

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

of

JANE IVISON SCOTT  
(Mrs. Chauncey Scott)

dated at

Indianapolis

Indiana

March 16<sup>th</sup>, 1877



This is a copy of a typewritten copy in the possession of Ivison Scott Hanna, daughter of John Chauncey Scott, the third child of Jane Ivison and Chauncey Scott, and Lida Plowman Scott. Ivison Scott Hanna was born at Attica, Indiana, November 7, 1870. She taught French, after her return from study in Europe, at the Annie Wright Seminary, Tacoma, Washington, 1894-96; and in Toledo, Ohio, high schools from 1900-20, when she was married to Samuel Colman Hanna of Howard, Elk County, Kansas, where this copy, with notes by Ivison Scott Hanna, was made by Stella Brunt Osborn in May, 1957. A photograph of Jane Ivison Scott is in Mrs. Hanna's family album—the last in the book. In Mrs. Hanna's family Bible are vital statistics of the family of Nathan Plowman, of Baltimore, Maryland, and Attica, Indiana; also some data concerning the Scott family, the family of Henry Ivison of New York, and Dr. William Williams of Washington, D.C.

[This was typed into computer by Martha H. Bowes, September 2002, who preserved the punctuation and spelling inconsistencies of the typewritten copy. The original footnote numbers did not correspond with Ivison Scott Hanna's notes originally appearing at the end of the document, so they have been redone to make sense. I do not think any of the text as I received it has been changed. I have also added some notes of my own in brackets.]

*Last Updated December 2004*

As my dear Children have expressed a desire that I should write for them alone a sketch of my life, I have thought this old book, dimmed by the weight of years, and yellow and worn, like her who pens these lines, would be a fitting place to record my eventful life, dotted all over as it is with the sweet words and memories of my early friends, some of my childhood and some of my maturer years, especially one who walked with me a long way on the journey of life, but laid the burden down midway.—So I took it up and carried it, sometimes weak and stumbling, sometimes strong, but always trusting to One who never forsakes the widow and the fatherless in their time of need.

I was born in Paisley, Scotland, a large manufacturing town, famous for the manufacture of shawls. The farthest back that I know of my progenitors on my maternal side is that my grandmother's maiden name was Lockhead. She married John Clark, who was my grandfather. They were descended from the strictest sect, the Old Covenanters of Scotland. They were devoutly pious and God-fearing and the promise in them has been well fulfilled. The righteous have never been forsaken or their seed begging bread. The issue of this marriage was thirteen children; six died in childhood, two in youth, and five lived to old age.

My grandmother was a most remarkable woman. Her husband in the midst of life was called up higher, leaving her with a large family unprovided for. She commenced the manufacture of thread, first in skeins, then in boss balls, then on spools,—soon amassing a fortune. Her grandsons still continue the business, known as Clark Mile End<sup>1</sup>, having removed to this suburb of Glasgow. My uncles and aunts, and many of my cousins, have gone to their reward, all honored and respected Christians.

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<sup>1</sup> This is the genesis of the widely known Clark (O.N.T.) and Coats industry of Paisley, Scotland. [This isn't quite true. John Clark, Junior & Co. at Mile End Mill in Glasgow was begun by the "Glasgow Clarks" and Clark & Coats by the "Paisley Clarks." The lines share a common ancestor, William Clark. Eventually the two companies merged. While Jane Ivison says that her grandmother's grandsons "still continue the business known as Clark Mile End," it's not clear whether she had her grandfather, John Clark, confused with her Gr-Uncle William Clark's grandson John Clark who started the Mile End business; or if her grandmother's grandsons had joined the business. See the "Clark Thread Company History" document for more on these companies.]

My father was the fifth Henry Ivison in the line of descent. He was born in Carlisle, Northumberland<sup>2</sup> County, England, where his forefathers as far back as I know anything of, resided. The whole family were Quakers<sup>3</sup>, my grandmother being a speaker or preacher. My great grandfather, who lived some time after I was born (my maternal grandfather having died before) left an immense fortune and my father being the eldest son and only one, inherited it all, notwithstanding there were two sisters, but this is English law.

My father and mother were married in Paisley, in January 1808, and two or three years after removed to Glasgow, where they remained till 1818, when they removed to the United States. My very earliest recollection is of my grandmother's house, where in my toddling days I spent much of my time. Her cozy house and capacious kitchen, her full larder, were my delight, and I can see here now, in answer to my cravings, piling the butter on the bread and the sugar on that;— And when my good grandmother would kneel down morning and evening to worship, I thought what a beautiful place Heaven must be and Jesus.

From the time my parents removed to Glasgow till the time of my Great-grandfather's death, my father engaged in the manufacturing business, not for himself, but as head clerk, having learned this special branch of business,—the manufacturing of fine muslins and embroideries. His salary was sufficient to support his family in good style,—a home well furnished and never less than two servants.

I shall never forget my emotions when I heard of my great-grandfather's death. There were four children of us then, but only the two oldest were elected to go with my father and mother to England, and my brother Henry and I lay all night and talked of our ride in the stagecoach and the sights we would see. My father promised to point out John O'Grout's house, where all the runaways go to get married, it being the dividing line

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<sup>2</sup> [According to the Ivison records it was Cumberland. Northumberland and Cumberland, along with other counties, were part of the province of Northumbria adjacent to the Scottish border.]

<sup>3</sup> [The Ivisons' Quaker heritage began in the mid-1600s when a prior Henry Ivison was convinced by George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, when he preached in the Ivison's part of England.]

between Scotland and England. And on our return, four or five weeks after, I well remember the unpacking of solid silver candlesticks, pitchers, waiters, tea-sets, spoons, etc., and the table and bed linen, and when my father counted his money on the table I thought, “Now we will be happy.” Vain thought: It was only the beginning of trouble. My father went into business for himself with a partner named Playfair, but he did not play fair<sup>4</sup>, and thro’ his dishonesty and panic in business which occurred at that time, my father soon lost all except about \$6000 with which he came to the United States. He came in advance of the family so as to find a location.

During these years my mother was a Presbyterian and from the time of Dr. Chalmer’s settlement in Glasgow until he left there to assume the duties of St. Andrew’s College, Edinburgh, my mother was a member of his church, called the Tron(?)<sup>5</sup> Church, all the family being constant attendants and I remember well when my four brothers (youngest, John, being too young) with myself, used to march in front of my father and mother to church to hear the great man preach. My father was very proud of his boys but his English notions were that I being a girl, did not amount to much.

After Dr. Chalmers left, his pulpit was filled by the celebrated Edward Irving who was talented, but had many eccentric notions, one of which was that he had the gift of tongues spoken of in the Bible, which with other strange fancies, soon lost him his church.

About this time Dr. Chalmers founded in Glasgow, public schools or ward schools, much like the schools we have here now, in which the rich and poor all could have the benefit of a first class education, free of cost.

The first school I ever attended, when I was about four years old, a Mrs. Ray kept, and I spent the first term in learning my letters and holding my needle. From there I went to a higher school, kept by two maiden ladies, named Hill, where I learned to spell and

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<sup>4</sup> [This business was in Lanarkshire, Scotland, “Ivison, Henry, weaver, one of the partners of Ivison and Playfair, manufacturers, 42 Brunswick Street, B. and G.B., by purchase 24 Nov 1817” – from Lanarkshire (Glasgow), Scotland: Parish and Probate Records]

<sup>5</sup> [Yes, it was called the Tron Church, and Chalmers was a very famous preacher and educator in Scotland’s church history.]

read and do all kinds of fancy work, such as making covers for bell ropes, piano stools, etc. In this school I worked also a sampler, now in some of my children's hands, and although only nine years old I made twelve shirts for my eldest brother, Henry, stitching them all beautifully. I only note this to show the difference in education then and now. At the same time my brothers were attending boys school, as many of them as were old enough. At the age of eleven, besides being a splendid English scholar, my brother Henry was a good Latin scholar. In his school the test in arithmetic was timed, the teacher holding his watch, while the pupils tried who could do the long and difficult sums the quickest.

Our home at that time was a two and a half story stone house, in a suburban street leading directly into Glasgow Green, which was a park about a mile in length and half of that in breadth, with the river Clyde running on one side. It had beautiful walks and shade trees, with seats here and there and was a resort for all classes seeking recreation. On one side of the street we lived on, were gentlemen's houses; on the other beautiful gardens, protected from the street by a hedge of hawthorn.

It was about the year 1818, I being then about eight years old, that my father bought a new home on foreign shores. He landed at Charleston, South Carolina, and after looking around for a location for a month or two, went to New York City where he sent for his family. My mother with her six children, took passage from Greenock, in the brig Sarah, which proved to be unseaworthy and in a storm was wrecked, losing one mast and being otherwise so disabled as to be almost entirely at the mercy of the waves, When a storm would come up, the passengers were all fastened down below by the hatchways. Then the provisions and water gave out and we were put on allowance in both. But reering(?) around for nine weeks, by the goodness of god we were permitted to see land once more. One day we were called up on deck to see the Highlands, which like a cloud appeared in the distance and the next day we were safely landed in the harbor of New York. My father had walked the beach for weeks in great distress, despairing of ever seeing his family again.

They rented a few rooms in New York, where we rested and looked around. But he soon concluded to go west and went to Utica, Oneida County, and again sent for his family, so my mother again started with her children. Then there was neither railroad or canal, and having a good many things we had brought from Scotland, we traveled in a schooner wagon. It was remarkable that my father always traveled in the most fashionable way, while my mother always had the hardest and cheapest.

When we left Scotland, we brought our nurse, whose name was Anna McFarland, and she went with us to Utica. My father rented a two-story frame house there and we settled down (buying such furniture as we needed) for one year, in which time my father looked for some business to go into; But he had no experience, knew nothing about anything but manufacturing, and there was none of that done in this country then. His funds began to get low and after consulting with my mother, it was decided best for her to go back to Glasgow and take all of the children, except my eldest brother, Henry, whom my father did not want to part with.

I was too young to realize how sad a journey this must have been to our poor mother, leaving her husband and darling boy, so young and helpless, among strangers, while she with her five helpless children, returned to no home. When we left Glasgow, her three brothers and one sister told her, -- their last words—"Anne, if your husband doesn't get along well in America, come back and live among us with your children." They were all wealthy and lived in great style.

We crossed the ocean in safety and went directly to Glasgow, but in order to defray expenses of this trip, everything in the family that was superfluous had to be sold—silver and handsome table and bed linen, etc.

Our friends met us in Glasgow very cordially and my mother rented a small house and received a small income from her family, but my father not sending for us as soon as they expected, they soon tired, and my poor mother was thrown on her own resources. All she could do was to sew, sometimes embroidering muslin, sometimes trimming hundreds of yards that had been embroidered, but by the most rigid economy and the plainest living she managed to keep her family together. All went to school constantly,

who were old enough to go, and attended Dr. Chalmer's free school, or it was almost free, not costing half what other schools cost, and being better and more thorough. Here I made a great proficiency in English Grammar, and at an examination Dr. Chalmers, out of his own hand, gave me the first prize, which was *The Imitation of Christ*, translated from Thomas A. Kempis<sup>6</sup>, my teacher's name being Jaylor.

In the meantime my father went back to Utica and soon parted with his last remaining charge, putting him to a sadler, to learn the trade, while he still went from place to place, hoping to find something that would suit him; and when my mother heard that he had let her poor boy go, her anxiety and trouble were doubly increased. Whenever an opportunity occurred, she would send him some little thing as a token of her love. I well remember a knife that pleased him so—it was just a large sized pocket knife. While my mother was tenderly caring for her children that were with her, she little knew how her boy in the far-off land, was faring. The sadler turned out to be hard-hearted, unjust man, took all the work he could get and did not even furnish the more than orphan, shoes, in the severe winter of that climate. One day his old nurse met him in this condition, cried over the child she had known in affluence, and bought him a pair of shoes. After that, by the goodness of God, he was led into a Christian family, who proved father and mother to him, as they had been to many, who will be stars in their crown at the last day.

My father's next move was to Philadelphia, where he got a position as clerk in a manufacturing establishment, but his health began to fail from dyspepsia, and after an absence of five years he sent for his family and in about the year 1825 we landed in Philadelphia. We had a comfortable pleasant home on Vine Street and my father went into business for himself, viz: the manufacturing of domestic goods, gingham stripes etc. He had about 100 weavers employed. He continued at this about fifteen months and in that time my long absent brother came to visit us. When he came in, not one of us knew him, not even his mother, and when he made himself known, there was some weeping

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<sup>6</sup> [This book been passed down and was owned by Martha Bowes in 2004.]

done. He stayed about six weeks, then returned to Utica, his former home, and to the house of his loved friends.

My father now got the western fever and sold out, and we removed to Cincinnati, where he soon brought a stock of dry goods and opened a store, the second door from the corner of 4<sup>th</sup> and Main Sts., and our dwelling was on 4<sup>th</sup> St. owned by Prof. Slack, of the College of Cincinnati, a man known for his eccentricities.

Here, at the age of sixteen, I started out on the Christian life and united with the 1<sup>st</sup> Pres. Church, Dr. Wilson being the pastor. It was during a revival in this church, the Rev. Calegher assisting. Here I was brought under the very best influences, both social and religious, and it is with the deepest gratitude I look back to some older Christians who helped guide my young feet toward the New Jerusalem. And although in after years, I have often wandered far away from my Father's house, and fed on husks, by the goodness of God I have ever been led back.

I must mention one or two incidents that happened on the journey from Philadelphia to Cincinnati. At that time there were no railroads and canals and the only methods of travel were by stage or schooner wagons,—or, as some called them, Virginia schooners. We crossed the Alleghany Mts., in the latter, to Pittsburg. In coming down one of the steep mountain sides, my youngest brother, John, lost his balance and would have fallen among the horses feet, but I caught him and held him till the horses were stopped. I mention this, and other incidents, to show the fatality that ever seemed to follow the dear boy.

From Pittsburg, we traveled down the Ohio to Cincinnati in a flatboat, the river being too shallow for steamers. I was standing one beautiful day, looking out of an open window on the clear waters of the Ohio, when I heard a plunge and there before my frightened vision was my brother John, sinking, perhaps to rise no more. I made a grab and missed him, then he came up and I made another, catching hold of his hair with one hand, his arm with the other, and dragged him in, insensible. Not a sound was heard, nor a word spoken, but those who witnessed it held their breath in very terror. He was a beautiful promising boy, who lived, after many hair breadth escapes, to full man-hood,

noble and beloved, and at last met his death by the accidental discharge of his gun, while returning from a hunting excursion.

After staying in Cincinnati nearly or quite two years, my father got restless again, and a gentleman coming into the store one day to make purchases, expatiated largely on the beauties of Indiana, where he lived at Delphi. He spoke especially of a lovely town, newly built up, situated on the Wabash river, named Portland. So, at his suggestion my father packed his goods, both store and house-hold, in wagons and we were soon wending our way toward the setting sun.<sup>7</sup> I can never forget my sad first night on the road, leaving my bright hopes, dear friends and the happy associations I was just being introduced to, all behind. My third brother, William, being then about fifteen years old, procured a clerk-ship with a Mr. Sylvester, who kept a large wholesale and retail store next to my father's. He said he did not want to go farther west and he kept his situation till my eldest brother found him a better one in Auburn, N.Y., where he himself had gone into the book publishing business.<sup>8</sup>

Our family that moved to Fountain Co., Ind., consisted of three brothers, Charles, Edward and John, besides my father, mother and myself. After a journey of two weeks, thro' mud and mire, where the horses swamped several times, especially in crossing what

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<sup>7</sup> The length of time taken by him in finding a place to settle, and the restless wandering of Chauncey Scott [sic: Henry Ivison V] must be interpreted against the background of the severe depression and the fever of westward migration in the United States following the War of 1812. Schoolcraft, formerly a successful glass manufacturer, after that industry was ruined in the East, started West in 1817 with less than a hundred dollars in his pocket. In Oneota he says, "The Treaty of Ghent (proclaimed February 18, 1815) which put a period to the war with England ... in its consequences, had no small share of the effects of a curse upon that class of citizens who were engaged in certain branches of manufactures." One of its after-effects was a great fever on migration westward: "If this contest had brought no golden shower on American manufacturers (as I could honestly testify in my own case), it had opened to emigration and enterprise the great area west of the Alleghenies." Schoolcraft wrote of his surprise at seeing the great number of persons awaiting the opening of navigation early in 1818 when he reached Olean, N.Y.: "The children of Israel could scarcely have presented a more motley array of men and women, with their kneading troughs on their backs, and their little ones, then were here assembled, on their way to the new land of promise. To judge by the tone of general conversation, they meant, in their generation, to plough the Mississippi Valley from its head to its foot. There was not an idea short of it. What a world of golden dreams was there!"

<sup>8</sup> This company, the Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Company, after some changes, took in Henry Holt as a partner and later became Henry Holt & Co.

was then called the Black Swamp, near Indianapolis, we landed at the site of Portland, but alas ! to our horror there were only two houses, one log house and one un-finished frame. Thro' great favor my father procured that, unloaded his goods, laid our beds on the floor made of green lumbar, (finding them moldy in the morning) and amid many regrets and mis-givings opened his stock, which was full and complete for a country store. He could sell all the goods he wanted to, but there was no money in this faraway country, - nothing but wheat, corn, potatoes etc. which would have been as good as money had there been an out-let to market. The only way to turn produce into money was to haul it across the Grand Prairie or in the spring take it in flat boats to New Orleans. The first way the roads were nearly impassible, and the soil of the prairie being rich black loam, the water lying in great swamps. The latter way had greater risks from snags in teh river, which sank about half of the boats before they reached their destination.

We had been in Portland but two weeks when every member of the family was taken down with ague, except my father, some choking, others with chills. He was prostrated with bilious fever. None of the family had ever been sick before and knew nothing about treating such diseases, and the physicians knew less, salts, calomel and bleeding being their only remedies. I remember my father lay speechless for two days and we all gathered around his bed to see him die. My mother had to be carried into the room, so sick she scarcely knew what was going on, but with care, and by the goodness of God, he recovered and we all got on our feet again. I had chills five months, every other day, until my blood was so thin it would not stain a pocket handkerchief, and my general health failed, so my father took me to Louisville, Ky., where I attended boarding school. The change of air built me up and after a six months absence I came home in perfect health.

In order to replenish his stock, my father had to go two hundred miles, on horseback to Cincinnati and have his goods hauled in wagons over the worst roads imaginable. This, with sickness and no markets, discouraged him, and after trying it two years, he decided to pull up stakes and go back to civilization, which we did, the family remaining till he decided where to go. He soon chose Detroit, Mich., for his future home,

and sent for his family, but I had decided to be left behind and just before they started I was married to Mical Buckley.

He was twenty-six years old, highly educated and had just been appointed County Surgeon for Fountain Co., a good position in a country settling so fast. But the exposure in going through swamps was too much for him and in six months from the time we were married, he was confined to his bed with consumption. Everything that physicians and friends could do availed nothing and although he rallied so as to sit up part of the time, his march to the grave was steady and undeviating. As soon as it became evident that he could not recover, his deep anxiety was to take me to my parents, so we sold all our effects and started on our perilous journey in a phaeton<sup>9</sup>, well packed. The roads were awful and after one or two upsets and sticking in the mud a few times, we reached Ft. Wayne. It must be remembered that there was not even a wagon road at that time. At Ft. Wayne we sold our horse and carriage and hired a man with a perogue (which is an Indian canoe) to row us down the sluggish Maumee. In the afternoon of the day we started he made some excuse to go on the shore and never came back. There was a little old log house near by, where we landed and we succeeded in hiring a man, for extra pay, to take us on our journey, and once more we started. When night came on, we clambored up the steep bank, after fastening our canoe to a tree. We were in a dense wilderness. It looked as if no human foot had ever trod it before. We took some bedding to rest on and when we settled down, our companion began to ask questions, such as if we got the money for our horse and buggy, how much money we started with, etc. My husband told him we had no money and I know he was thoroughly frightened, and I believe to this day that that man had murder in his heart. I sat up all night with my sick husband's head on my lap, fanning the mosquitoes off and with my eyes steadily fixed on a gun that the man had brought and set up against a tree. But after long, weary hours of watching, daylight began to appear and before another night, we had two more human companions; who landed us at a house where we had the privilege of sleeping on the floor, which was

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<sup>9</sup> [A light, four-wheeled horse-drawn vehicle.]

covered with beds and where all the family slept. After being out three nights, we reached the little French village of Maumee and took a stage for Detroit, where we arrived safely, to the great joy of my poor distressed mother, who had not slept for several nights.

Immediately upon arriving my husband went to bed and never again got up, only living two months longer. In all he was sick seven months, during which time I never left his bed. I will say here that we were married by Rev. Armstrong, a celebrated Methodist minister. My husband died in the full belief of immortality and redemption through Christ. The Rev. Calclasen (?), a Methodist minister, and Rev. Wells, Presbyterian, officiated at the funeral. He was buried in the then new cemetery, on the north of the city.

About six months after my husband's death, by invitation of my brother Henry (then engaged in business for himself in Auburn, N. Y.) I went to spend an indefinite time with him. He had just been married and had a lovely home and sweet Christian wife. He had found good places in stores for my two youngest brothers, who were fourteen and sixteen years old. My third brother William, soon followed, so that the family of children were all there, except Charles, who chose to be a carpenter and was in Pontiac, Mich.

After I had been at my brother's some months, I decided to get a more complete education, to enable me to teach and for that reason went to a Female Seminary, in Geneva, about ten miles from Auburn, where I studied the higher branches, with music on the piano. When I had been there nearly a year, I was addressed by two of my old friends from Fountain Co. one of whom had been my lover before I married, and I chose to embark once more, with him, on the uncertain sea of matrimony. So when the school closed, in the beautiful month of May, 1834, I came home to Detroit to my parents, where by previous engagement, I met him who was to be my future husband, Chauncy Scott,<sup>10</sup> and in two weeks from the time I left my school friends, I was a bride. We were married by Rev. Wells, a Presbyterian minister, who had a church in Detroit. My first wedding had been large and gay; my second was quiet and impretentious, only a few intimate

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<sup>10</sup> It was a brother of this Chauncey Scott, named Lucius Scott, a Philadelphia iron foundryman, who was reproved by John Greenleaf Whittier [abolitionist Quaker poet] for manufacturing cannon during the war. Whittier told him it was a sin to make cannon for the war; but if he made them to be sure they would shoot straight.

friends being present. We started immediately, by the only mode of travel then possible, a horse and buggy, and after going through swamps and marshes for eight days, we reached our destination, Rob Roy, Fountain Co., where my husband had a store suited to the country, containing dry goods, medicines, hard-ware, boots and shoes, etc. We went to a hotel kept by a Mr. Markle, and that was my first and last experience in boarding, for we soon had a few rooms added to the store and in a very humble way, commenced house-keeping.

Rob Roy was a town of about one thousand inhabitants, two churches, one Pres. and one Meth. There were five or six families there of great intelligence, with whom I took great comfort, among them Mr. Harley Greenwoods and Wm. Pratts, and we took great delight in our church privileges, the ministers of both denominations making their home at our house whenever they came to town, and through the vista of years, I can look back with great pleasure to those early happy days of my married life. Here my three eldest children were born; Martha, Emma and John, the latter being five months old when my husband sold out his store to Markle, and the building to Charlie Thomas. In part pay for the store, he took property in Terre Haute, Ind., to some of which the Title was not good. We then moved to Portland, where he had a branch store, and in about four years, sold again, having purchased the farm so well known to my children.<sup>11</sup> During the time we spent in Portland, Augusta and Jennie were born.<sup>12</sup>

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<sup>11</sup> [This property was purchased from the government as a land patent on 3/30/1837, 4/5/1837, and 9/10/1838. The purchases totaled 360 acres. Records were located at the BLM land records site: <http://www.glorerecords.blm.gov/PatentSearch/>, which also confirmed that Chauncey spelled his name with an "e".]

<sup>12</sup> Martha married Dr. Asa Bigelow at Attica, Ind. Their children were Oakalla, Chauncey and Reuben of Toledo, Ohio. Emma F., born August 20, 1836, at Rob Roy, Ind.; died August 5, 1858; married at Attica September 10, 1856 to Dr. John C. Dixon, son of William and Rachel Dixon, born March 17, 1832, died April 16, 1872. Their daughter Emma was born December 20, 1857, died August 12, 1875. John Chauncey Scott, born in Rob Roy, Indiana, October 19, 1837; died in Attica, September 26, 1883; married in Attica December 6, 1865, to Lida M. Plowman, who was born in Ohio (Xenia?) October 21, 1842, died in Attica, Indiana, January 13, 1901. They had three children; Lucius H., born December 29, 1867, died September 21, 1869; Ivy (Iverson) Rae, born, November 7, 1870, married Samuel Colman Hanna of Howard, Kansas, at Tacoma, Washington, August 4, 1920; Mary Ruth, born January 17, 1872, died at Sedan, Kansas, January 9, 1952. He joined the 72<sup>nd</sup> volunteers as a first lieutenant. It was said that he was qualified for a captaincy but was graded down by a superior officer on whom his coquettish younger sister

We having built a good farm house, and made other improvements, we moved on the farm, where we remained till the death of my husband, which occurred Aug. 21<sup>st</sup>, 1852, the day Emma was sixteen years old. Here Mary, my youngest child, was born. From the time we left Rob Roy, till our removal to Attica, after the death of my husband in 1852, we were deprived of all religious privileges<sup>13</sup> and I wandered far away from God, but never so far as not to keep his holy day, and although my dear husband was not a professing Christian, he honored the Sabbath. I cannot remember ever seeing him do any work, or fish or hunt, on the Sabbath, as people did all around us. In looking back over my past life, I have one regret above all others,--that I did not set up a family altar, and so lead my children to the only sure refuge in time of trouble;--and not only so, but I am convinced it is the only true happiness, to live under the shadow of the Almighty, but for all short-comings, I have humbly asked God's forgiveness, through the merits of His Son, Jesus Christ, and I am watching, hoping to meet my precious ones who have gone before, as well as those loved ones who shall come after.

I intended here to discontinue my narrative, but as some of my children were too young at their Father's death to remember much about it, I will say further that the cause

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Jennie had first smiled and then discouraged. He served under Captain Robert Hanna, son of the first Governor of Indiana, until Captain Hanna resigned, at which time he became Captain Scott. He was lieutenant-colonel when mustered out in 1865. His daughter afterward married Captain Hanna's son. Augusta, born in Portland, married Mack Kixon at Attica. Jennie, born in Portland, married Lieutenant William Williams and went west with him to Fort Riley in Kansas and to the Cheyenne and Black foot country in Montana. Lieut. Williams [lost] his voice after being kicked by a mule and returned to Indiana. Mrs. S. C. Hanna in Howard, Kansas, 1957, had an Indian costume he brought back with him. After his voice was restored, following another shock, he studied medicine and was known as "Dr. Williams." He left Attica for Washington, D.C., where he became a colonel and for many years was something of a lion in veterans' parades because he had served in four wars. Mary, born on the farm near Portland, married, first, John Will Wilson of Attica; second, Emmet Hammer of Indianapolis, who later moved to northern Ohio.

<sup>13</sup> 1838-1852. Of Schoolcraft's observation: "While we are called on, at almost every stage of our journey, to notice the towns and villages, which are springing up throughout this naturally favoured country and those varied improvements in its condition which have literally caused the wilderness to blossom as the rose, it may not be improper to . . . allude to that paucity of the external evidences of Christianity, evinced by the want of houses of public worship . . . In all our extensive route through this country, a considerable portion of which has been over districts more or less matured, as to the period of settlement, it has been our fortune to witness only two houses dedicated to the public worship of god; while we have seen but a solitary copy of the scriptures, at any house where we have had occasion to stop. "—Travels in the Central Portions of the Mississippi Valley . . . in the year 1821."

of his death, undoubtedly, was breathing the malaria of the river bottom and working too hard, often plowing in the hot sun, when his life business had been in the store and counting room. His health for two or three months had been gradually failing, although he did not seem to suffer any pain, but one day, after going to Attica, he came home with fever. Dinner was ready and he sat down, but only crossed his knife and fork on his plate, said he could not eat anything, got up and went to bed. I sent for Dr. Bigelow<sup>14</sup>, who stayed with him all night and in the morning about four o'clock his spirit took its flight. I was almost paralyzed with the shock, looked around on my helpless family, Martha lying low with bilious fever. I did not know what to do. We returned to our desolate home about dusk, the 23<sup>rd</sup> of August, from the funeral, and no one can ever tell what my feelings were. My children gathered asking, "What will we do?" I could not go back, and to go forward alone, Oh! alone, how could I? But the very helplessness of my children gave me strength and courage. My means for the future were \$60 in money, \$500 in notes, the farm, and a house in Attica which my husband had bought two years before.

According to law, we were compelled to have an appraisal and sale of personal property, crops, etc., reserving only such things as were necessary. The sale amounted to some \$800 on nine months credit. The man who bought the crops, Charlie Ward, cheated me out of the best part of it. I concluded, with my family, the best thing to do was to rent the farm and move to our house in Attica. My brother Charles came from Batavia, N. Y., to help us move, and two months from the sad day I laid my earthly support away, we were settled in Attica. But now what should I do? I had no income, and could realize nothing for nearly a year and my children must go to school, and there were no public schools, so had to pay tuition. About this time the engineers were laying out the track for the Wabash R. R. and I was solicited to board the four gentlemen, thus engaged, which I gladly did, and found them in every respect gentlemen. They stayed one year, as long as their services were required by the road.

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<sup>14</sup> [Probably Dr. Asa Bigelow, Jane's daughter Martha's husband. Martha married Dr. Asa Bigelow later. He was fifteen years older than her.]

When my Brother returned home, he took Emma with him on his way to New York, where her Uncle Henry wished her to attend school for a year. She was sixteen on the day her father died. Martha had been East to school before and had acquired a pretty good education and was a good performer on the piano, so she took some music scholars, which helped clothe her, and on Emma's return she opened a day school in one room of our house. Then when the sale notes and the others became due, I invested the money in a store-house in Attica. I paid \$1100 for it, hoping to realize an income but rents were low and houses plenty, so that part of the time it was idle, sometimes rented for a day, etc., but in later years it was rented for \$40 per month.

In about a year after we moved to Attica, Martha, my eldest daughter, married Dr. Asa Bigelow, and in three years Emma married Dr. Dixon. Although young in years, Emma seemed to take, and help me bear the burdens and responsibilities of the family and in all difficulties and discouragements I could ever go to her loving heart and find sympathy and advice, and after she married her interest or love never abated. But I was soon called to give her up, too, after a painful illness of eight months. On the 5<sup>th</sup> of August 1858 her pure spirit took its flight having left a darling babe eight months old, and her broken-hearted husband to mourn, but not as those without hope, for she left a beautiful testimony and died triumphant. Her only request, after consenting to give her precious one into my care, was that she should be raised a Christian.

Never did wife have a more tender or loving husband. During her long sickness, he took his seat on a stool by her sick cot, never allowing himself sleep except in that position. His love and devotion so endeared him to me that he was ever after my son and ever made, and looked on, my house as his home; so, as he had been a husband to my darling Emma, he was to me a loving son. But his health, too, began to fail, consumption developing, and after spending a winter in [?] and one at Hot Springs, he went to Florida to spend the winter of 1871-72, taking his dear child and me with him. When we arrived in Jacksonville, he was so weak that he could hardly get to the hotel, had hemorrhages occasionally and coughed constantly, but after we had been there two

months he began to rally and seemed much better, and anxious to have Emma in school, she and I returned to Indiana.

The parting with my dear Emma's father was very sad to us both. The hope mingled with fear and doubt of the final result, which we all realized and keenly felt for although he had gained flesh, we feared hemorrhage, which might cause his death at any moment. As if by premonition, he wrote home that he so dreaded to die among strangers, that he had just seen a young man die of hemorrhage among strangers, and he prayed that this might not be his lot. He changed location several times during the winter, and finally went to St. Augustine, where he seemed to improve and was getting ready to come home, when on the 16<sup>th</sup> of April, he was taken with hemorrhage and lived but a half-hour. When our precious little orphan heard of her father's death, the first great sorrow of her life was upon her, as she was eight months old when her mother died. The Masons kindly sent his body home, at his request, and in his dying hour, he was surrounded by kind friends, although strangers. He died at the age of forty

Then my darling Emma, so dear to us all, my hope my comfort and my joy, was also called up higher, three years later. Her love and gentleness was ever sunshine in my heart, and my sun once more went down in gloom; but now, at seventy, it cannot be long 'till I shall meet all those precious ones.