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LINCOLN AND SALEM

PIONEERS
OF
MASON
AND
MENARD
COUNTIES

T. G. ONSTOT

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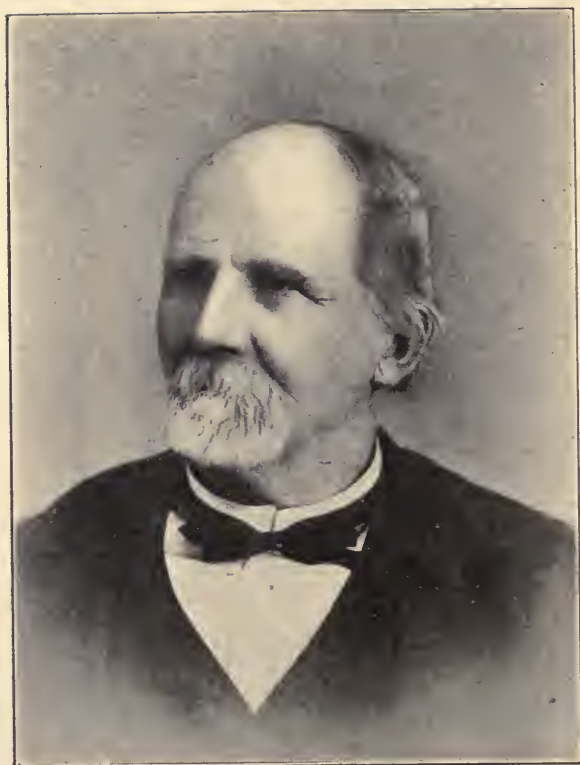
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T. G. ONSTOT

PIONEERS OF MENARD AND MASON COUNTIES

MADE UP OF PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF AN EARLY LIFE IN
MENARD COUNTY, WHICH WE GATHERED IN A SALEM LIFE
FROM 1830 TO 1840, AND A PETERSBURG LIFE FROM
1840 TO 1850; INCLUDING PERSONAL REMINISCENCES
OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND PETER CARTRIGHT.

BY
T. G. ONSTOT

1902: •
PUBLISHED BY T. G. ONSTOT, FOREST CITY, ILLINOIS.
PRINTED BY J. W. FRANKS & SONS,
PEORIA, ILLINOIS.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1902, by
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1605

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General 16 Nov. 44 Murray

THIS BOOK
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO
SUSAN EMMA ONSTOT
BY HER FATHER
T. G. ONSTOT, FOREST CITY, ILL.

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SALUTATORY.

When first I took my pen in hand
This for to write, I did not understand
That I at all should make a book.

In more than twenty things I set down,
This done I had twenty more in my crown;
And they began to multiply
Like the sparks that from the coals do fly.

Well, so I did, but yet did not think
To show to all the world my pen and ink;
In such a mode I only thought to make,
I knew not what, nor did I undertake

Thereby to please by neighbor; no, not I;
I did it mine ownself to gratify.
Thus I set pen to paper with delight,
And quickly had my thoughts in black and white.

For, having now my methods by the end,
Still as I pulled it came, and so I penned
It down until at last it came to be
For length and breadth and thickness as you see.

Well, when I put my ends together
I showed them to others that I might see whether
They would condemn them or them justify—
Some said let them live, some let them die;

Some said print it, T. G., others said no;
Some it might do good, others said not so.

Now I was in a strait and did not see
What was the best thing for me to do;
At last I thought since you are thus divided,
I print it will and so the case was decided.

INTRODUCTORY.

We make no apology in appearing before the public as a literary crank. When we first began to publish these letters in the papers a few years ago we little thought to have them in book form. Like Harriett Beecher Stowe, when writing the letters that finally crystallized into "Uncle Tom's Cabin," we wrote as the spirit moved. Our Menard county friends insisted that these old-time reminiscences be put in shape by one who had lived through the formation period—should connect the past. One who had lived under the old dispensation should hand down to those who live under the new dispensation the pioneer life of their ancestors; and they insist more strongly because the old pioneers are passing away and a few more fleeting years and they will all be gone. We were born in Sugar Grove, in 1829, and being blessed with a retentive memory know as much of the early settlers of Menard and Mason as any man now living. In our early boyhood the Indian yell was still heard along the bluffs of Salt Creek.

We have lived to see this country grow to be intelligent, educated and refined. All of the useful inventions of today have been perfected in our time. The present generation knows but little of what its fathers had to contend with. We acknowledge obligations to Harvey L. Ross of Oakland, California, for many events in the Salem life of Abraham Lincoln. He carried the mail on horseback from Lewistown to Springfield when Salem was the only town between Havana and Springfield, and was probably better acquainted with him than any man living.

We are also indebted to General Ruggles for dates to many of the Mason county incidents, and to R. D. Miller for dates to many Menard county occurrences. We obtained their permission to do this.

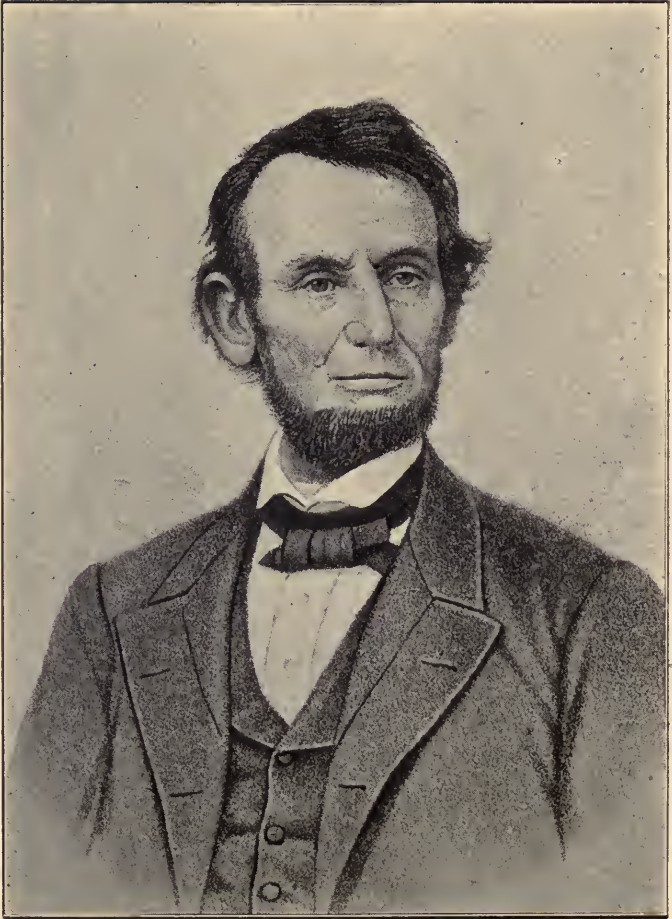
There was a Menard and Mason county write-up about twenty years ago, but it was expensive and but few bought it and not one in fifty ever read it. This book sold for \$8. Later a history of Mason and Tazewell counties was gotten up that sold for \$15, which put it out of the reach of common people. Our book, at the price of \$2.50, condenses the facts and incidents of the pioneers and supplies the place of both for a small sum of money.

The Salem life of Abraham Lincoln is well worth the price of the book. There may be some mistakes in the book but in the main we believe it to be correct. We have been in no hurry in writing the book; it has been three years in preparation.

We have counted Abraham Lincoln as one of Menard's early pioneers, as it was here he lived during his formative period of life, and it was here that Peter Cartright would often come while he was in political life. These two celebrities ought to give Salem a name to live in future generations; so we send this volume out to all classes. The old will read what the pioneers did for the upbuilding of this country; the young will read it although some parts may seem like romance.



REMINISCENCES
OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN



ABRAHAM LINCOLN



Reminiscences of Lincoln

CHAPTER I.



IN 1832 a large territory of land, known as the Black Hawk purchase, embracing the state of Iowa, was opened for settlement, and the tide of emigration set out that way.

In our earliest recollection, Iowa was the terminus of emigration, and when a man had cattle or milch cows for sale he drove them to the mines, which were adjacent. It was the only market. Some misunderstanding occurred and Black Hawk refused to vacate, the settlers were at the mercy of the Indian warriors. Volunteers were called for. As the requisite number did not answer, the call for a draft was ordered, and my father was drafted. Lincoln was the captain of a company. As my father had a family of small children, and could not well go, he hired a substitute, a young man who had come to Salem at that time by the name of John Hillis, who agreed to go in his place, my father giving him thirty dollars and his rifle. Lincoln's company left for the scene of action but never saw any Indians, as the dispute was settled and Black Hawk left the country. Thus ended Lincoln's military career, till by virtue of his authority as president, he was commander-in-chief of the army of the United States. We will now relate Lincoln's duel with James Shields. Shields was an Irishman, nervous

and fidgety. The trouble was in 1842. A piece of poetry appeared in the Springfield Journal, which was rather personal and sarcastic on Shields, who was a bachelor. He swore vengeance on the unknown writer, who was known by Lincoln to be a lady of high standing. Shields grew more war-like, but could not find out who the author was. Lincoln, in a peculiar way, sent word to Shields that he was the man. Lincoln was attending court at Tremont at the time when he received a challenge from Shields who demanded satisfaction or blood.

Abe accepted the challenge for a duel and chose for weapons, broad swords, which were about the length and size of a mowing scythe. Shields protested against the weapons as not being fair, as he was of small stature, and his opponent had double the reach, but Lincoln had the choice of weapons, according to the code of dueling. There was an island opposite St. Louis and Illinois that was not supposed to belong to either, and here in early days many a bloody conflict took place and the principals were secure from arrest, and well had it earned the name of Bloody Island.

From Springfield to this historical spot was one hundred miles and the only means of conveyance was the overland route and two days were required for the journey. Both men and their friends started on the journey at the same time. Abe employed his time while waiting for Shields with his coat off, trimming up the under-brush and humming "Yankee Doodle." In a short time the other parties arrived and their mutual friends began to arrange for the conflict.

Thanks to our advanced civilization, the "barbarous code" is no longer tolerated and the man who refuses a challenge is a braver man than the one who sends it. The Yankee way is to argue the man out of it and "he who runs away may live to fight another day." After the belligerents had left Springfield, John J. Hardin, of Jacksonville, one of the grandest men of Illinois, hearing of the circum-

stances, determined to prevent the carrying out of the program, and though they had several hours the start, and he had an equal distance to travel, set out for the race. But there was a road from Jacksonville, "a good broad highway leading down, and, there through the flush of morning light, as still and black as the steeds of night, was seen to pass, as with an eagle's flight, as if he knew the terrible need, he stretched away with the utmost speed." Before he finished the journey, his horse gave out and he procured another. "The heart of the master, the heart of the steed, were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls impatient to be where the battle field calls." Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play. Arriving on the ground just as the combatants were getting ready for battle, Hardin rushed in between them, and by curses compelled them to make friends and go home and not make such fools of themselves. Lincoln and Shields shook hands over the bloody chasm and were friends ever afterward.

The suspense at Petersburg where I then lived, was intense. There were no railroads, telegraphs or telephone, and it was three days before we were informed of the happy termination of the affair. There was only one opinion as to what the termination would have been had the affair proceeded. Lincoln, by his superior skill and strength, would have disarmed his opponent. Shields rose to distinction, and was shot through the breast in the Mexican war and left for dead, but recovered and became a prominent politician in Illinois, went to the United States Senate, then went to Missouri where he was again elected to the senate, then to California where he was again sent to the senate. Thus he was senator from three states, and didn't have to buy his seat either as senators have to do now. Where was Lincoln's great power some may ask? It was because he was a man of the people. The common people from which

he sprang; he always had their interest at heart and believed that this was a government of the people, and by the people. Though a lawyer by profession he never encouraged neighbors to spend their time and money in litigation. We were shown a letter by Ida Ball, of Menard county, where Mr. Bates had retained the services of Mr. Lincoln in a case against Mr. Hiccox about some wheat in which Lincoln wrote Bates: "I think if you would see Mr. Hiccox and have a talk with him you could fix this business up, which would be better than to have a lawsuit about it." How many lawyers in Petersburg would have given such advice, and yet this was his way of doing, "fix it up yourselves." In his debate with Douglas, Lincoln always had the advantage, and his arguments led to liberty, and Douglas always led to human bondage. Human bondage could never be eulogized, it never could be sung while liberty and freedom has been sung by poets and bards since creation. Ever since the morning stars sang together.

Lincoln, as a surveyor, as we recollect, did most of his work north of Petersburg, though Sangamon county ran to the Illinois river, and the north part of Mason county was in Tazewell county. He laid out the town of Bath. We never heard of any of his work but what gave satisfaction. My brother, R. J. Onstot, of Mason City, has a plat of Huron, a town at Miller's ferry on the Sangamon river. The land was bought by a syndicate before Menard county was laid out and was held for a county seat. The plat is in good shape, the blocks run north and south. My brother values it very much, as it is Lincoln's own hand-writing. There was a town not far from Bill Smoot's by the name of New Market but these towns were only on paper, and when the county seat was located, the land upon which no new homes had been built were again used for farming. I well recall when the committee, which was appointed to locate, came through Salem, a large crowd following, there

were twenty-five or thirty men or horseback, the only way men traveled then, with about a dozen dogs following. They stopped before my father's shop and listened to suggestions, but I think from the start they had made up their minds to locate the county house at Petersburg. When Mason county was laid out, little Menard was then about twenty miles square and Petersburg was in the center.

Lincoln's wonderful eloquence has never been surpassed. His Gettysburg speech has never been equalled, and it will go down to the coming generations as a model without a peer. When he wrote it he handed it to Seward, who looked it over and began to suggest errors and did not think it worthy of a state paper. Seward would have written five times as much, and not express one-half the meaning. His Cooper Institute speech was made before the most critical audience that ever assembled to hear a man speak. Lincoln was at first a little diffident but soon forgot his humble origin, and taking for his text: "Our fathers, when they founded the government, under which we live, understood this question just as well and even better than we did." After his speech he was warmly congratulated and the speech made him president. The western man without fame, was at once placed at the head of living statesmen which place he retained until the hour of his tragic death.





CHAPTER II.

HIS FIRST LOVE



THE time Mr. Lincoln boarded at the Rutledge tavern, Harvey Ross also put up there as often as he passed through Salem. It was a hewn log house, two stories high, with four rooms above and four below. It had two chimneys with a large fire place, and not a stove in the house. The proprietor was James Rutledge, a man of more than ordinary ability, and with his wife kind and hospitable. They had a large family of eight or nine children, and among them their daughter, Anna, celebrated in song and story as Lincoln's sweetheart. She was several years younger than Lincoln, of medium size, weighing 125 pounds and had flaxen hair. She was handsome and attractive, as well as industrious and sweet spirited. It was seldom that she was not engaged in some occupation—knitting, sewing or waiting on the table. I think she did the sewing for the family. Lincoln was boarding at the tavern, and fell deeply in love with the gentle Annie, and she was no less in love with him. They were engaged to be married but had been putting the wedding off for awhile as he wanted to accumulate a little more property, and she wished to attend school a while longer. Before the time had arrived when they were to be married, Miss Annie was taken down with typhoid

fever, and lay dangerously sick for four weeks. Lincoln was an anxious and constant watcher at her bedside. The sickness ended in death, and young Lincoln was heart broken and prostrated. The histories have not exaggerated his pitiful grief, for he was not able to attend to business for quite awhile. I think his whole soul was wrapped up in that lovely girl. It was his first love, the holiest thing in life, the love that cannot die. The deepest gloom settled over his mind. He would often say to his friends, "My heart is buried in the grave with that dear girl." He would often go and sit by her grave and read from a little pocket testament which he carried with him. What he read I know not, but I'll warrant you it was, "Let not your heart be troubled," or John's vision on the Isle of Patmos with Anna among the white robed throng, where sickness, sorrow, pain and death are feared no more; where death is unknown. One stormy night he was at the house of a friend, and as rain and sleet came down on the roof he sat with bowed head and tears trickling down his cheeks. His friends begged him to control his grief. "I cannot," said he, "while storm and darkness are on her grave."

Anna Rutledge was of gentle blood and would have made him a noble wife in his humble years and in the imperial later life.

David Rutledge, a brother of Anna, took a course at Jacksonville college, and then went to Lewistown and studied law in the office of L. W. Ross and Jno. T Boice. He afterwards married Miss Elizabeth Simms, and moved to Petersburg and opened up a law office. He was a bright and promising young lawyer, and no doubt would have made his mark but for his untimely death. He was buried by the side of his sister in the cemetery. His widow married C. W. Andrus, a prominent merchant of Havana.

The Rutledge family stood high in the country. Anna's father was a South Carolinian of high birth. One of his

ancestors signed the Declaration of Independence. Another was chief justice of the Supreme Court under Washington's appointment. A third was a conspicuous leader in congress. So Lincoln's boyhood love was of a high and gentle birth.

HIS SECOND LOVE

One year after the sad death of Anna Rutledge, Mr. Lincoln again fell in love. Miss Mary Owens was his second sweetheart. She came from Kentucky to visit her sister, Mrs. Bennett Able, who lived just north of Salem. In many respects she was very different from Anna Rutledge. She was older and larger. She was finely educated and had been brought up in the most refined society, and she dressed much finer than any lady who lived about New Salem. Her fashionable silk dress was in striking contrast with the calico dress, calf skin shoes and straw bonnet that Anna had worn. She was in the habit of making frequent visits to the post-office for letters from her Kentucky home, and that was where Lincoln first became acquainted with her. It was not long until he became a frequent visitor at her sister's home, and these visits continued until her return to Kentucky. It became the gossip of the neighborhood that they were to be married. When the gossip was repeated to Lincoln by a friend he replied, "If ever that girl comes back to New Salem I am going to marry her." In about three years Miss Mary did return, but Lincoln did not marry her, and I presume the readers will want to know the secret of it all. They did not agree, and she would not consent to the marriage. On this point Miss Mary is reported to have said that there were many things she liked and other things she did not like, and the things she did not like overbalanced the things she did like. "I could not help admire Mr.

Lincoln," she said, "for his honesty, truthfulness and goodness of heart, but I think he was a little too presumptuous when he told his friend that if I ever came back to New Salem he was going to marry me. That is a bargain that it takes two to make, and then his training and bringing up has been so different from my own, and his uncouth behavior was most disagreeable. He was lacking in those little links which make up the chain of a woman's happiness. At least that was my judgment. He was not the ideal husband that I had pictured to myself that I could love. He asked me to become his wife; I told him no."

In our next we will give Mr. Lincoln's side of the story. He had a lady friend whom he confided in and advised with in many of his private affairs. She had learned that he was engaged to Miss Mary and that the engagement was broken off, and she wanted to know the cause. So he wrote her a letter and it is presumed he did not expect the letter to go out of her possession unless it went into the fire, but as time went on it did get out of her hands.

After James Rutledge moved out of the log tavern my father, Henry Onstott, moved in and occupied it from 1833 till 1835, and still had for a boarder Abraham Lincoln. It was at this time that my early impressions of him were formed. We did not know at that time that we were entertaining an angel unawares. My first knowledge of him was as a great marble player. He kept us small boys running in all directions gathering up the marbles he would scatter. During this time he followed surveying, having learned in six weeks from books furnished him by John Calhoun, of Springfield. About this time he commenced to read some law book which he borrowed of Bowling Green, who lived one-half mile north of Salem. I think my father and Esquire Green did more than any other two men in determining Lincoln's future destiny. Green died in 1844 before Lincoln developed future greatness, while my father lived to

see him at his zenith, and his sun go down undimmed, and a whole nation of mourners around his bier.

After the refusal of Mary Owens to marry Lincoln a lady friend knowing the circumstances wrote to Mr. Lincoln to ascertain the reason of the refusal, to which he replied :

“Springfield, Ill., April 1, 1838.—Dear Madam:—It was in the autumn of 1836 that a married lady, Mrs. Bennett Able, of my acquaintance, who was a great friend of mine, being about to pay her father a visit in Kentucky, proposed to me that on her return she would bring a sister of her's back with her on condition that I would become her brother-in-law. With all convenient dispatch I of course accepted the proposal, for you know I would not have done otherwise had I been averse to it, but between you and me I was most confoundedly well pleased with the project. I had seen her sister some years before and thought her agreeable and intelligent and saw no good reason and no objection to plodding along through life hand to hand with her. Time passed. The lady took her journey in due time and returned, her sister in company with her. This astonished me a little for it appeared to me that her coming so readily showed that she was a trifle too willing, but on reflection it occurred to me that she might have been prevailed upon by her married sister to come without anything concerning me ever having been mentioned to her, so I concluded that if no other objection presented itself I would consent to the plan. All this occurred to me on hearing of her arrival in the neighborhood for be it remembered that I had not seen her except about three years previous as above mentioned. In a few days we had an interview and although I had seen her before she did not look as my imagination had pictured her. I knew she was over size, but she now appeared a match for ‘Falstaff.’ I knew she was called an old maid and I felt the truth of one-half the application, but now when I beheld her I could not help thinking of my mother, and this not

from her withered features for her skin was too full of fat to permit it to wrinkle, but from her want of teeth and weatherbeaten appearance in general and from a kind of a notion that ran in my head that nothing could have commenced in infancy and reached her present bulk in less than thirty-five or forty years. In short I was not well pleased with her, but what could I do. I told her sister I would take her for better or worse and made it a point of honor in all things to stick to my word, especially if others had been induced to act on it, which in this case I had no doubt they had. I was now convinced that no other man on earth would have her and hence they were bent on holding me to the bargain. Well, thought I, I have said it and may the consequences be what they may, it shall not be my fault if I fail to do it. At once I determined to consider my wife. This done all my powers of discovery were put to work in search of perfections which might upset her defects. I tried to imagine her handsome, which, but for her corpulency was true. Exclusive of this no woman I had ever seen had a fairer face. I also tried to convince myself that the mind was much more to be valued than the face and in this she was not inferior, as I could discover, to anyone with whom I was acquainted. Shortly after, without coming to an understanding with her, I set out for Vandalia to take my seat in the legislature. During my short stay there I had letters from her which did not change my opinion of her intellect or intention, but on the contrary confirmed it in both. All this time I was fixed firm in my resolution. I found that I was continually repenting of the rashness that had led me to make it. After my return home I saw nothing to change my opinion of her. She was the same and so was I. I now spent my time in planning how I might get along in life after my changed condition, how I might put off the evil day, which I really dreaded as the Irishman the halter. And now you want to

know how I got out of the scrape clear in every sense of the term with no violation of word or honor. I do not believe you can guess so I will tell you. As the lawyer says it was done in this manner, to-wit: After I had delayed the matter as long as I thought I could I came to the conclusion that I might as well bring the matter to a close so I mustered up courage and proposed to her direct, but shocking to relate she answered, 'No.' I first thought she did it through modesty, which I did not think becoming under the circumstances of the case, but on renewing my suit she repelled it with greater firmness than before. I tried it again and again with the same success or rather want of success. I was finally forced to give it up and found myself mortified beyond endurance: I was mortified it seemed in a hundred ways. My vanity was deeply wounded by the reflection that I had been too stupid to discover her intentions and at the same time never doubting that I understood them perfectly and that she whom I had taught myself to believe would have been the last to reject me—me with all my greatness—and then to cap the whole thing I began to suspect that I was really in love with her. But let it all go. I'll try to out-live it. Others have been made fools of by girls but this can never be said of me. In this instance I made a fool of myself. I now have come to the conclusion never again to think of marrying and for the reason that I never could be satisfied with anyone who would be blockhead enough to have me. Your sincere friend.

A. LINCOLN.

Mr. Lincoln was noted for his kindness and when he could exercise it he always did. One of the many examples of his kind-hearted nature recently came to light among the papers in the war department at Washington. It was a letter from a young woman in a western state asking for the return of her sweetheart who was at that time a

soldier in the union army. In a pathetic way she told how in the beginning of the war she was engaged and her lover had gone to the front promising to return and make her his bride. Over a year had passed and her lover was lying wounded in a hospital. The young woman said that if the soldier did not return she would die of a broken heart. Whether the lovers were reunited the records do not show but the papers bear evidence that the appeal touched the heart of the president for across the back is written in his own handwriting "Let her go to him." A. LINCOLN.

It would seem that after the death of Anna Rutledge and the refusal of Mary Owens, Mr. Lincoln would have been discouraged in his matrimonial attempts, but it was not so in his case. It is an old saying that there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. After his removal to Springfield he was thrown into different society and with his genial good nature he was not destined to live an old bachelor. We shall give his third and last love.

By his marriage with Mary Todd there were three children so the name of Lincoln was perpetuated. We have met Robert Lincoln several times but there is not the least resemblance to his father in his make-up. He is a short, heavy-set man with a broad face and heavy eyebrows. He resembles the Todds and not the Lincolns.

* * * *

We received a letter from Harvey L. Ross, Oakland, Cal., in which he says: "I am glad you are writing a history of Mason and Menard counties. I lived in what is known as Mason county and I knew every man, woman and child and almost every horse and dog. I am glad that my brother Leonard sent you a copy of my book and you are welcome to copy from it when you wish. I did not get my book out to sell or make money but for the accommodation of my relatives and friends in order that

they may have a correct knowledge of the events that took place in those old pioneer days. There were some of my letters I wrote for the Fulton County Democrat, which got lost and when the book came out I found they were not in it and I thought that if you were going to get up a book I would write them over and send them to you and if you thought they would be of any benefit to you, you could use them. If I can render you any assistance in getting up your book I will do so and all I will charge you is a copy of your book when it is printed. I am now in my eighty-third year. My health is good and I can remember many of the early events that took place in those counties. I believe you can get up a good and correct history of Mason and Menard counties. If there is anything you would like to ask me about I will be pleased to give you all the information that I can."

LINCOLN'S THIRD LOVE

It may be supposed that after two failures, Lincoln would go slow in matrimonial ventures, but the duel with Shields had a broader meaning than most people imagine, and the green-eyed monster, jealousy, had much to do with it.

Miss Mary Todd was a fine cultured lady, and Shields, Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas and some other lawyers about Springfield had been paying considerable attention to her, and Shields became deeply enamored with her. He had served in the legislature with a great deal of credit, and was then holding the office of State Auditor, and besides being an able lawyer he was quite popular in the Democratic party. Miss Mary was a handsome, brilliant and highly educated young lady, and was respectably connected in

Springfield, and there is no doubt that Shields wanted her to become his wife, but Lincoln was his rival and appeared to have the preference with Miss Todd, so when the article appeared in the Springfield papers that Shields objected to which was no doubt written by Mary, it gave him an excuse to challenge Lincoln to mortal combat. The terms were so fixed that it gave Lincoln the advantage with his long legs and arms, while Shields was a short man with



LINCOLN'S RESIDENCE AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

short arms and legs. The result would be that Lincoln, by stooping over with his long arms, could tickle Shields very uncomfortably about his ribs with the point of his sword, while Shields could not reach Lincoln by twelve or fifteen inches. It would have placed Shields completely at the mercy of Lincoln, but in all the world he could not have been in kinder hands, for it never was in Lincoln's

big and tender heart to have hurt a human being except in self defense. But when Hardin appeared on the ground and declared the matter had to stop, as there was nothing to fight about but a little miserable understanding, and if Shields would withdraw the offensive letter that Lincoln would give a satisfactory explanation. Hardin's advice was taken, and Lincoln explained for the lady that the article was not intended to reflect on Shields. Shields was satisfied and the fight was declared off. The woman was kept in the background.

Now it is probable that there was not another man in Sangamon county at that time who, if he had received such a challenge, would not have made up his mind that he had to back down and confess that he was afraid to fight or stand up to the racket, but as we have hinted that a woman was involved, and Lincoln with his great mind and common sense came out victorious and nobody hurt. Lincoln afterwards told his friends that he did not want to hurt his rival; that he had nothing against him, but that if he had paid no attention to the challenge Shields would have said he was a coward and had showed the white feather, and he would teach him to behave himself.

"Herridon's Life of Lincoln" says that Lincoln and Shields were to stand twelve feet apart in their duel, which was a mistake, as the rule was twice the distance of one of the swords. He describes Shields as a hot-headed, blustering Irishman of little prominence, when he was a man of great ability. He served as Advocate Justice of the Supreme Court was Commissioner of the General Land Office and had the rare distinction of being at different times Senator from Illinois, Missouri and California, which honor we think was never enjoyed by any other man. He was also a gallant officer in the Mexican war and the war of the rebellion. After Lincoln was president, he remembered his old friend who was a rival for his sweetheart—who would have fought

a duel for her hand, and showed his kind and forgiving spirit by presenting Shields with a Brigadier-General's commission. So Shields must have been a man of considerable ability to have held these positions. He was a grand and patriotic man. How wonderful was the tact of Lincoln in averting with honor to himself the duel that might have robbed our country of two such men.

In due time Lincoln and Miss Mary Todd were married. She was of a high bred family of Kentucky, and entirely different from Abe in every particular. Her relatives were all rebels, several of her brothers holding commissions in the rebel army, and it is not my province as a historian to speak of the influence they might have exerted over a part of the president's household. The poor woman had trouble enough in her declining days to have unsettled stronger minds. Let the veil of charity be drawn over her life.

LINCOLN'S MARRIAGE

By permission of Mrs. Ben Edwards we are permitted to publish the account of the wedding of Abraham Lincoln to Miss Mary Todd in Springfield in November, 1842. Mrs. Edwards is the only person, now living, who was at the wedding. This letter will set at rest W. H. Herndon's wild vagaries concerning Lincoln's marriage.

A few weeks ago while in Springfield we called at the Edwards' mansion. It is situated in the middle of a block and the house must have been built sixty years ago, and though Ben Edwards must have been dead many years ago, the house and grounds are carefully kept. The house is surrounded with flower beds and ornamental shrubbery with fine stone walks leading from the house and blue grass plats all over the yard. The house is very large and commodious.

We well remember Ben Edwards when he used to come to Petersburg courts and at one time was a partner of Lincoln's. We felt kind of high reverence as we entered the historic grounds. The wife of Ninian Edwards was a sister of Mrs. Lincoln's, who also took part in the wedding: but who has long since passed away, as have most of the actors in the scenes of those early days. The Edwards' mansion is about ten blocks northwest of the old Lincoln home.

Mrs. Edwards gave an account of the events leading up to the marriage of Lincoln. She says that Mary Todd had naturally a fine mind and a cultivated taste. She was a thinker and possessed a remarkable memory. Her brilliant conversation often embellished with apt quotations made her society much sought after by all the young people of the town. She was also quick at repartee and when occasion seemed to require it, was sarcastic and severe.

About the time Mrs. Edwards came to Springfield, in 1840, Springfield society contained some of the brightest young men that any state could produce—men whose names hold a prominent place in Illinois history. During the sessions of the Illinois legislature among these were Isaac Arnold, J. L. Scammon, Lyman Trumbull, Mark Skinner, William B. Ogden and others. Besides our bright particular stars, of whom I will name only Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, the Little Giant, there were others whose names stand high on the roll of honor in our own state. These legislative assemblies were always the occasion for many social gatherings for distinguished men from every part of the state who came to the capital and were always royally entertained by our ladies whose hospitality was noted all over the state.

There was then a galaxy of beautiful girls, with vivacity and intelligence and propriety of deportment.

All thought that Mr. Douglas was more assiduous in his

attentions than Mr. Lincoln. Some of Mr. Edwards' cousins were visiting and making a gay company and as Mr. Edwards' home was not far from Miss Todd's home and almost opposite the old Second Presbyterian church, where the legislative sessions were held, the state house not being complete, the Edwards' house seemed to be the place of rendezvous for all the young girls who often tried to tease Mary about her suitor. She bore their jokes and teasing good naturedly, but would give them no satisfaction, neither denying nor affirming these reports. It was therefore a great surprise when the news of their intended marriage came out.

Ninian Edwards went to his brother's one morning and without any preliminaries said to Mrs. Edwards: "My wife wants you to come to our house this evening." Mrs. Ben Edwards asked what was going on. He replied: "We are to have a wedding; I met Mr. Lincoln a while ago and he told me that he and Mary were going to get married this evening at the parsonage. I told him that this must not be, as Mary was my ward, and if she was to be married it must be from my house." He went on to say that he left his wife greatly disturbed over the fact that she did not have time to prepare a wedding feast. There were no confectioners in those days to furnish dainty refreshments which are so necessary on such occasions. No caterers to relieve the housekeeper of the labor of preparing the menu for the hungry guests. Every housekeeper had to depend upon the skill of her own hands and her own good taste in preparing the edibles for such an occasion. There was only one bakery in Springfield and its choicest commodities were gingerbread and beer.

Some little misunderstanding had occurred which had prevented Mr. Lincoln from visiting at the house, but Mrs. Simon Francis, whose husband was editor of the Sanga-mon Journal, a mutual friend, had made arrangements

that they should meet there, and it was there the wedding was planned. To her sister, Mrs. Edwards, she had not given the least intimation of her surprise.

Human nature is the same the world over. This little town was not free from its rivalings, envyings and jealousies. Some one had spoken of Mr. Lincoln as a plebeian. This rankled in the heart of Miss Todd sorely, so when about noon on the wedding day Mrs. Edwards' feelings were sufficiently calmed to talk to her sister of the affair, she said: "Mary, you have not given me much time to prepare for our guests this evening." Then she added, "I guess I will have to send to Old Dickey's for some of the gingerbread and beer" Mary replied, "Well, that will be good enough for plebeians I suppose."

Mrs. Edwards was a model housekeeper, and her entertainments were elaborate and elegant. She was equal to the emergency, and on this occasion provided an elegant and bountiful supper. The wedding was what might be called a pretty one, simple, yet impressive. The details were not long remembered by those present, but if the guests could only have had in their imagination the thought of what was in store in the future of Mr. Lincoln the most trifling event of that occasion would have been impressed upon their memories as with the point of a diamond.

Miss Todd's ambition was colossal. She had from early girlhood said she expected to marry a man who would some day be president of the United States, and she seemed to have a prophetic vision that this ambition would be realized. But what was there in Mr. Lincoln to encourage such ambition and expectation? Apparently nothing. And when he was nominated it seemed impossible that there ever should be, as there were so many others that could be named who seemed so much better fitted than he. But the one who regardeth not the outward appearance, but knoweth what is in the mind of man, saw in Lincoln that

which so qualified him to be leader of this great nation which was to undergo such trying and fearful changes, and therefore bestowed upon him the crown of glory. His title to it who can doubt? His reign was short, but the result will live forever.

A few evenings after the wedding Mrs. Edwards met Mrs. Lincoln at the residence of Dr. Payne. She congratulated her, and said: "Mary you were wise in your choice, but I used to think Mr. Douglas would be your choice." She replied most emphatically: "No, I liked him well enough but that was all." The next time Mrs. Edwards met Mrs. Lincoln was after the assassination, when Mrs. Lincoln sent for Mrs. Edwards to meet her at the Clifton house in Chicago. She told her that for weeks and months after her husband's death she was in such a condition that life was a perfect blank. Time seemed blotted out, and she said that she saw she must have been living in a state of unconsciousness, for she remembered nothing, and the awakening was terrible. She said, too, that her fear that Mr. Lincoln would not be re-elected gave her great uneasiness. "I could have gone down on my knees and asked for votes for him, and again and again he said, 'Mary, I am afraid you will be punished for this overwhelming anxiety. If I am to be elected it will be all right, if not you must bear the disappointment.' " If she could then only have had some prophetic vision of that which was on the other side of the impenetrable fog bank of that which was to be, how would she have received it? In merciful kindness it was hidden from her eyes.

Mr. Lincoln at the time of his marriage was not probably worth five hundred dollars, in fact he was a poor man all of his life. He never charged more than one-half the fees other lawyers charged. His title, "Honest Old Abe," followed him through life. His home in Springfield, which we visit every time we go to Springfield, is a plain building—about an average farm house.



CHAPTER III.

FROM FLAT BOAT TO WHITE HOUSE



THE first thing that Lincoln undertook worth mentioning and that started him on the way to the White House was his trip down the Sangamon in a flat boat loaded with produce. He was twenty-one years old at the time and dressed in buckskin trousers, butternut colored jeans coat checked shirt and straw hat. If the casual observer had been told that the young man was starting for the White House at Washington he would probably have said that the thing was impossible but nevertheless such were the facts in the case for inside of that checked shirt and jeans coat was an honest, generous and noble heart and inside of that straw hat was a head filled with good sense and the good Lord had blessed him with an indomitable will, a sound body and a good pair of eyes. As soon as the boat started down stream he spied out snags, sand bars, overhanging trees, and other obstructions to navigation and remembered them which secured for him the position of pilot on a steamboat, which ran up the Sangamon river the next year. Lincoln's boat floated down the Sangamon, Illinois and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans, where he sold the boat and produce for a good price. He remained in New Orleans long enough to visit the slave market and to see husbands and wives, parents and children torn from each other and separated perhaps forever. He remembered

these things and turning to his companions said, "If ever I get a chance I will strike that thing and strike it hard," meaning the institution of slavery. The time did come to strike and the slaves were set free. He went to the steamboat landing to take passage for St. Louis but instead of paying \$40 for passage and spending his time drinking, smoking and playing cards, as the other young men did he went to the captain and asked him if he wanted another hand on the boat. The captain told him to come around the next day and he would employ him, so he got his passage free and made a nice sum of money besides. When he reached St. Louis he found that the Illinois river steamboat had just left and that there would not be another for several days. He left his baggage with his partner and went across the country to Coles county to visit his parents but did not stay long as he was anxious to return to Salem and turn over the money to the man who had shipped the produce. That transaction showed the people that he was honest and capable and he immediately received employment as clerk and was afterwards appointed postmaster and surveyor. This was another step towards the White House. The next spring he was looking over the papers and saw that a steamboat was coming up the Sangamon as far as Springfield. Learning what time the boat would reach Beardstown Mr. Lincoln set out on foot for that place and when the steamer, "The Tailsman" landed and threw out her plank he was the first person to step aboard. He offered his services to pilot the boat up the Sangamon telling the captain that he had navigated that stream in a flat boat and that he knew where all the obstructions were. So he was secured to pilot the boat to Springfield and back for \$50. The running of a steamboat up the Sangamon river caused great excitement in Springfield and the country around. At that time no railroads had been built and the merchants and farmers had to haul their goods and produce to St.

Louis—a distance of ninety-five miles. It took from ten days to two weeks to make the trip, but now they were to have a market at their door. When the legislature a few years before had passed a law declaring the Sangamon navigable little was thought of it. Now Lincoln had taken a flat boat down stream and brought a steamboat up which demonstrated the fact to a certainty that the Sangamon was a navigable stream. Great crowds of people from all parts of the country came to see the steamboat as very few had ever seen one. The steamer laid at the wharf at Springfield for more than a week and during that time Lincoln was the hero of the occasion. He got acquainted with more people during that week than he could have in three months traveling around the country. It was on this occasion that his friends brought him out for the legislature.

There was another circumstance connected with running the steamboat up the Sangamon that benefited Mr. Lincoln. It induced almost every man who had land on the river above high water mark to lay it out in town lots and Lincoln got some fat jobs in surveying. Mr. Lincoln had become very popular with the people and had been so fair and honorable in his dealing and would no doubt have been elected if the democrats had not put up grand old Peter Cartright, the Methodist circuit rider and camp meeting orator. Cartright had the advantage because he had preached in every church and schoolhouse and had lived in the county six years longer than Lincoln. He also had the advantage as he was forty-seven years old and Lincoln was only twenty-three. Cartright had served a term in the legislature and was one of the best members in that body. Therefore the people sent him back with a small majority over Lincoln. That was the only time that Lincoln was ever beaten for office by the people, and the only time that Cartright was beaten was when he ran for congress against Lincoln in 1846. I notice in Cartright's autobiography he

fails to mention the fact that he ever ran for congress. The only reason I can account for it is that Uncle Peter always came out ahead in all his anecdotes and incidents and he did not want posterity to know that he was ever beaten. It was unfortunate for the people that both of these noble men could not have been elected. Peter Cartright was an Andrew Jackson democrat and Lincoln was a Henry Clay whig.

Again I want to emphasize the fact that it was Lincoln's first trip to New Orleans in a flat boat that was the first round on the ladder that led to the president's chair. If he had not gone to New Orleans he would not have seen husbands and wives and little children separated at the auction block and it is not likely that his great heart would ever have been fired with a deathly hatred of slavery. Then if he had never gone down to New Orleans with a flat boat he never would have piloted that steamboat up the Sangamon to Springfield. It was this incident that put him on the track for the legislature. Logically that step led him on to congress, then to fight with Douglas for a seat in the senate, and then, with a triumphal march to the presidential chair. It was all step by step on the ladder of fame from the flat boat to the highest office—the gift of the people—president of the United States.

THE SHIRT SLEEVE IN THE CORN FIFLD

Harvey L. Ross had a quarter section of land two miles south of Macomb. It was left to him from his father's estate. It was a fine quarter but there was some defect in the title which could only be remedied by the evidence of a man named Hagerty, who lived six miles west of Springfield and who knew the facts, which he wished to prove.

He noticed by the papers that court was in session at Springfield and as court only convened twice a year he immediately started for that place, which was sixty miles from his home. He found his witness and took him with him. On arriving at Springfield he went directly to Mr. Lincoln's office which was over a store west of the square. The office was fourteen feet square and contained two tables, two book cases and a half a dozen chairs. The floor was perfectly bare. He told Lincoln his story and showed him his title papers. Lincoln looked them over and then remarked: "I am sorry to have to tell you that you are a little too late for the court has adjourned and will not meet again for six months and Judge Thomas has gone home. He lives on a farm a mile east of town, but we will go and see him and see if he can do anything for you." Ross said he would get a carriage and they would drive out but Lincoln said: "No I can walk if you can." Ross said he would as soon walk as ride. Before they started Lincoln pulled off his coat, laid it on a chair and took from his pocket a large bandana handkerchief to wipe the perspiration from his face as it was a warm day in August. He struck off across the square in his shirt sleeves with the red handkerchief in one hand and the bundle of papers in the other, while Ross and his witness followed. They soon came to Judge Thomas' residence, which was a one story frame house. Mr. Lincoln knocked at the door (at that time there were no door bells) and the judge's wife came to the door. Mr. Lincoln asked if the judge was at home and she replied that he had gone to the north part of the farm, where they had a tenant house, to help his men put up a corn crib. She said if they went the main road it would be a half a mile, but if they cut across the corn field it would only be a quarter of a mile. Mr. Lincoln said if she would show them the path they would take the short cut so she came out of the house and showed them where the path struck off across

the corn field from their barn. They followed the path, Mr. Lincoln in the lead and Ross and Hagerty following in Indian file and soon came to where the judge and his men were raising a log house about twelve by twenty feet. It was to serve as a corn crib and a hog house. Mr. Lincoln told the judge how Ross had come from Fulton county and had brought his witness to town just after court had adjourned and so he thought he would come out and see if anything could be done.

The judge looked over the title papers and said he thought it could be fixed up. So he swore in the witness with whom he was acquainted and procuring pen and ink from his tenant fixed up the papers. The judge and the rest of them were in their shirt sleeves and Lincoln remarked that it was a kind of a shirt sleeve court. "Yes," replied the judge, "a shirt sleeve court in a corn field." After the business had been transacted, Mr. Lincoln asked Judge Thomas if he did not want some help in rolling up the logs and the judge replied that there were two logs that were pretty heavy and he would like to have a little help in rolling them up. Before they left they helped roll them up. Lincoln steered one end and the judge the other. Ross offered to pay the judge for taking the deposition of his witness, but he guessed he had paid enough with the raising of the logs to pay for that and would take nothing for his work. When they got back to Lincoln's office they had walked about three miles. Lincoln put the papers in a large envelope with the names of Stewart & Lincoln printed at the top. "Now, said he, when you get home put these papers on record and you will have a good title to your land." Ross then took out his pocket book to pay him and supposed he would charge about ten dollars. He knew that Lincoln was moderate in his charges. "Now, Mr. Lincoln, said he, how much shall I pay you for this long walk through the hot sun and dust?" Lincoln paused

for a moment, took the large handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from off his face and said, "I guess I will not charge anything for that. I will let it go on the old score." When he said that Ross could not keep the tears back for he could recall many instances when Lincoln had been so good and kind to him when he was carrying the mail through Salem years before. But when he said he would charge nothing for his work it was more kindness than Ross could stand. Lincoln probably meant by "old score" that he had helped him in his store and in the postoffice, and that his father had helped him to get the postoffice. Now there is something remarkable in the history of these two men who worked in rolling up those two logs. It showed that the prominent men of that time were not too proud to engage in common labor. Judge Jesse B. Thomas, who was at one end of the log, had served as a member of the territorial legislature, had twice been elected to the United States senate, once as a supreme judge was a member of the constitutional convention, which formed the first constitution of Illinois and he had done more and exerted more influence toward making the state of Illinois a slave state than any other man. The man at the other end of the log was Abraham Lincoln, the great emancipator, who afterwards served in the legislature, in congress and as president of the United States. It was his pen, which set four million of slaves free. He did more to banish slavery from the United States than any other man. The name of Judge Thomas is lost in oblivion while the name of Lincoln stands on the top round of the world's greatest benefactors.

It is related that while in the White House Lincoln was called on by a lot of English snobs, for whom he had no great love or reverence. They sat back on their dignity. Abe sauntered around the room and talked to them occasionally and finally he picked up an old blacking brush, put his foot on a chair and began to brush off his old shoes

in a careless manner. The English dudes were astounded and one of them managed to say, "Why, Mr. Lincoln, no man who belongs to the aristocracy in England blacks his own shoes." Lincoln quickly replied, "Whose shoes does he black then?" The dudes saw the point and soon excused themselves and departed. If there was one thing that Lincoln despised it was snobbishness. He never got so high on the pinnacle of fame that he forgot the common class of people. He never forgot the rock from which he was hewn.

The county of Menard was set off from Sangamon in 1840 and the county seat was located at Petersburg. It was not until 1844 that the new court house was finished. In the meantime court was held in an old store house in Main street about three blocks south of the public square. The court house was in the middle of the block. The room was 24x60. A railing on the west end made a place for the lawyers and the judge, Judge Treat presided for several years. The best lawyers from Springfield attended and they were intellectual giants. Though but a boy of ten or twelve years, I well remember the legal battles which were fought there. I call to mind a suit that was of more than unusual interest and which attracted a large crowd. I think I heard the whole trial, which lasted about two days. The case was Dr. John Allen against Samuel Hill, the merchant. Hill and Allen had both moved down from Salem and were prominent men. Their lives were as different as black and white. Allen had come from the east and was a strict member of the old Presbyterian church. He had hardly landed in the country when he began to canvass for the souls as well as the bodies of men. He opened up a Sunday school in his house. He also held a prayer meeting and formed a temperance society. This caused a great deal of commotion in that section. Old church members were Allen's bitter opponents, and yet he lived to see a

complete revolution in the sentiments of the people. Allen spent all of his spare time doing missionary work and died about twenty-five years ago, much respected and beloved by the entire community. Hill did not take much stock in Allen's sentiments. He had sold liquor in his store and he was not a "meetin' man." He had the rowdy part of the community for his comrades. Though not much of a man physically when he had a grudge against a man he could hire some old bluffer to whip him. At one time he hired John Fergeson to whip Jack Armstrong and gave him a set of blue-edged plates for doing it.

LINCOLN ATTENDS A CIRCUS

In the summer of 1833 the first circus and menagerie ever known in the west was billed to be in Springfield while Mr. Lincoln was postmaster at Salem. The putting up of the bills created intense excitement in all the Springfield country. Thousands of the pioneers had never seen such a show. Ross who carried the mail at that time, though living in Havana, was determined if possible to be in Springfield to see the street parade, which was to take place at 12 o'clock and also to see the show. So he started the night before at 12 o'clock with the mail and got to Salem at sunrise the next morning. He went to the tavern to get his breakfast and have his horse fed and was told that Lincoln had gone to the country the day before to do some surveying and had not returned, and that Bill Berry, his partner, had been to a dance the night before. The dance did not break up till daylight and Bill was well nigh filled up with egg-nog and Ross feared that he would have some trouble waking him up to change the mail. After breakfast he found Bill in a profound slumber in a little room adjoining

the postoffice. For a half hour Ross pounded on the door and yelled and shouted, but all in vain. It would have taken the angel Gabriel's trumpet to wake him up. So Ross threw his mail bags across his horse and went on his journey. He left the mail that belonged to Salem at Sangamon and



LINCOLN MONUMENT AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

asked the postmaster to keep it until the next day, when he would get it on his return. He hurried on and got to Springfield in time to see the parade.

There was a mighty host of people in town who had come from far and near. Some had come twenty miles,

bringing their families with them. It was wonderful what an attraction a circus was. I have seen the Bottomites, as they were called at Havana, commence gathering money a month ahead of a show. They would bring blackberries, or a load of clapboards, or rails, or anything that would sell for money. Some would do without coffee, whisky or tobacco until they had enough money saved to go to the show, or just to take their children to see the animals. Another class and a meaner one I think is the man who goes to town and sees the street parade and then is too little to pay his money to go into the tent and patronize the show.

Probably there never was such excitement in Springfield as there was that day except on two other occasions. The first was when Lincoln piloted the Tailsman up the Sangamon and landed her near Springfield. The people then believed that the Sangamon would always be navigable for steamboats and they were wild with excitement with the outlook for Springfield's prosperity. The other great excitement was when the state capitol was moved from Vandalia to Springfield. There were two things connected with the show which astonished the people wonderfully. One was a monster anaconda snake eighteen feet long, and the other a young lady who stood on a horse and rode at full speed around the ring. If there was anything that would bring fear and terror to the early settlers it was the sight of a snake. They had seen so many cases where people had been bitten by snakes and the terrible sufferings they had endured that they had good reasons to dread snakes. The snake in the garden of Eden has done so much damage to the human family that we may well beware of snakes. So when the showman took the monster from the iron cage and it crawled upon his shoulders with its hideous head extended far above him and with its forked tongue darting out six inches and its baneful eyes that looked like balls of fire, the audience was transfixed with terror. But when the show-

man commenced to carry the hideous thing around the ring close to the people, the women would scream, the children cry and the men would yell for the snake to be put in the cage. So the showman had to stop the horrid performance and put the anaconda back in the cage or there would have been a general stampede from the big tent. However, the people approached cautiously afterwards to gaze upon the big snake. The people were entranced with the spangled young woman who rode at full speed around the ring standing upon the horse. It was a common sight in those days to see a woman driving horses while they held the plow, or to see them on horseback going to the mill. The pioneer girls and women were expert horsewomen in a side saddle or even bare back. But when it came to a pretty girl standing on a horse going at full speed it took the people's breath away and made their hearts stand still. No mortal of them could ever have believed that a girl could do a thing like that until they had seen it.

No rain had fallen in Springfield for several weeks and the black dust lay deep in all the roads and streets. The big crowd kept it well stirred up and the women and children in their holiday clothes were a sight to behold.

Mr. Lincoln got back to Salem a few hours after Ross had passed through and was a little displeased because he had not left the mail, not knowing the cause. With every man and woman, who paid his and her way, Mr. Lincoln went to the show. After the performance was over Ross met Lincoln on the street and as they met Ross noticed a scowl on Lincoln's face. Lincoln said to him "How did it happen that you did not have the mail changed when you came through Salem? You might get me in trouble about this. Suppose the postmaster at Springfield should report the fact that the mail was not changed at Salem to the department at Washington, but was brought on to Springfield. What would happen to me?" But when Ross told him the whole

story, how he had gotten up at 12 o'clock at night so he could get to Springfield to see the show come to town, and that he had never seen a show and how anxious he was to see one and how hard he had tried to get Billy Berry up to open the mail and that he had not brought the mail to Springfield but had left it at Sangamon and would carry it back to Salem in the morning, Mr. Lincoln in a kind voice said, "Oh, well that is all right. Bill Berry ought to have gotten up and changed the mail for you." Then he said, "I am going home this evening and I will stop and get the mail and carry it home with me." Ross found next day that he had done so.

When Ross met Lincoln he noticed that he had a new suit of clothes on and a new hat. While talking to him Ross had a good opportunity to scrutinize his whole wardrobe and he could remember everything he had on. The coat and pants were of brown linen, the vest white with dots of flowers in it. The shirt was open front and buttoned up with small ivory buttons. The collar was wide and folded over the collar of his coat. He had for a necktie a black silk handkerchief with a narrow fringe to it and it was tied in a double bow. He wore a pair of low shoes tied in a double bow over the instep. He had a buckeye hat on. It was made of buckeye splints and was much like the fashionable straw hats. The buckeye hats were much worn in those days and cost twice as much as a straw hat or from \$1.25 to \$1.50 apiece. So the reader may see how Mr. Lincoln looked when dressed for a circus.

When Ross got back to Salem next morning he found that Lincoln had given the people their mail and that Bill Berry was very sorry for his misconduct, and that Lincoln had washed off the Springfield dust and was as amiable and happy as ever.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FIRST DOLLAR

During an evening in the executive chamber a number of gentlemen were present and among them was Mr. Seward. A point in the conversation suggested the thought and Lincoln said: "Seward, did you ever hear how I earned my first dollar." "No," said Seward. "Well," replied Mr. Lincoln, "I was about eighteen years of age; I belonged, you know, to what they called the scrubs. People who did not own land or slaves were nobody then. However, we succeeded in raising sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell. After much persuasion I got my mother's consent to go. I constructed a flat boat large enough to carry the barrel, other things, which we had gathered, myself and a little bundle down to New Orleans. A steamboat was coming down the river—we have no wharf, you know—and the custom was if passengers were at the landings for them to get out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board. I was contemplating my new flat boat and wondering whether I could improve it in any particular way, when two men came down to the shore in carriages with trunks and looking at the different boats they singled out mine and asked: 'Who owns this?' I answered somewhat modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you,' said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?' 'Certainly,' said I. I was very glad to have the opportunity to earn something. I supposed they would give me a quarter. The trunks were put on the boat and the passengers seated themselves on the trunks and I sculled them out to the steamboat. They got on board and I lifted in their trunks and put them on the deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again and I called out that they had forgotten to pay me. Each of them took from his pocket a silver half dollar

and threw them on the floor of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. Gentlemen, you may think it a very little thing, and in these days it seems like a trifle, but it was the most important thing in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day and that I had earned it by honest work. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was more hopeful and confident than before."





CHAPTER IV.

LINCOLN AT SALEM



THE time that Mr. Lincoln lived Salem was a great place of resort for the young men. Boys from Clary's Grove, Wolf county, Sangamon and Sand Ridge would gather together at Salem on Saturday and there indulge in horse racing, foot racing, wrestling, jumping, ball playing and shooting at a mark for beef. A beef always had five quarters when shot for. The hide and tallow made the fifth quarter. The boys also indulged in gander pulling, which was, I think a western game. I learned from some college professors at the Old Salem Chautauqua that southern people never heard of gander pulling. I was taking a lot of southern men over the Salem hill and I showed them a spot where gander pulling was indulged in, and I had to explain to them the manner in which it was played. An old tough gander was tied to a swinging limb of a tree with his head down about eight feet above the ground. His neck was well greased and a man by paying ten cents would have a chance to get the gander by riding at full speed under the bird, and if he could grab him by the neck and pull his head off it was his. Under our code of laws a man would be prosecuted for cruelty to animals if he should undertake such a business. So we have progressed in that respect and have retrograded in another. We condemn Mexico and Spain for their bull fights, and as Christians have instead

our prize fights, where two old duffers stand up before ten thousand people and knock each other. On all days for sports Lincoln would generally take a lay off and join the others. He was stout and active and a match for any of them. I do not think that he bet on any of the games or races, but the boys had so much confidence in his honesty and knew that he would see fair play that he was often chosen as judge to determine the winners. His decisions were always regarded as just.

Lincoln generally made the subject of internal improvements the theme of his speeches, and he would speak of the great sources of the State of Illinois and the wonderful opportunities that lay before the young men if they would only improve them. In these speeches he seldom spoke of politics, so all were pleased and none offended and the meetings generally closed with three cheers for Lincoln and a general hand-shaking. The people would go home happy and a few of them would not come to town till the next Saturday.

Mr. Lincoln was not only chosen as judge of horse races, but was often arbitrator in disputes between his neighbors and saved them many expensive law suits. A justice of the peace came into his office one day and complained that he had been cruelly wronged by him. He claimed that Lincoln deprived him of his fees and interfered with his business. Mr. Lincoln replied that he could not bear to see his neighbors spend their money in litigation and become enemies for life when he could prevent it. When these cases were brought before him he would generally give satisfaction to both parties, and when one was in the wrong he would point out his error and convince him before he left.

Bill Herendon was a son of Archie Herendon, who built and kept one of the first hotels in Springfield. It was called the Herendon House. He was a prominent politician, had been elected state Senator and held several other offices. He was a Whig and a warm personal friend of Lincoln's. Bill

Herendon, whose book we criticised severely in a former article, was possessed of one trait of character which many people objected to. It was the delight he took in playing jokes on people. He did not seem to care how much misery he caused as long as he could make a little fun out of it. In the fall of 1836 Harvey L. Ross was sent to Jacksonville college and he had a room-mate by the name of Potter, of Chicago. He had been there only a few weeks when Bill Herendon put in his appearance. He said he had come to attend college and wanted to know if Ross would take him for a room-mate as he was the only student with whom he was acquainted. He was told that if Potter would give his consent no objection would be offered. Potter said he would be willing if they would furnish him bedding. As Ross had a large room and a large bed they bunked together. Ross asked Herendon where his trunk was and he replied that had come from home in a hurry and did not bring it but that his folks would send it by the next stage. Then he commenced to laugh and Ross suspected that he was up to some of his old tricks. He said to him: "Now Bill, you have been up to some devilment and you must tell us what it is and then get away." Herendon said that there had been an election for county officers up in Sangamon county and that one of the political parites had paid him a dollar and half to take some tickets to a precinct a few miles from Springfield to distribute them to the voters. After he had gone about a mile he was overtaken by a young man who had a package of tickets for the opposing party. The young man offered Herendon a dollar and a half if he would take his tickets and distribute them among the voters. Herendon accepted the offer and the first creek he came to he soused the tickets in, leaving the men who voted that ticket the alternative of voting the other ticket or not voting at all. This act raised such a storm of wrath among the first party who employed him that he decided to go away until the

storm passed over. He told the story with such glee and merriment that one would think he had done something remarkably cute. Herendon had not been long at college until it was evident that he was brim full of devilment and there was scarcely a week during the time he stayed that he was not up before the faculty for some misdemeanor.

There was nothing bad about him that made him act as he did, but he wanted to gain notoriety and astonish people. After he left college he clerked in a store in Springfield for a long time and then commenced the study of law. He applied himself to his studies and was 25 years old when he went in with Lincoln. Lincoln was 34 years old. At that time it was thought a little strange that Lincoln should take into partnership such a young and inexperienced lawyer as Bill Herendon, but he had his reasons. Bill's father had been a friend of Lincoln's for a great many years and he was a very influential man in Sangamon county. He had always helped Lincoln in every way and it was in payment for this kindness that Lincoln took his son into his office. It was a parallel case with that of Bill Berry whom Lincoln took into partnership in his Salem store. Both fathers wanted their sons in partnership with an honest man. There was another reason. Both of Lincoln's other partners, John L. Stewart and Stephen Logan, like himself, were aspirants for political honors, and he had learned that a law office could not be run when all of the members wanted to be Congressmen. As Bill was young and showed no disposition to run into politics, he thought it was a safe thing to do to take him into partnership. Bill did apply himself to the business and gave perfect satisfaction to the firm and to the people for whom he transacted business up to the time of Lincoln's death. But for some unaccountable reason after Lincoln's death he commenced to drink—a thing he never did before in his life.

By the act of emancipation Mr. Lincoln built for himself forever the first place in the affections of the African race in this country. The love and reverence manifested for him by many of these poor ignorant people has on some occasions almost reached adoration. One day Col. McKay, of New York, who was one of the committee selected to investigate the condition of the freedman, upon his return from Hilton Head and Beauport called on the president and related the following incident: He had been speaking of the ideas of power entertained by these poor black people. They had an idea of God as the Almighty. They had no knowledge of any other power. Their masters had fled upon the approach of our army and this gave the slaves the conception of a power greater than their masters. This power they called "Massa Linkum." Col. McKay said that their place of worship was a large building, which they called "The Praise House," and their leader was a venerable black man known as the "Praise Man." On a certain day when there was a large gathering of people, considerable confusion was created by different persons attempting to tell who and what "Massa Linkum" was. In the midst of the excitement the white headed leader commanded silence. "Bredren," said he, "you don't know what youse talkin bout. Now jus lis'en to me. Massa Linkum he be ebry whare. He knows ebry ting." Then solemnly looking up he added, "He walk de earf like de Lord." Mr. Lincoln was much affected by this account. He did not smile as another might, but got up from his chair and walked in silence two or three times across the floor, and as he resumed his seat he said: "It is a momentous thing to be an instrument in the hands of Providence in liberating a race."

LINCOLN AS A LAWYER, ON HORSEBACK

In early days before the railroad dispensation, it was customary for the noted lawyers, most of whom lived in Springfield, to attend the courts within a radius of one hundred miles of the capitol city. They would go on horseback and start out in pairs, or often singly for Jacksonville, Decatur, Clinton, Bloomington, Tremont, Peoria, Galesburg, Lewistown, Rushville, Beardstown and by that time they had completed the circle. At nights they would put up at hotels and compare notes, tell anecdotes and the people of the town would gather in and enjoy the conversation. It is not saying too much that Lincoln was the center of attraction. His wonderful resource and wit would always place him at the head of entertainers. When Lincoln first commenced to practice law nothing brought him so prominently before the public as his punctuality in collecting debts for his clients and paying over the money. At that time two-thirds of the business was done on credit. The Illinois merchants would buy their goods from eastern and St. Louis merchants on twelve months' credit and sell them to farmers on the same terms. The consequence was that the notes were not paid and were sent to a lawyer for collection, and then it would be as much trouble to get the money from the lawyer as from the customer. When Lincoln collected any money he immediately turned it over to the creditor. In that way he built up a practice which extended over the country and earned for him the name of "Honest Abe Lincoln."

Ross tells about meeting him in the spring of 1838 between Canton and Lewistown. It was two miles north of Lewistown, and as they rode along Lincoln told him that he had been attending court in Knox and Warren counties and

that he was then on his way back to Springfield. As it was late in the day and as the roads were very muddy, Mr. Lincoln said that he would stay in Lewistown over night and he inquired about the taverns. Ross directed him to Truman Phelps' tavern, as it was the best, so he stayed there over night. He had a large portmanteau on his saddle. It appeared to be well filled with law books and clothing. He was dressed in a suit of Kentucky jeans over which he wore a heavy overcoat, having four capes and a standing collar and fastened with a hook and clasp. He also wore a pair of green baize leggings, wrapped three times around the leg and tied just below the knee. The regular meeting of the Lewistown Lyceum was held on the night that Mr. Lincoln remained there, so he attended. The meetings were attended by both ladies and gentlemen, and were held in the old Methodist church, two blocks west of the court house. The subject for discussion that evening was "Which has done the most for the establishment and maintenance of our republican form of government and free institutions, the pen or the sword?" Mr. Lincoln was invited to take part in the debate, which he did. The men speaking on the side of the sword were Lewis Ross, Richard Johnson and Joseph Sharp (all lawyers). Those speaking for the pen were J. P. Boice, Abraham Lincoln (lawyers) and William Kelly, a merchant of Lewistown. The speakers for the sword commenced with George Washington and ran down to Gen. Jackson and other generals who had gained great victories by the sword.

When Lincoln commenced his speech he eulogized the other side for the effort they had made, but he said that they had omitted one of the valiant generals who had lived in their own country. For instance, he said, there is Gen. Stillman, who led the volunteers in the Black Hawk war. When he mentioned the name of Gen. Stillman a smile came over the face of everyone present, for they well re-

membered the general's defeat and how Black Hawk with his little band of Indians had driven him with his large force fifteen miles into Fort Dixon. After Lincoln joked them a little about their generals he entered into the subject in earnest and quoted from Patrick Henry, Benjamin Franklin and many other great men, and he showed that he was well posted in the writings and history of our country. He made a royal good speech and the judges awarded his side the victory much to the delight of Messrs Boice and Kelly. Mr. Lincoln was dressed in a suit of jeans with heavy boots and looked like a farmer, and the people were very much surprised when they heard his speech. A number of ladies attended the meeting and Miss Isabel Johnson remarked that she thought the rough looking farmer man had made the best speech of the evening. Attorney Johnson, who was one of Lincoln's opponents in the debate, and who was known more familiarly as Dick Johnson, went to California in 1850 and was elected attorney general and held several other important offices. He called on Ross after he had went to California, and asked him if he remembered the time when he and Lincoln measured the sword and pen in the old Methodist church in Lewistown. He said he little thought that the man who defeated him then would some day become the president of the United States. Mr. Lincoln was well acquainted with the events of the Black Hawk war, for he enlisted three times. The first time volunteers were called out by Gov. Reynolds. It was for three months and Mr. Lincoln was elected captain of his company. After the company had served the three months and was discharged Lincoln again enlisted and served until the close of the war.

Ross relates the circumstances connected with Lincoln's speech in Lewistown in 1858, when he and Douglass were canvassing the state for United States senator. He was then living in Vermont, twenty miles from Lewistown,

and he and his wife drove to Lewistown to hear Lincoln speak. Mrs. Ross had often heard her husband speak of Lincoln's kindness to him when he was a lad carrying the mail and she wanted to hear him speak. This was the only political meeting she had ever attended though she had been married a long time. They found Lincoln at L. W. Ross' house sitting on the west porch. Mr. Lincoln delivered his address in front of the old court house on a platform between two of the pillars. There were seats for four or five hundred people and they were mostly occupied by ladies. There were from two to three thousand people present. Lincoln spoke on the repeal of the Missouri compromise and of the steady and sure encroachment of slavery on the free territory. This speech was considered one of his best. Ross sat in a front seat and his mind was carried back twenty-five years when he attended the circus at Springfield. He thought of the way in which Lincoln was dressed that day and how he chastised him for coming through Salem without having the mail changed. In place of the short pants, brown linen coat, low shoes tied across the instep and buckeye hat (mentioned in a former article) he wore a fine light linen suit, fine boots and a silk hat. Major Newton Walker and John Proctor accompanied him to the court house in a carriage, and the next day Major Walker took him in his carriage to Canton, where he was to speak. He spoke as if the spirit of inspiration rested on him when he quoted the Declaration of Independence. He said that it was made for all men. It was not for the rich, for if it were many would be left out. It was not for the red man nor the white or black man, but it was made for all men and all races, and he seemed to view the future with prophetic vision.

When Lincoln ran for the legislature in 1832 and was defeated by Peter Cartright, he was not discouraged, for Cartright was one of the strongest and most popular men

in the country. It was a stimulous to greater activity by him, and in all probability it was a providential thing that he was not elected, for he was only twenty-three years old and had not applied himself to that diligent study, which prepared him for the great duties, which he was afterwards called on to perform. After his defeat he applied himself to his books so that in 1834, when he was two years older and considerably wiser, his friends again brought him out. He was elected by a handsome majority and was again



LINCOLN'S OLD HOME AT SALEM, ILL.

elected in 1836, 1838 and 1840, serving four terms in all. In 1846 he was elected to congress.

I will now go back and state a few facts in regard to Mr. Lincoln's storekeeping and tell how he became involved in a debt, which hung over him for many years. There have been many misstatements in regard to it. When Mr. Lincoln kept the postoffice the salary which he received did

not afford him a fair living, and it kept him in doors so he could not pursue any other occupation. There was a young man by the name of William Berry, who lived four miles southwest of town with his father, Rev. John M. Berry, who was a Cumberland Presbyterian and a man of considerable property. William had attended the Jacksonville college and was a smart, intelligent young man, but inclined to be a little wild. His father knowing the good habits of Lincoln induced him to take William into partnership and they purchased a store, paying a small part down and giving three notes for the balance. They kept the store in the same building with the postoffice and had as fair a trade as any of the merchants in the town.

LINCOLN'S APPEARANCE

In person Abraham Lincoln was tall and rugged, with little semblance of any historical portrait, unless he might seem in one respect to justify the epithet which was given to an early English monarch. His countenance had even more of a rugged strength than his person. Perhaps the quality which struck most at first sight was his simplicity of manners and conversation, which were without form or ceremony of any kind. His hand writing had the same simplicity. It was as clear as Washington's, but less florid. He was naturally inclined to pardon and never remembered the hard things said to him. He was always good to the poor and his dealings with them were full of those little words which are of the same blood as good and holy deeds. Such a character awakened instinctively the sympathy of the people. They saw his fellow feeling with them and felt the kinship. As when he was president the idea of repub-

lican institutions, where no place is too high for the humblest, was perpetually manifested so that his mere presence was like a proclamation of the equality of all men. While social in his nature and enjoying a good flow of conversation, he was often singularly reticent. Modesty was natural to such a character, as he was without affectation. He was without pretense or jealousy. No person—civil or military—can complain that he appropriated any honor belonging to another. To each and all he gave the credit that was due. His humor has almost become a proverb. Sometimes he insisted that he had no invention, but only a memory. He did not forget the good things that he had heard, and was never without a familiar story to illustrate his meaning. At times his illustrations had a homely argument, which he always enforced with a certain intensity of manner and voice. He was original in mind as in character and his style was his own. It was formed from no model, but sprung directly from himself. While often failing in correctness, it was unique in beauty and sentiment. There are passages of his which will live always. His Gettysburg speech will live in the world's oratory as long as time shall last. Such passages will make an epoch in state papers. No president's message or speech from a throne ever had such a touching reality. While these speeches were uttered from the height of power, they reveal a simple trust in Almighty God, and speak to the people as equal to equal. There was one theme in which he was disposed to conduct the public mind. It was the treatment of the rebel leaders. His policy was never announced, but it was well known that at the very moment of his assassination he was much occupied with thoughts of pardon. He was never harsh. Even in regard to Jefferson Davis a few days before his end, one who was privileged to speak in that way, said: "Do not allow him to escape the law. He must be hanged." The president calmly replied in the words that he adopted in

his last inaugural address: "Judge not that ye be not judged." And when pressed again by the remark that the sight of Libby Prison made it impossible to pardon him, he repeated twice the words, unmistakably revealing the generous sentiments of his heart.

AS A LAWYER

Lincoln belonged to the reasoning class of men. He dealt with his own mind and turned things over, seeking the truth until he established it and it became a conviction. As a lawyer he never claimed anything for his client. He stated something of both sides of the case. He has been heard to say: "Now I do not think my client is entitled to the whole of what he claims. In this or in that point he may have been in error. He must rebate something of his claim." He was very careful about giving offense, and if he had something severe to say he would turn to his opponent or to the party referred to and say, "I don't like to use this language," or "I am sorry that I have to be hard on that gentleman."

Therefore, what he did say was very effective and he very seldom wounded the parties interested. Throughout Mr. Lincoln's life that kind of wisdom attended him and made him great and skillful in handling the people. He had a smooth, manly, pleasing voice, and when arguing in court that voice attracted the jury and did not tire them as they followed the argument throughout. He was not a graceful man. He would lean on the back of a chair or stand with his arms folded. Yet there was a pleasure in hearing him. A lady once said that he was the best looking ugly man she ever saw.

HOW HE TRADED HORSES

When Mr. Lincoln was a lawyer in Illinois he and a certain judge got to bantering one another about trading horses and it was agreed that next morning at 9 o'clock they should make a trade—the horses to be unseen until that hour and no backing out under a forfeit of \$25. At the appointed hour the judge came up leading the worst looking specimen of a horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching with a wooden saw horse on his shoulder. Great shouts of laughter from the crowd were greatly increased when Mr. Lincoln, after surveying the judge's animal, sat down his saw horse and exclaimed: "Well, judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

HE PREFERRED GRANT'S WHISKY

It the war of the rebellion the officers were very jealous of one another. Many of the defeats might be traced to the officers being afraid that some other man would get the honor of a victory. Gen. Palmer was always kicking for promotion till he kicked himself out of the army. Before the war was half over a lot of these officers, being jealous of Grant's continued victories, waited on old Abe and clamored for Grant's removal. He heard their complaints and asked them what was the matter with Grant. "Isn't he a good fighter," said he. "Yes," replied the officers, "but he drinks too much whisky." "What kind of whisky does he drink?" asked Lincoln. The officers could not tell. "Well," said Lincoln, "I wanted to know, for if I could find out I would order a barrel of the kind Grant drinks for each one of the generals in the army." They saw the point and quietly withdrew.

MR. LINCOLN'S APT REPLY

Lincoln's opponent for the legislature in 1836 was the Hon. George Forquer of Springfield, who was celebrated for having introduced the first lightning rod in Springfield. He said in a speech in Lincoln's presence, "This young man will have to be taken down and I am sorry that the task falls on me." He then proceeded to take him down. Mr. Lincoln made a reply and in closing turned to the crowd and said. "Fellow citizens, it is not for me to say whether I am up or down. This gentleman had alluded to my being a young man. I am older in years than in the trades and tricks of politicians. I desire to live and desire place and distinction, but I would rather die now than like this gentleman live to see the day that I would have to erect a lightning rod to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God."





CHAPTER V.

ROSS AND LINCOLN



HARVEY L. ROSS, of Oakland, Calif., gives a very interesting account of his first acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln. It was in 1832, just after Lincoln had moved to Salem and Harvey was carrying mail from Lewistown to Havana. It had to be carried twice a week on horseback. Harvey was a young stripling and chose to carry the mail rather than work on the farm or clerk in the store. At this time Mr. Lincoln was postmaster and also clerked at Hill's store. The postoffices between Lewistown and Springfield were Havana, Salem, Athens and Sangamon. Lincoln was postmaster at Salem, and Ross was there four times a week. He was only a few years younger than Lincoln and they were very intimate. Ross put up at the hotel where Lincoln boarded and often assisted him in the store and helped him sort the mail and would often carry packages for him to customers along the road. He afterwards met him often while attending court in Mason county. In the beginning court was held in Havana. It was held in the bar room of the hotel and some of the bed rooms were used for jury rooms. Ross recollects one time when Abraham Lincoln was attorney for Frank Low in a suit against Reuben Coon for slander in which Low got judgment against Coon for \$500. The first time Ross and Lincoln met was at Jack Armstrong's, five miles north of Salem. Lincoln often

stayed at Armstrong's. Sometimes he would stay a month at a time. They thought a great deal of Abe as Hannah Armstrong called him. When Jack Armstrong had any work to do he would get Lincoln to help him, as his boys were small. Hannah would do Abe's sewing, patching, mending, knit his socks and darn them. In fact she treated him as a son. Abe never forgot her kindness and was enabled in after years to fully repay her. When Ross first met Lincoln at Armstrong's he asked him who he was. He said he was Abe Lincoln and that he was working for a few days for Jack Armstrong. He was tall and slender and dressed in home-made jeans, about the same kind that the majority of the young men wore at that time. The next time he met him was at the Rutledge tavern in Salem. He was at that time working for Samuel Hill, the Salem merchant. Hill kept the only permanent store in Salem. He had all the kinds of goods that the people called for. He kept blue calico, muslin and cham. Every person did their own weaving or had it done. Jean was a staple article. It was mostly colored blue, but occasionally butternut, which was a brown. The stores all kept a lot of home-made peans in stock. I think the prices ran from 30 to 40 cents a yard.

The boys who went to college in those days spent their vacations on the farms. Among these were Richard Yates, the great war governor, and William Green, better known as Slicky Bill Green. Lincoln had been helping his father in the hay harvest. Green said that Lincoln could pitch more hay than any other hand his father had. When Lincoln found that Green had been to college he asked him if he had brought any books home with him. Green replied that he had, and Lincoln told him that he never had the advantage of an education and said he would like to study grammar and arithmetic. He asked Green if he would as-

sist him and Green said that he would. Lincoln said that the country surveyor, Mr. Calhoun, at Springfield, had been talking about appointing him deputy surveyor if he would qualify himself for the place. He was anxious to get the position as there was a good deal of surveying to be done around Salem. So Lincoln would get up early in the morning and feed the horses and then, with the help of Green, go at the grammar and arithmetic until breakfast. At night they would resume their studies. After Mr. Lincoln returned to the store at Salem, Green would take his books when he went to town and they would study under the shade trees. Green said he never saw anyone who could learn as fast as Lincoln. In fact Lincoln did qualify himself and made one of the best surveyors they ever had in that part of the country. A friendship sprung up between Green and Lincoln that only ended in death. In time of the rebellion Green was one of Lincoln's most trusted friends and was often sent on errands connected with the war. It was related that Green and a few of his Menard friends went, in one of the dark periods of the war, to see the president. The White House was guarded by a cordon of soldiers. Green and his friends were unable to gain entrance, but Green's wit never failed him. Going to another entrance Green and his friends locked arms and marched up. Green waved his hand said, "Make way, gentlemen, for Gov. Yates and his staff." The crowd parted and Green and his friends marched in.

I recollect in 1868 I was a delegate to the republican convention that nominated Palmer for governor. Green was a delegate from Menard County. The thugs of Chicago had come down in force to ply their game. Green had always boasted that his pockets had never been picked. One day as the convention had adjourned for noon and the crowd was coming down the stairs of Rouse's Hall, the

jam was fearful. Green was caught in it and relieved of all his money. "John they have got my pocketbook" was all that he said to his friend, John H. Spears. Green died five years ago in Tallula, in Menard County, Ill. I make this passing mention of William G. Green as he was one of the men who heard Abraham Lincoln recite his grammar and arithmetic.

ANECDOTES OF LINCOLN

There are many incidents in the early life of Lincoln which have never appeared in print. The unwritten history, which the people of Old Salem are acquainted with and which will be handed down by tradition, and most of the incidents which we relate we know or heard old settlers relate.

The early settlers of Menard (though it was Sangamon then) were comprised of two classes. The first class was made up of good men of excellent morals, who came to the county to make a home for themselves and children. Their first effort (after building the cabins) was to look after the social and religious welfare of the people. They were the law abiding citizens, who laid the foundation on which their children built. These men never took part in the drunken brawls and fights which the people who formed the second class always engaged in. The first class were always respected even by the rowdies.

The second class were more in favor of a physical specimen of manhood and while they at their homes were good neighbors, kind and accommodating, when they went to town or before they got in town the devil got into them and they were ready for a fight. I recollect one time of seeing about a dozen of them just ready to start home.

They were on their horses and trying to pull each other off when Little John Wiseman said to Greasy George Miller—"George, you have torn my shirt." "Yes," said George, "and I can tear your hide too." That was enough. They all got down and hitched their horses and formed a ring and the crowd all stopped to see fair play. The two combatants shook hands and then stepped back eight or ten feet and at the word "go" rushed at each other. These fights only differed from the prize fights that are being fought weekly in our cities in one respect. A prize fight is fought according to rules, while the Old Salem battles had no rules. They were strike, gouge, bite, kick, anyway to win.

But to come back to the early settlement of Salem. South of Salem there was a settlement called Wolf and it goes by that name yet because its people were a little wolfish in their make-up. West of Salem were Clary's Grove and Little Grove, the Green, Armstrong and Watkins neighborhoods. North of Salem before Petersburg had come into prominence were Concord, Sand Ridge and east of the Sangamon were New Market, Sugar Grove, Indian Point and Athens. All of these communities met at Salem every Saturday to trade and to hear what was going on in the different localities. It was about this time that Lincoln was pursuing the occupation of surveyor in Salem though he clerked in a grocery store a short time before. He was a quiet soul. His first employment was on the brow of the hill where the three trees grow out of the cellar. Gov. Palmer said at the Old Salem Chautauqua that Lincoln planted these trees. This is a mistake. Thousands who know better believe that the trees cannot be over twenty-five years old. The building had been torn away for forty years. In a short time the boys began to size up "Uncle

Abe" and concluded to try his metal, so they consulted and made him an alternative. First he was to run a foot race was a man from Wolf. "Trot him out," said Abe. Second he was to wrestle with a man from Little Grove. "All right," said Abe. Third, he must fight a man from Sand Ridge. "Nothing wrong about that," said Abe.

An expert foot racer from Wolf was distanced in the race. After a few minutes rest a Little Grove man stripped for the wrestle. "What holds do you prefer?" "Suit yourself," said Abe. "Catch-as-catch-can," said the man from the Grove. They stood about twenty feet apart and went at each other like two rams. Abe's opponent was a short, heavy set fellow and came with his head down expecting to butt Abe and upset him, but Abe was not built that way. He stepped aside and caught the fellow by the nap of the neck, threw him heels over head and gave him a fall hard enough to break every bone in his body. This woke the boys up and they retired again to consult. Abe was now getting mad. "Bring in your man from Sand Ridge," said he, "I can do him up in three shakes of a sheep's tail, and I can whip the whole pack of you if you give me ten minutes between fights." The committee now came forward and gave him the right hand of fellowship and said, "You have sand in your craw and we will take you into our crowd as you are worthy to associate with us." From that time on Abe was king among them. His word was law. He was their judge in horse and foot races and all of them would have fought for him if Abe had shown the "white feather."

Lincoln never drank liquor of any kind and never chewed or smoked. We never heard him swear, though Judge Weldon said at the Salem Chautauqua that once in his life when excited he said, "By Jing."

Amusements in those early days were confined to playing marbles and in pitching quoits. The quoits were flat rocks in which the country abounded. Marbles were Abe's best hold. Many times did I gather up the marbles as he scattered them in all directions.

Bowling Green, a justice of the peace, lived a half mile north of Salem. He took a liking to Lincoln. He lent him his law books and encouraged him to read law. My father kept the log tavern from 1832 to 1835 and he with Bowling Green probably had as much to do with the shaping of the destiny of Lincoln as any other men in Salem.

Bowling Green was a large, fleshy man and weighed 300 pounds, in 1843. He went to spend a Sunday evening with a neighbor, named Bennett Able, and while there had a stroke of apoplexy and fell dead. It was in the winter time. He was buried on the hill-side just north of his home. In the spring the Masons came down from Springfield one Sunday, uncovered the grave and had their ceremonies. Lincoln was the orator of the occasion. He referred to Green as the friend of his early youth and told how much he owed to the men over whose grave they stood.

Lincoln moved to Springfield in 1837 and was soon at the head of the bar. All lawyers in those days were intellectual giants. We asked Robert Lincoln a few years ago if the lawyers of Chicago compared with those in his father's time. He said: "No. All the good lawyers are now retained by railroads and corporations and do not practice in lower courts." Lincoln practiced in Menard County until he was elected president. It was like a reunion when he came. His friends would surround him and he would call them by their given names. It was John, Bill, Joe and so on. His power before a Menard County jury was ir-

resistable, though he had to contend with Baker, Logan, Stewart, Edwards, McConnell, Douglass and Hardin. His style of oratory was grand beyond description. He would first lay the foundation and then build the structure and leave no part unguarded. Then he would carry everything before him. He was no bulldozer and never took advantage of his opponent. He seemed unconscious of his power. It appeared as if a mighty pent-up body of matter was let loose, and as if some terrible cyclone was tearing through the forest. Everything gave way to his splendid eloquence. It was in these early days that he fitted himself, like Moses and David, for the grand work he was to perform in after years.

LINCOLN'S EARLY LIFE

In the following letters which may follow, I am indebted for many of the facts to Harvey L. Ross, who with his father, Ossian Ross, settled in Havana in 1828, and built the Havana Hotel, which was the largest house within fifty miles of Havana. The house stood for twenty years and was burned in 1848. Ross kept the ferry, which was the only place where the river could be crossed between Beardstown and Pekin.

There was a great deal of travel and crossing at that point. Ross run the ferry, kept the hotel, carried on a farm, kept store, was postmaster and carried the mail between Lewistown and Havana. He had four sons, Lewis, Harvey, Leonard and Pike. Harvey carried the mail, though only a boy of fifteen years of age. The offices between Lewistown and Springfield were Havana, New Salem, Athens and Sangamontown. At New Salem Harvey Ross and Lincoln first met. Lincoln was a year the

oldest, and now we will let Harvey Ross tell his own story:

"The first time I ever met, saw or heard of Abraham Lincoln was in 1832. I had stopped over night at Jack Armstrong's, who lived on a farm five miles northwest of Salem, Petersburg had not then been laid out. I then saw a young man whom I had never met before. I asked him who he was, and he said his name was Abe Lincoln. He was tall and slender, and was dressed in common home spun jeans that the majority of young men wore—about the same as I wore myself. The next time I saw Lincoln to become acquainted with him was at the log tavern at New Salem, kept by James Rutledge. I was carrying the mail from Lewistown and Springfield, and put up at the tavern where Lincoln was boarding. He was at that time a clerk in the store of Samuel Hill, a merchant of Salem. Mr. Lincoln had been to New Orleans with a flat boat load of produce, and Mr. Hill had sent 100 barrels of flour that was ground at the Salem Water Mill. Lincoln had sold the flour at a good price and was so prompt in making returns that Hill made him a clerk in the store. Hill had the largest stock of goods in town and also kept the postoffice. Mr. Lincoln was very attentive to business; was kind and obliging to the customers, and they had so much confidence in his honesty that they preferred to trade with him rather than Hill. This was true of the ladies who said he was honest and would tell the truth about the goods. I went into the store one day to buy a pair of buckskin gloves, and asked him if he had a pair that would fit me. He threw down a pair on the counter: 'There is a pair of dogskin gloves that I think will fit you, and you can have them for 75 cents.' When he called them dogskin I was surprised, as I had never heard of such a thing before. At that time no factory gloves had been brought into the county. All the gloves and mittens then worn were made by hand, and by the women of the neighborhood from tanned deer skins, and the Indians did

the tanning. A large buckskin could be bought for 50 to 75 cents. So I said to Lincoln: 'How do you know they are dogskin?' 'Well,' he said, 'I'll tell you how I know they are dogskin. Jack Clary's dog killed Tom Watkin's sheep, and Tom Watkin's boy killed the dog, old John Mounts tanned the dogskin and Sally Spears made the gloves, and that is the way I know they are dogskin gloves.' So I asked no more, but paid six-bits, took the gloves, and can truly say that I have worn buckskin and dogskin gloves for 60 years and never found a pair that did me such service as the pair I got from Lincoln.

"I understand that Lincoln received \$20 a month clerking for Hill, which was considered good wages at the time, though he had to pay \$2 a week for his board. While Lincoln was clerking for \$20 a month, Hill gave him the privilege of going out to work in time of harvest, where he could earn from \$1 to \$1.25 per day, and when the harvest was over he would come back to the store again.

"In 1835 I had taken my brother back to college, and met many of the boys who had been at home to help take care of the harvest, among them William G. Green, who while at home, said a young man named Abe Lincoln, from Salem, had come ou to help them. He said that Lincoln could pitch more hay than any hand his father had. When Lincoln found that Green had been to college he asked if he had brought his books home with him. He said he never had the advantage of an educator and would like to study grammar and arithmetic, and asked Green if he would assist him and Green consented to do so.

Lincoln had a warm place in his heart for Green and showed him many favors after he was elected president. He went to see him at Washington while he was president. Lincoln was very glad to see him and introduced him to his cabinet officers and told them that he was the young man who had taught him grammar and arithmetic. W. G.

Green has been dead several years, but was more intimately acquainted with 'Honest Old Abe' than any other living person."

After Lincoln left Hill, he took the postoffice and finding that it would not support him he took a young man by the name of William Berry in partnership and opened a country store. Their stock consisted mostly of groceries, but they also had many notions, hats, mittens, etc. The entire stock could not have been worth more than \$1,200. The charge has been made that Lincoln took out license and kept a saloon in the store. Judge Douglass, in his debate with Lincoln, occasionally charged Lincoln that he had kept a saloon. Lincoln replied that he had never sold a glass of liquor over the counter, but if he had run a saloon and Douglass had lived in the vicinity he would have been his best customer. Mr. Ross is certain that no whisky was sold by the drink while Lincoln had an interest in it. It may have been sold by the gallon, as all stores kept it as they kept vinegar.





CHAPTER VI.

LINCOLN'S OLD HOME



CORRESPONDENT of the Chicago Tribune, writing from Old Salem, two miles south of Petersburg, written in 1884, gives the following interesting communication about Lincoln and his early boyhood home:

I write from a town without a postoffice, a tavern or shop. There is not a house in sight. From the hill where I sit under the shade of three trees whose branches make one, I look out over the Sangamon river and its banks, covered apparently with primeval forests. Around are fields overgrown with weeds and stunted oak. We may say of it as of Troy: "Salem fruit." It was a town of ten or twelve years only; began in 1824 and ended in 1836. Yet in that time had a history which will not die; not so long as it venerates the memory of the noble liberator and martyr, President Abraham Lincoln.

I came here today with a few old settlers as on a pilgrimage to this "Mecca of the soul." W. G. Green, the associate clerk and life friend of Lincoln; Murry Goff, president of the Old Settles' Association; J. G. Strodtmann, county treasurer; Judge John Tice, an old surveyor, a personal friend of Lincoln; and Hobert Hamilton, engineer, made up the party. Judge Tice and Strodtmann went ahead in a buggy to pilot the way. The rest of us followed in a carriage drawn by two mules. We drove up from Peters-

burg about two miles, passing on the way site of the old mill, run by Lincoln and the remains of the old dam on which his flat-boat lodged when floating down from Sangamontown on the way to New Orleans.

After much debate as to the mode of reaching the old site, we entered an old field through a gate, and, driving up a hill showing a wheel track through tall weeds, we rode over the streets of the old town. The weeds were as high as the horses' backs. Mr. Rice stood up in his buggy, and surveying the landscape, pointed out places where the weeds were lower. "There was Cameron's boarding house, where Lincoln boarded when he kept store for Denton Offit. Near it was George Warburton's store and beyond was Sam Hill's. Over there to the south was the Baptist church and the cemetery alongside."

Mr. Green pointed out the sight of Rutledge's house. "There," said he, "there is where Ann Rutledge lived. Lincoln was engaged to her. Her death almost broke his heart. He told me once that he didn't want to live. He couldn't bear the thought that the rain was falling on her grave and she was sleeping in the cold ground. We had to watch him to keep him from harming himself."

"Right here was Denton Offit's store where Lincoln and I were clerks together." Mr. Green had not been here for forty years, yet recognized the spot.

A small depression showed a former cellar. Out of it grew three trees about fifty feet high, with boughs interlaced, making one in their outline. There was a locust thorn, with leaves like a fine fringe, an elm and a cottonwood.

The elm and cottonwood grew out of the stump, as if forming one tree. The dark leaves of the elm and bright broad leaves of the sycamore were intermingled, as from one trunk.

"Behold," said Mr. Green, "an emblem of Union maintained by Lincoln."

Mr. Green pointed out the spot where Lincoln had the Joneses, Greens and others had planned to try Lincoln's wrestling match with the Armstrongs.

"The Clary Grove boys, composed of the Armstrongs, pluck; they challenged him to wrestle. Jack Armstrong, the biggest one, took him in hand and tried to throw him. He tried all sorts of tricks, got foul holds and inside leg hitches, all in vain. Then Lincoln said that if they were for enemies, he was ready; or friends, as it suited them. Big Jack Armstrong slapped him on the back and said, 'Oh, we were only in fun.' It was the son of those very Armstrongs (Duff) that Lincoln defended and saved from conviction of murder by producing the old almanac by which the jury was convinced that the moon did not shine as witnesses had testified. They acquitted the prisoner in five minutes. Duff Armstrong is still living.

"These were the Armstrongs that wrecked Radford's store. I can tell the story in a few minutes. Radford had a store right over (in the weeds). It was the first put up. A friend told him to look out for Clary Grove boys or they would smash him up. He said he was not afraid. He was a great big fellow. But his friend said, 'they don't come alone. If one can't whip you two or three can; and they will do it.' One day he left the store in charge of his brother with the injunctions that if the Clary Grove boys came not to let them have more than two drinks. All the stores in those days kept liquors to sell, and had a corner for drinking. The store was nicely fitted up and had many things in glass jars nicely labeled. The Clary Grove boys came in and took two drinks. The clerk refused them any more as politely as he could. Then they went behind the counter and helped themselves. They got roaring drunk and went to work to smash everything in the store. The fragments on the floor were an inch deep. They left and went off on their horses whooping and yelling. Coming

across a herd of cattle they took the bells from their necks and fastened them to the tails of the leaders and chased them over the country, yelling like mad. Radford heard them, and mounting, rode in hot haste to the store. I had been sent that morning with a grist to Lincoln's mill. It was at the dam you see down there, and I had to pass the store. I saw Radford ride up. His horse was in a lather of foam. He dismounted and looked in on the wreck through the open doors. He was aghast at the spectacle and said, 'I'll sell out this thing to the next man that comes along.'

"I rode up and looking through the window that had been smashed, said, 'I'll give you \$400 for it.'"

"Done," said he.

I said, "But I have no money, I must have time."

"How much?"

"Six months."

"Agreed."

He drew up a note for \$400 at six months and I signed it. I began to think I was stuck. The boys came in, among them Lincoln.

"Cheer up, Billy," said he, "it's a good thing; we will take an inventory."

"No more inventories for me," said I, not knowing what he meant.

He explained that he should take an account of the stock to see what was left.

We found it amounted to \$1,200. Lincoln and Berry consulted over it and offered me \$750 for my bargain. I accepted it, stipulating that they should assume my notes. You see I always wanted to keep up my credit.

Berry was a wild fellow—a gambler; had a fine horse and a splendid saddle and bridle. He turned over the horse as part pay. They gave me \$250 in silver. I stowed this under my hunting shirt and rode off at night for home. I had sent my grist to mill by a boy who carried home the

story of my purchase. As I rode along I was pleased with my horse, and especially with the ribbon on the bridle. My father was in bed when I arrived. He sang out, "So, Billy, you are a merchant, are ye's? You git along to bed and I'll come and thrash the merchant out of you mighty quick."

"I went to the kindling pile and raked over the coals that had been covered up and made a light. Then I said: 'Pop, have sold out and I got this.' I pulled out a dollar and showed it to him, and then another and another, one by one, till I had out \$250. He raised up and said, 'I must take a chaw.' He pulled out a plug from under his pillow and called out to mother: 'Liz, get up and get this young fellow a first-rate supper, he has had a hard day's work.'

"Lincoln let Berry run the store and it soon ran out. I had to pay the note. Lincoln said he would pay it some day. We used to talk about it as the National debt. Finally he paid it with interest."

Mr. Goff remarked: "The Clary Grove boys were always up to some mischief. They trimmed the manes and tails of horses, cut bridles so that but a little remained to break at the first pull; cut girths, put stones under saddles so as to cause riders to be thrown mounting. Right here in front of Offit's store they rolled James Jordan down that hill. You see it goes down at an angle of 45 degrees. Then it reached down to the river 200 feet, and there was no road there as there is now. He used to come here for whisky 15 miles, and he would get his fill. When drunk the Armstrongs headed him up in a hogshead. He was a large, fat fellow, and nearly filled it. Then they sent it rolling down the hill. It went with increasing velocity, threatening to go into the river, when it was caught under a leaning white oak, and their victim liberated. Lincoln was here, surrounded by tough fellows of this stamp, but even then he had his eye on the future. He was studying to be a lawyer. All had confidence in his judgment and

honesty. He didn't drink like the others, yet he was not a total abstainer.

"I won my first hat on a bet that he could take a drink of whisky from the bung of a 40-gallon barrel. You see a man named Estep had a trick. He twisted his fingers in a knot, and then bet you couldn't mark his little finger. I had lost several bets on it, when Lincoln said he would help me get even with him. He showed me how he could lift



"THE THREE GRACES"

Growing in the Cellar of Lincoln's Store at Salem, Ill.

a barrel of whisky on his knees and put his mouth to the bung hole. He told me to take a keg and hold it up as if drinking and bet a fur hat that Lincoln could take up a barrel of whisky and drink from the bung hole. Estep took the bet and lost.

"Lincoln came to Salem on a flat-boat. Offit had built a flat-boat at the head of the river, loaded it with bacon, corn, hogs and goods of all sorts, and set out to go to New

Orleans. Lincoln was put in charge. He started down in the spring flood. Arriving at the dam opposite Salem the scow struck. It was unloaded and a store set up on the bank.

"At one time there were three stores here, and a church serving as a school house. Now all is desolate. Petersburg, started by George Warburton and Peter Lukins—took the wind out of its sails. It was abandoned for a short time. "The roof-tree moulded on the crumbling wall. Then all disappeared, and only a few holes are left to show where the houses and stores once were."

A move is on foot to revive the memory of Old Salem and have a park laid out embracing the old site. It would be an attraction to tourists, and of those who wish to see from what humble beginnings and under what circumstances greatness could spring.

HOW LINCOLN CURED CHARLES REVIS FROM SWEARING

Mr. Lincoln, though not a church member, and never made a profession of religion, was always disgusted and shocked when he heard men making use of profane language, and a circumstance will illustrate. It took place when Lincoln was keeping postoffice and store in New Salem. A young man by the name of Charles Revis, about twenty years of age, lived with his father, John Revis, on the bluff of the Sangamon River a few miles north of Salem. Charlie, as he was familiarly called, was in the habit of coming to Salem about every other day and would make the postoffice his headquarters. Here he would sit and spin out his yarns to the men who would gather around him. As he had at one time been a hand on a keel-boat he had contracted the habit of using profane language. He

could swear by note. In fact, almost every other word was an oath. He was so in the habit of swearing that he scarcely knew when he did swear.

One day he came into the store while a couple of ladies were in the store doing some trading, and getting their mail. Charlie was sitting on a dry goods box telling his stories to his companions and almost every word would utter one of his big oaths.

Lincoln noticed that the ladies were very much shocked at his profanity, and after they had left Lincoln walked up to Revis and said to him: "Now Charlie Revis, I have admonished you a number of times about swearing in this store before ladies and you have paid no attention to it and now I am going to punish you so you will recollect it." So he took him by the arm and led him out a short distance from the store to a vacant lot where there was a large patch of smart weed.

He threw him on his back and put his foot on his breast and commenced to gather smart weed. He then commenced and rubbed his face, eyes and mouth with it till Revis began to yell and he promised Mr. Lincoln if he would let him up he would never swear in the presence of ladies again. Lincoln told him to promise that he would never swear before anybody again and Charlie promised. Mr. Lincoln let him up and a complete reformation was made in the language of Charlie Revis, and from that day his most intimate friends said that they never heard an oath escape his lips. When they asked him why he had stopped so suddenly from using profane language he said that he had promised Mr. Lincoln that he would stop swearing and that he was going to keep his word. In a short time Peter Cartwright held a camp meeting in that community and Charles Revis and a number of his companions were converted and formed a church. Charlie got married and settled down and was one of the best citizens in all that

community, and it may be that the severe means that Lincoln employed bore the right point in reforming Charles Revis and a right application of smart weed well rubbed in would help a great many in this day who use great red hot oaths in there conversation.

LINCOLN AS POSTMASTER AT SALEM

Samuel Hill was the first postmaster at Salem, Sangamon County, Ill. He was a merchant and kept the largest stock of goods in town. Whisky was among the goods and wares that were for sale in his store. Mr. Hill was a democrat and had received the appointment of postmaster under the administration of Andrew Jackson. The postoffice was in the same building and the same room where the goods were kept. The whisky was in the same room also. It was the custom in those times for most all of the merchants to sell whisky as they did sugar, coffee and tea. It was also the custom of the women in the town as well as in the country to go to the postoffice to get the mail for the family and there were often complaints made by them that they were compelled to wait an unreasonable length of time to get their mail. They stated that if a customer came into the store to get a gallon of whisky they would have to wait until the whisky was drawn before they were given their mail, and that, there was strong competition among the merchants for the whisky business, but none in the postoffice business. So the people had to wait for their mail and they became disappointed with the way that Hill was running the postoffice and they got up a petition to have him put out and Mr. Lincoln appointed in his place. The petition was signed by the majority of the patrons of the office. At that time politics cut but little figure in the appointments of postmasters in small towns. The petition

had to have the endorsement and recommendation of some postmaster who was known and well known at the department at Washington. The petition in question was sent by O. M. Ross, who was then postmaster at Havana. He was one of the oldest and best known postmasters in that part of the country, having been the first postmaster in Lewistown, which office he held until he moved to Havana. Upon examination he found that the petition was signed by some of the best known men in Salem. Ross himself knew Lincoln, so he sent the petition to Washington with the recommendation that Mr. Lincoln be appointed postmaster at Salem. About five weeks after the petition was sent to Washington Mr. Lincoln received his appointment. At that time there were no railroads and it took a long time to get a letter to Washington and the have an answer sent.

The duties at a postoffice in those early pioneer days were quite different from what they are at the present time and the work was much more laborious. For instance, a book had to be kept in which all letters sent from the office had to be registered, giving the name of the postoffice from which they were received, the postoffice to which they were sent, the date and the amount of postage due on each letter and then a way bill was made out to correspond with the register and sent with the letter. In those times we had no envelopes. A letter had to be wrapped in a piece of wrapping paper and tied with a piece of twine. Then a copy of those registered letters had to be drawn off every three months and sent to the department at Washington. This was called the postmaster's quarterly returns. It was a great deal of work. At that time there were no gold or steel pens and all the writing had to be done with a quill plucked from the wing of a turkey or goose. The postage on a letter at that time in the United States was $6\frac{1}{4}$, $12\frac{1}{2}$, $18\frac{3}{4}$ or 25 cents, according to the distance they were sent. All letters sent across the ocean were from $37\frac{1}{2}$ to 50 cents.

No postage was paid on the letters when they left the office but was all collected when the letter was delivered.

After Mr. Lincoln had kept the postoffice about two years in Salem the county of Sangamon was divided and the county of Menard formed. The county seat was located at Petersburg, which was two miles north of Salem, and soon after that was done the postoffice was removed to Petersburg. As Mr. Lincoln wanted the house and lot where he kept the postoffice he did not feel disposed to pull up stakes and go to Petersburg, so he resigned. He remained at Salem, keeping the house, which he had used for the postoffice, for a law office and lodging place.

At the time that Lincoln kept the postoffice in Salem, O. M. Ross had the contract of carrying the mail from Lewistown to Springfield twice a week. The postoffices between the two places were Havana, Salem, Athens and Sangamon. The way he received his pay for the service was to receive a draft from the department at Washington, on the different offices on the route, and as Harvey was the mail carrier, these drafts were given to him to collect. He would have to call on some of the postmasters, as many as three and four times before they could pay, but it was not so with Mr. Lincoln. He always had the money ready to pay as soon as the drafts were presented. He kept the postoffice money in a blue stocking laid away in a chest under the counter. When the drafts were presented he would unlock the chest, take out the blue stocking, pour out the money on the counter and commence to count it. It was all $6\frac{1}{4}$, $12\frac{1}{2}$, 25 and 50 cent pieces, just the same money that he had taken in.

When Mr. Lincoln resigned the office of postmaster at Salem, he had in his possession some fifty dollars, which was due the postoffice department. This money he kept ready to hand over whenever called upon by the proper agent. In those times it was the custom for the department at Washington to send out an agent every year to look after

the western offices and to settle up with the postmasters and carriers. Some several months after Lincoln had sent in his resignation, the agent called upon him for a settlement. When he called Mr. Lincoln was in his law office. When the agent presented the account Mr. Lincoln looked at it and presumed that it was all right, and went behind the counter and opened the chest and took the blue stocking from it. He poured the money on the counter and commenced to count it. It consisted of $6\frac{1}{4}$, $12\frac{1}{2}$, 25 and 50-cent pieces, just the same money that he had received for postage. When the money was counted it agreed to a cent with the account that the agent presented. After they had settled and the money was paid over the agent remarked to Mr. Lincoln. "Now, Mr. Lincoln, you might as well have used that money as to have it wrapped up in that stocking and laid away in your chest where it could do no good." Mr. Lincoln straightened himself up and, looking the agent square in the face, said: "No, sir, I never make use of money that does not belong to me." Now that saying of Mr. Lincoln's "I never make use of money that does not belong to me," comes forcibly to my mind. How many men all over our land are today serving out terms in state prisons just because they did not adopt Mr. Lincoln's saying, "I never make use of money that does not belong to me."

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE OF LINCOLN

On the twelfth of February, 1809, there was born in the wilderness of Lane county, Kentucky, one of the best and greatest men that ever lived—Abraham Lincoln. His father was a poor farmer, and in the wild life of the backwoods, his entire schooling did not exceed a year, but while at school he was noted as a good speller, but more for his hatred of

cruelty. His earliest composition was a protest against putting coals of fire on the back of a captured terrapin. He wore coarse, home-made clothes and a coon skin cap. His trousers, owing to his rapid growth (before his seventeenth birthday he was six feet, four inches tall) were always nearly a foot too short. His last attendance at school was in 1826 when he was seventeen years old. After leaving school he read everything within his reach and copied passages and sentences, which attracted his attention. His first knowledge of law, in which he afterwards became eminent, was through the statutes of Indiana lent to him by a constable. He also obtained considerable knowledge of grammar from a borrowed book, which he studied by the light of shavings in a cooper shop. After his family had emigrated in 1830 to Illinois, in 1834 he was elected to the Illinois legislature. He was three times re-elected, was admitted to the practice of law in 1836 and then moved to Springfield—the state capitol. In 1846 he was elected to Congress, beating Peter Cartright, the backwoods preacher. In 1854 he was the recognized leader of the Republican party. In 1860 he was a candidate for the presidency, receiving a majority of votes over any other candidate, and was installed in the presidential chair March 4, 1861. His election to the presidency was followed by the secession of eleven states and a war for the restoration of the union as a military measure. He proclaimed January 1, 1864, the freedom of all slaves in the seceding states and was re-elected to the presidency in 1864. The war was brought to a close April 2, 1865, and on the fifteenth of the same month, Abraham Lincoln's life was ended by the hand of an assassin. Thus when he

“Had mounted fame's ladder so high.

From the round at the top he could touch the sky”

the great President passed to his rest, and in the moment of his triumph was laid by the side of Washington—the one, the father, and the other, the savior of his country.



CHAPTER VII.

LINCOLN'S RELIGIOUS BELIEF



UBLIC men are not as a general thing, noted for their pretty talk. The average politician and his life, doings and conversation, are not much in accordance with the Christian religion. He puts Christ and salvation in the back ground, and yet in the last hours he generally leaves some testimony as to what he thought of the future. So the last words of noted men are treasured. Stephen A. Douglas' last words were supposed to be addressed to his sons, directing them to understand the constitution and the laws, and to obey them. Daniel Webster when about to expire said, "I still live." These words are supposed to be prophetic and sound beautiful. An old colored preacher used the same meaning when he said: "My bredden, what did Daniel Webster say when his friends were standin' 'roun' and thought that he was gone? He jusrized up and said, 'I ain't dead yet.'" This sounded ridiculous, but expressed the same meaning as the words spoken by Webster himself.

While Lincoln did not discuss theology, nor even make a public profession of religion, he was always a very moral and exemplary man. One day a minister remarked to him that he believed he was a Christian man and asked him why he did not join some church. Mr. Lincoln replied, that if he could find some church whose creed and requirements could be simmered down to the condensed statement, "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, with all thy

soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself," he would join that church was his heart and soul.

In 1851 Mr. Lincoln learned that his father was not expected to live, and as he had sickness in his own family and could not go he wrote to his half brother. "I sincerely hope that father will recover, but, at all events, tell him to remember to call upon and confide in our great, good and merciful maker, who will not turn away from him. He notices the fall of the sparrows and numbers of hairs of our head, and He will not forget the dying man who places his trust in Him. Say to him, that if we could meet now, it is doubtful whether it would be more painful or pleasant, but if it be his lot to go he will have a joyful meeting with the loved ones gone before and the rest of us will hope, through the help of God, to join them e'er long." It will be remembered that when he was going from Springfield to Washington, to be inaugurated, he addressed a crowd from the cars as he was leaving his old home and he spoke as follows: "A duty devolves on me, which is perhaps, greater than has devolved on any other man since the days of Washington. He would never have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same divine aid, and in the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support and I hope that you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that divine aid without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain." At another time, when our armies were meeting with reverses and the destiny of the nation seemed hanging in a balance, President Lincoln appointed a day for prayer for the success of our armies in the following words:

"Whereas, When our beloved country once by the blessings of God united, prosperous and happy, is now afflicted with factions and civil wars, it is fit for us to recognize the hand of God in this terrible visitation and in sorrowful remem-

brance of our own faults and crimes as a nation and as individuals, to humble ourselves before Him and to pray for His mercy—to pray that we may be spared further punishment (though most justly deserved), that our armies may be helped and be made effectual for the re-establishment of law and order and peace throughout the country, and that the inestimable boon of civil and religious liberty, earned under His guidance and blessing, by the labor and suffering of our fathers, may be restored in all its original excellence.

“Therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, president of the United States, do appoint the last Thursday in September next, as a day of humiliation, prayer and fasting, for all the people of the nation, and I do earnestly recommend to all the people and especially to all ministers and teachers of religion, of all denominations, and to all the heads of families, to keep that day according to their several creeds and modes of worship, in all humility and with all religious solemnity to the end that the united prayers of the nation may ascend to the throne of grace and bring down plentiful blessings upon our country.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
“President of the United States.”

The above proclamation shows his dependence upon a higher power. No president ever showed such faith in Almighty God during such a momentous crisis as the one he was called to pass through. A calm trust in God was the loftiest characteristic in the life of Abraham Lincoln. He had learned this long ago. “I would rather my son would be able to read the bible than to own a farm if he can have but one,” said his mother. The bible was Abraham Lincoln’s guide.

A lady who was interested in religious work had occasion to have several interviews of a business nature with Lincoln. He was very much impressed with the earnestness of purpose which she manifested and on one occasion after

she had accomplished the object of her visit he said to her: "I have formed a very high opinion of your Christian character and now as we are alone I have a mind to ask you to give me in brief your idea of what constitutes a born religious experience." The lady replied at some length that in her judgment it consisted of a conviction of one's own sinfulness and weakness and personal need of the Savior for strength and support. She said that views of mere doctrine might and would differ, but when one was really brought to feel the need of divine help and to seek the aid of the Holy Spirit for strength and guidance it was satisfactory evidence that he had been born again." This was the substance of her reply. When she had concluded Mr. Lincoln was thoughtful for a few minutes and then said very earnestly: "If what you have told me is a correct view of this great subject I can say with sincerity that I hope I am a Christian. I had lived until my boy Willie died without fully realizing these things. That blow overwhelmed me and showed me my weakness as I had never felt it before, and if I can take what you have told me as a test, I think I can safely say that I know something of that change you speak of. I will further add that it has been my intention for some time at a suitable opportunity, to make a public religious profession." This shows his deep religious conviction.

Take Abraham Lincoln and judge him by what standard you will and he stands head and shoulders above his fellows. He was born for a great mission and well did he fill it. He fought the good fight and kept the faith.

ABE LINCOLN AND SLICKEY BILL GREEN

In the perilous times of the civil war Slickey Green went to Washington to see and consult with President Lincoln. The president recognized Slickey as soon as he entered the White House.

"How are you, Bill?" said he.

"How are you, Abe?" said Bill.

Secretary Stanton was by and Lincoln introduced Green. Stanton gave him a cool reception, without rising from his seat, whereupon Lincoln gave Stanton a rebuke by saying: "Mr. Green is the man who made me, and I am the man who made you, Mr. Stanton."

Then Abe and Slickey sat down for a long talk, in which Lincoln recited the perilous condition of the country. Lincoln asked about all the principal men in Menard county, and if they were standing by him. Bill told him they were. Abe then asked how Henry Clark stood. Bill told him that he was sorry to inform him that Clark was not for him. After a few moments reflection Lincoln said:

"When you go home you see Clark and tell him that I once stood by him in an early encounter, and now I want him to stand by me in this terrible time."

When Green came home he saw Clark, and told him what Lincoln had said, and afterwards Abe had no surer friend in Menard county than Henry Clark.

Lincoln's great hold upon the common people arose from the fact that he was the representative of them. He had a supreme contempt for snobbery and never failed to rebuke it when he had the opportunity.

At one time a couple of English dudes visited the White House. They found the president with hair unkempt and clothes unbrushed. After a few remarks the president put his foot upon a chair and taking a blacking brush went to work on his shoes. The Englishmen were amazed, and one of them said, "Why Mr. Lincoln, in London no gentleman blacks his own shoes."

"No?" said old Abe, pausing to spit on the brush, "Whose shoes does he black?"

A few days ago I was on Salem hill and I stopped in front of the spot where the old hotel stood. Memory carried me back three score years when I saw Abe Lincoln playing marbles and pitching quoits on the very spot where I stood, and where his musical voice and ringing laugh could be heard above all his comrades. It is a wonder the ground at old Salem is not marked so that the visitor to that sacred spot can be better informed as to the locality of the buildings and other historic scenes of the town. I made arrangements with James Bale a few weeks ago in which he was to have old Salem mowed and furnished suitable posts and boards, and I agreed to locate where each building stood, with the owner's name and the business that he followed.

I understand that I am the only person now living that can do it. Salem is destined to become the Mt. Vernon of the west. Every allusion made by speakers at Old Salem Chautauqua that touched upon the history of this spot found a hearty response. While at old Salem Chautauqua a few weeks ago I met Uncle John Roll, who is nearly a hundred years old. He was an old comrade of Lincoln's at a nearly day. He is still in good health and bids fair to become a centenarian. He assisted Lincoln to build the last flat boat that went down the Sangamon at Sangamontown, and he delights to talk of his early career. They must have been intimate friends for Lincoln gave him his dog when he started for Washington to be inaugurated.

Mr. Roll had a picture of the dog, which he took great delight in showing. He also had a gold watch which Stephen A. Douglas used to carry. It was in a heavy gold case with S. A. Douglas carved on the back. He could probably get a large sum of money if he was willing to sell it. It was a great treat to meet a comrade of Lincoln's, who had lived with him, shared his toils and helped him achieve his triumphs.

TRIAL OF DUFF ARMSTRONG

Hannah Armstrong was one of the earliest settlers of Menard county. Her maiden name was Jones. She grew up as most other maidens did in that early day, without the advantages of culture and refinement that mark the civilization of the present time. She was healthy and strong, of commanding appearance, had a strong mind and was endowed with good sense. It may be that she was masculine in some of her ways.

She married Jack Armstrong, and with no capital other than strong hearts and willing hands they commenced the battle of life. They never grew rich, but they were happy and contented.

In the "thirties" Abraham Lincoln came to Salem. An acquaintance soon sprang up between him and the Armstrong family. He made his home with them for weeks at a time and Aunt Hannah treated him as one of her children. Lincoln never forgot her kindnesses, and years afterward, when he had become a lawyer of prominence, he was able to repay her kindness by defending and clearing her son, Duff Armstrong, of the charge of murdering James Medscar at a camp-meeting in Mason county. The trial became famous and the name of Hannah Armstrong is today known all over the world on account of her relationship to the defendant.

Historians and biographers have published to the world that Lincoln used a "doctored" almanac and by that means deceived the jury. I had heard it so often that I believed it, and I confess that it lowered Lincoln in my estimation. On writing to Judge William Walker, now of Missouri, but who was then practicing law at Havana, Ill., and was chief counsel for Armstrong, assisted by Caleb Dilworth, I learned the facts. The trial was to come off at Beardstown. Lincoln had written to Aunt Hannah that he would clear

her son. He appeared in Beardstown about the time the trial began and asked Walker's permission to help in the case. Walker examined the witnesses. They all testified the murder was committed at 10 p. m. and that the moon was shining as bright as day. Lincoln was taking notes and would get each witness to repeat the statement: "as light as day and at 10 p. m."

Lincoln was to make the closing speech. After the other lawyers had finished Lincoln got up and said that the prosecution seemed to have a clear case. Then rising in his grandeur he said: "These witnesses have all perjured themselves and I can prove it!" Then he produced the almanac and showed that at ten o'clock on the night of the murder the moon had not yet risen. That the tragedy occurred in a deep ravine. That on the east bank of the ravine was a heavy body of timber, and that it must have been two hours after the moon came up before it threw any light into the ravine. He thus showed that the witnesses were mistaken and so cleared his client. The newspapers at that time were not justified in charging Lincoln with having substituted an old almanac for one of that year.

Aunt Hannah and Lincoln met for the last time at Havana in 1858, when Lincoln and Douglas were touring the state making political speeches. Douglas had just finished his speech when a steamboat came up the Illinois river with Lincoln on board. Aunt Hannah had come to town early and had waited all day to see Lincoln. She wore a calico dress, red shawl and a sunbonnet, and was wondering if he would know her or speak to her since he had become a great man. The boat landed, the plank was run out and Lincoln came ashore. He saw the figure in the red shawl and said: "How do you do, Aunt Hannah? How are all the folks?" Aunt Hannah was overjoyed to know that he had not forgotten her.

Jack Armstrong died some time in the "fifties," leaving

Aunt Hannah a widow. She afterwards married Samuel Wilcox, and while there were two sets of children, all were well cared for. She had a hard time in her declining years to make a living off her little forty acres of land, but she was content to live in obscurity though her name had become almost a household word throughout the country. She died at Winterset, Iowa, about ten years ago and her remains were brought back to Petersburg for burial.

Women of Hannah Armstrong's make-up are found in every new country. Many of the early women of Menard county possessed the characteristics that made her conspicuous among her companions.

"DUFF ARMSTRONG'S STATEMENT"

It was our intention to interview Duff Armstrong while he lived at Easton in reference to the above case, but before we could do so he moved to Pleasant Plains. We noticed afterwards, in the Globe Democrat, an account of his side of the case, in which he said that a number of the boys were at campmeeting and nearly all were intoxicated. There had been considerable fighting during the day, and he, being tired, lay down on a dry goods box and went to sleep. While sleeping, some person pulled him off the box, he expostulated with the person and laid down again. When the same party pulled him from the box the second time he arose up and a general fight commenced. The next morning he heard that Medscar was killed in the fray and that he was accused of the murder. That's all he knew about the affair. This statement is so different from what the witnesses swore to in the court, that we give it for what it is worth.

Peter Cartright

The Backwoods Preacher



PETER CARTRIGHT
THE BACKWOODS PREACHER



The Backwoods Preacher

CHAPTER VIII.

BIRTH OF CARTRIGHT



T WAS my good fortune to be well acquainted with Peter Cartright, and this acquaintance dates as far back as I can recollect. He lived all his life about six miles southwest of Salem and used to often come to Salem to trade, as it was a great deal nearer to him than Springfield. He lived on the same farm and was well fixed, though in early days; his salary for preaching would now be considered very small for the work done. He was a man of great force of character and whether as preacher or politician, generally carried his point; of medium height, but of gigantic build, with a forehead covered with a shaggy coat of hair, a broad chest, and small eyes deeply set, heavy eyebrows. He had great conversational powers, coupled with keen wit. He could interest a crowd as well as any man I ever knew.

He was born September 1, 1786, in Amherst county, Virginia. His father was a soldier in the Revolutionary war, and moved from Virginia to Kentucky in an early day. Thousands of hostile Indians and thousands of emigrants were ruthlessly murdered while on their way to Kentucky. Many young men joined the emigrants hoping to better their condition in the "Dark and Bloody State." There were

about two hundred families banded together for mutual protection, another hundred young men, well armed, who agreed to guard the families through, and as compensation were to be supported for their services. On the route they traveled they often saw where white people had been murdered and scalped by the Indians.

His conversion was as marvelous as St. Paul's, and we believe he had a great mission to fill in the world. We find young Cartright served the devil with all his might; when his face turned right about he commenced to serve the Lord as zealous as he did the devil. His mission was to spread scripture holiness in the form of Methodism, which is christianity in earnest. The old style Methodist preachers rode large circuits, swam rivers, preached every day in the week, rode horse back and carried saddle bags with books for sale. They preached as if the devil had no rights that they were bound to respect, never apologized for their attacks on Satan's kingdom. They sang old Methodist songs like this:

A Methodist is my name
And I hope to live and die the same.

or,

Oh, whip the devil around the stump
And hit him a crack at every jump.

This was the sentiment if not just the words.

He was a wonderful man, just suited for his day and generation, there never was but one Peter Cartright, there will never be another; the world needed a Cartright and there was not room for two.

In the early days of Methodism the preachers had to contend with the ignorance of the people. A few incidents will be to the point. Wilson Lee was one of the pioneer preachers. At one of his appointments at a private house they had a pet lamb—the boys had taught it to butt. They would make motions with their heads and the lamb would

back and come at them with all its might, and they would jump out of the way so the lamb would miss them. A man came to the meeting who had been drinking and frolicing the night before. He came in late and took his seat near the door and began to nod. Presently the lamb came along and seeing the man nodding and bending back and forth, took it as a banter, sprang forward and gave the sleeper a severe jolt on the head and tilted him over to the amusement of the congregation, who burst into laughter, and grave as was Bro. Lee, he almost lost his balance and laughed with the rest. He went on, however, with his sermon and urged them to take up their cross.

There was in the congregation a very wicked Dutchman and his wife, who were very ignorant. The woman was a common scold and made her husband very unhappy and his life miserable. After the meeting was over Bro. Lee started on his journey and saw a little ahead of him a man trudging along carrying a woman on his back. He naturally supposed the woman to be a cripple so she could not walk. The man was very small, while the woman was very large. When he came up, who should it be but the Dutchman, who was at his meeting. Mr. Lee rode up and inquired what had happened to his wife. The Dutchman replied, "Be sure, did not you toll us in your sermon dot we must take up der cross and follow Jesus or dot we could not get to Heaven, and I dose desire to get to Heaven as much as anybody, and dis wife is so pad she scold me all der dime and dis woman is der greatest cross I have in dis world, and so I takes her up and bears der cross."

In those exciting times a new exercise broke out among the people, it was unlike anything that had been, since it lasted about forty years and then disappeared. It was called the "jerks" and was overwhelming upon the minds and body of the people. No matter whether they were saints or sinners they would be taken under a warm song or sermon and

seized with a convulsive jerking all over and the more they resisted the more they jerked. If they would not strive against, and prayed in good earnest, the jerking would usually abate. Cartright says that he has seen more than 500 persons jerking at one time in his large congregations. Usually, persons taken with the jerks, to get relief as they said, would rise up and dance, some would try to run away but could not, some would resist, and on such the jerks were very severe. To see those proud young gentlemen and young ladies dressed in their silks and jewelry and gew-gaws from top to toe take the jerks would often excite Cartright's risibilities. The first jerk or so you would see those fine bonnets, caps and combs fly and so sudden would be the jerking of the head that their long loose hair would crack almost as loud as a waggoner's whip.

At one of Cartright's appointments in 1804 a very large congregation had turned out to hear the Kentucky Boy, as he was formally called, among the rest were two finely dressed and fashionable ladies attended by their two brothers with loaded horsewhips. Although the house was large it was crowded. The two ladies coming in late took their seats near Cartright and their brothers near the door. Cartright was not feeling well and had a vial of peppermint in his pocket. Before he commenced preaching he took out the vial and swallowed a little of the peppermint, while he was preaching the congregation melted to tears, the two young men moved off to the yard fence and both of the young ladies took the jerks and were greatly mortified.

As Cartright dismissed the meeting a man stepped up to him and warned him to be on his guard for he had heard the two brothers say that they would horsewhip him for giving their sisters the jerks. "Well," said Cartright, "I'll see about that." He went out and said to the young men, "I understand you intend to horsewhip me for giving your sisters the jerks?" One replied they did. Peter undertook

to expostulate with them on the absurdity of the charge against him, but they swore he need not deny it, for they had seen him take out of his pocket a vial in which he carried some truck that gave their sisters the jerks. Quick as a thought it came to his mind how he could get clear of the whipping, and jerking out the peppermint vial said: "Yes, if I gave your sisters the jerks I will give them to you." In a moment he saw they were scared. Cartright moved toward them and they backed, as Cartright advanced they wheeled and ran warning Cartright not to come near them or they would kill him. It raised the laugh on them and Cartright escaped the whipping.

JUDGE OF HUMAN NATURE

Cartright was a fine judge of human nature, he could read a man's character by the time he got acquainted with him hence he had a different way of dealing with the various characters he met with. There was one way he had with dealing with preachers who read their sermons, he believed that if God called a man to preach he would furnish him with something to say. "Open thy mouth and I will fill it," or "it shall be given you that how and what you shall say."

Fancy John Wesley reading one of his sermons. Fancy Christ reading his sermon on the mount. Fancy Peter preaching his pentacostal argument by manuscript. Fancy Felix making his eloquent argument by note. Fancy all of the witnesses in all ages. Fancy presiding elder spending about six hours' at an appointment preaching a short essay that perhaps was borrowed and holding two quarterly meetings in a week leaving home Saturday morning and getting back Monday evening and then wanting about thirty dollars for the work that was worth two dollars and a half, and then compare their work with Cartright's that would make the rounds of his district in six weeks. Preaching from seven

to ten times a week and not getting on an average a dollar a day. It is no wonder that the "power has left the church and that the pastor can preach the whole winter and his words fall like water on a duck's back without leaving any impression. Another common amusement of the present day is church fairs, church entertainments, where the church and the world meet on a common level, where the church lays aside her ecclesiastical toga and says lay there till I drink in this feast the world has prepared for me. In Cartright's time it was always in the guise of a dance. How he managed one of these gatherings is illustrated by the following anecdote.

CARTRIGHT AT A DANCE

He was once traveling through Kentucky and stopped at a country tavern and asked to stay all night. The landlord told him he could but he was afraid he could not enjoy himself as there was to be a dance there that night. Peter asked how far it was to the next house and was told it was seven miles. Cartright told him if he would feed his horse well and treat him civilly he would stay. Being assured of that he dismounted and went in. The people came in large companies. There was not much drinking going on.

Peter took his seat in one corner of the house and the dance commenced. He sat quietly musing, greatly desiring to preach the next day. After concluding to spend the Sabbath there he asked the privilege to preach there on the morrow. A tall and beautiful young lady now approached him with pleasant winning smiles, asked him to dance with her. He, in a moment resolved on a desperate experiment. He rose as gracefully as he could with many emotions. The young lady moved to his right side. He grasped her right hand with his right, while she leaned her left arm on Cartright's; in this position they walked on the floor, the

whole company seemed pleased at this act of politeness shown the stranger. A colored man, who was the fiddler, began to put his fiddle in good order.

Cartright then spoke to the fiddler to hold on a moment and said that for several years he had not undertaken any matter of any importance without asking the blessing of God upon it and now he desired to ask the blessing of God upon the beautiful young lady and the whole company who had shown such acts of politeness upon a perfect stranger. He here grasped the young lady's hand tightly and said, "let's all kneel down and pray," and then dropping on his knees commenced to pray with all the power of soul and body he could command. The young lady tried to get away, but he held her tight; presently she fell on her knees. Some of the company knelt, some looked curious, some sat still, the colored fiddler ran out in the kitchen saying, "Lord, O Massy, what's de matter! What dat mean?"

While Cartright prayed some wept aloud and some cried for mercy. He rose from his knees and commenced to exhort, after which he sang a hymn. The young lady, who had invited him on the floor, lay prostrate and was crying for mercy. He exhorted, sang and prayed nearly all night. About fifteen professed that night. The meeting lasted the next day and night and as many more were converted. Now, this condition of affairs would not be tolerated in some places. A man with such a bold manner of combating, the popular sin of dance, would be laughed at to scorn or be mobbed by the crowd whose designs he had frustrated. It was in politics that he had great power with men. Born a Jackson Democrat, when the Whigs and Democrats, both bowed their knee to slavery, he was an active worker in the Democratic party, both were proslavery alike. Cartright was elected to the Legislature twice over Abraham Lincoln. Of this he speaks with some pride, though when Lincoln beat him for Congress he does not say much about it. We

can explain this, that Cartright generally came out ahead in everything he undertook. It was his victories that he talked of, not his defeats. After his defeat for Congress, he sank out of the political horizon and did not appear again till treason's dark and damning cloud appeared to darken the horizon, did he make himself appear as a flaming torch. He canvassed the state as a war Democrat, preaching with the people to stand by the Government and Abraham Lincoln.

A FATAL ACCIDENT

While Cartright was moving to Illinois an accident occurred to his third daughter and she was instantly killed. His wagon was overturned and came near killing his oldest daughter. After righting up the wagon they concluded to camp for the night on the spot, as they were very tired. After getting things righted up and the evening being very warm, they concluded not to stretch their tent for the night, so a fire was kindled at the root of a small tree, the tree appeared to be sound. They all lay down and slept soundly.

Just at daybreak the tree, at the root of which they had kindled the fire, fell, and it fell directly on his third daughter, and it is supposed she never breathed afterward. Cartright heard the tree when it started to fall and sprang up very much alarmed and seized the tree before it struck the child but it availed nothing. Although it was an awful calamity, yet, if they had stretched their tent that night the way the tree fell, it would have killed the whole family. The tree was sound on the outside to a thickness of a carving knife, but the inside had dry rot. Cartright sent his teamster to those living near by for aid, but not a soul would come nigh. The teamster and Cartright went to cutting the tree off the child, and carefully drew the child out. Cartright laid her in the feed trough and moved on twenty miles.



CHAPTER IX.

ANECDOTES OF CARTRIGHT



HE WILL be pardoned for a few Cartright anecdotes. The Methodist conference was being held at Nashville. Jackson was then in the youth of his power; it was before he was a "good man." Peter was to preach in one of the fashionable churches in Nashville and the people was afraid that he would say something that would offend Jackson.

So he had announced his text; just then Jackson and his suite came into the church and the preacher pulled Peter's coat-tail and told him that was Gen. Jackson. Peter stopped and said in a loud voice, "Gen. Jackson; who is Gen. Jackson; if he don't repent of his sins and be a better man God Almighty will damn him as quick as a Georgia nigger." Peter's friends then tried to get him to leave the city at once, feeling sure that Jackson would kill him on sight the next morning, but Cartright said no; that he was taught to love everybody and fear nobody. The next morning, sure enough, one of Jackson's aides came into the hotel and handed Cartright a note to call at the Governor's mansion at once. His friends expostulated but he went. Jackson met him on the sidewalk and extended his hand, saying: "You are a brave man, just the kind of a man I have been looking for. If I had a regiment like you I could whip the whole British Nation. Now," said Jackson, "you make my house your home as long as you stay in the city." This incident only illustrates Peter's character.

He never fained or fancied greatness, one man was as good as another. How different from many preachers who bow down to wealth and kiss the big toe of rich men, while the poor are too often neglected. Cartright may at times seemed warlike, too much like a boy with a chip on his shoulder. I recall the times he preached at Rock Creek campmeeting, when he would give his Cumberland brethren a jolt in final perserverance, and with a merry twinkle of his eye, appeared to see how they enjoyed it. He was as bold as a lion and as soft as a cooing dove. There was none before him like him, there was none in his time like him, and none after him like him.

It has often been thought strange that Cartright should have died worth \$50,000, when he spent his whole life traveling large circuits, with only a small salary. His estate consisted of a large farm, which he bought at Congress price, and he always lived on it, never moved from one district to another. He settled on his farm away back in 1830 and the farm got to be quite valuable. It was situated eight miles southwest of Petersburg, in the edge of Sangamon County, but we always considered him a citizen of Menard, as he came to Salem very often.

He had quite a family. One daughter married Wm. Newman, who was a presiding elder; another married W. D. Trotter, who was another noted preacher. Another married Patten Harrison, who was one of the most noted rowdies of his day, and who caused Peter a great deal of trouble in his day. While his sons, Peter and Matt, were not noted for the piety, but the farm was run in Peter's absence in good order. He had ~~about 600 acres~~ and always held onto it and had a good home where he could rest from his long circuits. He would start north for 100 miles, then cross the Illinois River to Rock River, then down to Galesburg; thence to Canton, then to Pike County, cross at Beardstown, then home after six weeks' absence.

CARTRIGHT'S APPEARANCE

Cartright, ever since I knew him, always wore a white hat with a broad rim. It must have been a brother to the one Horace Greeler wore. It looked like the hat that Martin Waddle, the hatter, in Salem, used to make; the nap and fur on it were a half inch long. I have often seen him come to Salem, and I knew him by his hat if nothing else; the hat he wore in the "thirties," might not have been the hat he wore in the seventies, but it was the same kind and was made on the same block.

In personal appearance Cartright resembled Dick Oglesby more than any other man I can think of. I knew both men, in their time they both had the same kind of voices, and both, in their declining years, had the same tremulous voice. The last time I saw Cartright was in 1868, when he stayed at my house for five days; the last time I saw Governor Oglesby was at the Old Salem Chautauqua in 1898; they had both outlived their days and generation, but people hung on their words with great reverence, as Oglesby was a power in the political world, so Cartright was a power in the religious world; nobody doubted the courage of Oglesby. He carried enough lead in his body to vindicate that and at the Salem Chautauqua, from his feeble voice, his unsteady step, most of the audience were conscious that they would hear his voice no more. When Cartright left my house in 1868, I said to my wife we will see Uncle Peter no more, it was his last round. He had fought a good fight and kept the faith and henceforth a crown was laid up for him.

A few years after the death of Peter Cartright, the final summons came to Mrs. Cartright, whose activity of body and mind continued to the last. This happened just as she had finished speaking at a Methodist love feast in the Pleasant Plains church. Her closing sentence was about

her life duties being so near finished; that she was "Only waiting for the chariot of the Lord," she sank back suddenly to her seat. Willing hands were reached to her assistance; she did not need them. The "Everlasting arms" had taken her spirit home. Rev. Harden Wallace, who had charge of the meeting broke silence by saying: "The chariot has come." It had. She was buried beside her husband in the Pleasant Plains Cemetery.

Samuel Hill, the Salem merchant, was not a man of much physical strength himself, but was in the habit of taking some delight in whipping any person that might be offensive to him. It was he that hired John Fergesson to whip Jack Armstrong, and for the job was to give a set of blue edged plates. John got the plates, but said it was the dearest set of plates he ever had. It was when Cartright was at his best that Hill conceived a dislike for him, but no bully ever took the job of whipping him from Hill. Cartright appeared to take great pleasure in coming and sitting under Hill's porch and annoying him. He would come and sit for hours and laugh and talk about Hill, while Hill stayed indoors. He was describing one day to a crowd how he viewed Hill's soul. He said he had some doubts whether he had a soul till one day he put a quarter of a dollar on Hill's lips, when his soul came guggling up to get the piece of silver.





CHAPTER X.

RIDING HIS CIRCUIT



IN THE pioneer days there were no roads, the prairie grass was as high as a man's head, and paths were the only guides the pioneers had.

Cartright would travel all day without passing a cabin of the hardy pioneers. It was easy to travel through the timber, but the prairies were not then settled. When he would come to the edge of the timber the cabins would end. Then he would strike across the prairie from one point of timber, and would have to go by the sun or some other natural course. Sometimes night would overtake him and he would camp out. Think of that, ye ministers of these latter days, who ride in pomp and splendor in palace cars and get four times as much for doing half the pioneer preachers did!

They had these routes through the timber belts marked by blazing. They would take a line of trees in a row, and with an axe scalp the bark on the right side about four feet from the ground, so that a traveler could always have a half dozen scalped trees ahead of him. So Cartright traveled by paths through the prairies from point to point and through the timber by scalped trees, not meeting a fellow traveler from ten to twenty miles. During those miles of solitude he had time to think up a good sermon, for it is when alone that the best thoughts of man come to him—there being nothing from the outside world to distract his thoughts. One reason why he performed so much work

was his strong and hardy frame; for it is a fact that a strong and vigorous frame produces strong and vigorous thought; a short face, narrow between the eyes, indicate a narrow mind and feeble thoughts. Give me a preacher like Cartright—one of vigorous frame and intellect. Cartright wore a $7\frac{3}{4}$ hat. It was only a hat made by the home hatters, and weighed double that of the hats made now. The body of his hats were always a quarter of an inch thick, with a rim five inches wide, the crown eight inches high, and the nap one-half inch long, heavily lined with silk. The hat he wore when I first knew him I think lasted him twenty-five or thirty years.

He was nothing if not friendly; no man or boy escaped his attention. Full of wit and good humor, he could entertain a crowd of one or one hundred. When he thought he was right no earthly power could persuade Cartright to abandon a principle. He was like Henry Clay; he would rather be right than be president. I will relate an incident which will illustrate this: On a certain occasion he met an interesting family, the father of which was a drunkard. The family joined the church and the old man was also friendly. They met one time at a store. The drinking man called for cherry bounce. He sweetened it for Cartright, out of pure love for him, and invited the preacher to drink with him. Cartright refused, and told the man that he had given up the practice. The man then told Cartright that if he did not drink with him he would be no friend of his or of his family, and that he would never go to hear him preach again. Peter told him that it was all in vain to urge him, that his principles were fixed and that he would not violate them for man or mortal. The man then flew into a rage and cursed and abused him. Peter walked off and left the man in his glory. He never forgave Cartright, made his family leave the church and lived and died a drunkard.

CARTRIGHT GETS A LITTLE BOOZY

Brothers Walker and Cartright were out once together. They started early in the morning, traveled twenty-five miles and arrived at Knoxville about noon. They rode to a tavern, but finding a great, noisy, drunken crowd, Cartright said to Walker: "This is a poor place for weary travelers; we will not stop here." They rode on to another tavern, but it was still worse, for the people were drunk and a real bully fight was going on. Cartright proposed to Walker that they go on where they could find some private entertainment where it would be quite. So they went on. Presently they came to a house with a sign over the door of "Private Entertainment and New Cider." Cartright said: "Here is the place; if we can get some good light bread and new cider that's dinner enough for me." Walker said that was exactly what he wanted. They accordingly halted and an old man came out. Peter inquired if they could have their horses fed, and obtain some new light bread and some new cider. "Alight," said the landlord, "for I suspect you are two Methodist preachers and have been to Baltimore to the conference." They replied they had. The horses were then well fed, and a loaf of good light bread and a pitcher of new cider was set before them. The landlord was an Otterbean Methodist. His wife was sick and she sent for the preachers to come and pray for her. They did so, and then returned to eat their bread and drink their cider. The weather was very warm, and soon they were laying in the bread and cider at a rapid rate. It seemed to Cartright, however, that it was not only new cider, but something more, and he began to rein up his appetite. Walker laid in liberally, and at length Cartright said to him, "You had better stop, for this is surely something more than cider." "I reckon not," replied Walker.

Cartright was not in the habit of using spirits at all.

He knew that very little would floor him, and presently he began to feel light headed. He instantly ordered their horses, fearing that, for once, both himself and Walker would get a little boozy. They then mounted their horses and started on their journey. When they had ridden about a mile Cartright rode up to Walker and cried out, "Wake up! Wake up!" Walker roused up, his eyes watering freely. Cartright then said, "I believe we are both drunk. Let us turn out of the road, and lie down, and take a nap till we both get sober." But they rode on, not drunk, but they felt it flying to their heads. I have thought it proper to mention this in order that others might be put on their guard.

CAPACITY FOR WORK

Cartright accomplished a wonderful amount of work during his ministry—more than any of our modern presiding elders of the present day, while his salary was scarcely \$100 a year, and more often less than more. He always contended for the Methodist usages—the campmeetings, class meetings, prayer meetings and love feasts. When Methodism began to throw off these meetings the church was shorn of its strength and was a Sampson in the hands of Deliah. In these early days its members always looked forward to a quarterly meeting with delight as a season of refreshing from the Lord. But how is it now? It is rather dreaded. The elder comes and reads a sermon that he probably borrowed from Talmage, or if he didn't, it would have been better if he had, for the congregation would have had a better one. At the close of the sermon then comes the tug of war; the preacher announces that it is necessary to raise about \$15 for the elder, and when the congregation seems to have its mind in a suitable frame to take the sacrament, the struggle for the \$15 begins. How many

\$1 men, the preacher asks, are in the house. After that, how many 50c. men, and then how many 25c. men. If it still lacks a little the steward will wait on the congregation and gather up the fragments, that nothing may be lost, says the preacher, and the result is that it requires all the talent the preacher in charge has to raise the elder's claim, well knowing that his next appointment depends on his ability to raise money for the elder's one sermon, while the early father spent about a week for one-fourth of what he got. I speak this not in a spirit of criticism or fault-finding, but as a real fact that exists. Cartright appeared to have the spirit of prophecy and to see in the future what has come to pass. The church has lost its power. The bishops have sounded the alarm—"the church lost thousands of members last year." What is to be done? Let a voice from the grave of Cartright answer: "Return to the old paths, do thy first work over, lest thy candle stick be removed out of its place." The Methodist church, in its primitive state, was the gospel to the poor. In all of our large cities the poor have to take a back seat in the church. "Do thy first works over." Pardon this digression. The only apology we make for this style is that we feel like it, and, like Carrie Nation, only do it because those in authority refused to speak out.

When Cartright first started out as a preacher, a single man was allowed to receive \$80 a year, if his circuit could raise that much, but he seldom received over \$30 or \$40, and this, with a few presents and wedding fees, was all he got. He traveled eleven circuits and twelve districts; received on probation and by letter 10,000; children baptized, 8,000; adults, 4,000; funerals preached, 500. For twenty years of his ministry he preached as often as 400 times, which would make 8,000 sermons. Nor did he have his sermons written. In the last thirty-three years of his life he averaged four sermons a week, making in that

time, 6,600; total, 14,600. He was a great man for camp-meetings and prayer meetings. He was converted at a camp-meeting, and in his early ministry lived in a tented grove from two to three months in a year. He said: "May the day be eternally distant when camp-meetings, class meetings, prayer meetings and love feasts shall be laid aside in the Methodist churches."

Cartright was never afraid to rebuke spiritual wickedness in high places, as the following instance will illustrate: While a member of the Legislature he was invited to take supper with the Governor. They sat down to the table, and the Governor was going to pass the dishes when Cartright said: "Hold on, Governor, ask a blessing." The Governor blushed, stammered and excused himself, and then asked Cartright to ask the blessing. The preacher did so, and then gave the Governor a lecture about a man of his high position eating without offering thanks to the Giver of the supper. No doubt the Governor never sat down to a meal after that without thinking of the rebuke.





CHAPTER XI.

THE BAPTISTS



THE Baptist church played an important part in the spiritual welfare of the people of Menard County in its early days. The Hardshells were perhaps the most numerous back in 1840. They often had preaching at my father's house in Salem, because it was the largest house in the village. John Antle, who lived at Salisbury, and who was the father of the late Dr. Francis P. Antle, was a fair preacher, though he had an ah-h-h at the end of every sentence. Then there was Crow and Bagby, who could not preach without the holy tone and who like Whangdoodle thought it better to have a hardshell than no shell at all.

The Hardshells were opposed to the more progressive sentiments of the other sects. An incident will serve to illustrate: At a meeting in the Baptist Church near Felix Green's, where everything was done by the church, Bro. Green was turned out of the church for having joined Dr. Allen's temperance society. At the same meeting Bro. A—— was charged with being drunk, and was also turned out. Bro. P——, who was loaded for bear, got up and, steadying himself, pulled out a flask and shook it till it beaded, and said: "Brethering, it seems to me that you are not sistenent, (consistent) because you have turned out one man for taking the pledge and another for getting drunk. Now, brethering, how much of this critter have I got to drink to have good standing among you?"

Another portion of the early Baptist Church was represented by Tilford Clark, who was a fine preacher and conducted revival meetings in the school houses and private residences.

In 1842 Abraham Bale came from Kentucky and created a commotion. He was considered a great preacher. Tall, well formed, with a powerful constitution and a voice like a lion, he could wake the natives for a half mile 'round. He held wonderful revivals all over the country and baptized converts in the River Sangamon, even as John the Baptist did in the River Jordan. I have seen him administer baptism to fifty at a time, just below Salem mill. A couple of men or women would get the converts ready and pass them to Bale, who would soon have them put under the water in good style, while the rowdies above would throw in dogs and logs and otherwise disturb the proceedings, and when going to and from the river would run their horses and whoop and yell like Indians. At one of his baptizings, just as he was about to lead a sister out into the water, her husband, who was watching the ceremonies, cried out: "Hold on, Bale! Hold on, Bale! Don't you 'dround' her! I wouldn't take the best cow and calf in Menard County for her!"

Bale's star outshone every other star for a few years and then he moved away. His brother, Jacob Bale, tried his hand at preaching for a time but did not make much of a success at it.

"Pres" Curry has sounded the gospel trumpet in Menard County for nearly sixty years and has probably baptized more people, preached more funerals and married more couples than any other man. "Pres" does not take to any so-called improvements in theology. He thinks the Bible should be interpreted as it reads; hence his sermons are of the doctrinal sort, and he never considers a sermon complete unless he has the Baptist mode of baptism somewhere

in it. He is an earnest preacher, and still thinks the old time theology the best.

The Baptist Church in Menard County has filled its mission well and among the churches in Petersburg the one on Main street, south of the court house, has done as much to better the spiritual condition of the people as any other.

THE CAMPBELLITES

In early days it was no stigma to call this division of the army of the Lord Campbellites. They were the followers of Alexander Campbell and were not ashamed of their parentage. Now, we believe, they prefer to call themselves Christians, which is not objected to, unless they lay claim to being the only church that is entitled to the name. In early days it was said that the Campbellites and the dog-fennel took the town every fall; that is, the church had a revival about the time the dog-fennel crop ripened. Some worthy evangelist would come along and after a few days' preaching would increase fifty to a hundred and go on his way rejoicing. I remember Aaron White as a zealous advocate of the doctrines of this church. He always carried his Testament with him, with marked passages of scripture, ready to defend his faith.

At Sugar Grove William Engle was a preacher belonging to this church. He was a short, heavy-set man, of good speech, and never let any man get ahead of him in an argument. All old settlers remember "Bill" Engle. He was a jolly story teller. I heard him and "Fog" Atchison telling in Petersburg which had the fattest sheep. Engle said: "I tell you, Mr. Atchison, I have the fattest sheep. An ox hooked one the other day and we rendered it up. It was all tallow and its tail made a tallow candle." He got the laugh on Atchison.

The Christian Church has many schools and colleges. One at Eureka turns out many young men well educated. The church has taken advanced ground on the temperance question and most of its preachers and members are prohibitionists.

THE PRESBYTERIANS

Dr. Allen's coming to Petersburg in 1840 was the beginning of that church. For a time the meetings were held in the old court house, an old building in which Septimus Levering kept store at an early day. It was in the middle of the block, three blocks south of the public square and on the west side of the street. Jim Taylor kept store on the south corner of the block and the Hoeys on the north corner. After a while a small church was built north of where Rule's livery stable now stands, where other denominations also held meetings when it was not occupied by the Presbyterians. A preacher by the name of Gault held meetings there for a number of years. He was a good preacher, but, Presbyterian like, read his sermons, which lessened their effect. William Cowgill, the Frackeltons, Dr. Allen and a few others represented the Presbyterian Church in the "forties." A large and substantial brick church was erected one block west of the square later on. The old church is now occupied by S. B. Bryant as a paint shop.

METHODIST CHURCH

A representative man in the early history of the Methodist Church in Petersburg, was Rev. George Barrett, a young man, full of vigor and very popular. The old settlers remember his eccentricities. He would read his text and if anything engaged his attention he would make a remark

and go ahead. In reading his text one morning he said: "‘And the Lord said unto Moses’—Bob Davidson you be still!" Then he went ahead and finished his text. Barrett was a good feeder. One year his circuit took in Pecan Bottom, where the natives lived on pumpkins, cooked in various styles—stewed pumpkin, dried pumpkin, pumpkin pie, etc., etc. Barrett got tired of this kind of provender and one morning he thought he would tell the Lord about it; so he prayed: "Oh, Lord, we thank thee for the genial sunshine that causes the corn to grow, to fatten the the hogs for meat to eat, that thy servant may have strength to fit him for the arduous duties that lie before him. And now, Lord, may it please thee to blast the pumpkin crop, for we cannot perform our work on such diet." After that Barrett got all the meat he wanted.

Barrett died about ten years ago in Morgan County. He made a trip to Europe in the latter part of his life. Crowds of beggars beset him in his travels. He finally discovered that if he took his store teeth out of his mouth he could scare the beggars by running after them with his teeth in his hand. He was not annoyed any more by beggars.

OLD-FASHIONED CAMP-MEETINGS

In the early days of Menard County (then a part of Sangamon) there were no churches and the religious meetings were held in the little school houses or in private residences. Once a year camp-meetings would be held. The Cumberland Presbyterians appeared to lead. There were three large congregations of that denomination within the bounds of Menard County from 1830 to 1845. At Concord, north of Petersburg, where one of these camp-meetings was held annually, a large shed was built under which the preachers held forth. The Pantiers, the Rutledges and

the Berrys were the prominent campers. My father would move to the grounds on a Thursday afternoon. Camps would be built around the shed, and by Sunday the grounds would present the appearance of a small village.

Back of the camps the women would do the cooking. Two big logs would be put close together with an upright forked pole at each end. Across these forks another pole would be laid, on which were hung the pots and kettles in which meats and vegetables would cook while the meeting was going on.

A great drawback and an endless source of annoyance was the great number of dogs round the camp. Each man had from one to a dozen, and it kept the women busy trying to prevent the hungry canines from getting into the dinner. I remember one camp-meeting when James Berry had a dozen hounds there and it looked as though they would break up the meeting. I appointed myself a committee on dogs. The grounds were covered with a growth of walnut trees. A green walnut, applied with sufficient force against the side of a hound, would make him yelp for several seconds and the sound would travel down the ravine the echo would reverberate back again.

The preachers got onto the dog racket and determined to stop it. I had been pelting the dogs one afternoon and was watching as well as praying. Just after I had taken a good lick at one, Guthrie White ran up behind me, turned me around and when he saw who I was, exclaimed in astonishment: "Why, it's one of Bro. Onstot's boys!" "Now," said I, "I'm trying to protect these women's cooking from these hounds, and if Jim Berry don't want 'em hurt, let him keep 'em at home." Guthrie saw the point and I continued in the discharge of my duties as dog pelter.

It was the custom at those meetings to feed everybody that came and this made very slavish work for the women.

There was good singing. The preacher would read the

hymn in a loud voice and then would "line" it and everybody would sing. Music boxes hadn't been invented then. The preacher didn't ask any of the brethern to "pitch and carry the tune."

Old Sammy Berry and James Pantier were the oldest of the members. Berry must have been over seventy and could talk and shout. He was of a serious turn of mind and seldom laughed or even smiled. He was a brother of Rev. J. M. Berry, of Rock Creek. Pantier was very eccentric. He would sit in front of the preacher and repeat his sermon as fast as the preacher preached it. Sometimes he would get ahead and sometimes approve what the preacher said; again, he would shake a finger at the preacher and say in a low tone, "you are mistaken," or "that is not so, brother." He was a faith doctor and could cure the bite of a snake or of a mad dog. He would take the patient into a room and rub the wound and mumble some hocus-pocus and the patient would get well.

There was sound preaching in those days. The preachers preached hell and damnation more than they do now. They could hold a sinner over the pit of fire and brimstone till he could see himself hanging by a slender thread, and he would surrender and accept the gospel that was offered to him.

There were a good many rowdies around Concord at that time. They would get steam up on whisky and go to the camp meeting to raise a row. I have seen some of these sinners get under conviction and start to run, and fall down and lie for hours before they were converted. Nowadays a church will just vote a sinner into the kingdom, or just have him hold up his hand, then publish "a great revival."

At Lebanon the camp-meeting was similar to that at Concord. Old Robert White, and the Rayburns, the Kincaids, the Williamses and other were always in attendance. I believe this was the oldest camp-meeting ground in the

county. Neal Johnson was a pioneer preacher in that section before I was born. He was a man of large stature and was accounted a great preacher. My father was converted under his ministry, before he moved to Salem, some time before the winter of the deep snow.

The Old Salem Chautauqua reminded me more of an old-fashioned camp-meeting than any gathering I have seen in late years, except that at the camp-meetings they had prayers at all the tents at sunrise. The voice of song arose from the tents and then some lusty old brother with a voice like a foghorn would wake up the natives by giving God advice and directions how to run this world of ours.

PETER CARTRIGHT'S TOMB

In less than two years after the death of Peter Cartright it was reported by some enterprising papers that his estate was insolvent and his wife left in destitution. B. F. Irwin, of Pleasant Plains, replied through the Springfield papers that Mrs. Cartright had been amply provided for in the will of Dr. Cartright, and that the probate records of Sangamon County showed his estate to be worth \$50,000.

Several weeks since, a newspaper item went the rounds saying that Peter Cartright and his wife were buried in a private graveyard and their graves were unmarked and greatly neglected and overgrown. This item got into the Illinois papers quite generally. This was followed by various comments calling for "Organizing a society to erect a monument over the grave of Peter Cartright," etc., etc. Of course, as there are not yet enough little local societies to give everybody a "treasurership" or "presidency," this was a "taking" call for a new one, and efforts to organize began in some places.

But Mr. Epler, who is president of the Pleasant Plains Cemetery, started a denial of this story in the Journal of Springfield, saying the graves of Peter Cartright and wife were marked by an appropriate stone in the above cemetery, that their graves were not in a private burying place, and that the cemetery was "one of the best kept up ones in the state."

The facts are, further, that at the time of the death of Mrs. Cartright there was about \$3,000 left of the Dr. Cartright estate, to be divided among the heirs. And about the "unmarked grave," the facts are that two years before Dr. Cartright's death he had a \$600 double monument erected for himself and wife in the Pleasant Plains cemetery. The inscription in full for both, except the date of death, was placed on the stone as written by Peter Cartright. He had carved on his monument the first text he ever used, as follows: "Trust ye in the Lord forever, for the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

There is such a peculiar unfitness of associating the names of Peter Cartright and his wife with a call for post mortem charity, that no one who knew either of them and their thrift and fore-thought would be liable to be deceived.





Menard County

CHAPTER XII.



IN THE early settlement of Menard County there were natural divisions that preserved their identity. East of the Sangamon River there were New Market, Lebanon and Athens; west of the river was "Wolf County," which was bounded on the north by Rock Creek, on the west by the Springfield road, on the south by Purkapile branch, and on the east by the river. In this territory lived a population from Kentucky. There was Case Pemberton, the horse trader; it was as good as going to a circus to go past his house in trading season. Horses by the dozen could be seen, awaiting their turn for a "swap." He lived there many years, then moved to Mason County, and finally to California, where, if yet living, I have no doubt he is still trading horses. Jack Pemberton, a brother of Case, was constable for a long time. Afterwards he moved to Mason County and died near Forest City many years ago.

There was Isaac Schmick, who cleared off a farm in the center of Wolf, when he could have got a good farm in the prairie without clearing it. He had a large ox team and a plow with a wooden mould-board that could turn over just what the yokes on the oxen could bend over.

There were the Tibbses, the Wisemans, the Duncans, the Hohimers, the Hornbuckles, and others whose names sixty years of time have obliterated from my memory, though it is good.

These were the original settlers. They were a kind people and would divide their corncake with a friend. They were fond of the shooting match and the "muster" which was held once a year; and at a house-raising or any gathering the Wolverines were always on hand. They would come to Petersburg in good humor, but after filling up on whisky were ready for a racket among themselves, though preferably with outsiders. "George, you have torn my shirt," said little John Wiseman to Greasy George Miller. "Yes," said George, "and I can tear your hide, too!" A ring would form at once and twenty men would stop to see fair play. The men would pound each other till one would cry "enough," and that would settle the matter of the torn shirt.

At Clary's Grove and Little Grove were the Gums, the Watkinses, the Dowells, the Arnolds, the Bonds and the Kirbys. They would come to Petersburg on a Saturday afternoon, twenty-five or more in a body, "strapping big" fellows, bare-footed and riding their three-year-old colts barebacked. On they would come with a dash, single file, whooping and yelling, "Jess" Kirby in the lead. A band of Comanche Indians could not give the warwhoop more lustily than "Jess" and his gang. After riding around the court house square several times they would face up in front of a saloon and get their breath; then one of the crowd would challenge the world in saying that his "hoss" could beat any other "hoss" that ever made a track in the 'Burg for \$10. This was a bluff. They had no intention of running. Then they would tie their horses to the hitchracks and do their trading, which consisted mainly in getting something to drink or a plug of "terbacker."

About this time the boys from the north would begin to arrive. The Clarys were in the majority. Bill Jones and Royal Armstrong had a lot of boys and in a short time they

would arrange a wrestle or a jumping match, or some amusement that required an exhibition of physical strength. Or, perhaps, they would match a horse race to come off the next Saturday on Joe Watkins' track. The bets rarely exceeded ten dollars.

The next thing in order was to go in swimming at the old Elm tree, which was a short distance above the bridge. There was almost any depth of water there, and the boys would take their three-year-old colts in the river to break them. A horse is at disadvantage when in water over his depth. The boys would take one in, several of them would get on his back, others would cling to his mane and some to his tail, and by the time they let him come out they could do almost anything with him. This sport would last a couple of hours and then, back to town. Every man to his horse, and after galloping around the square "Jess" Kirby would strike for Tanyard Hollow with a warwhoop and a yell, and the Grove boys were gone until the next Saturday. The Wolf and Sandridge boys were not under such good control and went home as they pleased.

I often wonder what kind of men these pioneer boys made. Have their lives been spent in dissipation, or have they made men of honor and integrity, whose children rise up to call them blessed? Many of them I have never met since boyhood, when we were all reckless. Some of them, I know, have been among Menard's honored and respected citizens.

Family feuds were common in the early days. Over some imaginary wrong or insult one family would become arrayed against another family and it required only a spark to kindle a flame. I recollect two families, one by the name of C——, the other by the name of W——, who had for years been nagging each other. One day in the "thirties," at Salem, the quarrel was renewed. W—— said: "Let's

go across the river and settle it, once and forever; and let no person go across with us." C—— agreed to the proposition. The crowd went to the river and not a man was allowed to go over with the combatants. They stripped and fought like beasts till both were down; then those who were on the Salem side of the river thought they should be parted, so they went over and made them shake hands, and they were friends from that time. W—— never saw a well day afterwards and died in a year or so as the result of injuries received in the encounter. This incident is given to show the kind of civilization that was predominant in those days, though many of the old citizens never had to contend with its barbaric customs. Only those who trained in that class were subject to its conditions.

As Governor Palmer said at Old Salem Chautauqua last August, the horserace, the gander pulling and the shooting match had to give way to the Chautauqua. In coming years, when the old citizens of Menard shall annually assemble on these consecrated grounds with their children and their children's children, they will have cause to bless the new order of things.

STORIES OF PIONEER DAYS

In December, 1830, it commenced snowing and it snowed till the middle of February, 1831. It is remembered by all the old settlers as "the winter of the deep snow." It created great hardship all over the country. People were not prepared for it. The feed was out in the fields; the stock did not have sheds to protect them; the roads were impassable; the tops of the corn shocks could just be seen.

We lived in the west part of Salem before we moved into the hotel. My father had a team of horses and a cow and had a few acres of corn on Thomas Watkins' farm, a mile west of Salem. The roads were covered from

four to six feet deep with snow with a hard crust on top that would let a horse down through, though a man could walk on top. Father would start out in the morning and be gone all day and dig out enough corn fodder to feed two days. It snowed every day for two months and the track that was broken one day would be filled the next.

Every person now living who was born before that winter is called a "Snow Bird." I was born just before and have my snow bird badge which was given me at the Old Settlers' meeting at Sugar Grove four years ago. I prize it very highly and would not trade it for a hundred wild turkeys running at large in Oregon.

I don't recollect the deep snow, yet I have heard it talked about so much that I sometimes think I saw it.

There was very little traveling in those days. It was all the snow birds could do to stay at home. There was not much to travel for. The farmers had their bread and meat at home. If they ran out of meal they had their hominy mortars at home and could soon make some coarse meal. They had salted down their pork that was fattened on acorns. They did not take a daily paper as we do now. I doubt if there was a daily paper taken within the bounds of Menard county. Indeed, I doubt if there was a daily paper printed in the state.

But it kept on snowing until the snow birds began to wonder if it was going to snow all summer. In February it began to thaw and the waters raised till they measured higher than they ever had before or since the days of Noah's flood.

The country then was full of deer, wild turkeys and prairie chickens. The snow would not hold up the deer; their sharp hoofs would cut through and they would sink down, while the wolves could travel on the snow and devour the deer. The deer finally got so thin that the wolves could find nothing but hide and bones to pick. That winter nearly cleaned the deer out. The other game did not fare so badly.

THE COLD DAY IN 1837

Things ran along smoothly after the deep snow till December, 1837. This day I recollect as well as if it was yesterday. It had been a warm, drizzly day. My father had cut a tree in the back part of the yard and us kids were carrying the wood to the house. There was nothing in air or sky that showed signs of an approaching storm, when, quick as a flash, an awful cold wave swept over the earth at the rate of sixty miles an hour. It came on without any warning. The mercury fell 100 degrees in less than five minutes. Hundreds of people all over the state were caught out and unless near some house were stricken down. Their clothes that were wet froze so stiff that they were unable to walk. It was the time of year when hogs were being driven to Beardstown to be slaughtered and sold. Several droves from Menard county were on the way and part of them were frozen on the prairies, and the men driving them had to seek refuge in the nearest farm house. There was no telegraph in those days and the number of people that were frozen to death will never be known.

This cold day formed another cycle and things were dated before and after the cold day in 1837.

Granny Spears, who officiated at more than half the births within a radius of a dozen miles of Clary's Grove, always rode horseback. She had been captured by the Indians in her girlhood and spent several years with them before she was rescued. She learned many of their cures for diseases. She had good success in doctoring children and had many remedies. Some of the old settlers will doubtless remember Granny Spears' salve and other medicines. She followed her calling till over 90 years of age. I recollect her as a little old woman whose chin and nose came nearly together. She was the mother of George Spears and was a very useful woman.

In the "forties" there were in Menard county two old soldiers who had fought in the Revolutionary War. One was Daddy Boger, who lived in Wolf county. He was a small man and made baskets. People would buy his baskets to help him. I don't know whether he got a pension or not. He would come to Petersburg every Saturday. He always carried a bushel basket on each arm—baskets made of good white oak splits. He would sell his baskets as soon as he got in town, then do some trading and after resting awhile would start home. The other soldier, who lived north of Petersburg, was old man Short, the father of James Short. He was a good turkey hunter. Wild turkeys were very plentiful in the Sangamon bottom. About a half mile east of his house he had a pen built of logs and covered with brush, in which there was corn, and when the turkeys would come close enough he would fire into them. One evening James Short went down after him and found him with his leg broken and sixteen turkeys dead. The old man was so excited that he forgot and his gun kicked him over and broke his leg. There were about fifty turkeys and they had come within fifty feet of him. Just as they discovered him and raised their heads he took them in the neck.



CHAPTER XIII.

THE GREEN FAMILY



LD BILLY GREEN," as he was called in the "thirties," was perhaps one of the oldest settlers. He lived about a mile south and a mile west of Salem. A half mile north of his house was a large branch that flowed all the year around. It was called the "Purkpile branch." A mile farther on and it emptied into the Sangamon. A mile above Salem Mills, north of the branch, the woods were filled with a growth of timber from eight to ten inches in diameter. A little to the north and forty rods east stood the Baptist Church. It must have been built some time in 1820. It was used also for a schoolhouse. Here is where I went to school for five years; Uncle Menter Graham was the teacher. Most of the time he lived in a brick house a half mile north. On the south of the branch the soil and timber was entirely different; the soil was black and covered with a growth of sagetree, with some large red oak, ash and elm, with no under brush. The ground was covered with a fine coat of grass and as the road from the branch to old Billy's was up an incline for a half mile I used to think it was like Paradise, especially in sugar making time, with hundreds of sugar troughs catching the sap, and the Green boys—Gaines and Jim—with a sled and one horse gathering up the sugar water to be boiled. And there the large apple trees that nearly hid the house always attracted attention. They must have been set out in an early day and always bore a fair crop of large red apples, and they were all good eating apples, if I can testify. Here lived Uncle Billy Green and his wife, Lizzie. Here he raised a large family. Uncle

Billy was a quiet man that never had any difficulty with his neighbors. Gaines and Jim generally done the trading with the neighbors. They had a large amount of woodland, of trees of the first growth. No woodman's axe had ever cleft the forest. About once a year in August a storm would pass through and leave an immense amount of limbs broken off, so Gaines and Jim would sell it to the Salemites. Aunt Lizzie Green was a woman who made her mark in the community. I recollect her as a very zealous church-worker. The Baptist Church, north of the branch, was for many years the religious center of the community; in fact, the hardshells were the most numerous of any denomination. Among their preachers I remember Crow, Bagley, Fosters and Centre. One of their sacraments, which has now gone out of use, was the washing of feet. Christ said, "I have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another's feet," and while we are no theologian and never made it a study, we would like for Brother Curry or some other stickler for ancient customs to inform the community when foot washing was abolished. At the monthly meetings we have seen the brethren and sisters sit on a long bench and remove their shoes and socks, and one brother with a basin of water would wash their feet, (and would remark that some of their feet needed washing); and then Lizzie, with a towel, would follow up and wipe them. This was all done in good order. Again we ask Brother Curry to inform us why feet are not washed now. As we said, Green raised a large family. There was Felix, who lived just west of the Baptist Church; he was a man of some force. We recollect Felix coming one time to the schoolhouse to settle a little scrap with Cousin Menter, and came out second best. Felix Green also had a large family. His oldest daughter, Polly, married Alex Pemberton. His son, Beaurope, it will be remembered, was hung on a black jack tree in Forest City twenty-five years ago by a mob. There had been some horse stealing and

Beaurope Pemberton was implicated. Most all the actors in that mob have passed in their checks. Felix Green had a son, Evans, who was a rather fast young man. I will deal mostly with the first generation of the Greens. There was "Slicky Bill" Green, as he was familiarly called, who was perhaps the best known of any of the Greens. He got an education at Jacksonville college, went south after he left Salem, but came back and in 1852 lived less than a mile from Forest City. When I moved on the prairie I worked for him some in that early day. He often gave me good advice how to get along in the world. I once cut his meadow on the halves with a scythe.

There was Nancy Cox, who died in Manito about forty years ago, and Frankie Armstrong, who lived near the old Green homestead, the mother of a number of sons and daughters. There was Nult Green, who married Nancy Able. They lived in an early day adjoining Forest City. They had a boy Johnny Green, who was as small as Tom Thumb, and for years exhibited him on the road. Johnny was smart and a great favorite with the people. There was Robert Green, who I think moved to Texas. Next was Gaines, a prominent farmer of Mason county, who died a few years ago. He married one of Joe Watkins' daughters, and was one of Menard's most respected citizens. James Green went to Texas in an early day. Sallie Green had one hand that was palsied. She married Jerry Twombly, a Yankee, who lived just west of Frankie Armstrong, and Mary married William Centre, and may be living yet.

Menard county is settled up by families I used to know. One family has increased till there is now a dozen families of the same kinship. They keep multiplying and the surplus find homes in western territories. Their farms descend from father and son. In Mason county it is very different. The land does not descend to the same family when death or removal makes it necessary to divide up a homestead.

Some German, who by thrift and economy, has saved up his money, is a competitor for the land and the rightful owner of the soil goes west.

A PIONEER GONE

We learn by the daily papers that William Green died at his home in Tullula last Sunday. As we have known him for sixty years, we may be pardoned for a few recollections. We remember him first as a young man when Salem was in the height of its glory. His father lived one mile west of that historic town, and had a large family—mostly boys. William was the second son and never worked on the farm, but took a course at Illinois college, Jacksonville. We recollect him at Salem as connected with the immortal Lincoln. He always had a tact and talent for making money—what the world terms shrewdness. From Salem he went to Tennessee, where he lived a number of years and married. He returned to Illinois, and in 1848 settled where William Neikirk now lives and built the house that now stands there. He was the money king of this county, and any man who needed money could always be accommodated, though the rate was often 5 per cent a month. He told us that he scarcely ever lost a debt, and that the man would always find him on hand early in the morning. He was identified with early religious organizations in this section, and when the first Sunday school was organized here, at a private house, Mr. Green, by his presence and financial aid, helped the good work along. Born and raised a Democrat, he voted that ticket until the beginning of the war when his personal friendship for Lincoln made him an ardent Republican; and during the war he was one of the President's trusted advisors. As a business man he was strict and exacting; as a neighbor he was kind and accommodating, as all the early settlers here will testify. He died at the ripe age of over four score years.

THE WATKINS FAMILY

Away back in the "twenties," before I was born, the Watkins families settled in what is now Menard county. There were several families of them. Tom and Joe, brothers, deserve more than ordinary mention.

Tom Watkins settled west about half way between Salem and Petersburg. He owned a large tract of land between Mentor Graham's and the Pollard farm, on the north. He was tall and as straight as an Indian. He built a large brick house in a beautiful grove of trees, where he raised a large family. His eldest son, Joe, was a frequent visitor in Salem in the early days, but became dissipated and died while young. He was never married and went the way of Bill Berry and others of his time. During my first schooling at the old Baptist Church, near Felix Green's, Joe Watkins still came to school.

Henry Bale married Scynthia Watkins, John Ritter having married the eldest of the Watkins family. John Warefield married Sally, and Tom, who died this spring, married a Goldsby. I saw Tom every day at the Old Salem Chautauqua last fall, with his wife. He appeared to be proud of her, and one day he said to me: "Onstot, I'll give \$10 in gold to any man on this ground that can show a prettier woman than my Mary, who has lived with me for 50 years," and nobody took Tom up.

McLain, who has been a cripple for sixty years, still resides near Petersburg, and Bent, the youngest, died several years ago. So Tom Watkins had quite a family.

One of his peculiar occupations was dealing in race horses. He had a breed of small horses that could run a quarter of a mile like a streak of lightning. He had a track west of his house, where he trained the horses, and a high spot about half way gave him a good view. On any fair day Watkins would have his horses on the track to run, while he watched their manoeuvres. I think he did all

this for his own gratification, as I don't recollect of his running for money with other sporting men.

Tom Watkins always had money to loan at 10 per cent interest, the lawful interest of that day. The last time I was at his house was when the Chicago & Alton was in the course of building. He was much excited about them cutting the right-of-way through his timber. "Just ruining all my timber," said he, "cutting down all my young walnuts." He had enough timber to have supplied him 1,000 years and rails only \$1 a hundred.

Joe Watkins, his brother, lived on the edge of Little Grove. There was no resemblance in their looks. While Tom was tall and slim, Joe was a very heavy man. He would weigh 300 pounds. You could always find him sitting on his porch in pleasant weather. He was king among the dwellers of Little Grove. He kept a race track known as "Old Joe's Track," and many a dollar has been lost and won on that track, and many a hard fought battle after the race was over. I recollect Bill Jones undertook to whip Gaines Green after a race, and came out second best.

Joe Watkins, while not so well off as his brother, Tom, was "well heeled." Joe had two boys, Bill and Beve. They married Elizabeth and Sarah Armstrong, daughters of Hugh Armstrong. These boys had the same chance as other boys to get a common school education, but neglected to improve the opportunity. I made out a check for Beve about thirty years ago. He had bought \$1,100 worth of stock near Forest City, and asked me to write the check and sign his name. I was surprised, and asked him if he could not write. He said, "No, I never learned when I had a chance."

Joe Watkins, like his brother, Tom, raised a large family, and did his part in multiplying and replenishing the earth. They were good pioneers, and done much in developing the county. The future historian will give the Watkins family due credit.

Old Johnny Watkins, who lived on the line between Clary's and Little Grove, was a forty-second cousin of the other Watkins families. I remember him as a jolly old man, and a great story teller. My father used to buy a dozen trees of him in the spring for stave timber, and then cut them and peel the tan bark and sell it for enough to pay for the trees.

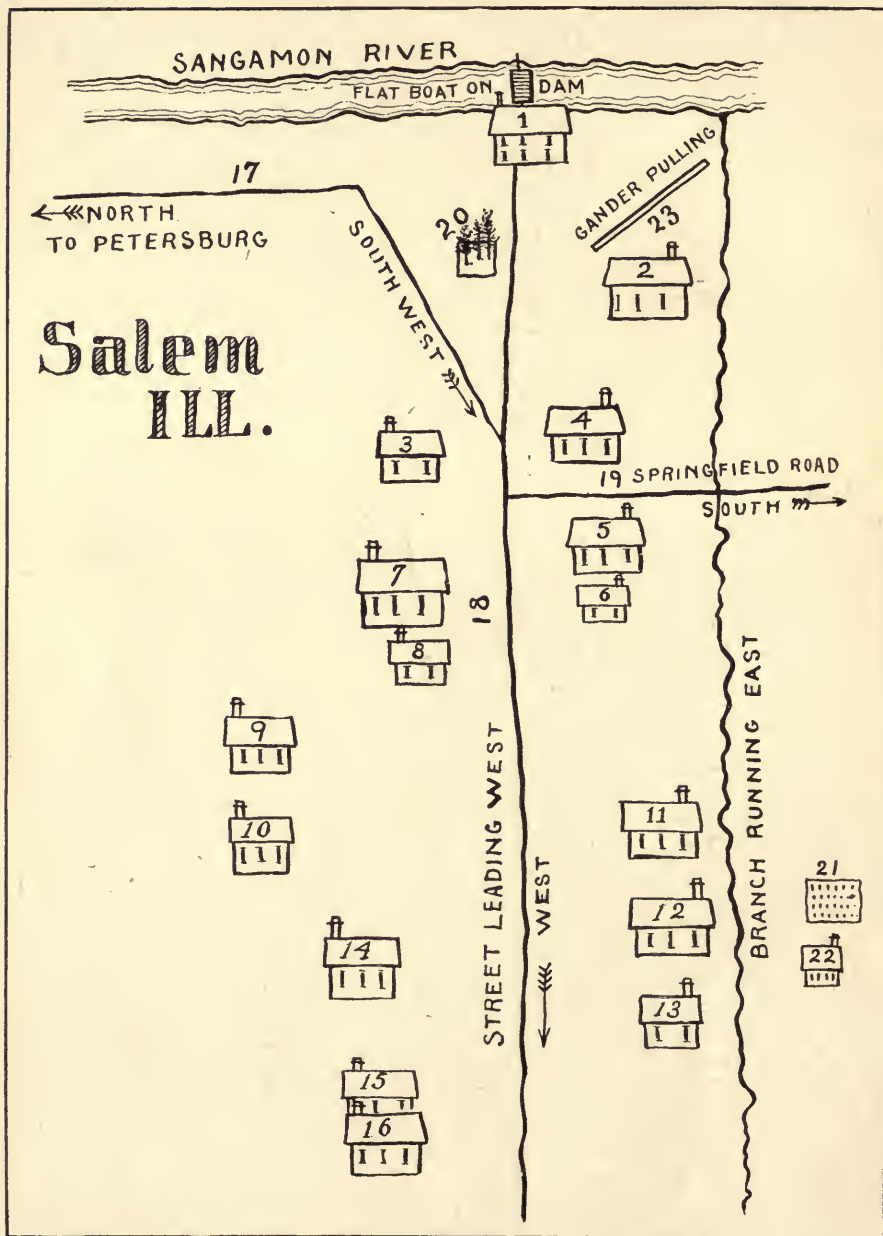
I remember Uncle Johnny had a madstone, and could cure mad-dog bites. The stone was not much bigger than a dollar, and he kept it in milk to soak all the poison out. If a person had been bitten the stone would cling tight to the wound till it was full of poison and then drop off, when it was soaked in the milk again and this repeated until the poison was drawn out. The stone was given to Uncle Johnny by a friend in Pennsylvania when he started for Illinois, and kept getting smaller. It was also good for snake bites, though most people now use whisky instead, not realizing that whisky has bitten thousands to one it ever cured.

There was another Watkins family, cousins of Tom and Joe. We will speak of Sam as a representative man.

Sam lived the latter part of his life near Oakford. He has been dead for ten years. His personal appearance was striking, a well built man, rather heavy. He wore a slouch hat and a red flannel shirt with the front opened, disclosing a hairy bosom. He was given to running horses, too, as all the Watkins were. Sam was always on the lookout for victims, and had no trouble finding them. He would get possession of some fast horse, and turn the animal on pasture until the hair would lay forward and his mane and tail were full of cockleburs and Spanish needles. Having secured a horse of this kind that had a fast record, Sam went to Peoria to attend the races, and played the dudes out of a large amount of money. We are indebted to Sam Cornwell, of Havana, for the following account of "how Sam done it the first day of the races."

Sam stood around with his hands in his breeches' pockets, watching the horses and laying his plans. The second day he staggered up to the crowd and said, "I don't think you've any fast hosses here." The dudes thought they had caught a tartar. "Have you got anything, old hayseed, that can beat them?" said they. "I don't know," said Sam, "but what if I could find a hoss that could do it." "Bring him in, trot him out," said the crowd, "and to make it interesting back him up with \$25." "That is a good deal of money," said Watkins, "but I know George Walker down in town, and I think I can get the money from him." "Oh, make it \$50," said the crowd, who now thought they had a green one to deal with, and they kept on bantering until they got the stake up to several hundred dollars. Sam's turn now come, and he led them up to \$1,000. The race was to come off next morning. When Sam appeared on the track with his horse a yell of delight arose from the crowd. "Old Cocklebur," cried they, "is that the horse you propose to run against our fine horses?" "That is my hoss," said Sam, "but I want to draw the race. My rider is as drunk as a devil, and you taking my money would be worse than stealing." "You don't get off that easy," said they, "the race must come off. Hurry up, old hayseed." Sam took his rider by the foot to help him on the horse, but the rider still played drunk and fell to the ground. "No more fooling," said they, and once more the rider mounted the horse, not drunk this time, but erect and as fine a rider as ever rode a race, and Old Cocklebur went round the track ahead of the Peoria horses and won by 100 feet. Sam's backers, who had been stationed in the background, now appeared and demanded their money.

The crowd was dumbfounded. "Who are you, anyway?" they asked. "I am Old Sam Watkins, of Menard county; did you ever hear tell of him?" "Sold out by Cockleburs," said they, "sold, sold!"



SALEM IN 1837

EXPLANATION OF MAP

- 1 Mill and Dam.
- 2 Jacob Bales.
- 3 McNamar's store.
- 4 The Log Tavern.
- 5 Dr. Allen's residence.
- 6 Aleck Fergesson's cabin.
- 7 Hill's store.
- 8 Hill's residence.
- 9 The Carding Machine.
- 10 Martin Waddle.
- 11 William McNeely.
- 12 Henry Onstot's cooper shop.
- 13 H. Onstot's residence.
- 14 Miller's blacksmith shop.
- 15-16 Miller & Kelso residence.
- 17 Road from Petersburg.
- 18 Road from Mill—West.
- 19 Springfield road—South.
- 20 The Lincoln cellar
with the three trees growing.
- 21 Grave Yard.
- 22 Schoolhouse.
- 23 Gander Pulling.



CHAPTER XIV.

OLD SALEM ON THE HILL



THE PLAT of Salem is correct, as the old settlers will testify, as Mrs. Hill had it in her scrap book, and as it was published in 1892. It was of her that J. McCann Davis got it and published it in his writings in McClure's Magazine for December, 1895, without giving me the proper credit.

No. 2 on the bluff was where Offit and others kept store, when the store was taken possession of by the rowdies, and Radford was glad to get an offer for it from "Slicky Bill" Green, and Green then sold it to Lincoln and Berry. It is here where the three trees grew up out of the cellar, which Governor Palmer at the last year's Chautauqua said were planted by Lincoln, which was one of the many mistakes the Governor made, as the trees, by the size of them, cannot be over twenty-five years old, and it was twenty-five years after the house was torn down before they were sprouted. Some tall scenes were enacted at this house while standing. It was here that the rowdies put old Jordon in a barrel and rolled him down hill into the river. We suppose he thought "Jordon was a hard road to travel." A post stands within a few feet of the cellar with an inscription as the place where Lincoln and Jack Armstrong had a wrestling match, which is doubtful, as if such an occurrence had happened it would have been up in the town. The old house has had a history, and though it was a small, unpretentious building it will pass down in history as the

building where Lincoln sold goods. The actors have all passed away. "Though they may forget the singer, they have not forgotten the song."

No. 3 is where Jacob Bale lived. He was a Kentuckian by birth, and had a large family. Hardin Bale was the eldest boy, while Henry and William were younger; Fannie was the oldest. She became the wife of James Summers; next was Sophia, then Mary Jane, and Susan, the wife of John Sampson. The Bale family was one of the prominent families of Salem for nearly twenty years. Jacob was a man of not much education and finally became a preacher, we suppose, because his brother, Abraham, who came from Kentucky in 1843, was also a preacher. Jacob's house was the last to be moved away. The well still stands. It was walled with rock and is now covered with old railroad ties, and is in a good state of preservation, and is called "Jacob's Well." Abraham had a voice like a lion. He had a habit when preaching of grasping his left ear with his hand, then leaning over as far as he could and lowering his voice. He would commence to straighten up and his voice would raise to a high key. He would pound the bible with his fist and stamp the floor, and carry everything before him. He created excitement in the first years of his ministry in Salem. He was a Baptist, though not of the hardshell persuasion. Hardin was Jacob's son, and was a natural machinist, and for a number of years ran the carding machine in Salem. The power was an incline wheel forty feet in diameter, and oxen were used instead of horses. The cogs were all made out of hickory wood. I think Jacob Bale's family are all dead, except Susan, the wife of John Sampson.

No. 4 was a store house. On the north side of the street at the head of the hollow, where the road came from the north, is where Lincoln kept store with Bill Berry and where since, and later on, McNamar did business. The

spot is still marked by the cellar. I recollect seeing the house full of shelled corn before it was torn down. I suppose the corn was shipped down the river by flat-boat. I don't know how the corn was shelled, as it was before shellers came around. The houses on the diagram were all on the street that ran east and west. There were a number of small houses south of the street and east of the hotel row. Herendon lived in one. He acquired some notoriety by shooting and killing his wife. Whether accidental or on purpose the people were about equally divided in their opinions. He was fooling with a loaded gun and it went off and killed her. There was Nelson Altig and Napoleon Greer, a justice of the peace, and Johnson Elmore and Alex Trent. I recollect going to Elmore's once for some sauerkraut. Mrs. Elmore was taking it out of an old churn and a long yarn string came out of the churn. My brother called her attention to it. She said it was some of the ravelings of Clara's stockings which she had on when she was tramping it in the churn. Clara afterward became the wife of Abraham Bale. The vacant spot of ground, south of the road and east of Jacob Bale's, was used for horse racing and gander pulling, a sport that has gone out of date, and if it should now be attempted those engaged would be indicted for cruelty to animals. Men would often run foot races on this ground, and even repair there to fight out their quarrels.

No. 5 was the two-story log tavern. It was built in 1830 by James Rutledge, and kept by him till 1833, when Henry Onstot, my father, became landlord for two years. It was the stopping place for travel from the east through Havana and the western part of the state. It was 16x30, with an ell 16x20, and was two stories high. Abraham Lincoln boarded at this hotel all the time he lived in Salem. I well remember him as a marble player and a quoit pitcher. He could plump the middle man nine times out of ten, and

kept the small boys running after marbles. He was a jolly, good-natured fellow and followed surveying after he quit merchandising and the postoffice. I have often seen him shoulder his compass and start out and be gone for two weeks. He would stay at Jack Armstrong's sometimes for a week or so. After father moved out Nelson Altig kept it for some time, and the last landlord before it was torn down was Michael Keltner. He had a lot of big girls, among which was Catherine, a large buxom girl twenty years of age. About this time Tarlton Lloyd, a rich widower, aged sixty, lived on Rock Creek, and as is the usual case with old widowers, was looking around for a young wife. Catherine thought it a good chance and set her cap for him. It was a marriage of convenience and the day was set for the wedding. Keltner was poor, but the neighbors all helped, and a grand dinner was set and a large number of guests invited. Long tables were set. My mother helped cook. Keltner reasoned that Lloyd would probably live ten years and then leave Catherine a widow of thirty, and then she would have a good home, a fat dower, and be comfortable the rest of her days, but the best laid schemes often fail. Catherine died at forty years, and Lloyd didn't die till he was 104 years old. An incident happened at the wedding that I shall never forget. James Hoey, of Petersburg, was master of ceremonies, and attempted to carve the turkeys with a tight pair of gloves on his hands. One old gobbler, that was rather tough, while he was sawing away on it, slipped off the dish on the floor, where two small dogs went to fighting over it. As there was a number of turkeys left, the dogs were allowed to have it.

Rutledge
TNN

I thought when I commenced writing of Salem, that one small article would do, but it appears that when I commence to write a spirit of inspiration hovers over my pencil.

THE WEST END OF SALEM

In my writings of old times in Menard it is as it was when I knew it, not as it was in after years, and my imagination is just as vivid and fresh as though the incidents only happened yesterday.

No. 6 was Hill's store. This is the place where all persons congregated. Hill came at an early day and was an important personage as long as Salem lasted. He made a trip to St. Louis in the spring and fall. First going to Beardstown; he would then take a steamboat to St. Louis and would stay a week or so. A stock of goods in those days would be a curiosity now. His standard goods were blue calico, brown muslin, and cotton chain for the weaver. No luxuries were indulged in. There was no canned fruit then, no dried fruit, as the farmers brought in dried apples and peaches. Hill's store was headquarters for all political discussions. The farmers would congregate there and discuss the questions of the day. Peter Cartright, who was a politician then as well as a preacher, would spend hours on the porch, and by his wit and sallies keep the audience in an uproar of laughter, and the man who undertook to badger Uncle Peter always came out second best. Cartright was a frequent visitor at Salem and had not then risen to the zenith of his fame as a preacher.

No. 7 was where Dr. John Allen lived. He came to Salem in an early day and soon had the leading practice in the country. He was a Christian gentleman of the highest type and belonged to the Presbyterian Church. He was very aggressive in all his views. He soon had a Sunday school going. There being no school, he would open his house. After a while the doctor organized a temperance society, which raised great opposition, even the church members were his great opponents, the hardshelled Bap-

tists. Dr. Allen was lame in one leg, and consequently had a heap of ups and downs in life. While living in Salem he married Margaret Moore, who lived near Indian Point. She died about the time he moved to Petersburg, which was in 1840. He was a good collector. In the fall of the year he would buy dressed hogs and make bacon of them, and would send them to St. Louis and thus collect his bills. He kept at this after he moved to Petersburg, and would salt down 200 or 300 head.

No. 8 was Hill's dwelling near his store. In 1837 he married Parthena Nance, a sister of Hon. Thomas Nance, a prominent man, who lived on Rock Creek, and who died in the past year.

Across the street in No. 9, lived Alexander Ferguson. If he had an occupation, it was as a shoemaker. In the fall, farmers who had taken their hides to the tan yard the year before, would bring them to Ferguson with the measures of the whole family. I have seen William Sampson come after his shoes with a two bushel sack and take a dozen pair home. They were very rough and would not be worn now. Alex. Ferguson had a brother that was a great fighter. He would fight any man just to show how good a man he was.

No. 10 was the carding machine, run by Hardin Bale for several years, before he moved it down to Petersburg in 1841. Every person kept sheep in those days, and took the wool to the machine where it was carded by taking toll out of the wool or sometimes they would pay for it. They commenced bringing in wool in May and by June the building would be full. It was amusing to see the sacks of all sorts and sizes and sometimes old petticoats. For every ten pounds of wool they would bring a gallon of grease, mostly in old gourds. Large thorns were used to pin the packages together. Hardin Bale did not spin or weave till after he moved to Petersburg. He was a man

of great energy and a natural machinist. In early life everything he touched turned into money. In after life everything went against him.

No. 11 was Robert Johnson's, the wheelright. He made looms, spinning wheels, and chairs, and was a very useful man in the community. He had two daughters and one son, Nannie and Amanda and his son Robert. Johnson's family always camped at Rock Creek. Mrs. Johnson was very religious and was subject to the "jerks," which was worse than the shaking ague. After a severe spell she would be sick for several days.

No. 12 was the residence of Martin Waddle, the village hatter. No hats were sold by the storekeeper, except straw hats. Waddle made hats for 50 cents out of rabbit fur, and hats of coon fur as high as \$2. He had one son and several daughters. There were Jane and Polly Waddle and the boy's name I have forgotten. I think Waddle had all the work he could do, though the hats he made would be a curiosity now.

No. 13 was the cooper shop of Henry Onstot. Coopering was a great trade then and the best of white oak timber was close at hand. He would cut a dozen trees in the spring and have the staves seasoned a year ahead. Bale's mill used a great many flour barrels and there was a good demand for country trade. The surplus was sent to Beardstown and Springfield.

No. 14 was one of the busiest places in town. It was Miller's blacksmith shop. Everything in iron had to be made, and the iron had to be forged out of large bars of iron.

No. 15 was my father's house after 1835. It was a large log house with a frame room on the west end. The house was used for preaching. Rev. J. M. Berry preached here for a number of years. His sermons were always doctrinal. Final perseverance was his best hold. He would sandwich

it on some place in the sermon, and he was a great sticker for infant baptism. After his son, William Berry died, he was a very solemn man. The only way I could get even with the old Cumberland preacher was when I rode his horses to water. I put them through for a mile or so at a fast gait. No preacher in those days ever rode in a carriage. He was always horseback, with a pair of saddle bags, and he always carried books.

Nos. 16 and 17 was a double log house. In the west end lived Jack Kelso with his wife. He had no children and was a jolly, contented specimen of humanity. He had no trade and was ready to do a day's work if wanted. In summer he depended on his fish hook. He was an expert. He could catch fish when others couldn't get a bite. In winter his trusty rifle always kept him in meat. In the fall he would find enough bee trees to furnish him with honey. His wife was a sister to Miller's wife. He always lived well and was a happy man. In the other end of the house lived Joshua Miller, the village blacksmith. He was a short, heavy man, and had a son named Caleb and a daughter named Louisa. He always had plenty of work and when work was slack he would iron a wagon. Miller's was the place where the whangdoodle preachers held forth, but as a preacher in Mississippi said: "It was better to have a hardshell than no shell at all." I have now endeavored to picture Salem in its glory, and if James Bale will have it mowed off next Chautauqua and stakes are furnished, I will locate where every house stood that I have described.

OLD SALEM UNDER THE HILL

It was once a bustling town. It was the place where all trade centered. I well remember when it was in its glory. It was over a half mile long. The main street ran from the mill west to Miller's blacksmith shop on the right hand

with Onstot's cooper shop on the left, with Dr. Allen's field of twenty acres, at the west end of town, and a little farther on was Menter Graham's brick house, with forty acres cleared out of the barrens. There was only one street running east and west, except where the Springfield road turned south from the log hotel. The Hill's and Bale's carding machine and Hill's store, with Lincoln's and Green's and McNamar's and Offit's stores, formed a nucleus around which trade centered, while Waddle's hatter shop, Miller's blacksmith shop, Onstot's cooper shop, Johnson's wheel-right shop, and Alex Fergesson's shoe shop, made a nice little humming town.

It was the only town, till Petersburg began to grow, between Havana and Springfield, with Sangamontown eight miles north of Springfield and Athens about the same distance on the east side of the river. The transformation of the name of New Salem to Old Salem may not be understood by all. The original name of the town site was New Salem. In the course of time there was a Salem in Mason county, and a postoffice by the name of New Salem, and when the Chautauqua began to arouse importance there was a danger of getting names mixed, so it was wisdom to call the oldest Salem, Old Salem, and so the historic spot where old Abe spent the formative part of his life goes by the name of Old Salem.

The mill was built by Cameron and Rutledge as far back as 1825. It was a lively place, though now in these days of rollers and patent flour it would be out of date. In those days people went to mill on horseback; if a farmer wanted to send four sacks to mill he sent four boys with a two bushel sack on each horse, and it was sometimes said that he would fill grain in one end and a rock in the other end to balance. It might have been the case when it was a jug in one end. Fancy, if you please, forty horses hitched up the sides of a steep hill with their heads forty-five de-

grees higher than their hams, and forty boys fishing or in swimming, or playing fox and geese on the bottom of the "Miller's Half Bushel," and you have a good idea how the boys spent their time when they went to mill.

My uncle Sampson would come to mill in his wagon. He had old Rock and Slider for the wheel horses. He did not use check lines. He rode Rock for a saddle horse and then he had Yona, a black mare, he brought from Virginia, hitched to the end of the tongue, that was ten feet longer than the wheel horse, and with a single line he would make old Yona keep the wagon straight. He would start to mill with one of his boys and a week's provisions and never go home till he got his grist ground.

The mill ran all the year. Jacob Bale was the owner as far back as I can recollect, and his boys, Hardin, Henry and William, run the mill. There were bushels of corn ground to one of wheat. People used corn bread six days in a week, and on Sunday morning, if we children had been good all week, then we had biscuit and preserves. The meal was used principally for corn dodgers. Two quarts of meal were mixed with cold water, with a little salt added, and the cook would grease the skillet and make three pones that fit in the skillet, and as the finishing touch would give it a pat and leave the print of her hand on the bread, and then with a shovel of coals on the skillet lid, would bake it so hard that you could knock a Texas steer down with a chunk of it, or split an end board forty yards off-hand. Milk and mush or milk with corn bread crumbled in, was the diet the kids were raised on.

The destruction of the mill and dam has been complete. I supposed the dam was fixed for all time and that after the mill had been burned that the dam would stand for a thousand years, and that the water would spurt through the rocks till Gabriel should sound his trumpet.

The dam was built of stone in cribs made of timber,

and more than 1,000 loads of stone were filled in them. Where all the stone has gone is a mystery, and now, like Jerusalem, not one stone is left on another.

In 1832 a steamboat, the Utility, came up the Sangamon as far as the mill and laid there a week. Hundreds of people came from miles around to see the boat, and though now it would be considered a very slim pattern for a boat, it attracted great attention. It was a stern wheeler and not over 100 feet long. Salem was then the first town after leaving Beardstown and many air castles were built, and Salem was to be a great river port. This incident gave a boom to Salem and most of the building in the town was the result of the visit of this boat. In a year or so the Talisman, a large boat, a side wheel boat, came up and went up above the dam as high as Springfield and came back. About this time Petersburg was laid out and John Taylor, who was the proprietor of Petersburg, bought the boat and dismantled it. The engine and boiler were used in the first steam mill at Petersburg. It was old style and its "cough" could be heard for miles around. A large business was done at the mill for ten years, till the boiler was burned out. John Webb run it last. It was both a saw and grist mill.

And so Salem began from Rutledge & Cameron's mill to grow into a town of considerable importance. It had a large share of the trade north of Rock Creek, around west to Clary's Grove, Little Grove around north, Concord and the Sandridge on the east, Indian Point, New Market and Athens, and those that came from these localities were the Tibbs, Wisemans, Hohimers, Hornbucklès, Purkapiles, Mattlings, Goldbys, Wynns, Cogdalls from the south; from the west was the Berrys, Bones, Greens, Potters, Armstrongs, Clarks, Summers, Grahams, Watkins, Gums, Spears, Conovers, Whites, Jones; in the north, Pantiers, Clarys, Armstrongs, Wagoners; on the east were Smoots, Godbys, Riggins, Watkins, Whites, Wilcoxs, Clarks, Straders, Baxters,

and a host of others. Most of these have passed in their checks, but their children still occupy the farms. In Mason county, if a farm is for sale, some German is sure to grab it up, while in Menard it is kept for generations in families. The men I have named were visitors at Salem from the deep snow till 1836, when Petersburg began to compete for their trade, and the mill and carding machine still held their custom. The inhabitants were all from Kentucky and Virginia and laid a good foundation for future generations.





CHAPTER XV.

OLD SETTLERS' DAY



THE attendance at the twenty-eighth annual reunion of old settlers of Menard county, held in Tallula on Wednesday, was not so large as those of former years, many doubtless being kept away by the unpropitious weather. Rain interfered seriously with the exercises, both in the morning and in the afternoon. Addresses were made by Rev. H. P. Curry, of Petersburg, and T. G. Onstot, of Forest City. Both were of a reminiscent nature and were especially interesting to the old-timers. The rocking chairs for the man and woman who had resided longest in the county, continuously, were awarded to W. C. ("Top") Green and Mrs. Mary Beekman.

Rain brought the exercises to an abrupt close in the afternoon, and secretary John Tice's necrological report and other features of the program were omitted.

Following is the synopsis of Mr. Onstot's address:

Fellow Citizens and Old Settlers of Menard County: I feel highly honored to be with you today. I suppose I am one of you. In fact, I am a "Snow Bird"—born in Sugar Grove in 1829, while the Indian wigwams were still among the Salt Creek bluffs—cradled in a log cabin on a farm now occupied by Henry Marbold, my father having settled there in 1825. My first recollections of life are of Old Salem, which was then called New Salem, and which

was then the central city of what is now Menard county. The mill on the Sangamon river, built by Cameron and Rutledge in 1824, was one of the first improvements in the central part of the county.

The early pioneers were composed of two classes. The first were God fearing men and no sooner had they built their cabins and cleared a few acres of ground than they erected a log schoolhouse with clapboard roof, for the education of their children and for holding religious meetings. This audience, composed mostly of the third generation, know but little of the hardships and privations your fathers and grandfathers underwent. Your mothers and grandmothers were as great heroines as your fathers and grandfathers were heroes. I shall call to your memory many names worthy of mention; many whose names are worthy to be written high on the scroll of fame. Many of these are no more with us to help celebrate this day, but the good influences of their useful lives and good examples are with us.

Clary's Grove, with Little Grove on the north, was among the first settled. You will recollect George Spears as an early settler. He built the first brick house in the grove and was an influential citizen for many years.

Near by Spears lived Robert Conover. His first wife died in an early day and he married again and moved near Petersburg.

"Uncle Jimmy" White will be remembered by the first settlers. He had a large family of sons and daughters. Guthrie White was one of the finest preachers in Central Illinois, but he got to fighting the Catholics and virtually butted his brains out against a stone wall. The people once elected Uncle Jimmy to the legislature.

John Kinner was a son-in-law of White. He had the finest bellflower apples in the county, but I never liked his way of bringing them to town. He had them tied up in two bushel sacks to keep us boys from sampling them.

Isaac Bell was another son-in-law of White. Other noted men in Clary's Grove were Theodore Baker, William Beekman, John Haley Spears and William Spears. A little farther north lived Jesse Gum, a little old man who always came to town in an ox cart. "Uncle" Jesse had a large family of boys. John B. Gum died in Havana six years ago. He built a hotel in Petersburg and was county surveyor at an early day.

A little farther north Joe Watkins had settled, away back in the "twenties." He was a very large man and you could always find him sitting on his front porch. He had a race track east of his house.

The early settlers did not make prairie farms, but would build their houses in the edge of the timber and make a clearing. I well recollect when the open prairie ran from Rock Creek north to Oakford; when hundreds of cattle ranged the open prairie; when a farm could be opened without grubbing.

Concord, three miles north of Petersburg, was settled before 1830. Samuel Berry, James Pantier, Jack Clary, Reason Shipley, Jack Armstrong where the first to cast their lots in this locality. The Cumberland camp ground, to which the surrounding country would move bodily once a year for a week's outing, will be remembered. James Pantier was an eccentric character. He was a faith doctor and could cure snake bites and mad dog bites.

Another prominent citizen near Concord was James Short. He was the man that bid off Lincoln's surveying outfit and then made Lincoln a present of it. Short's father was a Revolutionary soldier. East of Concord lived my uncle, William Sampson, who came from Virginia. He had eight boys. Hannah Sampson, his wife, once killed a deer. She was making maple sugar and had heard the hounds for an hour on the track. She saw the deer coming

towards her and stepping behind a tree with an axe, as it ran passed she dealt it a heavy blow and killed it.

Russell Godby lived farther north. He was of the old Virginia stock and a Jackson Democrat, and was always chosen chairman of Democratic meetings.

A few miles east and we come to Sugar Grove, the home of Bill Engle. He was a great talker and trader. Bill never let any man get ahead of him.

Charles Montgomery was an all-round man and could do most anything. My father once had the toothache for a week and there was no doctor nearer than Springfield. He took a hammer and a punch and set it against the tooth and told Charles to knock it out. Charles did not want to try it, but was persuaded to do so. Drawing back for a good lick he struck my father a hard blow on the chin. After he got over his fright he tried again and knocked the tooth out.

Among the early settlers at Sugar Grove were the Alkire, Power, Propst and Meadows families. South of these, Jake Williams, John and Jeff Johnson, the Kincaids, Riggins, Rankins and Rodgers. These were pioneers of character and integrity. Most of them have long since climbed the golden stairs, but their children are chips off the old block and have taken up the battle of life where their fathers laid it down.

We now cross the river and come to "Wolf." Wolf is bounded on the north by Purkapile branch, on the east by the Sangamon river, on the south by Rock Creek, on the west by the road to Springfield. It was called Wolf as far back as I can recollect.

The early settlers of Wolf were the Tibbs, Wisemans, Hornbuckles, Purkapiles and Kennedys. They made their farms in the barrens when as good prairie land as there is in the county was still vacant.

One of the great yearly gatherings was the Rock Creek

campmeeting. Elihu Bone was the largest camper. I have seen him feed 150 for dinner and go to the stand and announce that he had plenty left.

Two of the greatest men of that early day were Abraham Lincoln and Menter Graham. Lincoln came to Salem in 1831. There he lived for seven years. He was like Moses, preparing himself for the great mission he was to fill in after years. My father kept the village hotel from 1833 to 1835 and had Lincoln for a boarder, during most of the time he lived in Salem. Lincoln followed surveying, kept grocery store and was postmaster. He succeeded Samuel Hill as postmaster. Hill kept whisky for sale and the women who went to the postoffice complained that Hill would wait on his whisky customers first and keep them waiting for their mail; so they go up a petition to have Hill removed and Lincoln appointed in his place. Lincoln grew up among the rowdy class, but never acquired their vices, though Herendon's life of him would convey the impression that he was immoral and an infidel and a man of low tastes and habits.

Menter Graham taught school within the bounds of Menard county for over fifty years and no doubt educated more men, who made their mark than any other; and so I think Uncle Menter ought to occupy a high place in the hearts of the old settlers. There are other men that deserve mention, among them Billy Green, the grandfather of the present Green family, who settled on his farm in the "twenties," Hugh Armstrong and Ned Potter. Armstrong died before 1840, while Ned lived to be an old man.

Levi Summers lived west of Salem. The central man in the community was old Tom Watkins. He lived in a large brick house and kept about a dozen race horses. The last time I saw him was when the Chicago & Alton railroad was being built through west of his house. He was much excited. "The plagued railroad," said he, "is running

through my grove and cutting down all my young walnuts." His son, "Little Tom," as we used to call him, was a soldier in the Mexican war.

From 1830 to 1840 Salem was in its glory. Samuel Hill's store was the place of gathering. On his front porch politics were discussed. Once a week Peter Cartright came to town. He was a politician then. He defeated Lincoln the first time for the legislature, in 1846. Lincoln beat him for Congress.

One of the prominent settlers of Salem was Dr. John Allen. He came from the east in 1832. He was a prominent member of the Presbyterian Church. His first work was to form a temperance society and he found his worst opponents among church members, most of whom had their barrels of whisky at home.

Another center of interest in Salem was the carding machine, run by Hardin Bale. The motive power was a large wheel forty feet in diameter. It stood on an incline of twenty-five degrees and a couple of oxen on it could run all the machinery. Martin Waddle was the hatter; Robert Johnson was the wheelright; Joshua Miller was the blacksmith; Henry Onstot was the cooper; Alex Fergesson was the shoemaker.

THE FOUNDERS OF PETERSBURG

George Warberton and Peter Lukins were the original proprietors of Petersburg. George Warberton was an old bachelor, and was a man of fine attainments, and clerked for merchants in Salem and Petersburg, but was addicted to the drink habit, and a delerium tremens' life finally became a burden and one morning he was found drowned in the river near the mill. It was very low, a person could wade across it, and where he was drowned the water was not over three feet deep. He had walked out on a log and

fell face foremost and did not look as if he had ever moved. Warberton and Lukins had sold out to Jep Taylor a few years before the county seat had been located at Petersburg.

Peter Lukins was a shoemaker, and like Warberton, was a dissipated man. He lived north of the Presbyterian Church, in a small frame house that was plastered on the outside, instead of weather boarding, and for several years did all the cobbling for the town. He, too, died by his own hand.

An old toper, who lived west of Salem, by the name of Joe Fairfield, who got drunk every time he went to town, came along one evening and called me out to him. I was six years old, and he pulled out his bottle and said: "You have got to drink." My father saw him and forbade me. "I'll give you a whipping," said old Joe. I broke away from him and hid in an old dry kiln till he was out of sight. I never saw my father so angry, and he told Fairfield never to offer one of his boys liquor again.

A TRIP TO PETERSBURG

Tobe Kirby landed us safe in Petersburg Tuesday evening, December 20, 1899. Next morning we started out to renew old acquaintances, and went to the Observer office and with Mr. Parks spent a pleasant hour discussing men and measures, after which we went to the postoffice to see Tim Beekman, with whom we became acquainted years ago. Tim used to come to Forest City to buy cattle for the Menard county farmers, and he asked many questions about the men with whom he became acquainted twenty years ago. Some had died, others were still alive, but not selling cattle. Same old Tim, though a little more fleshy —(feeding out of the public crib had been some help to him). A trip to the court house to see Theo. Bennett, a schoolmate. He has been clerk since the winter of the deep

snow, and as a Democrat, never dies nor resigns. He will hold the office for years to come. The county officers have cause to feel proud of their new court house. All are accommodated with good rooms with all conveniences in modern style. Thanks to the good farmers who pay taxes. We called on Jasper Rutledge, the newly elected sheriff, another of our friends of pioneer years. Jasper referred to our article about Jim Berry's hands that gave the woman so much trouble at the campmeeting, and endorsed what we had written about them. If I were a citizen of Menard, a good comfortable office in the court house, with it guaranteed for twenty years, would suit me first rate.

We ran across Ed. Laning, and he insisted on our going to dinner with him at the Smoot Hotel. We had been too well raised to decline. Ed. was a saucy little lad when we first came to Petersburg in 1840, but managed to keep up with the rest of us boys. Ed. referred to one of our letters a few years ago, when we spoke of the fine residences around on the hills as belonging to lawyers, and that we had said that they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Ed. said it was true.

Next we made a visit to our old home. Sacrilegious hands had so nearly obliterated the original design that we hardly knew it. The old house had been moved back and a new front had been built. Mrs. Gibbs kindly showed us the old part, which still stands, but the "old home ain't what it used to be." We met many old friends.

We found the people eager for our writings. "How long," asked one, "are you going to keep them up?" We told him that we were like Mary. Her mother had been chiding her about kissing John so much. "Why, mother," said she, "it appears to do him so much good and it does not hurt me a bit." If we can make others happy and it don't discommode us any, why should we not contribute to

their happiness? Life is short at the farthest, and if we can strew flowers, instead of thorns, we should do so.

We have been writing a history of Mason county the past year and expect at the close of 1900 to put it in book form, and will sandwich a few of the Menard letters in the publication. As Andy Johnson once said, "Look at Peoria," so I say look at Petersburg.

Petersburg, with all thy faults, I love thee still.

IN MEMORIAM

It is with a feeling of sadness that we heard of the death of that Christian hero, William J. Rutledge. He had lived an eventful life, but the battle is fought, the victory won and he is crowned at last.

He had lived his four score years and was acquainted with the majority of the people in Central Illinois. He was of a tall commanding appearance. You were favorably impressed with him at first sight. He was the oldest member of the Illinois conference. He entered the itinerant ranks when very young on the west side of the Illinois river and, like Uncle Dick Haney, was a connecting link of the past with the present.

He was styled the poetic preacher and could repeat the hymns of John and Charles Wesley to a finish. He was stationed at Havana in the "fifties" as presiding elder. His parentage dates back to old Virginia and three generations back to the Revolution.

William J. Rutledge possessed all the characteristics of a pioneer preacher. In his early ministry he preached in the log cabins, swam rivers to get to his appointments and shared all the privations of the pioneer. He never read his sermons. He hadn't time to read them for the lightning of his eye went flashing along from pew to pew nor passed a sinner by.

His conversational powers were greatly above the average and it was a very unappreciative audience that he could not interest. As a chaplain in the late war he caught the dying messages of the expiring soldiers and transmitted them to their friends at home. He was one of Lincoln's most trusted friends and was often sent on an errand of great importance. Brave as a lion and gentle as a dove. He commanded the respect of friend and foe.

It was related that at Vicksburg he went out to have his morning devotion, with his trusty rifle by his side, and hearing the brush make a noise, he saw a rebel about to get the drop on him, but Rutledge was too quick for him and laid him low and then went on and finished his prayer. His whole life was full of thrilling incidents.

I don't recollect of ever meeting a more sweet spirited man than William J. Rutledge, a more devout Christian or a better citizen than he was. But he is gone from earth and its toils and cares. And when the roll is called up yonder no purer or brighter spirit than William J. Rutledge will answer the call.





CHAPTER XVI.

HISTORY OF PETERSBURG SIXTY YEARS AGO



IN 1840 we moved to Petersburg, and were the first to leave Salem. In that year more than one-half of the residents of Salem moved to Petersburg, where the county seat had been located. John Taylor had secured possession of the land, and the price of a lot now would have purchased then the best eighty acres in Menard county. My father bought two lots in the branch on the east of Bale's carding machine. The branch ran through the center of the lots, taking at least one-third of the ground. Petersburg was then the only town between Havana and Springfield. The first point of interest as you entered the town from the south was the steam mill, which was built somewhere in the "thirties." The engine was a large one, and was taken from the steamer, Talisman. Its cough could be heard for a mile. It operated a sawmill and two pair of buhrs. The first saw was an up and down pattern. If a man wanted to build in the spring he would have to get his logs to the mill the winter before. A couple of yoke of oxen and a bob-sled was the means of hauling them. By spring several hundred logs would cover the ground in the vicinity of the mill. The miller kept several yoke of oxen to draw the logs up where they could be loaded on the carriage. He also kept a large cart to haul logs with when there was no snow on the ground. I think the wheels were ten feet in diameter. The cart would straddle over a log, the log swung

under the cart near the middle, so that it would not bear much on the ground. The logs would be sawed by spring and the lumber hauled out by the owner and stacked up to dry. It would be nearly a year after the tree was cut before the lumber was ready for the carpenter. It cost three times as much then to build a house as now, where all the material you use is ready to be put together. The corner posts of a house in early times was 8x8s, and it would take a carpenter a day to make one.

The grist mill was in an ell south of the sawmill. It would now be considered a rough affair. For flour there was a pair of French buhrs, with a rude bolting machine. The flour came out in a long box, 10 or 12 feet long, and when the grist was ground the miller, with his paddle, would cut off one-third. This was fine flour, the next third coarse and the last was the shorts, which was used to make pancakes. If we had been good children through the week, we would have biscuits for Sunday, with some peach preserve; or if company came at any time during the week we might have some biscuits, but the corn bread dispensation had not then expired. When I mention corn bread I mean corn dodgers, and as I told you in a former article what corn dodgers were I will not repeat it.

The mill stood one hundred yards south of the elevator, and there were no houses south of the mill. We will now skip over to Main Street, and commence with Chester Moon, who lived on top of the hill on the west side of the street. Moon was a saloonkeeper and a great hunter. Many a large, fat buck graced his table. I recollect we once played a joke on Moon. Some the boys had a jumper-sled one winter that had a seat dressed with deer skin, with a large pair of horns. South of his house was a large hazel thicket; we located the dummy deer there so that its head and neck showed plainly. Moon got up the next morning and soon discovered the deer; he ran for his rifle and shot once, twice

and thrice without scaring the deer; he then made a closer examination and found that he had been fooled.

A little farther north was where Chas. Brooks lived; he was a tailor. He had a large family. Brooks died some thirty years ago, while Mrs. Brooks lived many years after.

Across the street on the east lived A. D. Wright. He was a man of some prominence. He had been a merchant, but at the time I write he was county judge. He was a very popular and affable man. He always went by the name of A. D., though I never knew what A. D. stood for. His wife was a daughter of John Cabanis, of Springfield. Old man Cabanis was a strong Whig, while Wright and Hiccox, his son-in-laws, were Democrats. Somebody asked him why it was that he, being a Whig, had such strong Democrats for son-in-laws? Cabanis replied that God Almighty gave him his daughters, but the devil gave him his son-in-laws.

The next house north of Wright's was Hurd's. He was a Fuller by trade, and had come to Petersburg to work for Hardin Bale. No sooner had he moved in town than I, who was a Whig politician, interviewed his son, Jewett, as to his political proclivities. He was non-committal. Not knowing my sentiments he remarked that "Our family don't take sides."

Across the street was Bale's carding machine, which was the busiest place in town. It was a large two-story building and I think it fronted on Main street 150 feet. Every person kept sheep. Store clothes had not then come into fashion. The sheep would be sheared by the first of June, and the wool taken to the carding machine. Bale would take toll out of the wool, or they would pay cash for the carding. The wool would be brought tied up in sheets or blankets, with a gallon of grease for every ten pounds of wool. I ran Bale's picker for a year or so. The picker took out the dirt and burrs. Bale kept adding on machinery till he had

quite a factory. He carded the wool, spun, wove it, filled it and colored it; then run it through his shearer and took the knap off of it; by that time a good article of broad-cloth was made. In the meantime, Bale's factory had grown to such dimensions that a steam engine was added and a pair of French buhrs, and Samuel Hill also became a partner. A large business was done, but misfortune came to Hardin Bale. His large factory was consumed by fire with not much insurance. He then moved up to the mouth of the branch, near the old South Valley coal shaft. Not prospering here as he did at first he started for Pike's Peak, with machinery to work for gold, but before he got there he met hundreds of teams returning. He turned back and as he was crossing the river at Beardstown his machinery was sunk in the river.

West of Bale's place on the side of the hill lived John Bennett. He was one of Petersburg's early merchants. He had come from Virginia, and was one of the F. P. V. John Bennett once represented Menard county in the legislature and also filled other offices. He invited the legislature once to his house. I helped to make the ice cream for that honorable body. John Bennett was a good citizen and neighbor. He had three boys, Tom, Dick and Harry. They were my schoolmates and were good boys. Dick was trampled to death by a horse. Tom died 20 years ago. Harry kept a drug store in Easton, but died many years ago; so the family of John Bennett are all gone.

Just west of John Bennett lived James Carter. He was a cabinetmaker. In those days there was plenty of good timber in the county, such as the finest walnut trees, lynn, birch, birdseye maple and cherry, large enough for table leaves. I have seen cherry planks three feet wide, and white walnut was a very fine finishing lumber.

In the south part of town on the street leading towards the river in the early "thirties," lived James Taylor, a son

of John Taylor. I don't think he followed any particular business; he appeared to be a gentleman of means. He lived there several years, and then moved back to Springfield. He was a lover of fine horses, and generally kept a number of fine rigs. He could be seen when the sleighing was good with a load of school children taking them to school or bringing them home. James Taylor lived in style and was a gentleman of leisure. He also extended his courtesies to married women by taking them driving, a custom which we think has gone out of date.

Among the early inhabitants of the south end of town were two brothers, George and Isam Davidson. George died in Mason City a few years ago, while Isam moved to Lewistown in 1841. They kept store in Petersburg in 1840. Isam had two sons who made their mark in the newspaper world in after years. James Davidson, the eldest, was, I think, the homliest mortal I ever saw. His mouth was on the side of his face and he was "real-footed" in both feet. He was droll in his manners, but a splendid writer and an able editor. After spending a quarter of a century in Lewis town, he moved to Carthage and published the Carthage Republican till the day of his death. William Davidson still lives in Lewistown and is proprietor of the Fulton Democrat, a fearless and independent Democratic newspaper.

The Colby Brothers, wagonmakers, lived over the branch, just west of the C. P. & St. L. railroad. They came in an early day. Near by was the blacksmith shop of Martin Morris, one of the best smiths who ever hammered iron. He was a fine worker on edge tools. After he quit the shop Robert Bishop used it for a gunsmith shop. Bishop made rifles from the raw material and stocked them.

On the branch lived Henry Onstot, whose dwelling was on the south side of the branch, and whose shop was on the north side. He often worked as many as four men and the surplus work of his shop was hauled to Springfield or Beardstown.

John Taylor had a packing house in Petersburg for several years, and used many barrels for lard and hogs-heads for shipping bacon.

Now we come to the business block of the town. Just north of Joseph Pillsbury's and fronting on Main Street is where all the stores of the village were located. For a number of years all the stores in town were in this block. On the south corner was the store of John Taylor, which was the largest in town. The main salesman in this store for many years was his nephew, James Taylor, and cousin to James Taylor, spoken of in the first part of this article. He was a tall, good-looking man, who was afterwards elected sheriff of Menard county, but did not live long. Taylor's store was well stocked with the kind of goods used in those times. Taylor would go to St. Louis twice a year, in the fall and spring. After he had been a week a number of horse and ox wagons would load up at Petersburg with bacon, lard, butter, beeswax and whatever produce had been taken in and go to Beardstown, where it would be shipped to St. Louis. By that time the goods would arrive at Beardstown and would be brought back to Petersburg. It would take four days to make the trip. This was before the days of railroads and the present generation has but little idea of the difficulties their fathers had to endure. Taylor's store was heated by a large fireplace that would take in four feet of wood. They would buy hickory wood, ten feet long, and James Taylor would spend his spare time in cutting it. I think Taylor had the largest trade in the town.

The next room on the north was kept by a number of persons. The first persons whom I recollect were the Davidson Bros., George and Isam, though they vacated it in 1840. George was very careless in his dress and manners, while I. G., as Isam was familiarly called, was the opposite. I. G. kept his boots so black and slick that a fly couldn't light on them and stay there. One day his son,

James, had been into some mischief, and his father got after him with a whip, and the lad ran, jumped out into a mud-puddle in front of the store, where he dared his father to come after him. His father did not venture into the mud.

The next building on the north was occupied by Septimus Levering, when first built as a store room. He moved to Springfield about the time the county seat was located at Petersourg, and the building was then used for a court house for several years and became a historic character. The old settlers of Menard will recollect the legal battles that were fought under its roof. There were Abraham Lincoln, John T. Stewart, Ben. Edwards, E. D. Baker, Murray McConnell, Stephen A. Douglas, and a number of other intellectual giants who attended court in those early days—men who had won their spurs in many a legal encounter. We asked Robert T. Lincoln in his office a few years ago why such able lawyers did not practice in the circuit courts now, and he said the reason was that corporations and railroads retained all the able lawyers for their own use. Bob at that time was attorney for the Wabash railroad at a salary of \$20,000 a year. The house was small—about 20x40, with a railing that cut off the west end for the judge and the lawyers, leaving the east part of the house for the audience. This house served the county till the court house was ready in 1844. Court would open up Monday afternoon, after the lawyers would get in from Springfield, and would be ready to adjourn by Friday. The old court house was used for religious meetings. Revs. J. M. Berry, John G. White, George Barrett and numerous other ministers preached there. Political meetings were also held in the building. It was the only place in town to hold public gatherings until the little Presbyterian Church was built, which still stands north of Rule's livery barn. Yes, the old court house has a history.

The next building north of the court house was occu-

pied by Miles & McCoy. Miles moved to Petersburg at an early day. His family occupied the house in the south part of the town, afterwards occupied by Hardin Bale. He only had three children. James, Elizabeth and Ann, who became the wife of William Herendon. Lincoln's law partner, McCoy, was a brother of Miles' wife. They came from near Springfield and kept a good stock of goods and had an excellent trade. I went to school with Miles' children. After going out of the merchandise business, Miles lived in Petersburg till his death. McCoy went back to where he came from.

One door north was a saloon kept by a man named Adams, which did not have a very good reputation. Many scenes of disorder and lawlessness were enacted there. For a good while this was the only saloon in town, and as liquor was sold in most of the stores at twenty-five cents a gallon and was carried home and drank there, people did not like to pay ten cents a drink for it, yet on public days the saloon was liberally patronized. Men would get drunk and raise a fuss under the slightest pretext, and fight and brawl with their neighbors.

In the north corner of the block James and William Hoey, two Irishmen from the ould sod of Ireland, for years kept store. They were both bachelors, and kept their stock of goods in the front part of the house. The two were as different as brothers could be. William was a get-up and dust fellow, and was the business man of the firm. He was rather rough in his manner, while his brother, James, was a refined gentleman. James was the "best man" at the wedding of Tarleton Lloyd and Catherine Keltner at Salem, spoken of in a former letter. The Hoeyes had for a housekeeper a large, fat Irish maid, who went by the name of Becky Hoey. She done their cooking, washing and other work.

Across the street opposite Hoeyes lived Dr. Richard Bennett, a brother of John Bennett. The Bennetts had come

from Virginia before 1840. Dr. Bennett kept a hotel for many years, and practiced medicine in the early days. He raised quite a family. His eldest son was named Sandy. He died in the early days, while Theodore still survives and has held the office of circuit clerk for the past twenty-four years. Dr. Bennett occupied a prominent place in the community for twenty years.

In the same block was a two-story house, where Chester Moon kept a saloon, and Rial Clary succeeded him.





CHAPTER XVII.

EARLY TIMES IN THE CAPITAL OF MENARD



HILE Salem was settled mostly by Kentuckians, Petersburg had a mixed population from all the states, though the Hoeys were the only ones from the old country, except John Warnsing, who was from Germany. He lived with the Taylors and was the only German in the county, with the exception of Peter Brahm, who lived north of Petersburg, near Concord. He had three children—Thomas, Nancy and John A. Brahm, so well known in Petersburg in after years. I forgot to mention Jacob Laning, who lived in the south part of Petersburg. He was a tailor by trade, and run a shop. Tailors made all the clothing then. Charlie Brooks and Jacob Laning had all the work they could do. No merchant kept clothing then as now, but kept an assortment of broadcloths and other woolen goods. I have seen overcoats made out of red and white woolen blankets, but the most of the clothing was made out of Fuller's cloth, which was flannel beat up till thirty yards was beat into twenty yards, and then colored as the owner's taste might suggest. The every day clothing was made of Kentucky jeans at home by the good housewife. Dudley McAtee was a journeyman tailor who worked for Brooks & Laning. He was afterwards elected sheriff of Menard county, and married Martha Goodman.

On the corner north of where the Baptist Church now stands lived Nathan Dresser, who was the first circuit clerk.

He was from old Virginia, and his wife was a sister of John Bennett. Dresser was a finely educated man and a gentleman in any crowd. He had no children. His brother, Henry Dresser, built the court house. Another brother, Charles Dresser, of Springfield, was an Episcopal preacher, and often preached in Petersburg. I well recollect the responsive reading at his meetings: "As it was from the beginning and is now and evermore shall be, amen and amen." * * *

John McNeal lived across the street from Dresser. He was a prominent member of the M. E. Church and was also a tailor. He came from Virginia. His neighbors did not like him because he was so cruel to a bound boy he had, by the name of William Davidson. On the slightest pretext he would beat the boy, and his neighbors finally took the boy's part and gave McNeal to understand that the boy should have better treatment. He had come from a slave state, and had been used to negroes. McNeal's residence was in the south corner of the block, while Hill's store was in the north corner, and still survives the wreck of time and stands today as it did sixty-five years ago, though it now would be considered a small, unpretentious building. It was, when built, a large and roomy house that Hill had moved down from Salem in the spring of 1840. He had been a mercantile king in Salem, and generally had things his own way. His house was the first store on the public square, and with the commencement of the building of the court house all the business houses of the town began to cluster around that building. Hill lived in the south part of his building, and used the upper part for his residence. Here he accumulated a fortune. He assisted Hardin Bale in his manufactory of cloths and added a flouring mill to the machinery. Samuel Hill only had one child, John, who died in Georgia a few years ago, while his wife, whose maiden name was Parthena Nance, died a year later. She

was married to Hill in 1837, and was a noble woman. She will long be remembered for her good works.

The first brick stores built on the square was a double building about the middle of the block. The south room was built by John Bennett and the north room by John Warnsing. Bennett's was occupied by Wm. Cowgill and Warnsing's by Tilton McNeely, father of Thompson W. McNeely, still a resident of the 'Burg. These two stores, with Hill's, did most of the business of the country at that time, though their goods would be considered incomplete at this day.

The next prominent house on the square was Bennett's Hotel, which was on the east side, in the middle of the block. It was built in 1844; as before mentioned it took about a year to get the lumber ready for the house. Bennett commenced in 1843; had his finishing lumber sawed at Shirley's mill on Rock Creek, near the Sangamon river. The lumber was built up in a dry kiln, and a fire kept up day and night for several weeks. The lumber was mostly white walnut, which comes the nearest to pine of any of our native timbers. For his flooring he had white and red oak; for siding black walnut. Bennett had nearly ten thousand feet of lumber in the dry kiln, and they had kept up the fire in the kiln for nearly four weeks, when one morning, English John, who had charge of it, stirred up the fire and added new fuel, when a spark got into the fuzzy lumber and in an instant the lumber went up in smoke. As the kiln was near my father's cooper shop I was at the fire. The loss to Bennett was great, but nothing daunted him and he went to work and built the hotel the next season. The old Menard House still stands as a monument to the energy of John Bennett. It was here at the stable that his son, Dick, was trampled to death while attending to the horses. It was at this hotel that Bennett's wife died. She was a sister of Alex and Phil Rainey. She was a good woman, as

hundreds of her neighbors and acquaintances can testify. Besides Dr. Bennett, John had another brother, Wm. Bennett, who was a bachelor and was engaged in making brick. He had been in business and failed, and finally moved to Texas, the last I heard of him.

John B. Gum was then a young man, and was county surveyor. He built a two-story house on the northeast corner of the public square, and for many years was an influential man in the county. He had a large tract of land in Mason county, near Kilbourne, and died a few years ago at Havana. So one by one the old landmarks of Menard are removed by death.

Down southeast of the square lived Dr. Regnier. He moved to town from Clary's Grove. He was a very witty and eccentric man; had a large family of girls and one boy. He was a fleshy man, rather above the average size, and his wit was always available. One time his horse ran away with his sulky. The doctor threw out his leg against a sapling to stop the horse, and as a consequence his leg was broken. When the leg was being set the doctor kept an uproar of laughter by his witty remarks. Dr. Regnier lived and died at his home on the banks of the Sangamon. He had a large share of the county practice. A cabinetmaker by the name of Wm. Humphrey lived neighbor to Regnier at that time, and James G. Davis occupied the two-story house north of the doctor's premises. The town at this time began to build up, and around the public square business houses began to loom up on all sides.

The contract for the court house was let in 1842. No pine was used as finishing lumber. The stone for the foundation was furnished by Isaac Cogdal and was brought from Rock Creek. He had a number of ox teams and there was probably one hundred loads used. The brick was made in the north part of town by Charles Goodman and Bill Bennett. It took two years to finish the structure, and it

was considered a fine building at the time it was built, but it outlived its usefulness and for many years before the present beautiful structure was built was an eyesore to the people.

Another two-story building was set on the southeast corner of the square. It was the old Park House, used by John Taylor in 1842. Before that date Chester Moon and Rial Clary had kept saloon in it. It was moved down and fitted up for a store room, and Elijah Taylor used it for a number of years.

West of the court house, back of Main Street, lived Alex Trent. He was a carpenter by trade, but did not work much at his trade. He had a large business. One of his sons was a tailor. His name was Anderson. He went to the Mexican war, and was killed at the battle of Cerro Gordo. He was a fine looking man, of a good character and was well respected by all who knew him. The next son was Ashby, who was more on the rowdy order; was a very strong and athletic fellow, and could whip his weight in wildcats, but his manner of life told on him and he died at an early day. Hugh and Wemps Trent were the other two boys. His girls were Nancy and Bell. The latter married Robert Moore, but got a divorce and then married Wm. Webb, and is yet living. Alex Trent used to be a witness on both sides of every case. He would have a talk with one side and then tell the other side what he heard, so both side would have him subpoenaed.

Where the Methodist parsonage now stands lived Abraham Goodpasture, a Cumberland preacher. He came from Tennessee, and married Dulcena Williams. He bought eighty acres of land in the bottoms, where the railroad bridge crosses the river. I worked two years for him and he always aimed to get the worth of his money out of me. Great crops of corn were raised in the bottom land, though it overflowed every spring. I think the water in 1844 was

six feet deep all over the land, and no crop was raised that year. A man could start at coal branch and go up through Goodpasture's land; then run through Bennett Able's farm, and land near Bowling Green's house. All the rails would be carried down and landed in the drifts across the river from Petersburg. It seems as though the river used to get higher in early days than at present.

PETERSBURG IN THE FORTIES

Up the hill west of the square a little south of the street was the little school house where C. B. Waldo taught the first school. It was a house about twenty-four feet square, and was reached by a circuitous route among the hazel brush. Here some of the most brilliant minds of Petersburg were educated. I call to mind the Brooks family, the Lanings, the Miles, the Trents, the Greens, the Elmores, the Bales, the Bennetts, the Davidsons, the Wrights, the Hurds, and many others who laid the foundations of their future greatness here. It was a mixed school that Waldo taught. He had the primary class, the intermediate and Latin pupils. There was no free money to carry on the schools then. The patrons of the school would sign for a certain number of pupils for sixty days at \$3 each, then they would send all their children and the number of days would be divided by sixty and the amount apportioned accordingly. There was no elaborate furniture in the old school house. On the south side there was a writing desk that extended across the end of the house, and benches around the house for the larger pupils and benches in the middle for the smaller ones. Waldo was supreme ruler of the school. He was a good-natured man and had but little

difficulty in controlling the school. If a pupil was very bad and would not be reprov'd after a sufficient length of time he would be dismissed. I don't recollect but one pupil who was sent home. After a few weeks, if the pupil would promise to do better, he would be re-instated. Waldo's school had an average of fifty pupils, and he would teach eight months a year. He finally moved to Mason county and from there went south where he died forty years ago.

North of the public square commenced to build up with the erection of the court house. The large brick house east of the Smoot Hotel was built by G. U. Miles, and was at that time considered the best house in town. The little one-story board house next to the depot was built by James Miles. Edward Elam built a blacksmith shop one block north of the court house. This was a place of some importance. After he moved away his son, W. P. Elam, carried on the business. He lived west of the house on the street that ran up Tan Yard Hollow.

John Bennett built the first tan yard. It was just north of where the Christian Church now stands. There was about a dozen vats. They were ten feet square and ten feet deep. The hides were put in, then the bark was ground fine and a layer of bark on the hides, then another layer of hides, and so on, till the vat was full. The vats would be filled in the fall, and would be tanned in a year and then taken to a shoemaker.

West of Bennett's tan yard, there was another yard belonging to James Anno and his brother, Tallard. They were young men and had just come from Kentucky. They afterwards bought out Bennett and run both yards.

Tan bark was ground in a very crude way. A wooden wheel ten feet in diameter and two feet broad, with a shaft through the center, was set perpendicular and the bark laid in a circular form. A horse was hitched to one end of the shaft, and a boy for a driver, the wheel would roll around

over the bark until it was ground fine. The outside of the wheel was filled with cogs that ground the bark. The hides were tanned in coal ooze.

The road up Tan Yard Hollow was a gradual incline, and was the best road that came to town from the west. All the other roads came down a steep hill.

Dr. Allen came to Menard county as early as 1834, and settled in Salem, where he lived six years. He was not a strong man physically, but did more to make the character of the people than any living man. He moved to Petersburg in 1840, and moved down the house in which he lived. It was situated north of where the Christian Church stands. The doctor was an active worker in the Presbyterian Church. He had hardly pitched his tent in Salem when there was preaching at his house, and he had not lived in Petersburg but a few years when he had a Presbyterian Church erected. It was a small frame house and is now used by S. B. Bryant as a paint shop, north of Rule's livery stable. This was the only church building in town until the Methodist Church was built on the spot where the new church now stands. Dr. Allen did not live in his many years, but built the large brick residence on the hill on the site where stands Hon. N. W. Branson's residence. The house was large and commodious and was always open to his friends. Dr. Allen had the largest practice of all the doctors and was a good collector. In the winter he would take dressed hogs on his bills and would get two or three hundred hogs at \$1.50 to \$2 per hundred weight. He would barrel up the lard and make bacon of the hogs, and by spring would have one thousand dollars worth of provisions to take to St. Louis, hauling it to Beardstown and by steamboat to St. Louis. By this way he would collect most of his bills. He doctored in the old style with calomil. If he had a bad case the patient was most always salivated.

The old-fashioned way of medical practice would now

seem very cruel and the practitioner would be liable to be indicted for cruelty to animals. Doctor Allen's first wife was Margaret Moore, and his second wife was a Chandler. I think Dr. Allen died somewhere near 1860.

Peter Lukins was one of the first settlers of Petersburg. He was a shoemaker. His dwelling was west of the court house. I remember it because it was plastered outside, and I think the only house of that kind in the 'Burg. Lukins was addicted to drink, and was subject to attacks of delirium tremens. He had a brother Jesse who went to the Mexican war and was killed. Gregory Lukins, his brother, married his widow, and died in Sugar Grove about fifteen years ago. Peter Lukins committed suicide while on a drunken spree.

From 1840 to 1845 the north part of Petersburg began to grow in the extreme north, where Dr. Antle lived. John Wright moved here in 1842. He had a contract to build the first bridge across the river, and moved from Sugar Grove for that purpose. The bridge was a very clumsy affair. Mudsills were sunk in the earth of a large dimension and then bents with four posts, twelve inches square, with a cap on top twelve inches square, were placed, then stringers lengthwise and a floor of two-inch plank, with heavy railing, completed the first bridge across the Sangamon river, north of Springfield. This bridge settled the navigation of the river, as no steamboat could go under the bridge. After John Wright completed the bridge he still remained in Petersburg and was a good, influential citizen. I think Tilton McNeely married one of Wright's daughters.

Wm. Cowgill was one of the merchants from 1843. He occupied a double store house on the west side of the square, owned by John Bennett, while McNeely occupied the building owned by John Warnsing. On the south end of Cowgill's store was a ball alley, in which games were played all through the summer months. I believe the game has

gone out of date. It was a very exciting game and full of exercise. Two or four persons could play the game.

Charles Goodman made brick on the branch in the north part of town for many years. Wm. Bennett was his partner. They furnished brick for the court house and all the other brick buildings in Petersburg. Goodman furnished the brick for Russell Godby's house, near New Market, going over there and making the brick on the place.

In an early day Thomas L. Harris came to Petersburg. He was a slender built man, and was reading law. Harris' ability was soon recognized, as he was no ordinary man, but poor and had a hard struggle to make enough to pay his board. I have seen him go out and work in the hay field to get money to pay his board. He had another thing to contend with. He was a Democrat, while most of the leading men at that time were Whigs, who were disposed to boycott him on account of his politics. He went to the Mexican war, was a brave soldier and was made a major, and after he came home he was elected to Congress, but as he had contracted disease while in the army, he died while a member of Congress. A man of spotless character, and as popular a man as ever lived in Petersburg. The old settlers delight to talk of Thomas L. Harris.

Joseph Pearson lived north of the Presbyterian church. He had a yoke of oxen and a cart, and hauled cord wood to town for a living, and at times done hauling of various kinds.

Daniel Staton was an all around man, and was useful as well as ornamental. He done the hog killing for the neighbors, and here let me remark that hog and hominy were the chief articles of diet in early days. I think the people used five pounds of pork then, where they now use a pound. It was before the days of meat shops and nearly every person had a few hogs.

OLD FASHIONED BARBECUES

Away back in the "forties" it was customary once a year to celebrate the Fourth of July. We did not then have as many important days as now. The Constitution and the immortal Declaration of Independence meant something then. There has been so many startling events since that I fear we have forgotten the truths that our fathers taught us, but our Government was founded with a Declaration of Sovereign Rights, and God grant that we may never forget the grand lives found in these important Magna Chartas. And the people met once a year to talk over the heroic deeds of their fathers, to sing patriotic songs and to have a good time. Generally several weeks before the Fourth of July a subscription would be started. One person would contribute a two-year-old heifer, another a fine shoat and some turkeys, one person a few loaves of bread, some a dozen pies and so it would go till a dozen beeves and a dozen shoats and everything else would swell the eatables so that the multitude could be easily fed.

Then a number of men to cook the meat would be named. I recollect that Jim Clemens, who lived near George Spears, was generally commander-in-chief. Long trenches, about three feet wide and two feet deep, would be dug, in which fires would be placed the day before and on the morning of the Fourth would be nearly red hot. The beef would be put over the fire, hanging on long iron rods in quarters. The pigs would be fixed the same way and the cooking would begin. General Clemens would give orders to his subordinates to turn the beef and pork every five minutes and a large jar of melted butter was on hand, well melted, and each cook had a swab with which he could baste the meat while it was cooking. The farmers' wives would arrive with their share of the bread and pies and cakes and a number of tables would be arranged to accommodate the crowd.

About 1 p. m. everything would be ready. The seats were properly distributed and the citizens from all over the country had begun to arrive. The marshalls, with their red sashes, were galloping around town with all the style of warriors. Andy Moor, of Indian Point, was a military man. With his old dilapidated silk hat, with a red plume about eighteen inches high, marshaled the marshals with as much dignity as a Roman general and would land the delegation at the speaker's stand, where some Springfield orator would deliver an oration. It was sometimes the silver tongued E. D. Baker, and sometimes the lamented Thomas L. Harris. Before the oration the Declaration of Independence was read.

This was an important part of the program, because the reader was to read it loud and clear, so all could hear it, as he read:

"All Governments derive their consent from the governed," or "All men are entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." These immortal truths were believed in and was the base on which the structure was built.

At the dinner, which was always conducted in good order, some old venerable divine invoked the blessing on the repast. The orations gave the orator some standing in the community.

I recollect once in 1842 attending a celebration in Clary's Grove, in Robert Conover's pasture, which was equal to any held in Petersburg. Being in a good settlement the farmers contributed liberally to the dinner. After it was over toasts were in order, one of which I well recollect, as follows:

Should British Lion ever roam,
Beyond his beaten track;
The American Eagle, with beak of steel,
Will pounce upon his back,
Pick out his eyes and cry: "'Tis fun!"

In those early days there were two old soldiers, who had

fought for their country. One was Daddy Roger, who lived in Wolf, and the other was the father of James Short, who lived north of Petersburg. These old persons were always at the barbecue and were accorded a seat of honor on the speaker's stand and at the tables.

Barbecues have had their day. They belong to the old dispensation. They were a kin to campmeetings and regimental musters. After dinner was over then many of the men got drunk or engaged in running or jumping or feats of strength. There was a cannon out of the shaft of the Talisman that was six inches thick and five feet long, with a two inch bore that weighed five hundred pounds. This tested a man's strength to shoulder it, and very few could do it. I have seen Conover Gum and some of the Bond boys nearly strained their gizzards out in trying to shoulder it.

It was the custom of the country boys, before they went home, to go in swimming. They always rode their three-year-old colts. They always found water below the water works to swim their horses and so the time was taken up at the barbecue till sundown and all then departed for home with the satisfaction of pulling the tail of the eagle and helping to make him scream.



CHAPTER XVIII.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS

"TIPPECANOE AND TYLER TOO."



THE FIRST presidential campaign I remember was that of 1840, when Harrison was sung into the presidential chair. The questions at issue I do not remember, except that Harrison lived in a log cabin, drank hard cider and sold coon skins. There were great gatherings that year. The excitement was at fever heat and even the little cubs were singing the praises of hard cider. - If a person moved into the community it was necessary to know his politics in order to determine his standing.

A number of big meetings were held in Springfield and Jacksonville that year. Bands of singers would attend and make the welkin ring with their campaign songs, of which the following is a specimen:

Come all ye brave lads of old forty
Who rallied around Tippecanoe;
Come give us your hearts and your voices
For great Harry, the noble and true.

The Whigs carried the day, but Harrison died soon after being elected and John Tyler succeeded him in the presidential chair. No Vice-President that ever took the chair ever gave satisfaction to the party that elected him and Tyler was no exception. Millard Fillmore turned against his party and the Republicans would have crucified Andy Johnson if they had dared.

"POLK AND TAXES."

Nothing of much interest occurred from 1840 till 1844, when the slave power needed more territory for the expansion of slavery. "Polk and Texas!" was the cry and singing didn't count. The country was ready for the annexation of Texas. Texas was then an independent province that formerly belonged to Mexico, but had gained independence, with the Rio Grande for its western boundary and had never claimed territory further west.

"Polk and Texas" were triumphant, and the slave power, flushed with success, sent an army two hundred miles west of the Rio Grande, on Mexican soil, and provoked a battle and published to the world that American blood had been shed on American soil. The Whigs, while denying this, supported the war, as good loyal citizens, and furnished from Illinois a Baker and a Hardin, who were killed at Cerro Gordo.

Henry Clay, the idol of the Whig party, was snowed under by Polk, whose name was scarcely known by the American people, and the slave power held high carnival for the next sixteen years. Compromises were treated as things of no moment. The Whig party entered a weak protest and the free soil party began to grow. The climax was reached in 1860, when the people rose in their might and said: "Thus far and no farther!"

There was a great rally in Peoria that year and a good many Petersburg people attended. They went by way of Beardstown, from which point they took the steamer Jasper to Peoria. They were gone a week.

The tariff cut a big figure in this election. The Whig party was in favor of legislating millions of money into the pockets of the eastern capitalists, just as the Republicans have been ever since the organization of that party.

There were no telegraph lines nor railroads in the

"forties," and it was six weeks after the election when we first heard the result. Our folks then lived across the street from Bale's carding machine. One night about eleven o'clock George U. Miles and Samuel Hill came and awakened Bale, telling him that Polk was elected. Miles was much excited. He had been a Whig but voted for Polk. They got out a cannon that had been made from a shaft of the steamboat Talisman. It was about five feet long, four inches in diameter and had a two-inch bore. It had often been heard at Springfield. Over one hundred shots were fired from this cannon that night and sleep was out of the question. Miles and Hill furnished the powder. Josiah Hartsell, who was nicknamed "Saleratus," was chief gunner. About daybreak "Saleratus" got reckless and began ramming clay down on the charges of powder. Finally the old cannon burst in a thousand pieces, filling "Saleratus'" legs and body with fine chips of iron that just penetrated the skin. I saw Dr. Allen pick out the scraps of iron, while "Saleratus" begged him to stop, that he was killing him.

The annexation of Texas soon brought on a war, as the Whigs said it would. Menard county furnished a company of which A. D. Wright was captain and it did valiant service. Only a few of that company are alive today. Time, with his relentless scythe, has cut a wide swath in the ranks of those who returned from the field of battle.

After the Mexican war the United States took some territory and paid the Mexicans \$15,000,000.

Thomas L. Harris was a talented and cultured gentleman, who came from the east and engaged in the practice of law. For several years he struggled with poverty and at times went into the harvest field to work. He distinguished himself in the Mexican war and after his return home was elected to Congress. About this time disease began to prey upon him, and when the vote on the repeal of the Missouri

Compromise act was taken, Major Harris was carried on his bed to the floor of the House that he might record his vote against the repeal. He died before the expiration of his term. No purer patriot and man than Thomas L. Harris has been called from labor to reward.

FISH AT SALEM DAM

Away back in the "thirties," before any distilleries were built on the Sangamon river at Springfield or Decatur, and before the sewerage from those cities was turned into the river, there was an abundance of fish in the stream. In the spring bass, sunfish, catfish, sturgeon, buffalo and suckers would start up the stream and would meet no impediment till they came to the dam at Salem mill. When the river was high they would go above and stock up the river a hundred miles further on. In the fall they would come down and run into the Illinois and Missouri.

At times there was good seining below the mill. I have seen George Spears and Jim Clemens, with Spears' Negro Jim, come down to the mill and seine all night and catch all they wanted. In the spring of the year the fish would crowd up below the mill after the water was shut off the big turbine wheel. They would be so thick that I have giggered many of them by just jabbing the gig in the water.

Among the expert fishermen of that day were Jack Kelso and Riley Hendricks. Jack always fished with a hook and would make a good catch when other people couldn't get a bite. He would put a bait on his hook and then spit on it. Then all the others who were fishing would spit on their bait and would occasionally get a small fish, while

Jack would fill his basket with black perch, weighing from two to six pounds, and then with twenty-five pounds of fine fish would walk down to Petersburg and sell them.

Riley Hendricks always gigged his fish. He was an expert at the business. Below the mill, where the water was boiling from the wheel, the fish would be shooting and darting about. Riley, with almost unerring aim, would let the gig fly at a fish and nearly always got it. I saw him strike and get a sturgeon that was five feet long.

But I have not related my fish story. Catfish were plenty in those days. Great big blue catfish. They generally managed to get above the dam in the spring and were crazy to get below in the fall when the water was low. The only way for them to get down was to come through the wheel, which was an upright turbine wooden wheel. The water came through a wooden box about eighteen inches in size, to the wheel. When the gate was raised, and the water turned onto the wheel, some times, the wheel would choke down and stop. The miller would know it was full of fish and would shut off the water and take out the big catfish. At times there would be fifty fish in the wheel. Some would weigh twenty-five pounds and would be bent nearly double to suit the cups on the wheel, and some would be crushed, so tightly were they wedged in the wheel. The fish would all be taken out and thrown in a pile and the neighbors could help themselves. Fish were plenty in those days and I have not stretched my imagination in the above description.

MY FIRST PAIR OF BOOTS

In early times there were plenty of tan yards. Hides were not sold then as now. A man would kill a beef in the fall and take the hide to the nearest tan yard for tanning. Near the tail the owner of the yard would scrape off the hair

and with a suitable instrument put the man's name on the hide. By soaking the hide in lime water the hair would be loosened and could be scraped off. Then the tanner would work on the fleshed side till it was ready to be put in the vat, filled up with white oak bark, and the water let on, and after laying all summer, would be worked till it was finished leather. It took one year to make leather by this process. Now, I understand, leather can be made in two or three weeks.

There were two tan yards in Petersburg run by James Anno and his brother Pollard. John Bennett bought them out. There was nothing striking about a tan yard, except grinding the bark. This was done with a large wooden wheel made of solid timber, about six feet in diameter and eighteen inches thick, and the surface filled with wooden teeth. The wheel was fastened on a shaft. A horse at the other end of the shaft turned the wheel. Bark would be laid around the circle and the horse would grind the bark till it was fine. Alternate layers of bark and hides would fill the vat, which was six or eight feet deep, and thus the hide was tanned.

There was in every community a man who made shoes. Alex. Fergesson of Salem, was the man for that community. I have seen my uncle, Wm. Sampson, who had eight boys and two girls, come to Fergesson's with a couple of tanned hides and measures for all the children, and in a couple of weeks come back with a two bushel sack and get the shoes.

I believe I was the first boy in Petersburg that had a pair of boots—red top boots. A. D. Wright had a pair of boots made to order and they were too small for him to wear. So one day he offered to sell them to me. I was then twelve years old. I told him I would like to have them though they were rather large for me. He had three cords of wood, hackberry and elm, corded up against a fence and he proposed if I would cut one end off for stove wood and leave

the other end for the fire place I should have the boots. I took him up, quick. I was three weeks doing the job, but was the only boy in town with a pair of red top boots. I had every boy in town helping me cut that wood before I got it done.

THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE ON THE HILL

From 1840 to 1846 the school at Petersburg was taught in a frame house south of Dr. Allen's brick house on the hill west of the court house square. Charles B. Waldo was the teacher. He was a brother-in-law to John Bennett. I suppose he was above the average teacher or he would not have taught for six successive years. He had Latin scholars younger than I was, but I never studied Latin. I thought if I mastered the English language I would be content. Mr. Waldo was not so strict as was cousin Mentor Graham.

I will try and call to memory some of those who attended school. There was the Brooks family, Albert, Lucy, John and others. Albert and Lucy have handed in their checks. John also is dead. There was the Laning family, Ed. and Sarah (wife of Dr. Short of Jacksonville), John, "B." and Fred. There was Thomps McNeely, who was a modest boy but we expect his contact with the world has had a hardening influence on his nerves.

There was Tom, Dick and Harry Bennett—all gone. Tom, after years of toil and discouragement in Salt creek bottom, died just before his land was sold to the Hergets of Pekin at a good price. Harry died while keeping a drug store in Easton. Not a member of John Bennett's family is alive today as far as I know.

There was Bill Cowgill and a sister, who removed from Petersburg a long time ago. The Trent family—Hugh, "Wimps," Nancy and Belle and John. Hugh and Williamson and Nancy and John have gone the way of all the earth,

while Belle is living in Havana, the wife of William Webb.

There was the Elam family, now scattered to the four corners of the earth, except Frances, who lives in Forest City.

There was James Miles, still hale and hearty, who lives just north of town, and his sister Elizabeth, who married Chatterton, of Springfield, and Ann Miles, who became the wife of Lincoln's partner and who, I am informed, is dead. Fifty years makes a vast difference in a community.

There was the Wright family. Lucy, the widow of Tom Bennett, is running the Hotel Smoot. Buck and Jack and Ed. are well known, having been born and raised in Petersburg. There was the Brahms, who lived north of Petersburg, but who came to town to school. The oldest was Thomas, who died years ago; Nancy died a few months ago. John is in poor health and has moved to Chicago.

A DEER HUNT

There was a time when deer were plenty in Menard county. Jack Kelso was a boss hunter and not only supplied his own family, but always kept venison hams for sale. Sam Wilcox was another hunter. The only difference was that Kelso used a rifle and could kill a deer at long range, while Wilcox hunted on horseback and used a double-barreled shotgun. Wilcox spent one winter (I think it was in 1855) in Forest City township and kept a wagon running all winter to Springfield, selling his venison. I think he told me that he killed sixty deer that winter. I recollect that on one trip on upper Spring Lake, as the result of a week's work, he brought home the carcasses of nineteen deer. But the hounds ran all the deer out of Menard and Mason long ago. I have seen thirty deer in one drove. They would go out of Long Point in the evening to Red Oak swamp and back to Long Point in the morning. They would travel single file,

walk awhile, trot, and then gallop. Not a deer had been seen in this section for twenty years.

In 1843 Henry Fields, who worked on the court house in Petersburg, had a few hounds, and one Christmas he and a dozen of us boys went after deer. Just below the bridge, on the east side of the river, the hounds took a trial down the river. After awhile they crossed the river, then took west past Concord camp ground, the hunters keeping on the inside of the circle. After awhile the hounds turned south till they passed Petersburg, and as a deer always came back to where he started from we all headed for the place where he would cross the river. The deer plunged into the river to swim across, when a dozen shots killed him. The water was deep and we were puzzled about how to get him out. Hugh Trent, who was always equal to any emergency, constructed a raft out of rails, pulled him out and brought him to shore. The deer was carried to town and the next day was divided up into fifteen or twenty shares.

I have seen deer run through the streets of Petersburg when they did not know there was a town till they got in it. Deer skins used to be legal tender for all debts, public and private.

GEORGE KIRBY OF SANDRIDGE

Tuesday morning of this week found us on the C., P. & St. L. train, speeding south from our home at Forest City. We stopped at Oakford and found "Tobe" Kirby waiting for us. "Is this Mr. Onstot?" said he, "That's my name; is this Mr. Kirby?" asked I. "That's my name," returned he. So, with this self introduction, we took passage in his buggy for his residence six miles east of Oakford. We found him a very agreeable companion. As we traveled along we passed a number of fine farm houses and he kindly and entertainingly answered all our questions regarding their

ownership, etc. Also, along the route were school houses, such as are seen all over the country, where the children assemble to get a good common school education to equip them for the duties of life.

Finally ahead of us there loomed up a big farm house—big enough for a hotel, where our companion lives and where we stopped. The occasion of our visit was to attend the eighty-sixth birthday anniversary of George Kirby, the father of our host, whom we had not seen for more than fifty years. We were kindly, even cordially received.

George Kirby was born in Madison county, Illinois, December 20, 1812, and came to Clary's Grove, Menard county, in 1820. We doubt if there are a dozen people now living who were here when he came. The county was wild then. Venison, wild turkey and other game supplied the board tables in the rude cabin of his father, Cyrus Kirby. It was before any of the great inventions of the age had been made. There were no railroads, no telegraph, no telephones no bicycles. It must have been a lonesome time for young George, growing up at that time, but he did grow up. He received a common school education, and with his good common sense made a success in life while others with just as good or better advantages made dismal failures. He married Dorcas Atterberry in October, 1834. She died a few years ago. His son, George T., (our host), now conducts the farm. He is a "chip off the old block"—a fine specimen of the middle-aged men, sons of the pioneers of this country.

Among the guests were the venerable Squire D. Masters and wife, Mrs. Lucy Watkins, (sister of George Kirby), James Senter, (a son-in-law) and wife, and others. Mrs. Watkins has passed her ninetieth year.

A royal feast was spread. The fatted calf had been killed, and Mrs. George Kirby, Jr., and her daughters, left nothing undone to make the guests feel at home. After

dinner all repaired to the sitting room, where a blazing fire in the old fashioned fireplace, the first we had seen in many years, made everything look cheerful. - "Uncle George" and Squire Masters regaled the party with anecdotes and incidents of early days, and upon comparing notes we found that there were three of us who had never drank liquor or used tobacco in any form.

"Uncle George" Kirby's success as a farmer is attested by his ownership of 1,200 acres of fine farm land. The home place is well kept and well stocked by the son, George T., better known as "Tobe." He is feeding sixty head of cattle and a fine lot of hogs at the present time. He not only feeds all the corn produced on the farm but buys as much more of the neighbors.

"Tobe" has a bachelor brother, Sam, a fine, good looking man in the prime of life. If Sam lived in Mason county some buxom widow or old maid would capture him the first leap year that came around. We feel an interest in him and would help him to get a wife if he would say so.

The men of George Kirby's stamp have made this country what it is. They have left their impress on their sons, who in turn have sons that cultivate the moral and intellectual interests of the physical man. Many of the men we have written about, who lived and died in the early history of the county, contributed but little to its morals.

We came from the Kirby home to Petersburg in the evening. The road was quite muddy, but with "Tobe" for our companion the trip was a pleasant one.

We like to meet these old settlers and as we have leisure now will be glad to do so at any time; and we promise to keep our end of the single-tree up.



CHAPTER XIX.

OLD TIME STORIES



AMONG the pioneer settlers of Menard county who have answered death's call within the past year were Dulcena Goodpasture and Parthena Hill.

I remember Mrs. Goodpasture from the time of her marriage—a tall, beautiful young woman of majestic carriage. She came from a noble family and was a sister of Jacob and John Williams. As a boy, I had great reverence for her; she was so kind and affable and made one feel at ease when in her presence. I had not seen her for nearly fifty years until about a year ago I met her at McGrady Rutledge's in Petersburg. She had changed greatly, of course, but there was the same kindly greeting as in the olden times. I saw her again at Old Salem Chautauqua and the signs of declining health were plainly visible. The end came in a few months and this uncrowned queen of earth was re-united with her husband. When the roll is called up yonder, no purer, brighter spirit will answer than Dulcena Goodpasture.

It was in 1837 that I first saw Parthena Hill. She had just been married to Samuel Hill, the Salem merchant. Her maiden name was Nance, and she was a sister of Hon. Thomas Nance. She stood high in the circle in which she moved. She joined the Presbyterian church and was a devoted christian as long as she lived. Mr. Hill died and many years of her life were spent in the loneliness of widowhood. I made it a point to call on her when I visited Petersburg, and was always warmly welcomed. She loved to talk over old times and more than once spoke about my plat of Salem

and the article about the village which I furnished The Democrat in 1892. She had preserved them in a scrap book.

These two noble women outlived their generation. Like ripened shocks of grain they have been gathered into the heavenly garner and the world is better because they lived.

When a boy I helped Abraham Goodpasture farm the bottom land along where the C., P. & St. L. railroad crosses the river south of Petersburg. The land was new and very fertile and the corn grew so high that I had to bend the stalks down to gather the ears. The bottom land between Petersburg and Salem, though it has been farmed a long time, appears to still produce abundant crops. I saw corn on the old Able farm two years ago that would make sixty bushels to the acre.

Goodpasture and I ran a thrashing machine one year. Not a steam thrasher. Oh, no. It was a horse power of the primitive kind. We scraped off a round spot of ground about twenty feet in diameter and when we had ten acres of wheat to thrash we would haul a couple of loads and lay it down on this ground and I would ride the horses around on it until we would get dizzy; then I would turn them and go the other way as long as I and the horses could stand it. Then Brother G. would say: "While you are resting take my fork and stir up the grain." I thought it was a queer way to rest, but generally obeyed. I think we could thrash and clean about one acre a day. Goodpasture was from the hilly part of Tennessee and commenced farming in the Sangamon bottoms. He was a fair preacher; not of the sensational kind, but of the doctrinal sort.

The history of Menard county would be incomplete without an extended notice of Hardin Bale, the eldest son of Jacob Bale. As early as 1836 he was running the carding machine in Salem. He was an expert machinist. The main building was a frame about forty feet square. A shed on the north covered the incline wheel which was forty feet

in diameter and stood at an incline of twenty-five degrees. On this wheel two oxen furnished the motive power. A large sill operated by a lever in the side of the mill held the wheel still, and it was set in motion by letting the brake loose. The cogs in this machine were all made of wood. With this rude machinery all the carding machines were run. First was the picker, which made the wool ready for the first machine. After going through this it was left in bats ready for the finisher, and came out in rolls. It was then done up in bundles and tied up. Hardin took toll out of the wool after it had been run through the picker. In 1841 he moved his machine to Petersburg and established it on Main street, four blocks south of the present court house. Great improvements were made. The buildings were larger, the wheel was nearly fifty feet in diameter, iron cogs were substituted for the wooden ones, and horses and mules were used instead of oxen.

In the course of a few years steam took the place of horse power and machinery for fulling cloth was added; then a spinning jenny with one hundred and sixty-eight spindles; then weaving machines. Samuel Hill, who always took a great interest in machinery and Hardin Bale, became partners and a pair of French buhrs were added. The mill now assumed large proportions and was successfully run till fire destroyed it in 1865. The ground has since laid vacant.

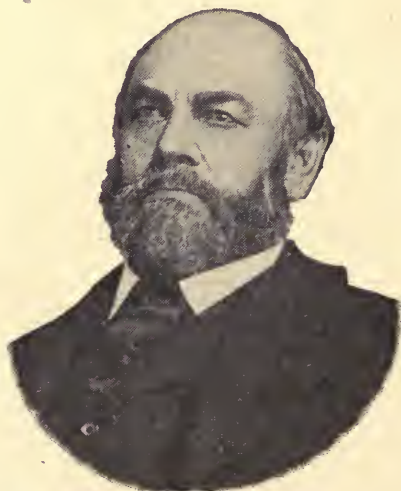
Hardin Bale came out of the fire considerably worsted, but he was not inclined to give up. He secured a large building across the branch by the coal bank and there carried on the business for a number of years. Among the men who worked for him many years were Hurd, the fuller, and Caleb Carman, the carder. These men and their employer have gone to the country from whence no traveler has yet returned.

Hardin Bale married Esther Summers in his early manhood and raised quite a family. His father-in-law, Len

Summers, was an old settler who lived west of Salem and was noted for murdering the English language.

Hardin Bale's history is like that of hundreds of others. For a few years he prospered in every venture, but the tide turned and misfortune overtook him. He always had a brave heart, however, and never gave up.

JUDGE JOSEPH H. PILLSBURY



JUDGE JOSEPH H. PILLSBURY

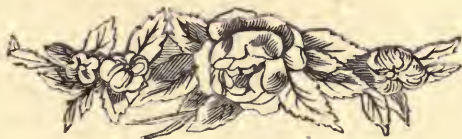
Was one of the early settlers of Menard county. He was born in 1830, in Stafford county New Hampshire.

His mother came to Menard county and settled there in the "thirties." It then being but a new county and called Sangamon.

He was given a good education in Illinois college. He located in Petersburg in 1854 and read law with the lamented

Thomas L. Harns. He then taught school. In 1855 he was elected school commissioner, serving in that capacity for six years. In 1856 he was admitted to the bar; was elected police magistrate and appointed master-in-chancery, which office he held eight years. He was then elected county judge. He filled these several offices with efficiency and fidelity. He was married to Miss Susan M. Gardner in 1861.

Two children, Joseph B. and Susan H., who, with his devoted wife, survive him. He administered on his own estate and had all of his business settled when he died. He had perfect faith in the Lord, having been baptised in his own home, and died full of years and honors.





CHAPTER XX.

REMINISCENCES OF MENARD COUNTY



THE session of the Legislature in 1838—'39, Menard county was stricken off Sangamon and named Menard, in honor of Col. Pierre Menard, a Frenchman, who settled at Kaskaskia. Menard was so popular in his day that when the convention framed the constitution of the state, a clause was included in the constitution providing that any citizen of the United States, who had resided in the state for two years, might be eligible to the office of lieutenant governor. This was done that Col. Menard, who had only been naturalized a year or so, might be made lieutenant governor under Shadrick Bond the first governor of Illinois.

As Menard county was named after this popular Frenchman, it might be interesting to give a short account of his life. He was born in the city of Quebec in 1767, and in his nineteenth year his spirit of adventure led him to seek his fortune in the territory watered by the Mississippi. He soon found employment with Col. Vigo; in 1790 he formed a partnership with Duboose, a merchant in Vincennes, and shortly afterwards removed their stock to Kaskaskia. Menard, though possessed of a limited education, was a man of quick and good judgment. He was honest and full of energy and industry, and a leader among the people of his adopted home. For a number of years he was a government agent for the Indians and had the esteem and friendship of the tribes. This secured him great advantages as a merchant. He could buy their furs for half the price they could

be purchased by other traders. He was a member of the legislature from 1812 to 1818. He was lieutenant governor from 1818 to 1822, and after that declined to accept any further honors from the people. He died in Tazewell county at the good old age of 77 years. Such was the man for whom Menard county was named.

The boundaries of Menard county are as follows: Commencing on the east, Salt Creek, north of Irish Grove and the Sangamon river form its eastern boundary, on the north the waters of the Sangamon form its northern boundary, on the west Clary's Grove, Little Grove and Puncheon Camp Grove form the western boundary, and on the south Rock Creek. The Sangamon river flows through the center of the county from south to north. The county contains two hundred twenty-five square miles. A number of small streams flow into the Sangamon and Salt Creek, affording plenty of fresh water for stock and other purposes. The surface of the country is generally level, though for a mile or so back of the streams it is broken. The greater part of the county, in its native state, was prairie covered with a luxuriant coat of grass with countless varieties of flowers. Groves and bodies of timber are interspersed all over the county in ample abundance for agricultural and manufactory purposes. Along the Sangamon, for a mile and a half on either side, the timber was once heavy with white oak growth, but the woodman's axe has laid the forest low and the lands have either been brought into cultivation or used for pasturing the countless herds of cattle or flocks of sheep. Rock Creek and Indian Point had in early days heavy timber. In the eastern part of the county Irish Grove and Sugar Grove had some splendid forests, while in the western part Clary's Grove and Little Grove had sufficient timber for its own use. The native timber was white oak, which was king of the forest, which, with red oak, walnut, hickory, cherry, elm and many other varieties, made up the forest.

We counted the number of kinds of timber on old Salem Chautauqua grounds and found twenty-seven different kinds. The soft wood along the rivers are sycamore and cottonwood which grow to a very large size, while soft maple is a very quick growth and is used much for shade and ornamental trees. The sugar maple appears to be a natural growth all over the country, and in pioneer days the sugar tree furnished syrup and sugar for the early settlers.

The soil of Menard county is very productive, not only in the bottom lands, but the uplands are equally productive for pasture. The farmer only clears the land of the timber, which is soon set with a magnificent coat adapted to corn, wheat or oats. For many years the raising and feeding of cattle and hogs was very profitable to the farmer, but the high price of pasture land, when brought into comparison with the cheap western lands, did not leave as much profit as the farmer desired, and the Menard farmer now turns his attention to raising the finer strains of horses and cattle, and the Norman and Clydesdale and other fine breeds of race horses, are raised to a profit.

Another great source of wealth to Menard county is its inexhaustible beds of coal. In the first settlement of the county small veins of coal crept out at Petersburg and at the Purkapile branch. The coal was not used for fuel, and a blacksmith would only have to strip off the dirt two or three feet deep and get all the coal he needed. The first stoves used were wood stoves, and the women said the coal would burn the stove out. The coal is three veins in thickness and the strata will make at least twenty-five feet in thickness, and in every foot of coal there are twenty bushels of coal or one million tons of coal per acre. This is of itself an inexhaustible source of wealth. No nation can succeed without a supply of coal, as it drives the factories and the commerce of the world. There are a number of coal mines operated near Petersburg, furnishing labor for a large number of

employes and furnishing a home market for a large amount of produce. The first coal shaft was owned by Elijah Taylor in the fall of 1845.

Stone is not as plentiful as could be desired. There are quantities of limestone on Rock Creek lying near the surface that makes excellent stone for foundation, but not lying near to a railroad, will never be developed for building purposes, though it makes an excellent quality of lime. Stone is also found at old Salem and at Petersburg but the quarries have never been worked. The natural advantages of Menard county are great, and no locality is better supplied with facilities for manufactory enterprises. There is also clay of a superior quality for manufactory drain tile. Brick of an excellent quality is made all over the county. It is strange that manufactories for agricultural implements, plows, reapers, wagons and buggies are not made in the county, instead of paying out hundreds of thousands of dollars to have them brought from other places.

EARLY SETTLEMENTS

Settlements were first made in Sangamon county before any white settlement was made in the bounds of Menard county, and Menard was a part of Sangamon until 1839. There are conflicting statements as to who was the first settler. John Clary claims to be the first as far back as 1819, just as it became a state. He settled near Tallula, and Clary's Grove takes its name from him. He built the first house in the grove and a number of houses were built soon after. The houses built by the first settlers were very rude affairs. Not a nail was used, nor a pane of glass. Directly after Clary settled in the grove the Armstrong's,

Green's and Spears' settled west of the Sangamon. Soon after Sugar Grove was settled. About the same time Charles Montgomery and Alexander Meadows were among the first settlers east of the Sangamon river. James Meadows and Jacob Bozer came to Sugar Grove in 1819. They came from the American Bottom above Alton. Meadows had one wagon drawn by two horses, one milk cow, and a yoke of yearling steers and thirty head of hogs. Bozer brought three head of horses, two milch cows and a yoke of oxen. The Blaine family came next. This family were of Irish blood and Irish Grove was named after them. The Blaines brought two span of horses and six yoke of oxen. They soon built cabins and were probably in the grove when Clary settled in Clary's Grove.

The Blaine's took claims, erected cabins, and began to grow up with the country. As above stated, Meadows had brought two horses and thirty head of hogs and a yoke of yearling steers with him to the grove. In a few months the horses were missing and the hogs strayed away and were lost. In a short time one of the calves was found dead. Search was made, as it was difficult to replace the stock without a great deal of expense. Meadows applied to a fortune teller to learn what had become of the horses and hogs. He told Meadows that the horses were in the possession of the Indians and that he would get them back one at a time. Sure enough, the horses were found in the possession of the Indians who claimed to have traded for them with a Frenchman. The horses were so worn out that they soon died. The hogs, he told Meadows, had gone down the Sangamon river and one-half had been eaten. Meadows followed his directions. He finally found and recovered part of his hogs. The early settler put a great deal of confidence in fortune tellers. Soon another caravan of emigrants came to the grove, among whom were John Jennison and William McNabb. James McNabb, son of William, taught the first

school in the county. He was also a surveyor. He was drowned while trying to swim the Sangamon river with his compass tied on his head. Soon after Ben Wilcox and others came from Kentucky. Mr. Pentacost settled near the place where Marbold now lives. I was born on Henry Marbold's farm. My father moved to Sugar Grove in an early day. The house used to be owned by Alex. Meadows. Marbold told me that the house stood there till about twenty years ago. The Indians had their camps along Salt Creek and they used to come out to Sugar Grove to get milk. William Engle and Leonard Alkire moved to the grove in an early day. They were prominent farmers and their descendants still exert a great influence to this day. Bill Engle was an all-around man. He kept a store at Sweet Water for many years. He was also a great politician, an old line democrat of the Jacksonian style. Engle and Alkire being men of means, soon began to buy out claims. John Jennison farmed a year or so in the grove and then moved to Baker's Prairie. The tide of emigration now began to flow in, bringing in a host of a hardy and industrious class of people, forming a thrifty class. The first marriage was John Jennison to Patsy McNabb. The second was Mr. Hennar and Rosina Blaine. The third, William Engle and Melissa Alkire. The first death was an infant son of Bozer. The second death was James Blaine. The third was Joseph Kenney, who was buried in Sugar Grove cemetery and an elm tree grew up out of the grave and is now a large tree. The first school house was built in Sugar Grove in 1822, and was built by Meadows, Bayer, Wilcox and McNabb. It was built of split logs and was sixteen by sixteen, covered with clap boards held to their place by weight poles; the house was as good as any in the country. The seats were a log split and four pins for legs, a log left out for a window, the pens all made of goose quills, and the scholars kept the teacher one-half the time making or mending goose

quills, and the teacher always carried half a dozen quills behind his ear. The books were the old English readers or the testament. In arithmetic the scholars hardly ever got past the single rule of three. Grammar was a dead language for a number of years till the advent of Mentor Graham in the country. A grammar teacher organized a class and assisted the scholars in their first lesson. The first preaching in Sugar Grove was by the Campbellites. William Engle was a preacher of that order and most of the settlers were of that order. Peter Cartright used to say that they had a way to heaven fifteen hundred miles shorter than any other sect and all the way by water. The nearest doctor was at Springfield. Dr. Winn was the first doctor. He settled near Indian Point and practiced medicine in an early day, but finally moved up near Waynesville.

Indian Point, about half way between Sugar Grove and Athens, was the center of a lot of emigrants. This was settled in 1820. The first settler at Indian Point was Robert White. Near his house was the Lebanon camp ground. Old Robert White was a brother of James White, who settled near Tallula. Soon came James Williams. He had two sons. Jake Williams, a blooded cattle raiser, was the first man to introduce the short horn cattle. Another son, Col. John Williams went to Springfield and was identified with important improvements. Among his daughters were Canedy Kincaid's wife and Abraham Goodpasture's wife. The Moore's and the Scotts' were a numerous family. Old Billy Short came in an early day. He sometimes practiced law before the lower courts. He was a man of limited education and when in controversy on some limited point would call for his opponent to show the statutes. The settlement at Indian Point was one of the most important made in the county, and many of the descendants of the pioneers still live in the fame of their ancestors. Perhaps there is no locality in Menard county where as many of their children and even to the third generation live, as at Indian Point.

Having thus sketched the centers of the three first settlements in the county, the most important locality was what was called in an early day New Salem. This was the first town laid out in the county. This town was laid out where the Sangamon river washes the foot of a hill or bluff whose sides and level summit were at an early day covered with a heavy growth of white oak timber. The country back from the crest of the hill is level for miles. To the westward the timber continues back from the river for a mile in a dense forest, beyond which the prairie continues unbroken for miles.

On the south, Rock Creek, a small stream, but large enough for the rude water-mill of an early day, comes into the Sangamon from the west. This creek was also covered on its sides with a fine growth of timber. Just on the brow of the bluff, in years long gone by, was situated the village of New Salem. This deserted village will in time become as historic as Mt. Vernon. Although the Sangamon will not compare with the Patomac, yet Salem is as sacred to the lovers of liberty as Mt. Vernon in all her historic glory. Many visitors from Kentucky and Tennessee come to the spot where Abraham Lincoln spent the days of his early manhood, where he studied law, wrestled and romped with young men of his age, and where he imbibed principles, which in after years, made him the idol of the American people, and where he wrote his name high on the scroll of fame in tablets more enduring than granite, brass or bronze. They are disappointed in not finding any vestige of Salem. Even the old mill at the foot of the hill is gone and scarcely a vestige of the dam remains. Only one land mark remains. This is Jacob's Well. This well was made by Jacob Bale and is still walled up with rock. It appears indestructable; covered with a lot of old railroad ties it remains as a reminder of old Salem sixty years ago. Settlements had been made in the vicinity a few years before Salem had been

laid out. William Green, Ned Potter, the Jones' and Hugh Armstrong had moved southwest a few miles, while Tarleton Lloyd had settled up farther to the south on Rock Creek.

LINCOLN AND THE BULL

It is reported that Lincoln was one day crossing a field in which a bull was pastured. The bull, espying Lincoln, gave chase. Lincoln, seeing that he could not reach the other side in safety, commenced to run around a hay stack and soon had the bull in front of him. Seizing the bull by the tail he now became the aggressor. The frightened animal then took across the pasture with Lincoln kicking him in the sides, first with one foot and then the other. Giving him a parting kick, he exclaimed: "You son of a cow, who began this fight anyhow?"





CHAPTER XXI.

ANECDOTES OF MENARD



AFTER the mill was built at Salem it was a big thing, and people came from fifty miles around, and sometimes waited a week for their grist. Such was the patronage given to the mill, that a town was demanded, and so, on the thirteenth day of October, 1820, Reuben Hamison, surveyor, layed out the town of Salem. The owners were John Cameron and James Rutledge, and they improved the town by building each a log cabin, and for a decade the town had an interesting history, but now nothing remains to mark the buildings but a few cellars, but the history of Salem will live as long as the memory of Abraham Lincoln endures. At the time Salem was laid out there had never been a postoffice in the county, the people getting what little mail they then received from Springfield, then a mere village. About this time Dr. John Allen came from the east. He was a christian gentleman and stood very high in his profession. He soon had a Sunday school started in a log cabin that stood across the branch near the grave yard.

Abraham Lincoln came in the summer of 1831 on his return from a trip down the Sangamon river. This was his first trip to Salem, though he had passed down the river early the preceding spring. There is a story of Lincoln boring a hole in a flat boat to let the water out while the boat was fast on the dam. The boat was loaded at Decatur with pork in

barrels and some live hogs. The boat ran with such force upon the dam that the bow ran over and was clear out of the water and the water in the boat ran forward, so by boring a hole in the boat at the front it was lightened up and ran over the dam.

Mr. Offit bought a stock of goods and hauled them from Beardstown to Salem, set up a store, and engaged Lincoln as clerk. This was Lincoln's advent to Salem.

Salem now began to build up. There was Jack Kelso, the hunter and fisherman; Jonathan Miller, the blacksmith; Henry Onstot, the cooper, and Robert Johnson, the wheelwright; William Berry, the grocery keeper, and others whose names are not mentioned. Lincoln raised a company for service in the Black Hawk war. No member of that company is now living, though many of their sons are still in Menard county. They never saw any fighting. Black Hawk had sold his reservation in Iowa, and white men could not wait for the details of the sale to be consummated and had rushed in to get the best lands, and Black Hawk was going to hold the lands until the treaty was complied with. When Lincoln was elected to the legislature in 1834 he set out on foot with only one suit of homespun clothes. Lincoln was a popular man with all classes of people.

The next settlement of any note was Concord, four and one-half miles north of Petersburg. The settlement was all made in the timber. Ten or twenty acres of land would be grubbed out and fenced, while the finest prairie land in the world was ready for the pioneers plow without grubbing it. I don't know why this was done unless they thought they would freeze to death on the prairie.

The young man of the present day has but little conception of the manners and costumes of the early settler, and it is strange how such a complete revolution could have been made in the last half century. It would be impossible to give the youth of today a just conception of the clothing, the

duelling and diet and social costumes, everything having undergone a complete revolution. It may truthfully be said that the cabins of the early settlers were but little in advance of the three-faced camp of the first pioneers, the house, being of hewn or rough logs, the cracks filled in with mortar made of clay mixed with straw. If the floor was made of anything else but earth trampled down until it was hard, it was made of puncheons split out of a straight grained tree and about four inches thick. It was hewn out with an axe and then laid down on stumps of round oak and not nailed down and then crevices large enough for the children to run their feet through. The roof was covered with shakes held down with weight poles. For a fireplace one whole end of the house was taken, the lower part was lined up with stone or clay for five or six feet. About a cord of wood was necessary for a fire. A buckeye back log and then a fore stick about half as large set on dog irons filled in with kindling wood. There was no such thing as matches in those days, and it was a customary thing to borrow fire at the neighbors to start a fire or perchance the old flint rock would be brought into use to strike fire with. The upper part of the chimney would be built with sticks laid in mortar. This would often get on fire in the day, but would be put out before going to bed. The door would be made of boards nailed or pinned together, so dear reader, you have some idea of the houses your ancestors lived in. A buck string was attached to the latch and allowed to hang on the outside, hence the old saying, "you will always find the latch string on the outside." As cook stoves had not been invented, a flat oven and a skillet were the utensils, which, with a teakettle completed the cooking outfit. The skillet was used to fry the meat in while the oven was set on a bed of coals, and the house wife would take a gallon of corn meal and mix it up stiffly and mould it into shape by changing it from one hand to the other, and then tip it into the oven, patting it to the desired thickness. About three of these corn cakes would fill the oven.

When the lid of the oven was covered with live coals and the dodgers baked hard enough to knock a Texas steer down, the imprints of the fingers would be left on the corn cakes. This made the dodgers a legal tender. Lye hominy was also an article of diet which no well regulated household could afford to dispense with. Sugar was unknown except where the sugar trees abounded. Honey was found in the timber everywhere as the bees held undisputed sway. Preserves were made with honey from grapes, crab apples, etc., but they were only opened when company came, and then we also had biscuits, but corn bread, honey and hog was the chief diet.

The clothing was of the simplest kind in early days. The men wore pants of buckskin, caps of coon or fox skins, while the feet of both sexes were covered with the moccasin. Cotton goods were very scarce and difficult to get. The men raised flax and rotted and broke it, the women would then spin and weave it and make it up into garments. It was almost useless to have sheep on account of the numbers of black and gray wolves that roamed the timbers and prairies, and would destroy whole flocks of sheep in a single night. So after they began to raise hemp and flax the people began to appear in a better garb. This made good underwear, also towels and tablecloths. When the people came to this new country they brought an immense lot of clothing with them that lasted for several years. In an early day it did not take as many widths of cloth for a dress as now. I have known a farmer to buy a bolt of factory cloth and have it colored orange, and then have it made up for his family. Girls from five to sixteen all had an orange colored dress with three widths or so in it. If a girl had to jump a branch, she had to take into consideration the width of her dress. The boys had a pair of pants made out of tow linen, with a suit of flax for Sunday, and the boys from eight to twelve years of age had no other clothing than a long tow linen

shirt. In the winter they were supplied with buckskin pants, moccasin shoes, and sometimes a blue jeans coat. After sheep began to be raised by the settlers, flannel and linsey was woven for the women and jeans for the men. While dye stuffs were scarce, walnut bark was used which made a butternut color which is still used in the South. Everybody did their own spinning, and if a person wanted to hire a girl, the first question asked was "How many cuts can you spin?" A dozen cuts was a day's work, though there were girls that could go from fifteen to twenty cuts a day. Not every family had a loom, as it took up too much room, unless they had an outhouse for the loom. You could hear the weavers go whack—whack—during the fall and winter all over the country. Boots were a luxury that few indulged in. I never had a pair of boots until I was twelve years old, and then it was only by accident. I was the first boy in Petersburg who had a pair. In summer time boys and girls went bare-footed, and in Menard county boys had stone bruises on their feet nearly all summer. It was mostly in the heel of the foot about a quarter of an inch under the skin. A gathering of matter resulting from a bruise would commence sometimes. A razor would be used to pare down the skin so as to open the bruise. I have seen boys with a stone bruise on one heel. On the other foot there would be a stone bruise on the toes, and the poor boy would have to navigate on one heel and one toe.

The agricultural implements were fully up to everything else. There were no steel clipper plows, only a wooden mould board for breaking up the ground, that would not scour a rod in a quarter of a mile. A paddle had to be carried with the plow. The corn was cultivated with the hoe or bull tongue, or a very rude kind of a shovel plow. All planting was done by marking off two ways with a shovel plow and then dropping and covering with a hoe. All teaming was done with ox teams, and it was no uncommon sight to see four to six yoke hitched to a large plow.



CHAPTER XXII.

NAVIGATION ON THE SANGAMON



IN EARLY days before railroads were invented or dreamed of, the people of Springfield and Menard county looked forward to the time when steamboats would be the means of sending their surplus products, and bringing back goods and merchandise. In fact the navigation of the river was more feasible then than now. The great bodies of timber along the stream had never been acquainted with the woodman's axe, and the stream, with the exceptions of a few overhanging trees and a few unimportant drifts, was a stream that offered but few impediments to navigation. The river furnished a more steady supply of water then than now. The winter snow and the summer rains supplied the water, and the earth, not being trampled by stock as at present, the Sangamon was evenly fed the whole year. As far back as 1831 the experiment was tried of loading a steamer at Alton with merchandise. There were no bridges across the stream, and the steamer had no difficulty in making the trip till it arrived at the Salem dam, where it stuck. By unloading a part of the cargo and using a capstand, it was pulled over the dam and went on its way rejoicing. In a few years the Utility, a stern wheeler, came up and laid at the Salem mill for a week or ten days. I was old enough to remember the Utility. It attracted great attention. Farmers came for miles around to see it. The river began to fall and it was dismantled at Petersburg, and its machinery was

put in the first mill, while the pine lumber used in its construction was used in building houses in Petersburg. The engine was a large single engine, and it did good service for many years. It stood in the mill as late as 1841, though the mill had gone down. This ended the navigation of the Sangamon, as railroads had begun to come in use. A horse boat was built in 1845. The Gamels came from Sugar Grove. Major Hill, with a few others, cut a big black walnut tree in the grove. The tree was 80 feet long, it was split straight and hauled to Petersburg, and the boat was built, but a sufficient amount of power was not obtained to propel the boat up stream even when empty.

WARLIKE SPIRIT OF MENARD COUNTY

Little Menard has always had a warlike character. In my childhood there were still living in its bounds two soldiers who had fought in the Revolutionary war. One was the father of James Short who was an early friend of Lincoln's. He lived north of Petersburg. It was old man Short who killed sixteen wild turkeys at one shot and the recoil of the gun broke his leg. The other was Daddy Boger who lived in Wolf. He was a basket maker and he would come to Petersburg every Saturday with a basket on each arm and every person in those days had a Boger basket made out of the best white oak splits. They were what was called hoop baskets, and were very strong and substantial. In 1844 slavery was either to have more territory or to go out of existence, we went to war. The cry was Polk and Texas. Texas had achieved her independence from Mexico with the Rio Grande river as the western boundary. In the election

the south and Polk were triumphant, and Henry Clay, who had rather be right than president, was beaten. The slave power now ran wild and instead of stopping at the Rio Grande river, demanded that the line of Texas be moved two hundred miles farther west to the Rio Nuses, which Texas had never claimed. The Whigs opposed this claim, though when it came to voting supplies to carry on the war, they voted for them on the principle of "Our Country, right or wrong." So when our troops were moved over next to Mexico, it took no time to start the war, and then it was published all over the country that American blood had been spilled on American soil. This was enough. When the average American gets the smell of human blood, he usually goes in for all it is worth. So the war was started, and Illinois furnished four regiments. Col. Baker and Col. Hardin, as good men as Illinois ever produced, raised regiments in the central part of the state. Col. or General Hardin laid down his life at Buena Vista, while Col. Baker reserved his life for Ball's Bluff, in the Rebellion. Menard county furnished one company of stalwarts. A. D. Wright was elected captain, William C. Clary, first lieutenant, Sheldon Johnson, second lieutenant, and Robert Scott, third lieutenant. The company had eighty-two men in its ranks, but death cut a wide swath in its ranks. The climate robbed the country of more than half of its men. Some were killed in battle, so not more than one-half of the men returned, and some of those who did, came back, had the seeds of disease planted in their systems and soon died. In fact it is in all wars, those who return, come home to die or linger out the rest of their days in pain, so it is doubtful whether there will be a single Mexican soldier alive in two years from date. There were only six alive in 1898, and several have died since. Tom Watkins died only two years ago. He was more widely known than any of them. The capture of Santa Anna with a lot of treasure and the wooden

leg of Santa Anna, who was compelled to leave it in great haste to save his own person, was an episode of the war. Thomas L. Harris' name is mentioned in connection with this with several men from Pekin. As one of the results of the war, we acquired New Mexico and California, though we paid them \$15,000,000 for the latter. It turned out to be a good investment, as the gold in California was discovered about that time. The slave power now ran mad and stopped at nothing to extend their arena of slavery. In this they sealed their doom, as the last straw broke the camel's back, so things were carried to the point until the north arose in their right and said: "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

We have said that the first settlers of Menard were natural born fighters. They came from fighting ancestors. Their sires came from Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia, and the way they settled their differences was to knock it out. Even to this day whole families are wiped out and in a few years the other family grows strong enough to wipe out the other family out. These things have existed for generations. In my childhood the military existed in Menard more than at the present time. With our schools for learning the art of war, a citizen can be made into a soldier in a short space of time. I recollect when every person liable to military duty had to muster two days in each year. Andrew Moore of Indian Point was captain and a very important man was he with a military suit on. He looked soldier like, but his most impressive toggery was an old silk hat caved in at the sides, with a red plume on top. Andy, with solemn mein, would give the word of command and the troops would automatically obey. Muster days which would come in August were red letter days.

In the war of the rebellion, little Menard never had a draft, but furnished her quota of troops. It has been said, to her discredit, that she had many citizens who were op-

posed to the war, but we know that Democrats and Republicans poured out about the same amount of their best blood on their country's altar to save the Union, and that all were patriotic in their own way, though they all could not see just alike. Menard had enrolled 1,084; killed in battle, 26; died of wounds, 19; killed by accident, 2; wounded, 26; died in prison, 8; died of disease, 129; deserted, 50; total death from all causes, 184. A great many died on returning home from disease contracted during the war. "Our Country, right or wrong," although it would not hold good between neighbors, yet when applied to our nation, has always been the rallying cry. The last war was right, the war ten years from now will be right, and we have men who will hurrah for the war fifty years from now. General Sherman said: "War means hell." In the destruction of property or life it means the wounding and maiming of the youth of our land, and yet we hear it said every day that the war helps our business and our trade, and we don't care how long the war lasts, so we thrive by it.

SOME EARLY SETTLERS

Among the early settlements at New Market, Ballard was the center. It competed for the court house. On the north side lived Russell Godby, a strong old Jackson Democrat, of dignified appearance, a man of good common sense. At all the Democratic meetings he was always elected chairman. He settled on the farm on which he died. The farm south of Ballard's was entered by my uncle, David Onstot, in 1824. He sold out to Coleman Smoot at an early day and moved to Taney county, Mo., giving up some of the finest land in Illinois for the mountainous county in Missouri. Uncle Dave was of a restless spirit, and when he had half a dozen neighbors in a half dozen miles, he

said the country was getting too thickly settled up for him, and he did not propose to be crowded out, so he emigrated. He had some enterprise and built a horse mill, run by an incline wheel. The reason he gave for moving to Taney county, Mo., was that cattle could run out all winter without feed, the country being in the southern tier of counties. He made a trip back to Illinois in 1844, and was much surprised at the improvements in Menard county, and I think would have been glad could he have gotten back. Coleman Smoot lived on the farm till he died. His house was on a beautiful ridge next to the timber. He had a large orchard of fine apples and raised many hogs and cattle for market, and was considered in good circumstances, though he never gave up peddling apples. The last time we saw Coleman Smoot was at Camp Butler. He had a load of apples and a barrel of cider. The soldiers thought a rich man like Smoot ought to give them the apples free of charge, so when he was driving up a hill in the camp, they pulled out his end gate and his apples all run down the hill. He did not stop to pick them up but drove home with his barrel of cider. Smoot made a trip to St. Louis every spring, taking his bacon and surplus produce and bringing back his groceries and goods. He lived to a good old age. His son, William, was his only child. He built on the hill east of the old home, and still lives there.

A half a mile west, past the edge of the timber, was one of the first settlers, William Sampson, another uncle of mine, an eccentric old man. His house was a place for all the movers that were going north from Menard to Mason. They always aimed to get to Sampson's to stay all night. I don't think he ever charged them anything, so his house was a popular resort. I think I speak in bounds when I say that as many as forty persons have stayed all night at Uncle Billy's. It was pretty hard on Aunt Hannah to make beds all over the floor for such a large crowd and also feed them, but Sampson had a large

amount of bread and meat and this crowd kept it from spoiling. Besides Sampson was a great talker and could learn a lot of news from these travelers. He had eight large stalwart boys and two girls, which made him a large family. He had come from Virginia in an early day and had first settled on the west side of the river near Shipley's, but after marrying, moved on the east side of the river where he lived till it got too thickly settled for him. He then moved down near Greenview. We said Sampson was eccentric. A little anecdote will illustrate. He had a neighbor by the name of Rodgers whose wife died. Sampson and Rodgers were great friends, and at the funeral Sampson and his friend had been imbibing a little too much, and while filling up the grave Rodgers gave Sampson a hunch and told him to get in the grave and tramp it. Sampson jumped down in the grave and commenced to tramp the dirt. The shovelers took him by the arm and helped him out. He was heartily ashamed of his work and it was a by-word in the community for a year, "Get it and tramp it."

James Estill settled north of Sampson, and the place is known yet as the Estill place. About half way to Petersburg and Indian Creek. This stream supplied power to a mill that both sawed lumber and ground meal. It was down in the hollow. The road both in the east and the west came down a very steep hill. The hill on the west must have been one hundred and fifty feet high. I once took a grist of corn there on horseback and when half way down the sack and I slipped over the horse's head.

One of the old stand-bys of the county is Gus Riggins: first a school master, then circuit clerk for eight years. He lived to be an old bachelor, marrying when fifty years old. He has since resided on his farm, a well educated and intelligent man, well versed in the affairs of the county, state and nation, fluent in conversation and an old time Democrat. He has for sixty years followed the party through

adversity and prosperity. Defeat only seemed to strengthen him in his principles. His name is a guarantee for integrity and honesty.

A little farther south one of the solid men in his day was Nicholas Tice, a small, heavy set German, the father of John Tice. He always rode a sorrel mare, with a slit in the face. He was a funny little old man and the boys in Petersburg always had lots of fun with Mr. Tice. He would sometimes get a little jubilant, but was always in a good humor. A little farther south lived Andy Branson, a great talker. He would go to Salem Mill, riding on a grist of corn and on the way he would stop at my father's shop and talk the hat off your head. I recollect a case of absent-mindedness he showed. He came riding on his sack of meal, with his saddle tied on behind him. Father bought a bushel of his meal. He then put his saddle on his horse and the sack on the saddle and started for home. In half an hour he came trotting in a great hurry up to the shop door, calling out to father, saying: "Henry, Henry, I forgot my saddle." When he saw he was riding on it he rode away, somewhat crestfallen.

Between Indian Creek and the Sangamon lived a number of solid citizens. They were John Jennison, Henry Clark, John Minor, George Curry, James Baxter, Abner Baxter, Sylvester Baker, McNabb and many others whose names do not readily come to my mind.

In the early days the mail was carried from Petersburg to Athens on horseback once a week. The Brooks boys carried it. It was a slim affair, as there were no papers printed then. The Illinois Journal and the State Register were the only papers in Springfield. Athens was in a rich country, but before the black diamonds were discovered, it did not assume much importance, as the farmers around there went to Springfield to do their trading. We well recollect being in Springfield in 1835 and the little brick court house, with

its cupola covered with tin, and ponds of water where the old state house stood. How changed Athens is now; surrounded by the best population in Menard. Go to any country and the quality of the land determines the character of the people.

A few miles brings us across the river into Wolf, the mouth of Rock Creek. The inhabitants of Wolf were from Kentucky and Tennessee and were wolfish in their nature when collected in large bodies. There were the Tibbs, the Wisemans, the Pembertons, the Hornbuckles, the Hohimers and the Duncans. The boundaries of Wolf were Rock Creek on the south, Sangamon on the east, Purkapile Branch on the north and the Springfield road on the west. Most of the early farms in Wolf were made in the barrens, as the timber was then called. Isaac Smerck, we recollect as the first settler, came from the lead mines in 1832. He brought \$2,000 in clean cash and entered one hundred and sixty acres of this grub land, and with a large ox team brought his land into cultivation. Any brush that the yoke could bend down the plow could break up. Smerck could have entered one thousand five hundred acres of the best prairie land in the country, but he thought that a man could not live on the prairie. His soil was only a few inches thick. Smerck had an ox that, when he was being unyoked, would jump back as quick as lightning. One time he struck his master in the face with his horn and came near killing him, and he was not able to work much after that. Smerck had a large lot of relatives on his wife's side that ate him out and he moved to Mason county, but they followed him up and he had to feed them as long as he lived.

Jack Pemberton will be remembered as a fat, jolly man. He weighed two hundred and fifty pounds and was constable. He was a great story teller. After he moved to Mason county he was elected to the legislature. When the county seat was moved to Petersburg, old Man Purkapile

lived on the southwest corner and was a noted character. He was the father of James and George Purkapile. Being the seventh son, he was supposed to be endowed with curative powers. Many children were taken to him to be cured of the rash and he, by simply blowing in their mouth, would effect a cure. Shirley's mill, near the mouth of Rock Creek, did a good business, and when there was water enough sawed lots of lumber. The old Menard House, in Petersburg, got its lumber from this mill, and many a grist of corn that made the dodger for the good housewife, came from Shirley's mill. But time has obliterated the last vantage of the mill, and not one stone has been left of the dam or mill. There were a number of families by the name of Miller that lived in Wolf, so many that they were distinguished by some title. One that was larger than the rest was known by the name of Greasy George Miller. They were all good fighters. On the Springfield road, running south, were the Nances, the Winns and the Goldbeys. James Goldbey was the first sheriff of Menard county and was a very influential citizen as long as he lived. The Nances were also above the average in intelligence. Mrs. Parthena Hill was a sister of Thos. Nance, while the Winns were a noted family. L. B. Winn was elected to the legislature after he moved to Petersburg. These pioneers have long since moved to the Silent City and the second and third generations have taken their places.

Rock Creek was early settled with an energetic class of people, the Cogdals on the west of the Springfield road. There were Elijah and Isaac Cogdal. Isaac was an all around man. He had a large stone quarry and burnt lime. He furnished the stone for the foundation of the old court house in Petersburg in 1842, and all the lime that was used in an early day. Isaac Cogdal was quite a noted politician and was always up for some office. He was a Whig. He had the misfortune to lose one arm in making a blast. He

was a tall, good looking man, while his brother, Elijah, was a man of not much force, but a good citizen and a law-abiding man. West of Cogdals lived Osborne, a farmer in good circumstances. Robert Conover married one of his daughters for his second wife.

We now come to Blacks. He had a number of girls and boys. His oldest daughter married Lige Taylor. Her name was Beckey. Sam was one of the boys. We were acquainted with a man by the name of Stephenson who lived near old Tarleton Lloyd. We cannot refrain from giving an incident in his life, though perhaps we have mentioned it before. The first Mrs. Lloyd, having died, in due time Lloyd thought he might take another wife. So he fixed his affections on Catherine Keltner, of Salem, whose father kept the old tavern. She was a buxom lass of twenty summers, a good worker. Though the Keltners were very poor, but respectable the marriage created great excitement and their neighbors contributed largely toward the wedding feast, some a few chickens, some a turkey, some a fat pig, some flour, until enough was brought in to make a royal dinner, and then the women brought in dishes and helped to cook the dinner. The Keltners were in high glee and they reasoned like this: Lloyd is sixty and may live fifteen or twenty years more, while Catherine is twenty and may live fifty years. At Lloyd's death Catherine will have a good home left her and plenty to live on. The argument looked very plausible, but alas, Catherine died at the age of sixty, after having raised a large family, while Lloyd lived to be one hundred and four years old. The Lloyd family appeared to be long lived, as some of the children of the first wife are still living. Near Lloyds lived Milo Wood, a harnessmaker. He owned a small farm and had a number of boys. Alex. one of his sons, was also a harnessmaker. Mack Woods, another son, went to the Mexican war and after his return was elected coroner. After he was qualified, James Taylor, who was sheriff died, and Wood was then sheriff, but in

settling up the accounts they did not pan out, and Wood was deposed from office.

We now come to the the noblest Roman of them all, the Rev. John M. Berry, who did as much to civilize and christianize the central part of Illinois as any other living man. Tall and well formed, he stood like Paul among the prophets, head and shoulders above his brethren. He was a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, well versed in the doctrines of his church. Old John Berry, as he was familiarly called, worked hard on his farm six days in the week and on Sunday preached when he could get an audience. He was a great friend of Abraham Lincoln, and he was the cause of Lincoln taking his son into partnership, but Bill Berry turned out bad and became a drinking man and gambler, and died a total wreck. This nearly broke his father's heart, and while he still preached, he always wore a solemn look and was seldom seen to smile. West of Berry's was the Rock Creek camp ground. As we have written that up in another part of this book, we will let that suffice.

Elihu Bone lived near by. He deserves more than ordinary mention. He had a large family of girls and boys. Jack Bone, his oldest son, is still alive, though near ninety years old. He bought and marketed cattle in early days and sold his cattle in the St. Louis market. He has been in the Chicago Stock Yards at Chicago for forty years, but is now retired. Jack did not resemble any of the Bone family, being of medium height and dark complexioned, while the rest of the boys were tall and light complexioned. Several of the boys had red hair. Most of the boys settled around their father. Robert's house was close to the camp ground. He was an influential man. Elihu Bone once represented Menard county in the legislature, with credit to himself and his constituents. Elihu Bone was a very conscientious man, and though living in a community where

rowdyism was rampant, he never had any lawsuits or difficulties with his neighbors. In his dealings he was always conscientious and upright. The country would have been better off if all the early settlers had been men of Elihu Bone's character. There were the Combs, and the Yokums and the Pennys that lived on the south side of Rock Creek. Coming north we find old Billy Green, the father of a large family of Greens.

Ned Potter was one of the earliest pioneers of the country. He was a large, jolly fellow. He had a good sugar camp and Mrs. Potter's maple sugar was legal tender for all debts, public or private. The timber in this locality was nearly half sugar trees. A little farther north was Felix Green, who was the oldest of the Green boys.

Who in Menard county has not heard of Levi Summers and his grammatical style of talking? He murdered more of the English language than any other man in his day and his sayings are repeated in the county to this day. He had a large family, mostly girls. Fanny married Henry Balls, Esther married Hardin Bale, but Uncle Levi always bet on his son, Jimmy. About a half mile east lived one of the best known men in Menard county, Cousin Mentor Graham, who taught in nearly every district in the county after it was organized. He was a peculiar man. The writer went to school to him, first at the Baptist Church at Felix Green's; next in Salem, then at the house east of his farm. He taught over fifty years. If Cousin Mentor took a liking to a scholar, he fared well, if not, the scholar had a hard time of it. Cousin Mentor believed in governing a school by force. He always kept a lot of good switches on hand would often call up a scholar and make him hold out his hand and, with his rule, lay on the licks until the scholar would beg for mercy. Graham was well versed in the common branches of the English language. Graham raised a large family, mostly girls, who married

well and settled in the county. *North of Grahams was Tom Watkins, but as our account of him will be found in another part of the book we will give him a rest.

Across the prairie, west, we make a jump, as the prairies were not settled in pioneer days. George Spears is the central figure. He built a brick house before we were born. Spears was one of the early settlers. As soon as the howling wolf had left the grove or some time before and ere the Indian yell had died away, the hardy emigrant had pitched his rude cabin and was ready for the battle. The early fathers were a brave and hardy race. Spears was a man well fitted for a new country, strong in body, cool in judgment. He was not at a loss to settle all the questions that might arise. Spears had a large family, who, in turn, raised large families. Robert Conover was another man of influence. He was a close neighbor of Spears'. In his latter days he bought the Bennett Able place near Petersburg. Then there was the Bells, several of them, Abraham, Isaac, Silas, James; these we have named were all good, sober, reliable citizens, who gave character to the grove. There was the Whites, old Jimmy White was the oldest of them. He was elected to the legislature one term. He was honest, but eccentric. If he had a bill to introduce, he would make a short speech, telling what an advantage it would be to the country. The members of the early legislature were made up of honest farmers, while today it is composed of third class lawyers and bumers, who would sell their grandmothers for a mess of potatoes.

John Kiner lived near where Tallula is now located. He was not a large farmer, did not own more than one hundred and forty acres. He was a son-in-law of White Kinner and depended a great deal on his orchard. He had the finest Bellflower apples in the county and always brought them to town in sacks to the great disgust of the boys, who could not sample them.

Col. Judy is an old citizen of great energy and has a great reputation throughout Illinois, Kentucky and Missouri as an auctioneer of fine stock. North of Clary's Grove we come to a little old man, who was the central figure in Petersburg in the "forties"—Jesse Gum. He had a large tract of good farm land and raised a large number of big boys, big stalwart fellows, that could throw a two-year-old Texas steer over the fence by the tail, but Uncle Jesse's best hold was peddling. He had a cart and a small yoke of oxen. His main articles of trade were honey and sweet potatoes. Uncle Jesse always endeavored to impress the people with the idea that honey and sweet potatoes were mightily scarce. After he had sold out his load and trade a little he would take his seat in the cart, and the black steers would head for home without a driver. A little further north lived Uncle Johnny Watkins, Gaddie Davis, Joe Watkins and Lige Jones, more familiarly known as old Snag. There were three of the Jones boys, Lige, Bill and John. Old Snag always called his wife Fattie. Lige Jones was a good neighbor, but a very profane man and addicted to the use of liquor. His team finally ran away and killed him. The Jones were all tall, good looking men, and were fighters, though Gaines Green, when only a boy, whipped Bill Jones at a race at Joe Watkins' track. John Jones was a fiddler and ground out the music of the cat gut at many a dance in Menard county. He finally moved to Iowa. The Jones could always be found at Petersburg.

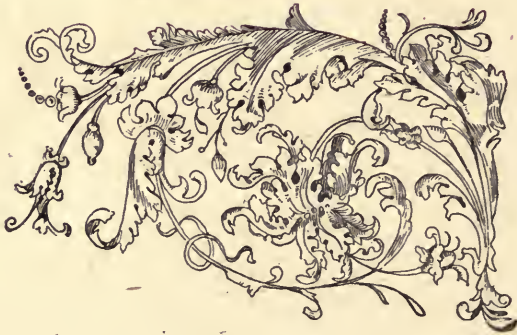
Tom Dowels was a quiet man and had the respect of his neighbors. He did not farm very extensively, and had plenty of boys to do his work. Then in the same community lived the Bonds and Arnolds and the Arterberrys. Old Daniel Arterberry was a tall, raw boned man, who had a tremendous grip in his hand, and if you were not careful in shaking hands with him, he would crush every bone in your hand. He had such powerful strength in his hand that he

made every fellow afraid of him. Daniel Arterberry was well known all over the county as a good law-abiding citizen. There were numerous families of the Arterberry's and to this day the village of Arterberry derives its name from some of these descendants.

We will now swing around to the Miller's Ferry, where, in 1846, lived Peter Ellmore. He was a jolly, good natured old fellow, unlettered, and could neither read nor write, but gathered up what information he could from his surroundings. We often stopped with Uncle Peter over night as a half way house between Havana and Petersburg, and always found him in an inquisitive mood. "Where have you been?" said he. We told him "out to Springfield." "Is the legislater sitten?" he would ask, and then we would tell him a long story about what they were doing, and Uncle Peter would say, "The Lord deliver us." Miller's Ferry, where Uncle Peter lived, was once surveyed for a town and was called Huron. My brother, R. J., has a plat of it in Abraham Lincoln's own handwriting and prizes it very highly. The town looks very fine on paper, though there was only one house in it in its earliest days. K. Watkins is now the sole owner of Huron, "and is monarch of all he surveys."

Concord was settled in an early day. Samuel Berry, a brother of John M. Berry, James Pantier, William Rutledge, Reason Shipley, Jack Clary and Rile Armstrong were the first settlers. Jack Clary first settled at Clary's Grove, but was living at Concord as far back as I can recollect. He had a large family of boys, of which Rile Clary is the oldest. Samuel Berry lived south of Concord Church, was a very religious man and could exhort as well as any of the preachers. He was a very solemn man, and seldom laughed or cracked a joke. William Rutledge was one of the large family of Rutledges. His son, McGrady, died two years ago. He was over eighty years old. Reason Shipley

lived north, near the Sangamon river. George Kirby lived a few miles farther north than Squire Masters. We met Kirby and Masters two years ago. They were both eighty-six and were both strong for that age.





CHAPTER XXIII.

CITY OF PETERSBURG



AMONG the early settlers of Petersburg were the Taylors, John Wamsing, the Davidsons, Chester Moon, Charles Brooks, Martin Morris, the Colbys, George Warberton, Peter Lukins, A. D. Wright, Dr. John Allen, Dr. Bennett, Henry Onstot, James and William Hoeys. The Bennetts came from old Virginia. James Carter came from Virginia. He was a cabinetmaker. Jacob Lanning came from New Jersey in 1838. The Lanning family still live in and around Petersburg. John McNamer lived in Salem and after its decline moved to his farm north of town. Chas. B. Waldo was the village schoolmaster. He and Nathan Dresser were brother-in-laws. Dresser was the first circuit clerk. George U. Miles was a prominent merchant with his wife's brother, James McCoy. Martin Morris was a fine blacksmith. Robert Bishop was a gunsmith and served in the Mexican war. George Warberton and Peter Lukins were at one time the proprietors of the town. They both were addicted to drink. Lukins went by taking an overdose of poison. He was one of three brothers, Jesse and Gregory, being the other two. We stated in another chapter that Gregory died in Sugar Grove. In this we are mistaken, as he died in Topeka, Mason county, about ten years ago. The Brahms settled north of Petersburg. They were Germans and at one time, with John Wamsing, were the only Germans in

the county, with the exception of Peter Himmel, who lived in Petersburg one year before—he moved to Mason county. The Colbys were wagonmakers and had their shop on the branch just north of the Charter Oak mills.

The Bales lived at Salem till Hardin moved his machine to Petersburg in 1841, on the west side of the street from Onstot's cooper shop. Jacob Bale first lived west of Petersburg. The Bales appeared to be adapted to the running of machinery. Aaron B. White was a carpenter and builder, and finally studied theology and made the discussion of baptism his hobby. William McNeely and his brother, Tilton, were prominent citizens of the county. William was a bricklayer and plasterer and lived in Salem when it was in its glory. He then moved out to the prairie west of Salem, but for forty years was a resident in the suburbs of Petersburg. Thos. McNeely was a son of Tilton's, who was a merchant. These persons comprise most of the early settlers around Petersburg.

Petersburg is beautifully situated on the west bank of the Sangamon river, where the Chicago & Alton crosses the Sangamon. It was first called the Springfield & Northwestern. Since the advent of railroads the glory of the Sangamon has departed. The river is spanned with numerous bridges, which are built without draws, and could not be navigated even were there plenty of water.

Petersburg has many fine residences on the bluffs which belong, we are told to lawyers. "They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." No discredit to lawyers. Peter Lukins and George Warberton did not have much success in selling Petersburg town lots, so they sold out to John Taylor and Hezekiah King, who infused new life into the town and it began to grow. Lots sold high. My father paid \$300 for two lots, that had a branch running through them at an angle. As Petersburg grew, Old Salem dimin-

ished. The trade that Hill had in Salem was transferred to the Taylors and Bennetts and Hoeys at Petersburg, and the trade that went to Springfield also went to Petersburg. There was no trading point on the north until Havana was reached. Abraham Lincoln re-surveyed Petersburg and had the plat recorded February 22, 1836. The town was named for Peter Lukins. Warberton wanted it called Georgetown. They finally agreed to play a game of old sledge. Lukins won and the town was called Petersburg.

The first lawyer was David M. Rutledge, a brother of Anna Rutledge, who was engaged to marry Lincoln, but whose untimely death prevented the consummation of the contract. Dr. Bennett was the first practicing physician. The first school was taught by Charles B. Waldo. It was taught in 1837 in the south part of town in a log cabin. A frame schoolhouse was built in 1840 on the hill south of Dr. Allen's. It was out in the hazel brush and was reached by circuitous paths.

Tallula is situated in the extreme part of the county and is a prosperous town. It was laid out in 1857 by W. G. Green, J. G. Green, Richard Yates, Theodore Baker and W. G. Spears. Tallula is in the center of the first settlement of Menard county. Jack Clary was the first man. He settled upon the farm that George Spears lived on so long. Clary then moved to Concord, where he lived half of a century. The Whites and Bells lived in the suburbs of Tallula sixty years ago. Tallula was a fine grain and stock market from the start and the country was thickly settled. The farms were of the finest soil.

Away in the north part of the county lies Oakford. It was laid out in 1872. Located on the Springfield and Northwestern Railroad. It has no competition on the north until Kilbourne is reached. None south till Petersburg is reached, which is ten miles away. None on the west till

you come to Chandlerville. None on the east till you come to Greenview. The proprietors of the town were William Oakford and William Colson. The land belonged to Colson and he gave Oakford one-half of the town for securing the railroad. The town lies a few miles below Miller's Ferry, which had been used for fifty years as a crossing from Springfield to Havana. At one time the county seat question was to be settled, a town was laid out at Miller's Ferry called Huron, but when that question was settled, Huron went into liquidation. William Oakford built the first store-room. In the summer of 1872 Cal Arterberry opened a general store. Sutton Bros. finally bought out the store and then sold out to Sam Watkins. In 1873 S. A. Bennett started a drug store, so the business houses in Oakford kept changing hands. Oliver Maltby and J. W. Walker started a harness shop. C. P. Smith run a confectionery store. J. S. Carter, from Petersburg, run a furniture store, but closed it out and run a saloon. Gilbert Skaggs built the first blacksmith shop. The village started on the road to prosperity, but soon relapsed into a state of innocuous disuetude. A murder was committed here in 1879, in which James McElhe lost his life at the hands of A. J. McDonald. There was a good farming country around Oakford. The Sangamon bottom north of the town is the finest land in the world, but subject to overflow on the west. The pecan bottom was settled away back in the "thirties." Robison Mills was long and favorably known as the center of trade.

Oakford is the only town in the county that has no coal shaft. "The black diamonds" have not been unearthed. If there is any coal in the town or vicinity it is so deep that it would not be profitable to mine it. The hills and bluffs around Oakford extend for miles and on the Sangamon river it seems as if the mound builder that inhabited the country before the Indian had become an extinct race and had left nothing to explain the building of the mounds,

so a person has to imagine and speculate as to what kind of a race they were. One thing we know, they must have been a very industrious race to have built the chain of mounds from the mouth of Salt Creek to the mouth of the Sangamon.

We will now cross the river and land at Greenview. This town was laid out in a pioneer day on the Chicago and Alton Railroad at the northwest corner of Sugar Grove. It may be well termed the Gem of the Prairie. If one of the early settlers of Sugar Grove had been told that in the latter part of the nineteenth century a busy bustling young city should spring up in the open prairie, where the Indians once held undisputed sway, where the wolves made night hideous with their noise, he would have listened with incredulity. The country around Greenview was settled in an early day. It was laid out by Wm. Engall, October 2, 1857. The land was once owned by Chas. Montgomery. Its name was in honor of W. G. Goken, a prominent Menard county farmer. The first house was built by Robt. McReynolds. James Stone put up the second. The first brick house was built by John Wilkinson and was converted into a hotel. One of the first business houses was built by McReynolds, the two first stores were McReynolds and Meyer Bros. Silas Beekman had a store before the railroad was built. The first hotel was kept by John Wilkinson. The first blacksmith shop was built by Jacob Propse. The first doctors were Davis and Calloway. The first grain merchant was Harvey Yeaman.

Greenview is a great grain center. Most of the corn is fed to cattle and hogs, while a large amount of wheat is annually shipped and a large amount of stock is shipped to Chicago. Greenview, since the mining of coal, is a place of great importance. Several hundred tons are daily raised and shipped to the surrounding towns. The coal is said to be of a superior quality. Its coal interest is what gives

Greenview its commercial importance, as it gives employment to a large number of workmen, who in turn, spend their money in the town. A large public square is located in the heart of the town, which helps its looks.

Sweetwater, in the northeastern part of the Grove, was once a place of prominence. In the days when Bill Engle was a power in the community. Engle was a great trader. He kept country store and went to St. Louis or New Orleans once a year. He would gather up the produce and have it hauled to Beardstown, then have it shipped south and then go down and sell it and bring back groceries. We may have related the big onion crop that Bill raised one year, but will tell it again. He had been to New Orleans one fall and saw red onions selling at two dollars per bushel. He bought enough seed to sow eight acres. He had eight acres of pasture land that was very rich and he planted them. He raised a large crop and he housed two thousand bushel. My father had made him three hundred barrels to ship them in but that fall onions would not pay the freight, and Engle had to sell them out to his neighbors at ten cents per bushel and had plenty of onions left. Coal is also mined at Sweetwater, there being no way of shipping it by rail, it supplies the wagon trade. There was a splendid body of timber in the grove in an early day. Large walnut trees were cut in the grove. The gunnels of a house boat, that was to run on the Sangamon, were gotten out in Sugar Grove. But the machinery loaded down the boat and it had no power to stem the current in ascending the river.

The village of New Market existed only on paper. It was laid out by Dr. Ballard and a man by the name of Spears. Ballard put up a large two-story house, intended for a hotel, but it was never needed. Clarke opened up a store, Sanders and Rodgers a blacksmith shop. With the location at Petersburg it dwindled away in to nothingness. The place is now occupied by Aunt Nancy Rule as a farm.

ATHENS

The village of Athens is situated in the southeastern part of the county, and next to Salem and Petersburg is the oldest town within the bounds of Menard county. The village site is a level plain and the country around it is the most prosperous land in the state. Wood and coal are found in inexhaustible quantities. The coal lies within one hundred feet of the top of the ground. The town of Athens was surveyed and platted. In laying out the town forty acres were platted and additions from time to time have been made. Two cabins were built. One for a residence, the other for a blacksmith shop, by a man named Clarge. Col. Matthew Rodgers built the first house of any importance. John Overstreet was the first merchant of the village, having purchased the stock of Harry Riggins. Jonathan Dunn was the second merchant of the village. In 1833 Harry Riggins and Amberry Rankin opened a store, but soon sold out to Martin Morgan. James D. Allen and Simon Clark were the next merchants. In 1839 Sebastian Stone became a partner of Allen's and remained in business for some time. The goods in those days were all hauled from St. Louis by ox teams and it took several days to make the trip. The arrival of a few loads of goods was a great event of the day. The people came from far and near to see these new goods. Athens had from the start to compete with Springfield in competition with the trade. It was not until the opening up of the coal interest that Athens began to leap forward in the race for mercantile supremacy. In the year of 1834 Overstreet ground up a flat-boat of flour and in company with Jesse and David Hunt shipped it to New Orleans. In early days Athens was noted for its pottery factories. Crocks and jugs were manufactured and sent in peddler wagons all over the state for sale. All kinds of produce were taken in exchange and farmers all around

Athens when they wanted to raise a little money they would go to Athens and get a load of crockery and return with the produce and trade. Money was scarce and trade and barter were the order of the day. So the pioneers of early days, while they had to submit to many privations, were a happy people and contented with their lot.

Up the Sangamon river, south of Miller's Ferry, K. Watkins holds the fort. While on the east of the road to Petersburg lives Squire Masters and George Kirby, both well up to ninety years old. Reason Shipley lived near the river. A little farther south was the old Concord Church, around which lived James Pantier, William Rutledge, Samuel Berry and a score of the Clarys, while on the Sangamon river lived Anno Ritter. Here is where my father would buy a dozen white oak trees in the spring for stave timber and cut them in the spring when the bark would peel and get enough bark off the trees to pay for them. Anno Ritter was surveyor of Menard county for one term and died on his farm and was a respected citizen.

Gregory Lukins lived in the "forties" between Ritter's and Petersburg on the Harris place.

A LETTER FROM H. L. ROSS

MR. T. G. ONSTOT:

I understand you are getting up a history of Menard and Mason counties. I thought I might be able to render you some assistance in getting up the history of Mason county, as there is probably few men now living who know as much about the history of Mason as myself.

Mason county was originally a part of Tazewell, and my father, O. M. Ross, in all probability built the first house and ploughed the first land in the county. In 1821 he moved from St. Clair county to what is now Fulton



county. In 1822 he built a house in Havana on the bank of the Illinois river, where the city of Havana now stands. At that time he established a ferry across the river. The nearest ferry on the south was at Beardstown and on the north at Peoria at Fort Clark. He engaged a man to build a house and run the ferry for him, and gave him one-half of the proceeds and the use of twenty acres of land. At that time the land had not yet come into market, but was government land, but in 1827 Ross entered one thousand acres of land at \$1.25 per acre. The land lay up and down the river, including the land where Havana now stands. It also included the land where Bath stands. O. M. Ross moved from Fulton county to Havana in 1826 and built the Havana Hotel, and opened up a farm of two hundred acres east of Havana. The Indians had settled up and down the river in great numbers. Wigwams could be numbered by the hundreds. The squaws would cultivate a few patches of ground, which they would dig up and plant in corn, beans and other vegetables, while the Indians hunted and trapped. At that time all the county north of the Sangamon and south of the Mackinaw and east of the Illinois river for fifteen miles was a vast plain, where horses and droves of deer roamed at will. There were but two roads laid out then, one running from Havana to Springfield, which crossed the Sangamon at Miller's ferry, fifteen miles south of Havana. This road ran through Salem and Sangamontown. The other road crossed Salt Creek, and ran through Athens, and crossed the Sangamon four miles north of Springfield. In 1829 there was not a house between Miller's Ferry and Havana, nor between the ferry at Salt Creek and Havana. In 1831, John Mounts and John Yardly settled on the road leading from Havana to Miller's Ferry, not far from Crane Creek. Mounts settled on the west side and Yardly on the east side. Mounts built a mill on Crane Creek, which was the first

mill in Mason county. The next mill was built by Pallard Simmons on Quiver Creek, five miles northeast of Havana. In 1838, this Simmons, who is the same man who lived near Salem in former years, on one occasion while there, met John Calhoun, the county surveyor. Calhoun informed Simmons that he had decided to appoint Lincoln as deputy surveyor, if he would accept the appointment. The next day Simmons went to Salem and inquired for Mr. Lincoln, and was told he was working in the woods. Simmons found him working at his old occupation making rails. They both sat down on a log and Simmons told Lincoln what Calhoun had said. Mr. Lincoln was surprised that Calhoun should appoint him his deputy, when he was a Henry Clay Whig and Calhoun was a Jackson Democrat, but Lincoln said that as soon as he got the rails made, he would go to Springfield and see Calhoun about it, so in a few days he walked to Springfield to see Mr. Calhoun and told him that he would accept the appointment if he had the assurance that it would not interfere in any way with his political obligations and that he might be permitted to express his opinions as freely as he chose. The assurance was given and he received the appointment.

The next man that settled on the road to Miller's Ferry was Gibson Garrett. He settled on the edge of the timber nine miles south of Havana, near where the village of Kilbourne stands.

The first settlers of Havana in 1830 were John Bash, Carle Armstrong, Sylvester Whipple, A. B. Shafer, Benjamin Hult, Bethilt Roberts, John Nettleman and Robert Corsea.

Nettleman was a Frenchman and ran a keel boat on the Illinois river for two years. In the spring of 1830 he piloted the steamboat Liberty from St. Louis to Peoria, which was the first boat that ran up the Illinois as far as Havana.

The Indians that first settled near Havana and up and down the river were friendly and appeared to want to live peaceably with the whites, if fairly treated, but if imposed on, would fight. They had several burying places on the bluff near Havana. One of them was the mounds below Havana, the other was the mounds above Havana. The Indians regarded the burying places of their dead with great reverence, and any desecration of them would cause great hostility among them, and the perpetrator, if found out, would be severely dealt with. There was a little circumstance connected with this that we will relate and that nearly terminated in a tragedy. John N. Ross, a brother of O. M. Ross, who had been residing in Kentucky for a couple of years, was married to the daughter of a wealthy slave holder of that state, and as he was a Quaker and strongly opposed to slavery, he and his young wife moved to Illinois and stopped at Havana and bought eighty acres where the bluff and river came together, upon which the two mounds stood. The mounds stood about fifty feet apart, and John Ross and his young wife were well pleased with the location for a dwelling and determined to build a house on it between the two mounds on the river, which would give them a handsome view up and down the river. He had a carpenter at work on it and they had it almost finished when a company of hunters and trappers came over from Fulton county and commenced to dig and desecrate the mounds. It happened that seven years before one of the chiefs had lost by death two of his children, a son and daughter, and they had been buried in the north mound. It was the custom to bury a number of articles with their dead male Indians, such things as a tomahawk, a large knife and a bow and arrow, and with the squaws many articles of wearing apparel, silver bracelets, strings of beads, etc.

These hunters dug open the graves of this young Indian and his sister and carried away all they wanted, and when the old chief found out that his children's graves had been desecrated and many of the articles buried with them had been carried away also, his anger was aroused to the highest pitch. He gathered together a number of the principal Indians and was ready to start out on the war-path, but he came to Havana to see O. M. Ross about the matter, with whom he had always been on friendly terms. Ross told him that he would do all in his power to find out the perpetrators and have them brought to justice. It was found that the men lived on the other side of the river and that the people on the Havana side of the river had nothing to do with it. They became more reconciled, but if the men could have been found who desecrated the graves, they would, in all probability, have been killed by the Indians for what had taken place. J. N. Ross became so alarmed, that his wife was not willing to live in the place, so he moved back to Kentucky, and the place was never occupied until the Indians moved out of the country.

HARVEY LEE ROSS.





History of Mason County

CHAPTER XXIV.



MASON COUNTY was one of the last counties in Central Illinois that was opened up for settlement, although there were portions of it on which white men, in an early day, had made some improvements. Havana had white men, who, in early times, had cast their lots among the red men and to whose ears the howling of the wolf was music. The county is ill-shaped, with a forty mile frontage on the Illinois river and only a few miles of that suitable for building purposes on the west. On the south the Sangamon river and Salt Creek form the natural boundaries, running to a narrow point at its southern boundary and widening out at its northern boundary. It might well be called the county between the two rivers, hemmed in as it were by natural boundaries, except the northeastern corner, where a stretch of the best land in the county lies. From the Mackinaw to Salt Creek you can shake hands across a strip of county twenty-five miles long.

The land in Mason county might have been, in an early day, divided into three classes; first the timber lands that lay up high. They were very sandy and were covered with a scrubby growth of timber. There was not much undergrowth, as the annual forest fires kept that down. Most of

the trees left standing had the tops blown off and were hollow and hundreds of swarms of bees were taken out every fall. In these forests the wild deer roamed at will and hunters from Menard would come every fall and load down their wagons with venison and wild honey. These forests, in an early day, furnished the hardy pioneers with timber for rails to fence their farms, for it was not thought that a man could live on the bleak prairie without shelter, so the pioneer came and made his small clearing in the brush, where the land was poor and yielded only a small return for the labor bestowed. The forest fires were a sure thing every fall, even before the grass had dried up.

Another class of land was what might be called the swamp or wet lands. There was a large body of these lands at the head of Quiver Valley. They extended from Slicky Bill Green's on the west, to Delavan and Allens Grove on the east and were fifty thousand acres in extent. They could be farmed in a dry season, but in a moderately wet season the farmer could only work between showers, and a July freshet would drown out the farmer's labor for the season and he was often compelled to buy corn from his neighbors, who lived on higher ground, to tide over another summer, perhaps of the same kind, so that in the course of a few years the farmer would have to move, worse off than when he commenced. The second division of swamp land might be called the Crane Creek division, commencing west of Red Oak Grove and running west to Crane Creek timber, thence south to Crane Creek. These lands were of the same quality, except they had not the fall of the Quiver Valley land, which was four feet to the mile. The third division was the Bull's Eye prairie land of the same quality and kind as the other divisions. Their water also went to Crane Creek. The next great body of swamp land lay southeast of Havana, commencing south of Black Jack Grove and running to the Sangamon and Illinois rivers.

The first merchant was Ross. There was a wing built on the north side of his hotel, probably one hundred feet long, but about fourteen feet wide. There were shelves on the south side. Walker and Hancock occupied this building with a stock of goods and did a large business for years, until they built a more commodious house on Market street, on the north side and nearer the river. Steiners also occupied this building as also did Hurt and McKendree, who were in the building when it burned in 1849. Brown was keeping the hotel when it burned one Sunday night. The Havana Hotel has been described in another part of the book. It was the largest hotel in Central Illinois when built. Across, on the north side of Market Street, on the corner, was where George Robinson kept store. It was a one story building. He kept store in the front of the building and lived in the back part. Robinson kept a stock of goods that suited the people who lived across the river. They went by the name of Bottomites. Whisky was an article they all had to have and Robinson always kept it. Robinson was a very large, fleshy man, but not quite so fat as his son George. A little farther west was Thornberg's saloon. It stood on the spot where the Block House was built in an early day. Eli Thornberg had a large family. Fred was the oldest. He did not live out his day, as he was addicted to drink and was very abusive. One day John Henry Norris, who lived on Crane Creek, came to town and Fred attacked him till Norris sent his knife in his abdomen and killed him. Thornberg had a very bright daughter, named Mary Jane, and a boy John. After keeping saloon for a few years, he moved to Arkansas. The next store on the west was Walker & Hancock's. This was one of the most complete stores ever kept in Havana. They carried everything to eat and everything to wear. They had a large territory to draw from, from Lewistown and Bernadotte

on the west their trade extended to Salt Creek, Crane Creek, Allen's Grove and south to Kilbourne, and to Coon Grove on the north. It was no unusual thing to see a dozen wagons camp over night, after hauling in their produce. We recollect seeing a shipment of forty hogshead of sugar unloaded at one time and some of it lay on the levee part of the summer. Hancock lived at St. Louis and picked up all the bargains that were in sight and received the grain that Walker shipped and sold it. This store, though large and commodious, soon got to be too small and they built another, larger, just north of the bridge. This building was fifty by one hundred and fifty, and three stories high. The upper story was used as a store room. This building soon was too small and they built a very large brick one on Railroad Street, just south of Tettee's mill. This building was devoted to merchandise. Walker & Hancock did business throughout the war but, as they had money invested in steamboats, the close of the war so depreciated their property that they had to quit business. Walker went to Peoria and did business till his death. The poor man never had a better friend than George N. Walker. Just west of Walker's, and next to the river, was Alex Stewart's. He was an Irishman and came to Havana as mate on the Navigator, a steamboat that Asa Langford traded town lots in Waterford for. Alex Stewart lived in Havana for over fifty years and accumulated considerable property. He, like Robinson, kept a stock of goods suited to the trade across the river, the chief article of which was whisky, and they, in turn, brought the produce raised on the river bottom, such as cord wood, fence rails, clap boards, hickory nuts, blackberries and lumber from the saw mill at Waterford.

Farther south, on the high bluff, on the west side of the river was where Cyvenus Andrews kept store. He was a brother-in-law to N. J. Rockwell. Andrews also had

a fine trade with the people across the river. He kept a variety store. His stock would not now be considered complete. He also kept whisky, as did every other merchant in the town, except Walker & Hancock, and to their credit it may be said that they never dealt in distilled damnation. Andrews also bought corn. He had a little crib that held three hundred bushels of ear corn, and when he got it full he would have it beat out. He had a frame six feet long and three feet wide, with side boards and slats across the bottom. It would be filled with corn and then with clubs or an old axe, the corn would be pounded, the shelled corn going through the slats, while the cobs could not get through. A good able bodied man could shell fifty bushels a day if he kept busy. I used to take the contract for shelling Andrew's corn. N. J. Rockwell kept store on the lot where George Myer's house now stands. He was one of the earliest merchants of Havana. His store was fourteen by thirty, with shelves on one side. Rockwell was a perfect gentleman and, though not an office seeker, held several offices from the people. He had a fair trade. He also sold whisky with Peruvian bark, just to cure the chills. He finally moved back to New York, where he came from, and died there. He made a gift to Havana to perpetuate his name, and Rockwell Park, in the north part of Havana, will long be known as a gift from N. J. Rockwell. The Hurd Brothers kept store just north of the city hall. There were three brothers, Alvarado, William and Samuel. They are all dead, except Samuel, who, at last accounts, was living in Fulton county. One of the first blacksmith shops was owned by Amos Ganson. He was a tall, fine looking man and was a good smith. His shop was on the northwest corner of the public square, where the laundry stands. Ganson had two boys, William and Sanford, and a girl named Harriett Ann. Ganson was very choice in the beaux that came to see his

daughter, and a young man had to get on the right side of the old man before he could pay his respects to the daughter. Ganson had three hundred and twenty acres of as fine land as there is in Mason county. Egypt is now known as Spait's farm. He afterward moved to Egypt and finally near Decatur and left his wife. Ganson was of a roving disposition and never stayed long enough at one place to get acquainted with the people. John Harpham kept a grocery store on Market Street, near where Myer's store is. Dr. Loveland built on the corner west of the bank. It was, when built, the best house in the town. Loveland was a small man and very precise. He had a lot of land south of Bishop Station that was very good land. The doctor's store was a two-story building and he rented the store room to Hiram Cleaver. The upper story was rented to the county for a court room, till the new court house was finished. The court was held under Judge Treat and the lawyers held high carnival in Loveland's building. The court house was two years in building, and, when built, was considered a creditable house. It finally burnt down and another one was built that resembled the old one, but now compared with the modern court house is an eye sore to the community. Across, on the opposite corner, where Allen's drug store stands, was a two-story frame building, in which Robert Walker and George Langford opened up a general merchandise business. It was terminated by the death of Robert Walker. He was a son of James Walker and a brother of George Walker. These merchants, whom we have mentioned, did not keep as large stores as the merchants of today, nor did the people need as much. Their wants were not so great as now. The country was not all settled up and farmers were in debt for their land and improvements. Before the war we were under the old dispensation of plows that would not scour, of harrows with wooden teeth, but after 1860 we

took a leap forward and made a new record. We left the tallow candle dispensation for the kerosene. The advance we made in the last forty years will see a much greater advance in the forty years to come. But what a change has come over these lands in twenty years. By suitable drainage, they have been thoroughly drained and are the finest lands in the county and have been made to blossom as the rose.

The third and last division is the table land of the county, which comprises some of the best farming land in the county. The land in Quiver and Egypt is of this kind. The timber lands, which were poor and sandy, have been improved in the mode of farming, so that they produce a third more now than they did thirty years ago. Most of the farmers now list the land, instead of plowing it up. This is done by throwing two furrows together and then planting the corn in the furrow and tending it. By the time it is laid, the roots of the corn are deep in the ground. Now the farm lands are eagerly sought after in Mason county and they sell for a higher price than the lands in adjoining counties. We do not expect to be very elaborate in describing the Mason county land in a book, in which only a few hundred pages can be devoted to this part, but we do expect to give a good report of Mason county pioneers at a price within the reach of all. There has been only one history of Mason county written and that was twenty-five years ago. It was a costly book (\$10.00) and only one person in fifty ever read it. We now promise to write a book within the reach of all at a moderate price. We write for the masses, the toiling masses, and expect to give them as much information in fewer words and at a less price.



CHAPTER XXV.

HAVANA TOWNSHIP



THE FIRST white man to settle in Havana township was believed to be James Hokum. It was known that he kept the ferry for Ross, where the city of Havana now stands and it is supposed to have been established on this side of the river as early as 1824. There is but little doubt that he was the first white man that squatted on Havana's sandy soil. He did not remain long, however, and O. M. Ross may be set down as the first permanent settler. Ross came from New York to Illinois in 1819 and first settled in Madison county. In the spring of 1821 he moved to Lewistown and was one of the proprietors of that town, which was named for his son, Lewis Ross. Ross established the ferry at Havana in 1823 or '24. Prior to this there was an arrangement for taking people across the river on Saturday of each week. He would take their baggage in a canoe, while their horses were made to swim beside it. Ross built the hotel in 1829, which was the first hotel in Mason county. He had a brother Jim who lived there for a number of years, but moved away. The Ross family consisted of four sons and two daughters; Lewis, Harvey, Leonard and Pike were the sons. One of the daughters married A. S. Steel and the other married Judge William Kellogg. Henry Myers came about the same time as Ross, but moved to Fulton county in a short time. John Barnes settled at the mounds above Havana in 1829 or '30. He sold out

and moved up to Quiver. When a school was established, he took his plow and made a road for his children to go to school. His girls used to bring cord wood to Havana by rafting it down the river. He finally moved to Kansas.

Reinforcements arrived in 1835; these were Owen Foster, N. J. Rockwell, Abel Kemp, Eli Fisk and the Wheadons. The Wheadons were from New York; they did not stay long in Mason county. They settled in Fulton county. Silah Wheadon was well known in Mason county in after years as a newspaper man. Fisk was a Yankee and settled in 1837, where his son, Cooley, now resides. Foster, Kemp, Adams and Rockwell came from Canada. While making a trip east, Adams lost his life during an altercation on a steamboat. Kemp moved to Wisconsin and Rockwell back to New York. Kemp celebrated his golden wedding in 1874. He has no doubt been dead for many years. He first located in the Sangamon bottom, but nearly shook his life out with the ague. He next moved three miles south, east of Havana, and then to Havana. Owen Foster was originally from Vermont and came west with the colony. He engaged in the hotel business and kept the second hotel in the county. He finally bought a farm east of Havana. He was the father of Jad Foster, the grain merchant. His widow married Life Low. A man by the name of Blair was here for a short time but sold out to Rockwell.

In 1836 the following recruits were added: The Low brothers, Pulaski Scoville, Pallard Simmons, C. W. Andrews, Ephraim Burnell, John and William Alexander. The Lows came from the old Bay state. There were three brothers, Frank, Thomas and Eliphaz. Frank is the only one living at an advanced age. The Lows, with Pulaski Scoville, built a saw mill at Havana in an early day and sawed timber for building in Alton and St. Louis, and for building the first railroad in the Mississippi Valley. Frank

Low was deputy sheriff of Tazewell county and the first sheriff of Mason county. He has always been an active, energetic man and takes an interest in the welfare of the county. Thomas Low was an old bachelor and died in 1846, while Eliphaz died in 1864. Scoville came from Cincinnati to Illinois and, in connection with the Lows, built a steam saw mill which did an extensive business for many years. He owned a large tract of land. C. W. Andrews came from Watertown, New York, and located in Havana, and was partner with N. J. Rockwell. He then moved to Fulton county and afterward moved back and again became a merchant. Andrews was a justice of the peace for one term. Ephraim Burnell lived near the mounds above Havana and then started for California, but died on the way. Erasmus and Evander were his nephews. Evander died and Erasmus was living, at the last account, in Kansas.

From Germany, the fatherland, came the Krebaums, the Dinkers, the Havenhorsts, John H. Schulte, John W. Netler, Fred Speckman, Herman Tegerdes and John Hultgrave. The Krebaum family consisted of Bernhart Krebaum and five sons, Adolph, William, Edward, Fred and Charles G., the youngest, who was born in Havana and supposed to be the first child born there. The Krebaums are said to be the third family born in the township and the fourth in the county. Fred was a lawyer, Adolph was a county clerk, William was a carpenter, Edward was a farmer, and Gus was a grain dealer. Adolph, though nearly ninety years old, knows as much about the history of Mason county as any man living. Daniel Dieffenbacher came from Pennsylvania in 1837. He was noted, during his life, as a zealous Methodist, and always stood high in social and religious circles. Charles Howell was one of the old timers and at last account was still living, though at the advanced age of ninety. B. F. Howell and his

brother, Theodore, both died in the last three years. Charles Howell first settled in Mason county near McHarry's mill and at one time was the owner, with Julius Jones and William Pallard as partners. They built a saw mill on the north side of Quiver. Charles Howell was as great a traveler as the Arkansas traveler. He made several trips to California. He certainly saw as much of the country as any other man. He finally settled down on his farm and manufactured furniture. We have a set of chairs that he made over fifty years ago.

Robert McReynolds was another pioneer of Havana township. He, too, was a zealous Methodist and a Jackson Democrat of the Peter Cartwright stripe. His house was the Methodist preacher's home. He finally moved to Havana and during his later years held many important offices. He left his impress on many sons and daughters. Jacob Mowder and John R. Chaney came from Kentucky in 1837. Asa Langford came from Tennessee and settled in Lewis-town in 1824. Afterwards he moved to Point Isabel and then to Havana. Langford was a noted character as long as he lived. There is not an old resident of this county but what recollects Asa Langford. Luther Dearborn was as well known as any man that ever lived in the county. He did not remain there long, but moved to Kane county. In 1850 he was elected sheriff and had for deputy the celebrated detective, Allen Pinkerton. He came back to Havana in 1858 and opened up a law office. Luther lived in advance of his age. We heard him twenty-five years ago, at a grange picnic at Forest City, make a prophesy that before another twenty-five years had elapsed, that electricity would be the motive power that would drive the machinery and do the work of the land. How true the prophetic utterance. Jonathan Dearborn was the father of Luther and Marcellus Dearborn. He built the Mason House that stands on the river. He was also the post-

master. We have seen him on a public day, when he wanted to be out with the crowd, put the letters in the top of his silk hat and when he met a man on the street that he had a letter for give it to him. Quite a change in the post-office business now. Dr. E. B. Harpham came to Havana in 1844 and practiced medicine for forty years. James, Silas and Levi came soon afterward. James and Silas are dead. Levi moved to California about ten years ago.

Higbee was from Lexington, Kentucky. He finally, after several moves, located in Havana, where he died. Alexander Gray came from Scotland. Reuben Henninger, Philip Ott and Simon Frankfield were from the state of Pennsylvania. Henninger lived on his farm for many years. He raised a large family of boys and girls. He moved to Havana before he died. Sam Conwell came to the county and engaged in farming and raised Berkshire pigs. He raised a large family of boys and girls. He moved retired from public life and shut himself up at home and was seldom seen. The name, Havana, was given in honor of the capital of the Isle of Cuba. The island just above Havana was called Cuba. In early days it was covered with a growth of burr oak timber, some of which were of enormous size, but it was all sawed up by Low & Scoville's mill and shipped out of the country so, as we said before, the mill was a curse, instead of a blessing to the country.

CITY OF HAVANA.

Havana, the county seat of Mason county, is situated on the east bank of the Illinois river. It is high and above the high water mark. The soil is very sandy. Its main production in an early day was sand burrs and fleas. The sand burr still survives the wreck of time and flourishes like the bay tree, while the flea is a thing of the past. It is supposed that they could not stand an advanced civilization. Havana is built on a high bluff, perhaps one hundred

feet above the river and a quarter of a mile farther east is a second bluff. Havana is forty-seven miles north of Springfield and two hundred miles southwest of Chicago, forty miles south of Peoria and nearly two hundred miles north of St. Louis. Havana had a postoffice before Chicago did. The mail was carried on horseback from Lewistown to Springfield. The first justices of the peace were Eli Fisk and A. W. Kemp. There was some work for the justices in those days, as Fulton county would sometimes come over in force with clubs and cord wood, and many were the pitched battles fought after the combatants had filled themselves up with rot gut whisky. These fracas, with the building up of Point Isabel, were transferred across the river, and every Saturday afternoon the people of Havana would gather on the banks of the river to witness the battle. So common had this became that the name of Isabel was changed to "Bloody Point." Then the Crane Creek and Sangamon timber boys would come to town and conceive the idea of having a little fun and, after filling up with booze, would start out to run the town. It was said that Uncle Jesse Baker commenced to have his fun at one time and that C. W. Andrews was commissioned to arrest him. Uncle Jesse, being a law-abiding citizen, made no resistance. Uncle Jesse's by-word was "sartin and sure." Before 1857 there were no brick houses in Havana, when James H. Hole built a brick store house and William Walker built a dwelling house.

We find in writing up the townships and then the towns in the same townships that some facts and incidents are liable to be repeated, if so, our readers will pardon us for repetition. Rev. Michael Shunk was perhaps the first Methodist preacher in Havana. He always filled his appointment no matter what was the condition of the roads or weather. Shunk had charge of the Methodist Church in Mason county as far back as 1838 and for fifty years

was a faithful preacher of the gospel. The Baptist Church dates back in the "forties," although the Baldwins had preached here several years before. The German Evangelical Lutheran Church was organized in 1850 and has always been strong in numbers and wealth. The Catholic Church has been in good running order since the war. The Reformed Church was organized in an early day and has come to stay. We understand they have a fund to draw from in New York. The county seat question agitated the public mind for a number of years. In an election held in 1843, Bath won and the county seat remained there till 1851, when another election was again ordered and Havana, by a decisive vote, regained the court house. This probably settled the question for all time, as the north end of the county has two-thirds of the population. There is one eye sore. Though the public square is well set with trees and the grounds covered with a fine coat of blue grass, the court house is a dingy old building, not fit for a county like Mason.

We believe we have given as full a history of Havana township and Havana as the brief limits of this little volume will warrant and will close up this part of the work.





CHAPTER XXVI.

BATH TOWNSHIP



HIS township is in the southwest part of the county. It is twelve miles long by six miles wide. It is bounded on the north by Havana township; on the west by Lynchburg; on the south by Sangamon river; on the east by Kilbourne township. The soil is like most of Mason county; of a sandy nature, but is exceedingly fertile, producing corn, wheat and oats in great abundance. It is also well fitted to raise sweet potatoes and water melons in great quantities. About the time of settlement about one-third of the township was timber land; the rest was rolling prairie, well watered by a string of lakes. The main branch of the Illinois river, but where it is narrower, diverges from the broader two miles north of the village of Bath, forming an island west of the village, some six sections in extent, called Grand Island, containing several farms and residences.

The first dwelling reared by white men in the present town of Bath was built by John Stewart and John Gillespie in 1828.

Gillespie built on the old site of Moscow and Stewart on Snicarte Island. They were from Tennessee, and, though they were first settlers, did not remain long, but removed to Schuyler county. Gillespie left his claim and Stewart sold out to Ainos Rohandson, and he sold to John Knight, who entered the land. This was the first land

entered in Bath township. Knight was from the east and settled here in 1829 and 1830. In a few years he moved to Fulton county. Henry Sheppard was the first settler in the north part of the township, locating where the village of Matanzas afterward stood. He was from Pennsylvania and is acknowledged to have been the first settler in that neighborhood. He entered his land in 1832. It is related of him that he never would allow a plow in his corn, but cultivated it with his hoe, a mode of farming that would now be considered peculiar.

The following additions came from Kentucky: Joseph A. Phelps, T. S. D. Marshall, Col. A. West, Dr. O'Neal, Major Gatton, Richard Gatton, John S. Wilborn, C. P. Richardson, Rev. John A. Daniels, James Holland, T. F. Samuel, Laban and Richard Blunt, William H. Nelms, John G. and C. Conover, Samuel Pettit and others.

Joseph A. Phelps settled in the township in 1840, but shortly moved into the village of Bath. He was the first circuit clerk of Mason county, and was probate judge.

Col. West came to the state in 1828, and settled near Virginia, and in 1844 came to Bath township and finally moved to Kansas. After the county seat was moved to Bath, and before a court house was built, the circuit court was held at his residence. He was one of the early settlers of Bath. He acquired the title of colonel by serving in the Winnebago war.

Dr. O'Neal was a son-in-law of Col. West. He came from Virginia and settled here in 1843, and finally moved to Kilbourne township.

Major Gatton came to the state with his father in 1824 and settled in Cass county when he was sixteen years old. In 1831 he located in Beardstown, and moved to Bath in 1841, soon after the formation of the county. When Major Gatton settled in Bath, there was but one little pole cabin, besides his own residence. His brother, R. P. Gatton, had

come before him to superintend the building, that it might be ready for his brother's family. It was a hewn log house and was the second building in Bath. R. P. Gatton lived in Bath until his death in 1873. Major Gatton engaged in the grain business and was one of the solid men of Bath.

John F. Wilborn first settled in Beardstown, but moved to Bath in 1843. He was circuit clerk and postmaster in Bath. He then moved to Havana, afterwards to his farm three miles east of Mason City.

Charles P. Richardson is one of the oldest inhabitants of Bath township, having settled there in 1836. He first settled on Grand Island for ten or twelve years, then moved into the village. He came to the state in 1819, the next year after it was admitted into the union, but did not settle in this part of the state till 1836. He was one of the chain carriers to Abraham Lincoln, when he surveyed the village of Bath. While engaged in the work, the surveyors made their home with Mr. Richardson, who with Kentucky hospitality, refused all offers of remuneration, but Honest Old Abe determined to compensate him for the trouble the surveyors had caused him, and surveyed his land free of charge.

Rev. John A. Daniels was born in Virginia. He came to Illinois in 1835 and settled in Cass county, and in 1845 moved in the township. He was one of the pioneer preachers of the Baptist denomination, and could quote more scripture in one of his sermons than half a dozen young preachers of the present day. James Holland, his father-in-law, came to the county with him.

The Blunts came next in the "thirties." Thomas F. and Laban came first. Thomas was a zealous member of the Baptist Church, and by his own aid built a school-house, to be used also for church purposes, and provided a teacher for the next winter. He also owned the first threshing machine and reaper in the county. A few years

later Richard Blunt, or as he was more familiarly known as Dick Blunt, came to the country. He was an original man and could always get ahead of any man he talked with. His description of the great hail storm in 1848, when he described the hail as big as saucers and four inches through, has never been equalled.

William Nelms came to Bath in 1842. He and Major Gatton had the first store. Mr. Nelms was one of the proprietors of Bath.

The Conovers came to the township in 1841 and settled within a mile of Bath. There were three brothers, Combs, William and John G.

From Tennessee came Joseph Adkins, Joseph Wallace, Thomas Bruce, Nelson Ashurst, John Johnson, Matthew Wiley, Patrick Campbell and his son, George W. Campbell. The Campbells were also among the early settlers. George Campbell came to Bath as early as 1838, when but seventeen years old. His father came as early as 1840. He was a lawyer of some ability and an orator of the spread eagle style. We heard him introduce Stephen A. Douglas in Havana in 1858, when he made the old eagle ashamed of itself. He served the country at the bar in the legislative hall and on the tented field.

The Dews settled in 1842. There were four brothers: Joseph, Wallace, William and James. The Bruces came in 1846. Joseph came in 1840 and lived there until his death in 1878.

Nelson R. Ashurst located in 1839. He died of cholera. Two sons survived him, one of whom is the originator of the Ashurst Press Drill, which is manufactured in Havana today, and which has had a great sale throughout the west.

John Johnson settled just east of the town of Bath in 1837, and then moved to Lynchburg.

Matthew Wiley was among the early settlers. The old man settled in the Stewart house, which is mentioned as being one of the first houses built in the township.

William Banter, a North Carolinian, came to Illinois, in 1840, and to Bath in the same year. When the county seat was located at Bath, Mr. Banter put the roof on it. The three Morrow brothers settled in Bath in 1838. They were from North Carolina and were much respected. Thomas Hubbard, a son-in-law of Morrow's, settled in the south part of the township. He was from Green county. George A. Barney came from New York in 1833 and settled in Cass county. His grandfather commanded a company at Springfield, Mass., in an engagement during the Whisky Insurrection. After coming to Illinois, he was licensed to preach, and joined the conference. He afterwards moved to Missouri, but did not remain long on account of poor health. He then engaged in agricultural pursuits. He built a large warehouse on Snicarte Slough, which ran through his farm, but this was burned down by incendiaries.

Isaac Vail was a native of Ohio, and sprung from a solid old Buckeye family. He came to Illinois in 1843, locating in Vermont, Fulton county, and in 1845 came to Bath township. He was one of Bath's most energetic merchants, and to him Bath owes much of its prosperity. He retired at the age of four score years. Warren Heberling married one of Vail's daughters.

Smith Turner came in 1838 and settled in the south part of the township. He was a lawyer of ability. His wife was a daughter of Drury S. Field. Smith Turner was at one time probate judge. He moved to Missouri during the Civil War.

V. B. Holmes settled in the vicinity of Matanzas. He was from Old Virginia. He entered twelve thousand acres of land for Field. He is remembered as a man of many peculiarities. He moved to Tazewell and died there. He bought land near Matanzas from John H. Shulte.

Joseph F. Benner was from Ohio. He assisted in

building the court house at Bath. Samuel Craggs came from England. His wife was a sister of Smith Turner. The Bells, four brothers, were among the early settlers. All four brothers married sisters in the Morrow family. William and Daniel were preachers in the Cumberland Church.

John P. Hudson was a live Yankee. He settled in Matanzas and run a small mill, whose motive power was an incline wheel forty feet in diameter. A couple of oxen would climb the wheel, but never could get to the top. We used to ride astride a sack of corn to this mill. J. P. Hudson claims to have introduced the McCormick reaper, and sold one to William Arnsworth in Lynchburg township.

The Clodfelters settled in Bath township in 1840. They came from Morgan county and the family consisted of Jacob Clodfelter, Sr., and two sons, Jacob and Michael. Old man Clodfelter moved to Kansas, where he died.

Kean Mahony was an Irishman from the Old Sod. He laid out an addition to Bath, known as Mahony's addition. He went to California in 1853 and never returned.

The Beasley family came from New Jersey. They located in Bath in 1845 and were in the merchandise business for several years.

Drury S. Field came some time in the "thirties," and settled on what is known as Field's Prairie. He was a man of wealth and entered a fine lot of land. A. E. Field, his son, was a doctor, also a man of intellect. Mr. Field raised a large family, most of whom are dead. They settled in that part of Bath township that was taken off to form Kilbourne township. Edward Field, father of Drury S. Field, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War. Stokes Edwards was among the pioneers and settled on the line of Kilbourne township.

John A. Martin came from the sands of New Jersey

in 1846. He first settled in Mason county, but came to Bath, where he resided until his death.

Thomas Howard was a brother-in-law of T. S. D. Marshall. Thomas Hardesty came from Peoria, but was originally from Kentucky, and used to tell many stories about things that happened in his native state. John B. Renshaw came in 1845, and was one of the first blacksmiths in the township.

S. S. Rochester came from Green county somewhere in the "forties." Gen. J. M. Ruggles came to the state in 1833. He first came to the county in 1844, but did not locate until 1846. He settled in Bath and commenced a mercantile business with Major Gatton. He was elected to the state senate in the district composed of Sangamon, Menard and Mason counties. Abraham Lincoln was a member of the lower house. In 1854 he was appointed on a committee with Lincoln and Ebenezer Peck to draft a platform and resolutions for the new party then forming. The other members of the committee being busy, the duty of drawing up the platform devolved upon Ruggles, who drew up the first platform of the Republican party. In 1861 Governor Yates appointed him quartermaster of the First Illinois Cavalry. He was soon promoted major. He remained in the regiment until mustered out in 1864. In all positions held by Gen. Ruggles, whether civil or military, his duty was discharged with faithful fidelity. Gen. Ruggles died in March, 1901, at Havana, where he had lived many years. He owned a large lot of land near Kilbourne. Franklin Ruggles, a brother of Gen. Ruggles, came to Bath in 1851, and took an interest in a flour mill, then being built by Gatton and Ruggles. A saw mill was also built, which was operated by the same power and did a large business under the superintendence of Franklin Ruggles. He died in 1855, leaving two sons, John and James. John was killed in the battle of Shilo.

I. N. Mitchel was a native born Sucker. His parents were among the pioneers of Morgan county. When he was seventeen years old, the family moved to Field's Prairie, where he worked on a farm until he was twenty-one years of age. He then located in Bath. In 1867 he was elected county treasurer; in 1869 he was chosen county clerk. He held various other offices, in all of which he gave satisfaction. After living in Havana for several decades, he died two years ago.

Daniel R. Davis and Benjamin Sisson were from New England. Davis was one of the first settlers on the prairie east of Bath. He was an old sailor and had been all over the world. In a fight at Bath, he was struck with a weight and died from the effects.

Leslie and George Lacy came in 1842. Hugh McCleary was a jolly Irishman, and many of the early jokes recorded in early times are traced to him. One beautiful Sunday morning he slipped out with his gun, when someone asked him where he was going. He replied that he had an appointment to meet Mr. Holland and Mr. Lefever, two very strict church members, down by the river to go hunting with them and he was afraid he would be late.

Dr. Caloway was an early settler of Bath, and had a successful practice for several years. John R. Teney was an old resident of Bath. James M. Robinson came in 1852, and was the first police magistrate.

The following citizens, mostly of German descent, settled in the township: G. H. Kramer, J. H. and Detrich Strube, Peter Luly, Adolph Krebaum and John Havinghorst.

Adolph Krebaum was elected circuit clerk in 1845, and moved to Bath in the same year. He remained there until 1851, when the county seat was moved back to Havana.

Peter Luly was a business man in Bath for a number of years, but moved to Peoria. John H. Horseman came in 1836. He was a blacksmith by trade.

Havinghorst was among the early settlers of Bath, but afterwards kept store in Matanzas. When the first pioneers settled in Bath township, it was not the highly cultivated farming district that it is now. Wild prairie, timber land, marshes and sloughs then, are now fine improved farms. The timber has been cleared off, prairies turned upside down and marshes drained, and much land supposed to be worthless, is now reckoned the best in the township. In place of the elegant country residences there was a cabin of Black Jack poles. Wolves were plentiful then, with an occasional panther. The present generation know but little of what their fathers had to undergo. In early days people had to go to mill at Duncan's on Spoon river, in Fulton county, or Simmon's mill on Quiver, which was the more convenient, as it saved ferriage. A few years after McHarry built his mill, which supplied the county till the Bath mill was built. The first school was taught by Miss Berry, who became the wife of T. S. D. Marshall. The first death was that of Louis Van Court, an old hunter. He was a bachelor and lived around. He owned a gun, an axe and a fiddle. Hiram Blunt is supposed to have been the first born, contesting that honor with Gus Krebaum.

Rev. Shunk was the first minister. He preached in Gatton's house before there was any other place. Another of the early preachers was the Rev. John M. Daniels, who used more quotations from the bible than a half dozen preachers of the present day. Rev. George A. Barney was another of the early Methodist preachers. Bath township has always been Democratic, and in the time of the late war furnished her full quota without any draft.

THE COUNTY SEAT QUESTION.

Much ill-feeling was engendered by the location of the county seat. The settlement of the county was always north of Bath. The county south of Bath, where the county

ran down to a wedge, was the best land for settlement and lay east and north of Havana. Bath, by strategy, managed to hold the capitol for several years. The agitation was kept up for several years. Finally, an act was passed authorizing an election to be held in February, 1843, and as Bath received a majority of the votes, the county seat was moved to that place until February, 1851, when another election was held, and Havana got the plum by a decided majority and the question was settled for all time. The people of Havana did not wait until a court house was built, but rented the upstairs of Dr. Loveland's new building, also some other rooms for offices, and taking a couple of wagons, went to Bath and moved the archives up to Havana. The court house in Bath was sold for a schoolhouse.

There is a beautiful cemetery in Bath that was surveyed by General Ruggles.

Bath has been crippled in its business since the C. P. & St. L. Railroad was built, as a great part of the trade, that it used to get from Whitehall and Field's Prairie now goes to Kilbourne. The water navigation is too slow and uncertain, while the railroads are swift and sure to receive and deliver freight.

Matanzas and Moscow were two important towns, Matanzas being laid out in 1839, but they have been wiped off the map of Mason county as shipping points along the river. Matanzas Lake used to be a great fishing point. We saw a man by the name of Menturn make a haul once with a seine, in which the catch was estimated at thirty thousand pounds. They were mostly Buffalo fish, some weighing fifty pounds. It was before the German carp had been introduced into the Illinois river. The introduction of the English sparrow and the German carp into this county might have been all right in theory, but its results have not been good, as the sparrow has whipped out most of

our feathered songsters and the carp has destroyed most of our game fish by rooting up the bottom of our rivers and eating all the fish eggs they could find.

Sidora, in the south part of the township, has hardly attained the dignity of a village. It is a grain station, and is situated on land owned by Joseph Adkins. Considering the close proximity to Bath and Chandlerville, the shipments of grain are large.





CHAPTER XXVII.

LYNCHBURG TOWNSHIP



THE FIRST settler in Lynchburg township was Nelson Abbey in 1854. He came from Vermont and built the first cabin in Section 4. He sold out and moved to Missouri.

The early settlers were mostly from Kentucky. There came also from the same state the Rodgers, the Phelps, Isaac Bright, Jimmie Northen, William P. Finch, Amos West, William Davis and many others. Davis came as early as 1838 and made small improvement. He settled south of Moscow and finally went to California, when the gold fever broke out. Amos S. West came to Illinois, settled first in Morgan county and then came to Mason county in 1844. He located in Mason county, but finally moved to Kansas. The Phelps came to the neighborhood in 1838. George W. first located in Cass county and afterward moved to Bath township, whence he moved to the place mentioned above. He sold out and went back to Kentucky. R. J. Phelps was a son-in-law of John Camp and settled east of Snicarte. His last wife was a sister of Mark A. Smith, an old settler and prominent citizen of the township. After the death of his second wife, he married again and then moved west. Bright moved into the township in 1841 and died in 1844. He was justice of the peace. His widow married one of the Phelps and moved to Texas. Jimmie Northen came in 1839 or '40. He first

settled in Cass county, where he remained for a time and then came to Lynchburg. He had a large family and owned a large farm. He finally sold out and moved away. The Rodgers came in 1838. William settled one mile west of Snicarte and John three miles southwest of the same spot. They were brothers. William was a doctor and John was a blacksmith. William was a brother-in-law of Nelson Abbey's. John Rodgers died in 1868. William P. Finch came in 1842 and was one of the early schoolmasters, and also a justice of the peace. A daughter of his married one of the Phelps'.

Amos Smith came from Vermont and settled in the township in 1839, about one mile from Snicarte. Amos Smith, Jr., and Benjamin Smith, his sons, came with teams to Whitehall, New York, and by canal and Lake Erie from Buffalo to Cleveland, and by way of the Ohio, Mississippi and Illinois rivers to Beardstown, where they arrived in 1837. Amos Smith, Jr., was justice of the peace, an office he held until his death. Benjamin F. Smith was a carpenter. Mark A. Smith, son of Amos Smith, Sr., came to the township in 1839. He arrived in Moscow, October 15th, with a fortune of 37 cents ready money. When they landed, the family and goods were left on the bank of the river, while he went to explore the town to get a team. He traveled six miles to Nelson Abbey's and returned at 3 o'clock and took his family to Abbey's, where they all lived until a cabin could be built.

Simon Ward came from North Carolina in 1838. He followed the occupation of selling wood to steamboats. He moved to Texas, but came back and died. He set out the first orchard in 1855. George W. Carpenter was from Tennessee. He raised a large family and at last moved to Kansas. James D. Reeves came in 1839. He settled one-half mile south of Moscow. Rev. John Camp came from Pennsylvania in 1838, and was the first probate judge of Mason county. He built a horse mill at an early day, where

the pioneers used to get their hominy ground. John Stewart was one of the first settlers of Bath township. He settled first at Snicarte Island and then in Lynchburg. Caleb Brown and family came from New York; first settled in Adams county and then in Lynchburg in 1844. He had two sons and several daughters. Jonathan Sackman came in 1841, but remained only a year or so. He was a justice of the peace, but soon moved away. John J. Fletcher, an Englishman, came at an early day, and was a prominent citizen for many years. The Marshalls came from Tennessee about 1840. There were four brothers. Elisha moved to Adams county, and David to Missouri. Thomas Bowls came in 1839, but was not very popular, as he was supposed to be issuing money of his own. Ashley Hicky and Aaron Ray became interested with him. Hicky furnished his means to purchase material and tools for the enterprise, and Bowls went to St. Louis to make an investment, but spent the money in spreeing and told, when he came back, that he had bought the tools and shipped them, but, as they did not arrive, he was accused of lying and swindling and kicked out of the county. James Ingram came from Indiana in 1840. He was drowned two years later in Snicarte Slough. Zeph Keith came from Tennessee in 1843. He was a jolly good fellow, but moved to Kansas. The Lanes came from Pennsylvania. Pleasant May and his son William came from Kentucky in 1837. George May, a brother of Pleasant May, laid out the village of Lynchburg. William Bailey was from Kentucky. Thomas Richard and William Ainsworth were natives of England, and came to America in 1842 and located in the township. Thomas had \$800.00, the other two \$50.00 apiece, and they borrowed money from Thomas to enter some land. The Laymans were from Ohio and moved in 1845. David Layman was a Virginian and William Howarth came with the Ainsworths.

The first religious society was organized by the Methodists in 1838. The early preachers were Rev. Robert Anderson and a preacher by the name of Williams (called Daddy Williams). The first members were John Camp and wife, George Marshall and wife and James D. Reeves and wife. A frame church was built in 1850 and dedicated by Peter Cartright. It is known as the Fairview M. E. Church. They have a flourishing Sunday school. Thomas Ainsworth was the first superintendent. William Ainsworth has served in that capacity for more than a score of years. Hopeville Baptist Church was organized in 1840, by the Revs. John Daniels and Thomas Taylor, with eight members. It was organized at the residence of William Davis. Services were held at private houses until a schoolhouse was built in 1852, and then this was used for church purposes until 1865, when a church was built. A Sunday school was organized in 1864.

Who taught the first school is hard to find out, but William Finch was an early teacher. There was a school taught by Mrs. Camp, a sister of Mark A. Smith before there were a schoolhouse in the township. H. G. Rice was the first teacher after the schoolhouse was built.

The first marriage in Lynchburg was that of William Cole and Nancy May. The first birth was Henry Ward, son of Simon Ward, born in 1834. The first death was Mary Jane Smith.

At an early day the people got their mail at Havana, later at Bath. Snicarte is the nearest to a village in Lynchburg township, but has never been laid out or surveyed. A small grocery store was opened in 1858 by Mark A. Smith. This was enlarged the next year and an extensive stock of goods put in. Smith sold his stock of goods to Henry C. Hoesman. A postoffice was established in 1859, with Horace Rice as postmaster.

There was a village laid out at an early day by George

May, called Lynchburg, but as a town, it never made much progress. May had his town laid out, then bought a barrel of whisky, and had a sale of lots, but it would not go.

Fairview consists of a Methodist Church and a school-house, and derives its name from the fact that a fair view of the country is had from the surrounding elevated hill, on which the buildings are situated.





CHAPTER XXVIII.

QUIVER TOWNSHIP



SETTLEMENT had been made west of the Creek as early as 1835. No one had ventured across the Creek, into what is now Quiver township prior to 1837. John Barnes from Kentucky, had located as early as the first mentioned date. His wife was truly a helpmate. Her muscular strength was such that she could split one hundred and fifty rails a day. At Barnes' home, Joseph Lybarger stopped a few weeks, before he crossed the Quiver, and began his improvements. Lybarger was from Pennsylvania and was a blacksmith by trade. The exact date of his settlement cannot be fixed to a certainty. It is probable it occurred in 1837. Soon after coming he opened up a shop and for a number of years did the work for that part of the country. In the summer of 1837, Henry Seymore came and settled east of Lybarger's. A month later Peter Ringhouse, who had been stopping at St. Louis, came and settled in the community. Ringhouse was originally from Germany, but had lived in Baltimore before coming west. William Atwatter came from Connecticut and located in the neighborhood. He served an apprenticeship and followed his trade for a number of years. He erected a frame building, probably the first in the township, and began to improve his farm. For two years after coming, he led the life of a bachelor and fared with as much happiness as bachelor's enjoy. The climate did not seem to agree with him, as he

was annoyed with chills and fever. At one time he determined to exchange one-half of his land for a horse and wagon and the tail end of a stock of goods; this he intended to peddle, hoping to get enough money to leave the country, but he was destined to become one of the permanent settlers of the country. On telling his intentions to a friend, he persuaded him to stay and get married. Mr. Atwatter was in favor of the suggestion and in a short time Miss Elizabeth Ringhouse became Mrs. Elizabeth Atwatter. He lived at the place he first settled all his life. His widow still survives him and is now Mrs. Korell. John Seeley, William Patterson and a man by the name of Edwards settled near the bluff timber, in 1840. Isaac Parkhurst moved near Quiver Creek in 1840 and was a justice of the peace, when this section was in Tazewell county. During the year of 1842, Benjamin Ross, Dan Waldron, William E. Magill and George V. Coon were among the permanent settlers. Ross was from Tennessee and had settled in Cass county before coming to Mason. Waldron was from New Jersey and remained a citizen till his death. W. E. Magill came from Menard. George V. Coon came from New Jersey and settled in Green county in 1839. At the same time, Stephen Brown, his father-in-law, Robert Cross, and Aaron Litell came and settled by him. Loren Ames, a native of the old Bay State, came west in 1818 and settled in St. Clair county. In 1842 he became a citizen of Quiver. He had served in the Black Hawk war, first as private and afterward as lieutenant in Col. Fray's noted regiment. William Colwell, a native of England, first settled in Cass County. In 1842 he came to Quiver township. He died from a kick of a horse. He was a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal church. His son, John Colwell, belongs to the Illinois conference and is an able preacher. George Steath sold out to Cross. In 1843 Cross and Litell settled on farms adjoining Coon. Fred High, Henry Rakesstraw and Freeman

Marshall made settlement in 1843. Moses Eckard came from Maryland, located in Fulton county in 1839 and in Mason county in 1840. In 1844 he married a daughter of Pollard Simmonds. He then moved near where the village of Topeka stood. Most of the settlements, up to this, had been made along the bluff of the Illinois river. In 1847, J. M. McReynolds located in the south side of Quiver and east of Eckard. Robert McReynolds, the father of J. M., came from Pennsylvania in 1838 and settled seven miles east of Havana. In 1849 he became a citizen of Quiver township and at an early day was connected with the interest of the county. In 1845 we find him connected with the board of county commissioners. In 1849 he was Associate Judge with Smith Turner and John Pemberton. In every position in which he was placed, integrity marked his course. He was an earnest advocate of Methodism. He was not only a pioneer in the country, but a pioneer in Methodism. In building his house, an extra large room was provided in which to hold meetings. Quarterly meetings were held, over which Peter Cartright presided. On one occasion over fifty people were there for breakfast. The first Sunday school in the county was established at his house in 1841, with twelve teachers and twenty-one scholars. J. M. is following in the footsteps of his father. John Appleman, Thomas Yates and George Ross came from Ohio and settled in the part of the township known as Tight Row. Appleman died years ago, Yates in 1876 and Ross returned to Ohio on a visit and died. Hugh McHarry, a native of Ireland, came to this country in 1822. He had come to this country to make a fortune. He started penniless. His mind led him to milling. He lived on the Erie canal; then in Louisville and came to Beardstown in 1842. In 1843 he bought the Quiver Mill site, which was only a saw mill; then he built a grist mill on the south side of Julius Jones, Charles Howell and William Pollard, who built the dam.

The saw mill was in Quiver township, while the grist mill was in Havana township. McHarry was a large land owner, and in war times donated many a sack of flour to the poor war widows. The first school in the township was near William Atwatter and was taught by a German named Vollrath. In addition to the regular school instruction, he taught music and led the exercises with a fiddle. This feature was not well received by the parents, as they considered it a device of the devil to capture and lead their young children down the road to ruin, so his services were not needed a second term. Vollrath was from the south and his high ideas of southern life did not accord with the western pioneer life, consequently he was not popular with the people. Among others who taught in early days were Charles B. Waldo and George Carem.

The early preaching was in private houses and barns. Elder Jonah Crawford held a protracted meeting in Lybarger's barn. The meetings were held for a number of years in William Atwatter's residence. Elder Brockman and Powell fed the sheep for a number of years. The Presbyterian church in Tight Row was built in 1853 and had a flourishing congregation, but remained idle for a number of years, except on funeral occasions. Among the early ministers were Rev. William Perkins, Andrews and Bennett. The principal cemetery of the township is connected with this church. The first interment was Robert Cross. Since that time many of the early pioneers have been laid beside him to sleep till Gabriel shall summon the sleepers to arise. Near by stands the Christian Chapel, erected in 1866. Joseph Lybarger and wife, W. E. Magill and wife, and William Atwatter and wife, were among the first members. Elders Judy and Haughey have ministered to their spiritual welfare, since the zeal of the early settlers frequently led them to attend meetings from ten miles away, often in ox wagons. William Atwatter and Elizabeth Ringhouse were married

in 1840 by Esquire Parkhurst. This was undoubtedly the first marriage in Quiver township, which was at that time in Tazewell county, and Mr. Atwatter had to procure his license at Tremont. The first doctor was Dr. Buckner. Dr. Allen and Dr. Harpham of Havana, also cared for the bodies of the Quiyenters. The first birth was Fidelia Lybarger. The first death was Mrs. Maria Elan, which occurred in 1838. Quiver township was loyal to the old flag in the late war, many of her sons yielding up their lives in its defense.

The village of Topeka is seven miles northeast of Havana and is the only village within the limits of Quiver township. It was surveyed for Moses Eckard and Richard Thomas in 1858. In order to secure the town site, Eckard and Thomas bought one hundred and eighty acres of David Beal and eighty acres was made into the town plat. Forty acres were donated to the railroad company in order to secure the station. The first resident of the town was J. L. Yates, a blacksmith, who had worked at McHarry's mill previous to coming to Topeka. Dr. E. Z. Nichols built the second house and was the first doctor. Harrison Venard was the third resident. He was from Ohio and with Ben Rosebrough started the first store, which in a couple of months was under the name of Venard & Musleman. A second store was opened by Musleman and Aaron Litell. Other business men came, till it seemed that Topeka was on the road to prosperity. A grain warehouse was built in 1860 by Moses Eckard. R. W. Stires of St. Louis, was the first to buy grain and Porter & Walker operated at different times. The grain was handled in sacks and shipped in flat cars. Flower Allen and Sherman built a cheap constructed elevator. Low and Foster came next and entered the ring. A neat and substantial depot was soon erected. Harrison Venard was the first agent.

The Methodist church was built in 1865. The Rev. T. J. Simmons was the first preacher. The postoffice was es-

tablished in 1860. The village was incorporated in accordance with an act of the legislature in 1869. Samuel Yates, Philip Brown and Robert G. Rider were elected as trustees. The board organized by electing Samuel Yates, president; F. S. Allen, clerk; Philip Brown, police magistrate, and James Norman, constable. The income was very light from license of any kind and the improvements were paid by taxation or by contribution. The population of Topeka is small and, while it does not grow, it manages to hold its own.

The early settlers in the northern part of Quiver township were the Himmels, of which there were several families. Peter Himmel moved from Petersburg away back in the "forties" and there was George Himmel, who lived south of Havana, and Adam and John Himmel. These men had large families. There was also Henry Bishop and a score of others, but it would take 1,000 pages to do them all justice.





CHAPTER XXIX.

FOREST CITY TOWNSHIP



HIS township is bounded on the north by Manito township, on the south by Pennsylvania and Sherman, on the west by Quiver township.

It is the smallest of the thirteen townships.

The soil and general characteristics of the soil do not differ from the adjoining townships. Timber land is found in the north part of the township. Quiver Creek is a small stream flowing through from east to west and this, with artificial drainage, makes it a good agricultural township. It was first called Mason Plain, but the name was changed to Forest City in 1873, the reason being that mistakes occurred through confusing it with Mason City.

There was no settlement in that township before 1840. Robert Cross came from New Jersey and settled in Green county in 1839. In 1842 there were only four or five houses standing in what is now Forest City township, the following named persons constituting the residents: Henry Bishop, A. Winthrow, Peter Himmel, A. File and Stephen Hedge. Winthrow came there in 1840 and was no doubt the first settler. Mr. Cross thinks that Himmel, File and Hedge came in 1842. Winthrow, File and Himmel came from Germany; Hedge came from Fulton county. After a few years' residence, Hedge moved back to Fulton county and died there. At the same time, there lived across the line of Manito, Ray —, Riley Morris and Abel Maloney. In 1846 Alex Pemberton and a man by the

name of Babbit settled south of Forest City. They were the first to venture away from the woods. Alex Cross came up from Quiver and settled south of Forest City the same year. Slicky Bill Green and his brother, Nult Green, were from Menard and William Cooleridge was from Tennessee. The Greens settled on the south side of Quiver. In 1852 Bill sold out to George Neikirk and moved to Menard county. His brother, Nult, moved to McDonough county. In 1850 the west side of the township was increased by the coming of August Webber, — Greenfelter, E. Harpst, the Weslings, Wemhoffs and Kreilings. They were all German and made good citizens. William and Garrett Bruning and Fred Lux all pitched their tents in the county. In the spring of 1852 a large influx came. T. H. Ellsworth, Joseph Ellsworth, William Ellsworth and W. E. Ellsworth all came from Fulton county. T. G. Onstot came from Havana. The Neikirk family came from Ohio. John Bowser came from Ohio at the same time as Carl Gamble, Silas Cheek, Fred Foster, John Martin, (called Owlpatch Martin), William Ewers and Long John Martin. Samuel Ingersoll located north of Red Oak Grove, but has been dead a score of years.

Many of the inconveniences that surrounded Quiver and Manito townships surrounded Forest City. They had to haul their grain a long way to market and had to haul their lumber home the same distance. Their principal markets were Pekin and Havana. For milling they had to go to Mackinaw or across into Fulton county. The journey to Mackinaw mills generally took four days, as they always waited for their grist, even if it took a week. Simmond's and McHarry's mill of Quiver in a few years saved the people from going so far. While the early settlers had many inconveniences, they also had many of the blessings that we cannot now boast of. They had all kinds of game, that could be had for the killing. It did

not require hunting, as there was always an abundance on hand. Alex Cross, who is considered truthful, says that on one occasion he had counted fifty deer in one drove and they began to come so fast that he lost the count. T. H. Ellsworth, who seldom exaggerates, saw fifty-six by actual count. Wild game was so abundant that farmers had to drive them out of their fields as they would a drove of swine. Civilization has driven out all of the deer. Dan Westfall, with a pack of hounds, settled the deer question at the close of the war. Vast and mighty changes have come over the country in the last fifty years, and the youth of today never forget hearing the pioneers of the past tell of the times and of the game, that used to roam at will over the vast prairies. The hunter of today would have gone wild over the amount of game we had in early times. Only enough game was killed to supply the table, as there was no way to ship the surplus.

The first preacher in the township was Rev. Garner. He had an appointment every three weeks at William Ewers', a half mile south of Forest City, on Thursday afternoon at 3 p. m. The early pioneers would all turn out to hear Bro. Garner. Some would come in their two horse wagons, some on horseback and some in their ox wagons. The preacher would give his hymn and all would reverently take part, and when the meeting was over the audience would not do as they do now, take their hats and run, but have a kind of old settlers meeting and inquire all about their neighbors and go home with a perfect knowledge of what was going on in the neighborhood. Among the other Methodist preachers were Rutledge Randall and Peter Cartright. These were the men who planted Methodism on these fertile prairies. Rev. William Perkins, a Presbyterian, occasionally ministered to those who were inclined to that doctrine. The meetings were held in private houses, till schoolhouses were built, which, besides being

used for school purposes, were used for preaching places and for elections. The first schoolhouse in the township was Union No. 1, about a mile and a half south of Forest City. John Covington was the first teacher. Other houses were built as fast as the population required them. The houses were neat frame buildings.

The first Sunday school was organized by Thomas H. Ellsworth in the spring of 1853. William Ellsworth was the first superintendent. It was held at a private house till the building of the schoolhouse in 1854, when it was transferred to that point. The German Methodist and the Evangelical soon built houses of worship. The Albright Church was built in 1856, but soon grew, till it had to be rebuilt. There are forty acres of land, with a good parsonage with the church; also a well kept cemetery. Forest City has a large German population, who are all good citizens. Taking all together, Forest City will compare with adjoining townships.

The village of Forest City was surveyed in 1859 by J. F. Cappel and Alex Cross and for Walker, Kemp, Wright and Wagonseller. It contained forty-seven acres. An addition of twenty acres was afterwards made in the north part of the town in 1865 by David S. Broderick. The lines of the original survey ran north and south, but were never recorded. The town runs parallel with the railroad. The town is seventeen miles south of Pekin and thirteen miles north of Havana. Alex Cross built the first residence in the town. T. H. Ellsworth built a residence in 1860. Josiah Jackson, S. T. Walker, T. A. Gibson and E. T. Neikirk were among the early citizens of the place. Cross and Walker built the first store house and began merchandising in 1861. Rogers and brother built the second and opened it up. The business grew, till there were several stores in the village. A large amount of grain was shipped on flat cars to Havana in the early part of the

"sixties." The grain would be sacked and piled up on the track and when the train came along the owner would have a lot of men to load one hundred and fifty sacks, as he had the privilege to ride on his load of grain to Havana. The High school building was erected in 1877. The first physician was Dr. Mostiler and was the first to locate near the town. E. G. Nichols was here quite early. Dr. James Walker came next. A lodge of Good Templars was organized in 1865. A good substantial iron bridge over Quiver was erected just south of the town. The first iron bridge in the county was built somewhere in the "seventies" and the road across the bottom, which had been impassable for loaded teams, was gravelled with one hundred loads of gravel. Forest City was without any settlements half a century ago. Now it is dotted all over with fine farm houses, large barns and towering wind mills. The people ride in fine carriages and they are intelligent. It has the finest looking women, the best cattle, the best horses, the most intelligent children in the county and furthermore the deponent saith not.





CHAPTER XXX.

MANITO TOWNSHIP



THE township of Manito is situated in the north-eastern part of Mason county and comprises about forty-five sections. It is somewhat irregular in shape, being eight miles along its northern boundary by nine miles north and south along its eastern line ; the extreme west line is four miles from north to south. With the exception of two or three small groves in the north and northwestern portions of the township, the entire township is a vast, level prairie. The central, eastern and southeastern portions are flat, but susceptible of drainage. When the first settlers came, much of this county was set down as swamp lands, but this, by artificial drainage, has been converted into the most productive farms in her limits; and where once wild geese and ducks in countless numbers swam lazily or floated calmly undisturbed upon the stagnant water, may now be seen finely cultivated farms teeming with the golden harvest.

The soil is a deep black loam, mixed with sand, but is exceptionally fertile and productive. Indeed, such a vast amount of corn, wheat and oats are produced in Manito township that it is justly called Egypt. Water is easily obtained by drive wells in any part of the township and when a well is once made an inexhaustible supply of water is obtained for all time, and the farmer has only to erect a wind mill over the well to have a running stream that

will water his herds and flocks with pure and fresh water the year round. The northwestern part of the township is more broken and the soil is lighter, but produces well. The soil can stand drought or wet weather longer than Egypt of old.

Manito township is thus bounded: It lies north of Forest City, east of Quiver and south and west of Tazewell. Black Oak Grove in the northeast, Coon Grove in the center and Long Point in the west comprise the timber to be found in Manito. Walnut Grove is a small piece of timber west of Manito. As was the case in other parts of the county, the first settlements were made in the timber. No matter how unproductive the land along the timber belt, nor how rich the prairie might be, the early pioneer built his cabin and began to clear out a farm in the brush, leaving to his successor the fine prairie lands to improve.

The first settler was one William Herron, who settled in 1838, east of the village of Manito. He had come from Ohio to Mackinaw and then to Mason county and settled in Black Oak Grove. His sister kept house for him. He died and was buried on his farm. Few, if any, of the present generation can point out his grave. At or near this time came Stephen W. Porter with his wife and settled in the corporate limits of Manito near the edge of the pond. Porter was a nephew of Herron's and also came from Mackinaw. A man by the name of Ray settled between Coon Grove and Long Point, on the farm now owned by W. H. Cogdel. In 1840 he built a cabin, which was the third permanent settlement in the township. Soon after he came he planted some apple seeds. Some of the apple trees are still standing near the railroad. After a few years' residence he sold out to Cogdel and started back to New York, but died on the way. Labor was very low and money scarce and a man could hire his rails made for twenty-five cents per hundred and take his pay in meat at twelve and a half cents a pound.

Among the settlers who came as early as 1845 were Abel Maloney, Layton Rice, George Baxter, John Davis, King Hibbard, James Green, Thomas Landreth, Zeno Ashmore, William Mayes, Douglas Ossborn and Wesley Brisborn. Maloney came from Virginia and first settled in Menard county in 1838. Coming to Manito in 1841, he settled near the Union Station. We was in poor circumstances when he came, but accumulated means rapidly and was considered wealthy at the time of his death, which occurred in 1849.

Rice came from Kentucky and first settled in Menard county, but came to Coon Grove in 1842. George Baxter was from Kentucky, but settled in Long Point as early as 1842. He was somewhat noted among the early settlers for his matrimonial taste, as his wife had some African blood in her veins. He had come to Illinois that he might enjoy connubial bliss unmolested; but it seemed that the people were against him and he was entered out by Robert Green. He next located near Simmond's Mill, finally moving west, and no more was heard of him.

Davis settled on the Randolph farm. He was remembered among the pioneers as the man who was never seen wearing a glove or a mitten, no matter how cold it was, he was always bare handed.

Hibbard came from Mackinaw and settled in the north part of Black Oak Grove. In a few years he sold out and bought three yoke of oxen from Thomas Landreth and started for Oregon, but was never heard of afterwards.

James Green came from Menard county, but in a few years moved back. About the same time Zeno and Calvin Ashmore came from Indiana. Calvin was known as Jehinky. They were a shiftless set.

Thomas Landreth came from Virginia and settled at Mackinaw as early as 1825. In 1844 he came to Coon Grove and bought the claim of Layton Rice. Landreth became a permanent settler. When he came he had a family

of six children. He was twice married and was the father of twenty-two children.

William Mayes and Douglas Ossborn were from Kentucky, the Brisborns from Mackinaw. Mayes was known by the name of "Ham Legs." He was so called on account of being very bow-legged.

While this portion of the country did not increase in population very rapidly until some years later, still there was a steady growth. As early as 1850 we can add to the names already given James Overton, Amos Ganson, William and Nult Green and Col. Robert Moore. Jacobs was from New York, Overton from Kentucky. Amos Ganson settled in Egypt and opened up a blacksmith shop. Col. Moore was from Kentucky. His parents settled in Menard county. He was a soldier in the Mexican War. He located his land warrant in Manito township, becoming a resident in 1849. He helped to build up the village of Spring Lake. He built a warehouse and engaged in the grain business as early as 1852.

John Pemberton (called Uncle Jacky), Emery Hail, Matthew Langston, James M. Langston, M. W. Rogers, James K. Cox, Riley Morris and John O. Randolph were citizens of Manito township as early as 1851; the rest all came in 1850. The Langstons came from Tennessee to Morgan county, and Rogers was from Kentucky. The Langstons and Rogers purchased improvements from James McCoy. Joseph Luse settled in the neighborhood and after living there fifteen years returned to England. James K. Cox was a native of Virginia.

When the settlers first came, the prairie stretching back east from the river was a grand, imposing scene as far as the eye could reach. The tall, blue stemmed prairie grass was waving like the boundless sea, and this, with myriads of flowers of all colors and hues, awakened feelings of admiration, which the finest landscape failed to inspire.

Many of the flowers planted by Nature's God far surpassed in beauty those of rarest culture of today. Every fall the whole face of the country was swept by fire, the flames of which would sweep high up in the heavens, then descend, reaching a hundred feet ahead. None but those who have seen our prairie fires of thirty years ago can comprehend their grandeur.

At the date of the early settlement, game of all kinds was plentiful. It was not uncommon to see herds of deer in droves of from seventy-five to one hundred and their course was plainly marked by the parting of the tall grass. Oft times they would come within gunshot reach of the pioneer's cabin; oft times they would destroy the settlers' garden in one night. Wild geese, ducks and cranes were in abundance and annoyed the pioneer by destroying his crops. The wolf and the fox came in for their share by robbing hen roosts, pig sties and sheep cotes.

When Abel Maloney first came, he brought his two oldest boys, William and John, and some little stock. After building his cabin he returned to Menard county for his wife and the rest of the family, leaving the boys to take care of the house and look after the stock. William thus relates the experience: "After my father left us, a rain set in which so raised the Sangamon and Salt Creek that he could not return for four weeks. At night the boys would take the geese and ducks and chickens, with the dogs into the cabin and lock the doors. As soon as twilight appeared, the wolves began their nightly orgies, and between the squealing of the hogs and the howling of the wolves night was rendered hideous. Indeed, they sometimes feared that from the vigor with which the wolves scratched at the door, they might effect an entrance and make mince meat of their bodies. When Abel Maloney returned home, not a hog was left. The old folks were welcomed heartily on their return."

Coon Grove derived its name from the vast number of coons found there in the early days. The woods were full of them. Many of the trees were hollow and had Indian ladders beside them, saplings with the limbs cut off some distance from the body, and holes chopped into the trees, evidently the work of the Indians in attempts to catch the coon. Mr. Maloney states that at certain seasons of the year they would go out into the fields and drive them out like sheep, so destructive were they to their crops. The pioneers by no means lived a life of luxury. Homes were to be provided, farms were to be made and farm implements provided for the successful cultivation. Money was scarce, for they were men of limited means who had left their homes to try their fortunes in a new country. Their milling was done twenty miles away; their trading was done in Pekin, Mackinaw, Delavan and Havana. At these points they sold their produce and bought their dry goods and groceries. In times of high water they would take their grist to Spring Lake by ox teams and then by skiff to Utica, rowing a distance of from eight to ten miles. If a plow needed repairing it must be taken to Pekin, Mackinaw or Havana. It took all summer to raise a crop and all winter to deliver it.

An unfailing indication that the Sabbath day had come was to see the women equipped with fishing tackle and the men with guns, all parties headed for Spring Lake. Here the day was passed in pleasure seeking and merry making. Sometimes the men would stake off a race course and indulge in foot racing. We are by no means to conclude that they were savage in their disposition, for no one was more hospitable to a stranger in need than were the early settlers in Manito. It was simply their way of enjoying themselves. Fighting and quarreling were almost unknown among them and if friendly fist cuffs sometimes occurred they generally quit good friends. They did not neglect

the education of their children, so we find them at an early day building schoolhouses and maintaining schools by subscriptions. The first schoolhouse in the township was at Coon Grove near Samuel Starrett's. The house was a log cabin sixteen feet square and had a window of three lights. It may have been a little dark on cloudy days, but was well adapted for its purpose. It was covered with clapboards, and the drops of rain came down inside as well as outside. Stephen W. Porter was the first teacher. The second schoolhouse was a hewn log house built within the present limits of Manito. Miss Adeline Broderick and Mrs. Rachel Ott were among the first teachers.

The first postoffice in Manito township was kept by Col. R. S. Moore at his residence on the Peter Gay farm. This was established in 1857, in the route from Havana to Delavan. It was called Pilot Hill, being named after a big hill nearby. A year or so later it was farther south at the residence of John Pemberton. At a still later date it was taken to Berkdresser's store at Egypt Station, and finally, when the railroad station was moved to Manito, the name of Manito was given to the office.

The Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian Churches came with the first settlers. Rev. William Colvell, a Methodist preacher, was probably the first. He was an Englishman and lived in the east end of Tight Row. He preached at Bro. Paul's at Spring Lake and at the end of his meetings he took a vote whether they wanted any more meetings or not. Colvell was a local preacher and Bro. Paul voted to have meetings, saying that he was in favor of meetings, "if it was not quite so good." In 1853, Peter Cartright held a campmeeting at Walnut Grove, when many people were converted.

Dr. John Allen, who resided near McHarry's Mill, was the first doctor that practiced medicine in the township. Dr. Mostiler came next. He studied under Allen. The

first resident practitioner was Dr. J. B. Meggs who came from Macoupin county. Richard L. Porter was the first child born in the township. The first death was that of Wm. Herron. The first wedding was that of Alexander Grove and Polly Ashmore. Among the citizens who have been honored are John Pemberton and Matthew Langston. Uncle Jacky was chosen associate justice of the county in 1849. He was chosen to represent the county in the lower house at an early day. It is said that Uncle Jacky was a great man to electioneer and sometimes would get over in Tazewell to get votes. A vote was taken for and against township organization in 1861, the vote for adoption being carried. The Hon. Lyman Lacy, of Havana, Major Gatton, of Bath, and Matthew Langston, of Manito, were chosen commissioners to divide the county in townships, and Matthew Langston was the supervisor for three terms in succession. In 1865 he was elected to the office of county judge, but resigned at the close of two years. In 1871 he was elected to the legislature, and then engaged in merchandising in Manito.

THE ALLWOOD TRAGEDY

In 1849 or 1850, Benjamin Allwood, with two sons, Jack and Hugh Allwood, settled south of Manito. The Allwood family had some money and entered a lot of the best land in the township. From various causes they became unpopular with their neighbors. The feeling grew until it culminated in open demonstrations, and in 1854 a partly in disguise waited on the Allwoods and informed them that they must leave the county. The Allwoods told them that they had come to stay and did not intend to be frightened away. Not long afterwards, a crop of wheat was burned

in the stack. It was the impression that the Allwoods knew something about the burning of the wheat and the Allwood crop was burned in retaliation. This was followed up by the burning of the house and the shooting of Hugh and one of his sisters. The shooting, however, did not prove fatal. After the burning of their home, the Allwood family moved to Quiver and remained a short time. Returning, they built a hewn log house and set about raising crops. In the fall of 1856, while Jack Allwood was in his field cutting up corn, he was shot by unknown parties and killed. This put an end to the prosecution of the parties supposed to have been engaged in the destruction of their crops.

VILLAGE OF MANITO

The village of Manito was surveyed and platted by James Boggs for James K. Cox, Robert M. Cox and William A. Langston. In 1858, soon after laying out the town, Hugh Fullerton, of Havana, acquired an interest for the influence exerted by him in securing the site for a depot. One hundred and ten acres were laid out in blocks, streets and alleys. Manito did not increase much until the close of the war.

Egypt Station had the advantage in the beginning, as she already had the advantage of two or more stores and the postoffice, but Manito secured the depot, and the scepter departed from Egypt. Spring Lake was established in 1851 and contributed to the building up of Manito by giving her business men and population to swell the newly begun village. The residence of James K. Cox stood near the center of the town. The first business house was erected by James K. Cox and occupied by E. A. Rosher as a general merchandise store. The second store was kept by J. P. and

A. Trent. A. M. Pollard opened a grocery store in 1861. S. Mosher started a drug store in 1865. In 1868 Smith, Hippen & Co. built an elevator at a cost of \$5,000.00, which was operated by Fred Knollhoff. Previous to the building of the elevator, J. P. Cranvill had bought grain and shipped it in sacks. J. A. McComas built an elevator in 1878. Grier & Co., of Peoria, took charge of it; it was burned in 1879. The village of Manito is conceded to be the best grain point between Pekin and Havana. The village was incorporated under the Springfield and Quincy act in 1866, and continued under this act until 1875, when it was re-organized under the general law for cities and villages. The Methodist Church was first built in 1867. Among the early preachers we find the names of Middleton, Sloan and Goldsmith. Rev. Sloan walked over his circuit. He said his master never rode and that he was no better than his master. He always wore a blue jeans suit. In 1870 J. N. Shantholzer erected a steam mill, having two runs of stones and capable of turning out twenty barrels a day.

The early settlers of the village were fond of playing jokes upon each other and sometimes attacked strangers. Before it was incorporated, a man by the name of Moore came there and desired a license to keep a saloon. He approached Joe Cranvill on the subject. Joe charged him \$25.00, which he paid. Joe shoved the money down into his pocket and then, letting the boys into the secret, spent most of it in setting them up. Nothing was said about it and it was some time before the man found out that he had been tricked out of his money.

The early citizens will remember the days when the High Cod court existed. It was not a chartered institution, but it existed. Some individual would be charged with a crime and the court would assemble and proceed to try the offender. The person presiding was called "Honorable Judge Advocate," and his opinion was final in all

matters that came before him. Witnesses were called who were not expected to tell the truth. Indeed, the oath administered had a saving clause for the prosecution in these words: "And you furthermore swear that you will not tell the truth in the case now pending." No matter how clearly the defendant might prove his innocence, conviction was sure to follow. The penalty was the drinks for the crowd and usually cost the defendant \$1.00. But those days have long since passed away and yet the old citizens love to recount them and live over their early days of fun and frolic. The name "Manito" was taken from the Indian word, "Manitou," the meaning of which can hardly be determined.





CHAPTER XXXI.

ALLEN'S GROVE TOWNSHIP

THE FIRST settler in Allen's Grove township, that we have any account of, was a man named Allen. He came to the grove, that bears his name in 1830. He had a crop of wheat the winter of the deep snow, having forty acres which is said to have yielded fifty bushels per acre. What disposition he made of it is not known, as there was no market nearer than Pekin or Peoria. It is said by some, that a man by the name of Smith settled there about the same time. Both were bachelors. Of Smith nothing is known. Allen is said to have come from Kentucky and, after staying at the Grove two years, to have gone to St. Louis. The account given of these two primitive squatters is more traditional than historical. David Taylor came from Tennessee in 1831 and bought Allen's claim. He resided there till his death and was buried near the spot where he had lived so many years. A number of his relatives are still living in the township. The first entry of land in the township was made by Benjamin Kellogg, of Pekin. This was under a patent from the United States, bearing date September 29, 1832. Samuel Larrimore had settled near Mackinaw in an early day and came to Allen's Grove near the close of the "thirties," though the exact date of his removal could not be ascertained. He remained a citizen until he moved to Kansas. James Higgins and James Sherry came there early in 1844 from Kentucky. Sherry

was a single man but married a daughter of David Taylor.

Settlements were made slowly for several years until land began to grow scarce in favored localities. Harvey Hawthorn settled east of the Grove in 1848. He was from Kentucky, but moved from Crane Creek before he came to Allen's Grove. After a residence of several years he moved back to Crane Creek. About the same time the settlement was increased by the coming of Hiram Stanton, Alex. Woods, Levi Engle and George Alkers. Stanton was from New Jersey, Woods and Alkers from Ohio, while Engle was a Hoosier and also a preacher. These were all in the township before 1850. During the years of 1850 and 1851 the following new settlers came in: Samuel Hingleford, George and Lewis Dowell, John Nagle, William Legg, Hank Wadkins, Benjamin Davenport, Joseph Taylor, George Leoni and Jackson Houchin. These all settled not far from the Grove, and it was some years later before any settlers had courage to venture out on the prairies. The most of those who located in the township as early as 1851, have crossed the dark river or sought other fields of labor. Jack Roundtree came from Ohio in 1851 with Magee. He had quite an amount of money for one in those days and, there being no banks at that time, he intrusted it to Mother Earth. Some time after burying it he decided to make a draw on his bank and after much fruitless searching he gave it up for lost. Some days after, a hen scratching for her daily food, scratched it up and brought the lost treasure to the surface. The Houchin family came from Kentucky to Indiana in 1836. In 1850 Jackson severed the ties that bound him to the paternal roof, and set sail in an ox team for Mason county. He built a cabin and spent the summer and winter of 1850 in Salt Creek township. In 1851 he came to Allen's Grove, entered a quarter section, built a cabin and began farming. At the date of his settlement, but three cabins had been erected.

On the road to Delavan, a distance of fourteen miles, on either hand the broad expanse of prairie stretched away as far as the eye could reach. The first year after Houchin came proved to be a very sickly one, and to such an extent did bilious fever, flux, chills and fever prevail that there were but two well families in the whole settlement. The doctors were not then found, as now, on every cross road and in every town and hamlet. Hiram Sykes, who in this day would be considered a "home made physician," lived in Sugar Grove and to his hands the entire settlement committed their destiny. By strict attention to his patients he restored them to health and at the end of a month's faithful service he had so conquered the disease as to be permitted to visit his own home, the first time since coming to Allen's Grove. The following year, a difficulty having arisen between him and his son, he mounted his horse and rode away and did not return. During the years of 1852 and 1853 the names of Daniel Dillon, Jonathan Hyatt, Talmon and the McKinneys were added to the settlers of the township. Dillon was a native of North Carolina. Eight brothers of them came west and settled on the north side of Mackinaw in 1822. They opened up farms near Tremont in what is now Dillon township. The red men in the forest were their only neighbors. Their early habitations gave rest and comfort to many a way worn traveler without money or price. At the time of settlement, they were included in the limits of Sangamon county. His brother, Nathan, was a justice of the peace and his jurisdiction extended to Chicago. Daniel Dillon took up his residence in Allen's Grove township in 1852. He was one of the proprietors of San Jose. Hyatt and the McKinneys were from Indiana. Talmon was from the east and had spent much of his life upon the sea. The nearest trading point was Delavan. To purchase the smallest amount of merchandise it required a journey of thirty

miles; to get a plow sharpened, it took the same amount of travel. Their milling was done at Mackinaw, either at Doolittle's or Woodrow's mills. Their mail was also received from Delavan.

The era of railroads gave every section conveniences to which they were strangers before. Dr. J. P. Walker was the first medical practitioner. In 1857 he helped to lay out Mason City and in 1859 made it his permanent home. The first school building was erected in 1853. The old log schoolhouse is still dear to memory. The first teacher was a Miss Woods, daughter of Aleck Woods. The earliest religious services were held by the Rev. Levi Engle, a preacher of the new light order. Rev. George Miller was the first circuit rider. Meetings were held in private houses till the schoolhouse was built. The remarkable hail storm that occurred throughout this section of the country on the 27th of May, 1852, is well remembered by the settlers. The storm was of short duration, yet the vast amount of hail that fell to the depth of six feet drifted so that on the Fourth of July following, large quantities could be gathered up. Mr. Houchin was an eye witness to this fact. As late as 1851 four-fifths of the land in the township had not been entered. During the years of 1851 and 1852 large tracts were entered by capitalists.

With the completion of the C. & A. Railroad from Jacksonville to Bloomington came a flood of settlers and the establishment of towns along its line. Though of but recent settlement when compared with other sections of the county, in the importance and value of its products it ranks second to none in the county. It embraces within its limits large areas as well adapted to agriculture as any to be found in this entire region. Her educational interest has kept pace with her rapid development; she is well supplied with schoolhouses in which school is kept most of the year.

VILLAGE OF SAN JOSE.

This village is in the extreme northeast part of the township and was surveyed and platted by E. Z. Hunt, county surveyor, in 1857 for Daniel Dillon, Alexander W. Morgan, Silas Parker and Zenas B. Kedder. The original plat contained fifteen blocks, three hundred feet square, and eleven fractional blocks. These were subdivided into two hundred and thirty-five lots and fifteen fractional lots. The lots adjoining the railroad were donated to the company to secure the location of the depot. After laying out the village, a public sale of lots was held and \$3,000 was realized. Private sales were made until \$4,000 or \$5,000 was realized. The investment in many instances proved a loss, inasmuch as the town failed to grow as rapidly as the purchasers anticipated, and many, feeling that they had made a bad investment, sold their interest at a sacrifice. Moses C. Hicks made an addition in 1868. At a later date, Willis Graft and John Lineberger made an addition on the east. This last was just across the line in Logan county. Moses C. Hicks erected the first residence in the village—a business house and residence combined. In this building he opened a general stock of merchandise in 1858. He came from Atlanta, Logan county, where he had been engaged in the same business. The second building was erected by Morgan and Luper and was occupied as a hardware store. Dillon and Morgan soon became the proprietors of this store, and at the end of six months Dillon bought Morgan out. With the exception of a few small buildings, the village took a rest for a few years. On the prospective completion of the railroad, a new life was infused into the almost defunct village, and a number of dwellings and business houses were built. Nat Beardsley, from Jerseyville, opened up a stock of merchandise in 1862

and 1863, and after operating it for two years sold it to Dr. Knapp and went back to Jerseyville. In 1865 Dr. Charles D. Knapp built and opened a drug store. Hull and Morrison came from Henry in 1866, moving into a building occupied by Chestnut as a hardware store. In time, others came, and San Jose was soon on a firm basis.

The first grain merchants were Beck and Scott, who began the handling of grain in 1866. A warehouse, built by Peter Defries, was converted into an elevator by Buck and Brother and was the first in the village. In 1866 Moses C. Hicks built a steam elevator, which was destroyed by fire in 1868. Thomas Little operated a warehouse here and then moved it to Teheran. Moses C. Hicks erected a large and commodious hotel at a cost of \$6,000; at one time he had forty-two regular boarders, besides the transient customers. In the same year, C. B. Vanhorn moved the machinery of the grist mill from Atlanta and began to manufacture flour.

Allen's Grove lies high and dry. Towards the west, for twenty miles, the land was once a swamp and was not considered of much value. To the south of the Grove, high land is soon struck. On the north the swamp extended for ten miles, but with artificial drainage the whole country has been changed and no finer body of land is to be found. The Linewebber ditch drains the water from the swamp ground and the country has become a paradise for the farmer. The country north of Allen's Grove is a high ridge where you can have a view for fifteen miles west. Allen's Grove is nearly twenty miles from Forest City, yet it is in plain view and would not be taken to be more than ten miles. One-half of San Jose is in Mason county, the other half in Logan county. At San Jose three counties can be seen at one glance, namely, Mason, Logan and Tazewell.



CHAPTER XXXII.

PENNSYLVANIA TOWNSHIP



PENNSYLVANIA township is in Township 21, Range 6, west of the Third Principal Meridan, and is bounded on the north by Forest City and Manito townships, east, south and west by Allen's Grove, Mason City and Sherman townships. It contains thirty-six full townships and is all prairie, except Red Oak Grove. Teheran is the only village in the township. Ambrose Edwards was the first settler and made an improvement in Red Oak Grove.

Francis Dorrell came to the state in 1835 and came from Sangamon county in 1839. He made the second improvement in the township. When he settled, there was not a human habitation visible on the north, east or west. Stretching away to the north, at sunset, the village of Delavan was sometimes visible twenty-five miles away. About the same date William Briggs settled near where the village of Teheran stands.

Peter Speice came from Ohio in early 1850. His father-in-law, George Swaggert, followed. They both settled two miles north of Leases Grove, but after a few years moved to Tazewell county. A year or so after there was a large influx of population.

In the fall of 1838, Henry Cease came from Pennsylvania. He stopped a short time in Havana, but soon bought a farm and engaged in farming. During the summer of 1851, Joseph and Abraham Cease, Jimerson Wandel, John

W. Pugh and Benedict Hadsell all came from the same section of the country. The Ceases all had families, while Wandel, Pugh and Hadsell were single men.

In December, 1851, Henry Cease, J. H. Wandel and Abraham Cease went east to explore the country. On reaching what is now Pennsylvania, they determined to locate and began making farms. They entered one hundred and sixty acres apiece and pre-empted the same amount.

In the summer of 1852, Abraham and Joseph Cease each built a frame house and began to improve their land. In April, John W. Pugh went back to Ohio, and prevailed upon Wandel to accompany him. When Wandel got back, he found a sale at his uncle's and father-in-law's. They were preparing to move to Mason county, attracted by the glowing accounts that Wandel had written about Mason county. After a short sojourn among his native hills, in company with James Wandel, his father; Isaac Hanneyhill, a brother-in-law, and George Wandel, an uncle, and their families, they turned their faces westward. They made the journey by water and were seven weeks coming from Pittsburg to Havana. In severing the ties that bound them to their native land, they went forth to battle with the difficulties and privations incident to pioneer life, with their hopes and expectations bright as to the new homes they were about to make, but a great grief came over them. Mrs. Hanneyhill, who had sickened on the way, died when they reached Havana. Heart broken and discouraged, and with five small children, Mr. Hanneyhill, with J. H. Wandel, retraced their steps back to Pennsylvania for a time. Wandel seemed to belong to the floating population. During his stay in Pennsylvania, he married Miss Sarah E. Depugh.

In the fall of 1852, with his father-in-law, Aaron Depugh, he again came to Mason county. In the summer of 1853 he built a house and broke forty acres of land. The

others mentioned settled in the eastern portions of the county. Philip Cease came in 1852 and settled south of Wandel. George Wandel purchased an improved farm near where the village of Teheran now stands. This was the farm owned and occupied by William Briggs. James Wandel entered and improved a farm in Section 27. The Depugh family settled across the line in Salt Creek township.

During the spring and summer of 1853, the following settlers were added: George and Alexander Benscoter, William Legg, Asa Greigory and Joe Statler. The Benscoters and Greigorys were from Pennsylvania, Statler from Ohio, and Legg from Indiana. Legg entered the land pre-empted by J. H. Wandel. The summer following he sold out to George W. and Alex Benscoter. Asa Greigory settled in the northwest corner of the township, remained a few years and then sold out and returned east. Joseph Statler settled in the south part, a short distance north of the present village of Teheran, on land now owned by J. McClurg and J. H. Matthews. Statler was a fine business man and of strict integrity and his duties were well and ably performed. D. V. Benscoter located east of Statler's. Jack Conroy from Ohio made improvements in the summer of 1854, in the southeast corner of the School Section where James Hurley now lives.

About the same time Daniel and James Riner and Dave Cruise became citizens of the township. In 1856, J. Phink from Pennsylvania made a farm in the south part of the township and was soon followed by his father-in-law, Jacob Benscoter. Many of the first settlers have gone to their long homes, but many of their descendants remain and occupy the farms entered and improved by their fathers.

Of other citizens who moved into the township prior to 1860, we find the names of Andy Farror A. J. Gates Alex. Blunt, Charles Hadsell, J. L. Ingersoll, T. L. Kendle, Joel

Severns, W. K. Terrill and John Van Horn. Gates was from Tennessee and Blunt from Kentucky, Hadsell, Severns and Van Horn from Pennsylvania, Ingersoll from Ohio, Kendle and Terrill from New Jersey. Ingersoll settled in the northwestern part of the township and the remainder in the eastern and central part of the township; Terrill in the southwestern part.

John W. Pugh, who was prominently identified with the interest of the township, deserves more than a passing notice. He is mentioned as coming to the county in 1850. He did not locate in Pennsylvania township till 1864. Since that time he has served in the capacity of supervisor for eleven years. In 1874, he was chosen a member of the legislature, and here his influence was felt.

The earliest settlers were not wholly exempt from the inconveniences and difficulties which ever attend the pioneers of a new country. The Iron Horse had not then entered Mason City. Havana was the only point of shipment and sale of the extra produce, and a large part of the year an impassible swamp lay between them and it, and in order for them to get their grain to market, it was sometimes necessary to reload it five or six times. So accustomed were the teams to miring that as soon as a halt was made they would lie down for fear of finding the bottom some distance below the surface if they remained standing.

Much of the early settler's time was consumed in marketing his produce, and crossing the swamp successfully with a good load could only be accomplished in the winter. Those coming in since the era of railroads know but little by experience of the trials that the settler of 1849 and the early "fifties" endured. Their milling was done at Mackinaw and later years at Simmond's and McHarry's on Quiver. The nearest postoffice was at Havana, some fifteen or eighteen miles. The first schoolhouse was built in Pennsylvania Lane in 1854. Miss Martha Randle was the first

teacher. The early ministers were Rev. Mowry, Randall and Sloan. They belonged to the M. E. Church. The early meetings were held in schoolhouses. After a few years, through deaths and removals, the society became so reduced in numbers that the field was abandoned till 1873, when the Presbyterians organized a society and erected a church building. Rev. S. J. Bogle was the first pastor and gave his services to the church the first year free of charge. The early members of the church were John Van Horn and wife and daughter, Mrs. Carem, John W. Pugh and wife and Mrs. Mary Potoff. A few members of the Baptist Church resided in the vicinity, and the sheep were led occasionally by the Rev. Hobbs, of Mason City. Dr. J. B. Walker of Mason City dispensed the healing art. The first death was that of Mrs. James Wandel, who died in 1854. The wife of Joseph Cease died a few months later. The first marriage was Jimerson Wandel and Miss Sarah Depugh in the fall of 1852.

The first birth cannot be ascertained. Jimerson Wandel was the first justice of the peace. Pennsylvania has always been democratic. Taken as a whole, it is an average township and a good agricultural township.

Teheran is the only village in Pennsylvania township, and is seven miles west of Mason City. It was laid out on land belonging to Aleck Blunt. Soon after it was laid out. A. J. Gates put up a building and opened up a grocery store. D. L. Whitney was a merchant once and David Everett was also a merchant. The postoffice was established in 1874, with W. T. Rich as postmaster. The amount of grain handled in Teheran exceeds 100,000 bushels. Teheran is in the heart of a good agricultural county, and has its daily mail and the conveniences of the larger towns, but Easton on the west and Mason City on the east act as checks to its growth.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

SHERMAN TOWNSHIP



HIS township was organized in 1866. It was first named Jackson township, but the name of General Sherman was then at its zenith. Sherman had, only a few years before, made his memorable march to the sea and had endeared his name to every American patriot. So at the meeting in 1867 the name of Jackson was stricken out and the name of Sherman substituted.

Sherman contains thirty-six sections which makes a square congressional township. Only two small bodies of timber are in the township, Crane Marsh and Bulls Eye. A county ditch was the first effort to drain the land embraced in the scope of the township.

The boundaries of Sherman are as follows: It was south of Quiver and Forest City, west of Pennsylvania north of Crane Creek and east of Havana township.

As an agricultural township it did not rank very high till in later years. Artificial drainage has reclaimed a large part of the land. Fully three-fourths of the territory belonged to a class known as swamp land.

The first improvement in what is now Sherman was made by Thomas K. Faulkner. He was originally from New York and had settled in Dearborn county in 1815. In 1830 Thomas, then a married man, moved to Madison county, and settled on the bank of the White river. In 1838 he moved to Tazewell, now Mason county. He built a log cabin and began to open up a farm. After a residence of ten years he moved to Salt Creek where he died.

In the summer of 1839 Mahalon Hibbs and his sons, William and Eli, together with his son-in-law, John Hampton, came from Pennsylvania and settled in the same section. Mahalon Hibbs made an improvement and died in the fall. William Hibbs entered land and improved it and, after living on it for six years, traded it for land in Sangamon county. John Hampton located west of his father-in-law, and then moved to Shelby county.

Mrs. Catherine Dentler and family came from Pennsylvania, and settled south of those named. She moved to Nebraska and died there in 1878. Sol Dentler, a nephew, came with the family and entered land but did not improve it. In the fall of 1839 he traded his land to Henry Cease.

The citizens mentioned composed the settlers in this locality, prior to 1844. West of these and towards Havana seven or eight families settled along the borders of the woods. There were, Coder, McReynolds, Faulkner, Eli Fisk, Brown, Fester, and a few others. This made all the families east of Havana. Nearly all of the land was unbroken prairie, where roamed at pleasure vast herds of deer and wolves. John R. Faulkner relates that in the spring of 1840, he, with two others, counted on Bull's Eye prairie fifty-nine in one gang and forty-two in another, all in sight at one time.

James H. Chase was next in order. He came to Mason county in 1844 where he made improvements and lived till his death. Joseph Lehr settled in the northwest part of the township. He bought two acres of land from William Hibbs for a location. He made a claim and improved it, and lived there till his death. Lehr was from Ohio. Among the settlers in 1848, we find the names of Henry Cease, John Blakely, William and John Alexander, and Charles Trotter. Cease was from Pennsylvania, and a large number from the same locality settled in Pennsylvania township. He purchased the improvements of Thomas K. Faulkner and then

moved farther east on the Kellerman land. Blakely and the Alexanders were from Ohio and settled farther east. Blakeley continued a citizen till his death. The Alexanders first settled in Havana township but moved to Sherman. William located on the edge of Crane Creek timber, then went to Missouri, and John sold out and returned to Ohio. Charles Trotter was an Englishman and came from Massachusetts. Peter Morganstein remained but a few years and then moved to Beardstown, where he died. About this time Mrs. Davenport and family, consisting of five sons, Henry, Lewis, William, Joseph and Marshall, settled in the southeastern part of the township near the present town of Easton. Her husband, Marshall B. Davenport, came from Kentucky in 1832 and died in Salt Creek township in 1840. Passing down to 1850 we find Samuel Adkins, Granville Cheney, Vincent Singleton and Alexander Haller. These all settled on what is known as Bull's Eye prairie. Adkins and Haller were from Tennessee, Cheney was from Kentucky. Adkins settled in the northwest corner of Bull's Eye and sold out to Henry Cease who, after living here for several years, went to Kansas. Cheney moved to Dewitt county, where he lost his wife by accident. Singleton moved to Salt Creek. Haller moved to Havana. William G. Stone was a citizen as late as 1850; he came from Tennessee to Mason county. Amos Heater still lives in Sherman township. Spellman only lived a couple of weeks after he built his house. H. Elderbush settled on the edge of Crane Creek marsh. In about 1852 James M. Samuels, a prominent citizen, settled where the village of Easton now stands. The family of the Samuels were originally from old Virginia and all have the Southern brogue in their talk. In the spring of 1835, his father, Andrew Samuels, came to Illinois and settled in Morgan county.

When J. M. Samuels first settled in Sherman township, there was no one living east of him in the township and,

with the exception of Mrs. Davenport there was no one on the south, before reaching the settlers on Crane Creek. He was the original owner of Easton. The Kislers and their families came from Pennsylvania, and first stopped in Havana.

What Chicago is to the west so Havana was to the early settlers of Mason county. It was the point to which all their produce must be brought for sale, and was the place where they obtained their dry goods and groceries. Hogs were driven to Beardstown and there slaughtered and sold to packers. My father used to go there through the winter and run his cooper shop. It was thirty-five miles from Salem, which he always made in a day on foot, as he always walked. In regard to milling, meal was ground at Mount's mill on Crane Creek but when flour was wanted they had to go to Woorow's or Kinman's mill in Mackinaw or to Wentworth mill on Otter Creek in Fulton county, but they generally went to Mackinaw, as the price of the ferriage across the Illinois was eighty-seven and one-half cents and money was very scarce in those days and several days were sometimes consumed in making the trip as they always waited for their grist. In a later period when Simmond's and McHarry's mills were built, it brought the mills almost at their doors. The early settlers scarcely ever thought that such a convenience would occur in their generation. The mail matter was received at Havana and on public days was carried around on Dearborn's hat. Martin Scott erected the first blacksmith shop in 1844. This was across the line in Havana township. Eli Hibbs built the first shop in the township in 1848.

Mrs. Eliza Dentler was the first school teacher who "taught the young idea how to shoot." The school was kept at the house of her mother. The first schoolhouse was supposed to be on the land of James H. Chase. Abe Miller-son was the first teacher. The circuit rider came early and Michael Shunk was perhaps the first. Rev. Moreland and

Hardin Wallace soon shied their hats in the ring. Most of the early settlers remember Hardin Wallace, a small, spare man full of wit and eccentricities who preached in every schoolhouse in Mason county. He went to California in the "seventies" and died while there. The first doctor was William Coder, who also ws a preacher and healed the souls as well as the bodies of men. Doctor Allen was also here at an early date. Elizabeth Hampton and Mahalon Hibbs were among the first births in the township. The first death to occur was that of the wife of Thomas K. Faulkner, who died in 1839. She was buried on the farm of Robert McReynolds. The first person buried in this cemetery was Grandma Fesler in 1838. The first wedding was either John McReynolds and Catherine Dentler or Alfred Houel and Eliza Faulkner, but which was first, no one at present seems to know. The patriotism of Sherman was very creditable and no draft was necessary to fill her quota in the last unpleasantness. M. H. Lewis was the first supervisor. Easton is half way between Havana and Mason City. The town was surveyed by John R. Faulkner for J. M. Samuels in 1872. Edward D. Terrill built the first store building in November, 1872, and opened up with a general stock of merchandise. Diebold F. Turner opened up a saloon and then engaged afterward in general merchandise. Henry Cooper built the first residence. It was finally turned into a hotel and operated by Charles Dowell. A drug store was built by David Carter, but soon developed into a saloon. J. M. Samuels built the first blacksmith shop. A fine schoolhouse was erected and a union church built. Ed. Merrill was the first postmaster. C. W. Houghton was the first doctor to locate. He took in as a partner D. L. T. Magill. Easton was laid out as Shermanville but, as a postoffice by that name was in Sangamon county, it had to be changed and was named by O. C. Easton of Havana. Situated as it is on one of the finest agricultural districts in the county, it is one of the important towns in the county.



CHAPTER XXXIV.

MASON CITY TOWNSHIP



MASON CITY township is bounded on the north by Allen's Grove and Pennsylvania township, on the east by Logan county, on the south by Salt Creek, on the west by Salt Creek township. It is the best body of land in any township in Mason county, being all tillable high prairie. It was surveyed in 1823; at that time there was not a person living within its bounds, and nothing was heard save the yell of the Indian or the howl of the wolf from the time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Along the belt on Salt Creek was the camping ground of the red man. Mason City township was covered with a luxuriant growth of blue stem grass, and the prairie fires every fall swept over its whole territory, leaving a black dismal spectacle. No person who never saw these prairie fires can imagine the grandeur of the scene. Imagine a wall of fire fifty feet in height and as wide as the eye can extend coming toward you at the rate of twenty miles an hour; all the wild animals and birds fleeing for life before it; the heavens lighted up with an unearthly glare and the roar of the flames drowning out every noise. Sometimes the flames would jump a hundred feet in advance, and set the grass on fire ahead. These fires gained strength as they burned and a current of air would give them a new impetus, and they never stopped till they had burned out for want of something

to consume. We have seen these fires burn from Lease's Grove to Quiver, a distance of fifteen miles.

Mason City was a great shipping point, but the Illinois Central, running from Havana to Champaign, with Easton and Teheran on the west and New Holland on the east, cut off a big slice of her grain receipts, and Mason City is not what it used to be, yet it is a nice clean town, and may well be styled the Gem of the Prairie.

The first settlement in the township was made by Isaac Engle in 1830 on the Donovan place, at the northeast side of Swing's Grove. In the same year John Powell built a round log house on the west side, now owned and occupied by C. L. Stone. This was succeeded by a hewn log house built by Austin Melton. Here Melton lived till 1849, and kept a ferry across Salt Creek, and for him Melton's Ford was named. He then moved to Mackinaw, then to Walker's Grove, where he died in 1877. Melton's place was taken by John Alkers, who built a frame house.

Isaac Engle, who settled on the Donovan place, sold to Michael and Abraham Swing and moved to Fulton county. The Swing brothers were both unmarried at the time, and by a trade, Michael became the sole owner of the land which up to 1840 had been held in partnership. Mr. Swing was a surveyor and also taught school in addition to his other business in 1851 and '52. He taught school at Big Grove, riding six miles each way, and received for his service one dollar per day. In the year of 1840 Ephraim Brooner built a round log house on what is now the Cease and Hubly place, about a quarter of a mile west of the old Beebe place, now owned by John Appleman. Mr. Brooner died in 1841, and his widow married Rezin Virgin, one of the pioneers of Salt Creek township, as will appear farther on. In 1840 the tide of emigration set in and Robert Melton and D. S. Swing, of Swing's Grove and Stiles, and Homer Peck, of

Prairie Creek, settled in the township that year. D. S. Swing, since 1860, has been a resident of Mason City and improved the land now occupied by C. L. Stone. A beautiful cemetery in Swing's Grove was set apart by them and has had a steady growth, till it now numbers its inhabitants by the hundreds. Other grave yards were located in the neighborhood, but after the Swing Cemetery was established they were discontinued. Stiles and Homer Peck made a settlement on Prairie Creek near where New Holland now stands.

The dwelling houses in the early days, of which we will give a description, were eighteen by twenty, made of round logs, notched at the corners so as to make the logs fit as closely as possible and give as much strength as possible. Chimneys were constructed of split sticks and clay, which were always at the west end of the house, so that the west winds would be better resisted. These houses always had a kitchen, sitting-room, parlor and bed-room, but all in one. At meal time, it was all kitchen. On rainy days when all the neighbors came there to relate their exploits, how many deer and turkeys they had killed, it was the sitting-room. On Sunday when the young men all dressed up in their jeans, and the young ladies in their best tow dresses, it was all parlor. At night it was all bed-room. The crevices between the logs afforded ample ventilation. An accident is recorded where a family went off one Sunday and the cattle came around the house, and with their long tongues licked out the bed clothing and, in fact, everything out of the house, so when the family returned they found everything gone. The houses were covered with clapboards, held to their places by rib poles underneath and weight poles on top. The floors were made of puncheons four inches in thickness and six feet along the sides, and they were hewn so they fit nicely and kept the foot from going down between the puncheons.

There has been a number of tragedies in Mason City. In the fall of 1864, Frank M. Jones, who had come from Virginia a few years before, and who was very outspoken in his views, had incurred the hostility of some who were of the opposite belief, and this soon ripened into a crisis. Jones was at that time teaching school a short distance from town. Learning that a man from Salt Creek, named Moses Thompson, had been in town several days to settle a grudge that had been sprung on election day, about a week before, armed himself with a double barrel shot gun. In the evening after school was dismissed, he proceeded to town where he saw Thompson on the south side of a saloon, which was kept in a building a short distance from the elevator, and heard his threats against him. He then passed through Swing's store and fired upon him, mortally wounding him, so he died the next day. Jones then leisurely walked away and was never captured or brought to trial. It is reported that he went to Missouri, and was afterwards himself shot and killed.

The next was the tragic death of Dr. Chamlin in the spring of 1871, at the hands of Zoph Case. The fracas grew out of a contest of title to a quarter section of land adjoining town on the southeast. One night Case moved his house on one forty acres and occupied it that same night, claiming title from Tunison Case, which brought about an ejectment suit. In plowing in the spring of 1871, Chamlin ordered his men to plow across Case's yard in the forenoon. This Case would not allow them to do. The matter was reported Chamlin at noon, and when they went out to work in the afternoon, he took a shot gun and bade his plowmen to follow him, which they did. He had proceeded but a short distance in advance of the teams toward Case's premises when he reached the disputed line. Case, who was watching him from his door, took up his gun and fired upon him, killing him instantly. Case surrendered and

after a continuous drag in the courts was finally cleared. In the spring of 1837, Charles H. Linticum, who was a farmer near Prairie Creek, committed a deadly assault upon Joseph Copperthwait, a farmer, they having met in town. The tragedy occurred in J. D. Haws' harness shop. The assault was made with a revolver, Linticum shooting three times, the last shot taking effect in the side, glancing off on a rib. Great excitement prevailed and lynching was talked of, but the injured party proved to be not dangerously wounded. Linticum engaged Colonel Ingersol and, after dragging through several courts, the indictment was quashed.

The land on which Mason City stands was entered in 1849 by William Maloney, who improved and settled on a forty-acre tract adjoining the corporation line on the northwest. He built a cabin thereon. He protected his crop from stock by making a sod fence around it. These fences were very common in pioneer days. They were made by a ditch three feet deep and three feet wide at the top and one foot at the bottom. The sod was carefully cut off in squares and built up back from the ditch three feet high, and the dirt from the ditch thrown back of the sod. This made a fence that kept most of the cattle out of the crop. George Straut, before the railroad was located, bought Maloney out, with a view of locating a station there. Straut was a member of the board of directors and had influence with the company. The original plat of the town contained two hundred and forty acres, three-fourths of a mile from north to south and one-half mile from east to west. The survey was made in September, 1857, by E. G. Hunt and J. M. Sweney. There has been a number of additions made to the original town from time to time, till Mason City now spreads over a large territory. These additions were offered for sale and found buyers. There was a public sale of lots in September, which continued for several days. There were a

large number of buyers, the number of people exceeding one thousands persons at times. The people were surprised at a town so far from any place. Notwithstanding, lots sold for from seventy-five dollars to three hundred dollars, according to location. The first building in the town was a blacksmith shop, put up by David Dare in the east part of town. The next was a frame building put up by Henry Keefer for mercantile purposes. A. A. Cargill was appointed postmaster by James Buchanan. In the upper story Miss Rhoda Allen taught the first public school. The first newspaper was established by J. M. Haughy. The first religious service was held by Rev. Holtsclaw. The second store was that of C. Horne. The Presbyterian Church was organized in 1858, in the upper story of the building erected by Joseph Elliott. The third store was that of Abram and S. D. Swing. The first hotel was a small frame, built by William Hibbard, on a lot donated by Mr. Straut. It was dedicated with a dance. Up to 1860 all the merchandise, all lumber and every other commodity was hauled from Pekin, Havana and Forest City, which was a profitable business for teamsters.

The first wedding of resident parties was Sheridan Enlass and Miss Emma Hibbard. The ceremony was performed by Selah Wheaton. The first child born in town was Charles M. Keifer in December, 1857. There was a great Fourth of July celebration held in Mason City in 1858. Every man, woman and child went to celebrate, and it was a complete success. At an early hour the people were all astir and long processions of teams came from every direction, and by 10 a. m. an immense crowd had gathered from all directions. A platform was erected and R. A. Hurt read the Declaration of Independence and Hon. William Walker, a prominent lawyer of Havana, delivered an oration, after which all repaired to the tables, which were loaded with the goodies with which the country abounded.

The Fourth of July witnessed the advent of the first locomotive. This was hailed with great delight and wound up with a free fight between the railroad hands and the Mason City town bloods. The completion of the railroad set the whole county wild, and all the mechanics had all they could do to finish houses fast enough for the people to live in. This was at the close of the war and money was a great deal more plentiful then than now. All kinds of produce that the farmers had to sell brought a good price. Improved and unimproved lots commanded a high price, and for a few years the growth of Mason City was the wonder and admiration of surrounding towns. In the winter of 1868 and '69 a City Charter was procured and the little town in the prairie began to assume city airs. An election was ordered and held to vote upon incorporating under the general Incorporating Act, which was carried by a large majority.

CITY PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Mason City has reason to be proud of her public schools for here her children are well provided for. In 1860 a frame school building was erected. It was finally decided after a vote, to build a \$20,000 schoolhouse in the west addition in 1877. Further room was needed and the beautiful new brick was erected on the east side.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

The Methodist Church has always been in the vanguard of civilization. Before 1840, Havana was the central point of Methodism. The preacher made his headquarters here and radiated out over the sparsely settled country, always going on horseback, with his saddle bags filled with some of the church literature, not forgetting the Methodist Almanac for which he always got ten cents apiece, but now the patent medicine man gives out gratis.

The appointment, which the Mason City circuit formed, was first established at the Palock schoolhouse. Next in order comes the Baptists. It also had its origin at the Palock schoolhouse, but was bodily transferred to Mason City in 1859. Elder L. R. Hastings was the first resident minister, having settled on an improved farm east of town in 1851, and he organized the church in 1856.

The Presbyterian society was organized in 1857 by Rev. Templeton and Andrews. John Andrews had charge till 1867, when S. J. Bogle assumed the pastoral charge. Services were held in the schoolhouse until the building of the frame church in 1871. It was decided to sell it and the present fine brick church was completed and dedicated in 1872. The society has a membership of 200.

The Catholic Church was organized in 1872 and purchased the frame church of the Presbyterians. They have added to it, so it suits their purposes. Union Chapel was a dilapidated dwelling in the southeast part of the town. In the spring of 1876, Ewing Sharp and Dr. Taylor formed a Mission Sunday school here for the special benefit of the poor in the city. A wonderful interest was soon aroused among those, who by their poverty considered themselves shut out of the means of grace, where so many attend more to display their new bonnets and silk than to display their piety. The building was soon found to be too small and an old billiard room was purchased and moved to a suitable place, remodeled and made comfortable. The first flour mill was built in 1868 by Hulshizer and Smith, the first banker. A. A. Cargill was the first merchant. C. Hume, another pioneer, was in business in 1858, but for several years was out upon a farm. Dr. A. R. Cooper was the first physician. Travis and Brown built the first elevator; Probst and Cutterell, the first drug store, and were succeeded by Patterson and Conover; they by J. S. Walker and he in turn by Kincaid & Bradley. The first newspaper was

the Mason City News. The first issue was on July 4th, 1867, the day the C. & A. Railroad entered Mason City. The Mason City Journal was established in the fall of 1871 by I. E. Knapp, he having bought out the Havana Review. It was edited by Cap. Stover when Knapp sold out to W. S. Walker. In 1874 Walker sold out to Wells Corey and Dr. J. A. Walker.

In 1868 Campbell & Porter opened up a bank in their double Mammoth store. Campbell & Porter did a large business for several years. There was a war between them and Sharp Brothers and competition ran so high that they sold plow-shoes at one time for twenty-five cents, and it is even said that they gave a man twenty-five cents to take a pair. It is said that both firms were driven to the wall by this foolish way of doing business, nor did their customers ever thank them for selling their goods so cheap.

We want to pay a tribute to the memory of Labe Swing, the pronounced enemy of the whiskey traffic in Mason City. He took a decided stand against the saloon because it was wrong and he never swerved from that stand. Though it cost him loss of friends and loss of trade, yet he stood firm and denounced it. He was only in the advance of the age in which he lived, and his name will live in coming years when the saloonkeeper will be forgotten.

Frank Smith and David Powell organized a bank. The Mason county Soldier Monument stands in the center of the city park. It was erected at the close of the war at the cost of \$5,000.00 and is a handsome tribute to the brave boys who laid down their lives for their country. It has been the unvarying custom for the people to decorate the monument on the 30th of May. The cemetery, located east of the city, is a beautiful city of the dead. It is beautifully laid out in squares and many fine monuments have been erected by loving hands.

Mason City might be called a city of churches. The tall spires that reach heavenward would seem to indicate that they were spiritual. Mason City has two or three churches to one saloon, while Havana has three saloons to one church.





CHAPTER XXXV.

KILBOURNE TOWNSHIP



WHEN the first white people came to Kilbourne it was then a part of Sangamon county. A few years later it was in Menard county and still later it was in Mason. Mrs. Blakeley and Dr.

Field, among the oldest settlers, say that they lived in three counties without moving their residence. The first resident of Kilbourne township was Absalom Mount. He was from that portion of Sangamon, now Menard, where he had built a mill on Clary's Creek. He came here in 1831 and settled in the southeast part of the present town of Kilbourne and there built a mill on Crane Creek.

The next settlement was made by Gibson Garrett. He is supposed to have come from Virginia in 1836. He has long been dead.

Jesse Baker came in 1836 and located in Morgan county. He came from Illinois in 1816.

John Close and Charles Sidwell came a year or so after Garrett. Close was from the south, probably from Kentucky, and was an old man. He died many years ago. His descendants are still living in Crane Creek township. Sidwell came from New York. He had one child, who married and went to Texas.

The Fields and Blakeleys came in 1836. They are mentioned in the history of Bath township. Drury S. Field entered a large amount of land. He built the third frame

house in the county. His son, Dr. A. E. Field, lived in Kilbourne at its formation. James Blakeley came from New Jersey and first settled in Sangamon county, seven miles from Springfield and then crossed the river. He bought a cabin, on which ground the village of Kilbourne now stands. In this cabin he lived nine years and then moved to Havana township, where he died. He married a daughter of Aaron Scott.

Thomas Martin and Joel Garrett came in 1837. Martin was from Kentucky.

Henry Norris came from Kentucky and pitched his tent in the north part of the township. He built the third cabin in the vicinity.

Jacob Cross may be called an early settler, but belonged to the floating population and did not remain long. He borrowed a span of horses, but neglected to return them. He was followed several hundred miles. The horses were recovered, but Cross was not located.

John Young was from Kentucky and came in 1838. He had a large family. His sons were Anderson, John, William and Mitchel. The elder Young died in 1847.

The Daniels came in 1837 and were from Virginia. They consisted of G. W. Daniels and four sons.

The Craggs were early settlers, but lived in that portion taken from Bath.

Rev. Elisha Stevens was one of the early preachers and came from New York in 1839. He was a Methodist preacher. He died in 1855.

John Pratt was from New York and located in 1838. He died after living here forty years. David Pratt came soon after. They had been living in Cass county.

Moses Ray and his son, Aaron, settled on the present site of Kilbourne in the fall of 1838. James and Hiram Ray, sons of Moses Ray, came two years later. Moses Ray, the elder, died in December.

John Crockson and John Lamb were from Posey county, Ind., the land of hoop poles and pumpkins. Crockson moved to Missouri. Lamb was a Dutchman and had a family of eleven children. They ranged in weight from one hundred and sixty to two hundred pounds.

Dr. Mastic was an early settler and was from Ohio. He was the first doctor in the township.

William McDaniels came in 1838 and died in 1854.

James Ross moved in 1840 from the south.

Abraham Williamson was from Kentucky. He came from Morgan county. William Morgan also came from Morgan county.

Michael Ott, another Pennsylvanian, settled in 1841 and was an old man when he died.

The Tolley Brothers came from Kentucky in 1842.

These were the early settlers until 1845, when the pioneers began to pour in with great rapidity. Among the arrivals were J. M. Hardin, John Ransom, Edward Gore, Joseph Groves, John McLain, A. H. Neal, James Angelo and Samuel Cannon, who made up the bone and sinew of the town. Dr. O'Neal came into the town at an early day from Bath. John B. Gam, one of the largest land holders, came from Petersburg.

If any of the settlers of Bath or Crane Creek should find some errors in their location in the different townships, they must bear in mind that Kilbourne was made out of other townships.

The first preacher was Moses Ray, a hardshell, who could sing and preach at the same time. He always had the A. H. at the same time. The Rev. M. Shunk, the Methodist preacher, was a Dutchman, a short, thick, heavy person. His descendants are still alive. Bro. Shunk preached in the cabins of the pioneers. The Baptist Church is always strong in any new county. He was the first school teacher. The schoolhouse was built by contribution and also served for a

meeting house. An old gentleman by the name of Lease built a cabin, in which school was taught. I. A. Hurd taught in an early day. The first justice of the peace was Albert Field; the first constable was Aaron Ray. The incidents in the early courts were sometimes ludicrous. The first marriage was that of Jacob Clodfelter of Bath to Mary Garrett in 1839. They were married by Squire Field. The first death was old Becka, a negress. Old man Lease died early. The first birth was John Pratt. The first post-office was established in 1859 near John B. Gam's. It was called Prairie and the mail was brought by the coach that ran from Springfield to Havana. The first store was kept by William Gore, who kept about a wheelbarrow of goods. It was about three and one-half miles from the village of Kilbourne.

Dr. Mastic was the first regular physician. The early settlers went to mill at Jacksonville, Salem and Robinson. Absalom Mounts built a small mill on Crane Creek in the southeast part of the township and when the water ran dry it was run by horse power. Mounts sold this mill to Sidwell, who made considerable improvement in it. The burrs were a foot in diameter and the lower one turned around instead of the upper. When the burrs wanted dressing, Sidwell would take them on his arm and dress them while walking along. When the mill was running at full speed, he would fill up the hopper, go home and do work till noon and then in the afternoon go to the mill and see how it was getting along. Sidwell knew just how long it would take to grind out a turn. A few years later a mill was built at Petersburg and Sidwell's mill was closed down. In 1873 Kilbourne township was formed out of Bath and Crane Creek townships. Bath was a large township and Crane Creek was nearly as large, so the territory made three good sized townships. Dr. Harvey O'Neal was the first supervisor.

Kilbourne is divided on the political issues of the day. First one party and then the other claims the election. During the late war it furnished its quota of troops in advance of the call. Some of the officers credited to Bath belonged to Kilbourne. Kilbourne township was named for Kilbourne Village, and both for Edward Kilbourne, one of the principal men engaged in building the road. The road was completed and trains put on it in 1872. The building of the road was opposed by the Bath interest, who saw in its completion a loss of trade to themselves. When the first settlers came to this section, it abounded in deer, prairie chickens, wolves, wild turkeys and all kinds of wild game. Dr. Field says he has seen one hundred and fifty deer on the prairie at one time and it was almost as uncommon for the people to be without venison as bread. Prairie fires were of frequent occurrence, though no loss of life has been reported, but narrow escapes were of frequent occurrence. The following incident is reported: A couple of men went out to hunt deer and wild honey. They had two wagons with two horses each. On the prairie near Sangamon bottom, the day being calm and but little breeze stirring, they thought to set the grass on fire and perhaps scare up a deer. They had a quantity of venison and five hundreds pounds of honey in their wagons. They had scarcely set fire to the grass when a breeze sprang up and they were forced to cut their horses loose and flee for their lives. They succeeded in escaping with their horses, but their wagons, venison and honey were burned. The sudden freeze in 1837 is well remembered, but no one in this locality, as far as can be learned, froze to death. In other localities they were less fortunate and deaths were recorded. A great hail storm occurred in 1845, that exceeded anything that ever happened in this locality. When it was over hail lay several inches on the ground, many of them as large as a man's fist. This

is the hail storm that Dick Blunt so graphically described (as big as saucers and four inches through). It made a terrible havoc among stock; cattle and hogs were killed by the hundreds, even the trees bore marks of the storm for years afterward. The timid thought the last day had arrived and fell on their knees and went to praying. No human lives were destroyed, but much stock was killed. In early days there was no money in the county, and nothing to sell that would bring money; if they had any surplus product, there was sometimes a chance to sell some to movers. They went to Springfield to buy their clothing and groceries when they had anything to buy with. Kilbourne has the reputation of being a quiet and orderly community. A desperado by the name of Hughs was assassinated, but he threatened the lives of several citizens so the public rested easier on account of his death. No effort was made to find the perpetrators and no one felt disposed to bring them to trial.

VILLAGE OF KILBOURNE.

Kilbourne was laid out in 1870 by John B. Gam. The first store in the village was opened up by William Oakford. A saloon was kept by Old Billy Martin before Oakford kept store, but nothing but bad whiskey was sold. Calvin Arterberry bought out Oakford, and Dr. Field opened up a store. A postoffice was established in 1873, with Edward Biglow as postmaster. Rev. Low was the early Methodist preacher and Rev. Curry the Baptist preacher. Cuba was another village in the township of Kilbourne but there are but few who remember it. During the exciting war between Bath and Havana for the county seat, while Bath was the county seat, the Havana people succeeded in bringing the matter up for a vote, well knowing that they had the necessary votes for removal. The Bath people thought to throw

an impediment in the way, so they bought eighty acres of land of Dr. Mastic, in Kilbourne township, and made a paper town and called it Cuba, claiming that it was near the center of the county. They had the land platted in lots with a handsome public square, streets and alleys. They were not as successful in this as was Asa Langford, when he traded Watterford lots for the steamboat Navigator.





CHAPTER XXXVI.

CRANE CREEK TOWNSHIP



THE most notable feature of this township is that there is not a village in the whole body. Kilbourne is the nearest town on the south, while Easton is the nearest on the north, Havana on the west and Mason City on the east. Bull's Eye Prairie is in the center, Crane Creek on the eastern boundary runs south the whole length of the township. Bull's Eye, before artificial drainage, was a wet prairie and the road across it was nearly impassable during the wet season. There was no settlement, only on the outskirts, that were bordered with a scrubby Black Jack timber, and the land was so sandy as to be unfit for cultivation. Crane Creek was settled in a very early day. Most of the early settlers were from Menard. The first settlement was made in Walker's Grove. In 1829, the year that Ross made a permanent settlement in Havana, George Gannas and his brother made a squatter claim on the east side of Walker's Grove. They did not remain long and soon returned to the state from whence they came. Very few of the early settlers were fitted for pioneer life, leaving, as they did, older settled communities, surrounded by the comforts of civilization, and coming to a country where none of these were to be had. With their wives and children deprived of these advantages, no wonder they weakened and found more congenial places to rear their families. The year of 1830 an influx of emigrants

came into the township. These were James Price, Enoch Estep and Spence Clary. Price is remembered for his Indian wife. She was a fine specimen of the Indian race. On leaving Walker's Grove in a few years he went farther west to the Indian Reservation. Here he lost his life while boating. Clary remained a citizen as long as he lived and was buried on the farm of Henry Sears. He was in the war in 1812, and is spoken of as a hard working man. Estep was from North Carolina and built his cabin near Revis Springs. J. A. Revis, from Warren county, Kentucky, came in 1831. Revis Springs and Revis Lake derive their names from him. His father, Charles Revis, had come in an early day and had built a hotel at Vandalia. James Revis died in 1838 and was buried on the bluffs of the Sangamon. Time has obliterated the place, and the spot is not now known. Their sons now fill their vacant places. In 1830 a number of additions were made to the settlements. John Yardley and his two sons, James and John, came direct from Kentucky, stopping a short time in Menard county. Soon after they located on Crane Creek. Old man Yardley, his son John and his son-in-law, Sol Norris, moved to Texas. James Yardley still resides on the farm and has been a good citizen. Josiah Cook next put in an appearance from Green county, Kentucky. By his death many promises to pay were canceled. Jams Sutton came to Walker's Grove the year following. He sold to James Estep and moved to Havana township. In the year of 1820 he came to Menard county. He laid his claim within the limit of Petersburg. James gave up his claim to his father and moved across the Sangamon to Baker's Prairie, but finally came back and improved the north part of his first claim and when it came into the market entered it. He moved to different localities, but returned to Mason county where he died. Harvey Haskins was in the Grove in 1833. It was no trouble for him to move as by walking and carrying his baby, and attended

by his wife, who carried their effects in a sack, the feat of moving was easily accomplished. In 1822 Henry Sears came to Illinois. He lived in various localities, most of the time in Menard and Sangamon. In 1834 he came to Walker's Grove and purchased the improvements of James Estep. He sold them to James Walker in 1837, and the following spring moved to Crane Creek where he was a citizen of Sangamon, Menard and Mason without ever changing his residence. Uncle Henry Sears, as an eccentric man, was always noted for his peculiarities; a man of undoubted integrity and honesty. His word was as good as his bond. He was a member of the first petit jury ever held in Mason county. Abner Baxter, from Kentucky, settled in the Grove soon after Sears. Abner had a reputation as a fiddler and his services were always in request at the hoe-downs. He was a member of the board of county commissioners in 1844. The year 1836 added Jesse Baker, a brother-in-law of Sears, to the settlements. He was a great hunter and perhaps killed more deer than any other man in Mason county. Alfred Summers came from Kentucky and settled on the farm now owned by Henry Sears. He died in 1837 and his death was one of the first to occur among the early settlers. Passing back to 1835, we find Josiah Dobson, John Close and his sons, George and Jack Close, and also Turner Close. Jack Close finally moved to Havana.

James Walker came from Dearborn county, Indiana, and bought a large tract of land in what is now called Walker's Grove. He lived and raised a large family, who have been largely identified with the interest and growth of the county. He built the first frame house in the county.

Robert Cavin, from South Carolina, is thought to have settled in the township in 1837. Charles and John Haynes became citizens in 1838. At the close of 1839, Isaac Teters, Hiram and George Walker, Huff Hines, Henry Norris and Lemuel Pelham became citizens here. Teters came from St.

Clair county and moved to Texas. Hiram Walker also moved to Texas. Henry Norris was from Kentucky and was the brother of Solomon Norris, one of the first settlers. Huff Hines was a fellow but a few remember. Lemuel Pelham was a Buckeye and to use Henry Sear's expression "shackeled around" and from the length of time he spent in each locality, he must have been one hundred and fifty years old. Asher Scott and his brother, Martin, came with him, but settled in what is now Sherman township. Around the year 1840 Charles Veach, Elijah Riggins and Ensley Hall were added to the population. Veach was from Delavan and lost his life by the caving in of a well. Ensley Hall came from Tennessee to Menard, then to Mason and again located in Menard.

Rev. John L. Turner, a Baptist preacher, made a settlement near James Hawks in 1840. He was a quiet man, a zealous minister, worked six days in a week and then preached more scriptural sermons than the preachers of the present day do after spending the whole week on one or two sermons. He also held offices in the gift of the people. He preached from the time he came to the state till his death.

Samuel Conwell came from Indiana. Conwell was an oddity. The early settlers thought Conwell proud because he did not dress in western style. Coon skin caps and buckskin pants were the fashion then and Con soon found himself unpopular and he went by the name of "that D—d Yankee." Con first introduced Berkshire hogs and he was sued several times, the charge was "swindling the people." Conwell always came out victorious and Jesse Baker was led to say, "we can't correct this Jerusalem Overtaker of anything." Conwell was the first man to introduce improved implements and fine hogs in the country, so he deserves mention for that.

The year 1841-32 brought in Henry Seymour, James H. and Joseph Norris, George Hall, Christian Trueman and

Harvey Stone. The Norrises were from Kentucky; Joseph moved to Texas. George Hall bought the Walker farm. The Stones were from Ohio. Harvey, after a few years, went back to Ohio and Christian moved to Iowa. Henry Seymour was from Germany. Samuel Nutz, with his sons, settled in 1844. Harvey Hathorn came in 1846. He was from Kentucky and of Scotch descent. The same year a number of the Tomlins moved in the northeast part of the township. In 1850 Allen Robinson and James Hawks moved in. Hawks settled in Walker's Grove. Elisha Davenport came to what is now Mason county, but he did not become a citizen of Crane Creek till 1849. Many others came about this time, but whose names are omitted because of want of space.

WALKER'S GROVE.

This grove, which is so often mentioned in connection with Crane Creek township, and was the nucleus around which settlements were made, was known as Price's Grove prior to its purchase by James Walker in 1837. Since that date it has been called Walker's Grove. The Grove embraces about four hundred acres of as fine a body of timber as can be found anywhere; a fine growth of oaks, black walnut, soft and sugar maple, hickory, butternut, mulberry, sassafras, red bud, pawpaw, dogwood and many other varieties. Many of the pioneers who built their cabins near this spot have long since died.

The early settlers were content with their mail once a week, while their successors now get their daily papers and are acquainted with what transpired yesterday all over the world. Among the prominent subjects and discussions that enlivened their social gatherings was the relative merits of the gourd seed or flint corn or the favorite qualities of the best coon dog.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

In the early days the Groves were God's first temples where the breeze came laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers. Rev. Thomas Plasters was the first preacher. He came as early as 1834. He was a hardshell Baptist and had the holy tone so common with that denomination and as he warmed up with his discourse his gesticulation became more violent. Still it was enjoyed by the pioneers who had been deprived of the religious privileges. His preaching was at the residences. Rev. John L. Turner, who came in 1840, was an early minister. Rev. Abraham Bale should be classed among the early settlers. Solomon Bale came early. The Rev. Jacob Bale, father of Hardin Bale, was also a preacher of the Baptist persuasion, though not very deep in theology. Rev. Russ, a Methodist preacher, often preached at the residences. Rev. William Coder, Wallace and Moreland were among the earliest. A church was built near the cemetery in Walker's Grove, but burned down about the time it was completed. A postoffice was established at the house of James Walker in 1839. It was on the mail route from Springfield to Havana. James Walker was the postmaster. In about eighteen months it was removed to Menard county.

Jack Close, who occupied a prominent place among the early merchants of Havana, had a small country store as early as 1841. The first schoolhouse was built on land belonging to Henry Sears in 1836. It was patronized by a large extent of country. William Lease was the first schoolmaster. James Buckner was the first M. D. to locate. He stopped at the home of John Yardley and afterwards moved to Petersburg. Dr. Morgan was in the township early, but did not remain long. The milling in early days was done on the Mackinaw and on the Sangamon. Later it was done

at Simon's and McHarry's on Quiver. Two children of the family of Alexander Revis are supposed to have been the first deaths. The first marriage in the township was John Mounts and Jane Summers. No doubt John could sing with the poet:

"My summers would last all the year."

Among the early justices of the peace were Ira Patterson, Henry Norris and Robert Turner. Patterson and Norris were justices while it was Menard county. Turner was the first in Mason county. The first deed made to a tract of land was made out to Henry Sears by Abraham Lincoln. Crane Creek has always been deomocratic. It used to be said that they always held the returns of an election back till they found how many votes were needed and then at the last hour would send in the number of democratic votes needed. Money was very scarce and coon skins were a legal tender in most all trades. James Estep purchased a pair of boots of O. M. Ross of Havana and paid the entire amount in coon skins. The ingenuity of the early settler was often taxed as to means to get his whiskey. William Summers once made a bet that he could gallop a quarter of a mile on his hands and knees (horse fashion) in a given time. He won the bet and got his quarter of old rye whiskey.





CHAPTER XXXVII.

SALT CREEK



THE original survey of this township was made in 1823, and was known as Town 2, Range 6, West of the third Principal Meridian. It contained thirty-six sections, except a tier of six sections on the north side which were fractional. Section thirty-six in the southeast corner was divided by Salt Creek cutting off about one-third of the section. The northern part of the township is high rolling prairie, once full of ponds and basins, but now drained and in a high state of cultivation. The west and south parts are more broken and the south part, including the Salt Creek bluffs is very much so. Big Grove extends along these bluffs. Here was where the pioneer settlers first made their primitive homes. Lease's Grove in the northwest part of the township contains about two hundred acres, which is still being cleared of the timber for cultivation, and Big Grove is also being contracted.

The soil is very productive of all cereals and fruits suitable to the climate, but the crop that is king is corn. In its earliest days wheat yielded a bountiful crop and was the first crop raised on the land. Corn required but little cultivation after being planted and the pioneer spent most of his time in breaking prairie, dropping corn in the third furrow. Corn planted in this way produced a large amount of fodder. The early planted produced good corn, but the late planting was generally caught by the frost and was not good feed and was used for distilling purposes, hence the term of "Sod Corn

Whisky," which was applied to the inferior grades as an expression of contempt.

The first entry of land was made in the township in 1829 by Leonard Alkers and was a tract of one hundred and twenty acres in section thirty-four, contained in what is now Knox farm, but was not improved until more than twenty years later. In August, 1829, William Hagans entered one hundred and twenty acres, which was afterwards sold to Charles Montgomery. Here near the brick residence built by Charles Montgomery, Hagans built a log cabin, and with his family became a settler in what is now Eastern Mason county.

In 1834 James Hagans entered a forty-acre tract and built a cabin where George Short's residence was built. In 1837 John Hagans entered a forty-acre tract where James Montgomery afterwards built a residence. A few years later they all sold out to Ephraim Wilcox and moved West. In 1830 a family by the name of Slinker squatted on a piece of land in the grove northwest, but nothing is known as to where they went. In 1833 a man by the name of Lease settled in the northwest part of the township in a grove which took his name, and it still retains the name. Samuel Blunt, George Wilson and the Moslanders settled at Lease's Grove. Wilson's son Orey committed suicide by hanging himself to a limb of a tree, which was the first case of self-destruction in the township.

In 1835 Isaac Engle entered a forty-acre tract afterwards owned by William Anxier. Engle built a cabin. This place was purchased by Edward Sikes in 1837. Sikes had come from Ohio with several families and settled in the grove. A few years later Sikes built a substantial frame house and planted an orchard of the first grafted fruit in the country.

In the old log house on this place the first school was taught by one of the daughters of Sikes, now Mrs. S. D.

Swing of Mason City, who with her husband settled at Swing's Grove.

In 1835 Michael Engle entered eighty acres, afterwards known as the Hume Place, but nothing now remains except where the well stood. A child of John Carter was drowned in the well in the summer of 1849.

In 1837 Kinsey Virgin moved out from Ohio and bought the place and built a hewn log house and soon settled down in his new romantic home. He was a stock raiser and was soon in good circumstances, but only one of his family lived to reach the age of majority. Kinsey died in 1852 and his wife two years later. The same year, 1837, George Virgin settled a quarter of a mile west. George was of a domestic nature and employed his time in making home pleasant, not caring for stock nor acquiring all the land around him. He was a large corpulent man and enjoyed life as he went along, letting the future care for itself, though not by any means shiftless or improvident. His wife, whom everybody called Aunt Alley, was a woman of wonderful energy. No sacrifice of personal comfort was too great for her, and she was always doing good to accommodate the people of the community, who had to go to Havana for their groceries. Mr. Virgin, in a house eight by ten feet, kept a small stock of sugar and coffee and a few of the necessities of life for sale. We recollect seeing him come to Havana and buy his stock of goods of Walker and Hancock and convey them twenty-four miles by wagon to his home. When the demand increased, he moved fifty yards east of his house and added a general assortment of goods. When this became too small, he built a store house in the little town of Hiawatha.

Mr. Virgin's unfortunate death occurred in 1855. The family had been using poison and kept it on the mantle with other bottles. In the night, Mr. Virgin had the colic to which he was subject, and got up and went to the mantle to take some camphor, which he always kept in a certain

place. He did not take a light, and took a swallow of the poison. Although the mistake was discovered at once and medical aid summoned, he died from the effects. The widow died of cholera at the old homestead in 1873. They had no children.

About this time Rezin Virgin, a brother, entered and improved a farm. In the course of a few years Rezin entered a large amount of land on the north side of the grove, and married the widow of Ephraim Brooner, one of the early settlers of the township. He improved his land and settled down in a log house on the south side of a large pond. From here he moved to a house on his land, a mile farther, where he died in 1872, and his widow died a few years later. Rezin was a man of great energy, though weak physically all his life.

He was one of the most peculiar and eccentric men in the whole country. Abraham Virgin, one of the four brothers, settled in 1837 in the eastern part of the grove in a log cabin, the style of the buildings in those days. He engaged in stock raising and farming, and went through the privations of the early times. In 1853 he was afflicted with a malady that made it necessary to send him to the insane asylum at Jacksonville. He was soon restored to his right mind, and lived and directed his affairs until he died with the cholera which swept through this section in 1873. His wife was also taken with the dread disease, but lived until 1877. Aunt Betsey was a great friend to the poor, the sick and afflicted.

A year or two later, Abner Baxter, John Young, Ira Halstead and Ira Patterson settled in the southwest part of the township. Young died in 1848, and his widow in 1862.

Ira Halstead was a blacksmith and a Methodist preacher, who removed to Wisconsin. Ira Patterson was a justice of the peace and moved to Oregon, and was appointed territorial governor. He lived in a hewn log house at the foot of the bluff below the mouth of Salt Creek. On the place ad-

joining on the east lived Uncle Jackey and Aunt Hannah Armstrong, who furnished a home for the immortal Lincoln when he was a young man, and it was by the light of their fire that Lincoln stored his mind with a fund of information, in the reading of such books as he could obtain. The gratitude of Mr. Lincoln to this family continued as long as he lived, and was manifested in various ways, even after he became president.

In 1857 Duff Armstrong was indicted by the grand jury for murder at a campmeeting held at Big Grove, and at the trial, Lincoln without a fee, cleared Duff by the almanac, in gratitude for what the Armstrong family had done for him in earlier days. The almanac story has been published from one end of this country to the other. The true story will be found in another part of this book.

In 1841 John Swans settled on a forty-acre tract in Salt Creek Bottom, from which Swan's Ford on the Creek south of that place took its name.

John Auxier and his brother Eli came out and settled on the north side of the grove. Eli died in 1848. John Auxier was a large feeder of cattle and hogs, and he bought a large tract of land on the east end of the grove, and built a house where the M. E. church was built. He died in 1857.

John Y. Lane was one of the first settlers on the prairie west of Mason City, and built a house composed of canvas grass and poles. He lived there a year or so. He was then an old man. He was a Tennessean, and had fought under General Jackson in the war of 1812. When the Petersburg and Tonica railroad was built, Mr. Lane built a large frame house designed for a hotel.

John L. Chase lived in the southwest part of the township and was appointed postmaster. The office was then removed from Walker's Grove and the mail was carried once a week from Petersburg on horseback. Sometimes several

weeks would elapse before any mail was received, on account of the high waters of Salt Creek. Mr. Chase died in 1856, when William Wamock, who with William Young kept a country store, was appointed postmaster. He moved to Hiawatha and then moved to Mason City.

A small cluster of buildings sprung up around Hiawatha, among which was a flour mill and a saw mill and blacksmith shop. Dr. Hall was a prominent physician. They expected the Petersburg and Tonica railroad to strike the town, but alas, their hopes were blasted. Mason City sang the requiem of Hiawatha.

The Virgin school house was the voting place for the precinct, and many were the drunken brawls at that place. At this school house religious meetings were also held in which great excitement was manifested and whiskey was dispensed. Peter Cartright used to attend these meetings, and here it was that Duff Armstrong was charged with the murder of Medsear. Here it was that Dr. J. P. Walker, Dr. A. R. Cooper and Dr. Deskins settled.

A violent hail storm devastated this country in 1850, and chickens, pigs and sheep were swept from the face of the earth, as with the besom of destruction. Dr. Knox was a prominent resident of the township; also H. C. Burnham, George Baxter, Charles Montgomery and many others. Salt Creek township will occupy a prominent place in the annals of Mason county, in its past, present and future history.





CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HENRY ONSTOT



UR present subject was a Kentuckian by birth, having been born in Gerrard county in 1805. He moved to Sugar Grove in 1825 and can well be called a "Sucker" by adoption. A large number of settlers came to Sugar Grove and Salt Creek about that time. Ben Davis lived on the creek and the place was called Davis' Ferry. David Onstot settled on the Smoot farm, where he built a mill and ground corn for the settlers. He lived there until after the deep snow and then moved to Taney county, Mo., because he said this country was getting to thickly settled for him, although there were not five houses within as many miles.

William Sampson was another brother-in-law, who lived and died in the same community, and who had a family of eight boys and two girls, who are now all dead but two boys.

When Henry Onstot first settled in Sugar Grove, near where Greenview now stands, there was a band of Indians camped on Salt Creek about four miles north, who often came to the Grove, for milk or something to eat. Sometimes when the men were off at work the Indians would become saucy and the women finally became so frightened that they would not stay at home alone. One day the men, to the number of about twenty, with their maple stock rifles, went down to the Creek and gave the Indians their orders and they behaved themselves after that.

Henry Onstot moved to Old Salem in 1831 and was identified with that historic village until that town was moved to Petersburg in 1840. The deep snow is what all the old settlers date back to. It commenced snowing in December and snowed until February, the snow averaging six feet deep. A man could catch a deer any place as they would mire down and get so poor that many of them perished from hunger. Onstot kept a hotel and afterward run a cooper shop. In the winter time he would go to Beardstown, which was then a great pork market, and oversee the shop there. It was thirty-five miles distant but was only a good days walk for Mr. Onstot. In 1840 he moved his house down to Petersburg. It was only a log house but it was weather boarded and looked like a frame house. I saw it a few weeks ago and it looked as if it might be good for fifty years more.

Onstot was a whig in politics and a Cumberland Presbyterian in religion. In looking over some of his old papers a few months ago I found a church letter which was given him by Elihu Bone, of Rock Creek church, in October, 1842, when a church was being organized in Petersburg. Thinking it might be prized as a relic I took it to the old Salem Chautauqua and showed it to Rev. Archer, pastor of the Presbyterian church. "I want that," said Archer, "I will have it framed and hung in my church." He did have it framed and hung it in the Cumberland tent at the Chautauqua grounds, where hundreds of people read it. It was only a little scrap of paper but it was the foundation of the Petersburg Presbyterian church.

Mr. Onstot moved to Mason county in 1846 and lived in and around Havana for twenty-two years and was widely known. His shop was always full of children and many of the middle-aged people of Havana remember the cooper shop and the kind old man who always had a pleasant word for them. In 1868 Mother Onstot died and then he came and made his home with me in Forest City. I had a good home

and with a noble wife and loving children we made the last ten years of his life as comfortable as possible, and when the end came we tenderly took his remains to Havana and laid them beside those of his wife and two children, one son and one daughter.

He had not an enemy in the world but made friends wherever he went. The old settlers often speak of Henry Onstot. In all questions that came before him he would ask, is it right? And when that point was settled no power could move him from it. I recollect once an old Baptist deacon wanted him to make some whiskey barrels but he would not do it. He thought the whole liquor traffic a sin against God and humanity and never by thought, word or deed sanctioned it. He and Dr. Allen organized the first Sunday School in Old Salem and in 1840 they organized one in Petersburg. In 1847 he and Mrs. Hancock organized the first one in Havana.

THE OLD HOME

We have sold the old home, where for thirty years we have lived, and in a few days shall leave it forever. We are not going but a few blocks away, but a feeling of sadness comes over us while the precious memories of the score and ten years we have lived in it is reproduced to our vivid imagination. When we moved in it the great rebellion had been subdued. We were just in the prime of our manhood, full of hope for the future, with a noble companion and children to share our joys. Our home at first was small, but additions from time to time made it commodious and pleasant.

Our father came to spend his declining days with us, and for a number of years was a central figure, and we all vied with each other to make his last days pleasant, but the end

came, and our father whose home was in the west room was not, "for God took him" in 1876. Kind friends bore him gently away to the Havana cemetery, where by the side of mother and Isaac, Mary Ann and William, he gently sleeps.

There was one vacant chair, one missing link. Another year sped on and Ellen, the eldest, began to fade as the flower, and one morning a convoy of angels escorted her freed spirit to where "the flowers bloom forever and the fields are eternally fair." It was hard to say, "thy will be done." Next the faithful mother and wife came down to the river's brink, and with a heroic christian faith passed over to the "shining shore."

"The old home ain't like it used to be," and side by side in the beautiful cemetery of Pleasant Plains, they await the resurrection morn.

"I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles still on me sweetly falls, their tones of love I faintly hear, my name in sadness call." No wonder the memories of the sad as well as pleasant hours I spent in the old home will, till life's latest breath be indelibly written on the tablet of my heart. These large maples were planted by my hand; the large oaks were small trees. Since I made the old home, a new generation has come upon the stage of action. Many who lived here and who have enjoyed the hospitalities of the old home have been called from labor to reward. We have strong attachments for our old homes, every time we visit Petersburg, we step in our early home and though strangers live there they bid us welcome. We have not made many moves in our pilgrimage. This will be the second. Our chickens have not been trained to lie on their backs and hold up their legs to be tied every time a covered wagon comes along. Three moves are as bad as a burnout, it is said. We shall try and not move the third time. It will take some time to get used to the new home. It is not so large and has not some of the conveniences of the old home, but we will try to adapt ourselves to the new home, and remember that while we have pleasant

homes that this is not our abiding place, that we seek a better home, a "land that is fairer than day," a home in heaven, after we have crossed life's tempestuous sea, where the grand re-union with those gone before shall take place, in a home eternal in the heavens.

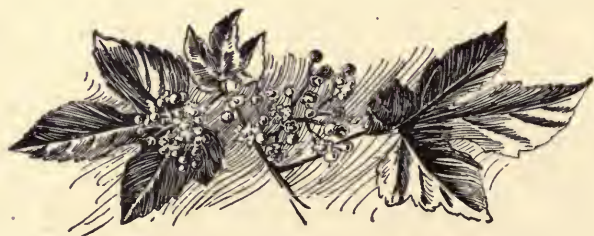
SAND BURRS

There never was such a plague or misfortune ever happened to the settlers of Mason county as the sand burr, or caused so much annoyance to the farmers, and a little history of how they came here might be interesting to some of the people of this county. It was in the fall of 1830 while O. M. Ross was living in his log cabin on the bank of the Illinois river just above the ferry landing that a traveler with two horses and a wagon drove up to his cabin one evening and asked if he could get to camp near by for the night, that he was moving from the state of Ohio and wanted to cross the river in the morning.

Ross showed him a camping place a few rods north of the house. He drove there and unhitched his horses and tied them to the back of the wagon and took three sheaves of oats and fed them to his horses. The next morning he crossed the river. The next spring there came up a patch of grass about ten feet square that resembled young timothy grass and when it grew twelve or fifteen inches high and got ripe there appeared upon every spear of the grass a bunch of burrs. They grew to about the size of a pea and were as sharp as needles. Nothing was thought of the bunch of grass at the time or it could all have been dug out and destroyed in a short time, but the horses and cattle would come and graze and lie there and the burrs would get in their tails and in the wool of the sheep and was carried that way and was finally scattered over the county. It was no

use, how poor and sandy the land was where the seed was dropped, they would always grow and when they got in the grain fields with the wheat and oats they were a terrible annoyance to the farmers for the grain could not be bound without the workmen wearing a thick pair of gloves.

When O. M. Ross first settled in Havana there was also found growing on the side of the bluff about half way from the hotel and the river a patch of prickly pears covering about half an acre. They grew from one to two feet high and were a great curiosity to many people and when a steamer landed the passengers would go out to see them, but like the sand burr they soon got scattered over the county.





CHAPTER XXXIX.

PEN PICTURE OF COL. JOHN E. NEIKIRK



VERY man is marked by something that distinguishes him from everybody else, even the human voice. You may not have seen a person for a quarter of a century, his features may have changed, you may not recognize the person, yet his voice does not change. He may come in the darkness of the night, but you know him by his voice.

A man raised on the broad plains of Illinois has good lungs, his vision is broad, his ideas are large.

A friend whose name heads our article has been a central figure in this community since 1854. He was born nearly three score years ago, across the Alleghanies in Maryland, in the dark ages, before any of the modern improvements of the present age. He wore home spun clothes, and hog and hominy were the chief diet. He acquired a common school education that laid the foundation for his future greatness.

But as Maryland was a good state to be born in provided a man emigrated soon afterwards, his father loaded up his family and his goods and took Greely's advice and went west.

The center of the west to them was Seneca County, Ohio. Here he grew to manhood, nothing very startling occurring. It was never John's privilege to go through college. In 1854 his father and family started west again, a train of eight wagons made the procession and John stopped near

Forest City, or where Forest City was located a few years later, and began to grow up with the country.

The country was new and deer roamed the prairie like sheep, and the howl of the wolf made the nights hideous.

In 1861, when treason's dark cloud began to arrive, John's patriotic soul began to hum within him and when a call was made for the country's defenders John responded.

We are coming Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand strong.

In 1861 he enlisted in Capt. Fullerton's Company, and for three years was a soldier good and true. He was in several engagements and came home without a wound and in good health, with an honorable discharge, and a good record as a soldier.

The war being over, John returned to the peaceful pursuits of farm life, built a house and was soon in possession of a wife. Miss Phoebe Reed was the fortunate one, and to her John gives credit for his success in life. Improvements have been made till he now has a comfortable and happy home. Three sons and two daughters, with Aunt Phoebe, as she is familiarly called, make up the family. Their children are intelligent and excel in their studies. Orin and Oscar, the eldest, are fine specimens, both physically and morally, of Christian young men, who have a bright future before them. They have finished their education at Champaign University. We do not know how much credit John is entitled to for the success of his boys, but are certain he offers no objection to their ambition.

Mr. Neikirk has held several offices and while not an office seeker, has been constable, tax collector, road commissioner and school director. The latter office he held for several years, and due credit is due him. He is a rabid Republican in politics, in religion, he leans on the Methodists as all his family belongs to that church, and John will no doubt try and fall through the pearly gates into the New

Jerusalem on a family ticket. On temperance, John might be classed as a mug wamp. While temperate himself, he would be inclined to take Paul's advice to Timothy: "A little wine when your stomach is out of order." He has considerable talent as a public speaker and has, at times, when occasion required, soared to the loftiest heights. One of these occasions comes to our mind. At the Neikirk reunion in Ohio a few years ago, a cousin of John's, who had a rather weak voice, had made a speech, which could not be heard by all the crowd. John followed, and apologized for his cousin in the following language: "My cousin has spent his life here among the hills, where they have their three to five acres to farm and a big hill, so his vision has been contracted, he doesn't have to speak loud to make anyone hear him, and when the milk maid goes out to pail the Jersey, she simply has to call in a low voice, and the Jersey, not more than fifty yards away, in the back of the pasture comes and is milked."

After a pause, John raised his voice to a high pitch and continued: "It is not so in the broad prairies of Illinois, where your humble speaker hails from, where we have a thousand acres in a pasture, and so level that a rabbit could not hide in it. Behold the milk maid as she cometh forth to divest the Jersey. After the day's work is done, her eyes scan the horizon, and away in the far distance, perchance in the back of the 1,000 acre pasture, she spies some yellow objects, not larger than a shepherd dog, and she has to use all her lung power; co—ba—sa—co—ba—sa—. The gentle bovine raises her head from the sweet clover and after locating the direction of the sound; comes home and fills the milk maid's bucket. My cousin is not to blame for having a weak voice, growing up with these surroundings."

His manner of speaking is free and easy if he has no opposition. He is not a debator. His encounter with Jim Rowley last campaign showed that. We don't think John

was satisfied with the results of that debate himself. One of his strong points is his singing of a poetic nature. When he gets in company with Henry Knuppel, their voices blend in harmony in "Marching Through Georgia," or similar strains. He can make "America" roll, and at a Fourth of July celebration here four years ago, he tried his voice on "Hail Columbia." He got dashed by the large crowd before him, and after singing the first verse, forgot the balance of the song.

His personal appearance is striking; tall and well formed. He stands like Saul among the prophets. By some he is supposed to resemble Lincoln. We think not, but would say Cullom.

He has many friends. The world is better for such men as Col. John E. Neikirk.

REVERDY J. ONSTOT

Reverdy J. Onstot, who delights to call himself a "snow bird" was born December 6, 1830 (the winter of the deep snow), in New Salem, Illinois, made historical by being the home of Abraham Lincoln from 1831 to 1837, who he remembers very well and was a frequent visitor at the grocery store kept by Lincoln & Berry.

Mr. Onstot is the possessor of two iron well-bucket hoops that was part of four, and the bale his father took for seventy-five cents on Lincoln's board while he kept the tavern in New Salem in 1833. Mr. Onstot also has the plat of the town of Huron, which was surveyed and platted by Lincoln at Miller's ferry, on the Sangamon river, for Geo. Miller. Col. E. D. Baker, Simeon Francis, John Houge, N. W. Edwards, David Prickett, Samuel Morris, William Carpenter, Geshom Jayne and Chas. B. Francis, of Springfield, who were partners of Geo. B. Miller. Nothing ever came to the town as the canal up the Sangamon

river from Beardstown to Springfield was never built as projected in 1833. His father moved to Petersburg from Salem in '39, where R. J. often heard Lincoln, Douglas, Baker, John J. Hardin, Murrey McConnell, David Logan, Judge Robbins, T. L. Harris and many other noted men speak. Mr. Onstot did not go as a soldier as he was badly ruptured while assisting in raising a Lincoln pole in Havana in 1860, where he then lived. He assisted in raising two companies and was the first route mail agent on the P. P. & J. R. R., with headquarters at Pekin where he helped originate and organize the Union League; a service to his country second to none. It was the Union League that cemented Republicans and War Democrats into the Union party for the preservation of the Union. It was through him and Postmaster Hart Montgomery that Leagues were at once organized in Havana, Virginia, Jacksonville, Springfield, Bloomington and El Paso; he also assisted in organizing at Peoria; it then spread all over the loyal Northern states and gave to the Union cause those great victories at the polls in '63. Mr. Onstot was prostrated by overwork and laid in bed for two years. Upon his recovery he came to Mason City in 1874 where he has since lived, being engaged in the book and news trade. He has never held an office since '63 and the one he then held he resigned and gave up his position to a broken-down soldier. He has never been an office seeker, though he has been one of the hardest workers in the party and for a long time one of the County Central Committee for Mason City. If there is a man that deserves recognition for party service it is he, for he is both honest and capable.

A HUSTLER

In looking over our field for a live, energetic, get up and dust man to set for his picture, we only had to move

south across the iron bridge less than a mile, where we found the subject of our sketch in a nice farm house, half hidden among the shade trees.

J. Alonzo Barnes was born at Canton, October 8, 1852. His father was a cooper by trade. When Lon was four years old his father moved to Farmington, in the same county, and lived there several years.

In 1859 the family moved to Kansas. The following year was the great drouth and the people left in great numbers. Many came back east to visit their "wife's relations." Lon's father settled for a while in Peoria. He well recollects seeing the first soldiers leave for the seat of war on a steamboat, and his patriotic heart was stirred by the fife and drum.

Not liking the city life we next find him on the raw prairie in Hancock county, where he learned to farm. Here he learned to love farming, a business he now follows.

And now comes a dark shadow, which was probably the turning point of his life. His mother died, his father broke up housekeeping and Lon went to live with his uncle, Alonzo Barnes in Prairie City.

Our hustler never went to school after he was fourteen years of age. His uncle tried to have him go but as he was working for \$20 per month he did not think he could afford to go as he worked on his uncle's farm, which joined Prairie City.

In 1871 after the great Chicago fire, at the age of nineteen, he got a job on the night police force in Chicago for six months.

He can relate many thrilling scenes and episodes that occurred during his sojourn in Chicago. His uncle, thinking it was a poor place for a young man to live, sent for him to come to Prairie City, and learn the tinner's trade and do the work for his hardware store. Young Barnes gladly accepted the offer. His uncle took great interest in

his welfare, and was all to him that a father could have been.

Lon had now arrived at the age of twenty-four and began to think himself a man, and that he ought to do as his father and grandfather had done—get himself a wife.

Being on a visit to some relatives in Mason county he wooed and wed Miss Sarah E. Bowser in November, 1876, but still worked in Prairie City for one year at his trade.

He then moved to Mason county, where he now lives, on a farm of one hundred acres of fine land to which he has added two hundred and twenty acres, having bought the Walker farm which joins Forest City. His farm now consists of three hundred and twenty acres and could not be bought for less than \$100 per acre. It is well divided into small fields and is in a high state of cultivation. It is well stocked; we suppose he has thirty head of horses of all ages, and machinery enough to start an agricultural store. He is always on the lookout for the best machines adapted to farming and keeps them well housed and in good order.

Mr. Barnes is now in the prime of manhood and well deserves the name of hustler. He does not say "go boys," but "come boys."

He is very public spirited and it always ready to do more than his part. He takes an active part in School District No. 1 and also in the M. E. Church in Forest City, though not a member takes a great interest in its welfare. For a number of years he has been chorister, and his place is seldom vacant.

He is very decided in his opinions on all questions both in church and state, and free to express an opinion. We think he can visit the World's Fair and see more, and ask more questions in the same length of time than any man in the township. Mr. Barnes has a large heart and is ever ready to assist the sick and needy and would take all his teams out of the field to attend a funeral.

Mr. Barnes has had six children born in his home. Miss Hattie, the eldest, is a young lady just blooming into womanhood, two boys and one girl have gone

“Where flowers forever bloom
And the fields are eternally fair.”

He is well posted on all public affairs, both church and state and ready to work for the moral improvement of the community.





CHAPTER XL.

THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF HAVANA



AMONG the early settlers in the town of Havana was that of Asa Langford who came from the southern part of Illinois and first settled in Lewistown in the year 1829, and in 1830 became a resident of Havana. He was a large fine looking man, about six feet three inches in height, and would weigh two hundred pounds. He was a man of great energy and perseverance and commanded a great influence among his fellow men. He was a Democrat and a strong supporter of Andrew Jackson and was one of the leaders of his party. After living at Havana about a year he purchased about one half of the town of Waterford and moved to that place. He was a keen, shrewd business-man and always ready for a trade. Although he had never had the advantage of an education there were but few men that could excel him in a business capacity, for when he was married he could neither read nor write his own name, but his wife was a lady of fair education for those times, and she taught him to read and to write his own name in a good legible style. He received the appointment of postmaster of Waterford, and with his wife's assistance he got along with it very well. In 1837 he built a flat boat at Waterford and loaded it with pork, grain and produce of different kinds and ran it down to New Orleans. He told the people before he left with his flat boat that he expected to trade a part of his Waterford

town lots for a steamboat before he returned, but was laughed at by his friends, for they believing that such a thing as trading Waterford town lots for a steamboat would be impossible, but Langford had the faith that he could accomplish almost anything that he undertook. So he had a plat of the town of Waterford made out and a copy of the records made out showing that he was the legal owner of the property, all of which he took with him to New Orleans, and after disposing of his cargo of produce and his flat boat he and his flat boat crew went to a clothing store and all fitted themselves out with a new suit of clothes, for Langford, when well dressed, was a noble looking man and a fluent talker, and would make friends where many others would fail. He and his men traveled up and down the wharf at New Orleans and visited many steamboats and made the acquaintance of the captains and told them that his business was to purchase a small steamboat for use as a packet for the Illinois river trade. He left his address and the name of the hotel that he was stopping at and in a few days a gentleman called to see him that owned a steamboat called the Navigator, which was for sale. It was a one decked boat that had been running in the Arkansas river in the cotton trade. It was a strong, well built boat and a fast runner, and his price for it was four thousand dollars. Mr. Langford examined the boat and was satisfied with the price. Mr. Langford then told him that he did not have the money to pay down for the boat, but that he had some valuable town property that he would let him have that in all probability would be better to him than the money. He then showed him the town plat of the town of Waterford, describing to him that it was laid out on the bank of Spoon river, at the head of steamboat navigation; that it was in Fulton county, Illinois, the best county in the state, and surrounded by a rich and fertile county, and would, in all probability, in a few years become a large commercial city, something like those of Peoria and Chicago.

The men that he took with him on the flat boat were from Waterford and were on hand to testify to all that he had told about the town of Waterford. So the owner of the boat got a lawyer to examine Langford's title papers and found that they were all correct and the trade was made. Mr. Langford having marked the price of each lot on the town plat, all the man that sold the boat had to do was to select enough of the lots to come to four thousand dollars and the title papers were passed between them and the Navigator was turned over to Langford and he started up the Mississippi with her. When he got to St. Louis he sent word to his friends that the Navigator would be at Havana on a certain day, and when she arrived there a large crowd had gathered there to welcome him and a jolly good time they had. When Mr. Langford traded his Waterford lots for the steamboat he told the man that he traded with, that Spoon river was navigable for steamboats as far up as Waterford, although steamboats had never yet run up that far, so to make his word good he determined to run the Navigator up that far and so he did, but it was the first attempt that was ever made to run a steamboat up that far. The river happened to be in a good stage of water at the time and before the boat got to Waterford eight or ten leaning trees that leaned over the river had to be cut down, and much drift wood that had closed up a portion of the channel of the river had to be cleared away, and it took him two days to make the trip, but he did take her up and tied up to a tree in Waterford, and great crowds of people came to see the Navigator.

After Captain Langford had run the boat between St. Louis and Peoria for a number of months, he offered to sell her for three thousands dollars, so C. W. Andrews, N. J. Rockwell, L. W. Ross and H. L. Ross purchased her at that price and C. W. Andrews was the captain, H. L. Ross clerk, Asa Langford pilot, and Alexander Stewart was mate. When Asa Langford purchased the Navigator

at New Orleans he found a young Irishman on board of her who had been running on her as mate whose name was Alexander Stewart. He took a liking to Langford and wanted to continue on the boat in the capacity of mate, which he did and brought him to Havana and he continued to act as mate on the Navigator until she was sold to some parties in Beardstown.

Mr. Alexander Stewart afterward became one of the principal business men and property owners of Havana.

I will relate a little circumstance that took place while we were running the steamboat Navigator. The boat had made a trip from St. Louis to Peoria and on her return down the river there came up a terrible storm and the rain came down in torrents. It was in the night and the night was so dark that an object could not be discerned five rods ahead of the boat and as we were passing what was then called Sharp's Landing, some sixteen miles below Havana, Asa Langford was the pilot at the wheel and Alexander Stewart was standing watch, we came into sudden collision with another steamboat called the Cold-water, which was coming up the river. The two boats came together with a terrible crash, breaking in the guards and the upper decks of the boats and knocking overboard the large anchor of the Navigator. A number of passengers were on board, with several ladies, and a terrible commotion took place, but Langford and Stewart stood nobly and bravely to their posts of duty and no one was hurt.

AN INDIAN BATTLE AT HAVANA

In 1826 a battle occurred at Havana at Ross' ferry. The Indians were victorious in the fight. The true history of the fight is as follows:

Samuel Mallory and his stepson had rented the ferry of O. M. Ross. They were both settlers of Fulton county.

This was before the tavern was built. Mallory was the father of Hiram Sander's wife and the grandfather of Mrs. Judge H. L. Bryant. A few years later they settled eight miles south of Canton in the direction of Lewistown. After they had been at Havana a few weeks they received by keel boat a barrel of whisky from St. Louis, as then they were expected to keep liquor for the accommodation of the traveling public. In fact the merchants in the country kept whisky the same as any other kind of goods.

A party of Indians were traveling up the Illinois river in canoes and camped a half mile above the ferry. They came down to trade some furs for whisky, as they had been in the habit of doing with the Scoville's, but Mallory refused to let them have any whisky. As he was alone they drew their tomahawks and compelled him to give them whisky. Wm. Nichols, who had been working in the woods came home and seeing the situation Mallory was in, slipped away and got a canoe and went across the mouth of Spoon river to where the keel boat was lying, but part of the boat's crew had started for Lewistown. He soon overtook them and told them the situation Mallory was in; so each one of them cut a stout hickory cane and went back to rescue Mallory. They found that some twenty-five Indians had Mallory completely under their control. Some of them were pretty drunk and were all having a jolly time except Mallory. The white men ordered the Indians to leave but they refused to go and then the fight commenced, the white men using their hickory clubs on the heads of the Indians. But the Indians were about four to one and they succeeded in getting the clubs away from the white men. It was a pretty hard fight for a half hour and the whites would have probably whipped the Indians, but while they were in the fight they saw some squaws coming from the canoes with Indian spears and tomahawks for the use of the Indians; then the whites thought it was time to retreat and get more help. As they were running to the ferry boat

they discovered Simon Kelsey and a couple of Indians having a hard fight near the river, and in attempting to capture the Indians one of them ran into the river and they took after him with the boat, and when they would get near him he would dive under the boat and come up a rod behind the boat and would make for the shore. The white men would then have to turn their boat and go after him again and he would play the same game of dodging them. They kept up this for a half an hour, and when they came upon him they could see his head two feet under the water. One of the men ran his arm down and caught him by the hair, and as he drew his head over the side of the boat another man drew his knife and cut the Indian's throat and left him to sink in the river. The men returned to the keel boat and William Nichols started to Lewistown for more men to fight the Indians. He got there after dark and raised the alarm, and next morning fifteen men on horseback started for the battlefield. The company raised at Lewistown were each armed with guns. When they got to the river at Havana they were joined by the crew of the keel boat that had the fight with the Indians the day before, with the exception of Kelsey, who had been badly used up the day before and was not able to go with them. The men all got on the ferry boat and took as many horses as they could crowd on the boat and started across the river. Some squaws a little way down the river saw the men coming and ran and told the Indians that a great company of white men were coming with guns. The Indians took alarm and started to run. Some went to their canoes and started up the river; some ran to the woods. The men followed the Indians that ran to the woods until they got in the swamp a few miles up the Quiver Lake and had to give up the chase. The company came back to Havana to Mallory's, where the fight had taken place the day before. They found some pools of blood and a short distance two newly-made graves, showing that the fight had been a hard

one and that two Indians had been killed with clubs, besides the one whose throat had been cut on the ferry boat. They also found that eight or ten gallons had been taken from Mallory's whisky barrel and that his household goods had not been touched. So ended the Indian fight at Ross' ferry. After that time, Mallory and Nichols kept the ferry for a year and never had any more trouble with the Indians. O. M. Ross then moved to Havana and took charge of the ferry himself. The Indian that had his throat cut floated down the river and landed in some driftwood at the head of an island three miles below Havana. There was at that time a man by the name of John Hemford, who was long a resident of Bernadette. One Sunday John went down to the island and brought up the skull and jawbone. Harvey Ross decided that he could have lots of fun in frightening the Indians who were superstitious. After thoroughly cleaning the skull and jawbone he fastened it on a stick about four feet long, the lower end to stick in the ground. He put into it a lighted candle. When the scarecrow was set up on a dark night with the candle lighted it was certainly the most horrible object mortal eyes ever beheld. About a mile above Havana there were eighteen or twenty wigwams of Indians. They were in the habit of coming to Havana every week to do some trading and would frequently stay until after dark before starting home. Harvey knew the path they traveled and would have the skull set up a few rods from their path. When they would discover it they would run as fast as their legs would carry them and frightened nearly to death. It made a great commotion among the Indians for awhile, but Harvey's father found out what was going on and put a stop to Harvey's fun. One day a steamboat landed at Havana and Harvey went down and sold it to the pilot for \$2. The outfit put it on the bow of the boat at night to scare the natives along the river. Soon after, O. M. Ross went to Havana. He built three warehouses, one on the east side of the river

and two on the west side. One was north of Schoonovers' and one on the south side. They were built of logs and were used to store the produce of the farmers who lived on both sides of the river. The upper part of the warehouse on the Havana side of the river he finished off for a store and opened up a stock of goods. The nearest store on the west of him was at Lewistown, twelve miles west, and New Salem, twenty-five miles on south. The Phelps had a trading fort nine miles, on Grand Island, below Havana. Ross had a large trade with the Indians, for they were scattered all over the country, up and down the Illinois river, and both sides of the Spoon river. These wigwams could be counted by the hundreds. About the mouth of Spoon river was a great resort for them. Indian ponies, hundreds of them, would be brought every fall to feed on the grass that kept green all winter, and if there was a deep snow the Indians would chop down small trees for these ponies to browse on till the snow went off. Ross would often sell them goods on credit for six months, but would require a recommendation of some of their chiefs which made them very punctual in paying their debts. The Indians were very numerous in all this country, until 1832, when the Blackhawk war broke out and they all went west.





CHAPTER XLI.

THE OLD HAVANA HOTEL



THINK a description of the first hotel in Havana would interest young and old. It stood till 1850. I recollect of being there one Sunday evening with James Covington until 12 o'clock at night. Old man Brown was then keeping the hotel. Brown had some girls which I presume was the reason that we were there. The next morning the hotel went up in flames. I don't know whether Covington and myself were ever charged with setting it on fire or not, but we were there a short time before it burned. Old settlers will remember the old tavern.

I got possession of a copy of a book published by Harvey L. Ross, who moved to Los Angeles, Cal., about twenty-five years ago, in which he gives a description of the early settlement of Lewistown and Havana and the building of the hotel and the trouble in getting the material on the ground.

It will interest the younger generation of today to know something of the hardships the old pioneers had to endure and what fortitude they endured—what they undertook. It was certainly a great undertaking to build such a house at that time.

There was no pine lumber nearer than Cincinnati and the few saw mills at that time had been erected on small streams in Fulton county, therefore most of the lumber used in the hotel was sawed by hand with a whip saw.

When the building was completed it was in all probability the largest building in Central Illinois and cost more than any other building in the state.

The building was commenced late in 1831 and finished in 1833. It combined hotel and store and was eighty feet long and thirty feet wide, with upper and lower story porches ten feet wide on each side of the house. The main part of the hotel was four stories high and the store part two and a half stories high. The first story was built of stone twelve inches thick and also a floor of stone, the balance of the building was wood.

There were two large chimneys with three fire places opening into one and four in the other. All the lumber, stone and lime used in building the house was brought from Fulton county. The sills, posts and joists and other large timbers were cut and hewn in the woods.

The stone was taken out of a hill in Liverpool township and carried by boat down the river to Havana. The lime was burned in the same township by Zenos Henington and hauled in a truck wheeled wagon to Havana by two yoke of oxen. There was not a particle of iron used in the construction of the wagon. The wheels and every part were wholly of wood.

Mr. Henington had no need to call for the ferry boat when he came to Havana for the ferryman could hear the creaking of the wagon a half a mile away.

The timber used in building the hotel was white oak, ash, black and white walnut. The weather-boarding and shingles were split out of white oak timber and shaved to a proper thickness with a drawing knife. The weather-boarding was four feet long and the shingles twenty-eight inches. The laths were split out in the woods and all the doors, window sashes and mouldings were made by hand.

The weather-boarding and shingles were made near Lewistown by Jonathan Cadwalader and his sons, Issac and John. They were Quakers. The carpenter work was done

by Moses Lewis and Alex Freeman and Isaac and Jesse Benson. The mason work was done by Ben Hartlan and the painting by Andrew Mayfield.

Their names are mentioned because they were old settlers and their descendants are still living. About twenty-five years the big hotel and store was destroyed by fire and there was no insurance. Walker and Hancock kept the first store there and Hunt and McEndree were in the house when it burned.

Ossian Ross kept the store and ran the hotel up to the time of his death in 1837. His wife and Lewis administered on the estate. His stock of goods and personal property was appraised at \$9,000 and the sale amounted to \$10,000.

After the family moved back to Canton in 1840 Harvey L. Ross, having married, took charge of the hotel and ferry and ran them for three years.

There was no court house at that time in the county and so court was held in the bar room and some other rooms were used for jury rooms. It was there that such men as Abraham Lincoln, John J. Hardin, Ed. Baker, H. M. Weed, W. C. Goudy and J. Boice attended the courts and took part in pioneer law suits. At one time of court Gen. Hardin had a narrow escape from death. He was very fond of hunting and went out one morning to try his luck for deer. At that time there were plenty along the Illinois river. He did not have to travel far until he saw a deer and drew up his gun and fired at it, but instead of killing the deer the breech pin flew out of his gun and struck him in the face making a terrible wound. It was several days before he could be taken home and he carried the scar until his death.

Mr. Lincoln never appeared to care very much about hunting and seldom engaged in that sport. His chief amusement and delight was in telling stories and anecdotes. In the role of story telling I never knew his equal. His

power of mimicry was very great. He could perfectly mimic a Dutchman, Irishman or Negro.

In the evening after court had adjourned a great crowd would gather around Lincoln in the bar room to listen to Lincoln's stories and he seemed to enjoy to the utmost, the peals of laughter that would fill the house. I have heard men say that they had laughed at his stories until they had almost shaken their ribs loose.

I heard of cases where men have been suffering for years with some bodily ailments and could get no relief but who have gone a couple of evenings and listened to Lincoln and laughed their ailments away and became hale and hearty men, giving Lincoln credit of being their healer.

It was during the time that my father was building the Havana hotel that he had a two hundred acre farm fenced and improved just east of Havana and which is now in the corporate limits of Havana.

The rails having been made on the banks of Spoon river and boated down that river and across the Illinois.

In 1833 during the Blackhawk war when so many people were leaving the military tract for fear of the Indians he put his whole force at work and built a fort or block house at Havana to be a refuge for the white settlers. The effect was to stop the ruinous stampede of people from Fulton county.

Gen. L. F. Ross thinks there were three block houses built instead of one; one on each side of the hotel and one on the west side and north of Spoon river.

On the road to Lewistown Gen. Ross says that the people of Fulton helped to build those houses. The mouth of Spoon river was then directly opposite Havana and the ferry ran to the upper-side of Spoon river.

The large hotel stood on the south side of Market street on the edge of a high bluff overlooking the river. The bluff has been cut down and the site of the hotel is now vacant.

THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF MASON COUNTY

When the first settlement was made in what is known as Mason county the settlers found that the Indians had preceded them and had erected their wigwams in many places and were cultivating the lands in small patches, growing corn, beans, potatoes, squashes and many other kinds of vegetables. Their settlements were mostly along the Illinois river, and on Quiver and Crane Creek. The squaws usually cultivated the gardens, and the Indians followed hunting and fishing. They raised a great many horses and that was the only kind of stock they raised.

In the fall of the year they would gather large quantities of hickory nuts and pecans which were very abundant in that early day. These they would sell to the merchants of the towns, or sometimes take them to St. Louis in their canoes to sell. The Indians were inclined to be friendly when kindly treated, unless they were intoxicated. Then sometimes they would be ugly and would claim that the country still belonged to them, and that their ancestors first settled the country, and that their head men had never sold it, and that the Indians, whom the white people claimed they had bought the land from, were not the chiefs nor the head men of the nation, and had no right to sell it. And besides the great white chief, the president, had never paid the Indians for the land.

When the Blackhawk war broke out in 1832 the Pottawatomie Indians that lived in that part of the country went up north to the Rock river country and many of them joined the Indians under Black Hawk and soon after that hostilities broke out in that part of the country. A company of twenty men that was out as scouts were surrounded by the Indians and all killed. Immediately after the Indians made a raid on a small settlement on Indian creek, near Rock river. Three families by the name of Davis, Hill and Pettigrew, were attacked in the day time and all massacred except two.

young ladies whom they took prisoners. The Indians afterwards related how the ladies squawked like geese. All the victims were scalped. One man's head was cut off and stuck on a pole beside the river.

The women and children were tied up to the joists of the house by their feet, and the two young ladies that were taken prisoners were tied upon horses and taken in great haste a long way into the wilderness. Two of the young braves claimed them and intended to have them as their squaws or wives, but were afterwards released on the receipt of two thousand dollars. There were other circumstances that took place in those times that caused great excitement and alarmed the people of Mason county. One was called Stillman's defeat or Stillman's run. It was a fight Stillman had with the Indians in the Rock creek river country northwest of Peoria in which Stillman was defeated and lost thirteen of his men killed and a number wounded. Most of them were residents of Fulton county.

Another circumstance took place, Waterfield's defeat, which occasioned a general stampede of the people living in the north part of Fulton county. They believing that an attack had been made by the Indians in the settlement west of Canton on which rumor hundreds of people left their homes and crossed the Illinois river at Havana. These circumstances caused the citizens of Havana and surrounding country much alarm. They believed that many of the Indians that had lived in that vicinity and had gone to the Rock river country had taken part in those massacres and as they knew all the country around Havana so well that they would go to Peoria and take possession of the ferry boats and what crafts they could find and come down the Illinois river and make an attack on the people and try to recover their old home where they had lived so many years and where their ancestors had been buried. The alarm was great and the people determined that they would build a couple of forts or block houses as they were called. These block houses

were built of logs. One was built on the bluff near the ferry landing, northwest of the Havana hotel. This block house was 25x30 feet in size and two stories high and was built so that the upper story projected over the lower story two feet. Port holes were made in both stories for the use of their muskets and rifles. The only floor was in the upper story, and the entrance to the same was by a ladder which was drawn in by night. The other block house was built south of the hotel on a high knoll. This was twenty feet square, two stories high, the upper story was covered with plank sufficiently heavy to bear up the weight of a cannon and commanded a range of a mile or so.

Up and down the river a great many people that had fled from counties west of the river would stop at Havana and go into these block houses during the night and there is no doubt that a great many people, would have left the country if those block houses had not been built.

The block house north of the hotel was still standing in 1846 when I first came to Havana. The people now living in Havana have but little idea of the privation that the early settler endured and the suspense and excitement they had to undergo while in constant fear of the Indians. Yet most of the Indians were disposed to keep their treaties with the whites and most of the trouble occurred from the overbearing conduct of the "pale faces."

SPRING LAKE

The ancient village that stood on the bluffs of the Illinois river on the dividing line between Mason and Tazewell counties, one so full of life and traffic, the emporium of trade, has gone the way of all the earth like the ancient Babylon or Salem, and exists only in the memory of the old inhabitants. I first saw the village in 1852. There was a sawmill in the bottoms on the stream that ran from the pike holes to the

river. There was a warehouse on the river kept by a man by the name of Conant in which the grain was hauled when the river was low and the roads were good. Perhaps 100,000 tons of corn and wheat were marketed from Spring Lake. It drained the grain from Egypt on the east, from Mackinaw on the north, from Red Oak and Crane Lake on the south. The wheat was hauled in sacks furnished by the grain merchants and the corn was in gunny sacks. Grain from the west, came from Tight Row and Devils Neck. More than half of the grain was hauled with ox teams.

The roads were very sandy and fifty bushels was a great load for two or three yoke of oxen and it took a day to make a trip. Of course the teamster would hook a load of wood as he returned home which was very plenty after the cyclones had cut wide swaths through the Long Point lumber. A warehouse had been started at Spring Lake by Pratt & Moore under the hill and a Tobogan slide had been built from the top of the hill down to it, of plank three feet wide with sideboards. A gunny sack would be started down at an angle of forty-five degrees. A boy would ride the sacks of corn down the slide into the warehouse at railroad speed. It was fun for the boy, but dangerous. As the slide had several turns to make, and sometimes the boy and sack would jump the track and land outside the warehouse. There were three expert ox drivers, Lige Davis, Frank Pemberton and John Maloney. Each had his peculiar ways of making an ox pull a load and those who had to make a choice between the three would give the preference to Lige who had a whip with a lash ten feet long and a stock of corresponding length and a good buckskin cracker. Lige would make the head steer toe the mark or make the tongue steers hold the whole team come to a halt, but with the war of the rebellion an ox was worth more for beef than for work and they went out of date. Frank Pemberton died in the fifties, John Maloney moved away. Lige Davis served three years in the war of the rebellion and is still alive and healthy. Having disposed

of the ox drivers we come down to the inhabitants of Durang. Bob Jones and his brother Joe kept a trading house when we first knew the place and lived in the town until they started for Pike's Peak or bust and with them S. T. Walker and Jack Rankin. They went with an ox team. S. T. Walker can sometimes be coaxed to tell of some of the incidents of the trip. They never saw the Peak as the further they went the more people they met coming back. The Jones' stayed west. S. T. Walker, who is now our efficient postmaster came back. Mosteler and Brown succeeded Pratt & Co., and for several years did a large business both in grain and goods. They would go to St. Louis once a year and buy large stocks of goods and sell them on long credit and take the farmer's corn and wheat in payment. James Brown, I think is dead. G. S. Mosteler lives in Pittsburg, Kansas. Moseler served in the Mexican war and of course is an old man. I saw him a few years ago. He is still in his prime and bids fair to live many years yet. Andrew Pollard flourished for several years as a merchant, Andy was a genial man, who would sell a man's goods for six months then sue him on the old bill, get a judgment then start a new account and invite the man to dinner with him. While Andy kept store in the upper story, the cellar was run on a different basis. Gambling tables were run at full speed. There were holes in the floor and the drinkers orgies could be heard at all times. Many were the combats that transpired in the basement. Andy's wife was Phoebe Hughton whom he married in Menard. She was a fine woman though slow of speech. Andy would prove everything by Phoebe. "Ain't that so Phoebe?" he would say every few minutes. Pollard raised a company and made a good record in the war of the rebellion and afterward settled in Manito, where he died twenty years ago. Bill Trent was another man who did business at Spring Lake. He was a great trader, while he dealt in notes which he traded for horses, cattle, sheep and hogs. He would start out for a trading tour taking Fred Westfall with

him and perhaps with a hundred notes from twenty to a hundred dollars each, though he could not read a word. He had some way he could pick out a note he wanted, but he finally traded for a stock of goods of Tackenburg of Pekin. Trent owned a farm near Forest City which was all sand, Tackenburg was coming down to see it, but Trent got him to wait till a big snow covered it all over and then sent word for him to "come." Tackenburg thought it very nice rolling land and the trade was made. He did not stay in the store much. Every person in Spring Lake clerked for him. He bought grain and called everybody Bud. He would meet a person and say, "Bud, I am going down to St. Louis and thus bring up lots of gold." Trent had two boys, Press and Aleck, whom he determined to educate. So he fixed them up with new suits and a gold watch and took them to Peoria. The next day the boys came back to Spring Lake having gone through college. The doctors were Dr. Camp, Dr. E. Y. Nichols and J. W. Neal. Nichols kept the best of horses and was very attentive to his patients. Dr. Neal married a Rankin and left about the time of the war. There was a saloon built on the line between Tazewell and Mason so if an officer came from Tazewell the keeper would step on the Mason side and if from Mason would just walk on the other side. The farmer living close was John Williams, who had about twenty families to support, he was a horse trader and every person who wanted to buy or sell anything had to go and see John Williams. Pollard Anno bought out Williams and built one of the finest houses in Mason county. Thos. Landes lived near town. He had a rough exterior but a kind heart and hated all put on politeness. One day he rode to Pekin with Green Pemberton. A dude of a clerk came up rubbing his hands and bowing and scraping said in French style, "What can I do for you Mr. Landes?" "Go sit down and mind your own business, when I want anything I will ask for it," said Landes. The clerk wilted. James Adams lived near by and was always in town. James Moore, the

father of Bob Moore, lived east of town on a farm he bought of Slicky Bill Green. Among the earliest settlers of Spring Lake were: Nellie Rankin, Joe Jones, Jack Jones, Bob, and Jack Paine, Ash Duncan, Isaac M. Hamer, Kush Layton, Andy Pollard, Wm. Combs, Jerry Miller, W. W. Stewart, Wm. Trent, Geo. Maltby, Joe Gregory, Alex. Trent, Jason Matheney, S. T. Walker and Jack Walker. Conant & Jones were merchants up to 1853; Pratt & Moore to 1855; Mosteler & Brown to 1857; Pollard & Walker to 1857; Randolph & Co. to 1858; Smith Mosher to 1857; Wm. Trent and Rutenberg & Rankin, '56 to '68. Spring Lake is now a desolate waste; only a few cellars that Time has failed to fill with drifting land marks. The places once so busy with trade and traffic are now relegated to oblivion. The advent of Egypt station, Manito and Forest City sealed the fate of Spring Lake. So Spring Lake is only used as a fishing headquarters.





CHAPTER XLII.

HAVANA FROM 1845 TO 1860



THE following is taken from the Manito Express in 1892 and is taken from the gifted pen of Miss Gertie White, who now lives at Murphysboro, Tenn.

T. G. ONSTOT.

It was one of the hot, sweltering days of July, about the twentieth as near as I can remember, in the year of 1829 that a baby boy came to live in a little cabin in Sugar Grove in Menard county. It was not a stately mansion that first sheltered that babe, nor a '76 rocker that sung him to sleep. It was an old fashioned cradle of a planed box with a home made rocker at each end that snugly held the sleeping child, and the roof over head was covered with clapboards and great hewn logs formed the walls.

At that time the red man's shrieks and yells disturbed the peace within the cabin and the bleak winds swept from the north. It was indeed a wild and wooley west but the pioneer parents knew no fear for their hands were willing and their hearts were light and many were the happy hours spent in the humble dwelling.

The babe, nursed by a mother's protecting care, grew both in statue and knowledge and like all children, in due time received a name, which has since been shortened to T. G.

When T. G. was old enough to appreciate the beauties

of life his father took him to a new home in Salem, two miles above where Petersburg now stands.

His father was engaged in the cooper trade and also kept the village hotel, a two story log house. At this place the well known Abraham Lincoln, who boarded with T. G.'s father, trotted the little tad on his knee. For the most part of two years the noble Lincoln made his home with Mr. Onstot. In 1840 T. G. removed with his father to Petersburg. During this time occurred the campaign of Tippecanoe. Here T. G. imbibed the true spirit of patriotism, one that has always remained, and the good old patriotic songs whose echoes will resound from hills ancient as the sun, in centuries to come, were sung clear and with enthusiasm from the lips of the lad.

While here T. G. spent his time in school and helping his father and doing with his might what his hands found to do.

In 1846 he came to Mason county, near Havana, and engaged in farming. In the twenty-second year of his life occurred the happy event of his life. It was a beautiful day and a beautiful scene. The sun never shone brighter, the birds never warbled such a chorus, the flowers were never so fragrant as on that day.

That day a cupid dart pierced his heart and he became a victim to the fair and beautiful, Sarah L. Ellsworth, and bestowing upon her the love outweighing all the jewels in the universe, the love of a true and noble heart. He became her husband.

They purchased a neat home in Pleasant Plains and for many years enjoyed the life of a farmer to the utmost extent. All their efforts were crowned with success. Their love was mutual and never grew less and with happy hearts did they sing "We'll love each other better dear, when we are old and gray."

In their prosperity they never forgot that there was an all wise infinite one, who ruled the universe.

Mrs. Onstot was a faithful christian at the time of her marriage and by her loving influence soon brought her companion to the foot of the cross and who all these years has proven a faithful follower of Christ.

Their happy home was blest with several sweet children, five laughing girls and two noisy boys.

But "there never was a day so sunny but a cloud appears and never a life so happy but has its time of tears."

Mr. Onstot, like all mankind, was called to pass through deep waters of affliction. Death visited his home and took away little Charlie, Nellie and Sarah, the sweet patient Ellen and his faithful and devoted wife.

Their bodies were laid away in the beautiful cemetery on the farm then owned by Mr. Onstot. Naught of them remains but the names that fade not away.

Three children remain, Mrs. Mary Bruning of Havana, a loved and esteemed lady, Mrs. Lulu Jackson of Forest City, who directs her little ones in the path of duty and virtue, and Miss Susie, a refined young lady, making home pleasant for her father.

Since 1866 Mr. Onstot has resided in Forest City. He has a beautiful home surrounded by all the pleasures and luxuries of life.

He is one of Forest City's political, religious and commercial leaders and is engaged in the lumber, grain and mercantile business. He has been tax collector and justice of the peace for many years.

He is a leading member of the M. E. church. His christian influence and example has always been for the good and right and for directing wayward souls in the way of righteousness.

He is a Methodist by name, yet liberal enough to think that other coats, "if true to their colors," will pass through the pearly gates.

Mr. Onstot is a jolly man, always in a good humor and has a hearty shake of the hand for all.

Is strictly prohibition, never using tobacco in any form or profane language. Although deprived of the advantages now enjoyed by young Americans of the day, Mr. Onstot may truthfully be called a talented gentleman. With an abundance of good judgment together with the scant education he received under great disadvantages, he is equal to all emergencies.

And though his hair is now sprinkled with the frost of time, may he yet live to see many hidden hopes bloom into reality and may many years still be in store for him.

THE CHURCHES

The Baptist and Methodist churches were organized in Havana about the same time, but we will notice the Baptist first. In 1846 Mrs. Lydia Hancock, a very excellent woman, opened her house for preaching and Sunday school. She had moved here from Dearborn county, Indiana, and there being no churches she held services in her dwelling. The first preacher was John L. Turner, who lived in Crane Creek. Mr. Turner farmed all week and preached somewhere within a radius of fifteen or twenty miles on Sunday. Turner had a fairly good education and preached the gospel because of the love he had for it. He was very liberal in his views and seldom preached a whole sermon on the mode of baptism. He had not read Shakespeare nor the poets much, but with the bible J. L. Turner was well acquainted from Genesis to Revelations, hence his sermons fairly glittered with quotations from the holy writ. Everybody liked him and he seldom had a light attendance when he preached. He died on Crane Creek, where he always lived. He was a man who preached and earned his living beside. We wish there were more John L. Turners.

There were three brothers that lived in Mason and Fulton counties about this time named Bawlding. John was the oldest and lived in Fulton county. He was a very eccentric character. They had their share of common sense but not much book learning. They had not the holy tone or whang doodle style that many of the early Baptist preachers affected but simply preached like other people.

John Bawlding had a hatred for dogs and could not bear the sight of one in the house while he was preaching. One Sunday while he was preaching in the old schoolhouse in Havana, Mrs. George Robinson, who had a little rat dog that followed her wherever she went, came into church and of course the dog was with her. Mrs. Robinson took her seat near the door and the dog crouched at her feet. Scarcely anybody noticed it but John evidently saw the dog or smelled it. Stopping short he said: "Brethren there is a dog in the house and you know the price of a dog was not allowed to be brought into the sanctuary in olden times and I don't think the animal himself should be allowed to come in. I would therefore thank you to take it out as this meeting cannot proceed while the dog is in the house."

The men sat and looked at each other and the boys of my size giggled and laughed but nobody put the dog out. The suspense soon began to grow painful, when finally Judge Rockwell, a very precise old gentleman, who was always well dressed, came to the rescue and went for the dog. He thought he would just motion the dog out with his cane but the dog was not built that way. He took it that the Judge was about to make war on his mistress and so made a charge on the Judge and tore a piece out of his pants leg. The Judge retreated crestfallen while the congregation laughed hilariously and Mrs. Robinson indignantly left the church with her dog.

James Bawlding lived near the mounds at the mouth of Quiver Lake. He farmed through the week and preached on Sunday, and was not much of a success at either. He

was always trying to find some way to make work easier. We recollect one spring he used his sleigh to cross the ground for corn. It made two rows at a time. The neighbors were nearly ready to mob him as they said it was laziness which made him make his poor horse haul him back and forth across the field. But Bawlding was making two rows to their one.

Seba Bawlding lived in town and fished during the fishing season and made some very large hauls. He moved to California in an early day. Seba would preach on Sundays whenever there was an opening for him and was about as good a preacher as either of his brothers, except that he murdered the English language terribly and would give a learned preacher fits. On one occasion he said Paul was not a learned man. "Why," he said, "Paul said himself that he was brought up at the foot of Gamel Hill and who ever heard of a college at the foot of Gamel Hill?" At another time he quoted from the Apostle "Jim," to shorten the name we suppose. The Bawldings were all good honest men and preached the gospel in its simplicity.

There was another Baptist preacher named Norton who worked at the shoemaker's trade with Osborn. He belonged to the hard shell variety and had the holy tone. He would work himself up so bad that sometimes it would take him several days to get over it. And yet no person who was acquainted with him ever doubted his Christianity. He was raised and educated in the whang doodle style.

John McDaniel preached occasionally in Havana about the time the war broke out. The Rev. F. Ingmire also preached some in Havana about the same time. He was an intensely loyal man and prayed for the success of the union arms. At one time he had an appointment in the country. It was sacrament day and an old Baptist deacon had the elements prepared. He brought the bread and wine and set them on the table. Ingmire opened up with a song and then prayed and as usual asked the Lord to knock the Southern

Confederacy into a cocked hat, to destroy slavery and let the oppressed go free. This was more than the old deacon could stand and he crawled on his hands and knees and got his basket off the table. When Ingmire finished his prayer the deacon was on his way home at a 2:40 gait. Ingmire took in the situation and informed his congregation that owing to circumstances over which he had no control there would be no Lord's supper that day. The occurrence was published in the county papers at the time and widely copied by the neighboring press.

ROBERT McREYNOLDS

must have come to Mason county in the early forties as he was living east of Havana when we first came to the country. He was a man of decided convictions. In religion a Methodist, not of patent-right kind but one of the John Wesley kind. In politics he was a democrat of the Thomas Jefferson kind. Like most of the early settlers, he did not settle on the prairies, though thousands of acres lay vacant at \$1.25 an acre ready for the plow. He chose rather to clear a farm out in the brush east of where Uncle Alex Hop-ping lives.

He had a large family of three boys and six girls, and he lived on this farm till his family grew to womanhood and manhood. All respected for their moral worth, they were quiet in their demeanor and attended to their own business.

Mr. McReynolds' house for many years was headquarters for Methodism and many a circuit rider found here a home, after a round of three weeks on his circuit.

Uncle Robert was a great friend of campmeetings in his early days and always camped on the grounds. Campmeetings were held because churches were scarce and school-houses would not hold the people. They would commence

on Tuesday and hold over till the next Tuesday. The tents would be built in a circular form around the auditorium where the people would be seated. Peter Acres, Peter Cart-right, William Rutledge and Rev. Shunck we recollect as preachers in those days. Uncle Robert enjoyed a camp-meeting and always took part in the exercises.

We have heard an anecdote that occurred at one of these meetings that will hurt no one connected with it, which we beg leave to relate: It was the custom for the men to sit on one side and the ladies on the other side of the grounds and a committee was appointed to see that this was carried out. The meeting had got to be quite warm and interesting and some of the men had gotten on the women's side. Uncle Robert was near the altar and motioned to Aaron—who was one of the transgressors, to come away while Aaron mistook his signals for him to come to the altar. "Not tonight Mr. McReynolds." Another signal was given and still Aaron mistook it for an invitation to come. Mr. McReynolds now getting impatient went to him and said. "I tell you, you must come." "Not tonight Mr. McReynolds." About this time Aaron seeing that he must do something left the crowd and did not go to the altar.

Mr. McReynolds stood in high esteem in the democratic party and was elected to nearly all the offices in their gift. Was county assessor, judge, justice of the peace and filled well all these offices. He moved to Havana in the fifties and was a highly respected citizen. His word was as good as his bond. No stain of character ever rested on him. He was an ideal christian citizen, was ever ready to bear any burden that would advance the cause of christianity or better the condition of his fellow man. Would that there were more Robert McReynolds.

THE HOWELL FAMILY

The oldest was Charles who lived up near the Quiver mills and at one time was a cabinet maker. My father bought a set of chairs in 1849 of him that now are in good order and are good enough for a parlor. He owned one hundred and sixty acres of as good land west of Howelltown as there was in the country. My brother R. J., broke forty acres of it for him with a big ox team referred to in a former letter.

Charles Howell, while he made Quiver his home was of a roving disposition. He made a number of trips west and the last we heard of him he was down in Texas. He had some brothers whom we do not remember except Bart and Theodore. Bart lives in the corporate limits of Havana and for fifty years has been a good quiet citizen. The penitentiary would never have been built had all men been like Bart Howell. He will never have any use for the new jail in Havana. The lawyers will never get rich with the bills they collect of him.

Theodore Howell was the youngest and moved to Missouri some years ago. He was a pretty good fellow. We often met him at corn huskings or wood choppings at night at the social gatherings where Theodore was always ready to do his part. We learned while at Havana Chautauqua from Bart that he was not expected to live. He had just received word from Missouri.

OTHER OLD SETTLERS

Mention might be made of Pulaski Scovel who lived at Waterford and at whose mill all the lumber was made that was used till the canal was finished, which was in 1850. The families that lived in the town got their living from the saw-

mill. The whole country was heavily timbered, the bottoms with burr oak, walnut and hickory, while in the uplands was the finest of white oak. The mill at Waterford sawed some of the finest oak lumber that was ever marked, and Pulaski Scovel was the man that sawed it. Scovel owned a fine farm east of Havana where Rube Henninger now lives; but in after years moved to Leases Grove, where he lived and died fifteen years ago, an old but much respected man. He delivered his lumber at Havana with ox teams. George Moranville was one of his drivers and could make an ox do anything he wanted.

The day of oxen has passed away and a new era has dawned. Gore Palmer said at Old Salem that the horse race and shooting match had to go as the Chautauqua had taken its place.

A circular sawmill at Havana in 1854, run by the Webbs, worked up the elm and cottonwood. I recollect getting a couple of thousand feet of it that shrunk four inches end-ways and that twisted around like a gin barrel.

Yet the people were happy in those days, their wants were about in keeping with their income and there was more friendly feeling among the people. A man was measured by what he was worth, mentally and morally. Now we have so many pumpkin fed aristocrats that a modest man is kept in the back ground.

As before mentioned we drove an ox team at Havana for years. Most of our hauling was from the bluffs above Waterford in Fulton county, where many good people lived and some that were not so good. There were the Mileses, the Warners, the Arnots and the Pottses, all good honest people. We often drove up there and stayed over night and the neighbors would come in to hear the news from town and to get us to do their figuring for them. Most of their figuring was as to the number of acres or rods they had grubbed for their neighbors. The land would be in all kinds of shapes and sizes. Sometimes they would want to know

the amount that their rails would come to. There were no schoolhouses in the neighborhood at that time. But finally they agreed to build a schoolhouse and it was located on Tom Arnot's land. The people turned out and hewed the logs and built the house. Then the question arose as to who should teach the school. Tom Arnot thought as the building was on his land he could teach the cheapest because he could board at home. Mrs. Potts objected. Her daughter, Hulda Ann had better "larnin." "Now," said she, "Tom Arnot has got no book larnin." He says there is only two rules in grammar; one is to write the English language correctly and the other is to write it properly. "Now," said she, "I know three more than that myself. There is etymology, syntax and prosidy and I don't know how many more." But Tom got the school.

There were many outlaws living in the bottoms and on the bluffs above and below Waterford who would steal, rob hen roosts and drive off cattle and hogs. They would hide from the officers during the day time and make their escape at night. Dave Waggoner, who was sheriff for twenty-five years, would take Tow Ellsworth, who now lives at Forest City, go out and lay for the outlaws at night and capture their men before daylight the next morning. Mr. Ellsworth can relate many thrilling experiences he had with Waggoner.





CHAPTER XLIII.

DR. CHARLES NEWTON



NE OF the notable characters that settled in Lewistown was Dr. Chas. Newton familiarly called Dr. Newt. He was an eastern man and was well educated and was considered a very good and skillful doctor. He was the only practicing physician in the county for about two years. He kept no office but made his home with O. M. Ross. He would occasionally take a drinking spree that would last a day or two but aside from this was as perfect a gentleman as any person could wish to have in their house.

He was a good deal attached to Ross and often said that there was no place that seemed so much like as Ross.' A year after Dr. Newton came down to live with Ross' he was the first doctor in Lewistown and the first in Havana while living at Ross.' In Havana Harvey's mother started him out to hunt a girl to do the house work. He crossed the river and struck off into south Fulton and every house he struck he inquired for girls and finally he was directed to an old gentleman who lived down in the edge of Schuyler county by the name of Londerbach who was said to have four girls. He found the place and told his business and one of the girls agreed to go. It was a long trip and they did not arrive home till after dark. The doctor had gone to bed but called Harvey to his room and wanted to know what kind of a girl he had brought home. He was told that she was a

splendid looking girl. Do you think she would make me a good wife asked he? Harvey told him that he thought she would make any man a good wife. So the doctor courted her and in three months they were married.

Havana was at that time in Tazewell county and Tremont was the county seat fifty miles away, so the doctor got his license at Lewistown and employed Esq. J. P. Boice to come down and marry them, as the marriage had to be performed in the county where the license was procured.

A crowd of twenty-five or thirty with Esq. Boice and the bride and groom moved out in the channel of the Illinois river in a boat until they were past the middle of the river so as to be in Fulton county and there was a young harness maker of Havana who had been paying attention to Miss Londerback and in fact was very much smitten with her for she was handsome and attractive. When Esq. Boice was repeating the marriage ceremony and came to the place that if any persons had any objection why said parties should not be bound in the holy bonds of matrimony to let it be known or ever afterward hold their peace, young Cook rose up and said he objected. The squire asked him what his objections were?

He replied that he wanted the girl himself. Esq. Boice told him that he did not consider his objection legal and went and finished the ceremony. The ferry boat then rowed back to town where a wedding supper was given by the host and hostess and the table was spread with the best the country could afford.

The Indians, at a certain stage of the moon each fall, held a great religious festival on the island just above Havana. It was then heavily timbered and a picturesque spot. The Indians would congregate there by the hundreds, and their religious rites and ceremonies would last four days. They had an abundance of good things to eat and spent their time in singing and dancing.

One of their ceremonies was to burn a dog to death. They would select a small white dog and make his feet fast with four wooden pins, which they would drive in the ground and then pile wood and burn over him until he was covered four or five feet deep. They would set fire to the pile and then gather in a ring around it. When the dog commenced to burn he would set up the most terrific and awful howling that was ever heard. His cries would ring through the woods for half a mile. When the dog commenced howling the Indians would set up some doleful, dismal cries and keep it up as long as the dog kept howling.

Then followed a war dance that would end the festival. Leonard Ross was present at one time when they made a sacrifice of a little dog. He was only eight years old but when the dog made such a yelping, he wanted to clean out the whole Indian tribe.

The mounds above and below Havana show that it was a great resort for the dusky warriors and whether the mounds are the work of their hands or not, they were used as burial places for their tribes.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

This is an age of progress. If we should live a thousand years it would always be a pleasing thought that we did not live back of the eighteenth century. All of the great inventions have been ushered in within the recollection of our fathers and grandfathers. The boy of fifteen now considers his father an old crank, and knows more than his grandfather did at fifty. While some of the new changes may be unimportant, some may be like the crawfish advance backwards. Let us compare notes awhile.

The time was when the preacher read his hymn in a loud

impressive voice so that his hearers had the sentiment of the song in their hearts, and then would commence at the first verse and read two lines and the whole congregation would join in and sing, and they had time to get their breath while the hymn was lined.

Now the preacher announces the page and calls the verses stanzas and sits down to rest while the choir mechanically grinds out the grist, and should some good old brother or sister be moved by the spirit to strike up "Come Thou Fount" or "Children of the Heavenly King" or "On Jordons Stormy Banks," without the aid of the music box a ripple of merriment would run through the house and the choir would be amazed.

Time was when the gallant youth could march along in majestic dignity with some little dimpled hand-clasped in his awkward arm and who could sing "Your a strong Engined Boat; your speed isn't slow; So fair one be kind here is a Flat you must Tow."

Time was when people were acquainted with their neighbors who lived in a circle of five miles, and with the whole family would make an all day's visit, and when the wife would exhibit her quilt patches and could tell where every piece come from. "This is some of grandmother's dress, this is some my sister from Ohio sent me," and then before the guests started home would get the seed box and divide and could tell by the string what was in each package.

The canned fruit dispensator had not been ushered in and the fruit was all dried and apple butter was the standard with most of families. "Soft soap," when the moon was right, took the place of "Lenox" and "Ivory."

There was not so much "Etty Cat." You did not have to eat with your fork or drink coffee with a spoon. Instead of style you had something to eat and your own way of eating it.

Perhaps the new ways are the best, yet us old fellows always have a hankering after the old. Yet Adam never saw

a World's Fair. Noah never saw a steamboat or railway. David never heard a brass band. Peter never telephoned. George Washington never rode on a street car. Abraham Lincoln never saw a bicycle. Our grandmother made her music on a spinning wheel. Her granddaughter plays on a "piany forte," and don't know how to darn a hole in the heel of her stocking.

RIVERSIDE PARK

In 1845, just fifty years ago, when a lad of fifteen, we first set our foot on Riverside soil at the south end near the mound. A German by the name of John Shulte had erected a warehouse there and kept a small store in the upper story. He soon had the German trade as far east as Long Point.

We recollect seeing the Himmel's and Wessling's and Bishop's hauling their grain there, and it is believed that about as much grain was marketed there as at Havana.

The grain all being sacked up, a steamboat would land along side of the house and for several hours load out of the warehouse.

The untimely death of John Shulte was caused by his going down in his well to clean it out. The rope broke, and the bucket struck him on the head, killing him instantly.

Mrs. Schulte continued the business for a number of years and was married again to John Korhman, but died back of 1850. She was of strong mind and could hold her own with any kind of a customer.

We recollect one day when a boat was loading a captain was filling his pockets out of an egg basket, when Mrs. Schulte with a board gave his coat a whack and broke all his eggs.

The mound at that day contained many Indian relics and was no doubt built by the red men as were other mounds above Havana.

Steam boating was then the only mode of conveyance and the old single engined boats could be heard for five miles and as we lived only half a mile back we had time to get there and see the boats pass. Among the first-class boats were the Ocean Wave, Prairie State, John J. Hardin, Die Vernon and Connecticut.

In 1848 the first boat with a steam whistle came up and its unearthly scream alarmed the whole country for miles around. Our first impression was that the "biler had busted." Where the grounds are located we have killed dozens of squirrels and caught catfish in front of the park that weighed from ten to twenty pounds.

Little did we dream that in a half of a century thousands of people representing the culture and advanced civilization of the age would tent upon the ground, where the deer and wolf had held disputed sway, and that the peerless Divine who had entranced the world, by his eloquence, or that the inimitable Sam Jones should hold an audience on the banks of the majestic Illinois.



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