

OUR CLAN

A BIOLOGICAL AND GENEALOGICAL ACCOUNT
OF THE FAMILY OF REV. ANDREW SCOTT
ITS ANCESTRY AND POSTERITY

EDITED BY

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ASSISTED BY

WILFRED W. SCOTT

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS BY MEMBERS OF THE CLAN

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Coytesville,
N. J.

**“Children’s Children are the Crown of Old Men; and the
Glory of Children are their Fathers”. Proverbs, 17:6**

BY UNANIMOUS CONSENT OF THE SCOTT CLAN THIS BOOK IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO

Thomas Jefferson Scott

WHOSE EFFORT MADE THIS WORK POSSIBLE

IN MEMORIAM



THE author of this work has gone, called to the High Tribunal after 67 years of faithful service for Jesus his Master, and four score years and five of vigorous life. He worked to the end with an energy surprising to all; with faculties undimmed. To within the last week of his life he carried himself erect with a soldierly bearing; his pace was firm, his eye clear and his mind unusually active and memory excellent. Many sought his advice on matters of religion, questions of finance, temperance cause, political policies and on such subjects that only one with broad education and versatile mind like his own would be capable of giving the desired information. Although he had passed the normal span of life the Lord spared him the feebleness of old age. He passed away at the home of his daughter Mabelle (Mrs. E. L. Walker), Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, January 22d, 1920. He was buried in the Union Cemetery, St. Clairsville, Ohio, in the plot, where rests his sister Elizabeth Welday, according to her wish and his own.

He desired the following epitaph to appear on his tomb.

“To The Memory of Rev. Thomas Jefferson Scott

Born Oct. 4th 1835 at New Alexandria, Ohio.

Born again Jan. 23rd, 8 P.M. 1853, New Alexandria, Ohio.

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Graduated at the Ohio Wesleyan University in 1860.
Entered the Pittsburg Conference 1860. Missionary of
the Methodist Episcopal Church to India 1862.

Retired 1906 after 42 years of service in the mission.

Translated (here we fill in) January 22nd 1920.

‘Present with the Lord’ 1 Cor. 5:8.”

The Master has gone, but his works live after
him. His earthly body lies at rest but his soul is
with the Lord—

“So shall it be at last in that bright morning

When the soul waketh and life’s shadows flee.

Oh! in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,

Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with Thee.”

PREFACE



EARLY in 1911, my father, Thomas Jefferson Scott, wrote urging me to undertake the editorial work of the Scott Clan history while those remained who could give authentic incidents of family interest. "Gather all the facts you can from the members of the clan and weave them together in a story," was his request. His nephew, Walter Scott, had shown much interest in this undertaking and was asked to cooperate. Both Walter and I, however, felt that no one was better qualified for this task than my father, versed as he was in family history, a versatile and prolific writer and possessing the leisure that comes when one has laid aside the strenuous activity of younger years. Father finally undertook the work, with promises of our assistance, which, I regret to say, was slight indeed. The book is practically his own and is his last contribution of a busy literary career. Some of the entries were made by Father in January, 1920, and the ink was scarcely dry when the great summons took him away, leaving the final task of publication upon us.

On January 15th, 1920, Father wrote me his final letter, which is characteristic of his thoughtfulness of others, of his methodical life, and shows that he had a premonition of the approaching end:

Dear Wilfred:—I cannot report any marked improvement

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in your Mother's case. Her general health condition is certainly better, but there is but little improvement in ability to walk. Her knee seems to be the problem. She does take a few continuous steps each day. But, I am not as well as when I left Ocean Grove and am in the doctor's hands taking his medicine. It seems like a case of general breakdown and aggravation of old troubles. My time for all normal life terms is up. It remains to see how it will all come out. I am up and about all day.

You have, I think, some instructions regarding the disposal of my effects, if I should suddenly vanish. Look it all up again.

Love to all from all

Πητηρ.

The day following the receipt of this letter a telegram from my sister, Mabelle, called me to his bedside. Father passed away shortly after my arrival at Wauwatosa, Wisconsin. I accompanied his body to St. Clairesville, Ohio, where it was interred in the Union Cemetery. Six months later my dear Mother fell asleep, the duty falling upon me to see her remains placed by those of Father.

The publication of this book is my final duty as Administrator of Father's and Mother's Estate. Some of the money for publication of the book was subscribed while Father was yet alive, but the amount was far from sufficient to meet the cost. By common consent of the heirs a sufficient sum was set aside from the proceeds of the Estate to meet this cost. A portion of the Estate is to be used in the foundation of a memorial scholar-

P R E F A C E

ship to the Bareilly Theological Seminary, founded by Father and in which Institution, as Principal, he toiled for many years. The scholarship bears the love and admiration of his children.

For publication of this book Father received contributions from the following: Mrs. S. L. Jepson, David M. Scott, Louis H. Scott, Henry W. Scott, Winfield W. Scott, J. L. Warren, Howard H. Scott, Mrs. George Loury, Mrs. Mabelle Scott Walker, Mrs. Alice Scott Roscoe, Worthington Scott, Wilfred W. Scott.

Acknowledgments are made for the literary contributions that have assisted this work.

WILFRED WELDAY SCOTT.

COYTESVILLE, N. J.,
October, 1920

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INTRODUCTORY



HIS booklet deals more specifically with the immediate descendants of Rev. Andrew Scott and their posterity, with some account of his parents. There is an interest in being able to trace one's ancestry for generations and note prominent names with something of their life and deeds. Even unlettered savages keep some trace of their ancestors. A measure of family pride in a worthy ancestry is not unbecoming. A strain of good blood is a desirable asset. The tracing, to be sure, may uncover some unwelcome links and serious failures that may serve to temper undue gratulation. And one should bear in mind the practical good sense of the triplet by Mrs. Hale:

"I've learned to judge of men by their own deeds.
I do not make the incident of birth,
The standard of their merit."

A worthy ancestry should be a stimulant to descendants, prompting an effort to sustain an ideal worthy of the family record, that it may not fall to a lower level. If, as Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote, a man is a coach carrying his parents, grandparents and earlier progenitors, as well as himself, he should be careful not to dishonor worthy fellow passengers. One should stand for the morality, religion, education, thrift, and service, illustrated in the ancestral line. Genealogical

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study, then, becomes an incentive to better life. And, there is a striking thought in the words of the prophet, touching the mission of Elijah, as coming to "turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to the fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse" (Mal. 4: 6). By this he seems to mean that some degeneration had produced an alienation between pious forefathers and degenerate descendants; but the mission of Elijah would work a reconciliation in turning the hearts of these descendants to the good example of their progenitors.

The ancestral Scotts and their descendants of whom this booklet treats are Scotch-Irish from the Province of Ulster, stirred at this date of writing with political agitation on the question of independent home rule. There are two variant Irish races, one of them Teutonic, the other Celtic. As near as has been traced, these are migrations from Asia-Minor, it is said from Armenia, victim of the Turk at present. The Celtic migration was first, passing westward through southern Europe, finally rested in Ireland. The Teutonic branch migrated in a line further north into Germany and Scandinavia, thence reaching the northern part of Ireland. Having made its contribution to the Teutonic area of northern Europe, it filtered into the Emerald Isle. Ethnologists have called this the Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon branch. This divided migration is part of what is known as the Aryan race, the word by some linguists giving the

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name Ireland or Aryaland. We have the word arable as applied to the soil, and aristocracy connoting a superior race as cultivators owning the land and no longer homeless wandering tribes.

The northern Irish line comprised two marked tribes, the Picts and the Scots, the latter giving the name to the country Scotland. These names are something of a clue to tribal history. Scot is Anglo-Saxon, meaning wanderer, hinting at the migratory habit. The word Pict means painted (Latin *pinctum*, painted, English picture), and reminds us that our ancestors were wandering painted savages, who came to our ancestral home through the forests of Germany, and became aristocrats of the soil in their final home. The tribal name is retained in "Scotch," and in the narrower family name with an added t, making Scott. The ancestral land is known by several names, as the "Emerald Isle," "first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea." Other names are, Erin, Hibernia, and Scotia the north of Ireland, which, in the mutation of history, passing over, gave a name to Scotland permanently.

The shamrock, or white clover, is the national emblem, selected, it is said, because when St. Patrick was seeking to evangelize the Irish, he was asked to explain the Trinity, but he simply plucked and presented a trifolium leaf from some plant, perhaps the white clover. In the conversion of northern Europe, the Scotch-Irish gave many evangelists, note among them Columba and Co-

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lumbanus in the sixth century. Both of these were missionaries from Ulster, the former born in Donegal, the birthplace of our ancestor James Scott, my grandfather. These Irish evangelists did much in civilizing and giving the Gospel to Northern Europe. The record of this race in history is wonderful. I commend to the readers of this booklet, a book of 438 pages, by Rev. James Shaw, D.D., "The Scotch-Irish in History," to be found at the Methodist Book Rooms, 150 Fifth Ave., N. Y. Also, "History of the Scott Family," by Henry Lee, Polk & Co., N. Y. The American Review of Reviews affirms that "the Scotch-Irish element never has had its full due at the hands of historians. Too much stress has been placed upon the influence of the New England element in the formation of our national character. In New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, central and southern Ohio and Kentucky, it is from the Scotch-Irish strain of blood, that has come a very large proportion of the statesmen, jurists, and successful men of affairs. The dominant traits of this virile stock are industry, thrift, strong religious conviction, and serious view of life. It is a large-boned, muscular, long-lived race, and has kept up its fecundity to our own day, whereas the New England stock has become so barren that in its original home, it hardly keeps its numbers good." John Wesley wrote of this section of the human race, "The best elements of the English, Scotch, and Irish, are blended in their

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character." Bishop Fowler said of them," There never has been a superior race, the ancient Greeks not excepted." Henry Jones Ford, professor of politics at Princeton University, N. J., in his book, "The Scotch-Irish in America," writes of the "Lowland Scotsman," and "the Ulsterman," "the distinguishing features of his character—what are they? To summarize them in a sentence, are they not something like these? An economy and even parsimony of words, which does not always betoken a poverty of ideas; an insuperable dislike to wear his heart upon his sleeve, or make a display of the deeper and more tender feeling of his nature; a quiet and undemonstrative deportment which may have great firmness and determination behind it; a dour exterior which may cover a really genial disposition and kindly heart; much caution and wariness and reserve, but a decision, (energy of character and tenacity of purpose, which, as in the case of Enoch Arden, 'hold his will and bear it through,' a very decided practical faculty, which has an eye on the main chance, but, which may exist with a deep-lying fund of sentiment; a capacity for hard work and close application to business, which with thrift and patient persistence is apt to bear fruit in success. In short, a reserve of strength, self-reliance, courage, and endurance, which when an emergency demands, may surprise the world."

The Ulsterites are loyal to the British government, to which they have contributed many of its

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best soldiers and statesmen. The people of Ulster are the most intelligent, enterprising, and prosperous population of Ireland. They largely have the industries and wealth of the land. While sixty-five percent of Ireland is Roman Catholic, yet the remaining thirty-five percent pay eighty-five percent of the tax which reveals where the thrift and enterprise of the population is. In this may be seen the reason why they oppose home rule, fearing Rome rule, while they pay the bills. Ulster has been noted for the fighting quality of its men and its great generals, among them Wellington, Wolseley, Kitchener, and Lord Roberts, four of the greatest commanders in chief that England has ever had. Ulsterites distinguished themselves in the historic battle of the Boyne. The Royal Irish rifles and the Enniskillen dragoons, have a military reputation. In the recent world-war, it is stated that the Ulster division led the British army at the first battle of the Somme, with the shout, "remember the Boyne—no surrender." They lost 8,000 men in two and a half hours, and won four Victoria crosses. They were among the first troops that broke the "impregnable" Hindenberg line.

Such is the record of Ulster, the leading province of Ireland. Its record stands out in history for virility, intelligence, and leadership. Many of our most wonderful and useful inventions and discoveries in the development of world-civilization are due to Ulster genius and enterprise. It is

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claimed that the Scotch-Irish brain and enterprise made the great commercial and industrial city of Pittsburg. Ulster gave eight of our presidents, and seven governors of the thirteen colonial states. The founders of American Methodism, Robert Strawbridge, Joseph Pilmore, with the noted Barbara Heck, were from the province of Ulster. Many other familiar names are traced to the same province, Adam Clarke the noted linguist and commentator, Bishop Simpson, William Butler the founder of the Methodist mission in India and in Mexico, Bishop Thoburn, Bishop McCabe, D. L. Moody the great revivalist, the sweet poet Thomas Moore, Rudyard Kipling unique in fiction and poetry, and noted military men as above mentioned. Among scientists, Thomas Edison and Professor Tyndall come promptly to mind. In the United States, as intimated, a large number of our leading citizens in church and state and in the army and navy, came from Ulster. The families of Lord Russel, the great English statesman, William E. Gladstone, and President Wilson, came from the same province.

The particular family line traced in this booklet radiates from Rev. Andrew Scott. The booklet originated in the purpose of some of his grandchildren to trace and recover their Irish ancestry and put the record in permanent form for information and continuation in future generations.

The Scott ancestors were not wanting in virile

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qualities and a spirit of enterprise and courage. This is manifested in the way they launched out from the "old world," endured the inconvenience and risk of a prolonged Atlantic voyage in a day when such travel had nothing of modern comfort and safety, and plunged into the frontier forests of the "new world" and carved out farms and built homes for their families. And the family trait is religious, as is manifested in the lives of James Scott and his children. Andrew Scott was a minister in the old Pittsburg conference, and was a religious leader until his death in 1865. The only two uncles with whom I was familiar, John and Thomas, were "shouting Methodists." The aunts were deeply pious. All honorable callings and professions are represented in the family tree, the ministry, law, medicine, science and education. So far, no professional poet has arisen that I know of, although I have seen some excellent lines from some of the clan. One cannot trace as much tendency to artizan industry as to agriculture. My memory is that all the uncles were thrifty farmers, and my father was a farmer as well as teacher, preacher, and legislator.

As an ancestral characteristic, recorded in this introduction since writing some memories of father and mother, I recall their *strenuous* life as I saw it and learned about it after leaving the paternal home for education and a career in India. After training in the best education of his day within reach, father taught school for seven years.

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Later, for some time he was a minister in the Pittsburg conference. On account of an increasing family, he retired from the traveling connection to devote himself more fully to his farm and the care of his family. He served as a representative of Jefferson county in the Ohio legislature, getting through important acts, as a Bill for what was then called the Steubenville and Indiana Railroad, now the great Panhandle route of the Pennsylvania road. He also worked through, important legislation for the better education of the colored population of Ohio. The session of 1849 was a stormy time politically between the old Whig and the Democratic party. I heard father say that he was about the only man who did not sit armed. There was much agitation over the abolition of slavery and the question of whether the territories were free soil or were open to the aggression of slaveholders. In discussion with Senator Chase, who afterward became governor of the state, and later a chief justice of the United States, father raised objection to some statement of Chase, who laughing said, "Oh, everything is fair in politics!"

As a farmer father expanded his original tract to some 350 acres. I was familiar with the clearing of field after field, which involved brush "grubbing" and much chopping and log rolling and burning, virgin soil plowing in the conflict with roots and stumps and many a kick from the plow. Father was an extensive cultivator, using

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hired help in growing large crops of wheat, oats, corn and hay. In the old-fashioned harvesting, he could swing a cradle and scythe with the best of them, and was an expert with the primitive sickle. He was an expert chopper and rail splitter. For a man of his size, I recall with wonder how deft and energetic he was in falling trees and "logging off," like the man in the Psalm, who "was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees." He could with his well-kept axe make a smooth "carf" as he called it. I imagine Gladstone who toned his body and great brain for parliament, was nowhere in comparison. He could "score" and hew timbers, make the frames and put up buildings such as barns, stables, and sheep houses, with the skill of a trained carpenter. He could make shingles and put them on, split lath and drive them and plaster the wall—all of which I have seen him do. He had a workshop where he could make things, had a regular shoebench and could mend shoes. I knew where to get an awl and "wax-end." He never took any training as a mechanic that I ever heard of, and it is still a mystery to me how in his strenuous life he was up to so much. But I heard him say that he paid for some training in the pugilistic art, perhaps as a schoolday exercise, and he was ready to use it once on lawyer Stanton who afterwards became secretary of war in the great rebellion. Stanton, something of a bully, had badgered a witness in a case, till the witness was "rattled" beyond recovery.

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When father took the witness stand, he said to Stanton, "If you treat me and my testimony that way, I will stretch you three times longer than you ever were stretched!"

With all his enterprise and care of the farm, father did much church work, preaching, aiding in revivals, conducting funerals, and performing marriage ceremonies. And, as illustrating the pioneer ancestral life, and contributing its formative element to posterity, the strenuous, varied life of our mother, may be recorded. Father always lovingly called her "Jinnie." We were largely in the isolated economy of the colonial days, and mother's fertile industry could produce almost everything the family needed in the way of food and clothing. The flax was grown on the farm and soaked or "rotted" to loosen the fiber, Mother assisted in scutching out the woody part, hackling out the tow, which we boys found excellent for popgun wads; drew linen thread from the "rock," put this with the woolen yarn from the fleece of our own sheep. This, carded into rolls by her cousin in law, James Arthur, brother of T. S. Arthur the magazine editor and author, could be woven by James into flannel or linsey-woolsey as desired. Another near neighbor, a cousin, Frank Scott, also could do the weaving. Mother could dye the home-made flannels a bright red for our "wamuses," short coats. Another neighbor, James Elliot, father of brother William's wife, owned a woolen mill not far away on Cross creek,

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and he could make excellent blankets and other cloths. Youngsters, kids of later generations, will not know the meaning of some terms I have used. After more than seventy years, I can hear as a boy, the rising and falling musical hum of the genial, familiar spinning wheel, before the great open fireplace, piled with wood or bituminous coal from our own forests and pits. All shirts and socks, with most of the wardrobe, were produced by the same domestic genius, that also filled the larder with "mother's bread," biscuits, pone, johnnie cake, cheese, and oh my, what pies!

Butchering day came and a dozen or more porkers died the death. Mother saw the hams well smoked, the sausages stuffed, put up the salt bacon. She made gallons of applebutter, put up jams, dried peaches and apples, and all this and more domestic activity, as the mother of eleven children, ten of whom grew up to maturity. Here was life strenuous enough, and only a vigorous stock of Irish health from Enniskillen, her Ulster birthplace, could cheerfully go through it all. Thus, industry, thrift and energy, characterized the ancestors of the tribe.

And, with this general prelude, let us form additional acquaintance with progenitors and succeeding progeny, as proposed in this booklet. It has been said, "He who is fortunate enough to have had forefathers, whose deeds deserve emulation, should not be deprived of their history." They say, "memories make men." Surely the memo-

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ries and traditions of worthy ancestors should prompt us to cultivate their spirit and emulate their virtues. No richer asset, no inheritance, better than gold, can be passed along. True the word of Sacred Writ: "Children's children are the crown of old men, and the glory of children are their fathers" (Prov. 17: 6).

ADDENDUM

Since getting the matter of this booklet together and completing the introduction, I have found a "History of the Scott Family," by one Henry Lee, published by B. L. Polk and Company of New York. The book gives the origin of the name and some account of the large prominent family represented. No doubt there is a remote kinship between the members of this large and scattered tribe, and the single or individual family mentioned in this booklet. Some of the Scotts mentioned in Mr. Lee's book, can be traced to places in the United States, and to dates that justify the impression of a not distant relationship, which might be established by research, which I am not inclined now to make. A few statements of the author on the place of this large family among the tribes of men, are here recorded, as an illustration of the prominent rank and distinction of the Scotch-Irish in history. "In every state and territory, the hardy Scotts have been pioneers and men of action, taking such active part in the strenuous

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movements of American life, that to-day the name is found in every branch of politics, arms, industry and business. They have contributed professors and teachers to the universities, colleges and schools of their country; bishops and clergymen, judges and lawyers bearing the name, have furnished strength to its religious and judicial life, and writers and painters have added to its literature and art." "If Johnson's dictum, 'The chief glory of every people arises from its authors,' be applied to a family, then the Scotts can take much glory to themselves." The author gives a brilliant list of Scott writers, and closes his chapter on this literary record with the apparently irrelevant statement, that, "Blanche Scott of Rochester was one of the first women to fly an aëroplane." The author says, "The family of Scotts also contributed its quota of willing and devoted workers in founding and building up the churches of different denominations," and he gives a long list of worthy divines of this family. He further writes, "The family of Scotts is also represented in the kindred arts of painting, music and the drama," and he adds quite a list of noted musicians, singers, and dramatists. As to military character, he writes: "Sprung from a fighting stock, it is only to be expected that the men of the name of Scott were to be found among the sturdy farmers and hardy settlers, who through the long years from 1775 to 1783, faced the soldiers of England and fought for the right of self-government."

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From Mr. Lee's long list, it may be seen that the name includes every military rank from General Winfield Scott, who was a colonel in the war of 1812, with England, and was commander in chief of the U. S. force in the war with Mexico in 1846, and in the civil war of the rebellion in 1861, to the lowest non-commissioned officer and private. Something of the war record in the great world-war, of the family mentioned in this booklet, is given in a statement at the close.

Mr. Lee shows that in the realm of nobility titles, the Scott family figures large in Great Britain, where this waning vanity still prevails. He writes, "We find that Scott is now the family name of four peers in Great Britain and Ireland. He gives a long list including dukes, earls, lords, barons and notable personalities." The importance of the ancient family of Scotts is known by the fact that more than sixty armorial bearings have at various times been granted or confirmed to members of the family." Mr. Lee closes this chapter, as a former one, with a curiously irrelevant mention of another air hero. "It is worthy of note that the British Airship, R-34, on its memorable double flight of the Atlantic, was navigated by a member of the family, Major G. H. Scott, being commanding officer and pilot."

Touching the origin of the name Scott, as an amusing if not genuine claim, Mr. Lee writes, "Other historians claim that that name of Scotland itself was derived from the family name—

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that the family of primitive Gypsies gave a name to the country . . . in support of this theory, Boethius (a Scottish historian) and others claimed that the name Scott originated from Scota, the daughter of the Pharaoh who was drowned in the Red Sea. The story told in support of this origin of the name follows: Gathelus, a son of Cecrops, king of Athens, being banished from that kingdom, fled to Egypt with a large band of followers. This was in the time of Moses; and Pharaoh being in war, was glad to accept the aid of Gathelus, whom he made a general of the combined forces. The enemy nation was subdued and as a reward Pharaoh gave his daughter Scota in marriage to the victorious Gathelus. Later Gathelus and Scota, with a goodly following, escaping the plague of Egypt fled to Spain, naming that portion of the country, Port Gathale, which is now known as Portugal. Here Gathelus gave to his followers the name of 'Scottis,' from the love he bore to his wife Scota. After years of war with the natives of Spain, these nomad Scottis once more set sail and landed in Ireland, from whence they afterwards went over to the northern part of the adjacent island of Britain, naming the country Scotland or the land of the Scottis." According to this theory, the royal blood of a Grecian king of classic Athens and of an Egyptian Pharaoh, flows in the veins of the Scott tribe!

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JAMES SCOTT, father of Rev. Andrew Scott, was born in Donegal, a county of the Province of Ulster, date not recovered, and died in his home near the village of New Alexandria, Jefferson County, Ohio, 1834, aged eighty-seven years. He came to the United States late in the eighteenth century, and settled first in Washington County, Pa., and a few years later removed with his family to Jefferson County, Ohio, and took up a section of land (640 acres) in the unbroken forest of that part of the state. He was then living with his second wife, born in Ireland. Her maiden name was Mary Patterson. Several sons of a former wife were born in Ireland. My father and several sisters and a younger brother, Wesley, were children of the second wife, born in America. I do not know if any of the four sisters were born in Ireland. I have heard that uncle John was a seventh son without a daughter, and a common superstition of the time was that the hand of such a son, laid on, would cure "the king's evil," as they sometimes called scrofula. Uncle John was often applied to by the credulous for this act.

The family tree, worked out I believe by my son Wilfred and his cousin Andrew Scott, and accompanying this booklet, gives the names as far as recovered. I recall but little of the uncles except John and Thomas who lived on farms not far

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away. John was a tall muscular man, prompt in action, and somewhat blunt and outspoken. Thomas, I believe, was the younger, shorter in stature but compact and well built. I recall that it was said that in appearance he was more like his father, and that my father Andrew Scott had this resemblance also. John and Thomas were men of marked piety. Thomas was a "shouting Methodist." I have seen them both bubbling over with emotion in a religious meeting. I have but little recollection of father's younger brother, Wesley, who removed to Missouri when I was but a small boy, but I recall his good humor and playfulness. Of the four aunts, I remember but little except aunts Hannah and Margery who always lived near our home. They were kind, religious women, with soft, gentle voices and affectionate in bearing. Aunt Hannah was tall like grandmother Scott.

I never saw grandfather James Scott, who died before I was born. I heard my father relate the immediate cause of grandfather's coming to America. He seems to have been an independent thrifty yeoman, occupying a farm under a landlord. Another landlord had forbidden him to pass over a certain road to which it seems he had a right to go if he pleased. He came out one day with a gun and ordered grandfather back, but he, with the repellant impulse of his Irish blood, wrested away the gun, and knocked the man down and put his foot on his neck. This led to a prolonged court

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trial for assault in which grandfather's landlord took his part, and said he would spend a thousand pounds, before Scott should be punished or lose a penny. In the end some kind of settlement was made, and grandfather determined to live no longer in such a country. It was a dissatisfaction with landlordism, in common with many Irishmen of that day, who sought liberty and larger opportunity in the "new world." Many of them were from the Province of Ulster, which constitutes the north of Ireland, the original Scotia, peopled by the Scot tribe, and was the real Scotland. In conflicts between the two principal Celtic tribes, the Picts and Scots, the latter became dominant, and gave the country they invaded the name Scotland. These Ulsterites are the Scotch-Irish, for whom I have seen the claim made, that they are the finest race in the world. Get and read "The Scotch-Irish in History," Methodist Book Concern, 150 Fifth Ave., New York.

James Scott entered Ohio in a large canvas-covered wagon, in which they lived till the first cabin was built of unhewn-logs. This was replaced by a two-story hewn log house, in which most of father's family was born. From little incidents learned from father and from grandmother Scott, and from the older members of our family, I infer something of James Scott's appearance and character. I heard grandmother Scott relate an adventure which occurred in Ireland, that might have arrested Scotch-Irish ancestry at that point.

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In some way grandfather encountered an angry bull, that knocked him down and began to walk over him. He had the presence of mind to hug the ground closely, and not attempt to rise till his bull dog got the situation and furiously attacked the angry bovine by the nose, enabling him to escape. When grandfather with his family landed in New York, he passed through an armory where some soldiers thought to amaze the "wild Irishman" by some smart dexterous brandishing of their swords; but the raw Irishman seized a sword and branished it in such a way as showed the soldiers that he was familiar with the blade. I have heard my grandmother say that when he was lathered for a shave, he would sometimes chase her for a smeary kiss. A straw reveals the fun and affection of the true Irishman. He was also a man of deep piety. I have heard father say that he never took a drink without thanking God for "pure cold water." Brother Wesley related how grandfather would often pray in the daytime, under a tree near the house. He was a faithful churchgoer and careful for the proprieties of the house of God. In one instance a man came in and sat down with his hat on. Grandfather walked up to him, and in a tone that commanded respect and instant obedience, said, "take off your hat, sir." I am not certain, but I believe he was the prime mover, in building a log church, the first in that community, and which stood near the New Alexandria burying ground. This was afterwards

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used as a school house, the first that I recall in that community, and the place where I began the spelling book. I think I am right in the statement that the log church was replaced by a brick church in the village, chiefly through the efforts of Andrew Scott, and in which all the children were converted. That church, the successor of the log one, has been superseded by a beautiful modern village church, through the enterprise and expenditure of David Scott and near relatives, and other old-time friends, worthy worshippers in that sanctuary.

Grandfather Scott was blind for some time before his death, but knew his friends by their voices, and with a hearty welcome, would call them by name.

ADDENDA

This contribution to an explanation of the family tree was worked out by the investigations of Andrew Elliott Scott, son of William T. Scott.

“James Scott was born in Donegal, Ireland, in the year 1747, came to America between the years 1790 and 1798, landing in New York city, where he stayed a few years. Moving to Washington county, Pennsylvania, he married Mary Patterson, his second wife. From there he moved to Jefferson county, Ohio, in 1804. He built a fire by a tree near the spring on the old home place, near New Alexandria. This spring is now surrounded by a hewn sandstone spring-house. Here he camped, sleeping in his covered wagon till a cabin

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was built. His brothers William and Frank, together bought a section of land (640 acres) known as section 2, on which the town of New Alexandria stands. They divided it between them, Frank taking the south half and William the north half. Frank built a log house near the present site of the town. James bought 104 acres from William, part of David's present farm. At this time James's son Andrew was about four years old.

Frank married Isabelle Hamilton in Donegal, Ireland, about the year 1790, by whom he had six children: George, born in Ireland, William, born in New York city, married Charlotte Scott, daughter of Alexander and Nancy Burns Scott of Ireland, about 1816. They had six sons and four daughters, among them Nancy, born in Stubenville, Ohio, June 22, 1818. She married Ebenezer Grover at Fort Recovery, in Ohio in 1836. One of her sons formerly lived in Topeka, Kansas; now lives some place in Arkansas. From him most of these facts concerning Frank's branch of the family were obtained. He has an interesting family of two sons and one daughter. He has been totally blind since he was nineteen years old.

Of George, Charles, Jane, and Mary little is known. Jane who had made her home with William her nephew, son of James, died at the age of ninety at old Frank's home on section 2, near New Alexandria. James was married first in Ireland, and by this wife had nine children. Of these

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Charles settled in Washington county, Pennsylvania; William died on old Frank's farm, at the age of fifty-four. James settled in Guernsey county, Ohio. Died from the kick of a horse in 1848. John moved with his family to Illinois. Stephen and Thomas were twins; Steven died unmarried in Pennsylvania. Thomas lived on a farm in Jefferson county Ohio; Margaret married Edward Chambers, of Steubenville, Ohio, moved to Holmes County, Ohio, where she died in 1830. By his second wife, Mary Patterson, were born five children: Andrew, who occupied till his death, Oct. 29, 1865, the old place on which his father first settled, married Jane Thompson. Wesley married Isabelle Tenant, moved to Chilicothe, Mo., about 1840; Mary, no record found; Jane married Thomas Johnson and they lived near Pughtown, Hancock county, W. Va. Hannah married Mathew Thompson, cousin of Jane Thompson Andrew's wife; Margery married James McCullough and lived in Jefferson county, Ohio.

GRANDMOTHER MARY PATTERSON SCOTT



HE was grandfather's second wife, and survived him some years. Her maiden name was Mary Patterson. She went among her friends by the name "Mol" or "Mollie." As I remember her, she was tall and erect even in advanced years. She made her home with her daughter, Hannah Thompson. She was often in our house, and we children were entertained with her Irish stories. She had all the legends of the banshee and its mournful chanting under the window, and the stories of fairies and goblins. She would sometimes quote hymns, and poetry, suitable to childhood. I recall her regret over the loss of a book loaned to a neighbor, which he had carried away in his "hunting shirt," from the pocket of which it had fallen. Grandmother Scott was deeply pious, and lamented the schism that divided the Scotts into "the old sides" and "the new sides" (Protestant Methodists). She died in a good old age, in the home of the daughter with whom she had lived for many years.

ELIZABETH THOMPSON

ELIZABETH THOMPSON



GRANDMOTHER THOMPSON came to America from Ireland, in the same immigration that brought the Scotts late in the eighteenth century and early in the nineteenth, with other Ulsterites. My only clue to the part of Ulster Province from which the Thompsons came, is the fact that mother who was brought to America at two years of age, was born in the village of Timpo, Fermanagh county, May 5, 1805. Timpo, not found on any map I have, is a village near, or suburban to Enniskillen where grandmother was living when they left for America. Grandmother's maiden name was Beaty and her mother's name was Armstrong, names familiar on business signs, as I saw them in Enniskillen. I infer that the Thompson grandparents came directly to Jefferson county, Ohio, early in the last century. They purchased a farm not far from New Alexandria on the state road leading to what is now Brilliant. I have heard my father say that they were very well-to-do people in Ireland, of good social position, who left the country on account of political dissatisfaction. Other Thompson relatives came to Jefferson county about the same time. When the village of New Alexandria was laid out, Uncle Matthew Thompson, father's brother-in-law, desired it called Timpo, in perpetuation of the name of their village in Ireland. Both sides of the Scott

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family we are tracing, were from Ulster, peopled by the Scotch-Irish.

I have no recollection of ever seeing grandfather Thompson. My earliest memory of grandmother is of her being in our home. Two rooms were added to the two-story log house for her. She also had her room in the new brick house, built in 1844, near the old site. As I remember grandmother, she was a sprightly old lady, not very tall, but of rather heavy build. She was a great favorite in the family and entertained us youngsters with the usual Irish stories of real events and unreal beings that appeared in Ireland. She was deeply pious and said she had heard John Wesley preach in Ireland. The family of the Thompson grandparents was large, but I can only recall some of the names of the uncles and aunts. There were uncles James, Matthew, and Thomas, and aunt Mary Cunningham, older than mother. Grandmother died in our home, Mar. 22, 1855, aged ninety-one years.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY FATHER
REV. ANDREW SCOTT,

BORN IN WASHINGTON COUNTY, PA., MAY 23,
1789—DIED ON HIS FARM NEAR NEW ALEX-
ANDRIA, JEFFERSON COUNTY,
OHIO, OCTOBER 29, 1865



WHEN I left the United States for India, September 20, 1862, I had strong hope of seeing my father again in the flesh, for although he was in his sixty-fourth year, he was quite vigorous in every way, and I was entertaining the purpose of returning on a visit in ten years. It was a very sore disappointment, then, when we received word that he had entered the eternal rest. It is natural under such circumstances that my memory went back, in a sad, sweet way, over the portion of my life that was associated with his. I recalled with mournful pleasure, characteristic incidents of the beloved departed, some of which I here record.

Among my childhood recollections of father, perhaps the earliest is his requirement of obedience in myself and my brother James. But the requirement was accompanied with a marked disinclination to enforce obedience by punishment. I suppose I was seven or eight years old before I received the stroke of a rod from him, such was the reluctance with which punishment was inflicted. My first and only whipping was for mak-

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ing noise during family worship. I had been warned of punishment for this offence. The whipping was not severe, for the blows were blows of love and fell lightly, yet I felt punished and disgraced. Father was very tender-hearted, and among my earliest remembrances of him, is his distress of mind, at the occurrence of severe accidents. I recall, too, his dislike to see the gentler animals, as sheep and calves, slaughtered, and have often seen him turn away from the sight with pain. He was always moved at the sight of misery and want, and would give money and food freely to those in need. Instances of this kind I vividly recall, through the mists of other fading memories, that now belong to distant years. Among others I remember a poor man, foot-sore and tired, who stopped at our house, and whose story of sickness and loss had every appearance of truth. Father not only helped him himself, but went to New Alexandria, the village near by, and obtained aid for him from friends. I recall the true sympathy with which this was done, although I was but a mere child at the time. In another instance, a destitute woman had called for aid, while father was away, and mother had no money by her at the time, and could only give the poor woman some food, after which she left. Father came in shortly afterward, and on hearing the story of distress went after the woman with some money. I can see him now, as he walked quickly up the hill, that rises by the old homestead,

under the impulse of a sympathetic heart, to give that money to the poor woman. I remember hearing father relate, when I was still very young, how he had seen the starving children of a drunkard, shivering, almost naked, on a cold day, eating from sheer hunger, uncooked potatoes, and how he had shed tears over it. He sent food to these starving children.

Father was sensitive to the ludicrous, and among my earliest recollections of him, is his hearty and prolonged laughter at some laughable affair. I recall the relish with which he would relate an anecdote. I remember that I was the object of his amusement sometimes. As I became older, I could understand his character better, and have pleasing and sacred memories of him at a later period of his life. He was hospitable and kept open house. Friends, relatives, travellers, all found a hearty welcome at our table and fire-side. Ministers would make their home with us for weeks at a time. Father was a man of true politeness, the outgrowth of a genuinely kind and obliging nature. He was frank and plain in his address, and among my most vivid recollections of him, is the boldness and openness with which he confronted offenders. He was always foremost in the community, in opposition to immorality, such as drunkenness, horse-racing, and gambling. An attempt was once made to establish horse-racing, at the village, contrary to the law, but father prosecuted the projectors, until they had to aban-

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don their enterprise. One of the leaders threatened father with a horse-whipping, but he boldly confronted the fellow, who then declined his self-appointed task. He was also an inveterate foe of human slavery and intemperance. He was a leader in every movement for the suppression of the liquor traffic; and in the dark days of the rebellion, he lived long enough to see Lincoln's proclamation smite the fetters from four millions of human beings. Father was threatened with imprisonment once, when he was a preacher in Virginia, for the interest he took in the education of the colored people. He always felt sorrow at their wrongs and degradation. I have seen tears to steal over his cheeks, while listening to the song, "Nelly Gray," which embodies a true phrase of slave life, as it existed in the Southern States.

Father was of a singularly independent and uncompromising spirit in the face of meanness and wrong. He was put forward in 1848 and nominated for a seat in the Legislature of Ohio, and while the canvass was going on prior to the election, a neighbor who busied himself in politics, met father, and in conversation, thought he could make him compromise some point for his vote. "Well, I cannot vote for you," said the man. "I do not desire your vote," said my father, "nay, if the election should be a tie, and the casting of your vote should turn it in my favor, I would feel myself disgraced, and would pull your ballot from the box, and tread it under foot." The man was

completely discomfited in his low attempt. Men connected with the liquor traffic tried to induce him to compromise something of his hostility to their trade, but in vain.

Father always manifested a deep and watchful interest in the conversion of his children. He was always anxious about us after we had reached years of discretion, until we were converted. I well remember his interest in and rejoicing over my conversion, in my eighteenth year. His preaching was direct and full of earnestness. The tones of his voice were often pathetic, and when young, I was sometimes moved to tears by his discourses. I recall some of the passages of his sermons till this hour, especially when he was assisting me in a revival, when I was stationed at New Philadelphia, Ohio: "Why should you not love Jesus, my dear friends? Has He ever wronged you, ever done you any harm? Rather has He not manifested the most wonderful and touching love for you?" I can see him, as if it were but yesterday, with tearful eyes relating his experience in conversion. In speaking of his awakening and penitence, he said, "When I was brought fully to see my sinfulness and need of Christ, oh how I longed to find Him? I craved for some one who knew Him, to talk with me and tell me of Him. Willingly would I have sat and listened to the story even from an old slave that had really found Him, and had been with Him, so much did my heart yearn for Him and his love." As I now re-

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member his deep interest in all religious and social meetings, his experience seems to have been one of devotion to Christ and love for the brethren. While catholic in feeling, he was a lover of Methodism as the most Scriptural type of Christianity at the present time. "Lay there old Methodism, and rest awhile, the best system the world ever saw," he once said, as he lifted his spectacles and laid down "Porter's Compendium of Methodism," to rest his failing eyes for a time.

Father was an extensive reader, and I remember how absorbed he would get in the book before him. I have heard him say, that in reading, he rarely heard the clock strike, although near it. He manifested a deep interest in the education of his children. When I determined to push my education, away from home, he went with me to what then was called "Richmond College," in eastern Ohio, and saw me installed. Well do I remember that drive, and the conversations we had on the way, about religion and education. As he left me to return, he put some "spending money" in my hand and said, "Always be generous with everyone, in your dealings." Such he was himself, and it was one of his sayings, in reference to a penurious transaction by one of his neighbors, "That may be just but it is not generous and friendly." When I had completed my collegiate course, he was present with great interest, to see my graduation. Was desirous to get me into the Pittsburg conference, knowing that I was inclined to go else-

where, and he had accordingly arranged an appointment at the session of conference preceding the close of the college term, for Cadiz circuit. He had filled the appointment himself, in anticipation, for three months, and we went directly to it together. In manifest satisfaction at seeing me installed, he made over to me a fine mare, with superb equipments of quilted morocco saddle, and bridle, and clerical saddle bags. He visited me several times at the three different appointments I held before leaving that work for India. He helped me hold a revival meeting at New Philadelphia, Ohio, and after his first sermon, a lawyer remarked to me, "When I saw your father get up to preach, seeming so old and feeble, I thought to myself, we will not have much of an effort tonight; but long before he was through, I saw my mistake." During the sermon I had seen that man drop back his head, and cover his suffused eyes with his handkerchief.

Father was always active, never resting, and even while not in the regular ministry, he preached quite as much as most ministers. He was very active and energetic in taking care of his farm. Thus he was ever full of labor. I have often heard him say, "I do not expect to lay the cross and armor down, till I am ready to take up the crown." In figure he was medium size, rather heavy build, and possessed a great physical endurance.

Although interested in foreign mission work, father seemed regretful at my leaving the United

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States for India. Yet he never uttered a word of opposition to it. He seemed much to prefer having me near him. Among the very last pictures that my memory carries of him, is his being seated by the railway station, where we were awaiting the train that was to bear us on our way to India. He seemed wrapt in a pensive reverie and was aroused only by the approaching train. I saw that he was weeping. We clasped hands and parted to meet no more in the flesh, much to my disappointment. A few years later, he lay ready to depart the way of all the earth, and just as the spirit was ready for its flight, he was roused from a lethargy into which he had fallen for several hours; and beckoning to his bedside all in the room, too weak to speak, he gave the parting hand—last of all to mother, grasping hers long and warmly with both of his, while light from heaven's open gate played over his face. His hands dropped, and in a moment more, father was among the saved on high. Months passed before the mail in its long route, brought us the intelligence of his death. Then how that life came up all before me, and I understood as never before, how really good and noble my father was.

ADDENDUM HALF A CENTURY LATER

The preceding was written over fifty years ago, not long after I had heard of father's death, when his life and character were more vivid in memory. Some additional statements are here recorded that

may present phases of his personality with more distinctness. He was not tall, but rather heavy set, slightly round-shouldered, and I heard him say that at times in his life he weighed 150 pounds. His normal weight was below this, as he had no excess of flesh. He was remarkably strong for his size. He always shaved clean, after the fashion of that day. From the time I could remember, he was bald, and in later years wore a wig. His education, obtained in a school in Steubenville, Ohio, the county seat, was up to the best within reach. I have heard grandmother Scott say, "but few got the education he received." Before my time, he taught in the country schools of the community, for seven years.

Father was entrusted with the original home estate, where all his children were born and brought up. In addition to his teaching and preaching, he was always a hard worker on the farm. I have seen him point to a four-acre field, the forest trees of which he cut down and made into fire-wood, before day and after night, while he was teaching, I believe. I often wondered at the speed with which he cut down trees and "logged them off," with swinging strokes that made clear carving. He always kept a first-class axe and sharp for his work. When the worse for use, it must go to Steubenville to be "upset," or put in general good shape again. In his day, father was a great rail-splitter, and I have heard him say that he never was beaten in the races the

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woodsmen had in supplying the rails for the common fences of that time. One race I recall his telling about, was with a big fellow who challenged him in the morning, but in the evening, father was ten rails ahead. The new "clearings" of that day made famous axe-men and "grubbers" of underbrush. Many acres of the old farm were cleared in my time, and the well-smoked eyes are a memory still.

Father had remarkable mechanical skill self-acquired. He could cut and hew logs, making the chips fly with his "broadaxe"; prepare the framework of barns, stables, sheep houses, etc.; put the frames together, make and drive the shingles for the roof. He could make the laths, and plaster the wall with the best. I remember his rule for the nail and hammer in putting on the lath—"one stroke for the hammer to point the nail, and one to drive it home." He could make neatly, chairs, stools, tables, sheep racks of styles, cradles for the harvest, and had his shoe bench for mending shoes and putting on soles. In those pioneer days, folks were thrown more on their ingenuity and resources. Father could swing the cradle and scythe in harvest time with the best, and he was an adept with the primitive sickle, then in frequent use. We always depended on father to do the stacking, which he did in the finest of form. He was a good shot with a rifle, always ready over the door of his bedroom in the old house. I have seen him come in with a fine bunch of squirrels.

He loved the pioneer life of the early settlers, with its log rollings, barn raisings, cabin building with the ample fireplace for the "back log," and "fore sticks"; the corn huskings and industrial and social "frolics" of the friendly neighborhood. When the hillsides were well cleared, and we were living in a fine brick house, and the hearty unconventionalities of the good old time were becoming a memory, I have heard father say "I pine for those days."

A sworn enemy of the liquor traffic, father fought it continually. He was "worthy patriarch" of the Sons of Temperance of the New Alexandria lodge. He was almost always on the school board of the District. I may add here some newspaper clippings that will give additional information on his life and character.

This notice was in the Steubenville *Herald*, the county paper:

"Rev. A. Scott, the father of Rev. T. J. Scott, one of our missionaries in India, died recently at his residence in New Alexandria, Ohio. We knew him intimately for years. He was a good man, a valuable citizen, a devoted Christian, an efficient gospel minister. He has represented his county in the Ohio legislature, has been an itinerant minister, and afterwards, by choice, a local minister; and in all positions he proved himself a true and good man." From a memoir in the Pittsburg Christian Advocate, by the pastor of the local church, Rev. R. S. Hogue, I quote in part: "A

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large circle of friends will mourn the death of Rev. A. Scott, the father of Rev. T. J. Scott, missionary to India. From pious parents he received appropriate religious instruction. In his seventeenth year he was converted to God, while attending a camp meeting at Castleman's run, West Virginia. He at once gave up all wicked companions and sinful pleasures, and devoted himself with great firmness and zeal to the service of God. He connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church in New Alexandria, Jefferson county, Ohio, and for fifty years, as a member thereof, he preserved an unsullied character.

“In 1820, he received license to exhort, and five years later, license to preach. In 1824, he was married to Jane Thompson, in whom he found an amiable and worthy companion. About the year 1838, he joined the Pittsburgh conference, and labored as a traveling preacher four years; but in consequence of ill health, and the cares of a large family, he retired again to the local ranks. As a minister of the gospel he was devoted to his calling and abundant in labors. Until broken down with disease, he was incessant in preaching Christ, and in calling sinners to repentance. In these efforts he was greatly successful. Many, saved by his instrumentality, will rise up and call him blessed.

“Brother Scott possessed the best qualifications of a preacher—a clear head and a warm heart. His style was perspicuous, flowing, and exceed-

ingly fervent. He could both convince the judgment and arouse feelings. But the power of a holy life doubtless contributed much to his success in winning souls. His consistent Christian character gave him the confidence of the people, and enabled him to wield a mighty influence upon those who attended his ministrations of the word. He possessed also, more than ordinary firmness, courage, and energy. These traits with many other excellent qualities, fitted him for a leading man, as he was. The citizens of Jefferson county chose him as their representative in the state Legislature, where he assisted in the repeal of the black code, and in framing the present superior school laws of Ohio.”

An Illustrative Old-Time Letter

As illustrative of the character of our father, and as a private bit of history, giving a glimpse of the dark days of the great civil war, I copy here a letter received in India, in the third year of the war. David was then with Sherman, on the march to the sea.

NEW ALEXANDRIA, Dec. 12th, 1863.

THOMAS AND MARY ELIZABETH SCOTT:

Dear Children: After so long a time, since I last wrote you, I have concluded to send you a short epistle. I owe you an apology for not writing oftener. It is with great difficulty that I write any, being much afflicted with rheumatism and stiffness in my arms and hands, having no one to help me, only those I hire. I have been overburdened with care and anxiety during the last fifteen months. So much by way of apology.

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Your friends and relatives, so far as I know, are in usual health. Nothing out of the ordinary course of occurrences in this region, has taken place since you left here. Clarke is in school in Meadville. He has been there over a year and is making good progress in his studies. Isabel is still at Beaver. They will both go on till they graduate, should my life be continued that long. I intend to start Caroline to school in six or eight months. David is still alive and in good health. We recieved a letter from him a few days since. He is in Georgia. The Cumberland armies have driven the rebels entirely out of Tennessee, and are now in Georgia, driving Bragg's scattered and demoralized army. There is at present, good ground to believe that this wicked rebellion will soon be crushed out. Several states have returned to the Union, and approve of emancipation; and the Union armies have part of every revolted state. Richmond Va, and Charleston, S. C. are not yet taken, but their capture is only a question of time, and not long at that. Lincoln's emancipation proclamation is growing in favor with every body except the traitorous Southerners about in the North. The late elections in all the loyal states, have been a triumphant vindication of the government, the rebel candidates having been nearly all defeated.

I suppose you have some recollection of Vallandigham of Ohio and of his course in congress. After his term expired and he returned, such was his opposition to the government, that he encouraged in every way he could desertion from the army, and discouraged volunteering, until a democratic general had him arrested, and a democratic court martial condemned him to confinement during the war but the President commuted the sentence to banishment to the South among his friends. After being in the South sometime, he left and made his way to Canada. Notwithstanding he was thus in exile, the traitors of Ohio, nominated him for Governor of the state, and did all they could for his election; but he was defeated by over 100,000 votes. Their defeat in the last state elections, has had a crushing

influence on them. They will go down with merited contempt, but that is not enough; they ought to be hung or shot.

The Winter is now on; there cannot be much done until the opening of Spring. The armies must go into Winter quarters. In a few days a draft comes off of 300,000 men. All the men in the Union have been enumerated and divided into two classes; all from twenty up to thirty-five, including bachelors up to forty-five, compose the first class; and from thirty-five to forty-five, the second class. Out of the first class the draft is to be made. There are at this time about 100,000 black men in the service of the United States, most of them in the army, bearing arms, and it is said by their officers, that they fight with a daring courage that even exceeds the white soldiers, and there are recruiting officers in Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Mississippi, and Louisiana, raising black regiments. Congress met on the first Monday of this month. The Union men are largely in the majority. The President's message is a well composed Document. With it he sends out another proclamation declaring a jubilee to all the slaves. I have seen a number of democrats who went into the army bitterly opposed to emancipation, who are now the very strongest advocates for it. I send you in the same mail, the Steubenville Herald, containing the President's Message and Proclamation, and form of an oath to be taken on the return of rebels to their allegiance to the Union, and also the crimes disqualifying those who have committed them, for citizenship. I suppose they, if caught, will be put to death. They ought to hang about nine hundred and ninety-nine in the South, beginning with Jeff Davis, and about the same number in the North, beginning with Vallandigham of Ohio. Many that voted for Vallandigham are now denying that they did so. Some who were democrats but did not vote for him, I suppose, in order to be clear of the name and disgrace of voting for him, went before officers of the peace, and filed their oath that they did not vote for him. So much on the rebellion.

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We received two group photograph likenesses of the missionaries of the M. E. Church in India, and we were very much rejoiced on receiving them. We have ours nicely framed, and an explanatory line well executed, framed in with it so that any one looking at it, can tell whose likenesses they are. We have given it a prominent place in our parlor, and esteem it as a treasure. We also received a box of which you wrote. We did not receive it for five months after you wrote, stating that you had sent it. It came to hand all right and its content, as directed, is distributed. We are always glad to receive your letters. I have been urging the girls to write you frequently, ever since you arrived there. Isabel, Caroline and their mother, want the likeness of that young Indian of yours, very much, so send it as soon as convenient, and we will frame it nicely and regard it as a great treasure. Amanda Dunn is married to Alexander Cunningham, your cousin. I do not remember whether I wrote you of the death of James Cunningham. He was in the army but a short time till he fell sick and soon died in a hospital in Kentucky, and was buried there before his friends knew much about his sickness. They sent and had him taken from the grave, brought home and buried at their place of worship.

We have had the dryest Summer and Fall, I ever recollect to have seen. Most of the springs have gone dry. As a consequence, everything of food kind is selling at fabulous prices; hay, thirty to forty dollars a ton, oats from eighty to ninety cents a bushel, corn one dollar twenty-five to thirty cents a bushel, and straw from fifteen to eighteen dollars a ton, and many more people wanting to buy than sell. The rebellion has had a depressing influence on the Christian churches of this country. Quite a number have left different branches of the church, calling them abolition churches. This proves what manner of spirit they are of, and how they feel toward the Government of the country.

The M. E. Church, in her missionary contributions will far exceed any previous year, perhaps nearly double last

REV. ANDREW SCOTT

year. There is some revival influence spreading over the Pittsburg and West Virginia conferences. There is a better time near I hope, both political and religious. I believe I must close for the present, as I cannot think of anything more worth writing. We unite in our love and best respects and wishes to you both.

Affectionately,

A. SCOTT

Addenda

The following incidents were furnished by Howard Hammond Scott, son of William Scott:

Walking down the valley of Georges run with John Linton, he pointed to a little knoll and said "Your grandfather used to preach there in a school house. One evening the boys more boisterous than usual, filled the space about the door and the aisles so that the people could not get out. It was the custom to line up and see the girls home. The preacher on this occasion being informed that the people could not get through, seized his umbrella which he flourished vigorously and marching down the aisle informed the rascals that he would 'teach them manners.' In another instance, at the mourner's bench, a dog insisted in mingling his cries with the mourners. Grandfather kicked the dog on the head, whereupon the dog died right there and was carried out by the resourceful preacher. Preaching in Cadiz, Ohio, he thought he had failed to make an impression, went to his hotel in an agony of defeat. Years after, a man called his attention to the sermon and said, 'That sermon was the means of my conversion.' "

OUR MOTHER, JANE SCOTT



ONE of the sorest trails encountered by foreign missionaries, in leaving home for their distant fields, if parents are then living, is in the thought that those who tenderly cared for them in childhood and youth, are in the ordinary course of things, beyond their active sympathy and help in declining years, and in the hour of death. I was sadly disappointed in not being able to see father again in the flesh. Mother was still living when we returned to America on furlough in 1875, but we found her feeble and somewhat helpless. She was living with brother David, at the old home, quietly spending the rapidly declining days of life. It was a joy to find her resting in Christ, and living in anticipation of a "bright crown of glory," the hope of which I used to hear her express in class meeting, when I was a small boy.

In the second year of our vacation in the United States, mother lived with my sister Carrie in the village near the old homestead. From her home, mother went up to receive "the crown of glory," February 10, 1877. We had returned to India in the fall of 1876. I knew that in all probability I could not meet her again on earth. In due time the mail brought word of her death, and I then realized that our next meeting would be in the blessed home from which they go no more out for-

ever. A faithful loving heart had ceased to beat on earth.

Mother was born in the town of Enniskillen in Fermanagh county, Ireland, May the 5th, 1805. Her parents emigrated to the United States when she was but two years old, and settled on a farm in Jefferson county, Ohio. In this county mother spent the remaining years of her life. And how can one estimate the life of a loving Christian mother? Memory, quickened by grief, brings out much that seemed lost in oblivion. Mother was a woman of deep religious feeling, and of direct, simple faith in God and eternal things. Her untiring care was that her children should fear God and be true and good. She was constant in all her religious duties. Her children had in her an unfailing lesson of punctuality and regularity in attendance on religious worship. Among my earliest memories of childhood is that of mother teaching me to pray. First it was the little prayer of "Now I lay me down to sleep," and afterwards the Lord's prayer. Word for word the prayer was repeated, in a low and tender voice, then the gentle hand smoothed the pillow and sleep soon followed. I never lost the habit of prayer formed in infant days.

Among those early recollections is one of being with mother in class meetings. A later sweet memory is of quiet Sabbath readings in some story book, sometimes in an out-of-doors place. Mother's singing was low and sweet. A remark-

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able trait was her gentleness and even temper. I cannot now recall one fit of anger. She was gentle and tender and patient with all. I recall it now with wonder, that in a long life, not wanting in care and earnestness and energy, there was such unfailing gentleness and forbearance. She was a woman of marked sympathy for the suffering and needy. I recall many instances of this trait. No suffering or needy one was ever allowed to go away without sympathy and aid. She gave to the poor and took care of the sick with a self-forgetfulness, born only of the purest benevolence. No one can estimate the effect of such a spirit on observing childhood.

Mother was always active and industrious. The care of a large family of seven boys and four girls, ten of whom grew up to maturity—this alone would furnish a large sphere for care and activity. My memory is of mother being always employed early and late, in household or religious duties. She was always ready to share the burden of others. She seemed to have no care for herself, no selfish desire for personal comfort. She was a large strong woman, otherwise she never could have endured the very active life she led for so many years. When we first left for India in 1862, she was still strong, and insisted in adding something to my wardrobe with her own hands, in the way of socks, shirts, bedding, etc. And the dear loving soul, full of loyalty to Christ and His cause, cheerfully sanctioned my going to

JANE SCOTT

the foreign field. Thirteen years later when we returned to America on furlough, she was broken in strength and was nearing the end of life. I found her quiet, cheerful temper, just as I had remembered it in childhood. The setting sun of life was sinking in a serene sky. The change, to her expected, was not far away. She was ready and waiting. Her last days were attended with a good deal of physical suffering. Sometimes she would say, "Dear Lord, if it be thy will, take me to thyself this day." And the waiting was not long. The Master whom she had loved and faithfully served, took her to Himself, and gave her the unfading crown.

WESLEY PATTERSON SCOTT



WESLEY was born on the paternal farm near New Alexandria, February 11, 1825, and died on his farm near Wintersville, Jefferson county, Ohio, November 20, 1887. He was the oldest of eleven children, seven sons and four daughters. All reached mature life except one, Adam Clarke, who died in infancy. Wesley was rather small in stature. He was agile in body and alert in mind. His companions of his schoolboy days testified to his preëminence in games. He was quick to see the absurd and enjoyed a joke. I remember him as quite a gallant among the girls of the community. For some time he pursued the vocation of teaching in a country school. Our father thought him better fitted for a profession than for farming and sent him to Richmond college, a small fully chartered institution in the town of the same name in Jefferson county, Ohio. Wesley was to complete an education with a view to studying medicine. I recall his vacation talks about the study of Latin and conic sections, all of which was cut short after a time, by his engagement for marriage with Miss Nancy Welday, a neighboring farmer's daughter. Medicine was given up for the lure of the soil and free open country, and Wesley became a farmer. For some years he lived on an adjoining farm owned by father. He also occupied for a few years the farm of his

WILLIAM THOMPSON SCOTT

father-in-law, a few miles away. Later he purchased a beautiful farm in the same county, where he spent the rest of his days.

While in the Richmond college, Wesley was converted, and as to his religious life, I quote from an obituary notice of his death, written by his pastor, Rev. J. A. Rutledge: "For about forty years he was an active member in the church. He served as recording steward on the Wintersville circuit with great acceptability for about ten years. He was a faithful husband, a kind father, an excellent neighbor, loyal to the church and humble before God. He was a man beloved by all, and will be greatly missed by his friends." Wesley had been a class leader before he moved to Wintersville circuit. I remember him as a quiet, sunshiny member of the family, and in after life as a man of beautiful Christian spirit. He encouraged me in my college course, writing me sometimes. It is remarkable that I do not recall a single unbecoming act or word in his life.

WILLIAM THOMPSON SCOTT



WILLIAM was our second brother, born in the old home, December 18, 1826, and departed this life, September 28, 1898, on his farm home, near Smithfield, Jefferson county, Ohio. William was physically a larger man than Wesley, and at his best was noted for his strength and agility. I recall

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his running, jumping, and wrestling as a young man. I used to marvel at his jumping fences. He was good with his rifle, as the decreasing game of the country was exploited. I remember something of our tramps in the woods for anything that might be bagged. In one instance, a ground hog, startled by our intrusion, sat up at a long distance away, to see what was going on. A shot from William's rifle laid the groundhog out, and we took his skin and moved on.

William was a great worker, and was largely father's dependence. Wesley and Clarke and myself, left home rather early, for college. James was lame from childhood. David came in for his full share of work before he went into the army. William married Miss Margaret Elliot, daughter of James Elliot, owner of a woolen factory, on Cross creek, about three miles from our home. James Elliot was connected with an Irish Elliot family, that gave Methodism two of its most noted preachers, Simon Elliot and his younger brother Charles, a scholarly author as well as preacher and editor. I believe James was a brother of these two, who were born in Ireland. Of Simon it is recorded in Bishop Simpson's Cyclopedia of Methodism, that "He was a man of talent, culture, and unflinching Christian integrity. . . . He filled a number of leading stations in the Pittsburg conference, and was in succession, presiding elder of several districts." Charles Elliot was, in turn, editor of the Pittsburg Conference Journal, now

ELIZABETH SCOTT

the Pittsburg Christian Advocate, the Western Christian Advocate, and the Central Christian Advocate. He was an author of ability. "Elliot on Romanism" is a standard book. Charles Elliot was for a time president of the Iowa Wesleyan University. He was nine times a member of the General Conference.

William Scott was a model farmer, thrifty and unsparing in hard work, and he made a very comfortable home for his family. For some years he occupied a farm adjoining the old homestead, which father had secured. To this William added some land nearer New Alexandria. All this he sold and purchased a very desirable farm with a good house, near Smithfield, Ohio, where he lived till his death.

William was later in joining the Church than the rest of us, but when he came in and took his place with his devoted Christian wife, he became a leading member, and a faithful and generous supporter of the Church. He was an honored citizen of the community, and for a time was on the grand jury of the State.

ELIZABETH SCOTT



ELIZABETH was the oldest of our four sisters, born in the old home, December 18, 1826, and died, April 15, 1912, in her home, St. Clairsville, Ohio.

She was a remarkable personality. I remember

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her well from my boyhood days, as a bright cheerful girl, with an eye to humor and a bit of fun. I recall her sisterly and even mother-like affection and care for us younger children. She was interested in our games and lessons, and in nutting would lead us to where the nuts might be found, and even sowed them in the leaves where we might go. I recall the pennies she gave me, to be brave and go to school, when I had the weak excuse of a not very sore foot. When at the common school, she was interested in my progress, corrected my spelling and pronunciation, and helped out with the problems and "sums" in arithmetic, hard for a lad. She often wrote me letters in my college days at Delaware, Ohio, and with Mr. Welday made me a visit there.

When nineteen years of age, Elizabeth was married to Henry C. Welday, brother of Wesley's wife. They remained a time on his father's farm, then Henry purchased a fine farm near Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, where they spent some years, meantime touring the States in various directions. Their idea was to unite profitable pleasure with life's toil. Finally the farm was sold and Henry purchased what had been the home of Governor Shannon, a fine house with thirteen acres of land, near St. Clairsville, Ohio. Here Mr. Welday with others organized the first National Bank of that town.

During my time on the Cadiz circuit, I had some very enjoyable visits with Henry and Elizabeth at

ELIZABETH SCOTT

this home, and also on furloughs from India. From the time Elizabeth had said good-bye, with tears in her eyes, on our departure for India, till the day of her death, she maintained a sisterly interest in me as a brother, and missionary, and in my wife as a dear sister. Her thought for the foreign missionary cause was manifested in the endorsement of a permanent scholarship of \$1,000 in the Theological Seminary at Bareilly, India. When we retired from the field in 1906, she was assiduous in seeing that we were comfortably settled in Ocean Grove, N. J. An invalid for years, and then in a weak state of body, she insisted in doing with her own hands many little matters for the house, and putting in some useful furniture. In her will she left a substantial sum to supplement our retired missionary allowance. By the death of Mr. Welday she was left a widow for some years. He had been a kind and worthy husband and she mourned his death till her own released her for the home where kindred souls are united forever. The following extract from an obituary notice on her death, in the *Belmont Chronical*, a local paper, illustrates her life and character: "She was a life long member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a liberal giver in all good causes, an active church worker until the past few years, when ill health confined her to her home. Although she had been in poor health for many years, her mental powers were strong until the day of her death."

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The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the St. Clairsville Church passed the following memorial statement: "Sister Welday was a tower of strength to our Missionary Society, having been a charter member; and though in late years her frail health prevented her taking an active part in the work, she was a continual inspiration to the Society. Mrs. Welday was a loved and honored member of the Methodist Episcopal Church of St. Clairsville for almost her entire lifetime. No appeal for counsel or help in a worthy cause was ever made to her in vain; and in the cause of missions especially, she gave her service cheerfully, and her money with delight.

We rejoice that we have had this beautiful life, associated with us in our work, and though she has gone to her reward, we shall always be conscious of the blessed influence which she left as a sacred heritage."

A few years later, the succeeding pastor of her church in St. Clairsville, Rev. L. L. Fisher, wrote me, "I have heard the people here speak very kindly of your sister, and I now understand it, since I know she was a Jefferson county Scott, and your sister."

JAMES SCOTT

JAMES SCOTT



AMES was born in the home near New Alexandria, January 11, 1833, and died in Wellsville, Ohio, November 27, 1909. He was older mate with me in the family, but from early boyhood he became lame from a diseased knee, which hindered in a measure our boyhood plays together and rambles over the hills and through the forests. He was in a general way robust and of strong build. On seeing his photograph, I recall a friend saying, "Why, he looks like the Tzar of all the Russias." Uncle Matthew Thompson called to him as he approached, "Why, Jimmie, you look like Daniel Webster!" But the lame knee was a felt handicap in his life. Notwithstanding this, he was a jovial spirit, and enjoyed a sally of humor, giving way to boisterous laughter.

James bowed at the same penitent form at a revival in our village church, where I was converted, in 1853, and gave his heart to God. I recall our father making a pad of his overcoat for the lame knee where James was kneeling. Incapacitated for active outdoor labor, he learned the trade of a tailor, and also clerical work. He enjoyed doing a little outside about the paternal home, in making various decorations of flowers, shrubs, and rustic seats, etc. The hens were a vexation to him in destroying his seed sowing, and called out many a malediction against his "foul"

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tormentors. Yet a good chicken dinner atoned somewhat.

In his last years, James was quite an invalid, and spent his days in the home of David and Carrie. He died in her home, where he chiefly spent his last years. He had been more feeble than usual for a few weeks, and not appearing on time in the morning, they went to his room, and found him lying on his side as he usually slept, as if he had without any pain or struggle, peacefully entered the sleep that wakes no more on earth.

MARY JANE SCOTT WARREN



MARY JANE was the second of our four sisters. She was born in the ancestral home, near New Alexandria, Ohio, April 14, 1838, and died in her home in Steubenville, Ohio, January 26, 1911. In her name she had the name of our mother and her sister Mary, known among us as "dear aunt Mary," Mary Jane, who always got her full name in the family, was separated in the order of ages, from Elizabeth, by James and myself, so that she was not quite a mate for Elizabeth, and received from her, rather a maternal than sisterly companionship. Mary Jane in age was nearer to me, and we often went over the hills after the cows together, or gathered apples, or larkspurs, ox-eye daisies, and the aromatic pennyroyal from the fields. She was as a girl very chatty and

MARY JANE SCOTT WARREN

matter of fact, yet of a quiet, retiring, gentle disposition. In after years when living in Steubenville, she said to me, in explanation of mingling so little in society—"O, I am a country girl, and not of town society."

September the 9th, 1858, she was married to Mr. Simon Warren, who was the village school teacher at the time. They afterwards lived on his farm near Wintersville, Ohio, where their four children were born. Her husband, an intelligent, honorable citizen, passed from earth some years before her death, which took place at their home at the time, in Steubenville, Ohio, where the family had removed. The city papers recorded the following, in the notice of her death: "The deceased was a popular woman, being beloved and respected by many outside her family, by reason of her beautiful traits of character. She was a lifelong member of the Methodist church. She was interested in religion and charitable work, and devotedly attached to her church." Another paper stated: "Mrs. Warren was a noble Christian woman, and a devoted wife and mother, and a consistent member of the first Methodist Episcopal church in this city." I never will forget that Mary Jane's appeal, in the revival in which I was converted, when she was only fifteen years of age, was the first thing that reached my heart. This was on our way home from the meeting in which she was converted, having first given her heart to God that evening.

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Mary Jane was the mother of four children as intimated, one of whom, named Marcle, died in infancy; another, Scott, a bright promising young man, died when about completing his education; Elizabeth married a Methodist preacher, Rev. Mr. Roberts; Joseph La Monte is an active business man in Steubenville, where he took care of his widowed mother.

DAVID M. SCOTT



DAVID is the fifth of seven sons. He was born in the country home in Jefferson County, Ohio, near New Alexandria, August 30, 1841, and was brought up on the ancestral estate, to the activities of agricultural life. His education began in the home village school and was continued in Mt. Union college after he came out of the civil war with the loss of his right arm. His war story is given in this booklet. He was married October 3, 1873, to Miss Mary Clancy, daughter of Rev. Charles Clancy. They have a family of six children, two daughters and four sons.

When I left for India in 1862, David had been father's main stay on the farm, as the rest of us were out on our own life line. He had volunteered in the civil war for the restoration of the Union. We both left home about the same time, he for the front of the army, I for India. Our dear, Christian mother, loyal to God and the country, re-

DAVID M. SCOTT

marked to me "I give you as cheerfully to India as I do David for the preservation of the Union." David went through to the sea with Sherman, enduring all the dangers and hardships of the war; was in many battles and in the last engagement of the war, at Bentonville, N. C., lost his right arm. It was after the war he took a course of study at Mt. Union College. On father's death in 1865, David had charge of the home farm, which he, for years, managed well, till he made it over to his son Louis. It was said that David raised some record crops of wheat.

When Louis took charge of the farm, David moved into New Alexandria and fitted up a comfortable home hard by the church, remodeling the old Spencer home, with its famous well-pump, still refreshing the village. As a citizen David stood for prohibition of the liquor traffic. He was converted as a mere lad, something more than six years of age, in the same revival in which I was converted, under the preaching of Rev. James Rodgers. He became a leading member of the church at New Alexandria, and he with his son Louis and a nephew, Henry Welday Scott, were the chief factors in building the beautiful church that adorns the village. It is largely memorial of the Scott family and their relatives. David became the caretaker of the church, and his district superintendent remarked to the writer that his judgment in all affairs was always reliable. David gave two sons to the great world war. At

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this writing, January, 1920, he still lives in the village of New Alexandria, enjoying the respect and confidence of the entire community.

ADAM CLARKE SCOTT



LARKE, as he was familiarly called in the family, was born March 23, 1843, in the old home, and died in Sedalia, Missouri, October 5, 1887. He was the youngest of six brothers who reached manhood. One little brother, bearing the same name, died in childhood. Clarke was David's chum. As a small boy he was chubby and muscular and very active. He was not tall as a man, but grew to be quite heavy for his frame, weighing about 190 pounds. He graduated from Mt. Union College, Ohio, and then took up the study of law. In 1865 he went to Sedalia, Mo., where for a short time he taught school, and then applied himself to the practice of law. He filled the post of justice of the peace, states attorney, and United States commissioner.

Clarke had grown out of his teens, graduated, and entered on life's activities, while we were in India. We corresponded some and he always seemed cheerful and with his face to the bright side of things. On my return to America in 1885, Mrs. Scott had preceded me, to put our children in school. I came two years later, and took in Sedalia in coming east, to meet Clarke, after

ADAM CLARKE SCOTT

nearly a quarter of a century. I had given him the train in which I would arrive, but we did not recognize one another. He said he only knew me by the outlandish foreign baggage I carried. I was surprised to find the slight lad I had left years before, grown into a corpulent heavy man. We met again, and for the last time, a year later in our old home in Ohio. He died while we were in India, and was interred in the family burying ground, near New Alexandria. Clarke was never married. He was a handsome man of very pleasing address; made friends and never lost them. A local paper of Sedalia, had this reference to his death:

“A. C. Scott was one of the most intelligent men that Sedalia has ever numbered among its inhabitants. He was generous, kind, and faithful always, and those who knew him best were his warmest admirers. In 1866 he began practicing his profession, and was soon recognized as one of the ablest attorneys in the city. A few years ago he was appointed United States commissioner, and served with ability and honor, until death claimed him.”

HANNAH ISABELLE SCOTT



ELLE, as she was familiarly called, was born in the family home near New Alexandria, Jefferson county, Ohio, June 3, 1846. She is the third of four sisters, and the only one who survives. She was

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converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at the age of fifteen years, and has ever since maintained a life of piety and usefulness. Her education was commenced in the home village school, continued in the public school of St. Clairsville, Ohio, during her stay with a sister, and carried on further in Beaver College, Penna., from which she graduated in 1865.

As above intimated, a part of her girlhood was spent with her sister Elizabeth in St. Clairsville at whose house she was married September 14, 1871, to Dr. Samuel L. Jepson, of Wheeling, whose former home was in St. Clairsville. Mrs. Jepson is the mother of four daughters, viz., Bessie Welday, Ada Cleveland, Jennie Scott and Isabelle Harwood. Her husband, Dr. Jepson, after graduating and serving a year as interne in The Cincinnati Hospital, located in Wheeling, W. Va., and after a few years sought additional efficiency in his profession by nearly a year of observation and study in Edinburgh, London and Vienna.

The doctor and his wife are active members of the Presbyterian Church. He was elected a ruling elder of the First Presbyterian Church of Wheeling in 1873, and his wife, after serving for five years as President of The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of this church, was elected as the first President of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Presbyterian Society of the newly organized Presbytery of Wheeling which included fifteen churches. She has also always taken an active

CAROLINE MELISSA SCOTT

interest in all the church benevolences and other forms of religious work.

At this writing, January, 1920—Dr. Jepson is State Health Commissioner of West Virginia, a position that he has held since 1913 and that necessitates the family's residence in Charleston, the state capitol.

CAROLINE MELISSA SCOTT



CARRIE, as she was always named in the family, was the youngest of our four sisters, born in the home near New Alexandria, October 12, 1848, and died in her home in Wellsville, Ohio, September 5, 1911. I remember her well as a little girl, tall for her age, and straight as an arrow, and rather grave in manner for her years. She and Belle, just older, were a pair, and I recall how when they were small, father walked off with one on each arm. I am surprised how little of the juvenile life of these younger members of the family remains with me, which I can record. These two sisters, however, were not fully grown when we sailed for India.

Carrie was not robust in health, and later, when attending the Woman's College, at Beaver, Pennsylvania, she had to give up her course of study. She was quiet and gentle in manner, and of a consecrated Christian life. In some respects, she

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seemed more like our mother than the other sisters.

Carrie was twice married and twice became a widow. Her first husband was an excellent young man by the name of Scott, son of a worthy father, living near Smithfield, Ohio, but not related to our family. My memory is that he lived only about a year. The pious character of Carrie was revealed in a letter she wrote me in India, by the sad sweet spirit of resignation, in her great bereavement. Her second husband was Clarke McCann, the son of a devoted Christian, a member of the Methodist Church in New Alexandria. Carrie visited us in Ocean Grove with Elizabeth, and helped to get our new home in order. Sitting with us on the beach one day, she looked out on the "murmuring sea," and remarked, "There is nothing beyond that," meaning the sweep of the trackless deep. We did not then realize how soon she would pass to the eternal realm, beyond the sea of life. Later I met her in a visit to Mary Jane's home in Stuebenville, then in declining health. As we parted at the railway, she expressed to me her confident and happy trust in God in all things. The next time I saw her, she was robed in death, with garlands of flowers about her, placed by loving hands. Her home was left desolate for her two daughters, both then married, but with the blessed memory of a saintly mother, one of the purest souls that ever lived.

Carrie was always deeply interested in our mis-

CAROLINE MELISSA SCOTT

sion work, raising and contributing money for it. A few extracts from a press notice of her death will show the estimate in which she was held in her community: "At 6:30, Monday morning, September 5, Mrs. Caroline M. McCann was called to enter into the life that knows no pain nor sorrow. She had lived here for twenty-five years, and although of a quiet and unassuming disposition, she was loved by all who knew her, and especially was she the friend of the poor. Her life has been spent in the interest of others; and during her last illness not a word of complaint passed her lips. Knowing there was no hope of ultimate recovery, she was always cheerful, and was ready to answer the summons at any hour. She had been a life-long member of the Methodist Church, and was prominently identified with the Home and Foreign Missionary Societies. For a number of years she was president of the latter, and at the time of her death, was treasurer. She was also a member of The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and was deeply interested in all lines of Christian work."

REUNION OF THE SCOTT FAMILY



THE following notice appeared in a local county paper: "On July the 4th, 1886, there will be a reunion of the Scott family at the home of D. M. Scott, near New Alexandria, Ohio. All relatives and connections are invited to attend a picnic at the old original home, now occupied by D. M. Scott. This is where James Scott, Father of Rev. Andrew Scott, deceased, formerly of the Pittsburg Conference, and well known in Jefferson county, settled at the beginning of this century. The reunion is of the descendants and relatives of this family. It is requested that all who may be able to attend, send their names to D. M. Scott, New Alexandria, Jefferson Co., Ohio."

After the affair, the following appeared in the Steubenville *Herald*, the leading paper of the county:

"The Scott family reunion at New Alexandria, Ohio, was a very pleasant affair. There were present, nine children, nineteen grandchildren, and one great-grandchild, of the late Rev. Andrew Scott, formerly of the Pittsburg Conference. His son, Rev. T. J. Scott, and grandson, Rev. J. E. Scott, were present as returned missionaries from India. About eighty persons, representing some fifteen families, were present from Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Missouri, and India. There were of the family and connections present,

REUNION OF SCOTT FAMILY

representatives of the law, medicine, ministry, army, trade, and agriculture. A bountiful fourth of July dinner was served, after which several short speeches were made. It was stated that no member of the family had ever been arraigned as a criminal. No divorce had ever occurred in any branch of the family, that had spread from the old stock a hundred years ago, and now numbering hundreds of persons. 'The Old House at Home,' and 'Far Away, Far Away,' were sung, and after a very pleasant day, the company broke up, some of them to go to widely separated homes."

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF T. J. SCOTT

(WRITTEN ON REPEATED REQUESTS)



WAS born in Jefferson county, Ohio, October 4, 1853. My father, Rev. Andrew Scott, was born in Washington county, Pennsylvania. He was for some time a member of the old Pittsburg Conference, and later represented his county in the state Legislature. My paternal grandparents came to the United States from Ireland, soon after the American revolution, and early settled in Jefferson county, Ohio, taking up a large landed estate, still in the hands of the family. My maternal grandparents, also, were from the north of Ireland, and they too were early settlers in the same locality, soon after the revolution. Grandparents on both sides were Scotch-Irish from sturdy Ulster Province. My mother's maiden name was Jane Thompson. She was born in Enniskillen and came to the United States with her parents when a child of two years. My grandfathers were enterprising yeomen, who, dissatisfied with political conditions in Ireland, emigrated to the land of new-found liberty.

My early primary education was received in a public school house on my father's farm. Early training was strictly religious. I was converted under the preaching of Rev. James Rogers, an

T. J. SCOTT

Irish local preacher, January 27, 8 o'clock in the evening, 1853, in the Methodist Church in our village, New Alexandria. I had passed my seventeenth year. Conversion was instantaneous, vivid, powerful, and accompanied by a soft sweet light, which seemed to come from above, and thrilled through my whole frame; and all left an impression of the supernatural, remaining undimmed till the present hour. Not long after conversion, I felt moved to preach, and received license to exhort, and soon after (1855) license to preach. In those days, 1854 I believe, as I walked in a field near home, thinking of the darkness and need of the heathen world, I seemed to hear a voice asking, "Will you go?" I looked up and replied audibly, "I will go, Lord." This was a crisis in thought and feeling, and I was ever afterward consciously and cheerfully ready to go to the foreign field, and thought the call would come in some practical way.

I soon after began my education for the ministry, and in 1856 finished a classical academic course, in Richmond College, Jefferson country, Ohio, and the same year entered the Ohio Wesleyan University, from which I graduated in 1860. The thought of the foreign field for mission work quietly influenced all my thinking and study. The missionary Lyceum of the University was a frequented place.

On graduating, I entered the Pittsburg conference and gave my name as ready for the foreign

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field. I was stationed at Cadiz, O., the county seat of Harrison Co. In 1862, when a call came for a party of missionaries for India, to join Dr. William Butler, Bishop Harris, then missionary secretary, sent in my name. He had been my teacher for four years of college life. I was appointed and sailed with my wife and others from Boston in the ship "Guiding Star," September 2, 1862. My wife is a daughter of Rev. N. C. Worthington, deceased, then of the old Pittsburg conference. She has been with me all the years of work in India, bearing the heat and burden of the day. For six years we were stationed in Budaon city, in the District of Budaon, Rohilkhand. Our work was largely evangelistic among the villages, and the supervision of mission schools. In 1869, I was appointed presiding elder of the Bareilly District, and we moved to Bareilly. In 1872 I aided in founding the Bareilly Theological Seminary, and from that till 1904 when I resigned, was connected with it in some way, most of the time as principal. My connection with the Seminary began an epoch in my India career. Here I threw myself into the preparation of a native ministry, which made possible the mass movement of the Methodist mission. Here I had more opportunity for literary work, and the following partial list of books was produced: The translation and adaptation of Whedon's commentary on the New Testament, 5 volumes, Hindustani; Missionary Life among the Villages of India, English; India Sunday Manual,

English; Sparks from the Anvil of a busy Missionary, English; Homiletics, Hindustani; Natural Theology, Hindustani; Harmony of the Gospels, Hindustani; Church Polity, Hindustani; Translation of Sell's Moslem Philosophy, into Hindustani; Bible Dictionary, translation of Barr into Hindustani; Translation into Hindustani of Hooper's Christianity, Islam, and Hinduism compared; Two volumes of Theology in English and the same in Hindustani; Editorial work on 8 volumes of Whedon's commentary on the Old Testament, translated and adapted in Hindustani; Work on the Committee translating the New Testament into Hindi; Work on the Committee translating the New Testament into Hindustani. Besides all this is a variety of published tracts and essays in English, Hindustani, and Hindi.

Another crisis came in my work in India at Cawnpore in 1888. In 1872, at the great decennial conference of missionaries held at Allahabad, in a paper I urged the formation of an India Sunday School Union. In 1876 in a Sunday School convention held in Allahabad, such a Sunday School Union was launched. Much of the time I was connected with this till 1888, when at a meeting of the Union held at Cawnpore, I resigned as president, and, overburdened with many mission duties, I urged my release from all connection with the Union. To my great surprise, I was again elected as general secretary, and seeking to resign, was urged to retain the office. Clear and strong

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came the thought like a call, that it was of God, and I took up the work again with a new and powerful conviction of duty, and with a purpose to make something permanent and more aggressive of the Union. I never rested until I secured the appointment of a general secretary to give his whole time to the work of the union. Dr. James L. Phillips, an India missionary then at home in America, was offered the post and consented to take it up, and the India Sunday School Union, perhaps now the most efficient missionary agency for the evangelization of India, began a new departure. Next to my work in the Theological Seminary, in the training of native preachers and teachers, I think my efforts in this Sunday School line, my most effective work in India. Thrice I sat in the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church (1896, 1904, 1908) as a regular delegate, and thrice I was a reserve delegate, once in each capacity as a retired missionary. During my missionary career, I visited the United States four times, *i.e.*, 1874, 1885, 1895, 1904. In these visits I have made extensive tours either by direction of the Mission Board or by the call of churches, urging the cause of missions or giving lectures descriptive of the work, the country, and the people. In 1906 I retired from the regular duty of the field, but have continued by voice and pen to maintain my best endeavor in the interest of world evangelism.

OCEAN GROVE, N. J.

T. J. SCOTT.

THE SCOTTS IN WAR HISTORY

JOHN SCOTT, SON OF ANCESTOR JAMES SCOTT



JOHN SCOTT, father's brother, often told us of his fighting the Indians, under General William Henry Harrison. A famous battle was fought on the banks of the Tippecanoe river, November 5, 1811, in which he was engaged as I understood him. I heard him speak in great praise of General Harrison, as "a powerful heavy weighty general." He told how they were posted as skirmishers against the Indians, and that he saw one man who had been scalped. The war of 1812 with England came on, and I believe uncle John participated for he was in the army at the time.

WESLEY PATTERSON SCOTT, SON OF REV. ANDREW SCOTT



WESLEY PATTERSON SCOTT was a civil war veteran in the rebellion of 1861-1865. He was captured in the raid of the rebel Morgan into Ohio, and was paroled. He afterward volunteered in the 147th volunteer regiment and did duty in guarding prisoners at Fort Delaware.

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DAVID M. SCOTT, SERGEANT 52D OHIO VOLUNTEER-
ING INF., SON OF ANDREW SCOTT



VERY shortly after the outbreak of the Great Rebellion the "Red Cane Company" was organized at New Alexandria, Ohio. About one hundred young men were drilled in formations and the Manual of Arms on Saturday afternoons or evenings. With a single exception every member of this organization entered the military service. The "Red Cane Company" received its name from the red, five-foot hickory staves which served as weapons during drill hours—many of which were stacked from time to time at the old Scott homestead—mine, with D. S. deeply engraved in it, remains there still.

I enlisted at New Alexandria, August 11, 1862, at the old brick church. Company E, 52d O. V. I., the outfit with which I became affiliated and served my whole time, was organized at Steubenville, Ohio, August 17, 1862.

Practically the whole community turned out August 18 to see the recruits entrain at New Alexandria station to join the outfit at Steubenville. So I left home not to return again until the war was over, nearly three years later—what changes were to take place in those intervening years!

We left Steubenville for Camp Dennison near Cincinnati, August 19 in passenger cars. Here we received partial equipment, though we did not

receive tents or the necessary number of blankets till much later in the fall after we had undergone much hardship in the way of cold and snow.

The war began to be very real now—we left Camp Dennison in cattle cars, arriving at Lexington, Ky., August 26, and left here on a forced all-night march to reënforce General Nelson at Richmond, Ky., but were only able to help cover his retreat from the Kentucky River to Lexington; we then marched to Louisville, Ky. This was our first march and it covered about one hundred and seventy miles.

The 8th of September found us in the Battle of Perryville—less than a month after we entered the service. Early in the morning our regiment took Chaplain's Hill which proved to be the key position—this we held throughout the fight. This was a trying experience, especially since we had to lie inactive a great part of the day while the enemy repeatedly assaulted McCook's Corp on our left flank, this outfit containing many friends and relatives of the boys in the 52d—a hard trial for men to undergo.

From here we went to Nashville, Tenn., where we did garrison duty at Fort Negley during the winter of 1862–1863, taking part in the Second Battle of Stone River meanwhile. Here a complete reorganization was affected, we became a part of the Army of the Cumberland and participated in all of its movements from this time onward. It is impossible even to mention all the

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conflicts in which we were engaged. The mere names of Chickamauga, September 19–20, 1863, and Missionary Ridge, November 23–25, 1863, suggest to the student of history not only the details of those costly struggles but also the many lesser engagements leading up to each. Buzzards' Roost, Tunnel Hill, Resaca, Rome, Kenesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek, Jonesboro, what a host of so-called "minor engagements" of this and succeeding campaigns crowd the memory—names which mean much to him who was there—names enshrined with tender memories in many a home whose young life was spent on those Southern fields!

The winter of 1863–1864 was spent in the vicinity of Missionary Ridge. We camped at McAfee's Church, later at Lee and Gordon's Mill—at the latter place a picture was taken of our Company which I treasure highly. Also an interesting and amusing incident took place—the "Snowball Battle." Nearly a foot of snow fell the evening of February 22, and the next morning was an ideal one for a snowball fight. In some manner or other the 52d Ohio and the 86th Illinois regiments got into a hot contest, which raged for some time until the 86th, getting the worst of the argument, called for help and was reënforced by the 125th Illinois. The 22d Indiana immediately came to the aid of the 52d. As the conflict waxed more furious, stones, clubs and other missiles began to fly back and forth until it seemed likely the fun

would end in a serious disturbance and the Brigade Commander hurried forth and gave the "Call to Quarters," saying as he did so, with much relish and profane emphasis, "They'll fight, all right!"

On May 1, 1864, after thorough reorganization and some replacement General Sherman, carrying out the plan of campaign agreed upon, began his famous "March to the Sea." What need we write here of that daring raid which took us through the heart of the Confederacy to Atlanta September 4th and to the Fall of Savannah at the Christmas season 1864! This feat has been immortalized in American prose, poetry and song—no school boy is ignorant of the purpose, details and consequences of this most striking tactical movement of the Rebellion.

Immediately following the successful termination of this drive General Sherman began the series of maneuvers which were to crush the enemy in a chain of engagements in Georgia and the Carolinas and eventuate in the union of the Armies of the Cumberland and the Potomac. We must leave to others the task of telling the story of the almost constant conflict in which we were engaged during the next months and confine ourselves to the last of General Sherman's battles with the forces under General Johnson, because of a peculiar personal interest attaching to that final struggle.

The battle of Bentonville, N. C., fought March

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18-19, 1865, "for the time it lasted was the most sanguinary battle of the war, and the only serious one between Atlanta and Raleigh"—so writes one historian. Only the briefest sketch may be given here. We went into action about ten o'clock on the morning of March 18. The Brigade was continuously shifted to the left in order to reach better battle position, being repeatedly attacked by the foe. It was while we were repelling the sixth distinct charge at about three o'clock in the afternoon that a Minie ball struck my right arm, shattering the bone between the elbow and shoulder. I was accompanied by a comrade to an ambulance about one half mile back through the dense pine wood and morass in which the battle was fought. At a field hospital a couple of miles to the rear the amputation was made and next day we were moved to Goldsboro, N. C. After two weeks we were taken to Newburn, N. C., and shortly afterward by hospital ship "Northern Light" we were transferred to David's Island, New York Harbor.

On June 28 I was moved to the City Assembly Rooms, New York City, to await orders for transportation home. These orders came on the morning of July 3d, and after an exceedingly restless day I took train in the evening and the following evening, July 4, 1865, I landed at New Alexandria station. Home again! But what changes had been wrought in me—in the community—in the whole world! What words could express my feel-

DAVID ELWOOD SCOTT

ings as I turned my footsteps toward the old homestead! How can I utter the thoughts which arise in me now as I contemplate the events of those momentous years!

DAVID ELWOOD SCOTT, FIRST LIEUT. AND CHAPLAIN,
60TH U. S. INF., 5TH DIVISION, SON OF DAVID
M. SCOTT



THE desire which I had to enter the Service at the outbreak of the World War was held in check chiefly by one thing—the advent of our second girl, August 14, 1917.

About the middle of April, 1918, I applied for a Chaplaincy and in accordance with the system I enlisted May 31 and entered the Training School at Camp Zachary Taylor, near Louisville, Ky. July 5 I was commissioned first lieutenant and chaplain in the National Army, and that evening I left for Steubenville, Ohio, where I spent a dozen days very busily engaged in preparing to sever church, community and home ties. July 18 I left my wife and two little girls at Steubenville and took train for New York where I boarded the British ship "Orca," Sunday, July 21. The next day we left harbor for the scene of conflict, being a part of a great fleet, safeguarded on departure, journey and arrival in the manner now familiar to all.

We took an extreme northerly route, meeting

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with sharp cold and snow, sighted land at noon August 2 and landed at Liverpool, England, next day, leaving for Southampton the same evening. Here we remained until Monday night, crossing the Channel to Havre on the "Yale," reaching France at daybreak, August 6. We left Havre late next evening bound for the G. H. Q. at Chaumont, spending a day at Paris enroute—heard two shells strike the city near our hotel while there.

At Chaumont, August 13 I was assigned to the 60th U. S. Infantry, 5th Division and served my entire time with that outfit. Left Chaumont that afternoon and at Epinal that night, while waiting for the departure of the munition train which was to take me to my regiment, I was initiated into the realities of modern warfare—the first Hun air raid was made on Epinal and about forty bombs were dropped in an endeavor to reach the very station where we and our train lay. Next day I reported to my outfit, then in the St. Die sector, Vosges Mts., and took up my quarters in the war-wrecked town Raon L'etape, on the Plaine.

August 23 we left this rather quiet sector and entered upon a few weeks intensive training, varied by movements from place to place, via Epinal and Nancy, drawing constantly nearer the time and place of the St. Mihiel drive. We entered that drive the morning of the 12th of September, between the ruined village Regnieville en Haye on the right and Remenauville on the left. The seven days spent in the drive—part in re-

DAVID ELWOOD SCOTT

serve—part in the fight—part in the aftermath, burying the dead—these days left little more for war to reveal.

Being “Shock Troops” we withdrew for rest, reorganization and replacement, going to the Villa St. Etienne on the Moselle, near Toul. After spending two weeks here and at Lay St. Remy we went by truck to Blercourt October 4 and began our march by stages to the scene of the Meuse-Argonne drive. While in camp in the shell-pitted Bois de Hesse October 8 I received four letters from my wife, the first word from home.

October 12 we entered the drive, taking position about ten kilometers north of Montfaucon, between Briulles on the east and Romagne on the west. Let the Division Commander, Major-General Ely in a statement made November 11 tell the story of our work here:

“In the thirty days preceding the armistice this Division was seriously engaged under shell, rifle and machine-gun fire twenty-seven days. In the past two weeks no day has passed that some town, wood or hill has not been wrested from the enemy. In succession the following were captured: Boise de Rappes, Aincreville, Bois de Babiemont, Clery le Grand, Briulles, Doulon, Dun-sur-Meuse Liny, range of hills east of the Meuse forming the bridgehead, Vilosnes, Milly, Lion, Murvaux, Fontaines, Chateau, Chamois, Mouzay, Brandeville, Foret de Weovre, Jametz, Remoiville, Louppy.”

In a letter to the Division Commander General

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Pershing refers to our forcing of the crossing of the Meuse as "one of the most brilliant feats in the history of the American Army in France."

This in brief is the story of my Division's part in that drive which cost us 6,078 casualties. My own part may be quickly and accurately learned by perusal of the following General Order.

HEADQUARTERS NINTH INFANTRY BRIGADE.

31st December 1918.

GENERAL ORDERS.

No. 11.

The following named officer is cited in General Orders for distinguished conduct in action:

1st Lieut. and Chaplain David E. Scott, 60th Infantry.

For extraordinary heroism and devotion to duty during the Meuse-Argonne Offensive, October 12-November 11, 1918. Chaplain Scott displayed great bravery in going "over the Top" with the troops in the attack on Bois de Pultiere, and remaining constantly with the first echelon, encouraging the men and setting a fine example of fearlessness and courage under terrific machine gun and artillery fire.

By command of Brigadier General Castner.

Signed RAY K. CHALFANT.

Major and Adjutant.

I always carried a Colt automatic—at one time a rifle, and a shotgun upon one occasion—once had the pleasure of firing a 155 mm. gun. Also performed the Chaplain's work of burial and ministration to the best of my ability.

On November 23 we started a series of moves

DAVID ELWOOD SCOTT

via Marville, Spincourt; Longuyon and Longwy into the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. On December 1 I went to the field hospital at Longuyon, having contracted the influenza, it no doubt being encouraged by the serious intestinal disorder which had troubled me for six weeks. December 13 I rejoined my regiment at Dalheim, Luxembourg, and three days later we moved to Esch, Luxembourg, a mill town of some twenty thousand inhabitants.

Here we remained in the Line of Communication, and here I left the Division May 10, reaching Brest Port May 22, having traveled by way of Metz, Paris, Vierzon, St. Aignan and Tours, staying at St. Aignan nine days. On Memorial Day I went on board the "Charles" (formerly "Harvard," small coastwise excursion boat) and left the harbor next day, May 31. We came home by the Azores and Bermuda, arriving at New York Sunday, June 15. I was assigned to Camp Dix for discharge and June 18, 1919, I reached my home at Steubenville, Ohio, just eleven months from the time I left there for France. No one knows how eager I was to go to France—I cannot tell how glad I am that I was there—everyone will agree that I am happy to be home again.

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RALPH WARREN SCOTT, CORPORAL 134TH FIELD ARTILLERY, 37TH DIVISION, U. S. ARMY, SON OF
DAVID M. SCOTT



WAS a Junior at Mount Union College, Alliance, Ohio, when war was declared on Germany. May 28, 1917, I enlisted in Battery "B," 1st Battalion, 134th Field Artillery. This organization was just back from Mexican Border service and had an official record from Washington rating it as the second best in the States.

We went immediately to Camp Perry, Ohio, on Lake Erie. Remained here until June 29, at which time the unit went to Camp Benjamin Harrison, Indiana. Here the organization trained the artillery departments of two Reserve Officers' Training Camps, after which it went to Camp Sheridan, Alabama, October 14, 1917. Here it organized and developed the Second Battalion of the Regiment and the other two Regiments of the Brigade: this was the Sixty-Second Brigade and constituted the sole Light Artillery of the Thirty-Seventh Division.

June 14, 1918, the outfit went to Camp Upton, Long Island via Georgia, South and North Carolinas, Virginia, Washington City, Delaware, New Jersey, New York City, and Long Island City. We embarked for France June 27 on H. M. S. "Nestor," an English cattle ship. This was one of a convoy of fourteen vessels. We struck the

RALPH WARREN SCOTT

Gulf Stream for three days and then took a northerly route. Spent several days in the Arctic current and saw the sun set at eleven P. M. and rise at one A. M. The first land we sighted was the Shetland Isles which fact shows the unusual latitude reached.

We made Liverpool, England, July 10, at four o'clock A. M., and sailed up the Mersey River, docking at two o'clock P. M. Our first English camp was "Knotty Ash," Liverpool, where we stayed one night. We then crossed England to Southampton via Manchester, Nottingham, Sheffield, Leicester, Rugby, Oxford and Winchester. We saw King Alfred's monument at Winchester.

We crossed the Channel the night of the eleventh of July on board the "Nona's Queen," a side-wheeler freighter, landing at Le Havre after the roughest night imaginable. Here we remained two days, during which time we saw Edith Cavell's monument. The Germans started their big northern drive, on France's Independence Day, July 14, while we were here.

On July 15 we entrained in our first "40 hommes, 8 chevaux" railway car for a four-day trip. We crossed the Seine at Rouen and went down to the beautiful Garrone Region near Bordeaux. Here we spent some weeks intensive training on the famous French .75 which had replaced our own three-inch gun. I attended a telephone-linesman-radio school while here. After this period of training we went to the front by

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way of Limoges, Chateaux, Bourges, Chateillon sur Seine, etc.

Our first action was in the Pannes Sector, Bois de Bouseil Offensive. We went from here eastward and held a position in the Marbache Sector from October 10 until October 20. This is commonly known as the Toul Sector. October 20 we went back to a French rest camp for six days; then we went into the Woivre Woods and remained in position until the eleventh of November. After the Armistice we moved back and stayed at Camp du Chanois in an extensive woods for three months.

We were connected at various times with seven different Divisions, including the Seventeenth French Army. I served as telephone linesman on the first front, after which I filled the capacity of "Ammunition Non-Com."

February 4, 1919, we entrained for the West on a ninety-hour trip which took us to Lion de Anjers. Here we went through the many processes of decootization. We then went to Brest—stayed two days—and boarded the U. S. S. "New Hampshire." We came home by the Azores and saw some very heavy seas. Landed at Newport News, March 24, 1919. Here we were issued new uniforms and equipped for parading. We marched in Cleveland, Akron and Columbus. The outfit was mustered out at Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio, April 10, 1919.

THOMAS J. SCOTT

I was in the army two years, was over-seas nine months, and was on the front line forty-two days.

THOMAS J. SCOTT, SON OF ANDREW SCOTT



MY connection with the civil war of 1861–1865 was merely as an observer and encourager of recruiting and cheer for the soldiers. My name was before the Missionary Board as a recruit for the foreign mission field, when the war began. Meantime I was stationed at Cadiz, Ohio, when the call came for volunteers for the civil war, to put down the rebellion. The country was soon ablaze with the war spirit. The tramp of men drilling in the streets and in the fields everywhere was heard. With pen and voice I took part in arousing the country and cheering the volunteers. An old canon was dragged out in Cadiz and a one gun battery was formed. “Throw up your sash and save your glass,” was heard as the men in practice were preparing to fire blanks in the streets. We had the tragedy of one poor boy who had his right arm blown off, in this artillery drill.

We sent away that first local company, soon to get one of our church members back for burial. The Rev. N. C. Worthington then stationed at New Philadelphia, Ohio, was appointed chaplain of the 51st Ohio regiment, forming at Fort Meggs near New Philadelphia. When the regiment left for the front, I was appointed to hold Worthing-

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ton's place for the time in the church which he left for the army. The next conference session fixed my appointment at Martins Ferry, Ohio, and by this time (1862) the war was in full sweep in the southern states. The battle of Winchester, Va., was fought and some of my soldier members were killed, bringing me the sad duty of their burial and effort to comfort the bereaved. I recall the distressing cases of the wounded, the deplorable outcome of war. One poor fellow had his lower jaw shot away. I met and conversed with General Kelly who had been shot through the lungs. He said his first pain seemed to be in the back and his indignation was in the thought that he was shot in the back. Soon he saw the blood coming out on his clothing in front and it was a feeling of joy that he had been shot from the front. Amid all, word came that our sailing for India was fixed for September 2. Meantime I was married to Miss Elizabeth Worthington, daughter of the chaplain mentioned above. We visited her father and brother Samuel in the front at Nashville, Tenn. That city had been recently captured and our men were policing the place. In the night a soldier boy had shot a citizen who refused to answer his challenge, and got credit for his prompt pluck. We bade good-bye to wife's father and her brother "Sam" who was on the staff of Col. Bartilson. Worthington was lying on his cot in a spell of sickness. We saw Sam, twelve years later on our return on furlough, with

a shell scar on his face. Mr. Worthington had resigned after a time on account of sickness. I recall our anxiety on the first voyage to India, during the long sail, as to the outcome of the war, in crushing the rebellion. On nearing Calcutta, we hailed an outcoming ship and got encouraging news.

The Great World-War

On the declaration of war against Germany by the United States in 1917, the Ocean Grove community organized two companies of minute men or "home guards," consisting of such citizens as did not volunteer or for any reason did not prepare for the front. In the eighty-third year of my age, I at once joined one of these companies, indicated as B. The object was to have drilled and armed men as home guards, ready for any demand in emergencies from the war crisis, requiring protection. We were sworn in, furnished the regulation "khaki" uniform, a Springfield rifle and bayonet, as well as a policeman's baton and badge, so that each man could exercise individual police duty if required. We had a loud signal demanding our presence if needed. Our first drilling was done with the police baton, then with the rifle and bayonet in squad and company drill; and we were sometimes drilled and marched with other companies. We made some pretty long marches or "hikes" as they were sometimes

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called, and did shirmishing in all forms of firing and bayonet practice.

The war passed without our being called into any serious service, although in one case we were near having to tackle a riot. Our pleasant duty on several occasions was to escort groups of recruits to the railway to be entrained for camps forming for the front; and after the war, in receiving them at the train, and contributing to a march in some welcoming function.

I sometimes acted as chaplain, and also as color sergeant, but in the main kept my place as a regular private. Since the country had its disloyal and seditious elements that sympathized with the Germans, no doubt the presence of these home guards or "minute men," had a restraining influence and contributed to safety, and thus had its bearing on the war victory.

WORTHINGTON SCOTT



WORTHINGTON SCOTT, son of Rev. T. J. Scott and Mary E. Scott, enlisted on March 5, 1917, and was called into active service on May 7, 1917, being put in command of the auxiliary schooner "Nemesis" S. P. 343 for duty at Fire Island Inlet, to guard the same. His rating was Chief Boatswain's Mate in class 1 Naval Reserve Force

After having passed the necessary examination he was given the rank of Ensign on December 3,

WORTHINGTON SCOTT

1917, and shortly afterwards put in command of the converted steam yacht "Linta" S. P. 721, coast patrol off New York harbor.

The machinery of this vessel was broken down in a vain chase and search for submarine mine layer seen near Fire Island Light vessel, the latter part of August, 1918, and on September 30 he was given command of the "Sabalo" S. P. 225, a fine steel yacht with a crew of 42 men, including 4 commissioned officers.

This vessel did convoy duty one day out from New York City and special off-shore submarine work.

Numerous messages were received as to location of submarines and the vessel was dispatched to the location but none were ever found. On one occasion an aëroplane dropped a message on deck, giving the location of a submarine, but when the vessel reached that location the "varmint" had escaped.

On February 24, 1919, when the "Sabalo" was about to be put out of commission, Ensign Scott was transferred to the U. S. S. "George Washington," which took the President back to France, and after three trips back to the States with troops, brought the President back after the armistice had been framed, and signed by Germany. His duty was watch officer and Assistant First Lieutenant.

On July 14 he was released from active duty,

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thus completing twenty-seven months in the great war.

Shortly thereafter, he took up the Merchant Marine service, in which work he is at present engaged as Second Officer with the American Transport Line, S. S. "Triumph," voyaging from New York City to London, freight service.

WILFRED WELDAY SCOTT, SON OF REV. THOMAS
J. SCOTT



MILITARY training in the English schools is compulsory for boys over twelve years of age, who have attained a height of five feet. I donned my first military uniform and shouldered a Henry Martini carbine, when twelve years old, at Oak Openings High School, Naini Tal, India. I won a markman medal in my first year and held this during my service in the volunteer corps. On entering college at the Ohio Wesleyan University, I took up the military courses offered and attained the rank of first lieutenant. On returning to India to the school of my boyhood, as a teacher, I was made a captain of the school volunteers and got my sword as a government gazetted officer, a rank I held for four years in the Naini Tal volunteer rifles. During the last year I was senior captain in the Battalion, although I was the youngest captain in the corps. The commission parchment, the sword I carried, and the officer's uni-

EDWIN SCOTT ROSCOE

form, I still have as a reminder of the drills, the sham battles, and the social dinners I enjoyed during those later years in India.

When war was declared against Germany, I was back in the United States, employed as research chemist by the General Chemical Company. This organization was under contract with the government to supply the heavy chemicals used in the manufacture of explosives. Uncle Sam had a list of all the chemists in this country; and since I was deemed necessary in the job I held, I was unable to make use of the extended training I had in military service; so it was just as well that I settled down to the routine duties of directing chemist. Perhaps, after all, we contributed our share in winning the war, although we were far behind the firing line.

EDWIN SCOTT ROSCOE, SON OF HARVEY L. ROSCOE
AND ALICE SCOTT ROSCOE



AFTER the war began in April, 1917, my efforts to get in somewhere and still join that branch where I could be of best service ended in my departure for the Officers' Training Camp at Madison Barracks, N. Y., on May 13. About the middle of June I was transferred to Fort Monroe, Va., where I hoped to take up work in the Heavy Artillery. I was commissioned from here as Second Lieutenant, Coast Artillery Corps, August 15,

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1917. The dates of my other commissions are: First Lieutenant, October 26, 1917; and Captain, June 19, 1918.

My first post after this training period was at Fort Totten, a beautiful old Army post and one of the coast defences of New York City. My old regiment, the 58th Artillery, C. A. C., was formed here on the first of February, 1918. We partly equipped and trained ourselves here and waited with a great deal of suspense and impatience to be sent overseas. The day finally came, May 10, when we left Hoboken on the U. S. S. "Covington" (the former "Cincinnati," Hamburg American Line). This fine vessel, the flagship of the convoy, was torpedoed on the trip following ours. Our voyage was uneventful, except for two or three days of heavy sea which we all enjoyed in the usual way. We were in a large convoy of thirteen transports, which must have carried about forty thousand men. This was the beginning of those days when Uncle Sam was sending our Army over in really large numbers. After thirteen days at sea we arrived at Brest. Brest was not exactly a pleasure resort, but from what I saw of it then and the following November I can not say that it deserved all the criticism that was heaped upon it by papers at home last December. We camped here in pup tents crowded in a very small field for a week.

It took us two full days by rail for our outfit to travel from Brest to our training center at

EDWIN SCOTT ROSCOE

Limoges. Limoges is an old-fashioned city, the home of fine china and enameled ware. The 58th occupied two of the small surrounding towns. It was here that we received our guns, twenty-four 8-inch British Howitzers, manufactured by the Bethlehem Steel Company. They were fine guns, I believe, except that they were a little too heavy to travel on two wheels and lacked the long range that modern artillery requires. We spent two months training in this locality. There must be a great many specialists in the Heavy Artillery, more than any other line service, I think. We needed truck and tractor drivers, gun and automobile mechanics, telephone and wireless operators, telephone linesmen, signal men, "orienteurs" or surveyors, non-coms. in charge of camouflage and gas defence, in addition to the men trained to man the guns, machine guns, and for the routine company duties. Perhaps the larger part of all this could have been done at home if there had been greater coöperation between the A. E. F. and the home forces. However it may have been some unknown tactical reason why we were subjected to this and subsequent delay.

After this training period at Limoges we spent the last three weeks of August at a very large artillery range at La Courtine in target practice. Our first casualty occurred here when the muzzle blew off a seventy-five. One man was almost instantly killed. I have found that this is rather a common trick of the seventy-five, fine gun that it

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is. It was probably due to defective ammunition rather than defects in the gun itself. After trying out our own guns as well as the seventy-five, we moved up toward the front to Vignory, about 150 kilometers south of Verdun. We waited here six weeks for orders to the front. Our guns, tractors, trucks, and heavy baggage were lined up on the road ready to go in less than an hour's notice, all this time. Imagine our suspense when the St. Mihiel drive and the first battle of the Argonne Forest had happened without us. In quiet weather on the hill tops we could hear the bombardment to the north of us. After the first overtures for peace in October, we were afraid that we should miss the real war altogether.

We did finally move to the front about October 20. My batallion was detached from the regiment, and joined the 4th corps, 2d Army, in the sector near Thaucourt (about fifteen miles from Metz). There was no real offensive here at this time but there was an almost continual Fourth of July just the same. Most of our firing was done at night or on hurry calls, so that there was no opportunity for observation and I have no idea what the effect of our fire was. An eight-inch shell can do considerable damage even if it is fifty yards from the mark. In the open country a few fragments may fly more than half a mile. When the Armistice was signed we were preparing for a big rush in the Metz direction and over toward the Rhine. I think it was fortunate for Boche and

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us as well that the end came before this drive occurred. Fortunate that we did not need to pay the price, for Germany could hardly have agreed to more crushing terms than she did. Our casualties were light. The cook of Battery "A" was instantly killed by a shell fragment and there were about thirty minor cases, mostly gas, which I think recovered.

I left the front on the afternoon after the Armistice became effective, on orders originally intended to take me back to the States to join some new organization forming there, I suppose. As it was I was more than delighted to go so soon after the job in France was finished. I was in Paris the next day while the big celebration was still on. I left Brest on the 18th and reached the States after a pleasant eleven-day trip. You may be sure that I wasted no time in getting home on the ten-day leave that was granted all of us.

The rest of my days in the Army were spent at Fort Terry, N. Y., an isolated little island off the east end of Long Island. Work consisted mainly in helping keep the permanent post going and discharging men. My own service ended July 31, 1919. I shall remember with great pleasure the incidents and friends of the past two years. I like the Army life in many ways, but now that the real job is finished, I think there are many better places to be. Home is one of them.

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HARVEY WELDAY ROSCOE, LIEUT. (J. G.) U. S. N. R.
F., SON OF HARVEY L. ROSCOE AND ALICE
SCOTT ROSCOE



MY brother and I have felt a considerable pride in the fine way our mother received our enlistment into service, shortly after our country had declared war on Germany. The splendid patriotism of the folks at home, their cheery send-off, and encouraging letters, made the round of duty easy for the next two years and a half, and deserve such a degree of credit as we only can realize.

Regarding my service, I left Rochester May 3, 1917, for Brooklyn, where I enlisted on the following day, at the navy yard, in the United States Naval Reserve Force, as seaman, first-class, being sponsored by my uncle Wort, who had been in the naval service from the very outset. On May 9 I was called into active duty and reported at the Brooklyn Naval Armory for preliminary training. A week later I was assigned to duty aboard the U. S. S. "Wadena," a small vessel, which was in process of conversion into a submarine patrol. As things did not seem to hurry themselves, the next five months were spent in cruising dry-docks in New York harbor, while the "Wadena" was fixing up. Before the "Wadena," Scout Patrol 178, was ready for foreign duty, I was transferred October 20, 1917, to the U. S. S. "Madawaska," the former interned German liner "König Wil-

HARVEY WELDAY ROSCOE

helm II," which was outfitted as a navy transport. I spent Thanksgiving Day in Paris and Christmas back in the States. Running the submarine gauntlet, with a short-handed crew, carrying the first of the drafted troops across, was indeed an interesting experience.

From the "Madawaska," I was assigned, on January 10, 1918, to the Officers' Material School at Pelham Bay Naval Training Station. The first two months of this course I spent aboard the S. S. "Philadelphia," as a cadet, making three trips coastwise from Boston to Jacksonville, Fla. I received the commission of ensign, U. S. N. R. F., on May 20, 1918, and after a short furlough home, I was on June 20, assigned duty as a watch officer on the U. S. S. "Westover," a brand new ship of standardized type, built in record time on the west coast. We left New York on June 27, with a cargo of army supplies—aëroplanes, explosives, trucks, railway locomotives, etc. The second day at sea, engine trouble developed and we dropped out of the convoy, to plod along "on our own," at about six knots. On July 11, about 7 A. M., we were badly struck amidships by a torpedo. Our position was about 460 miles off the French coast, in the Bay of Biscay. The "Westover" sank in about 40 minutes, two subsequent explosions following the first, one possibly internal and the other a second or third torpedo from the still invisible submarine, hidden in the "sun-slick" of early morning. Unfortunately the boat deck was

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blown up as the boats were being lowered, yet the loss of life was comparatively small. After an interview with the Germans, who came to the surface in a fruitless search for officers, the five boat loads of survivors headed for the French coast. All boats were separated after the first inky-black and rainy night. Five days later, while only a few miles out of Brest harbor, my boat sighted a French fishing schooner, aboard which we put into port. From July 16 until the first part of August, I was attached to the naval hospital at Brest.

Early in August I was assigned duty on the U. S. S. "Favorite," a navy salvaging vessel. The "Favorite" was a cross between a deep-sea diver, battleship, derrick, and tug, and had the aim in life of dashing out to the succor of a ship torpedoed within rescuing distance of the coast, standing off any subs, meanwhile slapping on a patch and towing in the disabled vessels. Numerous ships were saved by this service.

I was far from sorry to receive my delinquent orders back to the States, on September 2, after a stay in France, during which I part-time masqueraded as a Belgian refugee without uniform or equipment; and the while had received no word from home, nor from my brother who was at the time at the front. With the other surviving "Westover" officers, I returned to the States on the U. S. S. "Henderson." After a fine visit with the home folks in Rochester, I got back into active service in October, 1918, receiving orders

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for duty on the U. S. S. "Western Light," sister ship of the ill-fated "Westover." We started across on the 4th of November, and were in mid-ocean when the great news of the armistice was received by wireless. From then on there was a welcome relief from zig-zags, submarine lookout, and darkened ship at night, though the lookout for mines was continued for months to come. The "Western Light" got back to New York from Bordeaux, on the day before Christmas.

On December 30, 1918, I received promotion to the rank of lieutenant, junior grade, and a few days later was assigned new duty as instructor of navigation at the officers' school at Pelham. Time after the armistice dragged along uneventfully. I remained at Pelham for five months, and on May 20, was reassigned to sea duty, on the U. S. S. "Panaman," a troop transport engaged in bringing back the troops that had, in the preceding months, been rushed across so expeditiously. The navy's job was not to finish till the last American soldier had been brought back. I made three more trips across under easier, but at the same time more monotonous, conditions than those of the war-zone days. When the "Panaman" was placed out of commission as a navy ship, on the 18th of September, 1919, her officers received simultaneous orders releasing them from active duty, and directing them to proceed to their homes. So I was a civilian once more. Regrets are felt only because the way to service seemed,

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on the whole, painfully slow and insignificant. But the fact of any service, such as it was, is never to be regretted. I shall always carry with me many memories of the days in the transport service.

JOSEPH MEHOLIN SCOTT, SON OF HENRY
WELDAY SCOTT

HE following is an outline of my part in the great world-war with Germany. There is nothing much worthwhile about my war story—nothing at all thrilling, but I console myself that it is not my fault that I could not get into the front line trenches. I did profit much in seeing a great deal of France and England.

I volunteered at Mitchell, South Dakota, March 1, 1918. Was commissioned second lieutenant, Sanitary Corps, United States Army, Fort Omaha, Nebraska, March 30, 1918. Was appointed to the U. S. Army laboratory, New York City, August 10, 1918. On duty at camp Devens, Mass., September 20, 1918. Was ordered overseas, October 24, 1918, with Base Hospital 108. Joined the U. S. Medical Laboratory, Dijon, France, December 4, 1918. The Base Laboratory, Base section No. 1, St. Nazarre, France, January 13, 1919, until July 29, 1919. Returned to the United States, August 16, 1919. Was discharged at Camp Sherman, Ohio. My work in the service was serologist and bacteriologist.

GENEALOGY OF JAMES SCOTT'S FAMILY



JAMES SCOTT, b. in Donegal, province of Ulster, Ireland, in 1747. Came to America between 1790 and 1798. Remained a few years in New York City, then removed to Washington county, Pennsylvania. Was married twice, first in Ireland. For the children of this marriage, see the family tree. His second marriage was in Washington Co., Pa., to Mary Patterson, born in Ireland. For the children of this marriage see the family tree. d. in his home near New Alexandria, aged eighty-seven.

ANDREW SCOTT, son of said James Scott, b. in Washington Co., Pa., May 23, 1798, m. Jane Thompson, Apr. 29, 1824, d. Oct. 29, 1865. She was b. May 5, 1805, in Enniskillen, Ireland, d. Feb. 9, 1877. Her mother was Elizabeth Thompson, whose maiden name was Baity, and her mother's name, Armstrong. Elizabeth Thompson d. in her daughter Jane's home, Mar. 22, 1855.

CHILDREN OF ANDREW SCOTT

I. WESLEY PATTERSON SCOTT, b. Feb. 11, 1825, ed. in Richmond College, Jefferson Co., O., m. to Nancy Welday, Apr. 29, 1848. Civil war veteran, 157th Volunteer Regiment, militia, d. Nov. 20, 1887. His children (1) Randolph, b. ————; (2) Jefferson Elsworth, b. ————, ed. Mt.

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Union College, O. B.A. Boston University, S.T.D. and Ph.D., m. to Miss Emma Moore in India. Missionary to India. (3) Fremont, b. ————, ed. Ohio Wesleyan University, B.A. Medical College, New York, M.D. Missionary to China, m. in China to Miss Lilian Hale. Member of the General Conference of 1896, d. in Cleveland, O., May 27, 1896. No children. (4) Elmer, b. ————, m. ————, ed. Ohio Wesleyan University, Business career, d. ————. (5) Winfield W., b. Oct. 28, 1869, m. Miss Mary J. Castner, Nov. 24, 1904, son Frank Wesley Scott, b. July 28, 1907, ed. public schools.

II. WILLIAM THOMPSON SCOTT, b. Dec. 18, 1826, m. to Margaret Elliott, Mar. 23, 1854. Successful farmer, d. Sep. 28, 1896. His children, (1) Andrew Elliott, b. near New Alexandria, O., Nov. 17, 1856, ed. Scio College, O., B.A. Cincinnati Law School. His children, (a) Dumont H. Scott, b. in Cincinnati, O., Feb. 14, 1883. His children, Wilber and Robert. (b) Margaret M., b. in Meriden, Kansas, May 6, 1896. (c) William A., b. in Meriden, Kansas, Jan. 15, 1899. (2) Carrie Scott, b. Dec. 12, 1861, m. to Nathan Elliott, Feb. 11, 1885, who d. June 30, 1893, m. again to Theodore Wise, Dec. 12, 1899. To the first m. were b. (a) Welday Scott Elliott, b. Apr. 8, 1886, who m. Harriet Graham, Jan. 9, 1914. Their children, (a) Mary Hull, b. May 29, 1915; (b) Edna Margaret, b. Oct. 24, 1916, both at Gladstone St., Pittsburg, Pa. Welday Scott Elliott, d. Oct. 4, 1918. (3) Henry

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Welday Scott, b. Jan. 10, 1859, m. to Martha Virginia Meholin, daughter of Joseph S. Meholin, b. at New Alexandria, O., July 16, 1868. Their children, (a) Joseph Meholin Scott, b. May 17, 1889, ed. Graduate of Mt. Union College, O. (B.S.), University of Michigan, M.S. professor of Biology, Dakota Wesleyan University, 1916-1918. Professor of Biology, Mt. Union College, 1919. United States Army, 1918-1919., m. Aug. 9, 1916, Ruth Erseman, at Louisville, O.; (b) Stella Margaret Scott, b. June 29, 1891, ed. Mt. Union College, m. Norman R. Stole, Aug. 23, 1917. (4) Howard Hammond Scott, b. Mar. 26, 1868, at New Alexandria, O., b. again Jan. 12, 1889, ed. at Scio, O., A.B., and Ohio Wesleyan University, A.B. and A.M.—Boston University, S.T.B., m. at Cleveland, O. to Anna Eva Gynn, June 18, 1919. Spent the summer of that year in Europe. Has been in the active ministry 22 years (to date, Apr. 7, 1919). (5) Ida Belle Scott, b. Mar. 27, 1872. Studied nursing and deaconess's work in Pittsburgh, Pa. (6) Walter Scott, b. Oct. 18, 1874, ed. Ohio Wesleyan University, A.B. and A.M. Same from North Western University, and also LL.B. from Law School. Studied law in Chicago, Ill., and in Harvard, Mass. (7) Fred Scott, b. Mar. 7, 1877, m. Oct. 9, 1901, to Izina Grace McHugh, daughter of Rev. J. W. McHugh, ed. in public schools. Children, (a) Gladys Elizabeth, b. Nov. 26, 1903; (b) William Howard Jepson, b. Apr. 28, 1911.

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III. ADAM CLARK SCOTT, b. Aug. 24, 1831, d. in infancy, Mar. 25, 1832.

IV. ELIZABETH SCOTT, b. Dec. 28, 1828, m. to Henry Clay Welday, May 4, 1848. He d. Mar. 7, 1893. No children. Elizabeth d. Apr. 15, 1912.

V. JAMES SCOTT, b. Jan. 11, 1833. Never married. Lame from a stiff knee from childhood, d. Nov. 30, 1909.

VI. THOMAS JEFFERSON SCOTT, b. Oct. 4, 1835, b. again Jan. 27, 1853, all at New Alexandria, O., ed. home village school and Richmond College, Jefferson Co., O., and Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, O., B.A., M.A., and D.D. Joined the Pittsburg conference in 1860, m. to Miss Mary Elizabeth Worthington, daughter of Rev. Nicolas C. Worthington, June 26, 1862. Appointments in America, Cadiz, O., New Philadelphia, O., Martins Ferry, O. Sailed to India as missionary, Sep. 2, 1862. Gave 45 years of active service in India. Children, (1) Elma Belle, b. in India, June 10, 1863, d. Mar. 10, 1870. (2) Alice Lorena, b. Dec. 22, 1865, in India, ed. Beaver College, Beaver, Pa., m. in India to Rev. Harvey L. Roscoe, at Bareilly, India, Feb. 14, 1895. Their children, (a) Edwin Scott Roscoe, b. May 15, 1896, at Delaware, O., who was ed. B.S., Rochester University, N. Y. In the World War service was captain the 58th Coast Artillery; (b) Harvey Welday Roscoe, b. Sep. 29, 1897, in Tacoma, Washington, ed. Rochester University, N. Y., and Columbia University, N. Y. In the World War, served as lieutenant in

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the navy. His ship the "Westover" was torpedoed and he spent 4 days and nights in an open boat in the Bay of Biscay before being rescued; (c) Mabelle Piyari Roscoe, b. Bayonne, N. J., Oct. 17, 1899, ed. in Rochester High School, N. Y. Study in music; (d) Theodore Roscoe, b. in Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1906. (3) Worthington Scott, b. in India, Dec. 25, 1871, ed. B.A. and M.A., Ohio Wesleyan University. Principal High School, Sunbury, O. Postgraduate study in architecture, Harvard University, Mass. Work in same, New York City and Philadelphia. Volunteered for navy in World War. Commanded successively the scout patrol boats, "Linta," "Nemesis," and "Sabalo." Was naval officer on the "George Washington" that conveyed President Wilson to Europe, m. to Miss Bertha Sanborn, Sep. 30, 1903. No children. Present service (Oct., 1919), officer in the Merchant Marine. (4) Mabelle Clara Scott, b. in India, Aug. 16, 1872, ed. Ohio Wesleyan University, m. to Emery Lafayette Walker, Dec. 28, 1899. Their children, (a) Elizabeth Mays, b. Jan. 9, 1906, in Philadelphia, Pa.; (b) Katherine Alice, b. in Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 19, 1909; (c) Virginia Louise, b. in Berlin, Wis., Apr. 28, 1912. (5) Wilfred Welday Scott, b. in Zanesville, O., Aug. 13, 1876, ed. in Ohio Wesleyan University, B.A. and M.A. Postgraduate study in chemistry in Cornell University, N. Y. Educational missionary in India 4 years. Chair of chemistry in Sioux City, Iowa,

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Morningside College. Later chief chemist in the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, Pa. Later, research chemist in the General Chemical Co., N. Y. Has made several advances in research chemistry and has produced 3 books on chemistry, *i.e.*, "Qualitative Chemical Analysis," pp. 165; the same "Revised and Enlarged," pp. 250, and "Standard Methods of Chemical Analysis," pp. 864. The same revised and enlarged to two volumes in the third edition, total of pages ——. M. to Miss Harriet Torbet, daughter of Rev. Dr. Walter Torbet, July 30, 1907. Their children, (a) Margaret Elizabeth, b. in Sioux City, Iowa, July 19, 1908; (b) Winifred Harriet, b. in Richmond Hill, N. Y., Nov. 26, 1911.

VII. MARY JANE SCOTT, b. Apr. 14, 1838, m. to Simon Warren, a school teacher and prosperous farmer, Sep. 9, 1858. He d. July 27, 1892. She d. Jan. 26, 1911. Their children, (1) Clement M., b. Sep. 17, 1859. (2) Andrew Scott, b. May 24, 1862. (3) J. Lamont, b. Oct. 8, 1865. (4) Elizabeth W., b. Aug. 28, 1870. (5) William Warren, b. —— 13, 1877. Elizabeth W. Warren and Rev. William A. Roberts were m. Aug. 2, 1900. Their children, (a) Paul Roberts, b. Apr. 24, 1903, d. same day; (b) Marian E. Roberts, b. Jan. 26, 1905; (c) Donald Roberts, b. July 29, 1906, d. Aug. 3, same year.

VIII. DAVID M. SCOTT, b. Aug. 20, 1841, ed. home village school and Mt. Union College, O. Civil war veteran. Went through with Sherman.

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Lost right arm. M. to Miss Mary Clancy, daughter of Rev. Charles Clancy, Oct. 3, 1872. David is a civil war pensioner and prosperous farmer. Children, (1) Louis, b. Nov. 27, 1873, m. Miss Cora Roush, Aug. 8, 1900. Prosperous farmer. No children. (2) Georgia, b. Jan. 18, 1875, ed. Art School, Mt. Union, m. to Joseph Linton, farmer, May 15, 1901. Their children, (a) Kathleen, b. June 14, 1907; (b) Mary Deen, b. June 8, 1915. (3) Bertha, b. Sep. 30, 1878, ed. Mt. Union Conservatory of Music, m. May 18, 1901, to Carl Armstrong, lawyer. Children, (a) David William, b. Dec. 29, 1903; (b) Lamar, b. Aug. 2, 1905. (4) Elwood, b. Feb. 1, 1882, ed. Scio College, O., B.A., and Drew Theological Seminary, N. J., B.D., m. to Anna M. Wilson, July 8, 1908. Their children, (a) Mary Margaret, b. Nov. 2, 1911; (b) Ruth Agnes, b. Aug. 14, 1917. Member of the N. E. Ohio conference. Enlisted as chaplain in the World War and was assigned to the 60th Infantry, 5th Division, regular army. General Castner gave "citation" for "extraordinary heroism and devotion to duty"—"Chaplain Scott displayed great bravery in going over the top with the troops, in the attack on Bois de Pulticre and remaining constantly with the first eschelon, encouraging the men and setting a fine example of courage under terrific machine-gun and artillery fire." (5) Andrew, b. Oct. 6, 1890. An invalid from childhood. (6) Warren, b. Jan. 3, 1894, ed. Mt. Union College, O. Enlisted in the World War, May 28, 1917,

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Battery B 134, F. A. Gave two years service, 9 month over sea, 42 days in action.

IX. ADAM CLARKE SCOTT, b. Mar. 25, 1843, ed. Mt. Union College, O., B.A. Taught school and studied law in Sedalia, Mo. Practiced law in Sedalia. Sometime state's attorney. Never m. d. in Sedalia, Oct. 5, 1887.

X. HANNAH ISABELLE SCOTT, b. June 3, 1846, ed. Beaver Female College, Beaver, Pa., m. to Dr. Samuel Jepson of St. Clairsville, O., Sep. 14, 1871. Their children, (1) Bessie Welday Jepson, b. in St. Clairsville, O., ————, ed. in private and public schools of Wheeling, W. Va., and graduated from the Wheeling Seminary. Later studied in the Lake Erie Seminary, Painsville, O., m. Oct. 28, 1897, to Lewis McMechen Sutton. Their children, (a) Lewis McMechen Sutton, b. in St. Clairsville, O., Mar. 5, 1899, ed. Student W. Va. University. Member of Student Army Training Corps; (b) Samuel Jepson Sutton, b. in St. Clairsville, O., July 2, 1905; (c) David VanDorn Sutton, b. in Clarksburg, W. Va., Jan 3, 1912. (2) Ada Cleveland Jepson, b. in Wheeling, W. Va., ————, ed. in Wheeling private and public schools and in Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, O. (3) Jennie Scott Jepson, b. in Wheeling, W. Va., ed. in private and public schools of Wheeling. (4) Isabelle Harwood Jepson, b. ———— in Wheeling, ed., Graduated from Wheeling High School and from Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pa. m. to Charles Winning Bates, architect, Dec.

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1, 1910. Their children, (*a*) William Jourdan, b. in Wheeling, Jan. 8, 1912; (*b*) Samuel Jepson, b. in Wheeling, May 10, 1913; (*c*) Charles Winning, b. in Wheeling, Apr. 11, 1916.

XI. CAROLINE MELISSA SCOTT, b. Oct. 12, 1848, ed. in Beaver College, Beaver, Pa. M. to Winfield Scott of Smithfield, O., Sep. 16, 1868. He d. early. m. again to Clarke McCann, June 11, 1874, contractor and builder, who d. Feb. 9, 1896. She d. Sep. 5, 1910. Their children, (1) Clara Belle, b. Dec. 29, 1878, m. to George Lowry, Mar. 22, 1898. No children. (2) Ethel Scott, b. Mar. 20, 1882, m. to William C. Eaton, Apr. 12, 1906. Their children, (*a*) Frances Caroline Scott, b. Dec. 26, 1909; (*b*) Charles Clarke, b. Nov. 29, 1911; (*c*) William Scott, b. July 6, 1916.

IN MEMORY OF FATHER



ELSEWHERE in this volume is to be found a detailed account of the life and labors of Dr. T. J. Scott, Missionary to India for over forty-two years.

We are placing on these immediate pages Love's Tribute to our Father; a tribute inadequate indeed, as mere words ever are, to tell of his rare intellectuality, his fervent piety, his abiding influence over the lives of his children.

"A father quick in love, wakeful in care.
Ternacious of his trust, proof in experience,
Severe in honor, perfect in example,
Stamped with authority."

Thus can his family testify, who by hourly contact knew him best of all.

Far away on the other side of the world is an old nursery, in a mission-house, where once some children played.

Across the hall from this nursery opened the door into their father's study.

This room, its walls lined with book shelves, its tables strewn with papers and writing-material, had a charm all its own.

One felt that only privileged persons entered there. One was glad to be of this special class, for it was a privilege to go to Father's study. Even in his busy hours he let us play quietly among his

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books or rummage into the mysterious wastebasket full of cast-away pictures or bright pieces of paper, dear to a child's heart. To his side, by that immortal writing-desk, his little children carried their perplexities or childish troubles, as well as their joys, sure equally of his understanding and his sympathy.

'Tis years since then, oh room of blessed memory! To-day we may but turn the key in some treasure-box, wherein lie a few relics of the past, among them certain letters faded and frail and old, with some of recent date; all of them more precious than gold, for they bring back to us

*"The touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"*

A line here or there, chosen from these yellow pages, will show the *heart of him*; how, while oceans held us far apart most of our lives, he kept a keen interest in us; in early years in our physical growth and education; later in our work, our plans, our friendships and most of all in our religious thought; that, though far away in person, he might help us ever onward, ever upward!

"Look at the pictures and always imagine just how we look and what we are doing—I have my study (as when you were here) and receive visits from the natives; am writing, and reading, and preaching, and teaching, and building all the time. What are you studying now? What books are

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you reading? Did you finish Robinson Crusoe? (A copy presented by dear Uncle James.)

These are taken at random to show how the missionary-father, far away, was interested in our small concerns.

“ You are improving in your writing—I would only suggest that in writing leave off as far as possible all quirks, and crooks and curves, that add nothing to the legibility of the words. Keep to your music—you are improving in your spelling. I am marking the misspelled words in your last letter. Did you ever get a hymn book I sent you? It had some hymns in it to be memorized. A hymn laid away in memory is a nice thing to sing on a dark, wet day. Don’t you think so?

“ Let me know what books you have read or are reading. I do not wish to have you sit too closely at your books, but wish you to get plenty of exercise and sleep.”

“ I am glad to have you write that you love Jesus. If you love Him then I know that you are a Christian and He has given you a new heart. Now do not be in doubt about the matter. All He wants you to do is to love Him and do His will. And remember a young Christian of twelve or fourteen years of age need not try to act quiet and grave like an old Christian.”

“ I love books and study, but the dearest and sweetest thing to me in the world is the love of Jesus. I know Him very well, and hope you do, too.”

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“In your last you ask, ‘does it ever make you sad to feel how the days and months are going?’ Why no, dear, I say, fill them up with something true and good AND LET THEM GO! They hurry me on to a glorious world. My hair and beard are getting gray now, and I change from old to older glasses. But it does not make me feel a bit sad. I have a house not made with hands, why should I be sad? Life even here with all that is sad in it, has much that is beautiful and inspiring. I have a joy inspired by the thought that I am going toward the bright and glorious shore, and

*“‘The far off divine event
To which the whole creation moves!’”*

The following from a very early date will be of especial interest to the older generation of Scott relatives, referring as it does to Grandmother Scott, of sainted memory:

“I was made very sad when your letter came, and I learned of your Grandmother’s death. She was so weak when we left that I knew she could not live very long. I did not expect to see her again in this world, so I just thought I would have to wait awhile till I might see here where there is no sickness and no pain. Yes, I must wait for that now. I know she is well and happy where Elma is—I think they know each other now.”

Many years have passed since that recorded event. Many dear ties have been severed since then! They have passed on Immortal—grand-

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parents, parents, uncles, aunts, cousins, our kith and kin; and we follow in their train!

Concerning our Father, much might be added, but time and space forbid. Yet this sketch of him is incomplete until we show the heart of him as Missionary; for *India was his supreme passion*. Here, too, his own pen serves best; from a few sheets of a journal found after their Ocean Grove home was closed forever. This briefly records his retirement from active service in India,—his abiding love for that country and the work there and his joyous hope in the Life to Come.” We quote again:

“The retired missionary has many a backward look mingled with pensive visions of an interesting and joyous past in his chosen field.

“Sometimes a landscape glimpse here, the note of a bird, or some unusual sound transports me in an instant to India; and pleasant scenes and memories of active days long gone by, flit before me with pensive longings for those happy days of loved work in India. The comparative retirement of the present is in marked contrast. I find much to do, to be sure; but it lacks the definiteness of those busy days. A charming reflection came to me a day or so ago. I thought of the chrysalis, hanging helpless and inactive, and waiting for the bursting of its cover, then the butterfly flits away in a free and happy life! Compared with my former self I now seem in a state of inactivity and enforced rest. My greater and real activities are in

IN MEMORY OF FATHER

the future when I 'shuffle off this mortal coil' of my chrysalis condition and soar out into the world 'eternal in the heavens.'

"This charms me away from the visions of the past! The remedy IS THE JOY OF THINGS TO COME."

This was an entry made in 1908. Then followed busy years in the Ocean Grove home, where pen and voice to the very last gave active help to his dear India. In the year 1920 God took both father and mother within six months of each other. This was a fitting end to their long and noble lives; for together they realize "THE JOY OF THINGS TO COME!"

*"There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breadth
Is but a suburb to the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death."*

A. S. R.

IN MEMORY OF MOTHER



MARY ELIZABETH WORTHINGTON was born in Brooks county, West Virginia, May 29, 1840. Her parents were the Reverend Nicholas and Margaret Worthington. She was married to Thomas Jefferson Scott, June 26, 1862, and after a long and useful life, spent with her husband on two continents, she left this world for Heaven, July 18, 1920, from her home in Ocean Grove, New Jersey.

A long record lies between these briefly mentioned dates; a story of life and labor; of gain and loss; of joy and sorrow; of hope and disappointment, and final triumphant victory and reunion with him she devotedly loved, and followed over seas; his "cheerful companion" for many years of service for India's women and children.

Its no easy task to speak of one parent without the other, for they are linked together in precious memory, and Love would lay its tributes side by side.

The inspiration of our Father's rare character, the influence of his holy life will abide forever! His deep piety, his strong, yet simple faith, are his childrens' deathless heritage. He gave us this message of trust in one of his sweet Christmas letters, quoting Whittiers' beautiful lines:

IN MEMORY OF MOTHER

“And so beside the Silent Sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me,
On ocean or on shore!
I know not where His Islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only Know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care!”

This sketch concerns, particularly, our sainted Mother; for Father's life has been duly recorded elsewhere.

Side by side with the immortal inspiration of his sweetness, and patience and piety, abides the influence of her deep religious character, her strength of will and purpose, her love and loyalty to family and friends, her sympathy for suffering, and her efficiency in all her work; and never to be forgotten, the *heart of youth* she ever carried; her cheerfulness, and zest, and energy were dominant traits of character, and with her many other sterling qualities made her a faithful companion, and valued friend, in home, or in mission work.

After Mother left us we found among her possessions a remarkable human document, *the key*, as it were to her life and work; her *Journals*, kept with greater or less regularity for nearly fifty-eight years. It is from these sacred pages we glean some valuable facts and dates concerning her life and work.

With loving heart and reverent hand we turn the leaves of her books, beginning with the first

OUR CLAN

joyous entry on her *wedding day June 26, 1862, at New Philadelphia, Ohio.*

From this happy date how devotedly she followed him whom she had chosen as life-companion; first, to visit his own parents and other friends and finally on *September Second* of that same year leaving with him for *India*, their future home and field of labor on the good ship "Guiding Star."

Details of that voyage by sailing vessel are full of interest.

It is the story of *five months* on the water! There were nine young people in that missionary party, and these on that long journey cemented their friendships for the coming years. Their labor of love gave in time a thousand-fold return. The small beginning grew to a mighty church, and these pioneer missionaries received the rewards of heroism and sacrifice before they passed beyond. Many pages of Mother's early *Journal* are devoted to their first station, *Budaon*.

Here she commenced to learn and practice the new and difficult language. She soon gathered a few women and girls to teach them the True Way; a hard task indeed for the young missionary, but one with golden promise. And Mother lived to see her *little veranda schools* grow into a large and prosperous Institution for Educating Christian Women!

In Budaon a few months after their introduction to the new work, their oldest child was born;

IN MEMORY OF MOTHER

Elma Belle, a lovely little girl whom they gave back to God when she was six years old. This heart-break left a shadow on the pages of Mother's book. It was difficult for the young mother to rally from such a bereavement, since the darling little life had put so much of sunshine and joy into that far away mission-home; cut off as they were from relatives and friends and happy social environments of her girlhood in America. Her record here proves that with characteristic conscientiousness the sorrowing mother strove to keep her interest in her mission work and live down her grief.

A second daughter, Alice Lorina, was born to them before they moved to their next mission station, *Bareilly*, where later arrived their first son, Worthington, and a third daughter, Mabel Clara. Thus, increasing family cares, together with her mission work, doubtless filled Mother's life with much work and many plans.

Her autobiography deals mostly with crucial periods of her busy life. Mentions of the *civil war*, *births of her children*, *deaths of friends far away*, occurrences of vital interest in her mission work, these are recorded in their turn, bringing finally the important date of their *first furlough* back to the home-land after twelve years of work in India. Then later, on their return to India after eighteen months they left behind with relatives their two older children, taking back with them one little girl, and the baby boy, Wilfred

OUR CLAN

Welday, born during their furlough. The advent of this last child was looked upon as a God-send, diverting in a measure their loneliness and loss in the parting from two of their family. Mother refers to this as her greatest trial. Possibly her children never understood how much she suffered in these enforced absences and partings. She asserts that this is the supreme sacrifice of a missionary mother's life. It meant much to protect the health of mind and body of children in a heathen land, and educational advantages were imperative and at a distance.

In all of this, our Father has often testified that mother's thrift and economy were greatly appreciated in all that concerned the welfare of the home and school life.

Space forbids the detailed mention of those passing years. There were four furloughs to the home-land, the first in 1876; next in 1882; a third in 1892, and finally a return to America in 1904, which proved a permanent rest from mission work, on account of Mother's uncertain health.

Father and Mother settled eventually at *Ocean Grove, New Jersey*, where their home by the sea was a model of modest comfort, containing many reminders of their life in India. Here Mother was frequent hostess to many relatives and friends; here Father wrote and spoke for India, especially, and every righteous cause. Life was full of cheerful employment for both; but Mother's failing health was a cause for concern.

IN MEMORY OF MOTHER

Yet she was wonderfully cheerful, in the enjoyment of their home-nest, with its cosy interior, matched without by Father's gentle skill in leaf and bloom. They both loved flowers. Father used to say he was helping God make the world beautiful. *They both helped to make the world beautiful and good.*

But the records were fast coming to a close. Mother's serious illness in the fall of 1919 led to a decision to try a change.

A visit to Mabel in the west was decided upon. This was undertaken in December of that year. For one so helpless and frail as Mother the journey was very successfully undertaken.

They spent a merry Christmas with the dear ones in Wauwatosa, Wisconsin; their *last Christmas* on earth it proved. While Mother gained by the change and care, Father seemed more frail than usual. A letter from him early in the new year was prophetic. The poem he enclosed contained these words:

*"Ask me not to linger,
For I'm pressing on the road
That leads me to Jerusalem
The City of my God."*

Already, although we knew it not, his feet were passing into the Pearly Gates, and a few days after, Heaven shut him from our view on earth.

For the year 1920 our Mother has left but two short entries. One, the date of Father's passing,

OUR CLAN

January 22, 1920. Her heart went with him. The last, June 3, 1920, from *Ocean Grove*, where she had just returned to settle up her affairs and spend the summer with Wilfred and his family.

But it was no longer Home to her without Father there. Her heart was ever with him and she longed to go.

God took her to her Heavenly Home soon. The mid-summer found her failing fast.

Frail and worn in body, in quiet sleep one evening her spirit took its flight. This was July 18; and on the twenty-second her mortal part was laid to rest by the side of her Beloved, in St. Clairsville, Ohio. *“Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.”*

They have but gone before us to the *“House of Many Mansions.”*

Together they are dwelling in their *“Building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”*

A. L. R.

ANCESTRAL
BROTHERS AND
SISTERS.

James, b. 1747,
d. 1834, aged 87

James, b. 1747,
d. 1834, aged 87

Frank
Married Isabella
Hamilton in Ire
land in 1790—95

George
Charles

William

Jane
Mary

Charles

William,
b. 1778, d. 1832.

Children of James Scott by first wife.

James

John

Unknown
Stephen
twins
Thomas

Mary
Margaret
husband
Ed Chambers

Children of James Scott by second wife, Mary Patterson.

Andrew,
b. May 23, 1798
d. Oct. 29, 1865
wife
Jane Thompson
b. May 5, 1805
d. Feb. 10, 1877

Children of James Scott by third wife, Mary Patterson.

George
Born in Donegal

John

William,
Born in New York City
wife
Charlotte Scott
1816

Hamilton

Andrew

James

No children
No children
James

Andrew

Two daughters

John (Shouting)

Thomas
wife
Margaret Moore

James

Fletcher

William

Frank

Susan
Married George Tenant
Margaret
Jane

Hugh
David
James
Moore
Thomas
Wesley
William
Mary

No children
Hugh
John

Thomas Drummond

William
Charity
Margaret
Susan

William Chambers
Thomas Chambers
Wesley Chambers

Wesley P.
wife
Nancy Welday

Elizabeth
husband
Henry Welday

William T.
wife
Margaret Elliott

Adam Clark, died in infancy
James, unmarried

Thomas J.
wife
Mary E. Worthington

A. Clark
Mary Jane
husband
Simon Warren

David M.
wife
Mary Clancy

Hannah Isabelle
husband
S. L. Jepson

Caroline
husband
J. C. McCann

Wesley
wife
Isabelle Tenant

Mary

Jane
husband
Thomas Johnston

Hannah
husband
Matthew Thompson

Margery
husband
James McCullough

John, Fort Dodge Iowa
James, died at Catlettsburg, Ky.
Robert, Fort Dodge Iowa

Marion
Joseph
Twelve daughters
William
Francis
James
Stephen
Hallett
Rhoderick

Nancy
husband
Ebenezer Grover

Isabelle
Catharine
Charlotte
John
William
Hamilton
Three daughters
Six children

Hamilton

James
Hiram
Sophia
Nancy
Isabelle
Mary
Lucrecia
Mariah

Hugh

Samuel

Andrew

Frank
Cassius
Andrew Moore
Ida Belle
William Oscar
Ella L.
Frank Stuart
Fletcher
John
William
H. Moore
Fletcher
Virginia
Alfred
Anna
Nancy
John
William
James
wife
Isabelle Long

Susan

Kizziah

Plummer
Fletcher
Thomas
Sarah

Nancy
Josephine
Stanton

E. G. Chambers

Randolph
Jefferson
Albert
Fremont
Elmer
Winfield W.

No children

Mary Clarisca, died in infancy

Andrew Elliott

Henry Welday

Carrie Jane

Elmer L., died in infancy
Howard H.
Ida Belle
Walter

Frederick

Elma, died in childhood

Alice L.
husband
H. L. Roscoe

Worthington
wife
Bertha Sanborn
Mabelle C.
husband
E. L. Walker

Wilfred W.
wife
Harriet E. Torbet

No children
Clement L. Warren
Andrew Scott Warren
James Lamont Warren
Elizabeth Warren

Louis H.
Georgia B.

Bertha M.

Elwood
Andrew C.
Warren

Bessie Welday

Ada
Jennie

Isabelle

Clara
Ethel

Dora
Emma
Frank

James A. Grover

Francis M. Grover

William H. Grover
Martha J. Grover
John F. Grover
Katharine E. Grover

John
Fletcher
William
Ina Leggett
Frank Leggett
Mary Leggett
Wood Leggett
Winnie Leggett
Roy Leggett
Patti Leggett

Herbert

Helen
Frank Wesley

Dumont H.
Margaret M.
William A.
Joseph M.
Estella M.
Welday
Edna
William

No children

Gladys E.
William H. J.

Scott Roscoe
Welday Roscoe
Mabelle Roscoe
Theodore Roscoe

No children

Elizabeth Mays
Katherine Alice
Virginia Louise

Margaret Elizabeth
Winifred Harriet

Kathleen
David William
Lamar
Mary Margaret

Louis M.
Samuel T.
David V.

William T.
Samuel T.
Charles W.

Caroline

Courtney
Scott
Norma H.

William
Robert
Hamilton
Andrew
Six daughters

James
William
Andrew
Four daughters

