



Souvenir
of
Eliza Hall
Shallenberger

Presented
to the
Old Settlers
of
Stark Co. Illinois
August 1900.

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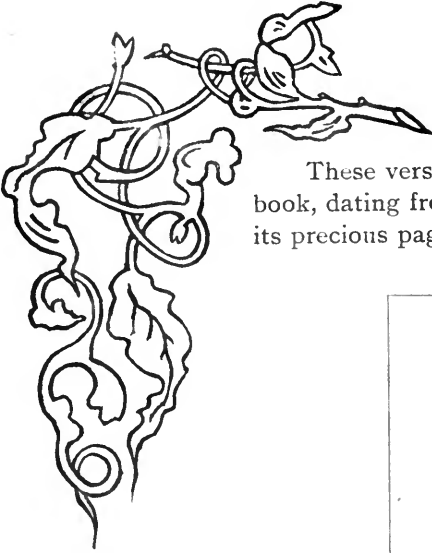


ELIZA HALL SHALLENBERGER.



THE memories contained in these pages would never have been reprinted for the eyes of the general public; but to those who knew and loved the woman who wrote them, to all those who think of Stark county as their motherland and of her pioneers as their first and firmest friends, this little book will have a deep and lasting interest. x x x x x x





These verses and letters were preserved by their author in an old scrap-book, dating from the year 1851. The last time her dim eyes looked upon its precious pages she wrote this inscription on its fly-leaf:

“I have long regretted I did not observe more order and care in preserving these, to me, precious memorials of the years that are gone. Still, when I remember the countless cares with which those days were crowded, the wonder is that I ever found time to preserve them at all; or to commit so many of my own thoughts to the written page. These letters, have little, if any, value to the general public, but may be of interest to my immediate descendants. Therefore, I beseech whoever may turn these pages after I am gone, to handle the old volume carefully in memory of one who loved it well.”

I.

“ I sometimes sit beneath a tree
And read my early songs;
Though naught they may to others be,
Each humble line prolongs
A tone that might have passed away
But for that scarce remembered lay.

II.

I keep them like a lock or leaf
That some dear girl has given—
Frail record, of an hour as brief
As sunset clouds in heaven;
But spreading purple twilight still
High over memory's shadowed hill.

III.

They lie upon my pathway bleak—
Those flowers that once ran wild—
As on a father's careworn cheek,
The ringlets of his child;
The golden mingling with the gray,
And stealing half its snows away.

IV.

And therefore love I such as smile
On these neglected songs,
Nor deem that flattery's needless wile
My opening bosom wrongs.
For who would trample at my side
A few pale buds, my garden's pride?

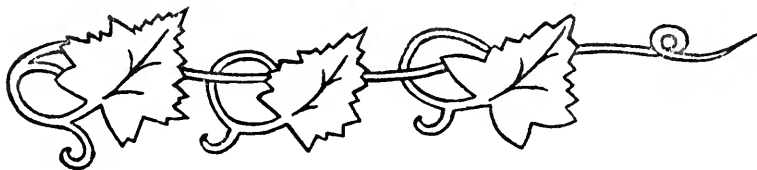
V.

It may be that my scanty ore
Long years have washed away,
And where were golden sands before
Is naught but common clay.
Still, something sparkles in the sun
For memory to look back upon.

VI.

And when my name no more is heard
My lyre no more is known
Still, let me, like a winter bird,
In silence and alone,
Fold over them the weary wing,
Once flashing through the dews of spring

W. Holmes



DAY DREAMS.

Say, gentle reader, didst thou ever lean
O'er latticed balcony, by starlight's gleam?
Or, just before that hour, when day's last beam
Girdles the western sky with crimson stream?

In summer time, when flowers their fragrance throw
Upon the ambient air; when music's flow
Mellowed by distance, falls upon the ear,
As strains from heavenly lyres, reëchoed here.

And gently loosing all the cords that bind
To time and place, the longings of the mind;
Bade the free spirit plume itself for flight,
And seek in Fancy's realm a rare delight?

Thus have I musing stood, and dreamed of bliss,
Till Fancy seemed Reality to kiss;
As in a sweet embrace they were entwined,
And I, to sever them, was not inclined.

Thus have I stood upon the vessel's prow
And felt the freshening sea-breeze fan my brow;
Seen moonlight dance upon the crested wave,
Lighting, with beauty's spell, the seaman's grave.

Seen gorgeous suns set over azure fields,
Like golden blazonry on warrior's shields,
Where their high carnival, the winds hold free
For those who venture on the deep, deep sea.

Seen distant lands enchanted rise to view
Such as a Stoic's fancy never knew;
Warm, sunny lands, where love and wealth and fame
A bright kaleidiscopes of beauty frame.

Or, in far other mood, I've scaled the height
Of the dark mountain's frowning precipice;
Where the wild chamois bounds in gladness free,
A finish meet for nature's tapestry.

Where the dark storm-cloud bursts o'er Jura's head,
The fearful avalanche in anger sped.
Adown the beetling cliffs, huge masses rolled,
Not sparing shepherd's cot, nor herdsman's fold.

Then have I walked o'er monumental dust,
Where every sod can claim some sacred trust;
Each stone a record time has failed to hide,
Saying here sages lived, or heroes died.

Midst Petra's rock-built tombs can Fancy dwell,
And from their mysteries draw forth a spell
Bringing again the infancy of Time,
When scarcely finished seemed creation's chime.

From Pompeii, buried by fair Naples' bay,
To where the Roman marked the Appian way,
That once resounded to the warrior's tread,
Now famous but for trophies of the dead;

Can Fancy, adding link to link of thought,
Forge chains of thrilling pictures, strangely wrought,
Binding the present to the mighty past;
Each link a history or a memory vast?

Ye cruel fates that disappoint us here,
To ashes turn the fruit of toil-spent years!
Rob us of joys just when we think they're ours,
And to destruction doom our air-built towers!

Take from me every hope of wealth or fame,
All earthly honors from my humble name,
But spare my simple life bright Fancy's gleams!
Grant to me still the magic of my dreams!



LETTER TO OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION.

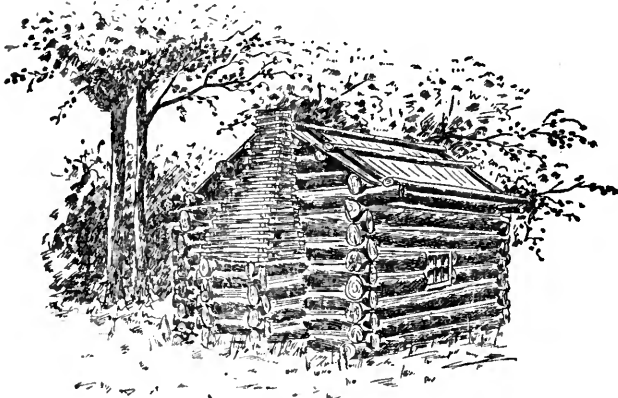
Dated at Imperial, Neb., August 18, 1891.

To the Old Settlers of Stark County, Illinois, in their Annual Meeting Assembled—To one and all a kindly greeting: A few days since I received a card of invitation to be present at your Fourteenth Annual Reunion. It goes without saying that I should like to be there. Whoever had a home within the limits of "Molly Stark" but holds its memory dear, and would gladly return, if circumstances permitted, on these anniversary occasions, to clasp again once familiar hands, to gaze into once familiar faces, and renew the friendships of former years?

It is said that the men of the Swiss cantons, who have ever ranked among the bravest soldiers of Europe when defending the fastnesses of their native hills, make but poor campaigners in foreign lands, so depressed are they by homesickness; and history records that a whole regiment of Swiss has been demoralized, rendered incapable of action, by the playing of an Alpine air—their home music.

I have sometimes thought that our grand little county has a similar hold upon the hearts of her absent children. The letters from these wanderers, as they wend their way

back to your meetings from year to year, bear witness to this attachment. Their writers may have wandered in many lands, called many places home as the years have glided by, but true as the needle to the pole, their hearts still turn to that first home, humble though it may have been, within the confines of Stark county, Illinois. These ties, so subtle, tender, and strong, are hard to define. We do not care to analyze them too minutely. Enough for us that they exist, and we would not sever them if we could. Still, I may venture



to suggest, it is not altogether in the recollection of fertile fields, of shady groves or rippling streams that constitutes the bond—the charm of memory—but that strange thing we call association of ideas. The mingled fragrance of youth and love has cast a glamour over the past and made it sacred. Such flowers bloom but once along life's pathway, and for us—"us old folks"—they blossomed and faded long ago. There is a sunshine that falls only on life's morning; on us it can never fall again; but far out into the twilight or the darkness we may carry the memory of the flowers and the shine.

But enough of rhapsody. I intended this paper should be one of reminiscence.

I often think I must be very old, so clearly does my mind recall the beginning of things in what we now recognize as Stark county. I remember when it was "set off" from old Putnam; also the first election within its bounds. I watched with interest the building of the first court house, by Deacon Mott, and attended school in that building, I think, during the winter of 1842-43, but I am always ready to be corrected on dates. Miss Susan Gill was the teacher, (the same lady who afterwards became Mrs. Stephen Eastman,) and, if I am not mistaken, hers was the first grave in the present cemetery.

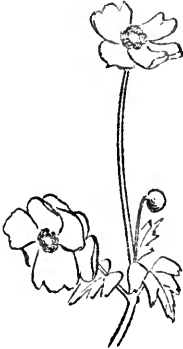
Not long since I sorrowfully read in the papers of the demise of Mr. William Buswell, of Neponset, and Doctor Boardman, of Elmira. The former was a playmate of my childhood. My father's family and that of Mr. James Buswell played together as children

in the woods of Osceola, before Toulon existed even on paper. And I remember the coming of Doctor Boardman to Elmira as if it were but yesterday. I can recall his massive face and calm far-seeing eyes, as I have seen him stand by the bedside of the sick, as if searching out the hidden secrets of disease. I remember, too, that face as it bent above my father's coffin and took a long farewell. I could not stand by his grave, but I wish, metaphorically, to lay a flower upon it, and so bid playmate and friend a last good-by.

But to return more directly to the line of reminiscence. I remember, though a child at the time, when your venerable president first brought his young wife to make a home among western wilds. I think this must have been in the fall of 1838, but he can tell you. A few years later I saw them arrive in Toulon and lay the foundation of a home which for forty years or more was ever a center of genial social influences, always including a generous hospitality. Ah, what faces I have seen, what voices heard within those walls! And, in imagination, they are around me as I write. Eminent jurists, soldiers, statesmen, "Fair women and brave men." But I must not particularize or I shall write another history of Stark county, which I am sure is not desirable. But, while not wishing to disparage the present, perhaps an old woman may be pardoned for thinking that was Toulon's Golden Age.

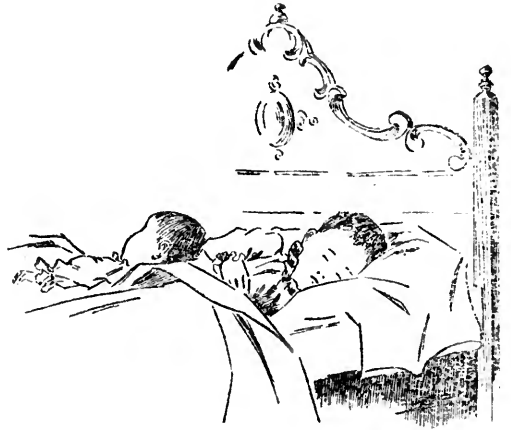
But my letter is growing out of all reasonable limits. I fear I may weary even old settlers, so shall close somewhat abruptly, leaving much unsaid that I should like to say. For when I give the reins to memory, the Toulon of the past is ever the Mecca towards which my thoughts turn. Her people, her churches, her schools, her literary societies, made all that was best in my life, and when that life's work is done, if never before, I hope to return to the once familiar scenes, and take my last long sleep beneath the sod hallowed by the ashes of my kindred, and among the friends of my youthful days.

E. H. S.



THE SEA BIRD.

Written on board the steamer Samaria, April 22d, 1869.

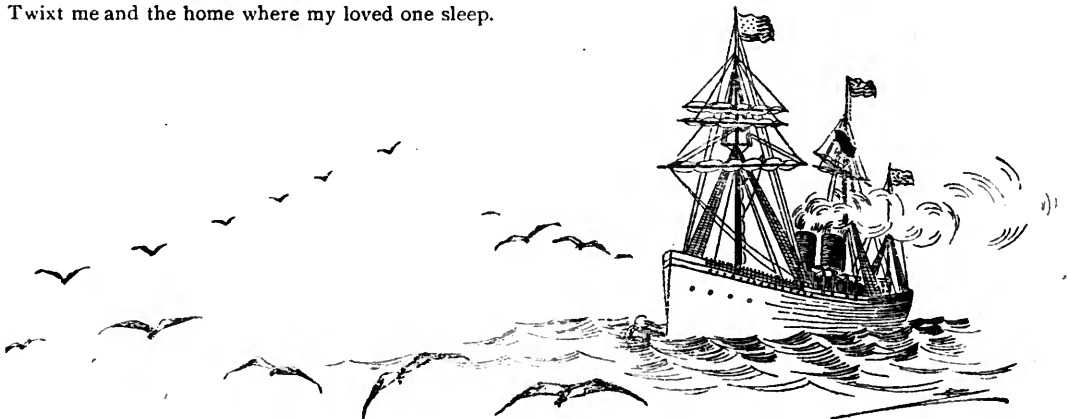


Beautiful bird of this far off sea!
Where may thy home and thy loved ones be?
Are they with mine in yon western land?
By northern iceberg? or southern strand?

Far, far away they must surely be,
For home there is none on this pitiless sea;
No shelter for home or nestlings here,
Nor protection for aught the heart holds dear.

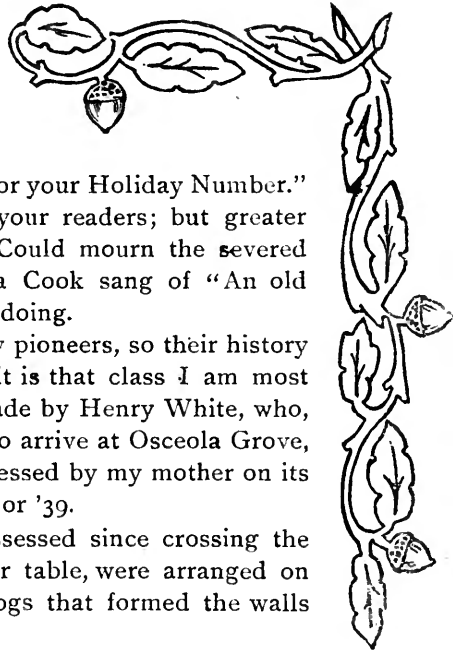
This morning I see thee dip thy wing,
And fresh from the wave into ether spring.
But my eye may not follow thy midday flight,
Nor see where thy pinions are folded tonight.

Ah, me! I must wearily plod along,
No wings for soaring, no voice for song,
And a lengthening ocean's billows sweep
Twixt me and the home where my loved one sleep.



MY TWO CUPBOARDS.

Imperial, Neb., Dec. 11, 1893.



ACCORDING to promise, I "Send you something for your Holiday Number." The subject may seem a trivial one to many of your readers; but greater people have written of smaller things. Burns "Could mourn the severed daisy, or the mousie's ruined nest," and Eliza Cook sang of "An old armchair"—and we do not desire to "chide" her for so doing.

Then, my two old cupboards are both Stark county pioneers, so their history may possess a mite of interest "For the old folks," and it is that class I am most anxious to entertain. The first I shall mention was made by Henry White, who, I think, was one of the first, if not the first carpenter to arrive at Osceola Grove, where we then lived. I still remember the pleasure expressed by my mother on its arrival at our cabin home, which must have been in 1838 or '39.

It was really the first piece of furniture she had possessed since crossing the sea. Prior to this, what few conveniences we had for our table, were arranged on rude shelves supported by wooden pins driven into the logs that formed the walls of our cabin.

This reminds me that the generation now growing up and occupying, most of them, good, modern homes, know but little of the log cabin of the pioneer, or of the primitive fashion in which their grand parents lived in the early days of Illinois. My uncle, William Hall, who has long been sleeping "The sleep of the just" in the cemetery at Osceola, as part of his outfit for entering a new world, brought with him a chest of carpenter's tools, and though born and bred a farmer, he soon acquired some skill in using them.

Thus, he constructed for us (by us I mean my father's family) a rude table and some benches and stools to serve as seats. This table was made of two broad boards about six feet long, which had been sawed by hand in a "saw-pit." The legs formed a letter X at either end. I know now that he brought this model in his mind from his English home; for in reading English history I find our Saxon ancestors gathered their households around just such "boards," and centuries later, in baronial halls, lords and ladies feasted "Above the salt," and their more humble retainers below it, from long tables constructed on the same simple plan. So much for the origin of our table. But I must return to my cupboard.

It is made of walnut boards which, I believe, were sawed from native trees at the old Wethersfield sawmill, but of this I am not quite certain. However, it is so well put together that unless destroyed by fire it may descend to generations yet unborn. I think its maker has passed to his reward. I noticed an account of his death in *The Sentinel* some time since. Where he lived his last days I know not, but his first home in Illinois was in, or near Osceola Grove. Later he built a house on the top of the hill going up from Spoon river bridge, on the road from Osceola to Toulon. Old settlers will remember this, though the place soon passed into other hands, a family by the name of Craig, buying it, I believe. But the cupboard remained one of our household comforts. It went with us to Toulon in 1842, and in 1849 was given to me as part of my marriage portion.

Then began my more intimate acquaintance with it. I visited it many times daily, for thirty years—how many, let housekeepers guess. And often in the dead hours of night, when roused from sleep by the terrifying sound of croup, have I rushed to its

doors; for on the top shelf out of the reach of little hands stood my array of medicines, most of them carefully labeled in my dear father's handwriting, and in the Latin formula he always used. And I may as well confess all the Latin I ever knew was learned from my father's bottles. There was a time when "Aqua vitæ," "Aqua ammon," "Pulv rhei," and the like, were as familiar as household words; but Wine of Ipecac in good plain English, was usually the object of my search in those midnight visits to my shelf of medicines. All other things seemed of small importance just then.

This old cupboard and I have been parted many years. It remained in the old brown house on the corner; I wandered toward the setting sun. Is it any wonder, that as I am growing old far from the scenes of my youth, my mind should dwell more and more upon the past, and that I longed for the presence of this old friend, dumb and inanimate though it may be, within my doors?

My daughter kindly started it westward some time since, and now it is here, and with it a bit of my young life seems to have come back to me, which, perhaps, has inspired this tale.

It is not valuable as men reckon values, or beautiful, or stylish, but around it such priceless memories cling. I would not exchange it for a modern sideboard though that were decorated with mirrors and loaded with silver.

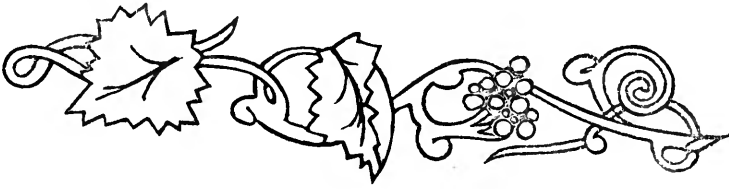
But I must not forget cupboard No. 2. No. 1 outranks it as to age, and therefore was entitled to a first notice. No. 2 was a book cupboard, or bookcase, as we always called it, and was the first one of its kind to enter my married home. It was made by Mr. Joseph Walthers soon after his arrival at Toulon, I think in 1851 or '52. But I always hold myself in readiness to be corrected on dates, as my memory does not retain them as it does events. I read in a recent number of *The Sentinel* that this gentleman had retired from business. And I will venture to say, he will never have a successor, or at least in some respects. Such work as he did is no longer called for. The cheap, machine-made furniture of the city factories has driven it from the market. So, as the years roll by, my precious bookcase will become more and more valuable as a relic of the past; a specimen of the workmanship of long ago. This, too, is of solid walnut, but veneered with mahogany. People often speak sneeringly of "veneering," whether used in its literal or figurative sense. And well they may. But this is not that kind of veneering. It does not wear off.

This bookcase went with me and my boys when we took possession of our Fulton county farm in 1880, and made the journey of fifty miles without receiving a scratch. When we emigrated to Nebraska it was shipped to Bradshaw, in this state, and being carelessly unloaded there, suffered, what the doctors would call a "Compound fracture of the right leg," and was left in this condition, apparently without a friend, until I could build a house wherein I could care for it again and have its injuries treated. Then it was reshipped to Grant, Neb., at that time our nearest railroad station, and afterwards loaded on a wagon and hauled thirty miles to Imperial. Yet, there is not a particle of veneering gone save in a few spots where it had been actually ground through by contact with some hard substance during its long journeys. Am I mistaken in saying we do not have such work done nowadays? There is another rather singular circumstance regarding this bookcase I will mention. It has glass doors to the upper part, and stood in our sitting-room at Toulon for nearly thirty years, when six boys and two girls passed the restless season of childhood and youth, and yet never was a glass broken. Was this because the glass was of extra quality, or the children? I leave others to decide. Eager were the youthful hands, and bright the beaming eyes, that used to rummage the broad lower shelves in the old Toulon home, for there lay "Abbott's Life of Napoleon," "Los-

sing's Field Book of the Revolution," bound volumes of "Harper's Magazine," and other prime favorites of the children, which they read and reread until their contents became things of memory. And I often think these lives so dear to me, perhaps took their tone or bent from the contents of these old shelves in that childhood home.

I have told this tale as it lives in my mind, and by your leave, Mr. Editor, I confide it to the keeping of the faithful types, hoping it may beguile an hour for some wayworn pilgrim these Christmas times, and perhaps when my pen and lips have alike ceased to move, it may survive and happily awake a deeper interest among my descendants in these treasured heirlooms, these relics of a day gone by.

E. H. S.



LINES

Written on the tenth anniversary of the marriage of my sister, Louisa, who was the first child born in the town of Toulon.

My mind flies back, thro' the changeful years,
To a cabin rude and wild,
Where, in a village we might name,
Was born the first white child.

Fondly we watched the budding life,
Earth's sweetest mystery yet.
No eyes so blue, no face so fair
As graced our household pet.

No splendors greeted her approach,
But the cabin home was glad;
Not titled heir to marble halls—
A heartier welcome had.

'T was mine to shape the snowy robe,
To lace the tiny shoe,
And on the pearly shoulders tie
The "True Love-Knot" of blue.

And as her tottering feet grew strong,
I taught her childhood's lore;
How the shy bluebird built her nest,
The squirrel hid his store.

Where the wild roses wooed the sun,
The bellflower wept the dew,
Where buttercups and violets lived,
Or nuts and berries grew.

And then it chanced, as oft before,
In high or lowly home,
A stranger through its portals passed,
And went not thence alone.

Thus sped the years as in a dream,
By simple joys beguiled,
Till woman's loftier spirit touched
The eyelids of the child.

Thus from our father's fireside group
Our sister passed away;
Another's hearth and heart to cheer
Ten years ago today.

THE MOTHER'S RETURN.

Written impromptu upon returning from Cambridge in 1860.

Eight little feet came swiftly
A happy mother to greet;
Eight little eyes grew brighter
The smile of welcome to meet.

Soon eight little hands had clasped her
In many a fond embrace,
And the smallest clung the closest
To their own loved resting place.

And four little hearts grew lighter
As they clustered round the hearth;
And four little tongues flew faster
In tones of childish mirth.

Away with ambitious scheming!
Though it compass a sceptre and throne.
Such hours it can never furnish;
Such hours are a mother's own.



MY IDEAL HOME.

MY IDEAL home is not necessarily adorned with the trappings of wealth; neither must it be saddened by pinching poverty. A competence there must be, which, with industry and thrift, will preserve its inmates from painful anxieties.

In this home, the husband is the bread-winner, the wife the home maker—and together they reign over this little realm. The children (for there are children in my ideal home) are loyal and obedient subjects, every one; and it never occurs to them to question the divine right of their king and queen to rule.



Order and system prevail; but love and self-sacrifice for love's sake, animates all hearts within this home, and to be good and do good is their constant rule of conduct. Health, smiling goddess, stands at its portal and scatters happiness and prosperity with lavish hands. The table is not only the place where nature's recurring wants are daily supplied, but a school of manners; yet there harmless mirth disports itself unrebuked,

and thought unfettered flows. Books there are in abundance, bringing the culture of all countries and all ages within reach of this charmed circle. Flowers bloom in the window and smile at you from the garden paths with their suggestions of beauty and refinement. Yet, whatever else may be there, the guests who frequent this house are its choicest, most valued ornaments.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS I HAVE MET IN TOULON.



As the shadows lengthen, and the sun of my life is slowly sinking in the West, memory is often busy with the past—the Far Away Past. And as the best of my life belongs to Stark county, the pictures she brings are of people and things pertaining to that locality.

Today, trooping before me, like pictures on a moving panorama, come visions of the distinguished men and women I have met in Toulon; and with them sometimes the thought that it is strange one living in a quiet inland town, for years remote from railroads, and when Illinois was a much newer state than now, should have been privileged even briefly to know, to clasp the hands and look in the faces of these men and women. To have done so, and to have listened to their inspiring words, has been a part of my education which I shall always remember with pleasure.

The first of these glimpses in order of time, therefore the first to be mentioned, are of Judges Young and Ford, the latter afterwards governor of Illinois and author of a valuable history of the state. I can not give the exact date of their coming, or the circumstances that called them to the town, but know they came soon after the county seat was located, as my father was still occupying his cabin, in which humble domicile these honorable gentlemen were entertained. Of the life history of Judge Young I know little. Perhaps some whose eyes may fall upon these lines know far more. Only this I will say: He was a scholarly gentleman, a European traveler whose conversation fascinated my parents, and upon the shy little girl, who sat in a corner of the log house, made an impression that the vicissitudes of more than fifty years have failed to obliterate. To that same cabin came during the forties, A. B. Coddling and Owen Lovejoy, dauntless champions of the slave. They came on several occasions to discuss with some one of opposite opinions, the then all-absorbing topic of slavery and its abolition. Perhaps this antagonist was a Rev. Fraser, from Elmira, as I well recollect that gentleman figured in such debates. At a somewhat later date Owen Lovejoy came during a congressional canvass, probably to discuss general issues then before the people. Be that as it may, his manly form, fearless, expressive face, with rings of dark hair falling over a broad brow, form a clear and valued picture in memory's cabinet; and it wears like a well-cut cameo. A copy of the "The Life of Elijah P. Lovejoy," which he gave me "For being such a good little abolitionist," is still carefully preserved, a souvenir not only of the giver, but of the stormy time in which he lived.

There may have been other men of distinction from a distance in Toulon in those very early days; if so, I do not now recall them. But at each successive term of our circuit court we were long accustomed to see the lights of the Peoria bar. And who that really knew these men can ever forget them? There were Merriman and Knowlton, brilliant men as well as gifted lawyers; Peters and Powell, both profound in their lines; and Manning, considered "the unapproachable" by his friends, his intellectual armory well stored with keenest, brightest weapons, which he used with the precision of an expert. Purple, cold as a glacier, and more brilliant, knowing well the depths and shallows of

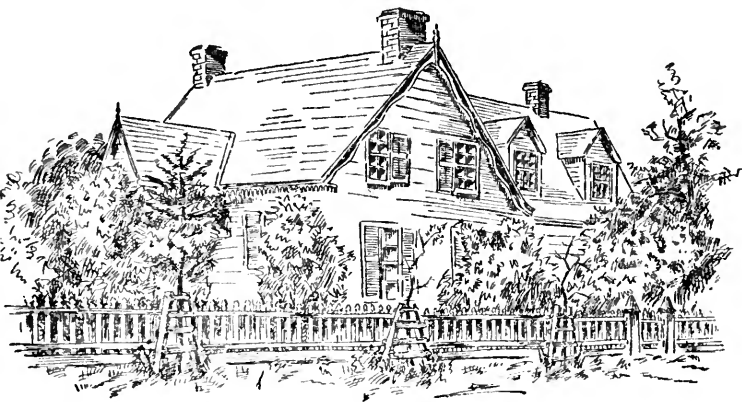


his professions; wielding a mighty influence whenever he chose to exert himself. Did these men form an exceptionally able group in those pioneer days, or is it "Distance lends enchantment"?

But "The years glide by." The decade that saw located the county seat of Stark county had done its work. The cabins of Mr. Whitaker and Dr. Hall, wherein the men we have been talking of usually found homes, had been supplanted by more commodious houses. The child who had often sat timidly in the corner and listened to their words had grown to womanhood. The brown cottage on the corner, west of the court house, which went up in flames and smoke not long ago, soon began to open its doors to strangers who might honor Toulon with their presence. There came, as an honored guest, the great agnostic, Robt. G. Ingersoll, and, as to make the contrast complete, also the widely known evangelist, D. L. Moody, then the successful supporter of a mission school in Chicago.

There also came Miss Phœbe Couzins, then perhaps at the zenith of her power; a sprightly, versatile woman, with oratorical or elocutionary powers of no common order.

This was before the blight of disappointment or the strain of misfortune had embittered her temper, or whitened her luxuriant hair. At this age she might have had grace sufficient to harmonize the "Lady Managers of the World's Columbian Exposition," a feat she tried later without success. When she visited Toulon she was engaged by the "Young Men's Debating Society" to deliver her lecture, called



"Portia at the Bar." This was really a plea for fuller liberty for women; "Liberty to follow any career they might choose; to do anything they could do well." As a souvenir of that visit, I have, in an old album, this characteristic sentiment written with her own hand:

"Men, their rights, and nothing more;
Woman, hers, and nothing less."

In the years just preceding the civil war there came to Toulon two men who were emphatically guests of the people, or rather, perhaps I should say, of their respective parties. Their names were Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas. At this time they were both aiming at a seat in the United States senate. They were to have met in joint debate, but by some untoward circumstance this plan was thwarted, and they spoke on successive days from a platform erected on the west side of the court house. Among the thousands who heard them, many must still be living who can recall the events of those days. At that time the old "Virginia House" was Republican headquarters, "Hall's Hotel" rendering the same service for the hosts of Democracy.

But I am admonished by a glance at my pages that I am overreaching the bonds of a newspaper article. However, the editor of *The News* can call it a continued story and cut it into as many parts as he pleases. I have tried to be brief, but see I must cut down remarks still more.

The years still glided by. The cruel war was over and our beloved country again happy and prosperous. Literary societies multiplied in Toulon. Perhaps the most prominent among these was "The Young Men's Debating Society," which, for about ten years, sustained a regular lecture course, and thus gave Toulon's people the privilege of hearing many distinguished speakers.

From the ranks of the divines they gave us Prof. Swing and Dr. Thomas; from other walks in life, Wendell Philips, Theodore Tilton, Schuyler Colfax, and Frederick Douglas.

Wendell Philips lectured twice. Once on "The Lost Arts," once on "Woman, Temperance and Reform." Tilton told us of "The World's Tomorrow"; Fred Douglas the pathetic story of a slave child's life in words that can never be forgotten by those who heard them. Among humorists, we had John G. Saxe, Eli Perkins, and last and best, Robert Burdette.

The musical world was well represented, in the olden times, by The Bakers, Riley Sisters, and others; in later days by the "Swedish Quartette," "Spanish Students," and probably other celebrities not now remembered.

Among ladies distinguished as speakers or readers, were Mrs. Livermore, Anna Dickinson, Eliza Young (wife No. 19), and Laura Dainty.

Mrs. Livermore spoke of "Superfluous Women," and Eliza Young told a thrilling story of life among the Mormons, while Miss Dickinson, in her inimitable manner, drew a picture of the life and time of Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, most illustrious of the heroines of history.

And it was in Toulon that I heard the incomparable reader, Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson. And I think my eyes have never since rested on any of the poems she read, from the pathos of the "Witch's Daughter" to the rollicking fun of the "Ride of Young Lochinvar," but her thrilling tone and exquisite inflections seemed a part of them. While in Toulon she was the honored guest of Mrs. Dr. Chamberlain, at whose home I had the pleasure of an hour in her company which has ever since been one of my sunny memories.

Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert, for a long time editor of "The Woman's Kingdom" in the *Inter Ocean*, and widely known as a lecturer, came to Toulon at the request of the Woman's Club, and was the guest of Mrs. Blair, at whose home a reception was held for the benefit of the ladies of the club during Mrs. Harbert's visit. Her public address was on "The Homes of Representative Women."

Perhaps my article has already become tiresome to my readers; yet I feel that these recollections would be incomplete without a passing tribute to two other forms that seem to call to me from the misty past. In 1853 came Alexander Campbell, president of Bethany College and founder of the "Church of the Disciples" and one of the most famous polemics of his day. He delivered a most impressive address, the opening sentence of which was, "We meet but once, between two eternities—an eternity past, and an eternity to come." I well remember his appearance and cordial manner. As I stood at the door of the church with my husband and little son to bid him farewell, he placed his hand on Tom's head and said "Names are our heraldry, and you have a good one, my boy." He alluded to the name of Shallenberger—two at least of the Shallenberger family were members of the first little congregation he organized and they have since been quite numerous in the churches of his faith. This illustrious divine was guest of Mr. Carson Berfield during his visit in Toulon.

The other personality at which I wish to glance for a moment, is that of Bishop Spaulding, Roman Catholic Bishop of Peoria. Were I an artist, either with brush or pen, I should like to give you the picture that still lives in my memory of this gentleman

as he stood on the platform of the town hall that night to talk to the people of his faith of the "History of Christianity"—a trite theme, you will say. Yes, but in his hands a glowing chain of glorious events linking the world of today with the Man of Galilee and the hills of Judea.

And to those who follow him still through the pages of our leading periodicals, it is evident years have as yet brought to him no diminution of power. These memories are priceless to me, throwing, as they do, a gleam of light over life's evening tide. If I have succeeded in awakening a passing interest among readers of *The News* I am satisfied.

E. H. S.



"TO MY DAUGHTER."

Written by DR. THOS. HALL in 1860.

I'm growing old. Nigh thirty years have fled
Since first I gazed on thee—my first-born child,
With all a father's pride and joy and love,
And age has brought its fruit. The Muse no more
Can please as was her wont in earlier days!
There was a time, (it seems but yesterday,)
When rhyming was amusement, and the praise
Of partial friends was all I sought or cared for.
How changed the feeling now! The poetry
Of life's young day, with all its hopes and fears,

Its promises of joy, its disappointments,
Has, like a spectre, vanished from the scene,
And left the dull prose of real life behind.
Yet, think not life is dreary. Age has charms,
Has pleasures, which the young can not conceive,
And dwelling on this theme, if aught could do,
Would wake my silent harp to life again.
It can not be! Age has produced its fruit,
And though a much-loved daughter ask the strain,
My harp can never wake to life again.

DO NOT SAY YOU'RE OLD, FATHER.

Written in reply to the above.

Oh, do not say you 're old, father!
Though silvery is your hair,
I would not think that life, to you,
Now seems no longer fair.

Say not your "Harp must silent be"
And "Wake no more to song,"
Your very life is melody—
A poem all along.

Though well-nigh thirty years have fled
Since first you blest your child;
Though half a dozen little ones
For you, since then, have smiled;

Your heart can not be old, father,
For still your voice will ring
In laughing glee o'er well-told tales
Or childhood's frolicking.

Your hand, that often has been placed
In kindness on my brow,
It trembles not as if old age
Had chilled its pulses now.

Your eye still wears its wonted glow;
Still, nature's charms can see,
In her forms of simplest beauty,
In her peerless majesty.

There 's not a flower that careless springs
Unheeding of its doom,
But you, with careful step will turn,
And spare its fragile bloom.

And still with subtlest power you ply
The healer's gentle art
And science; still at your command
Bids fell disease depart.

By waning sense, and not by years,
Old age should measured be.
So, you're as young as when you first
So fondly smiled on me.

True! Many years have past you fled
Like waves from distant seas—
A lifetime's sunny memories
May well atone for these.

And sunny they must be to one
Who never caused a tear,
Whose presence is a talisman
All heavy hearts to cheer.

Then say no more you 're old, father!
Though silvery is your hair,
I can not bear that life should seem
To you no longer fair.

OUR CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

The voices that have mingled here now speak another tongue,
Or breathe, perchance to alien ears, the songs their mother sung.
Sad, strangely sad, in stranger lands, must sound each household tone;
The hearth, the hearth is desolate! The bright fire quenched and gone!

And of the hearts that here were linked by long-remembered years,
Alas! The brother knows not now when falls the sister's tears!
One haply revels at the feast while one may droop alone;
For broken is the household chain, the bright fire quenched and gone!

Not so—'tis not a broken chain; thy memory binds them still,
Thou holy hearth of other days! Though silent now and chill.
The smiles, the tears, the rites, beheld by thine attesting stone,
Have yet a living power to mark thy children for thine own.



Among the pictures hung in Memory's halls, have you one of an old home? Your childhood's home, perhaps, and dear to you by the most tender associations, and to the recollection of which, still cling thoughts of youthful love and trust, and all the graces that adorn life's morning.

This old home may have been a mansion, or a low-browed cottage, or but a cabin on the frontier. These differences are immaterial. It was the essence of home life, not its adjuncts that sanctify the place and made it a shrine. It was the presence there of parental love, of filial obedience, of brotherly and sisterly affection, that hallowed it in our heart of hearts, and made its record immortal.

In these respects our pictures would all agree, however they may differ in outline. One may have stood by the singing ocean, another by the placid river, another among mountain pines, yet another on our western plains; but love sanctified them all alike.

We can not see our pictures, or conjecture their endless variety; but you each know your own, and at will can recall the scene and people it as of yore.

Ours is of a plain rambling old house in a village of Illinois, with old-fashioned furniture and belongings. No trappings of wealth adorned the spot, but its rooms were spacious, and its hearts were warm. Books, there were, in abundance, treasures of thought and research. Friends often gathered within its walls, free from the conventionalities of fashionable life, and conversation flowed like choice wine, sometimes rich and strong, sometimes light and sparkling, but always enjoyable. And thus within that old home we learned to think and feel; in the best sense of the word to "live."

From its timeworn volumes I drank in poetry as an inspiration, and dwelt upon the heroism and genius of the gifted ones of earth, until in spirit I knelt at their feet in a devotion well nigh idolatrous.

And there that higher worship dawned upon me, breathing a spirit of consecration more absolute than any other human heart may know, when the grave questions con-

cerning the origin and destiny of man were all satisfactorily settled by the book of Genesis. And my simple faith found full expression in the words:

" Jesus, I my cross have taken ;
All to leave and follow Thee."

And there I dreamed my "Dream of Love," the memory of which is sweeter than the breath of flowers. And within those old walls I stood a white-robed bride and gave myself away in an everlasting covenant, no more to be my own—always another's.

Ah, me! What changes time has wrought since that June day! Then I was young and many called me fair; my father's step was strong and elastic; my mother's eye beamed brightly through her tears and her voice was as cheerful as a bird in springtime. Brothers and sisters hovered round me, and I went forth from that home all mantled in their love.

But time rolls a mingled tide. Sorrow invaded this sanctuary of hearts, and Death, the relentless reaper, claimed the fairest flower ere yet it was fully blown. Some were transplanted to grace other households, so it came to pass that the laughter of many voices, the paths of busy feet no longer resounded through the dear old homestead. Still, it was a pleasant place, the magnetic center of many loving thoughts. The fire burned brightly through the winter evenings, and the "old folks" still sat in their easy chairs. The newspapers and work-basket kept their accustomed places; the latter not so full as when the children were all at home.

Thus passed many pleasant, peaceful years. Life's evening tide devoted to rest and contemplation. But the end drew near, first one chair was left vacant, then the other, and the old home was desolate, indeed. We carried the dear forms from haunts they loved so long, over thresholds worn by feet that should never tread them more. One when fruit and flowers hung in rich profusion along the garden paths; the other, when December's snow wrapped all things in its mantle of spotless white; and embalmed by tears we laid them, side by side, in the silent city of the dead, and all that is left us now of that old home, is this picture painted by Memory. Forgive us if we have dwelt on it too long.

E. H. S.



LETTER TO OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION.

Dated at Imperial Neb., Oct. 15, 1893.

EDITOR OF THE SENTINEL—Your issue of October 11th is before me, and is a paper of uncommon interest, though the interest be mingled with sadness.

The reminiscence of the Toulon singers of long ago awakened a quick response in my heart, for some of those voices were inexpressibly dear to me; and all are kindly remembered. Your correspondent has a good memory, as his communication fully proves, but mine would add at least two more names to the list; those of Misses Carrie Burge and Dell Whitaker. Both sang in the old Congregational choir for years, and on various other occasions for the people of Toulon—and their songs are still singing themselves in the hearts of exiles all over these western plains. "The Beautiful Home of the Soul," as Dell sang it, will ever abide with me, and I remember when, years ago, she entered within its sacred portals, it was sung above her grave, Miss Pierce, I think, taking the leading part.

In another column, tidings of the death of Mrs. Chloe Pratt Buswell in the 93d year of her age, meet my eye. There is no cause for regret that she has entered into rest full of years and honors. But how the simple announcement sends the mind careering back over the changeful years! Some of us now wearing white hair and with bowed forms remember Mrs. Buswell in the prime of her womanhood; when little children played about her door, and when her cabin home seemed to her old neighbors a sort of palace in the wilderness, and she its ever gracious queen.

Some still live who can testify what a home that was—so full of cheer, of simple pleasures, and of hearty good will to all men, white or black. There, the neighbors were sure of a kindly welcome, the tired stranger of a resting place, and the children a safe refuge from the snares and ills of life.

Burns, that true poet of the people, sang—

"From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad."

And, be it remembered, other lands than Scotia owe their strength and beauty to just such homes.

All honor to the mothers who, facing the perils and privations of a wilderness, reared the men and women who not only make Stark county what it is today, but are giving tone to many other communities nearer the setting sun. May their graves long be kept green by a grateful posterity.

A little farther down the column you record the death of another old settler, Mrs. Mary Thomas. As a resident of Stark county, she antedates us all—1836 is a long time ago. I remember this lady since 1838. I knew her as a bride, as a mother, as a widow sorrowing above the graves of an entire family. And as I sit down and muse on all I knew of her, the thought uppermost in my mind is symmetry—beautiful symmetry—physically, mentally and morally.

She was indeed "A perfect woman, nobly planned," and as such will live in the memories of hundreds outside of the circle still nearer to her by the ties of blood. I trust *Sentinel* readers will forgive me if any think I pronounce to warm a eulogy on these dear departed friends of other days.

My defense is, I owe them so much, not only for brightening my own childhood and youth, but for kindly offices, so lovingly rendered to my parents during the early settlement of Stark county. And in return, I can give them only the tribute of an exile's tears.

E. H. S.

These lines were addressed by the author to an old pestle and mortar brought by her father, Dr. Thomas Hall, from England, in 1837. It was conspicuous amidst the scant furnishings of the Osceola cabin, and was one of the treasures accompanying the family upon their removal to Toulon, in 1842.

Few were the early settlers of Stark county who did not learn to battle disease and pain with the draughts and lotions compounded in this old vessel.

It is now in the possession of a Dr. Hall of the third generation.

MY FATHER'S OLD PESTLE AND MORTAR.

What memories awake at thy bidding,
Thou precious old pestle and mortar!
Of the days and people long fled!
Of my childhood's home over the water!

For thou wast our faithful companion,
In perils by land and by sea,
When the medicine chest in the corner
Contained all our treasures and thee.

And then the log house "in the timber"
Floats back on my memory so clear;
With its rows of rude shelves and bright bottles,
And the mortar and pestle were there—

And my father, so strong then for duty,
So patient, all hardships to stand,
Would sit in the firelight at evening
And ply thee with vigorous hand.

Or, the office door opened so briskly,
As he glanced out in search of his daughter,
Commanding, in tones so familiar,
"Eliza, come wash me this mortar!"

Ah! The years do fly swiftly, I'm thinking,
And changes come swift as the years,
My father and I show their traces,
But none on the mortar appear.

I am led to conclude it is heartless;
That its bosom is harder than stone,
Or on its old face would be written
Some trace of the life it has known.

For that of its master grew wrinkled
And furrowed by many a line;
But dearer for each added record
Till death made the impress divine.

The faith of the red man would gather
The weapons of chase and of war
And lay them beside the dead warrior
To take to the land that's afar.

So I, in some fanciful moments,
As close to yon hillocks I stand,
Would fain bring the books and the bottles;
And the mortar put nearest his hand.



LETTER TO OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION.

Dated at Imperial, Neb., January 25, 1895.

EDITOR OF THE SENTINEL—It is some time since I read in your paper (for the *Sentinel* is a weekly visitant in our home) that you would like some brief notes for publication from all old settlers of what is now known as Stark county, Illinois. A quiet hour in which to collect my thoughts and put them on paper has seemed beyond my reach, or you would have heard from me sooner. For, feeling deeply interested in these simple narratives of the old folks, I am glad to add my mite to "keep the ball rolling" until all who survive are heard from. And the list will not be a long one, for the vast majority of those who were really pioneers—they who blazed the path through the wilderness, who gave character and impetus to your first enterprises—have passed away. They are sleeping among your groves and prairies, beneath the sods that, perchance, in the years

long past, their own plows first turned over to the sunlight. The Stern Reaper did not wait for the laying out of cemeteries before he began his work. How often it was true of the pioneer—

"Where his own plow had broke the soil
His narrow grave was made;
And, mid the trophies of his toil,
The manly sleeper laid."

Those of us whose names will fill the "Old Settlers' Corner" were mostly very young settlers when we found a home in the county of which we are talking. My father arrived there July 6, 1837; so you see I antedate Mr. Oliver White by a year as to residence, but I think not as to birth. I remember the coming of his father's family very distinctly, and we were both members of the school taught in Osceola Grove by Miss Marsh, afterwards Mrs. Robert Hall. I think this must have been the summer of '39. However, he says his time in those days was mostly occupied in making mud pies, and I think I was employed in much the same manner; and while I humbly defer to Mr. White as to all of the accomplishments of our riper years, I claim to have been his equal in manipulating mud, or, as I would rather call it, clay.

My father's first home in Illinois was in Osceola Grove, on a piece of ground now owned by my cousin, Mr. George Hall. We had a good log cabin, and in addition, an outside cellar, or cave. This was walled up by logs and roofed over by substantial timbers, but what was of more consequence than all the rest to me, it was thickly covered by good honest yellow clay; and oh, what possibilities that clay contained for the deft little hands that so industriously worked in it all the pleasant summer days! Not only my own, but several other pairs, belonging to my younger sisters and a brother. With us it must have been "The Age of Crude Pottery," for wondrous were the forms we wrought out of the plastic material. Nothing artistic—that idea had not yet dawned upon us—but homely common things we fashioned in abundance—boxes of all shapes and sizes, to hold the seeds we gathered, or other treasures we might have; drinking-cups from which we could water our chickens, for sometimes our mother would kindly allow us to burn our wares in the huge fire-place under heaps of glowing embers, and then they became veritable bricks and would hold water without injury. A haystack not far off, where a hay-knife was used, showing the smooth ends of various-shaped weeds, furnished us endless resources in the way of decoration.

Will these tales of child life in the home of the pioneer strike your readers as puerile? I hope not. As many express an interest in all that pertains to those early days, the children may claim their share. We had none of the expensive toys or new books that delight the children of today, but we lived close to the great heart of nature; she gave us of her abundance, and we were content. Gorgeous flowers and autumn leaves, each in their season, gratified our love of color and of beauty that seems innate in every human heart. The rushing streams in summer, the smooth ice in winter, supplied unlimited amusement; while gathering the fruits and nuts with which the woods abounded cultivated our industrious and provident habits. And we had the squirrels for teachers if we needed any.

But my paper is outgrowing all bounds. I will add only a few remarks, called out by letters heretofore published in this corner.

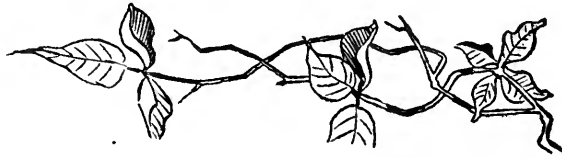
That from Mr. D. A. Wilber called up many pleasant memories. His childhood's home in Lafayette, of which his honored mother was the good genius, rose clearly to view, and as a child I have listened to his father's recital of that fierce battle with a prairie fire; and when my father was ready to exchange his cabin for a frame house, Mr. Wilber was the builder. How well I recall his merry laugh, the clear ringing tones of his voice,

as he whistled or sang over his work! I remember, too, his tragic death; was present at the trial of his assassin.

One of your lady correspondents writes of standing at the grave of the first Mrs. Stephen Eastman, whose grave was the first one dug in your now populous city of the dead. I, too, stood by that grave and shed heartfelt tears, for Mrs. Eastman had been my teacher and my friend.

But I must not allow my pen to lead me on. These old settlers' letters, often even the names and dates, are souvenirs of the past to me which have power to waken hosts of memories. With kindly greetings to all these old friends of long ago, and hoping to hear from more of them, I remain faithfully yours,

ELIZA HALL SHALLENBERGER.



THE SYMBOL FLOWER.

There blooms, 't is said, a wondrous flower,
In some far nook, or forest bower,
With leaves of amaranthine green,
While golden tendrils clasp between.

Its pearly chalice, gemmed with dew,
Turns earthward; courts not mortal view,
Yet clings with instinct, pure and sweet,
To the strong boughs its tendrils meet.

Mimosa like, its fibres stirred
By a rude breath or careless word,
Shrink withered back, and trust no more
The stay so loved in days before.

Replace you may, with studied care,
Each withered leaf and floweret fair,
Reviving showers will fall in vain.
Sunshine but makes the ruin plain.
No life nor beauty can they bring
Where naught but blighted clusters swing.

But for his sake whose manly heart,
Scorns to inflict a needless smart;
Who makes all fragile things his care,
His strength the panoply they wear.

For souls like his these petals breathe
Such fragrance as ambrosia gives.
Pure as the love of angels, sweet
As whispered vows when lovers meet.
Constant as heaven's unchanging blue,
Ever the same, yet ever new.

Woman's First Trust they call the flower,
And you, who lightly prize the dower,
Would you could know the inward blight,
The darkness of unending night,
That withering creeps o'er flower and stem
When the loved stay proves false to them!

Oh, man! If selfish be thy heart,
Cherish this trust; no ills can part
Its tendrils fond that round thee grasp.
Thy hand alone can loose the clasp.

Though tempests sweep thy prostrate form,
'T will cling the closer for the storm;
Though lightnings scathe thee, fresh and free
Its fadeless wreaths shall cover thee
Like flowers that blossom o'er a tomb,
Or vines that clothe the stones with bloom.

But if, with rude unhallowed hands,
You once unclasp the golden bands,
Lay them dishonored in the dust—
No more the faithless prop they'll trust.

A blighted ruin they may swing
From boughs where once they loved to cling.
Cherished in vain if crushed before!
The pearly chalice opes no more!

E. H. S.

LETTER TO OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION.

Dated at Loveland, Colo., Aug. 15, 1897.

DR. W. T. HALL:

Dear Brother and President of the Stark County Old Settlers' Association—I would it were in my power to write a few lines of interest for those who will gather on Old Settlers' Day. My heart goes out to the remnant of the "Old Guard" left on duty. I was with you at the organization of the society twenty years ago, and I recall that at our first banquet, at the old Stockner Hotel, we were placed at the table according to the time of our settlement. From Osceola came the Buswells, the Parks, the Halls, and the Winslows. 1835 and '36 had several representatives, while 1837 summoned a goodly group. Those years would make a light showing now.

But of what shall I write to those that remain? To borrow a miner's phrase, I feel that I have about "worked out the vein" of reminiscence; and it is so long since I left Stark county that were it my privilege to meet with you in 1897 I would, to a great extent, wander through the crowd unknowing and unknown.

Those who made life bright for me in bygone days have, with a few exceptions "Entered the low green tent whose curtains never outward swing." Are these reflections too sombre for the occasion? Then fold this letter and lay it on the table unread, for such will arise whenever my memory treads the green lanes of the past. And yet, I love them well. Along their shadowy lines grew the fairest flowers of life, such as perhaps blossom but once for any of us. And they lead me straight back to the log cabin of my honored father, who, with his brothers, planted deep the name of Hall in the early history of the county. And I am glad to think that such of their descendants as still linger among you are proving themselves worthy of their lineage. In 1837 my home was in Osceola Grove. This was before Stark county won its name. There, by the glowing firelight, I heard my father read from English newspapers of the coronation of the youthful Queen Victoria. Then, in Toulon was my early married home, the birthplace of my children, and the burial-place of my kindred. And how these ties of birth and burial bind our hearts to a locality as with bands of steel! In imagination the old brown house on the corner rises from its ashes, and all things fair and bright are there. For this and many other reasons I love Stark county and its pioneers; and wherever my lot may be cast, true as the needle to the pole, my heart still turns to her.

"There are no friends like the old friends,
Who have known our morning days,
No greeting like their welcome,
No plaudit like their praise."

To all old settlers who still hold me in remembrance, here, from the base of the great Rockies, I waft a kindly greeting, and heartily wish, that not only this day, but all their days may be happy and successful.

Faithfully yours,

ELIZA HALL SHALLENBERGER.





EARLY FLOWERS.

Welcome once more! Ye radiant gems of spring!
Clustering like jewels in her signet ring,
Ye come! We wondering hail the sign,
And bow before a presence so divine.

No Indian Queen, in gorgeous gems arrayed,
Ever such varied loveliness displayed.
Emerald and sapphire yield the meed of power
To you, fair nurslings of the sun and shower.

O'er some of us, on noiseless pinions fleet,
Long years have swept, since first with eager feet,
We searched for you through many a hidden nook,
Up sunny hillside, or by running brook.

And time has left its seal on cheek and brow.
Our hearts seem changed to match, we wot not how;
But you, bright flowers, are all unchanged and sweet
As when you sprung our earliest steps to greet.

By paths, since overgrown, perchance we strayed;
Of other blossoms our first wreaths were made;
Daisies and cowslips—that we know not here—
Still bloom in memory's garlands, doubly dear.

Warm hands, which then we prest, have since grown
cold,
Or faces that we love, grown strangely old;
But bright with hope and promise, flowers still bloom
And gladden with their presence, e'en the tomb.

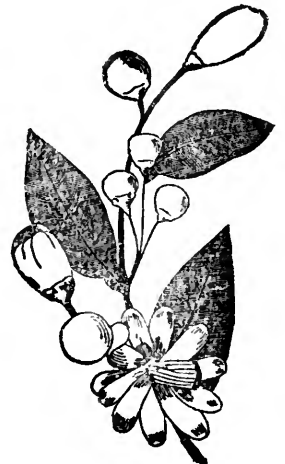
And well we love these children of the West,
Anemone and buttercup and violet best.
Yes! Some strange apathy our souls must seize
Ere we forget to watch and wait for these.

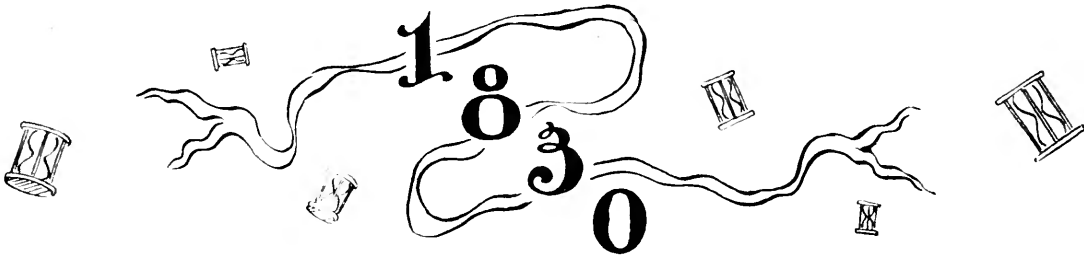
What visions they recall of vanished hours!
When, truly, life's bright stream ran over flowers.
What hopes they whisper for the coming year
If we but list their voice and heed their cheer!

Then let young children go with dimpled hands,
Crowd them in groups, or twine in fragrant bands.
The flower's sweet breath, fit lessons will impart
To be transcribed on childhood's gentle heart.

Thus may our darlings garner up a store
Of sunny memories, as we did of yore.
In distant lands they may recall these hours,
Painted and sweetened by these early flowers.

—Toulon, April 30th, 1865.





And the name of that Isle is
the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there.

