said about him. But it would be impossible to represent on paper all he has been to me and to all with whom he has come in contact. He has led so many souls into the "Light". His whole-heartedness, his loving devotion, his bright, beautiful Christian spirit have buoyed us up through many a dark experience, but where all have been so fond and loving it would be cruel indeed to discriminate. Dear boys all! are mine! who have bravely faced the responsibilities of life. It is impossible to feel a difference. Today, June 4th is my darling Walter's birthday. A beautiful day it is, one in which it is a delight to live. How glad I am to be with him today and how grateful to the dear Father for the gift. I have been trying to carry my memory back to this day forty-four years ago to our dear little house in Wakeman. It was a brilliant day such as this one is that welcomed my darling "Rose". He was the first of four dear children born in our dear house, the only house I ever owned. The darling boy is so well and happy, so wrapped up in his home, wife, and children, and has always been a devoted son, possessed too of a great loving heart, surely he ought to be happy. Tonight his minister and wife are to take dinner with us. The best part of my Walter is his devotion to the service of his Divine Master. Over young men his influence is unbounded. He knows when to speak and what to say. Wherever he has lived he has allied himself with the Sunday school and has been given the young men's class to teach.

I find I have omitted to mention two very precious additions that have been made to our already large family circle this year while I have been visiting in Walter's house. I have spoken of a third, a little great grand-daughter - Harry and Bessie's daughter (Florence). In Charlie's family a little boy (Stanley Knowlton) who is named as you know for you my darling boy - such a welcome baby for Charlie and Maybelle had so mourned the passing away of our beautiful Ray Spenser. The last dear baby to come to us is Archie's little girl named Frances Kiloh (on April 30, 1906). All three of these dear babies seem to be thriving finely, and as a matter of course they are "the finest babies ever were."

I find in looking over this book that mention of many things has been omitted which ought to have been recorded. Perhaps later I can take up the story again. Walter came directly from Cleveland to this position as chief in charge of the Book Department in Strawbridge and Clothier's Department Store in Philadelphia. His business relations in the store have for the most part been very happy. The sudden and unexpected

Walter
S.
Levin

1906

Charles
7-7-05
9-20-05

Frances

Walter

death of Mr. Strawbridge to whom Walter had become greatly attached rather put a new phase on his business surroundings, but his chief object in coming to Philadelphia, Florence's restoration to health having been accomplished he has been a happy man. *Walter S. Strawn*

After living for a time on Thomas Avenue, Walter decided to remove to Wayne about fourteen miles from the city so that the boys might have some more room to play. Vain, I thought! For the street is still their favorite playground. The schools are fine and the locality full of interest on account of revolutionary times. Here with my precious quartet I am spending a delightful year. The dear ones are with each other in rendering me loving attention. Walter's books and periodicals afford me a continued feast. I have been twice to the quaint old historic church, St. David's. All about it is the still quiet resting place of bodies whose released spirits have joined the immortal ranks. I understood the doors of this interesting church are never locked. Three times our dear boy took me to Valley Forge past Washington's ramparts some of the times. Dear Annie and Eva kept us company on one of these trips. Such a beautiful day! Such a blessed company!

In July Walter's business called him West and I was filled with a great longing to look into the faces of other dear ones. So Walter with infinite care and tenderness brought me as far as your dear home in Sharon and he then went on to Chicago. Returning to your beautiful home which has always been a sweet haven of rest for me I found the children much grown and developing beautifully. The children like your own dear selves are most affectionate. We had such happy times together. Grace and I always have been most congenial companions. While in Sharon I took charge of things generally while Stanley and Grace took a little trip East together visiting Gettysburg, Harrisburg, Wayne, Philadelphia, the dear friends Goodmans at Montclair N.J. and New York. What an enjoyable time you had and we too at home. Paul was "major domo" and all went well. It was a great privilege to be able to render this little service for you and what good use you made of your time. Where people so thoughtfully alert and at the same time filled with enthusiasm as you were set out on a journey, they actually become surcharged with interesting material and so it was with you my dear ones so that we were treated on your return to rare feasts. Very little seemed to have escaped your observation. Besides the greatness of New York, the battlefields of Gettysburg and the government school at Carlisle seem to have interested you most. But the little tour besides enlarging your fund of information I think stimulated your feelings of patriotism. It was worth to you both a good deal more than it cost.

Margaret is a most loving affectionate girl. She is apparently very fond of music. She practices diligently and I think will make quite a musician. Janet is a loving affectionate girl. I do not know that as yet she has shown any special interest in any direction, but Paul's bent is evidently "geology". (See his own account of his lone ascent of Mont Blanc during World War I. - ed). I trust he will be able to give special attention to this great science. It is so very interesting to observe the development of children in special directions, is it not?

I have been reading back a little way and find that many points I touch rather lightly. I do feel more and more that it is not only difficult but almost impossible to realize the meaning of these lives of ours - that we are only stewards and that our responsibilities are almost overwhelming. Times and habits of life and thought have changed so much that we seem to have pretty much broken from the old moorings. Lines are so commingled and cross at all sorts of angles. Specious arguments make one feel that certain courses of action formerly esteemed wrong are right. To one brought up under the influence and teachings which governed my early life much is distressful now. Your house, dear Stanley, maintains so high a level of thought and action that it is good to be here. Of course you have your painful experiences as which of us has not! Your anxiety in regard to the fuller observance of the Lord's Day and your determination to secure the observance of the law has stirred certain classes to the core and apparently little or nothing has been accomplished. No effort we may be sure which is made for the glory of God is lost, and a quiet conscience was worth all the effort. The children are faithful attendants at school and the girls progressing finely with their music. The Sunday School has prospered finely under your superintendency and the fact that you have been re-elected year after year is a testimonial to the church's appreciation of you.

My visit at your dear home came to an end in November when again I came to Cleveland and to Archie's house this time, and remained here through the winter, indeed until the beginning of June, except two weeks at Christmas time I spent on the Heights. The months spent in Archie's house were most happy. Bessie and Archie are both students and thinkers and have a great respect for each other's views and their two children are brought up with unbounded care. Archie had been so long my most intimate companion. I had the highest appreciation of him; so when I write that I think Bessie is worthy of him it seems to me the highest praise I can give her. Bessie was infinitely kind and sympathetic during the weeks I was laid aside by a fall which caused me great pain and put my right arm out of commission for a time. How differently we come to look at people and their actions

when prejudice is laid aside. It has been so true in regard to my opinion of Bessie. There is nothing superficial about her. She thinks out matters thoroughly and reasonably. But it seems to me the tragical sorrow in her mother's life (and she idolizes her mother) continually overshadows her, giving her for the most part an air of abstraction so that many things said and done are by her entirely overlooked, making her appear self-centered, whereas deep down in her heart is overflowing a fountain of love. I do not know any one of whom my opinions have so entirely changed upon intimate acquaintance.

Our dear Archie quite objected to my leaving his house, but when the month of June arrived I realized Mrs. Williams wanted Bessie to be with her for a time so I came out to Clarence's home in the beginning of June, 1907. Percy Williams stopped in Cleveland on his way westward; so Bessie with her two children had a delightful escort. Our dear Archie spent all the leisure of the months Bessie was in California repairing and putting the house in order. Not a single night did he stay out of the lonely house. Busy he was constantly making the house beautiful, but he had his reward when in the month of November Bessie returned from California with the two children.

Meantime no changes occurred in our family. Everything moved along in the old quiet way in the different houses. A severe financial panic disturbed business in all direction beginning in the late summer of 1907. Many workers were thrown out of employment and much distress followed. Various reasons were given for this panic but the wisest seemed at fault. Extravagance and over-production were the principal charges. The dark cloud of financial stringency revealed the silver lining in the self sacrificing spontaneous effort made to relieve the distress among the unemployed. When a battle is fought by the development of sympathy and self-denial the gain in moral goodness is well worth while. The winter proved not a severe one and by degrees matters are regaining their equilibrium. This being the year for the Presidential Election we do not expect normal conditions until next November. Two only of my own dear boys suffered a reduction in salary.

While living here in the home of dear Clarence and Margaret time has glided very smoothly and quietly along, with short calls from the other children. As a matter of course I never see enough of them and I do sadly miss Walter and his dear ones. Melville has taken especial pains to come out to see me. He has a great loving heart.

On the 10th of March, a second boy came into Archie's home. This is now 1908. He is a very welcome boy, any amount of love lying around waiting for the darling. He is a large,

healthful, beautiful boy. He is named Gilbert Hastings, Gilbert for his uncle and Hastings for his mamma's mother, baby's grandmother.

October 4th, 1908. Again my story is renewed after a summer filled with blessings. No changes have occurred in our family and we have enjoyed almost unbroken health. God has been very good to us. The most interesting feature of the year was the spiritual awakening in Sharon under the wonderful series of services held by William Sunday. The Holy Spirit has impressed these teaching on the hearts of Sharon's people so that the town seems another place. How any one can ignore or dispute the remedial and stimulating effect of the religion of Jesus Christ is past finding out. Charlie's and Minnie's dear boys are so near to my heart I do want them to take a decided stand on the Lord's side. Carl is quite thoughtful I think.

Our precious Walter came to us on the 4th and Bessie with her two children were in Cleveland so we had a pretty full reunion, but we were short sixteen. In the beginning of planning for our reunion we had hoped for a full representation but times were pretty hard and some of the boys had unusual expenses during the year. Clarence with his family had made arrangements to camp on the lake shore near Vermillion and went into camp on the 3rd of August. Near about the same time you took up your abode with your dear ones in a cottage near Kingsville right on the shores of Lake Erie. Walter with his precious trio spent three weeks at Ocean City and I divided my time between my dear Melville's house and Archie's. My dear ones were so thoughtful and kind. I especially enjoyed Melville's and Edna's pretty new house on Summit St., Lakewood. I am so much in hopes John and Melville will see a good deal of each other and cultivate each other's friendship now that they are living comparatively near each other. I was so pleased to find Helen F. was doing so much more with her books than formerly.

I am still receiving nice letters from Toledo. Charlie J. has a good position in a commercial house. I am sorry to say our dear Gilbert is still doing night work for a railroad. About the middle of September Clarence brought me back to this dear house in which so many privileges are to be enjoyed, of pleasant companionship and abundant reading. Charles and Clarence are noble specimens of manhood. Their chief interest just now centers about a new Presbyterian church which is being built a little way from us, ministered by the Rev. Mr. Mac Gaffin which it is hoped and believed will be a great blessing to the neighborhood. Clarence is especially deeply interestd and is now very happy in the near completion of the Church building, or rather the Chapel as it is hoped later to erect a larger building of which this will be a part.

During the life of Clarence's first wife he became a Methodist as that denomination had been Carrie's choice. Previously he had been confirmed in Wakeman in the Episcopal church. But his present wife having followed her brother into the Presbyterian church, he is now called a Presbyterian as are Charlie, Walter, Stanley, and Archie. Clarence, Walter and Stanley are Elders. I cannot but express deep gratitude to the loving Father that he has wrought by his Holy Spirit in the hearts of these dear ones, making Religion the paramount interests of their lives. My dear John, Melville, and Gilbert are I trust deep down in their hearts thinking of the great truths of Christianity.

90 Rosemont Road, East Cleveland, Ohio. Again I take up my story my dear Stanley and in your house too, for in November of last year, 1909, you came from Sharon to fill a new position with "The National Malleable Company". Probably I need not add that I am very proud of my boy as well as thankful for the appreciation shown by the company for the work you have already done, for this position you have been given of first assistant treasurer of the six plants is surely one involving a great trust. I trust you may be kept in health and strength. Our dear Archie is also promoted and I am so glad to know is in the same office as you which makes it very pleasant indeed. My dear John has been out of employment for some time which causes me some anxiety and poor John real distress even though Rex has a position and Julia I imagine has some income from her father's estate. My dear John had owned a newspaper route which yielded him a good deal of profit but the work was so strenuous he was obliged to give it up after quite a physical breakdown. From this he has in great part recovered, but is forbidden to exert himself to any extent. I trust my dear eldest, now fifty-nine years old may not be idle long.

We are having a very severe winter, unusually so for this latitude, but as ever my room is made delightfully comfortable by my dear children. I have lately come into possession of some interesting items connected with your father's family which I know you will value. Perhaps I have mentioned that your grandfather, grandmother and a little daughter came west with a little stock and in wagons in 1815, coming directly to Norwalk, Huron Co., Ohio. Father Lewis at that time was twenty-five years old. He was born in Salem, Westchester Co., N. Y. in 1790. His wife whose maiden name was Amy Ferris was born in 1791 in Newtown, Connecticut. They were married in Fairfield Co., in mother Lewis's native town. It would be interesting to know how and where they met, but glad as they possibly would have been to tell all about it, I don't know that anyone ever asked them.

Their first child Angeline was born in that same town, (Newtown) Feb. 18th, 1814. She had a somewhat eventful life, although she passed away when only three and one-half years old. One day she was sitting on the floor playing when two Indian women came to ask some favor of her mother and while she left the room to go into her mother's rooms which were connected with her's the Indian women picked up the baby and made for the woods. Father's saw-mill was close by. Perhaps you remember the spot where a large stream used to run at the foot of the rise of ground on the north. Your grandma ran screaming to the edge of the valley. Father and his man sprang on horses and galloped after the women reaching them just as they entered the woods running at full speed. They looked and dropped the baby. They made their escape and after that the Indians came near them no more. Previously Indians came and women had often come to the house and mill. Father and mother were very kind to them and taught them many things.

Of course in those days new-comers were gladly welcomed as father used to say the latch string was always out. There were no bolts or bars. In course of time there came a family from Connecticut whom they had known so they received them hospitably until they should have built their log cabin,- such were all those first houses. Father's accommodations were rather unusual because he had connected a second log cabin with his own by a little covered way. In this second cabin lived his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ferris. Unfortunately this new family which your grandpa received had had smallpox and brought the contagion with them. Baby Angeline caught it and died. This was previous to the birth of your own father.

I'll copy here the papers your aunt Emmeline, uncle Isaac's widow found in your uncle John's bible: Nathan Ferris, born Aug. 14th, 1749; Abiah Ferris born Feb. 21st, 1756. Her (I assume Emmeline's - ed) maiden name was Skidmore. These are your great grand parents my dear boy, your grand mother Lewis's parents. They had a son by the name of Booth Lewis. Whether there were other children, I do not know.

Your father was born in Norwalk, June 12th, 1818, died Sept. 14th, 1874 in Wakeman, Huron Co., Ohio, buried in Lakeview, Cleveland. Angeline Curtiss born August 5th, 1819.

B. Ann Mead born in Norwalk, July 6th, 1821.

Samuel Lewis, born June 29th, 1823 in Norwalk, Ohio

Amy Maria McDonald, born March 29th, 1825, in Norwalk, Ohio

Isaac H. Lewis, born Dec. 29th, 1827 in Norwalk, Ohio

Margaret Lewis, born Aug. 8th, 1829, in Norwalk, Ohio

John Lewis, born Sept. 27th, 1831 in Norwalk, Ohio.

These have all passed away. Most of them died in Norwik, except your father who died in Wakeman. Your aunt Line died

in Toledo, your uncle Samuel in Cincinnati in a hospital, your uncle Isaac in David City, Nebraska. All these items were obtained from scraps of paper found in your uncle John's in possession of your aunt Emmaline. Possibly later on more intelligence will come to light.

(Editor's note: The above concludes the memoirs of the life of Maria Edwards Kiloh Lewis as written in her own handwriting covering just over 115 pages in a 6½"x8" notebook now in the possession of Margaret Lewis Atwood and kindly loaned by her to the editor of these records for purposes of reproducing here. I have tried faithfully to copy her story just as she wrote it, but confess to the possibility of some error, particularly with proper names of people and places and dates because of difficulty with reading the script. Also I have taken the liberty of very slightly altering the sentence structure and punctuation in a very few spots where it seemed to me clarity of meaning would be aided, and perhaps where her expressions of affection for her sons as grown men might occasionally be tempered somewhat in good taste for a wider reading by her descendants.)

The following statement by her son Norman Stanley Lewis for whom her memoirs were primarily written is also found starting on page 116 of the same notebook, and is reproduced here without any changes:)

90 Rosemont Road, East Cleveland, Ohio, December 26, 1910. All of the preceeding record in this book was written by my Mother, Maria Edwards (Kiloh) Lewis, at my request as stated on the first page. Mother entered into rest, peacefully and quietly, sleeping, at 5:00 a.m. Tuesday Dec., 20th, 1910, at my home No. 90 Rosemont Road, E. Cleveland, O. She had been very gradually failing in strength for several months, altho just as active in all of her interests, as ever maintaining her reading, sewing and correspondence up to within ten days of her death. About ten days before her death she began to fail quite rapidly and in the mornings, especially suffered from her breathing, but in the latter part of the day, appeared to be in almost her usual health excepting being weak. On Friday evening, Dec. 16th, before her death Mother was especially bright and enjoyed the evening as usual. On Sunday Dec. 18th quite a number of her children and grand children were with her. On Monday she failed rapidly altho still able to move about, being out of bed and sitting in her chair most of the day and evening, sleeping however much of the time. At about 1 p.m. Monday night or rather Tuesday morning she sat up for a few moments in her chair and then went to bed for the last time and when doing so, said to my wife, Grace, who was taking care of her, "why don't you go and lie down, - don't call me." These were her last words. She dropped asleep and still sleeping quietly passed away about 5:00 or 5:10 a.m.

Those with her at the time were Grace, Miss Graham the nurse, and the writer. In this place I desire to record my deep appreciation for the love and care and devotion of dear Grace to Mother during the days, weeks and months of the past year when her own Mother has been suffering and has been such an anxiety to her. She has not neglected her own Mother and she has at the same time devoted herself to my Mother. I love her the more for this.

Mother's funeral was held at the above address on Friday, Dec. 23rd, 1910 and all of her sons were present and acted as pall-bearers, the two older, John and Charles, serving as honorary and the other six as active. The service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Claflen pastor Mayfield Heights Presbyterian Church of which Mother was a member assisted by Rev. C. L. Zorbaugh pastor Windemore Presbyterian Church who gave a brief address of appreciation, a copy of which I hope to obtain and enter upon subsequent pages. Remains were placed in the general vault at Lake View Cemetery, to be interred in the coming spring in the family lot in that cemetery.

Written by Norman Stanley Lewis

(Editor's note: Although the Rev. Zorbaugh's remarks, above referred to are not attached to the book of memoirs, the following notice printed Dec. 24, 1910 in the Cleveland "Town Topics" is pasted on the inside fly-leaf of the book:)

The demise of Mrs. Maria Edwards Kiloh Lewis (relict of the Reverend Charles Ferris Lewis) on Tuesday, chronicles the passing of a woman of many lovable qualities. Born in Aberdeen, Scotland 82 years ago, she came to America in childhood and has passed many years in Cleveland. Her ministrations have been numerous and varied, and there are countless instances in this community of the good she has done - as a mother of eight sons, and helpfulness to others. Mrs. Lewis was a woman of splendid attainments- in letters, in music, in art. She kept in touch to the last with every avenue of human affairs- religious, scientific, social, political. Her grasp of questions of world-wide import was broad, illuminative, and the remark of all who came into communion with her. Such women make for a stronger citizenship, better homes and better sons and daughters.

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