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The Kelly Clan



Published by

Richmond Kelly, M. D.

Portland, Oregon,
1901.



THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME — ON CLIFFY CREEK.

The Kelly Clan

PUBLISHED BY

RICHMOND KELLY, M. D.

He setteth the solitary in families.

Psalm lxxviii: 6.

**Portland, Oregon,
1901.**

TO THE MEMORY
OF
NANCY CANADA KELLY

Whose virtues have shone through passing years with ever-increasing lustre, and whose good deeds we would strive to imitate, this token is lovingly inscribed by

The Pilgrims.

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INTRODUCTION

The facts and incidents herein recorded concerning the family of Thomas Kelly, whose ancestors lived in Ireland but was himself born near Philadelphia about the middle of the eighteenth century, were gathered at different times and places; and, while meager enough as to matter and detail, will yet prove of value to all his posterity who may care to follow the slender thread of narrative, so often broken off, that has been traced with such loving interest by the descendants of the fourth generation.

It is hoped this unpretentious little story will be a step toward the discovery of other links that will enable the family to learn more of their history, as well as lead to the preservation of facts regarding future generations.

At first sight this might seem to be a somewhat selfish motive; but as a worthy life inspires to emulation, and the family bond is a stimulus to the welfare of each and so promotes the common good, the venture can scarcely be other than profitable. Coming in contact with the men and women of these pages one grows to feel something of their spirit, and a desire to rise to the high plane attained by them through difficulties of whose magnitude we can have little conception.

Much more might have been written, but there is enough to illustrate the character of many of those who have stepped from this stage of action; as to the rest, merely name and residence has been given, as far as ascertained; which will serve as a directory should they wish to communicate with each other.

The statement of W. B. Godbey that his maternal ancestors were Catholics is not received by the oldest relatives on

the Pacific Coast; and the fact that, so far as known, none of the descendants have been adherents of that faith, casts a strong doubt as to the correctness of the statement.

A man now living in Portland, Oregon, was at one time employed for five years in tracing the lineage of a family in Ireland by the name of Kelly. Having been acquainted with the Kellys of the old country, and knowing something of the family traits of these, he gives it as his opinion that both belong to the same line.

The name of General Canada is given in the narrative as it was pronounced by Clinton Kelly, though some of the descendants call it "Kennedy"; which orthography is correct is a nut for the coming generation to crack.

LAURA KELLY TURNER.



Dead, did you say? Not dead, but gone before,
Whence they, with vision clear, immortal,
Their earthly toil and tribulation o'er —
Are watching for us by the heavenly portal.

With calm, unruffled souls they watch and wait,
From those elysian heights serene, supernal,
Not doubting that some day, or soon or late,
Will triumph over all the Love Eternal;

And they who walk by darksome ways and long,
Erstwhile by doubt and shadow holden,
Will yet break forth in sun-lit joy and song,
Their souls safe anchored in the city golden.

L. K. T.



CHAPTER I

Tradition and Incident.

"A man is a man for a' that."

—BURNS.



STORIES have not been lacking concerning Thomas Kelly's origin, some of which are given, and may be taken for what they are considered worth.

Two boys were playing on the shore of Ireland. A ship captain, passing that way, told them he would show them how to play "ho-boy." They followed him on board a ship, were taken to America and put in the fields to hoe corn. Not relishing this practical application of the term "hoe-boy," one of the youngsters ran away and got back to Ireland; the other remained and became the ancestor of the above-mentioned Thomas Kelly.

Rev. W. B. Godbey, of Perryville, Kentucky, of whom mention is made later on, in his book "Spiritual Gifts and Graces," says: "My maternal ancestors were O'Kellys in Ireland and Kellys in this country. They migrated to America and settled in Pulaski County, Kentucky, contemporary with the exploration of Daniel Boone." He then proceeds to tell of the death of their babe and their great distress at the thought of its soul being in purgatory. Unable to obtain the services of a priest, they sent for a circuit-rider then traveling through the country, who was represented as something like a priest; he administered such consolation in their trouble that they became converts to Protestantism.

The following account of Thomas Kelly was obtained from Clinton and Gilmore Kelly, his grandsons; and notwithstanding its seeming confliction, in minor details, with others current, is doubtless the most nearly correct:

Thomas Kelly was born near Philadelphia, Pa., about the year 1750. When a young man, despite the earnest entreaties of his mother—thrusting his fingers in his ears to shut out her pleadings—he left home to avoid being impressed into the British army, and made his way to Virginia. Soon after arriving in that state he enlisted and was sent to the frontier to fight Indians; later he had command of a military post in that wild region. The next we hear of him he is married and settled on a farm in Botetourt County, Virginia. His wife was Peggy Biles, a young woman whose sweet voice had won for her quite a reputation as a singer; she afterward became a doctor for women, and was widely known for her helpfulness in sickness and distress. She is said to have left her impression upon succeeding generations.

From Botetourt, Thomas Kelly removed to Greenbrier County; subsequently leaving Virginia, about 1800, with a large family, intending to go to the then far West, Illinois; but falling in with General Canada, who persuaded him, on account of the unhealthy climate of that state, to abandon his journey, he turned aside into Lincoln County, Ky.; afterward going to Pulaski County, where he and his sons settled on adjoining lands near Somerset. He passed into the unseen from the home of his son Samuel, on Clifty Creek, a few years after; his wife followed him in the year 1814.

Nature plans on a great scale in Kentucky; her trees and her men tower toward the skies. On one of the wind-blown knobs of Pulaski County, within a mile of Mount Gilead Church, under some spreading giants of the forest, were laid these two—Thomas Kelly and Peggy Biles, his wife.

In the year 1882 two pilgrims from Oregon paid homage

at the shrine of the Kelly home: they visited the spot made sacred by the burial of their great-grandparents, and piled a heap of stones upon the lonely graves. The lands had passed into stranger hands, and the mighty denizens of the forest were being laid low; doubtless, ere this, all trace of their resting place has been obliterated, but that hallowed spot is ever under the eye that never sleeps.

Thomas Kelly had nine children: James, John, Samuel, Isaac, Elias, Abijah, Molly, Leah and Rachel. For a time they lingered near the burial place of their parents; then the spirit of unrest seems to have possessed them.

James removed to Indiana, but returned to end his days in Kentucky. His offspring were James S., a teacher and preacher in Somerset; Alfred, a physician; John, and a daughter who married James Kelsay and became the mother of Judge Kelsay, formerly of Corvallis, Oregon. Judge Kelsay, deceased, had one son and one daughter. The son enlisted in the Second Oregon Volunteers, and gave up his life in the Philippines; the daughter lives in California.

Alfred was an odd character; many were the stories told of his hairbreadth escapes on account of the outspoken abolition sentiments which he held in common with his kindred. The fingers of his left hand were webbed to the second joint.

The descendants of James Kelly settled in Indiana.

* * * * *

John Kelly had three sons and five daughters: John H., Oliver P., William B., and Orpha—the only daughter of whom we have an account—who married Rev. John Godbey.

Rev. William B. Godbey, of Perryville, Ky., is a son of Orpha Kelly. He has traveled extensively and written many books. He is the author of a commentary on the New Testament, written in the Holy Land, and is a thorough Greek scholar. He has one son and a son-in-law in

the Kentucky conference. Owing to his protracted studies, Mr. Godbey's sight has been greatly impaired. Last winter while in Fresno, California, a serious accident nearly cost him his life. Going to his room at a late hour, he, as he supposed, turned off the gas. It proved otherwise, for he was found the next morning apparently dead, a narrow opening in the window being the only thing that saved him. He is now at his home in Perryville, but is contemplating a trip around the world.



CHAPTER II

Samuel Kelly.

"Little you know how dear the name Kelly is to your old uncle."

—HARDIN NEWELL.



AMUEL, third son of Thomas Kelly and Peggy Biles, was born in Botetourt County, Virginia, February 7, 1776. He was joined in marriage to Nancy Canada September 3, 1807, and together they began life on Clifty Creek, seven miles northwest of Somerset, the county seat of Pulaski County. This creek afforded fine facilities for manufacture, of which Mr. Kelly was not slow to take advantage. He erected mills and manufactured flour, salt-petre, epsom salts, turpentine, linseed-oil and gunpowder. Says Solomon Newell: "In the process of working up the flaxseed, everything about the house and barn, in fact, the whole farm, smelled of linseed-oil."

Frequent excursions into the woods and caves of Kentucky in search of crude saltpetre kept him much from home and left the management of affairs to his wife and growing sons.

It was his custom to go alone upon these journeys, and he became the subject of strange adventures.

One evening he was cooking his supper of bacon at the mouth of a cave in one of these lonely wilds. Hearing a crackling in the brush he watched and soon a bear emerged from the darkness and approached the campfire.

"Hold on, there; you can't come any nearer!" and seiz-

ing a blazing stick he hurled it at the beast. It lighted on his back and set fire to his hair. The bear bounded off with a growl and disappeared over a cliff 300 yards away, the hair still blazing.

Three-quarters of a century later Henry Baugh, a resident of Pulaski, pointed out a cave where the print of Samuel Kelly's hands and knees could be plainly seen, the soft mud in which they were embedded having hardened through the action of lime.

Many of these caves could only be entered by crawling on all fours, widening into spacious chambers as one proceeded, which were usually the haunts of wild beasts.

Dr. Hardin Newell, a brother-in-law of Samuel Kelly, gives this description of him: "Samuel Kelly was a singular man, noted for his drollery, especially in dress and conversation. His dress consisted of homemade clothing, and that of quite a rough character; he nearly always wore a homemade straw hat, and coarse, home-tanned and homemade shoes. He was not a farmer, but followed making nitrate of potassa, sulphur, gunpowder, and so on. He would frequently leave home and go into Wayne County, a very rough, mountainous county, and stay two and three months, working in some cave, making saltpetre, and perhaps never see a human being in that time; if he did see any person it would be a backwoods hunter. That county at that time was full of wild beasts."

Samuel Kelly made the most of his limited opportunities for gaining an education; his lack of scholastic training was balanced by a natural ability and shrewd observation.

Of his proficiency in law and history, Dr. Newell tells the following story: "Few men in his day had better knowledge of history. He had some business in Frankfort, Ky., at a time when the Legislature was in session. Judge Tousil Quarles was the representative from Pulaski, his county. The Judge invited Kelly to take dinner with him at the hotel. Kelly sat down with his side to the table, his usual way when at home. He finally called for some milk; the

waiter came round and commenced pouring milk in his glass; Kelly said 'enough,' but the waiter did not stop, and Kelly removed the glass and let the milk on the table.

"After dinner some persons asked the Judge if that man was a fair representative of his constituents. The Judge said he was not, and told the gentlemen to come to his room that night and they would learn more about the awkward-looking Pulaskian. So in turn some eight or ten Representatives called on Judge Quarles and the droll Pulaskian, expecting to have a funny time; but all but fun! They soon found they had a man well versed in law and history to contend with, one that was more than a match for all of them. The next day they told Judge Quarles that Pulaski had sent the wrong man, and for him to go home and let Kelly take his place."

The following incident told by his oldest son illustrates an intuitive perception that in those primitive times was easier recognized than understood:

One day he prepared an unusually large quantity of ammunition, and being asked what he intended doing with so many bullets, replied: "The Indians are coming; they'll be here in twenty-four hours!"

Sure enough, the Indians raided the settlement within the time specified, but through what channel he received the intimation was not explained.

CHAPTER III

A Kentucky Lass.

"She riseth also while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household and a portion to her maidens."

— SOLOMON.



NANCY CANADA was born April 7, 1786. She was a niece of General Canada, and the daughter of John Canada.

In that day in Kentucky drinking was a common practice, respectable people and even church members indulging in their daily dram. As may be supposed, the habit of tipping was frequently carried to excess, notwithstanding the comparatively mild character of the home-brewed drinks. Such was the case in the home of John Canada, which so stirred the soul of the daughter Nancy that she left her father's roof when 12 years old, and from that time was an "uncompromising enemy to the use of ardent spirits as long as she lived, and raised her children to abhor and denounce the same." Her antipathy to strong drink was so thoroughly inbred in her descendants that seldom has one been found addicted to the habit. "Log-rollings," "barn-raising" and "corn-huskings" were often occasions of drunkenness and fighting, as liquor was considered an indispensable feature of the day. Nancy Kelly's open antagonism to everything that could intoxicate was so effective that liquors were banished from all public gatherings in the neighborhood, and its residents enjoyed the peculiar distinction of living in a temperance community.

She had strong religious tendencies and inclined to the Presbyterian faith. Soon after her marriage, hearing of some meetings held in the vicinity by a Methodist circuit-rider, she asked her pastor's advice as to whether she should attend, the Methodists being considered a set of fanatics. He replied: "If they are all like John Wesley, they are not a bad people." She went to the meetings and became powerfully convicted. In her own home, while singing the hymn, "Arise, My Soul, Arise," she apprehended Christ as her Savior, and her joy was so great that she shouted aloud. Thenceforth her house was a house of prayer, and became a regular preaching place. Her conversion took place a few months previous to the birth of her eldest son, Clinton. In after years he could not speak of this sacred hour in his mother's life without shedding tears.

She joined the Methodists, and thereafter nothing was too hard for her to do that promised good to the cause of religion. She was a woman of energy and courage, with a personality that impressed itself upon every one she met. Hers was the ruling spirit of the household, the sugar-camp and the farm; in fact, of the whole community. Upon her sons and daughters she stamped an integrity of soul born of high perceptions. She became the mother of four itinerant preachers and a preacher's wife.

Solomon Newell, a resident of Pulaski County, said of Nancy Kelly: "She had charge of the farm and garden, and in the Winter made immense quantities of sugar. To me there was no place like 'Aunt Nancy's,' because she always gave me sugar. Once she gave me a piece of cheese; I didn't like that, so I lifted a fence-rail, slipped the cheese under and let the rail down on top of it. I can see her now as she comes up the hill from the sugar-camp, her sunbonnet fallen back upon her shoulders, her form straight as a poplar. She was known far and wide for her piety and benevolence. There are no more such women as Aunt Nancy Kelly."

We quote again from Dr. Hardin Newell: "Nancy Kelly was known all over Pulaski and Wayne Counties. She was a most excellent midwife, frequently riding 10 and 15 miles the coldest and darkest nights.

"In her day physicians were scarce, and to say it all, but few physicians understood obstetrics better than she. I never knew her to charge over \$1; that was the fee; and that was paid in work at 50 cents per day, or the debtor cut and split 200 rails. If the patient was poor and hard-pressed to live, she made no charge; if any came to her in want they were not turned off without relief.

"Dr. Newell continues: "Samuel Kelly died October 13, 1834. He suffered with asthma most of his life, and for the last 10 years before his death was compelled to sit up at night; he finally became dropsical and I have no doubt had valvular disease of the heart. It is due his memory to say that he was a great and good man.

"Nancy Kelly died January 26, 1841. Their remains lie at Mount Zion, and will come forth at the last day clothed in white and have part in the first resurrection.

"The most of the Kelly people were money-makers, but few of them, however, were money-savers. This was especially true of Samuel Kelly. In his day and time we handled but little money; he managed to make some money, but made bad investments, paid many securities, etc.

"Their family of children and grandchildren have been shortlived; many of them have gone to the spirit land."

CHAPTER IV.

On Clifty Creek.

*"We will sing one song of the old Kentucky home,
Of the old Kentucky home far away."*



IN the year 1882, drawn by a tender desire to visit the place hallowed by association and to tread the soil once trodden by kindred feet that have long since crossed the swellings of Jordan, Dr. Richmond Kelly, then a student of Miami Medical College, Cincinnati, whose home was in Portland, Or., and his sister, Laura Kelly Turner, made loving pilgrimage to "Old Kentucky." Of sights and scenes on Clifty Creek they write:

"We have seen Grandfather Kelly's house, the site of the old powder and oilmill, and that of the gristmill. The sills of the latter are still seen, as they were placed by his own hands, looking perfectly sound; the reason for this is that they are always under water.

"The house is in good condition; it was built after most of his children were born; the historical 'balm-of-Gilead' tree is gone. The house is of hewn logs, weather-boarded, and at some past age painted white; inside it is chinked with stones and 'pointed' with lime, which gives it a pretty fair appearance. It was a good house in its day.

"The sitting-room is partly ceiled. The door leading to the bed-room wears the same coat of red paint applied by grandfather's own hands. Two rooms above and two below were the original dwelling; the old cabin where the

children were born—later used as kitchen and sleeping-room—was long since torn down; the present extension in the rear was put up by Uncle Hardin Newell.

“The stairs are steep and narrow; up stairs they used to hold religious services before Mount Zion Church was built. Outside, to the left, still stand the limber-twig apple trees, planted long ago. Going down the hill, past other ancient apple trees, we are in a pretty grove of spruce and balm-of-Gilead trees, planted by Uncle Thomas. Here, in a cool dell in the side of the hill, walled with stones, is the spring from the bed of which the famous bluestone was taken that furnished the boys of generations ago with slate pencils.

“The springhouse is nearly as grandfather left it, the little stream that trickles from it gathering force as it hurries away to the bluff, whence it tumbles, a beautiful cascade, into Clifty Creek, 50 feet below.

“We wandered along the bank of the creek, a bold, dashing stream, where our father and uncles played—if ever they had time to play; saw where grandfather had toiled with his clumsy tools to hew, in the solid stone, a foundation for his timbers, and climbed the steep ascent—pulling ourselves up by the bushes on either hand—up which his feet had so often toiled going home to dinner. There was an easier way, but we preferred this as the one he most often used.

“Solomon Newell, our guide of 72 years, told of coming there to mill when a boy. ‘Mr. Kelly was not at the house,’ said he, ‘but soon a wheezy cough was heard, such as always preceded his approach. Coming in, he said to me: “Well, sir; where did you come from?” “Came from home; my father sent me.” “Oh! I didn’t know but you came down from the clouds.”’

“He suffered much from asthma, and Uncle Solomon said the nurses were obliged some times to leave the room; they could not bear the sight of sufferings they were powerless to relieve.

“When at last he knew the end was near, he asked to be left alone; so, like Moses, unseen by human eye, he faced his last mortal enemy. He was not accustomed to talk much of his inner life, but he was one of God’s men.

“The arm-chair he used so long, and from which his spirit passed away, is in the possession of Uncle Hardin Newell’s family.

“After his death grandmother continued the business and maintained the religious life in the family for seven years, when she joined him in the ‘home beyond.’

“There was not much of romance in our grandmother’s life; just to live, as she lived, meant a great deal; but she has left a rich heritage to her children, that of a strong character, which, viewed in any light, reflects only symmetry and brightness.

“We visited their graves, and, in the turf that yearly greens and fades above them, reverently planted some sprigs of myrtle.”



CHAPTER V

Clinton Kelly.

*"Be it my only wisdom here
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good."*

—CHARLES WESLEY.



HE immediate offspring of Samuel and Nancy Kelly were Clinton, Temperance, Gilby, Albert, Cyrene, Sena, Gilmore, Samuel, Rachel, Tabitha, Thomas, and an infant son who lived but 12 hours.

Of these, Clinton, Gilby, Albert and Samuel were itinerant preachers; Sena married Josiah Godbey, who afterward became a preacher, and the five were members of the Kentucky conference at the same time.

The deep religious fervor of Nancy Kelly found expression in the ardent zeal of her preacher-sons. The one object of each, pursued to the close of life, was to cry: "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world!"

Alike in storm and sun, through hardships unknown to the pastor of the present day, they prosecuted their noble work, counting no sacrifice too great that would bring men to God.

Clinton Kelly was born on Clifty Creek, June 15, 1808. Amid the struggles of Kentucky life, boys had little time for books, and what Clinton gained in this way was through close application at odd moments.

Here is an incident in point: A steer had been killed for meat and Clinton was up before day, making a "drag" to haul it to Somerset, seven miles away; there was a deep snow on the ground. He drove a pair of steers hitched to the drag, sold the hide and returned long after nightfall with the sum of 50 cents, and considered himself well paid for his day's work.

At 14 he was tanning hides, and one day had a chance to buy another on time, which he also put into the tanning trough. The payment became overdue and suit was brought to recover damages. He "dragged" the hides to market, sold them and paid the debt and costs, putting the surplus, 25 cents, into his pocket with the firm determination to never again go into debt.

But the boys had their sports, too, as this little story told by Solomon Newell will show: "One night the Kelly boys and some of their neighbors went fishing. They were having prime sport, when one of the boys landed a large catfish. 'Oh, see here, what I've got!' he shouted, and all gathered round to admire the big fish. After a while they concluded to take a nap, and one of the youngsters thought of a fine trick. Slyly slipping the big fish from its string, he put it on his own hook, dropped it into the water and then flung it on the bank, calling out: 'Ho! Guess I've got a big one, too.' But the boys had heard the splash and were a little suspicious; they looked at the fish and remarked it was 'just like Solomon's!' and on examination, behold! Solomon's fish was gone.

"It was decided the boy should be punished; they chose judge, jury and lawyers, and Clinton was the judge. The culprit was found guilty and sentenced to receive 30 lashes; but the judge recommended mercy in case he acknowledged the offense, which he did, and so escaped punishment."

A peculiarly tender tie existed between Clinton and his mother; much of the care of bringing up a large family fell upon the oldest son, which was increased by the long absences from home and natural taciturnity of the father;

in consequence, mother and son were brought into close companionship, and to his latest day he always spoke of her in terms of deep reverence.

At an early age he became intensely concerned for his salvation. The feeling grew into an anxious burden that he vainly tried to throw off, seeking relief by prayer and such means as he could command, only to find that the load grew heavier and heavier.

He had been sent on an errand and was returning home through the woods. He got down on his knees and tried to pray, but the more he tried the deeper grew the darkness in his soul. At last he gave up, concluding there was no salvation for him, saying to himself, "I have done all I know how to do, and can do no more; I leave myself in the hands of God." No sooner had he reached this mental attitude than light from Heaven broke in upon him, and he could sing with a bounding heart:

"The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss;
While Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am His."

At this time he was 18 years of age. He confided his new-found joy to his mother, and arranged for a little meeting with a few friends, for his heart was burning with holy fire.

But the news could not be kept; it spread with lightning rapidity, and people came from far and near, for there was to be a meeting at Sam Kelly's and Clinton was to do the preaching. They came on foot and on horseback, a favored few in wagons, to hear the preacher; they filled the house and yard, and still they came.

As to Clinton, the situation can better be imagined than told. He was overwhelmed. He had no thought of seeing more than the invited few. He went out into the brush behind the barn and there, with strong crying and tears, fought his battle, and won. A mere stripling, he faced that

large company, many of whom had known him from birth, and told his story and delivered his message with such telling effect that from that day forth none doubted the clearness of his call to preach the gospel of Jesus.

What must have been the emotions of his pious mother at this signal answer to her prayers!

There was neither church nor schoolhouse in the neighborhood, but the second story of his father's house was always open, and the sacred fire continued to glow and spread until a great revival followed, and many precious results flowed from the gatherings in that consecrated upper room.

With his yoke of white steers the young preacher drew the logs and stones and built a schoolhouse, where he taught the first school. An immense fireplace filled each end, and floor and seats were made of puncheons.

Himself and brothers built a church, with some outside help, of the same rude materials, and here they preached their first sermons. The name of the site was Mount Zion, and both church and schoolhouse were in use in 1882, the church having taken on some modern improvements, and the schoolhouse had had one chimney taken away.

The pilgrims wandered about in search of some precious memento, and finding, half way down the hill, the old pulpit fashioned by Albert Kelly's young hands, they secured a portion, took it to Cincinnati and had the wood formed into two cups, which they still retain.

CHAPTER VI

Life in Kentucky.

*“In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.”*



At the age of 19, Clinton Kelly was united in marriage to Mary Baston, a young woman in every way qualified to be a help to him in the path that Providence had marked out. To obtain the license fee, he made a barrel of cider, crushing the apples by hand in a rude way; the cider was hauled to town on a drag and sold for a dollar, which was the sum required. The preacher's fee was usually a cornhusk horse collar, the husks being braided together in the proper shape; as they were not very durable, there was no danger of an over-supply.

The young folks went to keeping house near the Kelly home, on what was afterward known as the "Aden Jones place." Clinton continuing his studies, preaching, teaching and assisting his mother, whose laborious duties were increased in consequence of his father's declining health.

In 1834 his long-cherished purpose to enter the itinerancy was consummated; he attended the annual conference that year in company with his brother, Albert, and was assigned to the Elizabethtown circuit; Albert receiving an appointment the same year. The brothers returned to make the final preparation and to say good-bye to their parents.

prior to entering upon the privations and exposures incident to the life of an itinerant preacher. The circuits were large, postoffices were few and far apart, and four weeks of horseback journeying through forests full of wild beasts, over rugged mountains and swollen streams, exposed to the frost by night and heat by day—literally living in the saddle—all this and much more must be endured before they would again behold the dear ones at home; and when it is remembered that such was to be their lot year after year while physical strength remained, it is easy to see that to be a circuit rider required a consecration of no superficial character. What might befall the loved ones between visits home, God only knew, but the itinerant learned to count all things loss for the Master he loved.

The parting hour came, and once more they gathered around the family altar in the old home made holy by so many precious memories. The horses stood at the gate, equipped with saddle and saddlebags, wherein the preacher stowed his Bible, a rare book or two and the very few belongings that were indispensable. They knelt in prayer, and the afflicted father and devoted mother commended their sons to him who, when on earth, had no place to lay his head, and who says the servant is not above his Lord.

We would fain lift the latch, enter that homely room, kneel in that sacred circle, and drink of that spirit of self-denial and sacrifice that, like a mystic magnet, draws men to the Christ.

The scene closes; they rise from their knees, and hand grasps hand in kindred Christian fellowship. But where is Albert, the younger brother? They hurry to the door; his horse is gone. Behold! on yonder hilltop his form limned against the sky; a moment more and it is lost to view; his emotions would not permit him a last good-bye. The last it proved to be, for ere the four weeks' "round" was completed, the Angel of Life entered that humble home, and the father was led out into the glories of Eternal Day.

A few fleeting years and a shadow fell upon the parson-

age. Mary Baston's health declined and much of Clinton's time was spent in caring for her. In March he made a bed in the back of the wagon, tenderly lifted her in, and with the five little boys she had given him—Plympton, Hampton, Archon, Calmet and Benjal—started for his mother's. There were no springs to the vehicle, and it was a journey of many a weary mile. Traveling and resting, they reached Clifty Creek in April, and the following June her spirit was free, and the worn casket was laid in Mount Zion cemetery.

With all her cares, Nancy Kelly took into her heart the motherless boys. A few days ago the only surviving one of that group was asked: "What kind of woman was grandmother?" With a voice tremulous with unshed tears, he answered: "Just as good as they make them."

A new mother came, Jane Burns, and within three short years she laid down life's burden, leaving a delicate daughter, Mary Jane. They were on the Middletown circuit, far from home and kindred, but they were not forgotten; Grandmother Kelly sent her son Samuel to bring the children home, and again the wagon was called into requisition for the long journey to Clifty Creek. The infant daughter was placed in a miniature cradle, fashioned by the father's hands, and carried in his lap; he carefully tended and nourished the baby, not knowing but each day would be her last; until, with a sigh of relief, he placed her in his mother's arms.

The shadow passed, and Moriah Crain, daughter of John Crain, of Pulaski County, came to preside over the home and be a mother to the children. Clinton and Moriah were married March 11, 1840; within the year, Grandmother Kelly entered into rest.

George Taylor performed the marriage service and was paid in coin. After retaining it awhile he handed it back, saying, "Here, Brother Kelly; I've had this long enough." Not to be outdone, Clinton made and presented him with one of those huge splint baskets, in the making of which he was proficient.

John Crain was a specimen of those fine old Kentucky characters of whom we read, but who have passed into history. At his daughter's marriage he presented her with a negro woman, and to his new son-in-law he gave a negro man. "No, father," said Clinton Kelly, "I cannot consent to the ownership of my fellow-beings; with God's blessing I can make a living for your daughter and my family without the use of such means as my conscience forbids"; and Moriah Crain, who had been shielded all her life, agreed with heart and soul.

Moriah Maldon Crain, seventh child of John Crain and Sarah Rousseau, was born in Pulaski County, Kentucky, November 11, 1814. She was the granddaughter of Samuel Crain, who was born in Culpepper County, Virginia, in 1741. He served as a soldier in the United States Navy during the Revolutionary War, and in 1797 moved to Kentucky, and died in 1829. Through her maternal ancestors she is a descendant of Hillaire Rousseau, a Huguenot, who came from France to Virginia upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV, October 22, 1685. Her great-grandfather, David Rousseau, married Mary Harrison, a niece of Benjamin Harrison, the signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Clinton continued to study, preach and work with his own hands, that, like Paul, he might be debtor to none. Everywhere he went a garden sprang up, and the new mother knit, spun and wove that the scant salary might go for books. At her marriage Moriah had 12 dozen pairs of socks, spun and knit with her own hands; these she exchanged for broadcloth, which went into a suit of clothes for Clinton. A year's salary, carefully hoarded, paid for a set of Clarke's Commentaries. Amaziah Kelly, of Steubenville, Ky., says that sometimes cash receipts fell below \$5 for the entire year.

The Bible to Clinton Kelly was the book of books; his early study of its sacred pages was upon his knees; he literally devoured the truths contained therein. As his cares

multiplied, he carried a Testament in his pocket, and while riding or waiting at the mill, he fed upon the word of life. He grew to be so familiar with the sacred book that, given a clause or sentence, no matter how obscure, he was able to locate it, and give the connection, and his expositions of scripture were food for the soul.

Alluding to this period, he says: "The first Bible I had was a society Bible and I carried it with me hundreds of miles under my arm, and whenever I had an opportunity I would read; I carried it with me to the blacksmith shop or when I went to chopping logs; and when I sat down to rest I read. I carried this until I obtained a pocket Bible. I owe, under God, in a great measure what I have attained to this fact."

His manner of preaching was simple and natural; his clothing of spiritual truth was in homely garb; so taught the Savior of men. Early in his ministry he preached a sermon on the judgment, and his hearers, listening with awe, were thrilled with his portrayal of the august scene.

On the way home he was asked: "Brother Kelly, where did you get that sermon?" "Where I get all the balance." was the characteristic reply.

The over-fastidious were often startled by his plain language, even while they acknowledged the truth of the message.

Of Moriah Crain's nine children, four were born in Kentucky—John Crain, deceased; Sarah Margaret, Penumbra and Laura Frances.

Clinton Kelly partook of his father's peculiarities of style and dress, with a cordial soul that saw in every man a brother, of whatever race or color, and none ever came to him in distress that found not succor.

Quaint stories are still told of his life in Kentucky. On one occasion he stopped over night at the house of a notable lady who pressed him to make himself easy and do just as if he were at home.

The great fireplace was running over with ashes that

obstructed the draft. He went out, returned with the ash-bucket and took up the ashes, relieving the choked fireplace, putting the fire in order and sweeping up the hearth.

He was prolific of ways and means for the maintenance of his family. Performing long journeys on horseback, he worked on the way. Coming in sight of a house, the inmates often wondered what the queer-looking turnout might be, to find, as he drew near, that he was weaving a prodigious basket, the horse's head protruding through the top, and the splints sticking out in every direction, nearly obscuring the rider.

Sometimes he took along his shoemaker's kit and, while trying to lead his flock in the narrow path, pegged away at making shoes. On week days he took his work into the pulpit with him, so valuable was every moment of time.

George Taylor, his presiding elder, once said of him: "That man is ashamed of nothing but sin."

He loved the companionship of dumb animals, and the book of Nature was ever a new revelation. As he grew in years his heart grew strangely tender, and the sight of suffering in a child, the helplessness of a bird or a worm appealed to his sympathetic soul. His married daughter was visiting him with her infant son. In the night the child's crying awoke him. He rose and rebuilt the fire, took the little one in his arms and ministered to its relief, giving at the same time so precious a lesson on the tenderness of God the Father that the occasion will ever be cherished in that daughter's memory.

Long after he had entered into rest, one of his sons said: "When I was growing up, there was no entertainment to me like sitting down to a quiet talk with my father."

CHAPTER VII

The Westward Journey.

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

—EX. XXXIII: 14.



THE political strife that agitated the Nation and caused division in the Methodist church served to turn the mind of Clinton Kelly toward the land of the setting sun. After long and prayerful consideration he began to prepare for the toilsome journey of 3000 miles over sandy wastes and mountain heights to the Pacific Coast. He built wagons, gathered together whatever he thought would be of use in the new land, bade good-bye to old Kentucky in the Fall of 1847, and started for Oregon, accompanied by his brothers, Albert and Thomas. The journey across the plains was a serious undertaking; it was doubtful whether the emigrants would ever reach their destination; if they escaped the hands of murderous savages there was danger of the cattle "giving out" and leaving them to die on the blistering sands; and sometimes, on the very verge of the promised land, looking down upon its verdant soil, they were caught in the snows of the Cascade mountains and miserably perished.

In Kentucky there was plenty of cornbread, bacon and coffee, with maple sugar to sweeten it; and even delicious peaches; but there was the dark blot of slavery upon the land, and the darker cloud of war in the sky, that impelled him to sever tender ties, and with prophetic instinct he

scented from afar the fruitful vales and evergreen slopes "where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save its own dashing."

The emigrants went into winter quarters at Independence, Mo., and on the first day of May, 1848, the procession of 12 wagons rolled out for "Lone Elm," the first camping place. The Richardsons, Emericks, Catlins and Welchs were in the train. At Lone Elm a hailstorm stampeded the cattle, and Albert Kelly's team was not to be found. After a two days' search he decided to put off the trip another year, and the train moved on. One night as they halted the rain came down in torrents, no fire could be made and everybody went supperless to bed. It rained all night, and the next morning, wet and dismal, the rain still pouring, they yoked the cattle and plodded on, without breakfast, until 11 o'clock; when the skies favored them and they were able to prepare food.

Here and there treasured articles were left by the way-side as too greatly impeding the slow movements of the teams; occasionally a party dropped behind; sometimes a lagging team was overtaken; now a band of Indians surrounded the camp, to be beguiled of evil intent; then a lonely grave struck a chill to the heart. At The Dalles a party of settlers passed our emigrants on their way to avenge the massacre of the Whitman family. At this point the freight was shipped by water to Oregon City, whither the Kellys were bound, and the families made the laborious journey over the mountains. Clinton arrived with the goods on a raft, his last quarter spent that morning for a place in which to dry the books that had got a wetting in transit.

The boys worked during the winter scoring timber for a breakwater for the Island Mills, and made barrel staves for George Abernethy, for which they were in part paid in potatoes. In the Spring they moved to Portland—a village of log huts—bought 640 acres of Government land on the east side of the Willamette for \$50 and planted potatoes.

which they sold for \$5 per bushel. Later on, a single apple of the Gloria Mundi variety sold for \$5.

At Oregon City a daughter, Victoria Ann, was born, and two of the boys, Calmet and Benjal Kelly, bade their kindred "good-bye" and their bodies were laid in the soil of Green Point.

"So swift trod sorrow on the heels of joy."

At Oregon City the boys witnessed the novel sight of the landing of the first Territorial Governor of Oregon, General Joe Lane, from a canoe. As the canoe came within hailing distance, a man from the shore called out:

"Is Governor Lane in that canoe?" A form rose in the craft and answered back:

"I'm the man," and immediately the waiting cannon belched forth the news that Oregon, as a Territory of the United States, was welcoming to her shores her first appointed Governor.

The suite of the new executive had not arrived; there was no one to swear him into office. The only Justice of the Peace available was Mr. Walling, father of A. G. Walling, since known in business circles in Portland.

The idea of a humble Justice swearing in a Governor was something unheard of. Mr. Walling consulted Clinton Kelly as to whether the oath would be effective in such a case, who saw no objection under the circumstances, and so the rite was performed.

During the years of 1866-7, Bishop Kavanagh, of Kentucky, made a tour of California and Oregon in the interests of the Methodist Church South.

Of Clinton Kelly as he was known in Kentucky and of the bishop's visit to him at his home near Portland, the Louisville Christian Advocate of January 22, 1868, published the following account:

"Very many of our Kentucky Methodists will remember Clinton Kelly, for many years a member of the Kentucky

conference. He was a rugged specimen of a man, physically, from Pulaski County, in the edge of the mountains; was tall and ungainly in person and somewhat stoop-shouldered; had a homely but pleasant countenance; a rather drawling but strong and expressive voice; was generally well dressed at conference, but on his circuits was not always careful to be arrayed in the height of fashion.

“He was a great student and a great worker. He literally devoured the standard works of Methodism; and when he preached he showed himself familiar with the subjects he discussed, and presented his ideas in plain and forcible language, impressing his auditors with the conviction that he was no ‘botch’ in ecclesiastical matters.

“His salaries were never large; and what he lacked in the way of support from his parishioners he made up by his own exertions. He did not scorn to make a basket, peg a shoe, or follow the plow. In a parsonage lot where he once lived grew some beauteous cedars, the pride of a former owner, whose dark green hue lent a charm to the place; but, in the estimation of the matter-of-fact incumbent of the premises, only cumbered the ground. With mattock and spade he soon had their bare roots and green leaves lying on the street, and neighbors were invited to supply themselves with cedar trees to adorn their own yards, and the coming summer found cabbages and potatoes growing where the exiled cedars had flourished.

“We have heard it said that sometimes, on going with his worthy wife to spend a day in the country, he would pile into the family barouche the week’s ‘washing,’ for her to do the ironing while making her visit, and he took with him a volume of Clarke’s Commentaries, or Fletcher’s Checks, and a pair of half-made shoes, and between pegging shoes and discussing theology he would spend the day industriously and profitably, instructively and pleasantly. He was a man of earnest piety, truly devoted to the church, and no unchristian act ever tarnished his fair name.

“In 1847 Brother Kelly, charmed with accounts from

Oregon, started by land to that distant wilderness region. Twenty years ago we saw him on his way, passing through Southern Kentucky; his household goods drawn by oxen and cows. The cows drew their burden by day and furnished the family with milk at night; and in Oregon became the maternal ancestors of the herds of cattle that graze in the rich pasture fields of their owner. After a long and wearisome journey across the plains and over the mountains, Brother Kelly pitched his tent in the far-off land of Oregon and said: 'Here I rest.'

"Now for Bishop Kavanaugh's account of this hardy pioneer as he saw him in his Oregon home.

"The bishop landed at Portland, Or., stopped at Arri-goni's Hotel, and in the course of the evening inquired of his host if he knew Clinton Kelly.

" 'Oh, yes,' said the man, with a smile, 'everybody knows him, and you will see him tomorrow. He is here every day.' The next day 'Old Man Kelly,' as he is commonly called, paid his respects to the bishop—met him with all the kindness and cordiality that could be desired under the circumstances.

"After the salutation, in which the old friends mutually indulged in this glad meeting, the old man said: 'Well, Kavanaugh, it wouldn't be religious for you to go back to Kentucky without making me a visit.'

"The bishop assented, and arrangements were made for a visit the ensuing day. At the appointed time a young man was ushered into the bishop's room with the announcement: 'Old Man Kelly has sent me after you.' and the bishop was, in due time, borne in a buggy two miles and a half to the place of destination.

"He was cordially greeted and found a pleasant home with his friend of other days.

"The house was of large proportions. 'The sitting-room,' the bishop said, 'was 30 feet square.' A somewhat incredulous brother reverently suggested. 'Bishop, don't you think

you stretched your blanket in stating the size of that room?’

“But the bishop steadfastly affirmed that it was so—30 by 30—equal to 900 square feet, requiring 100 yards of carpet to cover it; but so extensive a drain on the carpet makers was obviated by dispensing with the useless article.

“Among the ‘old man’s’ household were a lot of Chinese servants, or California ‘freedmen.’ They had been hired from an agent in Portland, who traffics in such ‘chattels.’ They had been there only a few days, and seemed to be concocting an ‘insurrection.’ There was manifestly a commotion among the ‘long-tailed’ gentry, and the next morning it culminated in a demand for ‘a settlement.’

“The ‘old man,’ as was his daily custom, had rigged himself for ‘wind and weather.’ Taking a large potato sack, he put a potato in each corner, and throwing it over his shoulders, passed a string around each potato, and thus securely tied it in its place; and by the same process attached another sack in front for an apron.

“The immigrants from the Celestial empire eyed closely the operation. The slouched hat, the patched garments and the potato bag coverings convinced the Chinamen that they were ‘taken in,’ and would never be paid for their services.

“They demanded settlement and refused another hour’s work. The old man, unable to comprehend the situation from the unmeaning jargon of the yellow-skinned pagans, sent a deputation with his son to see the man in town who trades in Chinese, and from whom they had been hired.

“They soon explained to him what the difficulty was, and he sent them back with assurances that the ‘old man’ was all right and would pay them to the last nickel.

“When the son returned, he told his father what the trouble was, that the ‘Celestials’ thought that no man that dressed in bags and rags and patches, as he did, would ever be able to pay his laborers for services rendered. The old

man laughed at the joke and put the yellowskins to work, but held on to his ornaments, regardless of the unfavorable opinion of 'John Chinaman.'

"The bishop, in looking over the premises, eyed a long pile of potatoes, and inquired how many there were. 'About 6000 bushels.' 'Are they all you have?' 'All but about 12 acres,' was the reply. He had great piles of fine apples and a house full besides, and other eatables in proportion. When asked what amount of vegetables he had on his premises, he said: 'Well, about enough to feed a colony.'

"At bedtime the members of the family were called in, and the old man arose and said:

" 'Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly.'

"The remaining lines are:

" 'Thy little flock in safety keep,
For oh, the wolf is nigh.'

"Brother Kelly is a member of the Northern church, but he did not design any personal application to the Southern bishop when he sang, 'For oh, the wolf is nigh'; in proof of which, he not only called on the bishop to pray at the close of the hymn, but had him preach next night in the neighboring Northern church, to the neighbors called in.

"Before morning prayer he began the service with a hymn, uttered in his own peculiar style:

" 'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run.'

"After the bishop's sermon in the church, Brother Kelly followed with some affecting allusions to the bishop and his acquaintance with him in other days, when both were young, and by his remarks and deep emotion made the occasion one of special interest to the people, as well as to himself

and the bishop, and in 'the final separation in Portland a few months later, 'the old man' of Oregon 'wept like a child.'

"Clinton Kelly has grown rich in Oregon, but has maintained his faith and piety and is a local preacher.

"His brother Albert is also in Oregon, a reputable member of the Northern conference.

"We write this sketch for the entertainment of Clinton Kelly's many friends in Kentucky. Others afar off, less interested, must pardon us for any want of interest it may have for them. Clinton Kelly was a character in Kentucky."



CHAPTER VIII

Clinton Kelly's Descendants.

"For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord."

— GEN. XVIII: 19.



CLINTON KELLY was not a member of the Oregon conference, but he maintained appointments at Portland, Milwaukie, Oregon City, Foster's, Mount Tabor and other places." He wore a tall, white beaver hat, a jeans overcoat that reached nearly to the ground, and carried a hickory cane, brought from Kentucky, and Sunday morning saw him, a benign smile upon his rugged face, bidding his family good-bye and starting off for a walk of several miles to his preaching place. One Sunday morning, in the year 1849, himself and brother Thomas arrived at the log schoolhouse in the vicinity of Second and Washington streets, Portland, where he expected to preach.

As no one had come, he told his brother to stay and he would go out and hunt up a congregation. They began to drop in, one or two at a time, until about the entire population had gathered, 15 or 20 in all, and he preached unto them the word of life. Later, he hauled the timbers and helped erect the first church building in Portland.

It is not needful to dwell upon the life of Clinton Kelly; his deeds are recorded in Heaven, in the joys of which he has long been a happy participant. There could be but one ending to such a life as his.

He crossed the narrow boundary between worlds June 19, 1875. A few weeks prior to his departure a large circle of friends assembled at his request at his home to partake with him of the Last Supper. To these and others he left this farewell message:

"After a protracted affliction, very feeble in body and very near the end of my earthly pilgrimage, I feel a desire to inform my numerous friends, in and out of the church, of my prospects for another world. During my affliction I have had many manifestations of the great love of Jesus, which has given me patience and resignation, and a good hope through grace; and I suppose that if hundreds, nay, even thousands of men and women were present to witness my unshaken confidence in God, who can have no such opportunity, it would be a saving lesson to them. I want to say to one and all that there is no name given under Heaven whereby we can be saved only the name of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. For 50 years it has been my special care to make myself acquainted with the religious theories of the world, and the best you can do for your soul's sake is to cast the whole of them to the moles and bats, and trust alone in Jesus Christ for salvation from sin here, victory in death and eternal salvation above. This you would all admit if your souls were in my soul's stead, standing ready to depart. I want you to understand that this is not the result of a fevered brain, or hallucination of any kind. I have not had an hour's fever in the whole course of my disease. My mind has been all the while as clear and rational as through common life."

The Portland Oregonian said of him: "For 48 years he diligently served his God; and after a long life of usefulness, full of many sufferings and privations, he has gone to reign with him."

Twenty-five years later Judge J. F. Caples, late Minister to Chili, paid him this tribute: "I doubt if the next generation will produce another such man; it can't do it. He was the most powerful natural speaker I ever heard; and he

never was afraid to say what he thought. In the later years of his life we were warm personal friends, and I still cherish his memory."

Plympton, eldest son of Clinton Kelly, is living in the vicinity of Portland; his postoffice is Palestine, Or. He is a prosperous farmer and has three living children, three having passed over in early man and womanhood—Calmet, Clinton and Harriet. His living children are Mrs. Euda Niblin, of Palestine; Mrs. Mary Howitt, of Gresham, and James Garfield Kelly. He has one grandchild; two died in infancy. Plympton Kelly is the oldest of the Kelly stock on the Pacific Coast, being six months older than his uncle, Thomas Kelly, of North Yakima, Wash., and is a true type of the genuine, old-fashioned, hospitable Kentuckian. He is unique in style and manner, and one would need to travel far to find another like him. His wife is Elizabeth A. Clarke, a niece of Mrs. Calvin S. Kingsley; the Rev. and Mrs. Kingsley were missionaries sent out to Oregon by the Methodist Episcopal Board of Missions in 1851.

Hampton, second son of Clinton Kelly, passed away from his home in Wasco County, Oregon, in 1899. He was a great Bible student, and one of the last acts of his life was to build a church in his neighborhood. His wife is Margaret Fitch, of Indiana. They have five children living—four having died—and seven grandchildren. Plympton Kelly, road supervisor in Multnomah County; Mrs. Helen Manley and Linus Kelly, of Portland, and Luzerne and Lester Kelly, of Wasco County, belong to this branch of the family. The eldest daughter, Mrs. Zorah Trueman, left one son, Delman Loyd, and two daughters, Stella and Gertrude. Stella—Mrs. Woodside—has buried two children. Plympton has two sons, Glenn and Ray; Luzerne has one son, Floyd, and Linus has a daughter, Leetta.

Archon Kelly was in the itinerant work in the Oregon conference for some years. He settled at Pleasant Home, whence he was called away in October, 1890, his wife, Elizabeth Roork, of Tennessee, preceding him. He has

four living children and 21 grandchildren; five daughters—Mrs. Corinna Culbertson, Mrs. Lillie Dundee and Mrs. Rose Calvin of the number, an infant son and a great-grandchild, have departed this life. John B. Kelly, of Portland, inventor of a pneumatic motor tube; B. J. Kelly, of the Evangelical Oregon Conference; Mrs. Moriah Buoy, of Idaho, and Samuel Kelly, farmer, of Wasco County, belong to Archon Kelly's family.

Calmet and Benjal Kelly died at Oregon City, in the winter of 1848-9.

Mary Jane, eldest daughter of Clinton Kelly, was Mrs. James Akin, of Benton County, Oregon. She died, leaving a little daughter, now Mrs. Addie Fulton, of Vallejo, Cal. Mrs. Fulton has one daughter,

John Crain, eldest son of Moriah Crain, died in infancy. Sarah Margaret—Mrs. J. W. Kern, of Portland—has eight living children—one dead—and 10 grandchildren. L. E. Kern, of the Portland Brick Combine; Clinton Kern, of the Southern Pacific carshops; Mrs. Mary Leo, Mrs. Mildred Hawes, Mrs. Annie Yerrix, Beatrice—Mrs. Rev. Charles Hurd, of the Evangelical Conference; Sarah Eugenia, a teacher in the public schools of Portland, and Vera Margaret, are her children.

Penumbra Kelly represented his district in the Oregon Legislature four terms; was United States Marshal for Oregon for a term of years, and served his county in the capacity of Sheriff for several terms. He married Mary E., daughter of Judge P. A. Marquam, of Portland. His children are: Mary Agnes, assistant keeper of the Kelly records; Samuel Ralph and Sarah Maldon. Three little sons have gone to the better land.

Laura F.—Mrs. E. Turner, of Stockton, Cal.—has eight children; four on earth and four in Heaven; three daughters went in their prime, loving their Lord and following gladly where he led. Edith Turner Groves left two sons—Clinton Kelly and Albert Loyal; an infant son going before.

R. Izer Turner (married), a teacher in Southern California; Laura Lucile, a senior in the University of California; John K. Turner, of Los Angeles (married); and Richmond Kelly Turner are of this branch.

Moriah Emily—Mrs. Rev. John Shaver—of Portland, is the mother of five children: Harold and Cora, students in the College of Forest Grove; Isolene, Sarah A. and Willard. This is a family of singers.

Frederika B., youngest daughter of Clinton Kelly, is Mrs. Rev. Martin Judy, of the Southern California Conference. She has six children: Clinton and Emily Virginia, students in the University of California; Fredrika, Martin, Juanita and Howard.

Dr. Richmond Kelly, youngest living son of Clinton Kelly, is a graduate of Miami Medical College, Cincinnati, O. He married Addie S. Morgan, of Pennsylvania, and together they returned to his native state, where he has become established in his chosen profession.

Their children are Joyce Raymond, Laura, Esther and Wilbur Clinton. Dr. Kelly has the family Bible that originally belonged to Samuel Kelly.

Raymond, youngest son of Clinton Kelly, died in infancy.

Of Clinton Kelly's living descendants there are seven children, 43 grandchildren and 42 great-grandchildren.

* * * * *

Temperance, eldest daughter of Samuel and Nancy Kelly, was born January 9, 1810. She was, like her mother, a woman of faith and piety, and her life was an exemplary one. She married Aden Jones and was the mother of 13 children: Marshall, Josephine, Emerald, Cyrus Marion, Greenup, Eliza, Nira, Salena, Morris E., McKendree, Pamela, Samuel Kelly and Lavena. Two of these are living—Cyrus M., with a family of six children and two grandchildren, and Samuel Kelly, who has a family and resides at Moreland, Ky. Of Temperance Kelly's grandchildren,

Morris Lee Jones lives in Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Josephine Raney, who has a son—Lee Raney—in the Johns Hopkins University, at Baltimore; a family of six children in Kansas belonging to Emerald Jones; four children of Nira Jones Bell, and Lavina Jones Newell's family, one of whom lived in Chicago at last accounts.

Cyrus M. Jones is a well-to-do farmer living near Hall's Gap, Ky. A visit to his home in 1882 is still remembered with pleasure. Himself and hospitable wife royally entertained their guests in whole-souled Kentucky fashion. Cyrus is a plain, unassuming, energetic character, possessing many of the admirable traits that belong to the Kellys. In appearance and manner he resembles his uncle, Thomas Kelly. His farm of 300 acres is in good cultivation, and everything about him wears a look of thrift and comfort. The eldest daughter married Tolbert Martin and has two children, one named Clinton Kelly. Eugene W., Cyrus Jones' oldest son, is in Oklahoma.

Cyrus Jones' postoffice is Maywood, Ky.

CHAPTER IX

A Family of Preachers.

*"Thy every suff'ring servant, Lord,
Shall as his perfect Master be;
To all thy inward life restored,
And outwardly conformed to thee;
Out of thy grave the saints shall rise,
And grasp through death the glorious prize."*



IN "Life and Travels of W. B. Landrum" we find the following entry, which will give us an idea of the extent of a circuit in early times in Kentucky: "Our appointments were read out Thursday night, the 29th of October (1829), and I was appointed to Somerset circuit, which was so large it extended into five counties, and embraced 26 preaching places for 28 days."

In his "first round," Mr. Landrum says he "preached at Samuel Kelly's, out of whose family so many preachers have been called into the itinerant field."

Briefly has the life of one of these—Clinton Kelly—been told. Concerning his brothers a few facts have been gathered, which will serve to indicate the character of these devoted men.

A. H. Redford, in his book entitled "Western Cavaliers," in which frequent mention is made of the four brothers, has this sketch of the second son of Samuel and Nancy Kelly: "Gilby Kelly was born in Pulaski County, Kentucky, June 18, 1812. His father and mother were distinguished for

their fervent piety and devotion to the Methodist church, of which they were zealous members.

"Being wholly uneducated at the time of entering the conference, he resolved to acquire, by patient and untiring study, that which had been denied him in his childhood and youth. With an intellect far above mediocrity, he soon stored his mind with useful knowledge, and at an early age took rank, not only as a respectable scholar, but as an able minister, with the first preachers of his age in the conference.

"Genial and warm-hearted, Gilby Kelly made friends in every circle in which he was thrown; and zealous and active in the work of the ministry, he was beloved and efficient in the several charges he filled.

"His devotion to books never inclined him to neglect his work, but, 'instant in season, out of season,' wherever duty called him, he was prompt to fulfill its requirements.

"As an example for young men who have entered the ministry without educational advantages, we point with pleasure to Gilby Kelly to show what may be accomplished by industry and perseverance."

At the Kentucky annual conference of 1843, quoting from Mr. Redford again: "Gilby Kelly succeeded John James on the Covington district. This was the first experience of Mr. Kelly as a presiding elder. He was eminently qualified for the responsible trust and performed the duties assigned him with signal ability."

He purchased a small tract of land near Covington, which he intended as a home for his family; but "the Reaper came that way," and in the Winter of 1846-7 he was transferred to higher fields. Mr. Tucker, of Covington, who visited him in his last illness, says: "He was a grand preacher and one of the finest pulpit orators I ever heard."

His body was laid to rest in the cemetery at Covington, attended by the several orders of Masons, Odd Fellows

and Sons of Temperance, of each of which societies he was a member.

The following memoir appeared in the general minutes of the Methodist Episcopal Church South:

"Rev. Gilby Kelly was born in Pulaski County, Kentucky, in 1812. The religious instruction and example he received from his parents, who were members of the Methodist Episcopal church, laid the foundation of his early piety.

"About the 20th year of his age he entered the Christian ministry and was admitted on trial in the traveling connection at the session of the Kentucky conference in 1832, in Harrodsburg, and was appointed to labor in the Hinckstone circuit; Prestonsburg, 1833; Port William, 1834; Danville, 1835; Somerset, 1836; Hopkinsville, 1837 and 1838; Elizabeth, 1839; Newport, 1840; Minerva, 1841; Richmond, 1842. In 1843 he was appointed to the Covington district, where he continued until 1846, when he was appointed to the Burlington circuit, where he laid down his body with his charge, and ceased at once to work and live.

"Brother Kelly was endowed with a strong mind, which he cultivated by giving himself to writing and study, and became a respectable scholar, and showed himself a workman not to be ashamed. In February, 1847, Brother Kelly was attacked with fever, but endured the dissolution of his earthly tabernacle as a Christian—'a Christian, the highest style of man.'

"Just as Brother Kelly was descending into the Jordan of death, Brother John Hill, one of our preachers, made the following inquiry: 'Can you cast all your care upon God, who called you to preach Christ to others?' He answered: 'Oh, yes, my brother; God cannot err; let him do what seemeth him good.'

"He called his family to his bed and pronounced his final benediction upon his wife and four helpless children. It was a solemn hour. He then turned himself in his bed and

vanquished the last enemy, which is death, through faith in the precious Redeemer.

“ ‘Servant of God, well done!
Well hast thou fought the fight.’ ”

After Gilby Kelly's death his family went to Missouri and subsequently to Kansas, where some of his children still live.

Henry Bascom, eldest son of Gilby Kelly, is an attorney in Topeka, Kan.; for 20 years he resided in Elk Falls, that state, editing and publishing the Elk Falls Journal, and has been identified with politics in his state. He has one son, Gilby Kelly, at Galena, Kan., and one daughter, Emma L. Kelly, a gifted young lady, who has just returned from Klondike and will publish a book giving her four years' experience in the mining districts of Alaska.

Samuel Kelly, the second son, is in the United States mail service in Kansas City. He also has a son, Gilby Kelly, who is a dentist.

Mrs. Sarah Kelly Morgan, the only daughter who grew to womanhood, died, leaving a daughter, Mrs. Hattie Morgan Wiley, of Allegheny, Pa.

Bascom Kelly gives this information in a letter of date July, 1900: "Settled about Elk City, in Montgomery County, there is another neighborhood of Kellys, the older stock of which were cousins of my father. Possibly in that neighborhood there are 20 or 25 of the Kelly tribe, removed second, third and fourth generation in the line of cousinship."

* * * * *

Albert Kelly was born April 2, 1814. A child of Nancy Kelly could not be other than the subject of early religious impressions, and at the age of 13 he gave his heart to God and joined the Methodist church.

About this time he became a sufferer from "white swell-

ing," and the years that were requisite for the development of mind and body were spent in a crippled and suffering condition, the consequences of which never entirely left him. He amused himself making buttons out of bone with his pocket-knife; these he sold for a small sum, contributing his mite toward the family earnings. When weary of making buttons or perusing the few books at hand, he made charcoal sketches of "the lame boy," which were creditable likenesses of himself. Emerging into manhood, his vigorous constitution enabled him to throw off the disease, and he prepared himself for the ministry. He was admitted to the Kentucky conference in 1834. In 1837 he was appointed to the Somerset circuit, where he began his ministry, and that year, says A. H. Redford, "Albert Kelly and his colleague received into the church more than 100 persons." He brought home to his mother his young wife, Nira Bingham, a "Yankee" lady, of the family of Bingham, of Ohio. Very sweetly she fell into the ways of Kentucky life, and shared the burdens of her itinerant husband with a patient spirit that never forsook her. Here in the Kelly home their first-born, Bingham, saw the light.

In 1838 Albert Kelly was assigned to the Burlington circuit. Such a thing as a carriage was scarcely to be had for love or money; so he made one in which to convey his wife and child to his distant appointment. And such a carriage! One needed a stepladder to get into it, and his younger brothers dubbed it "the giraffe"; but it promised to answer the purpose, and late in the fall he started for his circuit, picking up his wife and son at Danville, whither they had preceded him.

It was November, the roads were new, and to make the situation worse it began to snow and rain. He drew up at the foot of a hill, took off the bridle and gave his horse some feed. The horse took fright and sprang forward, the wheel struck a stump and the animal tore out of the harness, ran a short distance and stopped.

He was in a dilemma. Fortunately it was not far to a

house, where he obtained some awls and string and returned to repair the damage. Some horsemen passed, but in answer to his appeal for assistance only laughed at him. Presently a boy came from the house and demanded the awls; he started up the hill, when another boy came running down and wanted "them awls"; and as he passed the house the same imperative demand was yelled out from the doorway. He concluded it must be "hard times" in that locality.

He reached the tollgate with not a cent in his pocket, and had some difficulty in persuading the gate-keeper to allow him to pass. Arriving at a tavern he sought shelter for the night, promising to pay as soon as he could obtain the money; to which consent was reluctantly given. Strolling out to the barn half an hour later, he found a negro beating his horse, that still had bridle and collar on, and declaring he should have nothing to eat, as his master had no money. In the tavern were a number of men who appeared to be incarnate devils. In the morning the horse was found lying down and wedged in the stall so that it took several men to get him out. In the evening he reached his destination with a thankful heart.

In 1841 he was assigned to Bowling Green circuit, and in 1842, Redford says, "Albert Kelly in the Wayne circuit was instrumental in doing much good"; also, in 1843, "in the Greensburg circuit, to which Albert Kelly and Timothy C. Frogge were appointed, the showers of grace were frequent and refreshing. The preachers were both zealous and useful. Mr. Kelly had been a traveling preacher for years, but his colleague had just entered the conference."

October 9, 1844, at Lawrence, Ky., he makes this entry in his notebook: "God has blessed me with a good wife and three fine children. I am just entering on the labors of my eleventh year in the itinerancy, and God only knows whether I shall finish it or not. I have located my family in order that I may labor to more purpose in the vineyard of the Lord; and I have an increased desire to give myself

wholly to God and his service. I have an increased desire for holiness of heart, so that my words, and acts, and thoughts may be right. Oh, Lord, let me now receive the fulness of all Gospel blessings."

He was transferred to the Oregon work, and in October, 1849, arrived in Portland with his family. He settled at what is now known as Hillsdale, west of Portland, and continued the gospel call to the close of his earthly life.

Some years after coming to Oregon he removed to Yakima, Washington, and while on the way to a quarterly meeting he was overtaken in a snow storm; he took cold, which brought on pneumonia, resulting in his death while still in the vigor of manhood, in the faithful prosecution of his Master's work.

Bingham, his eldest son, had passed over when life's activities had but just begun; also an infant daughter, and Mrs. Carrie Akin, a sweet-tempered woman, who left one son, Lewis H. Akin, an artist, in New York. The remaining members of the family were Moriah Clinton—Mrs. V. B. DeLashmutt, of Spokane, Washington; Silas Gilby, Mattie—Mrs. Dr. O. P. S. Plummer, of Portland; Philander Bascom, Lee Whitman and Marietta, who became Mrs. Thiesen and died leaving one daughter, Gustina, who is in California.

Sorrows came thick and fast upon dear "Aunt Nira" in her bereavement. The two young sons for whose benefit they had removed to Washington were soon taken from her. Philander went in search of a band of horses that were in peril in a storm of snow and sleet. He lost his way and perished. A month later his body was found. Lee was drowned while crossing the Natchez River; his body was never recovered. It was hard for the mother, but in the light of the "other side" she is now reading the meaning of life's mysteries.

Of Albert Kelly's nine children three are living, and ten grandchildren.

Mrs. DeLashmutt's family consists of Ernest (married), in the hardware business in Stites, Idaho; one daughter, Inez, and Ivan, who holds a Government position as mining engineer in Mexico. She has buried two children.

Mrs. Plummer has four daughters and one son; Grace, Agnes, keeper of the Kelly records; Hildegarde, Ross and Marian.

Silas G. Kelly is married and lives on a farm near Portland

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Samuel Kelly, fifth son of Samuel and Nancy Kelly, was born March 2, 1823. There were two sisters and one brother between himself and his brother Albert, but it seemed desirable to introduce him in connection with his brother ministers. He was a young man of much promise, and greatly devoted to his mother. At her death, which occurred when he was 18 years of age, there was no longer any reason to delay the fulfillment of his cherished desire to take up the itinerant work, and he was admitted the same year, 1841, to the Kentucky conference, which held its session in Maysville.

Unable, up to this time, on account of home duties, to devote himself to study, he now began to apply himself in earnest. First was the study of the Word; and, as a means to its better understanding, the Greek and Hebrew languages; and he soon became known as a thorough student.

When 20 years of age Redford writes of him: "On the Little Sandy circuit Samuel Kelly made full proof of his ministry. In that rugged field he accomplished much good, and was instrumental in bringing many to Christ."

He became acquainted with a gentle woman, Mary Jane Rice, youngest child of Campbell and Elizabeth Nancy Bailey-Rice, who were among the early emigrants from Virginia and North Carolina to Kentucky. She was born in Lawrence County, Kentucky, November 7, 1827, and

died in Paris, Kentucky, March 14, 1900. She was ever ready to share his trials as well as his triumphs, and in after years, left to journey on alone, "Aunt Mary" cherished his memory with sacred tenderness, speaking of him as one would of a choice spirit, that had early subdued the things of time and sense, and risen to higher achievement. Children came to bless their union, and together they trod the upward pathway that "shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

A consecrated man, he was his Master's own, and, ere his work seemed half accomplished, he was called to lay down the warrior's armor. He had occupied many advantageous posts in the Kentucky conference, but the Captain of the Lord's host had need of him in other fields.

His memoir is taken from the General minutes of the Methodist Episcopal Church South:

"Rev. Samuel Kelly was born March 2, 1823; joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in the 11th, and was converted in the 13th year of his age. Joined the Kentucky conference at Maysville, September, 1841.

"In 1842 he traveled the Greensburg circuit; in 1843 the Little Sandy circuit. In September of this year he was ordained deacon by Bishop Morris at Louisville, and returned to the same work.

"In the Spring of '45 he was married to Miss Mary Jane Rice, of Carter County, Kentucky. In the Fall of the same year he was ordained elder by Bishop Soule, at Frankfort, and appointed to the Burlington circuit; in 1846 to the Flemingsburg circuit, remaining two years. In 1848 the Western Virginia conference was organized and he was appointed to the Greencastle district, remaining four years; then to the Parkersburg district, four years. In 1856 and '57 he was stationed in Parkersburg; in 1858 he was stationed in Lewisburg, Virginia, and in 1859 in Charleston, Virginia. In 1860 again stationed in Parkersburg, but at the end of nine months, on account of troubles growing out of the Civil War, and the health of his wife, he removed

to Carter County, Kentucky, where he remained eighteen months. In 1862 he transferred to the Kentucky conference and was appointed to Cynthiana, where he remained two years, and where he finished his useful ministerial career.

"In 1854 he represented the West Virginia conference in the General conference held in Columbus, Georgia; and again in the General conference at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1858.

"Samuel Kelly was distinguished for intellectual vigor and self-reliance. He had trained his mind to close thought and stored it with varied and accurate knowledge. He became the center of every social group that he entered. He made a profound impression as a preacher in the communities where he resided."

The surviving children of Samuel Kelly are Rev. Gilby Campbell Kelly, D. D., a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, pastor of Tulip-Street Church, Nashville, Tennessee; Mrs. Florence Leslie Lockhart, Paris, Kentucky; Samuel Rice Kelly, Minorsville, Scott County, Kentucky, and Mrs. Virginia Mehagan, Chicago, Illinois.

The mantle of Rev. Samuel Kelly fell upon his eldest son. Like his father, with all his powers consecrated, Rev. Gilby C. Kelly has upheld the standard of the Cross in many of the principal cities within the bounds of the Kentucky, Alabama and Tennessee conferences.

A visit to his home nineteen years ago revealed a character at once heroic and tender; devoted to a high purpose and warm with human sympathy. Himself and lovely wife are held in fond remembrance. He has six daughters—one in the better land. The eldest, Mrs. W. E. Graves lives in Birmingham, Alabama.

Mrs. Lockhart has three daughters, the eldest in the Woman's College at Baltimore; Mrs. Lockhart has visited Virginia looking up the antecedents of the Kellys. Mrs. Mehagan has two sons, and Samuel Kelly has three children.

The following sketch of Rev. Gilby C. Kelly is taken from *The Golden Rule*, official organ of the Christian Endeavor Society:

“Rev. Gilby C. Kelly, D. D., is one of the earliest and truest advocates of the Christian Endeavor Society in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Dr. Kelly comes, on his father’s side, of a family of preachers. Samuel Kelly, his father, was an able and prominent minister of the Methodist Church, who died in the prime of a vigorous manhood while the subject of this sketch was yet a child. Three of his father’s brothers were preachers, and two of his father’s sisters married preachers. The Kellys were Methodists in Virginia, whence they moved to Kentucky in 1797. After his father’s death, his mother located with her children at Millersburg, Kentucky, then the seat of the educational institutions of the Kentucky conference. Here Dr. Kelly grew to manhood, graduating from Kentucky Wesleyan College in 1870. From his earliest appearance at school his oratorical gifts were marked, and all through his college days no one could draw so many people from their homes and business as “Gilby,” as he was familiarly called. He joined the Kentucky conference the Fall succeeding his graduation, before he was 19 years old. From his early childhood the impression prevailed among the friends of the family that he would become a preacher, and he himself shared the impression, and never had any other ambition. He has served the full pastoral term in leading churches in Kentucky. Without exception his ministry as a pastor has been successful, and in several churches it has been brilliant. It was while he was pastor of the Broadway Methodist Episcopal Church of Louisville, the strongest and largest of his denomination in the state, and among the most important in the South, that his attention was first drawn to the Christian Endeavor Society. He quickly perceived its merits, and encouraged his young people to organize themselves into a society, possibly the first in the denomination. Dr. Kelly advocates the enlargement of the Epworth League into Epworth Leagues of Christian En-

deavor. He has contributed an article on the subject to Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald's "Epworth Book." Dr. Kelly is a thinker, and shows the fact in his preaching. He does not follow in beaten tracks the leadership of others, but dares to reach his own conclusions, and state them. He is a leader, in the best sense of the word, without being a disputant, and without giving offense to others who differ from him. A quiet, polished gentleman, just entering the prime of life, a man of honest purpose, and a strong, vigorous preacher—such is Dr. Gilby C. Kelly. He is indeed a worthy representative of his denomination on the board of trustees of the United Society of Christian Endeavor."



The Tolling of the Bells.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1901.

Oh, the sorrow and the shame!
Oh, the horror and the blame!
 'Tis a melancholy night
In the land of freedom fair.
Oh, the tolling of the bells!
Oh, the tolling of a nation's tearful bells!
 Tolling, tolling, tolling
 On the startled, starless air,
Waking by their mournful numbers
Millions from disordered slumbers :
 They confirm a people's fears,
 Start afresh a people's tears
As they toll, toll, toll,
Sobbing like a breaking soul,
Our President is dead.

Oh, the cruelty of hate!
Oh, the wantonness of hate!
 'Tis a melancholy night
In the land of freedom fair.
Oh, the tolling of the bells!
Oh, the question of the people's plaintive bells!
 Tolling, tolling, tolling
 On the startled, starless air.
He was rooted in the people,
He upgrew among the people,
Twice was chosen by the people,
He was servant of the people,
 He was stainless as a star,
 Seeking peace, benign in war,
 Statesman wise and good of will,
 Lover, friend unmingled with ill,
 Facing treason, saintly still—

Tremblingly they cry
Why, oh, why,
Was he foully marked to die?
As they toll, toll, toll,
Sobbing like a breaking soul,
Our President is dead.

Oh, the anguish of the pain!
Oh, the blackness of the stain!
'Tis a melancholy night
In the land of freedom fair.
Oh, the tolling of the bells!
Oh, the challenge of the patriotic bells!
Tolling, tolling, tolling,
On the startled, starless air.
By their wailing, wrathful numbers,
They would wake the watch that slumbers:
They would fire a people's mood
To expel the direful brood,
As they toll, toll, toll,
Sobbing like a breaking soul,
Our President is dead.

GILBY C. KELLY, in *Nashville American*.

CHAPTER X

Other Kellys.

He maketh him families like a flock.

— PSA. CVII: 41.



CYRENE, second daughter of Samuel and Nancy Kelly, was born March 6, 1816. She was married to Hardin Newell, and had eleven children, three of whom were living at a recent date. The eldest, Richard, served his country in the Civil War, and at its close, with his brother McKendree, settled in Kansas. Their address is Stafford, that state. Mrs. Martha Baugh, the only living daughter, resides in Nebraska.

Jane Newell Young, eldest daughter of Cyrene Kelly died some years ago, leaving a large family in and about Highland, Kentucky. They are children of Henderson Young, of that place. Mrs. Young was a lovely Christian character.

The Pacific Coast pilgrims visited the family of Henderson Young in 1882, and found them a hospitable and genial people.

* * * * *

Sena Kelly, who comes next to Cyrene, was born May 25, 1818; married Josiah Godbey, an itinerant preacher, in Kentucky, and was the mother of ten children.

The family moved to Otterville, Missouri, where, in 1882, she still lived in the full vigor of womanhood; she has since been called away.

Four of her sons, William Clinton, Emory, Samuel and Joseph, are preachers; some of these have been connected with educational institutions. One of the sons was for years editor of the Pacific Methodist, published at Santa Rosa, California. Milton is a physician; and Thomas, a farmer, was living in Florida when last heard from. Two daughters, Mrs. Sarah Shy and Mrs. Maggie Tower, both with families, live near Otterville, Missouri.

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Gilmore Kelly was born May 27, 1820, at the "old Kentucky home," on Clifty Creek, where all Samuel Kelly's children were born. He married Mary Ann Burns, a sister of Jane Burns, who was the mother of five children, four of whom are still with us. Mrs. Jane Kelly-New has five living children: Frank (married), in the employ of the Western Union Telegraph Company in Portland; Joseph, George, Kate, a teacher; Jennie, and Gladys.

Samuel Gilby, the oldest son of Gilmore Kelly, has a daughter and son; Mrs. Nellie Bell, who has one daughter, and Alfred, in the employ of the Western Union Telegraph Company in California.

Emmet and Emerson, younger sons of Gilmore Kelly, are twins, and each has a family; Emmet one daughter, Mary, and one son; and Emerson a son and daughter.

Gilmore Kelly had a happy, genial temper, which made him many friends; full of fun and frolic, the young people were certain of a good time when he was present. He was building a barn for his brother; his niece, a young woman, had just finished a bright new dress, about which he had teased her in connection with the name of a young man who was paying her his attentions, calling it her wedding dress. One morning he appeared on the roof of the barn, hammering away as if for a wager, with the gay garment wrapped about his person.

As he drew near the borderland his nature deepened and broadened as if ripening for the unseen. A few days before his departure he went to a revival meeting and gave loving admonition to the seekers of religion, from Romans x:8-10, supplementing it with his own experience. His talk on that occasion will long be remembered.

His stalwart frame seemed to defy disease; and Nature was kind to him. Sitting one evening at his fireside with his wife, he fell from his chair and was gone. His wife followed him in a year.

* * * * *

At Nancy Kelly's death the younger children found homes with married sisters.

Rachel never married. She lived in the home of Dr. Newell, her brother-in-law, and upon the death of Cyrene Newell she went to her sister Sena Godbey, in Missouri, where she remained until called from earth April 16, 1881. She was an amiable woman, and her memory is fondly cherished.

Talitha went to live with Temperance Jones, subsequently marrying Thomas, a brother of Aden Jones.

Talitha Kelly was a lively, sprightly girl, and amused her nephews and nieces by narrating stories. She was said to be the best-looking girl in the family. Care sat lightly upon her young shoulders, but all too soon she became inured to its burden. When Talitha was 14 years old her mother died, and as marriage, aptly expressed by one who lived in those times, was "the one significant fact of a lifetime, to be consummated as speedily as possible," hers took place soon after. At the age of 23 she died, leaving four children. "Tommy" Jones afterward married Elizabeth Newel, a sister of Dr. Newel, and the family moved to Kansas, where the father died in 1890.

Talitha Kelly Jones' eldest daughter, Mary, married John Stevens, and died leaving seven children; Morris, Quincy, Arthur, Bert, Perry, Albert Kelly, and Talitha. Morris is married, and, with Arthur and Talitha, lives in Colorado; Quincy and Perry have families, and they, with Bert and Albert Kelly, are located at Vinland, Kansas.

Pamelia, the second daughter, married Mr. Sturdy, lives at Vinland, and has a daughter and son, Amarillis and Lemuel.

Clinton Kelly Jones is a Methodist minister, is married, and lives at Aurora, Madison County, Arkansas.

Nancy E. Jones married Daniel Melton, lives near her brother and has four children: Ona, Omi, Otho and Clinton. Ona, Nancy's oldest son, is a newspaper correspondent, at present traveling in the Congo Free State. During the Spanish-American War he was sent to Cuba by the New York Herald, was taken prisoner and placed in Morro Castle, where he was confined for eighteen months, when he was granted a pardon by the Queen. Upon his return his experiences furnished material for a series of lectures which he gave throughout the Eastern States.

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With one exception the life of each of Samuel Kelly's children has been briefly told. In many respects it was a remarkable family; a conspicuous trait was the fraternal, loving spirit that characterized their intercourse with one another; they invariably used the endearing title of "brother" or "sister" when speaking of or to each other. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives," and cherished the same confident hope of an immortal life beyond the confines of earth.

There remains one brother, Thomas Kelly, residing at North Yakima, Washington, in his 73d year.

Thomas was born February 28, 1829, and was 12 years

old at the time of his mother's death; at which event he went to live with his sister, Sena Godbey, where he made himself useful working in the garden and in other ways helping the family in his brother-in-law's absence on the circuit. He became a Christian when 10 years old, and when he was 15 took his turn in conducting family worship.

He lived for awhile at his brother Gilby's, and was present at the latter's death. He came to Oregon in 1848, and in 1853 was united in marriage to Christina Sunderland, and settled on a farm near Portland.

In 1871 he removed to his present home; his wife is still with him.

Of a large family there are left to him seven children, twenty-three grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren; twelve have passed beyond.

Mrs. Martha Ogburn has been married twice. Her children are: Milton, Phoebe, Lulu and Ina, of the name Perkins; William, Edward, John and George, of the name Ogburn. Phoebe is Mrs. France, and has two children; Mrs. Lulu Iverson has two, and Mrs. Ina Waite has one.

Mrs. Sena Ritter has four children: Lillie, Herbert, Vernie and Claud.

Mrs. Lura Parrish has one living child—Norwood.

Thomas, junior, died two years ago, leaving three children, Eliza, Agnes and Earl.

Henry Harrison has one daughter, Elma, and two sons, Aden and Lester.

Mrs. Minnie Stevens has a family of three, Pearl, Ray and Mamie; and Mrs. Nannie Bolton has a daughter and son, Theresa and Asa. Wilbur Kelly is at home with his father.

All of Thomas Kelly's descendants live near him. He is in tolerable health, and talks of making a visit to the scenes of his early youth in Kentucky.

Isaac Kelly, who comes next in order in the family of the original Thomas Kelly, was a Methodist local preacher and farmer. He married a Miss Martin, and they had a son, Greenup, who was a member of the Indiana conference. After the death of Mrs. Martin-Kelly, Isaac married a Miss Berry, and their children settled near Indianapolis. A few years ago there was a Dr. Kelly at North Yakima, who is supposed to belong to this family.

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Elias Kelly lives across Clifty Creek from his brother Samuel, and the boy cousins had some good times together; from there he removed to Wayne County, where he died. He had seven sons and four daughters. His sons were Tolbert, Peter, John, Isaac, Elias, James and Amaziah. The daughters' names were Louisa, Rebecca, Ann and Jane.

Tolbert Kelly, eldest son of Elias, went to Missouri, and when Gilmore Kelly contemplated a removal to Oregon, he prepared to emigrate with him; but Tolbert's children took the measles, and the trip was postponed. In a few years Tolbert died, and in 1859 the family came to Oregon and settled at Corvallis.

The living representatives of this family are Mrs. Rebecca Jane Fawcett, wife of Mr. Fawcett, Bailiff for the County Commissioners, of Portland; Elias Kelly, of Alamo, Oregon, who has one son and two daughters; Tolbert Kelly, of Geiser, Oregon, and Mrs. Ann Heltzell, of Sprague, Washington, who has five living children. Mrs. Fawcett's children are: Florence, Thomas K., Nellie, Annie and Georgia. Nellie Fawcett is a teacher in Portland, and historian of the Kelly clan. Mrs. Fawcett has buried two children. Tolbert Kelly's children who have died are Mrs. Nancy Ball, who has left three children; Thomas K., and Gilmore.

Elias Kelly, fifth son of Elias Kelly, had a large family; he emigrated to Georgia and died there.

James, the sixth son, lives in Kansas, and has a large family.

Amaziah J., seventh son of Elias Kelly, lives in Steubenville, Kentucky; he is in his 75th year. He has four daughters: Emma, Nettie, Elizabeth and Nancy; the last two are twins. Elizabeth married a Mr. Wallace, and they live in Lebanon, Tennessee; Nancy married J. C. Dodson, of Steubenville, Kentucky. Emma is making a collection of photographs of her Kelly relatives.

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Of the family of Abijah Kelly, sixth son of Thomas Kelly, who moved to Tennessee and died in that state, we have knowledge of two sons and four daughters.

The sons, Franklin and John, have left large families of children and grandchildren at Gainsboro and Granville, Tennessee, and are reported by the relatives at Steubenville as being a prosperous people. A grandson of John Kelly is in the Tennessee Legislature. Both Franklin and John Kelly have died recently.

Helena Kelly married a Mr. Miller; another daughter was Mrs. William Putty, and Sarah married a man by the name of Davis. Elizabeth was the name of another daughter.

Of the original Thomas Kelly's three daughters, Molly married Matthew Hickson, and they went to Indiana. Her children were Milton and Wesley, who married sisters by the name of Moore; and Talitha, who was wedded to Samuel Camp.

Leah married Robin Smith, and they removed to Ohio; and Rachel married, but of her family we are not informed.

CHAPTER XI

Uncle Thomas's Story.

*"We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne."*

— BURNS.



WHEN I was a little fellow," says Uncle Thomas Kelly, "we didn't wear shoes. The first pair of shoes I ever had was when I was 10 years old; I chased a ground-hog to his hole, caught and skinned him, and tanned the hide, from which my mother made me a pair of shoes. A boy was not supposed to have shoes until he could run down a ground-hog and get his hide. Even in the snow we went barefoot. When a young fellow could have 'store shoes,' he was getting up in the world.

"My grown-up sisters carried their shoes in the hands to church, and put them on just before they got there.

"I first went to school to Brother Clinton, at Mount Zion schoolhouse. I crawled under the puncheon-floor and found a hole with water in it, which I announced to the school in a loud voice, when I received my first instruction in keeping quiet. I took my first lessons from a copy of the *Western Christian Advocate*.

"It was the custom for the teacher to give the scholars a treat of apples at Christmas-time. When the day came round the big boys were to keep the teacher out, and if he could get inside the schoolhouse and stay, the treat was off. Once when Solomon Newell was teacher, he got in

and they put him out and tried to keep him out. I cut the rope, and they chased him through the woods for half a day before he would give up. If any one passing the schoolhouse would call out, 'School butter!' that was the signal for the whole school to rush pell-mell from the house and chase the challenger until he was tired out, when he would have to stand treat.

"There was a slit in the wall, and in this was inserted a long board which served as a writing desk. When a man wanted to get a school he went around with a paper and got all the signers he could. His hand-write served as credentials, and any old vacant house was good enough for a schoolhouse.

"We produced nearly everything we consumed. My mother raised flax, from which she made yards and yards of linen. When the flax was ripe, it was pulled and laid away in a damp place until the soft parts had decayed, when it went through various processes, one of which was 'hackling'—drawing the stems through a sort of comb until nothing was left but the fiber.

"In the evening she would sit by the fire and 'hackle' flax. The long, smooth threads made fine cloth, and the short fiber went into 'tow-linen,' which was the material out of which our shirts were made. We little fellows wore a tow-linen shirt, and little else, in the Summer time; it was a long garment, reaching half way below the knees. The linen was spread on the hillside back of the house to bleach, and we had to wet it down twice every day. I remember my mother had 100 yards of this nice white linen on hand at one time, which she sold at the store in Somerset and bought necessities for the family. She spun and wove wool and made our clothing.

"Once a year the shoemaker came round, and then it would be 'peg, peg,' from morning till night.

"We raised plenty of corn, some wheat, and vegetables, and always had sweet potatoes. We had cornbread the year round, but if we had flour enough for biscuit on Sun-

day morning we were doing well. I remember going into the kitchen and asking: 'Mammy, are we going to have wheat biscuit for breakfast?' There was quite a space in the field that was nearly level rock, and there the wheat was threshed out with a flail. To winnow it, two of the boys took hold of a sheet, one at each end, and made wind by a swinging motion; another poured the wheat from a vessel held high as he could, and the chaff was blown away.

"Sometimes the wheat had so much weevil that the flour was clammy and looked gray; but there was no way to clean it. The land was poor and full of rock; five or six bushels of wheat to the acre was a good crop. We planted a 'patch' for three or four years, then left it to grow up to briars and tried another.

"When a young couple began life for themselves, if they had a good horse, two or three sheep, and a sow and pigs, they had a good outfit.

"When they built the new house, the old cabin was used for a kitchen; we boys slept in the upper story, and mother kept her loom up there.

"My father suffered a great deal the latter part of his life with asthma; we called it phthisic. He used Indian turnip to make his breathing easier, and white poppy to make the Indian turnip bearable. The latter was so strong it would make the tears run down your face. Once we children played in the creek when mother had told us not to, and when we saw brother Sam coming we hid in a cave in the cliff. He found us out, but said he wouldn't tell if we would eat some Indian turnip. We agreed, and each took a big mouthful. It began to burn like fire, and we ran home to mother, bawling at the top of our voices. She thought we had been punished enough for that time.

"My father was a very tender-hearted man. He sometimes killed game for meat, but he was averse to taking life. Once he came upon a bear's cub, and wounded it. The cub rolled over and began to moan in the most piteous way; and to his soft heart the sounds shaped themselves

into words: 'O Lord! O Lord!' He said it seemed like it was praying, and it so affected him that he resolved never to kill another.

"The cub's moans brought the enraged mother in short order. His gun was empty, and there seemed no chance for his life. Near by was one of those steep bluffs so common in that country. Without a moment to spare he swung himself over the bluff by some bushes, and there he hung until the bear tired out and went off.

"No boy could have loved his mother more than I, and after father died I always slept with her. She was strong and vigorous, and never seemed to be sick.

"Had it not been for an accident she might be alive now, as her people were long-lived. Her grandfather lived to be 130 years old; her mother was 112 years old in 1842, when she left Kentucky with her youngest son for Missouri. We never heard what became of her. Her son treated her badly; she used to live with us, and my mother tried to keep her, but she would go back to him.

"Mother was trying to hive some bees, when they swarmed about her. She threw her apron over her head and ran; the ash-hopper was in her way, and she stumbled against it, breaking a rib. It hurt her for a while and then seemed to heal up; but it gathered inside. No one seemed to know what to do. She suffered a good deal, and they talked of lancing it, but nothing was done. Finally it broke internally, and she became unconscious and died in a short time, in great suffering.

"When she died the family was broken up, and I went to live with Sister Sena. She was a good woman and did everything she could to help along.

"When we were on the circuit she made hats to sell. They were of double straw—a flax inside of a wheat straw, and were very durable, though heavy. We always wore home-made hats.

"In 1845 we went to the Somerset circuit and lived on

the old place. Josiah Godbey bought the place—200 acres—for \$200. I planted some spruce and balm-of-Gilead trees on the slope of the hill above the spring. The last thing I did before leaving there was to go and look at my trees, and they looked like they wouldn't live; I am glad to know they lived and made a fine grove.

"In 1846 I started to walk from Somerset to Covington, where Brother Gilby lived. I was five days on the road. One day I passed two men in the woods at work, and one of them hailed me: 'Are you a brother of Gilby Kelly?' 'Yes,' I answered; I had never seen the man before.

" 'Well, I'd rather listen to a hundred hounds baying than to hear him preach.'

"In the Spring I went back that way and saw the same man, and he recognized me and apologized for his rough speech.

"I went to Brother Gilby's and stayed there that Winter. He had several men hired to cut up the timber on his place. He took what we called 'spotted fever'—spinal meningitis—but didn't seem to be very sick. He was sitting up in bed, quite cheerful; but the doctors thought he ought to be 'cupped'; so they applied their cupping glasses to the back of his neck. They had no more than gone when he called his wife and said: 'We must part; and this has done it,' putting his hand to the back of his head. Looking at her he said calmly: 'Have no fear.' His face began to turn purple and he died in a little while. I never saw as large a funeral. I was taken in the church with the same disease, fell over and had to be carried out. As soon as I got well I started for Green County, where Brother Clinton was, and we got ready to come to Oregon."

The Kellys on the Pacific Coast have set apart the last Saturday in June as a day for the annual reunion of all the families of the clan. The officers are: Plympton Kelly, chief; Sarah Kelly-Kern, priestess; Agnes Plummer, keeper of the records; Agnes Kelly, assistant; Harold Shaver, treasurer; Nellie Fawcett, historian; Mattie Kelly-Plummer, Emily Kelly-Shaver and Helen Kelly Manley, committee of arrangements.

The reunion is held at the home of some one of the members, and early in the forenoon of the appointed day the crowds begin to arrive, and lively greetings and congratulations are the order of the day. As many have not met for a year, and some are there for the first time, mutual inquiries into the welfare of each and making the acquaintance of relatives never seen before fill up the hours until noon.

The place of meeting has been selected with a view to accommodate all who may come; the committee of arrangements has been looking after the comfort of the inner man, and long tables spread under arching trees are laden with viands prepared by the army of grandmothers, aunts and cousins; and the next hour is given to the enjoyment of the different styles of cookery, and discussing the changes that have taken place in the year. Letters are read from absent ones, toasts and responses furnish a fitting close to the banquet, and reminiscence and incident—recalling old times in far-off Kentucky and the long, lone journey across the plains—fill up the flying minutes. Before one is aware, the swift-footed hours have passed, the slow-lingering sun seems loth to close the happy scene; families are rounded up, belongings gathered together and good-byes given, with the oft-repeated charge, "Be sure and come next year."

On the last Saturday in June, 1901, the reunion was held on the grounds of Plympton Kelly, Jr., who lives near Kenilworth, a suburb of Portland. The relatives present numbered 96, with several invited guests. Hon. J. F. Caples, of Portland, an old-time friend of Rev. Clinton Kelly, was

the guest of honor on this occasion, and gave some pleasing incidents of his acquaintanceship with "Father Kelly." An incident was narrated by one of the guests present, as follows: "I remember a class meeting in which Father Kelly was the leader, and I was one of the participants. I was often in Father Kelly's class-meetings, but this one I shall never forget. It came my turn to speak, and I gave my humble testimony, as best I could, when he replied: 'Brother, you remind me of a son of mine. I sometimes say to my son: "The devil's got a mortgage on you, and if you don't watch out, the first thing you know he'll foreclose"; and so I say to you, brother.'

"Had it been any other than Father Kelly who said that I couldn't have stood it, but I had such perfect confidence in the man that I took it in the spirit in which he intended I should take it, and it did me good.

"A worthy friend of mine who had sat in legislative halls was called upon to speak. He arose and said his experience was best summed up in the lines:

"Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love,"

and then sat down. Father Kelly made the brief but emphatic reply: 'I have known for a long time, brother, that that was your situation; now, the best thing you can do for your soul's sake is to get out of that just as quick as you can.' "

There are some stalwart specimens of Kelly stock about Portland and elsewhere in Oregon—massive, broad-shouldered six-footers, that remind one of giant stories of his childhood. A generation of wrestling with the monarchs of the woods in the breezy air of the West has pretty thoroughly eliminated the "long, lean, lank" Kentucky type, and produced a race that bids fair to be a credit to civilization. Many of the boys attain to six feet before they have

passed their sixteenth year, although under such rapid growth and consequent strain some have succumbed.

The Kellys have usually followed farming, and being a plain, practical people, caring little for show, above pretense, and characterized by honest integrity and fair-dealing, they have surrounded themselves with the comforts of life without caring to amass wealth. Only occasionally has one left these humble walks to follow a professional life, though many have been found in the ministry, a calling in which they have given evidence of marked ability. Feeling a benevolent interest in their fellow-beings and a laudable desire to see others succeed as well as themselves, they have gained the respect of their kind and made the world better for having lived in it.



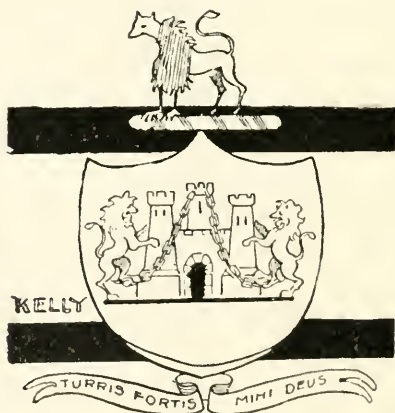
ADDENDA.

Since this story has been placed in type, information of great interest to the family has been received, which will be inserted here:

The children of Gilby Campbell Kelly and Nannie Carroll Kelly are Mary Yandell Kelly Graves, Elizabeth Kelly, Florence Leslie Kelly, Alfie Kelly, Virginia Kelly, and Nannine Kelly. The children of George Catlett Lockhart and Florence Leslie Kelly Lockhart are Mary Hearne Lockhart, Sallie Catlett Lockhart, and Florence Kelly Lockhart. The children of Samuel Rice Kelly and Sarah Yarbrough Kelly are Samuel Spencer Kelly, Mary Elizabeth Kelly and John Kelly. The children of Charles Herbert Mehagan and Mary Virginia Kelly Mehagan are Gilby Kelly Mehagan and Charles Lockhart Mehagan.

Mrs. Florence Kelly Lockhart, elder daughter of Rev. Samuel Kelly, says: "I brought my daughters here (Hollins, Va.) in the fall of 1900, and placed them in school; and my surprise was very great to find I was only about fifteen miles from Fincastle, Botetourt County, where, according to my understanding, Grandfather Kelly was born. I remained at Hollins Institute all of last winter, returned to Kentucky for the summer, but am here again for another winter with the girls. It is my purpose to go to Fincastle before I leave here. I want to breathe the same atmosphere of my ancestors, if nothing more. I am satisfied it will have influence with our children to preserve as sacred the names they bear. I believe in family name and pride, and have always felt that our richest inheritance was our godly parentage.

“ You may be interested in knowing that Virgie (Mrs. Virginia Kelly Mehagan) has in her possession a copy of the Kelly coat-of-arms, as used by the clan in Ireland (given below). In Joseph I. C. Clarke’s poem on the blowing up of the Maine, the Irish Kelly’s heraldic figure is represented as a ‘Dunning-bred animal called an enfield, with the head of a fox, the mane of a horse, the chest of an elephant, the fore legs of an eagle, the body of a greyhound and the tail of a lion. The escutcheon is a castle with a lion rampant on either side, and the motto, ‘God is to me a strong tower.’ The fatal battle of Aughrim, fought on their property in the County Galway, was the doom of the Kellys, and they were scattered over Europe, brave soldiers, all of them.’ ”



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