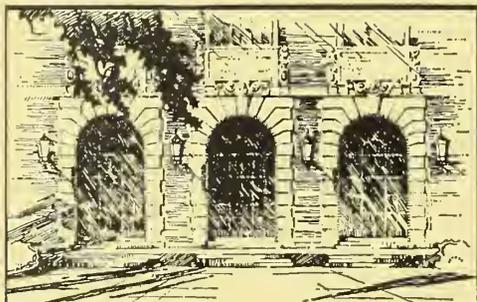


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OF  
HENRY M. GLEASON



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REMINISCENCES OF  
HENRY M. GLEASON

TO WHICH HAVE BEEN ADDED

ILLINOIS FARM LIFE  
IN THE EIGHTEEN-EIGHTIES

AND

THE NEW ENGLAND ANCESTORS  
OF HENRY M. GLEASON

BY

H. A. GLEASON

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## P r e f a c e

In America the transition from the old to the new occupied about a century. It was a period of confusion and rapid change. It was a period of annexation and secession, of financial booms and financial depressions, of religious revivals and the temperance movement, of emancipation and the immigration of people of alien stock. Above all, it was a period of invention. It began with the development of the steamboat and the cotton gin and progressed with ever increasing speed to the radio and the airplane. Every one of the numerous inventions of the century opened up new ways of living, new means of earning a livelihood, new habits of thought, and during the first half of the period also new places to live. Every steamboat, every canal, every mile of railroad led to a new frontier. The country grew faster than it could develop. The education of Harvard and Yale, the art of Stuart, the fiction of Cooper and Irving, the poetry of Bryant, had little influence west of the Alleghanies. From the mountains of Pennsylvania to the farthest settlements in Kansas pioneer conditions prevailed.

Henry M. Gleason lived in these pioneer conditions in three different states, but in each at the close of the pioneer period. He saw the development of the telegraph and the railroad, and lived to listen to news on the radio and see airplanes in the sky overhead. During the last year of his life, which he spent in my home at Bronxville, New York, I encouraged him to talk over his early days. This he was always glad to do, but he soon became tired and usually went to bed at eight. Then I rushed to my room and wrote down what he had told me, or as much of it as I could remember, and even tried, with indifferent success, to preserve his Yankee idioms. These reminiscences are presented here. They have not been sorted into chronological order, but are given as he gave them to me, and he tended to change from one period or one home to another time or place rather unexpectedly. Probably some of his dates and places are wrong. One could hardly expect his memory to be infallible over a period of seventy-five years. The story gives a vivid picture of life in those pioneer days, a picture which I have never seen elsewhere in written form and which can never again be obtained first-hand.

Henry M. Gleason, scarcely remembered by any of his grandchildren, was in many respects a remarkable man. Although he had only three or four years of schooling as a boy, he was able to help me with trigonometry and to explain the use of logarithms when I first studied them in college. On the farm he was a tremendous worker, never sparing himself, but always kind to his animals. He was fond of driving a riding plow with five mules instead of the usual

three, keeping them going almost at a trot through a long forenoon and then turning them out in the pasture to rest, while he hitched up another team of five mules and kept them going until "sundown." He would allow no hunting on this farm and always made the plowmen or the harvesters drive around every nest of quail or prairie chicken. As a result there were prairie chickens on our farm long after they were practically exterminated elsewhere in our neighborhood. Although only five feet three inches tall, he was a man of extraordinary strength. There was a story in our neighborhood that he had once carried seven two-bushel sacks of wheat from the wagon into the elevator, one in each hand, one under each arm, one on each shoulder, and the seventh in his teeth. This would make 840 pounds, which is quite a load for anyone. When I asked him about this matter, he replied in an embarrassed tone "Well, I believe it really was oats." Fourteen bushels of oats weigh 448 pounds, so the story is still a good one.

#### First, some facts of biography.

In the late eighteenth century a family of Gleasons were living in Enfield, Connecticut, probably on the very land which had been granted to their ancestor Isaac Gleason in 1681. Here was born Jonah Bradford Gleason in 1807, the ninth in a family of eleven children. We know very little about his early life. He was a bricklayer by trade, a teacher by profession, a mathematician by instinct, a manufacturer by occupation. He succeeded in preparing himself for college and graduated from Union College in 1831 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He then became a school teacher in the country school in the town of Peru, Massachusetts, the highest, coldest, bleakest, windiest town in the state.

Living in Peru at that time were Samuel Hart Little, his second wife, Submit White Little, and at least seven of his twelve children, of whom the eldest was Rebecca. She and Jonah Gleason were married in 1833 and shortly afterward moved to Middlebury, Ohio. This town, now completely engulfed by Akron, was in the Western Reserve and as such was settled largely by Connecticut Yankees. Here their four children were born, Henry Milton in 1838, Payson Edward in 1840, George Rossiter in 1842, and Harriet in 1848. It is notable that the four lived to the ages of 86, 85, 84, and 83, respectively. After a fire had destroyed his factory in Middlebury, Jonah Gleason went to Quasqueton, Iowa, in 1852, to open another mill and factory there. His wife and the children stayed on in Middlebury for a year and joined him in 1853. He had his mill, he had a farm, and in addition he made the original land surveys for a good part of northern Iowa.

When Henry M. Gleason was a little past twenty-one years old, he set out to make his own fortune, and although he turned southeast he went to a

country just about as much in the pioneer stage as Iowa. The fertility of the Illinois prairies had just been discovered and only a small fraction of them were yet under cultivation. One railroad traversed the country. Wolves and deer were still abundant; fires still swept across the great open prairies every fall. For five years he worked as a farm hand, operated a horse-power threshing machine, "broke" hundreds of acres of the virgin prairie, did carpenter work, sold sewing machines, and apparently saved his money, since in 1865 he was able to buy a farm of his own. He bought another for his father, who moved down from Iowa the same year. Payson had already gone to Colorado, where he lived all his long life, but Jonah the father and Henry and George the sons worked together to make fertile land of the wet prairie. At first Henry lived as a bachelor on the north farm, while his father and George lived on the south one. When George was married, he took over the north farm and Henry joined with his parents, doing the work himself, since his parents had already reached advanced years. His father died there in 1884, his mother in 1889, and both are buried in the little churchyard of Prairie Home Church.

To the same farm house he took his own young wife when he was married in 1880; in this house his two children were born. There they lived until 1892, when they moved to Decatur, the county seat. In 1897 they moved to Champaign. They lived there nineteen years, finally giving up housekeeping in 1916, and spent the rest of their lives alternately with their son and daughter.

H. A. Gleason  
January, 1943



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## I

There were a lot of small factories in Middlebury when I was a boy. They all stood right along the Cuyahoga River and most of them got their power by a water-wheel. In our shop, father made all sorts of woodenware, such as spokes, hubs, and other wagon work of all kinds, chairs and other furniture, and matches. Then there were other shops that made pottery, glue, linseed oil, sash and blinds, sarsaparilla beer, barrels, paper, and even medicine. At least I think they made medicine, because we boys used to sell bloodroot and skunk cabbage and goldenseal and such things that we dug up out in the woods. In fact, right around Middlebury they could make almost everything that the people needed to live with. Still, we must have had a lot of things shipped in, because I can remember buying oranges and lemons there. All our freight was brought in and shipped out by canal. The canal started right in Middlebury and was fed by water out of the Cuyahoga River and ran down the Cuyahoga valley to Lake Erie in Cleveland.

The canal boats were about ten or twelve feet wide and sixty feet long and they could carry a big load. They needed two horses to pull them, and even then it was a tough pull to get them started. After they were once going they would keep under way without much trouble. But there were twenty-seven locks, I think that was the number, right close together at Akron, and after every lock was opened the horses would have to strain and tug to get the boat started once more. The great fun came at a bridge.\* As soon as the horses were under the bridge they would turn back, cross the bridge on the double quick, and come down on the other side before the boat had lost much of its headway. The horses soon learned just what to do and they would cross over that bridge and come down on the other side on the canter. When the horses were changed, the off crew rode on the canal boat until it was their turn to work again. The passenger boat, which we called the packet, went down at night and took three horses to pull it. They kept on a jog trot most of the way, and I believe the boats took nine horses, three to pull and six others riding on the packet to take their places, making three shifts in all.

Now I remember, Cronk's Sarsaparilla Beer was the name of that made in Middlebury. It was mostly shipped by canal to Cleveland and was packed in heavy stone bottles, so that it was very heavy stuff to handle. The bottles were made in Middlebury too, and when I was a boy all the pottery was made on a potter's wheel which was turned by the man himself. But one man there was lame and could not run the wheel himself, so he invented a way of

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\* From the description, this must have been a bridge for the towpath, where it changed to the other side of the canal.

making jugs and such things in a mold, and the mold was turned by machinery. In those days the flat bottom of the jugs was made separately, and put onto the body of the jug before it was fired. We made bricks too, by the old hand method. The clay was ground up fine by a pole which turned in a hollow log stood up on end, then it was mixed with chopped straw, and poured out into molds. After the clay got dry enough to stand alone, the bricks were taken out of the molds and finally stood up together in stacks, and little gables of boards were put over them like a roof at night and when it rained. When they had dried as well as they could outdoors, they were fired in kilns and made very good bricks, but they were so porous that they would take up water like a sponge.

My father hired a man named Bissell to make matches for him, but there were several other men working there too. They used clear white pine for the sticks, which was shipped from Canada across the lake to Cleveland and then up the canal to Middlebury. The wood was cut up into blocks as thick as a match is long and the blocks planed off very smoothly. On one end they pasted a piece of cloth, to hold the matches together, and on the other end it was scored back and forth and crosswise by a machine. Then the block was split carefully along these score marks, and there were the match sticks all made, but held together by that piece of cloth. Then girls dipped them first into sulphur and next into phosphorus,\* working always under water, as I remember it. Next the blocks were separated into little pieces eight matches square, making sixty-four matches in all. These were wrapped up in paper in a little package and packed twelve packages in a little box and twelve little boxes in a big one. We made shoe-pegs the same way, but here we had a special machine to put points on them before they were cut apart. We used to make shoe-pegs by the bushel. I declare, I don't see what they did with all of them. Many a night I used to work there in the shop after going to school all day. It saved father fifty cents or so, and every cent counted in those days. We lived about three quarters of a mile from the shop.

Right close by our shop Mr. Wilcox had a little mill where he made sash and blinds. He worked all by himself and had a horse-power machine. He had a good horse, too, that stepped right along by himself pretty well, but on Saturdays he used to get me to drive him, and I would make twenty-five cents by it. Then he used to take me along sometimes when he had a load of sash or blinds to deliver somewhere, and I even went with him once as far as Cleveland. I was out with him at Mr. Preston's when father's shop burned down. The first we knew of it was when Mr. Preston said ' 'It's too bad about your father's shop burning down.' ' We knew how the fire started. Henry Britton set it. He was drunk, and set fire to some shavings behind the shop, and of course there was no way to stop the fire after it got going. I think father had five hundred or a thousand dollars in insurance on the place, but I am not sure.

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\* It seems quite likely that there is some sort of an error in this reference to sulphur and phosphorus.

Lots of peddlers used to come to Middlebury for their supplies. They all drove wagons, and most of them had a big cross dog that was trained to stay right under the wagon and guard it. They would start out with their wagons full of big wooden chests and each chest packed full of all sorts of stuff for sale - pottery, and matches, and woodenware, and dry goods, and tinware, and every thing you could think of, and travel off across central Ohio with them. It was about the only way the settlers back inland could get their supplies. Even when we lived in Milam, we still had one of those peddler's chests, standing in the upstairs room to keep blankets in. (I remember it as the size of a large trunk, painted blue, made of inch-thick wood, with a hasp in front so that it could be locked. - Ed.)

In those years they used to get out fine Berea sandstone in the quarries around Middlebury. Part of the stone wall around Central Park in New York was quarried there and shipped out by water, down the canal to Cleveland, across Lake Erie to Buffalo, down the Erie Canal to Albany, and on down the Hudson River. They got out one piece of sandstone eighteen inches square and forty feet long, to be used for the cornice on a big building in Cleveland. In quarrying out the stone, the men would drill a series of holes and pour them full of melted lead. Then they would walk back and forth along the row of holes and give a tap to each plug of lead, until pretty soon the whole block of stone would split off. They do not quarry there any more, and I understand that all of the sandstone was ground up into sand.

We boys used to get our herbs for medicine at a place called the Chuckery. I don't know how it ever got that name. Maybe it was full of woodchucks. It was a big place that had been covered with the finest kind of white oak. The oak was taken off to make lock gates for the canal and then the ground came up to blackberries and sassafras and sumac and such things. Now it is all a big Akron park. The white oak that grew in northeastern Ohio was unusually fine stuff and was the only oak that would make a barrel tight enough to hold kerosene. When they started to selling oil from Pennsylvania, most of the oak around Akron was made up into barrels. In our shop we used to make thousands of the little strips that go on the head of a barrel just inside of the staves.

Just a little ways east of Middlebury there lived a crippled man with a family of twelve daughters. He acted as a sort of a telephone for the farmers around there. He would drive into town and get the prices the dealers were offering for grain, and then drive around the country with the news. If the price was good enough, the next morning you would see wagons coming in from way out in the back country, full of wheat for sale, but if the price was too low, nobody came in.

When I was born in 1838, Middlebury had sixteen stores and Akron only one. Akron grew much faster, though, and when we moved away in 1853, it was already a good deal the biggest.

## II

When I was only three or four years old, I got some lambs from Uncle Thompson Pierce. Aunt Harriet Pierce was mother's sister and just about her age. There were four lambs, I think, that had got chilled or sickly so that their mothers would not own them or take care of them. Generally such lambs would die, and then the boys would skin them and sell the hides for five cents a pelt. But I wanted to keep those lambs myself, so I lugged them all home, one lamb at a time. Mother put them under the stove to get warmed up and we fed them with sweetened milk. They all lived and grew well. It happened that they were of an extra fine strain of Vermont Merino sheep, which had been brought in from Vermont for breeding and had cost as much as a hundred and fifty dollars for one sheep. Later that summer I was playing with the lambs around one end of Uncle Bowen's house, which was used for the post office, and a man who was stopping there for his mail asked me about them and wanted to buy them. He didn't have any money to pay for them, but he said if I would let him have them, he would double them every three years. So father arranged that with him, because I was so little myself, and when we finally left Ohio and moved to Iowa, about ten years later, I sold my stock of sheep for a hundred and twenty-five dollars. That was a lot of money for a boy to have. Father took the money and bought me eighty acres of land, cornering on his, but out on the prairie. He probably paid a dollar and a quarter an acre for it. Sand Creek ran through it. The creek was fed by spring water, so it did not freeze badly in the winter. The land was finally sold when we moved to Illinois, although I believe I did put it in father's name during the war. Father had either two hundred or two hundred-forty acres himself, but it was mostly in timber.

One of the worst troubles in the western country in those early days was the horse thieves. They were all over the country, and if one was caught, he was shot or lynched right away. Horses were the most valuable property a farmer had. A man named House, who lived down south of us a few miles in Shelby County, rigged up a heavy bell over his barn door, not just to ring when the door was opened, but to fall down on the thief. House thought it would knock the thief down and stun him, and at the same time make enough noise to wake up the people in the house. He caught a horse thief there one night all right, but the thief was dead by the time House got out to the barn. The big bell had hit him squarely on the head and killed him.

During that awfully wet year, I was driving into Decatur once, and just south of the river I found a woman who was afraid to cross the bridge. The river was way up and the water was running a foot deep over the bridge. She was all nervous and wrought up and said that she had heard that men were chasing a horse thief toward Decatur, and she was afraid it was her son. So I

took her across the bridge and into town and just when we got to the public square a man rode in from the west on horseback. He was the thief and was riding a stolen horse then. Before he was really ready to start, the sheriff rode up behind him and chased him north up Water Street, shooting as he rode. The thief would probably have gotten away, if it hadn't been for a boy driving a loaded wagon into town. The boy had a pistol with him, which he didn't suppose would shoot at all; I don't believe he really knew whether it was loaded or not, but anyway, he took a shot at the thief and got him. No, I never heard what they did with him, but the woman said he was not her son.

We always thought we had a horse thief right there in Milam, too. There was a man named ----- who lived within sight of our upper farm. One morning father and I were out in the field earlier than usual, and we saw him going across the prairie with a team of gray horses, and we knew very well that he didn't own any gray horses. About two days later some people from a good ways off were there, looking for a stolen team of gray horses. They probably had traced them that way, but the team could not be found on the farm anywhere. This man did steal a whole carload of sheep, though, in Decatur. The sheep were all loaded into the car and ready to ship out, when this man stepped into the freight office and said he had come to get the papers for those sheep. The agent supposed he was the hired man, or something, and gave him the papers. When the real owner came in and found that the papers had been picked up, he supposed it was his hired man that had got them. They finally caught up with the thief and the sheep in Chicago, and I believe he was sent up for it.

### III

I have heard Mr. Stamey at Champaign tell about the year of the big snow, in 1830 or 1831, I think it was, but he did not remember much about it. His folks came out there about 1826, when there were already a few families living in the timber along Salt Fork at Urbana. The worst year that Stamey remembered well was the awful wet year about 1855 or 1856. He said it seemed as though it rained every day all summer, and the prairie was under water most of the time. That flat land up north of Champaign was a regular lake. There were a few farmers living up there already and they could not drive into Urbana to the mill, and they were in such bad shape for food that the Urbana people had to carry flour and such supplies out to them. They would go up along the Illinois Central tracks until they were opposite the farmers' houses, and then wade through the ponds with the flour and the rest of the groceries on their backs.

Johnny Allinson was already living in Macon that same year and it was just as wet down there. They couldn't get into the corn fields with their horses to cultivate, and the weeds came up so bad that they had to walk between the rows and mow the weeds down with scythes. Johnny used to say that they mowed down about as much corn as they did weeds, but I guess it didn't make much difference, for the corn hardly made any crop anyway. The cattle got so poor from taking so much water with the grass they ate that they were as poor as snakes.

After I came down to Illinois we had one very wet year when everything was covered with water, and I have seen the cattle eating off the tops of the grass in the pastures where the water was so deep that they reached up instead of down for every bite. During the summer of that year, the rain seemed to be worse around Illiopolis than anywhere else. It was always flat and wet there, but this year was the worst of all. It seemed like the whole country from Harristown west was under water, and Lake Fork, the creek that came down from the north there, was a mile and a half wide and three feet deep. There was another wet place like that, but not quite so bad, along the west edge of Milam Township. Old man Hamilton lived on it, and that year his house was completely surrounded by water which came right up to the foundations. There was another wet place down by St. Mary's church, south of us in Shelby County, and for a long time after the country was settled every big rain would make a regular lake there.

I was the first one to begin tiling around Macon or Milam Townships, although some others started it about the same time up near Mount Gilead. It had been tried in the east before and we had read about it in the Prairie Farmer and such papers. The first tiling I ever heard of, though, was done by Johnny Allinson over at Jacksonville, before his family moved to Decatur.

He was about twenty years older than I and remembered it very well. They had a forty-acre field there which was covered with oak and very wet. When they cut down the oak, they split the logs in two. Then they dug ditches across the land, and put in the logs with the round outer sides together, and covered them up. It worked, too, and made a good drained field out of what had been practically a swamp. The oak logs lasted a long time in the ground, besides.

Our first tile were all shipped in from the east, which made them expensive, and we had to haul them out from Decatur. As more people began tiling, several tile factories were built nearer home. There was one at Dalton for several years, but the owner finally sold out and moved down south somewhere. Hiram Johnson moved from the country around Prairie Home into Decatur and went in with a big tile factory there. They made tile by the carload and shipped them all around, as far west as Kansas City. One of our neighbors hauled his tile from Moweaqua. Mr. Keller built his factory a good deal later, in Macon Township, just west of the west line of Milam Township. All they had to do was dig off the black prairie soil on top of the land and use the yellow clay underneath. The price of tile varied, of course, but we paid as high as \$250 a thousand for the big 12-inch tile. Tiling was expensive and for a good many years we spent on tiling all the money we made on the farm.

There was a lot of difference of opinion about the value of tiling. Some said it was good and some others would not believe in it at all. Some thought it would make the whole country drier and make regular drouths,\* and some thought it would make more rain. In fact, no matter what sort of a season we had, there were some folks who would say it was all caused by the tiling. We generally laid the tile about three and a half feet deep, to get it down below frost, and never had a surveyor. We just followed the natural contour lines as closely as we could and for details we would take a straight sixteen-foot board and put a carpenter's level on top of it. We aimed to get a fall of about an inch in four rods.

One dry summer I had tile spread out all over the north part of the east eighty, a string every eight rods apart over the whole field. Brother George came down to see it, and said I would never raise anything there if I tiled the ground that way, because the weather was dry enough as it was. But I put in the tile anyway and got a good crop just the same.

There was lots of cheating in the tiling business, too. Colonel Palmer hired some regular tilers to put tile in on his farm. A little later, after the job was done, we had a big rain, and he came up to get me to see what the trouble was with his tile. He said it was not carrying off any water. I was

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\* There was no word drought in the vocabulary of the Illinois farmer. It was always drouth, pronounced just as spelled.

busy and didn't want to go down, but nothing would do but I should come, so I got on a horse and rode down. Sure enough, there was hardly any water coming out of the outlet, and farther back we could see water oozing up out of the ground. So I got a wagon-rod out of an end-gate\* and poked it down in the ground till I found the tile. Then we opened it up and found what the trouble was. The tilers had dug the ditch all right, but at that place they had found a big boulder under the ground. So they laid the tile up to the boulder on one side and then began again on the other side. It was no wonder the water could not get through. Hagaman's tile got stopped up once the same way and he had me come over to look at it. When we dug it open, out came a dead coon, and then another, and then a third, and after that the tile was all right. He had never put a screen across the outlet, and the coons had crawled up the outlet into the tile, and either got stuck and starved to death or got drowned.

But in spite of all the objections and opposition and arguing, little by little all the people came around to putting in tile.

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\* An end-gate was the rear end of the body of a farm wagon. It was removable and was held in place by a rod as wide as the body of wagon.

#### IV

There was a pretty big stretch of prairie that Milam Township stood in. From the timber along Big Creek and Long Branch close to Mt. Zion on the north, it was all open prairie south to just a little north of Shelbyville, more than thirty miles. Along the south side of Milam Township the prairie was only seven miles wide, from the point of woods along Brush Creek at the east to the little grove on Flat Branch at the west, and that was the only timber in the township. There were two or three little groves there, all growing on places with water around them, so that the prairie fires could not get at them and burn them off. A few miles farther south there was no timber from Todd's Point on the east to Assumption on the west, about fifteen miles.

But Iowa was the place for the big prairies. There was a strip of prairie between every two rivers, running northwest and southeast, fifteen to twenty miles wide and a hundred miles long. I suppose you could go north past the end of those rivers and then turn west and get clear to the Dakotas without crossing any timber at all.

It always seemed to me that there were more kinds of grass on the Iowa prairies than in Illinois, and it seemed to grow higher, too. Probably that was because Illinois had been grazed more and the grass kept down that way. There were the big blue-joint, and the slough grass, and lots of other kinds of grass that we did not have any names for at all.

There were no roads across those Iowa prairies at all, except as a few tracks would be opened here and there between settlements. The only way one could find his way across the prairie was to set a barrel on top of a hill, pile dirt around its sides to keep it from blowing away, and then stick into it one of our scrub oak trees. That oak would blow around in the wind, first in one direction, then in another, and you could see it fifteen miles. Our oaks in Iowa were mostly little trees, fifteen feet high or so but rather thick and they grew in bunches where they had sprouted up after a fire.

In driving across the prairie the tall grass and weeds would get broken down and in the winter, when the snow was on, we could see the road running between the weeds which were left standing on both sides. If it hadn't been for that, it would have been dangerous to try to drive across the prairie in cold weather. One could easily get lost and freeze to death.

We had one awfully hard winter up there in Iowa, with a tremendous amount of snow. Down at Mills' place, where we went for singing school twice a week, Mills had a story and a half house, and the snow was drifted up as high as the eaves around the place. You could walk up on top of the snow to

the edge of the drift and then fairly slide down the face of the drift to the front door. He had a wagon standing out in the barn lot, with an ordinary wagon-bed on it, and the snow drifted over it until it was clear out of sight. The wagon never showed up from under the drift in spring till we were planting corn down on our place. Then the stakes came in sight. Mills caught it worse than most people; the snow just seemed to all drift in around his place. But even in our place that spring, father and George were planting corn, father planting and George covering, and when they came in at night they said they had sat down on some ice along the creek to cool off. The people in Illinois would hardly believe that when I told them about it.

Mr. Roberts was coming home from Quasqueton one night and it was so dark that he let the horses take their own road. After a while they stopped, and Roberts found they had come up against a bit of brush and would not go any farther. He did not remember any brush around there and realized that he was lost. So he found a big drift and hollowed it out big enough for him and his wife to get into, and then dug some more and got the horses into the front of it, and there they stayed till morning. When it was daylight, he found that he was not more than two hundred yards from our house, right against the bit of brush along Sand Creek. He had completely forgotten there was any brush there.

We finally had to move the Roberts family into town for the rest of the winter. The people in Quasqueton decided that it would be easier to move in some of the families that lived out on the prairies than it would be to look after them all winter. Father and Merrill brought them in, with all their provisions and cattle, and they lived with some family in town until spring. Several other families had to be brought in the same way. It was not safe to live out on the prairie that winter.

Mr. Bidwell kept the hotel there in Quasqueton, and he drove out to our place one day that winter to see if I would go into town and help him, because his regular man was sick. Father did not want to let me go, but Bidwell begged to have me, so father finally let me go in for about three weeks until the regular man got well. I had to build the fire in the main barroom - it wasn't a real barroom but that is what they called the hotel parlor in those days, look after the guests, see that the passengers didn't have frozen ears or noses when they got off the stage, see that the coach was greased, and I don't know what all else. I even had to go down to the mill and carry up a sack of flour on my back. Mr. Anson was a gunsmith there in town, and he made me a pair of ice-creepers, so that I could walk over the crust easily enough. It was so cold that winter that the mill was closed much of the time.

There were nearly always three or four passengers on the stage, coming from Dubuque or going there, and all men. Women could not stand it, and I don't see how the men could either. The box of the coach rode on a big piece of leather instead of a spring, and it kept swinging back and forth all the time,

whenever a wheel went down into a little hole in the road, until you would think it would tip over. A team of horses usually went ten or twelve miles on the stage, and the driver would keep them going in a swinging trot, or sometimes in a canter part of the way.

Once that winter while I was working in the hotel and earning about a dollar and a half a day in wages, father and Payson started out one dark night to drive to the Wrights. He lived about a mile east of Quasqueton and it was uphill all the way out there. They came in from home through town and then started east into the dark night. After they had gone what they thought was about the right distance, they saw a candlelight in a window - candles were all we had in those days - and drove over to it. They found a place to tie the horses, went into the house, and found it was not the Wright's. In the dark they had missed the place by nearly a mile. While they were talking there, up came the stagecoach for Dubuque and it was lost, too. Father got his directions and started off again for the Wrights. He drove quite a distance, saw another candlelight, went up to it, and found he was right back at the same place he had started from. Pretty soon, just before he left, up came the stagecoach again. It had got lost just the same way, probably because the horses had followed in father's tracks. The stage driver swore he would not go on to Dubuque that night and went back to Quasqueton. Father was rather frightened, too, and went back home because it was a bitter cold night. I suppose the horses would always have found their way home all right. But father could never understand afterward how he happened to miss the Wright's house.

Our first winter in Iowa was fairly warm, with generally three warm days followed by three cold ones all winter long. But in this particularly bad winter, two or three years later, the thermometer froze repeatedly. Merrill had to have rope stretched from the house to the barn, so that he could follow it when he went out after dark to tend to his cattle. He was lucky in having plenty of straw to keep the cattle warm. Rogers' oxen would have frozen, but he and his boys would take turns to keep them moving all night long. Then they had spring water to drink which was comparatively warm and I suppose that probably helped a good deal. Some people's oxen had their horns frozen and next spring the frozen horns lopped down on the sides of their heads. We did not need a rope to help us get to our barn, because we lived in a little clearing in the woods, all surrounded by thickets of hazel about six feet high and wild plum trees about ten feet high, so we could not have got lost very well and strayed out of the clearing.

That winter, D. S. Davis bought some stock from Spencer, over at Spencer's Grove, and sent a man over to pay for it. He started out on horseback, with six hundred dollars in a sack tied to the saddlehorn. He crossed the river at Quasqueton and started off across the prairie toward Spencer's Grove. When he was nearly there, and had reached the fence which Spencer had put up around his farm, he saw a bear walking along the path which the

cattle had made beside the fence. He shot at the bear, and that scared his horse, which started to run away. He ran off across the prairie to the east and finally threw the man off somewhere in the prairie a long ways from the road. Then the horse went home and soon got back to Davis' place. Davis waited quite a while, but the man did not come back, so everybody started out to hunt for him. There was a good deal of talk that Spencer might have waylaid the man, intending to kill him and get the money, and then claim he had never been paid, so Spencer was arrested. People thought that in killing the man the horse might have got away. Of course the money, being tied to the saddlehorn, all came back to Davis all right. So the people hunted around the prairie between Quasqueton and Spencer's Grove, but they never found the man.

The next day some men were driving across the prairie and saw a long distance off a pack of wolves circling around. They thought the wolves might have cornered a deer which had broken through the crust on the snow, so they decided to drive over and see what was up. There they found the man, almost dead and his legs frozen solid. They carried him back to Quasqueton, and he got well, but both legs had to be amputated close to the hips. He afterwards went back to Ohio and wrote a little pamphlet telling how badly the people in Iowa had treated him. As a matter of fact, he would have died if his legs had not been amputated. Word about his pamphlet soon got back to Iowa and naturally made the people there pretty mad. The man himself came back some time later, but the people were so mad at him that they ran him right out of town.

They had a terribly hard time laying the tracks for the railroads when they first put them down across the Illinois prairies. They laid them practically right on the ground across that level country and used no ballast at all until several years later. I don't believe they laid the ties any too close together, either. That undrained ground was so wet and full of water that you could see the rails bend and see the ties sink down whenever a train ran over them, and the water would squish out from under the ties. The trainmen would put boards under them and do everything they could to make them steady, but they could really do very little toward making a good roadbed until the country got drained out by cultivation and ditching and tiling. It's no wonder that freight trains were limited by law to ten miles an hour and passenger trains to twenty. I have heard that that law has never been repealed, either.

The railroads made that prairie country. The land around Marrowbone and the east end of Milam Township would never have amounted to much if the old Peoria, Decatur and Evansville railroad had not come through that way and given the farmers an outlet for their crops. It was built up from the south as far as Hervey City and for a time the trains ran from there to Mattoon. Then it was extended to Decatur and later to Peoria and Evansville.

They didn't care much how they ran trains in those days. Why, on that old P. D. and E. the train crew would stop to pick blackberries, or to kill a snake if they happened to see one. Once on a train from Hervey City to Sullivan, the conductor was talking to some of the passengers about cornplanters. He said he had heard about them but had never seen one yet. "And as soon as we come to a field where one of them is working," he said, "I'm going to stop the train and go over and look at it."

Most of these early railroads in Illinois were built largely through money from bonds issued by the towns, townships, and counties that the road was going to run through. There were always plenty of people who would work for a bond issue. Some times it would be a farmer from one's own neighborhood, who wanted the railroad to build close to his place, but generally it was some slick lawyer from Decatur, who would come out to the country and make a big speech, and get his night's lodging and his supper and breakfast from some farmer. The actual right-of-way was generally given to the railroad, but that did not amount to much, since the price of land wouldn't average more than fifteen dollars an acre. So all the railroad had to do was to buy the ties and lay the tracks across the level prairies, and that did not cost much either. Of course they had to build a bridge here or there. Some of those bond issues were positive swindles, and the railroads actually collected more money than they spent in building the line. Mount Zion Township took years to pay off its

bond issue.

The old Terre Haute and Peoria railway, later the Vandalia and now the Pennsylvania, was built through Macon County right during the hard times of 1873. The company had lots of troubles making things go. For one thing, they lost their right-of-way from Hervey City to Decatur. They had it once, but through some sort of a cheat, the land was sold for six hundred dollars. So the railroad had to go on the P. D. and E. from Hervey as far as the Junction with the Illinois Central and on that railroad up through Decatur and as far north as Maroa. Then it turned northwest to Peoria.

Hervey City was named for a Mr. Hervey, who lived up in Peoria. He bought eighty acres of ground there by the railroad and laid it off in town lots. Then he had big colored posters made, like a circus bill, showing just how the town was going to look, and he distributed them all over the country and even in England to get people to buy his lots. They showed big three-story buildings and wide streets with carriages, and stylish women on the sidewalks. You could still see some of them stuck on barns around Hervey as late as 1890. I don't know whether he really intended to cheat the people or not, or whether his town was just a failure. At any rate the town never grew any, and the old town lots are nothing but farm land today.

## VI

I can remember the first dish of ice cream that I ever ate. I think it was in the summer of 1864. We had heard down in Macon that Dodson, who had a restaurant up in Decatur, had a new dish called ice cream. So one Sunday in early summer, after we had the corn laid by but before the Fourth of July, Adam Dickson and a couple of others and I went for a ride. We went over to Mt. Zion, and then along the old diagonal road that used to run right across the country to Decatur. Dodson had a fine restaurant there in town and used to make especially fine cakes and pies and such things. We each had two dishes of ice cream, or I believe it might have been three, and cake to eat with it, and we all thought it was fine. I remember the bill was sixty cents and the folks back in Macon thought we were mighty extravagant.

Just a little while afterward we had a Fourth of July picnic at Macon - it was really held in a little grove down at Walker - and we had Dodson come down from Decatur to serve ice cream. I got Mrs. Allinson and Mrs. Richards and some other old ladies all seated on a log at the picnic grounds, and then got them all ice cream. It was the first they had ever eaten, and they all liked it too. They all thought I was the finest boy in Macon after that.

The Freelands and some other families from Kentucky, Virginia, and the Carolinas were responsible for the Cumberland Presbyterian church being established around the Marrowbone settlement. The old New Hope Church was built at an early date, near the edge of the timber almost straight east of our place, and for a long time it was the only church in the neighborhood. It was in 1881 that Harmony Church was built just a mile north of our place. All the farmers in the neighborhood chipped in and the church complete cost just fifteen hundred dollars. Calvin McReynolds, David Freeland, and I each gave a hundred and fifty dollars toward it, and Freeland also gave an acre of land, to be used free as long as a church stood there. I believe there was actually more than an acre, with the idea that there might be a burying ground there too, but that was never started. There were not more than fifteen or twenty members in the church, but of course everybody in the neighborhood went there. In those days, when there were no autos or telephones, the church was about the only place where people could get together and tell the news. Our first preacher lived in Mattoon, or down that way somewhere. He was an old man with a long beard, who had probably given up active preaching long before. Certainly he could not have supported himself and his family on what we paid him, because I think he only got two hundred dollars a year. Old Harmony Church had been torn down now, being literally falling to pieces and unsafe to hold a service in, and the land has reverted to the Freeland heirs. The old New Hope Church disappeared long ago, but the old burying ground still stands there back from the road.

Sanner Chapel, which most of the people generally called Mud Chapel, was a Methodist church. It stood out on the prairie just west of our place a few miles and was also built in the early days. We used to like to go over there to hear them sing. Then there was a hard-shell Baptist church west of that, and the old-school Presbyterian church at Prairie Home, and another church down at St. Mary's. Not one of them had enough members to make a real church, but they were important items in the community in those days.

Milam Township was organized about 1859, being split off from Mt. Zion. I believe we got up a petition and presented it to the Board of Supervisors. I know father had a good deal to do with it and he was the first Supervisor from the township.

Harmony School used to stand right in the middle of Section 11, just north of our farm, so as to be square in the middle of a school district three miles square. Then the township was redistricted and our district made only two miles by three, so the school was moved half a mile east and a quarter of a mile north. That put it right on the road just a mile north of our house. It brought it a little nearer to the north end of the district and so, to balance up the distance that the children had to walk, the east half of Section 3 was put in our district and the west half of Section 14 went into the Milam Center district.

## VII

During the Civil War I was a recruiting officer for the army in Macon County for about a year, until we got our quota filled. I got about a dollar a day and my travelling expenses besides for it. I didn't want to make that trip up to Chicago, but Tom Moffatt said I could do it, so I went up and stayed at the old Briggs House. There was always a crowd of people around there and a number of people busy recruiting. I could get recruits easily, because of the big bonus which our county paid. When we took the new men over to Camp Butler at Springfield, a Decatur banker always went along. He would take care of the bonus money for them, or send it to their families. A good many of the men took the money right along with them, in their clothes.

They sent me down to St. Louis once, to see how the boys in the 41st Illinois regiment were getting along. A good many boys from Macon County were in that regiment. They had been having some trouble with the farmers around the Missouri River bottoms at St. Charles, where the boys were guarding the railroad bridge, the farmers complaining that the soldiers were stealing from them. While I was there, they set a guard of Iowa soldiers around the camp at night, to see that the Illinois boys did no stealing, but they were out that night anyway and the next morning one of the boys had a sow and a litter of pigs and was trying to sell them. Those Iowa boys didn't care whether our boys stole or not; probably they did it themselves, too. Colonel Pugh was in command of the 41st regiment, and he was a pretty smart man. He knew the boys had to have firewood to keep warm, so he told them they could take just the top rail off the rail fences around the farms. Of course, the next fellow along took the top rail, too, and so on until the bottom rail was the top rail, and naturally it went next. Those boys would burn up a couple of miles of rail fences in a week or two.

I bought about nine bushels of seed corn from a farmer while I was there. It was about the nicest corn I had ever seen. Of course I took some risk, bringing it so much farther north, but I had it shelled and packed in barrels, and shipped it home on the Wabash. I planted it on Tom Allinson's farm, and it did well and was a great help to the Macon County farmers. We always called it the St. Charles White. I paid only twenty or twenty-five cents a bushel for it.

The railroad we used to call the Wabash cutoff, from Decatur straight southwest to St. Louis, was not built then, and we had to travel by way of Hannibal and then south on the Missouri side of the river.

The boys in the army all had to steal more or less, mostly fuel, but sometimes food as well. George Dickson was in a cavalry regiment, and somewhere down south he stole a horse. The next day the owner came around the camp looking for it, found the horse, and asked George about it. George rolled

the blanket back on the horse and said "I've only got one horse. Look him over, and if you can swear he is yours, why, take him away with you." The owner looked him all over very carefully, and then said he did not believe it was the horse after all. He was just afraid to claim him, that was all. There were too many soldiers standing around, and, being a rebel himself, he knew he would never get the horse out of camp, so he just gave it up and left.

Calvin McReynolds used to tell how he was on guard duty once down in the South somewhere, Tennessee, I believe it was, mainly to keep the boys from stealing from the farmers, when he found a man digging seed potatoes. Calvin waited till they were all dug, and then told the old man to carry them into camp. He got the basket part way there, and then decided he ought to give the potatoes to Calvin. McReynolds said he felt rather ashamed of himself for taking them. "Maybe the old fellow needed them," he said, "but then I needed them too. I was hungry."

Whenever Calvin told that story on himself, he always used to tell another one on me, about the watermelons. Calvin had an old straw-stack right near my east line, which rotted down and left the land mighty rich, and he said we could both plant our melons in there. So we did, and they grew awfully nice. One day I was over on the east eighty, and I see a slick-looking young fellow there in the melon-patch, filling up a sack. I says to him, "Getting some melons, are you?" "Yes," says he, "are they yours?" I told him they were. "Well, excuse me," says he, "I must have made a mistake." So I told him he could have two or three anyway, if he would carry the sackful over to my house, and he did it. Next day I found he was Calvin's nephew, and a preacher, who had come out there to preach in our church that Sunday. Calvin used to poke a lot of fun at me for thinking the preacher was a melon-thief.

Father and I built the big barn on our farm about 1873 or 1874. All the timbers were oak, sawed out in a mill south of Marrowbone, and cost us about fifteen or sixteen dollars a thousand feet. We put in all the mortises and tenons ourselves, and had one man to help us. The loft was floored with blue ash, which we had shipped down from Chicago, already planed and matched. I remember that I shingled the whole south side of it myself. The old barn before it was made out of elm, and the timbers were all hewed out by hand. Father and I cut them ourselves on the Marrowbone, and hauled them over to Milam. We expected that it would later become just a lean-to for a new barn forty by forty feet, but we decided to put the new barn in a different place.

The reason our house stood so far back from the road was a mistake in the survey. Old Mr. Freeland ran a line through there from the south line of the township to locate his own land, and did not allow for any deviation of the compass. He had lived in North Carolina, where there was no deviation. We just took the land where he said it lay and, when we finally got a regular

survey, found our line was way east of where we thought it was.

Other people besides Mr. Hayward made a good deal of money off land in that neighborhood, buying it before the railroad went through. Rev. Stapp, in Decatur, if I am not mistaken, had Sections 33 and 36 along the north line of the township. He sold them during the war to E. O. Smith for two dollars an acre in gold. Smith found the gold somewhere and bought the land. The sale made a good deal of talk, because the price was less than the railroad was charging, even when you figured the gold at its high war value. That was mighty wet land in those days; it is yet, for that matter. Before Stapp sold it, Tom Davis wanted to look at the land for some reason. I think he was just acting for someone else who was thinking of buying, Buckingham, maybe. He got me to drive him over there to look at it. We had just a plank laid across the running-gear of a spring wagon, and hitched up a team of mules. We drove out east from Macon to old Bobby Timmins' place and then struck out east across the prairie as straight as we could. It seems to me that we just guessed at the distance, but we may have had a brush tied to one wheel. Well, that land was all under water, and so full of greenhead flies that Tom said he thought they would run twenty-five bushels to the acre if you could thresh them. He thought the land was no good at all.

Buckingham and Lefevre bought several sections of land lying mostly in a north and south strip along the west end of Milam Township. It seems that they had advice that the Illinois Central Railroad was going through there, but for some reason it went several miles farther west and left them out. They made money out of the land in time, though. When Uncle John Zollars wanted to buy some of the Lefevre land, he found that the heirs could not give him a clear title. There was no record anywhere that he had bought the land, except the government record of its sale. Lawyers went back to his old home in Pennsylvania, and after a long search found an old trunk up in the attic, and in it were his deeds to thousands of acres of land. He had never had them recorded at all.

When we settled in Milam Township in 1865, we had neighbors along the timber east of us, but to the west, between us and Macon, there was not a house till just a few miles east of the town. There were no roads laid out, either, and we just wound across the prairie, dodging the ponds. There were a few houses east of Moweauqua, because there was a little timber in that direction. The Atterburys were about the first settlers in there.

I have dug lots of coal from Robinson Creek, and it was as fine coal as I ever burned. We just dug it out, as there was only one to three feet of dirt on top of it. The vein was thin, and has been dug out completely by this time.

## VIII

Deer were common on the prairie in Illinois, and I have seen as many as twelve on our farm at one time. That was a big herd for Illinois, but up in Iowa I have seen as many as twenty or twenty-five at one time. Possums were common in the prairie grass around the farm in Milam, but I don't know whether they dug holes or not. They may have been just stragglers from the timber east of us. Coons were caught on the prairie near Macon. Prairie wolves were common and did lots of damage to sheep. There were no bears in Illinois, at least not in my time, but two or three were killed in our neighborhood in Iowa while I was there. One man on horseback once ran a bear down, beat it over the head with his iron stirrup, and finally killed it. There were a good many wildcats in Iowa, and some lynx. Payson shot a lynx once. It was up in a tree, where the dogs had chased it, standing up tall, and making a big miauwing. Payson got it the first shot. It was a regular lynx, with tassels on its ears. Rabbits were very thick in Illinois and the farmers had to shoot them to save their crops. They were eaten a great deal in the winter, too, and people would have a supply of them frozen stiff and hung up until needed.

## IX

It took us about three weeks to come down to Illinois from Iowa. I don't believe we averaged more than about sixteen miles a day. We camped out all the way, crossing the Mississippi at Davenport and the Illinois River at Peoria. They had a wooden bridge there, and the new railroad bridge crossed the wagon bridge diagonally. It was a very dangerous place. We had two heavy covered wagons and one open wagon and a spring wagon. Mr. Merrill, Johnny Merrill, and I each drove a wagon, and Mrs. Merrill drove the spring wagon. Then there were several horses and cows which we led. The Merrills had all their furniture and farm outfit. They just packed everything they owned on wagons and left Iowa. I slept under a wagon at night, and we all gathered firewood during the day when we passed through any timber. When we started, I was driving three yoke of oxen, but I finished by driving five. Mr. Merrill bought the others of Colonel Capron, who lived at Bird's Nest, about twenty-five miles back of Peoria on the Spoon River. He got them cheap and on long time. Of course there was no security, but he and Mr. Capron were acquainted.

When we got to Dean's place, near Macon, the family camped out a while, and Mr. Merrill and I left on horseback within two or three days to ride around the country and see where we wanted to settle. We went as far south as Vandalia and east to Mattoon, and then finally picked on Macon itself. Merrill rented a farm, but he had to camp out until the family already on it was able to move out. The family had to wait till Charlie Lewis and I built them a house about two miles southeast of Macon. It was just a little affair, two rooms downstairs and two upstairs, and just a shell as we built it. I think they moved in about a week after we started work, and I know the siding and plastering were put on afterward. But it was summer and warm weather. We came down from Iowa in July or August. Then Merrill moved into his place and I went to work for Dean. The next year Merrill and I broke up the land and planted five hundred acres east of Macon, on what is now the old Bromley place. We had a big crop of wheat, but I farmed with him only that one year.

One could buy a yoke of oxen with the yoke and chain thrown in for about seventy dollars. Most of the farm work was done with them. In fact, up in Iowa it was not safe to keep horses, because horse-thieves were so bad. They could feed their stolen horses out on the prairie anywhere, and after a while run them into Dubuque or Davenport or even down to St. Louis.

On our way from Davenport up to Quasqueton on our trip out there in 1853, we stopped the first night at Mr. Follett's, about twelve miles from Davenport, and we children were nearly tired out. I was surprised to see Mr. Follett chain up his horses and lock the stable, and I asked him if he was

afraid some one would steal his horses. "No," says he, "I dont' think anybody will bother them, for there must be at least a dozen dogs that sleep around the barn." But that very night the dogs waked us up by an awful barking, and we could hear them chasing something or somebody down the road. The neighbors all thought it was a horse-thief, who had picked out the wrong barn. He probably had a horse down the road somewhere and got away on it. It scared us children half to death. I believe it scared mother, too, but she didn't let on.

Father had horses in Iowa and every night they were chained in the stable. The chain went round their necks and around one of the heavy timbers of the barn, so that it would have taken some hard work to get them out.

I remember once taking my girl to spelling school at Spencer's Grove, four or five miles away, in a wagon with a yoke of oxen. I think it took us about two hours to make the trip, and I kept them going, too.

A good ox would weigh from fourteen to seventeen hundred pounds. Devons made the best cattle, because they were a little quicker and more active than the others. We always tried to pick out red cattle when we could, but we had all colors, black and white and spotted and ring-streaked. They were always broken in pairs and worked together and sold the same way. One could buy a yoke of oxen around Macon for seventy dollars, but horses were around one hundred and ten dollars and as much as one hundred and forty-five dollars a piece.

An ox-yoke was a heavy thing to handle, but when you got it on one ox and raised the other end up, the second ox would walk under it. We would leave the yokes on them when they were feeding at noon, and then they would often turn in the yokes and get it under their necks instead of on top. Some oxen would do it as quick as lightning; they seemed to like it better that way. Young cattle were pretty bad about it, too. The only way to stop it was to tie their tails together, and that was pretty hard on them in fly-time.

Cattle were generally pretty slow, but they would run away sometimes. Four or five ox-teams got scared at the cars in Macon and ran away. You could see them coming down the road on the dead run. And when they were thirsty and came in sight of a pond, they always made for it to get a drink. You couldn't stop them, and I tell you they went on the jump.

We had an ox team run away once in Iowa. They got stung by some wild bees and that started them. The wagon they were drawing turned clear over upside down. I jumped, but little sister Hattie was caught under the wagon-bed. The oxen stopped when the wagon turned over. If they had run any farther they might have killed her.

I had an ox bitten by a rattlesnake once. I gave him two quarts of whiskey and he got well, but after that he could not stand the heat and was no good for work. I don't know whether it was the whiskey or the snake-bite that affected him. I had a horse bitten once, too, and I gave him a quart of whiskey and he got well. I always kept about two gallons of whiskey around to give the cattle for snake-bite, but I don't remember that I ever had any bitten except in those two cases, but someone around the country was having an animal bitten every day or two. My ox got hog-fat after he got well and I sold him.

The rattlesnakes were mighty bad out on the prairie. Some of them were three feet long, with twenty rattles. We all wore heavy boots nearly knee-high, and they could not bite through them or apparently strike any higher. Still, a good many people did get bitten, but they were mostly women. Once the Allinsons went blackberrying over on Mosquito Creek, where there was a lot of wet land full of blackberries. I think we must have got two bushels of them that day. Well, Mrs. Tom Allinson was bitten by a rattlesnake. We got a big lot of mud from the creek and plastered her leg with it and took her right home. She got well, all right. I don't remember whether they gave her any whiskey or not.

When I was breaking prairie east of Macon, there was one place that had more rattlers, I guess, than any other place in the country. They were so bad that we would not unyoke the oxen in the field, but brought them up by the barn to a place where the grass was worn down thin. We were afraid that in the high grass we might get bitten on the hand when we reached down to pick up the yoke or the chain. Every Sunday I used to go into Macon to get some decent grub at the hotel. There was a woman from Boston there who wanted some rattles to take back east with her, and I told her I would get her some. That next week, from Monday morning to Saturday night, I killed more than fifty rattlesnakes, without ever going out of my way to hunt for them either. They had a well-platform out there about six feet square and right by the back door. I was watching the baby play around on that one day, and here two rattlers crawled up on the platform, one on one side and one on the other.

The last time anyone had horses stolen around Milam Township was when Bill Sawyer lost his team. It almost broke Bill up.

When we went to Iowa, mother and we children and Aunt Nancy Ann Little all went together. I believe Uncle Lyman had gone out with father the year before. We took the train at Grafton and father met us in Davenport. All our household goods were shipped by freight at the same time. I believe they got there about a week or ten days after us. Some of the men from the mill went down to bring them up for us. On our way up from Davenport, father bought some chickens. There was no market for either chickens or eggs, except to newcomers. All you could do with them was eat them. When we got to Quasqueton, we lived with Mr. Gardner's family for a week or so, until our furniture came. I believe he had only one room, but we managed some way. Then we moved into a one-room house that was built just like a store. Probably it was intended for that. It was heated by a stove, and had a little shed on behind, where Sam and I slept. Sam was a turner by trade, who had been sent for to work in the mill, and was about three or four years older than I. I believe his last name was Ulmer. Gardner was a regular hunter. He had moved out of Davenport because there were too many people coming in, and he moved out of Quasqueton and went farther west for the same reason. He wanted a wild country, so he could support himself by hunting. He would sell us prairie chickens already dressed for five cents each, and grouse at two for six pence. Quail, I think, were two or three for a nickel. We did not have much regular money up there, but mostly Spanish money, six-pences, and bit-pieces. Gardner caught all his birds in traps.

I hadn't much more than got to Quasqueton before I got a job. R. L. Thompson, the druggist there, had a new story and a half house, two rooms downstairs and two upstairs, and he wanted it painted. He asked me if I could paint. Well, I had painted a little of the siding of Uncle Thompson's new house the year before, and so I told him I could. Father laughed at me for trying to paint a house, but I stuck to it. Thompson had to send to Dubuque for the lead and the oil, and had to boil the oil, and put in the litharge, and I knew nothing about that at all, but when the paint was finally mixed I put it on. I got a dollar a day for it, and I was so small I had to have a man help me move the ladder. That ladder was strong enough to hold an ox. It was made of two sassafras poles, each of them about six inches through, bored for the rungs, and the rungs were of hickory an inch and a half through. They could have hewed those poles down to two by four inches and still had it plenty strong enough.

After that I went to work in the mill at the turning lathe. I could turn out a stand of chairs a day on the lathe, and that was a hundred chairs. I would get the materials all ready the night before, standing all the square pieces on end and putting a little grease on the middle of each end. Then the

next day, I would fasten the first one of them in the lathe, bring the gouge down the whole length of the piece, and throw the chips ten feet. We had plenty of power and I kept that lathe a humming. Then I would take the smoothing chisel and smooth the piece down, and be ready to start on the next one. When they paid us by the piece, I could make as much as three dollars a day. Then they would change over and pay us by the day, about a dollar and a half, but at day wages I could only make about half as many chairs. Many a night, too, I have worked at the mill, boring the seats or gluing in the legs. It was anything to make a nickel, those days. Sam was a great turner. He could take a big piece of timber, four inches square, fasten it in the lathe, and turn out a bed-post with all its fancy curves on it, and do it so quickly that he could make forty of them in a day. That was mighty fast work.

The dam there at Quasqueton gave about ten feet fall. For a head-race there was a square flume, about four feet square, which carried the water down into the turbine. I think it was about a four-foot turbine, made out of cast iron. They probably got it made in Pittsburg, and brought it up by river as far as Dav-  
enport. There were two mill-houses, one-story wooden affairs about twenty feet wide and forty or fifty feet long, except that the grist-mill had a top on it, where they could elevate the flour to cool it off. They had two sets of burrs at work in the grist-mill, one for grinding corn and the other for wheat. When the wheat burrs got dull, they would put them to grinding corn, and sharpen up the corn burrs for wheat.

The old-fashioned flour was mighty fine stuff. Some of the flour stuck to the bran, making a very rich bran, while nowadays some of the bran is ground up with the flour, they can shave it so thin.

The bridge across the river started right between the two mills, so the farmers could unload their wheat or corn at the mill without turning off the road. The town was on the east side, but the mills were on the west side of the river. I suppose the dam was about two hundred feet long.

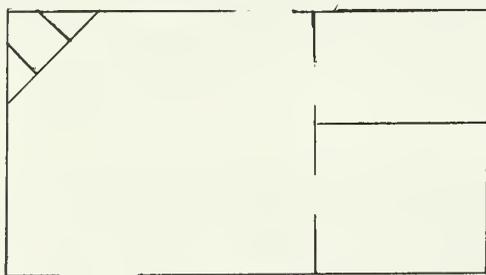
In the turning mill, we had a seasoning box that would hold about two thousand feet of lumber, and we had to keep it going nearly all the time. It was heated just by a stovepipe passing through it, which made it rather dangerous, and we had to keep a watchman with it all night. We did have a fire start once or twice, but we put it out without trouble.

When Merrill built his mill over on Pine Creek, he had a sort of jubilee to celebrate it. So they started the mill to going, and put in some corn, and when they went around to see the meal come out, there were two of McBain's hounds, lapping up the meal as fast as it came out. The people laughed at Merrill a good deal about that, and he said it did make him feel rather ashamed of himself. But he afterwards got it geared up so it gave good service.

We had no wells in Quasqueton, because we would strike rock when we got down about eighteen feet. We got our water from a spring, but I am pretty sure that that spring water was nothing but river water, which seeped out past the dam, and came out like a spring a little ways below. I know father did not like our water supply, and all hands of us drank tea or coffee. We all had gardens, and several people would fence in a plot together to keep the wild animals out. All root crops seemed to grow especially well on that new soil. I have never tasted such good carrots and parsnips and potatoes. We had sweet potatoes, too, but I don't believe we grew them ourselves. I think father got them down around Anamosa or somewhere in that direction. For breakfast we had mostly baked potatoes, the little slender kind that we called ladyfingers. They would bake quickly all the way through and we would eat about half a bushel of them for a breakfast. I tell you, we all ate like butchers.

Right across the road was another house about like ours. The Alfred family lived in the back of it, and they had a school in the front. George went to school there.

The next summer after we came to Iowa, father bought a quarter section of land about two miles south of Quasqueton, and I bought an eighty right across the road from him. We built our log cabin there the same summer and moved out there to live in the fall. There we lived during the rest of our stay in Iowa. The quarter section was largely timber and brush, but mine was mostly open prairie. We had a big spring right close to the house, that threw a stream of water six or eight inches through. I think our log house must have been about eighteen by twenty-six feet in size. It had one big room about eighteen feet square, a little bedroom partitioned off in one corner for father and mother, and a pantry in the other.



There was a big outside door right next to the pantry, and another on the other side of the house. A big fireplace in the corner would take in a log about four feet long. In the pantry corner was a straight up-and-down ladder to the loft, and we boys used to sleep up there. It was colder than Jehu there in the winter.

Then there was a stove standing right beside the fireplace. Mother did most of her cooking on the stove, but we used the fireplace to heat the water kettle, bake the potatoes, and roast the meat.

It kept us pretty busy there winters to get enough wood for the fireplace. We would cut a big backlog with beveled edges or ends, so it would just fit the fireplace, and haul it up to the door with a team. Then we would run the chain through the house and out the other door, hitch the team on it, and pull the log right in front of the fireplace. Then we could roll it over by

hand and put it in place. The forelog was not so big, and stood up on the andirons.

Father kept school in his house until a regular schoolhouse was built about three quarters of a mile away. I don't suppose he got any money for it. There were only six or eight or maybe ten children, and most of those were Anson's. About two miles south of us Frank Mills taught a singing school the same way. There was a good school in Quasqueton.

During our first winter in Quasqueton, R. L. Thompson wanted to put a partition on his cellar, and Payson and I undertook to do it. We got two wide flat boards and stood them edgewise, and then laid the brick between them. Of course some of the mortar ran down the sides, but we made a wall just the same, and Thompson thought it was pretty fine for two boys. Payson was as proud as anything of that wall.

It was about the fall of 1856 that I went down to Grinnell to spend a winter with Uncle Lyman Little there. He was a cabinetmaker in that new settlement and wanted to put in a mill besides, so three of us went down to help him, two men named Tear and Coulter and I. I made about a dollar and a half a day there that winter, and frequently I worked nights on the lathes in the furniture shop and made fifty cents or so extra.

We walked all the way down, close to a hundred miles, carrying all our small stock of baggage in carpetbags which we hung over our backs on the end of a stick. When we left our settlement on the Wapsipinicon River, we struck out across the prairie to Spencer's Grove, about five miles away, following the regular track made by the people there when they came to Quasqueton to mill. From there on, there was a bare trail across the prairie southwest to Vinton. There we stayed the first night, having walked about thirty miles during the day. The next day we crossed the Cedar River at Vinton and kept on across the prairies to the southwest. Close to Vinton we followed the Cedar River for a short distance and in cutting off a little bend in the river and going very quietly over the soft snow, we came within a few yards of two big bucks feeding. I suppose they were the worst scared bucks in the world. They threw their heads up and their horns back and went off through the cedar brush like the wind. We went through Tama and up the Iowa River a few miles to Everett's. He had a ferry there, and we stayed at his house that night. The third day we had to go about twenty miles across the open prairie, and I tell you it was cold.

The settlement at Grinnell was then only a year or two old. Mr. Grinnell had bought about twenty-five thousand acres of land or so at one time from the government, paying one dollar and a quarter an acre for it. There was enough so that every family in the settlement could have at least a quarter-section. There were probably four or five hundred people there, all Yankees and strong Congregationalists. The first thing they built when they arrived there, after a hard trip overland from Rock Island, was a sort of long barracks, looking a good deal like an Illinois pigpen, with one room for each family. Next they built a combined church and schoolhouse, about forty feet square, with the school on the first floor and the church above it, and after that they built their own houses. It was terribly hard on them that winter. The weather was cold and there was no wood around Grinnell at all. There was a little sawmill on the Skunk River, about fifteen miles south of Grinnell, where they could get firewood, and it nearly kept them busy driving down there after it. It was a two-day trip for an ox-team, or a hard one-day trip for horses, to bring up a load of wood, and a load did not last long in the big fireplaces. I have seen girls driving off with a team of oxen to bring up a load of firewood

from the Skunk. Probably their folks were sick, or some such thing, so the girls had to do it. But being all Yankees, I guess they were used to snow and handling the oxen. Some of those people from Maine were slashers for size. There was one family named Marsh; all of them were big people, and I believe Marsh himself was nearly seven feet high. It seemed like he nearly always sat beside me in church, and his knees were six inches higher than mine. Uncle Lyman used to tease me a good deal about sitting beside such a big man, when I was about the smallest man in the whole town. Everybody went to church in Grinnell, and if somebody did not go, they wanted to know the reason why.

Uncle Lyman had a dam built across a little creek there at Grinnell, and his mill house was up, but we had to put in the machinery. Coulter was a good millwright, but it took us all winter to get the mill in shape. Nights I would often work in the cabinet shop, because I had had experience with lathes before, and I turned out chair rungs or anything else that Uncle Lyman happened to need. He had plenty of work to keep him busy making furniture for the new settlement, and he could hardly keep up with the demand for chairs. All his lumber was hauled over from a small mill on the Iowa River, and then had to be seasoned. He had a small seasoning-room heated with a stovepipe, where he kiln-dried the lumber. If he got a little ahead in his work and had some walnut seasoned, he would make some tables or a bureau. The beds and chairs were mostly made out of maple. All his lathes were turned by horsepower. He had a good team of horses, that would step right up and keep the lathes moving.

Food was very cheap there in Grinnell, because there was little or no sale for it. Butter was six cents a pound, and a whole hind quarter of beef could be bought for one dollar and a quarter. We did have one very big quarter of beef that we paid one dollar and seventy-five cents for. But pork was rather scarce and high-priced, and lard was ten or fifteen cents a pound. Almost all of our food was cooked in tallow.

In Grinnell, the wild dogs were really worse than the wolves. The wolves were afraid, but the dogs were used to people and would come right in around the farms and sleep in the barns. They were dogs that had got away from the Forty-niners, and there were a good many of them all across southern Iowa. Still, the wolves used to come up pretty close to town, and you could hear them howl while you were in church. It used to be rather scary to come home from church in the dark, even though it was only about two hundred feet over to Uncle Lyman's house.

It was while I was in Grinnell that John Brown came through there. I saw him ride into town and, as I remember it, there were about fifteen men with him. A little while afterward, Uncle Lyman asked me to take his two horses over to Everett's on the Iowa River and ask no questions. I must have had another family's horses too, because I know I took four of them. Some other young fellows rode over in the same direction and camped out in the woods, but

I stayed in Everett's house, being acquainted with him. Most of the Grinnell horses were sent in the other direction down to the Skunk River. The next day we all went back to Grinnell again with the horses. Brown and his men had got fresh horses in Grinnell and started for Iowa City at once. They had hardly got out of town before a posse of officers from Kansas or Missouri rode into town after them. In some way they got the idea that Brown and his men were hidden in Grinnell's house; probably the Grinnell people put them up to it. The posse was kept out of the house that night by the Grinnell men, who walked around the house with guns all night long. The next morning they let the posse into the house, but of course there was no John Brown. Then the posse could not get fresh horses, because there was not a horse in town, and had to go with their tired horses after already losing half a day. I don't know how far they chased them, but Brown and his men got across the Mississippi into Illinois and went on east into Ohio, where he began to organize his expedition to Harper's Ferry.

It was pretty late next spring when we three walked home to Quasqueton. Uncle Lyman went with us with a load of furniture as far as Vinton.

## XII

Most of the people in Macon County were Lincoln Republicans, or else northern Democrats, who followed Steve Douglas and turned over to support the Union side. But a good many settlers in central Illinois were from Kentucky or still farther southeast, and quite a proportion of them were copperheads. We did not try to do anything with them; in fact, we were cautioned not to, except in self defense. Dean was a Democrat, but not a copperhead. One of his acquaintances who lived around Mount Auburn was a rank copperhead and was finally put under arrest by government agents. I drove Dean over to see him, and he was so mad at being arrested that he would not allow Dean on the place. I guess he thought Dean may have told on him. There was a nasty nest of copperheads there around Mount Auburn. There were some more around Moweaqua and Assumption, in the Flat Branch timber. I heard one of them give a talk at some sort of a copperhead meeting, and he said "These Yankees don't know anything about fighting. I could take a handful of men, such as are here right now, and capture the city of Philadelphia with them."

Generally the copperheads did not do anything except talk and sometimes drill a little. Down near Sullivan was a man named Paul, who was always drilling some copperheads. One night I was at a Union Lodge in Mount Zion, when word came up that Paul and his men were going to raid the Union people around Marrowbone. A Union Lodge was an organization just for known Union men, and was used to keep everybody in touch with what was going on in the neighborhood, especially the doings of the copperheads. I rode right across the prairie to Allinson's at Macon, got a fresh horse there, and then went out to notify everybody to turn out. I would see one man, and he would go right out to see his neighbors, and we all drove across the prairie to Marrowbone. By eight o'clock next morning there were fifty or so men from Macon County there, and enough from other directions to make probably a hundred and fifty, and every one of us had a double-barrel shotgun in the bottom of his wagon. Paul did start with his men, but he turned back when he heard of all the Union men that had gathered and were waiting for him. I heard that his men fired on a Union man's house on their way back, but that is all they ever did. The Marrowbone people evidently appreciated having us there, for Bobby Crowder took me and about a dozen others out to his house for dinner, and what a big dinner he did give us. The other men were all taken care of the same way.

I suppose we ought to have had a little raid of our own, and caught Paul and chased him out of the country. But we had to be rather quiet, because so many of our men were already in the army, and that left us rather short. All of us that went on the raid were young men, representing the floating population, so to speak. So if we were recognized, the copperheads would hardly know where to find us, and we had no buildings for them to burn down.

In Iowa, the country had been settled by Yankees and people from the Western Reserve, and they were all Union men and mostly Republicans.

There was one man from around Macon who went south and joined the rebel army. He got down there just in time to get in with Morgan's raid.

I don't know what the North would have done in the war if the Illinois Central railroad had not been built. I think that was one reason why Grant was able to clean things up in the West so long before the East.

I voted at Madison for Lincoln in the fall of '60, but I voted again in the local elections in the spring of '61 before I had been in Illinois a year. I felt rather streaked about it, but the boys all wanted me to do it, and no one ever thought of challenging me. No one around the polls ever discussed openly whether a man was qualified to vote or not. Some one would say "Why there's Henry Gleason. I didn't know he was coming over to vote." And another man would reply "Oh yes, Henry is going to vote. He's a good friend of mine. I've known him for years." That showed that I was a Union man and let me vote. But if a copperhead tried to vote, he was challenged instantler. If any one had tried to challenge me, there would have been a fight right then and there.

I suppose I could have voted for Fremont in Iowa in '56, when I was only eighteen years old. I was elected constable that year. They had to have two at our end of the county, and there were not enough men to go around. Hovey was elected constable with me. But down in Illinois, in '60, anybody could vote if he was a Republican.

Lincoln's old farm was just across the Sangamon River from Madison. I believe it ran down to the river, or even crossed it, or lay in some way so that it cornered on Allinson's timber-lot forty. We used to drive up there for wood and used those trips to break in young mules. We would have a four-mule team on the wagon, with two old steady mules in front and two young ones behind. It was an all-day trip up there and back with a load of wood. There were still people in Madison who knew Lincoln when he lived there and they used to tell us lots of stories about him, but I have forgotten them all long ago.

A big crowd of folks from Macon County drove over to Springfield to see Lincoln in the winter of '61, just before he left for Washington to be inaugurated, but we were disappointed because he was not at home. He had been called away somewhere in a hurry, but I forget the reason why. I did see him once more after that, when he was on a speaking trip through Illinois. I don't remember the year, but it was probably during the campaign of 1864. Bill Sanders in Macon was a copperhead, and started to hurrah around town when Lincoln was shot, but they chased him and his family out of town right away; didn't even give him time to pay his debts. He went to Missouri, and I heard afterward that he turned Republican.

I saw Grant several times, but was never acquainted with him. I did know old man Stark, who lived between our place and Bethany and had been a partner with old man Grant in the tanning business. He used to be a sort of a preacher, but he would always get side-tracked in his sermons and start to talking about Grant. Stark was a strong Union man.

Lots of men from our county enlisted, of course, and by the time the draft was called for, we had already filled up our quota, so the draft was not used in Macon County. I was recruiting agent myself until we got the quota filled. I went to Chicago once and got eleven men, and I got seven men on one trip down south of Taylorville in Christian County. I would bring these men to Decatur and then take them over to Camp Butler at Springfield. As soon as they were sworn in, every man had four hundred dollars handed to him in cash. Some would spend it themselves and some would send it to their families. Dyer Shea got six hundred, for some reason or other, and bought his forty acres of land with it.

John Allinson and Tom Allinson, John Goltra, Mr. Frazee and I, and another man whose name I have forgotten made an agreement and got a lawyer in Decatur to draw up a regular contract for us. He didn't charge us anything for doing it, either. Each of us put up a hundred dollars, and Mrs. Allinson held all the money. Then if any one of us was drafted, he was to take all of the money and go to the war, and the others of us were to take his teams and land and farm it till he got back. But we filled our quota and nobody was drafted. Over in Moultrie County, several people that I knew were drafted.

### XIII

In Ohio when I was a boy, we could get lead pencils for a cent apiece. Slate pencils were a cent or two a dozen, and goose quills cost five to fifteen cents a dozen. The highest price was for goose quills that had been soaked in oil. Most of us never bought quills: we just got them ourselves from a goose.

All the peddlers when I was a boy used to have big dogs, weighing a hundred or a hundred and twenty pounds. They would stay right under the wagon and not let a stranger come near it. A stray dog came over to me once when I was breaking prairie east of Macon. I took him home and fed him, and the next day he went out in the field with me again. There was a cellar dug out there, without any house built over it yet, and the rabbits used to fall in there. That morning there were four of them. I got down in the cellar and caught them and let them loose in the field. That dog caught the first one, gave it a shake, caught the second, and so on until he had all four of them. The next day he caught twelve. He was a fine rabbit dog, and I sold him later for ten dollars.

When father first came down to Milam, we had no hay and could not get any until the new crop of grass started. Many people were hauling and feeding rotten straw. I went over to see if Tommy Dalton would sell some. He said he would sell half his stack, which had three or four tons in it, and then haul in the rest. I said I would haul it in for him, and then Tommy said he would sell me the rest of the hay, too. McReynolds said the only reason he did it was because I had divided off less than half of the stack for my share. Dalton always had to be coaxed to sell anything, but he would finally let the purchaser measure off his own purchase and pay what he thought it was worth, and largely by that method of doing business he finally died a rich man.

Mrs. McReynolds used to have a dying spell three or four times a year. Father and mother had hardly been in Milam more than two weeks when Mr. McReynolds came running down to the house to get them to come over there while she died. They hurried over there and found the Daltons, the Roneys, and the Sconces all on hand. They stayed all night and all day waiting for her to die, but she changed her mind next day and got well again, having in the meantime cheated Dalton in a steer trade while dying. He used to laugh about it afterward, how she had cheated him in a trade right on her deathbed.

## XIV

A breaking plow was a very heavy affair, so heavy that a man could hardly turn one over. It needed no one to hold it when plowing, but kept itself in the ground automatically and was guided mostly by the oxen themselves. One ox in each yoke walked in the furrow and the other in the prairie grass, and the plow followed the preceding furrow as a matter of course. The ordinary plow varied from eighteen inches to three feet wide and needed three to seven yoke of oxen to pull it. The oxen were hitched to a long chain, coupled on to the front of the plow-beam. That was of wood, usually about six inches thick and twelve inches high, and about twelve feet long. At its front end it was supported by two wheels about three feet in diameter and set four or five feet apart. The beam rode between two pins set into the axle, and was fixed so that it could be raised or lowered a little, to give the plow the right depth in the ground. The landside was of steel and about four feet long. The shear was of course long, to match the wide furrow which it turned. The moldboard was a big affair too, with a very long and gradual curve to it, so that the sod was turned squarely upside down into the last furrow. The standard was sometimes of steel, sometimes of wood, but in either case it was mortised into the beam and bolted below to the plow. The cutter was stationary, not rolling like most plows are today, with a slanting blade running back and up from a point. Under the cutter was a flat shoe about two inches wide, with its point extending a little way forward of the cutter point and tipping a little down. This would pass under the flat roots of the grass and raise them up so the cutter could get them and the long bevel on the cutter blade would let it cut right through them. That arrangement kept the cutter in the ground and always at the right depth. The plow-shares got dull very quickly and had to be sharpened very often. This was done by heating them red-hot and then pounding them out sharp. Some of the brush plows that they used in Ohio were made of iron and not sharpened. When they got dull, the edge was broken off a little with a hammer, to keep it rough and in condition to cut. The farmers there would buy a lot of shears and points and as fast as one was worn down they would replace it with another.

The best time to break the prairie was in May and June, especially about the middle of June. Then the grass was thick and green but had not yet begun to throw up its flowering stems. The plow was set for two inches and a half or three inches deep, which was enough to get most of the roots and all of the sod. Then the sod decayed very quickly, so it could be planted in the fall of the same year. Sometimes corn was planted right away in the furrows and we called it sod-corn. It seldom did very well, probably not over thirty bushels to the acre, but I have seen it make fifty.

Oxen would walk sixteen to eighteen miles a day, and that, with the wide furrows we turned, would let them break up three to five acres in a day. One

man could do the work, driving the long string of oxen, since the plow took care of itself. Of course there were no fences at the ends of the fields, so it was easy to turn around with plenty of room to do it in. At night the oxen were unyoked, the yokes hung on the fence around the barnlot, and the cattle turned loose to feed themselves. At that time of year the prairies had plenty of food for them and they shifted for themselves very well. In Iowa, and sometimes in Illinois, too, the farmers generally tried to have a burning for them. A big field was burned over in the spring after the first growth had started, and the second crop of grass came up later. That kept green and tender during most or all of the summer, and did not get tough like the regular prairie grass did when the grass began to go to seed.

Ox-yokes were made by hand, usually out of basswood or soft maple or some other light wood, and simply hewed into shape with a hatchet. No blankets were used under them, but the oxen's necks seldom got sore. The bows were made of hickory saplings, about an inch and a half through, steamed and bent into shape, and fastened through holes in the yokes by pins.

At the time of plowing, the grass would generally be a foot and a half to three feet high, depending on the season and how wet the land was. Once in Iowa, Hattie drove the oxen, walking in the grass beside them, and the prairie grass was then higher than the backs of the oxen. That was the bluejoint, which grew taller there than it did in Illinois. When a man plowing came to one of the prairie ponds, he sometimes plowed right through it, or he would go around it, or put one furrow through it to let the water settle down quicker.

There were lots of grasses and cat-tails around those ponds and the grass generally had sharp leaves that would easily cut the hands. Mother (ABG) had her hands badly cut when she was a little girl, just by drawing the blades through her hands. It was her first experience with it. The ponds had lots of thunder-pumpers and mud hens, which bred there. The name mud hen came from the Scotch, who had a bird something like it back in Scotland which they called by that name. It was a little bird about as big as two fists, with a short neck and either a very short tail or else none at all. Its nest floated on the water among the weeds around the edge of the pond. For years after the prairie had all disappeared around Milam, the mud hens lived and bred every year in the pond in our pasture. Ducks bred there occasionally, and occasionally one would catch some young cranes around the ponds, but they were not common. Wild geese were common on them in the spring and fall, but never bred there, although they did in Iowa. In Iowa, too, the ponds would sometimes be white with swans, but I never saw them in Illinois.

There was one man at Macon who had a prairie plow that cut eight feet wide and took twenty yoke of oxen to pull it. They used it for ditching, not for regular breaking, and tipped it so that it cut fourteen inches deep along the landslide.

I had not been working at Mr. Dean's very long before he asked me one day to hitch up the team of mules and go over to Macon for some sacks. It was so wet and muddy that I told him I would just carry them over. But he insisted that I take the wagon, so I finally did, although I thought it would be much easier to walk and carry them. When I got into town, the freight agent told me to drive the wagon around to the freight house door and load them on. I told him, too, that I would just carry them out to the wagon, to save the trouble of backing the team in there. "No," says he, "You don't want to carry them to the wagon; just drive around close to the door." So I did, and there I found the freight house nearly full of sacks. There were twelve thousand of them in all, put up in bales so big I could hardly have carried one of them, and it took three trips of the wagon to get them all out to Dean's. They laughed at me for a long time about wanting to carry those sacks all home on my shoulders. I had never seen so many sacks before. Up in Iowa everyone had just a few sacks, and I never thought of the big crop of corn that had to be shelled and sacked. It was a great thing to me, too, to see the power sheller at work. The only ones I had ever seen before were hand shellers, which took just a few ears at a time.

You don't see any catnip out on the prairies any more. It used to be a bad weed. If a harrow caught on a plant of it and dragged it across the field, the little seeds would rattle out and next year make a row of plants two or three feet wide and half a mile long. You would think it would take a bushel of seed to sow so many of them. Wild lettuce would plant itself the same way, if one at the side of a field caught in a harrow tooth. Once when Ed Clotfelter was working for me, he caught one of them that way and did not notice it till he was way down the field. No, that was a cocklebur, instead of a lettuce. So he drove a stake right there, to show how far he had dragged it. It happened that the same day he lost a monkey wrench. It fell off the harrow and got covered up. He said he didn't have the wrench at all, but we couldn't find it anywhere and I always suspected that he lost it. Well, the cockleburs came up as thick as spatter all along that row. We killed every one of them, and the next year they came again in the same narrow row just as thick as ever. The third year they came up again, but not so many of them, and that year when we were plowing we plowed up the monkey wrench.

Frank Ward had Jimson weeds growing in his pigpen so thick the pigs could hardly get through them. So he began cutting them down, and from that time on he never let one of them go to seed. But every year the old seeds in the ground kept coming up, and it was eleven years before he finally got rid of his Jimson weeds. He was very careful to keep them down and knew that not one of them went to seed in that whole time. The seeds live that long in the ground without sprouting.

## XVI

Father's mill at Middlebury had an overshot wheel about forty feet long and six or maybe eight feet high. Every bit of it was of wood, hewed or sawed out on the spot and put together with wooden pins, except the two gudgeons that it turned on, one at each end, and they were cast right there in town. Father and his men cut the oak log for the shaft, fitted in the gudgeons, and then hung it so they could plane and saw it down to shape. Then heavy planks were built around it and the buckets built out at their ends. Of course it turned slowly, but was geared up to turn a good many saws and turning lathes. Men could build up such things in those days without any plans or any architect to tell them how. I remember that a pitman was needed once to change the circular motion of the wheel into an up and down motion for the saw. This was in Iowa, and father and I went out along the Wapsipinicon River, found a red elm that had been killed and seasoned by a fire, hewed out a pitman, put it in place, and it ran perfectly the first time. Such a thing would last for years. Of course all the framing timbers for a building were hand-hewed. When I was only twelve years old I had a little broad ax and used to hew studding. Mr. Hidy said that when he was in Maryland he used to hew studding, set every one into a socket in the sill, and fasten it in with a wooden pin, but I don't remember that we ever did that in Iowa. Father's mill in Iowa was a turbine, made out of iron and shipped in there. He had a dam clear across the Wapsipinicon, with a fall of about ten feet. Mr. Merrill's mill over on Pine Creek was an overshot, and his grist mill turned so slow that it had a reputation. The Merrills were old American stock, coming from somewhere in western Pennsylvania, and mighty fine people. They came to Iowa when father did, about 1851. Kate Merrill, who married George Knight, was born on Pine Creek about 1855.

Mr. Merrill and I met a man from Illinois at the Iowa State Fair. He told us about the Illinois Central Railroad and the land it had for sale, and how we could grow peaches and all kinds of fruit, and have warmer weather in winter and better soil for farming. We talked about it three or four years before we finally went down there. I had a yoke of oxen and about fourteen dollars when we started. Mr. Merrill had three yoke of oxen, a blooded stallion, some cows, and a spring wagon. I remember when we got to Decatur we stopped in front of the Millikin Bank. It was in a little one-story wooden building looking like a country store. One of the clerks, I have forgotten his name, came out and asked us where we were going. When we told him we expected to settle somewhere around Macon, he asked us if we had any paper money. He said it was going down in value all the time and we ought to change it. I had all silver except five dollars. So we went inside and changed our money and I got a five dollar gold-piece for my paper. Then we went out of Decatur to the south, crossing the Sangamon on the new covered bridge, which had been built in 1857.

My first work was with Mr. Dean, a Canadian and a rich man for his time. He lived three quarters of a mile north and a mile west of Macon, where he had a farm of 480 acres. He had another farm of half a section and a third one of a whole section close by. He paid his farm hands eleven to fifteen dollars a month and their board. That fall we shucked the corn and hauled it into town crosslots over the prairie and put in the winter wheat. The corn all had to be stored in cribs until there was enough to fill a car. But that was less than three hundred bushels, and with such a short haul we could fill a car in a day. Ten tons was the limit for a carload in those days.

After the fall work was done, Dean offered me my board to stay there all winter and look after his team of carriage horses. He took a shine to me, and got so he always wanted me to go with him and drive. Adam Dickson was kept to take care of the mules, and he did not like it very well. On days when we put in a regular day's work, we got seventy-five cents besides, so by spring I had about fourteen dollars coming to me. Then Dean sold me an acre of corn on the stalk for five dollars, and that kept my oxen over the winter. I would feed them corn before daylight and during the day turned them loose on Dean's cornstalks. Dean had eleven or twelve teams at work on his place. In the spring of '61 everyone was breaking up prairie around Macon. John Crow, the blacksmith, had fifty prairie plows to keep sharp. Plowing began when the grass was pretty well up, so the oxen had all they wanted to eat.

In 1863 we got our first greenbacks. I went up to Decatur and traded off about two hundred dollars worth of old paper for Allinson and Adam Dickson. Some people lost a good deal of money, especially those who lived so far out they did not hear of the change.

## XVII

Just before we moved to Iowa, and I was about fourteen years old, Uncle Thompson built a new frame house. It had two rooms and a center hall downstairs, a kitchen at the back, and two rooms upstairs, but they were all large rooms, running clear through the house with room for two beds in each of the bedrooms. Right near there in the woods was a big windfall about a mile wide. The timber there had been oak, ash, maple, elm, and beech, but after the storm the land came up all to black maple. These were now good straight poles, and Uncle Thompson used them mostly for his building. The studding were all hewed flat on two sides, to bring them down to the right thickness, but they may have been eight or even ten inches wide. Lisha Pierce and I used to haul them around, and it was all we two boys could do to handle one of them. They were cut just the height for one story, laid down flat beside the sills, and the whole side of the house built into one bent. Then all the neighbors came in, I think there must have been a hundred of them, and raised the bents into place. Every studding was fastened by a wooden pin at the bottom. Then the timber began to shrink, and in a few days the frame got so loose that Lisha and I could get it going and shake it back and forth six inches or so. I worked on the house every day, lathing with homemade lath. Some of our lathboards were thirty inches wide and were made out of basswood or whitewood, the former if we could get it. It was all sawed with an up and down saw and varied from three-eighths to an inch thick. The saw blades were stretched as tight as possible, but they would spring a little and make the boards uneven in thickness. They were cut just as long as the room was, to fit clear across it. Then we drove them full of short splits, lengthwise of the grain, with a chisel. Then we nailed the board to the studding along its upper edge, the first series of splits was opened up and held open with wedges, and the board nailed down underneath them. Next some more splits were wedged open, and so the board was stretched out just as far as it would go clear to the bottom. All the lumber for the house was sawed with this up and down saw, and it worked so slow that father used to say it went up today and came down tomorrow.

Father and mother, George and Hattie started to drive down from Iowa to Illinois in the early spring of '65, but it was so wet and muddy that they gave up at Peoria and came the rest of the way to Decatur by train and got off there instead of going on to Macon. That spring there was hardly any seed oats to be had in the country, but I finally found a man who had some about four miles northwest of Macon. I drove over there with four mules hitched to a wagon, and on that trip I heard that father and mother had got to Decatur.

I tell you it was hard work getting started to live on the farm that year. There was no hay, and no one had any to sell, but I heard that old Tommy Dalton had some. He never wanted to sell anything, or, if he did sell, never wanted to

put a price on it, and in that way he probably made more money in the long run than he would have done any other way. Since we were newcomers, he said finally that he would sell half a stack of hay. I cut it in two flatwise and took off the top. He seemed to think that was not right and said he would rather sell all of it, than have it left in that shape. So I bought the rest of the stack, and found it was really a good deal more than what I had taken before and paid for as half.

## XVIII

Wheat did very well in Iowa, on the limestone land of that country, making thirty to fifty bushels to the acre. It was all spring wheat; the winter wheat would not stand the cold climate. For a long time father's mill was the farthest west mill in Iowa. Farmers would come from the settlements at Spirit Lake, and even all the way from Pipestone, with loads of wheat to be ground into flour. They generally brought five bushels for each member of their families and five or ten bushels extra for any "strangers," as they called them, who might come past or move in without sufficient supplies. Sometimes they would buy Quasqueton wheat, if their own supply was short. There was little sale for wheat otherwise, because of the low prices and the long haul to market. It was then about sixty miles to the nearest railroad station, or rather the nearest market, at Dubuque. There the wheat was loaded on a boat and brought down to Galena, and from there it was shipped east by rail. Finally the railroad was built to Dubuque, and later still to Independence, which made a market at once for the grain. At one time wheat was worth \$2.50 a bushel at Dubuque. Father went over with a load as soon as he heard of it, but by that time the price was down to eighty cents. There was no sale at all for corn in Iowa at that time, and all that was raised was used for feeding.

The first threshing\* machine in that part of Iowa was a horsepower affair made at Martin's Ferry, Ohio. Mr. Merrill bought it there and brought it on to Iowa with him. It had no fan, just the separator part. The grain was fed in and threshed but the straw and the grain were delivered all together. Then the men would work it over with a fork, tossing it back and forth and throwing out most of the long straw, but leaving a pile of grain and chaff mixed. After the threshing was over, the wheat would all have to be fanned by hand the next day. These horsepower machines had four poles to hitch the horses to, using eight horses on each machine. They were generally geared up to 70 or 80, so that each round of the teams turned the tumbling-rod over seventy or eighty times.

Down at Macon, all the threshing was done by horsepower till the fall of 1864, when Major Poole brought in the first steam machine. It was not a locomotive, like the machines are now. It had to be hauled from one place to another by teams, and for a long time the horses of the country were so afraid of it that it was very hard to get it hauled. Once I hauled Poole's machine with my oxen. It took five yoke of oxen to haul it. Threshing was slow, of course. The machines did not have nearly the capacity of the kind we use today and could turn out only four or five hundred bushels a day. It was made slower by the long straw. All the grain then was cut by hand right close to the ground, so

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\* Always pronounced 'thrashing' by Illinois farmers.

there was a great deal more straw to go through the machine than now. All the straw was burned. Allinson's machine was a horsepower and very unhandy, because one had to step over the tumbling-rod every time he brought out a sack of grain. One day Mr. Merrill carried out five hundred bushels of oats in half-bushel lots, stepping over the tumbling-rod twice for each lot. That made a thousand trips and he was about done up by night.

In the fall of 1864 there was a tremendous crop of grain around Macon. A thresher came up from Blue Mound and another came down from the north, but one of them caught fire and burned up, and the horses ran away with the other, breaking it all to pieces. So Allinson and Poole had all the threshing to do. I rigged up another pole on Allinson's machine, so I could drive five yoke of oxen to it, and the people thought it was a great joke to run a horsepower machine by oxen. We spread straw down to keep the oxen from tramping the ground too much, and we worked right through the late summer and fall and never stopped threshing till the fifteenth of January, 1865. Even then we did not get it all done.

## XIX

We had some bacon once at Allinson's that must have weighed fifty pounds to each piece and was very fine in quality, well streaked with lean and fat. That came from the first large hogs I had ever seen. They were Berkshires. In Iowa, father had raised the little white Suffolks, and I suppose they never weighed more than 250 pounds.

One winter during the war, Dean killed fifteen hundred head of hogs at one time. He had several men helping him, of course, and my business was to keep the kettles of hot water going. We had five or six big kettles going, and I kept them filled with water and built up the fires around them. After a kettle had been used once, I would have to strain the water to get the hair and dirt out of it, and when the water got too dirty I had to refill the kettle with clean water and get it heated up. Usually I had one fresh kettle on to heat all the time. It was a wet job, working there day after day, but I did not get so wet as the men who scalded the hogs. Adam Dickson was wet to the skin all the time. The meat was all piled up and covered with salt in the granary until the killing was finished. Then I had a job to help pack it. I cut all the side meat into strips eight inches wide, as nearly as possible, stood a barrel on the scales, and piled in meat until it held the correct weight. Along toward the last of each barrel, I would have to trade pieces sometimes to make the weight come out right. We gave them liberal weight, running about four pounds over on each barrel. Then we hauled the meat to Macon, filled the barrels with water, drove the bung in good and tight, and shipped them south to Cairo to be used in the army. We put about fifty barrels in a car. This meat was all inspected by the government before it was finally bought and was pronounced Grade A-1. In fact, the inspectors said it was about the best meat they had ever bought. I don't suppose Dean got over four or five cents a pound for it, at that. The hams and shoulders were shipped to St. Louis and sold at about the same price. Dean sold his neighbors around Macon all the hams and shoulders they wanted at three cents a pound.

You would have laughed to see them butchering hogs in Iowa one winter. There was a drove of two hundred and fifty or so of them came to Quasqueton on their way to Dubuque. They had come from Fort Dodge or Waterloo, or some place over in that direction, and it was so bad travelling that the hogs were simply worn out. When they reached the bridge over the river in Quasqueton, they wouldn't cross it, and the men could not get them over. They even shod the hogs, throwing each hog, putting a piece of leather over his hoofs, and fastening it on by a small nail. Finally they decided to butcher them right there and haul the meat into Dubuque instead of the hogs. The whole job was done right close to our place, where they could get spring water, which was warmer than the river water. For kettles they used two large dugout boats,

heating stones in a fire and throwing them into the boats to heat up the water. It was cold winter weather and hard work to heat up the water, so they used the same water over and over until it was so full of hair and dirt that it was fairly thick. After all that trouble I don't suppose they got enough for the meat in Dubuque to pay them for their trouble.

That was the only time I ever saw hogs shod. Dogs and sheep used to wear leather boots, and oxen were shod, using eight shoes to each ox.

Dean was a wealthy farmer for those days, and would have been still richer, but he drank a good deal and finally lost all he had. About 1868 he moved down to Vandalia where he had bought a large piece of land. It was poor stuff for crops, but would raise some grass, and that is what he wanted, for he expected to go into the sheep business there. He had one little patch of what the people around Vandalia called alkali land. He and I both stepped it off and made it between seven and eight acres. That place would grow anything, and the wheat grew so heavy on it that it was wonderful to see it. I think it was more likely lime than alkali, but it was so strong it would make one's hands sore when picking up potatoes on it.

## XX

When I bought the land in Milam, Mr. Merrill and I went to Chicago and made the deal with the railroad company. Besides our own, we bought a lot of other land for several different people of the neighborhood, and they all helped pay our expenses up there. I got the northeast corner of section 14 and the southeast quarter of section 2. I would have taken the whole south half of section 2, but Adam Dickson had already picked out the southwest quarter and the north half had been sold before. We had \$2,400 to buy it with, but it seems to me we did not pay all cash down, since we needed some money for buildings and other improvements on it. That made 320 acres, and it was all in father's name.

I broke up part of the land in the spring of '65 and got it into a crop but in general we only broke it up when we were able to farm it. It was in '70 that I kept batch with John Naftel on the north farm. He rented all that he was able to farm, and I farmed some more of it. I tell you it was an uphill job getting started on that farm, with poor roads and poor prices. It was a twelve mile haul across the wet prairies to Macon with all that we raised, until the railroad was built into Dalton about 1873. But even then the prices were so poor that a man could not farm enough to pay him his wages at the present prices.

Still, I made money by it, but it was hard work. We worked all the time. The orchard on the north place was set out in 1869, but we started the one on the home place in 1865. Father went to Macon and found a large shipment of fruit trees which had been ordered but which the buyers were unable to pay for. He brought out a lot of apples and peaches, and we set out the apple orchard just north of the house and the peaches went just west of that, north of the old barn. We cut the peaches all down for firewood when they were four or five years old. Mr. Merrill set out about five hundred peaches the same time, and kept them up better, so for a long time people used to buy peaches of him.

I worked for Dean regularly only the first year I was in Illinois. After that I worked for Allinson during the summer at farm work and in the fall and winter did carpentering with John Goltra and Dick Lewis. We worked sometimes on contract and sometimes by the day. On contract we figured on making about \$2.50 a day for ourselves, but we could hire good carpenters for a dollar a day. We put up a lot of little farm houses all around Macon. I moved to Milam to stay about 1868.

The principal trouble in the country in those days was with the money. Anybody could start a bank and issue paper money and lots of it was not worth anything. In 1863 the government began issuing paper money, greenbacks and shin plasters, and that was good money. Prices did not begin to rise much

during the war, but went up high right afterwards, except cotton. The supply of cotton was short and prices went way up during the war. People began raising cotton in Illinois as far north as Vandalia, and made money on it, too. The ground was a little too rich for it, though, and it would keep on growing without coming to maturity. Cotton growing was all given up after the war when cheap cotton could be had from the south again.

Adam Dickson and I had overcoats made from Illinois cotton, grown around Vandalia. It was spun and woven in a little mill in Decatur, which was dismantled and shipped to the south after the war. The cloth was a wool mixture, and the wool was black, raised by Frankie Brown at Madison. Only the buttons and the silk twist for sewing it were brought in from a distance. It was a gray-mixture cloth, undyed, all natural color, and the coats were lined with red woolen. The cloth cost eleven dollars a yard, but it was so wide that a yard and a half made an overcoat. They charged us a dollar and a half to cut it out for us, and the price for making it up was eight dollars. We thought that was pretty steep, so Adam offered Mrs. Allinson the money if she would make it. She and I made up both coats in two days, by working nights. She put them together and basted them and I sewed them on the machine.

Since I knew how to run a sewing machine, I had some chances to act as agent for the old Wheeler and Wilson machine, and I sold a good many of them around Macon. I never went into it as a business, but just as a sideline. I made \$26 profit on every machine I sold. In those days one could not buy a machine from a store; all of them had to be bought through agents. Old Thomas Moffatt, up in Madison, told me one summer that he would buy a machine when corn went up to a dollar a bushel. That same year we had a frost in early fall, and corn went up. I went right out to see him, and he bought a machine without a whimper, paying a hundred dollars cash for it.

Madison was the first settlement west of Decatur on the south side of the river, about seven miles west, and it was older than Decatur itself. Old Jesse Austin and a number of others settled there in the early days, but the town lost out when the Wabash railroad went to one side of it, down the north side of the river. It was right on the old road from Terre Haute to Springfield. The road came up from the southeast somewhere around Lovington, went through Stringtown northeast of Dalton, up through Mount Zion, on past Mount Gilead, just north of Wheatland, through Madison and Mount Auburn, keeping in general right along the edge of the timber all the way. There was a church at Madison, and very likely also some stores.

Settlements followed the edge of the timber to take advantage of the rolling ground and dodge the ponds which were all over the prairie. Stringtown, so called because all the houses were in a long row down the road, was along a little creek. McLean County, with its rolling prairies, was settled before Champaign County, with its flat land and ponds. Poor land at Stonington was settled

before the good land just north of it was touched.

Old Johnny Crowder was one of the early settlers in the timber around Bethany. He and the Mitchells and the Cooks came up from southern Indiana about the same time. Once he had to go to Terre Haute on business and his clothes were so badly worn out that his wife emptied the feather bed and made him a pair of pants out of the ticking. On his way back he brought with him twenty or thirty young apple trees and they were the first apples planted in the neighborhood. The Crowders had a reputation for selling everything and giving nothing away, which was a pretty unusual disposition for those times. Mother (ABG) remembers buying apples of them and after her folks had made the purchase, one of the Crowders picked up an apple and gave it to her.

Although Milam Township had no trees native in it, it had four log houses that I remember of. One of them was toward the north end of section 2, and the Best family lived in it for a while. This house had been built in still earlier times somewhere near Mount Zion and moved down there. The timber for the other houses probably all came from Marrowbone Creek at the east.

When father and mother first came down from Iowa, they lived for a short time in a little log house on the southwest corner of section 12, while their own house on section 14 was being built. It seems to me that it was only about fourteen feet square and had only one room. Lumber for the new house was shipped down from Chicago, and then hauled out across the prairie from Macon. While we were building it a man from the Marrowbone timber came out to sell us some oak shakes. They had all been split out during the winter and shaved on one side, about an inch thick and two feet and a half long, and would have made fine roofing or clapboarding. The man had made about two thousand of them to sell to newcomers. I never knew his name or saw him again.

Father had no business except farming as long as he lived in Milam, but did serve as justice of the peace and as supervisor. The former job was a nuisance to the family, because he was constantly visited by people who wanted to start a lawsuit.

That first house of ours was about fourteen by twenty-two feet and had just one big room downstairs, with an inside stairway to a half story overhead. There was a little corner curtained off for father and mother and the boys slept upstairs. This arrangement did not last but a short time, because they needed more room and built on an addition. Hattie was married from the house and the addition was hurried up to be finished in time for the wedding. That brought the house into the shape it stood in during the eighties, with seven rooms in all.

A log house was hard to keep tight and warm, because the logs would swell and shrink alternately and it was impossible to keep them tightly chinked.

Mother (ABG) remembers her neighbors around Bethany asking for old newspapers (they took none themselves) to paper their cabins with on the inside and so keep them warmer in winter. There were many log houses around the Marrowbone and Brush Creek timber in the sixties and seventies and a few were still standing in 1922.

We had a reaper in Iowa before I came to Illinois, but up to that time we had to cradle all our grain. A cradle was a scythe with a wide flat blade, and three or four fingers behind it for the grain to lean against as it was cut, so all the straw was left standing up on the blade as far as the end of the swath, where it could be dumped out on a pile ready for binding. One summer, father and Payson were building a brick house at Spencer's Grove, and I cradled all the wheat while George shocked it. I could cradle two acres a day. I would always work toward a stump and George would shock the grain around the stump. Cradling was hard work on me, because I was so short. I had a short-bladed cradle with a curved handle, the folks called it a muley cradle, but still it was mighty hard work.

Our first reapers, such as we had in Iowa and as Allinson used in Illinois, had a reel which knocked the grain over, but it all had to be pushed off by hand. I would ride on a sort of a pole over the platform behind the reel and gather up the straw in bundles about the right size for tying, while men walked behind to do the tying. Allinson had one of the first seven reapers which McCormick ever made, all built of wood except the sickle and the sickle-sheath. Later he bought and used another model and the old machine stood around the place until he finally told me to take it to pieces, which I did. The old thing would have been worthy money as a relic now, and the McCormicks would probably be glad to get it. But we did not appreciate then that it would ever be wanted for anything.

Allinson also had a header, and a good many other people used them too. It needed eight men and ten horses to run one; four horses and one man on the header, three wagons with six horses and three men to draw, two men to load and two men to stack. It was a fast worker and would cut up to thirty acres a day, or even forty when cutting timothy for seed, but the grain was hard to stack. Some of it would be wrong end out, and so the grain would shatter out. The first self-binder we had used wire instead of twine to tie the bundles. Those old wooden binders were good machines. Three horses could pull one and they did not get out of order badly. These modern steel machines that we use now are so heavy that it takes five horses or a good tractor to pull one, they will rust no matter how often you paint them, and if they hit something they are liable to get sprung and then it is a hard matter to get them straightened out again.

Hayward, who sold us a part of our land, lived down around Hillsboro somewhere. At the first rumor that the Illinois Central was going to be built, he bought up about fifty thousand acres of government land all through central Illinois. I believe he even paid less than \$1.25 an acre for some of it, but

maybe not. As soon as the state gave half of the land to the railroad, the price was doubled on the rest of it. That of course doubled the value of Hayward's land and in the course of time he made thousands of dollars on his deal. What is now our east eighty used to belong to him, while the other land came from the railroad. A man named Robinson had got enough money from his wife's father to buy himself an eighty and he picked on that one of ours. But he spent so much of his money on other things that he could not pay for it, so I traded him the southeast forty of the upper farm for his title, and I believe his name does not appear on the abstract at all. He went busted on the forty in the same way, and I finally bought the land back from him for a team of mules and some small amount of cash, and he started for Missouri. I always felt sorry for that man. He was a hard worker and had a big family. The children were all remarkable for their size and appetites, and I have heard mother tell how it was almost impossible to fill them up.

The ague was awfully bad all over the western states in the early days, when the country was so wet. I think it was in 1866, or it might have been 1867, in August or September, that Elmer Hannum drove a flock of sheep down to Illinois from Ann Arbor, Michigan. The weather had been so dry there all summer that there was no feed, and a lot of farmers had clubbed together and made up a flock of about three thousand sheep, which Elmer brought down to sell. There were other droves sent to different parts of the state and to Wisconsin, and southern Michigan was just about cleaned out of sheep.

I happened to be home at father's place when Elmer drove up there. My reason for being there was that father and George were both down with the ague and Payson was away. After Elmer had spoken to mother, whom he called Aunt Rebecca, he began to cry, and said that he had left the drove of sheep at a place near Forsyth, and that a boy who had come with him to help take care of the sheep was sick with the ague, and he didn't know what he was going to do with a sick boy and all those sheep on his hands. Those sheep were only worth fifty cents or a dollar apiece up in Michigan.

I got right on old John and rode up there. I found the boy in the buggy, shaking like a leaf with the ague, and so sick with it that he could not walk. There were one or two extra horses, and five dogs to take care of the sheep. We stayed that night at a house close by, and next day the boy was a little better and we started to take the sheep down to Milam. We crossed the river that day near Decatur and stayed at a house south of there that night, and the next day we got home. Father and George were still down with the ague and Elmer had come down with it since I left, so that he could not do anything to help around the place. The next day a man came to our house from Macon with the news that John Goltra was down with the ague, and so weak and sick that he was delirious and out of his head. They were afraid he was going to die and wanted me to come right over. His wife was visiting at her father's place east of Decatur in the Outten settlement, and they asked me to go up and get her. So I started right off, drove up through Decatur and then east to the Outten settlement. I didn't know where the Millers lived, so I stopped to inquire at a mighty nice farm. Pretty soon I heard a voice from the inside asking me to come in. I went in and found the whole family down with the ague. The man said the cattle and horses had had no water for a day, and wanted me to tend to them for him and then see if I could get some help from a neighbor. So I drove my team up to some hay where they could feed and took care of his stock for him. Then I got on one of his horses and rode across the country to the nearest house for help. I found every one there sick with the ague, too, but not so bad, and they promised to look after the first family. When I got over to the Miller's house, they were all sick the same way and Mrs. Goltra herself was so bad that I could not bring her

home. I drove back to Decatur, gave my team some supper and got my own supper there, and was back in Macon the same night.

Elmer's boy's name was Tom. I can't remember his last name. Two of Elmer's dogs were thoroughbred shepherds and very good with the sheep. The third was a little terrier. He wouldn't weigh more than five or six pounds, I suppose, but he was the best one of all. He would jump up on a sheep's back, if one of them got out of the herd, and when he got tired he would run up a horse's tail and lie down on his back right behind the saddle.

That's the way it was all over the country that year. Everybody had the ague except Dave Webb and me. At least people said we were the only two men in the country who did not have it. There was a sort of convention of doctors in Decatur to talk over what could be done about the ague, and both of us went up there to tell them what we did to keep from getting it. Dave told them that he took a dose of quinine every morning as soon as he got up. I told them I took one good swallow of whiskey every morning as soon as I got up and ate no breakfast except peaches or apples, whichever fruit I could get. Of course quinine was well known even then as the best cure for ague. Father took so much of it that it just about ruined his hearing. That was in Iowa, and till his death he was hardly able to hear an ordinary conversation.

What we did not tell those doctors was that I slept under a mosquito net at night, so the mosquitoes would not bother me. They were pretty bad around the prairie country. But no one ever suspected that mosquitoes had anything to do with malaria, and probably if I had told them it wouldn't have done any good. But the malaria was so bad all through that country that it actually looked for a while as if the people would have to give up the land and get out.

Zed Clark's mother died when he was about twelve years old, and a neighbor brought the boy up to our house in Milam to see if he could get somebody to take care of him. When I drove up to the house, the boy had the ague, and was sitting out in the sun just after having a chill. He said to me, "Mister, don't a boy feel good, though, when he gets over the shakes!"

We finally got a pasture for those sheep at old Tommy Dalton's. He had three or four hundred acres of timothy, about six or eight inches high. I don't think he charged us more than two or three dollars a day for the whole flock. Elmer went back home, and another man came down from there, named Glazer, to try to sell the sheep. We rode around the country to the south, and finally Mr. Stewardson told us we could sell them to a man over near Gillespie. Glazer and I drove the sheep over there, but I had to do all the work, because Glazer got the ague and could hardly come along with me, even. But we made it, and Glazer got the money, close to nine thousand dollars in cash. He came home on the train, but I rode with the extra horses and got home in two days.

Tommy Dalton was a hard drinker, but he very seldom got drunk. I remember seeing him drunk once in Dalton City, just after the railroad had been built through there. He was down on his knees in the mud, and all the boys were standing around laughing at him. A man from Sullivan says, "Stand back, boys, and take off your hats. Tommy is down on his knees to pray, and you want to give him a good chance."

Whiskey cost fifteen to thirty cents a gallon then, and it was all pure stuff, too. Once in a while we had to pay as much as fifty cents.

One thing we were lucky in, in those days. We did not have all the bugs and diseases which get after all the crops and fruit trees now. I don't remember that I ever saw the army worm till after the time of the war, or the Hessian fly till after that. I was living out in Milam the first time I ever heard of the chinch bug or peach yellows.

The first pest I ever knew of was a wheat weevil, back in 1850 or 1852. That was when I was a little boy. It was in a patch of wheat in Middlebury, belonging to Dan Steward, and part of the wheat was so completely taken that they did not even bother to cut it. That patch of wheat was right where his old foundry had stood. He had made cannon there in 1812 for the war vessels on Lake Erie, and some of the cannon which had not turned out right were still there. We boys used to ride on them for horses. I remember them as about twelve feet long and a foot through. I think they may have been six-pounders, but I don't know. The iron ore for the foundry was mined right there, too, on old Johnny Britton's place. It was a good ore while it lasted, but it was soon all used up.

## XXIII

My grandfather, Samuel Little, was married three times. I remember his third wedding when I was a little boy about four years old, so it must have been about 1842. On his first marriage he had three children and they were all healthy and lived to an old age. My own mother died at eighty-four. But his second wife's children were all victims of tuberculosis. We always called it consumption in those days. In spite of the consumption, they all managed to live long lives, too, but only by successive moves from their original home in Massachusetts farther and farther west. Uncle Lyman was one of the group of invalids. He was a cabinet maker and was soon forced to look for a more healthful climate in New York, where he lived several years. From New York he moved to Medina, Ohio, and lived there several years longer. After that he spent another period at Grinnell, Iowa. But his health became worse once more and in 1870 I took him out to Colorado. After living there for a while, he finally moved on to California, where he died at the age of ninety, after having had consumption all his life.

I left Illinois in the summer of '70, in July, after the wheat was harvested, driving a team of mules to a light covered spring wagon. I drove west across Illinois through Springfield and Jacksonville and crossed the Illinois River at a ford near Naples. It was a very dry summer and water was scarce, but I suffered more for lack of water in western Illinois than anywhere else. I crossed the Mississippi at Quincy and then drove on northwest across northeastern Missouri to Grinnell, where Uncle Lyman joined me. I had averaged forty miles a day across Illinois, since I was travelling as light as possible. For supplies we had flour, bacon, sugar, coffee, and whiskey, and we depended on game for most of our food all the way out across the plains.

Turning west from Grinnell, we passed through Des Moines and on to near Plattsmouth, where Uncle Joseph Little had a small farm right in the brush, about six miles east of the Missouri River in the bottom land. It was very dry there, too, and they were short of provisions. Their supplies came up the river by boat, and the river was so low that only one boat had got up since spring, and that one was unable to get back from Omaha.

We intended to drive straight west from Plattsmouth to the Little Blue River and follow along it to the Republican, taking about the route now followed by the Burlington Railway, but the Indians were so bad out on the plains that the government officials would not let us go that way, but made us turn north to the Platte River, which we reached near Kearney. A party of about a hundred and fifty men were assembled there and when we left we were escorted by about a hundred and fifty cavalry men under the command of General Custer. We civilians always knew him as "Sorrel-top." We followed along the south side of

the Platte River, and made such good time that we averaged thirty miles a day all the way to Denver.

The Platte was a treacherous river, with a shifting channel full of quicksand, so that it was very dangerous to try to ford it. One could see the quicksand rolling along in the shallow water and tumbling over into little deep pools, and when they were filled up, the channel would change to some other spot. We carried a small barrel, holding about twenty gallons, for water for ourselves and the mules. As we went farther west, we found much alkali water which was not fit to drink. We would test it with soap, and if it was too alkaline we would have to look farther for a better supply.

Game was very abundant, and we lived mainly on antelope, prairie chicken, deer, and buffalo. The prairie chicken did not go very far west, but as they disappeared we found plenty of buffalo. The buffalo were shot by every traveller and mostly just for the sport of shooting. In most cases the animal was left right where he fell, and if any meat was needed, only the saddle was taken. Buffalo meat was so plentiful and so cheap that a saddle was delivered in Colorado for a dollar and a quarter or a dollar and a half. Antelope were mostly caught by sticking a small white cloth on a pole like a flag. We would see a drove of a dozen or so off in the distance, so we would put up our flag, lie down flat and motionless in the grass, and wait for them. Pretty soon they would see the flag and that would stir up their curiosity. The drove would all stop eating at once to look at the flag. Presently they would all start together and run stiff-legged for a little ways toward the flag, and then stop again. This performance would be repeated several times, until the curiosity of the animals finally brought them up within range, generally about a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards, when we would fire and get one or two for our fresh meat. The antelope was the swiftest animal on the plains and could even outrun a coyote.

Colorado was nothing but a mining state in 1870 and the people would move from one place to another at every fresh news of a strike. I remember the town of Empire, which had a lot of nice little log houses, all new at my first visit there. A little later silver was found at Leadville, and when I next went to Empire, the whole town was deserted. Every man had moved to Leadville and the town stands deserted to this day.

I sold the mules in Denver and came back by train, taking what used to be called the Kansas Pacific. One could get five hundred dollars for a span of mules, if there was rush on to a new mining camp, and every one was anxious to get there as soon as possible.

On our way back, the train passed through the south end of the big herd of buffalo which Buffalo Bill described. It was estimated then to be about forty-five miles long north and south by twenty miles east and west, and it had

thousands or maybe even millions of animals in it. When we passed through the herd, the train stopped. All the men got out, knelt down to get good aim, and all shot at once, killing fifty-two buffalo. Then we rode off and left the carcasses right where they fell. Just outside of Kansas City our train was held up and robbed by Jesse James and his gang, and this was supposed to be the first holdup of a train in the world.

I came home on the Wabash from Kansas City through Quincy. This road had been built some time earlier, for I went to St. Charles on it in 1863, sent there by the government to the camp of soldiers who were guarding the bridge over the Missouri River at that place. There were two regiments there, Colonel Pugh's and one other.

## XXIV

Did I ever tell you the trick Charlie Nichols played on me about the cow? Charlie had bought a cow of Hiram Johnson. I don't know whether he had ever paid for it or not, but anyway, he had the cow. He was owing me thirty dollars for some loans which I had made him to buy stuff to eat with, and one day he came over and asked me if I wouldn't take the cow instead of the thirty dollars. I told him I didn't want the cow, but he said that was the only way he could ever pay me, so I finally took it. Some time after that he was over again, and said his wife was sick and they didn't have any milk, and he wanted to borrow a cow. I had a good cow that was fresh and let him have it, while I kept on feeding the other cow that I got from him. After a while here he came again, said it was too much trouble to milk my cow, and anyway its milk was so rich it was just about all cream. He declared he could take a crockful of that milk and churn a whole crockful of butter out of it. He bragged up my cow a good deal and was very thankful, and all that. Next I butchered the cow I got of him and thought I would sell the meat. Ballard Ekiss took one quarter of it, paying only three or four cents a pound for it, and then Charlie whined around that they didn't have any meat and bought the other three quarters from me. He never paid me for it, though. The next day he was back again, and borrowed a bushel of salt to salt it down with, three times as much as he needed. I took the hide into Bethany and sold it for \$2.75, and on the way out there was Charlie, standing in front of old Doc Piatt's office, and actually crying like a baby. He said his wife was sick, and he didn't have any money, and the doctor wouldn't give him any medicine, and he just didn't know what he was going to do. So I gave him the \$2.75 to get medicine with. So Charlie got the thirty dollars, the free use of my cow for a month or two, and three-quarters of the meat, and a bushel of salt, and the price of the hide. I thought that he was doing pretty well.

On one of my trips to Colorado, I went back into the mountains with a party led by Colonel Rollins to look for a better pass over the mountains. We had a wagon with us to carry our supplies and stuff, and we all rode on horses. We made mighty slow progress because there were no roads at all. There wasn't much underbrush in the timber to bother us, but we would come to rocks and canyons that we just couldn't get a wagon over, so we would have to take the wagon to pieces and carry it over by hand and then put it together again. We found for the first time those two fine lakes back of South Boulder Park and Colonel Rollins named one of them Yankee Doodle Lake and the other Jenny Lake, after his wife, whose name was Jenny. I hear that the government has changed its name to Dixie Lake now. It was on this trip that we discovered Rollins Pass, where the Moffatt Road goes over the divide and starts down the other side. We climbed to the top of James Peak and we were probably the first white men that ever got up there. We made a little monument of rocks and put a bottle in it with our names and the date on a paper inside it.\*

Brother Payson went out west early in the 'sixties and lived in Colorado the rest of his life. He had a little ranch just out of Denver, I believe it was to north. After the war General Grant and General Colfax went to Colorado to hunt, and of course they had a big party of people to do everything for them, some to supply the fresh meat and some to cook and set up the camp and so on. Payson had some kind of a job with them, but I don't know what it was. Anyway, the hunters weren't able to get meat, and Payson said he could, and got permission to try it. He sneaked up through the woods to the edge of a little open park, and there was a buffalo grazing so close that he couldn't possibly miss it. Payson's bullet went right through the buffalo and killed it and a deer that he hadn't seen at all that was grazing behind the buffalo.

I was out to Colorado three times, but I don't know how much farther I went. Once we drove clear across the mountains and out into the desert quite a ways, but I had no way of knowing how far we went. I know we saw mountains with snow on top of them, and it might have been the mountains of California.

Once when I took a load of recruits over to Camp Butler, I found the boys all dissatisfied because they couldn't get anything to drink. It seems there had

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\* I climbed James Peak in 1910 especially to look for this cairn of rocks. It was still there on the highest top of the mountain. The rocks were so densely covered with lichens that it was obvious it had not been built recently nor even disturbed for many years. We did not open it to discover the bottle. -H. A. G.

been some sort of trouble in camp and they had issued strict orders that no whiskey should get into camp. So I brought in a big gunny sack full of apples and hidden in the middle of the apples was a two-gallon jug. The boys who knew about it would stick their heads into the sack to pick out a good apple and suck the whiskey through a straw. That night there was trouble in the camp again, so they transferred the colonel to some other regiment and put U. S. Grant in charge. Then he was sent south with the regiment and won a victory in Kentucky and was made brigadier general, and another in Tennessee and was made major general, and before long he was commander-in-chief and really won the war, and then he was elected president. So I always used to say that I made Grant president of the United States. \*

I did see Abe Lincoln one other time, and that was when I was still in Iowa. We had a pair of colts which we thought were pretty nice and I took them down to exhibit them at the Iowa State Fair. We rode the horses down and camped out along the way, and we led a cow, too, for milk to drink. Merrill went with me. When we got to the fair grounds we camped out in one corner and did our own cooking. Lincoln visited the fair and walked around the grounds to look at everything and saw where we were camped and we gave him a drink of our milk. No, the colts did not win a prize, but they lived a long time and came down to Illinois when father and mother moved down. We named them Lincoln and Douglas. Maybe you remember old Lincoln. He died after you were born.

I had two fine mules when I was young in Illinois, named John and Jim. They were very good mules, but they would run away and nothing could stop them. Once when they were running away they ran off a bridge, and after that whenever they were running and came to a bridge they would slow down to a walk until they got over it, and then off they would go again. You never saw old John, but old Jim was just the age of your mother and lived until you were six or eight years old.

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\* The historical accuracy of this story might be subject to verification, but this is essentially the way it was told to me. -H. A. G.

## XXVI

Extract from a letter from Clarence G. Scott to H. A. Gleason, dated February 3, 1954:

While I am speaking of your father, I will tell you of a strange coincidence.

During the summer of 1900, I went on a fishing trip to Quaskeytown on the Wapsipinicon (Iowa). I was already bitten by the relic bug and while looking for Indian relics I came upon an old cannon lying in the sand above the mill. It literally tore my heartstrings to leave such a priceless relic, but I was there in a light buggy and it would have taken a derrick and a truck to have moved such a monstrosity. During my illness I told your father of my trip and he said that he and his father surveyed all that country, and he wanted to know if I saw anything of an old cannon along the river. On telling him that I had, he stated he, along with some other boys, threw the cannon in the river to keep the Democrats from firing it off the night Buchanan was elected. Rather a strange thing that within a few weeks, hundreds of miles away, I was to find the person who put it there. Last week while in the Recorder's office in Independence, Iowa, I met an old man who had lived at Quaskeytown and remembered all about the cannon.\*

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\* Somebody finally stole it.



## Illinois Farm Life in the Eighteen-Eighties

H. A. Gleason

It will have been noticed that my father's reminiscences mostly harked back to his boyhood or young manhood, and had very few references to his life on the Milam Township farm after he was forty years old. That is typical of the memory of old men, including myself. Boyhood events make deep impressions. They are not soon forgotten. Manhood is largely characterized by a humdrum monotony, one year following another in the same pattern.

My boyhood on the farm was just at the end of the old era, just a few years, let us say five to thirty, before the telephone, the electric power line, the tractor, or the hard roads appeared, before the farm wife's kitchen was as modern and as efficient as her city cousin's.. Boys born as little as twenty years after me scarcely know from personal experience what the old order of things was like. Still later generations of boys, now the successful farmers of the region, not only do not know but they can not even find out by any kind of reading.

Everything said here about our farm, or our life on it, or our crops, applies very accurately to every other farm in central Illinois. Everyone had a house about like ours, some a trifle larger, some a trifle smaller. Everybody farmed his land in the same way. Everybody had the same kind of tools and farm equipment and the same kind of livestock. Everybody had a big red barn and some kind of a corn crib.

These notes were compiled about 1920 for the benefit of my children and my sister's children, who might expect to own their grandfather's farm eventually. They have since been revised and extended for the sake of our grandchildren who, I hope, may some time have a curiosity to know something of the way their ancestors lived. They have been added to my father's reminiscences in somewhat abbreviated form, just to bring his story forward another ten or fifteen years.

No photograph exists of the old house where we lived. Part of it had been built by my father and grandfather in 1865; the rest was added on in 1867. It was a wooden house with no cellar, a story and a half high, with five rooms downstairs and two above. Our sitting room was twelve by fifteen feet and had seven doors and two windows, none of which was ever locked. On the east end, beginning at the outside door near the northeast corner, was also a window. On the south side there was another window and an outside door; on the west end a door into the kitchen and another into grandma's room; on the north a door to the pantry, another to the stairs, and a third to the parlor, very close to the first outside door. In the room there were a lounge upholstered in some material much like carpet, standing along the south wall (where all sorts of small articles worked down between the seat and the back and got lost), a stove in cold weather, a dining table, a little bookcase hung on the north wall, and the usual chairs. In the parlor was a parlor organ where my mother played church tunes and a number of the popular marches and waltzes of the day, a center table with the family Bible and two albums of photographs, and a what-not with some pieces of coral and sea shells. Off the parlor was a very small bedroom with a closet under the stairs which traveled through it. The pantry was a little room with shelves on both sides and an interior movable cupboard called a "safe," in which various articles of food were kept. In grandma's room were a heavy bed, a big dresser or "bureau," and a large desk, all made of black walnut and originally belonging to grandpa. He had brought them to Illinois from his preceding home in Iowa, and quite possibly had taken them from Ohio to Iowa. In the kitchen was a wood-burning cook stove with a wood box at one side and two tables. The two bedrooms upstairs were over the parlor and downstairs bedroom. They were uncarpeted and had, I believe, three beds in which the hired help slept. The four downstairs rooms, excepting the kitchen, had carpet on the floors which was a mark of our prosperity in comparison with some of our neighbors.

The carpet in three rooms was the variety known as rag carpet. It was woven on a loom by one of our neighbors, a woman who lived in a little house in the woods near Marrowbone Creek. All the odds and ends of cloth around the house were carefully saved, and there were more of them than there would be today because so many of our clothes were homemade. Then these pieces were cut up into strips about a half an inch wide, and the strips sewn together end to end, without regard to matching colors at all, into long pieces which were wound up into balls like a ball of twine. These, when run through the loom, produced what we called a hit-or-miss pattern. In the weaving the strips were tightly rolled into narrow cord-like twists and were held together by strong linen thread. Or, the original strips could be sorted into colors and then combined by the weaver into simple geometrical patterns. On our parlor

floor we had a real Brussels carpet.

Beds, too, were mostly different from those of today. Bedspings were already in use, but many families did not have them at all, and most families still used some of the old-fashioned rope beds, where ropes were stretched across instead of slats. Also mattresses of the modern style were seldom used. The housewife made a "tick" out of blue and white striped bed ticking, and it was stuffed full of nice clean straw, which was replaced annually. It was stuffed so full, in fact, that I used to wonder how one could sleep on it without rolling off, but it flattened out under weight and made a very satisfactory bed. Then most families also had feather-beds, made of goose feathers and placed on top of the straw tick. Pillows were always stuffed with feathers.

South of the house just a few feet and connected with it by a roofless wooden porch stood a red board-and-batten building with two rooms. One of these was the "milkroom," where mother kept her milk and eggs and did her churning. The other opened at the west end and was father's shop. There was a big tool bench with all sorts of tools; there were a forge and a bellows; on one wall was an old clock that would not run; on another was a large picture of the St. Louis bridge over the Mississippi, then one of the wonders of the country. Most interesting were several boxes of old books that had belonged to grandpa and several years of old Harper's Magazines. These books were marvelous. There were old histories and readers; all sorts of books on mathematics and surveying, for grandfather had been a surveyor; books full of poems and orations to be read or recited. In due time I read them all, laughing at the Harper jokes in the Editor's Drawer, marveling at the chronology of the Carolingian kings, and wondering at the long tables of logarithms. A wonderful place, that shop.

West of the house was the cellar, sunk well below the ground and with earth heaped up around its low wall, so that even a small boy could climb to the roof and spend long hours there just thinking. Next to it was the woodshed, always with a good supply of firewood. Father owned a woodlot of ten (or was it forty) acres about five miles away and every year cut and hauled in a supply of wood. Of course there was a cobpile there, too, for cobs were one of the really important sources of fuel, making a red-hot fire quickly and costing nothing.

All of these building were set in what we called the yard, surrounded by a fence and shaded by soft maple trees, which most people now call the silver maple. At twenty or twenty-five years of age they could not have been very big, but to me they were giants. In one of them was a wonderful swing, made not of ropes but of chains and iron rods and correspondingly strong.

Now a yard does not constitute the entire premises of a farm, of course. South of the yard was another tract, possibly about an acre, with a walk to the barn running straight south across it. To the east of the walk were apples and cherries and a June Berry bush, and along its east side a row of maples with

the barbed wire which was attached to them completely overgrown by the wood, a matter which always interested me greatly. To the right of the walk were fifty Concord grape vines and room for a potato patch or other kinds of garden crops.

Beyond this tract lay the barn, with plenty of room around it to drive or to hitch up the mules. The barn itself was quite a structure, forty by sixty feet, painted red, with two white cupolas, and visible across that level country for miles. Father and grandfather built it in 1876, mostly from lumber cut and sawed on our own woodlot. The framework was of oak, all mortised together and still as solid in 1956 as in 1876. The floor of the hayloft was of blue ash, shipped down from Chicago. The west twenty feet of the barn was unfloored and used for the buggies and various farm implements. Father would never let his machinery stand out in the weather all winter, as some farmers did, and every winter he and the farm hands would paint every piece red. For the other forty feet there was a long central hall with big doors at the north and south ends. To the left of the hall were stalls for eight horses or mules; to the right were a bin for oats, another for corn, and two or three more stalls. Upstairs was a big hayfork, operated by a complicated system of ropes and pulleys. The hay-wagon drove up to the west end of the barn, down came the fork and grabbed a big load of hay, off went the mule pulling a long rope, up to the gable and into the barn went the hay, until at the critical moment father pulled a line and dumped it all at the right spot. West of the barn was a grove of young walnut trees, already beginning to bear plenty of nuts, and back of it was a grove of maples to act as a windbreak. South of the barn was the forty-acre pasture, which had never yet been plowed, and off in its far southwest corner was the last of the prairie ponds which were once thickly dotted over the country. Once in a while I could still hear a thunder-pumper (American Bittern) at work there. Oftener I would hear from the pasture the evening notes of the prairie chicken, which still nested on our farm. I did not know what the sounds were and always supposed they were the shouts of boys at play on the next farm. East of the barn was the "horse-lot," possibly a quarter of an acre, and near the south door was a hand pump, used to fill the horse trough. The original well was not very deep and the pump worked easily. A second well was put down while I was a boy and was at least seventy-five feet deep. That necessitated a force pump, and fifty strokes on the pump handle was enough for a small boy.

That second well interested me considerably, for it was located by a dowsing rod. Years later I began to appreciate that the location was right where father wanted the well placed, which naturally raised some doubts in my mind as to the efficacy of dowsing. Then I was interested in the blue clay which the shaft soon reached and by a soil layer far down below the surface, from which was dug out a piece of sassafras wood which still retained the odor.

West of the house was a little space for a garden and then more maple grove. The garden used to grow up to pigweeds in late summer. I regarded

these weeds as personal enemies and used to assault them with a corn knife. At the north end of this space stood the "old barn," built probably in 1865 and mostly out of solid black walnut. When the barn was finally torn down, the lumber was used for a sidewalk from the house to the new barn. A genuine black walnut sidewalk would hardly be practicable today. Also in this region stood the new corn-crib, which would hold three or four thousand bushels of corn, I suppose.

Then north of the house was the apple orchard, probably about three or four acres in size, although it seemed much larger to me, and it was really a long way to the north end of it, where there was another windbreak of silver maple. There was a great variety of apples there - Milam, for which our township was named at grandfather's suggestion; Ben Davis, Northern Spy, Red Astrachan, Bellflower, Early June, Greening, and I do not know how many others. Also there was a great variety of birds, but mostly blackbirds, robins, doves, catbirds, yellow hammers, and red-headed woodpeckers.

Lastly, in front of the house was the calf-lot, a nice square of grass about an acre in size with a dozen or so big maples. The "big gate" was at its northeast corner, and the dirt driveway followed the north and west sides, passed the "little gate" into the yard and led on to the barn, while a driveway for work equipment cut diagonally across.

So there we lived. But who were we?

Of course there were father and mother. Father: a short stocky man of tremendous strength. I remember one Sunday when two big hired men rigged up a chain across the farm scales to see who could lift the most. When they had reached their limit, father shoved the weight up another fifty pounds and lifted it himself. Father was intelligent but uneducated. Nevertheless, when I reached high school, he could help me with my algebra, and in college he explained logarithms to me and helped me with my trigonometry. Mother: a handsome woman in her twenties, handsome still in her seventies, but beginning to show her age in her eighties. She was both intelligent and educated, having graduated from high school and taught country school for five years, beginning when she was only sixteen.

Then there was grandfather, but I was so young when he passed away that I can scarcely count him as a member of my family. Grandmother Gleason: a very little old lady partly paralyzed, who spent most of her time in her bedroom but occasionally used to walk around the yard with me. She died when I was seven and she eighty-four. My little sister: she was still only four when we moved away from the farm, so she made very little impression on my life. Hired girls: they came and went, coming usually to make a few dollars and leaving to get married. Of them, I remember only two Hoosier girls who came to Illinois because the wages were so good. I believe we paid them two dollars a week. Hired men: not so many, because those whom we had liked father and liked the food, and liked the fact that they were never laid off in winter, and generally stayed a long time. I was the particular favorite of one giant, named Ed Clotfelter, whom I called Ed Hop. Then there was a rawboned Hoosier named James Absalom Lambdin, called Ab for short, who saved up his money, soon got married, and bought a farm, then kept right on saving money and buying

more farms until he was a large landholder.

I can not resist one more tale of my father. I remember Grant Cole as a dashing Beau Brummel in his early twenties, sporting a shiny buggy, a fast horse, and a derby hat, and taking his best girl to the picnics and festivals. Let sixty years roll by, and I was driving along a Milam road, when my companion, W. D. Shelton, said "Why, there's Grant Cole over in the field." I walked over to an old stooped man who was carefully examining the young plants of soy beans. "You don't know me," I said, "but I am Henry Gleason's son. Do you remember him?" "I'll always remember Henry Gleason," he replied. "When I was just twenty-one and wanted to start farming, Henry rented me forty acres of land. He could have farmed it himself just as well as not. Then he loaned me a mule or two and some machinery to work the land with." A minute later a huge truck came rolling up, painted with the legend "Blackland Farms, Inc. Grant Cole & Sons."

Then there were the animals. Plenty of chickens and usually lots of hogs. Several cows, led by old Undine, named for the German heroine, but pronounced by us as Un'dīne, who gave regularly four gallons of milk a day. About eight or ten mules. One very old mule now retired for life, old Jim, who with his mate, John, had been father's first team in Illinois. He was just as old as mother and died at the ripe old age of twenty-nine. One very old horse which I can hardly remember, Lincoln, who had been part of a team known as Lincoln and Douglas, had been shown at the Iowa State Fair in 1858, and inspected by Lincoln himself. Also a pony named Princess, who was bought for my special use but was such a bucker that I could never ride her. But Ab used to ride her to Sunday School while I rode along with him on old Sal. Father rigged up an exerciser for her, patterned on the old-fashioned horsepower machine, and there she would trot round and round by the hour. Also, a whole flock of cats, of which White Mittens was the matriarch; in fact, she was the actual mother of many of them. When father or the hired man came up from the barn with the buckets full of fresh milk, he was always surrounded by the whole bevy of them and they always received a generous supper. The duty of the cats, of course, was to keep rats and mice away from the barn and granaries, and in this they were very successful. In earlier years, father always had a tame blacksnake for this purpose, but mother was afraid of snakes and made him dispose of it when I became old enough to toddle out there. Lastly, we had a yellow cur dog named King, who used to help me chase cats and stalk imaginary Indians out around the raspberry patch and other equally remote places.

A little prairie stream entered our farm on the north, ran through it in a big crescent, crossing the road under a small bridge just north of the orchard and leaving it at the northeast corner. I used to go swimming in it, the water being all of two feet deep, and the swimming hole about ten feet long and four feet wide. Once I caught a little fish there on a bent pin. This little stream had already traveled a mile or so before it entered our land, so it was obviously

a tiny stream indeed. Before the land was drained by tiling, the water table was always at or near the surface, or even above it in these little prairie ponds. So the stream probably ran continuously then, but certainly not during my boyhood, in the eighties, when it often dried up completely in the summer. There was a second and still smaller stream which actually rose on our land and meandered east nearly half a mile to join the main channel right at the bridge north of the house. I saw only the last few yards of that creek. Before I was big enough to notice such things, father had confined it to a tile and plowed the channel full of dirt. But I could see the end of the tile, where a little stream of pure spring water flowed out. We used that water sometimes for drinking.

Now a tiny prairie stream in its progress from some prairie pond down to a river, always follows the same pattern. It first announces its existence, as distinct from a mere bit of wet land, by the erosion of a narrow channel with steep sides, and in this stage it took its course through our land and out into Charley Cloud's farm beyond us. The horses and plows could not come too close to its edge, which was accordingly marked by some few tall grasses and other relics of the prairie. As the stream gains in volume and permanence, it erodes not merely a deeper channel, but also begins to meander sidewise, making a little valley with flat 'bottom land' and low 'bluffs' to separate this from the adjacent uplands. The first indication of this stage appeared just over the county line into Moultrie County, a mile east of our house. A few miles more and it crossed the road which took us to Bethany and there, to my perennial amazement, we drove down a steep hill - at least I thought it was steep - crossed the bridge, and up a similar hill on the other side. These hills must have been all of twenty feet high. By this distance, lateral branches of the valley had appeared, steadily eroding their way back into the upland prairies, so that any road running parallel to such a stream and not too far from it, crossed a succession of hills and narrow ravines.

This was Marrowbone Creek. Just west of Bethany, although I never saw the spot, it united with Brush Creek. This actually rose on our farm, coming from that little pond in the far corner of the pasture, which I never visited because I was afraid the cows would "hook" me. In its first half mile, running south into Shelby County, it had been put into tile. A mile farther southeast it began to follow the same procedure as Marrowbone, and by the time it passed Uncle George Rogers' farm, it had its own bluffs and bottom land.

Both streams after their union continued east and just beyond Bethany ran into the Little Okaw River, which headed south and southwest to become the second largest river in Illinois and to empty into the Mississippi south of St. Louis. I used to wonder very much about the Okaw, whether it was really as big as the Sangamon, but I never saw it but once. That was when a new railroad, the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, built a branch line southeast from Sullivan to Shelbyville. We drove down there once to watch the construction of the big new bridge.

Ours was a prosperous family, although in central Illinois in the eighties there was but little difference between the poor and the prosperous. My father worked very hard, but he always had one or two big hired men to help him. My mother worked very hard, too, but she did not have to do the milking, as so many women did, and she usually had a hired girl to help her. Also, we rode in a spring wagon when most of our neighbors were still in the big wagon stage, and we had the finest surrey in the neighborhood when many of our friends still rode to church in a spring wagon. Father and mother were progressive persons as well. Father was the local pioneer in draining the prairie land and in using clover as a green fertilizer, and I am sure mother had the first gasoline stove in our neighborhood.

This stove saved my mother untold amounts of discomfort in the hot Illinois summers and at the same time kept us constantly in fear of explosion and fire. I was never allowed to touch it under any circumstance. The gasoline was kept in an elevated tank holding a quart or so, which could be tipped down for easy refilling. Under each burner was a shallow pan holding perhaps a tablespoonful of gasoline. This was filled first and then lighted. By the time it had burned up, a tubeful of gasoline above it had been heated to the evaporation point. When its valve was opened, gas was delivered instead of liquid gasoline. The stove had four burners on top and an oven below.

No one in Illinois today drives a spring wagon. The oblong bed was six or eight feet long and only about a foot deep. Towards the front a seat for two was permanently attached, and another seat could be installed just behind it. It could carry a fair sized load and served about the same purpose as the station-wagon of today, except that it had no top whatever. A surrey had a shorter bed completely occupied by the two seats and it was always provided with a top for protection against sun and rain. The canopy top was the lightest and, I believe, could not be folded back. It is the origin of the recent song about a "surrey with a fringe around the top." Ours had an extension top, much heavier, made of leather, and capable of folding back and down when desired. In both kinds the supports for the top had buttons for the attachment of the 'side-curtains,' which were carried under the seats and put up in case of rain. The big wagon was strictly utilitarian and is replaced today by the truck. It had heavy wheels, a long body, and no permanent seat, although a movable seat could be attached if wanted. The regular body was about a foot deep, but additional boards could be added to make it even two or three feet deep. These were called sideboards. The rear was closed by the endgate, held in by a clever system of rods which not only kept the endgate from falling out but also prevented the sideboards from spreading under the pressure of a heavy load. Then to the sideboards could be added 'bump-boards,' usually homemade, and useful as a backstop when shucking corn. On all these vehicles the tires were of steel and the wheels were set a standard distance apart. But there were two such standards, called wide tread and narrow tread. On dirt roads it was essential that all vehicles have the same tread, and we lived in a wide tread

neighborhood. This area extended as far in every direction as we ever traveled, but fifteen or twenty miles east of us, narrow tread was used. After I left the farm I drove into this area with father once. We saw the road gradually peter out as we approached the halfway point between two towns, and gradually pick up again with narrow tread tracks as we approached the second town. Of course the roads were equally passable for vehicles of either width in good weather, but became pretty difficult for the wrong width when they were worn into deep ruts.

Despite at least fifty relatives within a half-day's drive, and equally large numbers of friends and neighbors, we were isolated. The nearest house was only a quarter of a mile up the road to the north, but we rarely visited there or, for that matter, anywhere else. We frequented the road to Dalton City, and since it lay three miles to the north and one to the east, we could choose three different routes, depending on where we took the turn to the east. Less commonly we went to Bethany and once in a great while, on the way home, we would turn north not far from town, wind through the woods past New Hope Church and thence almost west to our home. On Sundays we went occasionally to Sanner Chapel, a little Methodist church about four miles west of us, principally to enjoy the singing. It always concluded with father's favorite hymn, "God be with you till we meet again." Then two or three times a year we went to Decatur, the county seat, and there were at least two ways we could go to get there. So here is our farm with roads stretching out for short distances in various directions, but beyond those roads, and between those roads, the country was to me a terra incognita. Just east of Bethany was the Okaw River. I never saw it. Just north of Mount Zion, which we passed through on almost all of our trips to and from Decatur, was Big Creek. I never saw it until 1948. Along it were fine patches of forest, one of which is now the Spittler's Woods State Park. I never heard of that woods until 1948. A few miles southwest of Macon was Blue Mound, a morainic hill which rose fifty feet or so above the prairie and must have been visible for many miles, but I never saw it until 1959. At Sullivan, only twelve miles away, lived Ella Lowe and "Vene" Millizen, old friends of my mother with whom she corresponded regularly and known to me as Aunt Ella and Aunt Vene. I never saw them.

One feature of our isolation affected a small boy especially. All over the country were tall hedges which cut off the view in every direction. Now they are all gone. It is still a surprise to me when I visit the farm now to see railway trains passing along the horizon four miles to the northeast, or the numerous cars on the concrete road a mile away, or Dave Sanner's old home standing out so conspicuously a mile to the south.

While we went to Dalton for the mail and the groceries once or twice a week and to Harmony Church on Sunday, provided the weather was tolerable and the roads passable, for four or more days a week, and sometimes two or more weeks without interruption, mother and I and my little sister were isolated. Our only contact with the outside world then was the sight of people driving along the

road in front of the house. Our house stood about a hundred yards back, but my parents could recognize all those people, sometimes by their buggies, more often by their horses, and occasionally by their hats and clothes. Of course the dog barked at each passerby and we all rushed to the window to look.

Those hedges of Osage Orange were a characteristic feature of all central Illinois. They were cheap to plant, grew rapidly, were efficient enough to enclose any kind of livestock, and, when allowed to grow up into little trees, produced excellent fence posts in just a few years. Poor farmers let them grow unrestrained and soon had a coarse uncouth hedge twenty feet tall or more that stole two or three rows of corn on each side of it. Good farmers kept them carefully trimmed by a hired man wielding a sharp corn knife, and a man's prestige as a farmer depended to some extent on the neatness of his hedges, but they, too, lost a row or two of corn to the greedy roots. The trimmings were raked up and burned, but always a few of those awful thorns were missed and left on the ground. Now a hedge was a favorite place for birds to nest, especially the brown thrushes, and every boy had a collection of eggs. The result was that every boy had one or more toes tied up in a dirty rag all summer, indicating that he had stepped on a hedge thorn. Ordinary hedges never produced fruit, but the tall untrimmed ones often bore a good crop of hedge-apples, hard green round fruits the size of a croquet ball and of no earthly use except for one boy to throw at another.

When a ditch was dug along a road the yellow roots of the hedge were exposed and the boys used to smoke them. They made a terribly strong acrid smoke and no boy ever took more than a few puffs on one. Other boys made cigarettes out of corn silk wrapped in a piece of newspaper, and that was a very hot smoke, too. The hottest of all, though, was a 'hollow weed.' That was a species of wild lettuce, the dead stems of which could be cut into pieces six inches or so long and smoked. Here there was an open passage through the hollow stem and many a youngster got a blistered tongue from smoking them too enthusiastically. It is strange that the boys should have been so anxious to smoke, since none of their fathers did and most families would not hire a man who smoked. In fact, it was my firm belief as a child that the only people who drank liquor or smoked were Democrats. Cousin Harvey Taylor smoked cigars and was said to be a Republican, but I did not believe it.

The rail fence, always associated in our minds with pioneer life and the rail-splitting president, was never popular on the prairie farms, where the hedge of Osage Orange took its place. There was no timber and only a few farmers owned a woodlot, as we did several miles away. Still, we always had a pile of rails on the farm and used them for short temporary fences, such as fencing off a small run for the pigs in the orchard. The chief use for rails was in building corn cribs. There was a solid wooden floor on the ground, and on it the rails were piled up log cabin style to a height of about eight feet. A few farmers, but only a few, went a step further and added a wooden roof. Such a

crib would hold three hundred bushels of corn or a little more. It had the advantage that corn could be shoveled in before the crib was finished, and the sides rose higher and higher to keep pace with the arrival of the corn. That made for easier shoveling. Also, when the corn was sold, the rails could be thrown on a wagon and rebuilt into another crib at any desired spot. There was very little protection for the corn against the weather, but little was needed. Ripe corn absorbs water poorly and there was plenty of ventilation for drying it out quickly. There was no protection whatever against rats, but at that period rats were virtually unknown on the prairie farms.

When father first bought his land it had already been surveyed. Some forty years before the surveyors had run their north-south and east-west lines all over the county, laying it out into sections a mile square and giving to each section a number and a description according to a plan originally proposed, I believe, by Thomas Jefferson. Therefore it was very easy for father to buy and to receive a legal deed for the northeast quarter of Section 14, Town 14 north, Range 3 east of the Third Principal Meridian. But finding the land out on the homeless and roadless prairie was quite a different matter. In father's case, the circumstances were reversed. He first found the land he wanted, and his problem was to locate it on the map and get its official description so he could buy it. This was generally done by tying a piece of bright cloth to the tire of a light wagon, driving it from some known location, and counting the revolutions of the wheel. This gave a fairly good approximation of the distance. The process was also helped by the surveyors, who had placed a good sized glacial boulder at every section corner.

When the land was first placed on sale it was entirely open prairie, except for the hundred of small prairie ponds. There were no roads and during father's first years on the farm, his route to Macon, the nearest village, took as straight a line as possible, swerving merely to miss the ponds. By the 1880s, the township was all laid out in roads, with just a few exceptions where a road had been omitted for one reason or another. The streams were all small and easily bridged with wooden culverts covered with two-inch planks, and there was a little road machinery available, such as horse-drawn scrapers and graders. With the scrapers, shallow ditches were opened at the side of the roads in the lower spots, and the dirt piled up in the middle so that it was seldom completely under water. Nothing was done to improve the character of the road, which was merely black prairie soil excellent for corn but very poor for traffic, a mire of black mud in rainy weather, a thick bed of dust in dry weather, a maze of deep ruts in the winter, and a smooth road only for brief scattered periods.

The farmers all felt very keenly that bad roads were their worst problem. They talked about all sorts of solutions. Some proposed very impractically that roads be converted into railroads and wagons be fitted with flanged wheels to roll on the rails, forgetting that such wagons could not be used at all around the farms. Another plan was to lay flat steel rails about a foot wide, on which ordinary wagons could be driven; a third proposed to pave the streets with brick,

as was being done in the streets of Decatur and many other cities. The simplest method of all was to cover the mud with gravel as had been done extensively in Indiana where gravel was abundant. A fine step in this direction had already been made at Decatur, where a spoke-like system of gravel roads extended out a few miles in every direction on most of the main roads. Out in Milam Township there was no gravel, and hauling it all the way from the gravel pits at Decatur would have been entirely too expensive. So the prairie farmers continued to endure the mud and the dust as unavoidable evils.

That prairie mud was remarkable. It was so sticky and so tenacious that it rolled up on the tires in great masses of a hundred pounds or more, and the drivers had to carry paddles to poke it off at frequent intervals. Hauling crops to market, or hauling heavy loads of any kind, became impossible. The local physicians went about their rounds on horseback. Most people would not drive to church. I remember once that father dismantled a wagon down to the front wheels only, hitched four mules to it, and drove to Bethany on some kind of business. I also remember that the muddy roads, to which we were all accustomed, made far less impression on me than did father's cleverness in taking the wagon to pieces and putting it together again. I remember, too, a time when we were mud-bound so badly that the hired man walked to Dalton to get the mail and some fresh meat.

In winter, warm rainy weather and muddy roads were usually followed by freezing weather which petrified the roads into rough irregular surfaces worn into deep ruts. There were no smooth places for a horse to travel, and a buggy or wagon, once the wheels were in those ruts, could hardly get out. Progress was possible but only at a mile or two an hour and it was very rough and jolty and uncomfortable for the passengers. In summer, the roads dried out rapidly and there were usually a few days of excellent driving. After a week or so they were ground into a deep layer of dust, which rose in dense clouds behind every team of horses. Women wore veils and linen dusters; men came through it with their faces covered with a mixture of dust and perspiration; at least one small boy was afraid of being suffocated and tried to hold his breath. Of course our own dust did not bother us much, unless we had a following wind. It was the dust from people we met that filled our noses and eyes.

Staid old farmers on their way to town or church drove these roads with decorum and dignity, whether through mud or through dust. Gay young blades with a shiny black buggy, a handsome horse, and a pearl-inlaid buggy-whip had to drive with dignity through the mud, but on a Sunday afternoon, when they took their best girls for a ride, they would show off. Meeting another such rig, the two drivers approached each other at a swinging trot and just at the last moment, when a collision seemed imminent, each team swerved to the right, the buggies passed each other only inches apart, and each was back on the road again in a jiffy. When the road was terribly dusty, one could lag far enough behind to miss the dust from the buggy ahead. If one's horse was fast enough, and

if one knew the man ahead and felt sure he could do it, he set out to overtake him. He now had to turn clear out of the beaten track onto the roadside, whip up his horse, get past and back into the road again, letting the slower driver take his dust. Prairie roads were only one lane wide and not conducive to racing, so the place had to be chosen with care and the whole maneuver executed promptly.

All of these roads were originally four rods, 66 feet wide. The single traveled lane down the middle was only about ten feet wide, so there was an unused strip of nearly thirty feet on each side. There the ground was still covered with tall grasses, remnants of the original prairie sod, and adorned in season with prairie flowers, horsemint and goldenrod, wild asters and Sweet William, rosin weed and prairie dock, and many others for which my mother could not tell me the names. The rosin weed interested me especially. In the later summer the flowering stems rose six feet tall. They could be broken off near the top and in a few days the broken end would be covered with a blob of white gum which was good to chew, although it did have a strongly resinous taste. We admired the Spanish needles for their great quantity of fragrant yellow flowers; we gathered the goldenrod for winter bouquets, and the flossy seeds of the milkweed were enclosed in bags of mosquito net for parlor ornaments. On the dusty roads of summer the grasshoppers sunned themselves, especially one kind which was conspicuously yellow and black when flying but became almost invisible when he settled down and folded his dust-colored wings. Often I saw tumblebugs pushing their burden to some unknown destination, and I well knew the thirteen-striped ground squirrel which lived there commonly.

With the settlement of the prairie, the deer and the prairie wolf had disappeared some years before my time, and the possum and the coon, both typically forest dwellers, had not yet appeared. Skunks were seen or smelled occasionally, and liked to live in the larger tile drains, entering where the tile discharged into a creek. Father used to poke a twisted piece of barbwire up the tile and pull them out by the tail. Muskrats were seen rarely and still more rarely a weasel. Our only common mammal was the rabbit, which father or the hired man used to hunt with our long-barreled muzzle-loading musket, which I implicitly believed had been used in the Revolutionary War. I went with father once on a hunting trip and found a rabbit sitting quietly up in the north grove. I held the musket to my shoulder while father supported the muzzle. I took careful aim, pulled the trigger, and was promptly knocked down by the terrific kick, while the rabbit ran away unharmed. They did not escape so easily from the men and during the winter they were an important source of meat. I have seen a dozen of them hanging on the shop wall, frozen stiff and waiting to be thawed out and fried.

What the prairie bird life may have been I never knew. There were still many meadow larks in the pasture, plenty of quail in the grain fields, and a few prairie chickens. Most of our birds were normally forest-lovers, which came to our place to nest in the hedges, the orchards, and the big groves of maples. Some of them, as the crow and the blackbird, adopted prairie ways and foraged in the fields behind the plow or the harrow. Our maple groves were a regular roosting place for the blackbirds, which collected there in huge flocks just before their southward migration. At the right time in the early evening these great flocks could be seen approaching from all directions. They settled down

in our trees with a great chattering as they talked over the events of the day and left in the same flocks next morning for their favorite feeding grounds.

That little prairie pond of ours sheltered a few interesting birds. So far as I knew, it was the last prairie pond remaining in the vicinity. Once I heard a thunder-pumper croaking away down there, and father told me that mud hens lived there too, but I never saw one.

The hundreds of ponds had to be drained to make room for farm crops. At first drainage was by ditches only and the heavy spring rains often overflowed them and made temporary ponds, delaying planting if they came early and killing acres of crops if they came in June or July. Father was the first, or among the first, to use tile drain in our neighborhood. He installed them all over the farm, little strings of three-inch tile, emptying into larger strings of six-inch tile, and these in turn into the big twelve-inch size which finally delivered the water to our little creek. The neighbors thought father was foolish to waste his money on expensive tile, but eventually all of them did the same. Mother used to say we never had any money left over, but spent it all for more tile. That could not have been exactly true, because during that period father bought another eighty acres to add to his farm.

The little towns spaced five or six miles apart along the railroads were as alike as two peas in the same pod, except for slight differences in size. Why the railroad spaced them so evenly, or why they chose that distance, is unknown to me. Every one had a huge grain elevator, or maybe two operated by rival owners. There were two or even three little general stores, dealing with dry goods of the cheaper sorts near the front door and, toward the rear, in groceries. Mother bought her calico and gingham for dresses, aprons, and sunbonnets there, but for her Sunday clothes she usually depended on the big stores in Decatur. The grocery department had all the usual staples, such as coffee, tea, spices, sugar, vanilla, rice, and crackers, but baker's bread had to be ordered in advance and canned fruit and fresh vegetables were never available. There was a hardware store, of course, because all sorts of tools were a necessity for every farmer. Often combined with it was the implement store, offering plows and harrows, mowers and grain drills, and there the farmers gathered to gossip about crops and weather and the price of grain while their wives were shopping. Always there was a blacksmith shop, with two or three husky men shoeing horses or hammering away on a piece of red-hot iron. Father had a forge of his own and knew how to use it for all sorts of blacksmith work except horseshoeing. He used to sneer mildly at the helpless farmer who lost half a day in the field just to take a broken harrow tooth to the blacksmith. There was usually a barber shop where a haircut was available for a quarter and always in one of the stores, a little case of pigeonholes and a small desk which constituted the post office. In some towns there was a small lumber yard.

All of those stores were strung along a straight unpaved street which was usually muddy or rutty or dusty. At various places were rows of hitching posts, well chewed around the top, for the visiting horses with their buggies or wagons. There the horses stood, either impatiently chewing on the posts or their bits or complacently switching off the flies. At the side of the street ran a board sidewalk, interrupted occasionally where the property owner was too stingy or too poor to build one. Out toward the edge of town or frequently on a second street, were small private residences, all on big lots, and every little cottage with its thicket of hollyhocks, a little garden patch, a fruit tree or two, and occasionally some struggling shade trees. These same villages today have big shade trees on their paved streets but the little gardens and the tall hollyhocks are unchanged.

Bethany was bigger than Dalton City and had a grist mill. Windsor was about the size of Bethany and had a discouraged-looking park a block square. Macon was the same size, but was twenty years older and the trees were correspondingly bigger. Dalton had a Catholic church and I believe that was all, while Windsor had four Protestant churches all struggling to keep alive. I do not remember schools in any of these towns, but there must have been some provision for education.

As a small boy I went seldom to Bethany, to Macon only to visit relatives, and to Windsor not at all until three years after I left the farm. The procedure in Dalton was always the same. Mother did her shopping and turned in her butter and eggs at George Ferry's store, while father gossiped at the implement store. Sometimes I went with one, sometimes with the other, but it was always interesting. With father I could see shiny new machinery or watch a horse getting new shoes. With mother I could admire the bolts of brilliant calico or checked gingham unrolled on the counter by Mr. Ferry himself, or even get a stick of horehound or lemon candy or a big heart of white chewing gum - a penny apiece - but often given to me when mother made a purchase. As I grew older I might be provided with a quarter and allowed to visit the barber shop all by myself.

Every morning about eleven, a passenger train went north and about two another went south. Either father or mother always took me to the depot to see the train come in. It was visible a long way up the straight level track. As it neared town, it gave a mighty whistle and soon came to a stop with a great clanking of machinery and ringing of the bell. Off stepped the conductor, looking very important, watch in hand, while half a dozen passengers got off, mostly in their best clothes and looking very important too, and well they might, having come all the way from Decatur. Another half dozen climbed aboard, the conductor waved to the fireman, who informed the engineer and began ringing the bell, and the train was off for Bethany, Sullivan, Mattoon, and way down to Evansville.

They were funny little trains, measured by modern standards. The little

engine had a big smokestack and a big cowcatcher, and only two drive wheels on each side. The passenger cars were always dusty and cindery, heated in winter by one or two potbellied stoves and lighted by coal oil lights fastened to the sides. Later in the day a freight train arrived and busied itself switching empty cars in front of the grain elevators or picking up cars already loaded with grain. The freight cars look just as they do today, but were smaller, with a maximum capacity of about twenty tons. That was plenty for the poorly constructed roadbed. The ties were placed on the surface of the ground without ballast and set as far apart as the builders dared. The rails were light, probably not more than thirty pounds to the yard. Passenger trains rolled and rocked over the uneven rails at as much as thirty miles an hour, but I doubt if freight trains went more than half that fast.

Great stories were told and great jokes were cracked at the expense of these early railroads. Mother assured me that she was on a train between Bethany and Sullivan which stopped while the conductor and brakeman picked some wild blackberries. This road through Dalton was the Peoria, Decatur, and Evansville, abbreviated commonly to P. D. & E., and then re-expanded in derision to People Donated Everything. It was not yet twenty years old when I left the farm. During my ten years there I was only on a train twice. Father must have had some important business in Decatur, for we drove through the mud six miles to Hervey City, where we boarded a freight train on the T. H. & P. (Terre Haute and Peoria) now a part of the Pennsylvania system. I stood up to look out of the window of the caboose just as the engine backed into the rest of the train and naturally fell down in a heap on the floor. We returned the same day on a real passenger train.

Not all railways were as slow or as poorly constructed as the P. D. & E. At Macon was the main line of the Illinois Central with five passenger trains a day in each direction, including through trains from Chicago to St. Louis. Through Decatur the Wabash ran its through trains from St. Louis and Kansas City to Toledo and Detroit, while through trains on the Big Four from New York to St. Louis ran through Windsor. The little local roads played a very important part in the progress of the neighborhood, providing an outlet for grain and saving the long haul to Macon or Decatur.

Probably twice a year we made a trip to Decatur, and if mother went I naturally went along, too. That was always a great experience. First we went north to Hervey City, which had been laid out as a land speculation to become a boom town, since it was at the junction of two railroads, the P. D. & E. and the T. H. & P. Town lots were laid out on paper, a big advertising campaign was started, and the lots sold to anyone foolish enough to buy them. I understood that many of the buyers were English. In my day a few barns there were still plastered with great advertising bills showing the busy streets of the proposed city, full of dashing teams and stylishly dressed people and flanked by rows of three-story brick buildings. Needless to say none of these schemes ever materialized.

Next we came to Mount Zion, another little village just like all of the others. Then we crossed Findlay Creek and came to Turpin, which was a railway siding and nothing else. Just beyond Turpin we reached the hills and woods of the Sangamon River, descended to the river, crossed it on Maffitt's bridge, and trotted up the brick-paved streets to the middle of the city. There the mules were put in a livery stable for the day, for Decatur was no hitching-post town. Mother did her shopping at the big drygoods stores, Bradley's or Linn and Scruggs', or bought ready-made clothes for father or me at Oppenheimers. At noon we had a fine restaurant dinner for a quarter each, with an extraordinary array of little dishes surrounding our plates and filled with half a dozen kinds of vegetables and three or four kinds of meat. If we started at six in the morning we could be in Decatur by nine. On the return trip the mules were anxious to get home and we always made better time. Once we drove the whole twenty miles in two hours and twenty minutes.

Often on a Sunday afternoon in late spring and summer we would take a ride just to see the country and look at the crops. We would drive out five or ten miles and come back on a different road. As we approached home, with me completely lost as to our location, father would point out a distant red barn with two white cupolas and I would be delighted to know that we were really not lost at all, for there was our farm. And when we reached our land, father would usually say, "By cracky, we've got the best corn I've seen all day." Nearly fifty years later, I approached the farm while on a long botanizing trip and told that story to my companion. When we reached the place, we found that father's old saying still applied. It actually was the best corn we had seen all day.

The household was a busy one, with mother and the hired girl constantly at work from early to late. Father was the first one up and built the fire in the kitchen stove. On a shelf behind it stood a tall quart can of coal oil, which was our only name for kerosene. A couple of cobs dipped briefly into it were the kindling; another dozen cobs made a quick fire, and wood could be added as needed. When mother appeared the stove was hot, so she could start cooking breakfast at once and have it all ready when father and the hired man came back from the barn, where they had fed the mules, milked the cows, and cleaned the stables. After breakfast came the dish washing and by that time the "reservoir" on the back of the stove was full of hot water from the cistern. As I grew older it became my job to wipe the dishes, for which I was paid the princely sum of fifteen cents a week, and I also had to keep the woodbox filled with firewood.

Besides the usual household duties of cooking, washing dishes, making the beds and sweeping, there were plenty of others to keep the women busy. First, there was my little sister to care for, who arrived when I was six, and also my old grandmother to nurse much of the time. She departed this life when I was seven. Mother took care of the chickens, which meant carrying the table scraps to them and collecting the eggs. I do not remember that the poultry was ever fed grain during the summer months, when they roved the premises and foraged

on bugs and grasshoppers. Twice a day several gallons of milk appeared, which mother kept in earthenware crocks in the darkened milkroom. When the cream rose it was skimmed off and churned, while the skim milk went to the cats and the pigs. Of course we had all the rich milk we wanted to drink and all the heavy cream we wanted to put on fruit or pie or cereal. Our churn was the old-fashioned dasher type, probably two feet tall and holding a couple of gallons of cream. When I became old enough and strong enough, I used to help with the churning, lifting that old dasher up and down until the butter came or I was thoroughly tired. Then mother took over, gathered the butter into masses on a wooden paddle, drained off the buttermilk, and worked the butter over with a paddle in a wooden bowl until all the milk was squeezed out of it, added the requisite salt, and made it into neat patties shaped like a loaf of bread and weighing a pound or two. Of this we ate what we wanted and sold the rest to George Ferry's store in Dalton.

Mother had a Singer sewing machine, in which she was more fortunate than most of our neighbors, and with it she did most of our sewing. Most of my clothes, all of father's shirts, and most of her own dresses were made on it. She even made shirts and dresses for the hired help. Father's overalls and his Sunday suits were bought, of course, and so were some of my suits after I started to school. Once in a while a woman came out from Bethany and worked two or three days helping mother make a nicer dress for Sunday or a heavy coat. We subscribed to the Delineator, the great fashion magazine of the time, from which mother would select the style she wanted and order the pattern. Goods for these clothes were usually bought in Decatur. Mother was lucky to have a professional dressmaker when she needed one; few other women did. She was lucky, too, in having the men do all the milking. Lots of women had to do it themselves.

In summer there was always a vegetable garden somewhere near the house and farther away there was a good sized potato patch. The men always dug up the garden but mother planted the seeds. The men kept it hoed and reasonably free of weeds, but mother or the hired girl gathered the vegetables when they were ready to use. If fresh vegetables were wanted, they had to be raised at home. They could not be bought in the stores. We had a constant succession of them, starting with radishes, lettuce and young onions in the spring and ending with parsnips for winter use. Mother did nothing about the potato patch. I used to watch father cut the seed potatoes into pieces for planting and learned from him that every piece must have at least one eye. There was always an epidemic of potato bugs in the summer and it soon became part of my work to pick them off and drop them into a can of coal oil.

Every Monday was wash day, and that was a big affair with so many sheets and sweaty work clothes. Early in the morning a big washboiler

appeared on the stove, nearly full of cistern water, and rapidly reached the boiling point. Into it was shaved a whole cake of yellow laundry soap and in it certain parts of the laundry were boiled. Father had built an ingenious washing machine, probably copying something he had seen or read about. It was a rectangular tank, having a sort of fixed washboard set at one end. Above the washboard on the sides of the tank were metal tracks and in them ran a piece of board operated by a long handle. This board held the laundry down against the washboard and could be pulled and pushed, back and forth, until the laundry was clean. I doubt that it really saved much energy, but it kept one's hands out of the hot suds and permitted the operator to stand up straight. Father and I both used to help mother with the wash and we would give each piece a specified number of rubs. Then came the hanging up on the clothesline in the backyard and, in good sunny weather, the laundry was dry in a couple of hours.

Tuesday was ironing day and that was another hot job. A good fire had to be kept in the stove and one or two irons were always on it to heat while another was in use. Everything was ironed, even the towels and the men's work shirts, but the hardest task was the women's summer dresses, all full of tucks and flounces.

After supper was over and the dishes washed and put away in the "buttry," the brightest kerosene lamp was set on the dining table and we all sat around it to read. There were more than enough magazines and newspapers for all of us. There was not much conversation and that was about weather and crops and local gossip. The grown-ups were tired and went to bed early. Eight o'clock was our regular hour. A workday was long and lasted from daylight until dark. Not an hour of the precious daylight could be wasted during the busy season of midsummer. That meant that the barn work was done in the morning by lantern light while mother or the hired girl cooked the breakfast.

For newspapers, we took the Sullivan Progress, the Bethany Echo, and the Decatur Republican for local news; the Chicago Interoccean, the Detroit Free Press, and the St. Louis Globe Democrat for general news. These were all weeklies. The Youth's Companion and the Christian At Work were also weeklies, and for magazines we had the Farm Journal, the Farm and Fireside, and the Rural New Yorker, the Scientific American, the Delineator, and Harper's Magazine. Part of the time we took Harper's Weekly, too. Obviously we could not begin to read them all, but we were certainly able to keep ourselves posted and entertained, and I doubt that any other family in Milam Township had half as many as we.

Sometimes we played checkers, using black and white buttons on a home-made checker board, or tit-tat-toe on a slate, or twelve-men-morris, or dominoes. I remember well that our six-four domino had a chip out of one corner on the back and that one of our hired men, or more accurately a hired boy, used to keep it under his hand while he shuffled the dominoes when it was his turn to play first, so that he could start out with a count of ten. Mother and father both said that was cheating and I thought it was awful. Twelve-men-morris was a

fine game which I never saw or heard of elsewhere. The board was marked out with a heavy pencil on a piece of cardboard. It consisted of three concentric squares which were connected with each other by four lines at the corners and four others at the centers of each side. A button was placed by each player in turn at any intersection and the aim was to get three buttons in a row and the opponents aim was to prevent it by stopping up possible rows by a button of his own. There were twenty possible rows. When a row was completed, one of the opponent's men could be picked off the board, provided it was not itself in a row of three. When all the men had been placed, any man could be moved to the next unoccupied intersection. If by the move another row of three could be completed, another of the opponent's men could be picked up. Finally all the men of one side would be captured and the game was over. It was an excellent game, requiring a fair amount of skill and father and I played it frequently.

Authors was another popular game in the community but we never played it at home. My cousins had the game and I used to play it in their house. It had 52 cards in four suits and 13 each and was quite like old maid. In fact, lots of the older boys discovered that real gambling games could be played with authors. Real playing cards and card games were strictly forbidden as the instruments of the devil himself.

I am sure that our houses had no insulation and must have leaked heat badly all winter long. Still I can not remember that we ever suffered from cold. At bedtime in the winter, father and mother and I would often sit around the stove with our shoes off, resting our feet on the polished nickel footrest and toasting our toes before going to bed. I used to get undressed there in the warm room and then dash upstairs and into a frigid bed. Once in a while mother would wrap a hot flatiron in a towel and let me take it to bed with me, so it must have been pretty cold. Once in a while I had a warm bath in a washtub on the kitchen floor, while mother stood by to see that I did a thorough job. It never occurred to me to wonder about my parents' baths, but they must have been taken in the same way.

Boys' clothing was quite different in those days. Babies started out in "long dresses;" which were really dresses with the skirts extending much below the feet. When something less than a year old, they donned "short dresses," probably to give them a chance to creep and later to learn to walk. Six years was the orthodox age for boys to put on "short pants." Instead of a shirt, boys then wore a "waist," which was considerably like the modern coat-style shirt, but with a broad, stiffly starched, turndown collar. Near the bottom of the waist was a circle of several buttons to which the pants were attached. Stockings were always black and extended a little above the knees, and were held up by a circular garter of elastic. Even the shoes were different. Children and women always wore high buttoned shoes, and a buttonhook was always kept in one particular spot where every one could find it. For farm work the men usually wore high leather boots. For work around the barn and pig pens or in

muddy weather they had high rubber boots. In winter they wore felt boots for warmth. The soles were thick rubber, but the uppers were of brownish felt nearly half an inch thick.

Probably few people living today ever saw a buttonhook. It was a piece of slender nickel-plated iron, bent at one end into a ring for hanging it up and at the other end somewhat more slender and bent into three quarters of a circle. This hook was passed through the buttonhole and caught around the button. Then it was pulled back and turned slightly and there the button was in place. Children were early taught to use the buttonhook, maybe when only three years old, to save the precious time of their busy mothers.

Men wore overalls and coarse blue shirts for work, the former bought ready-made, the shirts almost always made by the women. Sunday clothes were just about like those of today, but the neckties were almost always ready-tied, of the obsolete fashion known then as the teck, which looked much like the modern four-in-hand. Women mostly made their own clothes, simple house dresses of gay calico or gingham, or of better material for Sunday. Some few subscribed to the Delineator and would select the style they liked from the pictures of full-breasted wasp-waisted women. Some families had a sewing machine, more did not, and some women who were especially handy with the needle would help their neighbors with the sewing.

In winter men and boys ordinarily wore woolen caps with flaps to pull down over their ears. In summer they wore coarse broad brimmed straw hats, which could be bought for fifteen cents. Derby hats, always called plug hats, were often worn on Sundays. Women's Sunday hats followed the styles of the day but around the farm they wore the old-fashioned sunbonnet. A piece of cardboard about seven inches wide and eighteen inches long was covered with pretty cloth prolonged into frills at the front. This was bent into a curve to fit the head from side to side and held in this shape by cloth completely covering the back. There were straps of the same material at the corners to tie under the chin.

For the winter, men and boys had overcoats and women wore heavy coats just as they do today, but shawls were also worn. I do not remember ordinary rubbers for wet weather but we did have arctics with rubber soles and high tops.

I have repeatedly written an account of food on the farm, in an attempt to put down all my memories of my mother's cooking. To sum it all in three words, we ate well. In quantity we had sufficient to appease the seemingly insatiable appetites of those big hired men. In quality, we had the best food available. True, some things which are now to be had for the buying in almost every section of the country were unknown to us - fresh pineapple, for example. Others now equally abundant were rarely seen on our table, as fresh fish. But the general quality of our diet is proven by the absence from our family and, in fact, from our entire neighborhood, of all deficiency diseases, such as rickets and pellagra. To

be sure, all members of one family of our neighbors were excessively fat, but it was regularly believed that they lived mostly on a diet of pork and potatoes. Many other things could not be bought in our local stores, although they were probably for sale in Decatur and every other city of similar size. Canned fruit and vegetables, in tin with the now familiar gay wrappers, were not to be had; baker's bread was not available except by special order. We lost nothing by this. Our cellar was full of homecanned fruit, long rows of quart and two-quart Mason jars of raspberries, peaches, plums, gooseberries, and tomatoes, similar rows of crabapple and grape jelly, grape butter, apple butter, and peach butter. Of vegetables, only tomatoes were canned. There was a great bin of potatoes in the cellar, sack after sack of apples from our own orchard, parsnips in the garden to be dug as needed all winter long. Of course, the apples had to be sorted frequently and those which were developing rotten spots used immediately. The potatoes always started to sprout in early spring and even I could help father or the hired man go through the bin and rub off all those long, curly white sprouts.

Then came spring, and the vegetables started with lettuce, radishes, and early onions, soon followed by peas and string beans, and, as summer days became shorter, by carrots and beets, cabbage and cucumbers, sweet potatoes and squash. I do not recall that we ever raised pumpkins or lima beans, and I am sure that I never saw asparagus until I was in my teens, or artichokes until I was past thirty. Watermelons and muskmelons did not do as well on our black soil as on the lighter soils near the streams, and we usually got ours from Uncle George Rogers near Bethany.

Canning time began with the raspberries and continued through the grape season. I well remember the activity in the kitchen, mother flying around and trying to be in three places at once, the hired girl just as busy as she; the air saturated with steam and fruity odors, big kettles boiling on the stove, hot juices straining through cloth bags, rows of newly filled Mason jars upside down on the table. And all this had to be finished and the muss cleaned up in time to cook supper for the men folks.

Our own chief contribution to the canning spree was grapes, raspberries, and apples, of which we had so many that we supplied Aunt Ora with all she needed. She, in turn, gave us peaches and rhubarb, of which she had plenty. I do not know where we got crabapples and blackberries. I believe we raised our own gooseberries, but I can not remember where they were planted. The total result of mother's efforts was so great that I believe she could have opened a fresh Mason jar of fruit and a fresh glass of jelly or preserves every day of the year. All of these were for dessert, either straight from the jar or baked into pies. I preferred my raspberries and gooseberries mixed with crumbled bread, liberally sweetened, and covered with rich cream. I called the mixture "stodge" and it tastes just as good today as it did seventy years ago.

Naturally we had abundant supplies of milk and cream, butter and eggs, and chicken whenever we wanted one for dinner. Father had a tool called a chicken hook, a long wooden handle to the end of which a piece of wire with a terminal hook was attached. It was very easy to insinuate this into a flock of chicken, snare one by the leg and pull him out, soon to be decapitated out behind the woodshed. During the winter, chickens were usually boiled and served with dumplings. It was a great day in early summer when we had "chickens big enough to fry." Occasionally we had a few turkeys, too, but mother always said she had no luck with them. If we had one at Thanksgiving or Christmas, it was probably raised at Aunt Ora's. The turkeys always came home at night to roost in our plum tree, but roved over the farm by day in search of grasshoppers. They built their nests in all sorts of places, and I got a nickel for every nest that I found.

The time had passed in Illinois when a farmer took his wheat to mill to be ground into flour. We bought ours in fifty-pound sacks from the grocery in Dalton, or if we happened to be in Decatur, father would stop at Hatfield's mill and buy a sack or two there. Probably he saved a few cents by so doing. Every farm wife in those days had to be a good breadmaker and mother was just as good as any of them. The dough was mixed up in the late afternoon and left over night in a warm place to rise. Next morning it was kneaded again, formed into loaves, and baked. It must have needed some sort of acquired sixth sense to know just how hot the oven should be, but mother knew, and presently out came half a dozen huge loaves of delicious bread, enough to last about three days.

Mother made her own yeast, too, but I do not know how she did it. It eventually appeared as a lot of little white cakes, about the size and shape of a marshmallow, all spread out on a breadboard to dry. In making yeast she had to have hops, which she kept in a little cloth bag. She knew a place south of Bethany where hops grew wild and we went down there once to replenish her supply.

In Bethany was a little mill that could grind corn and father would occasionally take a bushel or two down and return with freshly ground meal. We regarded cornbread as a southern food, to be scorned by us northern Republicans. So, if we did have it, it was eaten less as a staple than as a dessert to be served with sorghum molasses. But we did relish cornmeal mush. That was usually made on a Saturday. Mother had a big black iron pot, holding about two gallons and standing on four very short legs. This was filled about a third or half full of water, and when it started to boil the cornmeal was stirred in very slowly. The stirring could never stop, or the mush would stick to the pot. As the mixture became thicker, the steam rose through it in big bubbles, rising above the surface like a tiny volcano and exploding like a miniature eruption. Often little bits of mush were thrown out of the pot and they certainly burned if they fell on the face or hands. When the mush reached a proper consistency of thickness it was done. A part was brought to the supper table and served in bowls with milk, while Grandma Gleason told me how good Indian pudding had tasted in her girlhood days in Massachusetts. Most of the mush was poured into flat pans and allowed

to cool. Next morning, and succeeding mornings until the supply was exhausted, the mush was cut into slices, fried, and served with syrup for breakfast. There was a homely dish fit for a king, which can not be found in any New York hotel, which most people have never tasted and many have never heard of, but which tastes just as good to me at seventy as it did at seven.

That mush was stirred with a round stick about eighteen inches long, made and kept for the single purpose of stirring things in that same black pot. One of its chief uses was in making apple butter. I do not know where father got his cider. I am sure we had no cider mill, but probably some of our neighbors did. The fresh cider was boiled in that pot and stirred with that stick until it was nearly as thick as the mush. The result was apple butter, and it was canned in Mason jars to be eaten during the winter, and mighty good it was, too. I believe mother also put in a very little spice of some kind, probably cinnamon or nutmeg. Peach butter and grape butter were probably made the same way.

There was one curious feature about apple butter which I learned at an early age. It had to be stirred constantly and always in a clockwise direction. If stirred the other way, the apple butter would turn back to cider. Father told me so. Now I did not believe that, and he did not expect me to. Father was not superstitious about anything; he just liked to treasure up old beliefs like this one. Any why shouldn't he? We are all a product of the past, no matter how resolutely we turn our faces toward the future. A knowledge, or even a perpetuation, of some of the rituals of the past is good for all of us.

We seldom had soup, and then only one kind - potato soup. It was made with plenty of cream and butter and was the chief dish of the meal, served not as a tiny helping but in a big bowl, and not once but as many times as we wanted it.

Winter saw the arrival of pancakes for breakfast. Mother or the hired girl cooked them three at a time on a big griddle and the rest of us ate them about as fast as they were cooked. There was some sort of a standing joke about cooking a stack of them as high as the first joint in the stovepipe. Also, at least for one period in the winter, we had buckwheat cakes. We never raised buckwheat and I never saw a buckwheat field until many years later, so father must have bought the buckwheat flour from the store. Buckwheat cakes were never eaten except in cold weather. It was said that buckwheat was "very rich," and it was rumored that eating buckwheat cakes in warm weather was "bad for the blood" and would make pimples break out on the face. Making them was a different process, too. Ordinary griddle cakes depended on baking powder to rise, but buckwheat cakes used yeast. So a little of today's batter was always saved to start the rise in tomorrow's supply and we had buckwheat cakes every morning until the supply of flour was exhausted. The cakes had a slightly different texture from griddle cakes, being darker in color and tending to cook crisp around the edges. Both sorts of pancakes were eaten with sorghum

molasses or plain sugar syrup.

There was always a farmer in every neighborhood who raised a little sorghum for local use. I do not remember who it was in our vicinity, but I think he lived down toward Todd's Point somewhere. He would have his own simple machinery for extracting and boiling down the juice, and in the fall of the year father would drive down and get a gallon or two of this dark brown sticky syrup. It had quite a strong flavor which was very pleasant to me for the first day or so, but the taste soon began to pall. Some of our hired men liked it much better, probably because it had been the only form of sugar used in their poor communities in southern Indiana, where it was called "long sweetenin".

We always had chickens available for meat and the season started when the chickens of the spring crop were big enough to fry. After they outgrew the frying stage we ate them roasted or boiled, the former stuffed with dressing, the latter served with dumplings. Experience with fried chicken over the years has convinced me that the best of it is to be found in the Corn Belt in private houses on the farms, where the house wife and her mother and her grandmother have all been expert chicken-fryers. Do not try to find it in the restaurants; above all avoid it in the big restaurants where Italian and Greek chefs try to cloak their culinary ignorance by offering you their tough chunks of meat masquerading as Fried Chicken a la Maryland, or Southern Fried Chicken. Good fried chicken can be found in the South in private homes, or even in restaurants, if one can find a place in a smaller town where the cook is a woman raised on a local farm. Nevertheless, no fried chicken of the South can match that of the Corn Belt. This statement is based not on the rosy memories of my youth but on frequent experiences of many years right down to the present.

In the fall of the year, father would butcher a hog or two and I would watch the process with childish interest. A big kettle that must have held nearly a barrel of water was placed over a fire outdoors, usually behind the granary. When the water boiled, the hog was hoisted by a block and tackle, killed by cutting his throat, and lowered into the kettle to be scalded so that its hair could be scraped off. Then the carcass was deftly dismembered. The hams, shoulders, and bacon went to the smoke house to be cured, the spare ribs were partly eaten for our dinner and partly given to the neighbors, the lard was rendered in the kitchen, and the rest of the good meat made into sausage. This was packed tightly into gallon crocks, the same kind that we used for our milk, and covered by about an inch of the fresh hot lard. In that way it would keep indefinitely and it certainly went fine with hot cakes on cold winter mornings. The chief seasoning of the sausage was sage and I haven't the slightest idea where mother got it. Probably from one of the neighbors.

Two or three calves were born on the place every year and were ordinarily sold when they reached the proper age or size. I believe most of them went to Crowder, the butcher in Bethany. Once in a while father would butcher one

himself. Again the steer was killed, hoisted upside down by a block and tackle, and then skinned. The hide was sold in Bethany. We never cured beef by salting it down. For two or three days we had all the fresh beef we could eat, and a few big slabs were rubbed full of salt and dried for use in the winter, when it was chipped into small flakes and served with a cream sauce. Most of the meat had to be distributed to our neighbors, who "spoke for" a piece suitable in size to the number of mouths to be fed. So when a neighbor butchered his steer, we might speak for a rib roast or a part of the hind quarter or whatever else we wanted. It was a sort of cooperative arrangement by which many of us would have fresh meat at frequent intervals through the winter. During the summer we depended instead upon Crowder, the butcher. His meat wagons toured the country and called at every house once or twice a week. He announced his arrival by ringing a bell. Mother went to the front gate, found what he had available, and bought what she wanted. The steak was fried, not broiled, and the potatoes were cooked in the same pot with boiled beef. We sometimes ate beef liver when we butchered ourselves, but heart, tongue, kidneys, brains, and sweetbreads were never eaten. All those things were buried in the fields with the other refuse.

Mother was a great pie maker, custard pie and lemon pie at all times of the year, mince pie in the winter, fruit and berry pies in season or from canned fruit all the year round. Father's favorite was custard pie. Mine was gooseberry pie, served in a saucer, not on a plate, and covered with plenty of rich cream. Mother made cake too, usually a white layer cake with thick white frosting, or sometimes a sponge cake or a jelly roll. As a cakemaker she did not shine, but Aunt Ora did. Her Angel Food cake, made with eleven eggs, was something to remember, and mother was always envious of her sister's talent.

Ice cream was always a special treat. There were ice cream suppers now and then for the grown-ups, but I was too small to go to such "after dark" parties. Occasionally father would drive home from town with a big hundred pound cake of ice in the spring wagon, all wrapped in several thicknesses of gunny sack to retard its melting in our hot summer weather. Then mother mixed up nearly two gallons of the proper stuff, lots of rich cream, some eggs, and either vanilla or lemon extract. Father preferred the latter. Father brought out the two-gallon freezer and broke up the ice with an axe, always keeping it in a gunny sack so the chips would not fly. The freezer was filled and around it were packed layers of ice alternating with layers of coarse salt. Father and I took turns at the crank until the cream finally began to freeze. Then it was too hard for a small boy to turn and father finished the job. The dasher was pulled out, mother stood by with spoons, and it was father's prerogative to clean the dasher. He could pull it out so that a lot of ice cream stuck to it, but he always generously gave part of the "lickings" to mother and me. Then the freezer was packed with fresh unsalted ice and the whole wrapped tightly in gunny sacks until it was served. Probably company came in to dinner next day, to eat fried chicken and gravy, followed by big slices of fresh cake and big saucers of ice cream, with second

helpings to all who wanted them. That was real ice cream, not the manufactured stuff of today, heavily loaded with gelatine.

Our family did not have much of a celebration for Thanksgiving Day, notwithstanding my father's New England ancestry. Christmas was our big feast, but even then a Christmas tree was unknown and I am sure one could not have been bought. My stockings were hung up near the stove and I never worried a bit how Santa Claus was going to get down that stovepipe. Next morning, sure enough, the stocking was full, some popcorn, some small toys, may be a handkerchief or a pair of stockings, and always an orange or two down in the toe. After breakfast, mother got busy in the kitchen at once with a big turkey to stuff and roast. Presently some of our relatives arrived and by noon the dinner was ready, turkey with gravy and stuffing, potatoes, of course, every other kind of vegetable that was then available, and numerous kinds of pickles, jellies and preserves, followed by pie or cake and canned fruit. Birthdays were always celebrated at our house with a birthday cake, but there were never any candles or any presents, except the shining new dime which Grandma Becky always sent me in a letter.

I was almost eight when I started to school. By that time I could read anything and do almost any kind of arithmetic, and could write much better than the average youngster in school. Grandmother Gleason had died in September of that year and shortly after, I was sent off to school.

Harmony School was a plain, wooden, weather-boarded, rectangular building, painted a weather-worn white. It might have been twenty by thirty feet in size. The back wall was blank, the front wall had a single door in the middle. The side walls each had three windows, or was it four? Near the middle of the floor stood a potbellied stove, with the customary stovepipe running up through the ceiling. Inside this one room, a blackboard stretched across the rear wall, and in the middle of this wall was a platform about six inches high, with a cheap desk and a single chair for the teacher. On the front wall, which was actually the rear wall of the schoolroom, was a double row of hooks where the boys and girls hung their caps and tin dinner pails. There was a little vacant space in front of the rostrum where the classes stood to recite. The rest of the space, allowing for a reasonable clearance around the stove, was occupied by four rows of school desks, each seating two. The tops were hinged to open and expose a cubbyhole for books and slates and each desk had an inkwell. As might be expected, the seats and desks were liberally stained with ink and carved with initials.

The school yard was not distinguished from the adjacent church yard. Together they covered about an acre of ground. The frontage by the school was separated from the road by a scraggly untrimmed hedge with one official gap in it for an entrance and a few smaller holes made and maintained by the boys. Also there was a little shack, maybe six by eight feet, where a scanty supply of coal and wood were kept. Somewhere in the schoolyard was a shallow well and

its pump and in the far corners were two outhouses.

I do not know where the schoolteachers lived. Certainly they did not "board 'round" as the Hoosier Schoolmaster did. Ed McBurney lived down near Prairie Home and drove a horse and buggy to school. On the return trip he sometimes gave me a ride. Mr. Gibson was my first teacher, a very sedate man and probably the best teacher I had. My third and last was Mrs. Crozier, a grass widow from Decatur. Her grasshood was of recent date, and to celebrate it she taught us a song, of which the chorus was "He is gone, let him go, let him sink or let him swim."

School ran from about the first of October to about the first of May, but some of the bigger boys did not report until after corn shuckin' was done in the fall and disappeared in time for the spring plowin'. School "took up" at nine and one, and "let out" at twelve and four, making a six-hour day, less a quarter of an hour for each of the two recesses.

Every youngster walked to school. It was only half a mile for the Gleason cousins or the Shelton girls or the big grown-up daughters of Ballard Ekiss. But the Wilson children, all five of them, walked two miles and Arthur Mc Reynolds and his little sister, two and a half. I suppose that some of the kids had a ride sometimes, but if the roads were impassable for walking because of snow or mud, they were certainly also impassable for horses. In that case the scholars could only stay at home. There was probably a lot of absences during the middle of the winter. The long walk to school hurt no one. The boys were just as active at recess and lunch time as they are today, and just as eager for such rapid games as blackman and woodtag. Neither was there any cafeteria or hot lunch. The dinner pails came down from the hooks at lunch and the contents were devoured in a hurry to give more time for play. The contents were pretty much the same for all - sandwiches of jelly or apple butter or some other kind of preserve, maybe a piece of pie or a slab of cake, maybe an apple.

In this school there gathered every day thirty or forty boys and girls, ranging in ages from little six-year-olds to such big girls as "Juice" (Jerusha) Ekiss and Edna Freeland and to such young men as Frank Wilson and Cled Grace. They were organized into five grades, at that time called 'five readers'. I had learned so much at home that I was started in the fourth reader. The next two years I was in the fifth reader and I could never have gone any higher.

Every one, from first reader up, studied the three R's, reading, writing, and 'rithmetic, and spelling, in addition. The top two classes also had geography and grammar. When a class was called, the members stood in a row in front of the teacher's desk to answer his quizzing, or spell each other down, or do problems on the blackboard. For writing there was a copybook, with

some motto or moral printed across the top in beautiful script, and below fifteen or twenty blank lines. On these the scholar copied the text, imitating its style as best he could. I have forgotten everything I learned during those three years. Probably it was not much, for my home reading always kept me way ahead of all the others. There was no such thing as homework. We did our studying at our desks while other classes were reciting. There was the usual amount of forbidden whispering and writing surreptitious notes and throwing an occasional paper wad, but there was very little roughness, either in the schoolroom or on the grounds and I saw only one boy get a licking during my three years. Charley Ekiss and I had one awful fight, rolling and tumbling over each other in the dusty road and throwing dust in each other's faces until long after the school bell had rung. Neither of us was punished and I have long ago forgotten why we fought. Charley, when I saw him in 1951, had even forgotten that we ever fought. I could not forget that, because I was the one who got licked.

There were five games commonly played on the grounds. Prisoner's Base, I have forgotten completely. Ante-over consisted of one side throwing a ball over the top of the schoolhouse, where the other side tried to catch it and run with it. That was a game for bigger boys and I never played it or learned just how it was played. Then there was a sort of baseball, also strictly for the big boys, such as Ned Best or Archie Dickson or Linder Hill. The last two were for us little kids. In woodtag, one person was "it" and the others were safe as long as they were touching wood. When they left the wood and ran for another spot they were liable to be tagged and become "it" themselves. In blackman there were two bases scratched across the road fifty feet or so apart. The boy who was "it" stood between them, while the others tried to run from one base to the other. On their way, the "it" tried to catch one and pat him three times on the back. A boy so caught became another "it." They both tried to catch a third and so the game continued until all were caught. The last one to survive was naturally the biggest and fastest boy and he would run through the swarm of little fellows, knocking them in all directions like an open-field runner in modern football. There was no chance to play hide-and-seek at school since there were no good places to hide.

Harmony Church stood just south of the school on the same plot of land. No trace remains of either building now and the land has reverted to the estate of the original owner who donated it. It was the simplest sort of box like structure, with one or two doors in front, three or four windows on each side, and nothing behind. It had no steeple and no bell and its only mark of dignity was a broad wooden footwalk from the front door to the street, where it was elevated into a landing platform for ladies stepping out of the high buggies. North and south of the platform was a long row of hitching posts, and on the front walk most of the congregation lingered after services to greet their neighbors, talk about the crops, and exchange all the local news.

The church was Cumberland Presbyterian in affiliation. That was and probably still is unknown in the East, having originated early in the nineteenth century

among the settlers along the Cumberland River. Our church could not afford a minister of its own, but had to share one with one or two other churches. I suspect one of them was New Hope Church, which stood in the woods along Marrowbone Creek some four miles east of us. Preachers came and went, and I remember only a Mr. Woods, a tall dignified man of considerable age and wearing a great white beard. He was probably a very poor preacher, with sermons distinguished for length more than for quality. I remember better my astonishment at Aleck Freeland, another aging man with a big beard, singing bass and keeping time by waving his arm, or how I always sat between father and mother somewhere near the front, or how father always dropped a silver dollar in the contribution box. There were three tiers of seats and two aisles. The unattached boys and young men always sat at the north side, the girls and young ladies on the south, and the married folks and children in the broad central section. This custom was universal in the country churches. There was Sunday school preceding the church service, and I used to go sometimes, equipped with a penny for the contribution. It has left no impression on my memory whatever.

Once in a while, if the roads were good, we drove to Sanner Chapel. That was a little Methodist church about four miles west of us, which held its services in the afternoon. It was just like Harmony Church and no bigger, but it was always packed full of people who sang at the tops of their voices, which greatly pleased father.

The churches and the schoolhouse were the only buildings big enough to hold a party in, and they must have been very inconvenient because of the stationary pews and seats. I was too young to go to parties myself, but often heard the hired help talk about them. The popular kind was the box supper, the proceeds of which usually went to the church. The young ladies of the community each prepared a fine box supper for two, and they used every bit of cooking ability they had to make it really nice. Fried chicken and cake were the foundation, but there were other things too. These boxes were put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder among the young men, who thus secured not only their suppers but also a young lady to eat it with. That would be a very fair and impartial way to mix up the crowd if the owners of the boxes were completely anonymous. But it must be reported that the boxes were often gaily decorated with ribbons and such like, and it was strongly suspected that some of the girls did not hesitate to tell their very special young men just how the boxes could be recognized. So, if John was known to be sweet on Mary, and if John was observed to bid rather enthusiastically when a certain box tied with a blue ribbon was put up for bids, and if Mary was really one of the prettier girls of the neighborhood, then the other men would do everything they could to outbid John. That made for fun and heartaches and helped a good deal to increase the profits of the party. I can imagine that the bidding might get pretty active if there were more men than girls, too, and I feel sorry for the odd girls whose boxes were not sold at all when there were more girls than men, after they had spent the whole afternoon making the very best lunch they could and ironing and starching their prettiest dresses.

Dancing parties were strictly taboo, but there were occasional taffy-pulls in private homes. There was one at our house once, which was strange because we had no young folks approaching a marriageable age. The taffy was boiled on the stove until it reached the proper consistency and then apportioned out to be pulled by hand until it was stiff and brittle. The hands were buttered to keep them from sticking to the candy, but even then there were apt to be interesting complications when a young man and a girl were working together. It was always my bedtime long before the party was over and I have no idea whether there were other refreshments or games.

Fourth of July was second only to Christmas in its interest to me. Father would give me as much as thirty-five cents to buy firecrackers with, most of which were shot off at home. Always there was a big picnic in the woods just northwest of Bethany and if the weather was at all good, we were sure to go. They were all alike - hundreds of people in their best clothes, the older walking back and forth and talking with their friends, the younger making eyes at each other or walking around in pairs, the children scurrying and skylarking in every direction, and at least one of them in mortal fear of getting lost. Somewhere in the field there was a temporary bandstand with a band blowing away at short intervals all day. Elsewhere there were stands where one could buy a big drink of lemonade or a small dish of ice cream for a nickel, if one had the nickel, and I usually did, since father would endow me to the extent of fifteen cents or so. There were plenty of crude temporary tables and on these at noon the farm wives spread their best table cloths and opened up baskets of fried chicken and bread and butter and pickles and jelly and all sorts of other preserves. Usually a table was big enough for two or three families and they all shared their food together. Some time during the day there was a parade led by the band, and in my mind's eye I can still see those veterans of the Civil War marching down the road in their worn uniforms, then sturdy men in their forties and fifties, now everyone gone. Then we all sat down on the crude benches in front of the bandstand, and there was an invocation by some local minister, and more music, and a fiery address by some dignitary from as far away as Decatur, and maybe some one read the Declaration of Independence. We boys paid little attention to this part of the picnic. We were still too busy playing by ourselves. Then as the sun got farther into the west, most of the farmers knew they had to get home to do the milking. The buggies and spring wagons and surreys reappeared and were loaded and soon only the townspeople and a few of the farmers remained to see the fireworks.

I never got to see the fireworks. One summer I was promised that I could stay for them, but just about twilight a storm threatened and the clouds looked so angry that father hitched up the mules and got us home as fast as he could. Shortly after we were in the house there was a terrible storm, a tornado in fact, which blew across the country from west to east, touching down to the ground occasionally to wreck a barn or ruin an orchard, and then rising into the air again. I slept through most of this, but father and mother could hear its awful roar as it passed over our place, doing us little damage except some broken branches.

Years afterward I was telling about that storm to my friend Sam Record, professor of forestry at Yale. He lived just over the line into Indiana and well remembered that tornado because it tore down his father's chicken house, scattering White Leghorn hens far and wide. It was the only flock of white chickens in the neighborhood and many of them were returned unharmed by his neighbors.

In general, the climate of central Illinois left much to be desired. To quote Plupy Shute, it was usually either "brite and fair" or "rainy as time." Winter alternated between spells of warm weather and cold waves. During the thaw, the roads became a sea of mud, the fields were so wet that machinery could not be used in them, and I naturally spent my time indoors reading. Then some afternoon an ominous bank of dark gray clouds appeared in the northwest, the wind freshened, the thermometer began to drop rapidly, and we all knew that a cold wave was coming. By morning the temperature might be several degrees below zero. The roads were frozen into a mountain range of ruts, the fields were so frozen that plows or harrows could not be used, but many dilatory farmers could bundle up warmly in all their clothing and proceed with their corn shucking. There was never much snow and none of the boys had sleds. But March finally came, and with it balmy days that dried out the fields and set the farmers to work with their spring plowing.

Summer weather followed a perfectly regular pattern. For day after day the clear skies of the morning were soon interrupted by great white cumulus clouds which we called thunderheads, with rounded convoluted tops in which I could imagine people and animals and houses. These marched majestically across the sky from west to east while the temperature rose higher and higher, through the eighties, into the nineties, and sometimes even above a hundred. The mules were given a longer nooning and the farm hands took jugs to the field with them, filled with water sweetened with molasses and flavored with Jamaica ginger. At supper mother would be thankful for her gasoline stove and the big trees shading the house. Father would come in from his work wet to the skin with perspiration, slosh himself with lots of cold water, and say "By cracky, this has been a scorcher."

After three or four days of such weather, with the temperature getting hotter each successive day, and the thunderheads developing dark colored flat bases, the clouds would thicken up in the afternoon until the sky was completely overcast. They would twist and roll in all directions, lightning would dash from one cloud to another and from the clouds to the ground, the wind would increase and toss the branches of our big maples, the thunder would boom all around us, and presently the rain fell in torrents. Or we might escape an afternoon storm and get one after midnight instead. On such nights our usual sunset was hidden by a bank of black clouds in the west. No one could see them approach during the night, but sometime after midnight here came the wind and the vivid flashes of lightning, and the booms of the thunder, and the downpour of rain. By morning it was probably all over. Almost all our rains were followed by a day

or two of dark cloudy weather, possibly with a little rain, but some morning soon we awoke to a cloudless sky and saw the whole cycle start over.

Lightning was always a menace, threatening destruction by fire to every house and barn. Plenty of lightning rods were the only possible protection, and we had plenty. Also we never had a building struck or a tree injured by lightning. But once it apparently struck a wire fence and ran along the wire, jumping from the wire to a mule and then to the ground. Next morning we found the dead mule close by the fence. Years after we had left the farm, lightning struck the barn and was carried down by the lightning rod but not until it had damaged a cupola. The new house which we had built there, was also struck and completely destroyed.

A more frequent result of the hot sultry weather was the sunstroke. Every year men were stricken in our neighborhood; nearly every year we heard of someone who was killed by it. Women seldom suffered from it, and I believe that the chief contributing cause was too hard work, creating too much bodily heat at a time when the surrounding air was already above the normal bodily temperature. This mixture of water and molasses and ginger which the men drank in hot weather was supposed to be a preventive of sunstroke or something - at least it was regarded as a better drink than plain water for hot weather. Father tried to avoid the heat by building a seat on every kind of farm machinery and protecting the seat by a canopy overhead. I think he had the right idea.

Every few years there came a time when the usual cycle of weather failed. The big thunderheads continued to march, but their bases did not get black. By the end of the second week, farmers were wishing for rain; another week and they were worrying about their crops; a fourth week and all the little streams were dry and some of the wells, too. Then farmers had to start to haul water. Some used barrels which were inefficient, but others used the tank wagons from the threshing machines, which were equipped with a pump for loading. That meant tedious trips through hot weather to beg water from a more fortunate neighbor, or even to pump up the dirty water from the river at Bethany. With every week of drought the prospect of a good crop diminished and with it went the plans for an extra team of horses, or a new stove, or a new winter coat for the wife. I can not recollect that we ever had to haul water to our farm while I lived there. Our well was too deep to go dry. But in recent years, a drought in late summer affected a small triangle of Illinois land including our farm. There were excellent crops of wheat and oats before the drought started. The crop of soy beans was below normal, but still so much better than our neighbors' crops that our farmer was ashamed to say what it was. The corn, last to mature, bore the brunt of the drought and was ruined. From our whole farm we harvested not one single ear.

Excessive rain sometimes caused local damage by flooding some of the low areas and killing the young crops. If the rains were not too late, the land could be replanted and still yield a fair crop. Floods were rare after the first of July and never did a tenth as much damage as drought. The former affected just

small areas and could usually be avoided by proper tiling. The latter affected the whole farm and nothing could be done about it.

As a boy, my outdoor life was more or less at the mercy of the weather. During most of the winter and during rainy weather in the summer, I had to stay inside. That was no hardship to me as long as there was plenty to read. Even in pleasant weather my mother sometimes had to force me to go outdoors.

Having no one to play with except my yellow dog, I had to think up amusements for myself. I had a red wagon which I pulled around and when my cousins came to visit me we took turns giving each other a ride. I had a marvelous swing, made not of ordinary rope but of chain and infinitely strong. On it I learned to "work up" and "skin a cat." I usually had a bow to shoot Indians with, the first ones made of an umbrella rib, the last one much bigger and more powerful, made of Osage Orange. The arrows were mostly straight sprouts of maple. I started once to make a bicycle, but of course got nowhere with it. That may have been a reason why father got me a real one not long after. I had a hard time learning to ride it, but I finally succeeded and rode it all around the premises. The country roads were usually unfit for bicycles, but once I rode it clear round the section, four whole miles.

When my cousins came to see me we played hide-and-seek or unsuccessfully tried to ride one of the calves. Also my cousins always wanted to see the mules and they would stand in front of each stall, in turn, gazing at the mule in rapt admiration. They had the instincts of farmers and were looking forward to the time when they could cultivate corn and shock oats. I never had any such instincts at all although I steadily maintained that I was going to be a farmer when I grew up.

I have mentioned some of the small chores I had to do, but there was another which I acquired when I was about nine. That was to pump water for the livestock, fifty strokes on the pump. The pumping was hard because the well was deep and fifty strokes was quite a job. Later my task was increased to filling the trough, no matter how many strokes were needed. By the time we had left the farm, I had learned how to saddle and bridle one of the mules, but not to harness one, and I had learned to "hitch up" the mules to the buggy and to "unhitch" them, although I believe both jobs were always done under father's supervision.

Farm work was always interesting to me and often I followed the men into the fields and tagged along behind them while they worked, and sometimes I took out a jug of fresh cool water to them. There were many farm activities close to the house or barn which I always watched, such as whitewashing the chicken house, mending and oiling the harness, painting the machinery, or sharpening the tools on the grindstone. I was often drafted into service to turn the grindstone, a job which I never liked. It was hard work at best and it always seemed

to me that father bore down very heavily on the ax. These were all jobs that could be done in the winter, and that was also the season for repairing fences and spreading the manure. This was always done by hand, tossing the manure out of the wagon with a pitchfork. I never heard of a regular spreader, which does a much better job in less time.

Land which had been in wheat or oats was plowed in the late summer or fall if possible, and needed only a good harrowing before it was planted next spring. Corn land was left after the harvest with the tall stalks still standing. They were commonly broken down by dragging a long log through them, then raked into long rows and burned. Not until they were out of the way could the land be plowed. If the crop was harvested early and the winter was mild, some fall plowing could be done, but most of the corn land was not plowed until spring. All our plows were single-bottom. We never owned a gang plow, nor did our neighbors. Three mules were usually hitched to a walking-plow and the driver walked in the furrow behind. Father, of course, had a riding-plow. He often hitched five mules to it, worked them hard all morning, and then gave them a half day off, while he kept on all afternoon with a new team. Our harrow was a simple platform type with teeth about the size and shape of a railroad spike. We were among the first to get a disk harrow, with a lot of steel cutting disks, each slightly saucer-shaped so as to tear up the soil better. Father was always afraid I might be seriously hurt by a harrow and I was strictly forbidden to stand in front of one when the mules were hitched to it. For other machinery we had a mower and a hayrake for the hay, a roller which I think we seldom used, and the other special implements which I shall mention later. All of these were stored in the west end of the barn, together with a cart, a buggy, a spring wagon, the surrey and two big farm wagons.

In the seventies, eighties, and nineties, corn was by far the leading crop on the Illinois prairies. Wheat was raised on a comparatively small scale as a cash crop and oats had to be grown for horse feed, but corn was everywhere. Half of our land was usually in corn but many of the neighbors raised even a larger proportion. Already the days of planting corn by hand were long past. The whole population could not have planted that enormous acreage in the old-fashioned way. There had to be a machine, and the necessity had led to the invention of the check-rower planter. That was a small two-wheeled affair, just as wide as the width of two rows of corn, which I believe was three feet ten inches. Near each wheel was a small hopper for the seed corn and from each hopper a tube ran down and for a few inches into the soil. The depth of penetration could be adjusted to suit, depending on how deep the corn was to be planted. Now this tube was not continuously open, but was closed somewhere below the hopper and could only be opened by a special device. This is the way it worked. Stretched across the field from one side to the other was a wire, usually a quarter of a mile long. There were knots in this wire, spaced three feet ten inches apart. This wire passed through the crotch of a Y-shaped tripper on the corn planter. The tripper pointed somewhat forward. As the team pulled the planter forward, each knot

in turn caught in the crotch and pulled the tripper over backward until it reached an angle where the knot could slide out. Then a spring returned the tripper to its forward position ready for the next knot. The movement of the tripper opened up the tubes just long enough for four grains of corn to pass through it to the ground. Then the big flat-rimmed wheel passed over them, pressed the earth firmly around them, and left a broad flat track behind it. The one wire operated the tubes from both hoppers, so that two rows were planted at once. Planting was accompanied by a steady mild racket of click-clunk, click-clunk as the knot struck the tripper and then as it moved back.

This was a machine of considerable simplicity. It practically had to work. The real marvel of skill by the driver was the straight rows which it produced. Each end of the wire was fastened to a slender stake six or eight feet long and stuck vertically into the ground. At the end of the row the driver moved it over the width of four rows so that it was ready for the next round trip. Then he started his team back across the field, steering it toward the stake over there, which was the more easily visible because a red or white cloth was tied to the top of it. Of course the farmer tried to drive straight, but I still think that a good share of the remarkable straightness of those long rows was due to the sagacity of the horses themselves.

The accuracy of the rows was best seen when the corn was up and just a few inches tall. Now, as one rode down the highway and looked at an eighty-acre field, he saw every row marked in living green and perfectly straight for a quarter of a mile across the field. Now turn at the crossroad and look back at the field from the end. There were the rows again, still straight and now half a mile long. That required great care by the driver when he adjusted his check-wire at the end of each row. Not only were the cross rows straight, but so were the diagonals, and the half diagonals, and sometimes even the quarter diagonals. One could box the compass right around that field.

Of course not every field was straight. The cross rows sometimes showed a little deviation, but these were not abrupt slips due to an error in setting the poles, but a very gradual deviation from a straight line, resulting from the cumulation of several minute errors. A farmer was complimented for his straight rows and criticized for his crooked ones - never to his face, of course. My father would say "John got his rows kinda crooked in that forty" or "Jack probably went to sleep when he planted that field."

The corn was only a few inches high when it got its first cultivation, commonly called its first plowing. "Corn plowin'" was the simplest job on the farm and about the first job which small boys were permitted to do. The cultivator was a two-wheeled affair, with the axle arched rather high so as to pass over the corn as it grew taller, and bearing two sets of teeth on each side. These were suspended from handles so that they could be moved closer to or farther from the corn and could be adjusted to bite deeply or shallowly into the black soil.

The two horses ambled slowly down the rows and really needed no driving. The driver walked behind with the lines around his neck and steered the machine by its two handles. It took nearly ten minutes to make the end of the row and another ten minutes back again. The morning drags on, the sun grows hotter and hotter, the farmer's shirt is soaked with sweat, oftener and oftener he looks up at the sun to see how near it is to noon. The horses show more and more aversion to starting a new row. By and by the time has come, the sun is almost due south, the horses are unhitched, the man mounts one of them, and back they go to the barn. There the horses drink copiously of cool water, devour eight or ten big ears of yellow corn and a couple of quarts of oats, and then munch on hay for dessert. The farmer washes up with great quantities of cool water and then fills himself with meat and potatoes, new peas and homemade bread, and possibly a piece of cherry pie.

It was slow work and hard work in the old days. No sooner was the first plowing done than the second was started, but this time in the other direction, and then came the third, and if time permitted even a fourth. At the last one, whether third or fourth, the corn was "laid by." It might be too tall to work in any longer, or more likely the wheat was ripe and had to be cut.

For most farmers, the work on the corn was now finished until shucking time in October, but not so on our farm. We might have a late infestation of morning glories or even a few cockleburs (always pronounced cuckleburs in Illinois) which had to be cut out by hand, and sometimes the corn tended to send up suckers from the base which ought to be broken off. This was mighty hot work. No longer did one work in the open sunshine, for the corn was now six feet tall or even taller. But under that canopy of long leaves which cut one's face and wrists there was no breeze at all and the humid air was stifling. A cornfield at that time of year might be dangerous, too. Sunstrokes happened every year in central Illinois and if one was suddenly prostrated in the middle of a cornfield, it would be very difficult to find him. So the men stuck little stakes or little flags in the ground at the end of their row as a clue to their whereabouts. As a matter of fact, I never heard of anyone having a heat-stroke in a cornfield. They usually occurred in a wheat or oats field at harvest time or around a threshing machine a little later.

It is almost incredible how fast corn grew in that rich black prairie soil. On June first it was just a few inches tall, a little delicate plant. Three months later it was eight feet tall, its top white with a big tassel, the ear appearing lower down with its red silk. Another month and the tassel was wilted, the ear was full size, and the leaves were beginning to dry up. On a sultry windless night in July, when people were unable to sleep in their hot rooms, they could actually hear the corn growing. A low delicate rustle arose from the field, too low to hear over the bustle of daytime, perhaps not even produced by day, since it is well known that plants grow faster at night. It was probably produced by the leaves unrolling as they developed, with one surface sliding gently over another.

Some time toward the end of October, the farmers began the big job of shucking. No one ever heard of husking corn in Illinois; the leaves that enclosed the ear were called shucks and the harvesting process was shucking.

Shucking corn was exceedingly hard work. Not only was considerable muscle needed, but the work was very hard on the hands. Gloves studded with metal

rivets were commonly worn and there was a metal spike attached to one thumb. Even then the shucker's hands became cracked and chapped and every night he treated them with witch hazel or salve, or a mixture of glycerine and bay rum, according to his personal preference.

The day's work began by attaching two additional sideboards or "bump boards" to one side of the big wagon. The wagon was pulled by two mules and straddled a row of corn which had already been shucked. The mules were not driven, but took care of themselves, stopping at "Whoa" if the shucker was a little behind, or proceeding at "Gid ep." The shucker handled two rows of corn at once. A quick motion stripped the shucks down to the base, a quick gouge with the steel spike broke off the ear, a single motion tossed it into the wagon. There was the noise against the bumpboard, followed almost immediately as the next ear arrived. When the wagon was full, and it held thirty-five or forty bushels, it was driven to the crib and the corn shoveled off by hand. The day's work could not be very long because of the short autumn days, less than twelve hours from sunrise to sunset, or, as we always said, from sunup to sundown, with an hour off for dinner and more time off for unloading into the crib.

Some corn must have been taken direct from the crib to market in town; some was always stored in the barn for horse feed, but most of it was put in a crib. The typical cribs, which dotted the country by the hundred, were rail cribs of the type already described. They had plenty of ventilation and no one seemed to be troubled by spoilage of the grain. But in those days no one gave any attention to the moisture content of the grain and a reduction in the selling price because of excess moisture was unheard of.

We had a fine granary on our farm which father designed himself and built with the help of his hired man. I was much impressed by father's ingenuity in designing and building it. The lumber was mostly of hardwood, sawed at a local mill near Bethany and probably cut from our own woodlot. It was based on a series of "bents" which were set erect on a solid foundation and about four feet apart. Each bent was a rhomboid figure, about eight feet high and wide, but a foot or so wider at the top than at the bottom. The two horizontal pieces were about two by eight inches. At each end of these were two nearly vertical pieces fastened to the horizontals by heavy bolts rather than by nails. This rhomboid shape meant that the bent could not give or sag in any direction. Then the floor was covered by ordinary boards, the sides by slats set about two inches apart for ventilation, and the top covered by a roof. There were two series of these bents with a driveway between and the roof covered the whole.

There was no sentiment attached to the growing of corn, even though it was the farmer's chief source of cash. No one ever held a husking bee; no one ever recited Whittier's "Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard." Corn-growing was strictly business. Nevertheless, the young men on the farms and the hired hands took great delight in their prowess as corn shuckers and liked to brag in a

quiet way how they shucked a hundred bushels last Monday or some similar feat. They looked with suspicion on one who claimed to average a hundred bushels although there were many who had beaten that figure in a single day. Our big hand, Ab Lambdin, made a special effort once and got in a hundred and sixty-odd bushels. He was probably in the field at daylight and kept right at it until it was too dark to see, finishing up by unloading his last wagon after dark. I do remember that he was completely exhausted and that mother had to help him take care of his poor abused hands. Probably seventy-five bushels was a good average for an able-bodied man.

Just consider what seventy-five bushels of corn means. In the short fall days, the shucker probably worked about ten hours. There are about one hundred twenty ears of corn to a bushel. That amounts to nine thousand ears, or nine hundred every hour, or fifteen every minute, or an ear every four seconds. That is real work. And then think of our man who shucked considerably over a hundred bushels. We can assume that he spent as many hours as possible in the field, but he must have tossed an ear into that wagon every two seconds all day long.

On our farm of 240-acres we usually had about half of it in corn, and that produced a crop of about five thousand bushels and required about seventy days work in shucking. Our two hands worked at it every day as the weather permitted and father helped to some extent. We tried to get all our corn into the cribs by Thanksgiving and we usually did it, too. But some farmers laid off their hands in the fall and undertook to get the crop in themselves. October usually had fine weather, but as winter approached the days got shorter, and the ground muddier, and the hands sorer. Shucking dragged on and on. Christmas came and went, and sometimes January too, and I have seen some fields with the farmer still at work in February. Farmers observed such a state of affairs as they drove to town or to church and commented on it. "I do believe John ain't got his corn all in yet." But their comment was one of sympathy rather than of criticism and quite unlike the sarcasm with which they pointed out an unkempt hedge or crooked corn rows or a plow left out in the weather.

With the corn all in the cribs, the farmer's real worry began, and that was when to sell it. Once or twice a week, he drove into town for the mail and groceries and always he stopped at the elevator to inquire.

"What are you payin' for corn today?"

"Thirty-eight and a quarter."

Shall he sell it right now, before the price drops to 36? Or shall he hold on and hope it will go up to 40 next month? How can he know, and how can the dealer know? How can anybody know what those sharpers in Chicago will do on the Board of Trade? So the farmer goes home to meditate, fully aware that the past opportunity is irrevocable and the future problematical.

Eventually the fatal day arrives. The farmer drives into town almost per-

suaded to sell his corn no matter what the price. The same dialogue begins.

'What's corn worth today?'

"Thirty-nine and a half."

Three minutes of heavy silence.

'Well, I guess you can have it.'

"How much you got?"

"'Bout forty-two hundred."

'When can you start haulin'?' "

"Tomorrow if the weather's all right."

And that seals the bargain. No contract, no witnesses, just a word of mouth agreement between two men who have known each other for years.

Next day the hauling began. The big wagon was loaded with forty-odd bushels of corn, laboriously shoveled in by hand, the farmer or the hired man climbed to the high seat, and the two horses plodded slowly to town, over the hard roads worn deep with ruts, or the dry roads with dust rising like a cloud behind the wagon, but never over muddy roads. No team of horses could haul a load of corn over an Illinois road when it was muddy. If a light buggy or an empty wagon met a load of corn, it turned out and gave the whole right-of-way to the load. If a buggy caught up with a load, the driver watched for a favorable place in the road to turn out and dash by. Corn was king in central Illinois and the king always had the right-of-way.

Of course opinions differed about the best time for selling. Some farmer was probably hauling corn to town on any specified date. The chances were that on any trip into Dalton one to several loads would be seen, the wagon loaded with a ton or more of corn, the driver with a ton of apprehension that he had picked the wrong time to sell. Arrived in town, the wagon was driven to the platform scales of the dealer and weighed. Then it was hauled up the ramp into the elevator and dumped and the empty wagon weighed. There was no testing for moisture content in those days and consequently no deduction for too moist grain.

From our farm a man could make three round trips a day, provided the driver got an early start and had a rather late midday dinner after the second trip. A little farther from town the farmer might make two trips a day. In the center of that big quadrangle without a railroad, between Decatur, Pana, Windsor, and Sullivan, only one trip a day was possible. If a hand was earning seventy-five cents a day, the cost of hauling was about two cents a bushel and that might easily be five per cent of the price of the corn.

Most corn in our neighborhood was sold on the ear and shelled at the

elevator. Some times a corn sheller visited the farm instead. It was a big machine but considerably smaller than a thresher, drawn and powered by a steam engine. Ear corn was shoveled in and shelled corn delivered directly into the wagons. It worked pretty fast and all the neighbors turned out to help haul the grain to town.

While the largest part of the corn was sold and shipped away, there were other uses for a part of the crop. A good supply was always needed for animal food. In every barn was storage space close to the horse stalls, and one job for a small boy was to take the bare cobs from the mangers and carry them to the kitchen for fuel or more likely to the woodhouse to be burned later. All farmers had to save out a supply of ear corn to be used for seed the following season. I believe they allowed six quarts of corn to plant an acre and that would mean a total of twenty-five to forty bushels of seed corn for our farm. Father always selected this corn personally with considerable care, not accepting any ears which were small or crooked or with variously colored grains, or not well filled out at butt and tip. This was stored on the ear and next spring was shelled on a hand sheller, a little machine about three feet high and two feet wide, operated by a fly-wheel and crank on one side. Corn was fed in one ear at a time through a hole on the top. The ear passed between two rough plates which rubbed off all the grains, delivered them through a spout into the sack, and discarded the cobs in another direction. Some farmers would "shock" a part of the corn. A man with a corn knife with a blade about two feet long, whacked off the stalks of corn near the base, carried several armsful of them to one spot and stacked them up together in a shock. There they stood until they were needed for cattle food in the winter, when they were piled on a wagon and hauled in.

Then there was always the possibility of feeding the corn to a drove of hogs. Some farmers always raised them, some never did. My father fluctuated from one extreme to the other. To me, pigs were a standard part of the farm. I think we always had a few, at least enough to eat up the garbage and furnish our own supply of hams and bacon. Some springs there would be an unusually large crop of little pigs, but I do not remember whether father had bought any additional breeding stock or not. All spring and summer they ranged about the big orchard or were out in the pasture. By fall they were either in the pasture or foraging in the cornfield after the shuckers. All winter they devoured great quantities of yellow corn and late in the winter or early in the spring they disappeared.

That was all very fine if the price of corn was low and pork was high. But the farmer had no assurance that corn was not going up and pork down, so that he would lose a lot of money by the time his hogs were ready for market. Also there was the constant threat of hog cholera, which might sweep off an entire drove in just a few days. Inoculation for cholera was, of course, unknown in those days. With two chances for unfavorable changes in price and one terrible chance of cholera, hog raising was a precarious matter.

The raising of wheat and oats was quite different from corn, so far as labor was concerned. The ground was prepared in the same way as for corn but it had to be done in the late summer or early fall. Planting was done more expeditiously and after that no labor was necessary until harvest time.

My father believed in sowing oats early, certainly in March, sometimes even in late February, if there was a thaw and the fields were not too muddy to drive into. Oats were sown broadcast. Since the weather was apt to be cold and raw, I did not go out to watch the process and I have no remembrance of the details. There was some sort of a broadcasting machine fastened to the endgate of the wagon. The supply of seed oats was in the wagon and was shoveled into the hopper of the machine. I have no idea how the machine was powered, but I do remember the cloud of oats scattered far and wide in a great half-circle behind the wagon.

Wheat was planted in September after the ground was plowed and thoroughly harrowed. Father had a wheat drill, a light machine on two wheels easily pulled by two mules. The body was a trough-shaped affair with a series of vents about six inches apart along the bottom. The trough was filled with seed wheat which was delivered in a slow stream through the vents. Below each vent an iron tooth opened up a little trench in the soil to just the right depth. Farmers were not so careful about getting absolutely straight rows with their wheat, but it is obvious that a gap would be left unplanted if two trips of the drill crooked away from each other, and that the ground would be planted twice if the crooks overlapped. Father and mother used to speak approvingly of the nice straight rows in a wheat field or somewhat critically of crooked rows.

Wheat was ready to cut early in July. It was an old saying in our neighborhood that one went to the Fourth of July picnic one day and started cutting wheat the next. Oats were generally ready about two weeks later, about the middle of July.

Father remembered back to the days of the cradle, which was only a slight improvement over the scythe. He had used the early forms of reapers invented by McCormick, which were really the first great agricultural invention of the nineteenth century. They cut the grain by a sickle-bar which delivered it on a platform. From that it was gathered into bundles and bound by hand by a wisp of the grain itself. Such machines were obsolete by the eighteen-eighties, replaced by the self-binder. I remember when father bought his new Osborne binder in the middle eighties. I believe he was never so proud of any other machine. His first job was to build a canopy over the high seat, so that he could ride in the shade while he drove the five mules which were necessary to pull the big machine. At the right of the machine was the delivery platform where the grain fell when cut, but this platform had now become a conveyor belt which carried the grain to the left, toward the body of the binder. Along the forward edge of this platform was the sickle-bar. Suspended over it was the reel, a

contrivance something like the paddle wheel of a stern-wheel steamer. Off go the mules. The blades of the reel, descending into the grain, press it back against the sickle-bar. The straws fall parallel on the platform and travel off. Steel fingers dive into the straw and press it into bundles. When the bundle reaches the proper size, and that takes only a few seconds, a miracle happens. A length of manila binder twine passes around the bundle, clever mechanical fingers tie it into a knot and cut it off, and a compact sheaf of grain drops off in the field. There is a steady grumble of cogwheels and chains, a steady whirr of the sickle-bar, a steady swish of the reels against the grain, an almost continuous clink-clank of the knotter as one sheaf after another drops on the ground. All of these operations were powered from the two big drive wheels. Quails, prairie chickens and meadow larks were flushed and flew away in all directions, rabbits galloped in terror across the stubble. Behind the binder came the hired man gathering the bundles by hand. The word 'sheaf' was never used for them. Three bundles were stood erect on the ground and a certain number - six, I believe - were stacked around them. One bundle was bent just above the twine and spread out fanwise to make the cap for the shock. Even a small boy could soon learn to shock and help in the work, but it was a hard job. All day on one's feet, walking about twice as far as the binder drove, the thermometer in the nineties, clothes soaked in sweat; no wonder the shockers were glad to stop at the end of the quarter-mile row. There in a shady place under the hedge, was a two-gallon jug containing the usual mixture of water, sorghum molasses, and Jamaica ginger, generally believed to be more healthful on a blistering day. In turn, the men take out the corncob stopper, give the jug a flip over the elbow and drink deeply of the liquid which gurgles out. The small boy admires the ease and skill with which they do it, but he is not yet strong enough to do it himself and goes back to the house to drink out of a tin cup at the well or a long-handled dipper from the bucket in the kitchen.

The whole story of agricultural invention has been the shortening of labor hours, partly by replacing handwork by machines and partly by the elimination of useless or unnecessary processes. In the eighties most farmers drove through the fields after harvest, loaded the shocked grain on hayracks, and again piled it up in huge stacks to await the arrival of the threshing machine. It is clear that sooner or later the grain must be brought to the thresher, but farmers soon began to suspect that it might wait in the shock just as well as in the stack. Many farmers in our neighborhood still stacked their grain but many others, including my father, gave up stacking.

Another early improvement on the binder came during my boyhood and that was the bundle carrier. Now the sheaves, properly tied, were collected on this carrier until there were enough for one shock and then dumped in a pile. That saved the shockers a great deal of hard work. I believe the bundle carrier as I knew it was not automatic but was tripped by the driver when it held the right number of bundles. That would probably involve counting, but an automatic

counter could be used or an automatic tripper developed. I am sure that the bundle carrier soon became automatic in its operation.

There was a still bigger improvement soon to come, but its use in Illinois had to wait for the development of the gasoline engine.

Even in the eighties I had heard my father speak of a 'header' - a machine which cut the straw only a short distance below the heads and left the useless part of the straw in the field. The header may be regarded as the precursor of the modern combine, which harvests and threshes the grain in one operation. Combines were in use on the huge grain farms of the western states and Canada even when they were drawn by horses. They required a lot of room to turn around at the end of the swath and also needed more horses than most Illinois farmers owned. With gasoline for power, which is considerably cheaper than horsepower, and with the high cost of labor, which is more or less offset by the higher price of grain, the combine now justifies its high initial cost, and the binder and the old-fashioned threshing machine have almost disappeared from central Illinois.

Threshing the grain was a great event. It affected the entire family, but to a small boy it was the most exciting time of the year, even surpassing Christmas. It must be noted right now that the word was always pronounced "thrashing."

It probably began late some afternoon with the arrival of the threshing machine which had just finished a job on some other farm. We heard the whistle down the road and I ran for the front gate to open it wide. Here it came, drawn by a real steam engine up in front. Behind the engine was the water tank, behind it the big separator, and last of all the stacker. How they ever made the turn from the road through the gate I can not imagine, but they did it, and steamed across the calf lot into the barnyard, and through it into the pasture through a gap in the fence made for that especial purpose. Then the stacker was placed in just the right position to dump the straw just where father wanted the strawstack to stand, and coupled to the separator by a leather belt to furnish the power. Quite a distance back the engine was placed, to lessen any danger from sparks, and a small hole was dug for each drive wheel to keep the engine in its proper place. A long belt was stretched from the flywheel to the separator. The tank was close to the engine and connected with it by a hose. Usually the engine crew went home for the night, but sometimes they slept at our house.

Early next morning neighbors appeared from all directions to help. No one was hired for money. Every one worked by trading a workday. Before the crew was at our house, our men folks would be helping other farmers. It seems to me that it needed twenty-nine men for threshing, but I can not remember where they were all placed. There were men with pitchforks in the field

to pitch bundles of grain from the stacks or the shocks on to the big hay wagons, and men with pitchforks on the wagons to drive them to the threshing machine and unload. There were always two wagons there, one on each side, so there must have been at least four wagons to haul. On the end of the separator nearest the engine stood two big boys or young men, one on each side, to "cut bands" which meant to cut the binder twine which bound each bundle. That was supposed to be the easiest job and boys began their experience there, graduating to more important jobs as they grew older and stronger. Between these boys was a man who fed the cut bundles into the machinery. What happened after that was invisible, but on the side of the machine was a little chute through which a steady stream of wheat or oats was delivered. There, more men drove away with the wagons and a lot of wagons were needed if the grain was going directly to market. At the far end of the separator the straw was delivered to the stacker and carried up a long platform on a conveyor belt to be dumped off at the end. There it was received by more men who skillfully spread it out to form what soon became a great stack of straw. This platform could swing over nearly half a circle, so the strawstack was rounded on one side and concave on the other, and it was always placed with the rounded side to the northwest. That was the direction our cold waves came from, so the cattle could stand in the sheltered hollow on the lee side and munch straw during stormy weather. Sometimes father would build a crude frame of rails and cover it with straw to give the cattle still better shelter. Almost lastly, there were two men on the engine to keep it going properly and last of all, a water-boy with a bucket and a long-handled dipper, who was in constant demand and was really about the busiest person on the field.

Everybody was busy, everybody was hot and sweaty, everybody was liberally sprinkled with chaff. But the stackers were the busiest and the chaffiest of all. The band cutters got a moment of rest while an empty wagon drove off and a full one drove up. The drivers got a breathing spell while they drove back to the field. No one else got a break unless the engineer stopped the engine, which he would probably do once in a while. Then the loud clank of machinery ceased; in the silence one could talk and be heard, and men could wipe their faces with their red bandannas. But the poor water-boy got no rest at all. He was always busy.

Meanwhile great culinary feats were under way in the house. Mother and the hired girls and probably also Aunt Ora or Aunt Hattie were cooking a magnificent dinner for all those twenty-nine men. The gasoline stove and the woodstove were going full blast and the whole kitchen was like a furnace. The butcher had brought out a special order of meat, three or four different kinds of it. A big supply of baker's bread had been sent down from Decatur, for baker's bread was then considered a treat. The women were boiling and roasting and frying the meat and also several of our chickens, and cooking every kind of fresh vegetable which our garden afforded. The day before they had made a supply of cakes and pies and had opened up jars of all kinds of pickles, preserves, jams, and jellies. Besides that, they were cooking big pots of coffee and it is even possible that father had brought out some ice for the drinking water.

It must be stated that this threshing day dinner was the house wife's supreme test. If a man's reputation depended on trimmed hedges and straight rows of corn, a woman's - at least among the men folks - depended primarily on her threshing day dinner. Father used to tell of a woman who lived a little way to the south of us. He was there for dinner with the rest of the threshing crew, and pie was served for dessert. After each man tasted his pie he passed it to his neighbor, and the pie traveled down the end of the long table where the last man threw it out the window.

At half past eleven the whistle blew on the engine and everyone stopped work. The men took the bandannas from around their necks, where they had kept chaff and wheat beards from getting down their backs. Everyone washed in cold water and then proceeded to demolish the dinner. Heaping dishes were passed from hand to hand around the table, and as soon as one was emptied a woman appeared with another. The men helped themselves to huge portions and devoured them with incredible speed, until at last their appetites were satisfied. No time was wasted after dinner, although they did walk back to the machine a trifle slower than they had come to dinner.

Our threshing would usually be finished in a single working day, or sometimes two days were needed. Before supper time the fields which had been dotted with shocks were merely yellow stubble. A great stack of straw was standing in the pasture, the men and the wagons had disappeared, the engine had lined up its train of machinery and was puffing down the road to some neighbor's home, where the whole story would be repeated the next day. Father and our other men would be there too, to repay the day's work which they had received. Threshing would continue for a month or so and it would be well into August before it was all done. Then our men folks would stay at home for a change and start the fall plowing for next year's crops.

Finally came the spring of 1892 and one day father told me that he had bought a house in Decatur. Also he bought Dexter and Barney, two handsome black horses for the surrey, for it was clear that mules would never do for city dwellers. Crops were planted and harvested as usual but in the fall, preparations were made for moving. Jim Shelton rented the farm and took over most of the stock and machinery. Household goods were packed on the wagon and hauled away. On October sixth the last goods were packed and gone. Father and mother and my little sister and I climbed into the surrey and followed. My days as a farm boy were over.

During the next seven years I had frequent opportunities to visit the farm. In 1899 I was there to attend a big picnic held on the ample lawn of our calf lot. Although I could not realize it then, a full quarter of a century was to elapse before I saw the farm again, and during that twenty-five years an agricultural revolution took place. When next I visited the farm, Jim Shelton had gone and his son, Will, had taken his place. Horses had gone and we drove out to the

place in an automobile over a paved road. The roads had been narrowed and the miles of hedge-rows had all disappeared. The old house had gone; so had the cellar and the woodshed and many of the big maples. Tractors were doing the work and hybrid corn and soy beans were growing in the fields. The house had electricity and plumbing and a telephone. The old order had changed completely; the old way of life was rapidly being forgotten.



## THE NEW ENGLAND ANCESTORS

of

HENRY MILTON GLEASON

Every person has four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, sixteen great-great-grandparents, and so on, the number doubling with each successive generation. It is easy to see that we people of the twentieth century had a large number of ancestors in the seventeenth, and two or three times that many in the sixteenth. Fortunately for those who wish to know the names of these ancestors, records of births, marriages, and deaths were kept with considerable regularity and accuracy by the early churches of New England as far as the time of the Revolutionary War and in some churches much longer. Then other denominations began to increase in popularity and they tended to keep fewer and fewer records. Other types of records have also often been preserved, such as citizenship, wills, purchases of land, and service on juries or in the army and the militia. Most of these records have now been printed or filmed, indexed, and deposited in libraries, so that they are easily available to the public.

Very little is known about our more remote ancestors who lived and died in England. Most of them are completely unknown; even the county in England whence they migrated has usually been forgotten. With two or three exceptions they were probably farmers or small tradesmen. It is doubtful whether more than two or three could have been called 'gentlemen' under the prevailing English custom.

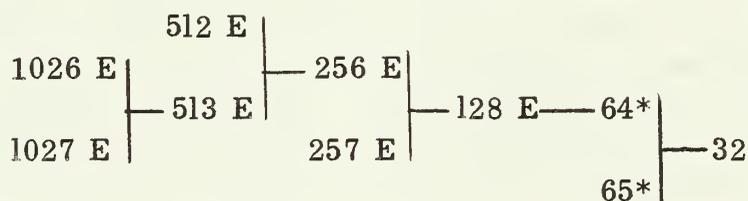
So far as we know today, all the ancestors of Henry M. Gleason were in New England before 1650. There are some missing branches in his family tree, however, so that a few now unknown to us may have arrived at a later date.

In presenting this history, every one of Henry M. Gleason's ancestors has been given a number, to each man an even number, to his wife an odd one just one higher than his own. Thus the wife of number 48 is number 49; the husband of number 17 is number 16. Also, to each father is given a number just twice the number of his son or daughter. Thus the father of number 12 is number 24, while his mother is number 24 plus 1, or 25. Figured in the other direction, the son or daughter bears a number just half that of the father. Thus the wife of 100 is 101, while 50, being an even number, represents their son, who married 51.

Half of 50 represents their daughter 25, who of course married 24. This system of numbering enables us to keep the lines of ancestry straight, but has the disadvantage of soon mounting, in the older generations, to large and unwieldy numbers. Since we start with Henry M. Gleason as 1, we find that his known ancestors seldom need more than three figures to number them, although a few go as high as four thousand.

For convenience, the history is divided into five sections, based mostly on where the people lived in New England. In general, each section begins with the immigrants from England and included with each is anything we may know about their English homes and ancestry. The section then continues with successive generations down to one particular person, who closes the section and ties it in with a similar person in another section.

### Section 1 - Boston Bay Colony and the Early Gleasons



In this and following similar diagrams, E means residents of England; \* indicates an immigrant.

The dissenter movement away from the Church of England grew so rapidly in the first half of the seventeenth century that probably a majority of the population left the established church. These people, generally known as Puritans, under the leadership of Oliver Cromwell, defeated the King's armies and took over the government of the country for several years. The settlements around Boston harbor were largely by Puritans, not to be confused with the little group of Pilgrims which landed at Plymouth in 1620. Of course many other immigrants landed at Boston because of its excellent harbor, and soon moved away to Plymouth, Cape Cod, or even Connecticut.

Thomas Gleason(64) was certainly born in Sulgrave, Northampton County, England in 1607, and was married there to Susanna Page. He and his wife arrived in America in 1635 (1637 by some accounts) and lived all their lives at Watertown or Cambridge. He died in 1686; she died in Boston, January 24, 1681. Marshall Wilfred Gleason (p. 289 in the Gleason Genealogy) made a special trip to England to verify the dates stated above and his marriage. The Gleason Genealogy traces his ancestry back, with almost certain accuracy, to Robert Leeson (512) who married Susan Stotesbury (513), daughter of Thomas Stotesbury (1,026) and Cicely Brailes (1,027), and died about 1556; through

Thomas Leeson (256), who lived at Sulgrave, married Joan Lowe (250), and whose will is dated August 13, 1614, and probated September 14 of the same year; and Thomas Leeson (128), who apparently died between 1621 and 1628.

The will of Thomas Leeson (256) has been published and is interesting reading:

The laste Will and Testamente of Thomas Leeson of Sulgrave, in the County of Northh Gentell being made this XIIIth day of August, Anno 1614.

In the Name of God Amen; I Thomas Leeson of Sulgrave in the County of Northt afforesaid Gentellmen being sicke in boday butt in perfecte memoery of mynde doe mak and ordayne this my laste will and testamente & ffirst I bequeathe my sole into the hands of the Almighty God my Saviour and redeemer and my body to be buried in the prishe Churche yarde of Sulgrave and my bodye to be layde neere my late wife deceased and towards the repaire of wch Churche I give three shillings and foure pence and to the poore of the saide town of Sulgrave I give xxs to be distributed according to the discretion of my Executor that shal be by mee made by this my laste Will as folloethe: It. I give and bequeathe to my sonne Thomas Leeson one of my best silver spoones. It. I give and bequeathe to my daughter Susan one silver gilte bole and a gilte silver spoone. It. I give and bequeathe to my sonne in lawe William Steavens one of my best silver spoones. It. I give and bequeathe to my daughter Jane Pargiter one of my best silver spoones the press and the couver cubbarte wch standethe in my chamber & a wainscott cheste. It. I give and bequeath to my daughter Elsiee Leesone wife to my sonne Aurther Leeson one gilte salte with a cover. It. I give and bequeath to my sister Bridgett Haynes wiffe of Thomas Haines of Mollington one of my lesser silver spoones and a paire of my better sort of sheetes. It. I give and bequeath to every one of my children's children five shillings a peece to be payde to them by my Executor within one halfe yeare nexte after my decease. It. I give and bequeathe to ny sarvante Alice Page one mattrise a blanckett and a paire of my course sheetes. It. I give and bequeathe to my sonne Arther Leeson all the reste of my goods and cattell wch are as yett ungiven and Bequeathe whome I doe make and ordaine sole Executor of this my laste will & testamente trustinge hime to see these foresaide legasies pformed my debtes payde and my funeral discharged and see in all other points this my last will to be pformed accordinge to my trewe intente and meanninge herein. In witnes whereof I have hereunto sett my hande and seale the daye and yeare first above written. It.

Lastly I doe ordaine and constitute my wellbeloved ffrends Mr. Thomas Courte Vicker of Sulgrave afforesaid and Mr. Robarte Washington of the same Esquire to be overseeres for the trewe pformance of this my last Will & Testament and to eyther of them I give iis for theirre paines.

Thomas Leeson

Witnesseth hereunto.

Hugh Ladde

Willm Ladd

John Combes

It is interesting to note that his servant, Alice Page, has the same surname as the wife of Thomas Gleason (64). Sulgrave is the ancestral home of George Washington's family and it may be still more interesting to note that Robert Washington was a "well-beloved friend."

From the little that can be learned from early records, it would seem that Thomas Gleason (64) was of a somewhat arbitrary disposition, which not infrequently got him into trouble with the authorities on minor matters of conduct. He finally leased certain lands on the west side of Mystic Pond. A question rose as to the rightful ownership of these lands and the town of Charleston sued Thomas Gleason to obtain possession. All of his resources were used in the litigation which followed and the case was still unsettled when he died.

It is not known when or where or why the initial G was prefixed to his name. It was apparently done in England, since others named Gleason remained there, were on the losing side in the Cromwellian wars and deported to Ireland, where they gave rise to a numerous progeny, many of whom are now in America.

Thomas and Susanna Gleason (64, 65) had nine children, of whom the eldest may have been born in England. The Gleason Genealogy was unable to trace any of the later history or descendants of Philip, Mary, or Ann.

1. Thomas, born 1637, married (1) Sarah -----, (2) Mary -----. He died in 1705, leaving an estate of 249 pounds. He had seven children.

2. Joseph, born in Watertown, Massachusetts, 1642, and died at Sudbury, November 20, 1715. He married first Martha, daughter of William and Martha Russell, who died in Sudbury March 2, 1684. He then married Abigail, daughter of Joseph and Sarah (Gale) Garfield (1646-1726). He had nine children.

3. John, born at Watertown, 1647, and died before September 30, 1689, when an inventory was taken of his estate, amounting to 28 pounds 7

shillings. In 1673 he married Mary, daughter of James and Mary (Goodnow) Ross. They had four children. He was a soldier in King Philip's War, 1675 and 1676.

4. Philip, born at Watertown, 1649-1651, and died in Framingham about 1690. He was a soldier in King Philip's War.

5. Nathaniel, born 1651. He was killed on the night of April 21, 1676, in the Sudbury fight with King Philip, in which the brave Col. Wadsworth and his men, about 50 or 60 in number, were ambushed and most of them killed.

6. Isaac (32), of whom see the notes below.

7. William, born at Cambridge, 1655, and died there January 14, 1690/1. He married Abiel Bartlett and had seven children.

8. Mary, born at Cambridge, October 31, 1657.

9. Ann, born at Charlestown, 1659, died about 1741.

Isaac Gleason (32) was born at Watertown in 1654. He enlisted for King Philip's War and marched west to Springfield. On June 24, 1676 he was credited with 17 pounds 4 shillings and 9 pence, and in August 24, 1676, with 6 pounds, 18 shillings, 10 pence for his military service. After the war he stayed on in Springfield, Massachusetts, and was admitted as an inhabitant February 5, 1676. In 1678 he took the oath of allegiance. The town records for February 9, 1679, say: "At meeting of selectmen Isaack Gleason ordered to look after South door of meeting house to prevent persons, especially boys, from leaving church unnecessarily during service." December, 1680, in the expenses of building the new church, appears the statement "To Isaac Gleason for 17 dayes at 3s per day £ 02 lls." This makes it probable that he was a carpenter by trade. In 1681 he moved to Enfield, Connecticut, and this part of our history ends, although we will learn more of him later.

## Section 2 - The Connecticut Valley

Only a few years elapsed after the arrival of the Mayflower before the Connecticut Valley was discovered and appreciated. Here was a wide strip along the river, forty or fifty miles from north to south, of very fertile soil, and that was in sharp contrast to the stony land around Boston. The first settlers came from Cambridge to Hartford in 1635, and they were followed by hundreds of others during the next decade, but very few came from Plymouth Colony. In 1636 almost the entire congregation of the Cambridge church came in a body, under the leadership of their famous pastor Thomas Hooker, and organized the church now known as the First Congregational Church of Hartford. By 1637 there were growing settlements at Wethersfield, Windsor, and Springfield. These people took a strong part in maintaining the freedom of the colonies and especially of the towns. There was easy communication by water up the broad Connecticut River as far as Windsor, and a road was constructed overland for pedestrians and equestrians, partly equipped with bridges, and so well traveled that inns sprang up along its route. Hither in these early days came a number of Gleason ancestors. About a hundred persons participated in the creation of this family tree, gradually narrowing down to one man, Jonah Bradford Gleason (2). We shall take them up in order of their appearance in Connecticut, and under each of the first arrivals tell what is known about their ancestors whom they left in England or in Massachusetts.



Richard Oldage (278) was probably an immigrant living at Dorchester. He was in Windsor, Connecticut before 1640 and died there January 27, 1661.

Begat Eggleston (132) probably came from England in the Mary and John and lived at Dorchester, where he was made a freeman May 18, 1631. He went to Windsor with the first settlers and died there September 1, 1674, according to tradition nearly a hundred years old.

John Osborn (138), the immigrant, apparently went directly to Windsor. He married Ann Oldage (139) January 15, 1648, and had ten children of which Ann (69) was the second. He died October 27, 1686.

Thomas Marshfield (148), another immigrant, lived early at Windsor. Little is known about him. Although he signed his name as Marshfield in 1641, it is suspected that it was really Marshall. In 1642 he left the country and a Connecticut Court appointed trustees for his estate. Nothing more was ever heard from him. His widow (149) and family then moved to Springfield.

Samuel Chapin (150) and his wife Cicely (151) arrived in Roxbury in 1638 with several children. Five were born in England, one at Roxbury, and the youngest at Springfield, to which place he moved in 1642. He was made a free-man June 2, 1641, was a proprietor at Westfield in 1660, a deacon in the church, and "a man of distinction." He died November 11, 1675.

Simeon Booth (164) was born May 10, 1641, possibly in England. He settled in Hartford and married Rebecca Frost (165) January 5, 1664. She was the daughter of Daniel Frost (330) and his wife Elizabeth (331) who may have lived in Hartford and was almost certainly an immigrant. Rebecca was born 1640. Daniel was the son of William Frost (660), who immigrated from Nottingham, settled at Fairfield, Connecticut, and died 1645. Simeon Booth was one of the first settlers of Enfield.

Robert Bartlett (176) came from England to Cambridge on the Lion, arriving September 16, 1632. He was one of the original proprietors at Hartford, where he was First Selectman. He and his wife Anna (177) had four children. He was killed by the Indians March 14, 1676; his wife died the same year, but it is not known whether by Indians or not.

Joseph Baldwin (178) was at Milford in 1639, where he was a free planter, but moved to Hadley, a few miles north of Springfield in 1663. He and his wife Hannah were both immigrants. He was born about 1612, married in 1636, and died in 1684; his wife died the same year. They had nine children. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather in England were all named Richard Baldwin.

John Rockwell (186) was one of the first settlers at Windsor. Even in 1649 he was old enough to be exempt from watchman's duty and military

training. He died May 10, 1662, and his wife Wilmet (187) the same year. They arrived from England in 1636 on the Mary and John. His aged father, William Rockwell (372), also moved to Windsor, but the date of his death is not known.

William Kelsey (188) arrived in Cambridge in 1632 and soon moved to Hartford, and in 1663 became one of the founders of Killingworth, where he was representative to the General Court in 1771.

We now reach the great-great-great-great-grandparents of Henry M. Gleason.

James Eggleston (66) lived at what was later known as Enfield, Connecticut. His wife was Hester Williams (67), of Springfield, and they had nine children. He was made a freeman of Connecticut in 1657.

Humphrey Prior (68) lived at Windsor, where he married Ann Osborn (69) November 12, 1663. They had only two children, both sons. His estate was probated in 1719.

George Colton (72) was born in South Coldfield, England, and was in Springfield as early as 1644, when he married Deborah Gardner (73); he later had a second wife, Mrs. Lydia (Wright) Lamb, whom he married March 1, 1692. Deborah Gardner was probably an immigrant; she died September 5, 1689. He took the oath of allegiance in 1665, was made a freeman about 1669 to 1671, was quartermaster of the Hampshire troop of cavalry in 1668, member of the House of Representatives in 1677, ensign of the Springfield train-band in 1681 and lieutenant in 1688. He settled in Suffield in 1672 and died December 17, 1699.

Samuel Marshfield (74) was the third husband of Catherine Chapin (75). They were married December 28, 1664, and had four children.

John Pease (76) was probably born in England about 1630. He moved to Springfield in 1681 and later to Enfield about 1682. He was made a freeman in 1668, and died in Enfield July 8, 1689. His wife was Mary Goodell (77), born about 1630 in England, who immigrated with her parents and died January 5, 1669. John's father, John Pease (152), came from Ipswich, England to Boston in 1634 on the Francis, while his wife Marie (153) came on a later ship. They settled at Salem as early as 1637, where he died in 1644, aged about thirty-seven. The grandparents were Robert (304) and Margaret (305) Pease of Great Baddow, Essex.

Number 82 was Caleb Booth, who lived in East Windsor and married Mary Gleason of Enfield (83) in 1728, who was the daughter of Isaac Gleason (32). This is the first instance of duplicate ancestors. Mary's great-great-granddaughter married her great-great-nephew. Caleb Booth was born in 1695.

Samuel Bartlett (88) was born in Cambridge in 1639 and died in Northampton, Massachusetts in 1712. His wife, Sarah Baldwin (89) was born about 1648 and died in 1711.

Robert Watson (92) was a bell-founder in London. He came early to Plymouth with his aging parents, but was in Windsor by 1639 or 1640. He was born after 1603 and died July 19, 1689. Mary Rockwell (93) of Windsor, whom he married December 10, 1646, was in all probability an immigrant. She died August 21, 1684.

William Kelsey (94) was probably born at Killingworth about 1670. He was married in 1694 to Abigail Whitcomb (95), who was born May 5, 1674. The husband died in 1694; the date of the wife's death is unknown. Her parents were John Whitcomb (190) who died in 1690; on November 25, 1667, he married Hannah \_\_\_\_\_ (191), who was killed by Indians in 1692. His parents, John Whetcombe (380) and Frances \_\_\_\_\_ (381) were immigrants who were in Dorchester as early as 1633. They moved to Scituate, where he died September 24, 1662, and she in 1671.

We come now to the great-great-great-grandparents of Henry M. Gleason.

Isaac Gleason (32) in Section 1, was left a young bachelor at Springfield. When he was twenty-seven years old he moved to Enfield, which was then a part of Massachusetts. It was promptly transferred to Connecticut and he found himself a citizen of a different province. It has been stated that the land which he was granted there was in lieu of a cash payment for his military service. The grant is dated 1681 and is described as "Between Middle Highway and South Highway, east side of north and south highway, eighth lot from the north, seventh from the south, about 50 rods deep and 4 rods wide; also between river and country road, through South Field, facing third division, about 15 by 80 rods, and various other parcels." Undoubtedly he built a house and then looked about for a wife, marrying Hester Eggleston (33) on June 26, 1684. She was born December 1, 1663. He died at Enfield May 14, 1698.

John Prior (34) was born February 14, 1664, lived in Enfield, and died there after 1738. His wife was Sarah \_\_\_\_\_ (35).

Ephraim Colton (36) was born at Springfield, April 9, 1648. His first wife was Mary Drake, who died in 1681. On March 26, 1685, he married Esther Marshfield (37) who died January 20, 1714.

John Pease (38) was born at Salem, Massachusetts, moved to Enfield in 1679, and died in 1734. He was captain of Enfield's first company of militia and one of the most prominent men in the history of the place. On January 30, 1677, he married Margaret Adams (30) of Ipswich, Massachusetts, who died in 1737, aged 83. It has been impossible to determine her ancestry with any

degree of conclusiveness, since there were so many people with the surname Adams in Massachusetts.

A new and important family appeared in Enfield in 1720 with the arrival of Benoni Blodgett (40) from Woburn, Massachusetts. He was already the fourth generation in America. Thomas Blogget (320) and his wife Susan (321) came over on the Increase in 1635 with their three children. He was then registered at 30 years old and she as 37. He died in 1642; the widow then married James Thompson and died in 1691. Daniel Blodgett (160) was born in England in 1631, immigrated with his parents in 1635, helped organize Chelmsford in 1652, and was married September 15, 1653 to Mary Butterfield (161), who was probably born in England and who died September 5, 1666. Her father was Benjamin Butterfield (322), an immigrant who was at Charleston in 1638, settled at Woburn in 1640, was made a freeman in 1643; her mother was Anne \_\_\_\_\_ (323), who died May 19, 1660. Benoni Blodgett (40) married Abigail Booth (41), who was born May 6, 1731. They lived in Windsor about two miles east of the river and near the Enfield line, where he died February 4, 1773, aged 79.

Samuel Bartlett (44) was born 1677, came to Bolton, Connecticut in 1723, and died there in 1746. His wife was Sarah \_\_\_\_\_ (45), of Northampton, Massachusetts.

Ebenezer Watson (46), the fifth of seven children, was born April 25, 1661, lived in East Windsor, Connecticut and died there October 3, 1747. His wife was Abigail Kelsey (47), of Windsor, who was born December 10, 1694, married probably in 1712, and died June 16, 1752.

There were eight great-great-grandparents of Henry M. Gleason who lived in or near Enfield.

Isaac Gleason (32) had six children: Hester, born July 21, 1685; Isaac (16), born November 12, 1687; Thomas, born July 29, 1690, moved to Simsbury, married Elizabeth Deming, and died May 8, 1745; Abigail, born March 14, 1692 and married John Hale in 1716; Mary, born August 7, 1695, who married Caleb Booth (82); and Deborah, born January 23, 1698, who married Noah Strong.

Isaac Gleason (16) was one of the first settlers in the southeast part of Enfield. His name appears in the list dated June, 1736, of the names of the soldiers who were in the Falls Fight above Deerfield and who were entitled to a share in the lands granted to them by the General Court. On August 31, 1712, he married Mary Prior (17), who was probably born March 6, 1692, the second of three children. They had eight children: Esther, born September 7, 1713, and married Ephraim Bancroft in 1739; Isaac, born March 10, 1715, and married Martha Abbe; Mary, born July 7, 1718, and married Samuel Davis in 1739; Joseph (8), born August 13, 1721; Jonah, born July 4, 1724, and married Hannah Parker; Abigail, born April 3, 1728; Job, born January 28, 1731, and married Hannah Pease; and Jacob, born March 10, 1734, and married Ruth \_\_\_\_\_.

Josiah Colton (18) was born at Longmeadow, December 30, 1685, lived at Enfield, and died in 1761. His wife was Margaret Pease (19), born in Enfield, January 24, 1683, the first white child born in the town. They were married in 1709 and she died in 1775.

Josiah Blodgett (20) was the second of five children, born in 1724 and died in 1768. He lived in Windsor. His wife was Abigail Rood, whom he married January 15, 1746. Nothing is definitely known of her ancestry.

Captain Jonathan Bartlett (22) was born August 1, 1716, and died in 1799. He was an Ensign in 1752, Lieutenant in 1761, and later Captain. On January 26, 1743, he married Hannah (Watson) Bissell, widow of John Bissell; she was born April 4, 1713.

Now we reach the four great-grandparents of Henry M. Gleason.

Joseph Gleason (8) was born at Enfield August 13, 1721, and married Hannah Colton (9) in 1746. They had seven children: Hannah, married John Jones in 1769; Joseph, born March 11, 1747 and died young; Elizah, born July 30, 1750; Joseph, born November 16, 1752, and married Patience Belknap; Solomon, born in 1754 and married Eleanor Belknap; Alice, born June 7, 1762; and Jonah (4), born May 18, 1766.

Number 10 is Roswell Blodgett, of Windsor, born 1749 and died 1781. The name Roswell still persists among the Blodgett descendants. His wife was Hannah Bartlett (11).

We are now down to the two grandparents of Henry M. Gleason, Jonah Gleason (4) and his wife Hannah Blodgett Gleason (5), who lived all their lives at Enfield, died there, and are buried in the Enfield churchyard. He died June 3, 1836, "of languishment;" she followed him December 6, 1849. His grave is on the south side, fourth row, of the old Enfield cemetery. Their home was apparently on or near the very land which had been granted to his great-great-grandfather more than a century before. When we visited the place in 1920, the old house had been moved across the street to the west and a new one erected in its place. The old one stood in a meadow and was obviously demoted to be a mere shelter for cattle. It was not large and the family of nine boys and two girls must have filled it tightly. In fact, that may be the reason why there is a report that Jonah (2) was bound out when only nine and never returned home again. The studding in the old house were made each from a single small straight oak tree, adzed down to the proper thickness, but varying in width depending on the size of the tree and naturally always becoming narrower toward the top. We found them as sound and solid as when they were first cut. Of the eleven children, ten grew up and nine lived to old age. They were:

1. Rossiter, born December 23, 1789, died January 30, 1870. He was the progenitor of several musicians of reputation.
2. Gerard, born October 12, 1791, died January 23, 1864.
3. Charlotte, born August 8, 1793, died March 22, 1822.
4. Lathrop B., born January 8, 1795, died at an old age. He married Clarissa Grant and was the grandfather of the famous composer, Frederic Grant Gleason. He was a brick-mason by trade.
5. Alfred J., born May 29, 1797. His fate is unknown; an old letter from Mary Gleason said he had not been heard of for years.
6. George, born June 12, 1799, died February 5, 1801.
7. Mary C., born February 22, 1802.
8. George, born May 1, 1805, died May 20, 1875.
9. Jonah Bradford (2), born September 25, 1807.
10. Joseph B., born September 8, 1809.
11. Henry B., born May 8, 1813; he was apparently Jonah's (2) favorite brother.

Grandfather Gleason(2) kept in touch with his brothers and the one sister as long as he lived. Old letters still preserved by the family indicate that most or all of them lived in or near Hartford and that Mary married a man named Kendall.

The best account available of the early life of Jonah B. Gleason (2) is taken from an old History of Macon County, Illinois. The biographies included in those histories, so popular in the eighteen-seventies, were actually told by the subject, but were written up into their final form by some one representing the editors. As a result mistakes often appeared and the writer also often drew freely on his imagination. In the copy of this biography, appearing below, certain parts which are unnecessary or obviously in error, are omitted.

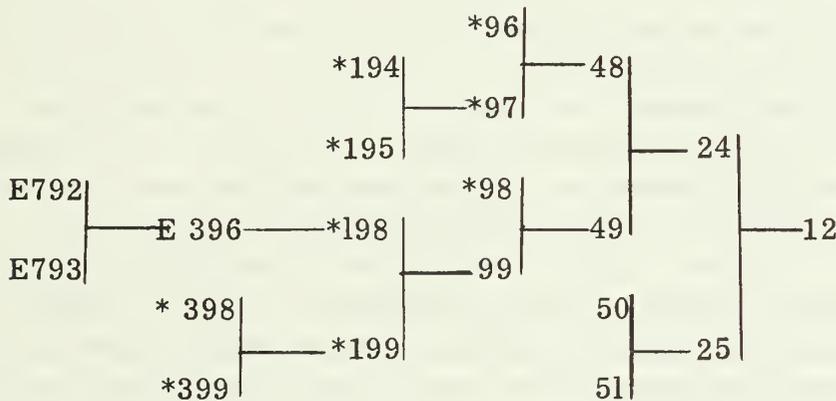
J. B. Gleason \* \* \* is the youngest son, save two, of a family of eleven children. All are now dead except himself, Joseph, of Manchester, of his native state, and Mary, the relict of Joseph Kendall, of Hartford county, Connecticut. Mr. Gleason's father, Jonah, was a farmer of some note, who occupied the estate near Hartford \* \* \*. Mr. Gleason's mother was formerly Miss

Hannah Blodgett, a lady of fair attainments and accomplishments, such as were to be secured by the usual advantages of the age in which she was raised. At the age of nine, an arrangement was effected by which he went to live in the home of Isaac Gleason, a distant relative, and where he remained, taking part in the usual routine of farm work, until the age of sixteen was reached, in the meantime receiving such advantages as were to be had at the common district schools. He next learned the bricklayer's trade from an elder brother, Lathrop, with whom he found a home for a period of two years, and then began work at his trade on his own account, not only making a support, but something for future contingencies. At the age of twenty-two he began a course at Amherst Academy, where he made the usual two years' preparation, when he entered Williams College, Massachusetts. After spending two years at that institution, according to a general custom of the times, he changed institutions, and graduated with full honors at Union College, Schenectady, in 1835.

Jonah Gleason (2) will be left temporarily as a young graduate from Union College, because some other threads in the ancestry of Henry M. Gleason must yet be traced. He wrote various speeches and essays during his early life and a few of them have been preserved to the present time. One of them on Order in the Schoolroom, has an interesting sidelight on his college career. At that time Eliphalet Nott was the famous president of Union College. He had been bound out as a boy to a blacksmith, whose trade he learned; he, too, had the will and the ambition to leave his trade and get a college education at Brown. The paper on Order contrasted the stringent rules of Williams with the lax ones of Union, the common misbehavior of the Williams students, followed by numerous expulsions and "rustications," with the good behavior and the rare necessity of discipline at Union. He spoke of his friendship for the president, whom he often met on an afternoon walk, and added "Many a hickory nut and joke have I cracked with him on the anvil in the blacksmith shop."

Section 3 - Old Plymouth and the Littles

A small group of dissenters from the Church of England, after considerable persecution at home, were exiled to Holland, where some of our ancestors were born. They were finally permitted to return to England, on condition that they promptly emigrate to America. The story of the voyage on the Mayflower, of the landing and settlement of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, of the loss of half their number the first winter, of the bitter struggle against disease and famine and savages, is known to all. On the Mayflower were four of our ancestors, representing two families; others arrived in 1621, several on the Ann in 1623, and various ships brought in still others. Only a small portion of them are discussed here. The others sooner or later moved to Cape Cod and will be mentioned in Section 5.



James Chilton (398) and his wife (399) were among the religious dissenters exiled to Holland. Until recently little has been known about the Chiltons, except that he was one of the signers of the Mayflower Compact. Her first name was unknown. In recent years it has been suggested that her name was Susannah. She did not survive the awful first winter in Plymouth. He never saw Plymouth, dying on the Mayflower in the harbor at what is now Provincetown, about two weeks before the landing. The date is given as December 8 and 18, the latter being Old Style. This was the day of the "First Encounter with the Indians."

Governor Bradford, in his History, wrote of them:

- .3. James Chilton, and his wife, and Mary their daughter. they had an other daughter y<sup>t</sup> was married and came afterward.

This statement opened the way to a recent discovery. There was a Roger Chandler in Plymouth in 1632. During the Holland exile, Isabella Chilton married Roger Chandler. In St. Paul's Church, Canterbury, January 15, 1586,

Isabell, daughter of James Chilton, was baptized, and the Roll of Freeman in Canterbury, 1583, shows a James Chylton, tailor. So we have with reasonable assurance his home, his occupation, and an approximation to his age. He must have been near sixty when he died.

Mary Chilton (199) was born at Leyden during the Holland exile and accompanied her parents on the Mayflower. She is said to be the first female in the ship to set foot on shore at Plymouth; that is pure legend, but it might possibly be true. A large painting, purely imaginative of course, of the landing on Plymouth Rock, now displayed in the museum at Plymouth, shows her standing on the Rock while some of the men parley with the Indians. Another painting shows the Pilgrims preparing to leave Holland and in it she appears again. In both she is shown as a beautiful girl, and one author refers to her as 'pretty Mary Chilton.' As a matter of fact, no one knows whether she was beautiful or not.

About half of the little company of Pilgrims perished that horrible first winter, victims of pneumonia and malnutrition, and were buried at night in unmarked graves, lest the Indians discover how sadly the little colony had been weakened. Mary Chilton did survive, and in due time was married. The "division of land" in 1623 showed that a parcel on the north side of town was allotted to a group containing, among others, Richard Warren (194), John Alden, and Mary Chilton, while at the "division of cattle" in 1627 the "sixth lott fell to John Shaw and his companie Joyned," which included John Winslow (198) and Mary Winslow (199) "To this lot fell the lesser of the black Cowes Came at first in the Ann wth which they must keep the biggest of the 2 steers, Also to this lott was two shee goats."

The Winslows trace back to Kenelm and Catherine Winslow (792, 793) of Droitwich in Worcestershire; he died 1607. Edward Winslow (396) was born October 17, 1560, and died before 1631. At least four of his sons came to America. Of these the most distinguished was Edward, who came on the Mayflower and later was governor of the colony, while the richest was John (198), who came on the Fortune in 1621. His marriage has been dated as October 12, 1624.

John and Mary Winslow became farmers at Plymouth and raised a large family, stated as nine, ten, or even eleven children. About 1657 they moved to Boston, where John became a successful and wealthy merchant and ship-owner. By 1671 he bought an imposing house, by one author called a mansion, in Spring Lane, and the same year Mary transferred her church membership to the Third Church, now called the Old South Church. She was the only Mayflower passenger who ever lived or died in Boston, and the Old South the only Boston church that ever had a Mayflower member. Her children were all born in Plymouth.

John Winslow died between March 22, the date of his will, and May 31, the date of probate, 1674. Since he was born April 26, 1597, he was almost

exactly 77 years old. His estate was inventoried at £ 2946 14s 10d. In the will he spoke of his 'katch' (ketch) Speedwell and his ketch John's Adventure and the profit from their cargo. He gave his "Deare and well beloved wife Mary Winslow the use of his house and premises, all his household goods, and £ 400 in lawful money of New England." Also he gave to his "sonne Edward Gray the children that he had by my daughter Mary the sum of twenty pounds pr peece to be paid unto them when they come to age or the day of their respective marriages." After the death of his wife, his estate was to be divided equally among his seven surviving children.

The original will of Mary Winslow (199), dated July 31, 1676, is still preserved. On May 1, 1679, William Tailer, named in the will as executor, came into court and refused to serve. So it is certain that she died before that date and probably not long before it. Her estate was appraised at £ 212 11s 9d and showed all her possessions in great detail. She made special bequests to five grandchildren and divided the rest among her six children.

She is reputed, without verification, to be buried in the little churchyard of King's Chapel in Boston. Visitors are not admitted, but a bronze tablet shows the names of those buried there, and Mary's name is at the head of the list.

John Winslow's name (198) appears repeatedly in the records of the Plymouth Colony. For example, in 1653 "John Winslow and capt: Standish were appointed and Deputed by the court to view and sett out the meddow land formerly graunted to Mr. Edward Winslow at Marshfield; which accordingly they did." On August 8, 1664 he gave some land to his two grandchildren Sarah Gray (49) and Anna Gray. Their father could sell it for them if he wished, but he must pay the amount to them or to the "longest liver" at the age of eighteen.

Another Mayflower passenger, who also signed the Mayflower Compact, was Richard Warren (194). He was not one of the religious company of the Pilgrims, later known as the Saints, but one of the Sinners, which title covered the rest of the company. In the imaginative painting of the landing on Plymouth Rock he is shown as a handsome man with the Vandyke beard so fashionable at the time. He was one of the third exploring party which was surprised by the Indians before the Plymouth landing, at the spot since known as The First Encounter. Under the land division of 1623 his lot fell "on the other side of the towne toward Eele River, " where he made his home, in the section later known as Wellingsley or Hobshole, and here he died in 1628. He also owned land along the shore of the present Warren's Cove. A contemporary authority described him as "grave Richard Warren, " "a man of integrity, justice and uprightness, of piety and serious religion, " and as "a useful instrument during the short time he lived, bearing a deep share in the difficulties and troubles of the plantation. "

He married Elizabeth (195) in England. Her maiden name is supposed to have been March and she may have been the widow of a man named Pratt. She followed him to Plymouth on the Ann in 1623, accompanied by her five daughters. A study of early Plymouth records leads to the conclusion that she was a woman of force and social position in the community, and she is usually spoken of as "Mistress" Elizabeth Warren, a designation by no means common. And she is one of the rare instances in that early colony of continued widowhood. A glimpse of one side of her domestic life is to be had in connection with the prosecution by the General Court of her servant, Thomas Williams, July 5, 1635, for "speaking profane & blasphemous speeches against ye majestie of God." "There having been some dissention between him and his dame, she after other things, exhorted him to fear God and doe his duty."

Two other boys were born into the family after arrival in Plymouth, and all seven children grew up and were married there. Richard Warren (194) died in 1628. As the daughters married, Mrs. Warren gave to the husband of each some land at Plymouth. She died October 20, 1673, aged more than ninety years, and it was entered on the record that she "having lived a godly life, came to her grave as a shoke of corn fully ripe."

Of the seven children we are concerned only with Ann (97), who was born in England about 1613 and on April 19, 1633, married Thomas Little (96). She died at Plymouth October 2, 1673, aged about sixty.

Thomas Little (96) was a lawyer and had a coat-of-arms which was long preserved and may be still by his descendants. He died about March 10, 1671. In his will he left "to my loveing wife all my housing and all my land, upland and meddow on that side of the brooke," "and all my land at Namassakett upland and meddow to my two younger sonnes Thomas and Samuell." (48) There were eight children, Abigail, Ruth, Hannah, Mercy, Isaac, Ephraim, Thomas, and Samuel. Thomas Junior also made a will, although only a young man, in which he left the bulk of his very small estate to "his loveing brother Samuell." He also mentions his "loveing Mother" who was to get 40 shillings, and directed Samuel to pay his four sisters ten shillings each. Thomas must have had a premonition. The next year saw him in the army, fighting the Narragansett Indians in what history calls King Philip's War, and he was killed at the battle at Rehoboth, March 26, 1676. Of the eight children, we are concerned only with the youngest, Samuel (48), to whom we shall soon recur.

Of the Winslow children, Mary (99) is said to have been born in 1630. We know nothing of her life and activities, except that she was married to Edward Gray (98) January 16, 1651, and died in 1663. She had five children, four girls and a boy.

Edward Gray (98) must have been quite a prominent man in Plymouth. He was styled a yeoman, which is the uppermost class of common people, just

below the gentry. Apparently he first appeared at Plymouth as a youth in 1643 or 1646, and lived there until his death the last of June, 1681. His tomb is still to be seen at Plymouth and is the oldest identifiable grave in the cemetery. The epitaph reads "Here lyeth the body of Edward Gray \_\_\_\_\_ent Aged about 52 years and Departed this life ye last of June 1681." He was a planter, became very wealthy, and was an active and useful citizen. His name appears repeatedly in Plymouth records, especially on deeds, as he was continually buying and selling real estate. Four years after the death of his wife, he married Dorothy Lettice and had several other children. One anecdote of him may be taken directly from Plymouth Colony Court Orders, dated June 3, 1668: "Edward Gray for vsing revileing speeches to John Bryant the son in law to Stephen Bryant of Plymouth on the Lords day as soon as they came out of the meeting was fined 10.00" (shillings) and also "John Bryant for vsing revileing speeches to Edward Gray was fined ten shillings for the vse of the Colonie."

Sarah Gray (49) was one of the daughters. She and Samuel Little (48) were married May 18, 1682, before Mr. Alden. They apparently lived for a few years in Plymouth, but on April 1, 1689, Samuel bought land in Marshfield from Joseph Waterman, and they probably moved there soon. Some of their children were born there, and Sarah was admitted to membership in the Marshfield Church May 29, 1698. They had several children and the births of some of them are recorded on church records. There is no such record of the birth of Edward (24), who is referred to in his father's will as his youngest son. At some time in 1698 or 1699 they moved to Bristol, now in Rhode Island, but then a part of Plymouth Colony. The date of moving is evidenced by the minutes of the Bristol Town Meeting on August 17, 1699: "Voted, that Mr. Little have liberty to build a Pew in some convenient place in the Meeting House, forasmuch as he hath purchased Mr. Burton's Rite in Bristol." By rite is certainly meant 'right,' and indicates that he now had the right to attend meetings and other privileges of the Town.

Later a committee was appointed by the Town Meeting "to inspect into, and search out the encroachments made on the Highways and Streets, in and about the town, with all convenient speed, etc. The said Committee do make their report as followeth. It being voted, to be of Record in the Town Books, March 3d, 1704." "Mr. Little's Lot, the four acres, the NW corner is 11 foot too far into the Highway that goes E. and W. and 22 foot too far into High Street, and his South West it is 10 foot too far into High Street."

He was also concerned with what is considered to be the first case of counterfeiting in the colonies. Mary (Peck) Butterworth, of Rehoboth, made counterfeit five-pound notes and Nicholas Peck was caught trying to pass one of them. The bill is still in existence and is pictured in *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* vol. 96, facing page 354. Samuel Little (48) was sent to Rehoboth to search for the plate from which the counterfeit was made, and still farther to Boston in search of one Ryan, who was in some way implicated. He

later petitioned the Court for the reimbursement of his traveling expenses, amounting to four pounds. The fate of Mrs. Butterworth is not stated.

Samuel Little died January 16, 1707. His will mentions his sons Edward and Samuel and his daughter Sarah Billings, and states that he had only these three children. His estate, appraised at £1981 4s 6d, consisted of several parcels of land, amounting to well more than a hundred acres, a negro man and woman, and eight "comonages," or rights to use the Bristol Common. Sarah Little lived on at Bristol and died there February 14, 1737. Edward Little (24) petitioned the Court for the appointment of an Administrator and his brother Samuel was given the task. Two months after the mother's death, Samuel had a citation issued against his brother Edward (24) on the suspicion that he "did Conceal Imbezel or Convey away considerable of her money Goods or Chattles." Edward was ordered to appear in Court "to acquit Your Self by Oath of what you are Suspected of, or otherwise to be proceded with as the Law directs." The outcome of this family quarrel is unknown.

While we have now taken our ancestors named Little out of Plymouth, it must not be considered that this was all of them. Many of our forebears lived there from the earliest times until the middle of the seventeenth century, and some of them, as Constant Southworth and Edward Bangs, were persons of importance. One by one they all emigrated to Cape Cod and will be considered later.

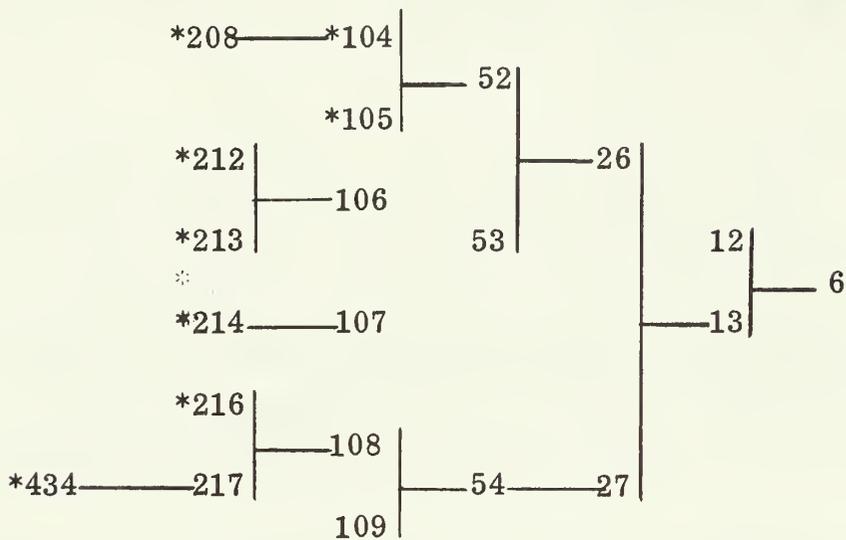
The origin of Thomas Walker (50) is unknown. He was one of the founders of Bristol in 1681 and from then to his death was very active in public affairs. He was repeatedly selectman, assessor, member of committees, and in general a leader in civic affairs. He was a tanner by trade and also owned a windmill in Bristol. This the Town Meeting exempted from all taxes forever, provided it was used as a corn mill. He was constable in 1702, on the jury in 1696 and 1707, and tithing man in 1716. On November 4, 1684, he married Elizabeth Parris (51), also of unknown parentage, and had two sons and two daughters. His will was made in 1722 when he was "aged and infirm," and probated in 1724. His wife's will was probated in 1742 and church records indicate her death November 6, 1742 at the age of ninety-four.

Mary Walker (25) was, so far as known, their fourth and youngest child, and was born July 28, 1693. She and Edward Little (24) were married by the Rev. Mr. Sparhawk on November 7, 1717. Nothing is known of their life in Bristol, other than what was stated just above. She died February 11, 1737, and on June 18, 1741 he took a second wife, Mrs. Mary Burnham, of Norwich, Connecticut. Probably he went to live with his wife's people, or near them, but no further record of him or her has been found.

The Littles (24, 25) had three children in rapid succession: Sarah, October 15, 1718, Edward (12), July 1, 1720, and Mary, May 15, 1721. We know

nothing of the fate of the two girls, but Edward acquired a stepmother when he was almost twenty-one. He may have thought it was a good time to start out to make his own fortune. He disappears from our view for several years, but we shall again find him under entirely different surroundings.

## Section 4 - Farmington, Simsbury, and Middlefield



At Hartford, the Connecticut Valley is bounded on the west by Talcott Mountain, rising slowly and gently from the east but with a sharp escarpment toward the west. According to tradition, it was soon after the settlement of Hartford that a hunting party reached one of the high crags on the mountain and for the first time saw the Farmington Valley. Settlement began there a few years later, but at first the people passed the winters in Hartford. Permanent houses were built by 1645 and the town was chartered as an independent unit. Its growth was toward the north, where Simsbury was eventually separated as a town, and near there the valley ends, for the Farmington River there finds a pass through the mountain and turns east across the Connecticut Valley. Several of our ancestors played important parts in the development of the Farmington Valley.

We begin with certain great-great-great-great-grandparents of Henry M. Gleason.

Deacon Stephen Hart (208) was born about 1605 at Braintree, Essex, England, and was married there; the name of his wife (209) is unknown. He settled in Cambridge about 1632 and was a deacon in the church of Rev. Thomas Hooker. That is the church which migrated almost as a unit to Hartford and among the group was Stephen Hart and his family. He lived for a few years near what is now the corner of Front and Morgan streets in Hartford, but was one of the original organizers of Farmington in 1645, when the Tunxis Indians were still a menace. He was one of the original members of the Farmington Church and, in fact, one of the 'seven pillars' of the church and its first deacon. He lived just across from the Meeting House, and his house lot was four or five times the

average size. This extra land was given him as an inducement to build and operate a mill. He owned other tracts and was one of the more prosperous citizens of the town. He was representative to the General Court sixteen times, tithing man in the church, and held various other offices. He took a second wife late in life and died in March, 1682/3. His estate was appraised at £ 340 4s. Six children grew up and were married and all continued to live in Farmington.

Thomas Judd (212) arrived in Cambridge in 1633 or 1634, where he built a house and was made a freeman in 1636. That same year he followed the general movement west to Hartford, where he lived eight years, and in 1644 moved on to Farmington. Here he lived on the west side of Main Street, the third lot from the principal cross-roads. In Farmington he was a prosperous farmer and an influential man, being many times a representative to the General Court. His wife, whose name is not known, died in 1678, and on December 2, 1679 he married the widow Clemence Mason of Northampton, Massachusetts, and lived in that town until his death November 12, 1688. He had nine children, born between 1638 and 1653.

Anthony Howkins or Hawkins (214) lived first in Windsor, where his first three children were born; the name of his wife is not known, but she died in 1655. In 1656 he moved to Farmington and married Ann (217), widow of Thomas Thompson (216) and daughter of Governor Welles (434). They had two children in Farmington. He was representative to the General Court seventeen times, was Assistant in 1668 and 1670, and is mentioned in the Charter of Connecticut April 29, 1662. The date of his death has not been found. His only son died young and his name ceased in Connecticut.

Thomas Thompson (216) embarked in the Abigail at London in 1635. Nothing is known of his life during the next several years, but in 1646 he was in Hartford and married Ann (217), the daughter of Governor Welles (434). He must have moved at once to Farmington, because his first child was born there in 1647 or late 1646. He died April 25, 1655, shortly before the birth of his fourth child.

Stephen Hart (104), second son of the Deacon (208), was born in England and was only a few years old when his father brought him to America and to Farmington, where he was made a freeman in May, 1654. He lived off Main Street, just to the east of the Meeting House. The name of his wife is unknown, but he had four sons followed by three daughters between 1662 and 1682. He died about 1689, leaving an estate appraised at £ 633 14s.

John Judd (106) of Farmington was also a representative to the General Court many times between 1692 and 1710. He was an ensign in the militia and after 1696 a lieutenant. His wife was Mary Howkins (107), who was born at Windsor July 16, 1644. He died at Farmington about 1715, aged not far from 75, leaving five children, of whom the eldest was Elizabeth (53).

Thomas Thompson (108) was made a freeman of Farmington in 1677. He married Elizabeth Smith (109), who was the daughter of either William or Arthur Smith of Farmington and had six sons and three daughters between 1677 and 1693. Of these Thomas (54) was the second; one of the boys rejoiced in the classical name of Philoleutheros. He had a second wife named Abigail, who, on December 14, 1705, threw a pair of shears at him. The points penetrated his brain and caused his death a few days later. While she was in jail awaiting trial she bore him a child strangely named Mercy. She was convicted and finally executed after two or three reprieves.

Sergeant Thomas Hart (52) was born at Farmington in 1666, married Elizabeth Judd (53) December 18, 1689, and died March 23, 1727/8. His wife was born in 1670 and died March 18, 1743. They had seven sons and two daughters, of whom six sons and one daughter grew up and were married. He lived on the west half of his father's house-lot, opposite the old Female Seminary and had large holdings of farm land as well. His estate was valued at £ 707 1s 1d.

Thomas Thompson (54) was born March 25, 1679. The date of his death and the name of his wife have not been found. The History of New Britain (Conn.) lists a Thomas Thompson of this period as a physician at Farmington and one of the 'pillars of the church.'

Samuel Hart (26) was born about 1702, and married Elizabeth Thompson (27) February 25, 1729/30. He and his wife were constituent members of the church at Northington, now called Avon, when it was organized in 1751, indicating that he lived well to the north of the present center of Farmington. He held the military rank of lieutenant. He died April 19, 1769, and his wife July 9, 1793, aged 86 years. They had ten children, all of whom grew up and nine of whom were married. Anna (13) was the eldest, born January 31, 1730/31.

Some time about the middle of the century there appeared in Farmington Edward Little (12), a young man whom we last knew in Bristol, Rhode Island. Where he had been during the intervening years or what he had been doing we do not know and shall probably never find out. Almost certainly he had been in Middletown, Connecticut, long enough to get acquainted with some of the people. This conclusion is based on his second marriage, to be mentioned later. But here he is in Farmington and on August 5, 1755, he married Anna Hart. Shortly after that he began buying Farmington land. In 1757 he bought 30 acres "be the same more or less" from Joseph Judd for £ 15; a month later he got 23 acres for £ 15 15s; in 1760 he paid £40 for 40 acres, £ 42 for 45 acres, and £ 42 for 2 $\frac{1}{4}$  acres; probably this last piece had a house on it. This makes a total of 140 acres, a large farm for those machineless days, at a total price of nearly £ 145, a large sum of money for the time. Evidently he was a hard worker and a prosperous farmer. By 1764 all of this land had been sold, at a

total price of £ 143, and he began buying land in the new town of Simsbury. There six purchases are recorded from 1764 to 1777, a total of 165 acres for which he paid £ 442. Some of this was sold before the last was bought, and the later sales, in 1780 and 1785, were 186½ acres for £ 442 10s. One of these, made in 1780, included "my home lot where my dwelling now stands, . . . . about four acres with the house and barn." This sale marks the year when he left Simsbury and moved to Williamsburg, Massachusetts, where he is known to have bought land as early as 1782. In 1795 he moved to Middlefield, where he bought of William Rhoads the farm on Lot 53, Div. I Chester, and part of Lot 54 of Joseph Rhoads the next year. He lived on the road to the Den at the top of the Churchill Hill.

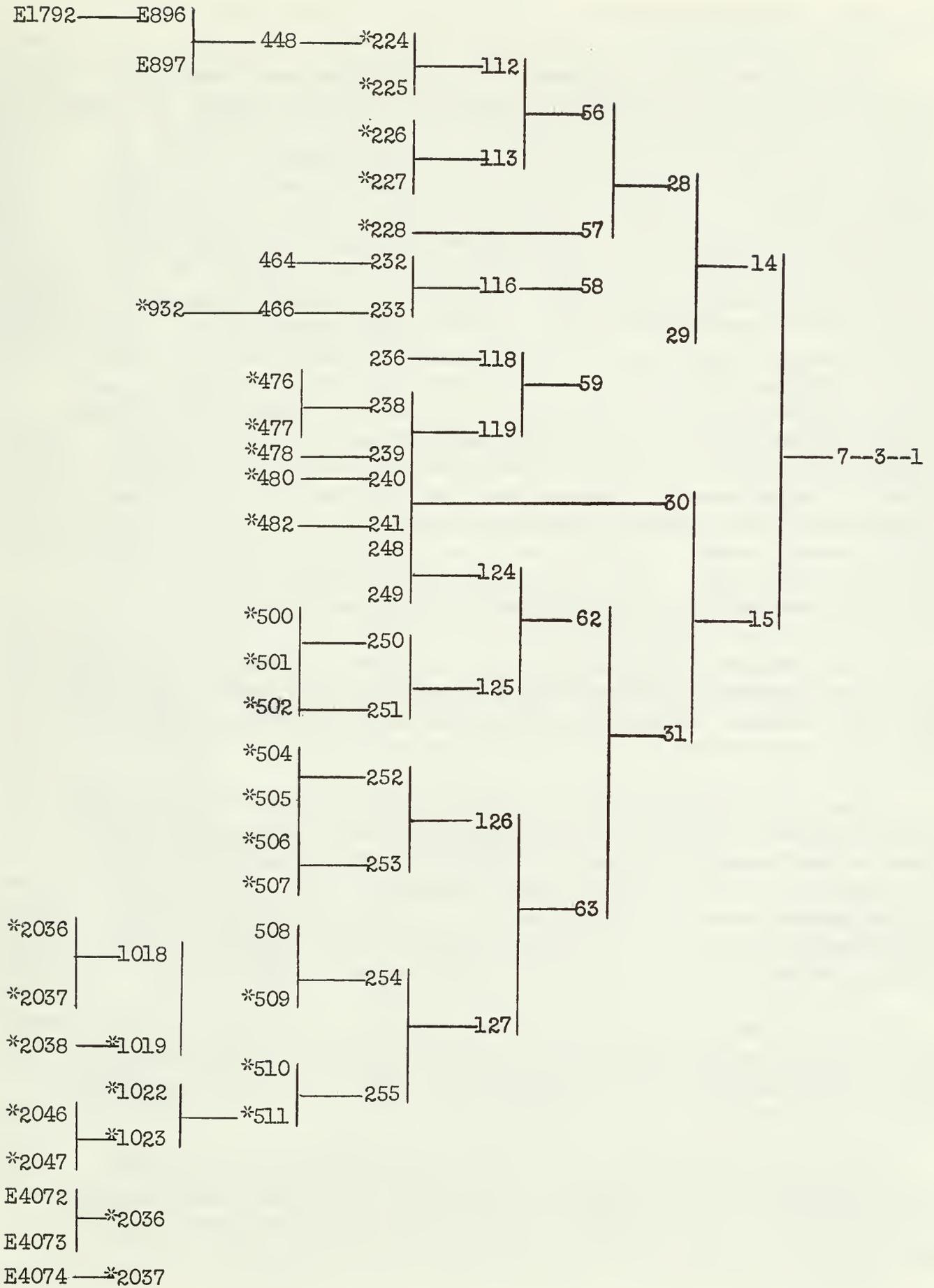
Edward and Anna Little had eight children: Anna, born January 8, 1757, and married Phineas Lewis; Hulda and Mille, twins, baptized at Wintonbury (now Bloomfield), August 14, 1763; Isaac, born at Simsbury, 1758, died in Williamsburg, Massachusetts, August 11, 1822, married Elizabeth \_\_\_\_\_ and had six children; Elizabeth, married Ebenezer Spencer; Martha, born January 5, 1768, married Jonathan Nash of Williamsburg, and died there July 25, 1805; Sarah, married Moses Nash; and lastly, Samuel (6), whose birthplace and birthdate are unfortunately not recorded.

Anna Little (13) died in Simsbury October 12, 1774. This date, compared with the purchases and sales of land, make it clear that Samuel was born there. The first census of the United States in 1790, states that Edward Little was living at Williamsburg with two free white males under sixteen. They would have been Samuel and his younger half-brother, since Isaac was already 32 years old. Samuel could not have been born before 1774, to satisfy the statement of the census. The best presumption is that he was born in 1774 and that his mother died at childbirth.

Left a widower with three young children, Edward Little (12) certainly needed a second mother for his family, although Anna and Isaac were old enough to be of considerable help. So four months later he married Rhoda Ranney of Middletown, Connecticut, member of a prominent family there and already a spinster of thirty-six years. They had two children, Joseph Ranney Little, who married Polly Clark, and Olive, who married Timothy Kingsley. Father (1) remembered his Uncle Joseph who, he recalled, was living in Buffalo, New York, but visited them in Ohio; he especially remembered his Aunt Polly, because she was such a fat woman. It seems that father had in his possession, handed down to him by virtue of priority of birth, a drum and a cane. The former was said to have been used in the Revolutionary War, while the cane was made from a root encountered in digging the grave of General Warren, killed at the battle of Bunker Hill. They were both taken away to be deposited in a museum, and father's brother, George, said that the neighbors all came in to hear the old drum beaten for the last time. These relics were not discovered on inquiry at the Connecticut State Museum.

We now come to the last ancestor in this section, Samuel H. Little (6). Almost certainly the H stood for Hart, the boy being named for his maternal grandfather. His birth-year and birthplace have already been discussed. Samuel was accordingly a young man of twenty-one when his father moved to Middlefield. It was about time for him to be married, but before we can find him a suitable wife we must again go far back in time and trace out another long line of ancestors.

The Cape Codders



## Section 5 - The Cape Codders

Cape Cod was first settled about 1637. During the next decade some people moved there from Plymouth, many moved down from Boston, and others apparently arrived directly from England. The soil was not obstructed by rocks and steep hills, as it was around Plymouth and Boston, but sandy and easily worked after the forest of pine and oak had been cleared. The population grew rapidly. The Cape was long and reasonably wide. Plenty of land was available to the sons of the early settlers for farms of their own; there were plenty of fish in the sea and plenty of clams on the beaches. For more than a century there was very little tendency for Cape Codders to migrate to the new pioneer settlements of Connecticut or western Massachusetts. Cape Cod boys married Cape Cod girls and continued to live in Cape Cod, at Barnstable, Eastham, Yarmouth, and various other towns which were soon organized. We know the names of virtually all of those early settlers who were ancestors of ours, and we shall first state what we know about them, as the founders of a great family tree. We shall then trace them down until they focus on a single person. She should have had sixty-four great-great-great-great-grandparents; actually she had only sixty-two because of the marriage of some second cousins. Of these twenty are known and at least sixteen of them lived on the Cape. The other forty-four are at present unknown. We begin with the oldest generation which was represented on the Cape.

James Matthews (464) was an immigrant who was at Charlestown in 1634. He was at Yarmouth by 1639, where he had Samuel, Sarah, Esther, and probably other children. He was representative to the General Court in 1664 and died January 26, 1684/5.

Rev. John Lothrop (476) was the first minister at Scituate. He had previously preached in London, where Bishop Laud had him imprisoned for two years for his dissenting opinions, and during his imprisonment his wife died. He embarked for Boston in 1634, having as fellow passenger the celebrated Ann Hutchinson, where he married Ann \_\_\_\_\_ (477), who long outlived him, dying February 25, 1688. He moved to Barnstable with a large part of his flock in 1639 and "was held in honor" until his death November 8, 1653.

John Hall (500) was born about 1609 in Coventry, England. With his wife Bethia (501) he arrived in Charlestown in 1630, was one of the founders of the church there, and was made a freeman May 14, 1634. He moved to Barnstable as early as 1640 and died there July 25, 1696.

Austin (or Augustine) Bearse (502) was thirty years old when he sailed from Southampton on the Confidence April 24, 1638. He was probably married in England. He had nine daughters and two sons, of whom Priscilla (251) was the third.

The Sears family was one of importance on the Cape and is represented today by a numerous progeny all over the United States. Richard Sares (504) immigrated from England, probably in 1630, to Plymouth; certainly he was at Plymouth in 1633, where his name is first found on the tax-list. He soon after moved to Marblehead, north of Boston, and was taxed as a resident there on the rate-list for January 1, 1638. On October 8, 1638, he was granted four acres of land. Early in 1639 a party led by Anthony Thatcher crossed the bay to Cape Cod and with it was Richard Sares, accompanied probably by his wife and infant son, Paul. He appears on list of inhabitants of Yarmouth in 1643 as Richard Seeres; as Richard Sares he was grand-juryman in 1652 and constable in 1660. As Richard Saeres he was representative to the General Court at Plymouth in 1662. He had three children. He died August 26, 1676; his wife, Dorothy (Jones) Sears (505), died March 19, 1678/9, and is buried at Yarmouth.

Samuel Freeman (508) was born at Watertown, Massachusetts, May 11, 1638. He was married May 12, 1658, to a Plymouth girl, Mercy Southworth (509), and they settled in Cape Cod, where he became deacon in the church at Eastham. He died in 1712; she on November 25, 1712. He was the son of Samuel Freeman (1016), who had come over from England in 1630 with his wife Apphia (1017) and settled at Watertown.

Mercy Southworth Freeman (509) represents the only family of our ancestors definitely known to be of aristocratic origin. Her great-grandparents were Thomas Southworth (4072) and Rosamond (Lister) Southworth (4073), and also Alexander Carpenter (4074). Her grandparents were Edward Southworth (2036) and Alice Southworth (2037). He was born in England 1590 and died there in 1621. The two were among the original Pilgrim exiles to Holland and they were married there May 28, 1613. Their son Constant (1018) was born there in 1615. Governor Bradford's wife was accidentally drowned while the Mayflower was lying in Provincetown harbor, on the day before the death of James Chilton. Of course the Governor had known Alice Southworth in Holland. Apparently he sent for her and she arrived in 1623, on the same ship which brought several others of our ancestors, and she and the Governor were married a few days later. William Collier (2038) had acted for several years as one of the "adventurers," or financial sponsors, who supported the Pilgrim emigration to America. "He had so generous a spirit as not to be content with making profit by the enterprise of the pilgrims, unless he shared their hardships." So he, too, came to Plymouth in 1633. He was Assistant for twenty-eight years between 1634 and 1665, one of the two plenipotentiaries at the first meeting of the Congress of the United Colonies in 1634, and among the first purchasers of land at Dartmouth. He died in 1670. He had four daughters, but whether they were born in England or America is not clear. One of them, Elizabeth (1019) was married to Constant Southworth (1018) November 2, 1637. They had three sons and five daughters. Constant (1018) did not come with his widowed mother to attend her wedding, but arrived apparently in 1628. Being a step-son to the Governor and son-in-law to one of the Colony's chief patrons, he was certainly in a favored position. He was representative to

the General Court for twenty-two consecutive years, and was once a Commissioner for the United Colonies. In what is now East Bridgewater, Massachusetts, is Sachem's Rock, called by the Indians Wonnecoote. Here Myles Standish, Samuel Nash, and Constant Southworth met with Chief Ousamequin in 1649 and purchased from him "all land running seven miles in each direction from weir." The Indians were to be paid in the following goods: 7 coats, a yard and a half of cloth in each coat, 9 hatchets, 8 hoes, 20 knives, 4 moose skins, and 10½ yards of cotton. The Southworths lived in Duxbury, where he died March 10, 1679.

Captain Jonathan Sparrow (510) was born in England and came over with his parents. He was a soldier in the great Narragansett fight with King Philip in 1675. His will is dated March 10, 1706/7 and he probably died not long after that date. He was the son of Richard (1020) and Pandora (1021) Sparrow, who were in Plymouth by 1632. Their old house still stands there, probably the oldest house in the town. It is now used partly as a museum open to visitors for a small fee and partly as a school for amateur potters. The Captain married Rebecca Bangs of Plymouth (511), who died before 1677. They lived at Eastham, and an old record says that he and Thomas Paine were appointed to visit the ordinaries there and see that there was no excessive drinking. Rebecca Bangs was a daughter of Edward Bangs (1022), who came from Chichester, England in the Ann in 1623. He lived at Plymouth and was made a freeman there in 1633. In 1644 he settled at Eastham, where he was, at various times, a grand-juryman, overseer of the guard against the Indians, and had various other positions. He was a shipwright by trade and superintended the building of a barque of 40 or 50 tons, said to be the first ship built at Plymouth. He died at Eastham in 1678, aged 86. His wife was Lydia Hicks (1023) who arrived in Plymouth in the Ann in 1623, when she was just a child, accompanied by her mother, a sister, and two brothers. Her father, Robert Hix (2046) had already arrived in the Fortune in 1621. He had been a leather-dresser in Southwark, England, and died in Plymouth in 1647. Her mother was Margaret (Winslow) Hicks (2047).

We come now to the thirty-two great-great-great-grandparents, of whom twenty are known, all residents of Cape Cod. Several of them represent new names in our family tree.

Thomas Howes (224) and his wife Mary (Burr) Howes (225), sailed for America in 1635 and settled in Yarmouth in 1639, where he was one of the group to whom the first grant of land was made. He was born in 1590 and died in 1665. His two older children were born in England; the third was born on the ship during its voyage across. "He was a man physically strong and robust, of good moral character, possessed of a fair education, and was largely endowed with common sense. That his character and standing were excellent in the community where he lived is proved by the prominent part he took in the formation of the township where located and the many official duties he was elected to perform in the way of protecting and developing its interests." He was the son of

Thomas Howes (448), the grandson of Robert Howys (896), who died in 1618, and Anne of Carolton Rode (897), the great-grandson of James Howys (1792), who died in 1592.

John Mayo (226) came from England in 1638, was made a freeman and ordained a minister in 1640. His wife and at least four children arrived soon after; the fifth child (113) may have been born in America. They moved to Eastham in 1646, but he became discouraged with his ministerial work there and after a few years returned to Boston, where he was installed first minister of the second or North Church. Here he served more than twenty years, mostly in association with Increase Mather, until he was dismissed at an advanced age in 1673. He then went to Barnstable and spent his few remaining years on Cape Cod. He died at Yarmouth May, 1676. His widow Thomasine (227) died February 26, 1682.

William Hedge (228) of Lynn, Massachusetts, was an immigrant. He was made freeman in 1634 and moved to Sandwich and soon after to Yarmouth, where he died in 1670. He had five sons and four daughters, but it is not known which of his sons was our ancestor.

John Matthews (232) married Mary Johnson (233) and died in 1676. She was born apparently in 1664, and was the daughter of Jonathan Johnson (466) of Marlborough, who was made a freeman in 1685 and died April 12, 1712. Her grandfather was William Johnson (932) of Charlestown, who was probably an immigrant.

Edward Sturges or Sturgis (236) was an immigrant at Charlestown in 1634. Two years later he moved to Yarmouth and was listed as able to bear arms in 1643. He had at least three children and possibly more.

Barnabas Lothrop (238) of Barnstable, was married in November or December, 1658, to Susanna Clark (476), daughter of Thomas Clark (952). He was for six years a representative to the General Court and also an Assistant of the Plymouth Colony, and also took part in forming the charter for the United Colony. For a second wife he married a widow, Abigail (Button) Dudson (239), daughter of Robert Button (478).

Peter Blossom (240) married Sarah Bodfish (241) on June 4, 1663 and had four sons and seven grandsons. It is not known which of these are our ancestors and numbers 60 and 120 will have to be omitted. He was the son of Thomas Blossom (480), a man who tried to come in the Mayflower, but was sent home in the Speedwell. He finally reached America in 1629 and died in 1633. Sarah Bodfish was the daughter of Robert Bodfish or Bootfish (482), who was made a freeman at Lynn in 1635, moved to Sandwich in 1637, and died there or at Barnstable about 1651.

Zachariah Paddock (248) was born in Plymouth in March, 1636 or 1638, and soon moved to Cape Cod, possibly with his parents. He settled at Barnstable

and died there May 1, 1727. He married in 1659 Deborah Sears (249) who was apparently born in September, 1639, and died August 17, 1732. Both she and her husband surpassed ninety years. She was the daughter of Richard Sears and Dorothy Jones Sears, before numbered 504 and 505, who are the second instance of duplicated ancestors which we have in America.

John Hall (250) was born at Charleston, Massachusetts, 1637 or 1638 (baptized May 13, 1638) and was married before 1661, when the first of his nine children was born. He soon moved to Barnstable and Yarmouth where more children were born. He was a deacon of the church at Yarmouth, and died October 14, 1710. In his will he names eight living sons. Priscilla Bearse Hall (251), his wife, was born March 10, 1643/4, and died March 30, 1712.

Paul Sears (252) was born in 1637 or 1638, probably at Marblehead, and died at Yarmouth February 20, 1707/8. He was commissioned Ensign in 1681, Lieutenant in 1682, and served in other official capacities. He left an estate of 467 pounds. About 1658 he married Deborah Willard (253), who was baptized at Scituate September 14, 1645, and died at Yarmouth May 13, 1721. Her father was the immigrant George Willard (506), son of Richard Willard (1012) of Horsmonden, Kent, England. He was in Scituate by 1638 and in 1641 was heavily fined for erroneous religious opinions. He later moved to Maryland. George Willard's wife was Dorothy Dunster Willard (507), also an immigrant. She was the daughter of Henry Dunster of Lancashire, England, and the sister of Henry Dunster, the immigrant and first president of Harvard College.

Captain Samuel Freeman (254) was born about 1659 and married Elizabeth Sparrow (255), February 5, 1684. They had two children, of whom Priscilla (127) was the older. He married a second time and had eleven more children, the last in 1715. He died January 30, 1742/3.

Of the great-great-grandparents, we know only nine of sixteen.

Joseph Howes (112) was born in England before 1637, immigrated with his parents when quite young, married Elizabeth Mayo (113), and died January 19, 1694/5. His wife may have been born in England; she died March 16, 1700.

A couple named Hedge (114, 115) are unknown.

Number 116 was probably John Matthews of whom and of whose wife nothing is known.

Thomas Sturgis (118) and his wife Abigail Lothrop (119) had nine children who lived and four others that died young.

Numbers 120 and 121 were named Blossom. Numbers 122 and 123 are unknown.

Captain John Paddock (124) was born May 5, 1669, and died February 18, 1717/8. His wife was Priscilla Hall (125), whom he married in 1694. She was born in February, 1671, and died January 2, 1724/5.

Captain John Sears (126) was born 1677/8, married at Eastham June 1, 1704, and died April 9, 1738. He was a wealthy and influential man, active in church and town affairs. He left real estate valued at £ 2380 and personal property of £ 593. His wife was Priscilla Freeman (127), born October 27, 1686, and died May 8, 1764.

Of the eight great-grandparents six are known.

Amos Howes (56) was the sixth of a family of nine children. He married May 22, 1701, Susanna Hedge (57), always considered to be the granddaughter of William Hedge (228). He died February 16, 1717/8; his wife lived until January 24, 1755.

Little is known of James Matthews (58), except that he died January 7, 1776. His wife was Hannah Sturgis (59).

Deacon Ebenezer Paddock (62) was born March 18, 1703/4, the youngest of six children, married October 21, 1725, and died October 18, 1767. His wife, Mary Sears (63), was born about 1708, the fifth of ten children.

The four grandparents were:

Amos Howes (28) was born December 16, 1706, and married Rebecca Matthews (29) January 5, 1736. She was born at or near Yarmouth, November 30, 1714.

Thomas Blossom (30) married March 9, 1749, Thankful Paddock, who was born November 23, 1730.

The two parents were Amos Howes (14) and Sarah Blossom (15). Amos was born in Yarmouth June 25, 1745, and was married there January 4, 1776. There is no further statement about him in the Howes Genealogy and it is probable that the young couple left Yarmouth shortly after their marriage. The time and place of his death are also unknown, but their one daughter was born in Middlefield, Massachusetts. When her birth was registered no name was stated for the father, suggesting that he had already died. It is very probable that Sarah Blossom Howes (15) had joined her brother Thomas Blossom to find a home, and had moved with him to Middlefield, where he was one of the first settlers. Sarah was born July 13, 1758, and died at Lenox, Massachusetts, March 15, 1738. Left a widow before she was twenty, she was probably very grateful for a home of her own when she married the wealthy Elisha Mack of Middlefield on June 30, 1781, at the age of twenty-two. The Macks had seven children of their own, of whom Sally,

the oldest, born in 1782, married Russell Little, son of Barzillai Little. Since Sally was a half-aunt of grandmother Gleason (3), she (3) was brought up to know this man as "Uncle Russell," although, as she told my mother, "he was not really an uncle at all."

And that brings us to the end of our Cape Cod ancestors, in the person of Rebecca Howes (7), the first one to be born off the Cape for more than a century. She was only three when her mother married again and she grew up as a step-child in the home of Elisha Mack who was, if we can read correctly between the lines, as kind to her and as fond of her as if she had been his own child. Men of his wealth and station do not marry a dowerless widow with a dependent baby unless they have attractions of face and disposition. It is probable that both the mother and the half-orphan Rebecca were pretty and lovable.

In 1795, if the History of Middlefield is correct, when Rebecca was seventeen, Samuel Little (6) appeared in Middlefield, a stout young fellow of twenty-one. It is probable that he worked on the Mack farm. At least he became acquainted with Rebecca, and they were married October 16, 1800. Elisha Mack built for the young couple a new house in his own yard, and there their children were born and passed a part of their childhood. In the Mack house were a real grandmother and a kindly man whom they were taught to regard as grandfather. They doubtless led a very pleasant life there for thirteen years, until Rebecca Howes Little (7) died October 30, 1813. Their children were: Hulda, baptized October 28, 1801 and died the same day; Rebecca (3) born April 23, 1805; Harriet, born February 24, 1808; Samuel Edwin, born March 14, 1811 and died at Peru, Massachusetts, April 20, 1837; and Anna Howes, born May 30, 1813, and died at Peru, August 23, 1835. Rebecca Howes Little is buried in the Mack private cemetery at Middlefield. A large monument stands on the roadside, indicating the cemetery in a little grove well off the road. There in 1920, father (1) and I found her gravestone, lying flat with the inscription uppermost, plainly legible because every carved letter was outlined in bright green moss.

After the untimely death of his wife, Samuel needed a new mother for his family, just as his father had needed one forty years before. On June 2, 1814, he married Submit White, daughter of Elijah and Beulah (Walker) White, who was born May 11, 1786, and died January 8, 1828. They had five children. Father knew three of them who later moved west to Ohio. Shortly after this second marriage he moved to the White place in Middlefield and was still there at least until 1820. He then moved to Peru, adjacent to Middlefield on the northwest, the highest, coldest, bleakest town in Massachusetts. In 1835, five of his sons and daughters with their spouses moved to Summit County, Ohio, and with them went Samuel Little (6). He is buried in the Mallett Creek cemetery near Medina, and the inscription reads "Died December 14, 1851." My father insisted that he lived until after father had moved to Iowa in 1853; possibly 1851 should read 1857. My father also remembered a third wedding "about 1842,"

and father's brother, George, remembered that the new wife was Mrs. Ferman.

Rebecca Little (3) lived in Middlefield until she was fifteen or somewhat older and then went with her father and step-mother to Peru. Very little has come down to us about her girlhood. Neither father (1), to whom she must have told many stories, or mother, with whom she lived the last nine years of her life, could ever tell me anything about it. My own memory is a little better. She told me, and I remember, that they went to church twice every Sunday and listened to sermons two hours long; that the church was unheated and they took hot stones to put their feet on; that there was no church music, at least no organ; and that Indian pudding with maple syrup on it was about the best thing in the world to eat.

And now we must again introduce one of our ancestors whom we left several pages back, just as he was graduating from Union College. Jonah B. Gleason (2) took up teaching as soon as he graduated and was appointed to the school in Peru. There he met his future wife, Rebecca Little, and they were married September 6, 1835. They soon moved to Ohio, where the husband opened up a factory and made matches, and various kinds of woodenware, and pottery, and also conducted a small private school. There all his children were born: Henry Milton, on August 21, 1838, Payson Edward in 1840, George Rossiter in 1842, and Harriet Julia in 1848 or 1850. The father went to Iowa in 1852 and opened up another mill at Quasqueton; his wife and family followed in 1853. The aging couple came to Macon County, Illinois in 1865, and soon gave up farming. They spent their declining years with their son Henry (1). The father died February 29, 1884 and the mother September 13, 1889.



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## A P P E N D I X

Most of the information on New England ancestry was obtained in the New York Public Library during the nineteen-twenties. To this was added, in 1961, further data gleaned from the same source, from the Connecticut State Library, and from the library of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society. Still later, in 1961, after pages 115 to 151 had been printed, the following notes have been secured.

A large history of Enfield has been published, in which all the town records have been printed, so far as they remain available. The three volumes contain numerous references to our Connecticut ancestors.

John Pease (76) was the first explorer and the first settler of Enfield.

A committee of five was appointed August 14, 1679, to manage the affairs of the proposed settlement. Among the five was Samuel Marshfield (74).

In 1683 it was decided to build a house for the minister -- to be 20' long and wide and  $10\frac{1}{2}$ ' high to the eaves. John Pease (76), Isaac Gleason (32), and two others were delegated to see that the work was done. This lends further credibility to the belief that Isaac Gleason was a carpenter by trade.

March 28, 1687, Isaac Gleason (32), Benjamin Parsons, and Samuel Terry were "allowed and appointed to officiate for the ensuing year as selectmen." May 21, 1688, he and John Pease were re-elected for a period of two years. He was again chosen selectman on February 11, 1689.

An official statement was made and entered upon the records of the town to confirm to each landowner his title and right to possession of his property, an action continued as the recording of deeds to real estate. The land of Isaac Gleason was described as follows:

Sargint Isaac Gleason by grant and measuring to him is possessed of several persals of Land besides his home lot in p<sup>e</sup> 23 (viz) in the south field in the west or river division thereof  $7\frac{1}{2}$  acres more or les Length 80 rods bredth 15, bounded west by the grate River East by the country highway, South Abraham Pease, North John Bement. Also  $12\frac{1}{2}$  acres more or les in the 2<sup>d</sup> division the length 120 rods bredth 18 Bounded north end by the Highway between 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>d</sup> division south end by the Highway that runs between the 2<sup>d</sup> and 3<sup>d</sup> division west by Zack Booth East John Bement. Also 15 acres more or

less at the North field in 3<sup>d</sup> division there length 54 rods bredth 48 bounded north by the meadow of John Pynchon Esq<sup>r</sup> that lies on freshwater brook, south by the Highway between 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>d</sup> division, East by Daniel Collins west Sam Terry. Also 6 acres more or les at scantuck river, being 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  acres of upland and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  of meadow the ends bounded by the highland on both sides of the river and on the south bounded by John Bement, north by Natha<sup>el</sup> Horton. Also at buckhorn meadow brook alias spring brook meadow 6 acres more or less of meadowish land or meadow swamp lying on the south east side of scantuck river and compleats his proportion of meadow with an \* \* \* \* \* (illegible word) Length 160 rods bredth 6 rods all being 6 acres more or less the sides bounded by upland or high land North east end by John Bement west end by the Falls.

In 1711 Isaac Gleason (16) was stated to have land amounting to 146 acres. In 1720 Caleb Booth (82) owned 104 acres; John Pease (76) about 160; Simeon Booth (164 ?) about 40; Ephraim Colton (36) 67; John Prior (34) 261 acres; Josiah Colton (18) 147 acres.

Isaac Gleason (16) was appointed a Fence-viewer in 1713, a Surveyor of Highways in 1720, 1733, and 1737; in 1736 he was appointed with two others to secure a woman to teach school.

Joseph Gleason (8) was elected Constable in 1748, in 1750 Collector of Rates and Taxes; he was a Fence-viewer in 1762 and 1764, a Surveyor of Highways in 1767, and a member of the School Board in 1776. On March 31, 1777, a committee of six, including Joseph Gleason, was appointed by the Town Meeting "to take Care of the families of those that Shall engage in the service of the war in their absence."

Edward Gray (98) was born at Ingelford, Sussex, April 15, 1623, and married Mary Winslow January 15, 1651 (new style). Sarah Gray was born August 12, 1659. Thomas Little (96) moved to Marshfield before August 2, 1652. Ann Warren (97) was born 1611, not 1613, and died October 12, 1673. Thomas Blossom (480) was Deacon in the church at Plymouth from 1629 to 1633.

Constant Southworth (1018), in his will dated 1679, gave his daughter Elizabeth "my next best bed and furniture, with my wife's best bed, provided she does not marry William Fobes, but if she do, then to have five shillings." The beds and adjuncts were then worth thirty times five shillings, for a fine bed was con-

sidered a valuable bequest, but it was the old story, Elizabeth chose to have five shillings and William rather than two beds without him.

Across Mill Lane in Farmington, opposite the original home-site of Deacon Stephen Hart (208), stands an ancient but well preserved house marked "John Hart, 1747."

A tablet on the side of a large office building in Spring Lane, Boston, marks the spot where the Winslows (198, 199) lived during their last years.

The burying-ground of King's Chapel in Boston is now, 1961, open to visitors. The tomb of John Winslow and Mary Chilton Winslow is a plain oblong structure of masonry, bearing the Winslow coat-of-arms on one side. The inscription was apparently on the flat top. As on several other tombs of the same pattern, it had probably become illegible through weathering of the stone, and the top is now covered by a thin layer of recent concrete. An American flag flies beside the tomb every day and at one side a small new stone has been established, bearing the simple inscription:

John Winslow

Passenger on the Fortune

Mary Chilton

Passenger on the Mayflower













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REMINISCENCES OF HENRY M. GLEASON, TO WH



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