

The Allen Family



Christopher Allen

Born: Newport, Isle of Wight, England, 1804

Died: Winona, Ohio, 1876

*I must contend with many obstacles and pursue learning
under no small difficulties.*

C. Allen

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Christopher and Amelia Bennett Allen



Albion Mill in Winona, Ohio, c. 1855

Christopher and Amelia Bennett Allen

Christopher Allen married Amelia Bennett on January 16, 1826, at Manchester, St. Johns, Lancashire, a Church of England chapel that no longer stands but is marked by a monument. On the parish marriage certificate, Christopher Allen is listed as a brass founder. The certificate is witnessed by Richard Fosbrook Allen and Peter Bennett, Jr. Richard was Christopher's younger brother; Peter is no doubt related to Amelia, but we do not know in what way. In 1842, Christopher and Amelia emigrated from England to America and settled in Cleveland, Ohio, but that is not where their story begins or ends.



The Richard and Martha Allen Family

Christopher Allen was the son of Richard and Martha Allen. In his journal of his trip to England from Ohio in 1866, Christopher tells that his father was a drunk until he was nearly 60 years of age. "I used to have to pilot him home from the Loverw [?] in a State of intoxication. We were reduced to poverty and my noble mother, when he was almost in despair, encouraged him by telling him poverty was nothing if he would but keep sober. She and the children could make a living. He took her advice; knowing himself to be weak he sought divine assistance which I think was in Mercy granted. He commenced taking his family to a place of worship and finally was enabled nearly to overcome his habit of drinking which I might say he had indulged from very childhood." The reference to "Loverw," no doubt mistyped in his daughter's recording of Christopher's journal, eludes us. We first find Richard and Martha Allen in the records when they married in London in 1791 and have retraced their life paths from London to the Isle of Wight to Birmingham and finally to Manchester.



Mount Street Friends Meetinghouse, Manchester. Picture taken 1999, but building much as it appeared when Christopher Allen visited in 1866.

Richard Allen and Martha Fosbrook married on July 31, 1791, in the parish of St. George, Bloomsbury, borough of Camden, London, England. William Allen and Elizabeth Turner witnessed the marriage, and A.P. Poston presided. Bloomsbury is an area of London in the Camden borough, between Holborn and St. Pancras. Bloomsbury is the home of the University of London and today is famed as a literary center giving its name to the Bloomsbury Group.

Richard, died intestate on September 15, 1832. His address was Eagle Street, Hulme (Manchester). On January 31, 1833, Richard's estate was administered; his wife Martha was sole heir. Witnesses were Christopher Allen of 44 Dean Street, brassfounder, and Thomas Thompson (son-in-law) of 15 John Street, Chorlton Row, machine maker. Martha,

Christopher, and Thomas all signed their names. In 1836 a widowed Martha Allen was listed at 17 Eagle Street, Hulme. In the 1841 census, Martha Allen was at 18 Eagle Street in Hulme, 76 years old, and not born in the county of Lancashire. In her household was her daughter, Jane, 35, working in a school and not born in Lancashire.

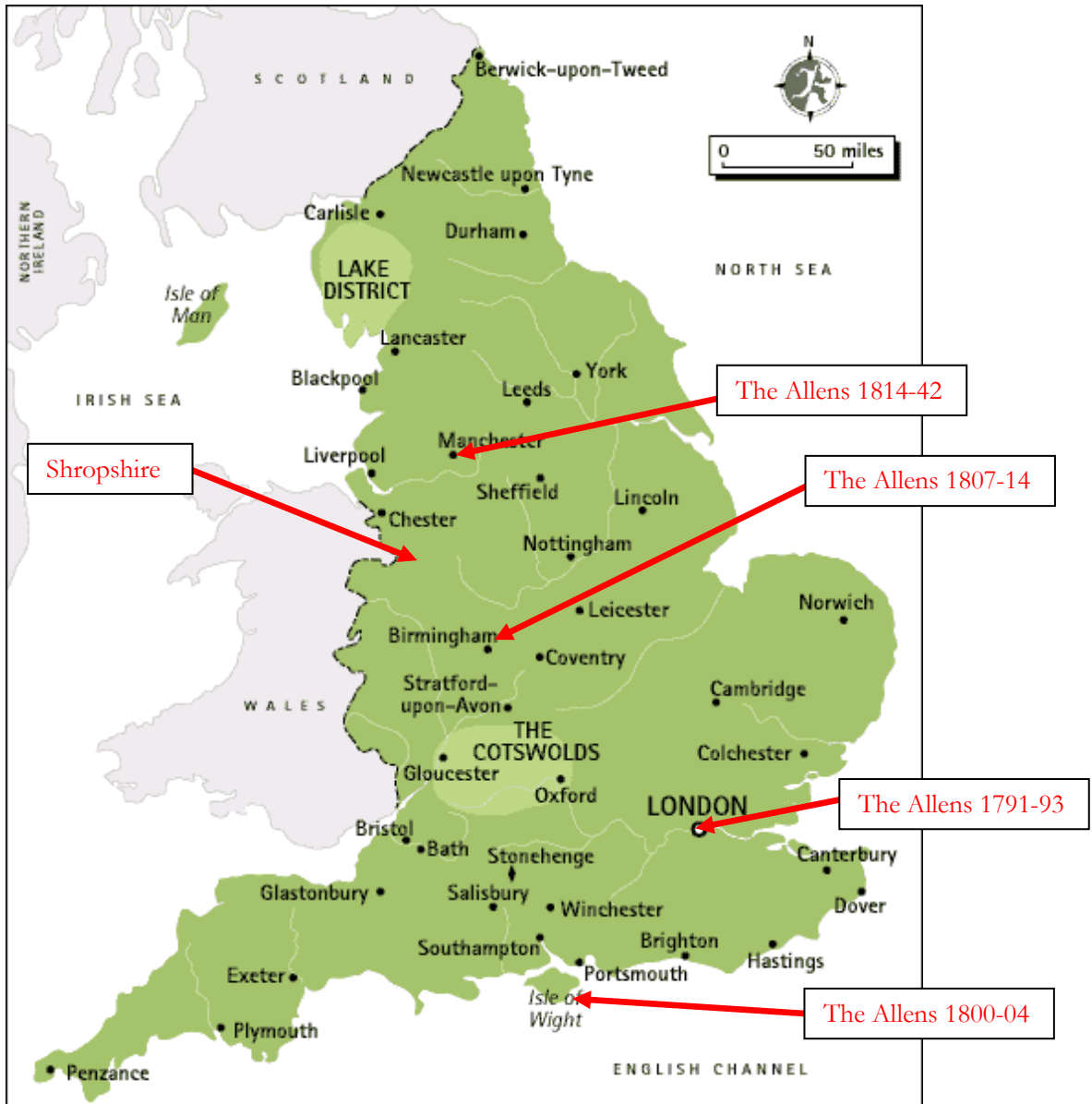
Mary Allen, daughter of Richard and Martha Allen, was living with her sister Jane in Stretford, Manchester, Lancashire in the 1861 census. Mary, 68 years old in the census, reported having been born at St. Giles, London. A search of baptism records found a Mary Allen, daughter of Richard and Martha, born May 14, 1792, and baptized June 10, 1792, at St. Marylebone, borough of Westminster, in London. St. Marylebone would be near St. Giles.

St. Giles-in-the-Fields, St. Marylebone, and St. Pancras are all parishes in the Holborn division of the Ossulstone Hundred, in County of Middlesex, England. This is in the northern area of Westminster, north of the Thames, in what is now London.

St. Giles-in-the-Fields, in the Borough of Camden, is so named because it was originally (11th century) a leper colony placed outside the city. John Milton's daughter Mary was baptized at St. Giles in 1647; the actor David Garrick married Eva Maria Violetti there in 1786; Lord Byron's daughter Allegra and two of Shelley's children were baptized together at a ceremony in the church in 1818. The church that now stands at St. Giles was built in 1734, and one of the first preachers there was John Wesley. He and his brother Charles operated from a chapel at nearby West Street for forty years.

The first church at St. Marylebone was St. Mary's, built on a stream (bourne) called Tybourne. The name, thus, comes from St. Mary's on the Bourne. Famous residents of the parish include Sherlock Holmes (fictional), John Lennon, and H. G. Wells.

Elizabeth Allen. Christopher Allen mentioned a sister Elizabeth in his journal of his visit to England in 1866. The register of baptisms shows an Elizabeth Allen, daughter of Richard and Martha, born December 2, 1793, baptized December 26, 1793, at Percy Chapel, St. Pancras, another nearby London parish. St. Pancras was a medieval parish in what is now the Borough of Camden. Old St Pancras Church and its graveyard have links to Charles Dickens, Thomas Hardy, and the Wollstonecraft circle. The first church at St. Pancras was believed built about 320 AD at the site of a former Roman encampment on the River Fleet.



St. Marylebone was the site of a workhouse for the poor, as were St. Pancras and St. Giles-in-the-Fields. From 1793, Britain's war with France led to a widespread increase in pauperism. Even with its much increased capacity, the new workhouse at St. Marylebone soon became full, reaching 1,168 inmates by 1797. Reluctantly, the Guardians had to resort to providing out-relief without demanding entry into the workhouse.

As well as adult paupers and their families, the workhouse also took in foundlings. Babies were also abandoned on its doorstep. In 1815, an infant was left with a note attached:

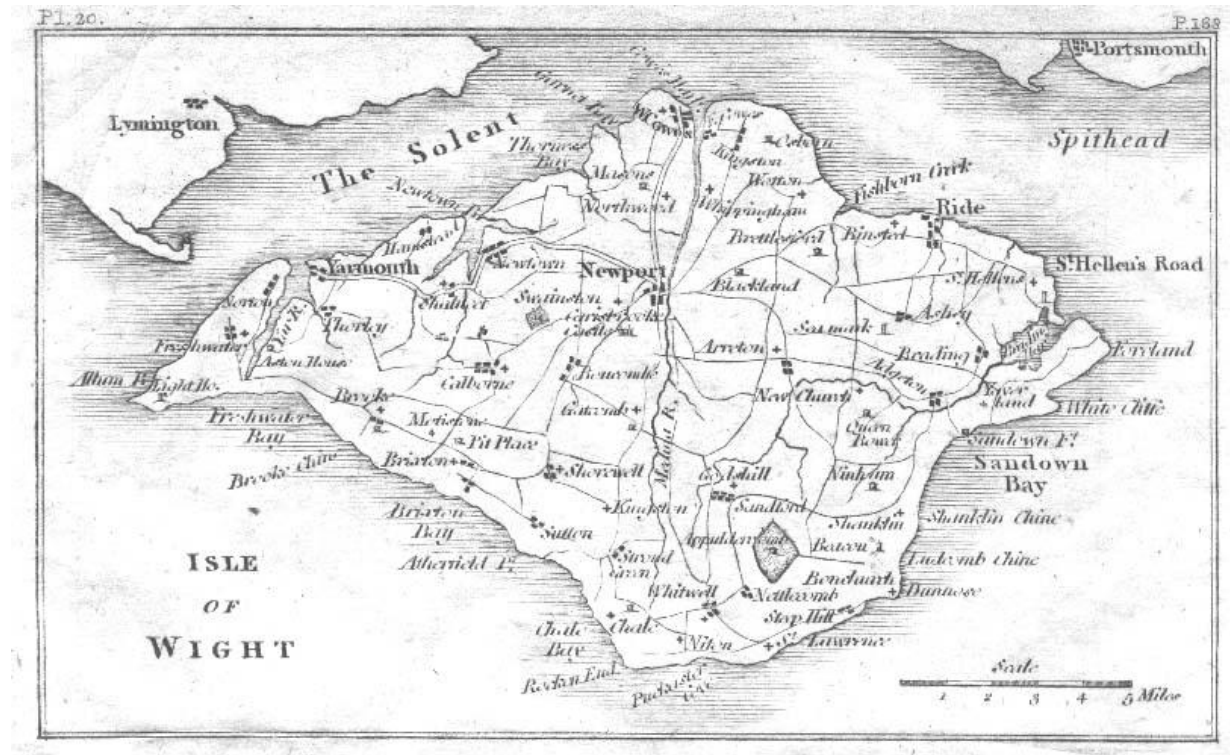
I am little Kitty, my parents are poor.
 I crave your pity, now I am left at your door.
 I do not despair but a hope I do cherish
 I shall be taken care of, as I am left to the parish.

A workhouse was also located at Isle of Wight, and the Allens moved to Isle of Wight sometime between 1793 and 1800. A history of the workhouse says that the poor were chiefly relieved in a House of Industry at Newport, erected under an Act of Parliament passed in 1771, and amended by subsequent Acts. We do not know that the Allens moved from London to Newport with the workhouse, but it is possible considering Christopher's later descriptions of the family's low condition. We have a gap in time from the birth of Elizabeth at St. Pancras in 1793 to the birth of three Allen children between 1800 and 1804.

Martha Allen was born on the Isle of Wight and baptized there on December 3, 1800.

Jane Allen was born on the Isle of Wight on May 15, 1802, and baptized there on August 15, 1802.

Christopher Allen was born the son of Richard and Martha Allen on April 14, 1804, and was baptized at St. Thomas's in Newport on the Isle of Wight off the southern coast of England on May 30, 1804.

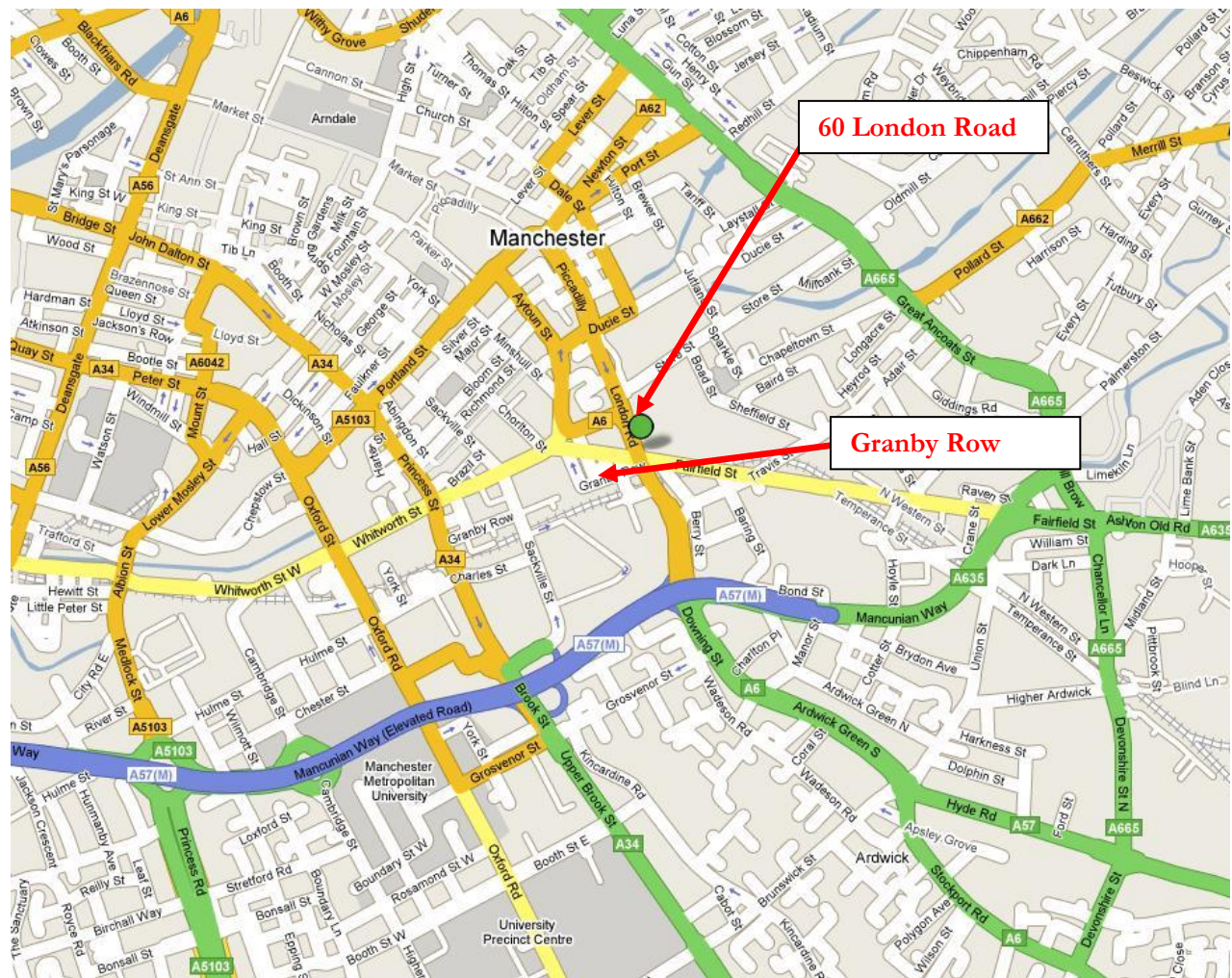


Richard Allen. Christopher’s younger brother, Richard Fosbrook Allen, was baptized at St. Martin’s in Birmingham on July 27, 1807. By about 1814, the Allens had moved once again, this time to Manchester, where the children, including 10-year-old Christopher, were working in the cotton factories. There were perhaps other siblings of Christopher; in his 1866 diary of his visit to England he mentions a nephew, E. Tutton, in Leeds.

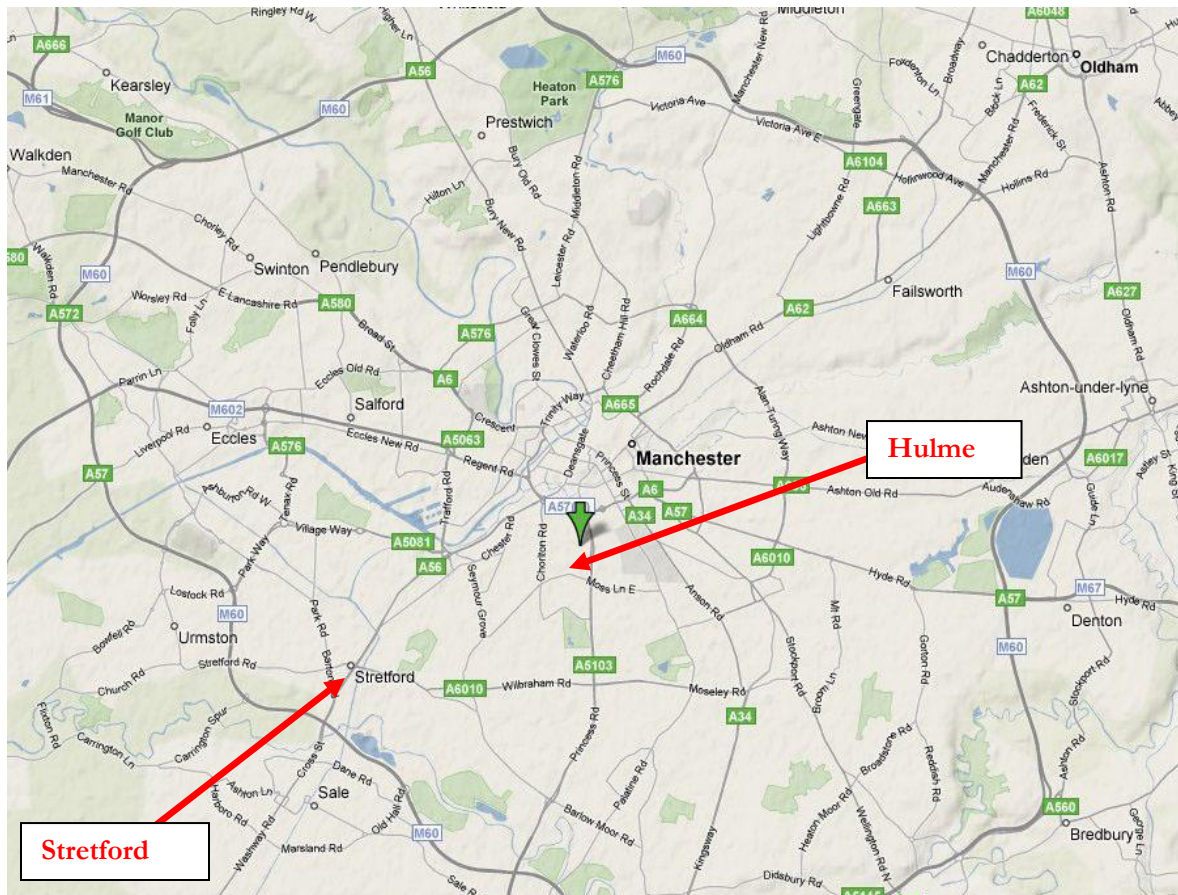
Two of Christopher’s sisters—Jane and Mary—did not marry. In 1841, Jane was 35 and living with her mother at 18 Eagle Street in Manchester. In his diary Christopher refers to his two maiden sisters, living in 1866 in a “cozy cottage” in Stretford. The 1861 census in St. Matthews, Stretford, Lancashire, shows a Mary Allen, 68 (born 1793 in London, St. Giles), retired housekeeper, as head of household with sister Jane Allen, 58, servant, born at Newport, Isle of Wight.

In 1871, Jane Allen was 68, a lodger in Chorlton-on-Medlock in Manchester, All Saints Ward in the St. John the Baptist Ecclesiastical District, born at Newport, Isle of Wight, her occupation an “assistant to my ??”.

Modern Day Manchester



Greater Manchester



Elizabeth Allen, born 1793. Christopher visited his sister Elizabeth Morris in Shropshire on his trip to England in 1866. Elizabeth Allen married William Morris on May 19, 1825, in Hatfield, Hereford, England. Hereford borders Shropshire to the south.

In 1861 we find Elizabeth in the census in Shropshire. William Morris, 78, occupation—Ag Lab [agricultural labourer], born in Kenley, Shropshire, living in Cressage; wife Elizabeth, 67, born in Middlesex, London; son William, 33, born in Cressage, Shropshire, occupation—Ag Lab; and William Ward, 1 year old, grandson, born in Harley, Shropshire.

In 1871, William Morris (son of William and Elizabeth Allen Morris), 43, occupation—woodman; born in Cressage Shrophire, living in Sheinton, Shropshire, with wife's? Mary Ann Reynolds, gen. servant, 13, born in Berrington, Shropshire; Sarah Jane Morris, 8, daughter, scholar, born in Cressage; Thomas Morris, 3, son, born in Sheinton.

In 1871, William Ward (grandson of William and Elizabeth Allen Morris), 9, born in Harley, Shropshire, living as nephew in home of Elizabeth Ward, 40, a carpenter's wife [no husband in census], born in Wroxeter, Shropshire; Elizabeth, 11, daughter, born in Wroxeter, Shropshire; Thomas A. Hughes, nephew, 9 months, born in Surethwick?, Staffordshire [Staffordshire borders Shropshire to the east].

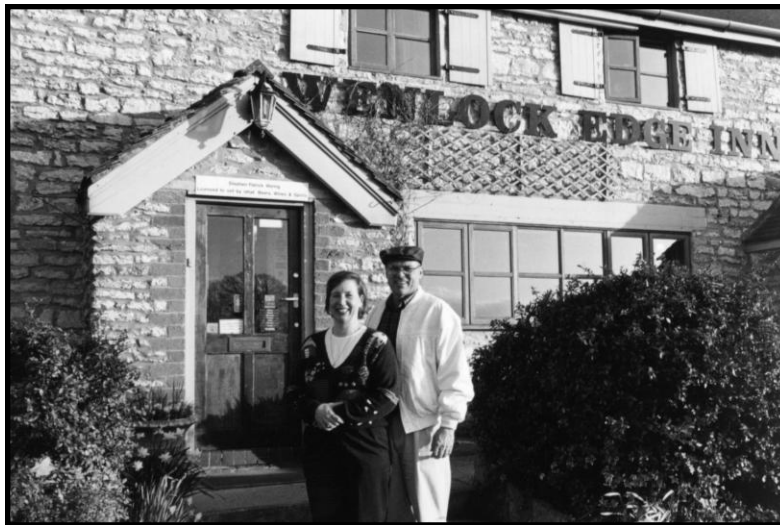
In 1881, William Morris (son of William and Elizabeth Allen Morris), 53 was living in a cottage in Sheinton, Shropshire, a wood ranger, born Cressage, Shropshire; wife Harriet Morris, 46, a wood ranger's

wife; born in Wellington, Shropshire; Sarah Jane, 17, daughter, born in Cressage, Shropshire; Thomas, son, 13, born in Sheinton; William Allen, 11, son, born in Sheinton; Joseph, 8, son born in Sheinton; Harriet, 7, daughter, born in Sheinton; Isabella, 5, daughter, born in Sheinton; Arthur Samuel, 2, born in Sheinton.

In 1891, William Morris (son of William and Elizabeth Allen Morris), 63, wood ranger, born in Cressage, living in Shineton, Shropshire; wife Harriet, 54, a market woman born in Wellington, Shropshire; Arthur, son, 12, born in Shineton.



View of Mt. Wrekin from Wenlock Edge in Shropshire. Picture taken by Sam Redding in 1999 of spot described by Christopher Allen in his 1866 diary. Aunt Beth Allen asked Sam to find out if the English really used hedge rows instead of fences. She died while Sam was in England.



Sam and Jane Redding at Wenlock Edge, March 1999.

Martha Allen, born 1800. Christopher's sister Martha married Thomas Thompson in Manchester at St. Mary's on June 21, 1821, with Richard Allen (father) witnessing the marriage. Thomas was a turner and fitter at the time. Martha and Thomas's children were Martha (baptized October 27, 1833 at Manchester Cathedral), Tom (baptized July 31, 1825 at Manchester Cathedral), and John (whom Christopher described in 1866 as being a partner in the second largest machine firm in Manchester). In the 1851 census, Thomas was 49, living at 22 Hoyle Street, born at New Mills, Derbyshire, with son Thomas, 26, and daughter Martha, 18, both at home.

In the 1861 census, Martha Allen Thompson was 60 years old, born at Newport, Isle of Wight, living with her son-in-law, Robert Ferguson (25, born in Manchester), and her daughter Martha (23, born in Manchester) in St. Matthews, Stretford, in Lancashire. Robert was manager of a sewing thread manufacturer. Christopher reported in his diary that in 1866 his sister Martha was living in a "sweet rural spot" with her son-in-law, Robert Ferguson, an "intelligent Scotsman."

Richard Fosbrook Allen, born 1807. Christopher's brother Richard married a woman named Elizabeth and had three children—Elizabeth (Lizzy, baptized at Grosvenor St. Chapel, Manchester, on November 18, 1838), Jane (Jenny, born in 1846), and John (born in 1847). Richard was a mechanic (probably the operator of a machine in one of this industrial city's many factories) in various directories and censuses from 1841 to 1861, but in 1871, when he was 64 years old, he was listed as a missionary preacher. Richard was at 84 Booth Street, Chorlton on Medlock in 1841; at 153 Chatham Street in 1845; at 28 Dale Street in Hulme in 1848; and at 59 Boundary Street West, Chorlton-on-Medlock, in 1851 and 1861. In 1871 he was at 2 Gore Street Greenheys (Chorlton-on-Medlock). Hulme and Chorlton-on-Medlock are adjacent suburbs bordering Manchester's city center to the southeast. Some of the addresses may have been business addresses rather than residences.

In 1881, Richard Fosbrook Allen no longer appears in the census and is presumed to have died. His son John now lives at the house at 2 Gore Street, Greenheys in Chorlton-on-Medlock. He is a 34-year-old commercial clerk cashier, married to Emily, age 35, born in Manchester. Also in the household are their children—John H., 7, Florence, 5, Emily, 3, Dora 4 months—and a servant, Hannah M. Berks.

In 1891, John Allen was in Chorlton-on-Medlock, 44, a manufacturer's agent in linen, with wife Emily, 44, and children: John H., 17, in the calico printing trade; Florence, 15, a pupil/teacher at West School; Emily, 13; Dora, 10; and Winifred, 5. Also in the home was a servant, Harriet Chantler.

In 1901, John Allen is 54, still in Chorlton-on-Medlock, an agent for a linen manufacturer, with Emily, 54, and children: John Herbert, 27; Florence, 25, a teacher; Emily, 23; Dora, 20; and Winifred, 15. Nellie Restal, 22, is a domestic servant.

The Bennett Family

Parish records show that Amelia Bennett, daughter of Samuel and Betty Bennett, was baptized on June 29, 1806 at Manchester Cathedral in Lancashire.

The following bit of Bennett history was reported by Mary Isabella Pryce Bennett (known as Belle), wife of Hamlet Bennett, son of Thomas and Anne Bennett. Thomas Bennett was the brother of Amelia Bennett Allen.

Hamlet's parents, Thomas and Anne Bennett, lived in Manchester, England. In 1835 or 1836 they sailed for America and bought a farm at North Eaton, Ohio [southwest of Cleveland about 25 miles, in Lorain County], where three boys and one girl were born. Two boys died in infancy. The daughter, a beautiful girl, married Mr. George Dart of Cleveland. Hamlet married Isabella Pryce of Waterloo, New York.

When Hamlet was two years old the farm was sold and a home purchased on Webster Street, Cleveland. At that time, the houses on this street were painted white with green blinds and the street was lined with beautiful trees.

Hamlet's grandfather on his father's side, Samuel Bennett [father of Amelia Bennett Allen], came to this country about 1838, went to Dubuque, Iowa, and bought two sections of land. On the return trip by boat, he became very ill, died and was buried in the Mississippi River before the family were aware of his death.

Grandma Martha Clark Jackson [mother of Thomas's wife Anne] was Grandma Bennett's mother. A Mr. Jackson was her second husband. They lived on a farm facing Hilliard Road. This was a time to be remembered in Hamlet's boyhood and early manhood. His Grandmother was very fond of him and was always ready with pie, cake and wonderful home-made bread for a hungry boy after his long trip by ox team from Cleveland.

In the little Methodist Church a preacher came for a service once in a while. When he could not come, Mother Jackson (as she was always called) could fill the bill better than most preachers. Her face had the light of heaven on it all the time. She never could understand how a Christian could weep when they had the Great God of heaven and earth to care for them.

She believed with all her heart that God could and would make His children holy and keep them so if they would yield completely to Him.

I am glad that I came into the family in time to know this sweet old saint.

After her husband died, she came to live with her daughter. She would sit at a front window knitting and no one passed the house without looking for the glory of her smile.

In that day the church held class meeting (I wish they would come back) and each one would say a good word for the Lord they loved. The last time Mother Jackson testified in public, she was very feeble and the leader said she need not stand but with one of her sweet smiles she arose and said, "Oh, I guess I can stand up for Jesus," and then gave a touching tribute to the Lord she loved so well.

When Grandma Broady Jackson was a girl, her brother was a very dear friend of Robert Moffat, the great missionary, and this brother did all in his power to interest his sister in Mr. Moffat but without avail. After deciding to go to Africa, he said, "Well, Martha, if you love me, you will have to learn to hate me." She turned away with a gay laugh saying, "Oh, he is no great shakes any way."

Years afterward they met again when both were married and indulged in a hearty laugh over the problems of their youthful days.

[Note: Robert Moffat was a missionary; born in Scotland, 1795; pioneer missionary in South Africa; sent to South Africa by the London Missionary Society, 1816; completed translation of New Testament (1840) and Old Testament (1857) into Bechuana language; father-in-law of David Livingstone; died 1883.]

In 1846, Thomas Bennett, brother of Amelia, was listed in a Cleveland, Ohio, directory as a joiner (carpenter), located at 2d Alley. In the 1860 census, Thomas was in Cleveland, 56 years old, born in England, no occupation, with Ann, 41, born in England, Rachael, 17, born in Ohio, and Hamlet, 15, born in Ohio. In 1861, Thomas Bennett, carpenter, was residing at 45 Webster in Cleveland, and in the city directory this listing also included the following: "Allen & Company, Proprietors, Bennett's Forest City House, west of Public Square." We do not know if this Allen and Bennett combination was our family.

A Thomas Bennett was naturalized in Cuyahoga County on October 24, 1860.

In 1870, Thomas Bennett was 64, in Cleveland, a carpenter, born in England, with Anne, 51, keeping house,

born in England. Next door was Hamlet Bennett, 45 [error, should be 25], a clerk in the post office, born in Ohio, in the household of Charlotte Tolhurst, 71, born in England.

Thomas Bennett died in an accident and was buried on January 8, 1874, at the age of 69, at Woodland Cemetery, Cleveland. Buried next to Thomas are his wife Anne, buried at age 71 on August 10, 1891; Martha Clark Jackson, Ann's mother, buried September 12, 1875 at the age of 77; and Thomas C. Bennett, a grandson by Hamlet Bennett who owned the cemetery plots, age 12, buried March 15, 1891. When Thomas and Anne came to America from England about 1836, she would have been only 16 years old (she was 16 years younger than Thomas). Other children of Hamlet and Belle were Nellie (Heina), Ruth (Pate), Frances (Maurer), Bess, and Charles (wife Rita). Hamlet died at age 86 in 1931. Hamlet's sister Rachel was born about 1843, married George Dart in 1861, and was the mother of George B., Annie (Bates), Ellen (Kaster), Janice, Flora (Steves), Martha (McDowell), and Grace (Mayette). Rachel died in 1924 at the age of 81, with services at the Methodist Episcopal Church in Cleveland.

In the 1880 census in Cleveland, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, Hamlet Bennett was 35, born in Ohio, parents in England; with Isabella, 26, born in New York; Nella, 3, born in Ohio; Thomas, 1, born in Ohio; Ann, 60, born in England and parents in England, living with son.

Amelia Bennett Allen's brother Joseph remained in England. In 1841, Joseph was at Hope Street in Heaton Norris (between Manchester and Stockport), age 40, a waste dealer, married to Hannah age 40. Their children were Ann 15; Samuel, a brassfinisher, age 15; James, age 10. Also in the household was Sophia Holden, 15, a cotton weaver. Everyone in the household had been born in Lancashire (Heaton Norris is in Lancashire). The ages are not exact because ages were rounded to the nearest 5 in this census.

Samuel, the son of Joseph living with his father in 1841, was Christopher Allen's apprentice. We believe Samuel was baptized at Hatherlow Congregational Church in Stockport, Cheshire, on June 14, 1823, the son of Joseph and Mary Bennett. If so, Mary must have died; in 1841 Joseph's wife is Hannah. This would make Samuel 18 years old at the time of the 1841 census, a year before his uncle Christopher departed for America. In the 1851 census, Samuel Bennett is in Hulme at 15 Melbourne Street, at age 28 (born Stockport, Cheshire) with wife Mary (28 and born in Manchester), son Thomas (age 4, born in Chorlton, Lancashire), and daughter Mary Jane (age 1, born Hulme, Lancashire). Samuel is a master brassfounder at this time. The Slater's directory of the same year lists Samuel Bennett as a partner in Bennett and Storey, brass founders. In 1866 Christopher Allen visited his nephew and former apprentice and wrote: "He is now in a thriving business. In manufacturing brass and copper works for Locomotives, his wife a nice little woman." In the 1871 census for Chorlton, Samuel is at 5 Moss Side View, a brassfounder and coppersmith. Also in the household are his wife Mary, 48, born in Manchester; Thomas Bennett, son, unmarried, 24 years old, and also a brassfounder and coppersmith, born in Manchester; Elizabeth Amelia Bennett, daughter, 13, a scholar born in Manchester, and Sarah Ikin, a servant, 15, born in Winsford, Cheshire.

Christopher and Amelia

Christopher and Amelia were married on January 16, 1826, at St. John's, a Church of England chapel in the center city of Manchester, destroyed later by fire and marked now with a monument. Christopher's brother Richard Fosbrook Allen witnessed the marriage, as did Peter Bennett, Jr., his relationship not known.

Samuel Allen. Christopher and Amelia's first child, Samuel Allen, was baptized on January 21, 1827, at Manchester, Grosvenor Street Chapel, a Methodist chapel (the baptism was also recorded on August 12, 1827 at Manchester Cathedral). In the Manchester Cathedral records, father Christopher is a brass founder. Samuel was no doubt named for his grandfather, Samuel Bennett.

Christopher Allen, Jr. In 1829 Christopher Allen, Jr. was born, although no record of his birth or baptism has been found.

Richard Allen. Richard Allen, son of Christopher and Amelia, was baptized on August 14, 1831 (born May 9, 1831) at Manchester, Oldham Street Wesleyan. The obituary of Christopher's son Richard, however, places his birth on April 5, 1835, and census records in America correspond with this date as does the immigration record. It is possible that a Richard Allen was born in 1831, died, and the name given to the next son born in 1835.

Elizabeth Allen. An Elizabeth Allen, daughter of Christopher and Amelia, was baptized at Oldham Street Wesleyan, Manchester on March 2, 1833 (born November 6, 1832). But according to the Encyclopedia of American Quaker Genealogy, Vol. 4., Elizabeth Bennett Allen was born in September of 1841, a date consistent with the 1850 census in Ohio and the passenger list in 1842. It is possible that the first Elizabeth died and a subsequent girl baby given the name.

The early baptism records for Richard and Elizabeth are hard to explain unless there was another Christopher and Amelia Allen in Manchester at the time or the records themselves are misdated. But if Christopher became a Quaker about 1835, as we suspect, it is probable that his children born after that date were not baptized, as baptism is not a Quaker rite.

Amelia Allen. The next daughter born was Amelia Allen, and Quaker records show her born in England on June 12, 1838, a date consistent with Ohio census records and the 1842 passenger list. No record of her birth in England has been found. Amelia married Nathan Whinnery in Winona, Ohio, and died there on November 17, 1922.

Christopher, a brassfounder and fitter up of gas, was at 44 Dean Street in Manchester in 1833, and in 1838 and 1841 was at House 7, Granby Row off London Road. His business is at 60 London Road. Dean Street and Granby Row are within several blocks of each other.

In the 1841 census, in very faint writing, we find Christopher Allen, 38, brass founder, on London Road, Salford Hundred, Manchester, with Amelia, 35, Samuel, 14, Christopher, 12, Richard, 5, and Amelia, 3.

The passenger list of the ship Roscuic shows that Christopher Allen, 38, brass founder, and Amelia, 36, arrived in New York from Liverpool on June 16, 1842 with Samuel, 15, Christopher, 13, Richard, 6, Amelia, 4, and Elizabeth, 9 months. According to naturalization records in Ohio, Christopher arrived in America in June of 1842, but his son Christopher, Jr., then about 12 years old, arrived the previous year—in May of 1841 (although a census record has him immigrating in 1838). Christopher, Jr., however, was on board the Roscuic with the others in 1842. No naturalization record has been found for son Samuel. Because women were not then naturalized (they could not yet vote), no naturalization record exists for Amelia. Family lore tells that before departing for America, the Allen children contracted measles. On their passage, some of the children were still ill. They recovered, but another child on board caught the germ, died, and was buried at sea.

The Allens settled in Cleveland, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, probably drawn there because Amelia's brother Thomas had previously settled there.

Ebenezer Allen. In 1845, another son, Ebenezer, was born.

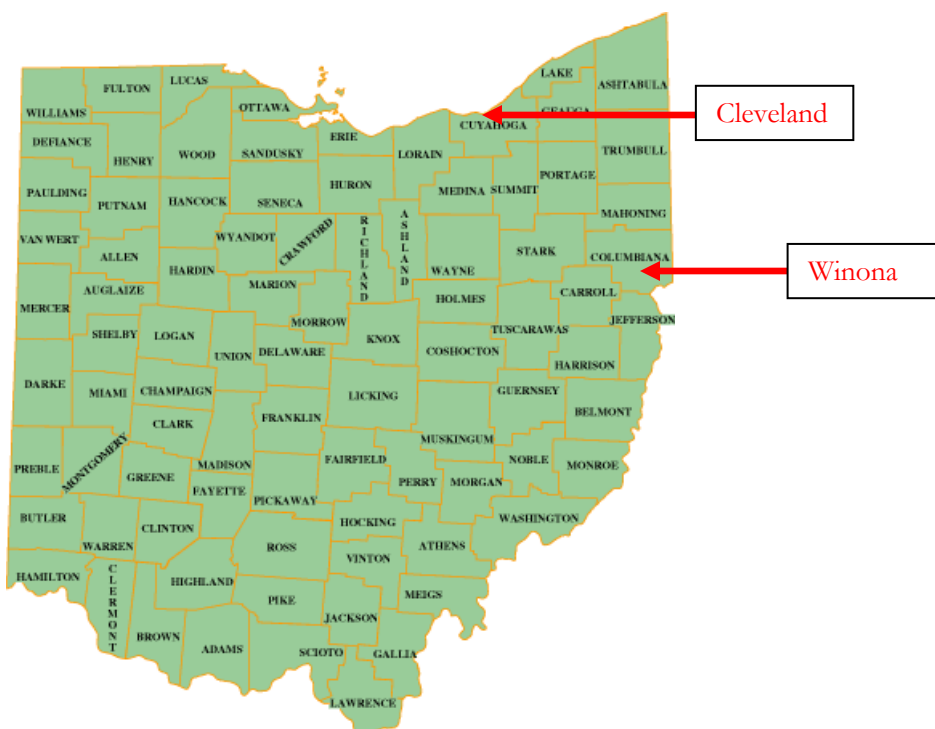
Mary Allen. Mary Allen was born in 1846, and in the same year, on October 29, 1846, Christopher and Amelia's eldest son Samuel married Margaret Weed.

In 1846, Christopher was listed in a Cleveland, Ohio, directory as a brassfounder at 43 Superior West of the Public Square. This was an important mercantile area at the time.

Rachel Allen. In 1849, a daughter Rachel Allen was born to Christopher and Amelia.

By 1850 Christopher seems to have changed occupations. In the census of that year, he is living in Brooklyn Township (Cleveland), Cuyahoga County, his occupation a farmer; he is 48 and Amelia 45. Sons Samuel and Christopher, Jr. are no longer living at home. Richard, the oldest child, is now 15; Amelia is 12; Elizabeth 8; Ebenezer 6; Mary 4; and Rachel 8 months. The census was taken in July.

Ohio Locations of Christopher Allen Family



Sometime between 1850 and 1852, the Christopher Allen family moved to a farm near Hanoverton in Columbiana County, 100 miles southeast of Cleveland and only a few miles from Winona. They were members of the New Garden Quaker Meeting there, and owned 160 acres where the northern finger of Lake Guilford now points toward the town of Winona. Sadly, Amelia died at this time, and was buried at Sandy Spring cemetery (now obscure) near Hanoverton. Amelia was the mother of all of Christopher's children.

In 1852, Christopher purchased a grist mill in Winona, Ohio, from David Whinnery (later the father-in-law of Christopher's daughter Amelia). Christopher named the business Albion Mill, after his homeland. Christopher's son Samuel operated the mill for a short time. Whinnery went West but returned and bought the mill back from Christopher, and David's son Nathan operated it for awhile. Nathan later married Christopher's daughter Amelia. In 1856 the mill was sold to Benjamin Stratton.

In April and May of 1853, Christopher took legal action to sell a lot in Cleveland that was apparently left to Amelia's children. Christopher claimed five-sevenths of the inheritance for the five children living at home. The other two-sevenths went to Samuel and Christopher, Jr. Rachel is not among the children included in the

legal papers, so we must assume that she died before reaching four years of age, about the same time her mother died. The lot, at York and Chatham streets in Ohio City, sold for \$350.

On December 28, 1853, Christopher married Abigail Stratton Reed, the daughter of Michael and Rhoda Stratton and the widow of Jonathan Reed (in Quaker records the name was Rood). A marriage certificate reveals that the marriage was witnessed by Christopher's daughter Amelia, his sons—Samuel and Christopher, Jr.—and Samuel's wife Margaret Allen.

In 1853, the year Christopher married Abigail Reed, his son Samuel was listed as a brass founder in Ohio City (Cuyahoga County). In 1861, under the listing for Thomas Bennett in the Cleveland directory, is Allen & Company, Proprietors, Bennett's Forest City House, west of Public Square.

In 1854, his mother dead and his father remarried, nineteen-year-old Richard Allen set out for Iowa, where he stayed for two years before going to Kansas. It is possible that his brother Christopher, Jr., also headed for Iowa about this time, as we find him there in the 1870 census. Sisters Amelia and Elizabeth married local boys and stayed in Ohio. Years later Mary married S. A. Stevenson and moved to Kansas.

In the 1860 Census in Hanover Township, Columbiana County, Ohio, Christopher Allen was 56, a farmer, born in England, real estate valued at \$2,400; with Abigail, 53, born in ??; **Richard, 23, farmer, born in England;** Amelia, 21, teacher in common school, born in England; Elizabeth B., 18, born in England; Ebenezer, 17, born in Ohio; Mary, 14, born in Ohio. Enumerated June 28, 1860. This is an interesting census record, because Richard was married in Kansas in August of 1860 and had previously been in Iowa. Had he returned to Ohio that year before his marriage? Or was he listed on the census even though he no longer resided with the family?

Christopher Allen returned to England for a visit in 1866. He kept a diary of the trip, which is found later in this chapter. A year after the voyage, on March 21, 1867, Ebenezer Allen married Sarah Jane Paxon in Columbiana County. In the 1870 census, Ebenezer is 26 years old and a teamster, living with his wife Sarah. In the same 1870 census, Christopher is in Butler Township (Winona), Columbiana County, a retired farmer, living with wife Abigail and daughter Mary. Amelia Allen Whinnery, Christopher's daughter, is in the same census, the wife of Nathan (son of David), a farmer, with son Willis, 6, and daughter Martha, 3.

In a letter written in 1874 from Winona, Ohio, to Abigail's 19-year-old nephew—Joseph C. Stratton, Christopher Allen described his own youth.

Dear Nephew Joseph C. Stratton,

We received thy kind letter, it was welcomed by Aunt A. [Abigail] who has been so long a prisoner and was read in the family and was duly appreciated.

Thy parents are well, at meeting yesterday, Alfred B. and father had been to Stillwater on the school business and arrived here on seventh day evening.

Uncle B. and E. have been to New Brighton on a visit to E. Thomas. Beulah was very poorly. Uncle had business to Pittsburgh, left E. while he went, they had a very pleasant visit and are now plying the bar of business and domestic duties, we took tea with them at I. Luptons on seventh day evening very agreeably.

Our school commenced on the last 4th, day with 45 scholars and today they are raising the bell, we hear of several new pupils this morning.

And now, dear J. as I promised thee a long letter thou must expect that what it gains in length it will lack in interest and thou must not complain if I become a little prosy "Prize thy privilege" I feel a little inclined to tell thee how I had to pick

up the little learning I have. My going to day school terminated when I was about ten years of age, could hardly read and write when I was put to work in a factory in Manchester and then for the first time I began to think for myself. I saw if I obtained no more learning I must eventually become a carter, laborer or common factory hand, but if I aimed at any higher position I must contend with many obstacles and pursue learning under no small difficulties. This I resolved to do, carrying my book in my bosom, looking occasionally at my task and working my examples on the carding machine. For a short time I attended a night school but found after 13 hours of work each day I was in a poor condition of mind or body to study so as to make much advancement. Having access to a large library I read many useful books such as History, Biography, Science and Poetry. After being apprenticed to a trade about 15 years of age a number of poor boys like myself, who were struggling to improve ourselves, met a friend named Ralph Nicholson, who benevolently offered to teach a grammar class without charge to as many as would conform to his rules. This was a great lift to many of us and I never knew any person so conversant with Lindley Murray rules and notes as he was. I had to go 2 miles to this class every week for near to two years and altho I was far from being perfect yet I shall ever gratefully remember the benefit received. At another time W.S. Buckingham, M.P., gave me a course of lectures on Palestine. We all wanted to have this privilege but poverty said "No." Two shillings and six pence for each lecture equaled half a week's wages and was a barrier to our going. After consideration we agreed that one of twelve was to attend, writing to the rest. I need not say this was a great means of improvement. There was an eminent writing master visited Manchester of whose lessons we all wished to profit, poverty again set our wits to work. We selected one to take the lessons and teach the remainder of the class.

This sketch will give thee some idea of my opportunities fifty years ago.

Thy affectionate uncle, Christopher Allen.

Aunt A. was at meeting yesterday desires her love to thee.

Christopher and Abigail both died in the same year, 1876. Christopher is buried in a cemetery in the back of the Winona Meeting House. Abigail is also buried there with her death date recorded as December 18, 1876. Samuel Allen, perhaps Christopher's son, is buried here with no date of death.

An Allen-Bennett reunion was held in Winona in 1922. Christopher's great-grandson, Albert Gamble, a lifetime resident of the Winona area, remembers the Bennett relatives visiting from Cleveland and doubts that local (Winona) Bennetts were kin.

The 1969 Winona Centennial booklet makes the following mention of the Allens:

- The Winona Friends Church, in 1884, purchased property from Mary Allen (Christopher's daughter) on which to construct a new meeting house. At this time, the name of the congregation was changed from New Garden monthly meeting to Winona monthly meeting.
- "One of the earliest industries started at the beginning of the settlement and continuing today on the same spot is the Mill. A bit of controversy exists as to the date of its erection, but it was built by David Whinnery when he was a young man (probably 1843). He being of an inventive turn of mind, assisted by a man from the Buckeye Engine Co. of Salem, invented an automatic cut-off that boosted the amount of power. It was exhibited at the Philadelphia World's Fair in 1876 by the Buckeye Engine Co. It created much interest and was in great demand. In 1852 David sold the mill to Christopher Allen and went West. He later returned and repurchased it. Succeeding owners have been Nathan Whinnery and Ezra Coppock. Benjamin Stratton purchased the mill in 1856 and operated it for 23 years."

[Note: The Coppock family, like the Allens, were Quakers. Ezra was born in Winona in 1834. Edwin (1835) and Barclay Coppock (1839) were born in nearby Salem, Ohio, a center of abolitionism where such notables as William Lloyd Garrison, Susan B. Anthony, Horace Mann, and Ralph Waldo Emerson spoke at the meeting half to anti-slavery crowds. Edwin and Barclay's relationship with Ezra has not been proved. Edwin and Barclay moved to Springdale, Iowa, with their family, met John Brown there in 1857-

58, and were with Brown at Harper's Ferry on October 16, 1859. They were hanged for their raid on Harper's Ferry. Christopher Allen's son Richard was in Springdale, Iowa, from 1854-1856, before moving to Kansas.]

- “Grandfather Christopher Allen was a genuine Englishman, who came to America in his early manhood and he and his family lived several years in Cleveland moving from there to a farm near Sandy Spring and later he and two of his sons bought the Winona Mill and settled in this neighborhood. He left some very worthwhile descendants; some of these still live here, others drifted away and became pioneers in Iowa and Kansas, and later in California. In 1920 a group of twenty-six were gathered together for a big family dinner at Valley Falls, Kansas. The men were blacksmiths and farmers, the girls were students and teachers. A few weeks later we visited with a smaller group in Bakersfield, California.” [Prepared by George Megrail, husband of Christopher Allen's granddaughter, and presented at the 1932 Farmer's Institute.]
- The 1860 Columbiana County Atlas shows C. Allen owning 160 acres of the NE quarter of Section 2 in Hanover Township. Part of this is now the northern finger of Guilford Lake southeast of Winona. The West Fork of the Little Beaver ran through the property. A plat of 1869 Winona shows that Christopher and other Allens owned about 20 acres within the village limits and several city lots.
- “E. Allen [Ebenezer] and others operated the mill here [a different mill; this one a saw mill that produced shingles], and put in a cider press which in a good year turned out great quantities of cider. Some of this cider was kept for vinegar and some of it was made into applebutter. Apple parings were one of their big times. They invited some of the neighbors, and they pared the finest of the apples for the applebutter making.” [George Megrail, 1931 Farmer's Institute.]
- “A Friends school was situated a little south of Joshua Hoopes' residence (now Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Stamp). This school, called “Greenwood,” was in a grove of hickory, beech and maple trees. During an interview with two former pupils of this school, one remarked, “I often wonder if any of the children today ever have as much fun at school as we used to have at Greenwood?” And then followed a lively reminiscence of grapevine swings, sapling springboards, and the jumping-board. To spare you the shock, mention will not be made of the name of the girl who was credited with being the best climber in the school, boys not excluded. Among the pupils were Martha Harris, Joshua Brantingham, George Megrail, Isaac Barber and Lemuel Lamborn. Among the teachers were: Sara Kirk, Semira Stratton, Amelia Allen [this is Christopher's daughter Amelia who later married Nathan Whinery], Clayton Lamborn and Harrison Gamble.” [from *Our Schools* by Mrs. D. H. Mayhew.]

Note from a Winona newspaper (date unknown):

“The most important news we have to chronicle this week is of the nuptials on last Saturday of one of our fair maidens to S. A. Stevenson, of Kansas. The Western gentleman although a stranger among us comes well recommended and presents a fine appearance. He has although in the face of his good report, caused the Friends to realize again that there are other ways of uniting the bonds than the peculiar manner prescribed by their creed. He has not only taken one of the sisters from the fold but expects to take from our society generally a prize and thus we lose our jovial, kind hearted and respected friend, Mary Allen. We do not disapprove of the marriage at all. We wish them the best in the market and that theirs may be peace, happiness, long life and prosperity and our people will succumb to the inevitable. The boys interested themselves in the evening by an old-fashioned belling, and were charitable enough in their demands to only ask for the appearance of the couple. This being readily complied with the racket was of short duration. Our village has since sunk back into a calm reverie and are now waiting the result of other matrimonial symptoms.
GALE”

Quaker Cousins Visit Kansas

About 1916, S. A. Stevenson died and left a bequest to his niece Rachel Gamble and her sister Martha Stratton, who shared some of it with Sina Brantingham (later Megrail). For that reason, they (Martha, Sina, and Rachel) traveled to Kansas for a short visit and, while there, visited the Allens in Valley Falls. Beth Allen, Christopher's great-granddaughter and 10 years old at the time, remembers this visit to Valley Falls by her Ohio Quaker cousins.

Notes from Albert Gamble, Great-Grandson of Christopher and Amelia Allen

Over the period of several years beginning in 1993, Albert Gamble wrote to Sam Redding, Beth Allen, and Margie and Roy Redding after the Reddings had visited Albert and his wife Ethel at their home near Winona, Ohio. The following excerpts are from Albert's letters.

There was never a Friends Meeting at New Garden. It was first at Woodsdale, southeast of Winona a mile and 1/2 or more. I think the Allen family lived near there for several years. My grandmother Amelia Allen Whinery worked in the home of a family in Salem and she would walk home for the week end and the young folks would walk halfway to Salem with her when she went back.

Christopher always belonged to Friends Meeting once named New Garden then Winona Friends Meeting.

Lowell Allen died recently and his picture is with the obituary in the Salem News. His grandfather was Ebenezer Allen, brother of my grandmother Amelia Allen Whinery and of your grandfather Richard Allen so we must be second cousins.

The war between the states split many families and some meetings. My grandfather Whinery did not go to war but his brothers that were eligible did. The Winona Centennial book tells of Edwin Coppock who was with John Brown at Harpers Ferry and was executed and later buried in the cemetery back of our Meeting House temporarily.

My grandmother's sister Elizabeth B. Allen Brantingham and her daughter Sina Brantingham, later McGrail, lived in Kansas for some years, but Aunt Lizzie was disowned from the Friends Meeting for preaching unsound doctrine, I think.

I was glad to see the picture of my blind grandmother Amelia Allen Whinery. She lived at our house for about 10 years when I was young.

My mother [Rachel] was the youngest of the three in her family and I was the youngest of seven in our family. Great Uncle "Eb" Ebenezer Allen lived in this area and his 2 daughters and 2 sons lived in this part of Ohio and one granddaughter still lives in Salem. Grandaunt "Lizzie" Elizabeth Allen married George Brantingham and had one daughter Sina and son Charles (no children) and Allen Brantingham who had family and lived elsewhere in Ohio. My mother's sister, Martha Stratton, had 3 children, all deceased, several descendents live fairly near. My mother's brother Willis Whinery has several descendents near here. None of his children living. One of his granddaughters lives in Champaign, Illinois, and her husband has 2 Cadillac dealerships around there.

Our eldest son has his education in Construction Geology and works for Pacific Gas and Electric out of San Francisco, with landslides, earth quakes, wildfires, floods. With all that, his wife has been having a serious problem with breast cancer, requiring many treatments. She teaches in a private school for the wealthy folks. Our second son in his upper fifties took up truck driving—one about as long as legal here. Mostly home for part of the night. Gets as far as New Jersey, Michigan and further South. He has an Ultra Light plane for relaxing. His daughter works for Arthur Andersen Accounting and Auditing out of Cleveland as far as Texas. His son is employed near the space center. Our third son learned surveying and once had a license in N. Carolina and Virginia and was once into developments, etc. Now ready to relax some. Fourth son is in accounting and payroll for a firm in Akron, O. Our daughter lives near us

and is a teacher in a rather large local school. Hopes to retire after 2 more years. Her husband is an Attorney. Our children are not much like the hillside farmers their parents were, now tired and retired.

Children of Christopher and Amelia Bennett Allen

Samuel Allen (born 1826 in England)



1850 Census in Cuyahoga County, Ohio (Brooklyn Township)

Samuel Allen, 24, brass founder, born in England; wife Margaret, 23, born in New York; Emma, 2; Harriet, 3, both born in Ohio.

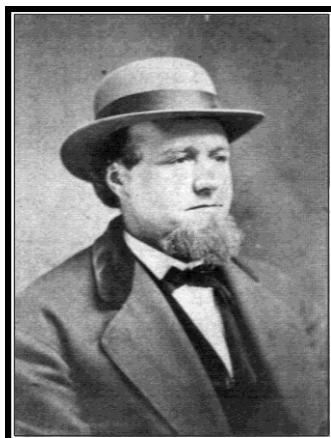
1860 Census in Warren County, Illinois (Monmouth)

Samuel Allen, 34, miller, born in England, real estate valued at \$6,000, personal property \$500; Margaret E., 33, born in New York; Harriet M., 13, born in Ohio; George W., 10, born in Ohio; Mary E., 8, born in Ohio; Ella, 1, born in Iowa [in later census, Ohio]; Alex Chisholm, 55, miller, born in Pennsylvania; Abbert Allen, 16, teamster, born in Illinois.

1870 Census in Cuyahoga County, Ohio (Cleveland)

Margaret Allen, 42, born in New York, keeping house; George, 19, born in Ohio, without occupation; Mary, 17; Nellie, 9; Bertie (male), 6. All children born in Ohio.

Christopher Allen, Jr. (born September, 1829 in England)



1870 Census in Burlington, Des Moines County, Iowa

Christopher Allen, gas fitter, 39, born in England, father and mother of foreign birth; real estate valued at \$15,000 and personal property at \$1,200; wife Ellen, 29, born in Ohio; children Ellele, 9, born in Iowa; Senith, 7, born in Iowa; Edith W., 5, born in Iowa; and Martha, 10 months, born in Iowa.

1880 Census in Burlington, Des Moines County, Iowa

Chris Allen, steam and gas fitter, 49; Ellen 39; very difficult to read and information about place of birth missing. Appear to be 5 daughters, last one named Bertha, all 5 at school.

1900 Census Eldorado Township, Butler County, Kansas

Christopher Allen, 70, born September 1829; married for 40 years; born in England as were both parents; a steam and gas fitter; a naturalized citizen who came to U. S. in 1838, owned home without a mortgage; wife Ellen, 59, mother of 9 children of whom 5 were living; born in Ohio as were her parents; Ellele, 39, a teacher born in Iowa; Ethel A., 23, born in Iowa.

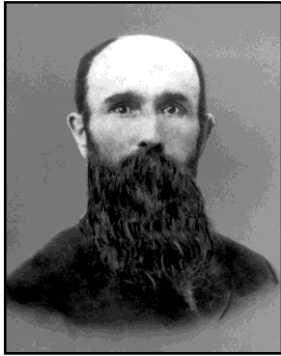
1910 Census in Eldorado Township, Butler County, Kansas

D. Ellen Allen, 69, born in Ohio, as were her parents; mother of 9 children of whom 4 were living. In household also was Mattie Hardie [?], 17, a granddaughter born in Kansas, her parents in Iowa.

1920 Census in Eldorado Township, Butler County, Kansas (North Denver Street in Eldorado City)

Ellen Allen, 79, a widow, born in Ohio, her parents born in Ohio.

Richard Allen (born 1835 in England; died 1899 in Valley Falls, Kansas)



Ebbert (1882-).

Richard Allen left Ohio in 1854, spent two years in Iowa, and arrived in Atchison, Kansas, in 1856. In 1860, he married Melinda Reynolds, school teacher and daughter of Joseph Reynolds, a Kentucky born physician and farmer from Illinois whose family were Christian Church pioneers and part of the anti-slavery contingent in Bleeding Kansas. Richard served in the Civil War, attempted to homestead in Washington County, Kansas, where the family lived in a sod dugout, and in Missouri, before returning to Valley Falls, Kansas, where he became a police judge and farmer. To Richard and Melinda were born: Charles S. (1861-63); Richard (1862, ran away from home at age 17); Livy H. (1864-1908); Mary Irene Hogan (1866-); James Eugene (1868-1910); Samuel (1870-1942); Christopher (1872-); Maude T. (1876-1890); Mabel Rose (1878-); William

Amelia Allen Whinnery (born June, 1838 in England) – on left in picture



In 1870, Amelia was married to Nathan Whinnery (son of David), living in Columbiana County, Ohio. He was 33, born in Ohio, a farmer, and she 32, born in England. Their children were Willis, 6, and Martha J., 3. In the 1880 census, Rachel S. had been added to the household and was 9. In 1900, Nathan was 63 and Amelia was 62, still in Columbiana County. She had immigrated to this country in 1842. In 1910, Amelia was 71, living with her son-in-law, Charles Gamble, in Columbiana, Ohio.

Elizabeth (Lizzie) Allen Brantingham (born 1841 in England) – on right in picture

Lizzie married George Brantingham in Columbiana County, Ohio. In the 1880 census, George was a farmer, and he and Elizabeth were both 39. Their children were: Allen, 17; Charles, 12; and Sina, 8. In 1900, Elizabeth was head of household, 58, born in September of 1841 in England, immigrated in 1841; with Sina, 27, the overseer of a laundry. In 1910, Elizabeth was 68, in Butler Township, Columbiana County, Ohio, born in England, mother of 5 children of whom 3 were living; with Sina, 37, a clerk in a general store. In 1920, Elizabeth was 78, living with her daughter Sina in the household of Sina's husband, George Megrail.

Ebenezer Allen (born 1845 in Ohio)



1880 Census in Butler Township, Columbiana County, Ohio (Winona)

Ebenezer Allen, 35, born in Ohio, parents in England, miller and farmer; wife Sarah J., 35, born in Ohio and parents in Ohio; son George L., 5; daughter Effa M., 2.

1900 Census in Perry Township, Columbiana County, Ohio (Salem)—New Garden St.[?]

E. Allen, 56, born in Ohio, parents in England, teamster; Sarah J., 32; mother of 9 children, 4 living; married 32 years; Effa M., 21; Earl, 14; Myrtle, 12; Pearl (daughter-in-law), 22; Verna (granddaughter), 1.

Mary Allen Stevenson (born 1846 in Ohio)



In 1880, Mary Allen was head of her household in Butler Township, Columbiana, Ohio, age 35, keeping house, born in Ohio. In the household were Jacob Fultz, 23, a blacksmith, and Emma Fultz, 20. They were not related. She married S. A. Stevenson sometime after this and moved to Kansas.

Christopher Allen's Diary

In Christopher Allen's diary, he tells that his father had reduced the family to poverty with his alcoholism until he found religion at age 60. The Allens, including the children, had survived by working in a cotton factory—the infamous textile sweatshops of industrial Manchester. While some of the Allens were Methodists, and Christopher writes admiringly of the Wesley brothers, Christopher became a Quaker, probably about 1835. Methodism was the religion of abstinence and brought into its ranks many reformed drunks, which is no doubt why Christopher appreciated the sect's beneficent influence on his family.

Christopher fared well in early adulthood, rising from the poverty of the cotton factory to serve an apprenticeship, become a brass founder, and also something of a man of letters. Christopher came to America in 1842 with his wife Amelia (whom he called Amelie) and children. In 1866, Christopher returned to England for a visit, and a diary fragment describes that trip. The trip began when he made his way to Cleveland, where he stayed briefly with his son Sam. He then traveled by rail to Buffalo and to New York, where he boarded the steamship "England." He passed his time during the voyage looking on with disgust at the superstitious and drunken Irish Catholics. He freely mixes scripture with his narrative of the trip.

In Manchester, Christopher published a poem in the newspaper. A portion of it reads:

*Land of my sires, my Native Land
England, to visit thee,
And mingle with the friends beloved
I left beyond the sea.
I've left my home; my sweet home where
Ohio's waters roll,
Towards which I feel, like the faithful steel
That ever seeks the pole.*

He tells of his brother Richard, a retired Methodist preacher and missionary, and of his two maiden sisters who live in Stretford (a suburb of Manchester), "*in a cozy little cottage to themselves nicely fixed.*" The sisters were Mary and Jane. He attends Quaker meetings in Manchester [Mount Street Meetinghouse operates yet today and is located behind the Central Library in St. Peter's Square], and visits old friends, including a Joseph Buckley who had "*become rich and I was pained to see so much finery in furniture and other things.*" He visits a man with whom he had worked in the "*temperance cause before I joined friends.*" Christopher visits Thomas Merry: "*He and I had been apprenticed to the same master, he was quite a literary scholar and was connected with the Times Newspaper and Guardian.*" He also sees his nephew, S. Bennett, who had been his (Christopher's) apprentice and was now in a "*thriving business manufacturing brass and copper works for Locomotives.*" Christopher contrasts the pollution of Manchester with the "*sweet soft springs and bracing atmosphere of Ohio.*" He then visits his brother Richard and his sister Martha, who "*lives in a sweet rural spot surrounded by plenty tho, not in good health, she lives with her son-in-law Robert Furgeson, an intelligent Scotchman in the spool and cotton trade with Mexico and has the care of about 500 hands.*" We discover that Christopher's wife, Amelie, was departed (she had died between 1850 and 1853).

While visiting a cathedral in York, "*said to be the oldest place of worship in the Island, having been built in the 7th century,*" Chris refuses to remove his hat. Someone challenges his affront to protocol and takes the hat from his head. Chris's brother is embarrassed and asks later why Chris could not have taken the hat off. "*I told him I wore my hat to protect my head and if I had taken my hat off whom should I have honored, 'The papists who build the house, or the present possessors of it?'*" He visits Birmingham and passes through Colebrook Dale. He takes a "*quiet ramble beside the River Severn where I had spent my boyish days now 50 years ago.*" He walks through Victoria Park and Peel Park in Manchester. He "*went into the harvest field*" and watched men work, observing that he had three hands in Ohio who "*do more work in the same length of time than these did.*" The diary fragments and other writings were prepared by Mary Allen, Christopher's daughter. In her description of his death, Mary explains that Christopher left behind a second wife (Abigail Reed—daughter of Michael Stratton), Mary's stepmother.

Letter from Cousin Jenny

Jennie Allen was the daughter of Christopher's brother Richard, lived in England, but visited Ohio. She corresponded with her cousins. She wrote the following letter to Amelia Allen Whinery in 1893.

*Flowery Field, Hyde
December 12th 1893*

My dear Cousin –

I have just read over your last kind & interesting letter. I know at the time I received it I thought I would write off directly & say how glad I should be to pay you all a visit that would have been a much greater treat to me than the World's Fair at Chicago—but I'm afraid I did not write. I think I am a poor correspondent. I am truly sorry I have neglected you so long. Our life here is such a whirl that one hardly seems to have time for decent letter writing. I must ask you to forgive me & believe I don't forget you. I could never do that after all your kindness and the pleasant memories I have of Winona. I was very sorry to hear of Mattie's trouble—losing her first little one—it was very hard for her but I

trust Our Heavenly Father has comforted her. I was pleased to hear Rachel's little girl was such a bright little pet & Willis's children you will have quite a group of grandchildren round you. I sincerely hope they are all in good health now, and that they may always be a comfort & pleasure to you & Nathan. Thank you for all the news about "Mother" who I trust is still living tho she must be getting very feeble. Hattie, Nellie & I can see them all—though many changes have taken place since I was with you. I owe Mary a letter too. She seems to be quite comfortably fixed now & set up with her little boy Ben. I was terribly grieved about Mattie Hardy it seemed so sad to think she was taken from her husband & little ones but we can only bow in submission and say "God knows best."

I am still at my school teaching. We have had an unusually hot summer & I was very tired & worn out before my short holiday in September, but after that I felt much better and have kept well till a few weeks since when I think I had a touch of Influenza which is very prevalent here just now. It left a bad cold on my chest & I have not been quite up to the mark since but still have very much to be thankful for. My sister Lizzie too has been far from well—having quite a succession of bad colds which seem to take her strength.

Pollie Mrs. Varley is fairly well but has been very tired & over worked this autumn. A good servant who had been with her 2 ½ years left to be married in July & she has not been able to meet with another one to settle with yet. She has had to change several times & to work very hard too with her large family & going to school too. It has been very hard for her. Her second daughter Lily who went to College last year has broken down in health & the doctor says she must rest a year. The others are all well & prospering. The twins will be 21 next Sat. Dec. 16th so she will soon have a grown up family. My brother John & his family are all well too. So is Cousin John & his new wife. He has retired from business. I saw them a few weeks since—he seemed in very good health & spirits.

I was very busy last spring, removing to another house at Blackpool the seaside cottage. It is a nice house, and through the summer I have let it furnished to families for one or two months. When I give up school it will be a home ready for me if it is God's will I should go to it, but that I must leave & trust for guidance. I sincerely wish you both & all your family a very happy Christmas & a bright & prosperous New Year. I shall be only too glad to hear from you when you have time to write. Again asking you to believe my long silence is not forgetfulness but owing to pressure of my daily life. With much love to Mattie, Rachel, Willis, Ida, Nathan & yourself.

*I am your affectionate
Cousin Jenny Allen
Love & best wishes to Hattie, Nellie & all other friends.*

[Note: Willis (b. 1863), Martha (b. 1867), Rachel (b. 1870) were children of Nathan and Amelia Allen Whinnery.]

A Little History

A history of the Isle of Wight around the time we know the Allens to have been there tells the story of England at the time. In 1780, there were fewer than 20,000 inhabitants on the Isle of Wight. In 1781, John Wesley opened a Methodist chapel at Newport. By 1785, Alum Bay white sand from the shores of the Isle was a major source of material for English and Irish glass industries. The 1790s were a time of much dislocation for rural England. The land-rooted peasantry had nearly vanished, replaced by landlords and their employed workers. Before the Napoleonic Wars boosted the price of farm products for a few years in the early 1800s, the agricultural economy took a dip deep, forcing many farm families from the place of their ancestry. The first impulse of these families was to seek work on farms where work was still available. Later, when agriculture was in decline everywhere, these families streamed to the tenements of the cities, where alcoholism and poverty were rampant among disaffected farmers struggling to survive in a strange urban world. By the 1790s, the expanding textile industry in the north of England was demanding 40,000 sheep shorn per year from the Isle of Wight (or two sheep for every human). The island developed its own breed of pigs at this time and, because of its agricultural fertility, was a magnet for farm workers from elsewhere. As

the Napoleonic threat mounted, the Isle of Wight became a granary for the western counties and the main supplier to the navy. In the late 1790s, hundreds of farm laborers were imported to the island to help with harvesting. Because of the Isle of Wight's strategic location, the New Parkhurst barracks was opened in 1798, bringing a major military presence to the pastoral isle. In 1800 the rising corn prices caused rebellious stirrings among the Isle's poor. By 1807 the demand for farm products to support the Napoleonic Wars reached its peak and began to decline. The cotton industry in the north was now the booming employer of the farm laborers fleeing the declining agricultural economy.

The effects of the Napoleonic Wars at this time cannot be overestimated. The English lived in fear of an invasion, and the Crown forcefully conscripted men for service. The coastal area of the Isle of Wight, with its close proximity to Portsmouth, was the center of naval activity. The situation subsided only slightly when Lord Nelson sailed from Portsmouth to defeat Villeneuve's fleet at Trafalgar off the Spanish coast of Cádiz on October 21, 1805. In November of 1806, Napoleon issued the decree to bar all vessels from Great Britain from ports under the control of France. The consequences to the British economy were devastating. The war dragged on; by the time of Britain's ultimate victory at Waterloo in 1815, Richard Allen and his family were in Manchester.

Possibly the Allens moved from London to the Isle of Wight for work in the expanding farm economy of the 1790s and were then forced to move on as the demand for farm products declined around 1807; or they could have been part of the military build-up that began in 1798. Of course it is also possible that they moved as a family for reasons apart from the trends of history, possibly the overcrowding of the workhouses in London.

For whatever reasons, we know that Richard, Martha, and their five children—Mary, Elizabeth, Martha, Jane and Christopher—left the Isle of Wight sometime after May of 1804 (when Christopher was christened) and were in Birmingham by July of 1807 (when Richard was baptized). Christopher later remembered watching women in Birmingham tooling barrels for guns carried by British soldiers against Napoleon. He also recalled his five-year-old brother Richard falling into a cesspool near the Bull Ring in Birmingham. The Bull Ring was probably the site of the ancient blood amusement of bull bating, where dogs (such as the famous English bulldog) were trained to mutilate the bulls. But the ring was also the place where cattle were tethered for slaughtering. In 1806, the year before Richard Fosbrook Allen's birth in Birmingham, the area around the Bull Ring was designated the Bull Ring Market to confine the street markets that were causing congestion in the city. Poor folks went to the markets late on Saturday night to shop for bargains at the end of the trading week. St. Martin's, where Richard was baptized, is the mother cathedral of Birmingham, first built sometime before 1263. In addition to the small-arms industry that grew in Birmingham during the Napoleonic Wars (the Gun Barrel Proof House on Banbury Street was set up in 1813 to provide quality control for the artisans), the city in the early nineteenth century teemed with the shops of artisans producing pens (for letter-writing by an increasingly literate society), brass, toys, buttons and jewelry. In 1781 a brass house was set up on Broad Street and supplied the shops that produced lamps, picture frames, furniture, toasting forks, letterboxes, nails and other specialty items. By the mid-nineteenth century the family-operated brass shops were being replaced by mechanized factories—described as dusty, noisy, and dangerous.

There were Allens in the occupational directories of Birmingham in the 1790s and first decades of the 1800s, including a Richard. We do not know if these Allens were *our* Allens. Some were in the gilding trades, similar to the brassfinishing and brassfounding trades that Christopher and his nephew and son later entered. In 1777, a William Allen was a Japanner and ivory turner. In 1785, a William Allen (perhaps the same William) was a toy maker and ivory turner. In directories from 1785 to 1798 we find a Richard Allen gilding chains and toys and a John Allen, gilder and silverer. Richard is on Loveday Street, and John is on Great Charles. From 1800 to 1811, the only Richard is in the cheese and grocer business, sometimes with William. John Allen now appears as the gilt chain and toy maker on Loveday Street where Richard formerly operated. We have no evidence that our Richard was ever a gilder, and in fact he was probably a joiner (cabinet maker or carpenter), but perhaps he found refuge among kin when he was in Birmingham sometime between 1804 and 1814.

According to Christopher's writings, he was in Birmingham at age eight (1812) and in Manchester, working in the cotton factories, at age 10 (1814). The following long excerpt from the book *Industry and Empire* (Volume 3) by E. J. Hobsbawm describes life in Manchester as the Allens and Bennetts might have known it:

Labour in the industrial age increasingly took place in the unprecedented environment of the big city; and this in spite of the fact that the most old-fashioned of industrial revolutions developed a good deal of its activities in industrialized villages of miners, weavers, nail- and chain-makers and other specialist workers. In 1750 there had been only two cities in Britain with more than 50,000 inhabitants—London and Edinburgh; in 1801 there were already eight, in 1851 twenty-nine, including nine over 100,000. By this time more Britons lived in town than in country, and almost one-third of Britons lived in cities over 50,000 inhabitants. And what cities! It was not merely that smoke hung over them and filth impregnated them, that the elementary public services—water-supply, sanitation, street-cleaning, open spaces, and so on—could not keep pace with the mass migration of men into the cities, thus producing, especially after 1830, epidemics of cholera, typhoid and an appalling constant toll of the two great groups of nineteenth-century urban killers—air pollution and water pollution, or respiratory and intestinal disease. It was not merely that the new city populations, sometimes entirely unused to non-agrarian life, like the Irish, pressed into overcrowded and bleak slums, whose very sight froze the heart of the observer. ‘Civilization works its miracles’, wrote the great French liberal de Tocqueville of Manchester, ‘and civilized man is turned back almost into a savage.’ Nor was it simply the steely unplanned concentration of those who built them on utility and financial profit, which Charles Dickens caught in his famous description of ‘Coketown’ and which built endless rows of houses and warehouses, cobbled streets and canals, but neither fountains nor public squares, promenades and trees, nor sometimes even churches. After 1848 the cities tended to acquire such public furniture, but in the first generations of industrialization they had very little of it, unless by chance they inherited traditions of gracious public building or open spaces from the past. The life of the poor man outside work was passed in the rows of cottages or tenements, the cheap improvised inns and the cheap improvised chapels which alone recorded that man is not content to live by bread alone.

But more than this: the city destroyed society. ‘There is not a town in the world where the distance between the rich and the poor is so great or the barrier between them so difficult to be crossed,’ wrote a clergyman about Manchester. ‘There is far less personal communication between the master cotton spinner and his workmen, the calico printer and his blue-handed boys, between the master tailor and his apprentices, than there is between the Duke of Wellington and the humblest labourer on his estate.’ The city was a volcano, to whose rumblings the rich and powerful listened with fear, and whose eruptions they dreaded. But for its poor inhabitants it was not merely a standing reminder of their exclusion from human society. It was a stony desert, which they had to make habitable by their own efforts.

Christopher Allen ably describes the drudgery of life in the cotton factories of Manchester, but he also reminisces, in his diary of 1866, about strolling the banks of the Severn in his youth, 50 years before. He writes of visiting Arley and Wenlock Edge, favorite resorts of his youth. These are Shropshire spots, the pastoral terrain of A. E. Houseman's "blue remembered hills," more than 50 miles southwest of Manchester. In his youth, how did Christopher manage to pull away from the factories and travel 50 miles (before railroads) to find "favorite resorts" in Shropshire? Is it possible that the Richard Allen family paused briefly in Shropshire on its trek from Birmingham to Manchester about 1813? If so, then Christopher retraced these steps in 1866 when, on his visit to Manchester, he took a trip by rail to Birmingham, passing through and stopping in Shropshire on the way.

Of course Shropshire was not only a pastoral spot, it was also the birthplace of the industrial revolution, and the Severn transported the produce of the Black Country and of the potteries and iron mills on its banks to the sea to the south. Christopher, in 1866, wrote knowledgeably of the Quaker Reynolds family, prominent in the ironworks at Colebrookdale, where Christopher attended meeting while visiting there. So Christopher seemed familiar with both aspects of Shropshire—the green hills of his favorite resorts, and the smoldering industries of the Severn Valley.

We must credit Christopher Allen with lifting himself from poverty, educating himself at great pains, acquiring a trade, and finally escaping England for the promise of America. At the time of his departure from

Manchester in 1842, England was in the throes of social and political upheaval. The Corn Laws that protected the agricultural interests of the aristocracy by laying heavy duties on imported grain, had the added effect of keeping food prices oppressively high for poor people in England. As factories transformed market towns into industrial cities, they also changed the nature of work. The machinery of the textile industry replaced the cottage spinners and handloom weavers. Luddites smashed machines they feared were putting men out of work, and the government, alarmed that the French revolution might be reverberating among the English working classes, punished them harshly. In 1819, Manchester erupted in the Peterloo Massacre; thousands of distressed workers filled the streets, and hundreds of them were injured and 11 killed by mounted troops. The Chartist movement began in 1838 when radicals issued the People's Charter calling for universal male suffrage, a secret ballot, and reform of Parliament.

In his book *The Age of Paradox* (1952), John W. Dodds calls 1842, the year Christopher Allen left England, “the year of the locust.” Unemployment was widespread, factories were closing, businesses going bankrupt. Wages dropped. Workers rioted. The riots reached their peak in Manchester during the second week of August, two months after Christopher Allen had debarked for America. A crowd of 30,000 filled the streets demanding bread and an increase in wages. They pelted police with stones. The mob razed the prison at Hulme; Hulme was the neighborhood where Christopher Allen's father, Richard, had died in 1832, where his mother resided in 1836, and very near where Richard Fosbrook Allen and Martha Allen Thompson lived at the time. Then on Thursday, 15,000 people gathered at Granby Row, the street where Christopher Allen had lived, and were blocked by troops and armed police. The two sides stood at stalemate until 11:00 at night, when the crowd was allowed to peacefully disperse.

In the same year that Christopher Allen departed Manchester, 1842, the German Friedrich Engels settled in Manchester to manage his father's cotton-goods mill. Two years later he published *The Condition of the Working Class in England in 1844*, a seminal treatise of communism. A decade later, Charles Dickens satirized Manchester in *Hard Times*.

We know from Christopher Allen's diary and his letter to his nephew that he recognized at an early age that he must strike his own path in life, acquiring the skills necessary to escape the miseries of the factories. He gained knowledge at great personal sacrifice and established himself as a brassfounder. Somewhere along the way (about 1835), Christopher Allen adopted the religion of the English business class—Quakerism. The English Quakers were successful in business and industry not by virtue of their heredity but by a hard-nosed pragmatism in business and temperance in personal life. Christopher Allen chose for himself and his family a religion that matched his inclinations. We find no trace of “class envy” in his writings, but rather a strong trust in the ultimate efficacy of individual striving.

Diary of Chris (Christopher) Allen, Sr.

Fragments of Christopher Allen's diary have survived the centuries, having been typed at some point from his handwritten original. The portion that survives covers his trip to England in 1866, apparently retrieved by his daughter Amelia who includes a note. Also included are notes written by his daughter Mary Allen at the time of his death in 1876.

. . . to say nothing of many kind and anxious friends whose affectionate solicitude contributed so much to make my home happy amongst them. That I concluded to face the dangers of Old Ocean and tread once more upon my native soil to visit the land of my sires.

So on the 26 of the month 1866 I took leave of my home and all its endearments and went as far as Cleveland where I spent the night with my son S. and family. Left Cleveland next morning on the Lake Shore R. R. to Buffalo thence through the Susquehanna Valley to New York by day break next morning.

In looking over the Shipping facilities I was amazed at the difference in the space of 24 years. An immense current of immigration has set in from Europe and steadily increasing so that it now bears to our shores nearly 1000 per day.

This has called into requisition steamships of the first quality and largest size capable of accommodating over 1000 persons comfortably besides baggage and other freight. I took shipping in a vessel called the *England* which was an ironclad. It measured 394 feet in length and was propelled by two engines of 200 horse power each. She was an English vessel and was so great a favorite that on her first trip she took 1000 persons from Liverpool and 300 from Queenstown and the weather became very hot during the voyage. The Cholera broke out amongst them so that there were over 300 cases of it at one time, many of whom died and were buried in the sea. The vessel went on reaching New York and was held out on quarantine for six weeks at Staten Island until those who did not die of it had recovered after which the vessel was thoroughly cleansed and painted since it had been in Europe and back before the voyage in which I was aboard.

I knew nothing of her sad history until we had parted anchor at New York the Drs. and Stewards were very attentive in purifying and cleansing during the voyage strictly removing every object of infection.

We set sail about noon during a thunder shower. The view of the Buildings and ballaries down the Bay very splendid about sun set passed through ?url Gate and during the night we lost sight of land. The next day was first-day, was not well, weather was calm and hot. Tho we were not overloaded there being a few over 200 passengers on board—mostly Irish, who were returning home. They were seated in groups on the deck some counting over their prayer books, others playing cards, or reading novels, but very few manifesting that sobriety so becoming a christian.

After reading the scripture I walked deck alone, remembered my family at home, thought of my meeting and New Garden friends.

Second day wind North helped us forward. We now began to see various large fish and passed several vessels, as we neared the Banks of New Foundland.

As I was Walking the deck yesterday I noticed one of the sailors in a retired place among some ropes, reading his bible. Had a little conversation with him and found him to be a sensible Scotchman of a religious turn of mind. Tho much distressed in mind on account of past mis-conduct, appeared to be exemplary amongst his fellow labors.

Next day the wind being high we shipped some heavy seas at night. The vessel pitched and heaved fearfully

which made the poor Catholics call on each other to say their prayers, I fear it was only saying them. One poor creature was brought on board in a state of intoxication.

During the storm I lay still in my berth and advised some others to do the same. Looked for best help, and felt assured we were not out of reach of the Almighty's Mercy.

Fourth day the wind moderate were supposed to be going 15 knots an hour was early on deck thankful for preservation. Looked towards home, my dear A. and my numerous band of children and grandchildren.

Many of the passengers also spent much of their time on deck after the gale, some as thoughtless as ever. What a riddle of absurdity is man. Now deprived by needless fears, and then elated by hopes he may never realize. Oh my soul cast thy burden on the Lord and he will sustain thee, God is a refuge in time of trouble.

I had this day a very pleasant talk with an innocent young man from Illinois. He as in feeble health, but I saw by his avoiding the thoughtless and vile that the fear of the Lord was near him preserving him from evil.

Eighth Month second day, wind fair, health good. Spent most of the day on deck, saw a boy sent up aloft to remain two hours for neglect of duty, which made me feel the need of watchfulness, lest I should bring a reproach on the cause I try to advocate.

First day, thought of our little meeting and wondered how my A. would get there. Episcopal service in the Saloon to which many went. I retired to my berth and read the scriptures after which took a quiet walk on deck and was joined by the thoughtful Sailor before mentioned.

Wind continued fair, saw a number of Tortoises and Seagulls, indications of approaching land. This evening the poor fellow died who was brought on board very sick. Was imprudently treated with porter and brandy. Being a Catholic the Priest with the assistance of a woman administered the ceremony of extreme unction when the man was quite unconscious if not dead. We were summoned to the funeral the next morning. The Priest decorated with a silver crosier read some prayers to the saints, sprinkled some water on the corpse. After this was finished the sailor bearing the end of the slab that did rest on the side of vessel slowly raise the end of the slab and the coffin slid off and plunged into the sea and was seen no more. Charlie the young man from Illinois returned a book I had lent him (W. Penn Leif and Masuins) and expressed great satisfaction in the perusal of it. Seemed to disapprove of the wordy professions of the age. He had much improved in health and we often walked the deck together. And I hope to mutual advantage.

The next morning I was in the forecabin when the Watch sang out Land ahead. I was undately on the lookout and could see dimly through the fog some dark rocks looking much like hay stacks. One large and another smaller. They are known among the sailors as the Cow and Calf. We soon passed a beautiful rocky island and light house called Tassinet. We now coasted along the Wicklow Hills. They appear bald and bare. I was much struck by a remark of a Marylander who was surprised at there being no woods, and asked what they did for fences and firewood, he seemed disappointed. I well remember the impression produced on my mind when I first beheld the somber curtain of America's woods, it was so different from what I had seen in England that it cast a gloom on all the rest. Thus we find different scenes affect the imagination alike as they conform to the associations of Childhood. "The Joys of childhood oh how fleet: gone to return no more."

As we sailed along the Irish coast I noticed on the hills about 10 miles distant, the remains of ancient Round Towers some of them in good condition. These formerly were a sort of a rude telegraph to give intelligence by beacon fires of any hostile armament approaching the Island. About noon we landed a number of passengers at Queenstown, a port of considerable importance with clean stone buildings and sheltered bay. We then left Ireland and sailed across to the Welsh Coast, passed the Isle of Anglesey where we noticed extensive Iron Works, and many thriving towns, Cast anchor opposite Black Rock, Liverpool in night but 9 miles distant, evening was now drawing her somber mantle over us yet I could distinguish the vast

improvements that had been made since I left England along the north shore where I had often bathed in my youth, for 9 or 10 miles a massive granite and on the eastern side of the river Mercy on the pier in a broad carriage road which was then lighted with gas lamps. On the land side of this road was a lofty wall of the same material surrounded with towers about 200 yards apart with port holes and cannons intended I suppose for the defence of the river and port. The view of these structures was very grand but it is much to be desired that their destructive powers may never be tested. On the other side of the river was Black Rock with its splendid lighthouse and canopy of ??? In about half an hour more we cast Anchor at the Bar and were astonished and delighted at the imposing view of the Gas lights on one side of us stretching the distance of 9 miles while on the other the powerful lights from the dome of the lighthouse blazed forth in an instant. As we turned around a bend the dome had four different colors of ??? revolving around, casting alternately as it revolved first the green then orange next blue then clear. The brilliancy and suddenness of the illumination and the grandeur of the scene was almost electrifying to some of us and left impressions not to be described.

The moon was slowly rising when the storm Tug from the Custom house came along side to take us to Liverpool. After taking in our baggage our company gave three loud cheers for the Steamer England Cap' Grace which was responded to by the officers and crew after which we steamed away to our destination. Then while some of our company sang "Home Sweet Home," arrived there 10 o'clock. I soon noticed the insolence of officers so common in the small officials in England after a close examination of our baggage it was left for us to repack as best we could after which we were turned out at 11 o'clock at night to seek shelter elsewhere next morning took a train for Manchester and arrived at my dear brothers about noon. Found all well and received a hearty welcome and I left humbly thankful. "Lord what is man that thou art mindful of him and the son of man that thou visitest him."

Fragments

Lines written during a Voyage to his native land by C. Allen after an absence of 25 years, taken from a Manchester paper. [Note: A copy of this poem in the hands of Albert Gamble, Christopher's great-grandson, opens with a variation of the sentence above. It reads: "Written during a voyage to his Native Land, after an absence of 24 years. By a Manchester Man, Christopher Allen.]

Land of my sires, my Native Land
 England, to visit thee,
And mingle with the friends beloved
 I left beyond the sea.
I've left my home; my sweet home where
 Ohio's waters roll,
Towards which I feel, like the faithful steel
 That ever seeks the pole.

Vain are all efforts to describe
 The beauties of the Ocean,
And pen and pencil fail to paint
 Its vastness, life and motion;
Its bounding waves, its hidden caves,
 Its rocks and sandy shore,
Its change of form, in calm or storm,
 The music of its roar.

The vessel goes with a bounding sweep,
 Propelled by wind and steam,
And scares the monsters of the deep,
 With her terrific scream,

Hid in the cloud, the whistle loud,
 Repeatedly we hear,
As it wildly yells, to the mariner tells—
 Of threatened danger near.

How solemn in the midnight hour,
 The dashing waves to hear,
When thoughts of home and family
 Are mingled with a tear;
Oh! then tis sweet, the sound to greet—
 Of frequent stricken bell,
Tis sweet to catch from watch to watch,
 The cheering sound, All's well.

The tempest-loving Petrel seems,
 As he flies with tireless wing,
Man in his ignorance may deem
 A lonely helpless thing;
The wave he skims or gaily swims,
 To seek his daily fare,
And is rocked to rest, on the Oceans breast,
 Stranger to fear or care.

Well he who feeds and keeps this bird—
 May helpless soul forget,
And leave me to the tempest's power,
 And to the fowlers net;
A worm of dust, oh may my trust—
 Be anchored safe in thee;
Thy love and power, thy strength and tower
 And place of refuge be.

C. Allen 1866

My dear brother had been a local preacher amongst the Wesleyans for many years as well as a city Missionary. I found him very comfortably situated with plenty to support in old age. After spending a few days with him and family after which I proceeded to Stretford to visit my two maiden sisters who live in a cozy little cottage to themselves nicely fixed.

On first day I went to T's meeting at Mount St. where I saw several of my old friends tho some of them much altered in dress things, I also noticed the vacant places of many who were in their prime when I knew them "brethren beloved" and faithful in their attachment to the truth. While others of my dear friends I think are endeavoring to bear the burden of the day while silently moving over the desolations of ????. Went home to dine with Joseph Buckley who joined friends near the time we did. He had become rich and I was pained to see so much finery in furniture and other things. Then went to see Richard Southate with whom I had long been acquainted having worked together under G. Danson and in the temperance cause before I joined friends and the consistent conduct of this friend had its influence on my mind. Next day went to see a dear Nephew John Thompson a very fine young man of the Methodist persuasion and is now a partner in the next-to-the-largest Machine Firm in Manchester. I attribute much of his success to his steady industry following his father's trade in the same place.

Paid a visit to Thos. Merry. He and I had been apprenticed to the same master. He was quite a literary scholar and was connected with the Times Newspaper and Guardian for some years but is now quite blind. He

seemed very glad I called to see him and I was much pleased with my visit. He has a large interesting family tho much reduced in circumstances, he seemed quite contented and went to my nephew S. Bennett who was my apprentice. He is now in a thriving business. In manufacturing brass and copper works for Locomotives, his wife a nice little woman. In the 24 years absence from Manchester it has changed very much, so much so that I felt much disappointed in visiting it also felt the want of pure air and water after becoming accustomed to the sweet soft springs and bracing atmosphere of Ohio. I could not without difficulty breathe the nauseous effluvia produced by the manufacture of chemicals, dyes, gasses, and foundries. Therefore when I could stand it no longer I would take a stroll in the country where in some of my rambles I sometimes saw some very fine cows of the Ayrshire breed, great milkers suitable for large cities.

Paid a visit to a pious Methodist Widow Ann Allen, widow of George Allen, a very dear friend of mine who died before I left England. I was with him when he expired. She was left with two sons, one deaf and dumb. She said she felt as tho he would be great care to while she could depend on her other one who was a very smart one. But, alas her afflicted child became his mother's ??? and support while her other son tho talented affords but little support.

Next went with my brother Richard and nephew to see my sister Martha who lives in a sweet rural spot surrounded by plenty tho not in good health she lives with her son-in-law Robert Furgason an intelligent Scotchman in the spool and cotton trade for Mexico, has the care of about 500 hands. I think we spent the day very pleasantly together in social and reminiscent enjoyment. My niece Martha Furgason is of very sweet and engaging behaviour and kind to her mother which was a comfort to me. From thence went to Thruniweek meeting and was pleased to meet with James and E. Leed. James when I first knew him was a poor drunkard yet the son of respectable parents I often in a friendly way used to talk to him and tell him how it was with my poor father till he was near 60 years of age. How I used to have to pilot him home from the Loverw[?] in a State of intoxication. How we were reduced to poverty and how my noble mother, when he was almost in despair encouraged him by telling him poverty was nothing if he would but keep sober. She and the children could make a living. He took her advice, knowing himself to be weak he sought divine assistance which I think was in Mercy granted. He commenced taking his family to a place of worship and finally was enabled nearly to overcome his habit of drinking which I might say he had indulged from very childhood.

We were all employed in the cotton Factory and what learning we got was afterwards, through the first-day school [Sunday school] and we were all thankful to the giver of all good that we were brought so low as to be sold up. Yet then the Lord helped us, James Leud when he saw me after meeting almost embraced me telling me how much indebted he was to me for interesting myself in his welfare and following him with my effort and advice when he broke his pledge again and again. This reformation had taken place after I left England; he said he had been a total abstainer for over 20 years and has been re-instated in meeting and was at that time a keeper of the meeting house and large grave yard. I took time with him and his wife. She had many questions to ask concerning my dear departed Amelie. I felt glad to see them so comfortably fixed. Hope they may be preserved but felt "Not unto me, not unto us but to thy name be all glory." After dinner walked over the beautiful burying ground. Saw among others Robert Leinleys grave with inscription on stone. All graves that are occupied have flat stones laid on them. A few without inscriptions such was my beloved friend Geo. Danson as I stood beside his grave, his unaffected humility, his disinterested benevolence was remembered.

"The Quaker of the olden time."

As I walked slowly to my sister's in the evening, I felt humbled and instructed by the events of the day. "In the morning and in the evening withhold not thine hand as thou knowest not which shall prosper this or that." I next paid a visit to an old ??? called Kirkstall Abbey, a beautiful gothic structure almost entire except the roof. In walking through the interior the cells of the Monks, the stone basins, for holy water were entire and of the choicest workmanship. It is about 2 miles from Leeds beside the river and my nephew E. Tutton went with me to friends meeting where I sat with D. Pickerd who kindly invited me home with him for tea. I

had a very pleasant visit with him and his wife, a very delicate woman. He seemed much interested in our Ohio troubles. Is I believe a well concerned friend.

The next day paid visit to the ancient City of York. The ministry is famous for its perfect masonry was the chief object of attraction. We were surprised to see it so hedged in by places of business so much so that it was almost impossible to get a general of it. There are the Tombs of some of the things. Queens, Dukes and Bishops of England; There tomb of Edward the ?? which seemingly was the most visited. The stones of the floor being worn several inches deep around the Palisades by the feet of millions who have gazed thereon, the Architecture is rich and elaborate the old Oak carving of the seats and stalls were beautifully accurate, it is said to be the oldest place of worship in the Island. Having been built in the 7th century it has been burned several times so that not much of the Original remains. We were looking at the objects of interest, when we heard a loud voice calling out, "Take off your hat." I being the only one who wore my hat knew who he meant. But I went on just the same when the man came up seemingly very angry. Saying "do you hear, take your hat off." I told him if my hat offended him he might put it where it would not. He said he would soon do that, so taking it off very rudely he kept it a few moments and then handed it to me again. I felt calm whilst this was going on but thus realized that hat honor was not yet abolished.

My brother feeling distressed with the occurrence asked me what harm it would have done for me to have taken off my hat. I asked him if he and the rest had not only a moment before complained of the cool air on their heads and necks, which he admitted. I then told him I wore my hat to protect my head and if I had taken my hat off whom should I have honored, "the papists who built the house, or the present possessors of it. He replied that we should honor the building because the Lord had put his name thereon. I remembered that was under the former dispensation but now be it observed "He dwelleth not in Temples made with hands, neither is worshipped by the work of men's hands" and thus we each spoke freely and our remark was both given and taken in good humor and I knowing the Wed Methodists hold such views knew how to make allowance for them and they no doubt felt for me as being a mark of Observation and I hope no harm was done. We then went to the Industrial Exhibition of Manufacture, products and works of Art. There was much to wonder at and admire the woolen goods of Leeds, the Cutlery of Sheffield were represented. A. Morrel, a Manchester friend, was making needles by a machine of his own invention. The Prince of Wales and his wife were on a public visit to the City a few days before and the buildings were still decorated profusely. As the train did not start till late, we took a walk out side the city on a retired road, and as we were slowly meandering along an aged man stopped and fixing his eyes on me said, "Perhaps it would interest you to know that there is the House Lindley Murray lived in, the American Grammarian, and there he lived for many years." As he spoke he pointed to a new brick building on a beautiful grass plot. I thanked him and we all agreed that this civility compensated for the rudeness of the keeper of the Cathedral. York is one of those ancient Cities in England surrounded by a massive wall, Iron gates and other means of defence, and are still kept up. Tho we of modern times do not see the utility of it. They are vestiges of a barbarous age which Re Roads and commercial intercourse are fast obliterating. Chester is another old City of the same kind whose walls are crumbling away rapidly.

After again returning to Manchester and spending a few days with Sister M. from thence went to Birmingham through what is called the black country and is rightly named after spending some time here with my nephews the Morrises. I took R.R. for Cresage. As I passed through Colebrook Dale I was reminded of Richard Reynolds who was owner of the large Iron Works here and was remarkable for his acts of benevolence, both public and private, and who humbly said he thot the Lord had entrusted him "with but one talent: A little sordid dust, to distribute among the suffering children of men."

The large meeting formerly held at Colebrook Dale has dwindled down to a very small one. Whilst visiting here my sister Elizabeth and I often took a quiet ramble beside the River Severn where I had spent my boyish days now 50 years ago.

The Wrekin tho not considered much of a mountain is beautiful to behold from the banks of the Severn.

Visited Arley a favorite resort in youth and Wenlock Edge where I was want to gather petrified Shells out of the Limestone rocks and ride in the jenny wagons up the hill. Also went out into the harvest field where were men loading a wagon of barley, two pitching, two loading, one raking, one driving, and one bossing with his coat on. I have now three hands in Ohio who do more work in the same length of time than these did. The farmer in England pays his men as little as he can. 1/2 crown is their wages there. I paid \$1.75 and board to a laborer in spring, that is about three times as much. After our return to B. I took a stroll through the vicinity we lived in when my memory received some of its first impressions. The Bull Ring bringing to mind the cruel custom then so prevalent in so many places. Tho now entirely abolished note lane was a cesspool where all the sewerage of the town flowed. It was here my little brother fell into and came nearly being drowned had it not been for the noble act of a kind butcher boy who rescued him. I was but 8 years old when this occurred. The pool is now filled up and a market in its place. I also recollect how the women had to work at gun barrels. At the period when Napoleon was devastating Europe while the men were mostly in service. The sight of these gunsmiths did not make a very favorable impression on my young mind. In one of my rambles I visited the monument of Joseph Starge, a good likeness of a plain friend. I recollect hearing him give an account of his tour through the West Indies before the emancipation Bill passed. He spoke in friends meeting houses at Manchester to nearly 4000 people.

I went to meeting but was not profited by what I saw and but little by what I heard.

After staying about a week I returned to Manchester. Was at meeting first day and saw Godfry Woodhead, 2 wives and several of those who remained faithful during the rendings of Beaconism, among the rest Nitson Crewdson, brother to Isaac, who kindly remembered me as well as many others. Took tea at Shipley Neave's was kindly treated by all. Then went to see Richard Southall once more, his foreman owned me as his teacher 40 years ago, was a kind well-informed man of whom his employer speaks well. At tea Richard had invited my old friend Thomas Abrams, a friend with whom I had been xxx for many years. Our meeting was mutually pleasant and profitable.

Since I left Manchester several of my old walks I found appropriated to public uses. Victoria Park on the South side and Peel Park on the north west is a delightful place. Tastefully paid in rural style for the recreation and amusement of the working class. A large library geological specimens and grounds for Athletic games and here also are beautiful white marble monuments of the Dean in the Under Sir Robert Peel on the left and Joseph Brotherton on the right.

On the base of the Statue of Robert Peel is inscribed a lengthy extract of a speech delivered in the House of Commons while that of J. Botherton had inscribed upon it a simple sentence which is worthy of being carved in letters of gold. J.B. as a poor factory boy had like myself suffered and struggled in that unhealthy occupation for years. He became a self-educated man as well as a religious one, was highly esteemed by his fellow townsmen and elected to Parliament under the first reform bill. The rich members objected on account of his poverty. A committee of inquiry was ordered and he was summoned to the bar of the House. He was then asked by the committee to state the amount of his estate, to which he replied, "My riches do not consist in the extent of my worldly possessions, but in the fewness of my wants." The above reply is the simple sentence graven on the monument of this honest man and yet the Laws of England would have expelled him from the house but for the kindness of his friends who not only voted for him but subscribed and bought him property to the amount of 500 per annum, thereby qualifying him for a seat in Parliament.

I now began to think the time of my visit was drawing to a close and the many anxious letters from home told me that others thought so too. The day before I purposed going to Liverpool I received a message from my dear friend Joseph Buckley who had just returned from Norway where he and Edward Turner of Liverpool had been on a religious visit, the conversation in a note see.

The next day after taking leave of my dear Sisters and relatives, brother Richard and I took train for Liverpool

arriving at his cousin Oliver Talor's, and as George Ransden did not wish me go in the "City of Cork," I had to wait four days for the Aleppo. I stayed most of the time at his beautiful home at Egremont on the Chester side of the river.

This is all that life permitted from the hands of my dear father but I would add that on his way home he encountered a terrific storm so that the Iron Clad ploughed through the waves under water mark three days. We were very anxious indeed about him as he did not arrive for nearly two weeks after we expected him. I will now pen down a few of the many incidents wt which he was so familiar. I will first begin by relating some of his anecdotes of the Wesley brothers.

The two brothers John and Charles Wesley were very dissimilar in disposition. Charles was subject to nervous depression of mind; on one occasion the brothers were riding along after a long silence, Charles sighed and said, "Oh, if I had but wings I would fly." When John cheerfully replied, "Why brother, if the Lord commanded me to fly, I would trust him for the wings."

John Wesley was very exemplary in plainness of dress and simplicity of living and not astrained to let his moderation be known to all men as on one occasion after the Society had become quite numerous and respectable. He was in London when a number of his friends provided a sumptuous dinner graced with all the delicacies of the season. He was placed at the head of the table and after asking a blessing he was asked what part of the venison or fowl he would prefer, to which he meekly replied, "I will thank you for a bowl of bread and milk." This was quite difficult to procure at that occasion, but nothing else would do but his bowl of bread and milk meal and thus by example he showed how easily his wants could be supplied while he was endeavoring to keep his baby under.

At a time when silver and gold were taxed in England, J. Wesley was waited upon by the Assessor who inquired upon what was the amount of silver and gold belonging to him, he answered, "I have one silver spoon in London and one in Bristol." This very much astonished the officer who demanded if would be qualified to that fact, to which he replied that is all the gold and silver I possess and I expect to possess while God has so many poor upon earth.

When Adam Clark was a youth after he began to take learning he was apt to display what little he had before the Old Gardener, who would listen respectfully to his dogmas but would every now and then say, "Perhaps not." This sometimes lowered the tone of the young aspirant but not always. One day he was discerning on the appearance of the clouds and possible assertry, "We shall have rain." Perhaps not rejoined the old man. This rather mettled the young Adam Clark who resented his judgment but the Gardener still questioned his weather wisdom till at length young Adam loudly said "I am weather wise." Yes, said the old man about the beginning of the 19th century when the descendants of Jacob alone wore the beard. A venerable looking jew was slowly moving on one of the streets of London whose white beard covering his breast reached to his girdle when a drunken sailor posted a xxxxx him rudely saying "get out of the way you wicked Jew. You and your nation killed our Savior." The Jew looked at him very seriously and answered, "He is not xxx thy Savior he has not saved thee from getting drunk yet."

What a truth is brought to view by the words of this aged Jew. How common it is for men to call the son and sent of God Our Savior in common conversation when at the same time the heart is far from right in his divine sight. "Yes the heart that still clings to its idols, and indulging in iniquity whereas the Apostle Peter expressly declares, 'God hath sent him to help you by turning everyone of you from his iniquities.' This is the redemption which in Christ Jesus as foretold by the Prophet, "Out of Zion shall go forth the Deliverer who shall turn away the ungodly from Jacob ye shall call his name Jesus therefore let everyone that nameth the man of Christ depart from iniquity."

In Manchester about the year 1835 or c. when the walls were placarded with publications against friends such as the Beacon, the Trumpet Blown, or Quakerism Unmasked. There were a sincere inquiry after truth were

led to attend friends meeting and read for themselves the works of Early Friends and were eventually joined. It was not unusual at that period for one of these tried ones to drop in at one of the dwellings or shops of the others. T.W. who had been a clerk in the Church of England gave up his office and salary when convinced of the truth altho very poor and weakly. He was willing to become a lowly Shoemaker. One morning he was in my shop and as usual we were soon engaged in pleasant conversation when a former acquaintance one of the Independents came in and at once began telling of a great sermon which had been preached in the Methodist Chapel saying he spoke with such eloquence and to such a crowded and attentive audience for two hours and 1/2, from these words, "ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." Then turning to each of us he said, "You both formerly attended on such occasions. How is it you do not come as ye did formerly? To which T. meekly answered "Because we are not our own, we are bought with a price." This man I think felt the force of the answer and made no reply.

Lines on the death of Joseph Buckley (a minister) who presented him with a book of Psalms in which was inscribed "Presented to C. Allen with love unfeigned."

Joseph's Message

Yes in purest "love unfeigned"
Twas bearing privilege to share.
By the love of Christ constrained
Him the gospel to declare.

Led through many a dreary region
Humbly bearing precious seed.
To the destitute Norwegian;
Honest Dane, or sturdy Swede.

With his suffering Master keeping
When deserted scorned betrayed
With him loving mourning, weeping
Or the Desolation made.

Worldly love and worldly honor,
Worldly pride and worldly lust
Mourned to see our ancient banner,
Trailed dishonored in the dust.
Eros spread her dark illusion,
Specious snares and xxxxxxxx
Fashion with her gay delusions,
xxxxxxxxxxxxx captivating smiles.

These inviting to indulgence
Lured unstable soul to stray,
From the light of heavens effulgence,
From the safe and narrow way.

Yet all through this wreck and rending
Of our gathered feeble flock
Weekly firm tho none offending
As the ocean beaten rock.

Truthfully he kept his station

Till his master gave release
Called from toil and tribulation
To his home of rest and peace.

Does not still his bright example
To be faithful loudly call?
Oh" many this Elizaho mantle.
On the young Ehsha's full.

C. Allen

I am not certain of this above being all correct as part of it was nearly obscured. I will leave the foregoing space for the account of fathers last sayings which I am not in possession of.

By *Amelia* [Christopher's daughter]

Again his death entered our family circle and claimed for his own one whom we tenderly loved in taking from our midst our beloved father about the 9th of the 2nd Month he became more unwell, and it was not long before it became painfully evident that his disease was fast progressing of which he seemed to be fully aware. He is suffering which at times were often extreme seemed to call forth his supplication to his Heavenly Father for help to bear them patiently. After the Doctors had held a consultation, he remarked, "They tell me I must carry it to my grave (meaning his disease). From this time he endeavored to wear his thots and affections from this family to feel anxious about his recovery.

But he earnestly craved the prayers of his family. He seemed to feel how poor and unworthy he was he would often say. "How sinful is human nature lies when touched by the finger of the Almighty at another time he remarked to a friend that through a long life he had been helped with many favors for which he had not been sufficiently thankful. He did not seem to mummer at his very distressing pains. And when one of us remarked it seemed so hard to see him suffer so he said "Don't say hard for if he permits it to be it will not be hard." He appreciated and acknowledged the kindness of his friends. He said if he had felt drawn to any particular class since he had been lain on his bed of suffering that it was to young mothers and that the lessons learned at his mothers knee and the xxxxxx there received came vividly to mind now and he had, had a great deal to be thankful for in the possession of such a mother. He would often supplicate as follows. "lead me to the rock that is higher than I." Said it was very easy to say "thy will be done" but to realize it was a different thing. He remarked at another time he desired his children not to be mere surface members but to go deeper and to be sincere Encouraging them to attend religious meetings. A great many of the hymns which in health did seem so appropriate now seemed vividly realized. Other Refuge I Have None was one and another Rock of Ages. He often repeated some of Youngs Might Thots in view of death I think page 13 and forwards. Some times would say along with many other favorite expressions was as early as my tongue can raise.

*Its Feeble prayer to thee
"Oh" let me then thy favor seek.
Dear Lord remember me.*

Of the children he said at one time like as a father pitieth his children so the lord pitieth those that fear him. Those who ministered to his wants could but remark of his patient xxxxx to him many afflictions that evinced to those around that the everlasting arms were underneath that were able to support through every dispensation after hearing of the death of one of his friends he said. It makes little difference who is taken the cause of righteousness will go on for I believe the government is on the shoulders of One who is able to bear it. He was often broken into tenderness at parting with his friends frequently saying may God help thee. Altho his suffering seemed almost more sometimes than he could bear in the first part of his illness yet towards the last he was enabled to bear them with a good degree of calmness altho he could seldom say he felt any better, but said the pin's of this earthly tabernacle were being loosened at one time he said all he asked now was an easy dismissal. That he might be spared a little longer or he might not but either way he felt easy. On one occasion he called one of his daughters to him and after embracing her said he felt as tho he was soon to leave all thanked her for giving up to spend the bloom of her youth with him, Asked her to take care of her Stepmother, for when he was gone this world would be dark to her. Said he could not blame her for the high

opinion she had of her own mother for she was a dear woman the love of his youth. Faithful in life and faithful till death that he felt the ties of earth loosening and his spirit seemed nearing his family in heaven where he said he hoped to meet all of his earthly family. To her dear mother and the little ones gone before had been with him in mind all day. That all the transactions of life had also been passing before him events that he hadn't thot of for years before on the evening of his death which was sudden he dictated a message to his relatives in England saying he now felt resigned he thot to his fate. Tho at times he had felt the buffetings of the enemy. The letter being finished his daughter was adjusting his bed for the night when his breath seemed thick and he said, "Oh Mary I am so cold." He was placed on the bed and appeared in supplication for help. My mother was called but he could not then speak but looked at each one tenderly and then up and died without a struggle. Thus closed the earthly pilgrimage of our dear parent at the age of about [seventy] two years. His countenance after death seemed to bear on it the evidence that the end was peace.

(Copied and some added by Mary Allen.)

Having been requested I will endeavor to note down a few of the most striking incidents connected with the last illness and death of my dear second mother [Abigail Stratton Reed] who departed this life on the morning of the 18th of 12th Mo. 1876 in the 69th yr. of her age, having lived in our family near 23 years, and during several years of her later life she had been a great and almost constant sufferer, besides being comparative by helpless in some ways. Yet not withstanding all this she was diligent in the few little duties she was still able to perform such as needle work which was often for charitable purposes. About 8 months previous to her death she met with a severe shock to her already enfeebled constitution in the death of my dear father, a shock she said from which she never expected to recover, which I think was the case.

For months previous to her death I could see the slow but sure decline till about middle of the 10 mo. when she seemed to grow worse, suffering very much at times almost more (I have sometimes thot what humanity is capable of without the sustaining presence of him who is the widow's friend and doubly so in affection. How true the, "I will make all their beds in sickness." Yet with all her suffering she could say not one pang to much when I think of what Jesus suffered for the sins of the whole world.

She would often utter a fervent and plaintive prayer for patience to endure to the end all the sufferings it might seem meet to be laid upon her saying "Not one pang to much" at another time when apparently very happy tho in pain she gave vent to her feelings in the following beautiful lines, which she seemed to realize.

*Jesus can make a dying bed.
Feel soft as downy pillows are.
While on his breast I lay my head.
And sweetly breathe my soul out there.*

She seemed desirous to be at peace with all mankind saying she well knew she had at times done very wrong for which hoped she had been forgiven. And that she freely forgave all those who had harmed her. And said she loved every living creature that God had made. And amongst the many many kind friends who came to see her she did not want any distinction shown. Saying I love them all the very meanest and lowest are all the same here while I live. At another time on hearing of some of her relations coming she said "Let them come if it will do them any good to look upon a moment of God's mercy. She had much to say to several different ones especially the children saying we must all become as little children at a time like this. She seemed very thotful of those around her on one occasion feeling sick I absented myself from her room, but she ever watchful noticed it and inquired for me and would not be refused saying if I was not well come and lie down where she could see me. She then said she could not bear the thots of parting with me sick saying for Mary it will be an awful thing to part with thee, I never knew what the love for an own child was but do not think it could be any stronger than mine for thee dear child.

She often supplicated for divine presence through the dark valley. And altho as she said at times it seemed as tho he hid his face from her. Yet it was but for a little while just to increase his reliance on him. As she said, "Sweet to be passive in his hands and feel no will but his."

Once after a severe strangling spell she sank back on her pillow apparently in a placid sleep but soon opened her eyes saying she had seen a most beautiful light not outward but "oh so pretty all the pains I have ever suffered should not pay for it."

On one occasion hearing of her sick brother this being worse she said next morning she had scarcely slept any for thinking of him and often felt anxious about the state of his mind and whether he thot he would recover. One week or the first day previous to her death she was seized with a Hemorrhage of the stomach which proved very distressing to her so that on the next—the day at noon she went into Epileptic convulsions which wore her down very fast finally depriving her of sight and speech. Yet when her speech was so far gone we could scarcely gather what she said. I heard her supplicate for herself and me. Toward the last the convulsions seemed to subside tho leaving her with great difficulty in breathing and entirely helpless she became also incapable of swallowing which was a great privation with such a fever within which heretofore had caused her to call for water and ice nearly constantly which was about all she took for 10 days. From this she gradually wore away till 20 minutes of 4 o'clock on the morning of the 18th of 12th mo. when the Weary Wheels of life at length stood still and I trust her ransomed spirit took its flight for realms of everlasting rest and peace to join the dear ones gone before. And her body was entered on the 19th in friends burying ground at New Garden, where as she expressed it she would rest beside two dear brothers and a beloved companion.

On the christmas day previous to his and her death near 40 country children, grandchildren and great grand children and an aunt and two cousins who had never visited us before happened to come and on the next Christmas I was the only human being left where a year ago so many happy voices blended.

Last Year and This

*Twas just one year ago tonight;
Near forty faces glowed
Around the dear old table where;
Our aged parents loved.*

*Their hairy heads in thankfulness;
To see their household train
Once more assembled round the board;
They near might fill again*

*For why: those aged forms are now,
From their blest spirits river
Last year they joined the band on earth
This year the band in heaven.*

*How different is the scene tonight;
How still the halls of home
With but the clocks slow measured tick
and the low breezes moan.*

*Yes sad indeed has been the change
Within our household band.
But many it hire our hearts from earth
To seek that better land.*

The following lines I found in mothers Work basket. I think copied not long before her death.

*Oh for a heart of calm repose
Amid the worlds loud roar
A life that like a river flows
Along a peaceful shore.*

*Come holy spirit still my heart
With gentleness divine.*

*In dwelling thou canst impart
Oh! make that blessing mine.*

(The rest was torn off. Lines found in the Book of Psalms.)

By C. Allen

*While this world is fast receding
From my sight, now dim with age.
Frequent be my reverent reading
In this pure perspicuous page.*

*Seeking Christ of good the giver
Shining all sectarian strife.
Christ from evil to deliver,
Christ the way, the truth, the life.*

Now I believe I have fulfilled his dying request which was to pen these few poor fragments (as he called them) on paper for Dear Sina's perusal when he was gone. I know a good many other little xxxxx from his lips but which were not penned down. By his daughter

Mary Allen

Glossary to Christopher Allen's Diary

Brotherton, Joseph, MP from Salford in the 1840s, played a major role in reform and welfare legislation, including the Public Libraries Act of 1850. Coined the term "vegetarian" in his address to the Vegetarian Society of the United Kingdom in 1847.

Murray, Lindley (1745-1826), a New York Quaker who was exiled to England as a Loyalist in 1784 and wrote the *Grammar of the English Language* (1795), providing a guide for spelling, pronunciation, parts of speech and syntax. Known as the "Father of Schoolbook Grammar."

Peel, Sir Robert (1788-1850), Home Secretary from 1822 and twice Prime Minister (1834-35 and 1841-46). Son of a businessman in the textile industry, Peel was first elected to parliament as a Tory in 1809. He repealed the Corn Laws and established the Metropolitan Police Act, the uniformed constables with "billy clubs" who became known as "bobbies" in his honor.

Notes from Sam Redding, Autumn 1998

Some of the information in this chapter has been in my immediate family for some time. In fairly recent years, we were given a copy of the Christopher Allen diary fragments, although I am not now certain how it came into our possession; perhaps through cousin Patty Haas Brown, who has maintained a treasure trove of Allen artifacts. It was probably also through Patty that my aunt, Beth Allen, came into the possession of a postcard to my grandfather, Sam Allen, from Martha Stratton, a cousin in Ohio. The postcard showed an old mill which Christopher Allen once owned, and printed on the postcard were the words, "Flour Mill, Winona, O.," giving us an exact location of the Ohio origins of the Allens. Prior to that, I knew only that the Allens were Quakers from Ohio, a fact known primarily because Aunt Beth remembered a visit to Valley Falls, Kansas, by Quaker cousins from Ohio when she was a young girl. We later had the Ohio references in Christopher's diary.

In May of 1993, my mother (Margie Jean Allen Redding) and I drove from Illinois to Cleveland, Ohio, to visit my brother Rodney and his wife Meredith. Rod was a pilot with Continental Airlines, living in Cleveland. One day Rod and I decided to take a drive to Winona, some 90 miles southeast of Cleveland, to see if we could unearth any evidence of the Allen's origins.

We arrived first in Salem, Ohio, a larger community near Winona, where we dug into genealogical records at the public library. We found that a man named Stratton was a teacher at the junior high school and was somehow connected with the Martha Stratton who had written the postcard nearly a hundred years earlier. We went to the junior high school, found Mr. Stratton, and learned from him that we should proceed to Winona.

In Winona we inquired first at a lovely new Quaker church. The church secretary explained that there were two Quaker groups in Winona, and the Allens, she believed, were connected with the other congregation. At any rate, she thought a man by the name of Gamble knew a great deal of early Winona history and directed us to his house. We found Mr. Gamble at home, but when we said we were interested in the Allen family, he pointed us toward his cousin, Albert Gamble, who lived in the country outside Winona.

Rod and I drove to Albert's home, where we were warmly welcomed by 86-year-old Albert and his wife Ethel. Chatting with them, we learned that Albert's grandmother, Amelia Whinery, was Christopher Allen's daughter. Albert showed us a round, steel stencil, perhaps 30 inches in diameter that said, "Albion Mill" across the top and "S. Allen" across the bottom. Albert explained that Christopher Allen had owned the local grist mill for a few years in the 1850s and his sons, including Sam, had operated the mill. The stencil was used to paint the mill's imprint on barrels and sacks. The mill, he said, was still standing.

From Albert's house, Rod and I drove back into Winona and located the small Quaker meeting house where Albert and Ethel still attended. We found the mill. We found the rolling countryside at the edge of town where Christopher Allen once owned property.

In August of 1993, on a trip to celebrate their 50th anniversary, my parents Roy Lee and Margie Jean Allen Redding stopped at Winona and met Albert and Ethel. They corresponded with them thereafter.

My two sons, John and Tom, traveled with me to Washington, D.C. in 1994, and we stopped in Winona on the way home. Albert was hoeing his garden, head bedecked with a straw hat. John, Tom and I visited with Albert and Ethel and learned a little more about the Allen family.

Albert and I have written to one another over the past several years. Along the way, Albert found a photo album that contained pictures of Christopher Allen and several other family members. This was a rare find, one that I could never have imagined a few years before.

As I began to put my research to words, Albert critiqued my writing and corrected me where I had gotten off track. His niece, Esther Ewing, wrote to me on several occasions and provided new information and anecdotes. Who could ever have imagined that I would have renewed familial ties with a branch of the Allen family separated from mine by my great-grandfather Richard's move west a century and a half ago?

Added Comments

Christopher and Amelia's youngest son is clearly named Ebenezer in Ohio census and legal papers. In letters from Albert Gamble and his niece Esther Ewing, references are sometimes made to him as Uncle Ebb or Uncle Ebbert. Christopher's grandson by Richard was named Ebbert and called Ebb. Christopher Allen's second wife was named Abigail Stratton Reed, Reed being the name of her first husband. But in Quaker records the name is Rood, and a Warren Rood was a witness to her marriage. The name Whinnery was once Whinery, but according to Albert Gamble some of the family changed it to avoid its being pronounced "Whine-ery." The discrepancy between the birth dates of Richard and Elizabeth Allen recorded in the Methodist Church in Manchester and those assumed by Richard and Elizabeth in every record in America remains a mystery.

Postscript

In the winter of 1999, as I readied this small book for publication—eager to get it in the hands of Allens everywhere—Jane and I decided to take a trip to England. So I postponed publication, hoping to discover more of the Allen's roots on our journey. In reading again Christopher's diary of his trip to his homeland in 1866, I studied the particulars. I realized that his first memories were not of Manchester but of Birmingham. He mentions the site of the old Bull Ring in Birmingham, which was a part of the city devoted to the blood sport of baiting bulls with dogs. Christopher aptly described the Bull Ring as a "cruel custom then so prevalent in so many places." The Bull Ring, near where the Allens must have resided, is now a shopping center. Christopher remembers his brother falling into a cesspool and being rescued by a butcher boy when Christopher was 8 years old (about 1812). He also recalls the gun barrel makers producing armaments for England's war with Napoleon. History tells that Birmingham's cottage industry of armaments producers spawned the Birmingham Small Arms Company (BSA), also known for its motorcycles and automobiles in later years.

In 1866, Christopher visited Colebrookdale (now Ironbridge) and strolled the banks of the Severn with his sister Elizabeth, as he had done 50 years before (when he would have been about 12). He visited Arley and Wenlock Edge, favorite resorts of his youth, beheld Mount Wrekin from the banks of the Severn, and took the rail to Cressage. Jane and I spent a day and night at a bed-and-breakfast on a sheep farm at Wenlock Edge, a beautiful long ridge that affords an exquisite view of the rolling pastureland below. This is in Shropshire, not far from England's western border with Wales. We viewed the Wrekin and crossed the winding Severn.

In Christopher's diary he wrote of gathering "petrified Shells out of the Limestone rocks" at Wenlock Edge. The proprietor of the bed-and-breakfast explained to us that the outcroppings along the ridge exposed fossilized sea shells from a time, perhaps 400 million years ago, when these Shropshire hills were beneath the sea in another part of the world. He showed us several of the shells he had himself collected.

After our stay at on the sheep farm, Jane and I passed a morning at the nearby hamlet of Much Wenlock and then made our way to Colebrookdale, the birthplace of the Industrial Revolution. Now a green and pleasant spot on the banks of the Severn, with fascinating museums and a restored village, Colebrookdale was, at the time Christopher must have been there as a youth, the smoky center of the industrial revolution. Abraham Darby I, a Quaker from the Black Country, learned to smelt iron from cheap and plentiful coke there, at a time when much of the countryside was being denuded of woods to make charcoal for the ironmasters. Abraham Darby III built the first cast-iron bridge at Colebrookdale in 1779.

During Christopher Allen's lifetime in England, the Colebrookdale-Ironbridge Gorge area was bustling with the extraction of limestone, ironstone and coal from the surrounding hills; cutting of timber; smelting of iron; production of china and porcelain; and shipping of all these products down the Severn to the sea and, later, by rail to all of England. The world's first steam railway locomotive, in fact, was made in Colebrookdale in 1802. Every aspect of industry, with all the belching fury of fire and smoke, all the clang and rattle of ancient railways, and all the heightened energy of invention, production, trade and transportation was nestled in one tiny river valley in Shropshire. And Christopher Allen was there as a youth about the time of the Napoleonic Wars and again as an English brassfounder turned American farmer and miller upon his return to visit in 1866.

Jane and I drove north from Colebrookdale to the eastern edge of Liverpool and then to Manchester, where we stopped at a McDonald's for a hamburger and directions. We stayed at a hotel in the center city, close enough to walk the streets that Christopher Allen and, indeed, his son Richard, my great-grandfather, had once walked. We strolled to Mount Street Meetinghouse, the Quaker meetinghouse near the City Library in St. Peter's Square. We walked by Oldham Street where the old Methodist Church where Richard was baptized (or at least some Richard Allen was baptized) was still a Methodist center in a grimy but modern urban block. We drove to Manchester Cathedral at the edge of the center city, a magnificent old church built by Henry V in 1421, damaged in World War II and again by the IRA, but in service and resplendent nonetheless. We walked the park where Robert Peel's statue stands, and we walked the grounds where St. Johns Church of England stood in 1826 when Christopher and Amelia were married there. We spent the night in Manchester, and in the morning drove through the bare Yorkshire hills toward the coast, crossed the Humber at Hull, and made our way to Lincoln over a fertile green plain more reminiscent of Illinois than anything else we saw in England.

Edith Friskney, a Canadian I found on the Internet, freely searched her CDs of vital English statistics and found references to Christopher Allen that helped guide my path when we visited England. Upon returning home I enlisted the assistance of Judith Moore, a professional genealogist who provided more nuggets of fact that helped in weaving together the pieces of Christopher Allen's life presented here. And then, in late October, I searched the website of the Latter Day Saints and found a Christopher Allen born in 1804 on the Isle of Wight. This seemed a long shot, but I posted a query and Melanie Morris from Burlington, Ontario, responded. She knew how to call up a batch number and found that the same entry for Christopher included Martha and Jane, with birth dates and the parents' names—Richard and Martha. What a find! But there was still a possibility that the person who had submitted this information was wrong. I posted a request for help on the Isle of Wight website. Ann Barrett responded. She lived on the Isle and made a trip to the county records office where she confirmed the three entries. Our Christopher Allen was indeed born, April 14, 1804, on the Isle of Wight.

Next I searched the websites pertaining to Cuyahoga County, Ohio, and found Ingrid Abram, who has searched libraries and visited cemeteries on my behalf, unearthing much information about the Allens and Bennetts in Cleveland.

So the search goes on, and many mysteries remain to be solved.

NOTE: Of course, the search went on after the notes and comments above were written, and changes were made to the material that precedes these comments. Especially, Patricia O'Neil assisted with research in London that unearthed the birth records of Richard and Martha's older children, and later I found Richard and Martha's marriage record.

Manchester Addresses

London Road area of Center City.

1811: Samuel Bennett Joiner 24 Hilton Street

1813: Mrs Betty Bennett 33 Dale Street

1815: Mrs Betty Bennett 33 Dale Street

1817: Richard Allen Joiner 15 Brierley Street London Rd

1819-20: Richard Allen Joiner 39 Swarbrick Street

1821-22: Richard Allen Joiner Holbrooke Street

1824-25: Richard Allen Joiner 7 Holbrook Street

1833: Martha Allen Widow 39 Lower Canal Street

*1833: Christopher Allen Brassfounder and fitter up of gas 44 Dean Street

1836: Martha Allen Widow 25 Lower Canal Street

*1838: Christopher, a brassfounder, was living at 60 London Road

*1841: Christopher at 60 London Road as plumber and gas fitter (House 7, Granby Row)

OTHER: Chorlton on Medlock and Hulme are both out of the city centre in the same general area and direction.

1824-25: Peter Bennett, printer, 8 Blakeley St. Hulme (west)

1838: Peter Bennett, printer, at 14 Broster St. Salford

1841: Peter Bennett, baker, Rosmaund St. Salford

1841: Peter Bennett, calico printer (journeyman), age 58, born Lancs., Salford

*1841: Joseph Bennett, waste dealer, at Hope Street in Heaton Norris

1845: Joseph Bennett, mechanic, at Worsley St. Oldham Rd.

1845: Samuel Bennett, mechanic, at 5 Mottram St., Salford

1848: Samuel Bennett, mechanic, at 29 Waterloo Pl. Salford

1811: Samuel Bennett Joiner Pryme Street Hulme

1813: Richard Allen Joiner 74 Silver Street

1815: Samuel Bennett jnr 7 Pryme Street Hulme

1819-20: Samuel Bennett Joiner 4 Pryme Street Hulme

1821-22: Samuel Bennett Joiner 14 Pryme Street Hulme

1824-1825: Samuel Bennett Joiner Frith Street Higher Temple Street

1824-1825: Richard Allen Bricklayer Frith St Higher Temple

*1832: Richard Allen, Eagle Street Hulme, died

*1833: Richard Allen, Eagle Street Hulme, will administered

* 1836: Martha Allen Widow 17 Eagle Street Hulme

*1841: Richard Fosbrook Allen, mechanic at 84 Booth St. Chorlton on Medlock;

1848: Samuel Bennett (2) Mechanic 30 Lancaster Street

*1848: Richard Fosbrook Allen Mechanic 28 Dale Street Hulme

*1851: Richard F Allen Mechanic 59 Boundary West Chorlton on Medlock

*1851: Samuel Bennett (2) in Hulme at 15 Melbourne Street

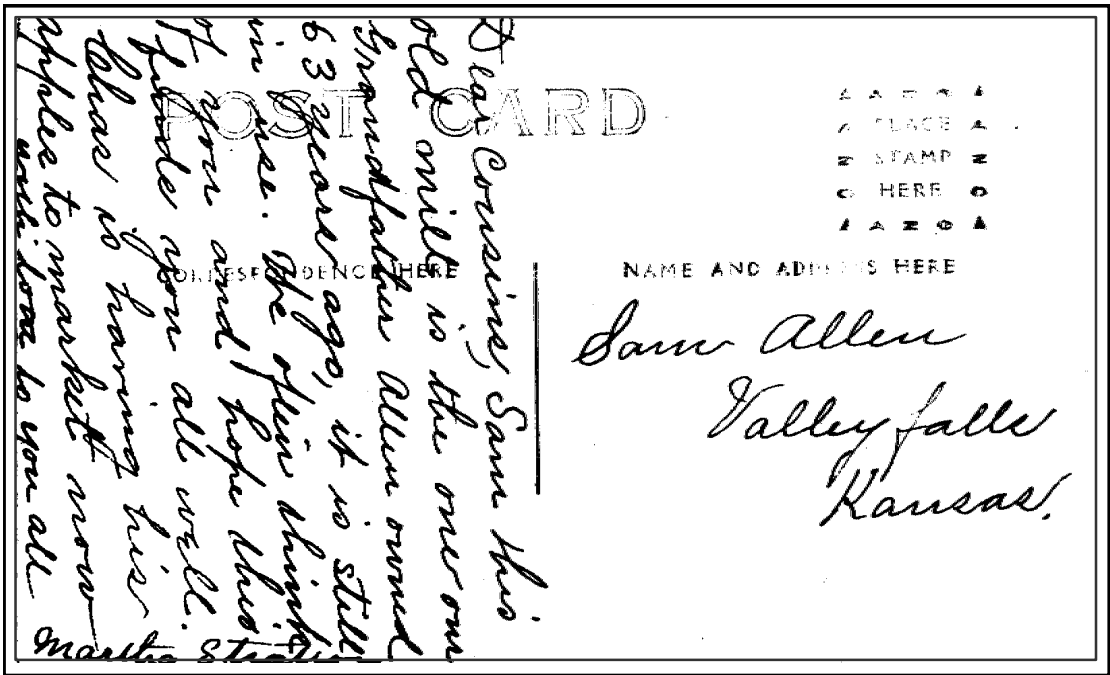
*1861: Richard F. Allen Mechanic 59 Boundary Street Chorlton

*1871: Richard F. Allen, Missionary preacher 2 Gore Street Greenheys (Chorlton on Medlock)

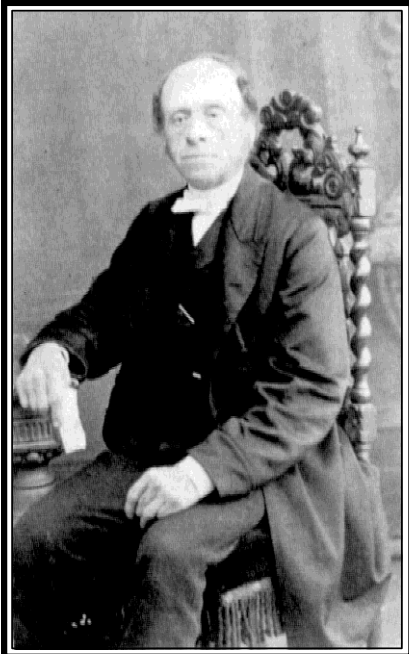
*1871: Samuel Bennett (2) brassfounder at Chorlton at 5 Moss Side View

** Proved to be our family.*

Photographs



Postcard written to Sam Allen (son of Richard, son of Christopher) from his cousin Martha Stratton about 1915.



Richard Allen, brother of Christopher, in England.



Elizabeth Allen, wife of Richard, in England.



Jennie Allen, daughter of Richard and Elizabeth, in England.



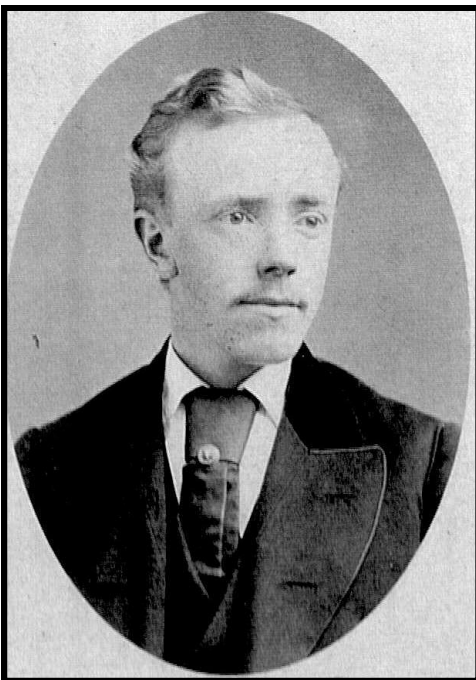
Lizzie Allen, daughter of Richard and Elizabeth, in England



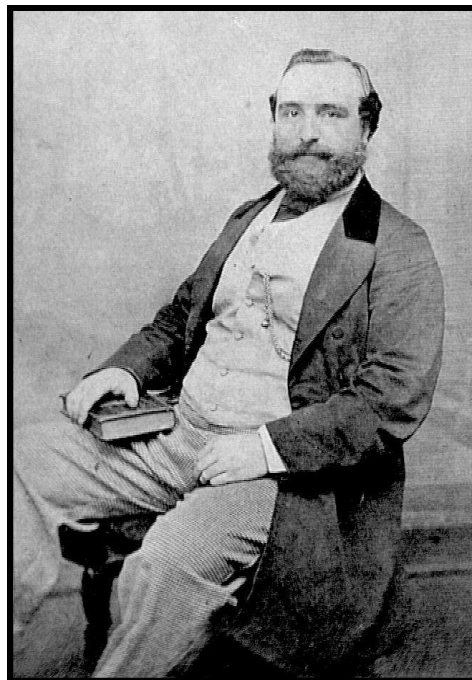
Thomas Thompson, husband of Christopher Allen's sister Martha, in England.



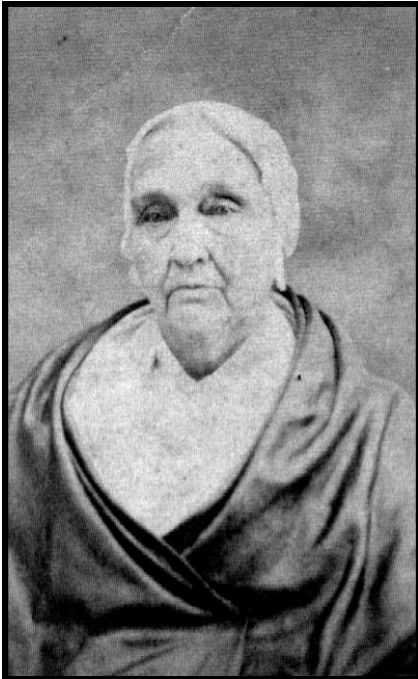
Martha Allen Thompson, sister of Christopher, in England.



Tom Thompson, son of Thomas and Martha, in England.



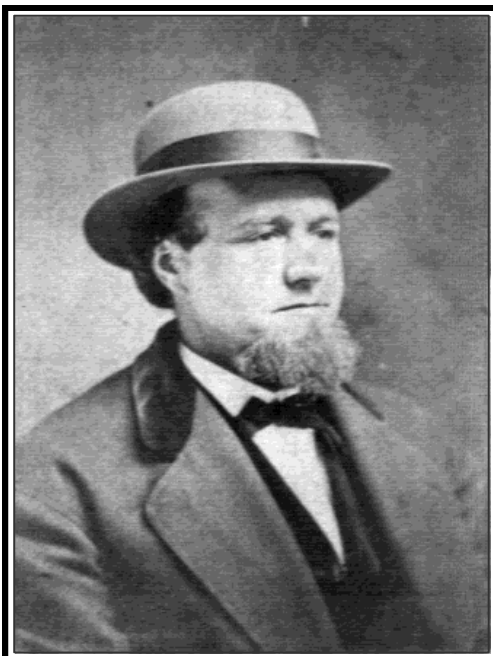
Robert Ferguson, husband of Martha Thompson, the daughter of Thomas and Martha.



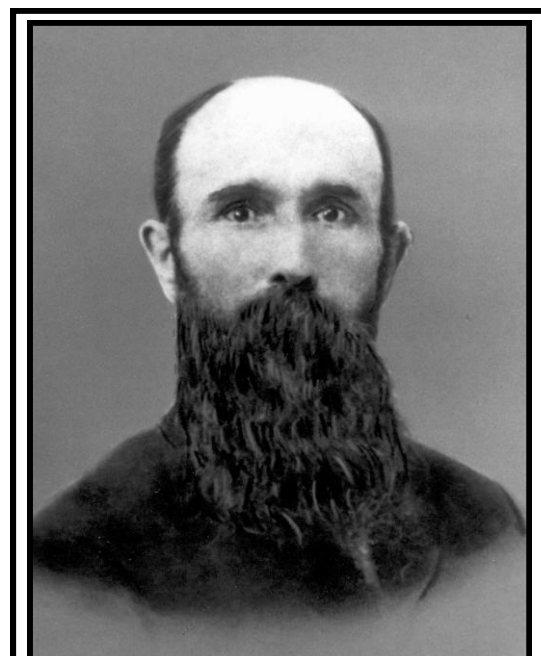
Abigail Stratton Reed, second wife of Christopher Allen, Sr.



Samuel Allen, son of Christopher and Amelia Bennett Allen. Born in 1827 in England.



Christopher Allen, Jr., son of Christopher and Amelia Bennett Allen. Born in England about 1829.



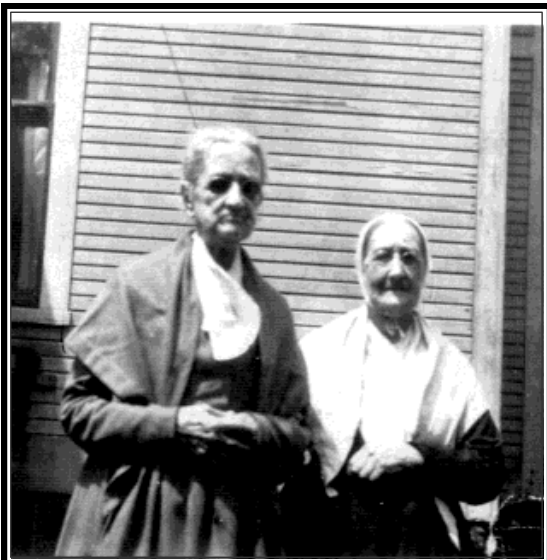
Richard Allen, son of Christopher and Amelia Bennett Allen. Born in 1835 in England; died 1899 in Valley Falls, Kansas.



Ebenezer Allen, son of Christopher and Amelia Bennett Allen, born 1844 in Ohio.



Mary Allen Stevenson, daughter of Christopher and Amelia Bennett Allen, born 1846 in Ohio.



Amelia Allen Whinery (born in 1838 in England) and Elizabeth (Lizzie) Allen Brantingham (born 1841 in England), daughters of Christopher and Amelia Bennett Allen.

Attendees at the 1922 Allen-Bennett reunion held at the home of George and Sina (Brantingham) Megrail at Winona, Ohio.



1922 Allen-Bennett Reunion in Winona, Ohio.

Seated on the ground

1. Child 2. Myrtle Allen Hadley (daughter of Ebb) 3. Blanche Stratton (later Pine) 4. Unknown 5. Edith Gamble (later Mott) 6. Sylva Whinery (later Basinger) 7. Newell Pottorf

Seated

1. Amelia (Allen) Whinery 2. Lizzie (Allen) Brantingham 3. Belle Bennett 4. Hamlet Bennett (?)

Standing

1. Charles W. Gamble 2. Rachel (Whinery) Gamble 3. Charles Stratton
4. Martha (Whinery) Stratton 5. Wilford Stratton 6. Ida Whinery 7. Willis Whinery 8. Unknown
9. Unknown 10. Unknown 11. Zada (Whinery) Pottorf 12. George Megrail 13. Sina B. Megrail

Marriage Certificate of Christopher Allen and Amelia Bennett, St. Johns, Manchester, England, January 16, 1826.

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MARRIAGES solemnized in the Parish of St. Johns Manchester
in the County of Lancaster in the Year 1826

Christopher Allen of St. Johns Parish
and Amelia Bennett of St. Johns Parish
St. Johns Minister

were married in this Church by Henry with Consent of

Henry this sixteenth Day of

January in the Year One thousand eight hundred and twenty six

By me Robt. Dalby

This Marriage was solemnized between us { Christopher Allen

In the Presence of { Amelia Bennett

Richard Testimony of Henry

No. 424. Christopher Allen

The blue turkey platter pictured below was brought from England by Christopher and Amelia Allen in 1842. The platter measures 18 inches by 14 inches, is of unknown manufacturer, and was made in England between 1825 and 1842. Now in the possession of Erling E. Gamble, son of Arthur Gamble and nephew of Albert Gamble, the platter was given to Erling in the 1950s by his aunt, Edith Gamble Mott. Erling Gamble sent the picture from his home in Raleigh, North Carolina, to Sam Redding in September of 1999.

