

Craig Family Documents

Edwin S. Craig's Notebook



EDWIN STAUNTON CRAIG

ATTORNEY AT LAW
PITTSBURGH.



Selected Highlights

Craig Family Documents

As selected by Albert B. Craig, Jr.
from an original notebook now in
the possession of Kathleen Craig Knight

Digital edition published 2006, Rochester, NY

This is part of a collection of family history information available at
www.burchfieldcraig.org

Eleven Edwin Craig notebooks related to his legal practice are in the possession of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania, Sen. John Heinz Pittsburgh Regional History Center, 1212 Smallman Street, Pittsburgh, PA 15222. <http://www.pgghistory.org>

Cover photograph from *Notable Men of Pittsburgh and Vicinity*, Smith, Percy F. , Pittsburgh Printing Co. Pittsburgh, PA, 1901. Taken from scanned image on a CD-based collection.

Craig Family Documents

2015: please note, W. Staunton material is
only a partial extract of a longer document

Uncle Ed's Notebook

Records of the Staunton and Craig Families and connections.
Edwin S. Craig (ESC), No. 66 Washington Street, Allegheny, PA
July 12th, 1878

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Craig Family Documents

Edwin S. Craig,
No. 66 Washington St.,
Allegheny, Pa.

July 12th, 1898

Records of the Staunton and Craig Families
and connections.

Volume 1st.

The following is a copy of the Journal or Diary of my Grandfather, Thos. Staunton, written in the City of Chester, England, and also an account of his own life, all written by himself and contained in a little old book seven and three-eighths inches long and four and one-half inches wide, the back of the book being marble-paper which was manufactured by my Grandfather, who was a Bookbinder, Bookseller and Stationer in Chester. The writing is very plain and distinct, although the paper is yellow with age. Grandfather was very legible and plain in his writing. On this morning (July 12th, 1873) I begin to copy off the writing in the book.

Edwin Staunton Craig.

As much as I can I shall copy the writing just as it is, that is Capital in the same places, as well as the same punctuation marks it being my desire to make a literal copy. E.S.C.

To the Grace of our God in Christ are we indebted for sparing Mercies, to the present moment of our existence truly may we say 'hitherto hath the Lord helped us,'
1808 Apr 1st. Oh what an afflicted state of Body my Dear partner labours under, this affliction has been very severe for these last 12 months. Her health has been declining ^{Suppl} the "as writing just here is very blurred" last 3 years, but the last year she has been (though only 33 years of age) afflicted with a Dropsy arising from a Large Scirrhus * Tumour in her side and another in the lower part of the Abdomen every Means that we know of has been tried for Relief but without Success. Recourse has been had to letting of the
* (Probably ~~Scirrhus~~ Scirrhus, E.S.C.)

This is stated in a letter from Hiram Thompson's nephew, Hiram Evans to the latter's sister, my grandmother. The letter is now in possession of my aunt Mrs. Hannah M. Simpson of Meloria, -town, Lawrence Co., Pa.
Aug. 1, 178, E.C.K.

I have copied the following from my Journal for 1877, page 294, written in May and continued at other times. I have also made changes, from information given by Aunt A.E. Pinning.

"I have always had some curiosity respecting my ancestors, and at various times have gathered information concerning them. Lately my mother told me the following: Her maternal grandmother's maiden name was Mary Thompson. She was the daughter of a Captain in the English army, and was born in the City of New York, in the American Colony of that name, at some time preceding the Revolutionary War. Captain William Thompson's children were in the order of age (1) Ellen, (2) Hiram, (3) Mary and (4) William. Hiram must have been in the English army for in 1821 he was entitled to a pension. He was in charge of the arsenal or armory at Chelsea, England. William, the fourth child (mother thinks) was a Linen Draper in London, and had a son, also William, who was a barrister. When Captain Thompson's family returned to England Mary (to Aunt Eliza Pinning sept) was about 11 or 12 years old. She must have been older for her fifth child, my grandmother, was born in 1792. Ellen and Hiram Thompson were born in the Old Country, Mary and William in this. Mary Thompson married Thomas Evans, a pipe maker by trade, who was ~~the son of~~ a native of North Wales, and whose father and forefathers were quite well situated in regard to worldly goods, and who were considered Welsh gentlemen. Thomas Evans and his full brother

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Gabriel were the children of Evans (I do not know the first name) by his first wife. By his second wife, with whom Thomas and Gabriel could not agree, and therefore had to leave home, he had two, William and Mary. Prior to the year 1818 Gabriel and William had died. I do not know in what year Thomas Evans died, and do not believe he ever inherited anything from his father, at least that is the family tradition. Mary Thompson's family were very much disappointed at her marriage with Thomas Evans, and disowned her, but ^{she} after-
 -ward because reconciled with her brothers William and Thomas, Thomas Evans and Mary Thompson had nine children, ~~five~~ ^{four} boys, Jeremiah, Robert, William and Thomas, and ~~four~~ ^{one} girl of whom I know the name of two only. One was Hannah who married Thomas Meakin, son of Joseph Meakin, the tailor in Chester, where they all lived. Thos. Meakin as well as Thomas Evans, ~~the young~~, were tobaccoists. The other daughter of whom I know the name was Mary, my grandmother, the middle one of the nine children, born June 9, 1792. Of Mary's four ~~sisters two were older and two younger~~ ^{daughters}, one daughter married and went to Australia, and one of the sons settled in Liverpool. Of the sons Jeremiah, Robert and William served under Wellington in the Peninsula War, and Jeremiah was shot through the liver, and died from the effects of this wound after his return to England. Thomas Evans, the husband of Mary Thompson, was a member of the Church of England, and was a man of

See page 90,
 Sept. 27, 1878,
 E.S.C.

* Mother repeatedly said this was a mistake. Her
 (my great-grandmother's) maiden name was Anne Stone.

W Parry.

Very pleasant and agreeable manners, So says Aunt Eliza.

My mother's paternal grandfather was William Stanton of the City of Chester, England, who was a native of the silk and lace weaving districts in either Nottinghamshire or Shropshire, most likely the former, as my researches indicate the presence of Stauntons in Nottingham, but I can hear of none in Salop. William Stanton was a freemason, and Aunt Anne Eliza Hinning had his apron in her possession for some years but eventually lost it. He had two sisters, of whom one Mrs. Duke lived and died with her nephew, my grandfather, and one brother named Richard, who was connected with the army in some capacity, and came to America in early life, and nothing more was ever heard of him. There has been a surmise or supposition in our family that perhaps the late Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, was a descendant of Richard. And this brings me to an explanation. My mother's family name was Stanton, although in former times it may have been spelled indifferently, either Stanton or Staunton. But so far as we know it was spelled Stanton, at least grandfather did so until he came to America after which he always spelled it Staunton, and his descendants do so to this day. My great-grandfather, William ~~Stanton~~ Stanton was ~~to be exact, the Rev. Wm. Staunton, D.D.~~ a well educated man, and was a Quaker. He was an old bachelor when he married his wife, who was forty-two years old herself. Her name was Anne Parry. Grandfather Staunton says in his Journal,

(see page 15 of this book) that he was "born and brought up by parents who feared and loved God, members of the Methodist connexion." Anne Parry was a very devout woman, and was an exhorter in the Methodist communion. There is a tradition in our family that she was personally acquainted with John Wesley. She was a very high willed woman, and although Grandfather, her son, had prepared for the ministry, she by a sudden opposition ~~from some cause which I have forgotten~~, refused her consent, and so he relinquished the plan.

Mrs. Stanton and Anne Parry had three children, all sons. One died in infancy, another named Thomas died in youth, and the youngest was William, my grandfather, who was born in Chester, England, January 11th 1775. He received a good education being master of the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French and English languages, and I believe also of German. He was also well acquainted with the different sciences, and general branches of literature. He was a practical book-binder, and kept a book store and stationery shop in Chester. Mr. George Parkin, of Atwater, Ohio, the father of Lizzie Parker, and Amie George, Sidney, Charlie, Alice & Walter Parkin, who with his wife are natives of Chester, recollect playing when a boy, on the cellar door of Grandfather's shop in Chester.

Grandfather Mrs. Stanton married for

his first wife Mary Armitage, February 2, 1799, who bore him four children; Mary, April 9, 1800, died April 9, 1800; John, April 29, 1801, died Nov. 7, 1806; William, April 20, 1803 and still living; George, April 24, 1805, date of death unknown, but it was after his mother's death. Mary Armitage Staunton or Stanton died June 2^d 1808. For the account of her last illness see Pages 1 to 7 inclusive of this book.

Grandfather William Staunton's second wife, and my mother's mother was Mary Evans. The date of

* In 1835 learned their marriage I do not know.* Her children were from Church Thomas, born Nov. 26, 1814, and still alive; Anne Eliza record (see p. 94) Mch. 20, 1819, in Tennessee, in which state the rest that it was in July 1818,

were also born; Mary Jane, Nov. 26, 1820; Henry, May 11, 1823; Hannah Maria, August 1, 1825; Matilda, April 2, 1827; Matthew Henry, Sept. 23, 1831; Edwin Adolphus, August 28, 1834. Of these children all are living except Henry who died in Sept. 1823, and Mary Jane who died December 12, 1864.

August 1st 1878,
Edwin Staunton Craig.

Alfred Rimmer's "Ancient Streets and Homesteads of England" speaks of the City of Chester, England.

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Extract from Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chief Justices of England," Volume 3, page 220.

"Next he (Lord Mansfield) entered on the feudal law, without which our law of real property must be very imperfectly understood. Here he showed his discernment by taking for his guide and his favorite his countryman Craig, who treatise Dr. Staudis he justly thought was much to be preferred to any juridical work which England had then produced."

When Grandfather Men. Staunton was living, he had a book containing the genealogy of the Staunton or Stanton family, running back to the time (I am told) of Henry the Eighth. Grandfather frequently told his children that one of his ancestors had been a minister (of state) or officer to Henry the Eighth. The book passed into the possession of Aunt Mary J. Watson, and was subsequently lost, and I can find nobody that knows anything of its whereabouts.

In some of the works of Matthew Henry, the great Biblical Commentator, who was a minister of the Gospel in Chester, England, a Staunton or Stanton is mentioned, and Grandfather told my mother that this person was an ancestor of his.

E. S. Craig, Aug. 2, 78.

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2) Father says he was a soldier.
 Mother tells me that my great-great grandfather Craig came from Craighead, Scotland, and settled in Ireland. She is unable to give me any particulars about him, not even his first name or where he died. His son, my great-grandfather was Patrick Craig, and was born in Ireland. He married Mary ~~Craig~~ ^{Campbell}, and late in life emigrated to America, following his sons John Craig, (my grandfather) and Hugh Craig (who died in Indiana County, in this state, several months ago). My great-grandmother Mary ~~Craig~~ ^{Campbell} waited but a few days of completing her one-hundredth year when she died. She is buried in Indiana County, Pennsylvania. Patrick and Mary ~~Craig~~ ^{Campbell} Craig's children were: John, born May 18, 1790, County, Dermanagh, Ireland, and died in Allegheny Pa., April 12, 1830, of Dropsy; Anna Craig, born August 10, 1792, married Wm Johnston, she was born Aug. 10, 1792, or 1800; Margaret Craig, born Feb'y, 10, 1795; Patrick born August 24, 1796; Hugh born August 12, 1799, died in Indiana County Pa., May 26, 1876, (Friday at 12 o'clock M.); William, born April 10, 1803.

Of the above the only one now living is Margaret Craig, now Mrs. Campbell, who has been a widow for many years, and still lives near Shelocta, Indiana County, Penna., and is the progenitor of a large family. The descendants of Hugh Craig also live in the same County, and are quite numerous.

3) By reference to a letter from her son Hugh to his grandmother that Mary Campbell Craig died on June 24, 1856. E. S. C.

4) Mother says Mary Craig was born Jan'y 1, 1757.

5) Nov. 2006. This should be William not by Campbell.

The above mentioned Ann Craig married William Johnston, who was born August 10, 1800, and by him had a large family.

My grandfather, John Craig married Elizabeth Liggett, who was born August 12, 1793, in County Tyrone, Ireland, and died August 25, 1876, in Steubenville, Ohio, and was buried in Uniondale Cemetery, this city, on Monday, August 28th. She was also of Scotch-Irish descent. John Craig & Elizabeth Liggett had five children, three sons and two daughters. Both daughters died young, and are buried in a graveyard out the Nash-ington Road. The sons were, Joseph (my father), born April 4, 1819, near Louthertown, Iowa, and of Lurgin or Lurgan, County Fermanagh, still living; Hugh, born at the same place, December 17, 1821, and now living in Venango Co., Penna.; and John Liggett, born December 7, 1828 in Allegheny, Pa., died at Macon, Georgia, July 11, 1865. The latter was a minister in the United Presbyterian Church, and was chaplain of the 17th Indiana Volunteers at the time of his death, and his Regiment was in General Wilson's army at the time that army captured Jeff Davis. Uncle John left four children, Carrie, James, Nellie and Eva, who reside with their mother, Martha Belle Craig in Princeton, Indiana.

* Lurgandev.

At Ferrisville,
and remained until
the spring of 1828, about 1829 or 1830, when they settled in Allegheny, where my
grandfather died April 12, 1830. He was a stone mason
by trade. My grandmother opened a store in which
my father acted as clerk, getting only a half day's school-
ing in each day. The store was on the west side
of Federal Street, a very short distance below the Diamond.
Afterwards grandmother purchased the ground where
father's store is now situated, and 47 South Diamond St.
and in a small frame building, attended to the
grocery business, in which she prospered quite well.
In 1846 my father bought out my grandmother in
the store, and ever since has carried on business
for himself. For several years he carried on in
the frame building, but finally moved into what
is now No. 48 South Diamond St., a three story brick
building, separated from his former store by an
alley about twenty feet wide, and called Pine
Alley. The rear of the building, and the second and
third floors were used as the dwelling, and here in
the front room on the second floor were born
my brother William John, January 26, 1851, my sister,
Mary Elizabeth, July 23, 1853, and myself, March 4,
1856. My father and mother were married on
the 21st of April, 1847, at the residence of my
mother's oldest sister, Mrs. Anne Eliza Binning.

My father's family came to this country in 1822, and
moved to Washington County, Pa., where they resided until
the spring of 1828, about 1829 or 1830, when they settled in Allegheny, where my
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the 21st of April, 1847, at the residence of my
mother's oldest sister, Mrs. Anne Eliza Binning.

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situated on the southeast corner of Sacoek and Sandusky streets. The building was two stories, made of brick, and it as well as the building I was born in are still in existence, and are used as Beer Saloons. My mother is Matilda Staunton, the youngest daughter of William and Mary Staunton, and was born in the house where we now live, April 2, 1827. William and Mary Staunton came to this country in ~~1818~~ 1818, leaving Liverpool, England, August 1st, and arriving in Pittsburgh September 23d. Here they resided until 1820, when they moved upon a farm in Pine Township, Allegheny Co., Penna., where they staid about a year and a half. Returning to Pittsburgh, they lived where Birmingham now stands until the summer of 1824, when they bought property in Allegheny, and during that fall and the following spring built the house in which our family now live, although we raised the roof and added a second story to the side building in 1872. Here in this house my Aunt Hannah, my mother, and my Uncle M. H. and E. A. Staunton were born. In * my grandfather moved to a farm in Mercer Co. (now in Lawrence Co., Pa.) on the right bank of the Shenango River opposite and a little above New Castle. William Staunton died

* See Transcript
Journal kept
from Aunt
in Station in
Nov. 1894

September 27, 1844, and his wife, my grandmother, Mary Staunton, died December 19, 1844. Both died at the farm, and are buried in the Newcastle Cemetery.

In the spring of 1857 my father erected on the site of his former store (now No. 47 So. Diamond St.) a three storied brick building all of which has been used by him ever since in the grocery, lard, grain and seed trade. In the same spring my father and mother moved to the house where we now live, my grandfather's old residence, on Washington St., No. 66, and here my brother and sisters younger than myself were all born. They are Margaret Adelaide, born June 22, 1858; Joseph Watson, July 14, 1860; Matilda Staunton, commonly called Baisie, Nov. 5, 1862; George Liggett, October 8, 1865; Percy Linwood, April 12, 1868; and Presley Taylor, July 29, 1870. All my brothers and sisters are living except Margaret Adelaide, who died of Diphtheria, December 14, 1862, aged 4 years, 5 months and 22 days.

The Pennsylvania Canal ran along the south side of my mother's property (my mother bought the interests of her brothers and sisters in their father's property), but in 1865, the Canal was filled up, and the Western Pennsylvania Railway was built on the road bed thus

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formed, and is still there. In 1875 another slice, thirty-five feet wide and seventy-one feet and a few inches, was taken from the southern end, and similar portions being taken from other property holders Church Avenue was founded. It is a very nice and very convenient street.

+ My mother can give me but few particulars concerning the family of my father's mother, Elizabeth Biggitts. The relationship between our family and the English family came through her. She had a very large number of relatives. Her mother's maiden name was Mary English, and she (M.E.) was the Aunt of Alexander, John, Samuel, James & Andrew English, and their sisters ^{Mrs.} Jane Kible, Mrs. Mary Thompson, and Mrs. Margaret Logan, being the sister of their father.

August 24/1898. E.S. Craig,

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"To Mrs Elizabeth Creague
~~Mass~~ Near Pitchburg"
Heagans

Stamped 

Patrick Creague Boston May the 22^d 1845

Dear Sister I suppose you will think it strange to know that I and My son William and daughter Mary Ann has come out to this Country. We got no account from you this long time I wrote a letter to you a year ago and I got no answer to it I thought it was because it had not got the full direction on it or sumthin like that

I saw your Brother Samule Lidget some time ago and he told me he had got a letter from you and your family and you were all well which I was glad to know it I got no account from My Brother Hugh Creague this Heaven or Eight years or from any of My Brother in laws at all I dont know whether my mother is alive yet or not but I know my father is dead this long time So the reason why we came to this Contry you will be sorry to hear,

² Sumory or Sumory, about five years ago I got a farm in (2) from my brother in law George Robinson and this last season the lace ended and the landlord of it was a gentleman that lived at dublon and Speer he got it put to proposals and it went to dear to live on it as the times is bad in Ireland at presiant for Making Money so i took and got ready and

"In text "you".

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Left my wife and youngest daughter Margaret at home
 in drummawong and came to Londonderry on the
 Eighth of April last and then took our passage in
 the steam boat to Liverpool and then we got a
 Ship Coming to Boston and we agreed in her at
 ten pounds for us three - We were a mind to go
 to new york or Philadelphia but we could get no one
 Ship going to the 15th of May So we sailed on the 11th
 of April and landed here on the 20th of this Month So
 we dont intend to stop very long we will go out to
 that Contry as soon as we can I am not in a
 good way to travel Much at present if I dont get some
 money to Earn as I come to great losses and lose
 thanks be to god for his Mercies to us we are all in good health
 at present but We feel lonesome without having
 any acquaintances in this place If these few lines
 finds you out write to my brother Hugh when you get them
 and let him no how all is with me and then let him be
 on his look out to find out a situation that would fit
 us I forgot the direction to write to him you will let
 me know it So as that I can write to or find him out
 William and Mary Ann joins Me in sending this love to you hoping
 that we will soon see you all in good health So I need not say
 Much more to you I shall Expect to get an answer from you as
 soon as these few lines goes to hand and when you write di-
 rect your letter to Patrick Craque in Care of Mr. Carpenter North
 No 3 Boston Mass no more but Remains your beloved
 friend Patrick Craque

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The following are copies of a postal card and letter received from my uncle, the Revd. Wm. Staunton, D.D., The postal card was received Nov. 19, 1879; and the letter ~~came~~ came Nov. 21, 1879. The letter was mailed Nov. 20, and the writing was begun on Nov. 13. It was in answer to inquiries made by me concerning the personal history of my maternal ancestors, and consists of fifteen pages of note paper very closely written.

The Postal Card.

New York, Nov. 18, 1879.

"Your letter was rec^d some days ago. You may expect from me, in a day or two, a fifteen page letter on "genealogy", & the life & history of your Grandpa. I have spent some days in working it up from my notes and memory, and hope it will be worthy of preservation as a family record which none could write but myself.

Yr. W. S. "

The Letter.

New York, Nov. 13, 1879.

Dear Edwin -

You will think me a slow correspondent; and so I am. If I were 20 years younger my pen & my legs would trot along ^{much} nimbly; but you must make allowance for all the grave movements of yr. venerable (!) Uncle. I am glad that you

feel some interest in genealogy, as I infer from your letters. Americans generally are not so inclined. Many of them care no more for their antecedents than they would if it were certain that they had been "evolved" from a tribe of monkeys or a litter of pigs. I am myself John Bull enough to value all I can find out about my ancestry; and I have no fear that, on running the line back, I shall come to some old Saxon who was hung and gibbeted, (so that spelt right?)"

"I should say not,
E. S. C."

On my mother's side, I have a good deal of information with many pages in print. But on my father's side, (which most interests you) I can go no further back than his father & mother. Then I was a boy, I was a sort of pet with Grandfather William & Grandmother Anne "Stanton". The name was thus spelt by the family in my Grandfather's time, & for a number of years after. But, being one of those old Saxon names which are variously written, and there being in the family an obscure tradition that some ancestor, - a literary character in the University of Oxford, - had spelt his name "Staunton", my father adopted this form as the most approved and best-looking. In Saxon "Stan" (I think) is a stone, and "ton" means a town. Hence "Stanton, Staneton, Stenton, Staunton, and Stontons," are only various forms of a name which means "a stone town", just as Preston is the "town of the priests,"

and Clifton, a "town on" or near, "a cliff" - (compare also, Smith, Smyth, Smythe, Schmidt, etc.; & Jonson, Johnson, Johnston; Hughes, Hughs, Hews, & Hewes.) There was no other reason alleged or thought of, for changing the spelling of the name, than that which I have given; and, in fact, my own boyish fancy for "Staunton" had much influence in bringing my father to insert the letter "u" in the name.

The old folks lived in a plain two story brick cottage, in Chester, with a little spot of flower-garden in front. Grandpa was a tobacconist, and worked in a tobacco mill on the Welsh side of the river Dee, - the river being spanned by an old stone bridge of 8 or 10 arches.

On Saturdays, after school, I used to spend the afternoons at the mill, where Grandpa was handling bunches of tobacco leaves; and, as I have always had a habit of sneezing with a noise like that of a dynamite cartridge, I doubtless acquired that elegant accomplishment by my weekly practice in the Snuff Mill. Grandpa was a pious dissenter, led a quiet life, and died about 1812. He had a brother named Thomas, who died (I believe) before my time. I have no knowledge of their antecedents. Grandma, being now a widow, kept house for a short time; and my impression is that she was supported chiefly by my father. After a while, however, father took her to his house, & provided for her during the remainder of her life with

the most assiduous care and affection.

On Feb. 2, 1799, my father married Mary Armitage, the youngest daughter of the Rev. Wilm^m Armitage, Minister of the Independent (or Congregational) Society, in Chester. The Armitage family were from Huddersfield, in Yorkshire. Grandma Armitage was daughter of a Mr. Greenwood, of Delph, "in Saddleworth"; and her only brother was the Rev. Abraham Greenwood, Baptist Minister of Oakham. Grandpa Armitage died March 18, 1794; and, subsequently, Grandma A. married the Rev. Jenkin Lewis, D. D., President of the North Wales Dissenting Academy - (I have in my possession nearly 100 of Dr. Lewis's sermon ^{outlines} ~~outlines~~.)

My father had four children by this marriage, of whom I was the third. One of them died of smallpox, and I came near dying with him of the same complaint. The other two died early. My mother died on June 2, 1808, aged 33 years, and her tomb is in the Cemetery of Green Street Chapel, Chester, adjoining that of Grandpa Armitage.

I now come to relate some points of the history of my father, - your Grandpa, - which may serve to interest you. As you know, he was a man of about middle height, somewhat stout, with muscular frame, rather florid complexion, and with a dignified and, on the whole, a commanding aspect. In point of education, he was, in a great measure,

what is called "self made man", having received in early life, only the ordinary course of instruction given in a select school. His mind, however, being naturally vigorous, clear & eager for knowledge of every kind, he spent much time in reading, & in scientific research and experiment, combining with this a remarkable fondness for theological investigation & metaphysical Enquiry. His thirst for Biblical knowledge led him to the study of the Hebrew and Greek languages, of which he acquired enough to assist him in reading critical commentaries on the Scriptures, being also of a musical turn, and possessing a voice of remarkable compass and excellent quality, he was accustomed to compose and sing numerous psalm and hymn tunes.

Sometime after his marriage, he rented a piece of property* at Chester, on the north side of the ^{London} ~~line~~ ^{now (1892)} Victoria Road, City, & about a $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile outside of the ancient Roman wall which surrounds what was originally the city proper. This property consisted of a small brick house, with a garden and a noble orchard, bounded on the street side by a high brick wall.

This place furnished agreeable recreation to my father, who was an adept in gardening, and in the management of fruit-trees. But, as every pleasure must have its alloy, it soon appeared that the location of the orchard outside of the city walls, & beyond the ordinary walks of the police, was quite

favorable for the incursions of those who followed the profession of fruit-stealers on dark nights. In order to be prepared to entertain these visitors in a style which they would be likely to remember, my father provided himself with a fowling-piece, and an enormous Horse Guards' pistol, the latter carrying an ounce ball, and making noise enough to scare all the thieves, cats & old grannies of the neighborhood. These weapons he kept loaded with full charges of shot & slugs; and, in the fruit-season, he would often sit up late at night, keeping watch over his pet orchard. On hearing the rustle of branches, or the sound of footstep in the garden, he would rush out, fully equipped for war, and aiming his artillery at the tops of some of his gigantic pear-trees, would let fly such a charge of rattling shot over the heads of the enemy, as would send them scampering for life to the boundary-wall, over which they would leap in desperation, leaving their sacks & plunder behind, and sometimes their hats also, when hotly pursued.

After living for some years in this my birth-place, father rented or leased a large brick house on Bridge St, within the City; and into this we moved. It was a house without a garden, in the most compact part of the City, and probably not as healthy as our former residence;

for, here it was that my mother died; and here also I lost my brothers John and George, and was myself brought to the brink of the grave (as I said before) by an attack of small-pox, the marks of which still ornament my chin.

Father's business was that of a stationer and book-binder, for a time; but not being able to compete with larger houses he eventually confined himself to book-binding, in which he had a high reputation.

For a long time after the death of my mother there was a cloud over my father's spirit, which rendered him somewhat gloomy, solitary, & averse to almost all society. Still, at times, there was a lifting of the cloud, and an agreeable touch of sunshine would appear. He had a private room or study, in which he wrote poetry, music, notes on the Bible, &c. He had also a turn for mechanical operations, and made several steel turning-forks, 3 or 4 Aeolian harps, and many things of use in the house. But his greatest work was the making of a Welsh harp, which he undertook & prosecuted with enthusiasm, though at great expense of time & money. His first attempt was rather unsuccessful, as well it might be. He was not very particular in laying out a "scale" to give the proper length & tension to the

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various strings; and so, some were too slack to give a good tone, while others had to be drawn so tight that they often snapped, and made a terrible destruction of catgut. Besides this, he had cut out the carved top-piece, which contains the screw-pins, from a thick oak plank, thereby making it weak wherever the curve ran across the grain. However, when the instrument was ready for stringing, he procured at much expense a complete outfit of the best harp-strings, & put them on. By & by, the tuning commenced. Of course, the strings, being new, required ten or more tunings before their tension would hold. But the tremendous strain & pull of so many strings had, unfortunately, not been foreseen & provided for by my innocent father. Consequently, the harp was constantly getting out of tune, & requiring a new operation of screwing up to pitch, all which made matters worse and worse. Before many days, therefore, there came a frightful catastrophe, in the natural order of things. The upper piece, pierced with rows of pin-holes, and cut across the grain, gave way with an awful crash, and the harp of a hundred strings was a wreck and a ruin. But my father had set his heart on a harp; and a harp he would have, even if it cost him his last spoon. With indomitable perseverance he

laid his plans for another instrument, of large and stylish proportions, and with proper securities against another break-down. In getting up this affair, he employed a Carpenter to do the wood-work, and had all the assistance needed in preparing the iron frame-work, pins & braces. This time he was successful, for the harp proved to be quite serviceable, & lasted for several years. On this harp I learned to play, and gained all sorts of compliments from my father, and especially from a lot of old maids, who were evidently in pursuit of him.

Though I have dwelt a good deal on these matters, yet it must not be supposed that my father spent so much time in recreation as to neglect the ordinary duties of life. On the contrary, he was industrious & even laborious in his business, a good manager of his household, interested in religious enterprises, & active in the welfare of the small circle of his friends. He was pretty strict in family discipline, and sometimes enforced it upon me by a good spanking. But he was by no means rigid in other matters. He allowed me full liberty to dispose of myself as I chose after school hours, even to the extent of romping with all sorts of boys in the streets, till a certain hour in the evenings. Though he was a strict Calvinist, he would not be tied down to puritanical rules about the Lord's Day, but would indulge in long walks & other exercises. In all these I was his

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① should be "off,"
E.S.C.

companion; but along with this freedom there were some rules & restrictions which were not so pleasant. For instance; my bed-room was on the upper floor of a four-story house; and I was required to go to bed without a candle or lamp, partly (I suppose) for fear of accident by fire, and partly to educate my courage, which was none of the stiffest. It was no very pleasant exercise to go up two or three flights of stairs every night, all in the dark, and all alone too; and often I would go up part of the way, sit down on a step, and remain there till I heard some one coming up. Then, I would scamper quietly to my room, full of my clothes, tumble into bed, and fall to snoring, in an incredibly short space of time. My father had a profound respect for personal bravery; and perhaps it was to inculcate this virtue into me, that, (besides sending me to bed in the dark,) he would often relate stories of burglaries, murders & robberies. Sometimes, a ghost story would come in, to increase my courage. I don't know, however, that I ever suffered much from all this; for habit soon reconciles one to ugly things. And it is certainly better to have a bed without a candle, than a candle without a bed.

Once, however, I certainly did get pretty well scared, and with good reason. My room having no side-windows, and being in the attic, it was lighted

by a sky-light of large size, near which was one of the chimneys of the house. This chimney was some 5 or 6 feet high above the slate-roof, and it furnished a convenient perch for the cats of that region, especially at those interesting times when they are in the habit of enlivening the midnight hours by singing their expressive love-songs.

One very dark night, a full-sized Tabby or Tom, while sitting on the chimney-top, took a notion to make a spring downwards to the roof, and not thinking at the time that there is a difference between glass & slate, the reckless beast took aim straight for the sky-light, and came down (of course) into my room, with a tremendous smashing of glass & scattering of fur. The cat was no doubt greatly astonished at the marvelous results of a mere jump from a chimney, & I am not sure but that I was equally astonished myself. At any rate, the cat evidently gained some knowledge of natural philosophy by this accident, as the experiment was never repeated. As to myself, I had no reason to complain; for, I got nothing more than a fright, while the cat got not only the fright, but a good deal of damage besides.

Somewhere about the year 1816, my father and some of his friends had their attention drawn to the United States of America, & the comparative

prospects of comfortable living in that country and in England. Glowing accounts were then in circulation about the state of things in "the land of freedom"; and poor Johnny Bull stood as sort of chance when the merits of Brother Jonathan were discussed & applauded.

Three or four of these enthusiastic people visited my father pretty often, to talk over the matter which had begun to monopolize their attention. So far as real information was concerned, they were very deficient. But, fortunately, my father was a man who never did things by halves. He had a certain quiet vigor and perseverance, and a facility in getting at facts and putting them into the best order, which made him the chief man of the party, & the surest dependence for the knowledge which they needed. Before long, he had collected a mass of geographical, statistical, & other information, with books & maps; and with this apparatus he was enabled to talk like an oracle to all who had the American fever. As time went on, and America grew more & more into the likeness of an earthly Paradise, where there were no taxes, the subject of removal to that land of blessedness began to assume so practical a shape, that the question, "Who will go?" was now quite seriously discussed.

In the event, however, the warm friends who had given my father so much trouble in enlightening them, took it into their heads to "back out," and let the Yankees enjoy their own heaven upon earth. These gentlemen, mindful of the old proverb, - "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush", fell off, by degrees, till there was only one left, besides my father, of all the valiant troop; and he too, eventually, was afraid to trust himself on the Atlantic, - thus leaving to my father all the glorious prospects of peace, plenty, & prosperity, which the new world so abundantly promised.

Before long, the symptoms of a removal became apparent. The library was packed up; the furniture disposed of; business matters were duly arranged; and the cords which bound us to old Albion were cut, one by one, till we were ready for the grand final movement. As Liverpool was only 20 miles from Chester, the transit to that port was soon effected. I recollect well our passage on a canal to a point on the river Mersey, & our sloop-voyage of 9 miles down that river to Liverpool. On reaching that place, there was a stay of some days, partly to make choice of a ship, & partly for the marriage of father to yr Grandma, which took place

* Err. - Should be in St. George's Church, Liverpool,
St. Peter's Church. It was in the month of September, 1818, that
now the ~~Gettysburg~~ sailed, in the ship Lancaster, Captain Meek,
Onward for Philadelphia. In those days there were no steamers;
Dross of live and am jolly, Captain kept us about 30 days on
-frost. (1895) the ocean, affording us a fine opportunity of
being present in some terrific gales, and of
seeing sundry whales, catching cod-fish on
the Banks, & practicing the art of living with one's
stomach turned inside out. At last, one of
the sailors sung out, - "Land, ahead!!!!", and we
rushed pell-mell on deck, to see what "the land
of liberty & no taxes", looked like. By & bye we got
to the Cape at the mouth of the Delaware, and,
by the aid of a pilot, were finally anchored
at the foot of Walnut St., Philadelphia.

-He remained in Philadelphia several
weeks, (I think); and finally, my father decided
to go across the mountains to Pittsburgh, where
he had some business prospects. Lest he should
not like Pittsburgh, he left his library & large
chests of property, in Philadelphia, in charge
of a Mr. Andas, who proved to be a thievish rascal,
from whose hands the goods would not have
been released, had it not been for the inter-
vention of Mr. Benedict Dorsey, an influential
friend of father, in Philadelphia.

At Pittsburgh, my father occupied himself in various kinds of business, watching his opportunity for a settlement on something permanently. He superintended for a time a book-binding establishment, and (I imagine) had some connexion with one of the book-stores. Finally, he opened an "Exchange and Brokers' Office," in a central part of the city, and for many years carried on a profitable business. In the meantime, a young family was growing up around him, and the big boy of the old stock was to be provided for. I was now in a fair way to become a young man, and my father concluded to try his agri-
cultural skills, and superadd farming to his financial business. He entered into a conditional bargain for a piece of new land, heavily timbered, with some old fields, but no buildings, situated about 14 miles north-west of the city. It was in, or close by, Butler Co., on the waters of Branch Creek, and comprised about 100 acres of excellent land. Having entered into this contract, he went up to see the tract, and set a gang of men at work in building a good-sized log-house, and in clearing a patch of ground around it. For this he paid a round sum in cash, and "no trade," which

was a very satisfactory & profitable affair for the employees.

This done he sent off the family (of which I was, of course, the Prime Minister,) to occupy the new log-house, and live on supplies chiefly sent up from the City, till the "farm" should be fairly under weigh. He himself still remained in Pittsburgh, to manage the Exchange Office; but on Saturdays he was to come up, & return on Monday mornings to the City.

As I had no distinct orders or ideas as to the mode of producing a model farm out of this tract, on which everything in sight was in a state of nature, I took for granted that I was left to my own discretion (or the contrary,) and began to act accordingly. We had, of course, a supply of implements for the initial exercises in our grand agricultural experiment. We had also such stock as could conveniently be provided for. But among all our possessions nothing took my fancy so much as a brand-new axe, and a couple of English guns for shooting pigeons by the hundred. By some sort of instinct I took to the axe; and soon became extremely dextrous in its use, felling large numbers of stately trees, partly for fuel &

fence-rails, and partly for the fun of seeing them fall. But I did a vast deal of useful work also, in the midst of all this fun. I split rails, cut lots of cord-wood, made shingles, built out-houses, hoed corn & potatoes, and made a pretty jolly time of my sojourn in the wilderness.

The road which led to our house was a 10-foot wagon-path, branching off from the regular turn-pike, and taking a crooked course for a mile through the woods before reaching our clearing.

It was a dismal track to follow in the night, especially at times when the screech owls were making all the forest ring with their diabolical cries. On every Saturday evening, however, we heard, far away, the welcome voice of my father, singing in full force some favorite tune, to give us fair & timely warning of his approach. On his arrival, we would get "the latest news" from the city & all the world outside; and, in return, I would show him what wonders we were doing in the agricultural line, and also in killing snakes, shooting partridges & squirrels, & driving off skunks & chicken-hawks.

In this sort of track things went on for a year or two. Occasionally I would go down (on foot) to the city, & stay a few days, by way of variety, or to procure supplies. It was

really a solitary sort of life, at the best, in spite of the bright features which I have mentioned. Our neighbors were few, and the nearest way to reach them was by footpath through the woods; with every chance, at night, of trampling on live snakes, or meeting a panther, or of losing one's way in the pitchy darkness.

Though it soon became evident to the neighbors that my father had "mistaken his calling", and that we were all a pack of city "greenhorns", squandering money & time on a project which could not possibly succeed in our hands; yet, my father's confidence was unabated, and the vision of a beautiful & flourishing estate still appeared to influence his movements. He, therefore, began to prepare for the erection of a large new house on a site much nearer to the turnpike road.

Men were hired to fell and hew large quantities of the best timber, and to prepare beams, sills, joists, rafters, etc. for the contemplated mansion; and I began to anticipate the time when we should cut so considerable a figure in our spacious dwelling, that the rustics would be compelled to look with wonder and awe on the grandeur of the Staunton family. H

But a great change in the aspect of things was nearer than any of us expected. After the heaving of the said timber, my father's eyes became somewhat opened, & his judgment startled by the simple consideration that the farm demanded a continual expenditure, while it yielded not a dollar of income. It was, in truth, nothing better than an air-castle of very large size, which would soon consume funds enough to buy a good city-house, with all "modern conveniences." Some such line of thought, I suppose, must have crossed my father's mind, and made an impression; for, with very little warning, we were one day given to understand that he had concluded to abandon the enterprise in disgust, make the best he could of his "improvements," and remove the family to the city with very little delay. To this new development in the course of things, I had no objection to make; for, to tell the plain truth, this first specimen of country life had by no means come up to the notions we had formed in England of the surpassing felicity of a farm in glorious America. The sober facts played well with poetic description & imaginary pictures of "rural happiness." He had blown our warm breath into the bubble till it burst, and then we had good

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sense enough left to hinder us from ever blowing another, though we came pretty near it at a later day. Very soon we were again keeping house in Pittsburgh, and in a fair way to recover what had been sacrificed in the "Paradise Lost" on the borders of Brush Creek.

It was about this time (I think,) that father took a sort of missionary fit, or a disposition to make some use of his theological knowledge and readiness of speech. This was another crotchet, differing in toto from the late agricultural affair. It was observed by the family that on Sunday mornings he would be up "bright and early," and after taking his breakfast, would put a manuscript book in his pocket, and disappear for the whole morning, or sometimes longer. It was evident that he had some important business on hand which engrossed his thoughts. It turned out, at last, that he had undertaken, on "his own hook," to act as a lay-preacher among a body of coal-miners, at a small settlement about a mile half out of the city. This was altogether a gratuitous business, & it cost him a great deal of time & labor. This missionary crotchet of my father occupied his mind for many months, but finally came to a col-

lapse for reasons unknown, though I think he retired in discouragement from the fact he had tried in all weathers to reform.

To finish out my father's history, I will add that he found the Broker's business quite profitable for a number of years, & realized a handsome income. Some lots by the acre, were at that time offered for sale in "Allegheny Town". One of these acre lots my father purchased, and built on it a two-story frame house.

This was somewhere about the year 1822 or 1823; and the low price of property at that time may be judged of by the fact that \$200 served for the purchase of that acre lot. As the town grew, & new tracts were laid out, my father divided his acre into several lots, & sold some of them for sums double or treble the amount which he ~~had~~ paid for the whole.

In the course of time, the Exchange business fell off, and my father concluded to resign it. But, having a large family to support, he resorted to the rather strange expedient (for a man of his years,) of opening an "English and Mercantile School". On the premises he built a large school-house, and carried on the new enterprise for some time with vigor. This, however, did not

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pay as well as he expected; and, worse than all,
 his eyesight became so seriously affected,
 as to render strong magnifiers requisite. He
 now obtained a situation as book-keeper in
 the Office of the Pennsylvania Canal; and
 afterwards occupied a similar post in the
 Western Penitentiary in Allegheny City. But,
 finding this constant use of the pen very
 distressing to his eyes, he once more became
 enamored with the charms of rural life.
 He selected & bought a farm on the Shenango
 Creek, near the town of Newcastle, Lawrence
 Co., about 50 miles from Pittsburgh. To
 this he removed the family, after renting
 the Allegheny property; and soon found
 that hired work was by no means econom-
 ical, and that fever & ague is a poor preparation
 for repose in advancing age. The farm turned
 out badly. A large price had been paid for
 it, - far more than its worth. The buildings
 needed improvement, the fences were worn out,
 the meadows overrun with weeds, and all
 things were in a condition to act very un-
 pleasantly on an old man's power of en-
 -durance. Finally, my father lost his
 eyesight altogether, & was, of course, no
 longer able to give proper directions con-

*really about
 50 miles.

cerning the care of his property. He, still, however retained his cheerfulness, and would recite and sing large portions of the book of Psalms, which he had laid up in his memory; and many collects of the Prayer-book were deeply fixed in his mind, & woven in his prayers. -- To account for this, I may here remark, that while in Allegheny City, he attached himself to the Episcopal Church, & was for several years one of the Wardens of Christ Church in that City. His removal to the farm did not diminish his love for the Church, as was apparent from the pleasure he took in reciting sundry portions of the Liturgy as one of his most agreeable recreations. All this I personally noticed when on a visit a few years before his death. He was substantially the same man on the banks of the Chenango, as on the waters of the Dee in England, only that he had become toned down, and mellowed by age, infirmity, and the cares of a long and toilsome life. I did all I could to amuse him, and to interest his feelings, as he sat in his favorite elbow-chair, with no sun-light to gladden him, and with the beautiful flowers which he once loved to rear, now forever hidden

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from his eyes. Among other things, I built him a rustic lounge with crooked boughs and sticks, on the little lawn before the house. And to this he would often find the way, without assistance, on pleasant mornings and evenings, as a fit place to enjoy the fresh breeze, and lose himself in meditation on a better world, the transition to which he seemed to contemplate with calmness and peace.

I parted from him with sorrowful feelings; and he wrung my hand as if under a presentiment that it was for the last time.

The "last time," indeed, it proved to be; for, some time after, while I was living in Morristown, N. J., I received intelligence of his death, which (I understand) he met with that peaceful resignation which had so strongly marked his life, especially in its closing years. He died on September 29th, 1844, in his seventieth year, and was buried in the cemetery at Newcastle, Pa., where a tombstone marks the place of his interment.

With this event my notes find their proper termination, as my object has been chiefly that of preserving, for

your use, and that of your dear mother especially, and of the family generally, and those who may come after them, - such notices of their paternal ancestry as I could gather from documentary testimony, and my own recollections.

With love to all, & hoping that what I have written may prove acceptable, I am
Yr affectionate Uncle
William Stanton.

Edwin S. Craig.

P.S. To give you a clearer idea of localities, etc I will send, with this letter, a copy of the "Chester Guide," with map. On the map, I have marked some places with red pencil.

No. 1. is the place occupied by father, where I was born, & where he had the fine garden & orchard.

2. The house in Bridge St. to which he removed, and where my mother died.

3. The last house we lived in before going to America. (This I have not mentioned in my narrative.)

4. Queen St Chapel, of which my Grandfather Armistage was the founder & 1st Minister.

Grandpa "Stanton" lived near St. John's Church,
I enclose in the book, the best picture I have,

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of Bridge St. It shows our house distinctly. You will notice, in the centre of the picture, three houses with straight roofs, between those which have gables. Ours was the middle one of the three, right under the red mark, & under the right hand chimney. The church is St. Peter's, at "the Cross" or intersection of the main streets.

H. S.

The above was copied on Thursday and Friday, Dec. 18th & 19th; and on the evening of the latter day was compared with the original by Bro. Joe and myself. We found only two mistakes, which have been corrected. The Guide Book and Picture mentioned in the post script came safely. The former is "Roberts' Chester Guide", with Forty-six Engravings. And an Illustrated Plan of the City, Revised by John Ficklin, Editor of the Chester Current, and Honorary Secretary of the Chester Archaeological and History Society. The book was published in 1858.

E. S. Craig.

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The following is a copy of a letter received from
Uncle Wm. Staunton on Jan'y. 24th, 1880,

New York, Jan. 21, 1880.

Dear Edwin:

I am really very much pleased to learn from yr last letter that my long story about yr Grandpa was any way interesting to yourself and the family. Since I sent it, several other matters have occurred to me, which may perhaps fit in at certain places in the narrative, and make it more complete. I enclose them in the shape of Notes, and you will find no difficulty in locating them, or you may regard them as forming an Appendix.

I would have written to you before, but I am much disabled by a lame back, which came on about 8 or 9 days ago, and has made it almost impossible for me to sit down, rise up, or bend myself in any way without much pain. Add to this, a cold, toothache, noises in the head, and great depression of spirits, and you will have my case exactly. The good wife is much better than she was, and in fact, is much the best man of the two in most respects. We are having dreary, mild, foggy, rainy, cheerless weather just now. I don't admire it at all. On the ocean, ~~the storms~~ the storms have been terrific. My son William went over to London, Paris, &c,

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for the 6th time, a few weeks ago. He thinks no more of crossing the Atlantic than you or I do of crossing Lake Erie or a decent river. He said the other evening that in passing Westminster Abbey, or St. Paul's Cathedral, he now hardly ever looked in, as they had become to him as familiar as any church in New York. One really does get tired of "seeing sights."

I remember that when I was in England & France I voluntarily gave up seeing several of the finest buildings in the world, simply because I was fagged out with the endless variety of objects to be seen. I missed lots of cathedrals, palaces, ruins, old abbeys, etc., for this reason alone, and Oh! how I now regret my folly! If you ever go to Europe, make out your programme carefully, and stick to it, in spite of all homeickness, thunderstorms, or earthquakes,

Just think of this - when I was at Geneva, I stood in the streets looking at Mt. Blanc, & yet I did not take the trouble to go there!!

But I shall tire you with this talk, and will therefore stop, - thereby giving you a chance to read the Notes enclosed. I hope you will think them ^{worth} preserving, as throwing light on your Grandpa's early history - and mine too, if that is worth caring for. Lots of love to yourself and all the family. N. B. Don't let them laugh too much over the 1st. Note

Edwin S. Craig, ^{Yr. affectionate Uncle}
William Stanton

Notes.

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1. That old Horse-Guards' pistol, with which father used to protect his orchard in Windmill Lane, was brought to this country, and may possibly be still among the ancient curiosities preserved in your branch of the family. When father lived in Pittsburgh, I was graciously permitted to use the noisy weapon on each 4th. of July; and I will remember my attempts to wake up the echoes of Coal Hill, and to assert my patriotism in thundering tones, to all the boys and pigs on the banks of the Monongahela. My father used to tell a good story about that pistol, and I will now relate it also to you in my own fashion. After he removed into Bridge St., the place in Windmill Lane was rented to a middle-aged man whom I will call Mr. Snap. He was a good, honest sort of man, with very little warlike blood about him, and with an aspect too meek to be a terror to evil-doers. The fruit-stealers, in due season, paid him their accustomed nightly visits, to his great annoyance, and to the imminent jeopardy of his patience and his fears. Of course, this sort of proceeding was not in good taste; nor was it ~~considered~~ consistent either with Scripture or with his lease of the property. It was necessary, therefore, to take some steps pretty promptly to save the orchard from further invasion; and Mr. Snap concluded to avail himself of my father's valuable experience in matters of this kind, and

to adopt his plans for the dispersion of the enemy, in case that courage enough could be mustered to ^{equal} ~~meet~~ the emergency. My father, I need hardly say, took in the case at once, gave Mr Snap a startling account of half a dozen skirmishes with the rascally desperadoes who had cost him so much wrath and gunpowder, warned him that he must go into the campaign with a stout heart and steady legs, and then produced the venerable pistol, the use of which had on all occasions proved so eminently victorious. This pistol my father handed to his visitor, by way of loan, and doubtless with such instruction and encouragement as seemed advisable, considering that in new hands the instrument might not otherwise do itself credit.

Now it so happened that Mr Snap had never fired such a pistol in all his life; and being a peaceable man, he was not very familiar with the nature of powder and shot, or with the proper mode of handling firearms; but naturally supposed that a pistol or gun with a capacious mouth ought not to be stinted in the amount of the charge, especially as it was desirable to make at once a lasting impression on the foes, and convince them that their sport was, on the whole, more perilous than profitable. Mr Snap, therefore, a day or two after, prepared for action by pouring into the pistol a very liberal charge of

powder, and an equally liberal amount of slugs or buck-shot, secured by a competent plug of wadding. It is probable that he had not long to wait for an incursion of the enemy. And when the time of trial came, he must have felt very certain that one terrific blast from the formidable pistol would scatter his foes like the sudden stroke of a whirlwind. Following instructions, however, he crept along as near as he thought prudent to the scene of plunder, and cocked the pistol! But, just at this point there came up a practical difficulty which bothered him not a little. He knew very well that a gun should be fired with the butt-end against one's shoulder. But, that could not be done with a pistol, however big. So, in order to take good aim, (which was essential) Mr. Snap concluded to rest the pistol firmly against his right cheek-bone, hold it there with a good grip, and then let fly! It did not occur to him that this way of doing things is unknown in military science. Nor did he bear in mind that both horses and horse-pistols will kick very vigorously, if they are too well fed. But Mr. Snap, having a mind of his own, did as he thought best, and then bravely pulled the trigger. — What followed, it would take a Dickens to describe. It is not known what became of the thieves, or

of the cocks and hens roosting all around on the trees. But Mr Snap himself found that when the pistol went off, something or other hit him a tremendous blow on the cheek, and sent him reeling and staggering among the gooseberry bushes, with very confused ideas about what had taken place, and with a hard struggle also to balance himself on his uncertain feet.

There is no reason to doubt that on the next morning he made a most solemn vow never to load and fire that treacherous pistol again, or to put any confidence in weapons that are capable of kicking their friends, at the moment when they ought to be scattering their enemies. It is only to be added, that, a few days after, Mr Snap called on my father, told him all that had happened, and gave up the pistol, with many thanks for all that was intended, but with a heavy sigh also over the result.

2. About this place in Windmill Lane I may add a remark or two. The house itself was a low brick cottage, shaded by a number of fine old trees, and bounded by a high stone or brick wall on the street. I have a clear recollection of it. As it was my birthplace, I was accustomed to visit it, at times, for several years after the family removed from

it to Bridge St. In Europe, every one has a certain love and reverence for the place where he drew his first breath. It seems to him in some sort sacred, and however humble it may be, it often takes a deep and singular hold on his affections. Even at this late period of my life, one of the first things I did on visiting Chester in 1872, was to go with my son John to see whether my birthplace was still standing, and to pay my respects to it. We went there, but you may imagine my sorrow on finding nothing but the bare spot which that half-rural dwelling had occupied in years long past. There was no house there. The huge King-pear trees had all passed away. There were no relics of garden or orchard, and there was no further use for the old pistol. And so, I went off, to take a look (with far less interest) at the other houses which father occupied within the city walls, where my boyhood was spent.

3. Our house on Bridge St had no garden, but when we removed to Brook St we had one extending about 30 feet back, and ending (See Map) not very far from the rear of the old Chapel (with 3 gables) of which the celebrated Commentator, Rev. Matthew Henry, was once the Minister. This garden led to a revival of my father's horticultural propensities, and he became somewhat

proud of it. But the funniest thing he did was the manufacture of a Summer-house, such as, probably, nobody ever built either before or after. Its location was the very entrance of the garden, which it blocked up, so that we had to go in by side alleys. The shape was peculiar. It was square, about 8 feet each way, with the back and sides entirely close, and the front entirely open to the garden. Inside, there was a bench against the back, and the whole was covered with a roof sloping from the front. The frame-work or body, my father patched up with hammer and nails, from the remains of old boxes, barrels, and odd pieces of board. It was a marvellously queer looking specimen of architecture, in its naked condition, and you would have gone into agonies of laughter had you seen it. But this was not all; for the thing needed covering, both inside & out, before it could be of much use in a rain-storm. This was effected in a very curious, original, and economical way. In the house, close by, was our book-binding shop; - and the question came up, "Why couldn't we bind the Summer-house ^{like} a big book?" Every book-binder, you know, has a constantly accumulating stock of leather ends and scraps, pieces of paste-board, and old sheets of paper,

And so, by the aid of a bucket or two of paste, large patches of leather were laid all over the roof, sides, and back, in the manner of shingles; and the inside also was well lined with coats of paper. It took a long time for father and I to get through the job; but when it was done, we looked smilingly on our work, and tried to believe that, after all, there was "nothing like leather". To make the thing waterproof, it became expedient to give it a few coats of paint, and for some strange reason, the color selected was black. This, alas! was ominous of the unfortunate fate of the structure. For, as the front was quite open, the wind, rain, and snow, would dash in; and would drench the whole inside so miserably that even a mouse would be compelled to retreat to his hole. It is needless to say that when we started for America, there was left behind a strange looking thing in a state of disintegration, which some future scientist would probably claim as the hide of an old rhinoceros, — decisive proof that, hundreds of centuries ago, such animals inhabited the British Isles.

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As I have remarked father had a fancy for composing hymn-tunes, especially after my

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mother's death. Long afterwards it seemed to be a gratification to him to have me join with him in singing these tunes of his own manufacture; and as I had a tolerably good voice and a quick ear, he had no difficulty in qualifying me for this sort of recreation. He had a habit of singing as he went about the house, or when sitting in the parlor, the library, or his bed-room. And if I happened to be present, I knew by plenty of experience that the solo would soon give place to the duet, by his order or request that I should fall in and do my part.

This was sometimes an annoyance to me when I was not in a musical humour; but, usually, I fell in with his wishes, and sang with him till he was satisfied, or I had become tired out.

His voice possessed a very remarkable range, enabling him to sing with ease the melodies of his tunes, and with equal ease, even the lowest notes of the bass, when some one else took up the melody. He had, also, a fashion or habit of "trying his voice," as he called it, by experimenting on its compass, and laboring hard to sound with clearness some very deep tone, about which he seemed to have laid a wager with himself. I have often heard him give "double D." with a full round tone; and once, at least, he managed to recite some words on

"double G," which was considered, at the time, as one of the most stupendous of human achievements.

5. I have hinted that my father's religious principles and sympathies, in the earlier part of his life, were strongly Calvinistic. In this matter he was thoroughly a Puritan, though not so in the ordinary habits of his life. He loved to discourse and argue on the decrees of God, and on many other Scriptural matters which were dark and abstruse. Having a considerable degree of tact & fluency, he would often talk by the hour on such points with some of his religious friends, and my impression is that they not infrequently got wearied in the controversy. Many a time did these wranglings about predestination and election, irresistible grace, etc., come off under circumstances when ill-fortune compelled me, - a young lad as I was, - to be a wearied listener. The nature of the argument, or the talk, was, of course, as unintelligible as an oration in Chinese or Choctaw; and so, the general effect of these doctrinal talks on my mind was, I confess, not a very happy one. Religion, as thus exhibited, seemed to me to be a hard, strange, and repulsive thing, with scarcely a lovable feature about it. It seemed to establish "a reign of terror," under which poor helpless

mortals (boys as well as men) were to grope along in dismal fear, till some involuntary process of conversion should come upon them, and turn them into such a kind of holy folks as these Calvinistic elect ones thought they were. For my part, I saw nothing about these tonguey doctrine-mongers, who hung about my father, and seemed to regard him as a sort of oracle.

6. With all his doctrinal strictness, my father had some notions of his own, which hindered him from becoming an actual "member" (as they called it) of any one of the Dissenting societies or chapels. For many years he attended Queen St Chapel, and was the prominent bass singer in the choir. The music there was quite elaborate, with choruses from Handel's "Messiah," and Haydn's "Creation," besides anthems and pieces from other distinguished composers. But, as usual, in the course of time there occurred a "flare up" in the choir, the result of which was that father left it, and (in dudgeon) took a pew at the far end of a side gallery. It was his custom there, to take copious notes of the sermons, in a small blank book. You will be amused to know that these notes were written, not in pencil, but with pen and ink, which he carried with him for this purpose. I have possession of two

of these books, with lots of outlines of sermons he made, - and, I must say, that mighty dry ones they are.

By and by, there was another "flare up," on I know not what grounds, which ended in father's leaving the old Chapel, & visiting for a time the Baptists, Methodists, & others. Finally, he settled down in what was called the "Octagon Chapel," (a large 8-sided brick-building,) where they used the Church Liturgy, but, in all other things, did just as they pleased. Here, he would not avowedly or really join the choir, - which occupied some front pews before the desk and pulpit, - but he rented the next adjacent pew, where his voice and his nose were in immediate proximity to the singers. This independent freak of my father's was not very well relished by the leader of the Choir, probably because it looked so like an act of charity, - done as it were to help the "poor critters" along. And thus it was not very long before the old Adam got his back up again, and there was a fearful scarcity of love in the Choir of the Octagon Wigwam.

What came after this last "flare up," I do not distinctly remember. But, I have no doubt that, all along, my father had a certain sort of inkling for the Established Church, which led him not

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infrequently to attend the services of the Cathedral. Of course, I was his delighted companion, as the music invariably acted upon me like a charm. In that sombre and very ancient building, with its cloisters, chapter-house, monkish dormitories, refectory, & the ruins of its former glorious Abbey, showing themselves in arches, broken walls, cells, etc., at various points over acres of ground, I often found myself wandering about, when I could steal away from the "Chapel," and would listen with delight to the harmony which came streaming along, now and then, from the distant choirs and organ. It was here, doubtless, that my feelings were first inclined to the Church; for, even to my boyish fancy, there was an appearance of greatness and unearthliness about the Cathedral and its services, which gradually undermined the little affection I had for the puritanical worship of the "Chapel." I do not know but that some such thoughts came also into my father's mind; for he would visit not only the Cathedral, but also some of the parish churches, (of which there were 10 or 12 in the city), especially when it was reported that some "Evangelical" man was to preach. Indeed, though he considered that his first obligations were due to the "Chapel," yet, as I

have said, he still claimed a very liberal range of opinion as to the mode in which he would dispose of himself on the Lord's day. If he wanted to go to "church," he would surely go, and let the "chapel" take care of itself. Sometimes he would even indulge in a Sunday afternoon's visit to the parade-ground of the Castle, to hear the music of the military bands. All this was to me particularly gratifying, as may readily be imagined; and all the more so from the consideration that he seemed to consult my wishes quite as much as his own, in these deviations from the rigor of Calvinistic discipline.

It may be useful to bear in mind that, in England, places of worship are not all called "churches," as is common in the United States. Those belonging to the Church of England, are known as Cathedrals, parish churches, and "Chapels of Ease", i. e., for people who live remote from their own parish church. On the contrary, the places of worship used by Dissenters, viz., Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, &c., are always called "chapels," and not "churches." The word "clergyman" also, means a Bishop, Priest, or Deacon, of the Church of England, and is not applied to the "Ministers" or "Pastors" of the various Dissenting societies or sects.

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7. While my father was preparing for his removal to the United States, that strange American preacher "Lorenzo Dow," (of whom you may have heard) visited our city, and we went to hear him discourse in one of the dissenting chapels. It immediately occurred to my father, that though Lorenzo was an extremely queer piece of eccentricity in religious affairs, yet, after all, he might furnish (if disposed) a good deal of that particular kind of information about matters and things in America, which could not be gained from all the books in the world.

With this impression, he called on Lorenzo, and had with him an agreeable interview, the result of which was such an increase of his knowledge of the country & its institutions, as none but a shrewd "live American" could afford. Lorenzo had travelled far & wide in his native land, had an extensive acquaintance there, and knew precisely what kind of information would be most valuable to one who had fallen in love with the "Stars and Stripes." He also gave my father a letter of introduction to Benedict Dorsey, Esq., a gentleman of some distinction in Philadelphia; which letter proved (in the course of events) to be of unex-

puted service, by enabling my father to get some of his property out of the clutches of a deceitful scoundrel named Andas, to whom he had consigned it on leaving Philadelphia for the Western City of Pittsburgh.

P.S. I have no recollection or certain record that my father had brother named Thomas. Referring to my memoranda made probably 20 or 25 years ago, I read only of my Grandfather having had a brother Thomas.

I am delighted to learn that the venerable old clock is still in existence. Your mother, however, has been misinformed about the clock having once had "a walnut case". It belonged, originally, to my Grandfather and Grandmother "Stanton". When I was a boy, I knew the clock, with its brass face, its single hand & its long dangling cords with weights. It was always without a case, so far as my knowledge of it reaches.

I know nothing about yr Grandfather having had "a brother or uncle named Rickard".

Never heard of such a person.

I can sympathize very sincerely with Henry in his late sore bereavement.

On Feb'y, 24, 1897, I was very much surprised and pleased to receive by mail several relics from William⁺ Craig of Parkwood, Indiana County, Pa. who is the eldest son of my great uncle Hugh Craig. He sends me these in consequence of a letter which I wrote last summer to his my father's first cousin, Wm. Campbell of Parkwood, who is a son of my great aunt Margaret (Craig) Campbell.

These relics are three in number, viz.: a letter from my great-grandfather William Craig in Ireland to his son Hugh Craig aforesaid in Pittsburgh; — the receipt for hauling my said great-grandfather's goods from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh in 1824; — and a letter from my father to his uncle, Hugh Craig aforesaid, all of which are copied hereafter.

* I shall return all to William Craig aforesaid.

The letter from my great grandfather is yellow with age, worn though and almost illegible in some

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places. It is addressed on its back to

"Hugh Craig,
Currier & Tanner,
Care Mr. Chas. Bowen,
Pittsburg,
Allegheny County,
State of Pennsylvania,
America."

and is as follows:

"Mulloughfarm, August 1st 1821.

Dr. Hugh

I received your letter of 19th of March on the first of June and since we have made every exertion concerning the place in question we cannot give you any more knowledge concerning it than what you will find in the inclosed lines which they sent us and we thought it proper to send them to you. All consider if Mr. Bowen would apply to Mr. Duane he might put it to sale immediately and if he does we think they will take far less than they propose. You will be very cautious in what you do concerning it. If it be managed prudently all think that

'Eligible - looks
like "he"

they will sell it (1) from 9 to 10 dollars per acre. The heirs have been ever since we got your letter in consideration about it but we nearly understand that they will certainly sell it as soon as they can. They seem to be in some doubt concerning the management of the place since they saw your letter, and they told John that they would certainly sell it.

Dr. Hugh, you must consider at present that we cannot say anything more concerning the matter. You will look in to the business as soon as you get this letter. We will not bid you do anything thing concerning - as we cannot do any thing at present unless we would sell out a cheap rate as the markets are in general so low, and doing that on speculation it might not answer us but if we saw everything upon a contract between you & them we will know what to do then. If you come on to an agreement to our liking we will assist you a far as we can and we will

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put ourselves in a form of going to
you next year —

We have got a landlord at last
and has settled with him at 50¢
per acre and John for 25¢ per acre
so by this you may consider our
circumstance yourself. Markets
are so low that there is no possi-
-bility in paying rent, though we
are of as good an ability as when
you left us and if you think it bet-
-ter for us to go to you we will
sell out and go next season. If
you allow us in your answer to
this letter John is fully determ-
-ined going at any rate. He thinks
that if he and you were together that
you might set up the tanning bus-
-iness in conjunction there will
be no prevailing of him in stay-
-ing from you —

We have several accounts from
that Country that gives us to know
that a person could purchase land
very cheap by sheriffs sale, so if
you cannot come to an agreement
about the place in question you will

(1) Three or four
words illegible
from crease
won't though papa,

2 hole in paper.

(3) Illegible

He if you can fit me otherwise.
We are informed that they (1)
pay the money you
will write as soon as you get this
letter and let me know what we will
do. As you mentioned to send you
some shirts we cannot find any person
we could entrust them with but we
expect there will be one found next
season as certainly some of us
will go next season if health per-
mits Wm. Johnston and family
are well they have (2) daughter
son since you left home He says
that he will certainly go if you
encourage me. Your grandmother
is well and at the wheel. Your
uncles aunts and all relations.
are well. Your mother is very
uneasy about you and would
wish to know if you are in the
same place or what wages you
have yearly or if you be working
for yourself (3) let Mr.
Lizget know that his friends are
all well Uncle Joseph is in
Johns at present. Patrick requests

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you will let him know if hell bring
a wife with him or not. Your
Cozen Th^t Armstrong and Barry
McHugh are moving to Irwinstown.
Your sister Margret sends her
love to you and thinks long to see
you. No more at present but
remains your loving father.
Wm Craig — "

" Received Pittsburgh September
15th. 1824 of William Craig fifty
five dollars eight cents in full
for hauling a flitting from
Philad^a
\$55. ⁸/₁₀₀ Jonathan Bows "

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The letter from my father to his
uncle Hugh is addressed on its
back to

"Hugh Craig,
Shelbota P. O.
Indiana Co.
Penn^a "

and is as follows:

"Allegheny, Dec 21st 1846

Dear Uncle

I received your letter of
the 17th on the 20th. You want
to know what has become of Uncle
Patrick and family. Uncle's wife
has been sick for the last three
weeks with the bilious fever.

She is on the mending order. She
is not able to sit up yet. I went
to see uncle as soon as I got your
letter. He is going out this week that is
if Aunt appears to be on the mend. He
would be out before this only for sick-
ness. Mother and family are all well.
John has been unwell for the last three
weeks with biles. No more at present but remain
yours
Jos^s Craig "