

**AUNT SUSAN'S OWN STORY OF
HER LIFE: WITH ADDITIONAL
INCIDENTS, HER FAVORITE
HYMNS AND QUAIN SAYINGS**

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Aunt Susan's Own Story of Her Life: With Additional Incidents, Her Favorite hymns and quaint sayings by William U. Cake

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WILLIAM U. CAKE

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SUSAN CAKE
In her 80th year.

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AUNT SUSAN'S OWN STORY OF HER LIFE.

WITH ADDITIONAL INCIDENTS, HER
FAVORITE HYMNS AND
QUAINT SAYINGS.

COMPILED BY
WILLIAM U. CAKE.

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AUNT SUSAN'S OWN STORY OF HER LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

HER CHILDHOOD, STRUGGLES WITH A CATHOLIC MOTHER AND HER CONVERSION.

My father, Daniel McDonough, was born in Ireland; his mother and he came to this country when he was eighteen years old; he resided in New York until he married my mother, when he was twenty-two. He was a ladies' shoemaker—kept shoe store there until one year after his marriage. He met my mother out at an evening company, and came home with her. About six months after that they were married.

They were both Catholics. My mother, Susanna Jacoby was her name, was brought up in New York, of German parents. One year after they were married they came to Philadelphia and settled there, down on Front street, just below Brown, and kept a shoe store for many years.

Here in Philadelphia were born to them seven children: James, William, Daniel, Simon, Mary Ann, Susan and Henry. I was born on the sixteenth day of February, 1816, in Northern Liberties, Philadelphia. My father died when I was six years old, and was buried in Philadelphia. Two years after his

death we moved to the forks of Fourth and German-town road, and lived there for seven years. Our house was a frame one, and had six rooms. My mother supported the family by sewing and going out to work. As the boys grew up they helped her, and we were always comfortable.

Two years before my father died he lost all he had through the "Benefit of the Act," or going security for one of his friends. After that we were left in a destitute condition, because he was two years sick, and nine months stone blind, and died of a nervous fever.

When my brother William was twenty-five he took a shop; and when I was nine years old I began to work for him—wound yarn. And there, among these Irishmen—cursin' and swearin'—set me to thinkin'; for they were all Catholics, you know; well, then I began to think there was a better way to live—even at that early age—and I used to cry from morning till night, and my mother used to say, "What in the world is the matter with you?" an' I would say, "I don't know, I don't know," and she'd say, "What in the world can I get for you that'll make you stop cryin'?" and I say, "I don't want anything; I don't know what's the matter with me!" "Well," she said, "if I didn't stop cryin' she'd have to whip me." Now, I began to go out in the back lane, and sit down on a stone—a place to get up in the wagon with—and I used to set there to see people go by that I thought were so beautiful. These were the Methodist people

goin' over to the old brick church; and I guess I must have went there every Sunday morning for over three months—for these people didn't go by there any other time. So then I began to fret more than ever, because these people looked so good, and it was all "brother and sister," "brother and sister," and I used to wonder who in the world their father was. I thought he must have a lot of children. And it worried me a great deal to find out who their father and mother was that had so many children—for they talked so beautiful, one to another. And one Sunday morning, when I set there, a sister from Cohocksink Methodist Church came to me and said, "Darlin', will you tie auntie's shoe?" and I said, "Yes, ma'am; I will do it." And I never felt so highly honored in my life as I did when she asked me. And I told her to put her foot up on my knee, but she said, "No; not at all, that wouldn't do." My idea was to get her just as close to me as I could, you know. She just lifted it on the corner of the stone, and I tied it. After I tied it she said, "Darlin', where do you go to Sabbath-school?" I says, "I go down Fourth street to St. Augustine's Church." She says, "Do you go often?" and I said, "No, ma'am; I can't, it's too far." She says to me—just this way—"Petty, we have a Sunday-school up at Cohocksink village; will you come?" she says. And then I bursted out a cryin'; she says, "What is the matter, dear?" and I says, "Oh, I can't tell ye, I know mother'll not let me come." She put her hand on my shoulder and

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said so kindly, "Don't cry, the Lord'll help you." I thought them was the loveliest words I ever heard tell of. And I looked at her so innocently and said, "Will He?" and she says, "Yes, He will." And then and there I made up my mind that somebody would have trouble if I couldn't go to that Sunday-school. I couldn't have been much more than nine years old then; and it worried me for weeks.

One day my mother was in a pretty good mood and pleasant; and I risked to say to her, "I would love to go to that Sunday-school up at Cohocksink." Then is when my trouble commenced. She says, "Well, you can't do that, you can go to yer own." That was the first salutation. I had to be very cautious what I said to her. Then I began to fret and worry again, because I didn't git to go, you know. But out onto the stone I went again on Sunday morning, to see these beautiful creatures—I thought they was so nice, you know.

I am now getting desperate to go to this Sabbath-school—hadn't a bit of peace, day nor night; couldn't sleep at all, and I knowed nothing about prayin' to help myself. I made up my mind that I would go at her agin to let me go to that Sunday-school, and this must have been the middle of the week, and I begun at her. I says, "Mother, if I'll be a right good girl, and work real hard, will you let me go to that Sunday-school?" And all the satisfaction I got was, "Well, we'll see about it." Well, I settled on that with great joy, that it would come to pass. And I

says to her, "Who are they—who are these people that goes across the back lane—who is their father? They are all brothers and sisters." And she says, "Why they just call themselves brothers and sisters—they are Methodists up here." "Well, I must know who they are. I must see them—they look so sweet." Then my worry came on agin fer to go to the Sunday-school, and I began to worry more and more, and became very unhappy; could neither eat nor sleep. And if I had a knowed how to pray I supposed that would have relieved me, but I didn't, you know. Then I began to cry again—now, this was the second heat I had at it. I was setting in the dining-room and mother came in, says, "Are you cryin' again?" I says, "Yes, ma'am," she says, "If you don't stop cryin' I shall not give you that new dress I promised you, and I shall whip you, and maybe that will put an end to it. "No, it wont; no, it won't!" "Well, then what will?" she says. I says, "I can tell you what will stop it; if you will let me go to that Sunday-school up in Cohocksink." "Well," she says, "stop your cryin' and I will let you go on next Sunday, but you ought to go to yer own." "Oh, it's so fer," I says, "I can't go there. "Very well, I'll let you go if you'll get up real early and get the breakfast ready." I was so happy I hardly knowed what to do with myself; I stopped cryin'; I had to do that.

On Sunday morning I got up at five o'clock—no one ever got up with as light a heart as I had—and I was young, too, you see. I got the breakfast ready,