

DESCENDANTS  
OF  
ARCHIBALD McALLISTER,  
OF  
WEST PENNSBORO TOWNSHIP,

Cumberland County, Pa.

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1730--1898.

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BY  
MARY CATHARINE McALLISTER.

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— Harrisburg, Penn'a.: —  
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No. 21 South Second Street,

1898.

**28**—**RICHARD McALLISTER**, <sup>4</sup>, (Archibald, <sup>3</sup>, Richard, <sup>2</sup>, Archibald, <sup>1</sup>,) b. Sept. 20, 1792, at Fort Hunter; d. Dec. 3, 1822, at Savannah, Ga. Was a Methodist Minister. When the Preachers of this denomination first came into his neighborhood, Archibald McAllister, <sup>3</sup>, was strongly opposed to them. Nevertheless he at length yielded so far as to allow them to establish meetings on his property (Fort Hunter), his tenants, work people and servants forming a considerable part of the congregation. His daughter, Amelia (married Sela Payne, a Methodist), and his son united with that flock, at that time so feeble and lightly esteemed. This was far from pleasing to the father, but he was not unreasonable, and gave land on his estate to build a church, and contributed a large part towards the expense. This church was known as the "Old Fishing Creek Church," on what was then, and for many years afterwards, Dauphin Circuit.

Richard and his father having had some disagreement, his father who was easily excited, told him to leave the house instantly. Richard took him at his word, packed up a few things, kissed his mother and departed. The river was frozen over, and unseen by the family he crossed on the ice and took the direct road to Baltimore, Md., where the Methodist church was strong. After his anger died away his father inquired for Richard, and his mother told what had happened. His father was struck dumb; not dreaming that what he had said in his haste would be taken literally. He loved his son, and thought with agony of his situation. It was the depth of winter, he had gone on foot, almost without funds, without letters and a small supply of clothing. He immediately ordered every horse from his stables and sent riders in every direction, but without avail.

After a hard journey Richard, <sup>4</sup>, reached Baltimore safely, and a friend communicated his whereabouts to his father, who immediately sent another son to bring him home, giving him every assurance of the utmost indulgence in his religious views.

Richard's father thought him unfitted for the ministry, by his lack of education. His two elder brothers intended for professional life were liberally educated, but Richard received only good substantial English instruction. His father was willing to send him to College, but he was impatient to begin his work, and anxious to obtain his recommendation from the Quarterly Conference, and to be admitted into the ensuing Annual Conference in April. Richard's father had refused positively to supply him with a horse and the necessary equipment for an itinerant Minister.

During a visit to Fort Hunter of Washington McAllister, <sup>4</sup>, (Richard's eldest brother) of Savannah, Ga., a man of high accomplishments, finished education, of noble, honorable and elevated sentiments and bearing, Richard, who had already received a local preacher's license, had an appointment to officiate in the church on his father's estate. The father hearing of it, told his son Washington that it would be an excellent opportunity for him to hear and judge of his brother's fitness for the ministry. Washington placed himself in the congregation, and Richard instead of quailing before the keen eye that was so scrutinizingly bent on him only called more fervently on his God and threw himself on His gracious aid. Opening services passed off without anything marked, and taking his text, the preacher soon began to show he was not the novice his brother had supposed. He handled his subject with skill; his ideas flowed freely, his language was correct and sufficiently copious, and after a time there began to breathe through his words a holy influence, a sacred power that touched the heart.

Washington was at first surprised, then astonished, and at length amazed, until forgetting where he was, as his hands rested on the seat before him he gradually and unconsciously rose to his feet, and thus standing upright in the midst of the congregation, he listened in breathless silence to the sermon. The service over he returned to the house, where his father was waiting to learn the issue.

"Well, Washington, what do you think of this preaching?"

"Father," was the calm and serious reply, "if ever a man was called to preach the Gospel, Richard is, and he ought to preach, and if you will not give him a horse and saddle bags, I will."

"O!" said the father, his resistance all gone, "if he must have a horse and saddle bags, I suppose I am the most suitable person to buy them for him."

Richard had no more trouble. He ran a brief but bright career. Was appointed first to the city of Philadelphia, and then traveled for a short time with one of the Bishops, by whom he was appointed to Baltimore, to fill a vacancy, and thus became attached to the Baltimore Conference.

While stationed a second time at Baltimore, Jane Barry, daughter of Colonel Barry and belle of the city at that day, heard him preach and fell in love with him, which resulted in marriage, on Monday evening, Aug. 16, 1819. The same year he took yellow fever, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. He filled one or two appointments afterwards, and

then went South for a change of climate, and died in great peace and Christian triumph at the house of his brother in Georgia.

“Thus rose, and shone, and set, a bright particular star” in Methodism. He was not a meteor; his light was mild, gentle and constant; “a burning and a shining light” he was, and by the brightness of his example many were guided into the way of peace. As “he that winneth souls is wise,” and “they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever,” so shall many in the last day, while they admire and approve his choice, bless God, that they were ever permitted to know that devoted and exemplary Minister of Christ, Richard McAllister.”

The greater part of this incident is taken from an old clipping from the “National Magazine,” in the scrap book of John Bowes Cox McAllister,<sup>5</sup> written by Rev. Francis Hodgson, an intimate friend of Richard McAllister. The last part is quoted word for word.

Francis Hodgson was sent from England, as a young man, to learn farming of Archibald McAllister,<sup>3</sup> of Fort Hunter, and while there, he became a convert to Methodism, and afterwards an eminent Preacher.

Richard McAllister,<sup>4</sup> married, 1819, Jane Barry, and had issue:—

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| 815—ARCHIBALD BARRY McALLISTER, 5. | b. May 31, 1820.<br>Married Lydia _____,<br>and had issue:— |
| 816—ETTA McALLISTER, 6.            | Married Sam'l Wetzler,<br>and had issue:—                   |
| 817—ARCHIBALD BARRY WETZLER, 7.    | d. 1885.<br>(Line extinct.)                                 |

Portraits of Richard McAllister,<sup>4</sup> and his wife, Jane Barry, are in the possession of Samuel Wetzler, Roanoke, Va. (1896).

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