

Charles Heber Clark A Family Memoir

The Autobiography of
the American Humorist
"Max Adeler"

Edited with an Introduction, Notes,
Appendices, and Bibliographies by

David Ketterer



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By the time she had reached the age of 62 or 63 her wanderings and the worst of her struggles were over. With my father (soon complete disabled), and my sisters, she fixed her home in Germantown in a house belonging to my brother Ned's wife. There my sisters, who had become skilled teachers in the public schools, my two brothers and I, maintained her and my father in comfort they had not known for many years. After a while, Ned gave the house to my sisters, and there my father died. Several years afterward, my mother passed away in that home. Long before their lives were ended, the storms and privations and sufferings of their earlier days were far behind them. For more than twenty years they had shelter and peace and comfort, and independence of everybody but their own grateful, loving, devoted, loyal children. And now I must tell of her family, the McCulloughs.

My Mother's Ancestors

The McCullough clan (allied to the Campbells, to which the Dukes of Argyle belong) left Scotland in the reign of Charles II, because of religious persecution. They were Presbyterians, and had had too much, we may suppose, of Archbishop Laud in the preceding reign, and of the tyranny and bigotry of the Church of England under the reign of the monarch whom Carlyle calls "the Nell Gwynne Defender of the Faith"! The McCulloughs settled in County Down, Ireland. From County Down in 1765, a MRS. McCULLOUGH with two sons and two daughters came to the United States. A third son, William, my mother's paternal grandfather, went to County Norfolk, England, and became a small farmer. Afterwards he lived in London, and, I think, died in that city.

One of the daughters who came to this country with the mother went to North Carolina, and no further record of her remains.

Not only do we know nothing of her name or her destiny, but the given name and the maiden name of her mother have disappeared. The only additional facts I have concerning her are that she lived in the household of the son James, my mother's maternal grandfather, in and near New Castle, and

and where he died. He has been spoken of as an earnest, true, forceful man.

f James. To avoid confusion I will call him Captain James. As he married the daughter of his uncle James, after whom, in accordance with a very foolish practice, he was no doubt named, this narrative of mine will not be clear unless the two men are kept wide apart in the reader's mind. As a man's name is given to him for the sole purpose of identifying him, the custom of repeating Christian names over and over again in families seems to me to have no foundation in reason.

He was the father of my dear mother. He was born, no doubt, in County Norfolk, and he came to this country in 1795, being then a lad of 17 years. He received instruction in Newark, Delaware, at which is now Newark College, but was then, I suppose, merely a good Academy. I have an idea that he learned navigation there. At any rate, like his uncle and his cousin, David Maffett, he became a sailor, went to sea for years, and after a while was Captain of his own ship. To him, also, I shall refer upon a succeeding page. Now, I must complete the list of old Mrs. McCullough's children.

4. JAMES McCULLOUGH. That he may not be confounded with his nephew, the Captain, I will allude to him as James first. Upon landing upon these shores, he went to New Castle, Delaware. There he lived and there he died in 1814. He married Jane Eves, daughter of John Eves, who seems to have been prosperous. John was son-in-law of Mrs. Lewdon, a famous Quaker preacher, who lived to a great age. Possibly it is from Jane, her granddaughter, and my great grandmother, that I get my fondness for Quakers.

I give here profile portraits of James first and his wife. She bears a remarkable resemblance to Mrs. Farr, my mother's sister, lately deceased.

James McCullough, first, and his wife lie buried in the Church yard of Immanuel Church, New Castle, upon the right-hand side of the walk leading from the street to the church door.

They had six children that I know of, as follows:

JOHN—died in 1798 and is buried in the grave with his parents.

JAMES (third)—he went to Missouri in 1840. He had several children, some of whom I knew. One of them, James Thomas McCullough, a highly respected lawyer, lived at Elkton, Maryland. I have stayed at his house. He is survived by a son James Henry, now a lawyer at Elkton, and a fine man.

WILLIAM—of him I can learn nothing. Probably he died early.

ELIZABETH—she married a man named Jackson, and she must have died while a young woman.

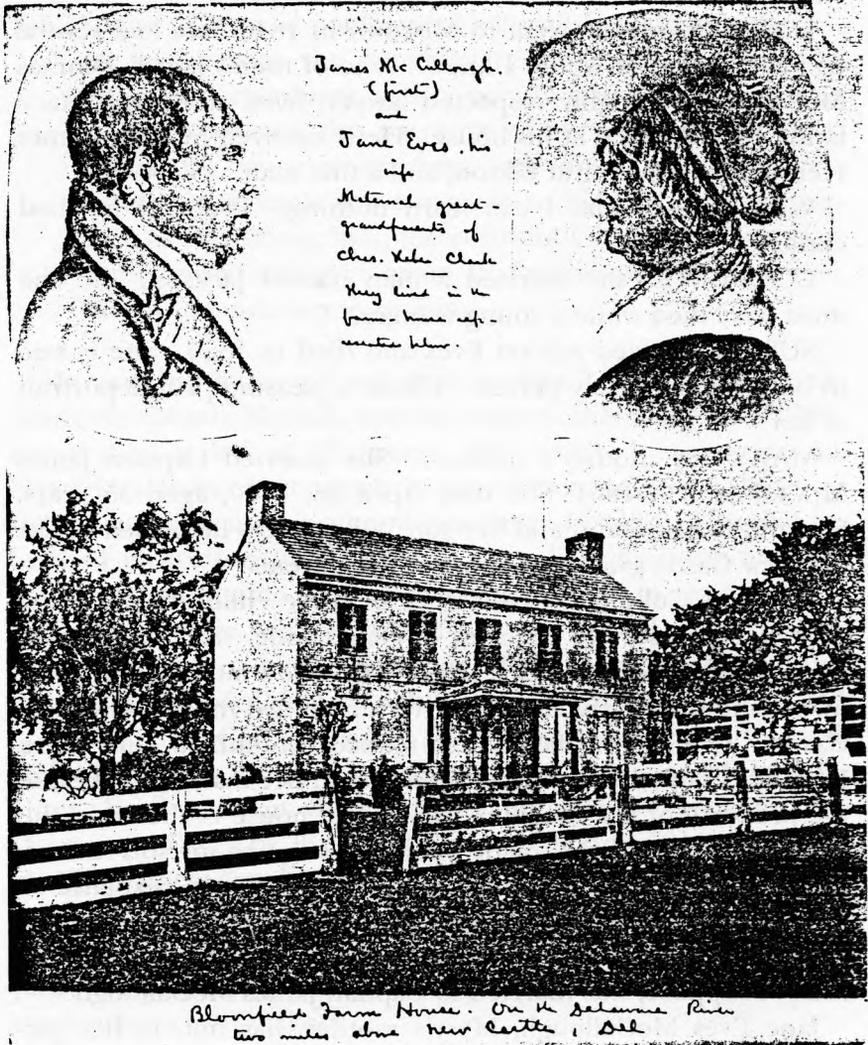
SUSAN—married Abram Eves and died in 1826. She is said to have been a lovely person. I have a pleasing profile portrait of her.

MARY—my mother's mother. She married Captain James McCullough in 1804. She died April 26, 1820, aged 35 years. She and her husband and her son William also lie buried in the old New Castle graveyard, close to her parents.

James McCullough, first, father of these children, was for a time in some sort of business in New Castle. At one time he was a member of the Legislature. His wife's father, John Eves, owed land on the shore of the river about two miles above New Castle. One of the farms was named Bloomfield, and there John Eves built a nice house which, upon her marriage, became the property of his daughter, Jane. The house is shown in the picture herewith given, made a few years ago by my son Arthur. It is in a lovely situation, looking out upon the wide expanse of the Delaware river. Here James first, and Jane, lived for a long time, until her death, I imagine. Here, also, their daughter Mary, I suppose, was married to Captain James McCullough.

Jane Eves McCullough, Mary's mother, has not, in her picture, here appended, what may be called a very sweet countenance; and in truth, a rumor has come down to us that her disposition inclined to crabbedness; but possibly this is not fair to her.

It will be perceived that my mother's father and mother were first cousins. He was the son of William, who remained in England. She was the daughter of James first, who came over in 1765.



James McCullough (first) and Jane Eves, his wife. Maternal great-grandparents of Chas. Heber Clark. They lived in the farm-house represented below.
Bloomfield Farm House. On the Delaware River two miles above New Castle, Del.

I strongly disapprove of such marriages. Even if no evil consequences have appeared in this case, alliances of such kind are inadvisable and often perilous. There is no good reason why a young man should marry so near a relative, and there are many sound reasons why he should not. The wide earth is full of women, and the matter of attachment certainly can be controlled; at any rate, in its earlier development. Diversity of temperament, disposition and other qualities is much more likely than uniformity, to be followed by good results to the offspring.

Captain James McCullough spent at sea the earlier years of his married life. It is unfortunate that no record remains of his voyagings. All we have are some faint traditions of visits to China and France, and some small relics of those visits, almost too trifling for consideration. During the war of 1812, the ship of which he was Captain was pursued by a British man-of-war. Captain McCullough (so-called to the end of his days) made an effort to escape, but, finding that this would be impossible, he went into his cabin, shaved himself, put on his finest clothing, and returned to the deck.

Overhauled, the enemy sent an officer to take possession of the prize. Captain McCullough received him politely, remarking quietly that it was the fortune of the war. This behaviour, (thoroughly consistent with the requirements of good sense) secured for him unusually nice treatment. He was taken to Halifax, where he met, knew and liked Admiral Sydney Smith, and after a while made his way home again.

All the reports I have heard of him indicate that he was a man of strong character and sound judgment. My brother Edward is said to resemble him in appearance and in character.

Captain McCullough was very stern, often harsh, as a ship master; but he was softened in after years by affliction and by religion and was loved by those who knew him.

His wife's father and mother, out at Bloomfield, held some slaves, as was the custom then and long afterward, in Delaware; and Mary, when she married Captain McCullough, was given two slaves, a boy and a girl, who lived in her household. Of these negroes my mother has often spoken to me. The boy's name was Caesar. The girl's I have forgotten.

When Captain McCullough left the sea in 1815 he took a house in New Castle and opened a store. The house and the store are still standing. The river is at the back and the buildings face upon what may be called, I think, the main street of the town. The store no doubt dealt in general merchandise like an ordinary country store, but also Captain McCullough sold ship supplies. There was then upon the Delaware a much greater commerce than exists now, and New Castle was a stopping place for in-bound and out-bound vessels. In fact, a ship making for the sea (a sailing ship) always had at New Castle its final stopping place for mails and passengers, and possibly for small supplies. New Castle, now forlorn and with its glory gone, was then a much more important town than it is to-day.

From my uncle William McCullough, the Captain's son, I have one little story of him which may be related as throwing some light upon his character.

Communication with Philadelphia in those days was slow and uncertain, and I suppose information about markets and prices came haphazard to New Castle, so that the merchants of the town were not quickly and surely acquainted with changes of quotations. Captain McCullough dealt in flour, and so did Patrick ——, an Irishman living in New Castle. One day Patrick called upon the Captain, asked his price for flour and bought his entire stock. A day or two later, it was discovered that Patrick had taken advantage of early news that the price of flour had advanced.

Captain McCullough made no comment upon this unkind transaction. He awaited his revenge. In time the opportunity came. The Captain after a while learned that flour had again gone up in price in Philadelphia. He went around to see Patrick, who had not heard the news:

"What are you asking for flour today?" inquired Captain McCullough. The Irishman named his price, which was much below the market. "Well, Patrick", said the Captain, "I have just now heard that flour has gone up two dollars a barrel in the city, and I came around to tell you of it before any of the neighbors have a chance to take advantage of you!"

And thus, also, of this ancestor of ours we have no reason to be ashamed!

Captain McCullough accumulated some property and was, no doubt, quite well off before he reached middle life. He invested his savings in dwelling houses on the West side of the street on which he lived, the houses thus facing the river. The practice of insuring property was not so common then as it is now, and no insurance was put upon these buildings. One night a fire was started, and all the houses were burned. He was a ruined man. He never recovered the loss, although he did, I think, contrive to keep out of debt.

But for that fire, my life might have been a different one. Instead of deep poverty in my early years, I should have had at least some means. Perhaps, in the end, I should not have been better off; but I would have been willing to take some chances.

Captain McCullough's wife died in 1820, five years after he gave up going to sea, and to this calamity his conversion to a religious life was due. This grief, away back in the beginnings of the last century is for us voiceless, but surely it was bitter. It brought him to Christ, serving the purpose for which such afflictions are sent to us. I know, from my own dreadful experience what was the nature of the anguish from which he suffered.

My mother has told me that soon after his wife's death, he asked her, then a little child, to read to him the 20th Chapter of Second Kings, where King Hezekiah prays that his life may be spared, and where is recorded God's promise, "I will add unto they days fifteen years." My mother said her father prayed that his life might be spared for fifteen years; no doubt because his children were young and in sore need of a father's care. This prayer was answered, his life having been prolonged beyond the period named.

He began now to have daily worship in his house with his orphaned children. He joined the Presbyterian Church, became an elder and taught in the Sunday School.

Of the dear wife thus taken from him and from the home down there by the brink of the river, we know little. The chil-

dren were too young at the time of her death to retain any clear memory of her. My own mother was then but five years old. But the traditions of Mary McCullough are that she was handsome, gentle and good. Her husband was heard, after her death, to express surprise that a woman so sweet and gentle should have accepted him—"a rough sailor" as he phrased it.

After her death, Captain McCullough, unwilling to marry again and requiring a motherly person to care for his children and his household, brought from England his sister, my grand aunt, ELIZA McCULLOUGH, referred to above (d) as the daughter of William (Norfolk, England). In after years she lived with us in Williamsport, Pa., with my Aunt Farr in Philadelphia and with my mother's brother William, on his farm just outside the town of Elkton, Maryland. There she died and was buried.

She was a dear old lady when, as a boy, I knew her; very English and fond of talking about the Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV, who died before she came to America, to her great grief and that of the British nation.

Captain McCullough survived his wife sixteen years, dying April 4, 1838, aged 58 years. His mother, Ann Warnes McCullough, died one year earlier. She was then, I believe, residing in London. His father, William, lived for some years longer. John Farr, who married one of Captain McCullough's daughters, as will be hereinafter related, visited these two people in London in 1834. He found them deeply interested in their son and their grandchildren in New Castle; but the particulars supplied by Farr, in his letter referring to his visit, are too meager to permit any clear account of them to be presented here (see note at end of this chapter).

I may add one more, rather trifling reference. Captain McCullough's mother had a brother John Warnes, who lived at Swanton, Norfolk, England, when he was a boy. My mother, I think, told me that her father often referred to this uncle and to Aunt Amy Warnes, whose home he had visited in early life and for whom he had warm feelings of affection.

How shadowy and dim do all the people, our kinsfolk, appear as we try to look backward through the gathering darkness to catch some glimpse of them! So will I and my children and that dear wife of mine who has already passed into the shadow-land,

seem to those of our blood who shall come after us, sixty, seventy, eighty years hence!

Captain McCullough left behind him a business which in his hands had had some measure of success. It was taken by his son William, who conducted it to complete failure.

Uncle William McCullough was fitted for almost anything better than the management of a commercial enterprise. He would trust anybody for any amount, and he positively refused to press those who owed him money. His easy good nature in this respect was, considering the circumstances of the family, very culpable.

New Castle, my mother's birth place, and the home of these grandparents, has always been dear to me. I have known it since my earliest childhood, and I always go back to it with interest and affection. When, in 1874, I wrote my first foolish book, *Out of the Hurly-Burly*, referred to in the succeeding pages, I made New Castle the scene of the story, taking pleasure in describing the beauties of a really beautiful situation. My mother, in her later years, tried to visit the town at least once a year, having been most fond of it.

I will now tell something of the children of Captain McCullough and his wife Mary. These children were: (1) Mary Jane (Farr) [and] (2) Louisa (Nivin), twins, (3) William, (4) Sarah, (5) Annabella Harlan (Clark).

1. MARY JANE McCULLOUGH (Farr). It seems that Captain McCullough's first children were born while he was absent at sea. His wife had arranged to be confined at her father's house, at Bloomfield, above New Castle, and it had been provided that, if matters went well, a flag should be hung out at Bloomfield to greet him and to give him the news as he sailed up the river for Philadelphia upon his return. When he passed Bloomfield he saw, with his glass, two flags flying; for, no doubt to his astonishment, twins were born; and they were named Mary Jane (after the mother and Jane Eves the grandmother) and Louisa.

Mary Jane McCullough, while quite young, married John Farr, a young chemist, who had come from London to Philadelphia. Farr was rather a notable man. In conjunction with a Prussian named Abraham Kunzi, he started a factory for making chemicals at Ninth and Parrish Streets, Philadelphia.

Quinine, at that time was made only in France by a secret process. Farr set himself to discover the secret. He did so, and began to make quinine, establishing a large business. In time he brought from England, a youth, his nephew, William Weightman, and with him and a young man named Thomas Powers, created the firm Farr, Powers & Weightman. When Farr died (1849, I think), the firm became Powers & Weightman, and made lots of money. Weightman, the sole survivor, died in 1904, the richest man in Philadelphia, it is said. Rich and mean! Farr made probably \$200,000 before he died, and he left no interest in his business to any of his sons, strange to say. Thus Aunt Farr, as we called her, was the only one of Captain McCullough's children who ever had any money. She had several children whom I will name, but I do not care to extend and complicate this paper by commenting upon them at large. Here they are:

Mary Ann, married Fitzhugh Coyle of Washington.

Louisa, married Wm. H. Trotter of Philadelphia.

James, married Annie Dunton, of Philadelphia.

Edward, drowned at New Castle when a boy.

Julia, married, first James Leslie, second, John Cash, U.S.N.

Bella, married Isaac Dunton of Philadelphia.

William, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, married Helena Haddock.

Helen, married Bayard Webster of Geneva, N.Y.

Kate, married John Wattson of Philadelphia.

Gertrude, unmarried.

John, married Miss Wattson of Philadelphia.

Caroline, unmarried.

Of these cousins, but three, Helen, Kate and Caroline, are now (1905) living. The temptation is strong for me to write more fully about them, but for several reasons I resist it.

2. LOUISA McCULLOUGH. She married Grantham Nivin, who had a farm two miles below New Castle. They remained there all their lives. Many happy hours have I spent at that place, which I regard with something like affection. This couple had children as follows:

Mary Gertrude, married J. L. De La Cour of Camden N.J. Their only child, J. Carl De La Cour, was invited by me, after his parents' death, to come into the J. Ellwood Lee Co., of Conshohocken, of which I am

President, and to join his father's business with ours. He is an excellent and efficient man.

James died unmarried.

Louisa married George Edwards of New Castle.

Edward married Emily De La Cour, and one of their daughters, Bessie, has married Irving, my brother Ned's only son.

Julie, unmarried.

3. WILLIAM McCULLOUGH. He never married. He failed to succeed in every business he undertook. Failing to keep his father's business in New Castle, he took a place in the Farr laboratory. Then he became a clerk in a Philadelphia bank. Next, he operated a rented farm near Elkton, Md., where I had much pleasure when I was a boy. At last he came to live with the Nivins, near New Castle, and he died in their house.

He was a man of high character and fine feeling. He was generous (too much so), industrious, faithful, and beloved by everybody; but he appeared to be absolutely incapable of managing any business of his own in the right way. All the members of the family were fond of him, and none more than the young people, so that he was a welcome guest at many of the houses to which he came. He was skilled in horticulture, and the only times when the Nivins had a thoroughly productive and complete garden, were those when he lived there. I have known several men of this kind—men who were doomed by nature not to "get along", and I know of few persons who have a better title to sympathy when they really do try to help themselves and are not vicious.

4. SARAH McCULLOUGH. She was deformed because of an accident in her childhood. She lived with her sister Mrs. Farr. She was brighter than any member of her family but my mother. She died in England while visiting that country for pleasure, in 1875, I think. She was the writer of a tiny volume of family *Reminiscences*, which is much too brief and quite incomplete, but from which I have obtained for this memoir of mine, facts about the McCulloughs that I should have missed had the book not been written.³

5. ANNABELLA HARLAN McCULLOUGH. She married Rev. Wm. James Clark. Their children were:



William McCullough
 +
 Sarah McCullough
 brother + sister of Mrs. A. H. Clark,
 mother of Chas. Heber Clark

William McCullough & Sarah McCullough, brother & sister of
 Mrs. A. H. Clark, mother of Chas. Heber Clark.

WILLIAM JAMES CLARK, JR., married to Cornelia Early and died August 1, 1889. He left two children: Lawrence Clark and Bessie Clark.

CHARLES HEBER CLARK, married to Clara Lukens of Conshohocken, Pa. and having five children: Mary Lukens Clark, Arthur Wayne Clark, Frederic Lewis Clark, Robert Parry Clark, Eleanor Clark. Clara Lukens Clark, my beloved wife, died June 6, 1895, in her 46th year. Two years later (almost), I married Elizabeth Kille Clark.

EDWARD BENJAMIN CLARK, married Sarah Homer of Philadelphia and had four children. Edith, married Lewis N. Lukens, my dear wife's nephew. Bertha, married Samuel Williams of Hartford, Connecticut. Helen, married John Swan of Washington, D.C. Irving, married Bessie Nivin.

MARY LOUISA CLARK, unmarried.

ANNABELLA FARR CLARK, unmarried.

My two sisters are now living in Germantown and have for years been successful teachers.

With this statement I conclude the genealogical matters of the Clark and McCullough families, and will begin the story of the lives of my father and mother and of their children.

Note to Chapter Two

Since I wrote the preceding chapter, I have re-examined the little book of family *Reminiscences* written by my mother's sister, Sarah McCullough and I find I have rather undervalued some of the information therein supplied.

Captain James McCullough's mother was named, before her marriage, Sarah Warnes. She was my own mother's paternal grandmother, and we have some information about her which should appear in a memoir such as I have written.

Her husband was William McCullough, who lived in, or in early life went to, County Norfolk, England, where he met and married Sarah Warnes. She seems to have had a farmer brother in Norfolk named John Warnes, whose wife was "Aunt Amy", and a sister who married a man whom the younger people called "Uncle Dick". What his read name was, is not divulged. Perhaps Da Costa Warnes?

William McCullough and his wife, Sarah Warnes McCullough (grandfather and grandmother of my mother), eventually came up to live in Chelsea, London, and there they died, she at an extreme old age, probably in 1835, 1836 or 1837.

John Farr, who married her grand-daughter, my mother's sister, daughter of Captain James McCullough of New Castle, Delaware, went to England in 1834 on a visit, and he called on the aged Sarah Warnes McCullough, her husband being apparently no longer living. Farr sent home two letters telling of his visits to the old lady. One of these letters is remembered by the people of the generation preceding mine, but has been lost. The other letter I append.

It will be noted that Farr tells that she is blind and bed-ridden, but that she has suddenly recovered her hearing, which she had lost.

The poor old lady was completely overcome by emotion when Farr's arrival at her house was announced, and no wonder! Her husband was dead; her son Edward, who left her to go to America, was dead and buried in New Castle, Delaware; her son James (Captain) who had left her in his boyhood—more than thirty years before, was dead and buried in New Castle; her daughter Eliza had left her and was living in this country, never to return, and she herself had become a helpless invalid.

Farr, came to her amid her sorrow to tell her of her daughter and her children's children—of the four daughters and the son of her son Captain James—folks of her own flesh and blood whom she had never seen, but for whom her lonely soul yearned. She must seek relief in sobs for the long overwrought feelings. The mother, bereft of her children—how easily we can understand that sorrowful figure and the mingled grief and joy which were expressed by her passionate weeping!

Here is Farr's letter about it, under a date in 1834 not given. It is written to his wife Mary Jane (McCullough) Farr, my aunt:

I went to see your grandmother. I found the old lady in a greater state of comfort than I had expected and, what is remarkable, she had been restored to her hearing, as suddenly restored as it was lost years ago. Her eyesight is gone and she is bedridden except that she sits up to have her bed made.

I just arrived at their dinner-hour, but the old lady was so overcome by the announcement of my name that for several minutes she was unable to speak, but continued sobbing.

She finally recovered and asked me many questions about her son [Captain James], her daughter [Eliza], yourself and our children. At the name of Edward she burst into tears, thinking of her son Edward, who died in 1824. [Farr had a son Edward, the mention of whose name no doubt invoked these tears.] I was much pleased with the conversation I had with her. There was a resignation and thankfulness that are not often found in people so aged, and a spirit of piety that was peculiarly pleasing.

They pressed me to go ["come" he means] again when they would invite her son William to come. The old lady said she would sit up on the occasion. I promised to go and spend some hours with them, and apprise them of it that he [William] might be invited, when I intend taking some good book which she can hear them read to her.

They were particularly anxious in their inquiries about Charles [Cranness] and whether he ever received the box containing his mother's clothes, and also the old lady's ring, which was sent for Eliza. I could not answer them on these subjects. I had some recollection about the mother's box, but what it was, did not enable me to answer their inquiries with satisfaction. I wish you would reply to this and say whether Charles did receive the box and your Aunt Eliza the ring.

The memory of the second letter from Farr is that it told how the old lady, Sarah Warnes McCullough, was "fixed up" to receive him upon the occasion of his second visit; and how among other treasures she showed to him a bed-quilt which had been in her family for one hundred years.

The Charles Cranness referred to, I know nothing about, excepting that his mother must have been a daughter of this aged woman, and therefore he was my mother's second cousin. He seems to have come to the United States, but to have vanished from the sight of our branch of the family.

I may note here, also, that on page 31 of the *Reminiscences* from which I take the Farr letter there is some account of the performances of Captain David Moffett of the brig *Rattlesnake* during the Revolutionary way. I have not quoted it here because Moffitt was not an ancestor of mine.