

Rayner Family History

William H. Rayner

1916

RAYNER FAMILY HISTORY

FOREWORD

WHILE the origin of our early ancestors is lost in the feudal epoch of England's history, and the present generations of their Americanized descendants care not whether they were entitled to a "Crest" or "Coat-of-arms", still we will all no doubt be interested in tracing our family history from that point where "authenticity converges from the realm of mythology, and enters the arena of historic fact".

Our authority for the earlier part of this record is found in the numerous writings of our father, William Rayner, who came with his father's family to America in 1830, and whose reminiscences will form a chapter in this book. Later data has been obtained by correspondence and personal investigation.

WM. H. and John A. Rayner.

INTRODUCTION

JOHN RAYNER, Senior.

THE parents of this, the earliest known of the many succeeding John Rayners, came from somewhere in the north of England and settled in a small town called Woodhouse, 8 or 10 miles north of Newark on the river Trent, England, about 1760. After their arrival at this place and before they had formed any acquaintances with their neighbors, they were both taken sick and died, leaving their small son John an orphan, and without means of support.

Our family history therefore starts from this date, for the given names of his parents are not known.

John was cared for and educated by the Parish and at the age of 14 was apprenticed to a Fell-monger, or tanner and dyer of sheep-skins and manufacturer of gloves and leather clothing.

After serving 7 years at his trade he started a business in the same line for himself, but later on in life he sold this business and purchased 52 acres of "Freehold Land".

This Freehold land belonged to the Church of England and could not be sold outright, but three persons were chosen by the parties to the contract and when the last of these had died, then the land reverted to the Church.

He lived on this land until his death in 1832, after a life of over 70 years. His life was one of hard labor and economy, but he never succeeded in paying all of the original debt on this freehold.

He married early in life and his wife was a very industrious and kind-hearted woman, but we have no record of either her first or family name, and she died in 1837.

Their family consisted of six children, four girls and two boys.

Hannah, the eldest daughter, married a man named Marshall.

Elizabeth, the 2nd daughter, married a Mr. Whitely.

Mary, the 3rd daughter, married a miller named Lightfoot.

Sarah, the 4th daughter, married a Mr. Whitney, and lived at Colverton, England.

William, the older son, learned the tailor trade, and with four of his children, lived for many years near the place of his birth.

John, was the 2nd son of John Rayner I, and ancestor of this branch of the Rayner family in America, which we will now follow.



THIS was the first house owned in Piqua by Grandfather Rayner. It stood on the south side of Greene street between Wayne and Downing. It was built by him and his two eldest sons, William and John, in 1833, and the lumber for the entire structure was taken from one large poplar tree which they cut on ground now occupied by Forest Hill Cemetery. The house was later removed to Manning street and in the great flood of 1913 was almost covered with water, but the huge fireplace and chimney held it down, and it still stands in fair condition.



JOHN RAYNER II.



ELIZABETH (WAINWRIGHT) RAYNER.

CHAPTER ONE

JOHN RAYNER II.

THIS pioneer of the Rayner family in America was born at Knesall, England, March 1, 1795. At an early age he was sent to school, and being of a studious disposition, soon acquired what was then considered a very good education in the common branches of study.

At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to two men, one a carpenter, the other a cabinet maker. Two years later his employers dissolved partnership and he continued in the employ of the cabinet maker, whose name was Day.

He spent seven years in learning his trade and became a skilled workman.

At sixteen years of age he was converted and joined the Methodist Society, and later became a preacher of the gospel in that denomination.

At the age of twenty-one he married Elizabeth Wainwright who was a daughter, by his first wife, of Joseph Wainwright, from whom the Wainwrights in America are descended.

A short time after his marriage they moved to Sheffield, but after living there one year moved to Mansfield. From this place they moved after about two years to Red-mile, a small country town about a mile from Beaver Castle.

During their residence at this place Grand-father Rayner worked on the new part of this castle which he said was a magnificent specimen of the builder's art. The floors were made of alternate white and dark boards, and were planed so true and level that an ivory billiard ball, which was used by the workmen in testing their work, would not roll in any direction when placed upon the finished floor. All this planeing and polishing was done after the floors were laid, which made it a long and arduous task.

This castle had been so long in building that one set of men were working on repairs while another set were working on the unfinished part.

They next moved to Nottingham, and after six months to Radford, and then to Ison Green. Here they lived for about eight years, or until they started to the United States. By selling most of their personal effects they were able to raise about one hundred gold sovereigns (English Pounds) and had about that much more in notes which they were compelled to take on buildings he had erected in the neighborhood.

So with this small sum of money, and with six small children, they set their faces toward a new land of promise with a hope of bettering their condition in life. They embarked from Liverpool on the sailing vessel "Edgar of London", with 109 passengers, on June 30, 1830, and arrived in New York Bay on Aug. 14th, after a stormy and dangerous voyage of six weeks.

They next day they landed in the city and after a few days took a steam-boat to Albany; then a canal-boat to Buffalo, and then on to Cleveland in a lake vessel. Here they rented a house and remained during the fall and winter of 1830-31. Grandfather worked at his trade for awhile, but after the weather became cold enough to freeze the streams so they could be crossed with a wagon, he, in company with two other men and his eldest son (William) started toward the interior of the state, to find an advantageous location for permanent settlement. They traveled through Mansfield, Columbus, and Springfield, to Xenia where after a few days he left his son with a farmer and went on to Piqua. Here he found an opening for his trade of carpenter and in the spring of 1831 moved his family to that place, where, with the exception of a few years on a farm at Chickasaw, Mercer County, he spent the remainder of his life.

Many of the old frame houses that he built in Piqua still remain as a reminder of his industry, and besides being a preacher of the gospel, he was at times elected to fill some official post of responsibility in the town.

All the later years of his life were spent in the small frame house on the south side of Boone street, near Caldwell, and here his children and grand-children were always sure of a hearty welcome.

His death occurred on Aug. 21, 1871, and he was buried at the McKinney cemetery north of Piqua.

ELIZABETH (WAINWRIGHT) RAYNER.

Grand-mother Rayner, wife of John Rayner II, was born at Newark, England, Nov. 8, 1793. She was the daughter of Joseph Wainwright by his first wife, her mother dying two years after her birth.

Her father soon married again and had four more children, one dying in infancy. Her two-half brothers were William, who went to London, and Joseph, who came to the United States and settled at Boston Center, New York.

Her half-sister married and lived at Nottingham, England, where her step-mother died in 1835. Her father died in 1808.

Grand-mother experienced religion at an early age and joined the "Primitive Methodists", or "Ranters" as they were called at that time.

One of their doctrines was that of encouraging women to preach, and though she had very little school education, it was not long before grandmother was preaching to congregations in the vicinity of their different homes in England.

She was married to John Rayner II, Oct. 20, 1816, and shared with him both the clouds and sunshine of a long and useful life.

She continued her religious writings and preaching in this country and many letters and sermons are yet preserved which show her deeply religious nature.

She died in Piqua, June 21, 1872, and was buried beside her husband in the old McKinney grave-yard north of town.

Their family consisted of eleven children, their names with date of birth and death as follows:—

William	Born	Aug. 14, 1817,	Died	Jan. 23, 1894.
John	"	Apr. 1, 1819,	"	Sept. 20, 1896.
Joseph	"	Apr. 9, 1821,	"	Dec. 28, 1885.
James O.	"	Feb. 19, 1823,	"	June 18, 1888.
Sarah H.	"	Aug. 1, 1824,	"	June 20, 1900.
Elizabeth	"	Oct. 18, 1825,	"	Sept. 1, 1855.
Julia W.	"	March 30, 1827	"	May 4, 1898.
George	"	June 4, 1828,	"	Sept. 1, 1828.
Perry	"	Jan. 28, 1831,	"	Nov. 10, 1839.
Mary H.	"	April 4, 1833	"	May 2, 1904.
Jabez B.	"	Jan. 27, 1835,	"	Sept. 6, 1888.

Of this family three boys became licensed preachers, and two girls married preachers.



WILLIAM RAYNER



CATHARINE (BARRETT) RAYNER.

CHAPTER TWO

WILLIAM RAYNER

WILLIAM RAYNER, the eldest son of John and Elizabeth (Wainwright) Rayner, was born at Sheffield, England, Aug. 14, 1817. Early in life he was permitted to attend school and in certain studies made satisfactory advancement.

He was just thirteen years old when the family landed in New York, and just fourteen when he arrived at Piqua.

For a number of years after settling in Piqua he and his brother John helped their Father with such assistance as they could in preparing lumber and building houses. He was with the family a part of the time during their residence at Chickasaw, Mercer County, but soon returned to Piqua and worked for John Keyt, Sr., who was then the leading contractor of the town.

This was in 1836, and during the next few years he attended night school and also saved enough money to go to college. He finished a two-year course at Granville College in 1842, and after returning to Piqua resumed his trade of carpentry.

He was married to Rachel Scudder Oct. 17, 1843, and soon afterward started pattern-making for Rouzer & Clark. It was here, in 1846, that he made the patterns for the first heating stove ever cast in Piqua.

The stove was too heavy, so the patterns were reduced, but he bought this first stove and it is still owned and used by his youngest son.

His wife, Rachel, died in 1849, and on Apr. 8, 1850 he married Catharine J. Barrett of Troy, Ohio.

In the spring of 1852 they moved to a farm of 120 acres about four miles west of Piqua on the Versailles Road. In 1853 they sold the house and 50 acres off the north end of their farm and moved back to Piqua.

Here he resumed his trade of carpenter, and beside building a number of houses for other people, built one for himself on West North Street, and also a house and barn on the remaining 70 acres west of town.

They moved out to this place in March 1856, and then to a portion of the old Keyt farm just west of Piqua in March, 1864, where he remained to the time of his death. He died on Jan. 23, 1894, and is buried in the McKinney cemetery north of Piqua.

RACHEL (SCUDDER) RAYNER.

Rachel Valentine, first wife of William Rayner, was born about three miles north of Piqua on Aug. 22, 1821. Her father was Richard Valentine and her mother's maiden name was Rachel Winans. Her mother died a few days after her birth, and when she was about two months old she was adopted by neighbors named James and Anna Scudder. The Scudders moved to Piqua in 1833, and here Rachel spent her school days and took a prominent part in the social life of the town and church. The Scudders were leading members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but when that church became divided on the question of slavery, they, with other prominent families withdrew and formed a Wesleyan Methodist Church. William Rayner, to whom Rachel was engaged to be married, also joined this new congregation, and the two churches were not again united until the Civil War removed the cause of their division.

Rachel and William Rayner were married by Rev. P. A. Ogden on Oct. 17, 1843, and lived for several years with the Scudders.

Rachel was not strong, and after the birth of her second child gradually became weaker, until after several years of suffering she died on the morning of April 3, 1849. She was buried next day in the McKinney cemetery near her early home.

CHILDREN OF WILLIAM AND RACHEL (SCUDDER) RAYNER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Anna Eliza	Jan. 1, 1845	John A. Gray	July 30, 1873	March 8, 1885
James Baxter	Dec. 5, 1846	Jennie Shideler	May 10, 1877	-----

GRAND-CHILDREN OF WILLIAM AND RACHEL (SCUDDER) RAYNER.

CHILDREN OF JOHN AND ANNA (RAYNER) GRAY.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Mary Luella	Dec. 7, 1876	Horace Bowyer	June 10, 1913	-----
William Barzilla	Sept. 19, 1884	-----	-----	-----

CHILDREN OF JAMES AND JENNIE (SHIDELER) RAYNER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Laura Myrtle	July 15, 1878	* * * * *	* * * * *	Oct. 5, 1887

GREAT-GRAND-CHILDREN OF WILLIAM AND RACHEL (SCUDDER) RAYNER.
GRAND-CHILDREN OF JOHN AND ANNA (RAYNER) GRAY.

CHILDREN OF HORACE AND MARY (GRAY) BOWYER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Anna Julia	June 15, 1914

CATHARINE (BARRETT) RAYNER.

Catharine J. Barrett, daughter of William and Maria (Turpen) Barrett, was born in Lebanon, Ohio, Aug. 11, 1831. She became the second wife of William Rayner on April 8, 1850. Her reminiscences of when her Father's house in Troy was a branch station on the slave's Under-ground Railway to Canada were very interesting and it is to bad they were not preserved for history.

She died on the old home farm just west of Piqua on July 29, 1901, and was buried at the McKinney cemetery north of town. She was the mother of seven children, four girls and three boys.

CHILDREN OF WILLIAM AND CATHARINE (BARRETT) RAYNER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Maria	July 11, 1851	* * * * *	* * * * *	Sept. 15, 1851
Mary Sophronia	Sept. 12, 1852	Anthony S. Cost	Feb. 29, 1876
William Henry	July 24, 1854	Hester M. Turk	Oct. 18, 1881
Emma Maria	March 12, 1857	* * * * *	* * * * *	June 18, 1877
Luella Dryden	Oct. 5, 1858	Wm. H. Gillespie	Apr. 14, 1881
Edwin Barrett	Oct. 3, 1860
John Allen	Dec. 8, 1864	Margaret Clarkson	April 3, 1889

GRAND-CHILDREN OF WILLIAM AND CATHARINE (BARRETT) RAYNER.

CHILDREN OF ANTHONY AND MARY (RAYNER) COST.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Birth
Walter Dryden	Sept. 10, 1879	Rebecca James	Nov. 28, 1904
William Anthony	Sept. 30, 1886	Helen Montgomery	Oct. 2, 1915

CHILDREN OF WILLAIM H. AND HESTER (TURK) RAYNER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
William Pierce	July 30, 1882	Nellie Tyler	June 20, 1911
Anthony Edwin	July 25, 1884	Grace M. Wall	Oct. 9, 1907
Eugene Turk	Sept. 25, 1886	Elta Nissley	June 27, 1912

CHILDREN OF WILLIAM AND LUELLA (RAYNER) GILLESPIE.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
David Rayner	Nov. 12, 1882	Dora Chaplin	Nov. 8, 1913
John Lee	March 29, 1885	Cora Miller	June 12, 1909
Forest Leonard	Aug. 1, 1887	Mary A. Link	April 19, 1914
Mary Elizabeth	Nov. 27, 1889	Russell Minton	March 11, 1913.
William Ernest	Feb. 17, 1892
Clifford Kirkwood	March 18, 1896
Clella Maria	May 16, 1898
Luella M.	Jan. 2, 1901

CHILDREN OF JOHN AND MARGARET (CLARKSON) RAYNER

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Robert Clarkson	July 15, 1890	Marie Nettleship	July 27, 1914 •
George Logan	April 28, 1892	Rallie Hatch	Nov. 25, 1915
Frank Oliver	Jan. 25, 1894	Hattie M. Zimpher	Oct. 22, 1914
Anna Catharine	June 26, 1898

GREAT-GRAND-CHILDREN OF WILLIAM AND CATHARINE (BARRETT) RAYNER.
GRAND-CHILDREN OF ANTHONY AND MARY (RAYNER) COST.

CHILDREN OF WALTER AND REBA (JAMES) COST

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Catharine	Oct. 19, 1905

GRAND-CHILDREN OF WILLIAM H. AND HESTER (TURK) RAYNER.

CHILDREN OF WM. PIERCE AND NELLIE (TYLER) RAYNER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Helen Edwards	May 19, 1913

CHILDREN OF ANTHONY AND GRACE (WALL) RAYNER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Marjorie Wall	Aug. 9, 1910
William Henry	Aug. 2, 1915

GRAND-CHILDREN OF WM. H. AND LUELLA (RAYNER) GILLESPIE.

CHILDREN OF DAVID AND DORA (CHAPLIN) GILLESPIE.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Hugh Hamilton	Aug. 4, 1915

CHILDREN OF JOHN AND CORA (MILLER) GILLESPIE.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Lee Hamilton	June 11, 1910
Margaret Winona	Sept. 2, 1914

CHILDREN OF FOREST L. AND MARY (LINK) GILLESPIE.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Robert Benton	Feb. 19, 1915

CHILDREN OF RUSSELL AND MARY (GILLESPIE) MINTON.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
John William	Jan. 19, 1914

GRAND-CHILDREN OF JOHN AND MARGARET (CLARKSON) RAYNER.

CHILDREN OF FRANK AND HATTIE (ZIMPHER) RAYNER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Catharine Lucile	Sept. 25, 1915

ADDITIONAL RECORD OF DESCENDANTS OF WILLIAM RAYNER, SR.

Births

Births

ADDITIONAL RECORD OF DESCENDANTS OF WILLIAM RAYNER, SR.

Births

Births

ADDITIONAL RECORD OF DESCENDANTS OF WILLIAM RAYNER, SR.

Marriages

Marriages

ADDITIONAL RECORD OF DESCENDANTS OF WILLIAM RAYNER, SR.

Deaths

Deaths



JOHN RAYNER III.



CATHARINE (GRAY) RAYNER.

CHAPTER THREE

JOHN RAYNER III.

JOHN RAYNER, the 2nd son of John and Elizabeth (Wainwright) Rayner, was born in Mansfield, England, April 1, 1819. Like his brother William, he learned the carpenter trade with his father, and by the time he was of age, had accumulated sufficient money to buy a farm about five miles north-west of Piqua.

On Oct. 20, 1840 he was married to Catherine Gray at Chichkasaw, Mercer County, Ohio, and in 1852 moved to Piqua and built a house on the hill just west of town.

In 1856 he moved overland in a wagon to a farm he had bought near Mechanicsville, Iowa, and from there, in 1868, to a large tract of land he had purchased in Carroll Co., Missouri.

They lived here until in the fall of 1880, when they moved to Red Bluff, California, and in 1882 to Clearwater, Nebraska. Here he took up a government homestead and tree-claim, built a house and lived there until 1894, when they went again to Iowa.

After many years of suffering, his wife, Catharine Rayner, died at Corning, Iowa, Jan. 5, 1896. He then went to his children in Missouri, but only lived a few months, dying on Sept. 20, 1896.

He was buried beside his wife at Corning, Iowa. He was a preacher in the Methodist Church, being licensed to exhort on July 12, 1841, at Fort Recovery, Ohio, and was licensed to preach on June 13, 1877, at Chillicothe, Missouri.

John and Catharine Rayner were the parents of ten children, eight boys and two girls, and they also had an adopted daughter named Alice.

CHILDREN OF JOHN AND CATHARINE (GRAY) RAYNER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Samuel Albert	March 22, 1842	* * * * *	* * * * *	Sept. 20, 1844
William Harris	March 22, 1846	Celia J. Rockwell	Nov. 13, 1870
John	July 26, 1850	* * * * *	* * * * *	Aug. 23, 1850 Munsell died
Elizabeth Ellen	Aug. 2, 1851	Mathew Munsell	Nov. 4, 1869	Aug. 26, 1907
Elizabeth Ellen	Aug. 2, 1851	William Wedge	Dec. 28, 1912
David Dryden	Aug. 11, 1854	Maud E. Johnson	Nov. 23, 1876
James Franklin	Jan. 27, 1857	* * * * *	* * * * *	Feb. 19, 1857
Mary Alice	March 15, 1858	* * * * *	* * * * *	Feb. 16, 1861
Francis Marion	June 11, 1860	* * * * *	* * * * *	Feb. 15, 1861
John Bryon	May 12, 1862	Jennie Myers	Feb. 27, 1885
James Grant	Sept. 1, 1864	Sophia L. Houck	Jan. 1, 1888
Alta Alice (Wood)	Sept. 10, 1866	Edwin A. Crosby	Dec. 25, 1882

GRAND-CHILDREN OF JOHN AND CATHARINE (GRAY) RAYNER.

CHILDREN OF WM. HARRIS AND CELIA (ROCKWELL) RAYNER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Faith Adella	Oct. 6, 1872	Fred C. Klippel	Nov. 29, 1893
Franklin A	Jan. 7, 1875	* * * * *	* * * * *	March 13, 1875
Ernest A	July 15, 1878	Klara Bruske	Sept. 17, 1904
Clyde A	June 30, 1880	Lula Barnes	June 6, 1907
William H	Feb. 16, 1884	Francis Leonard	Aug. 28, 1912.
Harriet E	June 28, 1886	Hale Goodwin	Nov. 23, 1911

CHILDREN OF MATHEW AND ELIZABETH E. (RAYNER) MUNSELL.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
John Oliver	Aug. 27, 1870	* * * * *	* * * * *	Jan. 14, 1876
Luella	Nov. 2, 1871	* * * * *	* * * * *	May 2, 1880
Jesse Guy	March 10, 1877	Florence Mayhew	April 3, 1907
Bertha Rogene	Aug. 15, 1881	Hale W. Smith	June 30, 1905
Ellen Aldine	Aug. 15, 1883	Avila F. LaFrance	Dec. 23, 1911

CHILDREN OF DAVID AND MAUD (JOHNSON) RAYNER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Minnie Elizabeth	March 21, 1878	Charles Wright	July 1, 1893	Oct. 26, 1897
Mary Belle	June 27, 1879	Lee Babcock	Dec. 25, 1894
Earl David	Aug. 1, 1881	Polly E. Higday	Dec. 25, 1906
Flora Mae	May 25, 1884	Eugene Ray	July 20, 1899	Oct. 4, 1899
Guy Sidney	May 6, 1886	Ethel Whitworth	Feb. 5, 1905
James J.	Oct. 25, 1893
Mathew Elroy	Dec. 29, 1895
Ellen Maude	Feb. 3, 1898	Ora Don Dixon	March 21, 1915

CHILDREN OF JOHN AND JENNIE (MYERS) RAYNER

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death.
Esther Mabelle	Sept. 4, 1887	Harold McComb	June 12, 1912	July 13, 1915
Hazel May	Mch. 11, 1889	* * *	* * *	Feb. 20, 1891

CHILDREN OF EDWIN A. AND ALTA A. WOOD (RAYNER) CROSBY.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Arthur Raymond	Nov. 19, 1883	Nessie Wiley	Aug. 17, 1914
Vernon Albert	Jan. 26, 1886	Madge Hyde	June 1, 1914
Irvin Edwin	July 15, 1887	Netta May Carter	Oct. 25, 1914
Fred Parmly	June 7, 1889	Liva Ackerman	June 8, 1910
Loyal	Aug. 22, 1894	* * * * *	* * * * *	Aug. 23, 1894
Forrest Wood	July 31, 1897

GREAT-GRAND-CHILDREN OF JOHN AND CATHARINE (GRAY) RAYNER.
GRAND-CHILDREN OF WM. HARRIS AND CELIA (ROCKWELL) RAYNER.

CHILDREN OF FRED AND FAITH (RAYNER) KLIPPEL.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Clyde Frederick	April 20, 1897
Birdie Vivian	Sept. 17, 1899
Rogene Celia	Sept. 21, 1901

CHILDREN OF ERNEST A. AND KLARA (BRUSKE) RAYNER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Dorothy Louise	Nov. 25, 1907
Helen Harris	Dec. 30, 1912

CHILDREN OF WILLIAM H. AND FRANCIS (LEONARD) RAYNER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
William Leonard	Aug. 24, 1913

GRAND-CHILDREN OF MATHEW AND ELIZABETH E. (RAYNER) MUNSELL.

CHILDREN OF J. GUY AND FLORENCE (MAYHEW) MUNSELL

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Lydia Ellen	Jan. 14, 1908
Jessie Aldine	Nov. 21, 1909
Donald Wallace	Oct. 3, 1913
Ernest Guy	Aug. 16, 1915

CHILDREN OF HALE AND BERTHA R. (MUNSELL) SMITH.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Carol Rogene	Sept. 3, 1908
Bertha Aldine	Nov. 23, 1910

CHILDREN OF AVILA F. AND ELLEN A. (MUNSELL) LaFRANCE.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Jeanne Maria	May 10, 1913

GRAND-CHILDREN OF DAVID AND MAUD (JOHNSON) RAYNER.

CHILDREN OF CHARLES AND MINNIE E. (RAYNER) WRIGHT.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Cecil David	Oct. 15, 1894	* * * * *	* * * * *	Oct. 10, 1897
Ona Boyd	June 16, 1897

RAYNER FAMILY HISTORY

CHILDREN OF LEE AND MARY B. (RAYNER) BABCOCK.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Vera Grace	Aug. 2, 1899
Carl Rayner	April 15, 1909

CHILDREN OF EARL D. AND POLLY (HIGDAY) RAYNER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Elinor Lee	Dec. 12, 1907
Forest Earl	Feb. 18, 1910

CHILDREN OF GUY S. AND ETHEL (WHITWORTH) RAYNER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Elsie Aldine	Sept. 5, 1906

GRAND-CHILDREN OF EDWIN A. AND ALTA A. WOOD (RAYNER) CROSBY.

CHILDREN OF VERNON A. AND MADGE (HYDE) CROSBY

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Alice Grace	March 31, 1915

CHILDREN OF FRED P. AND LIVA (ACKERMAN) CROSBY.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Virgil Wendle	Nov. 22, 1911

ADDITIONAL RECORD OF DESCENDANTS OF JOHN RAYNER III.

Births

Births

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Marriages

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ADDITIONAL RECORD OF DESCENDANTS OF JOHN RAYNER III.

Deaths

Deaths



JOSEPH RAYNER.



SARAH J. (TAYLOR) RAYNER.

CHAPTER FOUR

JOSEPH RAYNER.

JOSEPH RAYNER, the 3rd son of John and Elizabeth (Wainwright) Rayner, was born at Red Mile, England, on April 9, 1821.
He came with the family to Piqua in 1831, and during his minority learned the carpenter trade with his father and brothers.

He later became an expert pattern maker, and also invented many useful mechanical devices, several of which were patented. In his inventive mind he was many years ahead of his time, for he believed that the time would come when people would ride over the turn-pikes in vehicles propelled by steam or other power, and described the main points of the present automobile twenty-five years before the first machines were built.

He was married to Sarah Jane Taylor in Piqua Oct. 18, 1848. They had their first home on West Greene Street, but all the latter years of his life were spent in the little brick house at the south-east corner of Boone and Caldwell streets. He died suddenly on Dec. 29, 1885, and was buried in Forest Hill cemetery.

SARAH JANE (TAYLOR) RAYNER.

Sarah Jane Taylor, daughter of Samuel and Nancy Taylor, was born in Dearborn County, Indiana, Oct. 3, 1827, and soon afterward came with the family to Piqua. She was married to Joseph Rayner on Oct. 18, 1848, and with him, was always associated with the Greene Street M. E. Church.

They were the parents of five children, three boys and two girls.

CHILDREN OF JOSEPH AND SARAH J. (TAYLOR) RAYNER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Laura Jane	July 22, 1849	L. O. Deputy	April 21, 1870
Lewis Dryden	Jan. 29, 1852	Jennie Bolser	June 16, 1874	April 27, 1912.
Mary Lovenia	Jan. 21, 1855	John L. Prugh	May 3, 1877
John Franklin	June 14, 1858	Hellena Philips	Dec. 25, 1878
Harry Thornton	Aug. 30, 1861	Kate L. Bowdle	July 30, 1891

GRAND-CHILDREN OF JOSEPH AND SARAH J. (TAYLOR) RAYNER.

CHILDREN OF L. O. AND LAURA J. (RAYNER) DEPUTY.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Laura Lucetta	Oct. 21, 1871	Hal. C. Gray	March 31, 1899
Mary Lee	June 25, 1874
Chas. Stephenson	Oct. 7, 1875
Earl Cranston.	June 29, 1885	Nellie C. Perfect	April 17, 1915
Florence Ruth	Aug. 12, 1888

RAYNER FAMILY HISTORY

CHILDREN OF LEWIS D. AND JENNIE H. (BOLSER) RAYNER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Maud Lovenia	Feb. 22, 1875	-----	-----	-----
Laura Bolser	Aug. 7, 1876	* * * * *	* * * * *	Dec. 12, 1898
Albra Dryden	Nov. 14, 1879	-----	-----	-----
Luella	April 22, 1884	* * * * *	* * * * *	Oct. 6, 1884
Harry Lee	Nov. 18, 1886	* * * * *	* * * * *	Dec. 21, 1910
Lewis Rollin	Jan. 30, 1890	* * * * *	* * * * *	Feb. 11, 1890
Marian Irene	Jan. 9, 1897	-----	-----	-----

CHILDREN OF JOHN L. AND MARY L. (RAYNER) PRUGH.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Lucile Estela	Feb. 12, 1878	Jas. F. Stewart	Nov. 3, 1899	-----
Florence J.	March 16, 1882	Wm. E. Brooks	June 3, 1913	-----
John Rayner	Jan. 5, 1890	Cleo E. Walkup	July 2, 1914	-----

CHILDREN OF JOHN F. AND HELLENA (PHILIPS) RAYNER

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Lee Franklin	April 11, 1880	Nellie Schneyer	June 3, 1903	-----
Elizabeth	Sept. 26, 1881	Jas. G. Freshour	Oct. 6, 1902	-----
Elizabeth	Sept. 26, 1881	E. L. Commons	Sept. 1911	-----
Ethel Ruth	July 6, 1892	Wm. Newell Todd	Sept. 1, 1914	-----

GREAT-GRAND-CHILDREN OF JOSEPH AND SARAH J. (TAYLOR) RAYNER.

GRAND-CHILDREN OF L. O. AND LAURA J. (RAYNER) DEPUTY.

CHILDREN OF HAL C. AND LAURA L. (DEPUTY) GRAY.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Martha Frances	Feb. 24, 1905	-----	-----	-----

GRAND-CHILDREN OF JOHN L. AND MARY L. (RAYNER) PRUGH.

CHILDREN OF JAS. F. AND LUCILE E. (PRUGH) STEWART.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Ruth Estela	Aug. 15, 1899	-----	-----	-----
John Arthur	June 25, 1907	-----	-----	-----
William Finley	Oct. 8, 1914	-----	-----	-----

CHILDREN OF WILLAM E. AND FLORENCE (PRUGH) BROOKS.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Mary Harriet	March 1914

GRAND-CHILDREN OF JOHN F. AND HELLENA (PHILIPS) RAYNER.

CHILDREN OF LEE F. AND NELLIE (SCHNEYER) RAYNER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Mary Lee	Jan. 15, 1905
Virginia	Jan. 17, 1907

CHILDREN OF WM. NEWELL AND E. RUTH (RAYNER) TODD.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
William Newell	July 1, 1915

ADDITIONAL RECORD OF DESCENDANTS OF JOSEPH RAYNER.

Births

Births

ADDITIONAL RECORD OF DESCENDANTS OF JOSEPH RAYNER.

Births

Births

ADDITIONAL RECORD OF DESCENDANTS OF JOSEPH RAYNER.

Marriages

Marriages

ADDITIONAL RECORD OF DESCENDANTS OF JOSEPH RAYNER

Deaths

Deaths





JAMES O. RAYNER.



SARAH (HOOD) RAYNER.

CHAPTER FIVE

JAMES O. RAYNER.

JAMES O. RAYNER, the 4th son of John and Elizabeth (Wainwright) Rayner, was born at Radford, England, Feb. 19, 1823, and was seven years old when he came with the family to the United States.

At an early age he began preparing himself for the ministry, supporting himself in the meantime by working at the carpenter trade with his father and brothers. His first sermon was preached in the then new Greene Street M. E. Church, at Piqua, but his first regular appointment was to a Circuit in central Iowa, where he went from Piqua in 1845.

In 1847 he went overland with a company of emigrants to Oregon Territory, and was soon preaching on a circuit in the Yamhill district, and later at other points in that region.

He was married to Sarah J. Hood, near Salem Oregon, on July 9, 1850. In 1864 he was appointed Chaplain in the U. S. Army at Fort Steilacoom, and later was stationed at Sitka and other posts in Alaska and in the United States.

He also took part in the official ceremonies incident to the transfer of Alaska by Russia to the United States in 1867.

After many years of hardships incident to the life of a pioneer preacher, and a long service as Chaplain in the army, he finally settled at San Mateo, California, where he died June 18, 1888, and was buried at The Presidio in a soldier's grave, and with military honors.

SARAH J. (HOOD) RAYNER.

Sarah J. Jorden was born on a plantation near Athens, Tennessee in 1833. She married a Mr. Hood and went with him to Oregon about 1849.

Soon after their arrival her husband died and she was married to James O. Rayner on Aug. 15, 1850.

She was a great help to her husband in his missionary labors, and a model mother and christian. She died Nov. 5, 1898.

James O. and Sarah J. Rayner were the parents of four children, two girls and two boys.

CHILDREN OF JAMES O. AND SARAH J. (HOOD) RAYNER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
William Francis	March 20, 1851	* * * * *	* * * * *	Jan. 28, 1888
Mary Ione	March 20, 1853	Eugene P. Murphy	July 13, 1872	April 27, 1877
Helen Luella	May 21, 1855	J. Hunting Sayre	Oct. 31, 1878	Jan. 30, 1888
Edmond S.	Jan. 20, 1858	Anna M. Grimm	April 11, 1885

GRAND-CHILDREN OF JAMES O. AND SARAH (HOOD) RAYNER.

CHILDREN OF EUGENE AND MARY (RAYNER) MURPHY.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Mary Ione

CHILDREN OF J. HUNTING AND HELEN L. (RAYNER) SAYRE.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Hunting Rayner
Wickham Reeves

CHILDREN OF EDMOND AND ANNA (GRIMM) RAYNER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Wainwright M.	Feb. 15, 1886	-----	-----	-----
Dorothy Edna	March 4, 1888	-----	-----	-----
Edwin Ernest	July 5, 1889	-----	-----	-----
Mary Helen	June 15, 1890	* * * * *	* * * * *	July 2, 1890.

ADDITIONAL RECORD OF DESCENDANTS OF JAMES O. RAYNER.

Births



Births

ADDITIONAL RECORD OF DESCENDANTS OF JAMES O. RAYNER

Marriages

Marriages

ADDITIONAL RECORD OF DESCENDANTS OF JAMES O. RAYNER.

Deaths

Deaths



DAVID A. DRYDEN.



SARAH (RAYNER) DRYDEN.

CHAPTER SIX

SARAH H. DRYDEN.

SARAH H. RAYNER, the eldest daughter of John and Elizabeth (Wainwright) Rayner, was born at Ison Green, England, Aug. 1, 1824.

After the family had settled at Piqua she became interested in her school, and in the Methodist Sunday-school, which was organized in 1832.

She married David A. Dryden June 6, 1850, and soon left her old home as the wife of a missionary to California. They arrived at San Francisco, via the Isthmus of Panama, on May 6, 1851, and attended the first Methodist Conference ever held in California.

They were given an appointment, and from that time on she was held in the highest esteem by the people of their many stations over almost the entire state. She died at here home in Gilroy, California on June 20, 1900.

DAVID A. DRYDEN.

David A. Dryden, husband of Sarah (Rayner) Dryden, was born in Adams Co., Ohio, May 13, 1824. About 1834 the family moved to Miami County, where he received his primary education. At sixteen years of age he was apprenticed to the cabinet making business in Piqua, and served four years.

In 1845 he entered the Miami University at Oxford, Ohio, and remained three years, and being admitted to the Ohio Methodist Conference in 1849, was sent as a missionary to California in 1851.

He was the author of several books, and was the advocate of an advanced religious doctrine which was later adopted by the church.

He died at his home in Gilroy, California on July 4, 1894.

David and Sarah Dryden were the parents of six children, four girls and two boys.

CHILDREN OF DAIVD AND SARAH (RAYNER) DRYDEN.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Luella	March 19, 1853	Wm. H. Oliver	Nov. 30, 1876	-----
Daisy Irene	Sept. 9, 1854	* * * * *	* * * * *	Oct. 28, 1864
David Albion	Oct. 3, 1856	* * * * *	* * * * *	Dec. 25, 1862
Helen	Jan. 15, 1861	* * * * *	* * * * *	May 18, 1862
Wendell Ernest	Sept. 13, 1862	Maud Waltans	June 20, 1906	-----
Ermine Iva	March 14, 1867	Jas. M. White	Jan. 1, 1902	-----

GRAND-CHILDREN OF DAVID A. AND SARAH H. (RAYNER) DRYDEN.

CHILDREN OF WILLIAM H. AND LUELLA (DRYDEN) OLIVER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Ruth Elinor	Sept. 13, 1877	J. E. Addicott	June 22, 1898	Sept. 3, 1909
Edith Bernice	June 13, 1880	Phil. S. Hasty	Aug. 7, 1909	-----

CHILDREN OF WENDELL E. AND MAUD (WALTANS) WDRYDEN.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Beth	Aug. 18, 1912	-----	-----	-----

GREAT-GRAND-CHILDREN OF DAVID AND SARAH (RAYNER) DRYDEN.

GRAND-CHILDREN OF WILLIAM AND LUELLA (DRYDEN) OLIVER.

CHILDREN OF J. E. AND RUTH E. (OLIVER) ADDICOTT.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Irwin Oliver	March 29, 1899
Helen Venn	Sept. 29, 1900
James Edwin	Sept. 8,
Hazel Bernice	July 13, 1906

CHILDREN OF PHIL. S. AND EDITH B. (OLIVER) HASTY.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Frederick Philip	Aug. 28, 1915

ADDITIONAL RECORD OF DESCENDANTS OF DAVID AND SARAH (RAYNER) DRYDEN.

Births

Births

ADDITIONAL RECORD OF DESCENDANTS OF DAVID AND SARAH (RAYNER) DRYDEN

Marriages

Marriages

Deaths

Deaths

CHAPTER SEVEN

ELIZABETH BLACKLEACH.

ELIZABETH RAYNER, 2nd daughter of John and Elizabeth (Wainwright) Rayner, was born in Ison Green England, Oct. 18, 1825.

After coming to Piqua in 1831 she took part in the school and home life until she married. She was married to George V. Blackleach on Oct. 22, 1851, and soon afterward moved to Centerville, Indiana, where she died Sept. 1, 1855.

We have no pictures of them, and of her husband only know that he was a journeyman cooper. They had two children, both girls.

CHILDREN OF GEORGE AND ELIZABETH (RAYNER) BLACKLEACH.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Hygenia	Nov. 7, 1852	* * * * *	* * * * *	July 12, 1879.
Elizabeth	Jan. 10, 1855	William Weaver	March 23, 1905



MARSHAL TAYLOR



JULIA (RAYNER) TAYLOR.

CHAPTER EIGHT

JULIA WAINWRIGHT TAYLOR.

JULIA W. RAYNER, 3rd daughter of John and Elizabeth (Wainwright) Rayner, was born at Ison Green, England, March 30, 1827.
Coming with the family to Piqua at the age of four years she spent nearly all her early life at this place, and took part in the early activities of the town, church, and school.
She was married to Marshal Taylor on March 20, 1855, moving to a farm near Sidney, Ohio, and then to Piqua, where her husband worked at his trade as an iron moulder. In 1870 they went to Columbus, Indiana, and this remained her home until her death, which occurred May 4, 1898.

MARSHAL TAYLOR.

Marshal Taylor was born near Piqua, March 15, 1835. He followed the occupation of moulder, and later that of market gardener and in the grocery and commission business.
He was married to Julia W. Rayner, March 20, 1855, and after her death married Amanda Barnhill. He died at Columbus, Indiana, Oct. 29, 1913.
He served as a private in Co. K. 1st O. V. I. for nearly two years.
Marshal and Julia Taylor were the parents of two children, both girls.

CHILDREN OF MARSHAL AND JULIA (RAYNER) TAYLOR.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Sally Caldwell	Jan. 29, 1856	John W. Morgan	Oct. 30, 1879
Hattie Bower	May 11, 1857	Amos Hartman	Dec. 25, 1894

GRAND-CHILDREN OF MARSHAL AND JULIA (RAYNER) TAYLOR.

CHILDREN OF JOHN E. AND SALLIE C. (TAYLOR) MORGAN

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Florence T.	Aug. 26, 1880	Walter Crimm	Oct. 30, 1905
Ethel	Dec. 20, 1884	* * * * *	* * * * *	March 23, 1888.
Ruth	June 8, 1886
Elsie Grace	Dec. 4, 1892	* * * * *	* * * * *	Feb. 12, 1895
Mary Elizabeth	Feb. 27, 1895
Marcia Niel	Sept. 23, 1898

GREAT-GRAND-CHILDREN OF MARSHAL AND JULIA (RAYNER) TAYLOR.

GRAND-CHILDREN OF JOHN W. AND SALLIE C. (TAYLOR) MORGAN.

CHILDREN OF WALTER AND FLORENCE (MORGAN) CRIMM

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Alice Virginia	Feb. 23, 1908

ADDITIONAL RECORD OF DESCENDANTS OF MARSHAL AND JULIA (RAYNER) TAYLOR.

Births

Births

ADDITIONAL RECORD OF DESCENDANTS OF MARSHAL AND JULIA (RAYNER) TAYLOR.

Marriages

Marriages

Deaths

Deaths



THORNTON E. FIDLER.



MARY (RAYNER) FIDLER.

CHAPTER NINE

MARY H. FIDLER.

MARY H. RAYNER, 4th daughter of John and Elizabeth (Wainwright) Rayner, was born in Piqua, Ohio, April 4, 1833.

She received her primary education in the Piqua schools, and for several years after 1850 was a teacher in these same schools.

About 1855 she went to Worthington College, and afterward taught in Springfield, Ohio, where she married Thornton E. Fidler on June 19, 1860.

Her husband was a Methodist preacher, and their lives were spent in filling the different stations to which they were assigned by the Cincinnati Conference, until he was superannuated.

They then settled on a small market farm near Urbana, Ohio, and later moved to Upper Sandusky.

"Aunt Mate" died at Upper Sandusky on May 2, 1904, and was buried at Forest Hill Cemetery, Piqua.

Her husband died March 10, 1909, and was also buried at Piqua.

They were the parents of two children, both boys.

CHILDREN OF THORNTON AND MARY (RAYNER) FIDLER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
William Frank	June 22, 1864	* * * * *	* * * * *	May 20, 1890
Otho Dennison	Aug. 3, 1872	Matilda Scheidt	March 31, 1897

GRAND-CHILDREN OF THORNTON AND MARY (RAYNER) FIDLER.

CHILDREN OF OTHO D. AND MATILDA (SCHEIDT) FIDLER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Roswell Scheidt	July 13, 1899

ADDITIONAL RECORD OF DESCENDANTS OF THORNTON AND MARY (RAYNER) FIDLER.

Births

Births

ADDITIONAL RECORD OF DESCENDANTS OF THORNTON AND MARY (RAYNER) FIDLER

Marriages

Marriages

Deaths

Deaths



JABEZ B. RAYNER.



MARY (DENNIS) RAYNER.

CHAPTER TEN

JABEZ BUNTING RAYNER.

JABEZ B. RAYNER, 7th son of John and Elizabeth (Wainwright) Rayner, was born in Piqua, Ohio, Jan. 27, 1835.

His early life was almost devoid of school education, for he was compelled by circumstances to begin hard work at a very early age.

He learned the trade of cabinet and chair making and had a shop in Piqua for a time, but he loved the open life of the pioneer and spent the greater part of his early life in clearing land for the settlers, being then considered the most expert axe-man in this part of Ohio.

He was married to Mary A. Dennis, of Shelby Co., Ohio, on July 7, 1859, and when the Civil War broke out was one of the first volunteers to offer his services.

He was a private in Co. F. 11th Reg't. O. V. I., and was mustered in at Columbus, Ohio, April 26, 1861.

After his return from the war they lived on a farm north-west of Piqua, until in 1870, when they moved to Carroll Co., Missouri. From here, in 1882, they went to Clearwater, Nebr., where after a time he secured a government mail route, on which he continued until his death which occurred Sept. 6, 1888, at a house on his route. He was buried about seven miles north of Clearwater, but later his comrades of the G. A. R. Post moved his remains to the cemetery at Clearwater.

The compiler of this history still has, and is using, the old-double-bitted ax which Uncle Jabe left in Piqua when they moved to Missouri in 1870.

MARY A. RAYNER.

Mary A. Dennis, was born in England, Jan. 15, 1840. Her father died soon after her birth, and her mother then married a Mr. Colby, and in a short time came to Ohio and settled in Shelby County.

Mary had very little chance for obtaining a school education, but in matters pertaining to home life she was unexcelled, and though her life was not devoid of hardships, it was one of constant devotion to her family and friends.

She died May 2, 1893, and was buried at Plymouth, Missouri.

Jabez and Mary Rayner were the parents of six children, four boys and two girls.

CHILDREN OF JABEZ AND MARY (DENNIS) RAYNER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
John Johnston	May 12, 1860	Sarah A. Crosby	Oct. 5, 1883
Harry Dennis	Nov. 29, 1861	Belle Lichty	Feb. 6, 1886
Frederick	Feb. 5, 1865	* * * * *	* * * * *	Feb. 11, 1868
Carrie K.	April 15, 1869	Chas. W. Oswalt	Aug. 27, 1890
Charles H.	Dec. 8, 1873	* * * * *	* * * * *	July 13, 1875
Iva M.	Jan. 30, 1877	* * * * *	* * * * *	June 9, 1878

GRAND-CHILDREN OF JABEZ AND MARY (DENNIS) RAYNER.

CHILDREN OF JOHN J. AND SARAH (CROSBY) RAYNER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Virgie Luella	Feb. 1, 1886	John Plummer	Sept. 20, 1905
Olin Stuart	July 9, 1888
Bertha Ethel	Oct. 4, 1891	Ross Rairdon	March 3, 1915
Freddie	Dec. 17, 1898	* * * * *	* * * * *	Dec. 22, 1898

CHILDREN OF HARRY AND BELLE (LICHTY) RAYNER

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Jessie M.	Nov. 14, 1886	Chas. A. Schaeffer	Oct. 10, 1902
Myrtle E.	Nov. 6, 1889	Orris Shoemaker	May 8, 1906
Albert Earl	Aug. 25, 1892	Clara Houk	June 26, 1912
Reuben Ralph	Dec. 16, 1894
Paul Leo	March 2, 1896
Ruth Matilda	March 30, 1900
Orpha Jennet	July 2, 1905
Maggie Mae	June 25, 1907

CHILDREN OF CHARLES AND CARRIE (RAYNER) OSWALT.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Edna Fern	Oct. 5, 1891	John Lett	Aug. 19, 1912	June 2, 1915.
John Millard	Dec. 4, 1898

GREAT-GRAND-CHILDREN OF JABEZ AND MARY (DENNIS) RAYNER.

GRAND-CHILDREN OF HARRY D. AND BELLE (LICHTY) RAYNER.

CHILDREN OF CHAS. AND JESSIE M. (RAYNER) SCHAEFFER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Ester Elizabeth	Jan. 30, 1904
Virgil Marie	Sept. 16, 1905
Ruth Genevie	Feb. 20, 1907

CHILDREN OF ORRIS AND MYRTEL E. (RAYNER) SHOEMAKER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Arnold Webster	July 15, 1907
Harry	Dec. 16, 1908
Bernard	Jan. 7, 1912
Evalin	Nov. 20, 1914

CHILDREN OF ALBERT E. AND CLARA (HOUK) RAYNER.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Maxine Lucile	March 21, 1914

GRAND-CHILDREN OF CHARLES AND CARRIE (RAYNER) OSWALT.

CHILDREN OF JOHN AND EDNA F. (OSWALT) LETT.

Name	Date of Birth	Married to	Marriage Date	Date of Death
Nebite Chloeyne	July 12, 1913

ADDITIONAL RECORD OF DESCENDANTS OF JABEZ B. RAYNER

Births

Births

ADDITIONAL RECORD OF DESCENDANTS OF JABEZ B. RAYNER

Marriages

Marriages



ADDITIONAL RECORD OF DESCENDANTS OF JABEZ B. RAYNER

Deaths

Deaths



ESTHER MABELLE (RAYNER) McCOMB

ESTHER MABELLE (RAYNER) McCOMB.

Transcribed Nov. 20, 1915.

THOUGH not in accordance with our first intentions, which were to confine the pictures in this history to the older generations, we make no apology for inserting that of Mabelle (Rayner) McComb, and we believe that after seeing the picture and reading the following short sketch of her life and work, every member of the Rayner Clan will consider it as a tribute of respect, and thank us for the divergence.

Esther Mabelle Rayner, daughter of John B. and Jennie Rayner, was born on a farm one mile from Clearwater, Nebraska, Sept. 4, 1887. From a very small child she had been religiously inclined, soon joining the M. E. church, and as she grew older, taught in Sunday-school and Mission to classes of little children.

Her noble character and cheerful disposition not only won for her the love of these little ones, but that of the older people as well.

She did not take up the study of music until fourteen years of age, but with her natural talent and tireless devotion to the work, she soon became an artist of note, both on the piano and violin. She played a great deal to the public, and later became a director in her own orchestra company, but during all this time she continued to donate her talent to Church work.

She was married to Mr. Harold E. McComb, an Instructor in the State University of Nebraska, on June 12, 1912, and their few years of loving companionship were filled with happiness.

Not only in Pueblo, Lincoln, and other cities of the Middle West were her talents appreciated, but she received great honor the early months of the present year by playing an important part in a large symphony orchestra in the San Diego World's Fair, and only returned to her home in Lincoln, Nebraska the first of June.

Soon after their marriage her husband had taken up scientific work for the government, and this year was employed along the U. S. and Canada boundary line, making observations for the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey.

Mabelle had accompanied her husband to his field of labor and they had just returned to Pembina, N. Dakota, from a pleasure trip to Winnipeg, Manitoba. He had finished his work in this vicinity, and on July 13, 1915, hired an automobile to take them to his next station.

They were enjoying the fine trip through the immense wheat-fields of that region, and all went well until they approached the Pembina River, where it was necessary to descend a long grade which curved around the high bluffs overlooking the valley. Here the brakes on the machine failed to do their work, and though the driver, Mr. Denny, did all in his power to control the automobile, his efforts were futile, and when they reached a sharp turn in the road the car turned completely over in the air and landed about fifty feet down the embankment. Neither of the men were injured, but Mabelle lay quietly on her side and near her beloved violin, an instrument which she prized very highly, for it was made and presented to her by her father.

But her eyes were closed to the world forever, and in but a few moments she gently expired in the arms of her husband.

We will not dwell on the sorrows of her lonely family and her multitude of friends, as they laid her to rest in the beautiful cemetery at Lincoln, but rather should we all remember, that by her unselfish devotion and beautiful character, even in so short a life, she has left us a legacy of which we may well be proud.

Yes, Mabelle! We will all remember,
He planned your life our hearts to leaven;
That even in this cold November,
Flowers of earth, are now the flowers of Heaven.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

REMINISCENCES AND BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM RAYNER, SR.

MY EARLIEST recollections of my childhood began at Redmile in England, where my father worked on a large building called Beaver Castle.

Some idea of its magnitude may be gained from the fact that over a hundred men had been working on it for twenty years and it was then only about two-thirds completed. My father and another man worked twenty-one days at a single doorway.

My next remembrance is of a stocking weaver in Nottingham, a kind old man who lived next door to us and let me come into his shop and play with his tools.

Our next move was to Ison Greene, and our nearly eight years residence in this place brings to my mind the happiest part of my early life.

I was always inclined toward an out-door life and soon became proficient in such games as marbles, buttons, shuttle-cock and battle-door, spinning tops, flying kites, shooting with bow and arrow, and in running races.

I was very venturesome too, and spent much of my time in climbing over the houses my father was building, climbing up the chimneys like a chimney-sweep, or up the tallest trees, and all this at the expense of my studies.

And it was while we were at Ison Green that I made two visits to my grandmother, once alone when I was about seven, and once with brother John when I was about eleven years old. She lived on a farm about thirty miles away, which was quite a long trip for such small boys.

Grandmother taught me to whistle and to plait rushes, and she used to put cream on my toast and apples in my pocket. Then there were minnows in the brook, and a real dark woods at the end of the field, just like the one in which the dear little children were buried with leaves by the robins.

During these years I went to school at intervals, and by the time I was twelve, was quite proficient in reading, writing, and arithmetic, the latter being my favorite study.

My father and mother were both preachers of the Primitive Methodists, and I remember going with my father to preach on the outskirts of Nottingham.

When we came near the river he borrowed a chair, and singing as we went, he soon placed the chair by a stone wall, and when a number of people had gathered, he stood on the chair and preached to quite a congregation.

At another time I went with him to the country, and to the most old-fashioned house I have ever seen. It was built of stone, and there was no fire-place, but the chimney was built on a huge beam that ran clear across the end of the room, and the fire was built on the floor under the lower end of the chimney.

In 1830 my father concluded to come to the United States, and after settling up his accounts as best he could, had a little more than 100 sovereigns in gold and two notes for as much more on two chapels he had built.

We staid a few days at Grandmother Prues' (Mother's Step-mother) until we could get off after selling our household goods, and it was while here that the house was entered in the night, and though the robbers found no money, they carried off about \$100. worth of goods.

The next night, after us children had been in bed a long time though I was not yet asleep, mother came very softly up the stairs carrying a candle.

Our room was at the head of the stairs and at one side. As the light shone under the door and I heard the soft foot-falls on the stairs, I was sure the robbers had come back. So up I jumped, ran to the door, and throwing myself against it commenced to pound and scream as hard as I could.

Father was in the next room and coming out, saw mother with the light, and thought some one had got down through the sky-light into our room.

It took all his strength to force our door open, and the servant girl, who was following our mother up stairs, hearing the racket, and not stopping to see what was the matter, ran back down the stairs, and with my aunt and another woman, ran out into the street shouting "Murder"; "Murder".

In two or three minutes the house was full of people, and no one knew what was the matter. However I soon found out, for in pounding the door and latch I had lost numerous patches of skin from my knuckles.

A day or two after this we started on our journey. Leaving Nottingham on a canal-boat, we passed through a tunnel, saw a steam railroad for hauling coal, and finished our week's trip to Liverpool on a steam-boat on the river Mercer. We went on board our ship on the 24th of June, but it was not until the 30th that it was ready to sail.

The Liverpool docks were as large as good sized fields, all walled round with large stones, and with gates to them which could only be opened when the tide was in. While waiting here for the vessel to finish loading we came near being robbed again, by a man who claimed a slight acquaintance with father, but when he found that father did not carry the money he suddenly disappeared. Mother carried those 100 sovereigns quilted into her dress for nearly three months.

The name of the vessel was the "Edgar of London", a two-master of about 500 tons burthen. I think there were about twenty- men, captain, mates, and crew, with 109 passengers, many of them Irish.

We had our pick of berths and father took six right under the after hatchway, for we had in charge two women and their children whose husbands were already in this country, as well as our own family.

Some of the passengers were first-rate fellows, especially a party of potters from Staffordshire, and some where miserably poor Irish who nearly starved, for they had only provisions for a month, and were nearly two months on the vessel.

At the beginning of the voyage we had a good deal of fun, and I was in my element in racing over the decks and cabin roofs, and climbing those glorious rope ladders. But my fun soon came to an end, for we had not been at sea more than two weeks when I got my thigh broken. The sailors had just been washing down the deck, and a lot of us boys were having some kind of a game, when a large Irish boy gave me a shove, and in a moment I lay on the slippery deck with broken thigh.

We had no doctor on board, but a brick-mason undertook to set it, and did it all right, though I had to lay on my back the remainder of the voyage.

Before we got to land quite a number of the passengers were out of provisions and father divided with them, so that on the last day we had only some crumbs out of one of our biscuit bags for breakfast. The water also got scarce and bad.

We came into quarantine in New York harbor on Aug. 14th, and landed in the city the next morning. We stayed here a few days, and during that time I managed to hobble around a good deal on a pair of crutches my father had made me. We then went to Albany on a steam-boat, and from there to Buffalo on a canal-boat, and then across the lake on a steam-boat to Cleveland.

We rented a house here and went to house-keeping, though father did not intend to make it our permanent home, for we had heard of Mansfield and Newark, old familiar names to us, and had an idea that we would land at one of these places. But it was not so to be. Father got work at a cabinet shop, and I threw away my crutches and just went wild, for with the lake, the river, and the woods, I had a grand time.

Cleveland was then in its infancy, and in place of buying wood for fuel, us boys would forage the lake front for drift, and more than likely took boards that were not strictly contraband. But this could not last. Father got me a berth in the shop and I was put to staining furniture, but about the first of February, 1831, the man with whom father worked took a notion to come west on some business, so he rigged up a two-horse wagon, and with father, Johnathan Wheatland, and myself, started on a new voyage of discovery. We crossed the Cuyahoga river on a floating bridge made of logs, and as it had become very cold, other streams on our way were crossed on the ice. We came through Mansfield, Columbus, and Springfield, to Xenia, where we stayed over Sunday.

Father got acquainted with an old gentleman named Fowler who lived in the country near town, and he offered to take me and learn me to farm, so I was left with him and father came on to Piqua.

I was very lonesome for awhile, and did not hear from our folks for over six weeks. Mr. Fowler's family consisted of his wife, a daughter, a son, and a young girl about my age they had taken to raise.

I soon made myself at home and became interested in my work. They had a yoke of young cattle which was made over to me for my team, and I used to haul up the wood, go to mill, and to town with them. I had seven miles to go to mill and it would take me all day. Then I would harrow the ground, pull stumps, and haul logs to the log-heap with them. Once I made a trip with them to Dayton, fifteen miles going and coming, all the same day.

They ran away with me occasionally, but I could usually run around and head them off, but one time they ran one of the wheels of the cart over a stump, turned the cart over with me underneath, and then ran home with the tongue of the cart dragging between them.

I was pretty badly bruised, but Ben soon came and carried me home where the old gentleman bled me, and in a few days I was around again.

I remained here until the middle of August, and in the meantime mother and the rest of the family had come by canal to Newark, and then across the country in a wagon to Piqua.

The day I was fourteen years old I bid farewell to Xenia and came in a carriage to Piqua, and I was very much surprised on my arrival, to find another baby in the cradle. Father had got so much Americanized by this time that he named the baby "Perry", and he grew up to be a nice quiet boy, but died when about ten years old.

I had been in Piqua only about two weeks when father got me a place with Mr. James Scudder on his farm two and one-half miles north of town.

I got frightened the first evening when I found I was to sleep by myself in a building a short distance from the house, and ran all the way back to town, but later in the fall went back and stayed with them nearly two years.

They had an adopted daughter named Rachel, and with her and several children from the McKinneys', I attended school during the winter months at the Miller Schoolhouse.

In the spring I took the old team, Clary and Gater, and with Sam McKinney to show me how, broke ten acres of ground, and planting it in corn, made quite a good crop.

It was during this summer that the Methodists had a great Camp-meeting on Henry Kitchen's farm below town, and though I stayed home to take care of Scudder's stock, the McKinney boys and myself made frequent trips to the camp-ground with provisions for our folks who stayed there in tents.

It was on the last day of the meeting when I had gone down with the team to bring the family home, that, under the persuasions of the Scudders and my mother, I joined the church on probation, and thought at times I may have become careless of my religious duties, I have ever since been connected with some religious denomination.

The first money I earned I spent for books. Old Daniel D. Davidson came to Father Scudders' to preach, and like all old time preachers had his saddle-bags, which were well supplied with books. So I bought from him the works of Josephes in two large volumes, at the price of \$4.50, being the amount of my wages for six weeks.

Old Robert Finley, father of J. B. Finley, visited at Father Scudders' several times while I was there. He had an old horse called Jack, and the two would drop in most any time and stay from a day to a month.

It was in the summer of 1833, and after I had returned home from Scudders, that father bought a lot from John Keyt on the south side of Greene Street between Wayne and Downing, and I helped him build a house on it, in this way being soon able to have a home of our own.

This house, later known as the Manson house, we constructed from one large poplar tree, even the shingles being bolted from the same tree.

This tree stood near the present site of the soldier's lot in Forest Hill Cemetery, and was so large we could not get it hauled to the saw-mill, so we cleared a track and rolled the logs all the way to the river, then floated them down to Keyt's mill where some of them had to be split in order to run them under the old-fashioned saw frame. A man named Killian helped us out this tree and roll the logs to the river.

About this time (1834) father traded one of the notes he had brought with him from England for 80 acres of land on Chickasaw Creek, in Mercer County, and the other note for the stock and implements of a Mr. Whitby, who was going back to England, and as I was the farmer of the family I was sent out there to tend the stock and farm.

Before the next spring (1835) all the family except Father and John came out, and as we had rented the Whitby farm, which had 20 acres of cleared land, we planted the most of it in corn and made quite a good crop.

All our provisions up to this time had to be packed out on horse-back from Piqua, and the trip required a full day each way. During the fall of this year we lived principally on roasting-ears, potatoes, and pumpkins, but after the corn got hard enough to grate we lived much better.

Father and John worked at their trade in Piqua, but usually came out about every two weeks, walking out on Saturday and back on Monday.

By winter we had moved on to our own land, having built a log cabin 16 feet square with a puncheon floor and clap-board roof and door. John was home this winter and we boys built a shed addition to the house for our own use. We built it just back of the big fire-place, so that the heat from the stones made it very comfortable, the fire-place being so large as to take in six foot wood, and many of the logs we had to roll in with hand-spikes.

We now had a wagon and I took a load of corn to the Johnston Mill at Upper Piqua and had it ground into meal, and later, when the snow came, sledded another load to Fort Recovery, so we had an abundance of corn-meal.

It was on this latter trip that the wolves followed us for several miles, and had it been night would probably have attacked us.

We put most of the meal in a large 16 bushel chest, but when we came to use it found it had moulded, and though it was a bitter dose we were compelled to eat it or starve.

During that winter (1835-6) John, Joseph, and myself cleared about 8 acres of timber, and as soon as the logs thawed loose from the ground in the spring the whole neighborhood spent about three weeks log-rolling, going from farm to farm until all were collected and burned.

We could not plow our new ground, but furrowed out between the stumps and planted corn in the furrows, and though we did not get much of a crop we had some wheat from the Whitby place which we had tramped out on the floor of a small stable we had built in the fall. Late in the summer Father came out from Piqua to live on the farm and I went back to town to work.

The following winter was very cold and some of the stock died, and during the next summer Father and the family were very sick with chills and fever, so before the next winter they were tired of farm life and all moved back to Piqua. When I came back to town I started to work for John Keyt Sr. on Sept. 12, 1836 at the Greene Street Church, which he was then building, at fifty cents a day. We finished the church in December 1837, and went to work in the "slashes" west of town getting out timbers for a bridge across the river at the head of Main Street.

It was built by private subscription, the farmers in the vicinity donating the timber, and John Keyt building it on the subscriptions of the citizens. The main stringers were of poplar which were squared to 26 inches in the woods, then hauled to the site of the bridge and split into two pieces, some of these pieces being 68 feet long. This was the second bridge at that point, and was all wood, even the piers and abutments, the only iron being used was the spikes in the floor, and they were so few that it was no uncommon occurrence for some one to drop through into the river by stepping on the end of a plank which had become jostled out of place.

In the summer of 1838 I was of age and commenced getting things together to build me a house. I had turned my 40 acres of government land near Coldwater Mercer County over to my brother John, so father gave me a lot which we procured from John Keyt by building a house for him.

During the winter I got timber from David Kendall, hewed out the frame pieces, hauled other logs to the mill to make lumber, and late in the spring had a two-story house nearly completed which I finished during the summer by working at it in the evenings.

I had again started to working for John Keyt at \$1.00 per day, and during the next few years worked on many buildings, for since the canal had been opened to Piqua there was a great increase in this line of work.

I remember doing most of the wood-work on Dr. Dorsey's large brick house, and besides making all the flooring, also made all the window-frames, sash, doors and door-frames for the fine large hotel that Perry Tuttle was building at the corner of Main and North Streets.

In the fall of 1840 I went to Dayton to hear General Harrison speak. He was a candidate for President and the crowd which heard him on this occasion was estimated at 100,000 people.

I had been attending the night-school of John Vail for some time, and two of my intimate friends, John Gill and Moses Lee, got me in the notion of going to college. So we decided to go to Oberlin, but when the time came to start Gill could not raise the money, and Lee and myself started in Lee's buggy. After we left the National Pike the roads were so bad we finally decided to stop at the Theological Seminary at Granville. I stayed three terms, going home during the vacations and working to raise money for the next term, and in my six trips between Piqua and Granville, walked three times, sometimes making nearly 40 miles a day.

While in college I formed many pleasant acquaintances and still cherish friendships that have never been renewed. The country around Granville is very hilly and I soon come to know most of the interesting places. I even walked over to Newark and investigated the wonderful mounds and earth-works, which at that time had not been disturbed.

When I returned from college in the spring of 1843 I was undecided what to do. Father wanted me to go into the building business with him, and others thought I should join the Itinerancy, but Rachel Scudder and I were talking seriously of getting married, and as she belonged to the Wesleyan Church and I had a leaning toward their doctrine, I finally decided to give up my license which had been given me by Rev. J. B. Finley soon after my return from college. I had preached for the Methodists at several places around Piqua, but after attending a Wesleyan meeting at Troy I joined their church, and with Father Best, led most of our meetings at the little church on Ash Street, until the question of Slavery and Intemperance was consistently settled in the doctrine of the Methodist Church.

On the 17th of October, 1843 Rachel and I were married, and though we did not at once go to house-keeping, we lived at Father Scudders', but in 1845 we built a front to his house and later moved into it.

I commenced making patterns for Rouzer & Clark when they first started their foundry in 1844 and continued with them at intervals until 1852.

After our second child was born in 1846 Rachel began losing her health and strength, and after several years of suffering, died on April 3, 1849. We buried her on the old Scudder Farm north of town where she had lived in her early childhood, and many mournful hours I spent beside her grave near the river. But while I mourned the dead I had to care for the living. I did not break up house-keeping but got my sister Julia to stay with us, and in about a year married again. My second wife was Catharine Barrett, a daughter of my old friend William Barrett, of Troy.

And now comes into my mind some incidents of the so-called Underground Railway. We were not on the main line, but when hard pressed, the runaway slaves would be sent over this branch line, one station of which was at Father Barretts' in Troy, and my station at Father Scudders' in Piqua.

I distinctly remember my first passenger. He was a servant of Senator Crittendon, and was a fine looking colored man of about fifty years whose name was George. He was brought from Troy to our house one night about 10 o'clock by Father Barrett, and I immediately went on with him to beyond Romney, not getting back until after dark the next night. He got safe to Canada and was soon afterwards joined by his wife.

Many others, including Henry Bibb, went over our branch line, and one fine-looking young fellow was so hard pressed by the slave-hunters that we were compelled to hide him for several days. Then Father Scudder and I rigged up a fine two-horse carriage, dressed the slave for a driver, and like two wealthy aristocrats, started north in broad day-light. We even passed a party of the slave-hunters near Port Jefferson, but were not suspected, and got him safely to a station near Bellefontaine.

When the Randolph slaves were driven back from their Mercer County lands in 1846 quite a number

of them settled in Piqua and vicinity, and a number of us so-called "Abolitionists" each took it upon ourselves to provide for a family. The one I took consisted of three persons; Doctor Jones, a man of about 40 years, his mother, and a nephew about 10 years old. I placed them on a farm west of town which Father Scudder had given us, built him a log cabin, and paid Doctor \$100. a year and provisions for his work in clearing off the timber. He proved to be a very faithful workman and stayed with me for seven or eight years.

In 1849 I built a frame house on the farm and the next year built a barn. In March 1852 we moved to the farm, and with varying success stayed there until the second spring, when I sold 50 acres off the north end of the farm, which including the buildings, and moved back to town, bought a lot on North Street, and within a few months had built a house and moved in.

We lived in town nearly two years and during this time I worked some for Rouzer & Alexander, did the wood-work on Hannah Johnston's house, built a hewed log house on the 70 acres that remained of our farm, built a toll-gate house on the Versailles Pike, helped brother John on several jobs, and in the winter of 1855-6 hauled logs and made preparations for building our barn. We moved back to the farm on the 6th of March, 1856, and in a severe snow storm. In the following years we had very good success with our crops, except in 1859, when we had a severe frost on the night of the 4th of June, which killed the wheat, part of the corn, and caused almost a failure of the oats and potatoes.

In March 1860 we traded our house in town and \$1100. in money for Sarah Keyt's share of her father's estate just west of town. There were 23 acres, all in timber, and we commenced clearing it up and making preparations to build. We built the house in 1863, and in the spring of 1864 moved down to that place. We sold our 70 acre farm to Richard Morrow for \$3000 though it was really worth a great deal more.

During all these years of hard work, though not always unmixed with pleasure and profit, our family had grown steadily. Annie had always stayed at home and was a willing helper and a good girl in every way. James had followed up his schooling and was at this time clerking in Brandriff's drug-store.

Our first daughter by my second wife was born while we lived in the Scudder house, but only lived a few months. Mary was born in our first house on the farm. William was born in Father's little brick house where we lived while building our home on North Street. Emma was born in our second house on the farm, as was Luella and Edwin, and John, our last child, in the house we now live in.

In 1867 we built our large two-story barn, and had it near enough completed to celebrate in it my fiftieth birthday anniversary.

In 1864 we bought 6 acres of ground lying just east of our 23 from David Hoban, and in 1865 bought 22 acres from Jesse Moore cornering on the Hoban piece, but when the Hydraulic was built 9 acres were taken out of the middle of it for a reservoir. In 1870 we bought Marsh Taylor's 10 acres lying just east of the north part of our farm, thus making 52 acres of farm land.

In 1869 I went out to Missouri where brother John and the McMillens lived, but did not fancy the land enough to move there.

In 1875 we had a very wet harvest, and though John Gray helped us cradle our wheat, much of it was spoiled by sprouting in the shock, and the oats and potatoes were also nearly a failure.

In 1877, when we were building our new pike, I got my leg broken in the gravel pit. It was not the one which was broken on ship-board, so they were now the same length and I could walk without limping.

This brings my reminiscences up to the present time, (Feb. 1879.) and I now propose to keep a record of our doings from week to week as the time passes on.

NOTE—Father continued his record up to the time he became paralyzed in 1892, but as it refers only to the farm, crops, and items purely of local interest, we will only add to these reminiscences a short poem written by him in 1885, and further say that the tree "Peace" died soon after he did, while "Pain" still lives on, though rough in appearance and much dwarfed in size.

THE BEECH TREES AT THE GATE

By WILLIAM RAYNER

On either side the barnyard gate
There stands a beechen tree;
They stood there when the gate was made
And cast on it a grateful shade.

No human hand had planted them,
Nor eye had seen them grow;
They grew among their brotherhood,
Amid the wildwood solitude.

The white man's axe had spared them
Amid the thousands slain,
And strong and fair in life's bright morn
They kissed the sun and braved the storm.

The day I built the gate they stood
To guard and watch the way,
And then and there I christened them
And named one *Peace*, the other *Pain*.

Pain was a sturdy, wide-spread tree,
But *Peace* had taller grown,
And, leaning o'er toward its mate,
O'ershadowed most the barnyard gate.

And now that twenty years have gone
And we are growing old,
Peace holds its own and shadows o'er
The *Pain* just as it did before.

NOTE—It seems impossible to find any further reminiscences of grandfather's children, except that of James O. Rayner, so we will confine the rest of this chapter to extracts from letters and writings to which we have access, for the reminiscences of Wm. Rayner give nearly all the earlier history of the family.

JAMES O. RAYNER.

Verses written by him soon after he went to Iowa from the old home in Piqua.

TO MY MOTHER.

Mother adieu! I'm gone: I'm gone:
No longer by your side I roam,
But when I'm far, ah! far away,
Oh! *Mother* often for me pray.

Think *Mother*, of the love you bore
For me in happy days of yore,
And when alone and sad I stray
Far from you *Mother*; for me pray.

And by the love I feel for you,
While thus I bid a sad adieu,
I ask you *Mother* every day,
For me, for me, my *Mother* pray.

But weep not *Mother*, not for me,
For should we ne'er each other see;
I know we'll meet in climes above,
To part no more from those we love.

Extracts from a letter written to Wm. Rayner dated Oregon City, May 30, 1851.

* * * But now I give you a synopsis of my history since I left home. First I went to Iowa; learned a little of the wagon-making business; entered the Itinerancy; traveled the Birmingham Circuit, then the Oscaloosa Circuit, then the Racoon Circuit. While on the last circuit my health failed and I had the Ague for about six months. Many a day I have rode 40 or 50 miles and shook and chilled and had the fever on horseback. I passed through the hands of seven different physicians and sometimes thought I would have to go home, perhaps to die. At last one of my physicians told me I never would regain my health in the Mississippi



LATER PICTURE OF JAMES O. RAYNER

valley, and to become healthy I must cross either the Allegany or Rocky mountains. I decided on the latter, sold my horse, and sent the note, for it was all the money I had, to Ham Kearns to pay a debt I owed him. The company was ready to start when I decided to go, and I had not time to say good-bye to anyone. Thus without one cent I started on a journey of 2000 miles. I left several dollars behind me that I had not time to collect. I was just able to ride and engaged to assist a family for my board and washing on the road. They had been, and were on the road, very kind to me, and it seems as if I bade farewell to sickness and pain when I left Iowa for I have scarcely had one hour's pain or sickness since.

When I arrived here I thought of taking a claim, making a farm, and settling for life, but had not been here more than a month or two when the superintendent of the mission wanted me to enter the Itinerancy, to which I at first objected, but was finally induced, in view of the want of laborers in the field, to try it again. I traveled the Yamhill Circuit for 18 months, then the Salem Circuit, and am now stationed at Oregon City, which is the Capitol of Oregon Territory. My station here is one requiring the most untiring exertion, and I think does not agree with my constitution very well as I have lost 10 pounds of flesh since I came here. I think I need more out-door exercise. Three months more, however, and our conference meets, when I expect to have a change. I have had many temptations to leave my post and go to the mines, but by the grace of God have remained at the post of duty.

I now have a section of land by living on it four years, but cannot do that and travel, so you see that to be a Methodist Preacher I must give up the world, yea almost throw it away. I think of trying by some means of securing my section of land if it can be done without sacrificing the cause of God and interest of souls.

JAMES O. RAYNER.

Extracts from a letter written to Wm. Rayner dated Salem, Ore., Jan. 18, 1850.

Dear Brother:—A few days ago I received a letter from home, part of which was written by you, and although I thought you seemed half inclined to scold, it was with great pleasure that I read it for I would rather my friends would find fault with me than be like dumb dogs, and not bark at all.

The letters I have hitherto sent started over the mountains, and from what you write, I am inclined to think have miscarried. I dislike long introductions in letters so will commence now to give you a few items relative to my journey across the mountains, and of this country, etc.

When I left Iowa it was partly with a view of obtaining my health, being told by a physician that another year there and my constitution would be entirely broken, so rather than drag out life as an invalid I thought I would rather die among the mountains.

Now get your map or atlas, as I have just done, commence at the forks of the Des Moines river; go down it 60 miles to the starting point where I fell in with the three families I had agreed to go with: Now cross the river and without a road strike out for Oregon City in Holt County, Missouri, and you have the commencement. We crossed the headwaters of the Chariton, Grand, Little Platte, and Nodaway rivers, and after much trouble fell in with a train of wagons on the Missouri river about 40 miles above the mouth of the Nimahaw. Here we crossed over driving our cattle where the river was about one-half mile wide, and there being several hundred of them, made a spectacle when swimming, something like a floating field of horns.

We then crossed the Nimahaw and came to the Republican fork of the Kansas. Traveled up it several days and then struck across to the Platte river. Hitherto the country had been rolling and sandy, very destitute of timber, and very little game except a few antelope. We then went up Platte river to the forks of the North and South branches. Here were buffaloes in abundance, sometimes we could see thousands at a time. Also antelope, hares and wolves, some of the latter of a very large size, I think some were larger than a large yearling calf. Prairie dogs were abundant, a small animal of the squirrel kind. The road was level, but off some distance from the river. The country was very broken. We crossed the south fork where it was three-fourths of a mile wide and about knee deep. Went on to Fort Laramie, a trading establishment among the Indians. Here we came to the Black Hills, or spurs of the Rocky Mountains, the native regions of the Grizzly Bear, some of which were seen but none killed. The next stream of importance crossed was the North Platte, where we raised our wagon-beds by putting blocks under them. We then went up the right side till we came to the Sweetwater at Independence Rock, where I wrote my name with red paint in a large cavity or room in the rock. Now we climb the Rocky Mountains winding our way up Sweetwater, a most beautiful rapid river. We left Sweetwater and the next stream runs towards the Pacific. It was with feelings of sadness that I looked for the last time on waters that seemed to form a connecting link between me and home.

We now crossed two streams, called Little and Big Sandy. For a few days here we had been in sight of snow-capped mountains, and in August snow laid on the roadside. Forty miles without water brought us to Green River. We drove this in a day and night. Green river is a rapid clear mountain stream larger than the Miami. Forded it and the next stream was Bear River, which we followed down almost to Fort Hall. On this stream are the soda springs, the water of which tastes like soda water, and I believe is very healthy. At Fort Hall our company which had been losing a wagon now and then as people had seen fit to leave, separated, leaving only six wagons, which was quite a relief to me, for I had had charge of from fifty to one-hundred head of cattle, that is, to see that they were all driven properly and none lost, but now with only sixteen or eighteen head and horses to ride and no one to look after but myself I found traveling rather pleasant.

From Fort Hall we went down the left side of Snake river some hundreds of miles and crossed over at a most dangerous ford. Went on down. Crossed over again. Kept on down. Struck Burnt river. Went up it to Powder river, from which we went to the Grand Round, a most fertile beautiful place through which a small river flows. It is level and surrounded by mountains.

Here we started across the Blue Mountains from which we came to the Umatillo river, and down it to the Columbia: Down it across John Days river, the Deshiets or Fall river, to the Dalles, a place where the Columbia rushes through a chasm in the rocks but a few rods wide. I think this is the largest, noblest stream I ever saw, all is grand around it, especially from here to the Willamett. The mountains rise from each side tremendously gigantic.

We had now traveled about 2000 miles with oxen and wagons. At night I had slept in a wagon, a comfortable place by the by, but now we had to leave the wagons here, the families to go down the river in a boat made by ourselves, while the active members drove the cattle down the cow trail, a narrow path winding among the hills and along the water edge. I was one of those selected to come with the cattle, so we packed

some provisions and blankets on our horses, and away we went to meet the boat at the crossing, for it is said that even a deer cannot go all the way down on one side, so rough is this region.

We had just fairly got among the difficulties of the road when it began to rain, and for the next six weeks I do not believe there was a day in which I was not wet through all my clothes all day. Our blankets were all wet and at night when we stopped to camp, having built a large fire and the rain falling in torrents, we would lie down around the fire like so many Indians, blankets, clothes, and ground all wet. Many a time have I woken up in the night with a pool of water several inches deep on the hill-side above my head, and had to move so as to let the water run off. We were late in the season was the reason we had to undergo so much. Many died but my own health was remarkably good. We ferried our cattle over the river once above the Cascade Falls, which is a place where the Columbia river falls about 20 or 30 feet.

Here we unloaded our boat and letting it go trusted to providence for getting it again, having to sail about 60 miles further yet before we could leave the river. The boat rode over the falls very finely, and no accident having befallen it, in a few days we were ready to move on again. Here it became so cold that our clothes almost froze on us, but action kept us alive and warm. At last we arrived at Fort Vancouver, over which the British flag was floating. I was at liberty to go where I pleased and do what I liked. Having seen those safely through with whom I started, and enjoying their warmest friendship—none of them having died, I felt gratified and now started to seek a claim. I do not know that you will understand the term claim—a section of land. I first sought on the north side of the Columbia where it is all densely timbered with fir, hemlock, pine, etc. Some of these trees grow from two to three hundred feet high and as straight as the mast of a ship. The soil is very gravelly and I think will produce poorly. I could not get about with a horse for the logs and underbrush, so taking an ax, gun, and provisions to last a week or so, I struck out with one companion—my faithful compass, and explored the country for about a hundred miles along the river, and from five to ten miles north. Not finding the country I wished I got tired of the business and started to look at the country up the Willamett. A little more than a days travel brought me to the Thwalatin plains or prairies. The path for it was only a foot-path leading over mountains, creeks, and rivers, and through dense forests of tall timber. When I saw the plains I was pleased for the first time with Oregon. It was the middle of winter in the month of January 1848. The grass was several inches high and beautifully green, and here were farms on every hand, the trees growing all around so it is easy to make a farm. I crossed the Thwalatin and 30 miles brought me to the Yamhill river which runs through a very different country, instead of being level it is gently rolling, the land is richer, and not much timber.

Twenty miles brought me to the Recreall, a small stream running through a small fertile valley seven miles. I then came to the Luciemute, very similar to the Yamhill. Twenty miles further brought me to Marys river where entirely unexpectedly I came across some old friends whom I once knew in Iowa.

The valley here is more extensive than below, but timber more scarce, having to be obtained either from the rivers or mountains. Then I started down the valley again, took a claim, planted some peach trees, worked on it a few days, and then went by boat down the Willamett to Oregon City, the seat of government, where Rev. W. Roberts, the Superintendent of the operations of the Methodist E. Church here, hearing that I was in town invited me to call on him. I did so, when he told me that there was other work for me in this country than claim-making, and about two or three weeks after I was on my horse traveling a Circuit, and have never seen Vancouver or the Columbia river since.

JAMES O. RAYNER.

During his life as a Circuit Rider on the frontiers of Oregon James Rayner was stationed at nearly every permanent settlement in that vast territory, and in his letters to his relatives in Ohio relates many incidents of adventure in the mountains and among the hostile Indians of the Umpqua Valley, where he was stationed for five years. His Circuit here was the entire valley, 57 by 60 miles in extent, and in one of his letters to his mother he speaks of having already traveled over 100,000 miles in the service of the church.

In 1864 he was appointed Chaplain in the U. S. Army, and was at first stationed at Fort Stilacoom; then at Sitka, Alaska, and later at Fort Alcatraz, Angel Island, California, and San Mateo.

We will quote from one more letter which gives some incidents leading up to the ceremonies relative to the transfer of Alaska to the United States in 1867, and of which he took part in his official capacity.

Angel Island, Calif. Oct. 4, 1871.

Dear Brother:—I received your letter in due time and was very grateful for the particulars it contained. I am inclined to continue my correspondence and try to give you a true picture of life on the Pacific Coast as I have found it. * * * In the fall of 1867 we started from Fort Stilacoom for Alaska: Crossed Puget Sound and the Straits of Fuca and landed at Victoria. This is an English town, and the capitol of British Columbia. The people are truly loyal, but see that a connection with the United States government would add much to their prosperity, and a great many of them wish for annexation. The order and morals which prevail are superior to our American towns. The Sabbath is almost universally observed. It is a day of quiet and Church service. The Wesleyan Methodist, Scotch Presbyterian, and Episcopal Churches are the principal ones. The Catholics have a church, convent, and school, but I think are almost without influence.

There are many beautiful residences in the town, occupied chiefly by officials who have been sent out from England, and retired officers of the Hudson Bay Company. * * * Here we left the two girls at Angella Female College, and on Monday morning, with sad hearts, embarked on the steamer and sailed up the channel between Vancouvers Island and the main land.

The scenery was very beautiful as we passed island after island, for the day's sail was among islands of every description and size. At night we reached Nanimo, where lay the "Stephens", a great ocean steamer with the soldiers and officers on board who were to be our companions for the voyage, and perhaps for years. She had accidentally got aground with her immense cargo, and all was confusion when we arrived. A huge rope was thrown to our steamer and fastened to the stern of the Stephen, and in a few minutes we slowly hauled her into deep water.

I'll stop here until the next, and if you would like to have the story continued you must write and tell me you were interested.

Your Brother James.

If Uncle James did continue the story we have been unable to find any letters refering to the matter of the transfer, but from other sources have learned the names of both the Americans and Russians who officially took part on that important occasion, which will be found in the following list:

The Americans were:—Gen. Jefferson C. Davis—In command. Col. Wicks, 9th Infantry—Col. of Reg. Capt. Kenney—Capt. of Company. Lieut's Livermore and Foote—Lieut's "Co. Dr. Hoff—Surgeon and Rev. James O. Rayner—Chaplain.

The Russians were:—Prince Pesterhoff and Mr. Macsootoff.

The transfer was made at exactly noon on October 18, 1867, and a nephew of General Russo lowered the Russian flag.

Letter written from Oregon City Missouri, after starting on trip to Oregon.

Oregon City, Mo., May 10, 1847.

My Dear Sister:—Well Sarah I expect I have received the last letter from you for some time, for I don't know where I am going, and therefore cannot tell you where to write. Perhaps the next time I hear from you it will be by word of mouth, at which time I shall have many things to tell and long hours to listen to you. You must excuse my short letter for it is near midnight.

MY SISTER

Forget thee never! never; no;
Not while in this world of woe.
Not while memory holds her throne
Can I forget *my own, my own*, Dear Sister.

The stars that shine above my head
May sink in murky darkness dead,
But while my mortal powers remain
I never can forget thy name—My Sister.

The flowers that bloom around may die:
Hope's withered leaves around me lie.
Stern fate may fill life's cup with woe,
But I forget thee? Never: no—My Sister.

From your Brother, James O. Rayner.

OTHER POEMS WRITTEN BY JAMES O. RAYNER. DATES UNKNOWN.

THE ORPHANS SADNESS

My Mother, Oh my Mother,
Ah, whither art thou gone,
So far, so far away from me
Thy little lonely one?

How oft I've breathed in sadness,
The Orphan's plaintive moan,
As I have thought my mother
Has left me all alone.

And oh, this cold, cold world
Is far too chill a clime,
For no fond heart can ever beat
For me as once did thine.

Then oh, my mother ever dear
Who had my earliest kiss,
Still let thy spirit hover o'er
And guide me home to Bliss.

MY MOTHERS GRAVE

How sweet it is to stroll by night
Beside thy lonely tomb,
While through the sky in silvery light
Glides on the unconcious moon.

How sweet beside thy grave to muse
On days of brightness fled,
And musing there forget the woes
That clustered round thy head.

My Mothers grave has charms to soothe
The anguish of her child,
Oh may I never from it rove
O'er earths dark lonely wild.

Ah, yes when sorrows make me moan,
When griefs to me are given,
I seek that spot, alone, forlorn,
And think of home and Heaven.

FAREWELL

Farewell dear friends, farewell,
Earths but one parting scene,
How oft gloats friendships knell
O'er friendships sweetest dream.

Life's but a passing flower
Which blooms but to decay,
But oh, what sorrows gather
Along the weary way.

What parting scenes we witness
As down life's stream we glide,
What sorrows, pain, and sickness
Float with us side by side?

But friendship is a Gordian knot
By Angel's fingers tied,
By Heavens own skill its texture wrought,
What can its folds divide?

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR WIFE

By John Rayner III.—1896.

And art thou gone? Forever gone?
And left me here alone; alone.
Shall I no more thy dear voice hear?
One word my aching heart to cheer?
Yes death has stilled that precious tongue,
That told me of her hopes and fears,
And how she loved me all these years.
That in her young and sprightly youth
Betrothed to me her heart of truth,
And hoped that she might always be
The dearest one on earth to me.
Then as the cares of life came on
Thou was the ever faithful one.
Ready to do thy part in life,
My faithful, true, and loving wife.
When sorrow to our home would come,
Thy loving smiles made bright our home.
Thy genial heart made many a friend,
In time of need, a hand to lend
When sickness came into our home,
And in thy anguish, one by one,
God gave to thee thy children dear,
Thy heart to love, thy life to cheer.
But with them came a world of care;
Still on thou toiled from year to year;
That faithful, tender, loving mother,
In love to suffer for another.
Five of these children given thee
Jesus said these belong to me,
And took them from thy loving bosom,
For his bright Angels up in Heaven.
The other five, who are so kind,
A home in Heaven, I hope will find;
That when the toils of life are o'er
We all may stand on Canan's shore.
And now my dear, since thou art gone
I know thou wast' the dearest one.
Since thy dear heart is cold and still
I've lost a love earth ne'er can fill.
But these dark days of grief and woe
Will not be long; soon I must go,
And then in Realms of bliss above
I'll meet my dearest, dearest love.

Our dearest Mother departed this life Jan. 5, 1896, at 10 minutes past 12 in the morning. She went home to be with Jesus and her loved ones, and it will be morning now always. Her long night of suffering is over. Among the last words she spoke she said:—Bless the Lord forever.

What a grand thing thus to stand in the swellings of death's dark river, and say, "Bless the Lord forever". Oh! May we all be so well prepared to go.

Sleep dearest; Sleep in the cold grave alone.
In Earth's deepest sorrow I've laid thee down,
'Till by thy side I too shall sleep,
To walk in Heaven; no more to weep.

THE SITUATION

Written by John Rayner III, on the death of his brother William—1894.

Tonight my heart is full of woe,
For Brothers I have none:
We numbered six long years ago;
Tonight I'm left alone.

The years rolled on and left their tread
Upon the road we trod.
Perry, first numbered with the dead,
Went home to be with God.

He went away in early life,
A manly little fellow;
Was taken from this world of strife,
And beckons us to follow.

Then Joseph, who was Joseph like?
Wise, patient, good and true,
Was taken from us in the fight,
Where life is ever new.

For brother James the summons came;
God's messenger of love:
He bore the cross, despised the shame,
And went to his reward.

He was a faithful soldier;
A missionary true;
Stood firmly by his master,
Where duty called to go.

Then Jabez, that dear brother,
With heart so full of love;
Always so kind and tender,
Went to the world above.

His life was one of honest toil;
A soldier for Uncle Sam:
He would not take a pension,
Though he deserved the same.

Then William, that dear brother;
The dearest of the rest:
We had grown up together,
The first from Mother's breast.

He always seemed my leader:
I loved to follow him.
God blessed us both together,
With pardon from all sin.

We kneeled at the family altar,
When father just had prayed;
Resolved to never falter
'Til God had heard our prayer.

And while we kneeled before the Lord,
Light from the world above
Into our hearts its fullness poured,
And filled our souls with love.

We ever since have traveled on
The straight and narrow way,
And now before me he is gone,
But *We* shall meet *some* day.

I had a sister too; just one,
Elizabeth by name:
Her fate seemed hard, but she is gone,
And I must say Amen.

But must I stop, with naught to say
Of faithful loving father?
And *her* who taught me first to pray?
My tenderest, sweetest mother.

Oh! no, for still their memory stands
So sacred and so pure;
Theres naught but Heaven's purer band
Could brighter thoughts inspire.

But still theres left me sisters three,
Sarah, Mate, and Julia
More precious far they seem to me
Since I am left so lonely.

But sisters, we are growing gray;
The years tell fast on me.
I shall not here much longer stay,
On life's tempestuous sea.

Oh! May it be we all may stand,
As father used to pray,
A happy, full, unbroken band,
In Heaven's eternal day.

TO MY MOTHER

By Sarah H. Dryden.—July 1851.

MOTHER! O, what a world of thought
Comes rushing to my breast,
Whene'er my lips pronounce that name,
Dearer than all the rest?

I know there's no one in the world
Loves me as much as thou;
Methinks I hear thy tender voice
And see thine image now.

Methinks that on thy thoughtful brow
The smile has sadder grown;
And that thine eyelids sometimes weep,
Now from thee I am gone.

I think thy knee is never bowed
Before our God in prayer,
But blessings for thy absent child
Are asked, are *plead* for there.

I know my name is never said,
By friends who love me still,
But with emotions, strong and deep,
My mother's heart doth fill.

It glads me now to think my name
Is thus a household word;
For there my mother's love hath bound
For me a three-fold cord.

O, could I lay this weary head
Once more upon thy breast,
And, as this heart has often done,
Hush all its cares to rest!

It matters not to me where death
May still this heart to rest,
So that my head might then be laid
Upon my mother's breast.

It may not be, life's dream may close
While from thee I am riven;
But land and seas can never part
My soul from thee in Heaven.

BEYOND

By Sarah H. Dryden—1886.

What if the burthen of my life
Becomes a weary load;
And my feet have grown so tired
Only half way up the road,
And all unhelped, I falter,
As the day wears slowly on,
And the night watch comes to tell me,
My work is not yet done?

If beyond life's restless ocean,
Its ceaseless wash and moan,
I shall find a quiet haven,
A restful, peaceful home,
And I press the mossy grasses
With tired feet no more,
As I wander by the river,
Of life forevermore.

What if my soul's deep longings,
Find here no answering sound,
And I struggle for the meaning
Of the life by which I'm bound?
And would fain with hands all helpless,
Lift aside the darkened veil
To read the unexpressed,
Nature's mysterious tale?

If beyond the narrow boundaries
Of this earth life I shall find
All I knew of nature was
As raised letters to the blind:
And with spirit eyes made stronger
With the glory of that day,
I shall read the page of nature
With the mists all cleared away.

What if the world is hard, and I
So cold, and travel-worn,
Soul starved and shelterless,
Heart hungry and forlorn;
I yearn for human sympathy
And hold out pleading hands,
But meet unheeding faces
And no one understands?

It beyond sweet angel voices
Sing a welcome to that shore,
Where grief and care and anguish
Come to me nevermore;
And face to face with loved ones
I shall know as I am known,
Nevermore to weep in sadness;
Nevermore to walk alone.

What if I strive for truth and right
And the world looks coldly on,
And I bear the cross and feel the thorns
Without the victory won.
I suffer deep injustice;
In the furnace fierce I'm tried;
Men mock me in their madness,
While in soul, I'm crucified?

If in the great hereafter,
I shall join the glorious throng,
Who tread the heavenly spaces
To an all triumphant song?
Where with unfettered spirit
With thought unbound and free,
I shall read with eyes unhindered
God's truth revealed to me?

Oh Christ! is grief and suffering
To Heaven the only road?
And with heartache and sadness
Must I bear my weary load?
Must I tread with Thee the wine press
Wear my crown of thorns with tears;
If I reach the heights supernal
As I climb the eternal years?

O! life beyond the mortal;
Pure, holy and sublime:
Shall I reach thy golden portal,
When I pass the bounds of time?
Shall I gaze with eyes unhindered
On the beauty of thy shore,
And clasp the hands of loved ones
To be parted nevermore.

AN EASTER LILY

Last Poem of Sarah H. Dryden.

O lily fair! O, flower of creamy white
Standing near the dark and silent pool.
Spreading broad thy leaves to catch the tears of night—
Setting thy brow with jeweled dew-drops cool.

Sweet flower, the moon-beam's soft pale beam
Spreads over thee a silvery light,—
And in thy queenly beauty thou dost seem
To stand alone, bride of the silent night.

All through the day the balmy perfumed air
Has bathed thy leaves with soft and tender touch,
While birds above, with notes so sweet and clear,
Sang love to thee from many a leafy perch.

O, didst thou dream while in the depths below;
In midnight darkness, wrapped in lonesome gloom,
And in thy secret heart—O, didst thou yearn to know,
Of this thy life, the glory of its fragrant bloom?

Beneath the clay thy sweet life had its birth;
Pressed 'neath the clay thy tender leaflets grew;
Wrapped in the darkness, solitude and dearth,
In patient waiting thou fulfilled thy mission true.

Prophetic Flower! thou didst to me unfold
A world of beauty which above me lies.
What if the world to me is dark and cold,
And I alone must mourn my broken ties?

O, weary soul upreaching for the light;
Struggling with mystery, doubt and oft despair;
Take heart again, 'twill not be always night;—
Thou too shalt bloom above in higher sphere.

And love's dear hands shall break my prison bars,
And love's sweet voices sing for me again.
O, love, thou birthright of my childhood's years,
Thou shall survive all sorrow, toil, and pain.