

Family Record.

DEATHS.

William Campbell, died
on the 19th day of Octo-
ber. 1821

Our blessed Mother
Louisa Frances Gillespie
died the 17th day of August
1854. in her 51st year
Dear Mother, thou hast
left us.



Robert W. Gillespie Died
May. 1855. In his
28th year

"Blessed are the dead who
die in Christ"

Benjamin S Gillespie
died on the 14th of Nov 1847

George E Gillespie died
on the 31st Oct. 1851

Frances Gillespie Stout
died April 29th 1912

Robert H. Stout died Nov.
8th 1904.

Robt. son of R. H. & Fannie
Stout, died in California 1923
was in Oct 1867

DEATHS.

Washington W. Cam-
pbell died on the 18
day of Sept. 1830

Mrs Susan Campbell, Died
June 30th 1834

"Blessed are they that die
in the Lord." Rev's

Wm C Gillespie died
on the 17th day of Sept
1847

George E Gillespie died
on the 31st Augt 1848
In his 57 year

Churchill B Gillespie
died on 14th July 1849
In his 20th year

Charles M Gillespie
died Septemr 16th 1899
in his 56th year - Dear brother
has gone Home

James A Gillespie
died July 10th 1898, his birth day
was July 11th 1837 - 61 years old
today -

Family Record.

MARRIAGES.

William Campbell and Sarah Smith, were married on the day of

Louisa Francis Campbell was married to George E. Gillespie on the day of 1822

Robert White Campbell, and Harriett Carter Breazale were married on the 6th day of October 1825. in Claiborn County State Mississippi

Augustus Smith Campbell and Martha Yancy were married on the day of September 1827.

MARRIAGES.

John A. Watkins and Sarah Elizabeth Campbell were married at Rodney Mississippi, May 8th 1832

Martha L. Gillespie &

John L. Wallace was married June the 28th 1842

Sammie L. Gillespie and Robert W. Stout were married. Nov. 30th 1853.

Robert W. Gillespie and Rachel A. Bush were married. June 8th 1852.

Family Record.

BIRTHS.

Augustus Smith Campbell
first son of William and Sarah was
born on the 9th day of ~~August~~ ^{October} 1800

Robert White, second son of
William & Sarah Campbell, was
born on the 9th day of March 1802

Souzanid Francis Campbell
first Daughter of William and
Sarah Campbell was born on
the 5th day of Dec^r 1800

Ulysses Washington Campbell
third son of William & Sarah was
born on the 15th day of Aug^t
1800

Caroline Elizabeth Campbell
Second Daughter of William &
Sarah was born on the 25th
day of May 1809

BIRTHS.

Benjamin Franklin Campbell
fourth son of William & Sarah
was born on the 23rd day
of August 1816

Mary Ann Campbell
third Daughter of William
& Sarah was born on the
21st day of Oct. 1814

Susan Campbell fourth
Daughter of William & Sarah was
born on the 13th day of May 1817

Catharine, I. Campbell
fifth Daughter of William
& Sarah was born on the
3rd day of Sept. 1816

George Campbell fifth
son of William & Sarah was born
the 17th day of Feb. 1819

Family Record.

BIRTHS.

Louisa Ann Campbell
first Daughter of Robert &
Harriette was born on the
19th Day of December 1826

William Smith Campbell
first son of Robert & Harriette
was born on the 5th day of
April 1829

Church B Gillespie
was born on the 25th
day of May 1839

Sarah Campbell Watten
Daughter of John & Ca
oline C. was born at Noddy
March 23^d 1833

Robert Gillespie born Oct
1827

~~Robert Gillespie born Oct 1827~~

~~Robert Gillespie born Oct 1827~~

BIRTHS.

Robert William Campbell
Son of Augustus S. and Martha
& Campbell was born on the
31st day of July 1829 in
Clay County Missouri

Sarah Smith, consort of Wm
Campbell, was born July
30th 1776

~~James A. Gillespie~~

Fannie Gillespie was
born Nov. 28th 1831

James A Gillespie
was born Julyth 11 1837

John W Gillespie
was born Sept the 11
Charles Morehead 1839
Gillespie was born Nov 29 1842

George (Adrian) Strutt, son of
Robert H. D. Fannie & Strutt
was born the 10th of Nov. 1859.
in Clay Co. Missouri

Robert Lee Strutt, second son of
R. H. and F. L. Strutt, was born Oct 19th

Mahira Gillespie was born
Dec 25th 1825 - William Gillespie
was born 1825

~~160.58~~
~~179.50~~
~~91.27~~

O Brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way -

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee -

MEMORE

"The Eternal Goodness"

I walk with bare hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The Love and power of God.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things
And loosed by storm and flood,
To one fixed state my spirit clings:
I know that - God is good.

I know not what the future holds
Of marvel or surprise
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The tried deed He will not break
But strengthen and sustain

And so beside the silent-sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
Oh be sure or on shore

I know not where His islands lie
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift -
Beyond His love and care

Greenleaf Whittier

Bessie

Aug 7 1898

My darling papa.

I received your nice letter yesterday and the journal containing the account of the base ball game.

Babe and I took a ride on old Gollie all around the yard but I ride all over town on her. Tell Myrtle, Margaret and Babe are still running a military store, they make their hats & bonnets out of daisies and cedar, and morning glories. Tell Ellie to ask one of the boys to ask Warren Miller if my other pigeon is over at his house.

Last night after supper I went down town, and

Ormond Florida

May 1st

Dear Sara -

I intended writing to you
last-night - but I came in too late
and too tired from my bicycle ride.
It is fine I tell you, to spin along
the broad smooth beach in the
bright-moon light - Will the war is

when I came back Ma
and Babe were there,
Was the account of
that man's death in any
of the KC papers. Margar
got a letter from uncle
charlie and he told her
to tell me not to eat
to much suga on my
tomato and not to
go in muddy ponds
Lutwings

will ~~waste~~ their ammunition on this
sparsely settled country - I think you
are in more danger in Charleston -
I am somewhat afraid that they
might attempt to come in and cut
the railroad to stop troops - A small
squad might be able to land along
this coast. I am at home now and
shall not see any thing to do with

In Memoriam.

1889

Died, in Kansas City, Mo., April 22d, Mrs. Susan Parrish, widow of James Ware Parrish.

Thus passed from earth a gentle Christian, unknown to the world, but whose beautiful faith and constant allegiance to the Master will be a secret memory long treasured in loving hearts.

Her trust simple and unquestioning as that of a child through vicissitudes remained firm and unshaken—Its foundation upon the Rock of Ages. Her lamp of faith undimmed by time or tears burned brighter and brighter until the end.

Left a widow when very young her heart centered in her children, but when weakened by failing health she needed them most. First a lovely young daughter was stricken down, and soon after her only son on who she leaned as the comfort of her declining years was cut off in the vigor of early manhood.

Through these bitter trials her unwavering trust did not falter. She accepted her heavy cross in humble submission believing that the Heavenly Father does not needlessly afflict his children, but that for some wise purpose, which shall be made known hereafter, they are purified, ennobled and made perfect through suffering. Like the potter's clay in the Master's hand they are moulded and made fit for a place in his Heavenly Kingdom.

The last years of her life were spent in great bodily weakness. Gradual paralysis rendered her almost helpless. Even reading, her greatest pleasure, became at times impossible. But never at any time was she heard to murmur of repine, but cheerfully gathering up the fragments of life she endured with the fortitude and sublime patience of a soul that has found its peace in Christ.

She rested upon "His grace and goodness which will not suffer him to forget; His truth which will not suffer him to change; His power which makes him able to accomplish." Fortified by this undying hope she walked by faith along her appointed path, and now enjoys her reward in the world of redeemed spirits, realizing that "our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

"But beyond the stars and the sun
I can see her still on her way,
Till the pearl white gates are won
In the calm of eternal day:
For voices of fond acclaim
Thrill down from the place of souls,
As death with a touch like flame
Uncloses the goal of goals."

B.

...bit of gossip on News-
...that Mr. Pulitzer's right-
...man, Col. John A. Cockerell, who is in
receipt of a salary of \$20,000 a year, has
about made up his mind to accept a nomi-
nation for Congress next fall. Col. Cock-
erell is a great social, political and business
success here, and just now is credited with
being a power behind Tammany Hall, and
Tammany's young Mayor, and it is said to
be his ambition to shine in the halls of
Congress. With the example of Mr. Pulitzer
before him, and also that of Amos J. Cum-
mings and a dozen other newspaper men,
the news is really astounding to his friends.



AND W. J. ARKELL.

newspaper men are!"
Then as he turned on his heel
marked, with Edmund Burke, "What shadow
we be, and what shadows we pursue!"

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

[The Wichita Eagle says the following poem was left at that office by an unknown man who came to ask for work.]

Near the camp fire's flickering light,
In my blanket bed I lie,
Gazing through the shades of night,
At the twinkling stars on high.
O'er me spirits in the air,
Silent vigils seem to keep,
As I breathe my childhood's prayer:
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Sadly sings the whippoorwill,
In the boughs of yonder tree,
Laughingly the dancing rill
Swells the midnight melody.
Foemen may be lurking near
In the canon dark and deep—
Low I breathe in Jesus' ear:
"I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

'Mid those stars one face I see—
One the Saviour called away—
Mother, who in infancy
Taught my baby lips to pray.
Her sweet spirit hovers near,
In this lonely mountain brake—
Take me to her, Saviour dear,
"If I should die before I wake."

Fainter grows the flickering light,
As each ember slowly dies;
Plaintively the birds of night,
Fill the air with saddening cries,
Over me they seem to cry,
"You may nevermore awake."
Low I lisp, "If I should die,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The Devil at 3

John Lee Wallace Dead.

DIED.—On the morning of February 27th, 1893, at his home near Dripping Springs, Texas, John Lee Wallace, in his 72d year.

Nearly forty years ago he left the home of his childhood, (being born and raised at the old home now owned by Henry L. Martin), for a home in the far south-west. The morning he left, with a sorrowful heart, he remarked to a brother-in-law, as he was stepping the ties on the old railroad leading to the depot in Midway, that some day he expected to return and buy his old and dearly beloved home back, and spend the last years of life there and there be buried. Alas! how vain are the hopes and expectations of man. He never returned, but now sleeps beneath the sod in his far-away home, never to awaken until the resurrection morn. "Peace to his memory."

A SISTER.

The church in Midway has been called to mourn the loss of another of her members, in the death of Mrs. LOUISA F. GILLESPIE. After a lingering and most painful illness, borne with wonderful patience, she calmly fell asleep in Jesus, Aug 27th, in the fiftieth year of her age. She had been many years a professor of religion—and was one of the little band that constituted the nucleus of the church in Midway, and remained a member—rejoicing and weeping with us—during the last ten years. The history of her family for the last seven years is singularly melancholy. In the autumn of '47 her eldest son, a young man of much promise, was carried to the grave. In the following year the provident husband and father, left for the changeless world. Then in quick succession, another son in the morning of his manhood, and the three grandchildren of the family, followed. Several cherished servants also died. A few months ago, the eldest daughter and a son, left the home of their childhood for a distant land, under circumstances that did not promise a re-union here. And now the tender mother sleeps in the family cemetery, and the loved home is forever broken. May God Almighty bless the stricken children! Subdued by affliction, may the youthful pilgrims find the Cross of Christ, and be guided by the Star of Bethlehem to a happy re-union with the loved and lost, in the regions of immortality!

[Contributed.]

I would like to lay my tribute of love and respect upon the grave of Charlie M. Gillespie, just a single little flower, the forget-me-not. Many years ago, when I was a happy young girl and he a gallant young man, we entered into an agreement that whoever died first the other should write his, or her, obituary. We were sincere friends then, and, although in after years the paths of our checkered lives diverged, yet the thread of his life crossed the woof of mine several times, and our friendship was kept fresh and green by the exchange of an occasional letter and many kind messages. Last April I received a brief note from him, telling me that he was coming back to his dear sister and his "Old Kentucky Home" to die, and wished my husband and I would come at once to see him upon his arrival. We went to Versailles to greet him as soon as we learned he was there, and, even then, could see the impress of the finger of Death upon his forehead. When he was sufficiently rested from the fatigue of his trip, we persuaded him to come to our home, on the banks of Elkhorn, hoping the pure atmosphere of the country, and the pleasant scenes of his boyhood and early manhood would revive him and give him a new lease on life, but, alas! in spite of our tender ministrations, he grew weaker and weaker and after two weeks he returned to the home of his devoted sister, never to leave it again, until he was borne away on the 19th of Sept. by his comrades in arms, to the Versailles Cemetery, where he now sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. I knew him thoroughly; he was gifted with a bright mind and rare literary attainments, and was an insatiable reader of his favorite authors. He was tender-hearted and sympathetic and would scorn to do a little thing. There was nothing honorable he would not do to serve those who had befriended him. He was quiet and unobtrusive, proud and sensitive. He cared but little for the world's applause, but was morbidly sensitive to its shafts of ridicule or of condemnation. And, whilst he was shy, and rather shrinking in the social circle, there was not a braver or a more courageous soldier in the Confederate Army, than he. He united with the Christian church about 19 years ago. He died in perfect peace and his tender, sensitive spirit that knew no rest in this world, is at rest in the heavenly home. "Life's fitful fever" is ended. All of his ambitions, struggles, anxieties, disappointments and sufferings are over now. Charlie Gillespie is dead; no, not dead!

There is no Death! What seems so, is transition,

This life of mortal breath,
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal, we call Death."

Peace to his ashes.

Midway, Ky.

L. J. J.

The shadow of Death seems to linger over our little town, and a mournful stillness is in the air. Three deaths in eight days! Can we, who have as yet escaped the dread summons, realize, through our sympathies and affections, how much of grief, how much of heart-felt, blinding sorrow, these dispensations of a Divine Providence may have caused to those bereaved? Has that dark shadow ever crossed the threshold of your own home, dear reader? Until it has you can never fully comprehend in all its sickening fullness the sadness which lies so heavily upon the oppressed heart of those who look for the last time upon some loved form as it is being borne by strangers hands to its cold and narrow bed under the sod and in the bosom of its Mother Earth. Oh! if those cold, colorless lips could only speak and tell of the happy landing on "The bright and shiny shore" would not the anguished soul take comfort and the sad heart, hope! In such grief-fraught moments would not the heart clouds obscure our reason were it not for the sweet promises of a kind Father whose outstretched hand is waiting to lead us out of the darkness of Despair into the full, lustrous, living light of heaven-born Hope? Seek in those unchangeable promises the consolation your bereaved spirit craves, and peace, with soft, gentle hands, will brush away the clouds and point you to the bow of promise which spans the heavens. Ever since our erring race started on its weary pilgrimage from the gates of a lost Eden to the Mount of God, death has been the common lot of all, and when it beckons we must go. The white haired, weary old grandfather rests by the side of the innocent babe in the shadows of yon church yard, and the same voice that called them hence together will quicken them into life again.

While we write these few, brief, hurried lines we can almost hear the sorrowful wailing of two grief stricken parents as they mourn the loss of their darling child now lying stiff and cold before them, and dressed for the sad burial of to-morrow. Who that has not felt a like misfortune can fathom the depths of their sorrow? It is indeed sad to think of death at a time when the sweetness of nature is manifested so tenderly in the budding fruit and blossoming flower—when the little birds are inviting us to the green fields and meadows with their inimitable songs of melody and when everything that has life seems to join in one grateful chorus of praise to "Him who doeth all things wisely and well.

DIED:

On the 30th day of October, 1880, DR. GEORGE EDWIN GILLESPIE, aged forty-seven years, four months and twenty-eight days, after a protracted illness of more than three months.

The disease to which Dr. GILLESPIE fell a victim was one which, from the beginning, set all medical skill at defiance. A man of most exemplary habits, and the highest type of physical health, he was suddenly seized with violent and acute pains in his breast and other portions of his body. A total loss of appetite and gradual emaciation ensued, which finally terminated in death. Through his long and painful illness he was carefully attended by his many friends, and nursed by his faithful wife with a devotion most unparalleled.

Dr. GEORGE E. GILLESPIE was born at Midway, Woodford County, Kentucky, on the 2d of June, 1833. He graduated at Centre College, Danville, and subsequently attended the Medical College at Lexington, Ky., where he graduated at the age of nineteen. He removed to the town of Natchitoches, Louisiana, in the year 1855. In 1860 he intermarried with Miss FANNY LEMEE of this place, and has resided here from that time up to the hour of his death. Dr. GILLESPIE was no ordinary man in any of the relations of life. He was devoted to his profession and had achieved a high reputation for scientific skill as a successful practitioner of medicine, both with his professional brethren and the general public. Besides reading works on medicine his vigorous and towering intellect had essayed the loftier realms of modern science, and for many years past his pathway of life had been upon the mountain ranges of philosophy.

He had succeeded in a pre-eminent degree in doing that which none but those endowed with extraordinary mental force are ever enabled to do. He had thoroughly purged his mind of all the errors and defects which are so apt to bias our minds in our early education. These he had succeeded in exorcising, and at his keen and inquiring glance the phantoms of superstition had taken unto themselves wings and fled in dismay. He bore his long and painful illness with a philosophic fortitude which proved that he had long since achieved the inestimable boon of an assured and untrammelled mind. The writer of this had known him long and intimately, and can bear testimony to his many admirable qualities, both of head and heart. An affectionate husband, a kind father, and a faithful friend, his life was surrounded by every tie that can bind us to earth, and his untimely death has left a void in this community which will probably never be filled.

G. B. E.

The Reportorial Rhythm" in the

1832.8 12 }
1832.3 12 }
184. = 2

D. S. 00 after noon

Campbell L. J. Gillespie

L. J. Gillespie Campbell
L. Gillespie

Louisa H. Gillespie

Louisa J. Gillespie

Minnie L. Gillespie
Rondale

Louisa

Fannie L. Gillespie
Rosedale
Ky

Fannie L Gillespie
Rosedale Ky

Had some of the
New York

1-21

[Faint, large cursive handwriting, possibly a signature or name, is visible across the page.]

Presented to Sarah Campbell by
her Son Robert W Campbell

Campbell

S. F. Gillespie

Gillespie

Presented to Sarah Campbell by
her affectionate Son Robert W Campbell

1829