

EARLHAM

C O L L E G E

Oct. 28, 2003

Greg Derylo
3N204 Bernice Drive
St. Charles, Ill. 60175

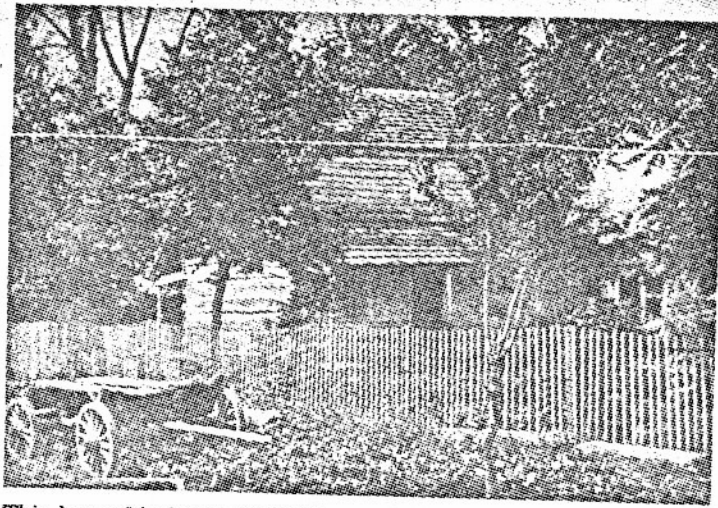
Dear Mr. Derylo:

I am enclosing the copy of the autobiography of William Macy that you requested. Thank you for the check.

Sincerely,



Thomas D. Hamm
Archivist & Professor of History



This log cabin home of William and Hannah Hinshaw Macy, on their farm one mile west of Mooresville, was a familiar landmark to residents of the town many years ago. Photograph submitted by Waldo Beals, R.R. 1, Noblesville.

Built 1856

Friends
BX
7796
M1.4
A2

MEMORANDUM

To

your mail

EARLHAM COLLEGE

FEB 18 1988

LIBRARY

EA

v

REMINISCENCE

of

William Macy

1786 1869

Title added. This is a xerox copy of a 1911 typescript of the original which was then located in Iowa. The typescript is now (1966) in possession of Wallace Hadley of Mooresville, Ind.

Note- Pages 20 through 99 were not reproduced as they were of no general interest (similar to page 15). wch.

I was brought up in a compact settlement of Friends,
a great many of them my uncles, aunts and cousins.
I was fifteen MORGAN COUNTY, INDIANA.
My father was Fourth Month, 9th, 1866.

His move, and after they got settled
I was born tenth month, 4th, 1786, in North Carolina,
Guilford County. My father's name was Baraciah Macy, and
my mother's was Lucinda Barnard. Their parents, John
Macy, then a widower, and Benjamin Barnard with his wife,
Eunice, and their families, migrated from Nantucket and
settled in Guilford County when my parents were quite young.
They each had a numerous family of children that eventually
married and settled around them, mostly, though some went
to Virginia. My Grandfather Macy lived with my father
since my earliest recollection, until his death, which
occurred in 1796, when I was just ten years old.

The circumstance made a deep impression on my mind, which
never wholly left me. It was the first time I had ever seen
a death so near home. Grandmother Macy died comparatively
young; she never saw Carolina. Her maiden name was Eunice
Coleman, a daughter of Elihu Coleman -- a public friend.

My grandfather Barnard died when I was very young; I
can just remember seeing him once or twice. His wife's
maiden name was Fitch; they were all Friends, descendants
of Friends, who fled from persecution in England and settled
in the eastern part of the United States.

I was brought up in a compact settlement of Friends, a great many of them my uncles, aunts and cousins, until I was fifteen years old. When I was fourteen years old, my father went with his brother-in-law to Tennessee to help him move, and after they got there they bought a farm on Lost Creek, in Jefferson County. It was then a comparatively a new country, and the next fall my parents determined on sending me out there to raise a crop for them to move to. Accordingly, I went. I was young and had never been much from home, and when I reflect on it since, it seems like a great risk to send an inexperienced lad of fifteen, 300 miles across the Allegheny mountains, who did not know a foot of the way, nor a single person on the route, to stay twelve months, and then come back and assist in moving the family out.

The worst part of the picture is the danger of such a situation the youth is placed in from surrounding influences, out of the reach of his parents, and left to his own impulses -- I sometimes shudder when I think of the danger I was exposed to.

I had the good fortune to have the company of my cousin and his wife for the first 200 miles, who lived in Tennessee and had gone back to Carolina on a visit, and I did very well while with them, but after I left them I had to travel 100 miles by myself; then I felt alone indeed; everything was new and strange, and I had but a boat the river had raised and the water ran so rapidly and the waves ran so high. I became strangled, and sunk, which

very poor map of the geography of the country in my head. I took the precaution to get a way bill of the route, but, nevertheless, I got lost two or three times before I got there -- I landed safe and sound, all well.

Having never seen or tasted limestone water till after I left my cousin's, the use of it seriously affected my health and I did not get over it for several months, and now came the trial.

I had pious parents, and I esteemed and loved them as such, and now I was clear beyond their control, and I might take my swing and do as I pleased, but praised be a merciful God, I was preserved from any gross immoralities. Coming into a strange country, amongst strange people, I had to form entirely new -associations and it is remarkable to me that I escaped the contamination of evil examples as well as I did, which I am bound reverently to attribute to the watchful care of the unslumbering Shepherd of Israel.

A circumstance occurred the first summer I lived in Tennessee which made a deep and lasting impression on my mind, and I trust will never be effaced while memory lasts. It was the custom for the young men and boys on seventh day in the afternoon, during the hot weather, to go to the river, one and one-half miles distant to bathe; this is a large and heavy running stream. I went with several others one day for that purpose, we saw a number in the water near the other shore and went, aiming to go to them, not knowing that the river had raised and the water ran so rapidly and the waves ran so high. I became strangled, and sunk, which

those on the other side seeing, started towards me, some on horses, some in canoes, and some in the water; one young man more energetic than the rest, succeeded in reaching me as I rose the second time and coming behind me, took me under the arms and held my head above the water until some others came with a canoe and got me into it, and thus saved my life, for certainly in a few seconds more I would have sunk to rise no more, which I take to be a merciful deliverance, and hope I shall ever be thankful for.

It is remarkable how swift thought will fly over time and space; while under the water I thought of my parents 300 miles away, and thought what distress it would bring on them, particularly my mother, to hear that I was sunk in the river, never to be seen again.

After this remarkable deliverance, I got along very well through the summer and raised a good crop and in the fall prepared to go back. I stood it pretty well until I began to get ready to go back, and then in anticipation of meeting with my parents and brothers and sisters, I became homesick and impatient, and no one knows my feelings but those who have experienced them.

One of my uncles went back with me, and in one place in the mountains it was twelve miles from one house to the next, and night came on before we got through, and dark came on about three miles before we reached our intended stopping place. As it began to grow dark, we heard a panther about a quarter of a mile ahead of us, and about the same distance from the road, and immediately another ans-

were it from the opposite side, and in about a minute the cry was repeated, and it appeared very plain that they were coming together, and we pushed on to try to escape them, and the cry was repeated and answered every time nearer to us, but we succeeded in passing through between before they met. The people where we stayed told us that it was their nature to call together at dark for the purpose of hunting and woe to the animal that crossed their path when they were thus together, and that if they had met us at the road, we were in imminent danger; our escape, I consider to be another remarkable deliverance, which I have had through a long life.

Nothing further occurred until we reached home, and found the family in indifferent health. My youngest brother, some two years old had been taken from the family circle -- and now I had but one brother, about five years younger than me, and three sisters left.

And now we began to prepare for the moving. My father being weakly, a great deal of the hardship fell upon me, and from circumstances beyond our control, we never got started until New Year's day 1802. We had a disagreeable time of it through the mountains, sometimes rain and sometimes exceeding cold, and we could seldom get in a house at night, and several times we broke our wagon, and my mother became seriously ill, which added to our distress. We made such slow progress that we were thirty days coming 300 miles, but we landed at last.

When spring came we had plenty of corn to gather, to

clear the fields for another crop, and during the summer my father and uncle bought another tract of land adjoining the one they lived on, and divided their interests, and the part that fell to my father had no improvements on it except about ten acres cleared and under cultivation. My father was no part of a mechanic except he sometimes made shoes, and by this time I had developed into something like manhood, and turned my attention to mechanics, partly from necessity, such as building houses, chimneys, etc.

By the aid of a young man that my father hired, we built a double log house and two stone chimneys, and cleared and fenced ten acres of land. (By the way, there were no other buildings except those made of logs in those days.)

Having fixed the family in a comfortable way to live, I left them to seek my own fortune, knowing that my parents had nothing to give me, although they continued to furnish me with everyday clothes, and I went and lived with my uncle, and remained with him the most of the time until I was married, sometimes cropping with him, sometimes hired by the day, sometimes by the job, and once by the year. Several times in driving team for him I narrowly escaped with my life.

I had the liberty while living with him, whenever I could find a profitable job, to go and do it.

In the fall of 1807 I bought a tract of 200 acres of land, paid part down, and gave my note for \$500.00 on time.

children: all boys but one, besides one he lost in infancy: I began to reflect seriously on the propriety of

It was mostly rich land, and about 15 acres in cultivation, but no buildings. After doing this, I made every arrangement I could to meet my liabilities. Money became scarce, and stock was no sale; and my main resource was mechanical labor.

In the spring of 1807 I married and I had not yet redeemed my notes; by this step I brought an additional trouble upon myself, but she proved a true helpmate. I was gone from home a great deal of the time, and left her to manage at home which she did effectually. In the spring of 1810 my dear mother died. She was a tender mother to her children and they loved her dearly. In 1812 I was drafted into Jackson's army. Of course I refused to go and was fined, and everything I had was executed, and it cost me a great deal of money before I got clear of it, which was a great drawback under my circumstances.

In the fall of 1814, I revisited my native country for the last time; great alterations had occurred among the people during my absence. While I was in Carolina, my father married his second wife, which proved a happy union.

In the course of the year 1815, I succeeded in liquidating all my debts, and turned my attention to improving my land, and built me a good house, etc. Meanwhile, my family increased until in the spring of 1820 we had six children; all boys but one; besides one we lost in infancy; I began to reflect seriously on the propriety of

removing my family to a free state; my friends and relations all with one consent opposed the measure, but the idea of my children marrying with slave holders, which I observed frequently happened, overruled every other consideration, and in the fourth month I sold out and moved to the state of Indiana, and settled near the head of West river in Randolph county.

In 1821 in the spring of the year, I went with several others on an exploring expedition westward through the state of Indiana. It was then a primeval wilderness, inhabited by Indians and wild beasts, of which we saw an abundance.

Here again we had to form new acquaintances and new associations, and as it nearly always happens the first settlers are of doubtful character for the most part, and so it happened with us.

We remained in Randolph County until we raised a large family of children. Our four eldest sons died and left families. All the rest but the youngest married and left that part of the country, and in 1856 we sold out and moved here. Our youngest daughter married shortly after we came here.

And now to conclude my little story;--my dear wife for several of the last years of her life became weakly, and gradually grew worse, until the 19th of the second month 1866, she quietly passed away, and we doubt not is entered into her rest and peace. She gave much good counsel to those around her, and frequently expressed,

toward the close, that all was peace and love, and she had nothing to do but to die.

I have had to pass through many sore trials through the course of a long life, but this bereavement overwhelms me with grief. We lived together in the utmost love and harmony for 57 years, wanting 9 days, and partaking through the checkered path of life, each others joys and sorrows, and now in my old age, and infirm state of health, I am left alone, but I can truly say, the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be his name, and I trust I shall soon follow her, and hope to meet her where we shall part no more.

And here I will lay down my pen.

William Macy.

When I was just ten years old my grandfather died; he was an old man, and always lived in the family from my earliest recollection -- a man of very few words, and I believe a very sincere christian, and when I saw him lying a corpse,

When I was just ten years old my grandfather died; he was an old man, and always lived in the family from my earliest recollection -- a man of very few words, and I believe a very sincere christian, and when I saw him lying a corpse,

Eighth Month 3rd, 1866.

As a supplement to what I have written I will add some account of the dealings of the Almighty with me from my youth up.

I had pious parents who early taught me the difference between right and wrong, particularly my mother, for the reason that I was more constantly with her, in my infancy, and it must be plain to all that a pious mother has an influence over her children that commonly lasts through life. She early taught me to read the Bible, and I read of the good men that feared God and were preserved; and of the blessed Savior that died on the cross to save poor sinners, nevertheless the Bible remained to me a sealed book for a long time. Still, I was very early made sensible of two principles in my mind opposed to each other, but I did not distinctly understand it; one thing, I very soon found out, that, when I had done anything wrong, I felt miserable, and determined in my mind that I would never do so again, and when I was tempted to do wrong, and had grace sufficient to withstand the temptation, I felt rejoiced and happy; and thus time rolled on, alternately sinning and repenting, for I was a wayward child.

When I was just ten years old my grandfather died; he was an old man, and always lived in the family from my earliest recollection -- a man of very few words, and I believe a very sincere christian, and when I saw him lying a corpse,

and then laid in the ground, and reflected that we must all come to that, and if my parents should thus be called away, what would become of me, and the scene made an impression on my mind, and was one link in the chain of circumstances in the ordering of Providence to bring me eventually to see my condition.

When I was fifteen years old I left my native land, and all my relations and associates and went to a new country, out of the reach of my pious parents, and had to form new acquaintances and associates amongst strangers, and being of a very volatile and lively turn it seems astonishing to me now, how I escaped the contaminating influence of evil examples, which I reverently attribute to the watchful care of the unslumbering Shepherd of Israel, for although I was often guilty of lightness and vanity, yet I was preserved from any gross immoralities.

Once in the course of this summer, I came very near being drowned, and I thought I was gone, then in a moment my thoughts reverted back to my parents, and their former tender care of me, and it is impossible for me now to describe the feelings I had then.

But I was rescued, and was more sober for a while, but the propensity to folly was so strong in me, that my promises of amendment were written in the sand, altho in the end it proved to be another link in the chain.

When I was about 19 years of age I was laid on a bed of sickness, and I thought I must die, and all that saw me thought us too. Then I was miserable indeed, but knew I giving up all without reserve, things were made easy.

was not fit and prepared to die, and I prayed hard for more time, and it was granted; I will not say that I dedicated my whole soul to the Master for I found afterwards that there were some secret reserves made, but this I will say, I was more circumspect ever afterward, in my conduct, but being yet young, and the world all before me, the cross was too heavy, but it was made a strong link in the chain.

In my 22nd year I was married to a virtuous young woman, which proved to be another strong link in the chain of circumstances that was destined in the ordering of Providence to bring me home. She was a good helpmate in every sense of the word, and I fully believe I was influenced in my choice by an unseen hand.

We lived 57 years in the utmost love and harmony, partaking together each other's joys and sorrows, tribulations, privations and losses.

Again and again has one or the other been prostrated on a bed of sickness, near unto death, and the other was there to administer, aid and comfort, and I am now left disconsolate, and I take pleasure in dedicating these lines to her memory.

Many years ago I was taken down with fever, and thought I must die, and then I saw that it would not do to make a partial sacrifice -- I must give up all. It was an awful time with me -- no human being knew or ever will know what I suffered then; I plead hard for a release, but it would not do, I then had a dear wife and family of children, and the thought of parting with them was bitter, but after giving up all without reserve, things were made easy.

As a contrast to this, I will state that several times since, I have been brought to the brink of the grave, and had no hope, or even desire of recovery, yet all was peace within.

And here let me observe it is much the best to become reconciled to God while in health for divers reasons-- one is, sometimes the mind becomes bewildered, and unable to concentrate the thoughts on any one subject, another is when the mind is distressed with fears, it has a very unfavorable effect on the body, so that those who have no fears for the result, have the decided advantage. I was followed up from infancy with the entreaties of redeeming love, but I was loth to give up, still holding back something I was loth to part with.

But now I can truly say I have no will of my own, and Praised and exalted be His name forever who hath redeemed my soul from all adversity, without any merits of my own, but by and through his everlasting mercy in that He hath not left me to my own will and wisdom, but hath protacted me through all my trials and tribulations, through a long and checkered life, and now above all in my old age, condescends to be with me, both night and day, by His Holy Spirit in my soul filling my heart with praise, and thanksgiving-- to his great and glorious Name forever and forever, Amen and Amen, saith my soul.

William Macy.

Tenth Month, Fourth, 1866.

This day I am 80 years old; and when I think of my childhood and youth, and how many scores of my connections were once around me, and now there is not one in a hundred that is older than me that is left, and very few of my age, and hundreds that were younger, all gone, gone to be seen of here below no more, -- I say when I reflect on these things, and know that I am left here yet, I am lost in wonder, thanksgiving and praise, to Him who hath kept and preserved me from my infancy to my old age -- and still condescends to be with me in my afflictions -- and I humbly ask Him to continue to be with me and humbly bow in submission to his will, and earnestly desire that I may be enabled patiently to wait, until my change come.

Shall I dare say, peculiar is my lot,

I've been so long remembered, I'm forgot;

When shall I die to sorrow, sin and pain;

When shall I die--when shall I live again?

William Duff

Second Month 22nd, 1867.

"God hath a being, and that you may see
 In the fold of the flower, in the leaf of the tree,
 In the sun of the noonday, in the star of the night,
 In the storm-cloud of darkness, in the rainbow of light
 In the wave of the ocean, the furrow of land,
 In the mountain of granite, the atom of sand;
 Turn where you may, from the sky to the sod,
 Where can you gaze that you see not a God?"

R E L I G I O N.

"Soft peace she brings where she arrives,
 She builds her quiet as she forms our lives;
 Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
 And opens in each breast a little heaven.

As the waters the depth of the blue ocean cover,
 So fully shall God among mortals be known.
 His word like the sunbeams shall range the world over,
 The globe his vast temple, and mercy his throne."

William Macy,

Tenth Month 8th, 1866.

My immediate descendants now amount to 103. Children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren -- a goodly number sure. And when I reflect on it a moment, I am lost in wonder and astonishment, to think that I am left to record the fact, and when we add the husbands and wives of the above children and grandchildren, amounting to 21, making the whole number 124, it seems overwhelming.

124 immortal souls to be saved or lost.

My soul is bowed in humble contrition before the throne of Him Who ruleth in the armies of heaven, and amongst the children of men, -- and I beg of him that He would look down with compassion on the work of his hands.

William Macy.

William Hinshaw died 6th month, 29th, 1807.

Margaret Hinshaw died 1st month, 18th, 1828.

Their Children.

Uriah Hinshaw was born 1st month 8th, 1785.
 Sarah Hinshaw was born 6th month 8th, 1787.
 Hannah Hinshaw was born 2nd month 8th, 1789.
 Mary Hinshaw was born 9th month 18th, 1792.
 Ezra Hinshaw was born 1st month, 3rd, 1797.
 Ruth Hinshaw was born 6th month, 11th, 1799.
 Margaret Hinshaw was born 2nd month 17th, 1802.
 William Hinshaw was born 9th month, 4th, 1804.
 Lucinda Hinshaw was born 9th month 5th, 1807.

Sarah (Hinshaw) Lee died 6th month 5th, 1855.

Ruth (Hinshaw) Ellis died 4th month 28th, 1848.

Samuel Lee (husband of Sarah Hinshaw Lee) died 9th
 month, 12th, 1827.

Their Children.

Margaret Lee was born 6th month 22nd, 1820.
 John Lee was born 2nd month, 5th, 1822.
 Ephraim Lee was born 11th month 7th, 1823.
 Ezra Lee was born 10th month 15th, 1825.
 Hannah Lee was born 12th month 18th, 1827.

Ephraim Lee died 5rd month, 14th, 1866, aged 86 years
 and 6 months.

Albert Hadley (husband of Mary (Macy) Hadley) died 3rd month,
 14th, 1866, aged 35 years and 1 month.

Cynthia Hadley (daughter of Albert and Mary Hadley) died
 4th month 15th, 1866, aged 13 years and 22 days.

Baraciah Macy and Lucinda Barnard were married 3rd
month, 20th, 1783.

Baraciah Macy died 8th month, 28th, 1832.
Lucinda Macy died 4th month, 5th, 1810.

#####

William Macy was born 10th month, 4th, 1786.

Hannah Hinshaw was born 2nd month, 8th, 1789.

They were married 3rd month 1st, 1809.

Hannah Macy died 2nd month, 19th, 1866.

William Macy died 1st month, 17th, 1869.

The Children of William and Hannah Macy.

Johnathan,	born 3rd month, 7th, 1810. died 9th month, 15th, 1850.	
Nathan H.	born 8th month, 16th, 1811. died 3rd month, 23rd, 1856.	
Alvah J.	born 2nd month, 26th, 1813. died 7th month, 9th, 1852.	
Elihu C.	born 12th month, 26th, 1814. died 5th month, 23rd, 1816.	
John H.	born 11th month, 26th, 1816. died 6th month 1st, 1849.	
Lucinda	born 8th month, 30th, 1818. died	<i>M. Thomas Hadley</i> 1838
William M.	born 3rd month 8th, 1820. died 6th month 4th, 1911.	
Margaret Ann	born 3rd month 22nd, 1822. died 8/19/1899	<i>M. Lewis Hadley</i>
Sarah	born 11th month, 3rd, 1823. died 6th month, 10th, 1873.	<i>M. Thomas L. Hadley</i>
Perry T.	born 8th month, 19th, 1825. died 1869.	
Ira C.	born 5th month 28th, 1828. died Fish Mo 23 1879	
Ruth	born 1st month, 9th, 1830. died 12th 18. 1910	<i>M. Miles Hadley</i>
Mary Ann	born 10th month 1st, 1831. died 1 - 3 1889	<i>M. Albert Hadley</i>
Lydia Ann	born 4th month 1st, 1834. died 2nd month 24th, 1897.	<i>M. John F. Hadley</i>

the activities of the younger generation. The interest for him, the thoughts of age suggest, and we have the rather fragmentary essays, not to be considered as literary efforts, but the meditations of a mind

Winnetka Ill. 1916

In making a copy of the writings of William Macy, almost fifty years after he has passed away, it may not be out of place to add a few thoughts suggested by his words, and also a tribute to his character.

He deserves great credit for the strength of his convictions and for his freedom from petty faults, for his breadth of view, and the implicit faith he had in his religious beliefs.

He lived in a time when the elemental virtues and simple life were the custom; when the struggle was with the primeval forest and the effort was to subdue the earth and make it fruitful. Circumstances cultivated self-reliance and fostered personal independence of thought and action. Only the elements of an education were to be had and from the few books arose a depth of culture and a richness of thought which was intensified by the communion with nature in all her moods that is now too rare.

One marks the heroic stand taken in regard to the slavery question fifty years before the struggle ripened which set its seal of approval on the side taken.

In his later years, when his wife had been taken from him and the time seemed to hang heavy on his hands, and the activities of the younger generations had little interest for him, the thoughts of age sought expression and we have the rather fragmentary essays, not to be considered as literary efforts, but the meditations of a mind seeking to the heaven he had pictured to himself, where he should find rest and loved ones and freedom in the spirit.

William A. Hadley.

living over in its loneliness, the events of a long life and looking forward, untroubled by any doubts, to a home of rest and peace and reunion with the ones loved.

One must admire the tolerant spirit shown towards the opinions of others, especially if we remember that this spirit was maintained through a period when great intolerance was shown both in politics and religion.

While he was not possessed of great wealth, as we are accustomed to consider wealth, he was rich in his old age because his wants were few, and he had a competence and was free from cares of riches and poverty. His children grew up and he saw them all, without exception develop into christian men and women, filling with credit and honor their stations in the world. He was beloved and respected of all men for his loving spirit, his good counsel and his upright life. He could say that he had fought a good fight and had kept the faith.

Early in 1868 came the stroke of paralysis that put an end to his physical activity, and after he had written "To My Grand-daughters" he laid down his pen forever. Though he lived just about a year longer, he was almost helpless, and the sufferings of a body worn out by a long life of hard toil left little energy for mental activity. He contented himself with hearing a chapter read from the Bible daily, and with thoughts of escape from pain and the coming to the heaven he had pictured to himself, where he should find rest and loved ones and freedom in the spirit.

William A. Hadley.

Presented to Mahlon J. Hadley.

by Wm A. Hadley (his bro)

Dec. 25 - 1911