MEMOIRS

MARX D. HAUBERG

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OF

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MRS. M. D. HAUBERG.

PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER, MRS. JOHN D. HAUBERG.

MEMOIRS

OF

MARX D. HAUBERG

BEING A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE IMMIGRATION OF HIS PARENTS AND THEIR CHILDREN FROM SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, 1848; A YEAR'S LIFE AND TRAVEL VIA NEW YORK, PITTSBURGH; IN TENNESSEE, ALABAMA AND KENTUCKY, AND LIFE IN ROCK ISLAND COUNTY, ILL., AND SCOTT COUNTY, IOWA, 1849 TO 1923 INCLUSIVE

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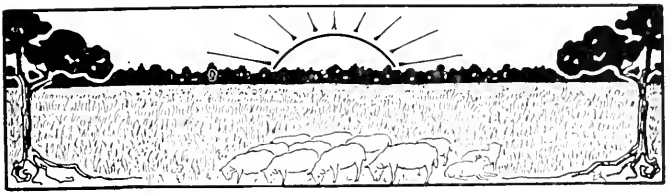


OUR people were Schleswig-Holsteiners. I was born September 29, 1837, in Lustigen Bruder, one mile from Kiel, Holstein, at that time Denmark, now Prussia, Germany.. When I was one year old my folks moved to Kieler Raisdorf. I went to school when I was seven years old, with a song book and primer under my arm. I went to school there three years. When I was eight years old I broke my right leg, close to the body, from which I lay in bed five weeks and five weeks I walked on crutches.

School would open in the morning with song and prayer; then the teacher would exhort and explain different phrases from the Bible for a half hour — the same as in Sunday School here in America. I never had an arithmetic nor a geography in school. We had to learn so many verses of a hymn and of the Bible every week. When there was a funeral in the village the school children sang at the house, before the corpse was taken to the church. The church was at Preetz,

one German mile away. It would be four and one-half miles in America. Everybody walked.

Father worked mostly in the timber. It was called the "Vogelsang" forest. This land belonged to the Government. Enough timber was cut in the fall to

The Public School which I attended, 1841 to 1847, inclusive, at Raisdorf.

supply the demand, and during the year young trees were planted to equal or exceed the number cut down in the fall. The last three years we were there I helped father plant young trees, one year old. Father dug the holes and I set the trees in. Oak, beech, ash and willow were planted mostly. Father was in charge of the work, and when more men were needed he superintended them. The nursery where they planted the seeds and started the trees had a high fence around it so the deer could not get in and crop off the young

trees. The fence was a high dirt bank or wall, five or six feet high with brush growing on top of it so the deer could not jump over it. They had lots of deer there, and they were so tame I got within just a few yards of one of them one time.

They had three markets a year in Kiel. "Fastlom" or Shrove Tuesday on the 14th of February, "Johannis" or St. John's Market on June 24th, and "Magalis" or St. Michael's Market on the 29th of September. They sold everything imaginable: horses, cattle, hogs, vegetables, clothing, boots, shoes, harness, wood, turf, coal, fruits, etc. It was customary at the June Market for people who did not have much to buy a pig, and in September four or five would club together and buy a beef cow.

It was the custom for the women to go to market.

Village scene, Raisdorf. My uncle, Marx Hauberg, lived in the thatched cottage in the left foreground.

Mother would come home carrying a little pig under her arm. It would be tied up in a sack, and we children would play with it. We fed the pig slop, ground barley and peas, and goat's milk. Every poor family kept a goat for milk. By Christmas time the pig would have grown to a weight of 200 pounds or more and would be butchered. Father would go in with four or five neighbors and buy a beef. He knew how to butcher and they would share the meat. They would take turn about carrying the hide to Kiel and stop at every "Gasthaus" for a drink. They would sell the hide and divide the money.

At Christmas time we children would make what was called a "Rummel pot," made by stretching a bladder across the mouth of an earthen jar and having a stick run through it. When you worked the stick it gave off a loud noise. You could hear it nearly half a mile. A crowd of fifteen or twenty of us would get together and go from house to house with these rummel-pots or drums. We would rattle them and then sing Christmas carols and then wait for the folks to come out and give us something. Sometimes they gave us "Meh," a drink made with honey, or they would give us a "Sesling" which was one cent.

March 14th, 1848, we had a sale in the forenoon and sold our household goods, had dinner with Uncle Marx, father's oldest brother, and that afternoon went to Kiel. A young man by the name of Roggenkampf hauled our trunks and boxes. We staid over night with

mother's brother, Clement Griese. This same day Schleswig-Holstein had its first battle, as rebels, with Denmark for the same reason that America rebelled against England in 1775. Father's youngest brother, Joachim, and a brother of the man who brought us to

The Stadt Kirche at Preetz which we attended.

Kiel were in that battle in a Dragoon Regiment, Cavalry. After this man had brought us to Kiel that afternoon he rode out to the battlefield, returned to Kiel the next morning about fifteen minutes before train time, and reported both young men were all right. Father wanted to know how his brother had fared in the battle.

We left Kiel at 9:30 in the morning and arrived in Hamburg at 11:30 and had dinner and supper with

mother's oldest brother, Marx Griese, a blacksmith by trade. After supper we went to the wharf, where a boat was waiting to take us to the ship in the harbor.

Mother bid her two brothers goodbye for the last time. Mother took it pretty hard. We got on the

The Smithy of Marx Clement Griese, my grandfather, at Ehuschenhagen, Holstein.

ship just before dark. The other people who were going with us were already there, thirty-five in all. We were seven in our family, including mother's sister Doris, father and mother, brother Jergem Detlef, my two sisters Doris and Lena, and myself.

The ship left the harbor somtime during the night. The next morning, when we got on deck, we could just see a glimpse of the land back of us. We came in a sail-ship to New York in thirty-five days. One night,

during the voyage, a terrific storm took the top off the hatch and the water just poured in on us. Before they could get the top on again we were in two feet of water. There were from three to four hundred passengers down there; and if there were any who had never prayed to God before, they prayed that night.

We were in quarantine in New York harbor one day, there being three sick people on board. Mother's sister, Doris, was one of them. We stayed in New York three days. The second day mother's sister was released from the hospital. We left New York in the afternoon and arrived in Philadelphia the next morning, where we stayed a day and a night, leaving in a railroad car drawn by two horses through the city. Outside of the city the cars were hooked onto a locomotive that took us as far as the mountains. There the cars were attached to a cable and pulled up the mountain. There were three passenger cars. Half way up the mountain we met three coal cars coming down. On top of the mountain the cars were again drawn by a locomotive for a short distance; then we went down the mountain without the locomotive.

When we got over the mountains we travelled on a canal boat for two days, then on the train again for a while, then on a canal boat again for three days to Pittsburg. On the last boat we met about an equal number of Irish immigrants. They and the Germans got into a fight, the Irish women fought the same as

the men, and the boatmen put up a partition of soap boxes. We stayed in Pittsburg a day and a night. Here the women saw yellow corn meal for the first time, and remarked "How wise the people are in America; they mix the eggs right with the flour; we must have some of that." When they got it they baked pancakes. Nobody liked the pancakes, and they thought it was a 'sell'.

From Pittsburg we went down the Ohio River on a steam boat to Paducah, Kentucky, and stayed there three days, then got on a boat again and went up the Tennessee River to Tuscumbia, Alabama, where we stayed over night, and the next morning got on the train to go to Decatur, Alabama, a distance of forty miles. We boarded the train about 8 o'clock that morning and rode all day, stayed over night in a little town, and arrived in Decatur about 11 o'clock a. m. the next day (one day and a half to travel forty miles). There were no coaches, only flat cars, and we sat on boxes. The roadbed was like all other railroad beds; but the rails were two-by-fours of wood nailed to the ties, with a wagon tire spiked to the rails. It was blackberry time and we boys would get off and pick a cap-full of blackberries, then run and catch up with the train and get on. When the engineer saw us he would speed up; then the cars would get off the track and it would take some time to get them on again. There was an extra car with hand-spikes, blocks and six negroes to put cars back on the tracks.

We stayed at Decatur two days, waiting for a steamboat to take us to Kingston, Tennessee, fifty miles below Knoxville. We left Decatur June 21st. The weather was very hot. We were on the boat three days. The last day, the 23rd, my younger sister, Lena, died. She was three years old. A young boy, two years old, died; and an old lady, coming with her son's family, after sweeping the floor, sat down in a chair to rest and died with the broom in her hand. All three were buried in the Presbyterian Cemetery at Kingston on June 24th, 1848. A Methodist Protestant minister by the name of George Yost preached the funeral sermon. We still have his certificate of burial.

We stayed in Kingston two days; then moved to Wartburg, about twenty miles from Kingston, with three mule teams, six mules to a team. We forded one river. In Wartburg, where we stayed three weeks, we saw our first Fourth of July celebration. We did not understand the meaning of the noise in the morning. I had to find out. I could already understand some English and talk a little.

There was nothing doing in Wartburg, so fathter and a man by the name of Pender, went to Knoxville to work. They helped make pipes and lay them. Logs from one and one-half to two feet thick, with holes bored through them, laid end to end, were used to pipe water to the city from a spring some distance away.

We had lived in Wartburg about three weeks when the boss came, a man by the name of Nerga. My folks, while in Germany, had hired out to work for this man in America. He had a big farm in Germany. American agents told him he could do better in America; that he had better sell and come to Tennessee; Tennessee was mountainous; there were gold, silver, copper, zinc, lead, coal — all kinds of minerals in the mountains; all that was lacking was labor to get it out. So Nerga sold his farm for $50,000.00 and hired men in Germany to get out the gold and silver. He hired six married men with families, four single men, two young maiden ladies. These men had various occupations — one was a carpenter, one was a millwright and a miller, one was a blacksmith, one, a shoemaker, one a weaver, one a forester (father was the forester) and the rest were farmers; in fact, they were all Jacks-of-all-trades.

Nerga bought a farm ten miles above Kingston on the Tennessee River — three thousand acres. About four hundred acres were bottom land, three islands in the river, and the rest was mountain land, the right, and the ferry boat also — it was called Penrock Ferry — for $30,000.00. He got all the implements, horses, cattle, hogs, poultry and the Post Office in the bargain. Tennesee being a slave state, the man he bought of had slaves. When the men and negroes had moved out, we moved in.

There was a blacksmith shop close to the river, tools

and all, also in the bargain. All the mechanics had brought their tools with them from Germany, so the blacksmith shop was well stocked with tools. The blacksmith went right to work and had all the work he could do.

Father superintended the farm work for about three or four weeks, until the other fellows learned what to do. After that he helped the blacksmith and ran the ferry-boat, which was rowed across the river with oars.

I went to school in a private house for six weeks. The man who taught me was from the North. He was the only native American I knew who could read and write. He was also a Justice of the Peace. His name was Graves. Mr. Nerga had a large house, with one big room, and I taught school in that room. I did not know much, but my pupils knew less. I knew about as much then as I know now. I also acted as Postmaster. I was the only one in the bunch who could speak and read English. I was also interpreter for the boss. Every Saturday I went to Kingston on horseback, ten miles, to get the mail. When the boss had business anywhere, I went along to talk for him. I was a good scholar in Germany for a boy ten years old. We learned the English letters in school there. In writing and reading, all I had to do was to translate them, and that was not hard to do.

We all lived in a log cabin, with a big fire place and a large wooden chimney. Everybody cooked and

baked in the fire place in a kettle. Our chimney caught fire twice while we lived there and we had to push it over, to keep the house from burning up, and build a new one. It was built of split sticks plastered with clay.

When we had lived there about nine months the blacksmith and father got into a mix-up with some moonshiners from over the river. The blacksmith and father were ironing a wagon box across the road from the shop. These moonshiners had six horses hitched to their wagon and drove squarely against the wagon box that father and the blacksmith were working on. The blacksmith said to the moonshiners (there were two of them) in German, "I should think the road is wide enough to go by without running over the box", when one of the fellows jumped at the blacksmith, to hit him with his fist; but he was too slow. The blacksmith picked him up and threw him against a rail fence. The rail broke and the fellow's head went between the upper and lower rails and his face was skinned. The upper rail had to be lifted to get the fellow out.

The moonshiners were loaded with alcohol and were going to Kingston. In Kingston they got a warrant and had father and the blacksmith arrested for murder — or trying to commit murder. The man's face was scratched up, all bloody and his clothes too. He had not washed the blood from his face or his clothes and looked as if somebody had tried to murder him.

The next morning after the mix-up a constable and two more men came from across the river and arrested father and the blacksmith. They brought two extra horses for the two to ride. One of the men came after me — I was at home. He told me to come along; that they had the two arrested, and wanted me to talk for them. "Get right on here, behind me," he said and I got on. They used their own ferry boat to ferry us over the river. There were two ferry boats—one on each side of the river. Each ferried across what came on his side but took nothing back with him. It was getting dark. We rode about eight miles through the timber and it got dark as pitch. The man I rode with was ahead, the criminals next, and the constable and the other fellow brought up the rear.

Everything was ready for the trial. The Squire read the warrant, then asked them if they were guilty. I said "No". "Bub, how do you know", said the Squire, "ask them"? I said "I know they wont plead guilty." Then the Squire said, "Proceed; go ahead." He said to the two moonshiners, "Get up, hold up your hands", and swore them in. They had no lawyer. The squire asked the questions. When they were through telling their story, he told father and the blacksmith to get up and hold up their hands. I said, "Do you want me too?" He said, "No, you are too young." I think the two of them did not understand a word he said.

Father told mother the whole story in the evening

of the day it happened, while we were eating supper, and I took it all in. When the man who was hurt was telling his story — how the blacksmith threw him against the fence and broke it — I said, "Didn't you try to hit him first?" The Squire said, "Bub, you keep still." I said, "Yes, he did." The Squire said, "Bub, if you don't keep still I will put you in the other room." I said, "He did," and he put me in the other room. I was not sorry, for his family lived there and the lady asked me if I had had supper. I said "No," and she gave me something to eat: corn bread and fried pork.

While I was eating the Squire came in and told me to come back. The lady said, "Let him eat his supper." "All right," said the Squire, and he stayed there and asked me all I knew about the case and I told him what father had told mother at the supper table — how it happened. When we got back in the Court room he told father he was clear — he did not find him guilty. "I find you guilty and put you under $1,000.00 bond," he said to Penter, the blacksmith. Then he told father and me we could go home.

Father said to me, "Tell the Squire we want a horse to ride home." I told him and he said, "I have no horse." I told father what he said. Father said, "Tell him we had a horse to ride when we came here and we want one to ride back home." I told the Squire this. Then he told one of the men there to let us have a horse; so we got a horse but no saddle. Father said,

"Tell him we want a saddle." I told the Squire this and he said to the fellow, "Get him a saddle," and he did. The Squire said, "Bub, you tell the boss to come over tomorrow and sign a bond and the blacksmith can go back home with you."

When we got to the river we tied the horse to the rail fence and took their skiff to cross the river. To get to our home we had to pass the home of the boss and father stopped to tell him what the squire had said. This was about 3:00 o'clock in the morning. At about 7:00 o'clock the boss sent for me. He was all ready; told me to get on. I told him we should take another horse with us for the blacksmith to ride home. He got another horse and I rode it. Father ferried us across the river. We took the horse with us that we had tied to the fence, but it broke away and ran home. When we got there the boss signed and the blacksmith came home with us.

Everything was all right for about three or four weeks, then Court opened. Squire Graves, our neighbor, told the blacksmith he had to go to Kingston; Court was in session. Father and I went with him. I was to do the talking. Squire Graves also went with us. He was the Court Bailiff. They found a doctor in Kingston who could speak German, so they had no more use for me in Court.

Father and the blacksmith walked to and from Kingston every morning and evening during Court —ten miles—and reported to the boss. The second

day the doctor told them they should make application to become citizens of the United States, which they did. When they reported this to the boss in the evening, he said, "I did that the day before — I did not tell you to do that. That puts you on an equal footing with me. You had better get out."

"I will see you about it in the morning," father said.

The next morning father asked him if he meant what he said. He said he did. Then father said to him, "When this trial is over, we will move."

"I am sorry to see you go," said the boss, "but I can't take back what I said."

"Well," father said, "if you don't take back what you said we will go." The trial was put off for about a week. Before they had a hearing the blacksmith was acquitted.

When they came home that evening father asked the boss for a yoke of oxen and a cart to haul our goods to the river bank. He let him have a yoke.

"Will you leave Marx here with me?" he said to father, "I will treat him as my own boy and send him to college." Father said, "No, I will take him along." I think father and the blacksmith had about $7.50 between them. We stayed one day on the river bank, before a boat came down from Knoxville to take us to Decaaur, Alabama. We then came on to Davenport, Iowa.

The contract they had made in Germany with Mr. Nerga was that each should have a house to live in,

such as was customary in the country they moved to—which was a log house—the use of one cow, a three-hundred pound hog and four dollars in money per month. Mother was to have seven cents a day when she worked, and I got five cents a day.

The kettle we brought from Tennessee, in which mother did the family cooking.

Mother's sister died of a fever about a month before we left Tennessee.

I remember mother baked bread on the river bank in an iron kettle. She set the kettle on hot coals, turned the lid of the kettle upside down and put hot coals on top. We have the kettle yet, or else my son John H. Hauberg has it. We had two tripods. We did all our own cooking on our travels. We came down

the river on the boat Tippicanoe. All our trunks and boxes that we had brought with us from Germany, and in addition two cane bottom chairs and a dog, we carried with us to Moline. We had the dog on the farm until he died of old age. We called him "Packan", — "Take hold."

We were three days on the boat going to Decatur. We lacked $2.50 in having enough money to pay our fare. I told the Captain to keep one of our boxes until he got his pay. "Take them along," he said, "you can pay me when I come back."

Father and Penter did all kinds of work while in Decatur, mostly digging cellars by contract; also handling freight, it being the terminal of the railroad and the steambot. The first time the boat came back, when we heard it whistle in the evening as it landed, father and I went on board and paid the Captain. Father gave him three dollars and he gave father back one dollar. "We owed you two and half," father said. "Two dollars is enough," he said "I did not think you would pay me so soon."

We stayed four weeks in Decatur. From there we went to Paducah, Kentucky. We boarded the train in the morning and got to Tuscombia, Alabama, in the afternoon; just half the time it took us when we made the trip from Tuscumbia to Decatur on the same road. At Tuscumbia we took a steamboat to Paducah, Kentucky. In paying our fare at Paducah we were four dollars short, and father borrowed the money

from the hotel man, where we stayed when we went to Tennessee.

At Paducah we went to the foundry to look for work. I asked for work for the two. "What can they do?" the boss said. I said, "This man is a blacksmith and this man can help, or he can do almost any kind of work around here." The boss handed me a piece of steel and said, "Tell the blacksmith to make a cold chisel from that."

I handed it to the blackmith and told him what the boss said. He looked at it and said, "That is no good; it is burned." He threw it down and looked around for another piece. He picked up another piece of steel and I asked the boss if he could use that. The boss said he could, and he made a cold chisel from that and handed it to the boss, who tried it. It was all right. I heard father and the blacksmith say they would like to have a dollar a day, when we went to the foundry.

"How much does he want a day?" the boss asked. I said, "One dollar and a half." The boss said, "All right, he can go to work right away."

Then the boss said, "What can he do?" meaning father. "He can help the blacksmith," I said. "How much does he want a day?" he said. "One dollar" I said. There were two big pieces of iron lying on the floor, and the boss said to me, "Tell him to weld them." The blacksmith put on a leather apron, told father to put the iron in the fire and blow the bellows, while he looked around to find what he wanted. He found

it. When the iron was hot, father took one piece and the blacksmith the other. When they had it welded the boss said, "He can stay too."

Father hired me out to the hotel man for $4.00 a month. I had to help peel potatoes, clean forks and knives, wait on the table, and help scrub the dining room. All the other help in the hotel were negroes. I had seen hotel servants sitting down, having a good time, but I did not find it so here. I have never in my life been so tired. I could stand up and sleep with my eyes open. Steamboats would come from New Orleans or St. Louis, up the river and down the river, from Louisville, Cincinnati and Pittsburg and the Tennessee River at any time during the night with passengers wanting something to eat. Sometimes we would not get to bed before twelve or one o'clock and would have to get up at three o'clock in the morning.

We stayed in Paducah one month and then got on a steamboat to come to Davenport. Mr. Penter, the blacksmith, stayed in Paducah. The foundry boss promised him $2.00 a day if he stayed. Our boat took us to St. Louis, where we were transferred to another boat by the name of "Wisconsin". We did not go on shore at St. Louis as they had the cholera there.

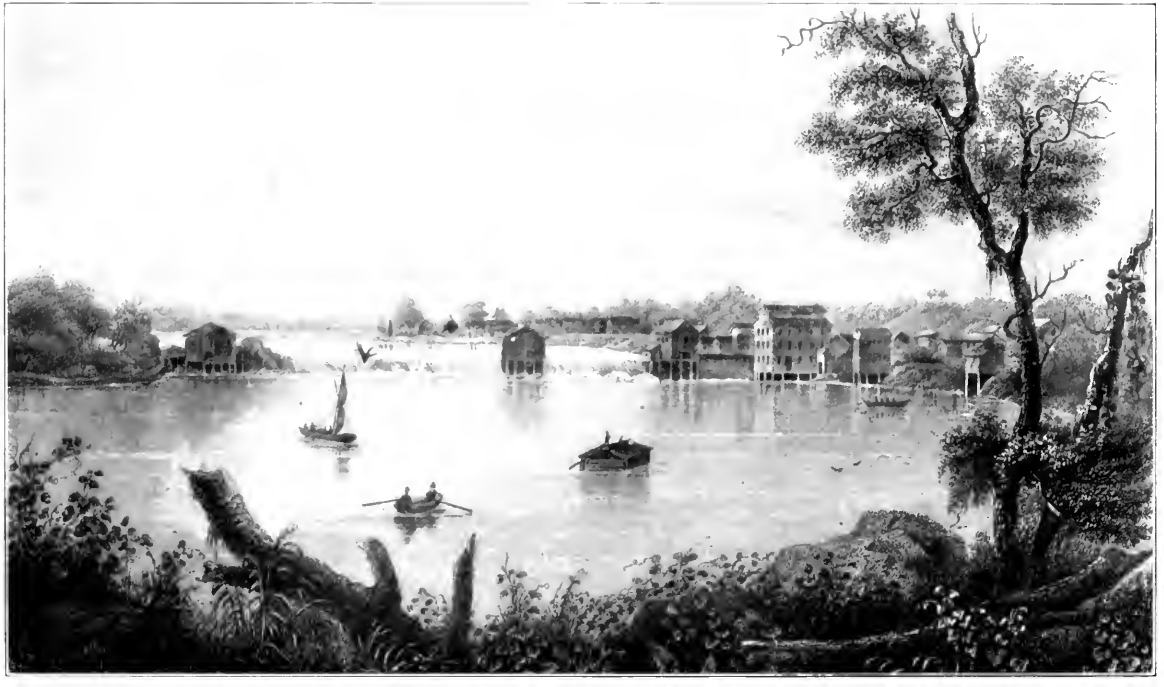
Three days later, about midnight, the "Wisconsin" landed us on the Davenport shore. We had all our household goods and a dog. We lit our pitch pine torches, we brought a good supply with us from the

South, and made our beds, crawled in and went to sleep. Next morning at daylight mother told me to get some dry wood. Below us, down where the St. James Hotel now is, at Front and Main Streets, was timber. We had no matches and we made our fire by using a steel, a flint and a kind of tow. We would make a spark that would ignite the tow. We had sticks dipped in sulphur, and touching them on the glowing tow, they would burn like matches.

While we were eating breakfast, a man by the name of Beyer came. He knew us. He was from Preetz. His brother-in-law lived in the same house with us in Germany. He came to Davenport in 1847 the same time as Wolf Liitt, father of August Liitt, now of Rock Island. Mr. Beyer told us where we could find Wolf Liitt, who was my Uncle. He was married to Father's sister. They lived on the Island working for Bailey Davenport or Mrs. Lewis.

After breakfast we got a boat and went to see the Liitt's. We surprised them. They did not know we were coming; they knew we were in America. After the greetings father told uncle Liitt he was looking for work. Uncle Liitt said there was no work in Davenport but there might be in Moline. We walked over the Island and over the stone and brush dam, where the bridge is now, to Moline.

There were two sawmills and one saw- and flour-mill combined in Moline. A man by the name of Obermeier ran the saw- and flour-mill. Father got



MOLINE, ILLINOIS, IN THE '50'S.

work there at seventy-five cents a day. I told Obermeier our goods were in Davenport, on the river bank, and asked him if he would send a team over there to get them. We would pay him for it. He said, "All right. I will send a team over to get the goods." We walked back to Uncle Liitt's and told him father got work.

When we got back to Davenport the team was there, loading up. We all went over on the ferry boat. It cost $1.50. Father had only seventy-five cents; but the teamster told the ferry-man he would see he got the rest of the money, as father was going to work for his boss. The ferry was what is called a horse-ferry — a horse on each side of the boat in a tread power. Planks were fastened to a chain that went round a pully, one end higher than the other; the horse would walk on the plank and that would turn around to run the wheel, or paddle, in the water.

Moline was three miles from Rock Island, through the timber. There was one farm between the two towns — William Brooks' farm He had a good orchard. He told me he got the seed from some rotten apples that were thrown from a steamboat going up the river with a load of apples for the Galena lead mines in the year 1839 or 1840. The farm was on the left hand side of the rail road tracks going to Rock Island, where the street car runs under the railroad bridge. In going to Moline from the ferry with our load of household goods, it being pretty bulky, we had

to pick our way through the woods, otherwise the limbs of the trees would rub the goods off the wagon.

We moved into a little shanty, about eight by twelve, near the river bank between 20th and 21st streets across a creek—the creek is not there now—about four rods west of where the Moline Tool Company factory is now, or at the East edge of Sylvan Park where the railroad cuts through. Our furniture filled up the shanty. We had a big chest, about six feet long, and a big box, one bed and a trundle bed and two chairs. That filled the shanty. We had no stove. Mother did the cooking and baking out doors. When it rained we stayed in doors and ate our grub cold. Father and mother slept in the bed and we three children slept in the trundle bed. I was eleven, my brother, Jergem Detlef (we called him Dave) nine and my sister, Doris, five years old. During the day we pushed the trundle bed under the other bed, or there would be no room to get into the shanty. We ate from the big box. Father and mother sat on the chairs and we children stood around the box. The shanty was boarded up and down, with batting, board roof with slabs over the cracks.

There were two families living across the creek. One, Joe Askew and his family, moved to a farm southeast of Cordova, where John James Armstrong now lives. (Sec. 6, Coe twp.) Steve Askew, now living above Port Byron, is his son. He was about two years old when they moved away and I helped him on the

wagon. The other family's name was Berger. They had six girls and three boys. One of the girls married Ditmer Vieths, and one girl, Catherine, married a preacher by the name of Arndt — Sam Arndt's father. Sam Arndt had a cigar store in Rock Island some years ago.

Father worked for Obermeier about month; then he hired out to Mr. Patterson, grandfather to Corinth P. Curtis, who was guard at the Moline bridge a few years ago. Mr. Patterson was Road Commissioner of Moline. During the fore part of June four men started to grub out the trees and stumps to make a road to Rock Island where now Third Avenue Street cars run. In front of where Williams, White & Company's factory now stands, and down towards the river (or slough) was a little log house where a man by the name of Gamble lived; a little west of this log house at about what is now Seventh Street, Moline, they started to grub.

They grubbed the trees so they would fall in a pile and burned them. If there was a good saw log, Dave Sears got it. Bill Davis and another man would come with a cross-cut saw and two or three yoke of oxen and take it way. The grubbing was done before the ground froze up.

Mr. Patterson kept Father on the job burning the wood and brush after the grubbing was done. He got one dollar a day for burning and grubbing.

That fall, father bought and moved into a house

located on the side hill, on what is now Fourteenth Street, Moline. He bought it of George W. Bell for $50.00. There was about a half acre of land with it. Adjoining us on the west was Alex Swander. His house is now No. 725, Fourteenth Street. We had our barn and barnyard east of our house. North of us for about three blocks was timber, and no houses except those of William McEniry and Mike Hartzell's, and, at the foot of the hill, 14th to 15th Streets was a low, swampy place. I have seen cattle stuck in the mud there in the spring of the year, and helped pull them out. Where the Swedish Lutheran church is, and westward was timber so thick, you could not drive a wagon through it. They were large trees of saw-log size.

Father bought a three-legged cook stove from Obermeier for three dollars and fifty cents, and a clock for one dollar. He bought a good cow and calf of Bailey Davenport for twelve dollars and fifty cents. In the summer father had a week off from grubbing to make hay. It was wild hay and we made it where East Moline is now. Everybody in Moline had a cow or more, and one hog or more, and they made hay where we did. Snakes were so thick there we boys would catch them by the tail and throw them at each other.

My sister Elizabeth was born in the shantay, July 8, 1849.

I carried water for Mr. Patterson and for his men, sometimes, and fished when I did not carry water. I got ten cents a day. In the winter of 1850 I went to

The Gordon School at 1714 Third Avenue, Moline, in 1850.

school. There were no public schools in Moline then. We had to pay for schooling in those days. I went to school in old man Gordon's house. He was the father of Daniel Gordon, who died about five years ago. Dan was a young man at that time. The house is still standing. It is No. 1714, Third Avenue, Moline. I went about two weeks when I got into a fight with one of the boys from the other school. There were two schools. The well-to-do sent their children to the brick building on Sixteenth Street, between 4th and 5th Avenues, used for city hall afterwards, now it is a Fire station. The boys from that school came to rout us out. I stood my ground and licked the leader of their crowd. Then our teacher wanted me to apologize and I would not do it. I told him he did not take any pride in his school

and that he ought to be proud that we had licked them. "You had better pick up your books and get out" he said to me. I said "All right, give me back my money that is coming to me." "I will give that to your father" he said. I said "That was my money and I want it before I go. That money does not belong to my father." Then he went into old man Gordon's room and borrowed the money and handed it to me. I had paid for two months. I was the first foreign boy in school and they thought foreigners had horns and they would talk and act outrageously. Mother would say to me "Don't fight," but father would say, "Don't start any fight but if they start one don't come home licked."

The Gordon family lived in the west end of the house, and the school was kept in the east end, downstairs. The teacher's name I believe was Mason. There were about Twenty scholars. The furniture was a table and some benches. They had no desks and when your turn came to write you would move up to the table. The only books we used was a spelling book and McGuffy's readers. I used McGuffy's fourth reader as I had had some schooling in Tennessee. We did ciphering but we had no arithmetic books. We had no geography nor history or other books.

Among the scholars there were Rosa Bell who afterwards was Mrs. William Mill of Canoe Creek Township, Julia Ann Withrow who married Johnty Cool of Cordova and Ira Pratt who afterwards married the sister of Arthur Mead of Zuma.

After my school experience I had three jobs as a hired girl, carrying water and keeping up the fires where the women were sick.

During the winter father hired me out to man by the name of Matthias J. Rohlf who was on the Judge Grant farm, three miles north of Davenport, at four dollars a month. He also hired out my brother Dave to a farmer by the name of Untiedt living in what they called the "Probstei," about 6 or 7 miles northwest of Davenport, at two dollars a month. Dave was then ten years old and I was twelve. We were to drive oxen to a breaking plow during the breaking season.

I started to work about March 10th, 1850, with the instruction from mother, "Now you mind and do what they want you to do. If they turn you off and you come home, I will get after you with a stick and drive you back." I do not know whether brother Dave got the same instruction. Perhaps for me it was a timely instruction.

At home I had always slept in the same room, or in the room adjoining father and mother's room, but on the farm I had to sleep in a shanty about eight feet from the house, which was infested with rats. The first night one bit my big toe while I was asleep. It awakened me in a hurry; and when I made a noise, it frightened the rats — they were not used to company — and in running away they knocked everything down and made so much noise. I thought the shanty was

tumbling down. If the river had not been between us, perhaps I would have gone home.

The first three days I cut wood. The next morning the boss said to me, "Yoke up the black oxen — yoke the big black one first — and put them on the wagon and you can haul manure." I yoked the big black one first, but I got it on the wrong side; the other ox would not come under the yoke. He belonged on the "haw" side and the one I had yoked up belonged on the "gee" side. I turned the yoke over, but that made the bow come on top of the necks. That would not work. I unyoked this ox again and got him on the other side. That was all right; the "haw" ox then came under the yoke. I had never yoked any oxen before, nor had I seen it done. I had seen Bill Davis, the summer before, drive oxen when he snaked logs. I often went with him and had learned what "get-up", "haw" and "gee" and "back-up" meant and how to put them on the wagon.

I hauled manure that day. The second day, while I was hauling manure, the boss called me to the house to help him a minute. When I returned the oxen had broken the wagon tongue and gone into the field, taking a part of the tongue with them. I got them back, fixed up the tongue, and had it about done when the boss called me for dinner. He looked somewhat surprised when he saw me fixing the tongue and said it was a pretty good job. My boss had been a schoolmaster in Germany, and I wasn't there very long be-

fore I made up my mind that he knew about as much about farming and doing things as I did.

I hauled manure that week. Monday morning he told me to hitch the oxen to the wagon and take three turkey hens to Mr. Dibbern's, who lived about a mile and a half southeast from us, and nearer Davenport. Mr. Dibbern was the father of Charles Dibbern of Milan. We left the turkey hens with his flock of turkeys for two weeks; then I brought them home. Each hen laid fifteen eggs and hatched fifteen turkeys. I left the farm about November first, and they then had forty-eight turkeys, including the hens. I am writing this to show what luck some people have in spite of their ignorance. The turkeys took care of themselves.

After I returned from Mr. Dibbern's, the boss said, "Rig up the plow — it is in the barn — and you can plow the field across the road." I took off the clevis and hooked the ring of a log chain over the clevis and put it on the plow again. The chain was about ten feet long. I hooked it on the yoke ring and dragged the plow to the field. When I started to plow it went in beam deep, and in plowing over the little knolls, or hills, the beam of the plow was not high enough. I was plowing up the yellow clay. I plowed two rounds that day. When I returned to the house the boss asked me, "How does it go?"

"Pretty good," I said, "but the plow goes pretty deep."

"That is all right," he said, "I want to put wheat in there."

The next morning I plowed a little more than one round, when a boy, about my size, came up behind me and said, "Captain, aren't you plowing pretty deep?"

"The boss wants to plant wheat in this field," I said.

"He does? Well, you are killing the ground, plowing up that yellow clay."

"Don't you plow that deep?"

"No, by God, we don't."

"How deep do you plow?"

"I will show you," he said. "Do your oxen kick?"

"No," I said.

He went between the oxen, backed them up so the heels of the oxen touched the beam of the plow. He took hold of the plow handles and started up. The plow came right up within an inch or an inch and a half of the top. He plowed about a rod, when I told him to stop; he did not plow deep enough.

"Well," he said, "I guess you will have to let out the chain a couple of links."

Then we sat down and talked a while. He invited me to come and see him. He said his name was Cody and that he lived five miles east of there. He was looking for cattle. I went to see him the following September and found the place, a couple of miles northwest of Le Claire, but they had moved away. His name was Sam Cody, an older brother of "Buffalo Bill" Cody. He was killed in a horse race that fall.

His horse fell with him, and Sam's neck was broken. I did not tell him that I knew nothing about setting the plow until he showed me how. The land where I was plowing is on the west side of the Brady Street road, just across the line of the Davenport city limits (in the southwest quarter, Section Twelve).

When we had the seeding done we started out breaking for other people. The first we did was for Mr. Noel's, on the bluff, where Van DerVeer Park is now. That was all timber at that time. Noel had grubbed out some trees and had mowed the hazel brush. He mowed it with a scythe. The next place we broke was for Claus Vieths, about 7 miles west of Davenport. The second day we were there an Indian came along and stopped. When we came to the road he hailed us. The boss was afraid, but I went up to him. He was riding an Indian pony and he carried a rifle, a revolver and a bow and arrows. The pony's bit, the saddle stirrups and rifle were silver plated. He asked me how far it was to Davenport. While he stood there he would sometimes look toward the west. Then he went in that direction and was gone about ten minutes when he returned with the whole tribe — there must have been two hundred of them. They had ponies running loose with baskets on each side, a papoose in each basket, and some were carrying the tents.

A half mile north of us another breaking team was working. When these men saw the Indians they became frightened and went home, about eight miles

away. When we got back to the end the boss saw these men going home and he was afraid too and was going home. He said to me, "We will go home too."

"If you want to go home," I said, "go. You can take one yoke and go, but I will stay here."

"I want you to come along," he said.

I said, "No."

"Are you not afraid those Indians will come back? We are two miles from the nearest house."

"I am not afraid of the Indians — they are not coming back, they are going across the river."

"Go ahead," he said. "I'll stay too."

The other fellows came back just before dinner the next day. "It's a good thing we stayed," the boss said. "The other fellows lost three-quarters of a day."

The people for whom we were breaking the land had built a shanty for us to stay in and a yard to keep the cattle in. We herded the cattle until late in the evening and turned them out again early in the morning. They got no feed except what they grazed.

When we had finished breaking here we went to break for the boss. He owned one hundred and sixty acres two miles east of where Mt. Joy is now. He started me off ahead with three yoke of oxen hitched to a wagon loaded with forty green white-oak fence posts and fence boards. About two miles from home I came to a creek — Goose Creek, I think it was called. To get to the bridge I had to drive around a little curve. The bridge had been built just a short time and the

road leading up to it graded. It had rained quite hard the night before, and I had hard work keeping the oxen and the wagon in the road. The creek was full of water. I got on the bridge all right, but a little too much to one side — the planks were not nailed down — and when all four wheels got on the bridge the whole load, wagon and all, went over in the creek, the planks on top of the wagon.

I had been there about ten minutes when a man driving a team of horses came from the north. The man got off and came to where I was.

"Sonny, you missed the bridge, did you?" he said.

"I did not miss the bridge," I said, "but some fools put in the bridge and did not know enough to nail the planks down."

"Well," he said, "I helped to put in the bridge and put on the planks, but we did not have any spikes. I was going to town to get some to nail them down. Where are you going with the posts and fence boards?"

"I don't know; the boss will be along soon."

"Who is your boss?" he said. I told him Mr. Rohlf was the boss.

"Aren't you pretty young to send out with a load like this? How old are you?"

"Twelve years. I guess I am not too young," I said. "You had better stay and help me out."

Just then the boss came around the corner. "What's the matter?" he said.

"No matter at all," I said; "it's all water."

"Are you from town?" the man said. I said, "Yes, I am from town." "I thought so," he said. I did not know why he asked me that question. The man was a brother of Henry Saddoris, of Coe Town. I met him quite often after I grew up. He used to remind me of the affair and would have a good laugh.

The next morning we fished the wagon, fence boards and fence posts out of the creek. Two young men by the name of Petersen helped us. Then we started for the ranch, about five miles out. The nearest house was a mile and a half away.

We had another creek to cross, near where Rohlf's farm was, but there was no bridge. We unloaded half of our load and spaded down the banks of the creek, as they were pretty steep, and forded it. This was about forty rods from our camping place. We camped on a little knoll. When we got there we ate our dinner. After dinner I dug post holes; but before I started to dig post holes I mowed grass, so it would get dry before bedtime. The boss hauled up the posts and boards. We had to build a yard before night to keep the cattle in. If we left them out, they would stray away.

In the evening we put the dry grass in the wagon box for bedding, put a blanket over it and a blanket for cover, and set boards up against the wagon box to lean over us in bed to keep the dew off. The boss slept with his head in one end of the box and I in the other. It was all right the first night, but after that the snakes would crawl up on the wagon wheels and get in between

our blankets. The boss was as afraid of a snake as death. I had quite a lot of fun with him. He would go to bed early and I had to herd the cattle until about ten o'clock, and then drive them in the yard; but before I would go away I had to throw out the snakes, and once in a while they would fly the wrong way and hit him in the face.

From where we camped you could look northeast, north and northwest and not see a house nor a tree. The last two deer I saw in Iowa were about thirty rods west of our camp, running up the slough.

We broke land there about four weeks, five days a week. We would drive home Friday evenings and go to Davenport and have the plow-shares sharpened. One Saturday I caught a ride with Nicholas J. Rusch. He was afterward a Colonel in the Civil War and Lieut-Governor of Iowa. At that time he was a typical German, and smoked his long-stemmed pipe as he drove along. The pipe-bowl was of porcelain and had pictures painted on it. While we were in Davenport a hard rain came up, and I caught a ride back with a man by the name of Claus Hast. He was a big, heavy man from the Probstei in Germany. He had a home-made wagon. The wheels were sawed off a log, and he had a new Wagon-bed which was water-tight. It had rained so hard that the creek was overflowing, and when he drove in to ford across, the wagon-bed floated off the bolsters and started to float down stream with us. He called "Whoa" to the oxen and they stopped,

and after we had floated a little ways we caught hold of some willows and pulled ourselves in to land.

The second Monday that we went to the Rohlf farm we took some young ash trees with us, and I set them out. They are still there and are big trees now. I was out there last summer and we took pictures of them. The farm is in the southwest quarter of Section 29 in Lincoln Township.

There were two boys from Davenport working in the neighborhood, driving oxen to a breaking plow, and we would visit together on Sundays and catch snakes. We were all barefooted. We would catch all kinds of snakes. If we could not find a stick to kill them with we would jump on their heads and take our knives and cut their heads off. We would see how long their teeth were and where the poison was. The rattlesnake's poison is above the upper jaw, back of the eye, on the side of the head.

We thought first the snakes had young ones, but this is not so. They lay eggs in the ground and the sun hatches them. The snake has a pouch in which he carries the little fellows. I have counted as many as sixty-five in one pouch. A snake egg is the shape of a pigeon's egg and of a dirty white color. We would find snake eggs in the ground just laid and some ready to hatch and hatching.

The latter part of June and the month of July were pretty dry that year. We had five yokes of oxen pulling the plow. One day it was very hot, and it was hard

work to get the oxen to pull. The boss — I guess he took pity on me — said he would drive a while and I could look after the plow; so we changed whips. My whip was about an eight-foot stock and ten-foot lash, his about a five-foot stock and six-foot lash, which he used to drive the hind yoke. We had not gone ten rods when the oxen turned "gee" on him; he followed them up and the lead oxen jumped over the chain, ahead of the second yoke from the rear. The chain caught on the yoke of the "off" ox and pulled him down. The boss followed them up and whipped them. I shouted to him, "Hold on! You are killing my ox!" He did not stop and I hit him over the head with my whip stock. I backed up the oxen and got the chain loose in time to save the ox; but it was some time before he was able to get up. The boss stood back and looked on. When the ox got up he had a smile on his face. I guess he thought I did the right thing.

The following Monday morning, when we were ready to start, Mrs. Rohlf said to me, very nicely, "Marx, be careful not to hurt Mr. Rohlf too much." I felt kind of cheap.

The next Saturday, when I took the plow-shares to town, Mrs. Rohlf came with me. She would rather ride with me. We had to walk most of the time in driving oxen and Mr. Rohlf did not like to walk. I got the plow-shares sharpened and Mrs. Rohlf did her trading, and we started home. Everything went all right until we got on top of the hill, on Brady Street,

when she said, "Get in the wagon and ride," and I did. It was down hill, almost a half mile, to the Duck Creek bridge. "Let the oxen trot a little," she said, and I let them trot. We had not gone far when the key came out of the off ox's bow and the bow dropped out of the yoke. When the ox was loose from the yoke it got out of the way. Then the near ox got wild and ran as fast as it could. I got out over the dashboard as quickly as I could and took out the wagon hammer to loosen the chain. I got it loose, but it caught in the eye of the hold-back at the end of the tongue. Going down hill, as we were, the ox loose from the tongue, sometimes the ox would be ahead of the wagon and sometimes the wagon ahead of the ox. There was one bridge halfway down the hill — we missed that. I ran for dear life to unhook the chain from the tongue before we should get to Duck Creek bridge. I got it unhooked about eight rods from the creek, but the wagon did not stop until within a rod or two of the creek. The ox went down the bank, which was eight feet high, into the creek. Mrs. Rohlf, sitting on a seat board on the wagon, looked like a dead woman. I told her to get off the wagon and watch the ox, so it would not go home, while I went back to look for the other one. It stood where we had left it, a third of a mile back. When I returned I went down in the creek and unyoked the ox and drove it out; then I yoked them up again, hitched them to the wagon and told Mrs. Rohlf to get in.

"I'll walk," she said.

"Get in," I said; "it will be all right. They will not run away again." She got in and we got home all right.

About thirty-five years after that, when I was a candidate for State Senator, I met Mr. Rohlf in Davenport. He was then County Treasurer of Scott County. He had been a member of the State Legislature, and he insisted on me going home with him. He said, "The Mrs. is talking about you yet, Catrina is still with us, and they will be glad to see you." Catrina was the servant they had brought with them from Germany, and stayed with the Rohlfs till she died; she was the maid who showed me where to sleep the first night I came to the farm, and wrapped up my big toe when the rat bit me. I went with him. When we got there both Mrs. Rohlf and Catrina knew me.

"I didn't think you would know me," I said.

"I will know you until I die," said Mrs. Rohlf. "Why, Marx, sometimes I would think you were a little rascal and sometimes I thought you were a real little gentleman. To think, now, a boy twelve years old, who did what you did; it doesn't seem possible. If it had been anybody else but you, I would have been dead now; I dream about it yet sometimes. Do you remember when that ox ran away with us? I think now it would be impossible for anyone to do what you did — you saved my life. Why, Marx, I never thought you would get so big; you were short and fat when you worked for us."

I stayed there all night. We talked until after mid-

night. She reminded me of the time I hit her husband over the head with the whip-stock. "But, I guess it was all right," she said. "You know he did not know anything about oxen."

"I felt sorry for you," she said, "when the man stuck the fork through your hand; you told him you would pay him for that when you got big enough. Did you ever see him again?" I saw him when I was nineteen years old — and paid him.

We broke prairie till harvest time. During harvest I helped shock, and carried water and the bottle. While stacking, I loaded the bundles, the boss pitched off onto the stack, and I threw the bundles to the stacker. When the stack got high the stacker and I changed places and he would get on the wagon and pitch up to me and I piled them on the stack. I missed catching one, and in a rage he struck me through the hand with the fork. I have the scar in my hand yet.

We boys would go to Davenport some Sundays and trap quails and snare rabbits in the woods, where the St. James hotel now stands.

I left Mr. Rohlf about November first. He gave me a note for what was coming to me at ten per cent. interest.

During the summer I visited my brother, Dave, twice on Sundays. The last time I was there they were hauling hay. Dave looked pale and forlorn. I asked him if he was sick. Tears came into his eyes and I then noticed a drop of blood on each ear. His boss was there.

I asked him if he had been pinching his ears. He did not answer right away, and I guess I got mad; I grabbed a fork and was going to stick him with it, when father came around the stack in time to catch it. I told father he'd better take him home with him — if he didn't, I would — and find another place for him. Father took him home. The remainder of the season he worked for Bill Brooks at Brooks' Crossing, now 42d Street and 5th Avenue, Rock Island.

When I came home I worked two weeks picking corn. I think it was on the farm where John Weckel now lives, on 7th Street, Moline, next south of 25th Avenue. When I quit, the man gave me a heifer calf for my work. Then I picked corn three weeks for a man on Rock River bottoms. He gave me a steer calf when I quit, and a rope to lead it home. Some fun!

Then I went to school in the brick building on the west side of 16th Street, between 4th and 5th Avenues, afterwards the City Hall. I paid for two months. The first week everything went well. The second week I had two fights, and the teacher told me I had better pick up my books and go home. He handed me the money that was coming to me. I did not even have to ask for it.

Then father took contracts cutting stove wood, at so much a pile. The first job was for George Stephens, afterwards the Moline Plow Company man. They had three little children. I carried my dinner with me and set it by the wood pile. Mrs. Stephens would come and

take it into the house to keep it warm. Sometimes the little folks would get at it and eat what they liked, and then Mrs. Stephens would give me my dinner.

The next job father had was for Jonathan Huntoon. When that was done I went to work on a farm about seven miles northeast of Davenport, where father had hired me out to John and Fritz Priest for $5.00 per month. I went there about March 1st and stayed there until about October 1st, when I quit — or ran away. I thought they were imposing on me. They had four horses and a hired man, besides myself. We worked the horses. I was too little to harness or unharness the horses — they had big horses — but I had to feed them hay. I had two cows to milk and the hogs to feed and water. I had to carry water from a creek about eight rods away, and had to pull weeds for them in summer. They had seven hogs when I came and thirty-five when I left. I had to bring a pail of water from the creek for the house when I came in to supper. When the weeds got dry I had to cut corn to feed the hogs and carry it ten or twelve rods. When I had milked the cows we ate supper. After supper I had the hogs to feed; and the other fellows sat down and smoked their pipes. Sometimes they had all gone to bed when I got through. I slept with the hired man. The evenings were getting kind of cool — I went barefoot all the time — and when I was ready to go to bed he would have the bed nice and warm, and his feet too.

I would stick my feet in a warm place on his and then he would kick.

One of the bosses, John, had sold a horse in Davenport and before delivering it he was going to take off its shoes, and he wanted me to hold up its foot while he took off the shoe. I told him he had better take the clinch out of the nails first.

"You hold up the foot," he said. I did, and he jerked it away from me.

"Take hold again."

I said, "No, you hold it; I can pull as much as you can." So he held up the foot and I got a hold of the shoe with the tongs and gave it a jerk. He let the foot go and fell down.

"You take up the foot," he said.

I said, "No, I won't do it."

"If you don't, I'll box your ears," he said. I picked up the hammer and told him to come on. He didn't come. He got on his horse and went to Davenport and I picked up my clothes and went to Moline.

On my way home I met Mr. Griffin from Coaltown, and hired out to him for $7.00 a month, hauling coal to Hampton and Rock Island with oxen. He paid me in money. After that I hired out on the other side of Rock River to pick corn, for fifty cents a day. I got a pig and a calf for my work.

When I got home Henry Frels of Hampton Bluff was there and wanted somebody to pick corn. I went with him. He had two other men, besides himself. There

is where I got initiated in sleeping upstairs in a log house. Daniel Holmes and I slept upstairs. One night we had a big snow storm and when we awoke the next morning there was about six inches of snow on the bed and the floor. We did not wear underwear those days and when we undressed we threw our pants on the floor. When we put our feet down that morning to put on our pants, it felt kind of ticklish. This was Monday morning. We picked corn that day. The next morning it was too cold to pick corn and Mr. Frels said to me, "You can go to school," and I did. Mr. Frels had two children going to school — Fred, nine years old, and Margaret, six years old.

I went to school that week, in Cook's log school house. After school Friday evening the boys had to try my mettle; that was customary all over the country. When a new boy came they had to try him. I told Fred not to say anything about it to the folks; but when Margaret got home she said, "Mother, our boy had a fight." The next day, Saturday, Mr. Frels took me back to Moline.

This log school was on Harris Cook's land, on the north side of the Bluff road, a few yards west of where the road turns southward to Barstow. (In the northeast quarter of Section 23, Hampton Township.)

It being near Christmas, I did not do anything until after New Year's. Then I went to school in Moline. I paid for two months. I got along fine with the boys, but I thought the teacher did not know much. He had

me write copies in the copy books for the other pupils. The school was kept in a small upstairs room, and I had to go out in the hall and spread the paper on the floor to write the copies. The weather got so cold the ink would freeze on my pen — there was no stove, and I would put the pen in my mouth to thaw the ink.

I got tired of that, so I thought I would find out how much the teacher knew. I looked up some hard words to pronounce and asked him to pronounce them for me. He did. I thanked him, then I told him how I pronounced them. He said, "Come back and let me see." He spelled them over again and said, "That's right, and you knew that before you came here." I did not want to crawfish, so I told him I did; that I just wanted to know whether he did. "Well, Marx," he said, "I'm sorry, but you might just as well quit," and I did. This was in the winter of 1851—2. The school was in the brick house which is still standing: No. 714 Fourteenth Street, Moline. It was the Michael J. Hartzell residence.

Next I went to work for John Deere for twenty-five cents a day, and boarded myself, squaring plow-beams and sawing them off with a buck saw, and bending the plow handles. I had a big iron kettle out doors filled with water into which I put the handles and cooked them, then bent them over a log. I tied the other end down, according to how much of a curve was wanted in them. While I worked there a German by the name of Mr. Dunker was killed. He was a grinder and got

his foot entangled in a belt. John Deere, a Mr. Williams, and a young man and myself were there when it happened. The young man was drilling holes in shares and mouldboards. I found many years later that this young man was William Jackson, the lawyer, of Rock Island. John Deere's establishment at that time was a one-story shop, with three fires or forges.

I worked for John Deere until March 1st, and on March 14th I went to work on a farm one mile from the river, across from Moline, belonging to John Littig, to whom father had hired me out for six dollars a month for eight months. I got there in the evening. I told him who I was. "Well, you can stay all night," he said, "and in the morning you can go back to Moline and stay two weeks and then come back. The ground is too wet to work, and if it keeps on raining, you can stay home longer."

"I want to go to work and earn some money," I said.

"I can do all the work I have to do myself, until we get into the field," he said. Both Mr. Littig and his wife worked in the field. They were hard workers. She would leave the field a little while before meal time, and get the meal ready.

I left the next morning and took my duds along, and hired out to Fielding Madison for three months at eight dollars a month where Bettendorf is now. Our nearest neighbor was Isaac Morgan, who lived in a brick house a half mile down the river. I got acquaint-

ed with his son, James W. Morgan, who afterwards located in Port Byron, and later in Moline, as a doctor.

Our next nearest neighbor lived three-quarters of a mile up the river. They were the Eph. Stokes', a brother of Young Stokes who built the dam and flour mill at Cleveland, on Rock River.

Mr. Madison had rented twenty acres of land from Mr. Gilbert (of the Pitts, Gilbert & Pitts of Moline) for corn. While I plowed that land I saw the biggest snake I have ever seen running loose. I think it was ten feet long. It frightened my horses.

Mr. Madison planted twenty acres in corn and five acres in onions. He had a little store where he sold groceries, patent medicines, also soft drinks with a kick in them. We made our own drinks. I think we took wheat bran, a little brown sugar, and soft water, a little yeast; then let it stand and work. Afterwards we added a little alcohol. Our drink beat anything they had in Davenport. On rainy days, farmers would come from all directions. We had foot races, horse races, wrestling matches, and fighting. Everybody went home happy. I got about all the bar tending I wanted in a place like that without police protection. He kept a row-boat to ferry people over to and from Moline, and I ran that part of the time.

When I quit working for Mr. Madison, I got a job at Spencer H. White's saw mill for fifty cents a day. White's mill was next to the Island, at the north end of the brush dam at Moline. Chamberlain & Dean's

saw mill was in mid-stream on the dam, next south of White's. The dam between them was being repaired. I carried my dinner with me, and, after eating, would fish from the dam. One day during the noon hour three men came to inspect the work, when all of a sudden the dam broke, and they were caught by the water. It missed me by about a foot. One of the three men swam ashore; one man got hold of the end of a log; and the third man, I think, was drowned. I did not see him again. The other two men were D. B. Sears and John W. Spencer.

After I quit the saw mill, I worked for Abram Frick, at Frick's hill, for fifty cents a day, picking apples, digging potatoes and picking corn. I got a linchpin wagon for my pay. I also picked apples for Bill Brooks for a couple of weeks for fifty cents a day. His orchard was southwest of his house, now 4106 Fifth Avenue, Rock Island, Ill., and everything east of it was woods of mostly oak and walnut, more walnut than oak; and the public road passed among the trees. To the west between his place and Rock Island was also timbered.

Back of where the Moline Wagon Company is now was a log house with a rail fence around it on which they generally had gourd vines. They would have their cows laying out in the road at night, out in front of the house. The public road passed between the house and the river near the edge of the river, and back of the house was quite a rise of ground.

East of Twentieth Street, Moline, at the foot of the

bluff, was a corn field. One winter they did not get the corn out. The snow got too deep for them, and the wild turkeys came out of the woods on the bluff to feed in the corn field. A good many wild turkeys were shot there that winter, and also a deer. I think it was a Mr. Collins that shot the deer.

While we lived in Moline I very often visited at my Aunt's on the Island to play with my cousin Katie Liitt, and with the children of Col. Davenport, Henry and Lizzie. They were very dark. It was claimed they were part Indian. My aunt died and was buried in the old Moline cemetery. My cousin Katie married a man by the name of Lamp. I think they moved to Dayton, O. The Liitts now living in Rock Island are of the second wife and not related. Lizzie Davenport married a man by the name of Ferkel, and they moved on a farm in the lower end of the county.

The first time I saw Bailey Davenport he was wearing a plug hat and was quite a young man. He was always a friend of mine and supported me years afterwards when I was in politics.

Antoine LeClaire used to call at the Davenport house on the Island when I would be there. I can see him yet, plain as day. He was not as tall as Bailey Davenport. He was dark complexioned, kind of red face, and fat. He was just square up and down, just as wide at the hips as at his shoulders, and full in between. He filled the full width of the seat in the boat. Henry Davenport and I rowed him across to Davenport

ANTOINE LE CLAIRE.
Indian interpreter, and one of the Founders of Davenport, Iowa.

one time, and I rowed him over alone one time. When he built the Le-Claire House in Davenport it was considered a big building. Something wonderful.

Old Fort Armstrong at this time was all dilapidated. We used to play over the ruins and climbed down the rocks to the caves. There were three towers or blockhouses, and a kind of high cellar of masonry. That was the magazine. Nobody seemed to be looking after the old fort at that time. East of the Fort was a wide, cleared space or prairie. I used to wonder why that was open ground and all the rest timber. I decided it must have been cleared by the soldiers so they could not be surprised by the Indians.

The island had fine pasturage. A hundred or more cattle were pastured there through the summer. Everybody in Moline had a cow and a pig or a half a dozen of them. The cattle were driven to the island over the brush dam. One time father took some of our cattle over by swimming them over the slough. He carried a small calf in the boat. The cattle gave

almost no trouble on the island; we had only one calf swim back and come home. There is hardly a foot of ground on the island that I did not go over, looking after cattle.

The Davenport residence was the best around here

The Col. George Davenport homestead on Rock Island, to which I was a frequent visitor.

They had a small cottage near it where my aunt and uncle lived. The Davenport children played with my cousin Katie, and were in and out of aunt's house so much they both learned to talk "platt-deutsch," and I was often in the Davenport house and had many a meal there.

In 1851, immigrants began coming to Moline. Christian Loptien and two sons, Christian and Jo-

achim, shoemakers, came that year. Also Amos Schmidt and one daughter, and two young men by the names of Hans and Claus Langmaak. In the fall of 1852 there came Hans S. Schodtfeldt and two little daughters, Mary, now Mrs. Reimer Reimers, and Margaret, now Mrs. Conrad Grantz. Also Claus Grilk and little daughter, now the wife of Louis Weckel, a grocer of Rock Island; and James First, a wagon maker, and originator of the Moline Wagon Company, now the John Deere Wagon Co. Claus Grilk who was a blacksmith, with his shop at Five Points, made wagons also. Matthias Kahler came to Moline late in the fall of 1852. All the above-named, for most part, came during the summer months, at different times, and staid at our house from one day to two weeks, or until they found a house to live in.

John Nichols was in Moline when we came there. They had a little daughter, Mina, about three months old. She was the first German girl born in Moline. My sister Elizabeth was the second. Nichols lived in a frame house that stood where the waterworks is now. Hans Schlodtfeldt and Claus Grilk lived just below where Dr. P. H. Wessel lives now, at about Eighth Avenue and Fifteenth Street.

Three Swedish families, by the name of Benson, Johnson and Anderson, also came in fifty-two. Benson was the grandfather of George L. Benson the grocer.

Henry Andersen, a German, married an Irish girl.

Mrs. Andersen, his mother, who was a widow, lived neigbors to Mr. Charley Dibbern, on a farm North of Davenport. Here they had target shooting. When I worked for Mr. Rohlf they invited father to come. He came. They had a two-room house and that night they gave a dance. The fiddlers fiddled in one room and they danced in the other. At that time there was a big over-grown fellow in Davenport. Whenever there were any doings in Davenport he would go, without an invitation, and make the other fellows "set 'em up"; and if they didn't he gave them a pounding. He domineered everybody. Everybody was afraid of him. He was here too. He took father by the shoulders with both hands and bumped his head on the door frame. Father asked him if he was in his way.

"You don't belong here; you are from Illinois," the fellow said.

Father said, "I was invited."

"You get back over the river or I'll make mincemeat of you."

He had hardly said the last word when father knocked him down. When he got up, father asked him why he had bumped his head. The fellow did not answer quickly enough and father knocked him down again. He just about did the fellow up. After that almost anyone in Davenport could put it over him. He had to leave town. He was cooked.

In 1851 Father bought One-hundred-sixty acres of land in Coe Township. They called that part of the

country the "High Prairie." It was in section twelve. He bought it of Elihu B. Washburne, of Galena, Ill., and paid $255.00 for it. He sold the East eighty acres of it to Henry Knock for $125.00 Then father collected the money standing out that my brother Dave and I had earned. My brother Dave worked for Wolf Hahn, six miles west of Davenport, in 1851, for four dollars a month. In 1852 he worked for him eight months at five dollars per month. During the summers of 1851 and 1852 father worked for William McEniry, making brick. McEniry was the first brick-maker in Moline. He was the father of John, Matt and Mollie McEniry of Moline, and William of Rock Island. In the winter, father cut cordwood.

In the winter of 1852—3, my brother and I cut stove wood and attended school at the brick building on 16th St., afterwards the Moline City hall. After that father took jobs all over town, cutting wood. I sawed, and Dave split. I guess we made about twenty dollars for our winter's work.

In the spring of 1853 we moved to the farm. During the winter father had bought a yoke of oxen for $45.00. Henry Knock also bought a yoke of oxen. About the middle of March we started to the farm father bought of Washburne, to build a log house. There were four of us that went. Henry Knock and his hired man, Henry Kahler, six months younger than I, and father and myself. We arrived at the farm a little after sundown, with two yoke of oxen. There

were about Twenty acres of timber land on both sides of the creek. The grove was called "Sugar Grove" and the creek was known as Sugar Creek, because the timber was mostly Sugar Maple. There was a log house in the grove where the people had camped when they tapped the trees and boiled sugar. We had hay and corn with us, and provisions for two weeks. I took care of the oxen and the other fellows put the house in order, one corner of which had been knocked down, so we could get in. I was the cook. I cooked coffee and baked pancakes for supper. The next morning we had coffee, eggs and pancakes and bread and butter. We had two dogs — one was a bloodhound and the other a kind of dachshund which we had brought from Tennessee.

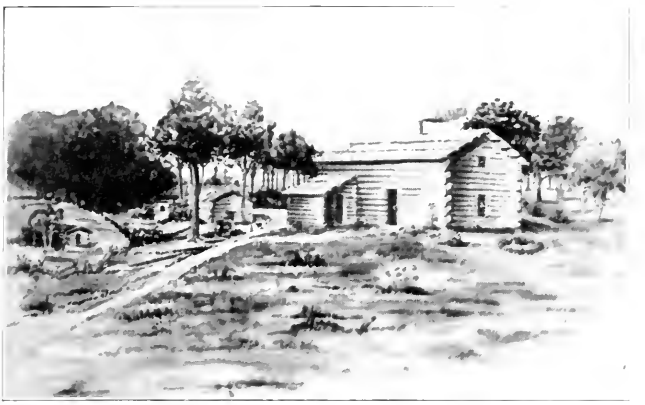
After breakfast we started to look over the farm. We had not gone thirty rods when the dogs chased up a deer. We had not gone ten rods farther when they chased up two more; and when we got up the hill east of where our house stands now, they chased out another deer.

It soon became known that we were in Sugar Grove. David Martin, a boy about my age, went to Tom Walker, his cousin, and said, "Tom, they say some Dutch have moved to Sugar Grove, what do you say we go over there tomorrow and see what they look like?" They came. It being Sunday, we did not work. We were in the house. At noontime I crawled out of the house to feed the cattle. They saw me. Tom said

to Dave, "I don't believe he's a Dutchman, he looks just like we do." When I got back to the house I saw them looking over the hill. I called to them to come to the house. They came. Father got out the bottle and gave them a drink. After that the Dutch were all right. We boys got quite chummy. We often laughed about it years afterward when they would tell about this.

We were about two weeks getting the material ready for the house; then I went back to Moline to get provisions for the house-raising. Isaiah Marshall, living two miles and a half, and Joe Martin, living two miles southeast of us, had been over to see us, and they had invited the men for the house-raising. Everybody in the country was there. Isaiah Marshall and his four boys —Joe, John, William and Brice; Joe Martin and his three boys — John, James and Dave; John Walker and his son, Tom; Hiram Walker and son, Sam; Hiram Cain; John Marshall; Alec Abbott; Tom Fowler and Thurlow Garrison. Some of them brought their dinners, but I got dinner for all of them. Everybody was happy. We got the house almost finished — put on the rafters, laid the floor joists, sawed out the door and windows. They used no nails, just pegs. They got all the whiskey they wanted to drink and nobody got drunk; everybody went home happy. That house-raising created a friendship that lasted as long as they lived. They christened father "King of the Dutch."

We built the log house about ten rods north of Sugar



The Hauberg log cabin at Sugar Grove, 1853.

Creek, on the rise of ground there. Just west was a little hill, and that and the ground all the way from the south, southwest, to the west and north was timber with big trees so we were well protected from the north and west wind. East and southeast was open ground for garden and orchard. We got our water for cooking and drinking from a spring in the creek.

The other fellows cut the logs and I snaked them to where we built the house. We split the rafters and floor joists from some of the tall, straight Sugar Maple. For flooring upstairs and downstairs we got oak bords from a saw mill at Port Byron that was run by Fred Gates' father. The boards were twelve inches wide. We had wooden door-hinges, a ladder to go upstairs; a wooden doorlatch, the string outside. We had no lock, and the log house in all its days was never

locked. We had an augur hole in the door-frame and when we all left the house a peg was stuck into the hole to keep the door shut. Our house was 14x18 feet, one story and three logs high, with oak split shingles and stove pipe sticking through the roof. We had a little sumer kitchen lean-to in front, west of the door.

Ours was not the first German blood on the High Prairie, but we were the first family of direct German immigration to come here. The Spaids, Zieglers', Simpsons', Garrisons', Flickengers' were all Pennsylvania folks and were nice people. All of them understood German. Old Mr. David Metzger of Port Byron was one of them. Old Mr. Jacob Flickenger and his wife never talked plain English. The northern part of the township and Cordova township was settled mostly by the Jersey people. The Marshalls', Goldens', Quicks', Ege's, Cools, and Sextons', and the Southern part had Ohio people and came from about the same place. They were the "Colonel" William Johnson's, Dillins', Wards', Genungs', all nice people. The LaRue's were from New York State and were a different style of people altogether, a different class of people. I think it was all in the neighborhood that they came from in New York.

We repaired the log house that the sugar-makers had built; put in new logs, and Mr. Knock moved into that the same spring.

We moved to the farm about the middle of April.

The furniture and family were in a wagon drawn by oxen. Margaret, the youngest of the family, was four months old. Among the furniture was a couple of chairs we had brought from Tennessee. They were splint-bottomed, high backed, the bottom being of split hickory. Then we had the old iron kettle and long handled skillet, also from Tennessee, and a stove and other things. Father made all the other furniture needed in the home, from boards and timber, such as table and stools, etc.

We had two yoke of oxen of our own. We had raised 2 steer calves, now 3 years old and well broke. We broke them when they were yearlings and hauled wood with them for two winters for our own use. We had 3 cows and 7 head of young cattle, three sows, and poultry. We drove straight through across lots from where Mike Murphy now lives (a half mile east of Fairfield church) to where John Rocker lives (South line of southwest quarter section ten, Coe township). We got stuck in the mud in the slough—now Arista Saddoris' field. When we moved up here it was seven miles to Port Byron. It is now seven and a half miles because now we have got to follow section lines. At that time we drove straight across the country, wherever the way looked the best and shortest.

After leaving Port Byron the first house was Steel's where John Fife now lives. Then came Flickenger's where the old McRoberts' place is—now Richard Ashdown's (next south of Fairfield cemetery) ; then Rube

Hollister's father's place was passed and then Tom Fowler where Arista Saddoris now is. From Jim McRoberts' (one fourth mile east of Fairfield) to the Garrison place (in southwest corner of section ten) the road passed over virgin prairie. Garrison's afterward built the house which now is occupied by the Rocker's. Next East were the Larue's. They were raising their new frame house the day we moved up from Moline. Nathaniel Pearsall owns the place and is tearing down the house now. This was the last residence we passed on the way to our log house. The huners' lodge was off to our right (at near the southwest corner of the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section fourteen) but was unoccupied except in the season when these Philadelphia men came to hunt.

Toward the north was the house of the George Marshall's. Tunis Quick was already in the country and living at the old "Cheese House" (in east half of section one, Coe township). Wesley Cain built either that Spring or the year before, a log house where the Cain house now is (in southeast quarter, section twelve, Coe) and on to the east there was nothing until you struck the bottoms where Volney Baker lived in a log house, (at about the northeast corner of the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section eight, Canoe Creek township). Ed. Ashdown lived there afterwords.

Isaiah H. Marshall, a lawyer from Pennsylvania and who later lived in Virginia, lived in a log house at

about the middle of the west half of section seventeen, Canoe Creek township. He came in 1842 but in 1854 he built the brick house that my brother Dave afterward owned. Joe Martin, a heavy set man, lived in a log house, opposite where Dave Martin's house afterward stood, south of the creek at about the center of section eighteen, Canoe Creek township, now Willie Pearsall's; and John Walker lived in a log house on the farm now owned by Alvin Frels (at the Southwest corner of the southeast Quarter of section eighteen, Canoe Creek). Martins and Walkers came here in 1836 and were from Kentucky. The Quicks and Cains and the "Cordova" Marshalls and the "Prairie" Marshalls were all from the same locality in New Jersey.

The morning after we got here brother Dave went to work for Isaiah Marshall at seven dollars a month. Henry Kahler and myself started to break prairie on our new farm, with three yoke of oxen. He drove the oxen and I tended the plow. We broke prairie until harvest time. Father planted corn on sod the first year. The second year he wanted to sow wheat and I got wheat for pay instead of money from "Billy G" Marshall's. Father made fence rails in Martin's grove, the first year, from down timber, but not all our fences were built of rails. We made ditch-and-bank fences like they had in Holstein, Germany, where we came from. We would dig a trench about two-and-a-half feet deep and about three feet wide. The sod that we

dug up was set on the edge next to the trench with another row of sod about three feet from it and between these two rows of sod we threw the dirt as we dug the trench. This made a bank about five or six feet high from the bottom of the trench. If the sod grew it made a fence that lasted a long time and turned cattle or anything. If the bank got worn or

Present day remains of one of our old Ditch-and-wall fences.

washed down we would cut wild crabapple or other thorny brush and lay it on top of the bank. You can still see about two miles of traces of these old ditch-and-bank fences on our farm and adjoining farms of German neigbors. As late as 1862 the only fences we had were either the ditch-and-bank or rail fences.

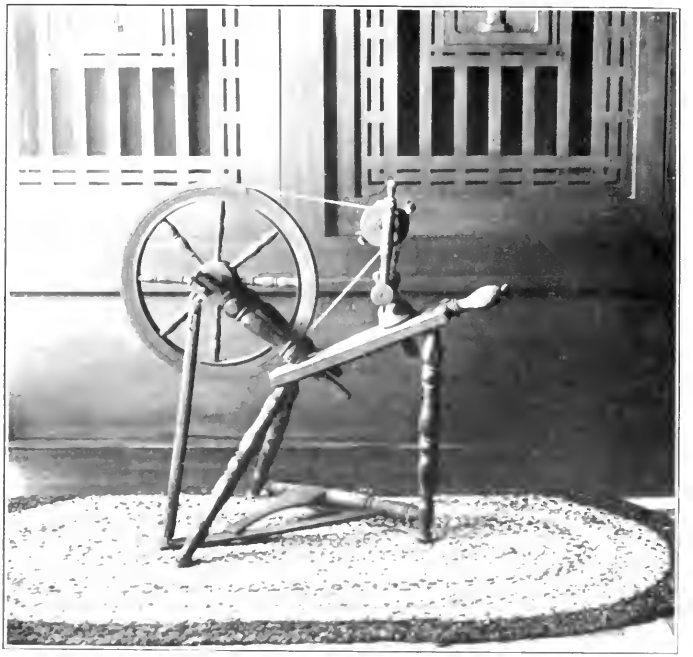
In sugar-making time mother would boil the sap from the Supar maple in our grove and make syrup. Some of the Maple were three and four feet through

and fifty feet to the nearest limb; they were scarred as high as you could reach from borings by people before we came. I suppose the indians used to boil sap there before the white people came.

Indians used to call at our log house. They would be hunting or trapping and would beg things to eat. One winter an Indian and his squaw and papoose called. They were all barefoot. Mother gave them something to eat, but they would not take the wheat bread she offered them.

Mother brought her spinning wheel along from Germany. She carded the wool and spun all the yarn for our stockings and mittens while I was home, and in after years she would card and spin our wool and knit stockings and mittens for her grand-children. The old spinning wheel and wool carder is now in the Rock Island County Historical Society.

When we left Moline in the Spring of 1853 they were talking about the railroad from Chicago to Rock Island. They got it through in 1854. A newspaper called the *Rock Island Advertiser,* dated Dec. 24th, 1853, is in the possession of the County Historical Society. It has a lot of interesting reading for old timers. It says the railroad track is laid to Geneseo, and that the grading west of Geneseo is nearly complete, and that the bridge across Rock River is held up on account of not being able to get the timbers. It says that the section from the Mississippi river to Iowa City is under contract, and another railroad



The spinning-wheel, brought from Germany by my parents.

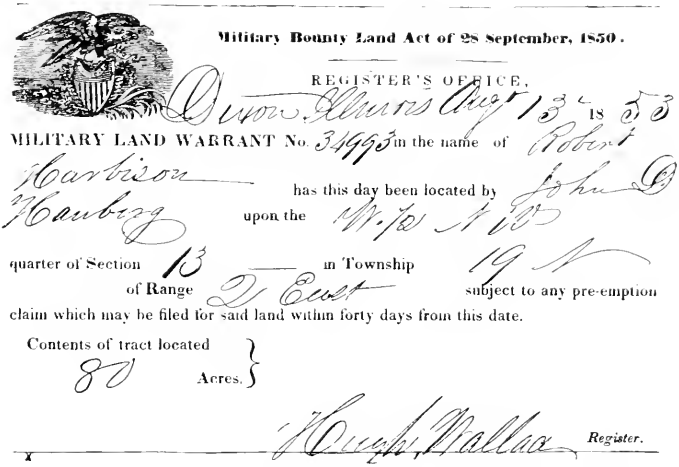
Company is organized to build a road from Warsaw, Ill., at the foot of the Lower rapids, via Rock Island to Port Byron, at the head of the Upper rapids. This railroad was the "Warsaw & Rockford Ry. Co.", and some of our neighbors on the High Prairie bought stock in it. In this newspaper it is called the "Carbondale, Warsaw & Rockford Railroad."

Another thing of interest in the old newspaper is the market quotations. Hogs were $3.00 to $3.50 to city of Rock Island butchers, and $4.00 to $4.10 in

St. Louis. Chickens were $1.50 per dozen; turkeys 50 and 75c apice; quails 30c per dozen; lard 6½ to 8c; potatoes 20c to 30c per bushel; butter, fresh in rolls 15 to 18c; eggs 18 to 20c per dozen; oats 20 to 25c; wheat 65 to 75c; corn 20 to 25c, and "Whiskey, rectified" 28½c to 31c.

This newspaper also tells of a new hack just put on between Moline and Rock Island. "The hack leaves Rock Island at 7.15 and 10.00 a. m., and leaves Moline at 8.15 and 11 o'clock and leaves Rock Island at 2.00, and Moline from Nurse's store at 4.30 p. m." This hack line was run by John Lusk, and was originally started by N. Lynch.

The same spring that we moved up from Moline, father sold our house and lot in Moline to Alex Swan-



Military Bounty Land Act of 28 September, 1850.

REGISTER'S OFFICE,

Dixon Illinois Aug 13 1853

MILITARY LAND WARRANT No. 34995 in the name of Robert Harbison

has this day been located by John D Hauberg

upon the W ½ N E

quarter of Section 13 in Township 19 N

of Range 2 East subject to any pre-emption

claim which may be filed for said land within forty days from this date.

Contents of tract located 80 Acres.

Hugh Wallace Register.

Certificate showing Military Bounty Land located by Father, in 1853.

der for a horse and buggy, a sadlle, and a hundred and seventy-five dollars in money.

Before the end of the first year, father made two trips to the U. S. Land office at Dixon, Ill. He went afoot because he could make better time that way. It was about forty-five miles one way. On one of these trips he walked there and back inside of Twenty-four hours. He left home shortly after midnight carrying enough lunch for the trip, and took several pair of woolen stockings which mother had knit and which he sold in Dixon. He transacted the business at the Land Office and got back home late that night. Fred Owens of Cordova mentioned this a few years ago. He said father had stopped at their log house at the Middle Crossing at two or three o'clock in the morning and was back at eleven or twelve o'clock that night.

August 13, 1853, he located or "entered" one-hundred-twenty acres of land. Eighty acres of this he entered for a neighbor, Krabbenhoeft, next south of our farm in section thirteen. The other forty was the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section eleven, Coe, now owned by Harry Cook. Father would have pre-empted the forty next east of it also but a man by the name of Henry S. Steele entered it just ahead of him on the same day, so he bought that forty of Steele, paying him sixty-nine dollars for it; six dollars cash and sixty-three dollars on credit.

October 12, 1853, he pre-empted a quarter section

in section eleven. We still have the certificate. It reads as follows:

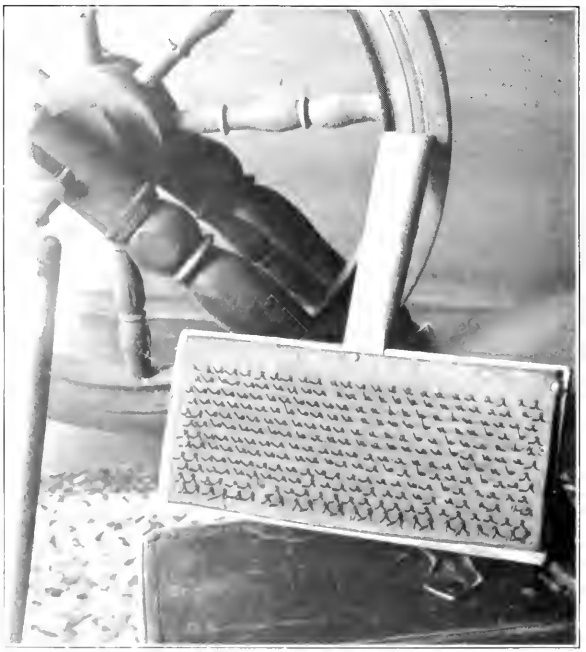
"Land Office at Dixon, Illinois, October 12, 1853.

"It is hereby certified that John D. Hauberg, of Rock Island County, Illinois, on the 12th day of October, 1853, filed at this office, a declaration of his intention to claim the North half of the Southwest Quarter and the South half of the Northwest Quarter of Section No. Eleven, in Township No. 19, Range No. Two East, as a Pre-emption Right under the provisions of the Act of Congress, approved September 4th, 1841.

"Dating his settlement on the 27th day of Semptember, 1853. (Signed) HUGH WALLACE, Register."

When the 1853 harvest began we worked for Isaiah Marshall at a dollar and twenty-five cents a day, binding grain. I helped with that for about two weeks, and then hired out to Isaiah Marshall to help dig the cellar for the brick house where John Woodburn lives now (in Sec. 17, Canoe Creek Twp.). Turner did the masonry work. He had just come from England. He was the father of Tom Turner of Port Byron. He lived in the northern part of Coe township where John Moody afterwards lived. John Donahoo did the carpenter work. He was father of E. C. Donahoo.

After the cellar was dug I worked for Jerry Pearson picking corn for ten dollars a month; then for Fred Owens, picking corn, for ten dollars a month. After corn picking my brother Dave came home and stayed home. I worked for Wm. G. Marshall all winter for ten dollars a month.



THE WOOL CARDER.

There were three tribes of Marshalls. We called one of them the "Cordova Marshalls," another was the "Prairie Marshalls," and the other "Lawyer Marshalls." Isaiah Marshall was the "Lawyer Marshall" and his family was made up of four boys and five girls, namely, Joe, Bill, John, Brice, Mary, Jane, Priscilla, Anna and Sarah. Mrs. Dave Trowbridge and William and Ida Feaster are grandchildren of Isaiah Marshall. He was an officer in the war of 1812.

The "Prairie Marshalls" were John, William who

was always known as "Billy G.," Henry, Jake and Theodore, called "Dora," and Lettie.

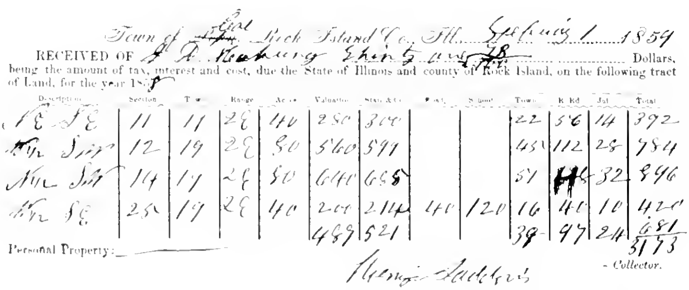
The "Cordova Marshalls" were cousins of the "Prairie Marshalls," and were as follows: William, always known as "Squire Bill"; George, who was father of Attorney C. B. Marshall of Rock Island; John, called "Gooseneck John"; Johnty, and Charles B., who owned and lived on the farm now the D. H. Bracker Estate, in Canoe Creek Township (in Sec. 7).

Amos Golden and his wife were working for "Billy G" in the winter of '53—4 also, Mrs. Golden as hired girl and Mr. Golden as hired man. They had one child, a little boy named William, two years old. Christmas time Mr. Golden bought 160 acres of land of Nathaniel Belcher for five dollars an acre. When Mr. Belcher came out to make the deed, Amos went upstairs and got a sack of gold, dumped it on the table and counted out eight hundred dollars, put the balance back in the sack and took it upstairs again.

That winter Amos Golden cut wood on Port Byron bluff and Mr. Marshall and I hauled it home. We made two trips a day, hauling on wagons. The weather was cold and the snow was deep. We had five miles to haul and would not get home until about eight o'clock in the evening. Then we had the chores to do. We had no lantern. I wore cowhide boots — no oevershoes — and the boots would be frozen stiff on my feet and I had to thaw them out before I could get them off.

We also hauled lumber for Mr. Golden's house from

Port Byron. It was tough, but I liked the place. Father got his seed wheat and oats there in the spring of 1854 for what I had earned. I stayed with Mr. Marshall that summer and the next winter, 1854, at the same price. In the fall I had to get up about daybreak and drive sandhill cranes and wild geese out of the corn. There were thousands of cranes and geese living


Town of Penn Rock Island Co., Ill. February 1 1859

RECEIVED OF J. D. [illegible] Thirty one 73 Dollars, being the amount of tax, interest and cost, due the State of Illinois and county of Rock Island, on the following tract of Land, for the year 1858

Description	Section	T'w	Range	Acres	Valuation	State & Co.	Road	School	Town	R. Rd	Jail	Total
NE SE	11	11	2E	40	280	300			22	56	14	392
[illegible]	12	19	2E	80	560	599			45	112	28	784
[illegible]	14	17	2E	80	640	685			51	[illegible]	32	896
[illegible] SE	25	19	2E	40	200	214	40	120	16	40	10	420
					489	521			39	97	24	681
												3173

Personal Property: ——

[illegible signature] Collector.

An 1854 tax receipt, showing "Penn" Township, now Coe Town, and also the amount we used to pay on our land.

near the Meredocia and they almost shaded the sun — they would breed there — and there were hundreds of muskrat houses in the swamps. The geese laid their eggs on top of a muskrat's house. When the little goslings were hatched the old geese would bring them out on high ground. On Sundays we boys would go down to the 'Docia to catch goslings; but the ganders would keep watch and tell the goose we were coming. After the gander had seen us we would hurry to catch the goslings, but we were too slow; the little fellows would scramble into the water. We amused ourselves listening to the little fellows telling the old goose how

lucky they were not to get caught. There were hundreds of them. When we picked corn we found they had eaten out eight or ten acres. They stuck their bills under the shuck and picked the corn off the cob.

When I quit Wm. G. Marshall's in the spring of 1855, I bought four steers from him, coming four years old, for one hundred dollars. We yoked them, a pair at a time, behind the old oxen that were broke, and drove them. When seed time came we had them pretty well trained to work with other cattle. I quit Marshall's March first.

Father bought a reaper to cut our grain in 1855. Before that we used the cradle. Our 1854 wheat crop we hauled to Mr. Obermeier in Moline; our 1855 and '56 crops we hauled to Geneseo, a distance of sixteen miles. We would leave home at about 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning; get to Talcott's ferry on Rock River about sunrise; get to Geneseo about noon, and get home about 10 o'clock at night. Everybody had oxen.

Our 1857 and '58 crops we hauled to Port Byron.

Our first threshing machine was called a "Beater." It was run by tread-power. It just beat the grain out of the straw; it had only a cylinder like our present threshers. Two men, with a rake each, would shake the grain out of the straw, and one man with a fork would throw the straw away. They threshed from forty to sixty bushels of wheat a day. When the threshing was done, we set the fanning mill in a wagon box and cleaned the grain. This was in 1854 and '55.

In 1856 they had attached a fanning mill and a little straw carrier to the Beater.

We put our grain in rail pens in the field where we threshed. We put chaff on the bottom and straw on the sides to hold the grain in, and when we had it full, we covered it up with straw. We had to clean all our grain over the fanning mill. We marketed all our grain in sacks. When we went to the mill it took us two days, if we had good luck.

Folks from here would go to Como, Ill., in Whiteside County, to mill.

In 1856 father bought a span of horses and a wagon. After we had our seeding done that year we broke prairie for other people until harvest time at three dollars and fifty cents an acre. Then father bought eighty acres of land in Section Fourteen, Coe Town. We broke that in 1857. I did the breaking and had August Naeve, a boy about thirteen years old, drive the oxen. He drove for me two summers. His mother was a widow and lived in Moline.

In the spring of 1854 a lot of our acquaintances and friends from Moline moved here. Among them were Matthias Kahler with three sons, Henry, James and John, and one daughter, Catherine; Krabbenhoeft and daughter Ida; Marx Wiese and three sons, Frederick, Henry and John, and one daughter, Anna; John Winterfeldt and wife. They all moved on farms. In 1855 there came from Moline to locate here John Hahn and three sons, John, William and James, and two daugh-

ters, Doris and Elizabeth. Claus Schnoor, a young man of about seventeen years, came that year to work for John Marshall, and John Liphardt, a boy of sixteen, came from New York. Henry C. First also came to the High Prairie in 1854 and drove oxen for Amos Golden, breaking prairie. In 1856 Gottlieb Stilz, Paul Gottsche and John Arp, all young men, came and bought land. In 1857 John Krebs bought land here and moved on it. In 1859 Henry Struve bought Krebs out and moved to the farm.

Coe Township had at that time a hunters' lodge owned by some wealthy Philadelphia Irishmen. They brought with them three men who permanently located here. One was Gottlieb Stilz who had served as gardener for John L. Lambert who was one of the owners of the Lodge. Stilz was from Philadelphia. He afterwards married my oldest sister. Another was Alec Hasson, coachman for Lambert, who came and brought his family with him; the sons were James, John and George Hasson. The other man was Richard Torpin, who was a cousin of Mr. Lambert. He moved his family here. His sons were Richard, Joseph, Henry and Lambert Torpin. They came in the spring of 1856. His son Richard was a young man at the time, and the winter after they came here he taught the Walker school. The school stood on the west side of the road, just opposite the present residence of Alvin Frels, at about the middle of the south line of Section 18, Canoe Creek Township. The school was afterwards moved

to the present location of "Enterprise school" in the northeast quarter of Section Eighteen.

The hunters' lodge or house was built of sawmill lumber. It was the best building in the country. They had a high pole with a big lantern on top and at night you could see it for miles around. Their lodge stood on the highest ground in this part of the country, and was out in what is now the field east of George Guinn's residence, on the west half of the northeast quarter of Section Fourteen, Coe Township. They hunted all over the High Prairie and the Docia. They brought their servants with them, and had the finest hunting dogs I ever saw, some of them worth five hundred dollars, and they had a man especially to take care of them.

In 1860, when the Prince of Wales, Edward, visited this country these men brought him here on a hunting trip, and I had the honor of drinking whiskey out of the same bottle with him. Mr. Harte introduced me to him. He said, "You want to take off your hat to this man." Mother sold these men milk, butter and eggs. It was about three-quarters of a mile from the Lodge to our house. In their hunting trips they often came to where I was at work and sat an hour at a time talking about the affairs of the country, which interested me. I was in the piece south of the house clearing ground of stumps and brush when they brought the Prince.

These hunters came every spring and fall, sometimes

as many as twenty at a time. They were finely formed, big-sized men. W. H. Harte, who was one of them, was killed as a Captain on a gunboat down the Mississippi during the rebellion. He had farmed the eighty where the Lodge stood for a couple of years. Father bought the eighty in the southwest quarter of Section Fourteen through Harte, paying $660.00 for it. We still have the written contract signed by Harte and Father. It is like a good many deals of those days. Nothing was paid down. The contract was dated Sept. 30, 1855, and father was to pay for the land Dec. 1st, 1856.

About the last time the hunters came here, they set the prairie grass afire around their house and the fire got away from them. It burned about forty rods of rail fence for us, and burned eight grain stacks for Tunis Quick, Tom Quick's father. It was all the grain they had harvested that year.

Early in the spring of 1856 I drove to Port Byron to meet Rev. C. A. T. Selle, the German Lutheran home missionary. The roads were muddy from the spring thaw. The next day was Sunday, and our friends and neighbors met at our log house for church services. We organized a church and arranged to have preaching regularly. The neighbors took turns having preaching at their homes, and if there was no other place, they came to our house whether it was our turn or not. There was a small lot of German Lutherans in Rock Island that were getting started at the same time, but

we had the biggest and best congregation. Rev. Selle was a representative of the Missouri Synod, and we naturally came to be a congregation of that synod. These were the first beginnings of the German Lutheran Church in Rock Island County.

In the summer of 1856 the neighbors got up a subscription list in order to start a school in our district. It was the formation of what we called the "Bluff School." It is called by that name now. Father and Tunis Quick and Amos Golden were elected Directors of the school. They built a little frame building about twelve by fourteen on Amos Golden's farm, on the west side of the road running north and south through the middle of Section Eleven, a little north of the center of the section. Calvin Lambert was our first teacher. He was a young man at the time. Later he married Phoebe Quick, a very nice girl. We had a fine school. We used the McGuffy school books, and the Sanders school books were beginning to come in also. Joe Torpin, his sister, now Mrs. Mary Allen, Cy. Comfort and his sister Louise, who afterward married Levi Stout (Mrs. C. B. Marshall's mother), John and Henry Quick were among the older scholars there when it started.

For some time our German Lutheran minister held services at this school also. He would preach in German in the forenoon, and in the afternoon in English, to a large congregation made up from the whole neighborhood. This kept up until we got a preacher who

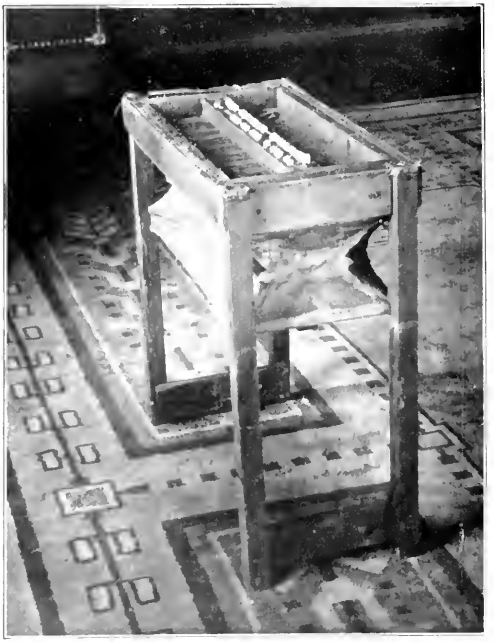
was not satisfied unless he condemned everything that was not Lutheran. That ended the English preaching because our English-speaking neighbors were not Lutheran. Afterward a Rev. Rutledge, who lived about five miles back of LeClaire, Ia., came and preached in this school house. He was from the same part of New Jersey that the Goldens and the Marshalls were from. Later still the Baptist minister from Cordova held services here. His name was Rev. Asa Prescott. He had revival meetings there.

We also had a debating society at that little school. and had it crowded.

Not many men around here knew how to conduct a public meeting. When they voted on moving the school to its present location, Tunis Quick was presiding. He voted the same as the others, and it was a tie. So he voted again as presiding officer and that gave his side a majority. I think I was the only one present that knew it was wrong for a presiding officer to vote twice, and I explained it. That gave the majority to those who wanted to move the school to its present location. We bought the present school lot from Gottlieb Stilz. The deed to the lot is dated Sept. 11, 1865.

After we got the German minister to come up to the High Prairie, we also started a singing school. They met at father's at first and afterwards changed about among the neighbors. We had very good singing. I think it was Rev. Doescher that led it at first, and Rev. Gruber kept it up when he came.

Some time after we had moved the public school to its present location, we started an English singing school. It was the first American singing school around here. Clyde Fleming was our first song teacher.



Melodion used by Wm. Fowler in his Singing Class at Bluff School in Coe Town. This instrument was brought from Vermont to Rock Island County by the George E. Holmes family in 1846.

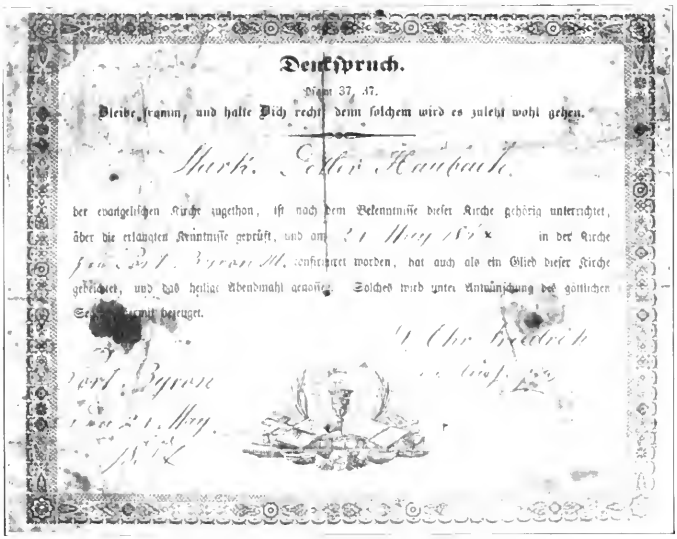
He was a brother of Wilson Fleming who afterwards had a drug store at Port Byron. Both the brothers were born in Coe Town. Years afterward a man from LeClaire, Ia., by the name of William Fowler had a singing school at Bluff school. He used the little melo-

deon that Dr. W. H. Lyford presented to the County Historical Society. Dr. Lyford's wife's folks brought it from Vermont in 1846. Fowler was a good song teacher and always had a house full.

Christian Kramhöft lived on the farm next South of us in section thirteen. Father pre-empted his eighty for him. He was a widower with one daughter. After he located here he married a widow with four children. In the fall of 1855 she gave birth to a child that had the small pox. Mother was there to attend the sick woman, and continued taking care of her until she herself came down with the small pox. Father and my three little sisters also got it. Elizabeth and Catherine were badly scarred for life, but Margaret, the youngest, was not so sick and had only four or five scars in her face. My brother Dave did the chores and I did the house work and attended the sick. Mrs. Kramhöft and the baby died. People were afraid to go near the place for fear of getting the disease, and Mr. Kramhöft made the coffin and buried his wife near the house with no services and no one present except himself and the children. His first wife had died of cholera on the trip here from Germany, and the widow he married afterward had also lost her husband in the same cholera plague on the way from the old country.

In the winter of 1856 they had a German school at the home of this same Kramhöft. William Riewerts lives on the place now but it is not the same house.

Kramhöft's house was built by setting posts in the ground, with poles fastened to them. They filled the space between these poles with cornstalks, and plastered it all over with clay mixed with "buffalo chips". It was whitewashed inside and out. The roof was of bull-grass thatch. It looked as neat as shingles, or neater. I do not think he had a nail in the house. He drove pegs to hold the poles together. I attended that school also, to learn Luther's Catechism. We also had reading, writing and arithmetic. John Arp was the teacher. There were eight of us from the High Prairie, some were from Port Byron Bluff, and some from Hampton Bluff, nineteen in all. We were all



Denkspruch.

Diene 37, 37.

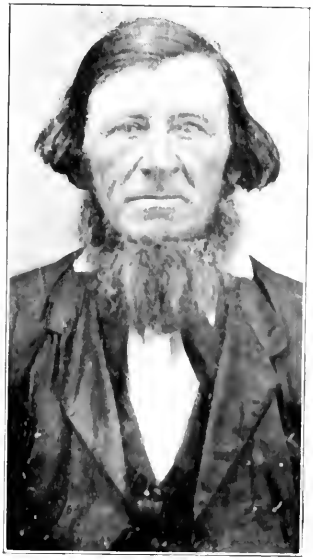
Bleibe fromm, und halte Dich recht; denn solchem wird es zuletzt wohl gehen.

Confirmation certificate, issued to me in 1857. It was the first German Lutheran class in Rock Island County.

confirnmed in the Lutheran faith on May 24th, 1857, in the Port Byron Congregational church. Rev. G. Chr. Friedrich was the minister in charge of the class. This was the first German Lutheran class in Rock Island County. The only others for that year being at Rock Island where one girl from Muscatine, Iowa, and one from the Edgington settlement were confirmed. Our teacher, John Arp, was a brother to Mrs. Henry Kuehl of Moline.

Our congregation lasted about forty years. We never built a church. The congregation never was quite big enough, and at the time we should have grown, some of us joined the Grangers, Free Masons, Farmers Mutual Benefit Association, and the Modern Woodmen of America. The Missouri Synod of Lutherans does not allow its members to join secret societies, so we were ousted, and the church kept getting smaller. For many years we had services at Bluff school at its present location (middle of the south line of section eleven, Coe township), and Rev. Louis Winter of the Hampton Bluff church was our last pastor. The earlier ministers of our congregation were Rev. C. A. T. Sells, Rev. G. Chr. Friedrich who was in charge at the time of our first confirmation service, May 24, 1857, Rev. Gruber, Rev. Doescher, and Rev. C. A. Mennicke. All these men made our log house their home when they came to preach. Rev. Menicke was a young unmarried man when he first came. He also preached at Hampton Bluff where the Henry Frels'

were prominent members of his congregation. The Frels' home was his headquarters most of the time when he preached for the Hampton Bluff people. My wife, who at that time was Miss Anna Margaret Frels, was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding when Rev. Mennicke and Miss Anna Mangelsdorf were married, in 1861. He was pastor of the Rock Island church for about fifty years.



HENRY FRELS.

The only thing that is left of the old Lutheran congregation on the High Prairie to-day is the little cemetery. I donated the land for that in the Southwest corner of my farm.

The first class of the Hampton Bluff Lutheran church held its confirmation exercises in the hall over the L. F. Baker store at Hampton. This was in the spring of 1860. They had been holding their church services in a brick building, up the hollow a ways, in the village of Hampton. Among the members of that class was Miss Anna M. Frels, who became my wife two years later, and was "My Better half" for over fifty-six years.

In 1857 when township organization took place, Henry Lascelles, Edward McFadden and John D. Hauberg, my father, were the first three Road Commissioners elected in Coe township. Father was elected for three years. He could not read or write English. They had a great deal of work to do. The country began to settle up. We had been driving straight through the country wherever the road was best. The settlers began to fence up the roads, and they had to lay out new ones. Each of the Commissioners got a Law and Form book on Township organization. I did the writing for father, and learned about all the forms by heart. I could write a road petition, or a road or fence notice, without looking in the book. We also got a book "Every man his own Lawyer." The first two winters as a bachelor, I read law. I made up my mind I would be a lawyer, but the more I read the less I knew, and I made up my mind I was a fool and I quit; but atferwards I found it did me some good. Sometimes a new Justice of the Peace would come to me to help him make out a State Warrant, and if they had an important law suit and one side had a lawyer and the other side hade none, the Squire would send for me to defend them and I was pretty successful.

The oath of office which a Township officer took in 1857 had more to it then we have now. It was as follows:

State of Illinois)
Rock Island County) ss.

I.....do solemnly swear that I will support the Constitution of the United States and of the State of Illinois, and that I will according to the best of my judgment, skill and ability, diligently, faithfully and impartially, perform all the duties enjoined on me as.....of the Town of..... in the County of Rock Island and State of Illinois."

"I do solemnly swear that I have not fought a duel, nor sent or accepted a challenge to fight a duel, the probable issue of which might have been the death of either party, nor in any manner aided or assisted in such duel nor been knowingly the bearer of such challenge or acceptance since the adoption of the Constitution, and that I will not be so engaged or concerned directly or indirectly in or about any such duel during my continuance in office, so help me God."

The above form was signed by the men elected, and sworn to before a Justice of the Peace.

September 29, 1858, I was twenty-one years old and I left home, with twenty-five cents in my pocket. Father was not a poor man any more; if he had been, I would have stayed with him. I went to John Marshall and got a job for $14.00 a month. The next morning father came there and rented to me his eighty acres in Section 14; but before I rented it I bought a team of horses and a plow and an old linch-pin

wagon from him for $300.00 and gave him a note, due one year from date, with ten percent interest; then I rented the land for one year for $300.00.

I bought a stove from John Marshall, a two-bushel sack of flour, two bushels of potatoes and some meat a knife and fork and a tin cup, and stayed there and worked to pay for these things. Then I went back to father's, got my horses, the old wagon and plow, then to John Marshall's and got my stove, flour, potatoes, meat, knife and fork and tin cup, borrowed an ax and went into the timber and cut stove wood to finish out my load, then to my rented farm, into a little shanty we had built when we broke the land. I unloaded and went back to John Marshall and bought a wagon box full of corn—about fourteen bushels—at twenty cents a bushel, to be paid for in work at corn picking time. Then I went back to the shanty, got my dinner, unloaded the corn in the shanty, tied my horses to the wagon and went to my nearest neighbor "Col" William Johnson, one mile and a half southeast, borrowed a scythe and cut grass for the horses. I got water from the creek about 80 rods to the south, near where the Adelphia school huose now stands—my shantay stood where now George Ashdown lives—and there I batched.

After breakfast the next morning, I got a load of posts and poles from father's timber to build a stable. When that was finished I started to plow, and I plowed until the ground froze. Then I picked corn to pay

for the corn I got from Marshall. After that I picked corn on shares for John Marshall. Corn got down to fifteen cents a bushel. "A man does not pick more than 12 to 15 bushels a day and it does not pay to hire it picked" he said. I picked twenty-five bushels a day, and got a third of all I picked. John Marshall at that time was living on what was afterward the William Mill stock farm, now Wiltamuth's, in section six, Canoe Creek township.

About the first of December father came over to my shanty and said he was going to quit farming and would rent me the whole farm for one year. I told him I did not want it for one year as I did not want to stock up for one year, not knowing what I was going to do the next year, but would take it for four years. He rented the farm to me, one hundred and ninety acres, for four years, at $600.00 a year, and he built a house on section 14 where I was, and moved into it about February 1st, 1859, and I moved into the old log house on section twelve. In 1861 father built a barn, size 34x36, at his place in section fourteen. It was the largest barn in the country except the one of Marshall's.

I bought one yoke of oxen from him for $50.00 and two cows and a sow for $50.00, and gave him my note for $100.00 with ten per cent interest.

There were about eight hired men in this part of the country who wanted to go to Moline to a dance and they asked me to take them there for $2.50 and

my expenses to the dance, which I agreed to do. The evening before we had a meeting at Paul Gottsche's place to arrange the time we were to start in the morning. I got home from the meeting about twelve o'clock, gave my horses some hay and kicked up the bedding for them and then went to bed. The next morning my best horse was dead. I borrowed a horse from Gottsche, snaked my dead horse to the slough, and when I came back everybody was ready to go. I got ready and we went to Moline to the dance. This was Christmas of 1858.

Mr. C. Krabbenhoeft married again in the fall of 1858, a Mrs. Bahlman from Davenport. She had four children—two boys, Reimer, nineteen, and James, fourteen years old, and two daughters, Anna, twelve, and Castina, ten years old.

I picked corn all winter. In January the snow was so deep I had to take a shovel with me and shovel the snow away to get to the corn. The snow blew from the bare fields and the corn stalks held it, forming drifts from four to six feet deep. I got enough corn for feed and some to sell. The latter part of February I hauled one hundred bushels to Hans Beekman, in Moline, and got forty dollars cash for it.

In February, 1859, there was a sale at Dillon's (they lived near Madison Bowles.' The family had died out and everything on the farm, including the household goods, was to be sold. I went early in the morning because I wanted to talk to the administrator.

As soon as I found him I told him who I was and what I wanted. I said, "I am a young man. I have rented a farm six miles north of here and I need household goods. I see you have it for sale. I would like to buy some but I have no money to pay for it now. If I buy anything I cant' pay fr it until next fall, and I don't want to ask anyone to sign a note with me."

"Young man," he said, "you are all right. Buy what you want — buy it all. You can pay me when you get the money."

I bought the stove, two bedsteads, all the quilts but one — that was too fancy for me — all the dishes and candle molds and candlesticks, and the knives and forks; and mother gave me a bed when I started batching, so I was "all set" for housekeeping. I had bought chairs and a table of Mr. Snaphase, in Port Byron — the man who built the stone house across the street from and a little below the depot — for $14.50, to be paid for next fall.

I bought a horse four years old from Isaiah Marshall for one hundred thirty-five dollars and gave him my note, with interest at ten percent. I got twenty chickens, two turkey hens and a goose for moving father's stuff to the new house. I bought one hundred bushels of corn from him at twenty cents a bushel. I traded one hundred fifty bushels of corn for eighty bushels of seed wheat. I bought forty bushels of seed wheat at fitfy cents a bushel and gave my note for it. I traded a cow for sixty bushels, bought ten bushels

for cash and traded forty-four bushels of corn for a cow.

When father got moved he let brother Dave go, and I took him in as a partner. When we had our seeding done in the spring, one of our neighbors borrowed our oxen to finish his seeding. When he had finished seeding he turned the oxen loose on the prairie. One ox came home with the cows. I looked for the other and saw it, a half mile away, on the hill. When I got there it was lying down; the cords of one of its hind legs had been cut and it had almost bled to death. I tied my handkerchief around its leg to stop the blood, drove the ox home and doctored it up, but it was never able to work. This was the "off" ox. I bought a steer for $35.00 to mate the ox we had. Perhaps you do not understand what "off" and "near" are. I will tell you. The "near" ox is the left hand side, where you drive — that is the "haw" side; the one on the righthand side is the "off" ox — that is "gee".

About July 1st my other horse died — a three hundred dollar team gone. I bought another horse from Roger Bell, afterwards in business in Port Byron, for one hundred dollars, and gave him my note.

The first Sunday after the Fourth of July my brother, Dave, was accidentally shot in the hip, which left him a cripple for more than a year. I had to pay $1.50 a day for help during the harvest, after thrashing. When we thrashed we worked our oxen on the

horse power. The thrashers did not like this, so I asked my neighobr to put his horses on, which he did, and I let him have my oxen to deliver his barley, which he had sold and had to deliver that week. When he got half way to town with his load of barley the "off" ox fell dead. It was a warm day and the ox became overheated. Then I bought three more oxen and rented more land.

Seventy acres of wheat that I had in section 14 went little better than thirty-seven bushels to the acre. This was Canada Club wheat. We had twenty acres of Red River; that went twenty bushels to the acre. We had twenty-five acres Early Robinson wheat — on ten acres of it I sowed nine and one-half bushels — that went twenty-seven bushels to the acre. I sold that in Davenport to Hansen (the present hardware and seed-man's father-in-law) for seed at $1.00 a bushel. He was in the grain business. On fifteen acres of it, I sowed one bushel and three pecks to the acre; that went fifteen bushels to the acre. I had thirty-five acres of barley, that went thirty-five bushels to the acre. I sold that to Schloepel, the brewery man in LeClaire, for forty-eight cents a bushel; and he gave me my dinner, all the beer I wanted to drink and paid the ferry-man.

When I hauled wheat to Port Byron I carried a lunch with me. There were no restaurants. When I had unloaded the wheat I would tie my horses to the wagon and feed them in the box. George Wagner had a

bakery in Moline and he peddled his goods, his pie and cake along the road. He would tie his team to my wagon and feed them. He also carried his lunch, and we would go to Charley Grey's saloon and buy a quart of beer and sit down and eat our lunches. Mr. Wagner afterwards bought Schmidt's brewery near the thirty-fist street depot in Rock Island and changed the name to Wagner's brewery and afterward it became a part of the Rock Island Brewing Company.

Our first wheat of the 1859 crop I sold for 42c per bushel and paid my bills at the store and other little bills, and for the balance I bought a new wagon.

The second batch of wheat I sold to William Marshall, grandfather of Attorney C. B. Marshal of Rock Island. I hauled the wheat to the "Diamond Jo" steamboat warehouse at the west end of town. The grain at that time was always put into sacks and the sacks sewed up and carried on the steamboat by the gang of roustabouts which every steamboat carried. Sometimes the grain dealers would pile the sacks in a high pile on the river bank and a storm would come up and spoil a lot of the grain.

Cordova at this time was a busier place than Port Byron. All the business part of the town was at the lower end.

Along about this time so many people moved here from New Jersey and located in the upper end, east of where the railroad is now, and about the public school, they called it "Jersey Row".

The Diamond Jo warehouse at Cordova, to which we hauled wheat in 1859.

When I had delivered the last load of wheat, I stopped to settle up. I was a little late coming in and had to wait my turn to unload. Mr. Marshall was running a general store and had gone home for supper.

"He will be back pretty soon", the Clerk said, "he has gone to supper."

I waited but he did not come, so I went to the house and he had gone to bed. I told him I wanted to settle as I had to help my neighbor Monday and could not come to Cordova. He came back to the store with me and we figured up the amount and he paid me $777.00.

The store was full of men. The Sterling & Rock Island Railroad was being built at that time, and it being Saturday night, the men working on the railroad came to town to do their trading. I got my team and started home. Before I got out of town I had to cross a little bridge about ten feet wide. There were three men and a horse and buggy on it. One of the men asked me for a ride and I told him to get in. He got in and the other two men got in the buggy and we all started away. It was a bright moonlight night.

Three miles out of Cordova is a Jack oak grove. When we got to about the middle of the grove — a mile away from anybody, and trees darkening the road — I saw my near horse rearing up, somebody having a hold of his bit. It gave a plunge to the right and kicked the fellow. In a flash it struck me, "Those fellows are after my money." The man on the seat with me had thrown one foot over mine. I hit him with my arm, under his throat and took him by the leg and pushed him out. The other fellow was trying to get hold of my neck; but the horses turning and running, threw him out of balance. Before he got on his feet again I got him by the throat. When he did not move any more I shouted "Whoa" and the horses stopped. About eighty rods out on the prairie —my man was quiet — I picked him up and threw him out of the wagon. I jumped out of the wagon and picked up my lines, got on again and drove home. It was 12:30 o'clock when I got home.

If I had had good clothes on, I think they would have tried to murder me for my money. As it was — I had a hickory shirt on, a five-cent straw hat, and most likely patched trousers and perhaps was bare-foot — they picked me for a green country boy who knew nothing. When I got the money I wrapped it up in wrapping paper and put it in my pocket — I had no pocketbook — and they saw it.

Ten years afterwards I was in Davenport, in a restaurant. A man came up to me and said, "Do you live east of Cordova?"

I said, "Yes."

"Do you know me?" he asked.

"No."

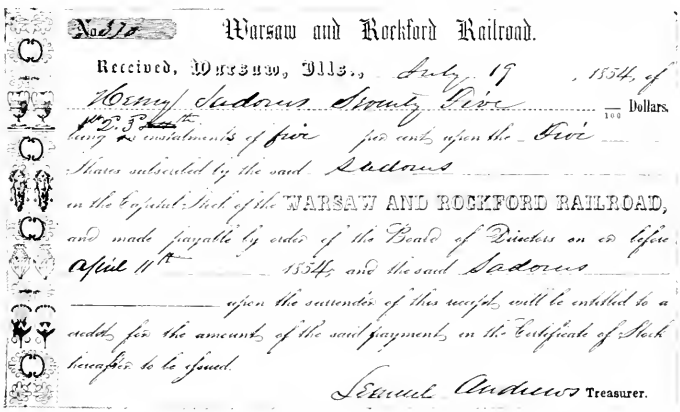
"I know you. Do you remember the time you got a handful of money in the store and three fellows stopped you on the bridge in Cordova, and tried to hold you up when you got in the timber?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I was one of the fellows that was to hold the horses. The big fellow sitting in the seat with you was to take the money out of your pocket; and if you made any resistance, I was to hold you. I don't know what happened to me; but when I awoke the next morning the sun was shining and I was lost on the prairie — no house in sight. I will tell you how I happened to be there. My folks lived in Iowa City. Father was in business there, and he had a farm near town. I had been off to school. When I came home

it was about haying time and he told me to grind the sickle and get the mower ready, and get things ready in general. The next week when they hitched on the mower it was not ready; father gave me a scolding. I made up my mind he could do his own haying, and I left. I heard they were building a railroad up there and I went. I got in the wrong company, got to drinking, playing cards for money and went from bad to worse. When I woke up that morning I was sober and began to realize my position. I started at once for Iowa City and made a clean confession to father. I am a married man now and well to do. Here is my address. Come and see us. My folks will be glad to see you. They know about the happenings. Good-by."

The railroad grade at that time was being built across the 'Docia from Erie to Cordova. The right


No. 310 Warsaw and Rockford Railroad.

Received, Warsaw, Ills., July 19, 1854, of Henry Sadorus Twenty Five — $\frac{}{100}$ Dollars.

1st 2 3 4th being instalments of five per cent upon the Five Shares subscribed by the said Sadorus in the Capital Stock of the WARSAW AND ROCKFORD RAILROAD, and made payable by order of the Board of Directors on or before April 11th 1854, and the said Sadorus upon the surrender of this receipt, will be entitled to a credit for the amount of the said payment, in the Certificate of Stock hereafter to be issued.

Samuel Andrews Treasurer.

Warsaw & Rockford Railroad receipt, 1854.

of way was through a lot of sand holes and if it was not sand it was swamp. I think the men who opposed their getting the loans for buying the iron for the track used that as an argument; that the country that the road went through was non productive and that the road in the end would be a failure.

They had the grade finished, bridges built and the ties laid. They had the promise of money to buy the rails but when it came time to get it, it was refused them. Steel or iron rails were not made in this country at that time. It had to be imported from England. It was generally thought that the Chicago & Rock Island railroad officials had something to do with knocking the Sterling & Rock Island road in the head.

All the farmers around here were asked to buy stock, and a great many took some. Father subscribed $400.00. At first it was the "Warsaw & Rockford" and they were selling subscriptions for that in 1854, but later it was known as the "Sterling & Rock Island Railroad Co.", and subscriptions were taken for that in 1857.

When the rairoad fell through with, the farmers refused to pay the notes they had given. Suit was brought against a lot of them in the Circuit Court at Rock Island and they had to settle. The farmers accused the promoters of stealing the money as the reason why they refused to pay up, but the promoters did not steal. They simply could not get the money

necessary to buy the rails and rolling stock. "Squire Bill" Marshall and Jim Abbott were among the promoters, both Cordova men. "Squire Bill" Marshall showed me the papers giving him the right, by Act of congress, to build a bridge across the Mississippi at Cordova.

They worked summer and winter to build the railroad grade. In the summer it was all wheelbarrow work. No horses were used. They worked wherever it was dry enough. In winter they built the grade through the swamps. They got dirt from the high bank about forty rods or so southeast of where the big cave is, in section 1, Coe township, and hauled it with horses and wagons over the frozen ground and ice. The men had their camp where the stone house is now; in the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section one. The stone house was afterwards built by "Gooseneck" John Marshall.

Some of this railroad grade came in handy, later, when they used part of it for a public wagon road from Phillco's Island, at the Middle Crossing, eastward, toward Erie.

During the latter part of September 1859 I took a load of garden truck to Moline and peddled it. — There were no professional gardeners there then — and I stayed all night at the Western House. Charley Reese and Hans Beckman were the proprietors — both young men. I was late getting in. When I had my team put up I went in and told Mr. Reese I wanted supper.

"All right; come right in," he said.

When we got in the dining room there were three ladies sitting at the table, eating. Reese said, "This man wants his supper. He is a farmer." I knew what that meant — "He's a fool." Farmers were all fools those days, in the eyes of the townspeople. The ladies made all sorts of fun of me. I made up my mind I would act like a farmer. When they put in a word of English, I did not understand; I was green — right from the old country. They asked me if I could dance. "Oh, I hop around a little," I said. One of the ladies said, "We are going to have a dance here next Saturday evening; you had better come down."

"No, you know I live in the country and we are a little clodfooted. If I should ask you for a dance and then step on your toes a little, you would run away and leave me standing there and the other fellows would laugh at me. No, I gues I won't come," I said.

"I would not do that," she said, "you had better come."

"Well, if you will promise not to run away, I'll come" and I came.

The next Saturday I went down with another load of garden truck, sold out and stayed at the Western House again, where the dance was going to be. I was late again and had to eat with the ladies. "You see I'm here," I said to the girl. "I see," she said, "and I am glad you came." I don't think she meant it.

After supper I went into the hall, or bar-room —

they were both in one room about forty feet square. The building was owned by C. H. Dibbern. The hall was full of men and I did not know a soul. The were all Germans, who were repairing the stone and brush dam across the slough from the main land to the island. The first public work that was done here was done by Germans; afterwards came the Irish.

I sat down on a bench — there were benches all around the hall — and a fellow came and shook hands with me. He had worked for me during the harvest. "Mark," he said, "I am glad you are here; we are going to have a dance tonight." "That is what I came for," I said. Then some one called him away — to find out who I was, I guess — and when they found out, one of the fellows sat down beside me. "Are you a farmer?" he said.

"Yes, I am a farmer."

"You must set 'em up to the fellows, then they won't whip you," he said.

"They won't whip me," I said.

"Yes, they will."

"No, they wont."

"What makes you think they won't whip you?" he said.

"I won't hold still," I said.

"Do you think you can whip that whole crowd?"

"I can if I have to."

He told the fellows what I said, and added, "He is crazy." Then the other fellows came and made

fun of me. When they put in a word of English, I did not understand. One fellow asked, "Are you a farmer?" Another fellow said, "That is a great question to ask — if he is a farmer — look at his feet, that will tell you." He said, "Say, if I had a farm I would like to have him for my hired man. I bet there are no clods where he comes from."

"Say, don't talk that way, he came here to dance."

"Dance, nothing. Ladies in Moline don't disgrace themselves to dance with farmers."

During the time all this talking was going on, old man Dibbern had come in. One of the fellows went up to him and said, "Father Dibbern, we are having some fun; we have a green farmer here who just came from Deutchland."

"Have you?" Dibbern said.

"Yes, that fellow with the gray hat sitting over there; do you see him?"

"Yes, I see the fellow with gray hat, but he isn't green."

"Yes, he is," the fellow said, "he can't speak a word of English."

"That is Marx Hauberg," Mr. Dibbern said. "Have you fellows been making fun of him? He was raised in this town; he can speak English better than German."

"No; you don't know him," the fellow said.

"Yes, I do" said Dibbern. "If you fellows make

fun of him, he won't take that home; he will whip you fellows before he goes home.'

Just then Charles Deere and four or five fellows came in, about half shot. Charles says, "Mark, what in hell are you doing here?"

I said, "I'm going to teach those fellows some manners to-night."

"I guess you can do it," Charley said.

"You d—n right," I said, "and I'm going to."

"Come on, we'll have something," Charley said. We had something.

"Mark, if you think you need any help, we will stay," Charley said.

"I don't need any; I am good for this crowd."

"I guess you are," Phil Williams said.

These fellows were the toughs of Moline; they were my friends; maybe I wasn't any better.

When the musicians came they shook hands with me and the leader said, "Mark, if you want a partner, get around in time; ladies are scarce in this town." I said to him, "Give me a tick on the board before you begin to play; I'll set 'em up to you after a while." When the tick on the board came I went to the fellow that told me the ladies in Moline would not disgrace themselves to dance with farmers, and asked him to show me the ladies' room. He says in plain English, "You go to Hell."

"I think you will be there before I will," I said. I got my gentleman by the neck and shoved him to

the door of the dining room, where they went upstairs. When we got in the dining room I locked the door and told him if he misled me he would never see daylight again.

"Come on", he said and we went upstairs. He opened the door and said, "This is the place" — a perfect gentleman. The first lady at the door I asked very politely for a dance. She got up and came with me. When we got to the dining room door she said, "There is no room to dance; the place is full of men."

I got a better hold of her arm and said, "Come on, we will make room." When we got in the middle of the hall I pushed some of the fellows aside (the first dance was a waltz) and when we had room enough we began to turn around. She was a good dancer. I stepped on everybody's toes that was in the way. We were the only couple who danced.

When the dance was over, I said to her, "It is embarrassing for you to sit here all alone, so if my company is acceptable, I will amuse you the best I know how."

"All right," she said, "what is your name?" I told her.

"Why, this is a Godsend," she said, "we came here to America upon the recommendation of your father and mother. We have been here more than three months and have not been able to find them."

We danced the next dance together. When the dance

was over, her mother was there and she said to her, "Mother, this is John Hauberg's son."

"What was you mother's maiden name?" said the mother.

"Margretha Griese," I said.

"My," she said, "father come here — father was close by — this is John Hauberg's son."

"How big is your father?" he said.

"About your size."

"What kind of hair has he?"

"He has dark curly hair," I said.

"Was he a soldier?"

"Yes."

"Was he in the Cavalry?" he asked.

"He was."

"Mother come," he said, "and Doris you bring the young man, we will have a drink on this," and we did. Then the old man said, "Are you the farmer these fellows are going to lick?"

"Yes," I said, "if they can."

"You don't think they can?"

"No," I said, "I am going to teach these fellows enough so that when a stranger comes hereafter they will know enough to respect him."

"I see you are ready for them. You have taken off your coat and your necktie and collar," he said.

We had had about seven dances when the ladies in the house came down. When "Ladies' choice" was called, the girl of the house who had invited me, sat

down beside the girl I had danced with. The girl of the house said, "Did they call out 'Ladies' choice'?"

"Yes," said the girl I had danced with.

"Well, I will get that farmer, I invited him."

"You are too late; that is my fellow," said the girl I had danced with.

"Can he dance?"

"Yes, the best in the house."

"He told me he could just hop around a little. Well, you get him first and bring him here to me. I invited him and I don't want to go back on him."

I heard what they said, so I went to the fellows — they were all in a bunch — and said. "Say, you fellows look to me as if you were strangers here. Come on, one of you, and I will give you an introduction to my lady and you can have a dance." Then war broke out. They rushed at me and as many as could, got hold of me, and were in one anothers way. I got hold of one fellow — a side hold —and tripped him. He fell flat on his back. He took part of my vest along. The fellow next to him I hit and kicked. He fell backwards, right over the first fellow, and broke his front teeth. He took a piece of my shirt along. The next man, when he fell, took the rest of my vest and shirt along. He fell with his head against the sharp edge of the counter and got a bad cut in the back of his head. The next man I hit right in the eye. That was the end of the battle, just then.

I found out later that some of the fellows there that

night were my friends. They had been treated like I was and they sicked these fellows on to me for revenge, thinking I could put it over them. There was a bully in town and they had gone after him, one of these friends told me. He described him to me and said, "Take him in time. He is a blacksmith, working for John Deere."

When he came in I happened to face the door. He was a little square-shouldered fellow. He made a rush for me, to stick his head between my legs and throw me over backwards; but he was too light. I picked him up and threw him out of the window. That ended the fight for all time with the farmers. There had been a dance there in June and the farmers had been made to treat, and when their money was all gone, they shoved them out doors. The Fourth of July there had been a dance there and farmers from Hampton and from our way were there. When they had spent all their money they boxed their ears and told them to go home. They were pretty badly spoiled down there in the city.

Well, I borrowed a shirt from Charley Reese and danced — everybody was happy — as if nothing had happened. "Son, well done," said the old man. His name was Gurius. James Loptien married his daughter Doris. One of the three ladies of the house was Mrs. Speck, Claus Reimers' mother-in-law. Hans Mumm married one of them, Dr. Robert C. J. Meyers' mother-inlaw. What became of the other lady I don't

know. I offered to pay Mr. Dibbern for the window the next morning, but he would not take any pay. He said, "I am glad that it came out as it did."

The foregoing all happened on my twenty-second birthday. The next morning, when I was hitching up to go home, I got an invitation to a wedding. I put my team back in the barn and went to the wedding. The man who was married had staid at our home when we lived in Moline. Monday morning, the morning after the wedding, I had my team hitched up, when the constable came and arrested me for trying to commit manslaughter. The other fellow had a lawyer; I did not. When we got into Court the Squire read the warrant and asked me if I plead guilty. I said, "No, sir, I don't." Then the lawyer got up and told the Court what I had done and what he could prove, and what ought to be done with me. When he was through the Squire asked me if I had anything to say. I said, "No, I think he said enough." Then he swore the witnesses and the interpreter.

When the lawyer got through with the witness, he said to me, "You can take the witness." I asked the witness how it come that I hit him. "Didn't you poke your finger under my nose to see how good looking I was?" Then the lawyer said, "I object to the question." Then I got up and said, "Squire, do you think there is anybody in this country brute enough to hit anyone in the face without provocation?" The Squire said, "Answer the question." The fellow did answer

it, but it was hard work. I think the interpreter was a little on my side; we had things about our own way. The Dutch could not understand English and the English could not understand Dutch. Every witness was about like the first one. The lawyer said, "Your Honor, this is our case." I said, "This is my case." When the lawyer got up to make his plea he called me everything he could lay his tongue to. When he sat down, I got up.

I said, "Squire, these fellows are my conutrymen. They are good fellows. They don't look very good now, but they will look better after a while. They came from a country where they are compelled to respect people, they came to America, a free country. They think, 'I can do as I please,' and they pleased to make fun of me. There is a certain amount of nigger about these fellows, that has to be knocked out; when that is knocked out, they are all right and become good citizens and know enough to respect strangers. If they have not learned that this time, I can come back and give them another lesson. Now Squire, if you think I am guilty, put on the fine; I have the money in my pocket to pay it."

When the lawyer got up again he put it over me in good shape. He said I ought to be put behind the bars; I was a dangerous man to be left loose over the country. "He'll kill somebody."

When the lawyer sat down, the Squire said to me, "I fine you one dollar."

"How much is the cost?" I said.

"I will remit my cost," he said.

"How much is your cost, Mr. Stevens?" Mr. Stevens was the constable.

"Mark, I don't want anything," Mr. Stevens said, "I think you did the right thing."

I got out my dollar, the Squire gave me a receipt and said, "Mark, Mrs. Swander wants to see you to dinner at our house." I said "All right." Mr. Swander was the Squire. He was our neighbor and bought our house when we left Moline. Mrs. Swander was glad to see me and asked me if I had been in the lockup. After dinner Mr. Swander and I went down town in a saloon, and there was the lawyer. He came up to me and said, "Shake, I thought you were a stranger here. Say, by gad, you've got the nerve all right; where did you get your education?" I said, "Driving oxen to a breaking plow" in Scott County, Iowa.

I rented the eighty acres where George Guinn now lives, from Richard Torpin in the spring. I had hired a man and his wife for $180.00 a year, to work for me. He was a good man; but she was no good. We did not have a decent meal while she was there. She never had meals ready when we came in. I got them from Davenport in March and I told him I would give him the $180.00 now if he would take his wife and get out; I said I could not stand it any longer. He said, "All right, take us down"; and I did in December. Then I batched again until next spring.

I bought another span of horses, harness and wagon for two hundred and seventy-seven dollars and fifty cents, for which I paid cash. Then we had two of the best teams in the country—one pair of chestnut sorrel, weighing about twenty-eight hundred and a span of bays weighing about thirty hundred.

When we had sold our grain and paid out the money, we were about $600.00 in debt. We had had extremely bad luck, but we were not discouraged. My sow had six pigs. I had bought a new reaper to cut the grain, for one hundred and sixty dollars. We now had a full stock of implements, feed and seed, and good teams.

One Sunday morning in December, our neighbor woman came over and said to me, "Mr. Hauberg, my John is sick; I want you to come and see what is the matter with him."

"Is he in bed?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Mother," I said, "I don't know anything about sick people; if he is in bed, you better have a doctor. "It is too cold for you to go," I said, "but I will go to town and get one."

"I don't want a town doctor; I want you."

"I can't do him any good," I said.

"You can't put me off like that," she said, "everybody says you are smart; I wont go home until you come with me."

I went with her. When we got there John lay in bed like he was dead. I went through the perform-

ance of a doctor and then stood back and looked at him.

"Mother," I said, "there is nothing the matter with him, except you don't feed him good enough."

"Yes, I do," she said.

"No, you do not," I said, "if you don't feed him better he will die."

"Well, John," she said, "if I thought you would get well again I would kill a chicken for you." (I think she killed the chicken and he got well.)

At about the same time, a man living about four miles south of here came over and wanted me to go with him to Rock Island and see if the title to a piece of land he had bought was all right. His wife had to come too. Going down the River road from Port Byran to Hampton was very cold and the wife said, "William, when we get to Hampton we will stop at our friend's house; I am afraid the baby will freeze. I can't wrap him up any more for then he will smother. When we got to the friend's house, I said to him, "You help your wife, I will take care of the oxen."

Before they reached the house the lady came out and said, "My man is dead—he was buried last Thursday—and now what shall I do?" I have only a little money; I am a poor woman, and have only a little flour and potatoes left." Tears as big as peas ran down her cheeks. When she got out of breath, William said, "What is the matter wih you? That old man was old; he could not do you, nor the world, any good. You are young yet and pretty good looking;

you will find somebody to take care of you better than that old fellow;" when all of a sudden she got a smile on her face and said: "Two have already asked me and one has a little farm on the bluff here; I guess I will take him;" and she did. (I will not tell any names. The children are living yet and I might get into a hornet's nest).

In the spring of 1860 I hired a married woman, who had a little girl, to work for me, for forty dollars a year. Her husband made his home with us when he was out of work. He worked for Henry Ashdown —Ed Ashdown's father. We had two hired men, each of whom we paid $16.00 per month. Brother Dave was not able to work. He drove the horses to the reaper in harvest. We raised a good crop. We had 7100 bushels of grain—over 4000 bushels of wheat—and sold it, in time to ——— Shepard, of Port Byron, who had a flour mill, for 75 cents a bushel. We fattened our oxen with pumpkins and butchered them. I butchered a beef every week after harvest and until it froze up in the fall and peddled it. I bought cattle to butcher and to keep.

After we had sold our grain we paid our debts, and had some money left. Some of the old fellows around there who had been saying, "There's something wrong in the upper story with that young man," came 'round now and borrowed money to pay interest.

In the winter of 1861 we bought another span of horses for $160.00 and rented the eighty acres again

from Mr. Torpin. We had a fair crop this year. After paying rent and expenses we had about $600 for our work.

When hauling wheat to Port Byron, Archie Allen, who lived a mile above Port Byron, on the river road, would ride with me and tell me how they did when he came here. He came in the late Twenties. He said they shot a deer, standing in the door of his house. He said, "Neighbor Clark and I (Neighbor Clark lived in what is now the city of Rock Island) had a plow in company, with iron share and wooden moldboard. If Neighbor Clark had it and I wanted to use it I would go down and get it and carry it home on my back. When I had it and was done with it, Neighbor Clark would get it and carry it home."

"How did you know when he was done with it," I asked?

"We would always tell when we would be done with it. One time Neighbor Clark invited me and my woman down to Christmas dinner and we went down. When we got to the creek—you know, this side of McNeal's—in Watertown?"

"Yes?"

"Well, it had been raining some days before this and the creek had been high and a scum of ice had frozen over before the water went down, and the ice would not hold us. I could jump it, but my woman could not span it, so I cut some saplings and threw them across. I went back and she stepped out as far as she could,

and I got hold of her hand and pulled her over. (The creek was where Watertown is now). Well, we got down there about 11:0 o'clock . . . ."

"Where did you get the ax to cut the saplings?" I asked.

"I always carried a hatchet in my belt."

". . . and Neighbor Clark and his woman were glad to see us. Clark got the grubbing hoe and went to the potato patch and got potatoes for dinner. He had shot a deer and turkey. I tell you we had a fine dinner."

"Wasn't your potatoes kind of sweet, having been frozen?" I said.

"No, we put them in boiling water right away; it doesn't hurt them."

"Why didn't he dig his potatoes in the Fall?"

"He had no place to put them; they are better in the ground."

"We stayed all night and went home the next day. Mark, I tell you, we had a good time. When we got home the house was warm. We had a big fire-place and the fire was burning. I went out to feed the cattle; the Indian was there. He would come around once in a while. He had been feeding the cattle and stayed there the night before."

"Did the Indians ever bother you very much?" I asked.

"No, they don't bother any. They come and camp here sometimes and go. No, they never bothered me."

One time I was hauling some watermelons to Port Byron with oxen. Sister Doris was with me. We took the road straight west from Fairfield. When we came down the hill, above the limekiln, the oxen saw the water—the road at that time was close to the river. It was a hot day. I kept my eye on them and they kept their eyes on me. A squirrel ran across the road and I looked at it. In an instant the oxen ran for the river; all my hitting them over the head was of no avail. They ran right into the river, the water half way to their backs, and water running into the wagon, and Doris sitting on the seat-board. I had to wait until they were cooled off before I could get them out. They were well broke, so when I went down a ways and told them to come on, they came. I was afraid the wagon would hit a rock and upset and drown my sister, but it all came out all right.

Sister Doris and husband, Gottlieb Stilz.

We did more walking those days. Many a time I would walk from Sugar Grove to Moline and back, or to Hampton Bluff and back, and we often walked to where the Heeren's lived, which was not so far, about seven miles one way. One time two other fellows and I walked from our log house to "Propstei," about nine miles northwest of Davenport. We got there at three o'clock in the afternoon. We went to attend a dance, about 35 miles. It was dangerous business to go there. A stranger was liable to get into a knockdown. I think I would have got into one there if I had not been so bold. They had a different twang to their talk, and our language was different so they always noticed it.

The girls generally did not walk so far. It was mostly men that walked the long distances. I would go afoot to Port Byron, eight miles, to get the mail rather than hitch up a horse. After we were married my wife and I would walk a couple of miles or more to call on the neighbors and would carry the babies. In later life I generally walked to Hillsdale, six miles to catch the train to Rock Island. One time I was late and I walked to Barstow, eleven miles farther, and caught the Beardstown train into Rock Island from there.

A few days before Christmas 1860 I took a hog and one turkey to Port Byron. I offered to sell the hog for $5.00 in cash—it weighed two hundred and sixty-five pounds—and could not get it. I could have gotten $5.00 in trade at the store, but I wanted the cash.

The turkey was a gobbler weighing twenty-two pounds. I wanted fifty cents for it. I could not get that. It was dressed, ready to put in the pan. I took my hog and turkey home again. I smoked the hams and shoulders and salted the rest of the hog, later selling the hams for 18 cents a pound. I roasted the turkey and invited all my young friends to help eat it.

MY SISTERS.
From left to right: Catherine, Margaret, Elizabeth.

We had some of the best times of our life in that old log house. Brother Dave and I were batching; we had no old people around, and would invite the young people of the neighborhood, and dance all night, with someone playing an accordion or sometimes only a comb. Sometimes we used mouth harmonicas or jews harps, but we could not dance to a jews harp because it was not loud enough.

When the war broke out, most of the men of our crowd enlisted. Our log house was their headquarters.

They would have their trunk or valise at our house and be with us when they were out of work. Among them were Joe Gravenhorst, who was a well-educated man, cultured and a good singer and musician; Henry Kahler—he and I went to school together in Raisdorf, Germany. —— Lindau, A. B. Shanks, Gustav Stromer, Charley Roberts, Claus Steffen, Fritz Wandschneider, and Peter Wiese, who worked for us that summer. All these men volunteered for three years' service. Jim Kahler was afterwards drafted. Stromer, Roberts, Steffen, Wandschneider and Wiese enlisted together in the summer of 1861. I took them to Port Byron with a four-horse team. We wanted to make a display. They joined the Fourth Illinois Cavalry, Company "M." George Dodge of Port Byron was captain of the company. George Genung, Sam Williamson, and George Moore of Port Byron were in this company also. They got into some hard going at Fort Henry and Donelson and at Pittsburg Landing, or Shiloh, as they also call it. When their three years' term was up, the five men that I took to Port Byron enlisted in a veteran regiment, all except Stromer, who came home disabled.

Captain Dodge told me afterwards that if he had had a regiment like Claus Steffen he could have ridden all through the South with them. "I could have raided h—l with them," he said. Steffen got his army training in Germany and was a well-trained, quick and intelligent man. Joe Gravenhorst was commissioned a captain before the war was over.

I volunteered three times. The first time was when the call came for 75,000. I went to Davenport to enlist but the quota was filled. I was not even examined. The next time three of us went to Sterling to try our luck. I had a rupture, and the other two had something wrong with them. The reason we went so far from home was we did not want the men at home to have the laugh on us if they knew we failed. Neither of us was accepted. The last time was shortly before I was married, in 1862, at Rock Island. A young doctor examined a lot of us. Dr. Patrick Gregg was present and asked the young doctor: "How many did you get out of that crowd?" "Only two," he said. "What's the matter with that fat fellow?" Dr. Gregg asked. The young doctor told him, and Gregg asked me to strip. He said: "Young man, you are in very bad shape. Don't leave town until you have got a truss."

We hired Henry Miller of Hampton Bluff to work for us and he enlisted also. He and Gust Klebe, who also was from Hampton Bluff, went together. They were only boys of about seventeen years. Fred Broady and Henry Frels and ——— Schultz went together. The last two named never came back. Henry Frels was sitting on a log with several of his comrades. A rebel tried to get the whole line in one shot but missed all of them except Henry. He was leaning back a little further than the others and got wounded in the neck. It was only a flesh wound and he would not go to

a hospital with it. Gangrene set in in a few days and he died.

When Henry Miller enlisted we got Andrew Stotmeister to come to take his place. The summer before we had two harvest hands who went to war, Charles Shuler and Nick Gumber. They were both coopers by trade. Shuler lost his life in the war.

BROTHER DAVE AND WIFE
and their first child, John D. G.

The men who went to war directly from our house was the largest lot from any one place in our township, but the Adam Ziegler's had a family record that probably was the biggest in the United States. They had seven sons in the war, and all volunteers. They were Dave, Solomon, John, Bill, Charley, Ben and Nick. All nice boys. All of them came back safe and sound. When Judge W. H. Gest was in congress he got a special bill through congress giving the mother of these boys a widow's pension. She could not get a pension under the general pension laws.

Toward the last about all the loose-footed men had gone to war and we were hard up for men to do the necessary farm work, and when they started the draft, we formed a club at Bluff School. I was one of the officers, and they had one at Enterprise school in Canoe Creek Township also, and when a member of the club was drafted we would all chip in together and buy a substitute. We bought one. I think we paid $700.00 for him. They got a negro in Davenport to go. They would dicker over the price to be paid, and some got $500.00, and some got as high as $1000.00. There were men in the cities who made it a business to get substitutes, something like an employment bureau to-day. We were getting our harvesting done by several farm owners or renters getting together so as to have a crew. We did not have self-binders at that time. All the grain had to be bound by hand.

A law was passed by congress early in 1865, when the draft was on, which gave a township the right to vote a tax to pay bounties for substitutes. At that time every township was held responsible for raising so many men, according to its population. Coe town took a vote on it and it carried nearly two to one. It was mentioned as a joke on Adam Ziegler. He had seven sons already in the war, and now would have to pay extra taxes to send substitutes.

Coe town had no post office, and whenever any of our men enlisted they would give their post-office address, which was always some place outside of the

township, and we did not get the credit we should have had. Canoe Creek township claimed that their population was less than the figures used to make up their quota. They claimed that every stranger that had been in the township to hunt on the Docia for the last ten years had been counted as part of their regular citizens.

We did not have as many campaigns for money as we had in the war with Germany, but we did raise funds for aiding the wounded, etc. Jennie Ann Torpin was good at collecting for such purposes, and she got some good amounts from some of us. I paid her $90.00 in one sum.

We got some interesting letters from the men that went from our crowd. I will copy one of them here, to show how the men felt about their army service, and their opinion about what turn things would take. This letter is translated from the German language, as follows:

Colliersville, June 12, '63.

Dear Friend Hauberg:—

It has been so long a time since I wrote you, and still longer since I heard from you. Therefore I am going to write a few lines, and learn how it goes with you and your family, and in fact, all our acquaintances on the Prairie; whether you are all living and how things are progressing with you.

With us all is still as of old, excepting that now, practically, we have no rest day or night, and we have

got to spend the most of the time in the saddle. Last night the "verdamten" Rebels again tore up the railroad between here and Germantown, and two days ago they did the same thing. Our Regiment is alone here and we cannot be everywhere at the same time, for we have to guard about 25 miles of railroad with out little regiment of 250 men, all told; and we have to keep our rear and our front free while the rebels are continually feeling around, and yet there are three regiments of cavalry in Germantown, and seven or eight regiments of cavalry in La Grange, who lie about and observe how we worry around, for the "verdamten" rebels give up no opportunity for a fight, but when they have played us a trick, they return as fast as possible across Coldwater river. We are waiting daily for orders to go to Vicksburg or on a raid in Mississippi for a change. One of the two would do for a change, for our horses are now in good order, and the men in good health, and it is time that we should be burning the wheat which is now being harvested in Mississippi, for certainly by fall there will be no more left, for by that time the rebels will have impressed all for their arms.

The weather is becoming unpleasant, warm—or as one might say, hot; and Peter, Charley, Gustave Stromer and I have built us a little "Irishman's shanty," so that in case we should remain here through the summer, we will not need to lie so jammed up in a tent, and we can have everything a little more agreeable.

Christian is quite well this summer and is always the first when anything happens, and he would rather be here now than at home — which will happen soon, as the 14 months which we still have, will pass all too quickly, and I think that if the war is not ended by that time, that many will re-enlist and that there will be little drafting in the North, for the negroes are coming in by hordes and enlisting, and in a year's time we will have as many black as white soldiers.

Everywhere at the military posts here on the railroad, negro regiments are being formed. Here also is a black company, drilling preparatory to joining a colored regiment in Memphis.

So far as one can see from the newspapers the negro regiments at Vicksburg and Port Hudson are giving good service. They do not have very much feeling, and they take few prisoners.

With this I will close, with the heartiest greetings from us all to you and your family, and to all friends and acquaintances.

Awaiting an early letter, I remain

Your Friend,

FRITZ WANDSCHNEIDER.

In the winter of 1862 I got under the weather. I got weak, trembling spells. I went to Davenport to see an expert doctor on nerves and he said I was going into consumption. I went back to Rock Island. A lot of men were standing on the street corner, looking at something. I went and looked too. While I was

standing there I said to one of the men, "I was over to Davenport to see a doctor and he said I was going into consumption."

"Whom did you see?" he said. I told him.

"That fellow is no good," he said. "He is just looking for suckers like you. Did he charge you $20.00?"

"Yes," I said.

"He ought to be behind the bars. If you are sick go and see Dr. ———— (I forget his name)", he said.

When I got there I told him what I came for. He examined me and said, "Your lungs and heart are all right. Are you a farmer?"

I said "Yes."

"You go on the theory that what you do yourself you don't have to pay for—isn't that it? You are the bully of the country where you live? are you not?"

"No, sir," I said, "We have no bullies where I live; we are civilized."

"Young man, you have too much muscle for your bone; I will fix you up," and he did, for $20.00.

When I got back to Rock Island the train was ready to pull out. I took a seat with an old white-headed fellow. I guess he smelled the herbs I got in Davenport.

"What have you there?" he asked.

"Medicine."

"May I look at it?" He looked at it and smelled of it and said, "You can take that; it wont hurt you. Let me feel of your pulse."

He felt of my pulse and looked at the white of my eye, and said, "Do you smoke?"

"No, I don't use tobacco."

"Smoking, perhaps, will make you nervous," he said, "but tobacco is your medicine. Now I will describe your case to you and see if I am right." He did and he was right.

"Now I will tell you my business," he said. "I have been a medical director for forty years in a medical college in Germany. I am getting old. I have a son who is a doctor in St. Louis, and a son in Milwaukee, who is a doctor, and a son-in-law in Cincinnati who is a doctor, and I want to see my children before I die. Now, young man, tobacco is your medicine. If you want to get well you have to use tobacco. We recommend that, perhaps in one case of a thousand; and in one case of a thousand, perhaps, if tobacco were taken in the mouth it would kill instantly. What is medicine for one person may be poison for another."

Before this I despised a person who used tobacco. I am a pig chewing tobacco and I know it—nobody has to tell me—but I have not taken any medicine of any kind for fifty-seven years.

This being the last year we were renting the farm we were preparing to go west. When father and mother found out what we were up to, they came to see us. Father told me what he had heard and asked me if it was so, and I told him it was, and he said, "I don't want you to leave here; I'll sell you the farm."

EARLY-DAY CANDLE LANTERNS.

My parents used one of perforated sheet-iron. The improved lantern with glass sides was a wedding-gift from Mr. and Mrs. Henry Klattenhoff of Moline to my wife and myself in 1862.

"What do you want for the farm?" I asked.

"One thousand dollars." 120 acres in section 12.

Then mother said, "This land was bought with the money you boys earned and you stay. Don't sell it right out, father, but let them pay us so much a year as long as we live."

We agreed to that, and agreed to give them one hundred dollars, 50 bushels of corn, two tons of hay, 20 bushels of wheat each year as long as they lived; and if one died, one half of the above.

That year we thrashed early and sold our grain—what we had to spare—and the young stock; then Brother Dave and I divided what we had. We each got three horses and a colt; he got four cows; I got three cows and all the pigs and poultry. We divided the grain and corn even and we each got $730.00 in cash. Brother Dave got the farm in section fourteen and moved his stuff to his farm.

I got married the 14th of September, 1862, to Anna Margaret Frels, the little girl that told her mother, eleven years before, "Our boy had a fight." Her father, Henry Frels, gave her two cows for a wedding present. My dear lady had been living in a nice brick

Residence of Henry Frels; my wife's home at the time of our marriage in 1862.

house. When she came with us she moved into a log house, twelve miles from her former home, into a bachelor's home. My little sister Margaret, nine years old, stayed with us about a year for company to my lady. My sister Margaret, who was afterwards Mrs. Fred H. Schroeder, police matron of Rock Island.

My father-in-law, Henry Frels, was born at Elsfleth, Oldenburg, Germany, January 2, 1816, and came to this country in the '30s, and lived for some time in Virginia. He spent ten years of his life sailing the high seas and on the Mississippi and Ohio rivers; worked a couple of winters at the lead mines at Galena, Illinois, and in 1842 he married and settled down in a log house in the timber, in the southeast quarter of section fourteen, Hampton township, and started clearing the land for farming. His wife was Catherine Mandler, who had come to this county in the '30s. She was born at Launspach, near Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, August 6, 1820. Mr. Frels was well known as a farmer; he had an interest in the Cleveland Mill; an interest in a brick kiln at Hampton and at one time owned the Farmers' Store in Rock Island.

The last of December and first of January, 1863-4, we had one of the worst cold spells that I ever knew. We were still living in the log house. We kept the stove red-hot and our faces would be burning, and our backs freezing. My cousin, Eggert Hauberg, was staying with us that winter, cutting wood for his

board, and he could never see any reason for cutting stove wood ahead. Our hog pen was about six rods from the barn. I took them a basket of corn, ran all the way there and back and simply dumped the basket of corn at them, and got back to the barn with one ear badly frozen. A family by the name of Fielding was living several miles west of us on the Sand prairie. The old man was visiting that day at "Col." William Johnson's. His folks at home got their stove so hot that night it set the house afire. They had two children. Mrs. Fielding carried the youngest and led the other by the hand. They had to face the wind to the nearest neighbor, a half mile away. She froze the arm that she held the child with, and the child lost all the fingers from both its hands, and the older child froze his ears so they could not be saved. The coldest part of it lasted only one day.

In the spring of 1865 I bought forty acres of Deacon W. C. Pearsall. He wanted to send his boys, Luther and Jerry, to college in Davenport. I paid him $590.00 for the forty and broke it the same summer.

In the year 1866 I built the stone house that cost me $2500.00. We built it in the oats field, about seventy rods west of the log house. We quarried the stone in the northeast quarter of section three, Coe township. John Hofer and George Bryant, both of Cordova, did the mason work, and John Spaeth and Henry Oppendike did the carpenter work. Spaeth had the contract to do the carpenter work for $225.00. All the flooring

had to be planed and tongued and grooved by hand. They did their work well and the house is as good today as the day they finished it. I dug the well seventy feet in dirt and worked down ten feet further in the rock. Phil. Wilson, a brother of our neighbor, Tom Wilson, walled up the well with stone and did a fine job of it. Afterward we had the well drilled 32 feet deeper.

The same summer that we were building our house, Chris. Hofer and Phil. Wilson were putting up Amos Golden's stone house.

I tore down the barn that I had built in 1863 and rebuilt it on the new place. When that was done we had a dance in it. We had four musicians from Rock Island. They were old man Bleuer, Joseph Stroehle, F. Eckhardt and a Mr. Mathis. We had a big time. Everybody in the country was there. A bunch of young men had just arrived from Germany that spring and were working on farms around. They came to the dance also. Among them were William Ernst, who married Louisa Hahn, daughter of our neighbor, and Lothar Harms, now proprietor of Hotel Harms in Rock Island.

In 1863 my wife's cousin, John Wiegant, fourteen years old, came to stay with us. He stayed with us six years.

In 1864 Brother Dave and I bought a threshing machine. We thrashed until late in the winter those days. We pulled in about the middle of January one

The stone residence built in 1866. It is still our home.

year. We could have kept on threshing all winter, there was so much to do. The next winter we worked to get through by Christmas. We sometimes had to shovel snow to get through with the outfit. The first season we used an eight-horse-power, and after that we had a ten-horse-power. We thrashed eight seasons. We got three cents for oats, four cents for barley and six cents for wheat and rye.

In the winter of 1867 my wife and I went to town, leaving John Wiegant and the two little girls at home. They were aged two and four years. When we came back there was great excitement. They met us at the gate, and said: "Two big Indians were here and they

took Ma's flower wreath, and her turkey tail along. They asked John if they could have it and he didn't say "no" quick enough. They had it before he said "no."

"Well," we asked, "wasn't you afraid they would take Ma's little girls along?"

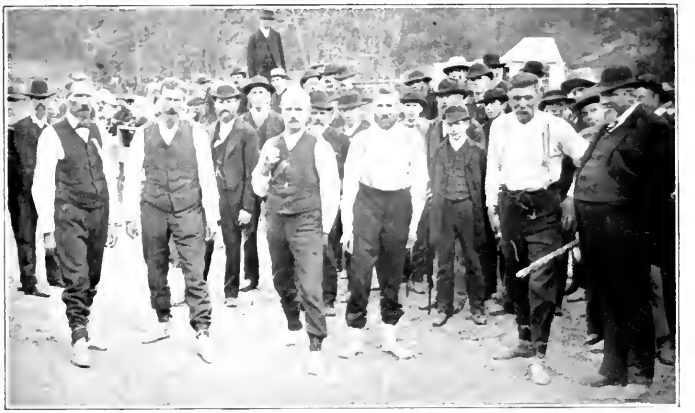
"No, we wasn't afraid. We got under the table so they couldn't get us."

The Indians took with them a large wreath my wife had made of bitter-sweet; a turkey gobbler's tail, a shiny mallard duck head, and some small pieces of bacon.

In the fall of 1868 we had a "Harvest Home" picnic, in Marshall's grove, where William Feaster now lives, (in the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section seventeen, Canoe Creek township). Some of the picnicers brought a big pumpkin, a big squash, a big potato, a big apple or a big colt, etc., to show what they had. We all agreed that if they would do that next year we would give the fellow who had the biggest pumpkin a quarter, and a quarter to every fellow that had the biggest article of its kind. We all chipped in a nickel.

The next harvest-home picnic, in 1869, was a success. Everybody had something to show. Even the women got interested. They showed their quilts and other fancy needlework and knitting. Before we went home that evening we agreed to have a fair the next year and set the time for a meeting to elect officers to

manage it. N. B. Joslin was elected president; vice-president, Jergem D. Hauberg; treasurer, Jasper Sells; secretary, N. J. Blackman; general superintendent, M. D. Hauberg; marshals, John A. Liphardt and J. T. Walker; directors, D. W. Talcott, James Camp, Henry Oppendike, C. Dillon, John F. Hahn, John A. Johnson, Herman Liphardt. They elected N.



OFFICERS' RACE, ROCK ISLAND COUNTY AGRICULTURAL BOARD; commonly known as "The Hillsdale Fair."

From left to right, the contestants are: M. D. Hauberg, David M. Martin, John A. Liphardt, John Hahn and "Big" John Johnson. This picture taken about 1885. Fair Grounds were in N. E. ¼ of the S. W. ¼, Section 18, Canoe Creek Township.

B. Joslin, N. J. Blackman and M. D. Hauberg a committee to look up a place to hold the fair. We decided that Martin's Grove would be the place. We called on Joseph Martin and leased the ground for five years, at five dollars a year.

The first meeting to organize was held the first Saturday in January, 1870. We named it the Rock Island

County Agricultural Board of Coe and Canoe Creek. We elected committees to prepare the ground and for other purposes.—Finance, N. J. Blackman, M. D. Hauberg and D. M. Martin; general improvements, John Johnson, Henry Oppendike; track, D. M. Martin, J. D. Hauberg and D. Talcott; auditing, Tom Walker, J. D. Hauberg and James Camp; stabling and sheds, J. D. Hauberg, Tom Walker and C. Dillon; entertainment, M. D. Hauberg, John Liphardt and D. M. Martin; music and printing, M. D. Hauberg and Jasper Sell.

The first two years we had no premium list, nor rules to guide the Fair. The third annual meeting they elected M. D. Hauberg to write the preamble and by-laws and rules and regulations to govern the Fair. I asked them what kind of pre-amble and by-laws, and regulations they wanted, what premiums they wanted on different articles. We were all green backwoodsmen, with very little schooling, with two exceptions—those two were learned men—but when it came to this kind of business, they knew no more than the rest of us. They said to me, "You write the book and we will see it when it is done."

I wrote the book. When it was finished I told the president to call a meeting of the officers. At the meeting I started to read the book. When I was about half through the president said, "Hold on, that takes too long to read it all." Then one of our learned men got up and moved that the whole of the report be

adopted without further reading, and it carried. Then I suggested we have a committee to solicit advertisements from manufacturers and business men. Some one moved that M. D. Hauberg be the committee, and it carried. The book I wrote is the same book they

The Stokes' flour-mill at Cleveland, Ill. Capacity 100 bbls. per day.

are now using at the Joslin Fair, except they have raised the premiums.

As we had no agricultural society organized under the state law, the supervisors of the county elected a delegate to the state board of agriculture meetings to elect a director from each congressional district in the state. They elected me; which created quite a bit of

hard feeling towards the supervisors and me, from the manufacturers.

There was no permanent place to hold the state fair and it was held in different parts of the state. They had difficulty in finding room for the exhibits. Cook county (Chicago), being mostly represented by lawyers, bulldozed the rural districts to build barns and sheds for their exhibitors, and the manufacturers over the rest of the state had to build their own shelters for their exhibits.

The manufacturers of Rock Island county did not want a farmer. They wanted a smart man from the city to represent them and fight the Chicago fellows. We went to Springfield, where the Fair was that year, on the same train, but they did not speak to me. When we came home on the same train, they patted me on the back and said, "Bully for you; you have settled for all time what we have been fighting for, for twenty years."

There were two things that I helped to do. First, was my notion that each congressional district should elect its own representative on the board of directors of the state fair, instead of having all the representatives of the whole state vote on every board member. The motion carried. This change was caused by the Chicago fellows opposing our man, Sam Dysart, of Lee county. Dysart was a good man, and afterwards was appointed the United States representative at the Paris exposition, to look after all livestock, and per-

haps other exhibits, at the exposition from this country.

Next came what our local manufacturers wanted. The Chicago fellows got up as usual and moved that as Cook county paid such large share of the state taxes, that the fair board should erect buildings for the free use of the manufacturers of Cook county. The Cook county men were mostly lawyers and preachers, and while they talked in favor of their motion I wrote a substitute motion and offered it, and after a good deal of talking, it was carried. That motion put all the exhibitors, the state over, on an equal footing so far as putting up buildings for them was concerned. I think this was the year 1894.

While I was at the fair I was appointed a judge on poultry. The superintendent being on a drunk, there was nothing doing that day. The next morning, when we reported for duty to the secretary—there were three of us—he said, "Nothing to-day, the fellow isn't sobered up yet."

I said, "We can't stay here all week, waiting for him to get sober; get somebody else to do the business; anybody can do that."

"Can you do it?"

"Yes, sir, I can do it."

He handed me the book—we got a judge in my place—and we went to it. When we were through I handed the book back to the secretary. He looked it over and said, "All right."

I have been a judge at the state fair on sheep in 1881, and on hogs, Shorthorn cattle, running horses, vegetables and fruit. Fruit is the most particular job of any. A person should know the nature of the different kinds of apples.

In 1877 the fair association was going to have a Fourth of July celebration. We advertised pretty big. I was the committee on music for the fair. They instructed me to hire a band—ten pieces. I told them they had better limit me to the amount I should pay. I said, "Fourth of July is the bandman's harvest." They said, "Go ahead and hire." I hired a band for $101.00. The stands were sold the same day, for $25.00.

When I got off the train at Hillsdale somebody told me what the stands had sold for and who bought them. John Liphardt got a stand, including the dance floor, for $15.00. I made up my mind he should turn over the dance floor to the society, if we wanted it. Before going home I reported to the president and told him to call a meeting at the fair grounds at six o'clock tomorrow morning. Next day was the Fourth of July. Every officer was on hand at six o'clock. I told them what I had done and stated the object of the meeting. I told them that if Mr. Liphardt would turn his stand over to the society we could run it ourselves and perhaps make enough to pay for the music. Mr. Liphardt agreed to do this. Then they sent me to buy what was needed for the stand. I told them to send

OFFICERS OF THE "COE FAIR," A RIVAL OF THE "HILLSDALE FAIR."

Though the respective grounds were only six miles apart, they sometimes held their Fairs on the same dates. *Front row:* Hugh McCall and Ab. Hollister. *Next row:* George W. LaRue, Luther S. Pearsall, William Ziegler and Thomas McCall. *Next row:* Dr. Wilson Fleming, M.D., George Genung, Henry Saddoris and Mark Ashdown. *Rear row:* Jere Pearsall, William Ashdown, Arista Saddoris, Jesse Dailey and William McRoberts. Taken about 1885. Grounds were north of public road, in S. W. ¼ of N. E. ¼, Sec. 20, Coe Twp.

someone to meet me at the station with a wagon in the evening. It was two and a half miles to the station and the train would leave at 7:30. The other fellows got things ready for the picnic.

I went to Rock Island and got what I could there. I did not get much. Then I went to Davenport. None of us had any experience. I got into one of those stores where they sell things for use of stands and take back what was not sold, and they made all kinds of suggestions for me. I would say, "We can not sell it all," and they would say, "We will take it back if you do not sell it."

The brass band came up in great style. The next morning Aleck Ashdown was put in as cashier at the stand. Brother Dave, and Dave Martin and some of the others worked in the stand. John Liphardt ran the dancing floor. Herman Liphardt made some grape wine the year before and he brought two gallons to the picnic with him and we colored our lemonade and ice cream with it. Big John Johnson was superintendent of the ice cream. The stuff I bought cost $48.00 or $50.00 and we sold $150.00-some dollars, and had sugar and crackers left. Our total expense was $186.00, and total income $179.00. We each chipped in a quarter and paid our debts.

We had a fine day, a big crowd and a great time. Heretofore everybody thought I was an honest man, but I lost that reputation at that picnic. About a dozen fine-haired chaps from Rock Island, wearing plug hats, were buying cigars. The fellow behind the bar handed down a box. They took out some, smelled of them and said, "How much apiece?"

"Five cents," the fellow said.

The chap said, "Haven't you any better?"

The fellow said, "No."

I said, "Yes, we have, but maybe they are a little too high priced for you." I went around the bar and handed down a box and said, "These are fifteen cents." They took out some, smelled of them and said, "Could you let us have two for a quarter?" I said, "Well, as long as there are several of you, I guess we can." They

were five-cent cigars, the same as the others. They cost $1.50 a box. The first cigar was all right, I could see, but they did not want us to know they smoked cheap cigars.

In those days everybody drove their stock cattle to the Docia in the spring, and let them pasture there all summer. The Docia was a free-for-all at that time. We would brand our cattle before taking them there. We had our ear-mark, ours was a slit in each ear, but anyone could change that kind of a mark or cut the ear off altogether. So we branded them. I would go down every week or every two weeks with salt and see how our cattle were getting along. They did not stray much. One year a heifer got away, but I found her next year at Dan Schryver's, near Erie. One year we lost a fine steer. I found him on the bluff north of Docia with Mr. Lutz's herd. He had bought 150 head in Wisconsin. I told him he had one of my steers, and when I pointed mine out, he showed me the paper proving he had bought him in Wisconsin. I said, "Mine has a brand on him, but it is not branded deep and we will have to catch him and put water on the brand to see it." It was a roan steer, now three years old, and wild, with head up. I said, "If I can't catch him, he isn't mine." He had always been tame to me. We had brought him up by hand. I took salt and called him by name. He had his head up, but after a while came and licked the salt. I caught him by the horns and threw him and sat on his head to hold him

down while Mr. Lutz poured water on the brand. He said, "He's your steer."

In the summer of 1869 and in 1870 we began to lose cattle and horses. In 1870 I lost three two-year-old

Our branding iron. We used it as late as the '70's.

steers, and one two-year-old colt. In the fall of 1870 we had a meeting at Bluff school and organized a Coe Protective Association. It was an anti-horse and cattle thief society. As president we elected either Daniel Nicewanger, who was living on what afterwards was

the William Mill Stock Farm, or it was Charles B. Marshall, who owned what is now the Dedrick H. Bracker farm. We had a Council of Twelve men, and ten "Minute men." Each of the Minute men had an assistant, making twenty men who were bound to be off at a minute's notice, in case they were called on.

We had correspondence with other societies, like ours, and all these societies would help each other if possible. We would get notice, through letters, telegrams or newspapers.

One day Fred Owens of Cordova was in the woods back of Wm. Mill's, in the neighborhood of the stone quarry at the Middle Crossing. He was gathering nuts, and came on to two horses tied back in a hollow, out of sight of the public road. The horses were covered with sweat as if they had done hard traveling. It looked so suspicious that he hurried to Nicewanger's and reported it. Nicewanger sent out one of his men to notify the Minute man and he himself rode to the Docia so as to get on the Middle Crossing road before the thieves got there. When he got to the edge of the bluff he saw the two horses with two men crossing toward Philleos Island, to the east of the public road. He rode as fast as he could to the north. In the meantime C. B. Marshall, Dave Martin, and others of the Minute-men were hurrying, horseback, with rifles and shotguns, coming down the bluff to the Docia. The Docia was so much swamp that if you got off the regular Middle Crossing road you would get lost in them

unless you were acquainted. The horse thieves were strangers and they soon got them. The horse of one of them got mired and he surrendered. The other got off his horse and started in the direction of a cornfield on the north side of the Docia, but the Minute-men got within range of him and commenced shooting, and he surrendered.

The men were taken to Cordova. Telegrams were sent over the country, one was sent to some place in Wisconsin, and a telegram came right back, "Hold the thieves. Will come on the first train." The owner came with an officer and the thieves were glad to get out of the hands of our Minute-men, and go to Wisconsin without waiting for requisition papers. The horses were taken back also. They had been stolen from a farmer. One of the thieves was his hired man. The other was a member of a threshing crew who was threshing at his place. They had always slept in the house but that night they stayed in the barn. Next morning they and the two horses were gone.

George LaRue was living one mile west of Bluff School. He was one of our Minute-men and had a horse stolen. He called out his assistant and they traced the horse to Jackson county, Iowa. The western part of the county was timber and a horse thief organization was said to have its headquarters there. George and his assistant were gone two weeks but came back without the horse.

John Quick owned the forty acres that we now own

An old landmark at the Middle Crossing overlooking the 'Docia, in Section Five, Canoe Creek Township. It was blasted down and used to macadamize the road to Erie. Phillco's Island is seen in the distance.

at the Middle Crossing. He had a rail fence around it and kept his cattle there. One of his fine steers was missing and he notified all the Minutemen, I being one of them. "Big John" Johnson was my assistant. A few days later I went to Clinton, Ia., and took dinner with my wife's uncle, Henry Gode. They had some very fine, fresh beef. I asked where they got it, and they said they had bought a quarter beef weighing 190 pounds, of George Mitchel, "who has got some relatives over by the Docia." I said nothing, and before I left Clinton I found out where the hide of that beef

was, without anybody suspecting anything. John Quick's mark was an ear mark and a dewlap. I gave notice, and John Quick and our president went to Clinton and identified the hide.

Mark Ashdown was justice of the peace and we prepared a warrant for George Mitchel. I had been elected constable but refused to qualify, and we arranged with a constable in Whiteside county to arrest the man when he came to his field on this side of the Mississippi, but after a while he sent word he would not serve in the case, and I was elected to go after him. I arranged to have some one notify me when the man would be on this side of the river and when I got word from him, I got on a horse and ran him nearly all the way there. I was just in time. I found my man waiting for the ferry. I arrested him, and he very politely said he would go with me, but wanted to put up his team and change clothes—in Clinton. I knew I had no jurisdiction over there and he would be free, so he had to make other arrangements about his horses and clothes.

I brought him to our own home and kept him over night, and took him to Port Byron the next day where he had a hearing before John Mulholland, a justice of the peace. The prisoner had arranged to have a Clinton lawyer come down on the train. We met the train and he pretended not to have seen his lawyer and politely asked me to let him go on down to Rock Island and get a lawyer, but I declined and a little later we

found that his lawyer had come on the train. He was bound over to the grand jury.

George McNeal was constable in Port Byron and he took the prisoner all over the country looking for some one to sign his bond to keep him out of jail. He finally got an Irishman living on the north side of the Docia in Whiteside county and who had a reputation of being a thief also, to sign with him. The grand jury found a true bill, but in the end he was acquitted.

In 1868 I bought Garrett Quick's farm of 120 acres, for $3200. In 1869 I built a good-sized cow barn. In 1880 I bought a quarter section of land near Sioux City, Ia., for $800.00.

In the winters of 1868, '69 and '70 I sold farm implements — fanning mills, stalk cutters, grain seeders, etc. I would put a fanning mill and a stalk cutter on the wagon, and tie a seeder to the back of the wagon, and start out. My territory was Rock Island, Henry and Whiteside counties. The fanning mill was made in Moline, the stalk cutter in Rock Island, and the seeder in Ohio. I sold on commission. The stalk cutter and seeder was something new to the community, and the country was full of just such peddlers as I. We took orders and shipped the machines in the spring. I sold the best on the market, at least, I told them so. I was pretty successful. I would make enough in two months to pay my hired help for the whole year. In March we would go and set up what we had sold and

settle for it. Most of the time we had to take a note for eight months with ten per cent interest.

James LaRue's farm joined ours at the west. One day in 1874 he came over and borrowed our Buckeye combination reaper and mower. He was going to cut grass in the meadow south of his house, down in the hollow. He had a skittish team and when they came to a little washout in the hollow they jumped across and threw Jim into the sickle, or knives. It cut his arm badly. They sent for Dr. J. W. Morgan and Dr. Hoke. Dr. Hoke got there first and amputated the arm the same afternoon. LaRue died inside of an hour.

In this connection I want to mention the case of Samuel Bruner. He was running the old-fashioned kind of threshing machine, called a "Beater," and got his hand into the cylinder. It tore his hand to shreds. They sent for Dr. E. E. Rogers of Port Byron. He decided the hand had to come off, and used a common hand-saw to amputate it.

In 1872 I joined the Grangers. We had our meetings at Bluff School house. Jerry Pearsall and I were the purchasing committee for our society, and I think we were about the first ones to send orders to Montgomery Ward's in Chicago, the mail order house. I was also made the shipping committee and shipped their hogs and cattle, and also bought the farm implements that were wanted.

In 1875 they organized a County Grange. Each

local would send delegates to the County Grange. In 1876 the county organization voted to have a County Co-operative Grange store, with a capital stock of $7500.00, to be located at Rock Island. LeQuat of Drury township, Lewis Wilson of Rural, A. C. Stevens of South Moline, L. D., Edwards of Hampton, and myself, representing the townships of Cordova, Canoe Creek and Coe, were elected as a committee to apply to the secretary of state for a commission to solicit subscriptions.

When we had enough subscribed we called a meeting of the stockholders. At that meeting they voted to have seven directors, and the following were elected: Lewis Wilson of Rural, Charles Kyte of Black Hawk, Major Glenn of Coal Valley, Ship Silvis and L. D. Edwards of Hampton township and myself of Coe township.

We directors organized by electing Wilson president, and Kyte clerk. The first thing in order was on what per cent shall we sell. I moved that we sell at 25 per cent above first cost. Silvis moved as an amendment that we sell at ten per cent above first cost. We argued all day without a decision. The next morning we went at it again. Before we went to dinner we took a vote and the amendment carried five to two. Kyte and I opposed it. The next thing in order was to rent a store room. Thomas Schindler, the butcher, had a store on Second avenue for $700.00 rent a year. Tegeler had a store on Third avenue we could have for

a thousand dollars a year. The vote on the store building stood the same as the other, five to two in favor of the Tegeler store. Next was to elect a manager. I had seen a man at Albany, Ill., an experienced man in the store business, but he was not a Granger. He wanted $700.00 a year. I proposed him as manager, but the directors decided they wanted a man of their own kind, a granger. They hired A. C. Stevens, as manger, for ten hundred dollars a year, and he to hire his own book-keeper and clerk. The book-keeper to get from $600.00 to $1,000.00 a year. He hired Frank Harris at $1,000.00 a year, both of them farmers, without experience in the store business. Then we adjourned for the day. Kyte and I figured that evening that our expenses would be $5,000.00 a year, and we would have to sell $50,000.00 worth a year to make expenses, to say nothing about shrinkage, freight, bad accounts, perishable goods, and dead stock, and we went into the meeting next morning to get a raise on the selling price. I did most of the talking. Charles Kyte was a quiet fellow but voted right. We worked hard to sell at 25 per cent, but finally settled on fifteen per cent above cost, which was just as good as bankruptcy to start with.

About $6,000.00 worth of stock was paid up. The balance we could not collect.

Three months after we opened the store the directors had a meeting. I moved the president appoint a committee to take an invoice of the store. He ap-

pointed Silvis and Kyte. When they reported they said we had made $2,200.00. I told the committee they did not know their business. Silvis said, "Mr. President, appoint Mr. Hauberg, if he knows it all." I said I would accept, if I was appointed. When I got through I reported a loss of three thousand dollars by the time we would dispose of the trash we had on hand. We had a good supply of butter on hand, which had been taken from the farmers at 20 cents a pound, which the store afterwards sold to the Warnock & Ralston soap factory at four cents a pound, and other items of a similar nature. I am writing this to vindicate the managers of the store. They were good, hon-

The Lime Kiln on Main St., Port Byron. Picture was taken in 1914.

est men, and good farmers, but they did not know how to make a store pay.

We next put in L. D. Edwards to run the store, and he did well, but it could not be made a success. Our competitors would advertise one item of groceries cheaper than we did, and our own Grangers would go there to trade. The third year we found things hopeless and voted to sell out to the highest bidder. My father-in-law, Henry Frels, bid 35 cents on the dollar. I objected to it going so cheap. Madison Bowles called out, "Let him have it," so we got $700.00. We had to make a fifteen per cent assessment on the stockholders to pay debts, and I had to collect from all the Upper End folks, and had to threaten suit to get some of it.

In the winter of 1881 we had a special election for sheriff. The Republicans had their convention and nominated a candidate. The Democrats called a mass convention of the people to be held in Rock Island. T. S. Silvis, a candidate for sheriff in the convention, wrote to Captain William Ransom, of Coal Valley, and to me—we two being Greenbackers politically—asking us to work for him in the convention. We went, and worked for Silvis. George Henry and a man by the name of Jarvis, proprietor of the Rock Island House, both Democrats of Rock Island, also were candidates.

The first ballot was informal. George Henry got the most votes. The Jarvis campaign was managed by lawyers. When they saw their man going to get

left they proposed a delegated convention and the proposal carried. They apportioned the delegates from the rural districts and the cities. There were seventy-eight in all from different parties. The hall was full of people. The George Henry and Jarvis men selected the delgates. A Jarvis man came to me and said:

"Will you be a delegate here?" I said, "I can."

"Will you vote for Jarvis?" he said.

"No, I am a Silvis man," I told him.

"We don't want you." So I was out.

After the delegates were elected they moved to a room by themselves. There were five candidates before the delegated convention. After the second ballot George Henry came to me and said: "I told my friends to vote for you; you are the only man that can beat Jarvis in this house."

"Hold on," I said. "I am for Silvis."

"Silvis is out; he can't get it," he said.

"I don't want it," I said.

"Why?"

I said, "I am a greenbacker; you fellows wont support me."

"Yes, we will; we are under honor bound to," he said.

On the fifth ballot I got forty-two votes. That nominated me. They called on me for a speech. I gave them a talk and outlined the situation. They all seemed to be satisfied. I told the editor of the "Ar-

gus," a Democratic paper, to insert my name as a candidate for sheriff. I did not see my name in the paper the next day, so I asked him why he did not insert my name.

"I don't own this paper, I am a hireling and I got orders not to insert it," he said.

While there, Mr. W. Johnson came in and said, "Hauberg, they want to see you at the Rock Island House." When I got there Drake met me and said, "Hauberg, here is $950.00, and Jarvis will add $50.00, that will make $1000.00. We will give you this money if you withdraw as a candidate, and we will put Jarvis on the ticket and you support him and work for him for his election. If you don't take this offer they will use the money to defeat you." I said, "Is Jarvis in the house? If he is, call him here." He came. I said, "Mr. Jarvis, Mr. Drake says you will give fifty dollars to buy me, is that so." Mr. Jarvis said "yes." I said, "Mr. Jarvis, aren't you a pretty small potato, you being a candidate in the same convention that I was?" "I didn't ask anybody to vote for me, but they nominated me without my consent and I am a candidate, and I am going to stay if I don't get but one vote in the county. You fellows haven't money to buy me and it would not be an honor to me to be elected by such a low-down set as you are."

"By God, you take that back," Jarvis said.

"I take back nothing; I can back what I say; you fellows are about the lowest type of humanity in

America." If it had not been for Phil. Mitchell, Captain Burgh and Mr. Lundy taking me by the shoulder and pulling me away, I think there would have been a knockdown.

It was a short campaign—ten days. Every daily paper in the county fought me. We had one Greenback weekly that supported me. I got beat; but I did not feel sore. Moline, where I was partly raised, a Republican town four to one, gave me a majority of five. I got all the votes in my own town but twenty, out of two hundred. By the official count I was beat four votes; and I did not buy any votes for beer or whiskey or cigars; but money and saloons are hard to fight in elections.

In 1883 I bought twenty acres of timber land for five hundred dollars. In 1884 we had a hail storm that destroyed all our crops. I had one hundred and fifteen acres in small grain and one hundred and five acres in corn and forty acres in meadow and did not get a spear of any kind of grain or grass. I bought $1600.00 worth of feed and seed for the coming year. In '85 I bought forty acres of land in Canoe Creek township for $800.00. In 1885 a little son, Walter, was born to us, who died in 1886.

In 1882 I was a candidate for sheriff on an independent ticket. I got letters from all parts of the county to be a candidate. The Republicans had nominated their candidate, and so had the Democrats. My well-to-do friends in Moline induced me to an-

nounce myself — they would finance my campaign. When I went down on the train the Republican candidate met me in Moline and asked me to get off, as he wanted to see me at the drug store. I went with him.

When we got there, he said: "I want you to announce yourself as an Indepenedent candidate."

"No," I said, "it costs too much money."

"I think you will get a good many Democratic votes." he said "I'll give you $50.00 if you will run as an Independent candidate."

I said, "Give me the $50.00 and I'll do it."

He gave me the $50.00. I had the cards in my pocket to take to the newspapers to announce myself a candidate.

A week after my announcement I was in Rock Island, and met the editor of the German paper, the Volks Zeitung. He had written to me, asking me to be a candidate. He said he would do all he could for me. The same day the saloon committee waited on me, to see what I would do with them, in case any of them were prosecuted and convicted, whether or not I would put them in jail. I told them that would depend on circumstances. If they were guilty of a crime I would surely put them in jail; if it were mere malice, why I would investigate the case and use them accordingly.

"You surely don't want me to tie myself hand and foot to you folks, do you?" I said, "I can't afford to

do that." This did not suit them, so they indorsed the Democratic candidate.

I made a canvass of the lower end of the county and got acquainted with the people. Rock Island county is about seventy miles long and I live in the upper end, two miles from the county line. Every-

Fort Armstrong on Rock Island as I knew it.

thing went well, until the German paper, in the last issue before the election, stated, "M. D. Hauberg has withdrawn in favor of the Democratic nominee and asks his friends to vote for the Democratic candidate." This paper was printed on Friday and the people in the county would get it on Monday, and Tuesday was election day. The time was too short for me to retract this statement. After the election, when the votes were counted, the Democratic candidate beat me by eighty votes and I beat the Republican by eighty-three votes. My friends in the upper end of the county stayed with me; they knew I would

not sell out, and they could not be bought for a drink of whiskey. I don't think there was a voting place in the county but it had a man with a two-gallon jug of whiskey and a glass. They had them in our town, but the voters routed them out.

In 1886 I was a candidate for state senator. The people of Henry and Rock Island counties called a mass meeting, to be held at Orion, Henry county. A man from Wethersfield, Henry county, was a candidate for state senator. He wrote to me to come to the convention and nominate him. He said, being nominated by a man from Rock Island county would give him a better showing in the county.

I went to the convention and nominated him, and made a few brief remarks as to his qualifications and the kind of man he was. A man from Geneseo, Henry county, seconded the nomination, and gave us a flourishing talk for about a half hour, telling us about the gentleman's good traits and what a fine man he was. A man from Rock Island jumped up and said, "Mr. Chairman, I nominate M. D. Hauberg of Rock Island county. Mr. Hauberg is no gentleman; he never was, and I don't think he ever will be. We have too many gentlemen in office now. It isn't a gentleman we want—we want a man who, when he gets up before a crowd and gives his opinion, does not get red in the face; a man who doesn't fear anybody; a man that you can't buy or sell. We are electing entirely too many gentlemen."

When he sat down I got up and thanked him for the compliment and said, "Gentlemen, I decline to be a candidate;" when someone moved to adjourn for dinner.

After dinner the Rock Island fellows said to me, "What's the matter with you? We don't want you. We have voted for you as often as we want to. We will try to work in another candidate; we want a little fun out of this. You stay and we will have some fun."

I said, "All right, I will stay if you want some fun, but don't nominate me."

They said, "No, surely not."

When we convened after dinner, the hall was full of all sorts of fellows—doctors, lawyers, farmers, tradesmen. They worked in another candidate and there was no end of speechmaking. Next in order was balloting for state senator. When the votes were counted I got all but three.

Then I got up and said, "Gentlemen, you have done it. If you want me elected, just pull off your coats and get at it; I don't want to spend a day or a cent of money.

"You are a stranger with us," the Henry county folks said, "if we pay you for your time and expenses, will you come over and get acquainted with our people?"

"Yes," I said, "but don't throw away your money. There is no show for an election. They have over

seven thousand majority over me and the Democrats have no candidate and some of them will vote for the other candidate; they don't like my political complexion. I am in favor of the government controlling the railroads by a commission and opposed to the National banking system, and in favor of a flexible currency issued by the government, and the common people are too green to understand it; and my opponent is a nice fellow and a bright man." My opponent was secretary of the Haxen Steam Company, a concern owned by the railroad company.

In September they sent me a draft for $40.00 and asked me to come to Kewanee in Henry county. I went and met some of the fellows that were at the convention. I told them that perhaps they had better call together some of the friends—I did not wish to deceive them—and I would outline my policy as to what I would do and would not do, if elected. They called a meeting at some hall. I think they had drummed up everybody in the town, for the hall was full. They had a doctor for chairman, who had been at the convention, and he gave me a flourishing introduction.

I told them it rather embarrassed me to face such an intelligent crowd; that my education was limited, having acquired the biggest part of it driving oxen to a breaking plow; and then I went on and gave them my views—what I would do if elected and what I would not do. Now and then I would tell them a

little yarn to keep them awake. It seemed that I had captured the crowd. They told me to go and make a talk in every town and school-house in the county—that I would be elected; but I did not have the faith.

I told my friends that I would like to make the acquaintance of my opponent. They said, "He won't look at you; he wears a stove-pipe hat."

"It makes no difference," I said, "what he wears. I want to see him."

I went to see him and introduced myself, and told him if he came to Rock Island to come and see me and I would make him acquainted with some of his friends. He never looked up at me. He said he didn't have the time and he didn't have to; they knew him.

The next day he heard of the meeting we had had. That kind of woke him up. The day after the meeting I started for home. On the way I stopped at every town, for a day, to get acquainted. At the second station I met Mr. Mock, the state's attorney, whom I told in the grand-jury room, if his father had paid for his education, he had better get his money back. While we were talking, along comes my opponent. Mr. Mock introduced him to me and said to him, "John, don't you ever talk to this fellow in the presence of anybody about the political issues of the day." My opponent and I got real chummy before the campaign was over. Two weeks before election he told me I would beat him.

"Don't fool yourself," I said, "you will get there."

"If I do, it will be your fault," he said.

I did not take my friends' advice; I got beat eight hundred votes. My county gave me fourteen hundred and forty majority. I could have been elected if I had taken my friends' advice; but to overcome such a large majority seemed a miracle to me. There were three townships in Henry county, with over seven hundred votes, where I never put in an appearance. I got one vote in one, four in another and seven in the other.

In 1877 I became a Freemason of the Third Degree. In 1880 I was a charter member of Elm Camp Number 43 of the Modern Woodmen of America. In 188— I became a member of the Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association (the same as Farmers' Alliance). In 1890 I was elected delegate to the state association meeting. There I was elected a delegate to the national meeting to be held in Indianapolis, Indiana; but I declined to go and substituted William Letch of Hampton in my place, to which they agreed.

At Indianapolis I was elected a delegate at large from Illinois to a meeting to be held in St. Louis in February, 1891, where all farm and labor organizations of America would be represented. I attended this meeting—the largest I was ever in. Everybody was there—even the women advocating women's rights. There were over sixteen hundred of us. Lots of smart men were there—even such as Jerry Simp-

son from Kansas. There were ninety-six colored people there from the South—some pretty bright fellows among them. I was on a committee on resolutions for the Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association, which was in session a half day and night. There is where we organized the Populist Party. The meeting at St. Louis was in session four days. These farm organizations have educated the farmer. I know the time, when I was a young man, when only two men in our township knew enough to call a meeting to order or put a motion. Now almost any schoolboy can do it.

From 1886 to 1897 I bought hogs and cattle to ship to Chicago. I would feed one load of cattle one year and the next year two loads. I kept from thirty-five to forty cows. I raised the corn and fodder to feed them. I was about the first one around here who had a Shorthorn bull. I would feed from two to three carloads of hogs a year.

In 1890 I was a delegate from our Burr Oak Camp, No. 43, of Modern Woodmen of America, to the head camp at Springfield, Ill., and had the honor of nominating Maj. C. W. Hawes of Rock Island, for the head clerkship. We elected him and he continued in that office 24 years. He asked to be relieved from it in 1914.

My wife and I attended the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Quick, whose farm joined ours on the east, were with us. We got rooms

at a private residence. The ladies roomed together and Tom and I were together. On October 9 was Chicago Day, the biggest day of the fair. That morning the ladies knocked at our door and said to hurry, it was getting late; we must be on our way to the Fair. None of us had a watch or clock. We got up in a hurry and when we got to the restaurant we found it was only 2:00 o'clock. We got our breakfast and went on down to the Illinois Central station on the lake front and had to wait a couple of hours before the first train started for the Fair.

There was an immense crowd. The figures showed they had 716,881 in attendance that day. More than twice as many as they had any other day. We carried a lunch for dinner, but Mrs. Quick could not eat any of it. There was no chance to get to the eating places, it was so crowded. Towards evening, when we wanted to go to our rooms, the trains were so crowded we did not get away until nine o'clock. It was nearly 24 hours between meals for her. She had been a sickly lady for many years, but stood the sightseeing better than any of us. She was the only one of the four of us who wanted to stay longer. The rest of us were glad to get back home.

Father died March 14, 1886, at his home on the farm that he had pre-empted from the government in 1853, in section eleven. He was in his 79th year. Mother died October 10th, 1896, in her 86th year. They are buried in the Lutheran cemetery that was

laid out on my farm. Their children who survived them were: Myself, the oldest; Brother Dave; Elizabeth, wife of Dietrich H. Bracker; Catherine, wife of Charles G. Walther, and Margaret, wife of Fred H. Schroeder. My oldest sister, Dores, the wife of Gottlieb Stilz, had passed away some years before. Their descendants are scattered, and in all kinds of occupations: farming, teaching, law, medicine, mercantile, farm advisory and other pursuits. Pictures of members of our family are in this book, except Father's. He left no picture of himself.

In 1886 I got into financial trouble. It seemed that every note I had signed with anybody came to life and I had it to pay. Before this I had always thought a man was as honest as he looked; but I found out otherwise. About half of them are honest and the other half will steal if they get a chance; and furthermore, you do not know who is your friend until you try him. I had friends who ought to have thanked me for their well-being—whom I had helped when they were in trouble—who did me all the dirt they could; and I had friends who helped me all they could just to see how much they could get out of me. A prominent Moline plow manufacturer was the worst of the last-named kind that I had any experience with. He has passed to his reward, and I will not say more than that his trying to beat me out of what I had cost me about three thousand dollars. I threat-

ened to shoot him once which helped things along toward a settlement.

War began on me in earnest after the plow manufacturer got his hand in. I borrowed $2,000.00 of A. B. E. Adams of Rapids City, a gentleman of the first class, on my personal property. He stayed by me and even borrowed money to help me, when I got pinched too hard. Before I got everything paid up it cost me over $18,000.00 as costs and interest; but I did not get down on my knees to anybody. I looked everybody straight in the face. If I hadn't — and got weak-kneeded — I would have gone under.

When trouble comes it comes all over. When I was in the worst of it my cows got in the corn while we were away at the Fair, and eighteen of them died —good, graded Shorthorns. My hogs got the cholera and I lost two hundred forty-four out of 268, each weighing about 250 pounds, but I saved three hundred acres out of the wreck, of what we had been accumulating for forty years.

When I come to look around, I do not know but that we have about as much as the best of the other fellows, and a good deal more than some of them.

In 1912 my wife and I celebrated our Golden Wedding anniversary. We had a big crowd. Among them were many who had come to the Upper End in the '50s and had helped to turn the wilderness here into one of the finest farming districts in the world. Among the guests were two old settlers who were

above ninety years of age, Henry Sadoris and David S. Metzgar. We had one couple who attended our wedding in 1862, Mr. and Mrs. William Oltmann of Hampton. Our Frels' and Hauberg relatives were present and others we had known as neighbors for nearly sixty years.

The Upper End did well in the World War. Every campaign was a success—Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Liberty Loans, War Savings Stamps, olds clothes for Europeans, and all other things.

THE RETURNED SOLDIER BOYS AT THE COE TOWN BARBECUE.

Front row, left to right: David Crawford, John Smith, Ed. Slilinger, Manly Boardman and Frank Brtner.

Middle row: Charles Mead, Raymond Leathern, John Slock, William Schwenneker, Harry Orr and Frank Smith.

Standing: Ralph Becht, Freedom Franklin, Chester Reeves, Merrill Trowbridge, Harry Engdahl, Alfred Butzer, Harry Buckley, Bernard Gerken, Daniel Sachau, Charles Scams and Leo Brennan.

RETURNED SOLDIER BOYS AT THE COE TOWN BARBECUE.

Front row, left to right: Floyd Robinson, Earl Forsythe, Roy Baumgartner, Ben Sachau.

Middle group, kneeling: Harry Sidlinger, Stacy Armstrong, Clyde Smith, Elmer Wassel, Leslie Oliver, Ira Ziegler, Harvey Weideman, Leo Buckley, Thomas Montgomery, Dempsey Wells, Virgil Eipper and

Standing: Albert Calsen, Claire Golden, Charles Craig, George Coe, Gregory Brown, Truman Schafer, Robert Craig, Wallace Morgan, George Huntley, Lorrin Allsbrow, Melvin Lovelace, James Kerr, William Weideman and Clarence Brennan.

Coe Town had a great barbecue celebration for the returned soldiers, at Fairfield school, on July 24th, 1919. A two-year-old beef was cooked whole, and everybody got some of it for dinner. There was a large crowd. The Red Cross ladies served a fine dinner for the soldier boys. There was speaking by Rev.

The Coe Town Barbecue for the World War soldiers at Fairfield school and church, July 24, 1919. Placing the beef upon the carving table.

R. W. Babcock, of Moline, who had served with the Y. M. C. A. in France, and by George Coe, who was in the fighting over there and who spent some time in a German military prison, and by J. D. Barnes, of LeClaire, Ia., a Civil War veteran, who spoke about the battle of Shiloh. Music was furnished by the Hillsdale Brass Band, and by the United Sunday-school Band, a fife, drum and bugle corps, of Rock Island. The field north of the road and west of Fair-

field church, was used for parking automobiles. There were hundreds of them.

It was fortunate that the war ended when it did. In our neighborhood so many of the young men had

THE COE TOWN RED CROSS LADIES WHO SERVED AT THE GREAT BARBECUE.

Front row, left to right: Mrs. A. E. Genung, Miss Mabel Wells, Miss Elsie Wells, Miss Bertha McConnell, Mrs. Joseph McConnell, Miss Hazel McConnell.
Middle row, seated: Mrs. William Moody, Mrs. Gust Kruckenberg, Mrs. Harry Cook, Mrs. W. H. Dickson, Mrs. Albert Meyer, and Mrs. Thomas McCall.
Rear row, standing: Mrs. Charles Nelson, Mrs. George Guinn, Mrs. W. I. Nicholson, Mrs. Charles Sample, Mrs. A. Saddoris, Mrs. John Calsen, Mrs. William Groh and Mrs. Charles Broquist.

gone, that on an average we had only one able-bodied man for every 140 acres of farm land. This was not enough to keep all the land going.

My wife and I made it a practice for several years to attend the Old Settlers' meeting at the Black Hawk

Watch Tower. On September 3d, 1919, I was elected president of the Old Settlers' Society of Rock Island County, being the fifty-fourth person to have that honor. Phil. Mitchell of Rock Island is custodian of the gold-headed cane. On the head and ferrules of this cane is engraved the name of every Old Settler Association president. It now has the following names, and the year that each was president, as follows:

1st	P. Gregg	1866
2nd	J. W. Spencer	1867
3rd	Jacob Norris	1868
4th	Lucius Wells	1869
5th	John H. Eby	1870
6th	John A. Boyer	1871
7th	David Hawes	1872
8th	Wm. Bell	1873
9th	A. K. Philleo	1874
10th	W. E. Brooks	1875
11th	Isaac Negus	1876
12th	James Taylor	1877
13th	Elton C. Cropper	1878
14th	Frazer Wilson	1879
15th	N. Belcher	1880
16th	Charles Laflin	1881
17th	Adolphus Dunlap	1882
18th	Daniel Mosher	1883
19th	E. P. Reynolds	1884
20th	John Lusk	1885
21st	Ira L. Whitehead	1886
22nd	A. M. Hubbard	1887
23rd	Orrin Skinner	1888
24th	Wm. H. Edwards	1889
25th	L. D. Edwards	1890
26th	Wm. Miller	1891
27th	D. N. Beal	1892
28th	M. Hartzell	1893

29th	S. W. McMaster	1894
30th	James G. Blythe	1895
31st	Thomas Merryman	1896
32nd	Charles Titterington	1897
33rd	J. L. Bean	1898
34th	Daniel Gordon	1899
35th	G. H. Edwards	1900
36th	E. J. Searle	1901
37th	Henry S. Case	1902
38th	R. G. Hollister	1903
39th	M. C. Frick	1904
40th	John H. Cleland	1905
41st	Jacob H. Marshall	1906
42nd	Josiah G. Heck	1907
43rd	Cyrus Valentine	1908
44th	Wm. Coyne	1909
45th	Jas. A. Searle	1910
46th	Wm. H. Lyford	1911
47th	Mathew Robison	1912
48th	Geo. W. McMurphy	1913
49th	Chas. W. Hawes	1914
50th	David Sears	1915
51st	William Payne	1916
52nd	Thomas Campbell	1917
53rd	John T. Kenworthy	1918
54th	M. D. Hauberg	1919

I was personally acquainted with every one of the above-named old-settler presidents, except John A. Boyer. I do not distinctly remember him. Tom Bollman of Rock Island succeeded me as president.

The same evening that the Old Settlers' meeting was over, in 1919, I started on a trip west, to visit my relations and my old friends. I arrived in Denver, Colo., the second morning, took in the sights of the city; had dinner at the National restaurant, and after dinner I took a street car for Boulder. Arrived there at 2:00

MEMBERS OF THE ROCK ISLAND COUNTY OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION AT BLACK HAWK'S WATCH TOWER, IN 1920.

Seated from left to right: George Lukens, M. D. Hauberg, Arthur Mead, Wm. McConnell and E. B. McKeever.

Standing: M. J. McEniry, M. R. Metzgar, Geo. E. Bailey, J. W. Welch, J. Stuart, Dart, Daniel Montgomery, George N. Babcock, Rufus Walker, A. M. Bruner and T. J. Murphy.

o'clock and went to Green's Garage. My son-in-law, William T. Schmoll, who runs an auto express, leaves there at 3:00 p. m. for the town of Ward. Arrived in Ward at 5:00 o'clock and stayed over night at the Columbia hotel, which is owned by my daughter, Mrs. Emma Fairhurst. I visited my two daughters, Mrs. Schmoll and Mrs. Fairhurst, and then left for Peaceful Valley, situated in a gulch between the mountains. It is peaceful, I dare say. I do not think the wind ever blows there. A Mr. Roberts has a little store

there, and a hotel. From there I went to Allen's Park. Not much doing there, but they have a good hotel. From there I went to the Rocky Mountain National Park. Had dinner at Mr. Enos Mills' hotel. It is rustic like and is very fine. He also has a very good museum of mountain relics. From there I went to Estes Park, which is similar to an eastern town, being mostly on the level. The mountains around it are very rugged. They advertise big and receive a great many tourists. Living is pretty costly there. They have a very fine hotel if you have the price: from five to ten dollars a day, and not much to be seen. I came back to Ward. In my opinion Ward beats them all. It is a mining town up in the mountains, over 9,000 feet altitude. The people there are civilized. They have two good hotels, the C. & N., and the Columbia, and for sport Ward is hard to beat. For anybody that likes fishing they have Gold lake, Brainerd lake, Tomlinson's lake, Red Rock lake, Stapps' lake and Long lake, all stocked with mountain trout and within two to six miles from town, and the mountains are rugged. They look like a Holstein cow, a patch of snow and a patch of green. I jumped across a creek and got my feet wet. I didn't jump far enough. I pulled off my shoe and sock and laid them on a rock on a snowbank to dry while we ate our dinner. William T. Schmoll has a garage there and has a touring car and a truck, and carries passengers to Boulder or any other place over the moun-

VETERANS OF THE CIVIL WAR OF 1861—'5, WHO WERE PRESENT AT THE COE TOWN BARBECUE IN JULY, 1919.

Front row, seated, left to right: J. D. Barnes, J. E. Tavenner, Stephen Allen, Henry Tomer, Josiah Stratton and Rev. Henry C. First.

Rear row, standing: James Swisher, Rense C. Heeren, Charley Wilson, William Orr, Pleasant F. Cox and Theodus Ward.

tains. He also has ponies to ride where you can not go with a car. Ward also has a very good store where you can buy anything "from a needle to a threshing machine," as the saying is.

From Ward I went to Boulder to visit my old friend, William Danefaltzer, formerly from Henry county, Illinois. Then to Denver, where I visited with my grand-daughter, Miss Hazel Schmoll. She is the Assistant Curator of the Natural History section in the State Museum. We took in the sights, the Chamber of Commerce, the U. S. Mint and the city

parks. We also saw and heard President Woodrow Wilson speak in the auditorium, on the League of Nations. There were about ten thousand people there but they did not seem to be interested in his talk. It was his last speech on that trip. He was to speak the next day at Pueblo, Colo., but he cancelled the date. Some said he was sick, and some said the people would not listen to him any more. The people here were strongly opposed to his plan to have the United States join the European countries in a world league. From Denver I went to Tecumseh, Neb., to visit my old neighbor, William Hahn, and other friends and relatives who had gone out there from the Upper End of Rock Island county in the late '60s and during the '70s to take up land from the government. They were the pioneer farmers there. In the early days they had some hard times. Some of them lost all they had and stayed there because they were too poor to move. About all my relatives and friends there are farmers and live in the country. William Hahn has six sons. The morning after I arrived there one of his sons took me around in his auto to visit others. My cousin, Christina Hauberg, now Mrs. Fred Broady, has six sons, and I was taken around to visit them. I stayed overnight with the William Broady's and he took me in tow for about three days, all over the country visiting his brothers and other friends. I stayed over night at my cousin's, Mrs. Broady, and visited my cousins, Eggert Hau-

berg at Graff, Neb.; Henry Hauberg of Johnson County, Neb.; and James Stoltenberg, who married a cousin of mine, Catherine Hauberg. She is now deceased. On Sunday they had a party for me at my cousin's, Lena Hauberg's, now Mrs. Charles Ernst. The folks we had missed on our tour over the country we met there. The next day I had dinner with Mrs. William Ernst, formerly Louisa Hahn, at Tecumseh, Neb., and then took the train for Omaha, where I visited my niece, Mrs. Odelia Stilz Kuhn. Her husband is Rev. Albert Kuhn, a minister there of a Presbyterian church and professor in the University of Omaha. Also called on Walter Brandt and family, a grand-nephew, formerly of Port Byron, Ill. I left Omaha at 5:30 p. m., just in time to miss the riots at the court house, where they burned up about all the county records. The county jail was on the third floor of the court house and the mob was trying to lynch a negro who was accused of assaulting a white woman. The mob blew up the court house to get the negro.

Next I went to Sioux City and spent a night with my old friend James Puck. His son took me in his car next morning and showed me all over the city. From there I took the train to Mitchell, S. D., to visit my daughter, Mrs. Rosena Furland, and next I went to Mt. Vernon, S. D., and visited my daughter Ada, now Mrs. John E. Furland. Here I stayed a week, and left for Algona, Ia., to see my nephew Herman Hauberg and wife. Then to Waterloo, Ia., to visit

my old schoolmate from Germany, Henry Kahler, veteran of the Civil War, and retired blacksmith. He at one time had his country blacksmith shop where Adelphia school house now stands, in Coe township, Rock Island county, and sold the shop to Diedrick H. Bracker, a blacksmith who later married my sister Elizabeth. Then I went to La Porte, Ia., and visited the Claus Schleuter's, Schnoor's, Wandschneider's, and James Kahler's, all of them formerly Upper End people of Rock Island county. Also visited Fred Walther's. Next I went to Mt. Auburn, Ia., and visited John Wiegant, who as a boy stayed with us for six years. While there Frank Gravenhorst came after me in his car and I spent three nights and days with him. He is a son of Captain Joe Gravenhorst, who enlisted in 1861 from our log house. He took me all over the country to visit the younger generation. Then I visited old friends at Cedar Rapids, Ia.; then to Maquoketa, Ia., to visit Fred Gurius, formerly of Moline; then to Davenport, Ia., to visit Catherine Kahler, now Mrs. Henry Wiese, who lived next neighbor to us when we were all living in log houses in Sugar Grove. I came back home about the first of November, a happy man. I found all my relatives and friends prosperous and well-to-do, and good, moral citizens. This America is the greatest country in the world.

There has been a great change in almost everything since we came here in 1849. At that time the

Tri-cities were small places. I knew almost every man, woman and child in Moline when we lived there, the town was so small. There were no railroads—only stage coaches and steamboats. There was no telegraph or telephone. To-day even the farmers have telephones, electric lights and moving pictures

Threshing outfit 1890. The C. G. Walther and Alf. Wainright machine. Many improvements have been made since then.

in the country schools and churches. Last year when I was at Ward, Colo., a small town away up in the mountains, I talked by 'phone with my folks in Rock Island, Illinois. It sounded as plain as if we were next door to each other. We now have aeroplanes flying east and west over the 'Docia every day, carrying mail from Omaha to Chicago.

Our first harvesting was done with the cradle or scythe; then came the McCormick and other makes

of reapers that took four horses to pull one of them, and five good men to keep up with it, binding "stations." Next was when our neighbor, James V. Bailey, got a Marsh harvester. Three men rode on the machine; one of them drove the horses and two did the binding, and threw the bundles off when they had

The "Horse Power" of the C. C. Walther and Mr. Wainright thresher outfit Taken in 1890.

them bound. Then came the wire-binder. It was like our present twine binders except that a fine wire was put around the sheaf and the ends twisted to hold it. Then the Appleby knotter was invented and made it possible to use twine.

The change has been just as great in threshing machinery. It was not many years before they improved threshing machines so that it threshed the grain from the straw; fanned it and run the clean grain into a bushel measure, and elevated the straw and carried it

away from the machine. But even that took from two to a half dozen men in the straw pile; two band cutters and two men to change off, feeding the machine. To-day the straw is blown so that no one has to work in the straw pile, and no band cutters and no feeders are needed and the grain is automatically measured and elevated into the wagon, clean enough for the market. If it was not for all this improved machinery there would hardly be men enough in the United States to harvest and thresh the small grain grown in this country.

In fencing the farms there has been a big change also. The rail fences and ditch-and-wall fence got out of style when the saw mills began to turn out fencing in enormous amount. We got white pine boards, 1x6 inch.x16 ft. and made fences four and five boards high. Not a fence is made with that kind of material any more. About the same time that we used pine-board fencing, we began to set out Osage-orange hedges, and for a while after pine boards got scarce at least two-thirds of all the fences were hedge, and the barbed wire was invented. To-day the farmers are using woven wire with barbed wire, and the hedges are being grubbed out everywhere because it takes a lot of trimming every year to keep them looking good and in repair, and besides they take too much strength out of the ground near the fence.

In the late '60s and early '70s agents began coming around to sell willows. They would carry cross-sec-

A THRESHER GROUP AT OUR PLACE IN 1892.

All of them neighbors except the owners of the Teshing Machine, and they were farmers living within ten miles' distance.
Seated on ground, left to right: M. D. Hauberg, Nick. Schneider, and Charles G. Walther.
Middle row: John Riewerts, Ray. Quick, Herman Bracker, Peter Johnson, —Hobart, —Hobart (Port Byron), Charles Osborn, Will Cain.
Rear row: Cassius Genung, Erwin Russell, Ed. Nelson, Jake Riewerts, John Grensman, Herbert Quick, John Calsen, Louis D. Hauberg.

tions of willow trees showing how fast they grew. They would show that a two-foot saw log could be grown in twenty years, and lots of farmers would get bundles of slips 500 to a thousand to a bundle. They were called "Irish gray willows" and came in sticks about 14 inches long. We set them out mostly in low places and in line with the fences. Lots of farmers who had prairie farms, without timber, grew all their own stove wood, and some set out hard wood and grew posts. I set out several acres of soft maples. We got the seed along Rock river below Hillsdale, and planted them in 1867. We dug up small maples to plant around the house. The largest of these trees now measures nine and one-half feet around at its smallest girth. About the same time my hired man and I came from work one day. He had a willow stick and I had a poplar. We stuck them in the ground back of the stone residence and they grew. The poplar died years ago, but the willow is still there and is nine feet around at its narrowest girth.

When we came to the High Prairie they had stage lines from Chicago, via Dixon and Erie to Rock Island, and Galena to Rock Island. The one from Chicago crossed the Docia at Hillsdale, and the Galena stage crossed the Docia at its mouth below Albany, but when the Mississippi and Rock rivers were high both these stage lines crossed at the Middle Crossing, which is the highest ground in the Docia and headed for Port Byron, which was their first station on this side. A

deep roadway is still to be seen through our woods in the southeast quarter of section one, Coe township. The old road from the other side, struck the bluff at the south side of the Docia near the section line between sections five and six, Canoe Creek township, then came westward along the foot of the rocks and then turned southwest across Sugar creek and through our woods in section one, Coe town, and on across our north field in section twelve, and struck the top of the hill about a quarter of a mile south of the Amos Golden stone house in section eleven. It kept on the top of the ridge southwesterly, and crossed the corners of the four sections—9 and 10 and 15 and 16—and by the Henry Sadoris house in section 16, and then angled on to where the Coe fair used to be held in the north center of section twenty, where it followed the road to Port Byron as it is now. They always drove four horses over this course, and if it was extremely wet, they simply carried the mail on horseback. I had a horse race with the mail carrier once. He was making fun of my horse, and I ran him and beat him. The coaches they used were the "Concord" coach, with the driver sitting on a high seat.

Harvey Tanner was one of the stage drivers. He afterwards settled on a farm in Canoe Creek township. His son, Charlie Tanner, has a driver's contract. It is a printed form. It reads as follows:

"This is to certify that Jacob Graham commenced

driving for M. O. Walker on the 1st day of January, 1858, on the following conditions:

"Any driver who gives his team poisonous medicines, or dope, or receives fare without accounting for the same, shall forfeit all dues, and be subject to pay for all further damage. And every driver who leaves the Way Bill is to forfeit and allow One Dollar every time the Way Bill is left. Also to allow on account of services for all damages occasioned by carelessness or neglect; and Five Dollars for every instance of undertaking to drive when intoxicated from the use of ardent spirits. First month's wages not payable until final settlement. No payments to be made under any circumstances, except this certificate is presented, and the amount paid endorsed at the time of payment. Wages to be $14.00 per month."

The above certificate has two endorsements of money received, from A. B. Emons, who probably was one of the cashiers of the stage company.

One of the greatest changes here is in the Docia. It used to be a big swamp. You could stand on a bog and shake an acre of ground. There were millions of wild fowl, and thousands of muskrat houses. Hunters flocked here from everywhere. Some made good money trapping muskrats. If there was ice they would spear the muskrats instead of trapping them.

In the spring of the year when the June rise came, the Docia would often be a big river. All of it except places like Philleo's Island and Buck Island would be

under water. There would be a strong current at the Middle Crossing, and men would sometimes stand in it with shotguns and shoot fine big buffalo-fish. The water would sometimes come to within a few feet of the rocks at the stone quarry (in fractional section 5, Canoe Creek township). Once I saw a large pine log where Andrew Marshall's lived. It had come in there from the Mississippi with the high water.

During the ordinary dry seasons the Docia slough was a good place to fish. After father retired from farming it was his favorite pastime, and he would donate his fish to the neighbors if he had extra good luck. Our whole relationship would have a fishing party. The best place for bullheads and pickerel was at what was called "The Catfish Hole," in the north-

The "cat fish hole" of the old Docia Slough.

east quarter of section 35, Cordova township. We would catch sun-fish, bull-heads, pickerel, and sometimes dog-fish and gar, which were no good. The slough had a sluggish current, with clear, open water in the middle. The sides were lined with some kinds of moss or other water growth.

Every fall or winter we could see the big prairie fires, when the rank swamp growth would burn. Most of the farmers would make wild hay, and their stacks would be in danger. One time I went down to save our stacks, and my wife thought I was burned up. I back-fired around the hay stacks and saved them. It was not easy to do unless you knew how. The fire would get away from you in the wrong direction.

About 1896 they built a dyke at the mouth of the Docia, below Albany, to keep the high water of the Mississippi out, and put in a large pump to clear the Docia of surplus water, and at the Middle Crossing another dyke was built to keep out Rock river in case it got high. Drainage ditches have been put through, and to-day some of the best farming land in the country is where the old swamps used to be.

An acre of Coe Town land to-day will bring as much as we had to pay for a quarter section when we first moved here.

Hillsdale, Ill., January, 1923.

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS