

Record of Carter Jerrel Kelley

By Jerry Long
c.2024



Rev. Carter Jerrel Kelley
(1810-1880)

Rev. Carter Jerrel Kelley was born 18 December 1810 in Ohio County, Kentucky. He died 14 June 1880 (aged 69) in Wayne County, Illinois. He was buried Thurmond Cemetery, Ewing Township, Franklin County, Illinois. He was author of the 140-page autobiography, Record of Carter Jerrel Kelley, which he commenced in 1854. In 1979 the late Sam McDowell (of McDowell Publications, Hartford, KY) reprinted the book.



Biographies of Carter Jerrel Kelly (1810-1880), his father, David Jerrel Kelley (1791-1834) and grandfather, Benjamin Kelley (c1763-1828) from A History of Kentucky Baptists From 1769 to 1885, Volume II, J. H. Spencer (Cincinnati, OH: J. R. Baumes, 1886) pp.314-316:

Benjamin Kelley was of Irish extraction, and the name was originally written O' Kelley. His grand father was the only child of Irish parents, and was born on the Ocean, as his parents were emigrating to America. The parents settled in Virginia, and the child grew to manhood, married, and raised a large family. His father returning to Ireland to see after his estate, was supposed to have been lost at sea, as his family never heard from him afterwards.

Benjamin Kelley was born in Bedford county, Virginia, not far from 1763. At about the age of fifteen years, he came to Kentucky, and sheltered himself from Indian fury, with the first settlers of the country, at Boonesboro. In January 1778, while with a party of 27, headed by Daniel Boone, engaged in making salt at Blue Lick, he, with the whole party, was taken prisoner, by the Indians. He fell into the hands of the tribe of which the notorious white renegade, Simon Girty, was the Chief. An old squaw adopted him as her son, and he remained with the Indians about six years. At the expiration of this time, aided by his foster mother and an old Indian, he made his escape, and returned to his parents, in Virginia. Here he married the daughter of David Jerrell, and afterwards emigrated with his father-in-law, to Kentucky. The next information we have of him, he was pastor of Mt. Pleasant church, in Ohio county. He probably gathered this church, which was constituted in 1814, and ministered to it about ten years. His labors were greatly blessed in bringing sinners to Christ. His last sermon was preached in the midst of a great revival, during the continuance of which, about 100 had been added to the church. After baptizing some converts, he went home, and was taken down with a violent fever. He finally recovered from the fever, but he was bereft of reason, and so remained till about two hours before his death, which occurred, about 1824. After his reason returned, he talked freely of his hope in Christ, and departed in joyous triumph.

David Jerrell Kelley, oldest son of Elder Benjamin Kelley, was born in Amherst county, Va., Mar. 22, 1791. He was raised by his maternal grandfather, after whom he was named. His grandfather being wealthy, young Kelley was raised up in idleness and self-indulgence, and became a way ward, self-willed boy. At the age of fifteen, he left his grandfather's home, in Mercer county, Ky., to visit his father in Ohio county. Arriving at Louisville, then a small village, he engaged as a laborer, in well digging. After a while, he engaged to go as a hand, on a perogue, loaded with whisky. This vessel descended the Ohio river to its mouth, and then ascended the Mississippi, to Cape Girardeau. From this point, he traveled on foot, through the territories of Illinois and Indiana, to Louisville, and thence to his grandfather's, without having visited his father. He remained with his grandfather, till his marriage to Fannie, daughter of William Carter of Ohio county, Feb. 10, 1810. After living in Ohio county a short time, he moved to Mercer county. Here he and his wife professed hope in Christ, and were baptized by Richard Shackelford, in 1812. Soon after this, he moved back to Ohio county, where he united with Mt. Pleasant church. Some years later, he became dissatisfied with the practice of "close communion," and was excluded from the church. After a time, becoming convinced of his error, he was restored to the fellowship of the church.

He was ordained to the ministry, by Thomas Downs, Ancil Hall and Simeon Buchanan, Jan. 25, 1825, and almost immediately called to the care of Mt. Pleasant church. To this

congregation he administered, the remainder of his earthly life. He was also pastor of Beaver Dam, Waltons Creek, and Cane Run churches, all in Ohio county. In 1834, he and J. H. L. Moorman were appointed collecting agents for the Executive Board of the Kentucky Baptist Convention. They assumed the duties of that office, about the first of March, and sometimes together, and sometimes apart, prosecuted their labors, till the 17th of June, when Mr. Moorman suddenly died. Mr. Kelley continued his labors, till about the 20th of July, when he was attacked with fever. This was followed by a fatal flux, of which he and six of his family died, between the 13th of August and the 5th of September, 1834.

Mr. Kelley's early education was very limited ; but he had a good intellect, and was fond of books, and, after his marriage, applied himself to study and to teaching, until he became a fair English scholar. He was an eloquent speaker, a good pastor, and a man of active enterprise. He and his neighbor, Josiah Haynes — a man worthy to be remembered, organized a Sunday school, and a temperance society of 100 members, as early as 1830, and kept them alive as long as Mr. Kelley lived.

Carter Jerrell Kelley, oldest son of Elder David J. Kelley, was born in Ohio Co., Ky., Dec. 18, 1810. He was raised on his father's farm, and received a fair English education. On the 11th of January, 1832, he was married to Paulina, daughter of Josiah Haynes. He studied medicine, after his marriage, and commenced the practice of physic, in 1839. After practicing medicine about ten years, he was ordained to the ministry, at Mt. Pleasant church, by Simeon Buchanan, Joseph P. Ellis and J. R. Gillaspay, in July, 1849. After laboring a few years in his native county, he moved to Illinois, and settled in White county, where the Lord abundantly blessed his labors, till the Master called him home, about the beginning of the year 1883.



A History of the Daviess – McLean Baptist Association in Kentucky,
Rev. Wendell H. Rone (Owensboro, KY, 1943) pp.272-274:

Benjamin Kelley was of Irish extraction and the name was originally written O'Kelley. His grandfather was the only child of Irish parents and was born on the ocean as his parents were emigrating to America. The parents settled in Virginia and the child grew to manhood, married, and raised a large family. His father returned to Ireland to see after his estate and was supposed to have been lost at sea as the family never heard from him again.

Benjamin Kelley was born in Bedford County, Virginia, not far from 1763. At about the age of fifteen he came to Kentucky and sheltered himself from Indian fury with the first settlers at Boonesboro. In January, 1778, while with a party of twenty seven, headed by Daniel Boone, engaged in making salt at Blue Lick, he with the whole party, was taken prisoner by the Indians. He fell into the hands of the tribe in which the notorious renegade, Simon Girty, was the Chief. An old squaw adopted him as her son and he remained with them about six years. At the expiration of this time, aided by his foster mother and an old Indian, he made his escape and returned to his parents in Virginia. Here he married the daughter of David Jarrell and afterwards emigrated with his father-in-law to Kentucky. The next information we have of him was as pastor of Mt. Pleasant Church (Fordsville), in Ohio County, Ky. He probably gathered this church, which was constituted in 1814, and ministered to it about ten years. His labors were greatly blessed in bringing sinners

to Christ. His last sermon was preached in the midst of a great revival during the continuance of which, over 100 had been added to the church. After baptizing some converts he went home and was taken down with violent fever. He finally recovered from the fever but was bereft of his reason and so remained until about two hours before his death, which occurred about the year 1826. After his reason returned he talked freely of his hope in Christ and departed in joyous triumph.

He went into the constitution of Goshen Association in 1817 and remained a minister in that body until his death. He also assisted in the constitution of Panther Creek Church, Ohio County, on September 23, 1815. This church later became a member of Daviess County Association in; 1844 and remained until 1878, when it went into the constitution of Blackford Association. He was a member of Salem Association from 1814 to the time of the constitution of Goshen in 1817. As to the time of his conversion, his ordination, and the churches he served prior to 1814 we have no information. He was in Ohio County as early as 1806 and probably belonged to old Beaver Dam Church along with Josiah Haynes and other pioneers in the northwest section of that County. He performed marriage ceremonies in Daviess County in 1820.

David Jarrell Kelley, oldest son of Elder Benjamin Kelley, was born in Amherst County, Virginia, March 22, 1791. He was raised by his maternal grandfather after whom he was named. His grandfather being a wealthy man, young Kelley was raised up in idleness and self-indulgence and became a wayward, self-willed boy. At the age of fifteen he left his grandfather's home in Mercer County, Ky., to visit his father in Ohio County, Ky. Arriving at Louisville, then a small village, he engaged as a laborer in well digging. After a while he engaged to go as a hand on a perogue (a type of boat) loaded with whiskey. This vessel descended the Ohio river to its mouth and then ascended the Mississippi to Cape Girardeau, Mo. From this point he traveled on foot through the territories of Illinois and Indiana back to Louisville, without having visited his father. He returned and remained with his grandfather until his marriage to Fannie Carter, daughter of William Carter of Ohio County, Ky., on February 10, 1810. After living in Ohio County for a time he returned to Mercer County. There he and his wife professed faith in Christ and united with a Church being baptized by Elder Richard Shackelford, in 1812. Soon after this he again moved to Ohio County where he united with the Mt. Pleasant Church (Fordsville). Some years later he became dissatisfied with the practice of "Close Communion" and was excluded from the Church. After a time, being convinced of his error, he was restored to the fellowship of the Church.

He was ordained to the ministry by Elders Thomas Downs, Ancil Hall, and Simeon Buchanan on January 25, 1825, and almost immediately was called to the care of the Mt. Pleasant Church. To this congregation he ministered the remainder of his early life. He was also pastor of Beaver Dam, Walton's Creek, and Cane Run Churches in Ohio County. In 1834, he and James H. L. Moorman were appointed collecting agents for the Executive Board of the Baptist Convention of Kentucky. They assumed the duties of that office, about the first of March, and sometimes together, and sometimes apart, prosecuted their labors, till the 17th of June when Mr. Moorman died suddenly. Elder Kelley continued his labors until the latter part of July, when he was attacked with fever. This was followed by a fatal flux, of which he and six of his family died, between the 13th of August and the 5th of September, 1834. His death occurred on August 14th, 1834.

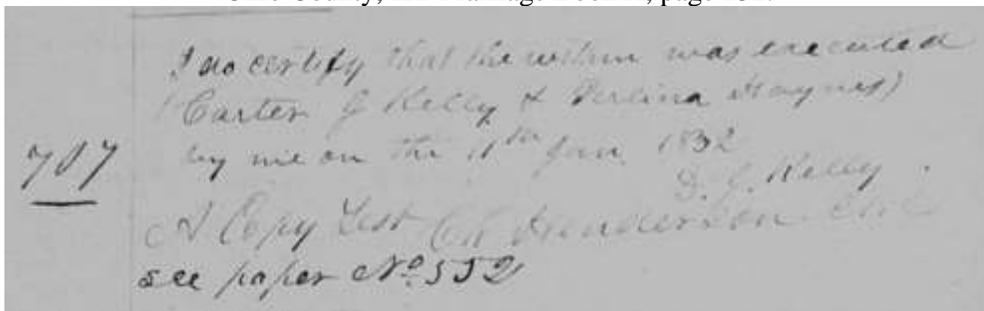
Elder Kelley's early education was limited, but he had a good intellect and was fond of books. After his marriage he applied himself to the study of teaching, until he became a fair English scholar. He was an eloquent speaker, a good pastor, and a man of active enterprise. He and his neighbor, Josiah B. Haynes, a man worthy to be remembered, organized a Sabbath School and a

Temperance society of 100 members, as early as 1830 and kept them alive as long as Mr. Kelley lived. He was present at the organization of Bethabara Church in 1825 and performed marriages in Daviess County as late as 1834, the date of his death. Though he never lived to see the formation of the Daviess County Association his labors were entered into by those who came after him, especially in the organization and pastoring of the churches in the northern section of the Green River country from whence came this Association.



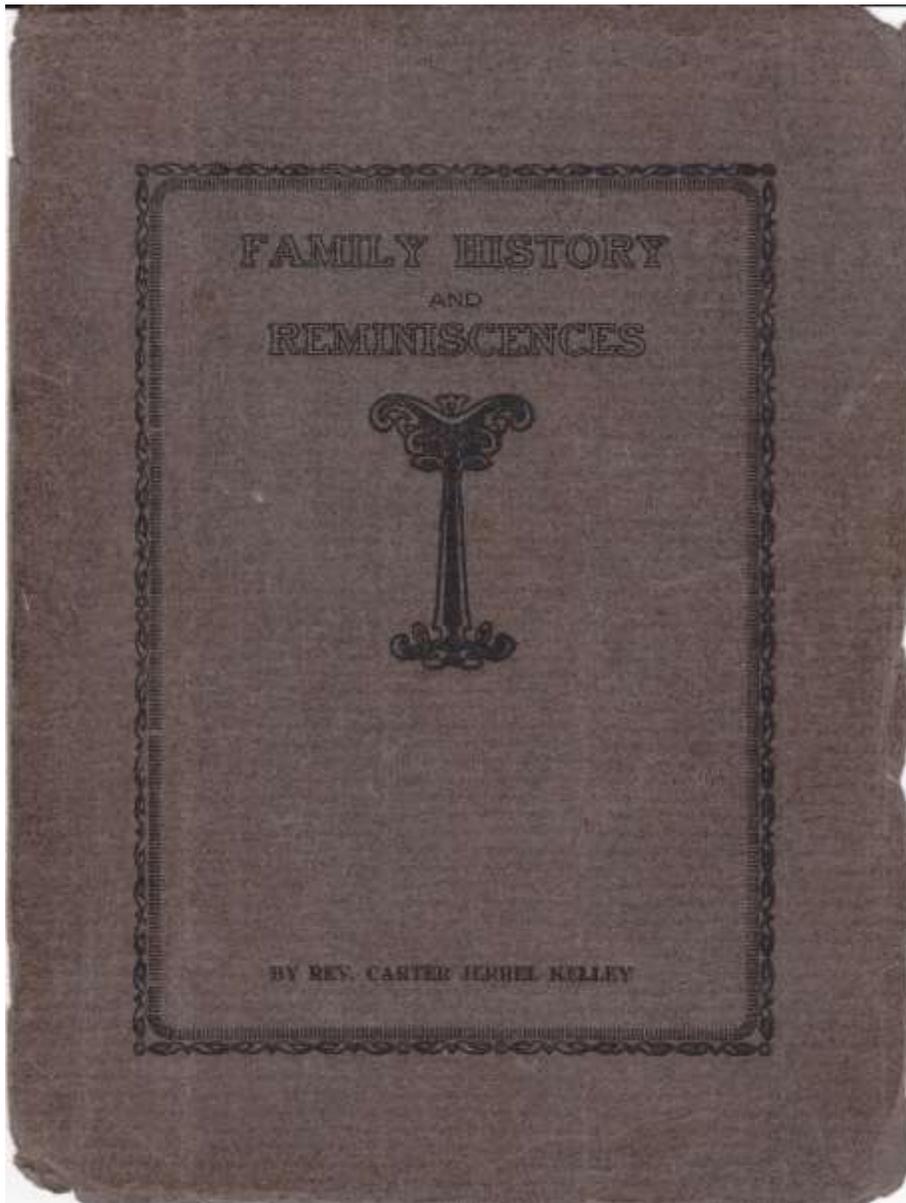
Carter Jerrel Kelley (1810-1880) & wife, Paulina Haynes (1813-1876),
married 11 January 1832 Ohio County, KY

Ohio County, KY Marriage Book A, page 132:

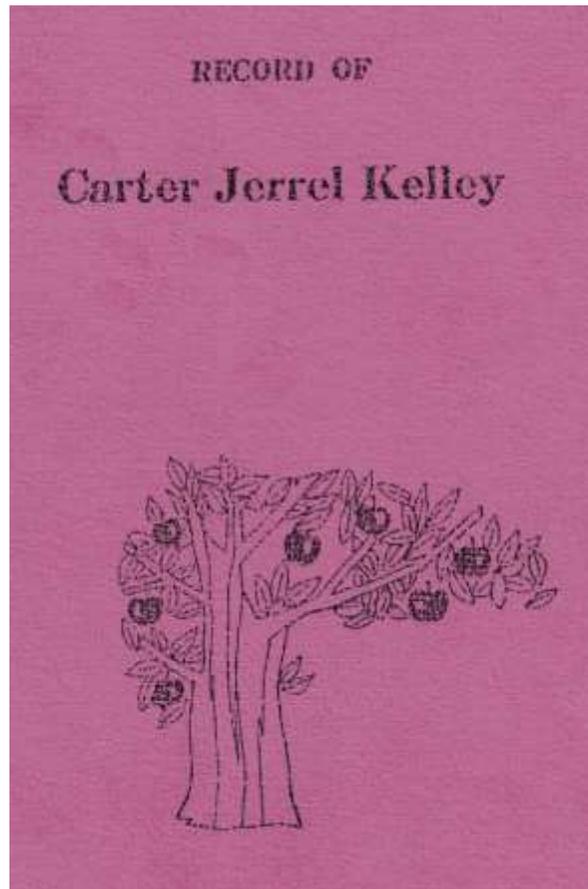




Rev. Carter Jerrel Kelley (1810-1880) was author of the 140-page autobiography, Record of Carter Jerrel Kelley, which he commenced in 1854. In it he named many family members and early pioneers of Ohio, Hancock and Daviess Counties, Kentucky. The original manuscript was published with the following title and cover:



In 1979 the late Sam McDowell (of McDowell Publications, Hartford, KY) reprinted the book. The reprint had the following title and cover:



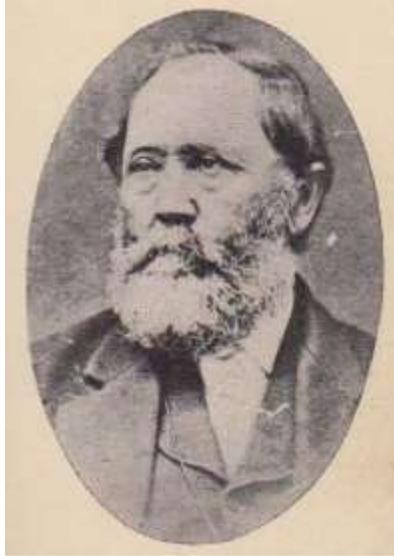
A scan of the Record of Carter Jerrel Kelley follows. The original page numbers of the book appear in brown at the beginning of each successive page in the book. The page numbers of the book were utilized in the index that follows.

RECORD OF
Carter Jerrel Kelley
COMMENCED IN
A. D. 1854

IN WHICH MAY BE FOUND
A brief notice of his ancestry as far as known
and also notice of the family of his wife

PAULINA HAYNES KELLEY

With some account of their own family and names of their children, with some reminiscences, written for the use of his children and when father and mother shall be no more.



Rev. Carter Jerrel Kelley
Born: December 18, 1810
Died: June 14, 1880
“A man to all the country dear”

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PUBLISHER'S INTRODUCTION

The publication of this volume was undertaken by a number of members of the family who feel that no better means could be adopted for disseminating the interesting facts of family history and also that no more fitting tribute could be made to the memory of the author. As we have gone through the faded pages of the author's own handwriting in preparing a typewritten copy for the printer we have been profoundly impressed with the infinite patience required to compose such a book. It is marvelous to reflect that during his busy career that Rev. Kelley could find time to amass such a detail of facts of family interest. The book to a large extent, however, as might be expected is written from the physician's and minister's standpoint. It is to be regretted that he did not give a more intimate picture of the social, industrial and political life of the respective communities where he lived and labored.

We have included in the volume a number of sketches from various sources which, we believe will be of interest to the family in general. The sketch in front written by Mrs. E. A. Christian was so placed because part of the information contained therein antedates that which is given by the author. The original text is altered somewhat in spelling to conform with present custom and in some instances expressions have been changed for the sake of clearness. In a few places omissions have been made. A number of repetitions will be found but these could not be avoided.

The writer's interest in this book and in the family, especially, is explained by the fact that he married in

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1906 the youngest daughter, Mary Paulina, of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Carter (Mrs. Carter being the oldest daughter of Rev. Kelley, the author) and this home has been blessed by three daughters,

Dorothy, Elvira Frances and Virginia Alice, these lines being written on the sixth birthday anniversary of the youngest. Mrs. Draper has been of great assistance in helping to produce this book.

We send it forth among relatives and friends trusting that as the years go by it may be cherished in memory of the author.

N. W. DRAPER.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

The author of this record has long esteemed it a matter of pleasure to know something of his parents and their parents and feels that it would be no less pleasant to his posterity to have the means of such information when those who had preceded them and especially those to whom they were indebted for their life and early training were no more on earth. It is Pleasant to call up the fond recollections of the past and what better calculated to do this than the endearing names of father and mother. O the reflections associated with those fond names. how they bring us back again to the scenes of our childhood

"The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood
And every loved spot which my infancy knew."

Having this object in view and knowing that the hours thus employed will not be wholly lost, neither to himself nor to others, he has thought proper to pen the following which be dedicated to his children.

C. J. KELLEY, 1854.

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A LIFE SKETCH OF BENJAMIN KELLEY AND DESCENDANTS

Being a Record of the Important Events in the Lives of
A Notable Line of Baptist Preachers.

The data were gathered by Mrs. E. A. Christian during
a visit to Kentucky many years ago.

John W. Kelley was of a Virginia family, from which sprang many useful preachers. Of these, himself, Benjamin Kelley D. J. Kelley, J. L. Kelley and C. J. Kelley have labored among the Baptists of Kentucky. John W. Kelley was a son of James Kelley and a nephew of Eld. Benjamin Kelley, who labored and died in Ohio county, Kentucky. He was a native of Halifax county, Virginia, where he was raised up to the ministry, and is said to have been very successful in his holy calling. He emigrated to Kentucky about 1833. At first he settled in the northern part of Christian county; but soon afterwards moved to Trigg county. Soon after his settlement in Kentucky he was called to the care of Little River and West Union churches, both in Christian county, and, it is believed, Harmony church in Caldwell county. To these congregations he ministered with much acceptance. His preaching gifts were above mediocrity, and were faithfully and wisely used. He was a warm friend to missions and ministerial education, which he evinced by contributing \$100 to Georgetown College. His useful ministry, in Kentucky, was very short. He died August 17th, 1840.

Benjamin Kelley was of Irish extraction, and the name was originally written O'Kelley. His grandfather was the only child of Irish parents, and was born on the ocean, as his parents were

emigrating to America. The parents settled in Virginia, and the child grew to manhood, married and raised a large family. His father

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returning to Ireland to see after his estate, is supposed to have been lost at sea, as his family never heard of him afterwards.

Benjamin Kelley was born in Bedford county, Virginia, not far from 1763. At about the age fifteen years he came to Kentucky and sheltered himself from Indian fury with the first settlers of the country, at Boonesboro. In January 1778, while with a party of 27, headed by Daniel Boone, engaged in making salt at Blue Lick, he, with the whole party was taken prisoner by the Indians. He fell into the hands of the tribe of which a notorious white renegade, Simon Girty, was Chief. An old squaw adopted him as her son, and he remained with the Indians about six years. At the expiration of this time, aided by his foster mother and an old Indian, he made his escape and returned to his parents in Virginia. Here he married the daughter of David Jerrel, and afterwards emigrated with his father-in-law to Kentucky. The next information we have of him, he was pastor of Mt. Pleasant church in Ohio county. He probably, gathered this church, which was constituted in 1814, and ministered to it about ten years. His labors were greatly blessed in bringing sinners to Christ. His last sermon was preached in the midst of a great revival during which about 100 had been added to the church. After baptizing some converts he went home and was taken down with a violent fever. He finally recovered from the fever, but was bereft of reason, and so remained till two hours before his death, which occurred about 1824. After his reason returned, he talked freely of his hope in Christ, and departed in joyous triumph

David Jerrel Kelley, oldest son of Elder Benjamin

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Kelley, was born in Amherst county, Va., March 22nd, 1791. He was raised by his maternal grandfather, after whom he was named. His grandfather being wealthy, young Kelley was raised up in idleness and self-indulgence, and became a wayward, self-willed boy. At the age of fifteen he left his grandfather's home in Mercer county, Kentucky, to visit his father in Ohio county. Arriving at Louisville, then a small village, he engaged as a laborer, in well digging. After a while he engaged to go as a hand on a perougue loaded with whisky. This vessel descended the Ohio river to its mouth, and then ascended the Mississippi to Cape Girardeau. From this point he traveled on foot through the territories of Illinois and Indiana, to Louisville and thence to his grandfather's, without having visited his father. He remained with his grandfather till his marriage to Fannie, daughter of William Carter, of Ohio county, February 10th, 1810. After living in Ohio county for a short time, he moved to Mercer county. Here he and his wife professed hope in Christ and were baptized by Robert Shackelford in 1812. Soon after this he moved back to Ohio county, where he united with Mr. Pleasant church. Some years later he became dissatisfied with the practice of "close communion" and was excluded from the church. After a time, becoming convinced of his error, he was restored to the fellowship of the church.

He was ordained to the ministry by Thomas Downs, Ancil Hall and Simeon Buchanan, Jan. 25th, 1825, and almost immediately called to the care of the Mt. Pleasant church. To this congregation he administered the remainder of his earthly life. He was also pastor of Beaver Dam, Walton's Creek and Cane Run churches, all in Ohio county. In 1834 he and J. L. Mooreman

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were appointed collecting agents for the Executive Board of the Kentucky Baptist Convention. He assumed the duties of this office about the first of March, sometimes together and sometimes apart, they prosecuted their labors till the 17th of June, when Mr. Moornan suddenly died. Mr. Kelley continued his labors till about the 20th of July, when he was attacked by fever. This was followed by a fatal flux, of which he and four of his family died between the 14th of August and the 5th of September, 1834.

Mr. Kelley's early education was very limited; but he had a good intellect and was fond of books, and, after his marriage, applied himself to study and to teaching until he became a fair English scholar. He was an eloquent speaker, a good pastor and a man of active enterprise. He and his neighbor, Josiah Haynes—a man worthy, to be remembered, organized a Sunday School and temperance society, of 100 members, as early as 1830, and kept them alive as long as Mr. Kelley lived.

Carter Jerrell Kelley, oldest son of Elder David J. Kelley was born in Ohio county, Kentucky, December 18th 1810. He was raised on his father's farm and received a fair English education. On the 11th of January 1834, he was married to Paulina, daughter of Josiah Haynes. He studied medicine after his marriage and commenced the practice of physic in 1829. After practicing medicine about ten years, he was ordained to the ministry, at Mt. Pleasant church by Simeon Buchanan, Joseph P. Ellis and S. R. Gillaspay in July 1849, After laboring a few years in his native county, he moved to Illinois and settled in Wayne county, where the Lord abundantly blessed his labors till the Master called him home about the beginning of the year 1881.

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BEN KELLEY

Ben Kelley, the grandfather of C. J. Kelley, was born in Virginia and emigrated to Kentucky with Daniel Boone, the celebrated Indian hunter, when but a boy; lived amid the perils of a border warfare and frontier settlement; was one of the party taken as prisoners by the Indians at the Blue Licks, and remained with the Indians about seven years.

After his escape from the Indians, and his return to his kindred, he was married to Nancy Jerrell, daughter of David and Anna Jerrell, of Mercer county, Kentucky. At no very distant period after his marriage he united with the Baptist church and was ordained to preach the gospel, in which he faithfully ministered for a number of years. Some two or more years before his death he was the subject of a severe and protracted attack of typhus fever, which resulted finally in making him lunatic, which continued till a few short hours before his dissolution, when his mind became perfectly clear and comprehensive, in which condition he died. Not, however, without first manifesting his strong confidence in God, his Savior.

There were several anecdotes connected with his Indian life. On one occasion while the Indians to whom he belonged were prowling on the banks of the Ohio not far from Cincinnati, there were some boats descending the river loaded with flour, when Simon Girty, the white man of notorious Indian memory, decoyed them, and the Indians lying in ambush seized on them and massacred them. A few days after this Girty and Kelley were walk-

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ing on the shore near the boats, the Indians at the time being some distance off in a drunken frolic. Girty was walking before, and there was every inducement to shoot Girty, shove off the boats with their cargoes and make an independent fortune. Several times he raised his gun to his face and

took aim, not over twenty steps, at Girty's bead; but such had been Girty's kindness to him from the time he became a prisoner, that he could not find in his heart to fire.

We take occasion here to record the second marriage of Ben Kelley. His first wife dying and leaving seven children, three sons and four daughters, namely, David, Benjamin, William, Ann, Sally, Amy and Mahala, all small, he married Nancy Roach, of Virginia, by whom he had two sons, the eldest of which died in infancy, the other living to raise considerable family and died in Missouri. His name was Noval and was about the age of the writer of this record, and one for whom he had the highest regard—indeed in all things he was his confidant from the time they were boys. Of the others all are living except Ann and David. Ann, the oldest daughter, who married a trifling fellow by the name of Stephen Lyons, died and left two children, a son and a daughter. The son, Ben, died while an infant; the other married a Mr. Armstrong, of Iowa

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DAVID J. KELLEY

David J. Kelley, the father of the writer, was the eldest of the family, and was raised by his grandfather, David Jerrell, in Mercer county, Kentucky, from the time of his weaning. He was a very wild boy. Having very few restraints or duties imposed upon him, he would frequently run away from his grandfather and be gone for months; no one of his acquaintances, or relatives, having the slightest idea of his locality. On one occasion he descended the Ohio river in a keel boat to the mouth, and then vent u to Cape Girardeau. From thence he passed through the territory of Illinois to Vincennes, Indiana, from whence he made his way to Ohio county, Kentucky, to his fathers and on to his grandfather's.

When he was about seventeen years old he became peculiarity attached to Fannie, daughter of William and Katherine Carter, and was married to her while he was in, and very soon after he turned into his nineteenth year. He was still a wild and wicked young man, very stout, weighing about 165 pounds, very active and fearless, and quite sensitive, all of which led him into several general routs and riots. He was a warm hearted friend and divided to the last with a companion; enthusiastic, and never would stand and see a larger impose upon a smaller man; or join with a company, although friends, to ridicule a stranger.

He continued a wicked, thoughtless man until his eldest son, the writer, was a very small boy, indeed, and infant in his mother's arms, when riding on a journey from Ohio county (whither he had been on a visit with

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his wife to her father's) to his home in Mercer, his child was crying when he began cursing and called the child a d—d little d----l. The expression had but escaped his lips, when conviction seized with deep weight, from which he never found release, until the Lord in mercy set him free, in the pardon of his sins. Soon after he joined himself to the Baptist church.

After some years he became dissatisfied on the subject of communion, and the church pressing him to enter the ministry, he determined to withdraw from the church, and with Charles Huff, his then nearest neighbor, and a very pious man who had imbibed the same sentiments, he withdrew. The church was grieved and sought to bring them back but was unable to for a good many years. During this period he tried isms, among others Universalism. His case was indeed a warning to truant members. At last, he set himself to investigating the subject of communion, and became not only satisfied, but confirmed in the Bible truth that none but church members have a right to the Lord's Supper; and having ever believed that immersion, and immersion alone, was

baptism, he immediately returned to the brethren from whom he had been so long separated, made a frank acknowledgement of his wrongs, and was joyously received into the bosom of the church. At the next meeting—if we are not mistaken, at least it was very soon after—he was licensed to preach and was soon ordained to the glorious work of the ministry.

From his ordination until he died he was the unflinching friend of Christ and His cause. Soon after, indeed immediately after his ordination, he was called to

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the care of the church of which he was a member, the pastoral care of which he retained until his death. he had the pastoral care of various other churches, both in the county of his residence, and in other places. We should have noticed that previous to his coming back to the church, he consented to become a candidate for the office of Representative in the lower branch of the legislature. Being elected, he served one term, and the next year was beaten for the same office by nine votes. The next year, having been ordained to the work of the ministry, he declined a warm solicitation, knowing that he must, to fill the office, if elected, doff the clerical robe.

In his ministry he was bold and fearless, ever ready to meet error wherever it might make its appearance and in whatever form, yet with proverbial kindness. In doctrine he maintained that Christ tasted death for every man; that the gospel was given to the world for the edification of the same; that faith comes by hearing and hearing by the word of God; and that without faith it is impossible to please God; and that therefore, the gospel must be preached in order to a belief of the truth, without which no man can see God in peace. Hence, therefore, he was a missionary in the fullest acceptance of the term.

He was engaged by the Kentucky State Baptist Association to ride and preach in the Green River portion of Kentucky with Eld. James H. L. Moreman and, if we be not mistaken, William Warder. They had been in the employ of the Board only about four months, some of them perhaps not so long, at \$400 per annum when the Lord was pleased to call them away from their labors.

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Elders Kelley and Moreman were accustomed to travel tag together in their missionary labors. Moreman was taken ill on one of their tours, and was advised by Kelley to return home, which he did, and soon died—indeed we are not certain that he ever reached home. Eld. Kelley continued on his journey and was, in the course of a week or two, taken ill, at least did not feel very well, went home, was soon confined to a bed of illness from which he never recovered. He had become convalescent from his first attack, and doubtless would have recovered, but for the flux which entered his family at this critical time in its most malignant form. It first attacked a son, nearly grown, next himself, next a daughter, and the entire family in a few days were prostrated; seven of whom fell victims from August 14th, to September 4th, 1832. Himself and the eldest son died the same day, only one hour intervening. There was perhaps but one day intervening, in which there was not a death, until, five had departed this life. There was then some hope for the remainder; but alas! it stopped not in its career until it laid seven of the family under the sod, leaving the wife and mother with five children, three sons and two daughters, to mourn their loss. He was born March 22nd, 1792, and died August 14th, 1834, aged forty-two years. His widow, the mother of the writer, was about two years his junior, and was now left to do for three small children, the other two, Carter, the writer, who is the eldest, and Moses being grown.

They all lived to be grown, married off and have considerable families, except the youngest, Ben, who has but one, except himself and wife at the writing of this record. (November, 1879, seven and wife dead). The

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writer of this record had at the time of his father's death, a family—wife and one child. Moses, the next oldest, was married some two or three years after to Eliza Axton. having at this date considerable family. Peggy, though the youngest of the girls, was the first married, to a Mr. Brooks, with whom she still lives, having considerable family. Nancy, the eldest of the daughters, was married to her cousin, B. R. Kelley, son of B. H. Kelley, and at this time is living at Calhoun, Kentucky, on Green river, with several children. Ben, the youngest of the family living, married Mary A. Baker, of Muhlenburg county, Kentucky. Except the author, all live with their families in Kentucky at the present writing, January, 1854. Fanny C. Kelley, wife of David J. Kelley, and mother of his family, is still living and spends her time with her children, stopping occasionally with a friend, acquaintance or relative. She may be said to be a woman passionately fond of her children, having high prejudice in favor of her family. Perhaps no mother better deserves the name of one than she, if an earnest desire to see her children prospering in the world and getting rich is the right. We have often thought the poverty of her children was perhaps a valid excuse for her anxiety, and that perhaps if her children should ever get before hand in the world, although it might only be to that of a plentiful and an independent living, that her great anxiety would to a degree, subside. Some of her children have, we are sure, according to our rule of right, too, great a fondness for the praise of the world, and think too strongly that it is to be acquired in the possession of property. Perhaps our rule is a one-sided one, and the matter is that we set too small an estimate on the things

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of this world. While we hold, however, that it is as religious to plow as to pray, In its place, we cannot esteem that because God has said, "he who provides not for his own household, etc.", that therefore, he has said nothing else; for we learn by the same wonderful Book, "do good unto all men, etc." and "love your neighbor as yourself." We do not say aught of this, however, to disparage the character of Mother or of family, for son never boasted mother with a kinder or a more noble or generous feeling for her children.

Of our ancestry on the side of our mother, we know but little. We know that her father was one of the bright ornaments in the age in which he lived—the age of valor and conflict—whether by order of another or by person on his own account. He was a soldier in the Revolutionary struggle and was married to Katherine Williams by whom he had eight children, four sons and four daughters, all of whom are living, except the two eldest sons, Moses and John (all dead in 1879 except one). John died first, having married the sister of the writer's father, by whom there were four children, two of each. The other losing his wife when there were four children, two of each, for a time tried to maintain his home, but at last, placing his children with their grandmother Thorp, he rambled more or less trading, and finally died in Missouri, the owner of some very fine lands on the waters of the DesMoines, between the same and Fox river, in Clark county.

After the death of William Carter's first wife, Katherine, he married a second, Sally Williams. This woman, although of the same name, was no relation to the

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first. By her there were five children, three sons and two daughters. One of the sons died when but a child, the other when he had grown up, at Helena, Arkansas. The other three, Martha, George and Dorcas, are still living and have families. Remus was the name of the one who lived to adult age and Otho died in infancy. The mother of these last children is still living and is perhaps as

industrious a woman as the world affords; no more so, however, than the step-grand-mother on the other side of the house. She, however, has gone to her long home, and the other, the only survivor, will soon follow. Old Grandfather Carter was but a plain farmer and indeed barely that, for perhaps no man loved better to try the correctness of his rifle than he, and few were more certain to bring the reward. Having been engaged in the Revolutionary struggle, the latter part of it, and a portion of the war of 1812, perhaps (although we will not say as to the last) learned a fondness for his gun, which gave him the character of an expert hunter through life. Many a treat for himself, and his less successful neighbor, has he brought in in the way of a saddle of venison or hunch of bear. He was a dead shot, whether with his rifle or fist. Although not quarrelsome, he never could stand what he considered an insult, for no sooner given, than with his left paw he would bring them. He weighed about 180 pounds without any surplus flesh, although in his last days his common weight was 240 pounds. So proverbial had his left hand become in his days of manhood that when a fellow was about to fight or was talking about it, whether with him or another, the friends would say, "take care Billy Carter's left paw." This would lead perhaps to think

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him a very quarrelsome man, but he was not; on the contrary he was a peaceable man. It was the custom of the country and times in which he was raised to meet any man for single combat who should be so imprudent as to believe himself a better man than another, or at least to tell it, specifying at the same time the man. Hence, we are told it was not uncommon for the stoutest men to come together in single combat, who had never seen each other before the day of the fight.

We will here relate an anecdote of his life. He with Charles Haynes, whom no man perhaps ever surpassed for ready wit, and Daniel Peyton (always called "Devil Dan" on account of the mischief and pranks played upon his neighbors) having heard that a certain militia company over the other side of the ridge had said they had three men in their company that could whip any three on the other aide. They determined on the day of the muster to go over. Soon after they were dismissed from time roll, which was not long after parading, for in those days the militia was called together for no other purpose than to avoid the law and to comply with the custom of drinking, fighting, etc. But to our story. Soon after the roll was called all, or nearly so, repaired to a spring, as a matter of course, to have the whisky and water close together, for you must not suppose for one minute that they had a muster without both, the former at least, for In those days it was esteemed one of the grand essentials of the day, and especially if "milk should happen to be scarce." Soon after they got to the spring Haynes heard someone ask "what those south siders meant by comin' over." "To get a fight by God sir" said Haynes. No sooner said than at it they went,

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for this fellow had been picked to ask the question, knowing certainly it would immediately bring on a fight. Peyton and Carter were yet on the hill. Peyton hearing the halloo over the light broke for the spring, but by the time he got there Haynes had his man whipped. As soon as Peyton started, Carter, our subject, mounted a stump and swore he could whip any man belonging to that company. No sooner said than a large square built chap offered his hand. Ho accepted, lit off the stump, and at it they went, all hands off. He soon had his man whipped and mounting the stump again crowed like a chicken, and a brother of his former partisan offered hi3 services, which was accepted and disposed of with but one lick, for 'tis said the fellow looking for a draft from the right, dodged in the way of the left, which laid him out. Supposing him whipped be mounted and crowed again, when another brother, and the stoutest yet, stepped forward and offered, to which, however, Peyton objected by knocking him down and as he rose and came at him again he gave as further objection

that Haynes had whipped one and Carter two and, that it he went home and told it and did not tell whom he whipped or who whipped him, that it would be taken for granted that he was either whipped or backed out as a matter of course. He whipped his man, and all they came for being done, and more, four men being whipped instead of three, they of course had nothing more to do but drink and carouse until they saw proper to go home and then go if they were sober enough.

William Carter was born August 21st, 1760 and died October 15th, 1842 aged 82 years, For several years before his death he was very childish. He was a formal

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member in the Methodist church, but never a member perhaps in full fellowship. Indeed I think there were but few who knew his religious sentiments, except that he believed in Christ. Of his children living the eldest married Basset Burton. They raised five sons and two daughters to be grown and one daughter there was that died in infancy. The eldest of these is Creed Burton and the youngest son, Addison. Elisha and Horace with these are living. Lindsey is dead, Katherine, the only daughter living, is married and has a considerable family. Indeed they all have families, Creed the most numerous. Addison and Horace, with their wives, are members of the Baptist church, and are the only members of the Burton family, so far as known, that are. Religion seems to be rather lightly esteemed by the family generally. All, however, are high-minded and honorable to the letter and always disdained a mean thing. Indeed their generosity may be said to be a fault. It has been the ruin of at least one—Creed.

The family of John Carter are two sons and two daughters. Alfred, who married Elizabeth Phillips by whom he had four children, two Sons and two daughters, dying, his widow married Solomon Lyons, than whom none try to be a better man, and a better wife than his no man ever chose. Caroline, the eldest daughter, married J. Phillips by whom she had several children. She was a very industrious woman but had very nearly no husband. The children of Moses we had no acquaintance with, living as they do in Caldwell county, Kentucky, and perhaps Clark county, Missouri. The other families are in Kentucky and Illinois.

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We should have said in a proper place that the ancestry of the writer on the fathers side was of Irish descent and spelled the name originally "O'Kelley." This perhaps is sufficient for the sketch intended in this record. Next in order comes the family of Pauline, H. Kelley, consort of C. J. Kelley, the writer.

Of this family we can say but little, for we know but little. We know that it is as numerous almost as the stars. William Haynes, grandfather of Paulina, was one of the soldiers of the Revolution, and in consideration of his services received a pension during his life. Of his general character we know that for honor and probity lie was never called in question. He was an exemplary member of the Baptist church, as was his wife. His first wife, if we are not mistaken, was an Ellis, by whom he raised his entire family, six sons and four daughters. The sons were Charles, Hardin, Josiah, William, Jesse and John; the daughters Susanah, Sally, Elizabeth and Hannah. Susanah married George McDaniel whose family, at least what are living, reside in Missouri, except perhaps a son-in-law who removed to Texas (Tharp). Sally married a Dutchman by the name of Felax or Felix, whose family principally reside In Kentucky. Elizabeth married a man by the name of Searsy living in the upper part of Kentucky. Of him we know nothing except that he was a man of some property and character. Hannah married a man named Thomason, who lived and died in Hopkins county, Kentucky, where some of her family still live. Of the sons, so

far as we know, but two are living—Josiah, the father-in-law of the writer, and John B., the youngest child. Charles married a Miss Gatrudge by whom he raised a consider-

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able family, and died in a good old age at the home of his son, John, more commonly known as Jack Haynes.

Of John Haynes' family there were six sons and four daughters; Jack and Billy, twins, Hardin, Charles, Barton and Jasper. The daughters were Lucy, the eldest, who married Calmore Morris; Bethany, who married Martin, and afterwards New, Martin still living; Nancy and Polly, twins. Nancy married Nickles and Polly, Wallace. We can speak with confidence in regard to the honor of at least most of his family. With Jack, Billy, Hardin, Charles and Lucy we have never had an acquaintance. The others, except Polly, whom we should not know if we were to meet her, were honest but had not the same character for industry, etc.

Charles Haynes is the same of whom we have heretofore made mention in connection with Carter and Peyton. He was a man of the greatest eccentricity and ready wit perhaps ever known. A great lover of liquor in the early part of his life, or more properly the middle; he was a terrible sot, although the last few years of his life he was a sober man and a member of the Baptist church. For wit as we have said, he was never beaten and seldom equaled.

John B. Haynes, the only other of the brothers, except Josiah is still living and is perhaps one of the most mischievous of men. We mean for pranks of fun. He would go almost any distance and through any inclemency for the gratification of playing some trick on a neighbor. He had twelve children by his wife Rada Huff and all lived to be grown and married. Save one,

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Henry, all are as highly esteemed as men and women need want to be. The most conspicuous are Dr. Samuel Haynes, of Daviess county, Kentucky, with whom the writer practiced medicine the first year of his profession, and J. E. Haynes, wholesale commission merchant, of Louisville. There is one trait of character belonging to J. B. Haynes, or "Old Gusty" as he was most commonly called, which is commendable. He did all he was over able to do for his children in sending them to school. A more honorable family of boys, with the exception already mentioned, was never raised "on the waters", as we used to say. They were our schoolmates and we know them well.

Josiah Haynes is the father of our companion in life and is now living in the family of David Willis, his son-in-law. He was born in August 1772 and is now 81 years old. He was raised in Virginia and emigrated to Kentucky soon after his marriage, perhaps when his eldest child yet in its mother's arms. Of his early life, we know but little, except that it was not a very eventful one. He was married to Miss Judeth New and we had the exact age of both at the time of their marriage but it is misplaced. Miss New was the stepdaughter of William Haynes, his father, William Haynes and Mrs. New were married before the marriage of Josiah Haynes and Miss New. The two families, a portion of whom were grown, were of course brought together, which resulted in their attachment and subsequent marriage. The result of this union was three sons and eleven daughters, the youngest of whom died at the age of five or six years. The remainder all lived to be grown and married. Josiah Haynes attached himself to the church at an early age

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and from that time to the present has ever been an exemplary christian and Baptist. Perhaps no man has ever done more for the prosperity of Zion than he, agreeable to his ability and the circumstances by which he was surrounded. When he first moved to Ohio county his membership

was placed in the nearest church, which was twenty-five miles away. But, notwithstanding the distance, he never, or seldom ever, failed to fill his seat at the regular meeting (once a month) unless prevented by sickness. He would either start the evening before or before day in the morning, so as always to be there at the appointed time. So certain was he to be there, and at the appointed hour, that he became proverbial for his punctuality. For many years he was the delegate from the church, together with the father of the writer, and it mattered not to what part of the district the association was taken, unless Providentially hindered, he was always there. The church was seldom delinquent if he was their delegate. His was ever the 'home of the brethren when traveling through that vicinity. It was the principal stopping place for both ministers and members, and on one occasion, I remember, when the association met at his church, which was now only about two miles from his residence, that he fed and took care of two hundred persons. And I have frequently heard a very worthy Presbyterian who was one of the number say that it seemed to—be done with less bustle and parade than he ever saw on such an occasion. He lived for about forty years on the same farm, and always found not only a sufficiency for his own family, but for all who called on him, free of charge, although his family was so numerous and nearly all daughters, and the eight

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oldest especially. But his daughters were not like some of our daughters today—ashamed to be found in the field aiding their father. After some years he purchased some negroes who labored for him. There is one singular thing in his christian life. He was never heard to pray publicly, either in his home or in the congregation and yet we have ever held him a praying man, indeed, one who prayed in earnest. We have frequently heard him tell his experience of grace and talk for a few minutes in the congregation, and we can say that it was always with effect and always full of spirit. No man perhaps was more delighted with the onward progress of Zion than he.

The names of his children commencing with the eldest are as follows: Nancy, Sally, Hannah, Polly, Celia, Susanna, Elizabeth, Judeth, William, Frank, Joshiah, Paulina, Belinda and Emiline. The youngest by his first wife, as we have already said, died in infancy, soon after which he lost his wife.

Judeth New, his first wife, and mother of our companion, was a woman of middle size, rather brunette with auburn hair; rather reserved in conversation, modest in deportment and possessed of more than an ordinary degree of affection and care for her family. She was rather a weakly woman, than otherwise, and died at last of a dropsical affection. She was a woman of sterling piety—died in the full triumphs of a living faith—having lived a number of years a consistent member of the Baptist church, and was sorely lamented by all who knew her, and especially her family. She had several brothers and sisters, four of whom at present we remember the

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names of, Wright and John New and Polly and Celia, Polly married Charles Huff, an excellent man with some peculiarities, but in all a good man, who died in 1834, but his widow is still living though quite old and infirm. Of Celia, who married Obediah Martin and who died and left her a widow, we know but little. She moved from Kentucky some twenty or thirty years since, we think to the state of Illinois. But whether living or dead at present we are unable to say, but suppose that she is not living.

Of the children of Josiah and Judeth Haynes, Nancy and Sally lived to rather an advanced age, at least they had passed the meridian of life, before they married. Nancy married a widower

about twelve years her senior —John G. Moberly. They have no children, are still living and have an ample sufficiency to maintain them above want. Moberly is a man of very low stature, was born and raised in the state of Maryland and emigrated to Kentucky after his marriage to his first wife, by whom he had seven children who lived to be grown. He. was an active member of the Baptist church.

Sally Haynes married David Willis, widower, and man of excellent habits. By his first wife he had one son. James W. Willis. By his last wife, our present subject, he had no children. They are well to do in this world, having a fine farm and plenty of everything necessary. Mr. Willis is a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, and a very active and consistent member, and we have no doubt he is as universally beloved as any man living, having no more extensive acquaintance. Although they differ in their religious sentiments, yet there

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is the most perfect harmony, each regarding the other's peculiarities with the utmost courtesy. With them lives our father-in-law and his youngest daughter by his last wife, whose history we purpose noticing.

Hannah Haynes married William A. Carter, the brother of our mother, of whom we have already spoken. At the present we are living but about one and one-half miles from them. They have a family of eight children, four of each—John, Sally, Judeth, Polly, Roley, William, Margaret and Frank—all living, three of them married, and all except the father and youngest son, Frank are members of the Baptist church, and all except the two eldest and their mother the writer had the pleasure of baptising less than a year since in the river. (not Jordan).

Polly Haynes married Hardin Haynes, son of Hardin, brother of Josiah, by whom she had four children, two of each. The youngest, Hardin, who is now in California, was born after his father's death. Mrs. Haynes lived a widowed life for some twelve or fifteen years, when she married Capt. John Sterrett, a widower, residing on the Ohio river, a man of fine property and a generous heart. Quite advanced in life, but without God and hope in the world, Capt. Sterrett is a man extensively known, and we can safely say that children never had better father, and his last wife's children found him a father to them indeed. The two daughters of Polly are married. Nancy married Newman and Elizabeth Baird Sterrett. Henry and Hardin are still single. Hardin, when about seventeen was in the Mexican war, and soon after his return at the close of the war, he went to Call-

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fornia, where he still remains, having been there about five years.

Celia Haynes married a man by the name of Davis Robinson. by whom she had several children, and died at last a very unenviable death in the hands of her doctors. Of her children two of them are living but we are not acquainted with them. The eldest perhaps is married. They are both daughters. Celia lived till she was in her thirtieth year.

Susannah married a Mr. May, a widower, about her own age, with three children, two living with them and the youngest living with its grandmother. She has six children two sons and four daughters—Albert Joe, Sarah, Martha, Mary and Elizabeth. Several of her children are members of the Baptist church. Isaac May is a very steady man, but possessed of the most uncompromising prejudice. Whatever he concludes is so, he will contend strongly for it whether there was any philosophy in it or not; but withal he is a very good man, kind husband and affectionate father; a most uncompromising Baptist, pretty deeply dipped in Calvinism. Residence, Ohio county, Kentucky.

Elizabeth Haynes married a Mr. Davis, of Hopkins county, by whom she had eight or nine children, six of whom are still living, four sons and two daughters. They still live In Hopkins county, Kentucky. Elizabeth and Davis were married on the same day with ourself and companion. Davis Is a most extraordinary affectionate husband and father, a good provider, a peaceable and pious man, but quick to resent an insult, and when im-

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posed upon will fight, and whip at that. Elizabeth was some thirty years old when married, and a very handsome girl. Polly, however, was the prettiest of the family, some of whom were rather homely.

Judeth married her cousin, Philip Felix, when she was quite young, and was the second of the family to marry, although she was the eighth daughter. She still lives having a numerous family. However, we think she has about thirteen or fourteen about equally divided, sons and daughters, she has passed through some five trials in the loss of her children. The eldest was a son, who lived to be a man grown, loved and esteemed by all who know him, both for his industry and piety. His death was truly a distressing one to the family. After having passed through a severe spell of sickness, and being dismissed as convalescent by his doctors, and indeed so much improved was he that the family all had gone to rest for two or three nights, and on awakening, perhaps on the third morning, he was found cold in the arms of death. Truly it was most heart rending to a mother, and so severe was the shock that for some months it was feared that she would never regain her natural composure of mind. Philip Felix is an industrious, provident man, warm hearted and generous, but has a singular composition of jealousy. If he thinks he has cause to be offended with one of his fellow men, he never forgets and seldom forgives. I do not know whether it be dutch or not. He is of Dutch descent. He with several of his are church members and live near the county seat of Hopkins county, Kentucky.

William Haynes is the next oldest and the oldest

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son. He married when about twenty-three or twenty-four years old to Miss Lucy Taylor, daughter of Thomas Taylor. They are living we suppose near Jacksonville, Illinois. Elmedia, his eldest daughter, is married. We have not seen any of the family for some years, and therefore, know but little of them. His wife was a pretty girl and as generous hearted a creature as ever lived, but with the most ungovernable temper in all nature. She would fly into a passion and make "fire fly" and in a few minutes manifest deepest sorrow and repentance, even to tears, making an apparently firm resolve to be more guarded in the future. But her resolution seemed only made to be broken again. Her father at present is a citizen of Oregon.

Francis W., or Frank, as he was more familiarly called, is one of the best men, we think, living. He married first a daughter of J. C. Moberly, who had previously married his eldest sister. By her he had five children, three sons and two daughters. After her death he was married to a Miss Cassander Miller, a most excellent woman, who has at present two children. His first wife was a good woman. Frank, as we have said, was one of the best of men. He is a good father, husband, neighbor, citizen, farmer and christian, and has been a member of the church since he was about twelve years old. He has not, perhaps, an enemy living. Residence Daviess county, Kentucky, as s Moberley's.

Josiah Junior is the next in age and is three months or less younger than the writer. He is an excellent man, lived to be thirty-five before he married and married a Miss Haynes, daughter of Hardin Haynes and grand-

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daughter of "Old Chancy." Arreneous, the wife of Jo, as we call him, is a very nice woman; very generous. but a good deal like Lucy, the wife of William. They have three children, all boys—Oscar, Wallace and Hardin. They live on the old homestead. He, some two years since, met with a serious accident in getting his leg broken, which renders him a cripple for life. He is quite a provident man and a worthy church member with his wife.

Paulina, our consort, is the next in age and is now in her forty-first year, having ten children, five sons and five daughters. She is very much, in features, like her mother, except that her hair is very black. She experienced a change of heart when about nine years old, but never related to the church until November, 1839, nearly seven years after our marriage. We both related to the church at the same time and were baptised together she by Eld. Simeon Buchanan and I by Eld. Ancil Hall. There were seventy two baptised the same day, at the close of an eight days' meeting. She is a woman of deep affection and too indulgent to her children. Very reserved in both manner and conversation, we have always felt to lament that she was not more conversational. She was our early playmate and schoolmate, and, singular as it may appear, at school, when she was about eight and I about ten years old, such was our attachment, and had been even before either of us can distinctly recollect, that we were formally and firmly engaged for life, both in our affections and with our words. This engagement was kept by us both (as we have often heard her say and know ourself) without the least disposition on the part of either to give, place in our affection to

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another. But neither of us ever more mentioned it, either to another or each other until about eight years had passed, when we renewed the pledge, and about which we often conversed familiarly until we were legally married on January 11th, 1832, the day that she was nineteen years old. We were twenty-one from December 18. She seldom ever speaks in an angry tone and may be said to be a woman of more than ordinary evenness of temper. She is a woman of proud spirit, and has therefore suffered rather a trial with our poverty, for we must acknowledge that we have been rather reckless with regard to the accumulation of property. She has ever been to us a helpmeet indeed, having enjoyed ever since we were married, and for ten years before, uninterrupted good health, with a single exception of about ten days, about half of which time only, could we prevail on her to keep her bed. Although her complaint was typhoid fever, such was the unimpaired condition of her constitution, that in ten days, with the judicious treatment of our esteemed friend, Dr. Richard P. Lightfoot, she had mastered the disease. Under all circumstances she has ever manifested a strong degree of fortitude. We do not recollect ever to have seen her manifest the least degree of despondency. During a period now of fifteen years, ten of which we spent in the practice of medicine, she had almost the entire care of the family, so far as the nursery was concerned, and yet we have seldom heard her complain, and have often wondered that she did not oftener complain. She, in matters of importance, has always been ready to yield to our opinion upon presentment of first reason. We are ready to repeat that we have often heard her say that she had no recollection when her special attachment toward us first commenced,

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which, as our own, grew and strengthened with our years until we were married, and indeed, we may say, the present period of life. May it ever continue and we be permitted to live our time on earth and at last depart together, has ever been our mutual strong desire, often expressed. She has ever been a woman, and ever as a child, of more than usual daring or heroism. We have never known her to manifest any of that timidity so common to females, and to render, them usually so unhappy. She has often, indeed we may say for ten years at one time, she was left alone very nearly half the time, both day and night, without manifesting any concern as to what might happen during our absence.

We have said that she was ever ready to yield to our opinion in matters pertaining to the prosperity of the family. On one occasion, however, it cost her tears for two days. When we had just finished our study of medicine, she proposed emigrating to Texas, though it was then a Mexican province. We had spent all that we had and were in debt, and the idea of moving back to the neighborhood of our acquaintance and connection, poor as we were, was too much for her proud spirit. She said she had rather be a thousand miles from anyone she had ever seen or heard of in the old settlement, than to be in the midst of her relatives and have the mortification of knowing she was poorer than the rest of them. To this removal we consented, if she could devise the ways and means, for we knew we were without money or property, except a very scanty household. To this she consented and said; "You can work." "Yes" was our reply. "Then make us a boat and we will put all our effects in it, launch it on the Ohio river and float away."

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But," said we, "when we have gone some thousand miles, we have a river to ascend several hundred miles and our boat will not float up stream." To this she had no answer, for indeed we had no money, and to think of starting 1500 or 2000 miles with a wife and three children (the number we then had) without money and among strangers, was more than I was willing to do. Such was her disappointment on hearing the objections—which she was willing to admit were valid—that she seemed really distressed, and wept frequently for two or three days. After some years, however, she seemed better satisfied, but yet was always desirous of going to a new country; so when we had determined to move to our present home she was perfectly willing and since our removal is quite satisfied. Our fathers lived within one and a half miles of each other for many years and the two families were on the most intimate terms.

We might have left the history of our companion until we were ready to write our own, but for the place she occupied in her father's family. We may mention her again when we come to notice our own life.

Belinda Haynes is the next in the family. She was about two years younger than our companion, and lived singly till she was about twenty-one years old. She married Mason Haynes, son of John Haynes. She and her husband's father were own cousins. Belinda was a good girl, made a profession of religion when about eighteen years old, and united with the Baptist church at Mt. Pleasant. She was the youngest child of her mother except the one that died in infancy. She had five children, all of whom are living so far as we know

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at present. There are none of her father's family who have had to stand the trials that she has. In the first place her husband, about the time their first child was born, had a severe attack of sickness, which rendered him a cripple in one hand. This induced him to engage in the mercantile business. But it was not many years before he gave way to habits of dissipation, and, although he was a member of the Baptist church, all the entreaties of his wife and numerous friends were unavailing.

Friends entreated and the church labored but all did no good, and at this time he may be said to be a confirmed drunkard. Belinda has often told us her complaints and asked our advice and entreated another effort on our part for his restoration. But she is gone to reap the reward of her labors of love and affection. She left, as we have said, five children, the youngest only a few weeks old. Her husband soon after removed from Cloverport, Ky., his place of residence, to Ohio county where he stayed a short time and then moved to Caseyville on the Ohio river where, we learn, he still continues to drink. His father, as we heard last winter, paid him a visit and took his children home with him, except Josephine, his eldest daughter, who lately married and kept the youngest child, the baby. She, the subject of our history, was the victim of some vile persecutions by her mother-in-law whom we esteem to be a woman of the strongest prejudices we ever knew, and a woman who thinks no one so near a paragon of perfection as herself or some of her children. And we here take the liberty to record that she and her daughters, at least two of them, a short time before Belinda's death, at least not a year, tried to destroy her character by giving currency to report started by themselves, which was as base as it

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was slanderous, but which in time they were compelled to confess had no foundation. We are confident a baser thing was never perpetrated by any of Satan's most filthy hirelings. But perhaps we would do well to close it. Suffice to say she was a good and pious woman, beloved by many, and especially those who knew her best, particularly her father-in-law for we have often heard him speak of her virtues and amiable disposition.

Next in course is the notice of Mr. Haynes' second wife and their family which consisted of one son and three daughters, James. Rachel, Emeline and Frances. A little more than twelve months after the death of Mr. Haynes' first wife he was married to Miss Frances Y. Howard, daughter of Mark Howard of Davis county, Kentucky. Miss Howard was about 30 years of age, a large woman of pious habits and strong prejudices. She was a very kind mother and an industrious provider. Perhaps no woman worked more diligently and provided better for the wants of her children. Indeed such was her great desire to accumulate that it rendered her unhappy when she need not have been so. She brought with her a family of small negroes, one boy and three girls who lived to be grown. Mrs. Haynes died in 1841. If we are not mistaken, leaving four children, as we have said, neither of them grown. These, with their father, moved in the fall to David Willis's.

James B. Haynes, the eldest by the second wife, left and went to live on the old homestead with his brother. Josiah, with whom he continued until his marriage with Miss Lucinda Haynes, daughter of Mrs. Anne Haynes and Charles Haynes, deceased. The subject of our present lines was perhaps as indifferent a boy to our way of

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thinking as we ever saw. Indeed, we then thought he never could make a man, but we were mistaken for there is no man living for whom we have a higher regard and we speak advisedly when we say that he is one of the best men and has one of the best women for a wife. They have four children, two of each. James became heir to the negro boy who lived and labored for him some five or six years and at last died in his bed without its being known that there was anything the matter with him. He was one of the best servants we ever knew; he was not only industrious but more than ordinarily careful. It was truly distressing to find him in his bed, yet warm, but without life. And in addition it was a great loss. But no one ever heard James complain nor did he manifest that he at all felt the loss. We have often heard him speak in sorrow of the manner of Solomon's death but there was too much of the Christian and the man about him to complain of

the loss. Nor did his wife ever complain. Indeed, Jim and Lucy, as we often call them, are what we call "first best." They are not only good people but are really suited to each other.

Rachel Haynes, the oldest daughter of Josiah and Frances, married Justin McCarty who was recently from Marion county, Kentucky. She is a large woman and an excellent wife. She is a woman of remarkably tender passions and warmly attached to her family. Indeed, she is a sister and has a warm place in our affections. Her husband is a very kind provident man and makes her an excellent husband. He is a good Baptist as is also his wife.

Emeline Haynes, the second daughter by the second

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wife, was named for the last daughter by the first, who died in infancy. She is a very reserved woman and although we doubt not that she thinks well of her family connections, yet she never manifests that warm-heartedness of Rachel. But in this she is always the same—even-tempered. She is a woman of fine sense and is married to a Mr. Hansford. To us he is a stranger, never having been in our house, and, indeed, our companion and sister to his wife who never saw him. We have no doubt he is a good man, very industrious and steady to business—quite a moral man in all his deportment, pious, but not avowedly a Christian. They live in Davis county and have at present two children.

Frances Y. Haynes, named so in honor of her mother is the youngest and yet single. She is a good girl of modest deportment but possessed of nothing that may be said to be peculiar. She is at present, we think making her home with her brother, James B. and is to him and indeed to all, a sister. She is the last child of a numerous family and a member of the Baptist church as are all of Mr. Haynes's and all so far as we know give evidences of practical piety, which is doubtless a source of great enjoyment to the yet living and aged father. This closes the notice of the family of Josiah Haynes.

Although this history may seem to be somewhat of a disappointment, we have on purpose left the history of our own particular family to the last that they could be together. And in noticing it we shall begin with the eldest except ourself.

Benjamin was about two years our junior, but died when an infant. We can remember him as a child.

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Moses, the next in age is living and has a considerable family. His wife is a woman of ordinary qualities. He is perhaps one of the most industrious men I ever saw. Work, work from morning till night, a first rate provider if getting anything he wants for the family constitutes such. But he has no forethought or care about him. Spend, spend! If he had millions at his command it would all go, for if he wants an article he never stops to ask the price, but buys it no matter what the cost. He has never learned yet one great and important lesson, especially to a poor man, that of self denial. There are with all the objections, however, many redeeming traits of character. There is one thing over which we have often lamented, his want of piety. We have sometimes thought that it is next to impossible for a man to think of becoming pious, however, surrounded as he has been in life with many of the very last species of earth's inhabitants and not a few of these in his wife's family. We speak this with a tender regard for the feeling of his wife whom we believe to be a pious woman. He is now removed some forty miles from them and we hope will soon go farther and in addition has connected himself with that ancient and, we think, excellent moral institution, Free Masonry. And we do hope it will have a salutary influence over him. He has an interesting family of children, his eldest, Mary, is almost grown.

Sister Nancy is the next eldest living, but we desire here to speak of Anne who was the next in age but who died of the epidemic in 1834. Anne was a sister indeed and a daughter indeed. She was anything necessary to constitute her a lady and a christian when she was at

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home or abroad. She was a remarkably small child and was when grown a very small woman. When she was only six months of age she was on foot moving wherever she chose and so pert in talking that everyone who saw her could but admire her. When she was about six years of age she was the subject of a very severe spell of sickness. The first attack was from a strain in the ankle joint resulting from a fall. She was out trying to take care of some small chickens. The hen had gone into an apple tree and she was climbing to put up the chickens and fell. The ankle was bathed but seemed to do no good. Fever followed and an affection of the entire limb developed. Very soon it took the appearance of white swelling and resulted in making her a cripple for life. Although she was the subject of severe pain, for the same disease extended itself to the arms and affected her during her life, yet she was seldom heard to complain. She embraced the religion of the Savior when about 19, indeed not a great while before her death, and was baptized by her father.

We shall never forget the first time we saw her after her profession. We then lived in Owensboro, Kentucky and was at our father's and father-in-law's and on the first evening, the evening of our arrival at Mr. Haynes's there was a meeting appointed there. The appointment was without any knowledge of our visit. The whole community was alive upon the subject of religion and there was a very warm meeting that night. We expected an attack and to avoid, especially our sister, we made our way up to the upper story of the house through the convenience of a double porch. At last we heard Anne inquiring for us and someone suggested that we

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were upstairs and she came to hunt. She passed us and went into the upper story of the porch, giving up the chase. She was returning and would have passed again although we were near enough to place our hands on her but we felt that she was in earnest and greatly desired our eternal good. As she passed back we took hold of her arm. We were lying on a bed when she immediately began exhorting in the name of Jesus and fell upon her knees in prayer. Others heard her from below and nearly all present were soon in the upper room praying, exhorting and shouting. At that time with out disposition we felt we were in a "bad box." We only intended to stop our sister and talk to her but she set the whole house in an uproar. This was perhaps in May or June 1834, and she died in the following August. Such was her zeal for the cause of Christ while she lived that you would seldom be in her company more than a few minutes at a time without saying something about religion. She was a girl of fine mind and had devoted much of her time to study and made rapid advances in whatever she undertook. She wrote some pleasant compositions and some specimens of really fine poetry. We recollect to have seen them but they were not kept. She, would 'often make them as presents to her friends. Over the loss of that sister we have lamented for she was the only one except the writer who ever seemed to take any, or at least, but little interest in books or what they contained, although our father was quite a book man. We have often thought that she would have been a source of great pleasure to us had she lived, but she is gone to her eternal reward and a glorious one, we have no doubt. Peace, peace to her ashes and sacred be her memory.

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David Jerrel Kelley, or Jerrel as he was more commonly called, was about two years her junior and was very nearly grown when the epidemic entered the family. He was a boy of very few

words but quite ready and we have thought that had he lived he would have been the most useful one of the family. Neither his mind nor body, however, was fully developed and it would be hard to say with any degree of accuracy what he would have been. We know that he was a boy of more than ordinary generosity, even from a child. He was every ready to divide the last; he would break to a companion the last mouthful. This, indeed, was a prominent feature in his youthful character. He was about 17 years old when he died. Some two hours before his decease (which occurred precisely one hour after our father) he was told that father, like Stephen of old had said, that he had been looking up into heaven and that he had seen the Father and the Son sitting at his right hand as mediator. He said "Ask Father if there is room there for me." The messenger soon returned with a father's advice, "Seek the Lord with a whole heart." He closed his eyes and seemed deeply engaged without opening them or speaking for some twenty minutes or half an hour, when raising his hands he rejoiced saying "There is room; I am ready." From that moment there was a pleasant calm upon his countenance till death which left a smile upon his features. While in the icy embrace of the King of terrors he fell asleep in Jesus at 1:30 p. m., August 14th, 1834.

John Rush Kelley, named in memory of Elder John Rush who was a relative, was the next eldest of the family. He was a little boy of rather more than ordinary

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life, always ready for a batch of fun and would seem favorite in the family of children. We mean the small ones. Likewise we became a favorite of his. We remember the last whipping our mother ever gave us was on his account. She was a woman that did not often whip but this time she did it at our own request. We were grown and had sat down in the morning to make her a pair of shoes. We had taken our seats in the kitchen where she was washing her dishes after breakfast. She had among her ware a large bowl washed and set rather behind her on the hearth. John, as usual was at our knee. We whispered to him and asked him if he could not break the bowl. He said, "Yes". "Well", said we, "Raise it up high as your head and dash it against the hearth." And sure for life he slipped to it and did as directed. "Smash!" went the bowl. Mother rose and broke after him. We aimed to catch her but was too late and as he was about clearing the fence she laid hands on him. We begged like a lawyer for his client and told her she must whip us for we had ordered it. She let him go and came back and on her way gathered about the halt of a salt barrel hoop, tough as cowhide. We were sitting in our chair again by the time she returned and very submissively bent forward to receive it. Well, now she made the hide burn certain. but she was so full of laugh at our taking the whipping so deliberately that she let us go after about a half dozen binders. And we were not sorry but we in addition had a new bowl to buy. This, however, we intended from the beginning. Such was his attachment for us that he would frequently run away and follow us to our little farm though it was near a mile off. Mother would

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frequently get very uneasy about him and send the larger children or come herself to hunt him.

We remember one morning to have noticed his determination to go with us and there was the appearance of a heavy rain. It was warm weather and we told him he must not come. He stayed until we had got nearly out of sight and came on. Before we got to the house it commenced raining very hard and we hastened a few steps to a large hollow tree. The road passing immediately over the root. The hollow of the tree was facing the road. We had barely time after entering to turn around when he popped into the hollow at a bound. His bare head was wet and slick. "Ay," says he, "I saw you." We were frightened certain for we supposed him at home. He saw it and laughed immediately, as though he had accomplished quite a feat. After our marriage he would frequently

run away and come to us. On one occasion after he had complained to us that they threshed him so bad at home, we said to him that he had better bundle up his clothes and go home with us and we would take care of him. Off he went to mother for a sheet to tie up his clothes as he had a full wardrobe. "What do you want, John, and where are you going," said his mother. "I'm gwine to leave here and live with brother Carter and sister Paulina." "You treat me like a dog anyhow and I don't get half enough to eat. Sister Paulina makes the very best kind of bread." Many such little incidents we well remember. And when he died we were there fatigued and worn out and not expecting him to die for some hours. We had gone a little way from the house and had lain down to try to sleep when we were called and told that he wanted us. We went

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quickly to the house for he seldom called except when in real want. When we arrived he was speechless and died in a few minutes. Although at the time of his calling for us, he had said: "Tell brother Carter to come here I'll soon be gone. He was about six or seven years old. We do not recollect. We intend, however, to have. Providence favoring, their exact ages and dates of their deaths as they are engraved on their tombstones and registered in the family Bible, which is in possession of our youngest brother. (George R. has been left out through mistake. He died the same as the others. He was older than William C. and next to John.)

William C. was next in age. He was a timid, bashful child, had large blue eyes and was the favorite with sister Anne. He was a very still child, reserved in his manner and was rather more delicate than any of the hale part of the family.

Luther C. was the baby and the youngest and, although our father was not in the common acceptation of the term, a predestinarian, yet he, with the consent of our mother, named this child after the two great reformers, Martin Luther and John Calvin.

Our father and the eldest son that died, dying on the same day were buried in the same grave and the two last that died were buried in the same coffin. One of them, John, died about four o'clock p. m. and the other the next morning.

This ended the scenes of desolation in the family so far as death was concerned. The family left the home. the neighbors came in and washed the house and clothes,

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whitewashed the rooms with lime and left them with the doors and windows open for ten days, perhaps more, before the family returned. And then it had a desolate appearance. Out of a family of 12, who but a few days previous were in the enjoyment of excellent health, five only returned to mourn over the vacant chairs, once occupied but now no more by those they loved. Truly, truly, it was a desolate place and left upon the mind of our mother a state bordering on melancholy from which she did not recover for many years. Indeed, she was not known to smile for perhaps three or four years. For the last ten years, however, she may be said to enjoy life fairly well.

Nancy J. We come next to speak of those who are still alive of which we have not written. Nancy married our cousin, Benjamin Rush Kelley, by whom she has at present three living children and one dead. Nancy was, when a child, the most diffident of all the family and grew up with very reserved manners. She married against our choice, not that we had any objections to the man, but we were always opposed to the union of near relatives. The man she married makes her a good husband and they live very amicably together. Nancy is a good woman with a good deal of independence and fortitude combined with resolution. There are few obstacles with which she meets too great for her mind, although she has but poor physical health or strength. She is frequently prostrate on the bed of affliction but never seems to lose her strength of mind nor

firmness of purpose. She is a pleasant wife and affectionate mother. We very much fear, that she is not long for this world such is the delicate condition of her health. But for her we

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have a hope beyond the grave. She united with the Baptist church at Panther Creek, Ohio county, Kentucky, some time in 1840, if we are not mistaken and married in.....

Peggy C. is one of the surviving family. She was a very wild child and was always called the "tomboy" of the family. She was married very young to a man by the name of Brooks. Brooks, when they first married was a sober, industrious man but always an ill-natured scamp. We recollect once not long after their marriage to have been tempted strongly to give him a thrashing. Our sister had paid us a visit and had stayed all night in consequence of a very hard rain. The next day the waters were so high she could not pass. On the next day we started home with her and met Brooks coming to her bringing her clothes. When we met he let her know that if she wanted to live somewhere else here was her clothes, that he calculated she was tired of him. Upon the whole he is a drunken, trifling scamp. Since their marriage we know but little of her. We know that she is a pious woman, industrious and indeed there are few women who are possessed of more untiring industry than Peggy Brooks. Such a life, however, as she has to live is an unenviable one, and we are led to believe it will not long last as it is. The brute that by the law she must call husband is often drunk and we are told lately drove her and her children out in the dead of winter without fire or covering, except their clothes for nearly 24 hours, swearing that he would kill the whole of them if they returned. Could we have been present then, we are constrained to believe, we would have warmed up his recollection in such a manner that he would

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not have forgotten it. In one of his drunken sprees he shot his right hand and so wangled it that it was necessary to take it off above the wrist. On another occasion he took a rope and hung himself and but for the timely assistance of his wife it would have been the last of him. And, although it may appear a little wicked, yet we have often felt that we were sorry that she did not stay from the house a little longer. He was hanged to the collar beams above stairs and was so nearly gone when she found him that it was several hours before he knew anything and several days before he recovered entirely. But all this seemed to do no good. We devoutly hope that if he does not reform that he will soon put an end to himself and the afflictions of the family, or that our sister will abandon him to his fate and try life at least alone with her children, She is a good woman and deserves better treatment. She has five or six children. The eldest are really interesting children.

Ben Kelley is the youngest of the surviving family and is now about 30 years old. He was married in October 1849 to Miss Mary A. Baker of Muhlenburg county. Kentucky. He is a man of good character, sound mind and judgment and industrious habits, but bent on getting rich at all hazards, not, however, at the hazard of honesty, but of the depriving himself of the many real enjoyments of life, he calls it economy, but we must call it at least bordering upon parsimony. He has one child, a daughter. His wife is a very pleasant little woman but is weakly, and one for whom we have a high regard. He became a member of the church some years before his marriage. His wife is a member of, at least has been, a member of the Universalian church but

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at present is not a believer in the doctrine. Afterward she became a Baptist and we had expected before we left Kentucky to have had the pleasure of baptizing her, but we were disappointed. She

is, we doubt not a pious woman at heart, at least her fruits so far as we know are good. Ben is a man, all over a man, and with these we close the history of the family except that of ourself.

CARTER JERREL KELLEY

Carter Jerrel Kelley, the author of the foregoing pages, is the eldest child of David Jerrel and Fannie Carter Kelley was born in Ohio county, Kentucky. December 18th, 1810, which makes him now (1854) in his 44th year. We have often been told that at a week old we were stripped and put in a quart cup and the lid closed down, leaving no vestige of us outside. We have sometimes thought it a pity they did not let us stay there. In this event we feel certain we should have avoided the various turmoils of an ill-natured world. Not long after our birth we were taken to Mercer county, where our parents continued for about two years and then removed to Ohio county where they continued to reside until we were grown and indeed until the death of our father.

At about 11 or 12 years of age, we do not recollect the year, but distinctly the season of the year, we became religiously impressed. The first time in life that we were convinced that in the sight of God stood condemned and had a soul that was exposed to divine wrath, was on hearing a man by the name of Thomas Tevin relate his experience to the Baptist church. We have since often thought that if the Scriptures did not positively thus in-

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struct—the custom of the Baptists of requiring all candidates to give a public relation of the dealings of God with their souls was sufficient to warrant its regular observance, if in nothing else in that of awakening some poor dying sinner to a sense of his guilt, lost and ruined condition. This man in relating observed that in an hour of deep distress he thought that if he could only be as the brute and lie down in death and be no more that he could have rested. But to know that he must live forever had almost driven him to despair. It was the first relation to which we had ever listened. True we had been present when many were told but to this we had listened with interest. Our first impression was that of horror that any should desire annihilation, for from our first recollections on things of this nature we had been taught to believe that man was destined to a future state of existence, and that in this state the righteous would be eternally happy and the wicked eternally miserable. But our great error had been in what it took to constitute one a sinner. We had only supposed that swearing, drunkenness, lying, theft, murder or fighting or some of the grosser immoralities and as we were not conscious of having been guilty of these immoralities we were not conscious that we were a sinner. We had this peculiar notion that women were all certain to go to heaven for we had seen or heard none guilty of what we considered sinful.

Mr. Tevin, so far as we know, was a very moral man and we were utter astonished at his desire and we recollect distinctly supposing that notwithstanding our opinion of him he was nevertheless a sinner. Quick as thought, deep conviction seized hold of us and we felt

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that we were exposed to ruin. Not only were the grosser immoralities sin but every thought that was not governed by the spirit of Christ or at least of God was our thought. We were in the gallery of the meeting house but the man talked loud enough for us to hear every word distinctly. No sooner were we convinced of our sinful condition than without a thought of what we were doing, or going to do, we found ourself on the way, although the family was still there. This condition never left us night or day except when we were buried in sleep, and even in our visions and dreams it was before us until the Lord in his mercy set us free. This occurred in September and the

circumstances connected with that day will never be forgotten. Although we should have been mistaken with regard to our conversion, of one thing we know we were not mistaken. It was one of those beautiful days met with in autumn when all nature seemed to be conscious of its richness. We were engaged in gathering fodder. Our father was but a few steps before us. The little grasshoppers were lavishing their music. We were wholly absorbed in deep concern for our soul and with all the earnestness with which we were capable, asking God for mercy. Every breath was a prayer when suddenly as a flash of electricity the heavens and the earth seemed to wear a different appearance. All nature seemed beautiful and we felt our heart filled unutterably full of love to God and all things that the eyes beheld.

It is true that we never once thought of the great plan of salvation as brought to view in the Bible. But no heart ever loved more devoutly than we the God that had made and preserved. We loved him because he was

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good, holy and just, and nature too, because He had made it. It did seem to us that everything we could see was doing precisely what God had intended, giving praise to the Power that made it. We remember that just at the end of our row of corn stood a tall poplar and we were looking around us when the leaves with their long stems that gave such a gentle motion to the softest breeze seemed to us to be praising God. The insects that were singing around us with everything we saw for the moment really seemed to spring into new life. And we thought they were conscious of the proud position they occupied. They seemed, and we really thought, they vied with each other in their work at praise. To this day, childish as it may seem, there is a peculiar charm in the music of those little grasshoppers, that always keep such an incessant chattering in the grass on a dry autumnal day.

The most astonishing thing connected with the moment was that our father was not praising in some audible manner, for we believed him to be a good man, a Christian. We came very nearly rejoicing aloud when the thought arrested that man alone was the only proud, insolent being connected with this world that refused or failed to worship God. This seemed for awhile to damp our ardor but a more pleasant calm came over us and all for many days was perfect harmony, peace and love.

But O the sequel, the sequel; for about two years we walked not in forbidden paths so far as conscience dictated. There were many things that we had never before viewed as wrong that now we refuse to engage in, especially that of frolicking through the fields or woods on the Sabbath. But too soon, alas, the tempter

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came and we were by degrees led away. Never, never shall we forget the bitter pangs it cost us, for about 16 or 18 years we were wandering. Sometimes, it is true, we tried to come back to the path of duty but it we were ever in it, according to the old proverb, it was perhaps when we were crossing it. During, this long warfare for a warfare indeed it was, we did many things outwardly worse than we had ever done before. We even engaged in anger and sometimes for the diversion of our associates in profane swearing. This we never did, however, without the deepest remorse and often had to turn away to prevent our wicked associates from seeing our agitation. We have often been lead to wonder if the deep pangs of eternal retribution are more intolerable than those endured by us, except the one is unalterable while the other is mixed with hope –hope of a change at least.

Here we feel to give what in part, we believe to have been the cause of all our sorrow. At that time it was barely thought that one so young could have any just conceptions of right or wrong and as to making public profession of the religion of the Bible this was next to impossible. About this time, or very soon after, there were four boys of my acquaintance who made professions and were baptized and it was a matter of great concern and grave council. Had my father who as we have already said was close by, known the state of our mind he would not only have rejoiced but would also have taken great pains in instructing us in the ways of the Lord more perfectly. Added to this, was our timidity in approaching grown-up persons. Had we been properly instructed and had we had the firmness and independence to declare our feeling we should have avoided many a draught of

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the bitter dregs of sin and drawn many a full pitcher from the fountains of mercy. But those were the days of anti-ism and now we thank God and take courage that those days, to a great extent, are passed away and a new era has dawned upon the Christian and the world.

About the same time that we experienced the change of which we have spoken our companion also experienced the same. The circumstances were these: she had been deeply concerned for some time and felt herself a sinner and while standing at the water's edge witnessing the baptism of some of her sisters, with perhaps some other as the minister had spoken of a crucified, buried but now risen Savior, and of the great resemblance between that event and the baptism of a believer in Christ, she felt the efficacy of the all-atoning merits of the Savior applied and was made to cry aloud. Some one of the family saw it and an acquaintance observed that she was alarmed and that she had better be led away. She told them however, that she was not scared but failed to tell the cause of her agitation and never spoke of it afterward until the evening of the union with the church in 1839, so that our lives seemed not only to have been knit together but also molded in the same pattern. There was little worthy of notice, except as related, from the time of our conversion until we were grown.

At the age of 19 father gave us a small tract of land and said, in, effect, "Now go and make property and character for yourself." We were rather indolent, much disposed to pleasure. And soon after our marriage sold out and moved to Owensboro and opened a blacksmith shop in partnership with Charles Huff, cousin to

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our wife, and an excellent smith. He stayed but a little time, however, and left us "the sack to hold." We had borrowed \$100 as our part of the capital, on the separation for which we kept the lot in town, tools, material and some household belongings. We gave him our land for this property which on the destruction of our father's family we sold. We never received one cent from this. We sold to a man by the name of John W. Pool who broke up in the building of a steam mill at the town and the last we knew of him he was in Rome, Iowa. The note he gave us was due in June 1836 for \$60.00, which at simple interest in June 1854 would be \$124.80. This, however, we never expect to get.

In 1836, in March or April, at the solicitation of some of our friends we were induced to move to Cloverport, Kentucky and engage in the study of medicine. This, so far as moving there was concerned, was a wrong advice, at least such was the result. Our preceptor never paid that attention to us that he promised and that we expected. Indeed, we had to fight it through alone and by the time we had accomplished our study and furnished ourself with medicine, horse and equipage we were nearly \$1,000 in debt, and not one cent in pocket and a family of four children.

This debt has hung like an incubus upon us ever since. Although this debt is paid, others were contracted in the interval which still kept us struggling with poverty and we can say that it has done much to render life almost intolerable at times. But at this date we are nearly free and had we now what is owing to us we would be considerably above want. With the vicissitudes of life, however, we have long since learned to be content and labor on until our change comes.

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We commenced the practice of medicine in partnership with Dr. Samuel Haynes of Davis county. Kentucky an own cousin to our wife. A more high-minded, dignified gentleman than he does not live and to us he was not only an instructor but was also a brother, one indeed and we have a special nook in our affections in which is not only planted but cherished and evergreen to his memory. After a stay of 12 months with our partner we set upon the broad world, so to speak, manning our boat alone. Contrary to what is most usual, we went back and located in the immediate neighborhood where we were born and raised. We found that the words of our Savior were very true in our case: "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." But with the necessities of the community and the efforts of some devoted friends, among whom we may mention James Miller, Sr., Henry Smith, T. B. Marlow and especially Dr. Haynes, with our perseverance we soon secured a very extensive practice and indeed we might mention many more friends among whom are Edmund Roach, a special friend, John Ralph and others. The last named was nearly the first man that called on us out of our immediate neighborhood. We continued this practice for ten years, this being the time we had allotted for the practice of medicine, believing that if it were sufficiently lucrative to warrant a man in living sway from the society of his family at least half, or more than half of his time, subjecting himself to all the inclemencies of the weather, to frequent contact with contagion and above all, so far as the physician himself is concerned, to assume the heavy responsibilities that a man ought to make money enough

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if economically managed to do him the remainder of his days be they many or few. In this event a man might quit, and if not so profitable, be ought to quit and try something else when the ten years had run out. However, we had by the strong solicitations of many warm friends—and by this time we had many—determined to continue five years longer.

But just at this period, for we commenced the practice April 1, 1839, was held the June meeting of our church in 1849 during which session the church set us apart to the work of the ministry, at least at this meeting there was an order calling for a presbytery to be composed of Elder Simeon Buchanan, Joseph P. Ellis and John R. Gallaspey, all of the Mount Pleasant church. This determined our mind upon the continuance in the practice and as we went home from the church, passing by the most public place in the community, we advertised out of the practice.

We did not believe that it was our prerogative to refuse what the church had laid upon us, for the reason that it is our decided opinion that if it is the prerogative of the church to set apart to the work of the ministry, of which we have no doubt, it is not the right of the one so ordained to refuse. But it is his duty to engage in the work and further, it is not his duty to leave the work for anything else.

There are many reminiscences in the life of a physician that might be written to some advantage and, indeed, the veriest quack is not infrequently capable of giving some instruction. During our ten years of practice we had many ups and downs, many experiences

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which would perhaps be a source of diversion and some which would doubtless be instructive did we design one of our sons to the profession. But we have learned enough of the evils of the profession never to advise especially one over whom we have guardianship, to become a physician. We esteem the calling one of the most perfect drudgeries on earth. So far as toll and exposure are concerned we would as soon be one as not, but there is no profession among men in which there is so much moral responsibility. Lawyers may talk about defending character of their clients but what is this compared to the life of the patient combined with the happiness of his family. Perhaps their temporal salvation. We know that character is even sweeter than life but then every individual should carry with him the most defense of character. MFR'T. And if they have not this they are not worthy of a character or of defense by another. But the sick one throws himself wholly into the hands of his physician. "My life dearer to me than all the world. Indeed to me a world in itself, I cast into your hands" is the expression of the lips and countenance of thousands the moment they consent to take the prescription of the physician.

It is true that there are some consolations attending the successful physician. When his patient becomes convalescent there is a season of rejoicing, when he meets the smile of approbation both from his patient and friends. And again when "the material aid" is forthcoming and he hears the dollar salute its fellow in the bottom of his pocket, it works his face into a perfect broad grin. The last, for the reason that it so seldom happens. But when the patient is seen slowly but

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steadily sinking and the almost certain conviction forces itself upon him that the solemn end is slowly, but no less surely approaching, when the eyes of the sufferer with an employing look follow him to every part of the room, when every motion and look is watched with the most untiring vigilance by the devoted family as though they would read his thoughts he has written in unmistakable lines in his countenance and more especially when the affectionate heart-broken wife or mother with eyes swimming in tears and in a look of wild despair throws her arms around his neck or perhaps prostrates herself at his feet and in bitter agony of soul cries out: "Doctor, O doctor, can you do no more?" Then 'we repeat that feeling such as none other than a kind-hearted physician whose bosom is formed for sympathy ever felt, stirs his soul within him. He could almost wish to die in their stead. It is here that all the pleasure in the life of a physician vanishes.

Added to this, when he is conscious of having done all he could, and indeed all that human agency could do the cold, condemning look of some heartless pretender is turned upon him as though he would charge the destruction of the dying upon him, it is then that he could wish in his soul that he had never known the practice of medicine. And yet such scenes as these the most skillful and successful are subjected to. There are other, though minor trials, in the life of almost every physician. He is deprived of the half of his time, or perhaps more of the society of his family, if he has one, subjected to the full influence of contagion and to the bitter inclemencies of the weather and then has, by the vile tongue of slander, his name assailed and his motives impugned.

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often his charges disputed and his honesty impeached and this too almost invariably in proportion as he has been more lenient and by the very scamps to whom he has granted the greatest amount of indulgence. It is not Infrequently the case that after the physician has granted a criminal indulgence the very scamp who has been the beneficiary swears off the account, runs away without paying the bill or if you coerce payment turns the vile tongue of slander against you and by every possible means endeavors to destroy both your reputation and usefulness.

We feel that we can safely say that ten years in the life of a physician is amply sufficient to give to force upon the mind of any observing man the humiliating conviction that there are thousands in human form and in whose bosoms beat the human heart, but who are so utterly destitute of every principle of moral rectitude that it were barely criminal to doubt their being in possession of a human soul. Were it not in his profession above all others he holds the means of fathoming the soul of men and finds beating in the bosom of many the greatest work of God—an honest heart, he would become so disgusted with the inconsistency of his race that life itself would become almost intolerable.

To comprise the whole history, or rather to give a nutshell history, an abridged definition, of the practice of medicine or a physician's life it is the most unthankful, unprofitable calling followed by any man considering the toil and drudgery connected with it. But we are done with it, at least for the time being, and we doubt not for life for we desire not thus to be brought into bondage

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again. We are no graduate, never were within the walls of a medical college except on a visit for a few hours. We are not of those, however, who boast of ignorance for we even now, lament that our poverty and the expenses of our family put it wholly out of our power to avail ourselves of the great advantages of a well-regulated medical school. Notwithstanding, we believe there to have been many who never attended a course of lectures equally successful with many who sport their sheepskin, yet they labor under embarrassment such as would have been avoided with a regular course of lectures. Their success, however, is an evidence of their superior mental powers. Too many who issue from those hotbeds (medical schools) we do conscientiously believe that notwithstanding the great advantages resulting to the diligent student and persevering mind from those useful colleges that there are, nevertheless, more grand impositions thrust out from their midst on a confiding public than from any other scientific establishment on earth. That such impostors carry with them a greater amount of wide-spread ruin than any other class of men, no one will for a moment doubt. All the impostors, however, do not come from the medical schools. There are many who thrust themselves before the public who have neither brains nor information sufficient to qualify them for a hostler. But enough of this, for among the professions we find many, to use a familiar phrase of ours who have "souls as big as their bodies." We turn from this to other incidents of our life.

As we have already said at the end of ten years medical practice, we laid it down and engaged, according 'to the order of the church, in the ministry of Christ,

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and in this as in the other presents we have much connected with those, found even in the sacred desks much to humble and distress. Here we find so much contention for the glory of self for the promotion of the honor of this or that particular denomination. Instead of that burning, shining light that earnest, ardent zeal so necessary to the honor and glory of God in the salvation of the dying sinner that we are led, in the language of the prophet to say: "All we like sheep have gone astray", and with an apostle, "some for Paul, some for Apollos, some for Cephas and a few for Christ," But we had not commenced to write a dissertation on the disordered state of the religious world.

Our ordination occurred on the first Sabbath in July 1849, a little less than ten years after our union with the church. On the Saturday following we were invited to visit Bethlehem church, having been there a month previous and agreed at the earnest solicitation of some of the brethren

to return and take charge of the church as pastor as soon as we should be ordained. On that day the church called and Brother M. Young who was a member of the church and an ordained minister and ourself were chosen to work conjointly. The year ended with about 10 or 12 additions. At the next call the church made choice of us alone which choice continued from time to time for a little over four years. We feel that we were a blessing to that little church of devoted brethren. There were during our ministry between 60 and 70 members added. Fifty-two of these were baptized, the first year five, the second none, the third thirty and the fourth seventeen. This church is situated in Hancock county, Kentucky, nine miles south of Hawesville

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on the road to Hartford. A more devoted little body than this does not exist to our knowledge in the Green river portion of Kentucky. Never have we parted with a congregation of brethren whom we loved more or with whom we labored with more delight. In June after we were called to the pastoral care of Hillsboro, we advised the brethren there to dissolve; there were about twenty members in all and but one who could be induced to go forward in prayer except a licensed preacher of rather small caliber. The principal part of the members were females. We have ever been opposed to little sickly Baptist churches. The brethren took our advice and in about six months dissolved. Within this time and about the first of July one year after our ordination we accepted a call from Pond Run church about ten miles distant. We preached for these brethren for about 12 months for which we received about as many dollars. With regard to the remuneration received from Bethlehem church, it was always in proportion as the Lord had prospered them.

At the close of our services with Hillsboro we took the care of Blackford, 15 miles off. These brethren gave us to understand that we should have \$45 or \$50 but a little over \$20 of this was paid, the balance never previous to our close with this church and immediately after our close with Pond Run we accepted the call of Rock Spring, Hawesville and Zion making five churches. From October to March we continued preaching for the five churches until our time expired with Blackford. We preached for Zion for one year, closed and took two Sabbaths with the Hawesville church. There were two of us ordained ministers belonging to Zion, the church

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of our membership. Each preached for it a year alternately. They gave us about \$20 or \$25 and one member, the wealthiest, or nearly so belonging to the church thought this very high. He had in life, however, been a most rabid Anti-Missionary and was not yet quite cured of his prejudices and beside he was greedy of filthy lucre. The church, however, had some most excellent members, both male and female.

We preached for Rock Spring for two years and for Hawesville one Sabbath, and eight months for two Sabbaths. This was the portion of the second year expired when we removed from the state. Rock Springs gave \$100 per year, Hawesville \$5.00 a visit, part of this on time too. With an arm of the church which gave some \$20, these brethren knew well how to appreciate the force and meaning of the declaration: "They that preach the gospel shall live of the gospel." In Rock Springs there were no additions except by letter. The church was situated in one of the most wealthy neighborhoods of Davis county, Kentucky, but surrounded by a very worldly-minded people. Indeed, all, or nearly all, who lived around the church are the so-called "upper-ten" and seem to take but little interest in the religion of Christ. True, they were a very sociable, interesting people, liberal in donating money and were almost always found in their seats on Sabbath. We always had a crowded house, 30x46, in pleasant weather. But the Word preached seemed not to profit.

We baptized several in Blackford church, some 13 or 14 In Pond Run and 8 or 10 in Hawesville. We may mention here that the first year at Hawesville was

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A hard year to labor. There was a difficulty existing between some of the most prominent members which took about a year to settle, once settled the church seemed to prosper. They are, as are the brethren at Rock Springs, good brethren. May the Lord bless them. During our care of churches there we did considerable preaching in other places as missionary for the Goshen Association Mission Board and on our own account in protracted meetings. We have formed many dear acquaintances in the church there for whom we will, during life, cherish the highest degree of Christian love, and especially ministering brethren among whom we name: Elders Head, Dowden, Ellis and Armstrong with others. These are, however, brethren, working brethren. We have formed other acquaintances among the ministry but with these we have labored in protracted efforts day and night, with Brother Head for 25 days, at one time ten, and at several other times from five days to a week. With Brother Dowden we have labored at one time 14 days, at another ten and at another ten with Brother Ellis. We have labored so much and so often in meetings of from one to two weeks duration that we will not designate. May the Lord give them many days on earth and continue with them lives of usefulness. We are now at the writing of this sketch, residing in Wayne county, Illinois and the pastor of Pleasant Grove church. We confess frankly we have not done that amount of labor here since we came that we expected. But .our affliction and loss of the use of horses in our excuse. On last Sabbath we baptized two converts, May 7th, 1854. So as our worldly matters are concerned we have been quite vagrant. We have always been content with a

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meagre competence, feeling that we would always rather suffer a triumph of mind than of body and consequently we have devoted many hours to reading that others would have spent, so to speak. In digging after gold. But we have sought so far as our ability would warrant, and even sometimes we have thought beyond, for a gem of brightness which outshines the glitter of gold—knowledge, the only thing that really raises man in his intercourse with his fellow above the level of the ox, knowledge that makes him soar on wings as eagles far above the transitory things of solid earth, smoothes his last moments in life, smoothes the dying pillow, lights up the dark valley and shadow of death and gives him nearer access to the throne of God. We are therefore poor in this world's goods and we are not sure that our poverty is not the richest portion of our legacy. With riches we probably would have been proud, arrogant overbearing and oppressive. We might have felt above our equals and in point of virtue our superiors. We might have been forgetful of Him "from whom all blessing flow." We might have indulged ourself in ease and luxury brought along with them disease and last, premature death entailing evils on our posterity, evils a thousand times worse than death. From a social point of view we have always loved to mingle with the virtuous; we have felt a particular fondness for new associations; we have always felt to mourn over the follies of the vicious and not to suffer our wrath to be excited against them. We never could treat with indifference the unfortunate or take advantage of the ignorant. We have ever felt to despise a spirit of domineering. We have never sought the society of the rich simply on account of their

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wealth, but when at all, always on account of their knowledge and virtues.

It has ever been with us a source of greatest delight to have the privilege of communicating to others, when in our power, whatever might render them wiser or better. We would rather do it gratuitously than not do it all. We recollect on the subject of new acquaintance an incident in life which stirred our soul within us.

We were traveling on the upper Mississippi aboard a fine steamer. It was as beautiful a night in April as we ever recollect to have seen. We had just left the city of St. Louis where wickedness abounds as in all other cities. We had gone up on the deck of the boat and were looking out upon the broad waters, every ripple tinged to gold by the moon's cold beams. When we passed Alton, Illinois where the penitentiary is located we could see the frowning walls and were reflecting how many poor, unfortunate beings were incarcerated within its damp, cheerless cells, while we were enjoying the pleasant air free from bonds or even censure of wrong, so far as we knew. Our soul had sunk within us and we were almost ready to weep over the follies of poor, erring human nature when a stranger stepped to our side and spoke of the loveliness of the night. This broke our reverie. We remarked that we loved to stand out and look upon the loveliness of such a night. "Especially," said he, "when in a condition to adore the Hand that made it." This last expression fell upon the tinder, if the expression is allowable, of my heart like a spark of electricity. This was the first pious expression that we had heard since being on the boat, some five or

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six days. We felt that there was a genial spirit near and one whose feelings, hopes, desires and expectations were kindred to ours; one with whom we could hold sweet converse upon the all important subject of religion of our blessed Savior. Soon we were fully absorbed in the subject, and strangers though we were in the common acceptance of the term, yet in our bosoms we felt there were hearts possessing the sameness equal to that of the sparkling dewdrop. Never have we spent a more pleasant time. The moments passed by without notice. Alton was forgotten in the distance. 'Ere we were aware the night was far spent. We parted there perhaps never to meet on earth again. Our destinations being hundreds of miles apart but our bosoms filled with strong confidence in the promise of God that we should meet where partings would be no more, where we would not have to live and subsist upon hope but where hope would be swallowed up in fruition and faith lost in sight, where the redeemed will not longer have to weep over the follies of the sin-ruined race but where all avarice will be joy and peace, world without end.

Morally, we have been of rather a volatile disposition. We have always, however, observed in the presence of old men and women the strictest morality, although for a portion of our life we were in the habit of using language rather obscene and profane we were never disposed to break the rules of polite etiquette. Indeed nothing ever so disgusted us as to hear a vulgar-mouthed creature swearing in the presence of either old men, though they be swearers themselves, and ladies. We never was drunk but once in life and that was when

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we were about 19 years old. Very soon after this we pledged ourselves for life never to taste again, except as medicine, ardent spirits. This pledge we have kept inviolate for a little over 24 years. Although it was taken when there was no living being near, the pledge was made, however, to the God in heaven and we felt the more obligated. We never engaged in gambling of any description. The only betting we ever did was a few dollars on horse racing and for this we have ever felt ashamed. We were always fond of music and learned early to play on the violin, but never played a great deal either at home or abroad, though often in the ballroom in our early days and partook frequently of the amusement. But we can here safely say that we never engaged in the light

amusements of youth, but with strong compunctions of conscience and deep sorrow in the end. We have always paid due respect to age and even yet feel that we should take an unreserved place among men. We have always been ready to acknowledge our ignorance for the sake of information and have found it a treat to sit at the feet of the learned and gather their crumbs of wisdom. Yet in point of civil privileges and moral and social character we have felt that we had a right to as high a place in society as any. Nor would we suffer any to trample upon our rights, either, moral social or civil.

In the government of our family we feel that we were greatly at fault. We were too reserved in the society of our children and spoke too harshly when he-proving them for a wrong. We seldom chastised with the rod but when we did we make it tell. We never

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whip in anger.

SUMMARY—We were married January 11th, 1832. moved on a little farm soon after and continued there for a little more than two years. On March 4th, 1834 we moved to Owensboro and carried on blacksmithing there until November after which we bought the Ben Kelley farm and moved to it, stayed but a few weeks and at the earnest solicitation gave up the place. In March 1835 we bought the Joe Barnett place south of Rough Creek, moved to it and stayed one year and in March 1836 moved to Cloverport and commenced the study of medicine, stayed until November '38 and moved to the place left by us when we came to this State. Taught school one year, bought medicine and moved to Dr. Samuel Haynes' in Davis County and entered into partnership in the practice of medicine. In March 1840 moved to the neighborhood we last left which had been rented for two years and in 1842, ten years from the time we were married, moved to the place occupied while teaching school two miles from Kelley's Precinct, now called Fordsville. Continued there until we left there for this State, Illinois. We were at that place a little over 11 years. We bought about 1200 acres of land there for \$400, which after making our brother, Ben Kelley, a present of about 240 acres, we divided into small lots and sold for \$1300 leaving one lot of 200 acres yet unsold. In the time we had made a small farm out of it of about 50 acres and small cabins. We did not pretend to farm it for the eight years during our practice. Everything for the suport of the family passed through our hands which made it quite a task. This, however,

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was our own fault and not the fault of our wife. This ends the history of our family except that of the children which will be written at intervals.

APRIL 1856

At the writing of these lines we have another in the family, a daughter about 16 months old, named Emma Paulina. We also have one daughter married to Mr. Charles H. Christian, second cousin to our children. He is the son of Walter Christian and Susannah Felix, commonly called "Sucky", and more familiarly known by that name. His father was a very wild, wicked man, his mother an excellent woman. Both are dead some years since having died of smallpox. Our son-in-law is a steady, pious man of industrious habits and married our second daughter, Espatia A., January 18, 1855. On the fourth of April 1856 there was born to them a daughter, being the birthday of our third son, Crassus.

Here we take occasion to record the names of all our children, beginning with the eldest writing the full name:

NAMES OF OUR CHILDREN

Elvira Judson Kelley, born February 3, 1833.
Espatia Ann Kelley, born August 27, 1834.
Socrates Herschel Kelley, born February 26, 1836.
Lycurgus Hume Kelley, born April 6, 1838.
Aurilla Vine Kelley, born March 19, 1841.
Agatha Rachel Kelley, born April 12, 1843.
Crassus Ovid Kelley, born April 4, 1845.
Homer Virgil Kelley, born September 14, 1847.

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Virginia Alice Kelley, born March 1, 1850.
Oscar Carter Kelley, born February 24, 1852.
Emma Paulina Kelley, born November 17, 1854.
Flora Haynes Kelley, born January 13, 1859.

OTHER BIRTHS AND SENTIMENTS.

Charles H. Christian (son-in-law) was born

Susan Paulina Christian, granddaughter, was born April 4, 1856 In Wayne County, Illinois.

Cicero Carson Carter, son of William Haynes and Elvira J. Carter, born June 14, 1857, in Madison county, Illinois.

W. H. Carter, son-in-law, was born October 5, 1833 in Wayne county, Illinois.

Cicero Carson Carter, son of Wm. H. and Elvira J. Carter. died October 7, 1857, aged three months and 23 days In Madison county, Illinois.

Rest little cherub rest
'Till Cod shall bid thee rise
With saints and angels blessed
Away beyond the skies.

This is the first mournful record it has been the part of this family to record. It is now 25 years since our marriage and this is the first death in the family, that of a grandchild. Our dear little Cicero. "Sweet bud, blossomed to wither so soon, but thanks to the kind mercy of God it withered on earth only to bloom afresh in Heaven where no chilling blast nor withering simoon

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comes. May the Lord grant that we may be exalted to say "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

OUR OLDEST DAUGHTER'S MARRIAGE.

William H. Carter and Elvira J. Kelley, eldest daughter, were married August 14, 1856. This marriage was greatly against our will on account of the very near relation that existed between them, and at one time we thought by the mildest possible advice, induced them to abandon the idea. We think yet that had the family of William treated both with the same mildness that it might have been avoided, but instead of this they treated him with cold indifference and spoke of her in the most offensive manner. This course of treatment at home most naturally alienated him in his feelings from his father's family and drove him in his affections towards her until they once more determined on a marriage. This second resolve was without my knowledge until the family of William commenced a course of bitter persecution against Elvira which terminated in an alienation of the two families. As soon as I found that they had determined to marry and that this determination had put the whole family in a perfect rage. I waived my objections and told them, "Now if you are determined to do this thing, let it be done immediately and thereby put an end to what I esteem a foolish strife. They were married in a few days and in a few weeks more moved about 100 miles northwest and settled in Looking Glass Prairie, in Madison county, 20 miles east of St. Louis and six miles north of Lebanon. The family

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of William never pretended to make an objection except on the account of connection, they being children of sisters and his father being the brother of my mother. This, I confess, was a material objection with me.

They have never been to his father's since their marriage and perhaps never will, except that he went there a few days after for his clothes and for a few dollars worth of property, a bed and bedding that his mother saw proper to give him. I must say in justice to his mother, however, that she was very mild in all that she said, if indeed, she said anything. The rest of the family, however, acted so unbecomingly as to give myself and wife a great deal of pain and sorrow. This, with some other things, determined us in leaving the country. I visited them on several occasions before I left but never with the same feeling of freedom and pleasure that I had before, or, indeed, can I ever again unless there should be a greater change than I expect. I had moved to that country (Wayne county, Illinois) from Kentucky at the earnest request of the family and especially, of my sister-in-law. The two sisters seemed greatly delighted until this happened, when both my wife and myself felt that intimate sociability was broken and that we could enjoy ourselves better elsewhere. This gave me great additional pain because in leaving I had to break an association that I had greatly esteemed. But it is done and I feel to have a conscience void of offense both toward God and man. (Written May 1857).

(January 1, 1858) I take a great deal of pleasure in recording here that to some extent, at least, the cause of the above alienation is removed and we are again en-

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joying the association of former days. And I pray may never have occasion to regret it. Nothing pains me more than a breach of friendship. To lose an old friend or to have old associations broken up on account of alienation is worse than death.

BIRTH OF GRANCHILDREN.

Susan Paulina Christian, daughter of C. H. and E. A. Christian, April 4, 1856.

Cicero Carson Carter, son of W. H. and E. J. Carter, June 14, 1857.

John Henry Christian, June 24, 1858.

David Kelley Carter, February 28, 1859.
 Socrates Kelley Christian, December 5th. 1859.
 Fannie Forrester Carter, April 10, 1861.
 Mary Beatrice Odell, April 20, 1861.
 William Carter Christian, September 29, 1861.
 Betty A. Odell, August 22, 1862.
 Charles H. Christian, January 16, 1863.
 William Carter, June 11. 1862.
 Woodson Carter, December 15, 1865.
 Lycurgus H. Carter, June 1, 1869.
 Ruth Ann Carter, June 27, 1870.
 Oscar Lloyd, November 29, 1867.
 Elbert E. Lloyd, November 13, 1871.
 Bertha Paulina Kelley, December 27, 1872.
 Maud Laney. September 1875.
 Florence Eva Lloyd, March 29, 1876.
 Oscar Kelley Carter, September 2, 1872.
 Mary Paulina Carter, May 16, 1876.

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Ambie Reid, June 3, 1875.
 Carson Kelley Lloyd, June 12, 1878.

Publisher's Note:—Other grandchildren not mentioned above are:

Georgia Lloyd.....George Ovid Kelley

Fred Carter Kelley.....

Sadie Kelley.....

Myrtle Kelley.....

Arthur Kelley.....

Blanche Kelley

Arden McFatrldge.....

Flora McFatrldge.

Stella McFatrldge.....

Theodore Lindsey.....

Frank Lindsey.....

Archie Lindsey.....

Joseph Lindsey.....

DEATHS OF FAMILY.

Cicero Carson Carter, son of William H. and Elvira J. Carter, died October 7, 1857.

"This sweet bud was truly the hope of years to come. Fair skin, with a laughing blue eye, who could have seen and not have loved? But he is gone and no doubt it is right, for God does all things well. The Lord gave and the Lord bath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

PARENTS.

"A bud from earth transplanted to bloom and grow

in heaven; should never be lamented, "Twas only loaned, not given." GANDPA & GRANDMA.

James A. Odell, son-in-law, died August 20, 1863, of typhoid fever on his farm while preparing to go to war.

Charles H. Christian, son-in-law, died in camp on Black River, Mississippi, 14 miles back of Vicksburg, November 17, 1863. He was a volunteer soldier in the 124 Regiment, Illinois Infantry, Company K, Captain Sanders Commandant.

James T. Keen, son-in-law, was killed on the battle field at Champion Hill in the 124th Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry, Company K., Captain Sanders Commandant;

Betty A. Odell died August 22, 1866, aged four years. She was an interesting little girl, one that we loved on the account of her pleasant modesty and because she had lived in the family from the time she was four months old until the time of her death. We not only loved her but she loved us as no other grand child seemed to do, yet the Lord gave and the Lord took away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

William Carter (infant) died at about the age of six weeks in the autumn of 1862.

Lycurgus Haynes Carter died June 27, 1869, aged 27 days. This is the fourth son of W. H. and Elvira Carter that they have given back to the Giver of all. Why God has dealt so with them must of necessity ever

remain a mystery to the living. And so with all others until God shall reveal in the clear light of eternity his providence. Then let us wait his time for he will make all things plain and joyous.

Matilda Kelley, wife of Dr. C. O. Kelley and daughter of James and Eliza Cross, died at Grayville, Ill., October 4, 1873. She was a good wife and much beloved by us. She died in possession of a glorious hope beyond the grave.

OTHER MARRIAGES IN OUR FAMILY.

James A. Odell and Orilla B. Kelley were married February 9, 1859.

James L. Keen and Agatha R. Kelley were married January 25, 1862. James having died in the service of the Civil War, Agatha was married to William N. Lloyd, July 25, 1864.

Orilla Odell, whose husband James also lost his life in the Civil War, was married to John Lindsey in 1868.

Crassus O. Kelley and Matilda Cross were married at Grayville, Ill., March 24, 1869. She having died, Crassus was married a second time to Charlotte Guthrie in July 1876, in Franklin county, Illinois.

W. Andrew Laney and Emma P. Kelley were married January 1, 1874 at Ewing, Illinois.

James A. Reid and Virginia Alice Kelley were married August 29th, 1874 at Ewing, Illinois.

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Oscar Kelley and Edith McDowell were married July 12th, 178 In Shawnee County, Kansas.

DEATHS OF THE FAMILY OF C. J. KELLEY AND PAULINA HAYNES KELLEY.

Lycurgus H. Kelley, First Corporal 7th Illinois Cavalry died at Memphis, Tennessee, June 10th, 1864. He had served in the Federal army In the Civil War nearly three years and then volunteered as a veteran and was shot down without hailing by a posse of the Provost Marshal's guard in citizen's dress, while passing the street at night. His brother, Crassus O. Kelley, was with him at the time of his death and saw him decently buried. He was a member of the Pleasant Grove Baptist church in Wayne county. Illinois.

Flora Haynes Kelley born January 13h, 1859, died July 5th, 1870. She died, as was supposed by physicians, of consumption after an illness of about four months from the time she showed the first symptoms of decline. She was the most patient little sufferer we ever saw, seldom ever complaining, patient in suffering, and in all things tenderly affectionate towards us all. She was a favorite of the family. She had suffered in her early infancy from a disease of a protracted length of nearly two years which was attended with, or resulted in mental debility which continued to her death. She had sufficient strength of mind to be pleasant, affectionate and understand most things as other children of her age. She died without a struggle, almost as one going to sleep. She is gone, sweet one, leaving a wide

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vacancy in the hearts of the household and especially in the hearts of her parents that can never be filled in this world but gone to fill bright place in the brighter world. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

(Later, April 11th, 1871) Here I wish to record what for nearly a year I have kept and thought I would not write because it was rather strange to me. About one year ago our little one whose death we have just recorded above was standing in the porch with her mother when pointing to where I had dug a pit for bedding sweet potatoes, she said "Mother, when I die put me in a hole right there." She kept talking about it until her mother, feeling distressed, chided her. A few nights after, while we were all sitting together she went to the bed where she sometimes slept and, burying her face in the clothes said, "I am going to die." This she repeated in a solemn manner several times until, afflicted with the thought, I bade her stop. She did, and never mentioned it again. She was then visibly declining, but, almost as cheerful as ever, often amusing the family with her little songs for singing was her favorite pastime. Her expressions buried themselves deeply in our hearts; nor could we drive them away, though we strove ever so hard to hope for her recovery. They proved true and now, broken as the heart is, we rejoice that they did. She is gone to a better home. Blessed he the Lord.

BIRTHS and DEATHS of WRITER'S GRANPARENTS.

William Carter, Senior, and grandfather of C. J. Kelley was born August 21st, 1760, and married Kath-

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erine Williams, April 5th, 1782.
July 30th, 1809.

Katherine Cater, nee Williams, was horn and died

TRIBUTE OF LOVE IN MEMORY OF PAULINA HAYNES KELLEY.



Paulina Haynes Kelley
Born January 11, 1813
Died March 12, 1876

Paulina, the wife of C. J. Kelley after living in wedded life 44 years, 2 months and 1 day departed this life March 12th, 1876, in the 64th year of her age.

She was the mother of 12 children, eleven of whom lived to be grown and ten of whom are still living. There were born to us five sons and seven daughters; four sons and six daughters are still living.

As a wife she filled her place. She was what the word of the Lord requires; she tried to make it the rule of her life, for we often read and tried to understand the duties there enjoined, and however much her husband may have failed, she seldom ever failed. She was obedient to her husband and a chaste housekeeper at home.

As a mother, if she had a fault, it was in being too kind to her children. Of this, every child now living will bear testimony. She was proud of her children's virtues and grieved at their faults. She had no secrets that she ever kept from her husband but always loved her Testament; indeed, it was almost the only book she ever read, and we suppose there was not a Sabbath when at home that she did not read a portion of that precious book. She found peace in believing on the name of Jesus in her ninth or tenth year; but she was not baptized until her 26th year. She and I were baptized

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at the same time in Ohio County, Kentucky; she by Eld. Simeon Buckhannan and I by Eld. Andy Hall on the first Sunday in October 1839. Seventy others were baptized at the same time. She therefore, had lived a consistent member of the Baptist church over 35 years.

As a neighbor, we would not be afraid to appeal to all among whom she had ever lived and she had many such, having lived in many different places, for a voice always in her favor. She seldom spoke of others faults and never to those outside of her own family, and very seldom to

any but ourself. She had no enemies, or if she had, they never made it known. She was loved by all that knew her.

Elder K. G. Hay, one of our special friends voluntarily said to us one day: "Brother Kelley, you have one of the best wives I think I ever saw." Brother Hay was often at our house and knew her well. She was always kind to those that I received into our house and when I gave my confidence she gave hers.

I feel here to record some of our youthful life and some of the reminiscences of that life. We have often said to each other that we had no recollection when we were not more attached to each other than to any other. Our parents lived very near each other and were very intimate and hence we were often together. We spent the most of our school life together and nearly always traveled as much as a mile of school road together in the evening, and in the morning would drop a signal at the coming together of our roads if we did not happen to meet. Though others of the children were along, they

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perhaps never recognized it. She was very swift on foot and though I was a little over two years the older, she was my full match in a set race and this we often indulged in, she chasing me or I chasing her. On one occasion she was chasing me and running on a road near the bank of a slough when she overtook me, giving me a shove I went down the bank and into the soft mire about half-leg deep—pants rolled up; it was summer. She stopped and looked as though she would help me out until she saw me with my muddy feet coming up the bank. Then she started in a run and I after her. We had a stream of water to cross on a log about fifty feet in length and about ten feet from the water which was about 18 or 20 inches deep. It was a large log and bowed up. She was about half way of the log when I came to it running for life, as it were, when she found she was tailing off. There was a large beech tree growing near the other bank, the long limbs of which reached out over the water and as she went off the log she sprang and caught a limb near the end that let her down very gently into the water about waist deep. Lighting on her feet very steadily she let go the limb and looking up at me saucily, took a mouthful of bread from her other hand in which she held it, said, "Catch me if you can." I stood on the log ready to spring had she needed my help, but she was within a few feet of shore and two or three steps brought her out. We walked on amusing ourselves over our mutual defeats, I out of the mud and she out of the water. Many romps we have had during our school days but never a minute's pouting or a word of variance, never a harsh or unbecoming word. Many times during our 44 years of married life

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have we gone over our youthful associations and said that we surely were formed for each other. I would not be understood to say that we never exchanged words of difference or even words that were too rough. We did and the remembrance of them now fills my heart with sorrow for I was more frequently at fault than she. But for a few moments, and whether she or I gave the offense it was cured and we were forgiven of each other. All of her faults, and I would not have those who may read this think that I believe her to have been faultless or turned into love with me. Yes, even the memory of her faults I love, for they were few and peculiar to her. While it pains me to remember my own, hers have so faded away that now I love them. We were attached to each other, as I have said, in very early life. The first, and only time, we ever expressed our affection for each other in words until we were grown, I in my 18th and she in her 16th year, was when I was about my tenth and she in the eighth year. We then, while alone, at the school house spring,

pledged ourselves to wait for each other, no matter how separated we might be in life by our parents until we were old enough to make a home of our own. This childhood pledge we kept faithfully, keeping it in remembrance until renewed, as I have said. True, we continued associated at school and in social gatherings of the families until we were grown, but then we only had to talk over in a more serious and timid way, to be sure, to make it permanent for life.

In the summer, after I was 18 in December and she 16 in the January following, we gave anew to each other our hearts and hands in a solemn covenant of words that were never broken. We waited until I was 21 years

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old and were married on her 19th birthday, January 11th, 1832. My father, Rev. David Jerrel Kelley, was the officiating clergyman. Two of the sisters were married at the same time, Elizabeth Haynes to W. H. Davis of Hopkins County, Kentucky. This was in what is yet known as Adams Fork precinct in Ohio county. In the course of five or six weeks we went home to a little farm that I had made on a tract of land given me by my father and one on which I had been at work from the time I was 19 years old, about two years. I had a house built and plenty for man and beast for the year. During our stay there our first child was born February 3rd, 1833, a little over one year after our marriage. We had thought that our love for one another was complete, that is, strong as it could be, but we were, as we suppose all others are under similar circumstances, quite mistaken. Another chord of love bound us together to which we had been strangers before, and so it was until in 26 years wanting only from January 13th to February 3rd, there were 11 similar chords, making 12 that bound us still stronger and stronger. Often when we would hear, as sometimes we did, of persons with large families of children separating from each other, we would wonder to each other how they could do such things, even if they had lost their first love. Death only could, as death did, separate us. We here record, in our loneliness and sadness, our thankfulness to God that he spared us this trial as long as he did, leaving our dear first and only, loved one, with us until all our children that were left us were grown up to mature years and all possessed of sound minds and bodies and maintaining good reputations among those that know them.

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In a few more hours we will be separated from each other never to gather around our fireside again, creating an anguish of heart never felt before. Six of our children were present at their mother's death and burial and continued with the distressed father for three weeks but now we leave the place we called home and the place they while visiting, always called home, to be gathered together no more until we shall be at the great judgment seat of God. O God of infinite mercy, may we be gathered at thy right hand, justified of Thee, where parting never comes and where these heartaches there never enter. May our children, those strong additional chords that bound us here, be gathered with us there that there be none turned away from Thy love. May those that have not found Thee precious in their salvation. find Thee In a covenant of grace. May, the goodness and piety of their dear, departed mother so draw them towards Thee that they may seek Thee with the whole heart. May the pious example of their mother be ever before them to restrain them in the our of temptation and the goodness and the love of God keep them from evil and bring them into His eternal favor. It is the Lord that giveth and the Lord that taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

These lines were written in my office, Baptist Banner office In Ewing, Illinois, Sunday, April 2nd, 1876. Written in great sadness and sorrow, just three weeks after the death of our beloved companion and dedicated to her memory, and for the reading of our children.

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BIRTHS OF DAVID J. KELLEY AND FAMILY.

David J. Kelley was born March 22nd, 1791.

Fanny C. Kelley his wife was born September 22nd, 1793. David J. Kelley and Fanny Carter were married February 20th, 1810.

Carter J. Kelley, eldest son of David and Fanny was born December 18th, 1810.

Benjamin H. Kelley was born September 5th, 1812.

Moses C. Kelley was born June 13th, 1814.

Ann R. Kelley was born February 26th, 1816.

David J. Kelley was born March 13th, 1818.

Nancy J. Kelley was born February 13th, 1820.

Peggy C. Kelley was born March 29th, 1822.

Ben Kelley was born July 28th, 1824.

John R. Kelley was born June 13th, 1826.

George R. Kelley was born July 8th, 1828.

William Carter Kelley was born July 22, 1830.

Luther Calvin Kelley was born November 17th, 1832.

Author's Note:—The first Ben Kelley died before he was one year old and after many years my parents named another son, Ben; the first Benjamin, the last simply Ben. The first was named for his uncle, father's brother, the other for his grandfather, father's father.

DEATHS OF THE FAMILY OF DAVID J. AND FANNY KELLEY.

David Jerrel Kelley, Sr. died August 14th, 1834.

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David J. Kelley, Jr. died August 14th, 1834 (Just an hour between father and son.)

Luther C. Kelley died August 16th, 1834.

Ann R. Kelley died August 17th, 1834.

George R. Kelley, August 18th, 1834.

John Calvin Kelley died September 4th, 1834.

William Carter Kelley died September 5th, 1834.

Moses C. Kelley died June 10th, 1863.

OBITUARY OF FANNY CARTER KELLEY

Fanny Carter Kelley, widow of Rev. David Jerrel Kelley died October 9th, 1875, aged 82 years and 16 days. She died at the home of B. R. and Nancy J. Kelley, son-in-law and daughter, in Marion county, Illinois and was buried in the cemetery of that city. She lived a widow from the death of her husband to her own, 41 years, 1 month and 26 days. She never desired a second marriage, seldom ever even suffered any to suggest it and never voluntarily spoke of it herself. She was truly in the strictest sense of the term, a widow. I have heard my mother often say that I never spoke a word to her in life that wounded her feelings or that gave the least offense whatever. And now that my dear mother has passed beyond the possibility of such a thing, I can but feel proud of such a record. My mother made her home with me for many years, that is called it home, though she was often elsewhere with friends and the other children.



Fanny Carter Kelley
Born September 23, 1793
Died October 9, 1875

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TRIBUTE TO REV. C. J. KELLEY

From an article on Pioneer Citizens by W. N. Green.

Publisher's Note:—The following article is taken from a clipping from the Norris City, (Illinois) Record of the issue of February 29th, 1912 and written by W. N. Green. Mr. Green writes interestingly of several White county pioneers, among them Elders Thomas Aud and Carter Jerrel Kelley. Concerning the latter, Mr. Green has the following to say:

"The Missionary Baptist church, or, more properly the Mission church of the United Baptists, of Walnut Grove, was organized in 1854, at the home of William H. Stokes, about one-half mile north of the present site of Stoke's Station. I think all the charter members are dead except J. C. Martin of Norris City. Elder Thomas Stokes, grandfather of Dr. W. F. Stokes of Norris City, was the first pastor. Services were conducted from time to time, in an old building that stood a short distance east of the present church site at Walnut Grove. The present building was erected in the fall of 1866.

Soon after the organization of this church Elder Carter Kelley came into Southern Illinois. Such was the power of this man as a pulpit orator, his ability as an organizer and his influence with the men and women of time Old Neighborhood, that I am induced to give a brief sketch of his history, from reliable data.

His full name was Carter Jerrell Kelley. He was of Irish descent. Formerly the name was written O'Kelley; but, somewhere along the line of descent, the "Ø" had been dropped. He was the oldest son of Elder

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David Jerrel Kelley, who was the oldest son of Elder Benjamin Kelley, a native of Virginia.)

Elder C. J. (Carter) Kelley, was born in Ohio county, Ky., December 18th. 1810. His mother's maiden name was Carter, hence the name Carter Kelley. He was raised on his father's farm and was, given a good English education. January 11th, 1832 he was married to Miss Paulina

Haynes. He professed religion when eleven years old, but did not unite with the church until eighteen years later. He studied medicine, and, in 1839, commenced the practice of his profession. In 1849, he gave up the practice of medicine for the ministry, and in July of that year, was ordained as a minister of the United Baptist church. As I write, I have before me his certificate of ordination, a document more than sixty years old. Elder Carter Kelley was of a family that gave to the church many able ministers of the gospel. His father, grandfather and great grandfather, all attracted notice as pulpit orators. Having the opportunity to study the lineage of Elder Kelley, I am not surprised at his oratorical power. It was born in him.

Elder Kelley began preaching at Walnut Grove when I was a boy. He was for many years, the pastor of that church. Under his ministry, it became a very strong organization. He lived for several years in the Walnut Grove neighborhood, on what was known as the Eben Renshaw farm. Later, he moved to Wayne county, Illinois, where he died June 13th, 1880. His body rests at Ewing, Ill. Dust, more sacred, was ne never given back to dust, nor a nobler spirit called to an eternal home.

Elder Carter Kelley wielded a great influence for

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good in the old neighborhood. Much of his church membership came from that community. They admired his ability, gathered in great crowds to hear him preach and united with his church; but, it is too true, that those for whom he worked never knew his real worth until he was gone. Neither could they appreciate the sacrifice he had made. He had given up a professional career; and, with it, all hope of wealth and professional distinction. Instead of going where he could command large salaries for his talent, he had gone where he could find work for his Master. And here, with a people that could not understand and appreciate, he spent the vigor of his manhood. All that was in him, he gave to the work. He organized new churches, built up weak ones. and made strong ones stilt stronger. The compensation he received was in no degree commensurate with the work he did. The people had a great man, and did not know it; a pulpit orator who would have been distinguished in broader circles, and did not realize it; one who gave himself as a sacrifice and they did not appreciate it.

I have often listened to him, and wondered at the power with which he touched his hearers. With him there was no foolishness, no flashing of jewelry, no slang phrases, no cheap wit, no imitation of some one else. His language was pure, his logic clear, his bearing dignified and his delivery almost perfect. He was a servant working in a great cause. He felt the dignity of his calling and dedicated to it the powers of a great mind and the sincerity of an honest heart."

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MY TEMPERANCE EXPERIENCE.

(By C. J. Kelley)

It may be of advantage to some young man at the beginning of life, if I tell how I became an advocate of temperance.

When I was 19 years old my father gave me a tract of land and said in effect: "Now, go and make property and character for yourself." Up to this time I had never been drunk but once. Until I was married, which was a little over two years after I commenced work for myself. I ate my breakfast and supper at my father's and carried my dinner with me in a little basket to may little farm when at work. In the spring after I had commenced mother was complaining of not feeling well and she and father concluded that a bottle of bitters would be good for her health and, although

neither of them used it as a beverage, nor did ray father procure it for the use of other. He, a few days afterwards, was five or six miles from home and came where there was whisky for sale. He said to the man who sold it that if he would loan him a vessel he would like to take a quart home with him. The man replied that he had nothing but a three-gallon jug but if he would take the trouble to carry that and at sometime when he was passing would send or bring it back, he was welcome to use it. Rather than send back after the whisky he procured the quart in the big jug. Learning the next morning, a very frosty morning that the whisky was there, I thought, like McDonald by the old Tory's peach brandy that it would be very good "anti-fog." So as soon as break-

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fast was over and while mother was placing my dinner in my basket I went to the kitchen where I expected mother had stowed it away and spent some time searching before I found it. I turned the big jug up and took an ordinary drink. But O horror! I had not more than swallowed it than as I lowered the jug to the floor, I had the most terrible presentiment that I was making a drunkard of myself. It seemed that right before me was a three-notched road to a drunkard's grave and then it was not very far away. I fancied that I saw the yellow earth that lay heaped up over my lifeless body while my soul was reaping the reward of a self-murderer in a drunkard's hell. So excited was I that while I lowered the jug with one hand, I lifted the other and my eye toward heaven and called on God aloud to witness that from that day forward, I would never drink another drop of ardent spirits as a beverage. There was no one present to drink with me, not even to see me drink and I could find no reason for doing it only that I loved it and I resolved never to touch it again lest this love of it, growing stronger should bring rue dishonor and an early grave and my parents sorrow.

During the next fall or winter there was a Baptist minister by the name of Ballard from Hartford. Conn., that came through the West preaching, organizing Sunday Schools and temperance societies. My father being a Baptist minister and pastor of the church in the neighborhood, as a matter of course Mr. Ballard made his acquaintance and made his house his home while in the community. In a few days after Mr. Ballard came to my father's the regular meeting of the church occurred

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and of course the strange preacher was invited to preach. After the sermon and the usual sitting of the church for business, Mr. Ballard presented and read an old-fashioned temperance pledge and accompanied it with a strong appeal to church members. My father was requested to act as secretary on the occasion and after writing the name of Josiah Haynes, whose daughter I afterwards married, and his own, there was a pause. I waited for older persons for I was not yet 20, and especially church members until I became so impatient that I could wait no longer. Calling from a back seat, I asked my father if he would write my name. I shall never forget the expression of pleasure his countenance gave as he responded, "That I will, my son, with pleasure." When I supposed he had written the name I said "Now father, please write under it FOR LIFE." Tears filled his eyes while he wrote those two words. Nor were his the only eyes that wept. Old men and women wept, and several of them spoke out saying: "When a mere youth and one that makes no profession of religion says FOR LIFE, it is time that we who profess to be Christians were signing the pledge. And they said: "Put down my name" and fast as the names could be written they continued until 20 others had been written. While I felt astonished at the influence of those two words FOR LIFE, for I had no thought of creating a sensation, I could not help feeling a kind of youthful pride that I had been permitted to exert an influence for good in the world of which I

made a part. This was nearly 50 years ago but the day that I voluntarily and alone pledged myself to God and the day that I said to my sainted father, "Write FOR LIFE" are days of my life

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that I remember with profound pleasure and I believe now that the good Lord, whose servant I trust I am, had much to do with those resolves, more than superficial thinkers may believe. I took my pledge, or pledged myself with a full of heart to keep and perform and have kept it with pleasure and today thank God for it. December 1878.

WALNUT GROVE CHURNH.

The church being in session on Saturday, July 3rd, 1880, appointed a committee to prepare a short memorial of their late deceased pastor. Eld. C. J. Kelley.

Report.

The committee appointed at the July meeting of the Walnut Grove church to put on record in the church book some memorial of the life and services of their much esteemed and beloved pastor. Eld. C. J. Kelley, would submit the following for approval:

Eld. C. J. Kelley, the subject of the following sketch was born in Ohio county. Ky., Dec. 13th, 1810, and died June the 14th, 1880, after a severe and painful sickness, protracted into several weeks. Thus has passed away by death the visible form and sinful mortality of our dear brother and beloved pastor, but his soul has returned to God who gave it. We praise Cod for his blessed hope of his glorious immortality and that he has revealed in his word that angels, heavenly messengers, are hovering around the dying bed of the Christian to bear his spirit away to Abraham's bosom, to that Celestial Paradise

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where there are no disappointments, no sorrows, no tears to wipe away; where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Bro. Kelley in very early life felt the influence and power of that Spirit which Christ said he would send into the world to convince it of sin and of righteousness, and of a judgment to come, and found peace with God in believing in a crucified and living Savior, but did not make a public profession until his 29th year.

Bro. Kelley was ordained to the gospel ministry on the 1st Lord's day in July, 1849, in the 39th year of his age; since which his time has been spent in preaching the word. Bro. Kelley is one of our pioneer ministers, who has been the instrument in the hands of God in preaching the word in many places of destitution, where churches have been established in this dark and sinful world as beacons of light to direct the sinner to, that fountain opened for sin and uncleanness; the blood of Jesus Christ which cleanses from all sin.

Bro. Kelley was a speaker of no ordinary ability. He was a natural orator. He had the happy faculty of illustrating and presenting his views of the plan of salvation to his hearers so as to make them intelligible to all. And when he was in the spirit of preaching, that is, in the Spirit of our Lord, the words of Divine truth seemed to come with such feeling and power from his heart as if they were endowed with power from on high. Oh! Brethren and Sisters, that we may again witness and feel the power of God's Spirit working in our midst, and the consolations of religion, as we have in the past.

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Brother Kelley, though possessing talents of a high order, which would have given him position and wealth in society, chose rather to be a door keeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. He chose when the Lord called to be an humble minister of His word and suffered all the privations and poverty common to the lot of the early pioneers of the Baptist ministers of Illinois, rather than sacrifice the cause of truth for worldly ease and honor.

Bro. Kelley has been pastor of the Walnut Grove church for many years, during which time much success has attended his labors. The Lord has built us up, and though we are now cold and seem to be indifferent to the cause of our blessed Master, may the Spirit of the Lord be once more in our midst, and bless the labors of his successor, Eld. K. G. Hay, and make us a tower of strength and light to His cause in this community.

This was approved by the church and ordered to be put on record, and published in the Banner.

Respectfull submitted,
J. C. MARTIN,
W. H. STOKES.
—Baptist Banner.

REMINISCENCES IN MINISTERIAL LIFE

The minister's life is a life of toil, care and disappointment, and were it not that there are many green spots to be found in it, many a timid one would abandon the field. True the "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel" rests like a mighty burden upon his soul. And who if it were not for the rejoicing consequent upon success in

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his labors of love that would not disgusted with the trials and worn out with the cares, turn away from his employ to seek a living elsewhere, choosing rather to fall into the hands of God rather than of man. Volumes have been written upon the subject in general and consequently what is here written may only be esteemed as special, however it may apply in general. It is now eight years in this month July 1857. since the Mt. Pleasant church of United Baptists in Ohio county, Kentucky in the fear of the Lord, set me apart to the responsible work of the gospel ministry.

The first church to which I was called as pastor was that of Bethlehem, Hancock county, Kentucky. This I received on Saturday before the third Sabbath in July, having been ordained two weeks previous. With this little band of noble brethren, I labored a little over four years. The shady side of my life there consisted only in some very small manifestations of jealousy on the part of a good brother with whom I was called to labor the first year, alternately, or rather conjointly. The minister was a member of the church, a good man, but an inefficient minister. I was never able to get him to preach when I was present or to do more than offer prayer and consequently was a source of perpetual solicitude on my part. I never knew a cause for it, nor that I know of did any one else, still it was evident to all there was a wound of some kind. Some thought it was caused by the church calling me to labor as pastor, though in conjunction with him, while he was yet pastor of the church.

To counterbalance all this, however, there were

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many things, any of which far outweighed all this and made more than ample compensation for all the mortification of feeling. The first thing was that of a noble band of devoted brethren and sisters. True, there were some that seemed to be old in their devotions, but there were only a few, comparatively, and this was overbalanced by the regular attendance and constant zeal of others. Some there were whose constant labors of love I can never, never forget. Among these was a Brother William Hale, long a veteran of the cross, and family, also Brother Thomas Hale and family, six of whom were members. His wife, four daughters and a son, three of whom I baptized all in their youth, a brother, a Elias Lyons and family, two of whose little daughters I baptized, another a Brother Miner E. Pate, who although a Cumberland Presbyterian, ever manifested as much zeal for the prosperity of the church as any member of the body and his constant labors of love were greatly blessed to the conversion of his children who became Baptists and with his entire consent, I have no doubt, if not, his dissatisfaction was never expressed in word or deed.

It is true that the remuneration received from that church was small, very small, but then it was always in proportion "as the Lord had prospered" and was the work of a "cheerful giver". Many were the precious seasons we had there, insomuch that I went to meet them with a heart buoyant of success. Several precious revivals resulted from the united labors of pastor and people and I had the pleasure of baptizing 52 into the fellowship of that church, and in all gathered the church doubled its number which was 61 or 62 at the commence-

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ment of my labors. Once during my stay there I baptized 32 in the presence of over 1000 persons on the first day of December, and being timed by several that were present, I was told that I did it in 15 minutes, although I came to the shore for each candidate separately, except one.

Query:—In what time could 3000 have been baptized? Suppose that the 12 with the other 70 were all present—and so we read it—then there were 82 administrators then it could be performed in 17 minutes and less than one eighth, but if there were no more than the 12 then it could have been done at the same ratio in one hour and 47 minutes and a small fraction. Away, then, with all the whining about "no time to do it in," being "impossible that the 3000 could have been baptized in one day" and such like objections for if we're not mistaken in calculation, the 12 with the other 70 all set to work at the same time, which is not at all an impossible thing. More than 10,000 could have been baptized in the time ordinarily consumed on baptismal occasions when there are no more than 20 to baptize. Enough by way of digression. With this little church I labored a little more than four years, and truly can I say that around it was a path of sunshine and in the midst a green spot—an oasis indeed.

Some time in April following my ordination, which was in July 1849, I was written to from Blackford county, Kentucky, and was requested to be present at church, seven miles southwest from Hawesville, Hancock the next meeting. The letter was perhaps written in March and in April I attended. The object of the letter

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was only to procure my services in baptizing some candidates who had been waiting for baptism for some months on account of the absence of their pastor. I attended as requested, and to my surprise the church on Saturday, their day of business, made a unanimous call upon me for my services as pastor. I consented after one month to consider and entered upon my duties. I must confess I never entered upon any duties trembling nor with more earnest prayer to God. In the first place, the church was made up principally of two families, or family connections, and was almost all the time in a state of war or at least a state of confusion. There was at the time an ordained

minister, a minister of the church who headed one division of the church and being an ambitious, and I have ever feared a bad man, kept it all the time in a broil. The trembling with which I entered upon my duties here was on account of the constant bickerings of the church and my youth and inexperience in the work of a minister, and especially that of pastor. The church, however, desired it and did not someone come and come quickly to her aid it was evident that she must sink. Blackford was one of the oldest interests in that section of the country and I felt that basely to turn away from the call of a flock when it was evident that the wolf was in the midst would be unworthy of a shepherd, however youthful. And with these feelings and with a confident look to the Lord for help. I consented at their next meeting to labor for them for 12 months. The Lord was gracious to me in this trial, for although there were but few additions during 15 months that I labored for them, still in about three months after I had commenced the church was at peace and for the first time in three years

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celebrated the Lord's supper. The minister, of whom mention has been made, seeing that there was a steady determination on my part as pastor and on the part of some of the firmer members to drive things to a close and critical settlement, wisely, so far as he was concerned, sold out his possessions and taking a letter of dismission from the church and with his family left the country for another State. Peace being restored to the church, at the close of my services we had a precious revival in the membership with some awakening among sinners which resulted soon after in several additions by baptism. in this church there were some noble brethren and sisters. Old Brother John Snyder may be set down as the most prominent, although he had for more than a year, become almost silent through disgust for some and hopeless despair of others. Brother Snyder and wife, Brother Peter Bruner, Jr., and wife, Brother Martin Bruner and wife of whom it may be emphatically said it was a bright and shining light in season and out of season. Nor would I dare ever forget Sister Jane Bruner, a young sister but one of sterling piety, always deeply interested for the welfare of the church. I shall never forget one night when all seemed to be so cold and indifferent, save a very few. An opportunity had been given after prayer had been offered to anyone who felt to speak a word of encouragement. Brother Jim Snyder and then Brother Bruner having told their feelings and how each had for weeks been engaged singly in earnest prayer for an outpouring of His spirit, she sprang to her feet and cried out: "Bless the Lord. O my soul. We shall have the blessing for I too, have been for weeks without knowing that another was twice every

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day earnestly beseeching the Lord for this thing." Turning to the brethren and sisters she grasped them by the hand and I have seldom heard a more powerful appeal on the subject of practical piety; the whole membership seemed to be fired and a precious outpouring truly a refreshing from the presence of the Lord was the result. This meeting closed my pastoral labors with this church. Over the remuneration received from this church I choose to draw a veil.

About the same time that I was called to the pastoral care of this church, there was a small and very weakly little church that gave me a call and here I must say that there is great folly in setting up so many little churches. This little one had been organized out of a handful that lived in a neighborhood, not too remote, however, for them to have gone to one of two strong churches, one on the east and the other on the west, over perhaps four miles from any member. They got letters, however, from the two churches and organized. They were supplied with pastoral labors some two or three years before I was called. I accepted and preached for them about four months. On Saturdays, although the hour for meeting was eleven o'clock, It would be twelve before there

would be any one there. At last I advised the brethren, and as I thought and yet think for their good, to dissolve their congregation and return to the churches from whence they had come. They took my advice and I met with them no more. Their remuneration was equal to what I expected when I entered upon my labors, small but equal to my expectations. The most efficient members of this church was Brother T. O. Moreman.

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For Brother Moreman I shall ever cherish a more than ordinary regard. He always seemed to manifest more than ordinary feelings lest in my zeal I should be drawn into some error. He and I although raised some 15 or 18 miles apart, had made each other's acquaintance and from our first acquaintance were fast friends.

In July following and about one year after my ordination, I was called to the pastoral care of Pond Run church. With this church I labored 12 months with but little success and yet in the winter after, I attended a meeting of some days with the church and baptized 13 willing converts. This church has some very devoted members among whom is old Brother and Sister Pattie, old Brother George Matthews and Brother Thomas Phillips and wife than whom no man perhaps better deserves the name of disciple. This church, however, has never been very efficient, surrounded as it is with a very wicked, dissipated community. There were some members of the church who kept their barrels of whisky and in open defiance of law, both civil and divine, sold to all that called!

In the revival meeting to which reference has been made, I had the assistance of Rev. Armstrong, a riding missionary. Indeed, I went to his assistance rather than he to mine. And here it may be of interest to record some of the features of that meeting. Elder Armstrong had gone there as to a destitute place, the church at that time being without a pastor. After he had been there for five or six days, there being quite an interest, there was a Methodist ranter that thrust himself in upon him. The Elder being much exhausted was led by the recommendation of the neighbors to invite him to preach two

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sermons of that fire and brimstone order so peculiar to Methodists was sufficient to dissipate almost every serious impression and the meeting was seemingly almost at an end for good. I went to the place and was met in the yard by a man with whom I had been acquainted since we were boys, but who made no pretensions to religion and was of a rather skeptical turn of mind. Said he, "Now sir, if you can do any good, now is your time. We have quite a meeting here but Br. Armstrong has imprudently let in a Methodist ranter upon us and everything is dead; the wagon's mired certain." Br. Armstrong said about the same thing after which it was agreed that I should take over the meeting. The interest revived and the meeting taking a happy turn resulted in 13 baptisms. The ranter left the community.

During the next Summer I was called to the Hawesville church, located in Hawesville the county seat of Hancock county on the Ohio river. With the church I labored one Sabbath in a month for the first year and two Sabbaths for the next eight months, when I resigned to move to the State of Illinois. With the church I had "shady" as well as "sunny sides". I found in that church a deep wound between two influential families growing out of a matter of politics. To settle this difficulty was my first effort and at times I almost despaired. The principles were an ordained Minister and a deacon of the church, the clerk of the court, and a young man of sterling piety. Each had been candidates for the office of clerk and in this campaign their feelings had become estranged from each other. This, I looked upon as the practical evidence of the evil of ministers entangling

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themselves with the world. Elder Stone could have been a good preacher, but neither he nor Brother anybody else could be a good minister of the Lord Jesus Christ and a good politician, or servant of the government at the same time.

It took about six or seven months to reconcile this difficulty and then it was accomplished much sooner than it would have been by the united efforts of a dear Brother Head, pastor of Cloverport church, some ten miles up the river, where Eld. Head had arranged for us to hold a meeting. We had labored together several days before the difficulty was finally settled and no sooner was it done than the church moved onward. One thing is worthy of mention here, however, the deacon had already gone to his eternal reward; they two the Elder and Deacon having already been reconciled and the estrangement so that the estrangement only existed between the Elder and other members of the deacon's family.

When I heard of his death I was almost lead to complain at the providences of God. His disease was cholera, that dreadful scourge of the human family, and terminated his life a very few hours after the attack. He had been watching over the sick with that disease when all others were panic stricken. Having worked with untiring vigilance, he had watched until the Lord called, "Watch, what of the night" and although, the cry was a sermon for the watchman, still was he ready? Laying aside calmly and resignedly the veil of the flesh, he entered upon his eternal reward. Long will his memory live in the minds of those who best knew him. John G. Hawley now rests in the cemetery in or near

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Hawesville. In connection with the Hawesville church, I have also labored with a small arm of the church some five miles above in Sterrett's bottoms where I had the pleasure of baptizing several. After the peace of the Hawesville church, I can truly say that I had a pleasant time and success in my labors. The brethren agreed with me at a certain amount which was regularly paid every visit, sometimes a little more and sometimes a little less.

ROCKSPRING. In October, if I am not mistaken, I was called to the care of this church in Davis county In what is styled the beech woods. This church is situated in a very wealthy community and altogether numbered over 200 members, white and black. The black membership, however, worshiped to themselves or on separate days, but in the same house having two of the white members appointed to assist them in the business of the church. This church gave me \$100 per year for one Sabbath and Saturday. I stayed with them two years, the last year, however, they did not give me the full amount, although I labored as diligently as ever I did anywhere. There was but little apparent good done. The membership principally was at a distance from the meeting house, while immediately around it there was a community of rich aristocrats. They were generally good, kind neighbors, attentive on the Sabbath, and some of them always contributed more or less to the ministry, but seemed to think when this was done all was done. This church continued in the same place some two years after my administration having been there for perhaps 30, and the divided half or at least a part of

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them to Yelvington, a little town some two miles north on the road from Owensboro to Hawesville. The other division organized in a neighborhood some four or five miles southeast; built a new house and are now in a flourishing condition. In this church were some good members, I may say many. Among them may be mentioned: Brothers Johnson Robinson, James H. Haynes, William

C. Jett, E. Hawes, J. S. Ford, J. H. Jessie and A. Burton. I parted with this church a few weeks before I started to this State (Illinois) having closed my second pastoral year:

ZION CHURCH.—Zion church was the church of my membership at the time that I left my native state. To the pastoral care of this church I was called perhaps in May before I removed in November 1853. This church was built entirely in its organization out of the Mt. Pleasant church, the oldest in the county north of Rough Creek and was organized out of about 40 members. A Br. Gillaspy and I, both ordained ministers, were of the number, Br. Gillaspy being the elder in the ministry by about one year. He was first called to the care of the church and after him I was called, the brethren thinking proper as we were both members and ministers to call us alternately to the pastorate. Zion church built a church in partnership with the Cumberland Presbyterians whose society was called Ebenezer, and although holding sentiments widely different on some points, continued to this day in a spirit of perfect amity. Few communities perhaps, are better calculated to live in his kind of peace than this. in this church there were some most excellent mem-

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bers who may be mentioned: H. Haynes, W. A. Haynes, Elder J. R. Gillaspy, with many others. Ed Roach, as I always called him, is one of my favorites. This man I had the pleasure of baptizing with some others about the commencement of my ministry. And in this church I must say there are many good sisters, as there are with all others, but I name this because it was the church of my membership. In the Cumberland Presbyterian Society that worshiped there were many that were devotedly pious but out of them I must be allowed to say that David Willis was one of a thousand. Thorough Presbyterian as he was, there was always a spirit of zeal in his course, whether in a Baptist or Pede-Baptist meeting, so much so that I have often known him to labor for an hour in a Baptist meeting to induce someone, whose duty he believed it to be, to join the Baptist church.

The wife of Mr. Willis is a sister to my wife and a more thorough Baptist perhaps does not live anywhere than she and yet there is the most perfect agreement between them; each on a communion occasion sits back until the congregation of the other is served and then to their home without any annoyance to the feelings of the other. This closes my labors with churches statedly in Kentucky. During my ministry there, however, I labored at many other places sometimes with success and sometimes with little or none, at least visible. My first labors with others was at Mt. Pleasant church where my membership was at first and this while I was a member and minister. At this meeting there were 34 accessions by baptism, the half of whom I baptized, the other half by Br. Gallaspy, the pastor. This I did by the re-

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quest of the pastor and yet there came very nearly being a deep wound inflicted which would have separated us in our feelings. It was this: Some of the converts who had been raised up under my immediate observation and whose parents and I had been schoolmates together desired that I should baptize them; I named it to the pastor; he willingly consented and said that he had intended to say as much to me. It came to the ears of some of the older members – I say some one or two who stoutly objected and said it was the duty of the pastor and that I could not do it.

Brother Gillaspy, a man of remarkably mild and unoffending disposition, who would always rather suffer than resent an injury, said to me that he supposed that he would have necessarily to do all the baptizing. I simply answered, "Very well," and went home. The next day I came very nearly not going and would not have gone but for the feelings of some others. Soon after I got there Br. G. meeting me said, "Well, Brother Kelley, are you going to assist me in

baptizing today?" I replied, "No sir, I am not. 'Did you not tell me last evening that I could not, although it was the request of some of the candidates?' Just at this time several of the brethren stepped to where we were talking, to speak to us about the same thing, desiring that we should both, as we were both ordained ministers and members of the church, engage in the administration of the ordinance. I said, "No", that some of the members had objected and that 'I should not unless the objection was withdrawn. One of the brethren observed that I must not say no, that I was servant of the church. I told him that I knew

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that but that while I was willing to acknowledge myself the servant, I would let him and all others know I was not the slave to be "whistled on and off" at the whim or caprice of any or all. I then took occasion, the objections being waived and Br. Gillaspay with others desiring it, to give Br. G. a lecture on ministerial independence asserting that there was an independence belonging to ministers which no church dare to trample on and that whenever a church dared thus to presume that from that hour I ceased to be its servant. Among these things, it was the duty of the pastor of the church by virtue of his office to baptize all who might demand it at the hands of the church, and that he might if he chose to engage another to fill his place. Br. Gillaspay took the matter kindly and we were all right again.

BETHABAA: Two falls in succession I labored with their pastor, Elder J. P. Ellis than whom no man better deserves the name of Christian. The Lord graciously blessed our labors at each of the meetings. There are many good brethren and sisters in that church. some of whom I am sure I shall never forget. The brethren knew well how to reward the laborer. Previous to my pastoral services I labored with a brother. D. Dodson in the Rock Spring church with some success, preaching night and day. With this same brother I labored at Litchfield, the county seat of Grayson county, where we had a pleasant time and quite a revival both in and out of the church. Several were added to an almost dead church having no pastor. Br. Dodson and I have spent some 34 days together, Br. Ellis between 50 and 100. With Elder Head, of Webster county, the pastor of

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Cloverport I have spent some 30 or more days in some precious revivals. With other churches I have labored alone with more or less success. With Elder J. M. Bennet I have labored some several times—once at Goshen. Breckenridge county where there were about 30 accessions by baptism. With all these brethren I used to love to labor, with none better than with Brother Ellis. May the Lord bless them with many days and much usefulness.

During my stay in Kentucky, the home of my youth, both as a man and as a minister I was engaged frequently as missionary laboring under the direct patronage of the Goshen Association Missionary Board for which I received one dollar per day giving five dollars per annum besides my contributions at the Association meeting, which usually amounted to five dollars more. This, it is true, was but a small amount but always pressed me in my poverty. Among the many acquaintances made among the membership of Kentucky many, very many will be remembered by me with my latest hour of reason with the fondest feelings. In that State I have many warm friends as well as some warm enemies.

My unflinching, uncompromising principles as a Baptist a temperance man gathered me some haters, especially among the pedos, especially the Methodists and many among the liquor-loving gentry. I cannot forget a Methodist class leader who after having repeatedly invited me to come to his school house and preach and after I had done so and when a number were converted

and desired to become Baptists and whom I did baptize, broke out in a furious tirade against me. Nothing but

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religious intolerance ever caused it. While however I had some virulent enemies among them, I had also some warm friends some of whom (Presbyterians) I have already made mention and one a Brother Brown—William Brown and family (Methodist). He was one of these truly good men who loved to know the truth and do it.

Not long before I left the State he sent for me by his worthy daughters to a place where I was holding a protracted service. He not being able to come that day requested that I would come home with the girls. On my arrival he told me that he had some difficulties that he wished to lay before me for my opinion. The first, said he that of "imputed righteousness." "What", said he, "do you understand by it?" I told him that I simply understood that Christ's righteousness made over to us through faith in Him and repentance towards God became our righteousness. "Then," said he, "if that be fact, away with the doctrine of apostasy or falling from grace as Methodists term it," "Yes sir," said I "That is true; upon this rock we firmly stand and bid defiance to the powers of earth and hell," The righteousness, of Christ or rather of God secured to us through the mediation of His son becomes our righteousness; and consequently it may be said of us that "we are righteous, even as He is righteous." "Well", said he, "I came upon that subject incidentally the other day in a discourse and I was forced to give an opinion and this very idea forced itself upon me and I was, or felt I was compelled to declare it; and from that time to this I have been examining the subject, and although it overturns one of the prominent doctrines of our church, yet I cannot avoid the con-

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clusion, so powerful are the convictions at its truth." "There is another subject I wish us to examine, but at present I am too ill." This subject I learned afterwards was baptism. But he died before we had an opportunity, and his worthy Christian daughters, as well as some of his sons became Baptists. I have no doubt had I continued in the State and had he lived such was our intimacy that I should have had the pleasure of baptizing him and his family, He was inquiring after the truth and was a very conscientious man. Long shall I remember Brother Brown and his amiable family: Harriet, Jane, James, George, Joel and others with, their pious stepmother, whose maiden name was Lyons.

GOES TO ILLINOIS.

From Kentucky I removed to Illinois under the most solemn convictions of soul that the spirit of the Lord directed in September 1853. I came to the State (Wayne county) on a visit, with Brother Ellis of whom I have spoken in other places, at the earnest request of a little handful of Baptists who had been living without church privileges for years, indeed ever since that blighting mildew curse (Parkerism) had settled down upon the country. During our stay there we were engaged twice a day in preaching, singing and praise. We had with us Elders Sneed and Webb of Hamilton county, Illinois, who by appointment had commenced the meeting the day previous to our arrival, notice of which had been given us in Kentucky. The good Lord was pleased to grant us His presence and a precious revival was the result of our labors. On the first Sabbath of our meeting 12 of the

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brethren and sisters present desired to be organized into a church which was accordingly done.

There were in the organization two brethren, Samuel C. Pendleton and J. R. Carter and ten sisters. On the second Sabbath, which was the last day of our meeting I had the pleasure or baptizing 24 willing converts in the presence of the largest congregation I ever saw assembled on a religious occasion. I have no doubt but that there were over 2,000 persons in attendance on the river shore (at Mill Shoals). The baptizing was near a hill from which plank had been procured and seats erected and before going down into the water Brother Ellis delivered a discourse from these exortational words: "As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord so walk ye in Him." It was one of Brother Ellis' most happy efforts and many that were there wept like children.

At the close of the sermon the privilege was offered to any that might desire to become members and two precious young ladles, daughters of my old uncle, L. C. Kelley, came forward weeping and asked a membership with us. Their father, although belonging to the old Regular (Hardsiders) wept with them and encouraged them both with his presence and words as did also their mother, my aunt. These 24, including the 12 organized into the church the week before and others who by letter and relation had come in during the meeting, left a church of 48 members.

The next morning Brother Ellis and I were to start on our return home in Kentucky, some 140 miles. It was hard parting, hard, hard. None but they that have

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felt know how hard. Many were the earnest solicitations for us to return. Many that "Can't you come one, or both and settle among us?" Such was the force of the repeated cry, "Come over and help us" that before we had left the community more than 20 miles I had resolved to return with my family as soon as possible. One thing especially was there that led to this determination. A young man whom I afterwards baptized, Brother Martin V. Hunsinger rode with us some five or six miles in the morning, and, although he had not yet made any profession of religion and professed, as was doubtless true, that he desired our instruction that morning as respected himself, yet in his conversation he could not confine himself to his own case, but every few minutes would be lamenting over the desolate and forsaken condition of the country urging us not to forget the little church that we had left was in an enemy's land and had no shepherd to guard them, and that in addition there were many who had been awakened to a sense of guilt but had no one to point them to the remedy. Long before we had parted, we were fully convinced that his soul was filled with a spirit of Christ, a longing for the salvation of others. We called his attention to this fact urging it upon him as an evidence of his acceptance with God. Our suggestions encouraged him to look more directly at the evidence of a converted heart. Before he had reached home while riding along reading a portion of the Blessed Word pointed out to him by Brother Ellis, he was enabled to rejoice in a full assurance of faith and his acceptance. The exhortations of this excellent young man and brother, as I have already said, had much to do in determining my mind and I shall ever believe that God

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sent that brother with us on our way that morning. I know that there are those who will smile at the idea, but Cod works and He works by means and without means He works not at all. In three weeks from the time that I arrived at home I was ready to start to the place of my choice. I wrote back immediately to Illinois and in answer to my letter, according to their proposition two of the brethren each with a two-horse wagon came to assist me and in four weeks we were on our way. Starting on Saturday, laying by on the Sabbath we arrived at the point of our destination all safe without any difficulties save such as are common on such removals, one the next Friday. (The author's daughter, Mrs. Elvira J. Carter, Fairfield, Illinois, who is still living August 1920, at the

age of 87 years tells that besides the two wagons used to haul their household goods, the father, mother and baby Oscar came in a buggy and the remainder of the family come in a three-seated "hack". They crossed the Ohio at Bon Harbor in a ferry boat. Jesse Boyce drove one of the wagons. His mother was an aunt of Wilbur Pendleton. They came through Shawneetown. John Carter drove the three-seated covered wagon. Steamboats were at this time running on the Ohio. They brought a lot of provisions with them and used the stoves of the settlers to warm food on.)

Here I set me down to labor and with the blessings of God was abundantly successful. The second Sabbath after my arrival I baptized seven who had found the Lord precious to them during my absence including the young man, Brother M. V. Hunsinger, of whom mention

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has already been made. From that time for three years there was what might be called an almost continual revival. There was seldom more than two months intervening that we were not called to administer baptism to some precious soul who desired to put on Christ. At the end of three years trouble entered our midst for something over 18 months, one in the form of aspirant to office of pastor to one of the churches—indeed I have reason to believe to all—for by this time under my labors there were three churches, including the one first organized. This man whose name I shall suppress, for about ten months pursued me with a strange kind of malignance and by the circulation of a falsehood a few days before the election of pastor, obtained the place in time first or Pleasant Grove church. No sooner had he obtained the place of pastor than he introduced a state of confusion that came very nearly destroying the church. My mortification was such that I had never felt before. It was not because I was deposed from the pastorate but because of the manner in which it had been done. To know that a man professing to be a minister of the gospel would circulate among the members of the church what he knew to be an untruth that he might rise to the office of pastor was something that overwhelmed me with grief and astonishment. That part of the church that originated the organization was so mortified that they came very nearly separating from the church and but for my earnest entreaties, some of them would.

The principal part of those who took part with this minister were persons who had been received by letter and who had come from the same country with himself

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With these, however, it was that he could make capital with his falsehood. In a few weeks when they saw or found that what he had circulated was false, there was an almost universal discontent. The first thing that he did alter becoming pastor was to prefer charges against two young men, one at least of whom had been his best friend. This he did in less than five minutes after he had obtained the place. This act of his produced such a sensation in the minds of a number of his friends that had the election of pastor been deferred until it was done he never would have obtained the place. This was one thing more that gave me mortification. I had refused other offers as a minister that were vastly to my advantage so far as finance was concerned that I might labor for that people. I had settled down there determined to live and labor and die with them, although they were poor and could not possibly give me anything like a fair compensation for my labors. I had sacrificed about \$600 for them, indeed very nearly all I had. They had been struggling along to build them a house and I had struggled with them. Their house, a very neat frame 30x40 feet was just completed. For the building of which I had given \$70 while the minister referred to had not given one cent nor one hour of time, and on one occasion when the subject of finishing the church was before us and we were trying to stimulate the brethren to come up to the work he said openly that it we continued to cry money that the church would go all to pieces.

On his way home he remarked that he would as soon go to a New Orleans gambling house to get money to build that house, as to the members of that church. On

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being asked for an explanation by some of the brethren who felt aggrieved at the expression, he remarked that he said so because gamblers are a sort of whole-souled, liberal fellows that would as soon give as not. This did not satisfy the brethren for they said that the reasons assigned were worse than the remark and on an acknowledgement being demanded he said that he did not mean to cast odium on the church, and supposed that he ought not to have said it. All, however, never satisfied the brethren. He continued, at my earnest solicitation a member, for I told some of the brethren that although it might be right to arraign him before the church, that until all, or nearly all, could see the necessity for it, it were best to hear the evil. The brethren all that voted for me and a number that had voted for him said that they wished me to preach for them once a month. I consented to do so until I found that he was making remarks about it, and trying to prejudice the minds of some by saying that I, with others were not willing to abide by the voice of the church, and that he would like to know what I meant by it or what right I had to make a regular appointment. I then determined that sooner than see the church go to ruin by staying when my presence would cause a lasting separation between the members, that I would bear persecution of a vile traducer and consequently removed to Madison county some 100 miles from the place, continuing to preach once a month for two churches, one six miles north and the other eight miles southeast of the church of which I have been speaking.

Many were the sorrowful days the brethren have passed there at Pleasant Grove waiting for the close of

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the year for which this man had been called as pastor with the determination to do without a pastor sooner than call the same man. Many, many were the sorrowful hours that I passed watching over them and advising them for their good on every occasion, for they were my children in the gospel and I left them with a heavy heart so that it may be truly said that here also I had my sunny and shady side.

But was my lot an easy one in my new home? Here I was called to the pastoral care of the Pleasant Ridge church without a dissenting voice. Yet notwithstanding this was the case, there I very soon found to my utter astonishment, several that were my bitterest enemies and this too without any knowledge of me save what they had obtained during some ten days preaching that I had done for them six months previous, at which time they manifested every kindness, except a few who were connected with an old minister who at that time was supplying the church. This man, though a minister of the gospel for over forty years, had not yet learned that jealousy was the demon of discord, and instead of giving me a hearty welcome on my visit, had no sooner been introduced to me than he and a son who was a member of the church, began to interrogate me as to how I came there, whether I had heard of the meeting before I left home and whether I calculated to settle in the county and such like questions. So evidently was their jealousy that brethren seeing it were quite mortified. I however, for want of a knowledge of their general character, was unappraised that their questions were the result of jealousy until I had moved to the field of my labors. So

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manifest was it then that I Inquired of some if such might not be the case, when I was told by not a few of the best members that it evidently was and was directed to the interrogations the fall before.

This jealousy soon brought its legitimate offspring malice and revenge. I had not been there two weeks, not more at least, when one of the members, my nearest neighbor, commenced circulating a most malicious falsehood in the surrounding community, telling first to men who had no connection with the church then by degrees to such of the members as he found he could influence. He was a very ignorant man and had for years been a very indifferent member, absenting himself for months from the house of God. I have ever believed, however, that he was less to blame than some others that were perhaps the wire-workers in the matter. Some very good brethren were caused to grow cold and to manifest it. This state of things forced the better part of the church to inquire into it, and to make known the cause of the leanness in our congregation; for when I was there on my visit on every coming together there was a crowded house. This brought the matter to mind for he first time. I knew there something the matter, but what it was I was unable to tell. I waited for the brother, as he reported himself aggrieved, to come to me like a brother and make his grievance known. But failing to do it, I took with me the deacons of the church and four other brethren and asked him to state the cause of offense them, and if he stated the truth and the brethren believed that I had done wrong, and had actually given offense that I was ready to make such acknowledgements

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as they should think were due, for that I had the utmost confidence in their judgment. He flew into a passion and after making some as notoriously false statements as ever perjured man uttered, and I trying to reason with him, he left out presence abruptly and said he would not try to settle it, so the matter ended with us, and the whole was laid before the church for her action.

The brethren that were with me were convinced that his statements were false and so voted the church. And then ordered that he be cited to attend the next meeting and answer the charge of false statements. The meeting after passed and although he promised to obey the call of the church, yet refusing the church thought proper to exclude him and so voted. Sunny side.

Here after some six months of stated preaching, the church thought proper to make a protracted effort which resulted in nine accessions to the church, sever by baptism, two by letter and to some extent the revival of the brethren. Some good, devoted brothers and sisters there are here. In this place there are some good members but possessed with a great spirit of money-making. Money, money, money is time great rage. More, more money and finer houses. Oh, how truly is the "love of money the root of all evil," the source of discord, of distrust, envy, hatred, strife, and at last revenge. It steals the conscience, paralyzes the sympathies, hardens the heart, stupefies the soul, freezes the lifeblood and sets on fire of hell the whole man and so I find it wherever I have been, more in some places than in others. Sometimes otherwise good men become so absorbed in the thing of riches they forget everything else. They

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forget their God too, their former love, the wants too of their fellow men, and indeed may be said to be worse than blank in society—a moral incubus on the wheels of Zion.

Time passes on and I find myself wholly unable to do the good here that I had hoped to do, and believe that I could do elsewhere. Therefore I determined to leave. I removed at the earnest request of the brethren whom I had left in Wayne and White counties, the field of my former labors, the first day of my first efforts in the State.

The church as soon as I had left it became the scene of confusion and discord which resulted in the accession of some not at all to their advantage and in the exclusion of others. Those excluded, however, were in my humble opinion unworthy of a place, although they had been the first to meet me on my entrance there. But I would draw a veil over their faults if possible and try never to remember them again, but in kindness.

On my return to the pastoral care of the church (Pleasant Grove) I found much work of a very disagreeable character to occupy my time but I forbear to name them. I labored for them over two years and filially after peace was restored I relinquished the care of the church for reasons I propose never to record. I felt perfectly justifiable and have never felt otherwise. In this church there are a number of good members. Elder B. S. Meeks whom I baptized and assisted in ordaining to the ministry, is not only a good man, but a good minister.

Although the church now numbers nearly 200 mem-

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bers (1869), yet last year according to the statement of one of their deacons they gave him only \$8.00 all told and yet they gave the same deacon \$12.00 as sexton. I had this from the deacon's own lips. Shame! Shame!

Bethel church in White county is the church of my membership at present, 1869 and has been under my care ever since its organization in the fall of 1855. Although few in numbers, they have still slowly increased. In this body we have had but few cases of discipline and none of a very serious character. The church, however, has held it's life as it were in its hand being surrounded by the Parkerite interest of regular Predestinarian Baptists than whom a more bigoted and intolerant faction as a denomination does not live. Many of them are my neighbors, some of them are my nearest, and as such I respect them in the highest sense of the term. They are not only good neighbors but kind; but for the selfish claim to the dignity of the only true church of God on earth, I hold the utmost contempt. They are much the strongest in that community, but are destined to go down whenever their present leaders pass away. John Hunsinger, a very worthy man, is their present leader.

With this church, Bethel, I labored 16 years in regular succession as pastor in the most constant peace. We have said the church was surrounded by a very unnatural opposition; it therefore never became strong in numbers, perhaps never over 60. In this church there were some of the most devoted members. I must be permitted to name M. V. Hunsinger and mother. Old sister Hunsinger, "Aunt Polly" as she was most familiarly called, was truly a mother to me and my family.

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There were other members good and true: Ezekiel Hunsinger, Robert Cross and wife, Matilda King, Sister Sarah Hunsinger, wife of M. V. Hunsinger, Sister King and sister Sarah Hunsinger and sister Elizabeth Cross, wife of Robert Cross were sisters indeed, while old sister Hunsinger was more; she was mother and sister. I would be glad to name other good brethren and sisters but forbear except old Uncle Adam, as ho was called, by all. Brother Adam Hunsinger was one of the very best of men and, although he never took a prominent place in the church he was one of the best read men in the New Testament I ever saw, perhaps the best. I frequently remarked of him that he was a live Bible Concordance. Robert Cross was one of the most attentive listeners I ever preached to in life. He never suffered his business to keep him from his seat in church.

I feel to record here something of the history of that man, with the hope that if ever read by others, it may do good. The first time I ever noticed him present at preaching was a few Sabbaths after my removal to the State. (Here the narrative suddenly ends.)

REV. C. J. KELLEY'S CERTIFICATE OF ORDINATION

To all those to whom these presents may come, Greeting:

Know all men by these presents, that we Simon Buckhannan, Joseph P. Ellis and John R. Gallaspy, ordained Ministers of the United Baptist Church of Jesus Christ, certify that we did on Saturday before the first Sabbath in July 1849, in the presence of Mount Pleasant Church of United Baptists in Ohio County, Kentucky,

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and at her request, proceed to ordain and to set apart by the imposition of hands, to the work of the Ministry our beloved Brother, Dr. Carter J. Kelley, In good standing and in full fellowship with the church whom we deem worthy of the confidence (and faithful) of all men and fully able to defend the doctrines of Christ.

Given under our hand the day and date first above written.

SIMEON BUCKHANNAN,
JOSEPH P. ELLIS,
JOHN R. GALLASPY,
Presbytery.

Attest: Edmund A. Truman,

Clerk Mount Pleasant Church.

SPIRITED DEBATE

(Wayne County, Illinois, March 1857)

Pleasant Grove Church, E. W. Overstreet, Pastor.

At a meeting previously appointed for a minister's meeting, there being no ministers present, save those whose membership was with the church, the following order was observed:

S. C. Pendleton was appointed Moderator, D. K. Felix, Clerk.

The following scripture was introduced as a subject of debate: John 3:5. Query: "Does the phrase "born of water" refer to water baptism?"

Eider B. W. Overstreet affirms.

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Elder C. J. Kelley denies.

The debate was warmly entered upon and continued for about two hours, each of the disputants having two speeches of one half hour each. At the close, the proposition by some member, that the voice of the congregation be taken prevailed, and the whole congregation voting it was unanimously in favor of the negative, save the disputant on the side of the affirmative who arose and remarked (with an air characteristic of the man) that he was still unshaken in his opinions and that it would take more than Brother Kelley or Brother Anybody else to convince him of the falsity of his position.

The meeting then adjourned in peace and harmony. Preaching on Sabbath by Brother Kelley.

S. C. Pendleton, Moderator, D. K. Felix, Clerk. The above is in substance a copy.
(Signed) C. J. Kelley.

THE FAMILY OF VIRGINIA ALICE' KELLEY.

Virginia Alice Kelley, the ninth child of Carter J. and Paulina H. Kelley was born March 1st, 1850 in Ohio county, Kentucky and was in her fourth year when her parents moved to Wayne county, Illinois. She grew to womanhood in Wayne and White counties and in 1873 the parents moved to Ewing, Illinois. Here she entered Ewing High School where she continued in the institution until a college charter was obtained. On August 29th, 1874 she was married to James A. Reid, a student of Ewing College. To this union was born a son and daughter, twins, Alba and Amble, the

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daughter only survived.

Losing her husband in April 1876, she was married June 15th, 1882 to John W. McFatrige, a druggist of Ewing. To this union came one son and two daughters, Arden, Flora and Stella.

She lost the husband December 16th, 1889. In 1891 she was married to N. W. White who died in April 1900.

Ambie Reid, the oldest child was born June 3rd, 1875, at Ewing, Illinois, and was married September 1900, at Watseka, Illinois and is living with her family the husband and two children, a son and daughter, in East St. Louis. Arvelle Cross was born Dec. 20, 1907, at Litchfield, Ill. Sybil Cross was born June 29th, 1913 in St. Louis, Mo. Arden McFatrldge was born October 21st, 1883 in Franklin county, Illinois. He was married to Jessie Hutchison, youngest daughter of J. L. Hutchison, of Mt. Vernon. He is living In Princeton, Indiana, has six children: Helen, born April 14th, 1906, John E., born October 21st, 1908, Harry H. born January 1st, 1911, Dorothy born November 19th, 1913. Arden, Jr., born January 1919, and Virginia Alice, born in July, 1920.

Flora McFathridge was born April 1st, 1885 In Franklin county, Illinois. She was married in Mt. Vernon, Ill, to F. C. Wiecke, November 14th, 1903, and is living In Mt. Vernon with her husband and three children. Frederick, the oldest son was born October 15th, 1911. Robert Haynes was born April 16th, 1914. John Sidney was born October 27th, 1917.

Stella McFatrige, youngest grandchild of the C. J.

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Kelley family was born March 8th, 1887 in Franklin county, Illinois. She was married to Harry P. Webb, of Ewing, Ill. She, with her husband is living in Mt. Vernon, Ill., with whom the mother makes her home.

CONTRIBUTED BY MRS.GERTRUDE (KELLEY) SCOTT.

I would like to contribute a few lines to the history of the Carter-Kelley-Haynes families for my children and grandchildren to read in future years.

My children know very little of their mother's people. My father was the son of Benjamin H. Kelley, my mother the daughter of David J. Kelley and sister of Carter J. Kelley, the author of this history, my two grandfathers being brothers. Father and mother were both born in Kentucky in the year 1820 and were married January 1st, 1846, and settled in Owensboro, Ky., where I was born October 28th, 1846. There were nine children born to them of which eight grew to manhood and womanhood. There were six boys, viz: David, H., John C., Ben J., Will R. James A. and Luther

N. One girl, America Ann, died in infancy. Another, Doll, as she was always called, died In 1892, at Great Bend, Kansas. My father moved to Illinois when I was 11 years old. The greatest part of my young days were spent at Salem, Marion county, Illinois.

I was married to George Scott, a carpenter and builder, of Fairfield, Ill., October 24th, 1877 at Salem. He was a widower the second time with five children,

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To us were born four, three boys and one girl, our first son dying in infancy. My husband, their father, died when our daughter was a little more than two years old on February 16th, 1891. He was buried In Maple Hill cemetery, Fairfield, Ill. I have been a widow the past 29 years and am living alone in Fairfield. My children are all grown and gone their own way. I have two stepchildren still living and have several grand and great-grandchildren that are very near and dear to me. I have just two dear sweet grandchildren of my own: Elda three years old and Wanda one year old. Their mother, Edna Scott-Flick being my baby. My father moved to Emporia, Kansas in 1881 where mother died January 9th, 1886. Father died at Great Bend, Kansas March 13th, 1889. Both are burled at Emporia, Kansas.

OBITUARY.

We are called upon to make the sad announcement of the death of . Brother C. J. Kelly. He died at his home near Barnhill, Wayne County, Illinois, June 14, 1880, after a painful Illness,

Bro. Kelley was born December 18, 1810, in Ohio county, Ky. He found peace with God in the eleventh year of his age; but was not baptized until in his 29th year, when himself and wife were both baptized at the same time.

He was ordained to the ministry on the first Lord's Day in July, 1849, in Mt. Pleasant church. Ohio county, Ky. At the time of his ordination he had been for ten

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years engaged in the practice of medicine. Feeling that the Divine call demanded all his time, he dropped his secular profession and from that day has never made a professional visit to the sick, unless called in consultation with other physicians.

He was immediately called to a pastorate and has served in that capacity nearly ever since. During the most prosperous year of his ministry he baptized over 200. As to the whole number during his 30 years' ministry he has kept no record. He has had the oversight of twenty five different churches. Was with one 14 years, and another 16, without intermission. About four years after his ordination he came to Illinois, since which time the greater part of his labor has been in this state. He has preached occasionally in every county south of Springfield except two.

He commenced the publication of the Baptist Banner in the year 1874, being senior editor of the paper. Indeed he and Bro. C. Allen may be considered as the founders of the Banner enterprise.

Bro. Kelly was married January 11, 1832, to Miss Paulina Haynes. She lived with him till March the 12th, 1876, when she died. She was a noble, good woman. Bro. Kelley lived alone, three years, and until June the 14th, 1879, when he married Miss Elizabeth Arterberry, who is also a noble Christian woman. With her he lived just one year, and then he was called to his rest. He was burled at Ewing, Illinois.

We tender our sympathies to his bereaved widow and children.—Baptist Banner.

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HYMN

Written by Rev. David Jerrel Kelley, born 1792, died 1834.

"Good Morning, brother Pilgrim,
What, bound for Canaan's coast?
March you toward Jerusalem
To Join the heavenly host?
Pray, wherefore are you smiling
While tears run down you face?"
"We soon shall cease from toiling
And reach that heavenly place.

To Canaan's coast we'll hasten
To Join the heavenly throng
Hark, from the banks of Jordan
How sweet the Pilgrim's song
There Jesus they are viewing
By faith we see Him too.
We smile and weep and praise Him
And on our way pursue.

Though sinners do despise us
And treat us with disdain
Our former comrades slight us
Esteem us low and mean,
No earthly joy shall charm
While marching on our way
Our Jesus will defend us
On the distressing day,

Time frowns of old compassion
We're willing to sustain
We'll treat them with compassion
And pray for them again
For Christ our loving Savior
Our comforter and Friend
Will bless us with his favor
And guide us to the end.

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