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HISTORICAL

SKETCHES *of*  
*Cass County, Illinois.*

VOLUME ONE



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J. N. Gridley and Others.

*Virginia, Illinois.*

*Virginia Enquirer Publisher.*

1907.

## Introduction.

The undersigned gathered informrtion used in the construction of some half dozen sketches of an historical nature to be published in the Virginia Enquirer. These productions attracted the favorable attention of numerous readers of that journal, which induced the writer to prepare additional sketches. Dr. J. F. Snyder kindly offered to furnish a series of sketches of the early physicians of the county to be added to the series which offer was gladly accepted and his contributions make the series worthy of publication in book form. Had the result of the venture been foreseen the series would have been prepared in different form. The sketch of the Doctor upon Early Illinois should have been the initial number of the series, and the arrangement would have differed in other respects. Newspaper offices are not arranged and conducted as regular book publishing concerns, and therefore numerous typographical errors are to be found which somewhat mar the effect of the volume. The more important errors are noted upon another page.

The sketches herein prepared by Dr. J. F. Snyder are the following: Early Illinois, page 21; Dr. Pothicary, page 60; Dr. H. H. Hall, page 94; William Holmes, page 139; Dr. Schooley, page 151; Dr. Tate, page 167; Dr. Elder, page 209; Dr. Lippencott, page 236; Dr. Chandler, page 275; Dr. McClure, page 296; Dr. Logan, page 354; Dr. Christy, page 384

The sketch of Pioneer Life in Illinois, on page 179, was written by Mrs. Emily C. Burton, of Hebron, Nebraska.

The sketch of Ambrose Buraker, page 4, was dictated by himself.

The sketch of Col. J. W. Judy, on page 14, was prepared by himself.

The sketch of Judge Rearick, on page 40, was written by the Judge, except the last paragraph.

The sketch of Captain Campbell, on page 67, was written by the Captain.

The sketches of Thos. J. Collins, page 85 and of Charles Brady, page 88, were written by Mrs. Emily Collins Brady, of Pomona, California.

The sketch of Zachariah Hash, on page 271, was prepared by his grandson.

There are many historical facts to be found in this volume that have never before been published, and which are deemed to be worthy of preservation. The writer has in his possession other matter of the same nature which may appear in a second volume.

Virginia, Ill., August, 1907.

J. N. GRIDLEY.



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## Errata.

- Page 21. The sketch beginning on this page should be entitled Early Illinois.
- Page 41. The name John Christy in 16th line from bottom of page should read Samuel Christy.
- Page 46. The date 1892 in middle of page should read 1902.
- Page 85. The sketch on this page is that of Thomas J. Collins.
- Page 88. The sketch on this page is that of Charles Brady.
- Page 101. In 7th line the name Jack Manley should read Jack Moseley.
- Page 106. Name in 5th line John A Pratt should read John W. Pratt.
- Page 122. Second line under the cut, name Benjamin Bensley, should read Benjamin Beesley.
- Page 124. In last line the word Xaple should read Yaple.
- Page 128. In 10th line the name Heeley should read Neeley.
- Page 164. In line 13 the figures 18-9 should read 17 R 9.
- Page 179. This sketch is entitled Pioneer Life In Illinois.
- Page 195. Line under cut should read: In the rear, at the right, Mrs. Emily Burton, at the left, Mrs. Clara Sisson.
- Page 244. In 16th line from bottom of page the date 7th of July, should read 14th of July.
- Page 308. Second line should read Number Three.
- Page 414. The word Zumuli on this page should read Tumuli.
- Page 445. Fourth line from bottom of page, the date 1891 should read 1871.



## MRS. SARAH C. GATTON.

---

**M**RS. Sarah C. Gatton was born on the 18th day of May, in the year 1822, at Madison, Ohio. Her father was Arthur St. Clair Miller, who was born in Middletown, Connecticut, in 1790. In 1827, the family removed to Covington, Kentucky, where Mr. Miller died in 1834.

In 1841, Miss Sarah C. Miller came to Beardstown, this county, to visit her brother, Abram Miller, who was an engineer; after a short visit she returned to Kentucky, but in a few months returned to this county where she has since lived. At that time Beardstown was a small town containing about



MRS. SARAH C. GATTON.

thirty houses; there was no church in the place. Religious services were held in a schoolhouse several blocks back from the river among a lot of black jack trees. Beardstown was one station on a circuit of the Methodist conference, and that denomination held services once in three weeks. The circuit riders were Enoch G. Faulkner and John Mathers; the latter became a very prominent Jacksonville citizen, was one of the proprietors of the town of Ashland; his son became mayor of Jacksonville. One of the family, William D. Mathers, is well known to the people of this city. The Protestant Methodists were well represented here in those days; perhaps the most prominent of their clergy in this part of the country was Reddick Horn, who owned a farm in Township 18 Range 11; he was well known to all the people of this section of the country, and very frequently preached in Beardstown. The people of the town went to hear all the preachers, who came in turn, week after week. On a certain Sabbath day Henry E. Dummer, a well known lawyer and judge, and a very religious man, publicly announced that on the following Sabbath *The President of the Methodist Protestant Church* would hold services at that place. The name President was used to indicate the office in that church.



which corresponds to the office of Bishop of the M. E. church. On the day appointed the building was crowded to hear this President of the church; in walked Uncle Reddick Horn, who took possession of the pulpit, and began the ceremonies, to the great disappointment of many, who had not heard that Uncle Reddick had been selected to the office of President. This is the only practical joke of which Judge Dummer was ever guilty so far as the writer knows.

Rev. Cyrus Wright, was the standby of the Baptists, and he regularly went to Beardstown to preach the word. He often preached without a coat, and had the old time habit of drawling his words in a solemn way, adding the syllable ah, to the word and, as well as to many others. He had a droll habit of turning his head, first to the right, then to the left to spit; and when he uttered the word and-ah, he would spit, either to the right, or to the left, in a manner which would certainly attract unusual attention in these degenerate days.

On the 25th day of March, 1847, Sarah C. Miller was united in marriage with Zachariah Gatton by the Rev. George Rutledge, of the M. E. church.

The father of Z. W. Gatton was Thomas Gatton, one of the very early settlers in what is now Cass county. On September 18, 1826, Thomas Gatton entered the west half of the northwest quarter of Sec 35-17-10, being now owned by Wm. Stevenson; it is the 80 just south of Little Indian station. The eldest son of Thomas, was Carrollton Gatton, who entered the land just north. They sold to James Stevenson in 1829. The same year, Thomas Gatton entered 80 acres in Sec 33-18-10 being the 80 on which the I. M. Stribling residence is situated: the 80 just north, was entered in 1827 by William Miers, who sold to Thomas Gatton in 1830, when the family removed to the new location, and later acquired an additional 40 acres on the south, making a farm of 200 acres being a quarter of a mile in width. Here the Gatton family remained until 1836 when Thomas sold the farm of 200 acres to P. S. Outten for \$2300 and purchased of Jesse Allred, the farm in Secs. 24 and 25 in 17-10 known as the Phil. Buraker farm or the Walnut Grove farm.

In 1838 Thomas Gatton conveyed this farm to his two sons, Z. W., and Richard Gatton. This conveyance, was in fact, a distribution by Thomas, between his children, he then being 64 years of age; a part of the consideration went to the three orphan children of Thomas Payne who was the deceased husband of a daughter of Thomas Gatton: one of these three children became the wife of Dr. L. S. Allard, long a resident of this city. The following year Z. W. Gatton purchased the interest of his brother Richard, and in 1844 sold to Jesse Petefish 60 acres of the farm. Thomas Gatton and wife remained members of the family of Z. W. Gatton so long as they lived; the mother, Ruth Gatton died Feb. 19, 1850, aged 67 years, and Thomas Gatton died in 1853 aged 79 years: they are buried on the family burial lot in Walnut Ridge Cemetery. Mr. Gatton's ancestors, were natives of the state of Maryland.

In March 1851 Mr. Z. W. Gatton sold and conveyed his farm to Phil A. Buraker, and purchased from P. S. Outten the same 200 acre farm which his father had owned, (now owned by the I. M. Stribling heirs.) For this 200 acres he paid \$18 per acre. He remained here but one year, selling to Samuel F. Campbell, for \$24 per acre, and with Thomas Heslep bought a farm in Secs. 8 and 17 in T. 17 R. 9, which is now owned by William Coleman. This farm

lies upon the State Road one mile and a half westerly from Philadelphia; on the north end of the farm was a tract of valuable timber, and the owners erected a saw-mill which produced the timbers which were used in the building of many of the structures in this town. Two years later Mr. Gatton conveyed his interest to Thomas Heslep, and purchased the Whitmire farm adjoining Virginia on the east, where he remained up to the date of his death; the property now belonging to his heirs. This farm of 173 acres was sold to him for \$31 per acre.

When Mrs. Gatton first saw Virginia, she came here from Beardstown to attend a quarterly meeting held in the Court House in this town which stood in the west square where the primary school building is located. The Presiding Elder Rev. Peter Akers preached to the patient hearers for three mortal hours, a frequent habit of the good old man. Mrs. Gatton says, that upon one occasion, when Dr. Akers was instructing a class of young preachers at a conference at Lincoln, Illinois, he warned them against the bad habits of preaching too long, and too loud; he then added: "as for myself, I reserve the right to preach as long and as loud as I please."

The day this sketch is prepared, is the 83d anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Sarah C. Gatton; her health is good; her intellectual powers are unimpaired; she can readily read ordinary print without the aid of glasses. She is a very active woman, spending much time, in pleasant weather, with plants and flowers, which have always been her delight. To this fondness of outdoor life, may be attributed the fact that she has attained her present age so well preserved.

Her husband, Mr. Z. W. Gatton was one of the solid and substantial men of this county; he was a man of strict integrity, of firmness of purpose, and of excellent habits. For years he was the President of the Farmer's National Bank of this city; he died at his home on the 20th day of July in the year 1896 at the age of 84 years.

## AMBROSE BURAKER.

---

[The following sketch was dictated by Mr. Buraker and is here presented in his own language. J. N. G.]

I was born June 1st, 1830, near Marksville, Page Co., Virginia. My schooling was limited to about eighteen months. A log house furnished with crude wooden benches and desks, wooden ink wells and goose quill pens was the only school I ever attended. My parents owned a farm and tannery. I learned a little of both. My mother died when I was but fourteen of years age. At the age of sixteen I came to Illinois, county of Cass, where brother Phil Buraker, Uncle John Rosenberger and Gideon Koontz were located. Railroads being few I came (in company with Wesley Rosenberger and

William White by stage and steamboat) landing at Beardstown, Ill., then each of us loaded our baggage on 'Shank's ponies' and headed for Virginia, Illinois, where we rested over night then took a short cut across the wild prairies to Princeton and the house of Uncle John Rosenberger. Among my first acquaintances was that good old soul Uncle Jake Bergen.

In these early days I frequently tramped from Princeton to the Lancaster P. O., then called the 'Walker House' kept by Richard Walker, who was at one time representative of Cass county. This was the principal point for voting in these days. Among the first most prominent doctors of Cass Co., at this time was Christy, of Philadelphia, Chandler, of Chandlerville, and Tate, of Virginia, later on the much appreciated Doctor J. E. Snyder, of Virginia.



AMBROSE BURAKER.

Jacob Strawn was the great cattle king of the western country. His good advice was "when you wake up in the morning don't roll over but roll out." The rival religions were Old Baptists and Methodists. The Baptists had for their champions Billy Crow, and Cyrus Wright, the Metho-

dists Peter Cartwright, Jimmy Wyatt, Jerry Mitchell and Sam Sinclair. At these times camp meetings were quite common but finally Peter Cartwright, the leader, admitted that the "devil had beaten him" and thought best to stop them. I knew him as one of, if not the greatest preacher of the west, a peculiar character because of his odd statements and ways of expressing them. The religion of those early days was somewhat different from that of the present day. Seekers for it were led to a mourner's bench where they frequently knelt for hours, then came loud singing, shouting, praying, hand-shaking and often falling together in heaps upon the ground or floor. At Harmony log schoolhouse seated upon a slab bench I have listened to Uncle Jimmy Wyatt and others; have also listened to Uncle Billy Crow at the Old Baptist church near Yatesville, Ill., and took notice that Julius Elmore made numerous nods as the long sermon was continued without any regard to fatigue or time. The roads of Illinois were then a bee line across the prairies. I have helped to chase deer on horse back over the prairie where Ashland now stands, have stood hours on the long prairie grass listening to Jim Judy (now Col. Judy) crying of the sale of lots in what is now the city of Ashland, have heard Henry Phillips and Henry Savage debate on politics. On my first arrival there was yet some land to enter at \$1½ per acre. Archibald Job had timber land that he could have sold at \$25.00 per acre and purchased the fine prairie land around him at \$3.00 per acre. In the fall of '48 the gold fever took hold of me and many others. With the aid of my brother, Phil Buraker, I prepared an outfit and with others made ready to go to California. Quite a number of us met together at Virginia, Ill., among them Thomas Deal, Wesley Rosenberger, John Yapple, High Maston and Lee Conover all now in their graves. Others who were fitted out to go was Squire Brady, Zirkle Robinson, Joe Robinson, Lou Bunce, Mole Beard and others I cannot recall. Among those who fell in with us at Beardstown, Ill., was Richard Dutch. On the morning of March 26 we shouldered our long, slim hickory poles with lash about equal in length (12 to 14 feet long with buckskin cracker attached) climbed on our wagons and started our long team of oxen for the gold mines of California. Our first mishap was a miring down in quicksand of what is now the center of Beardstown. The Illinois river was high and we found great difficulty in reaching solid ground at Frederic. Driving leisurely along the line of Missouri and Iowa we passed through Alexander and later on arrived at the village of St. Joseph situated on what was at that time the boundary line of the U. S. From that on to California the country was claimed by the red man and supposed to be only a wilderness of trees and wild, rugged scenery.

After laying in a supply of food for our cattle or oxen at St. Joseph we crossed the Missouri River and wound our way through bottom lands which were then only a vast wilderness halting at the bluffs where dwelt the Indians. Here we camped for some two weeks waiting for the grass to become fit for food for our animals. We had formed a company of twenty-six wagons which we placed in a circle at night to corral our cattle. Acting as driver I was not expected or called upon to pick Buffalo chips or assist in the cooking. Breaking camp we passed on to Platte River where from the top of a high bluff we could look out over broad, beautiful bottom

lands. Here we could count upwards of five hundred wagons or more on their way to California. This low land began at Fort Kearney, Neb. We followed the rivers and low lands mostly. Out side of being surprised by a severe blizzard and a stampede of buffaloes, which we thought for a time would destroy a Burlington Iowa wagon train, also great persecution from big mosquitoes and the gaunt condition of our oxen from lack of sustenance while crossing a barren sandy stretch of land or desert our trip was an enjoyable one. We were not molested by the Indians although we saw many bands of them, their bodies being decorated with war paint, feathers and gaudy attire. We crossed the Rocky Mountains with a gradual ascent and descent following the Sierra Nevada whose sides were very steep and rugged the descent being almost perpendicular. From these mountains we entered the village of Hingtown where we made our first gold diggings. Arrived there Sept. 25.

The state of California was then a lawless state, no assessor or collector. Mining laws were 16 feet square to each man, earning from \$16.00 to \$24.00 per day. Stockton which we found as a city of tents in one year became a city of buildings. San Francisco was a city of gamblers. The climate was pleasant and mild, so warm that we slept out of doors with out feeling any discomforts from it.

During my sojourn of two years in the rocky, rugged mining districts of California I became separated from my mates, later on falling in with Michael Whittlinger, who is still living near Ashland, Illinois. We mined together the last six months returning, by water mostly, to Illinois, March 26, 1851. Reward for my hard labor and daring adventure was \$2000. I remained in Illinois but a short time going on to the state of Virginia, my father's home. At this time I was but 21 years old. In one year I returned again to Illinois passing through Springfield when lots were worth \$400 about the square. Aug. 3, 1854 was married to Margarette I. Stout, daughter of Philemon Stout then living on Little Indian Creek.

Those days cattle were driven on foot to New York market. I farmed some, traded also in cattle and hogs running a cattle pump (my own and Joe Black's invention) for seven years. Subsequently I followed the meat business about twenty years. Came to Memphis, Mo., in 1892. have a farm near the city and a good home within the corporation.

I am seventy-five years old my health fairly good, but two children living. My religion is: "Learn the laws of Nature and live up to them."

## THE GRAVE-YARD FIELD.

---

**N**EARLY one mile west of the Court House, on a high point of ground belonging to Robert and Henry Hall is the spot where lie many of the first of the dead of Virginia.

In the fall or early winter of the year 1838 John Lindsey died in this town then a mere hamlet. There were no nearby church yards in this section at that date. The dead were to be found upon the farms of their survivors, scattered here and there. The body of Lindsey was borne across the south line of the addition to the town, and buried on the prairie, where the present residence of Ernest P. Widmayer is now situated on lots one and two in the addition of Mrs. Ann Hall and Richard S. Thomas which was laid out and platted eighteen years later on. This body was removed to the grave yard field several years afterward by Edward Dirreen and Thomas Elliott.

About 1844 Dr. Hall granted permission to the people of the town to bury their dead at the place above indicated in the grave yard field. The first man buried there was one Swift, a blacksmith, who was a helper of Allen Miller. The first woman buried there was Clara E. Hardy, wife of John W. Hardy, who died in this town on the 8th day of October 1845.

Since the establishment of Walnut Ridge Cemetery by this City in the year 1873 many of the dead have been removed from the grave field to the new place. Many were buried in the old field and no monument erected, and their graves were long since plowed over.

Last Sunday I visited the burial place, with two boys, to see what remained of the head stones. We picked up the broken and scattered fragments and replaced them as best we could to decipher the inscriptions. Some of them were where they were originally planted, but most are lying about on the sod in a greater or less damaged condition.

The inscriptions upon the remaining stones here follows:

William Elliott, husband of Agnes Elliott, died April 22, 1857, aged 38 years, 2 months and 22 days.

Thomas Proctor, born January 9, 1785, died April 17, 1855.

Anna, wife of Thomas Proctor, born May 5, 1796, died September 23, 1859.

Elizabeth C., wife of William Finny, died October 4, 1855, in the 22nd year of her age.

Matilda, wife of William Ferguson, died March 10, 1853, aged 42 years, 11 months and 23 days.

Dennis O'Brien died February 20, 1851, aged 62 years.

Ida W., daughter of L. and V. C. Carpenter, died November 25, 1866, aged 2 years and 1 month.

Jenny, consort of John Davison, died June 11, 1862, aged 30 years, 7 months and 8 days.

Our father, Thomas Luttet, died January 19, 1870, aged 56 years. Erected by his son.

William L., son of R. and E. Jacobs, died February 4, 1859, aged 7 months and 4 days.

John F., born August 13, 1855: died December 19, 1855. Robert, born January 19, 1860: died May 10, 1860. Sons of R. and C. Thompson.

Simon, son of A. and M. Mobley, died November 6, 1857, aged 17 years, 11 months and 21 days.

James Elliott, died April 16, 1856, aged 29 years, 10 months and 21 days.

Charles W. Tate, son of Dr. H. and Lydia E. Tate. Passed by the second birth to bloom in the second sphere August 29, 1854, aged 19 months.

In memory of Ellen Maloney, died October 11, 1851, aged 22 years. May she rest in peace. Amen.

In memory of Michael J., son of James and Ann Maloney, died August 30, 1858, aged 13 months and 5 days.

Robert Thompson, died December 19, 1859, aged 35 years, 8 months and 5 days.

Kata E., daughter of M. and R. F. White, died September 19, 1857, aged 6 days.

Albert T., son of M. and R. F. White, died Nov. 19, 1856, aged 1 month and 18 days.

James MacCarthy, died Sept. 25, 1876, aged 5 year, 6 months and 4 days.

Our little Eve, died March 29, 1852, aged 6 years, 6 months and 3 days.

Edward C., son of W. and C. Armstrong, died Jan. 11, 1850, aged 4 years.

Lewis W. and Charles F., sons of Wm. and C. Armstrong, died Jan. 29, 1845, aged 5 years and 27 days, and Feb. 19, 1845, aged 15 months and 29 days.

In the afternoon of the same day, we went to Walnut Ridge which is regarded by visiting strangers, as a beautiful burial ground. To Dr. J. F. Snyder of this city, then a member of the city council, is due the thanks of this community for the part he took in the purchase of this ground. His active and persistent efforts, with the co-operation of John A. Petefish induced the purchase of the ground from the Elliott heirs by the city of Virginia. Here, many thousand dollars have been expended by surviving relatives and friends, as a proof of their affection for their dead, and as a proof of the advancement of civilization, in this county. The youth of to-day may wonder, why the pioneers were so heedless as to bury their dead upon ground to which they had not the shadow of a title, when land was so cheap, when a little reflection would have convinced them that, in a few years, the place of burial would be lost, and forgotten: but that seems to be the history of all pioneer settlements. In Kansas, as late as 1865, the traveler in passing through the sparse tracts of so-called timber in that then fire-swept state, would find along the roadway pens of poles or rails, and would be told for explanation, that the pieces of wood were thrown down to protect dead human bodies from the ravages of wild animals. The settler would say, "There lies a fellow, who came over from Missouri to steal horses: we hung him to that tree yonder, and

buried him under it." That these early Virginia settlers were mindful of their dead, is proven by the amount of money which they expended in grave stones to mark their resting place. At one time Mrs. Ann Hall, the widow of Dr. Hall, promised a deed to the county, of this burial place if the persons who had friends buried there would erect a fence; a man who had several members of his family there buried, gathered up something like \$80 with which to pay for the fence; a few posts were hauled, and perhaps the fence begun, and there the matter ended; it is believed by some, that this man appropriated the greater portion of the money to his private use.

A visitor of this burial place in the old grave yard field, standing among the broken bits of marble lying on the grass between heaps of earth thrown up by those who have removed their dead will instinctively recall the famous poem, a favorite of President Lincoln, which closes with the following stanzas:

"They died,—ah! they died:—we things that are now,  
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,  
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,  
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road."

"Yea, hope and despondency, pleasures and pain,  
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain:  
And the smile and the tear and the song and the dirge,  
Still follow each other like surge upon surge."

"T'is the wink of an eye: t'is the draught of a breath  
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,  
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud:  
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"



## DECATUR GREENWOOD.

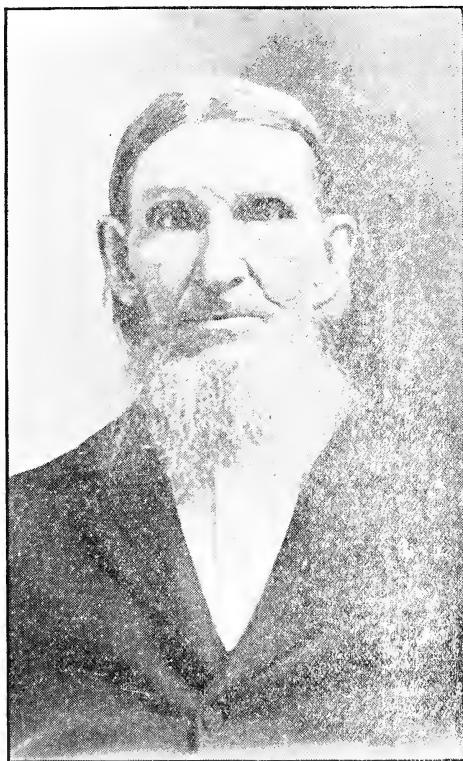
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**M**R. Greenwood was born in Franklin county in the state of Virginia on the fifth day of January, 1821, and has passed the 84th mile-stone of his useful life, and is as active and vigorous as the average man of fifty. He came to this county with his wife and four children when he was 31 years old and settled in Chandlerville, this county, in 1852, where he remained for two years. The town then contained less than twenty houses. Mr. Greenwood was a carpenter by trade, but during the first winter of his residence, as mechanical work was not rushing, he was in the employ of Chandler and Olcott, who were engaged in packing pork. By the spring following they had 1500 hogs packed in rail pens, covered with lumber. Mr. Greenwood insists that thieves were very scarce here, in those days for when they removed the pork, not a piece was missing. It was all taken to Beardstown by farmers' wagons which returned with merchants' goods. These hogs were sold for four and a half cents per pound.

Chandler and Olcott owned a general store and William L. Way was also a merchant there at that time. Dr. Chandler was the leading physician in this part of the county and has gone as far as fifty miles from his home to visit patients. He would have several horses stationed at different points which he used one after another. Sometimes, he would send out several men, with as many horses to meet him in his rounds: he was full of energy. When people came to him for medicine on Sunday he refused to charge for it for a time, until he found his good nature was being imposed upon by people who made it a point to delay their applications until that day: then he charged the applicants and turned the money over to the Congregational church, of which he was a member.

The Methodists had regular services in Chandlerville when Mr. Greenwood settled there. Among the early preachers of the town he remembers Lippencott (the father of General Charles E. Lippencott) and a preacher named Beane.

Thomas Plaster, the father of Jephtha Plaster who lived a few miles below Chandlerville was a justice of the peace. A man named Haynes and a woman named Doty went to his house to be married. When the squire learned their business he solemnly shook his head saying: "I married this woman once to Doty, and as the marriage did not turn out well, I am not going to marry her any more:" the disappointed couple went away to find another justice. Squire Plaster used to say that he owned stock in but two enterprises: one was in McKee's scales and the other in Lippencott's preaching.



**DECATUR GREENWOOD.**

Mr. Greenwood rented land of Dr. Chandler, the rent—one-third of the crop—delivered in the field. Part of the land was sown in oats. Prices were so low, that Mr. Greenwood, under the direction of Dr. Chandler set the oat shocks on fire as they were not worth hauling in. Childs, a tenant of Chandler's, hauled corn to Beardstown and sold it for ten cents per bushel.

Lippencott (Charles E.) was a physician, who married Emily Chandler, a daughter of the Dr. At the time of the marriage Mr. Greenwood accommodated the groom with a loan of thirty dollars and helped him gather up his housekeeping effects. Dr. Lippencott had some considerable medical practise—at one time having a number of small-pox patients on his hands. Later on, he went to California leaving his wife in Chandlerville. Mr. Greenwood delivered to her, in her door-yard the letter giving her the account of the duel fought by her husband in the Golden State.

Mr. Greenwood recalls the canvass made by Cyrus Wright, a candidate for the state legislature. Some temperance legislation was being agitated; at a public meeting in Chandlerville, Mr. Wright, although a Baptist preacher, expressed himself as bitterly opposed to the proposed temperance law and stated that rather than vote for it, he would vigorously fight against it. Squire McKee, a political opponent in answering him, said he knew something of Wright's military history; that on one occasion, he (Wright) had kicked an old woman out of her house and was fined five dollars for it. Candidate Wright lost his temper turned upon McKee and savagely threatened that if he repeated that statement, he would knock his teeth down his throat. It was about that time proposed to prepare the Sangamon river for navigation: a steamboat was purchased, Amos Dick became the captain of it; for several miles, trees, logs and drifts, were removed from the channel. The town of Richmond was laid out near the Dick farm, and upon the plat a slough was marked "Harbor for Boats." This enterprise was short lived, the boat was seized and sold by the sheriff for debt. John Gum bought the boiler, hauled it to California and back and afterwards it was used by Jerry Davis in running a saw mill.

After a two year's residence in Chandlerville, Mr. Greenwood moved to Middle Creek near the present site of Oakford, but soon after went upon the farm of John P. Dick, about four miles above Chandlerville, where he remained for six years. While living on this farm Mr. Dick rode a horse upon a sidewalk for which he was arrested and fined by Raines police magistrate. Dick demanded an appeal and offered as sureties on the appeal, two men who were supported in whole or in part by the county. Upon the refusal of the Court to accept this bond Mr. Dick gravely assured the Court he would not be able to make a bond, and would become a victim of injustice. The bond was finally signed by his brothers, Amos and Levi, and the papers sent to the circuit court. Wishing to avoid the expense of litigation over so trifling a matter, Dr. Boone on behalf of the town sent a proposition by Mr. Greenwood to Mr. Dick that the town would remit the fine if he (Dick) would pay the costs. This offer was declined, and Mr. Greenwood took back a message to the effect that if the town would remit the fine, and pay the costs, and remit two other fines standing against two friends of Mr. Dick and build a certain bridge, that the matter would end. This not being agreed upon, the case proceeded: the town lost, and for a long time afterward Dick would not use the town walk, but kept in the "middle of the road."

Some years later on Mr. Greenwood lived on land adjoining a farm of John B. Gum in Menard county. Mr. Gum, one season harvested 2500 acres of wheat using seven harvesting machines which were run day and night until the work was done. Gum had a blacksmith shop on one of his farms, and a stranger came along and wanted to rent it; Mr. Gum asked him if he (the proposed tenant) would be willing to do his (Gum's) blacksmith work for the use of the shop and tools; the stranger, supposing he was an ordinary farmer, gladly closed with the offer. A few days afterward Gum came with fifty mules to be shod; the smith said he could not stand that, and a new contract was patched up.

For several years Mr. Greenwood helped Col. Judy drive hogs from Sangamon, Menard and Cass counties to Beardstown, often passing through this city with as many as fifteen hundred in a single drove.

The mental faculties of Mr. Greenwood are excellent; he can walk a half dozen miles or more with perfect ease; he is a man of the highest sense of honor and of the strictest integrity. May he live to see the remainder of a hundred years.

## COL. J. W. JUDY.

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**I** was born in Clarke County, Ky., May 8th, 1822. My grandparents on my father's side came from Switzerland and on my mother's side were Scotch Irish. My father was a farmer and a very quiet, industrious man and I being the eldest son and well grown for my age soon found myself between the plow handles and did all the work usually done on a farm. Have lived on a farm all of my life.

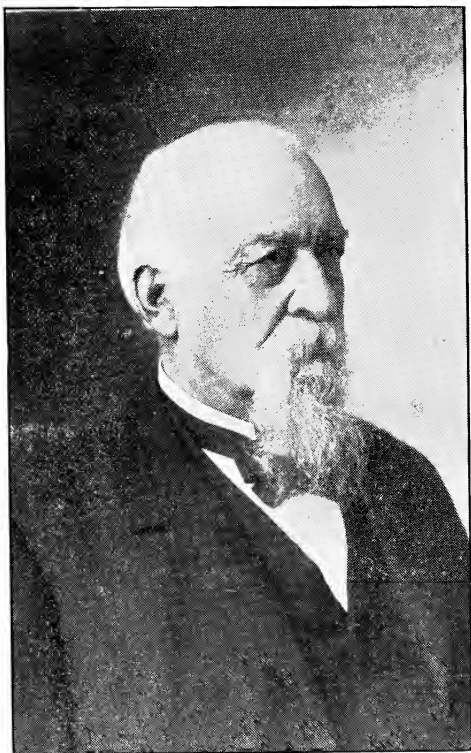
My education was very limited never having attended school over three months in one year. There were no free schools in those days. School houses were very different then than what they are at the present day. They were usually of logs and one log left out on one side to give light. The writing desk was arranged under this long window and consisted of a slab the length of the window, a bench made out of a split log with holes bored and legs driven in from the under side for a seat. This composed the writing desk for the entire school.

In those days our mothers made almost all the wearing apparel for the family besides table linen, bed clothes, etc. Every farmer kept his flock of sheep and also raised a good sized flax patch which furnished with the spun cotton added all the material to make the necessary wear for the family.

The spun cotton was bought at the stores, the wool and flax part of the material was all prepared at home.

When I was seventeen years old my father engaged in a speculation which was very disastrous to him, in fact broke him up. I remained with him until I was twenty-one. I then engaged with a wealthy farmer at ten dollars per month and worked the first year without losing a day. Wages increased the next year to twelve dollars per month. The third year began to trade some and do business for other men, worked for Col. Tom Johnson, of Mt. Sterling, Ky., who had a large trade of mules, horses and hogs in Georgia and South Carolina. I kept that up for several years, but all the time had the Horace Greeley idea in my head: 'Young man go West and grow up with the country.'

I visited Illinois in 1849, again in 1850 and 1851 when I married Miss Kate A. Simpson, of Menard Co., daughter of Dr. James W. Simpson. I have lived in this country ever since. The change in the country from fifty-six years ago is wonderful. There were no railroads, no telegraph or telephones. Fat cattle were driven from Illinois on foot to Philadelphia and New York. Hogs were slaughtered at Beardstown and other points on the river and the product shipped by boat to southern markets. No market for fat hogs only in December, January and February.



**COL. J. W. JUDY.**

All dry goods and groceries were shipped by steamboat and hauled by teams to the different towns. The best farm lands in Menard Co., could be bought when for sale in 1849 from \$10.00 to \$15.00 per acre and there was much condemned swamp land that sold for twenty-five cents per acre. The above lands could be sold to-day from \$75.00 to \$150.00 per acre.

When I came to Illinois in 1840, I left Mt. Sterling, Ky., in stage for Maysville, then a boat for Cincinnati, took a larger boat for St. Louis, then an Illinois river packet for Beardstown, then the stage for the old Dutch stand near Ashland and there was not a fence from there to the head of Clary's Grove which was eight miles away.

While I have always lived on the farm I have done some other business. I have probably sold more thoroughbred registered cattle at public auction than any man in the world and traveled farther to do it. Have sold from Canada to California and from Minneapolis to San Antonio, Texas, and all of the intermediate states where such cattle are raised. Commenced as auctioneer in 1856.

In 1860 and 61 our political troubles began and South Carolina seceded and other southern states followed. Hence our civil war and the battle was on. In August, 1862, raised a company of 100 men at Tallula, Illinois, and was elected captain of the same and was ordered to camp Butler near Springfield. There was organized with 9 other companies as a regiment and numbered the 114 Regt. Ill. Vol. Infantry and I was unanimously elected its Colonel and soon the regiment was ordered to the front where it did good service until the close of the war.

When I was quite a young man I often heard my father and others speak of the great West. Indiana, Illinois and Iowa in those days constituted the great West as the people understood it. I will give you a few lines written by a gentleman traveling from the East to his western country with the view of selecting a home which portrays very vividly the conditions that existed not a great while before my first visit to Illinois:

Suppose in riding through the West,  
A stranger found a Hoosier's nest:  
In other words, a Buckeye cabin,  
Just big enough to hold Queen Mabin.

Its situation low, but airy,  
Was on the borders of a prairie,  
And fearing he might be benighted  
He hailed the house and then alighted.

The Hoosier met him at the door,  
Their salutations soon were o'er:  
He took the stranger's horse aside,  
And to a sturdy sapling tied.

Then having stripped the saddle off,  
He fed him in a sugar trough:  
The stranger stooped to enter in,  
The entrance closed with a pin.

Where half a dozen Hoosierroons  
With mush and milk, tin cups and spoons.

White heads, bare feet, and dirty faces,  
Seemed much inclined to keep their places.

But Madam, anxious to display  
Her rough and undisputed sway,  
Her offspring to the ladder led,  
And cuffed the youngsters up to bed.

Invited shortly to partake  
Of venison, milk and johnny cake,  
The stranger made a hearty meal,  
And around the room a glance would steal.

One side was lined with divers garments,  
The other strung with skins of varmints;  
Dried pumpkins over head were strung,  
Where venison hams in plenty hung.

Two rifles placed above the door,  
Three dogs lay stretched upon the floor,  
In short the domicile was rife  
In specimens of a Hoosier's life.

*Dictated by Col. J. W. Judy.*



## MARY FLETCHER TEGG.

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**M**ARY Fletcher Tegg was born at May Hill, Bertie County, North Carolina, within one hundred miles of the Atlantic Seaboard on the 8th day of December 1825. Her father John W. Hardy, was born in the same county.

In May 1836, John W. Hardy and family started for Illinois to join some of his relatives who preceded him named Hardy and Buck, who had settled on the sand ridge about ten miles southwest of this town. They arrived on the 15th of August, and settled down near these relatives where they remained

till the following year when Hardy bought of John Schaeffer lot 14 block 1 in the town of Monroe, seven miles southwest of here, where he began his business of a wagon-maker. The physician who had the leading practice in the sand ridge neighborhood was Dr. Ephraim Rew; Squire Clemons taught school near Monroe; Benjamin Beesley kept a store in Monroe.

In the fall of 1838 the Hardy family removed from Monroe to Virginia, moving into a log cabin which stood near the northeast corner of the addition to the town and very near, where the Randall property is now situated. Mary F. Hardy was then between twelve and thirteen years of age. In 1841 Mr. Hardy purchased lot 82 in the addition to the Town and in 1847 he added lot 83 to it, these lots are those on which Mrs. Gore now



MARY FLETCHER TEGG.

lives, across the street east of the Christian church. The first school Mrs. Tegg remembers in Virginia was kept by William Carpenter, a brother of Mrs. Royd who afterwards became county clerk of this county, and emigrated to Texas where he died. This school was opposite the Murray residence which stands on lot 80 in the addition to the town, and near the electric light house. Another school was taught in the second story of the Methodist church build-

ing which stood on lot 64 in the original town—just back of the Skiles lumber yard. A man named Morgan taught there; Robert and Henry and Eliza Hall, George Harris and James Harris went there to school when Mrs. Tegg was a pupil. The Harris family lived on the west side of the public square where the Hillig shoe shop now stands. George Harris, the father, made furniture. In this church Mrs. Tegg experienced religion in the year 1840, when but a child of 15 years.

Among the preachers of those early days were Levi Springer, Rev. Fox, of Jacksonville; Guthrie White, of Menard county, and Rev. William Whipp, a local Methodist preacher, the last named was born September 19, 1797, and died February 23, 1869, more than 71 years old and is buried in the old cemetery in Beardstown. For several years he kept a drug store in that city; he was a large man, weighing more than 200 pounds; his children were John W. Whipp, William Whipp, Elizabeth Munsell, Sarah Petefish and Jane Orwig. His last wife was Harriett Hinchee, a sister of the first wife of William Watkins, of this city. William Whipp and Harriett Hinchee were married on December 30, 1854, by Rev. William Clark whose wife was a sister of the bride. The wife of Hon. Milton McClure, of Beardstown, is a granddaughter of Rev. Whipp. Mrs. Sarah C. Gatton gratefully remembers him for the following reason: She was afflicted with a bad case of chills and fever when a young girl, at Beardstown, and nothing she could find seemed to help her. Mr. Whipp mixed up some pills and gave them to her, with the assurance they would surely break up the chills. Her sister, Mrs. James C. Leonard, advised her to let them alone, but the patient, in a desperate mood, swallowed the pills and never had a chill afterward.

Mrs. Tegg well remembers the occasion of the marriage of I. M. Stribling to Miss Margaret Beggs, his first wife. The day following the wedding, the bridal couple accompanied by the wedding guests came through Virginia on their way to the home of Benjamin Stribling, father of the groom, who lived a short distance northwest of this town. This company of young people, some seventy-five in number, were all on horseback and made a gay procession reaching from the present George Conover residence to the southwest corner of the public square.

When a young girl she worked as a domestic servant in the family of Dr. Pothicary, who kept the hotel on the southeast corner of the square, where the Centennial Bank now stands: Mrs. Pothicary taught her to make butter.

The town of Monroe was laid out by John Schaeffer on June 27, 1836, a month after Virginia was platted. Mr. Benjamin Beesley bought a lot in Monroe, in January, 1837, and three months later, he and John Schaeffer laid out an addition to Monroe. The stage line from Jacksonville to Beardstown then passed through this town. Mr. Beesley was a merchant in Monroe, but concluding that Virginia would be a better business point, in September, 1841, purchased of Dr. Hall, then acting as a commissioner for Cass county, lot 87 in the Public Grounds addition, at southeast corner of the west square for \$210 and built the two story brick building long known as the "Boston Brick." Here he sold goods. In 1853 he sold the property to one Perrin Fay, who made the purchase on credit, and not being able to pay for it, it fell back to Beesley, in 1855, and on September 6, 1856, he sold and conveyed it to William Boston for \$800, who remained its owner up to the date of his death.

On Christmas Day, 1843, Mary Fletcher Hardy was married to James Tegg by John H. Daniel, a Baptist preacher who lived in Virginia. Mrs. Tegg was then but 18 years old: her husband, English by birth, was then 43 years old. They began housekeeping in a log cabin which had been used as a house for sheep on land in Sec 8, T. 17, R. 10, about 2 miles southwest of Virginia, now owned by the heirs of Henry Quigg. The first year, Mr. Tegg put up prairie hay: his young wife would take their dinner and her knitting work and spend the day with him, knitting in the shade of hay shocks. They went from place to place, living for a time on the Dick farm in Sangamon bottom, on the William Campbell farm, on the Lynn Grove farm, on the land of Elliott near Sugar Grove, and came to this town to live in a house on lot 15, in the addition to Virginia which was afterward conveyed to Mrs. Tegg and her children by her father, John W. Hardy, on October 7, 1850. This house was burned about three years ago: here her son James Tegg, jr., a resident of this city, was born on May 3, 1848. He helped his father to plant the sugar maple trees in front of the Rodgers property, lots 44, 45 and 46 in the addition of the town and in front of the Cosner property, then owned by Spaulding, a school teacher, at northwest corner of the square, in the year 1856. These trees were dug up about a mile and a half north of the town on land now owned by J. T. Robertson and are as fine specimens as are growing in the town.

Mrs. Tegg's mother died in 1845, after she had been blind for fifteen years. Her husband died in this town, June 4, 1864, at the age of 78 years: both these people were buried in the old graveyard field two miles west of the town.

Mrs. Tegg is now more than 79 years of age: she remembers that on the day her father moved into Virginia, the first load of brick to be used in the building of the court house was then lying in the old square at west end of the city.

She remembers that Dr. H. H. Hall practised his profession in her father's family: she remembers Thomas Finn, the first of the family who lived here, who never was married; he owned a distillery north of this town where pure and unadulterated whiskey could be bought for twenty-five cents per gallon. Her memory of old-time events is clear: her physical condition, considering her age, is excellent.

## HISTORICAL SKETCH.

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[By Dr. J. F. Snyder, of Virginia, Illinois, ex-president of the Illinois Historical Society. Read by the author at a public reception given by the Virginia Travelers Club on May 15, 1905.]

**F**OR convenience of description, the history of Illinois is divided in two parts: the term "Early Illinois," comprises that part of its history extending from the discovery of the Mississippi river, in 1673, to its admission as a state in the Union in 1818, a period of 145 years: part second comprehends the annals of its existence as a state.

By the middle of the 17th century the Canadian French had penetrated the wild region of the north, from the St. Lawrence to the western extremity of Lake Superior, and were told by the Indians there, that at a comparatively short distance farther west was a large river flowing from the north in a southern direction, they knew not where. That information, when reported in Canada, proved of startling importance. For two centuries the dream of Europe had been the discovery of a direct western passage by water to China and India. It was that object, Columbus had in view in his voyage that resulted in the discovery of America in 1492.

In 1510 Balboa had discovered the eastern shore of the Pacific ocean at the Isthmus of Panama, and in 1534 the ships of Cortez had traced its coast up as far as the Gulf of California. Into that Gulf, it was conjectured by the Canadians, emptied the large western river mentioned by the Lake Superior Indians: that by its proximity to the chain of great lakes, and their connection with the St. Lawrence, might afford to France the long and eagerly sought waterway to the distant Orient.

Frontenac, the governor of Canada, with sanction of the French court, arranged to send an expedition to explore that unknown river, and definitely ascertain its extent and course.



DR. J. F. SNYDER.

For that hazardous undertaking, he selected Louis Joliet, a merchant and educated native of Quebec, who was joined by Jacques Marquette, a Jesuit missionary priest, and they, taking a simple outfit of parched corn and dried buffalo meat, with necessary blankets, guns and ammunition, in two birch-bark canoes with five Canadians to row them, set out from the Straits of Mackinaw on the 10th of May, 1673, on their long and dangerous journey. Arriving at the mission that Marquette had before established on Green Bay, they passed to the mouth of Fox river, and ascending it to its sources they made the portage of their canoes and equipage over the divide to the headwaters of the Wisconsin, and descending that stream to its mouth, on the 19th of June, they glided upon the broad and rapid current of the Mississippi. They proceeded down the great river to near the mouth of the Arkansas, where De Soto and his cavalcade had crossed 133 years before. Assured there that the Mississippi held its course to the Gulf of Mexico, and not to the Pacific ocean, they turned the prows of their canoes up stream and started on their return. When they reached the mouth of the Illinois river, they were told by the Indians they met there, that to follow that stream up to its headwaters would materially lessen the distance to Green Bay; and that course they pursued.

At that day and less than half a century ago, there stood near the river bank at Beardstown, one of the finest Indian mounds of Central Illinois. It was a sepulchral mound, conical in form, 50 feet in height, about 200 feet in diameter at the base, and made of clay brought from the bluffs four miles distant. For ages there were clustered near it, the wigwams of a large Indian village. In imagination, we can readily restore the primitive conditions existing there, when, on one sultry day in August, 1673, the swarthy denizens of that village, in wild excitement, rushed to the water's edge, and covered the western face of the great mound from base to apex, to gaze in awe and speechless wonder at two strange canoes approaching from below, bearing strange, bearded white men of a race never before seen by them. In token of friendship the dusky chief extended to the weary Frenchmen, the pipe of peace, who, understanding that signal of welcome, came ashore and here, on the soil of future Cass county, the discoverers of Illinois were entertained by the red natives with generous hospitality.✕

Resuming their voyage, after a needed rest, the explorers, in time, paddled up and out of the Illinois into the Des Plaines river, then carrying their canoes over to the south branch of the Chicago river, soon were once more afloat on Lake Michigan, and arrived at Green Bay in September. Thus was Illinois discovered by the whites, and such is the beginning of its written history.

But our State has a much older and unwritten history extending from the dim archaic past to that daring canoe voyage of Joliet and Marquette. Along its picturesque ranges of bluffs: on the shores of its beautiful lakes and streams: on its fertile prairies and alluvial bottoms, abound the curious relics of its earliest human occupants of a by-gone age—evidences of the primitive arts, as well as of the highest culture, of a people of unknown origin, who disappeared, leaving no other record of their history. In Illinois are the works of the mound builders, as numerous, and varied in form, design and

+ Simply an embellishment. In fact, not an Indian was seen there by the French explorers. O. F. S.

dimensions, and of as fascinating interest as any elsewhere found in the United States. In the Rock river valley are seen the singular "Effigy" mounds, representing figures of the human form, of birds, animals, and nondescript objects, projected on gigantic scales. The mounds of the Illinois river region, are of a distinct and different type, corresponding with those of southern Ohio; while in the American bottom, opposite St. Louis, are the huge "teocali," or truncated pyramids, identical in structure with those of the southern states from Georgia to Arkansas, and very probably the product of the same people. Of that class is the Cahokia mound on Cahokia creek, 7 miles east of St. Louis, the largest of all the earthen monuments of the vanished race north of Mexico. It is almost a hundred feet in height, with level top of three acres, and square base measuring 700 feet in length, by 500 feet in width. From it can be seen 61 other large mounds of various forms scattered through the Bottom between the river and the bluffs.

Then again, from the Ohio river along the Mississippi bottoms and bluffs as far as Alton can be traced the ancient colonies of still another race of prehistoric aborigines differing from the others, and easily distinguished by their peculiar mortuary custom of burying their dead in stone-lined graves; and by the superior workmanship of their pottery, ornaments, and stone implements. Illinois also offers to the Ethnologist a limitless field for studying the migrations, affinities and characteristics of the numerous tribes of nomadic and semi-sedentary Indians of later date, that replaced the mound builders, and for ages, chased the buffalo and elk over our broad prairies, and made this fair region, the theatre of their interminable wars for supremacy.

At Green Bay Marquette and Joliet separated, the priest remaining there to continue his missionary work among the Indians, and Joliet proceeding to Quebec to report the results of their expedition to the Governor. Fortune had especially favored them throughout their wonderful voyage of 2767 miles, having met on their way neither serious sickness, loss or accident. But as Joliet was nearing the French settlements, when almost in sight of Montreal, his canoe was capsized, two of his men drowned, and a box containing all his journals, notes and maps was lost. Marquette, however, had kept an account of their daily travels, with recorded observations of what he saw, which has been well preserved to the present day. Of the Illinois river he wrote: "We had seen nothing like this river for the fertility of the land, its prairies, woods, buffalos, elks, deer, wild cats, wild turkeys, ducks, parrots, and even beavers; its many little lakes, and (tributary) rivers. That on which we sailed is broad, deep and gentle, for sixty-five leagues. During the spring and part of the summer, the only portage, (between its headwaters and the great lake,) is but half a league."

About where the town of Utica now stands, in LaSalle county on the Illinois river, the French explorers, upon their return, found a large Indian village called Kaskaskia; and there they halted for a few days' rest and to replenish their store of provisions, and were very kindly treated by the natives. Asking the Indians who they were they answered, "We are Illini," a term meaning "true or brave men;" in contradistinction to tribes surrounding them, whom they designated as beasts. That name, pronounced by the French, "Illinois," they very appropriately adopted, not only for the Indians

of the village, but for all the newly discovered country north of the Ohio river, and for Lake Michigan, which for many years was known to the Canadians as Lake Illinois. Two years later, Marquette, then in the last stages of consumption, revisited those Illinois Indians, as he had promised he would, and zealously ministered to their spiritual wants during the entire winter. The next spring, feeling a premonition of his approaching end, he departed for Canada, but died from exhaustion, on the southeastern shore of Lake Michigan, and was buried in the sand by his attendants. The Illinois country, with the then limited means of transportation, was too remote from the Atlantic seaboard to invite colonization; but it at once attracted a few adventurous traders, priests and bush-rangers, who were welcomed to the Indian villages and readily assimilated with the natives.

Four years later, in December, 1769, there came to the Illinois, Robert Cavalier, Sieur de La Salle, a young Frenchman of education and the self-relying energies of modern enterprize, authorized by the French king to take up the work of exploration, and, if need be, of conquest, where Marquette had left it; and to solve definitely the problem of the Mississippi's ultimate course. He was accompanied by his trusty lieutenant, Henry Tonti, and Louis Hennepin, a Recollet friar, together with thirty enlisted men, three Jesuit priests and several Canadian employes. He built Fort St. Louis at the Starved Rock, and Fort Creve Cœur (Broken Heart) on the southeastern bluffs of Lake Peoria. He later descended the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, and, with formal ceremonies, took possession, for the King of France, of all the country he traversed from Canada to Texas. His genius and iron resolution are indelibly stamped upon the early history of Illinois; but the hardships, disappointments and disasters that befell him, with the sacrifice of all he possessed, and finally, of his life, form one of its most pathetic chapters.

The village Indians found by Marquette and Joliet on the upper Illinois river were an organized federation of five tribes, named the Kaskaskias, Cahokias, Peorias, Tamarwabs and Michigamies, subsequently collectively known as the "Illinois Indians," a once powerful confederacy, but at that time greatly reduced and weakened by the frequent forays of the fierce Iroquois Indians of New York. To escape total annihilation by that unrelenting enemy, the Illinois Indians, influenced, no doubt, by advice of their self-constituted guardians, the Jesuit priests, decided to abandon their ancient village and ancestral hunting grounds and seek safety in another locality. In the early spring of 1678, having made all necessary preparations, they embarked in a fleet of canoes, and passing down the Illinois river continued down the Mississippi, until arriving at a point seven miles below the present city of St. Louis they halted on the eastern bank of the river, and there, under the guidance of Father Pinet, a Jesuit missionary, they established their village named Cahokia. In this exodus of the Illinois Indians the Peoria tribe stopped temporarily at the expansion of the Illinois river that has since retained their name, "Peoria Lake."

Two years later in 1700, the Kaskaskias, led by Father Marest, another Jesuit priest, left Cahokia, and moving 40 miles farther down, built a village of their own, known as the Kaskaskia village, six miles above the mouth of the stream, also taking their name, the Kaskaskia river. A dozen or more Canadian Frenchmen, some with their families brought with them from

Canada, and others who had married Indian squaws, in each of those villages constituted the nucleus of civilization that entitled them to the distinction of being the first actual settlements of white people in Illinois—Cahokia, the first, dating from 1698, and Kaskaskia from 1700. Gradual accessions of other Canadians and French, in time displaced the Indians and constituted those settlements permanent French towns.

The wonderful discoveries by Marquette and Joliet, and peaceable acquisition, by La Salle, of a new empire, produced at first, but little excitement in France. The magnitude and remote distance of the new possessions were bewildering; and not until the nine years war with England was terminated by the treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, did Louis XIV, King of France, give the matter serious consideration. He then sent Le Moyne d'Iberville, an officer of his navy, to the mouth of the Mississippi to assert formal authority over his vast and new domain; and that officer, on his arrival there, built a fort and founded a settlement on a sand bar which he named Biloxi. Then, to encourage the colonizing and development of that region, the French government, in 1712, granted to Antoine Crozat and company, the commercial monopoly of all the lower Mississippi country, then named Louisiana in honor of Louis XIV, who died in 1715. Two years after the King's death, the Crozat Company failed, and surrendered its charter to the crown, and Jean Baptiste de Bienville was appointed Governor of Louisiana, and he, in 1719, founded, what is now, the city of New Orleans, by settling there a number of emigrants that followed him from France.

About that time, Pierre Duque de Boisbriant was sent with a small military force up the Mississippi as Commandant of the Illinois country. Making Kaskaskia his head-quarters, he at once set about planning the defense of his territory from threatened invasion by the Spaniards at Santa Fe. Selecting a site near the bank of the Mississippi, 16 miles above Kaskaskia, he there, in 1721, built a stockade fort, which he named Fort Chartres, in honor of the Duke de Chartres, son of the Regent. There he established his seat of military government, and there upon, by royal decree, the Illinois passed from the jurisdiction of Canada to that of Louisiana.

In 1719 John Law originated, in Paris, his celebrated Mississippi scheme, styled "The Company of the West," and, granted by the French government more extraordinary powers than had been given to the Crozat company; he frenzied all Europe with dazzling promises of immediate fabulous wealth. One of his chief agents, Phillip Francois Renault, Superintendent of the Imperial Mining company of Paris, arrived at Kaskaskia, from France, in 1721, with 200 employees and 500 negro slaves to work the reported gold and silver mines of Illinois; and thus planted in the Mississippi Valley the baneful curse of African slavery. He secured from the commandant a large grant of land five miles above Chartres where he built the town of St. Phillip, and to-day his descendants are still contesting in the Illinois courts for possession of that land. The influence of John Law's wild enterprize was sensibly felt in Illinois. It gained some accessions to its population. In 1722, the village of Chartres sprung up at the gate of the Fort; quite a settlement was made at the foot of the rocky cliff four miles to the east of Chartres named Prairie de Roher; Cahokia gained impotence as a trading point and Kaskaskia became the central emporium of the Mississippi valley.



But the glittering bubble of speculation soon burst. The John Law company collapsed and went into bankruptcy. Renault found neither mines of gold or silver in Illinois; but discovered and opened the deposit of lead ore at Potosi on the west side of the Mississippi which has ever since been profitably mined.

The depressing reaction that followed failure of the John Law Company blighted every prospect of the Illinois, and for twenty years its dwindling colonists, left to shift for themselves in profound obscurity. Fort Chartres was almost deserted; its stockade rotted away, and the country was on the verge of abandonment. So desperate was its condition, that the Marquis de Gallissonaire, Governor General, of Canada, implored King Louis XV to come to its rescue. "The little colony of the Illinois," he pleaded, "ought not to be left to perish. The country is extremely productive, and its connection with Canada and Louisiana must be maintained. The land is mostly a plain ready for the plow, and is traversed by an innumerable multitude of buffalo. These animals are covered with a species of wool sufficiently fine to be employed in various manufactories." He further suggested, and doubtless correctly, that the buffalo, if caught, and attached to the plow, would move it at a speed superior to that of the domestic ox.

At length the dissolute King was aroused to the importance of preserving his western empire. In 1751, he sent to Fort Chartres a regiment of grenadiers, and a large number of artisans and laborers who began at once the erection of a new and larger Fort Chartres, of stone, a mile above the old one, which was built at the cost of \$1,500,000, and when completed in 1761, was the grandest and strongest fortress in America. But before its completion, France was, in 1755, engaged in a war with England, which, continuing for seven years, was practically terminated by the English victory on the Plains of Abraham, and the fall of Quebec, on the 13th of September 1759. To indemnify Spain for her loss of Florida the weak French King ceded to her, in 1761, New Orleans and all of Louisiana west of the Mississippi; and by the treaty signed at Paris on the 10th of February, 1763, he transferred to England all the rest of his possessions in America.

However, for two years after its cession, Pontiac, the great Ottawa chief, the friend and ally of the French, stood in the path of the victorious English and frustrated all their attempts to take possession of the Illinois. And not until assured by St. Ange de Belle Rive, the old commandant at Fort Chartres, that further opposition to the victors was helpless, did he relent and sullenly retire beyond the Mississippi. The way then open, Captain Sterling, with his 42nd, Highlanders marched to Fort Chartres, and on the 10th of October, 1765, received from St. Ange formal surrender of the Fort, and all of the Illinois country. And thereupon, to the deep humiliation of the French soldiers and settlers, the white lilies of France were lowered from the bastion flag-staff and replaced by the red cross of St. George.

For the following thirteen years the Illinois was a province of Great Britain, governed by an English garrison, at Fort Chartres until 1772, when the Mississippi still loyal to the French, ever murmuring the names of Marquette and LaSalle arose in wrathful indignation, and sweeping over the American bottom, carried away one wall and a bastion of the Fort, forcing the detested English to evacuate it, and take refuge at Kaskaskia. There they enclosed

the old deserted Jesuit college with pickets, upon which they mounted a few small guns and dignified it with the title of "Fort Gage," in honor of General Thomas Gage, then Governor of New York and commander of the English forces in America.

Under British rule the Illinois remained in its almost primitive condition. As a subjugated province it repelled immigration, and its white population, of scarcely more than 800 confined to a few small villages, remained stationary. In its wilderness solitude, so completely isolated from the outside world, not a sound reached it of the momentous events occurring a few years later in the Atlantic seaboard colonies. The French inhabitants of Illinois knew nothing of that political upheaval that produced the Declaration of Independence, nor did they hear the faintest echo of the "resounding clash of arms," at Lexington and Concord, on the 18th of April, 1775, that began the mighty struggle of the American Revolution. But the English heard it, and their garrisons at Kaskaskia, Vincennes and Detroit were hurried to the east to help subdue Washington and his revolting colonists, leaving at each western post but a corporal's guard to maintain there the authority of George the Third.

Fort Gage, in Kaskaskia, was left in command of Chevalier de Rocheblanc, a renegade Frenchman, who had joined the English, with but a few invalid soldiers, unfit for eastern service. Sleeping in fancied security, far from the turmoil and dangers of war, about the middle of the night, July 4th, 1778, his Fort was rudely entered by Col. George Rogers Clark and his band of Virginia back-woodsmen, who made the commander and his soldiers prisoners, and took possession of his Fort and of the town.

While Washington and his valiant rebels were battling in the Atlantic colonies, with British despotism for independence and liberty, Col. Clark conceived the plan for wresting the Illinois country from English power. By permission and authority of Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia, he raised four small companies of volunteers, and set out through an unknown wilderness on his perilous venture. Landing from his flat boats near old Fort Massie, on the Ohio river, with 117 men, all afoot, he marched 100 miles to Kaskaskia, through a strange country, infested with hostile Indians to attack an English fort of (to him) unknown strength. The French people of Illinois who entertained hereditary hatred for their British rulers, on discovering who Col. Clark was, joyfully hailed him as their deliverer, and unhesitatingly their allegiance to the cause he represented.

In the middle of the following winter, on Feb. 5th, 1779, Col. Clark, with 177 men, left Kaskaskia, and marching afoot through trackless prairies and swimming overflowed streams, to Vincennes, there captured Fort Sackville, with Col. Hamilton its English commander, and then completed his conquest, for the state of Virginia, of the country between the Ohio and the northern lakes. That new acquisition of territory was annexed to Virginia, and by its legislature, organized as a county of that state entitled the county of Illinois, with Col. John Todd appointed its civil commandant.

The Revolutionary war ended, and peace with England was restored by the treaty signed at Paris on the 3d of September, 1783; and then the 13 independent colonies joined the confederacy since known as the United States of America. To that new born republic the state of Virginia ceded the County of Illinois, in 1787, organized it into the Northwestern Territory, and

General Arthur St. Clair was appointed its Governor. Congress, by its ordinance of 1787, provided for the ultimate division of the Northwestern Territory into not less than three, nor more than five States, and prohibited slavery therein, though, unfortunately, slavery already existed there since the advent of Renault.

The first settlement of *Americans*, in the Illinois country dates from the close of the Revolutionary war. Then many of the rugged followers of Col. Clark who, in their campaign of conquest through it, had been charmed with its magnificent prairies, its beautiful streams, and picturesque woodlands and evident fertility of its soil, returned with their families and neighbors of the east and south, to the new, and now free country, to make their permanent homes. Braving the murderous hostilities of the Indians, and innumerable hardships and privations incident to frontier life, those sturdy pioneers built their cabins and blockhouses, and held the country.

By subsequent act of Congress the Northwestern Territory was divided into five prospective states: and in 1802, Ohio, the one of them nearest the old colonies, was admitted as a state into the Union, and the rest were comprised in the Territory of Indiana with Vincennes as its capital. The few settlements in Illinois Territory at that time were near the Mississippi. Their remoteness from Vincennes, and the difficulties and dangers of maintaining communication with it, impelled the Illinoisians to desire division of Indian Territory and establishment of Illinois as a separate Territory. After much discussion that object was accomplished by act of Congress of March 7th, 1809, which gave to Illinois, including Wisconsin, a separate Territorial organization with Kaskaskia as its capital. To set in motion the political machinery of the new Territory, President Madison appointed Ninian Edwards, a Kentucky Judge, its Governor, and Nathaniel Pope, also of Kentucky, Secretary. Its population, gradually increasing, Illinois was raised, in 1812, to a Territory of the second grade with a legislative assembly of its own for local self-government.

On June 19th, 1812, the United States declared war against Great Britain. Though Illinois was far distant from the conflict that followed, it maintained a military force in the field to protect its northern frontier, then reaching a line drawn from Alton to Vincennes, from ravages of hostile Indians in the interest and pay of the British. It was on Aug. 15th, of that year, 1812, that 26 regular soldiers, 12 militiamen, 2 women and 12 children, occupants of Fort Dearborn at the mouth of the Chicago river, were massacred by the Indians. Among many other atrocities then committed here by the savages was the murder, on the 10th of July 1814, of Mrs. Moore and 7 children, on Wood river, a few miles east of the present city of Alton.

In December, 1814, peace with Great Britain was restored, with the result, the year following, of greatly increasing the tide of immigration to Illinois from all the older states. By 1816, in all that portion of Illinois Territory south of the Kaskaskia river the Indian title to the land had been extinguished and cabins of the pioneers had displaced the Indian lodges. Salt in sufficient quantities to supply the settlers, was produced by primitive methods from saline springs on the Big Muddy and in Gallatin County, and quite a commerce was maintained, by flat-boats, with New Orleans. Then, too, the introduction of steam power was beginning to revolutionize the means

of river transportation. The first steam boat on our western waters was the "New Orleans," built at Pittsburg in 1811, by Livingston and Roosevelt, (the President's grandfather,) and descended to New Orleans. The first steam boat to ascend the Mississippi above the mouth of the Ohio was the General Pike, that arrived at St. Louis on August 1st, 1817. In 1827 the "Mechanic" was the first steam boat to cautiously venture into the Illinois river. It reached Fort Clark, now Peoria, and returned to St. Louis in safety. The first steam driven vessel arrived at Chicago in 1823. The first newspaper published in Illinois, the *Illinois-Herald*, was issued at Kaskaskia by Capt. Matthew Duncan, in 1814. The first American school teacher in Illinois, was Samuel John Seeley, who taught a school at New Design, in Monroe County, at the close of the Revolutionary war, in 1783.

With the large influx of emigrants that poured into Illinois Territory, after termination of the second war with England, from the southern and eastern states, there came the politician and office seeker in full force; and then soon began the agitation for advancing Illinois from the status of a Territory to that of a State. Very fortunately, indeed for the future of Illinois, Nathaniel Pope was elected, in 1816, to represent it as a delegate in Congress. He secured an act enabling Illinois to apply for admission into the Union. And, with far-seeing sagacity, provided in that act that the northern boundary of the State, which Congress, in 1787, had designated to be a line running west from the extreme southern extremity of Lake Michigan; be moved 61 miles farther north, from which extension of territory the fourteen northern counties of our State, (including Chicago and Galena) were subsequently formed. He also secured an amendment of the law requiring a population of 60,000 to qualify a State for admission into the Union, reducing the number to 40,000; and had Congress grant to Illinois a certain percentage of the proceeds of sales of its public lands to promote the cause of public education.

The enabling act demanded a census of the Territory to be taken as the initial step in its application for statehood. The actual number of white residents in Illinois in 1818 was 34,620, but the census enumerators knew their duty, and stationed at the main cross-roads, counted all who passed and re-passed, including wandering Indians, and emigrants, passing through to Missouri and elsewhere, with the result of reporting a large excess of population over the stipulated 40,000. Then the necessary elections were held. In August, 1818, a properly constituted convention framed a state constitution. Shadrack Bond was elected first Governor and Pierre Menard Lieutenant Governor. John McLean was the first congressman elected. Then on the 3d day of December, 1818 Congress passed the crowning act of admission of Illinois, as a sovereign State into the Union.

Such is Part 1st of the History of Illinois, of which I have hurriedly presented but the mere outlines. It comprizes a story of hazardous adventure and heroic daring that will in all time claim the interest and admiration of every intelligent citizen. In the achievements of those fearless pioneers of civilization, the trapper, the trader, the explorer, the priest, who, two hundred years ago, braved the dangers and hardships of the savage wilderness to found a new empire and promulgate old faith there is an element of romance worthy of the finest efforts of the poet and artist. To the hardy Canadian

French is due the credit of discovering Illinois and planting upon its soil the germs of European civilization. But their faculty for ready assimilation with the inferior race they came in contact with blasted their energies and paralyzed all progress. For nearly a century they were in sole control of this prolific country, of unlimited natural resources; yet, at the end of that period they surrendered it to the British almost in the same condition in which they had found it. The only products of their long tenure were a splendid stone fortress on a sandy foundation; a few villages, with a Catholic church in each, on the alluvial banks of treacherous streams; rudely built water mills on creeks that were dry half the year, and a white population not exceeding one thousand in number.

Their agriculture, little more than supplied their immediate wants; their dwellings were of simple and antiquated construction; their commerce little more than trade and barter with the natives for the natural products of the forest, streams and prairies, and their roads the ancient trails of the buffalo and Indian. But, shut out from the world, with no artificial wants, and free from the restraints of law; free from the tyranny of fashions and exactions of public opinion, and exempt from the curse of taxation, they enjoyed, if not supreme happiness, the highest degree of contentment.

The thirteen years of British rule added nothing to the physical intellectual or industrial condition of Illinois; but, by continually inciting Indian hostilities retarded its advancement. A new era dawned upon this region with its conquest, in 1778, by Col. George Rogers Clark. In his track came a new people, of the aggressive Anglo-Saxon stock, fresh from their baptism in the spirit of liberty through the fires of the Revolutionary war. From the coming of those hardy pioneers dates the beginning of the wonderful development of our great State. By the necromancy of their genius and industry they converted the barren wilderness of the French, into the garden spot of the world. Illinois was admitted into the Union scarcely 86 years ago, about the extreme space of a human life, and in that comparatively brief period the marvellous unfolding of its latent riches and possibilities has amazed humanity. An honored citizen of Cass County, Mr. Wm. Stevenson, often seen driving through our streets, still "hale and hearty," was born five years before Illinois became a State. He has lived here under all the Governors from Ninian Edwards, to Charles S. Deneen. He was here when Jacksonville and Springfield were small collections of log cabins, and Indians occupied the northern half of the State. He was here long before Illinois had either a canal, railroad, or telegraph; and saw the 2,000 volunteers called for by Governor Reynolds, rendezvous at Beardstown, in 1832, and march to Rock Island to repeal the invasion of the State by Black Hawk and his band. Even in the space of my own life time and certainly no one in this audience will class me among the old men, I have seen the population of Illinois expand from 160,000 to over 5,000,000. I saw the construction of the first rail road built in this State, which was also the first built in the Mississippi valley; and I saw the wires stretched across our prairies for the first telegraph line in Illinois. In my time, Illinois has arisen from the verge of ruin and bankruptcy, unable to pay the interest on its enormous indebtedness, incurred for its insane scheme of internal improvements, of 1837, and with giant strides march on and up through every obstacle to the pinnacle of wealth and power it now

occupies. And keeping pace with its astounding growth of material wealth were all the multifarious interests of education, religion, social refinement, and other factors of modern civilization.

It is our proud boast that in arts and sciences; in the domain of classic learning and literature; in the field of politics, diplomacy and statesmanship; in the realm of mechanical inventions and discoveries, the sons and daughters of Illinois are found in the front ranks, and are, to-day in all lines of intellectual activity, the peers of any in the world.

To the patriotic citizens of our State, its history must always inspire sentiments of pride and exultation. Illinois has become the key-stone of the great arch spanning this continent from ocean to ocean, and one of the strongest and most important States of the American Union.

By the genius of its people and successful development of its innate capabilities, it has progressed from an obscure Canadian colony and conquered British province to its present proud preeminence among the commonwealths of this mighty Republic; ranking *First* of the States in extent of railroad mileage.

*Second* in wealth and educational institutions and *Third* in population.

“Not without thy wondrous story,  
Illinois, Illinois,  
Can be writ this nations glory,  
Illinois, Illinois:  
Throughout the records of thy years,  
With all their varying hopes and fears,  
Thy true greatness there appears,  
Illinois, Illinois.”

## CYNTHIA ANN McCONNELL.

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**T**HE father of the subject of this sketch, was Dr. Ephraim Rew, who was born in the State of Massachusetts in the year 1778. He started on horseback in December, 1829, from his home in the state of New York, on a western trip, hoping to benefit his health. Six weeks later, he arrived at Meredosia, Illinois, in Morgan county; he had greatly improved in health, and being pleased with the western country returned for his family. As there were two physicians in Meredosia, he concluded he would settle at Beardstown, in which there was but one house, at the foot of Lafayette street

in which lived Thomas Beard and family, and also another family with them. Dr. Rew came from St. Louis on a flatboat; he was six weeks in making the river trip. He covered the deck of an old boat in the river with flat stones, on which to build fires for cooking purposes, and began cutting timber in the woods on the Schuyler side of the river, for his cabin, the family, in the meantime living on the boat in the river. At the end of a few weeks, Dr. Rew and his family consisting of himself, wife and his son, Bradford, upon the earnest solicitation of Thomas Beard moved into the cabin 16 feet square with the other two families. In the meantime he proceeded with his building enterprise, and erected a cabin 15 feet square on the northeast corner of Second and State streets on part of lots 6 and 7 in block 11, which property he purchased of Thomas Beard, May 9th, 1831. He lived in this cabin which stood where the opera house now is, but a few days when he sold it to John S. Wilbourn the same month and moved across the street south, on lots 3 and 4 in block 19, on which he again built a cabin for himself and family. The next year Dr. Rew traded this property with Henry Madison for the west half of the northeast quarter of Sec 29 T 18 R 11, which is about one mile



CYNTHIA ANN McCONNELL.

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west of Bluff Springs and he then moved into a house on Second street, in which house Cynthia Ann Rew was born on the 6th day of April, 1832. This house was afterwards moved 5 or 6 blocks south, where it remained until last fall when it was burned, 73 years after it was built, in 1831. At the date of her leaving Virginia in the spring of 1895 with her husband, David J. McConnell, to make their home at McCook, Nebraska, where their son, Lewis W. McConnell, resides, she was the oldest native of Beardstown living in Cass county.

Dr. Rew was the first physician at Beardstown, and while there, he practised medicine, and continued his practise after removing to his farm near Bluff Springs, and up to his death. He was a widower, with five children, when he married his second wife, the subject of this sketch, being the only child of the second marriage. While living in Beardstown, Mrs. Rew assisted her husband in a financial way, by making men's clothing. In 1833, the Doctor moved from Beardstown to the tract in 29-18-11, which he had procured of Madison, and on May 17th, 1836, purchased of John Gains an additional 120 acres adjoining. This land is now a part of the Oetgen farm. Mrs. McConnell remembers, that her father dug ditches along the boundaries of his lands, to protect his crops from cattle, as fences were expensive in those days.

Here Dr. Rew remained, raising crops, and practising medicine until his death which occurred on the 23d day of May, 1842, when his daughter, Cynthia, was ten years and one month old. She well remembers, that on the morning of his death, he told his wife, that his time had come; that he had some business matters with his neighbors, that ought to be settled; he mounted his saddle horse and rode away to finish that work; in a few hours he returned, and complaining of being cold, asked the wife to put away the horse, and he went to his bed, and slept for a short time, and upon his awakening, his wife asked him if he would have some gruel made; he replied that he would prefer heartier food, and she went to the smoke house to get a slice of ham to cook for him, his little child remaining at his bedside. While the mother was cooking the meal, he turned his head, looked long and earnestly into the eyes of his young daughter, and died without uttering a word. He was a Free Mason, and the members of his order came from long distances to attend his funeral services, which were conducted by Rev. Levi Springer, who lived for many years on his farm three miles east of Virginia. He was buried in the old cemetery in the city of Beardstown which he assisted to establish. The stone at his grave has crumbled away, and the spot where he lies can not now be located.

The estate of Dr. Rew was settled by his son, Horatio G. Rew; the sale of the personal property was held on Saturday, July 30, 1842, at the farm.

An extract, from the sale bill, may be of interest, as it shows the prevailing prices paid at sales in that day:

One large cow and calf sold to Nathan F. Horn for \$9.

One dun cow sold to John B. Bell for \$8.25.

One brindle cow sold to Jesse Ankrum for \$10.12.

One brown cow sold to Stephen Hoit for \$10.

One red cow sold to John McKown for \$8.50

Two cows taken by the widow at appraised value.



- One three-year-old white steer sold to Augustus Krohe for \$12.
- One three-year-old red steer sold to Augustus Krohe for \$11.75.
- One two-year-old red steer sold to John Duchart for \$8.75.
- One red yearling heifer sold to Amos Bonney for \$5.
- One red lineback heifer sold to John Duchart for \$3.25.
- One bay mare sold to John Decker for \$57.
- One bay mare sold to Mrs. Lucy Ann Rew for \$40.
- One two-year-old roan filley sold to George White for \$41.
- One yearling bay filley sold to Weslev Daugherty for \$20.
- One three-year-old brown gelding sold to J. C. A. Seeger for \$61.50.
- One small sucking colt sold to Amos Bonney for \$19.
- Ten bbls. corn sold to John J. Moseley for \$6.06.
- Five bbls. corn sold to W. B. Gaines for \$2.50.

Joseph M. McLane was the crier of the sale and N. B. Thompson was the clerk. John Savage was the collector of taxes in 1843.

The mother of Mrs. McConnell, Mrs. Lucy Ann Rew, married Benjamin Stribling, on March 26th, 1846. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. Reddick Horn, a Methodist protestant preacher. Mr. Stribling was the father of Isaac Milton Stribling; he entered 480 acres of land in Secs 32 and 33 T 18 R 10, in 1830; most of this land now belongs to the heirs of I. M. Stribling. Mr. Benjamin Stribling brought his new wife and her daughter to this farm, and here Mrs. McConnell was married to David J. McConnell on September 4, 1855, by Rev. L. C. Pitner, a noted Methodist preacher, the year previous to her marriage Mrs. McConnell professed religion at a camp-meeting conducted by Peter Cartwright at the Garner Chapel grove, six miles east of Virginia. Her husband was then a clerk in a store owned by William Chase, of Beardstown; this store was in Virginia, on lot 109, where the shoe shop of John Menzies now is; immediately after the marriage Mr. and Mrs. McConnell removed to Beardstown where he was employed by Chase in his Beardstown store; Chase married Susie Miller, who was a sister of Mrs. Sarah C. Gatton, of this city. Here they remained for nearly twenty years, or until 1874, when Mr. Benjamin Stribling purchased the Bevis property in Barden and Wood's addition to Virginia, and invited Mrs. McConnell to come and live with them. They moved into the Stribling property, and here remained until the spring of 1905. Mr. Stribling died June 25, 1880, and his widow, the mother of Mrs. McConnell, died January 11, 1896.

Mrs. McConnell's memory of past events, is excellent; the first church service she recollects was held by Rev. Levi Springer at the farm house of her father, when she was 14 years old; the house contained one room, 18 feet square; benches and chairs were brought in for the hearers; among whom were Mr. Garlick and wife, Mrs. Frank Hammer, of Beardstown, Mr. and Mrs. Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. Gaines. When she was seven years old a school house was built where Bluff Springs now is situated. Mr. Henry Babb was the first teacher, Mury Ann Lindsley, who afterward married John L. Buckley, was the second teacher; the next was a man named Humingston, who was a brutal wretch who deserved hanging. Of her step-father, Mr. Stribling, she says that he always regarded her as if she was his own child, and she declares that he was one of the best men that ever lived.

Mrs. McConnell's husband, David J. was born January 4, 1830 in the state of Tennessee; when he was a year old, his father, John M. McConnell, a tailor, brought him to Missouri; he came to Beardstown in 1848. He died in the west, a few weeks after their departure from this city.

## HENRY R. HULL.

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**H**ENRY R. Hull was born on the 11th day of September, 1823, in Marion county, Illinois, near the town of Mt. Vernon. His father, Seth Hull, was born in Connecticut, and his mother was a native of the state of Massachusetts. This family came to Beardstown, in 1834; they came up from St. Louis on the steamer "Utility," in a run of seven days, which was then a quick trip. This boat was rebuilt for running on the Sangamon river and made a trip or two to Petersburg, and then gave it up.

When Mr. Hull first saw Beardstown, then a boy of 11 years of age, it was

a little town of some four stores, a grist mill and saw mill, with one church, in which all the different denominations held religious service, situated on 8th street, if he correctly remembers the location. Among the merchants were the Wilbourn brothers, who were the first pork-packers of the town; and Knapp and Pogue, who owned both a store and a mill. The first physician whom Mr. Hull remembers, was s Dr. Gibson, who came from Kentucky, remained about ten years, and went to Berlin, Illinois, and was succeeded by Dr. Turpin, also a Kentuckian, who practised there some eight years, and went to Chicago. One of the first preachers he knew, was Levi C. Pitner, a Methodist; Cyrus Wright, a large heavy man, was a Baptist preacher, who lived in the northeast part of the county, but frequently was heard in Beardstown.



HENRY R. HULL.

The first time Mr. Hull met George Plahn, he was in the employ of S. M. Tinsley, a merchant and commission man who was located at the northeast corner of the junction of Washington street with Main street. J. Henry Shaw, and his brother, John B. Shaw, were attorneys of the town; the latter was then unmarried, but later went to Chandlerville, and married a daughter of Dr. Chandler.

Mr. Hull assisted in running the ferry boat when quite a boy; this ferry was owned by Thomas Beard, and was a great money maker, when emigration was pouring into Missouri and Iowa: often the receipts would amount to one hundred dollars per day.

The first school Henry Hull attended was conducted by his father, Seth Hull, assisted by a man named Smith, supported by voluntary contributions. Francis Arenz he remembers, as a taller man than his brother, John A. Arenz, but thin in flesh; he did not remain long at Beardstown, but removed to Arenzville, which town he founded.

The name of Henry R. Hull is found on the Beardstown list of voters at the general election held in Illinois, on August 3d 1846. The judges of election were Amos Atwater, Horace Cowen and McKeever DeHaven: the clerks were James C. Leonard and Edward R. Saunders. Upon the democratic ticket were the following named candidates:

- For governor, Augustus C. French.
- For lieutenant governor, N. G. Wilcox.
- For representative in congress, Peter Cartwright.
- For representative in state legislature, Edward W. Turner.
- For sheriff, W. J. DeHaven.
- For coroner, H. Springer.
- For county commissioner, Thomas Plaster.

Upon the whig ticket were the following names:

- For governor, Thomas M. Kilpatrick.
- For lieutenant governor, J. B. Wells.
- For representative in congress, A. Lincoln.
- For representative in state legislature, F. Arenz.
- For sheriff, John Savage.
- For coroner, James Logan.
- For county commissioner, H. McHenry.

The question as to whether a Constitutional Convention should be held, was also voted upon.

This election, was held under a law requiring each voter to name the candidates of his choice, and the votes were thus recorded by the officers holding the election. A resident of the county, was allowed to vote at any voting place in the county, and the name of Samuel Petefish, is found on the Beardstown Poll book, and the name of Dr. Chandler, of Chaudlerville, is found upon the Virginia Poll book. The election at Virginia on the same day was held by A. Naylor, John C. Scott and Julius Elmore judges, David Whitmire and David Blair clerks. At Virginia there were 135 votes for Kilpatrick for governor, and 100 votes for French for governor: 127 votes for Lincoln, and 98 votes for Cartwright: 109 votes for Arenz, and 105 votes for Turner: 135 votes for McHenry, and 88 votes for Plasters: 122 votes for Savage, and 98 votes for DeHaven: 126 votes for Logan, and 95 votes for Springer. There were 148 votes cast for the convention, and 47 votes against it.

In 1851, Mr. Hull was married in Morgan county, near the present town of Literberry, to Miss Lydia Ann Hudson, a daughter of Peter Hudson, and a sister of William Hudson and of Mrs. Nancy M. Petefish of this city. This lady died at Beardstown, in 1860. Mr. Hull remained a widower until 1867, when he married Mrs. Mary Case, a widow, who was a Henderson, by birth, related to the Henderson family of Morgan county: she died in the state of Kansas in the year 1895, while visiting a daughter who resided in that state.

In 1897, Mr. Hull came to Virginia to build a house for his brother-in-law, Mr. Samuel H. Petefish, and has resided here ever since, making his home at the Petefish residence. Although nearly eighty-two years of age, he enjoys good health. He is not quite so vigorous as when in 1837 he was marshal of the city of Beardstown, still, he is well preserved, considering his years. He is a very quiet, and unassuming man, of excellent habits, and of strict integrity. He deserves to live as long as he desires. The above engraving was made from an old picture taken at Beardstown, in 1860.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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Business Directory of Cass county, Illinois, for the year eighteen hundred and sixty:

### CITY OF BEARDSTOWN.

**ATTORNEYS AT LAW:** Henry E. Dummer, Thomas M. Thompson, Thos. H. Carter, C. H. Housekeeper, J. H. Shaw, James M. Epler, G. Pollard.

**PHYSICIANS:** Charles E. Parker, F. Ehrhardt, H. H. Littlefield, J. R. Dowler, John Fee, homeopathic physician; T. A. Hoffman, chemist and physician; E. S. Carter, surgeon dentist; Dr. D. Whitney, surgeon dentist.

**PRINTERS:** Shurtleff & Jones, publishers Beardstown Democrat; Thompson, Fulks, and Irwin, publishers Weekly Illinoian.

**MAGISTRATES, NOTARIES PUBLIC, AGENTS, ETC:** C. H. C. Havekluff, county judge; J. A. Arenz, Notary public and magistrate; Thomas S. Wiles, notary public and magistrate; Thomas M. Thompson, notary public; S. Emmons, magistrate and land agent; L. F. Sanders, fire and life insurance agent; D. C. Meigs, insurance agent; C. H. Housekeeper, police magistrate; I. H. Harris, land agent.

**DEALERS IN BOOTS AND SHOES:** Sanders & Stettenus, Treadway & Bro., Adam Fisher, J. Livermore.

**BLACKSMITH SHOPS:** Thomas B. Clayton, Christian French, William H. Ewing.

**PROPRIETORS OF BRICK YARDS:** Fred Potter, John Baujan.

**BANKERS:** J. C. Leonard & Co., Bankers and dealers in exchange.

**HOTELS:** Park House, H. Billings; National House, C. P. Dunbaugh; Virginia House, Campbell & Goodloe; Farmer's Home. G. Thompson.

**DRUGGISTS:** Menke & Fletcher, William Whipp, Rice & Maxwell.

**DEALERS IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE:** D. M. Irwin, Chase, Parker & McLaughlin, Ed P. Chase, Dutch & Brother, George Plahn & Co., Leonard Montgomery & Co., Nolte & McClure, M. L. Read & Co., George Kuhl, Isaac W. Overall, C. F. Frauman, C. Nicholson, G. F. Sielschott, H. Boemler, Alexander Lammers, G. H. Seeger, John Quigg; dealer in stoves and hardware; F. H. Rearick & Bro.; H. B. De Sollar; C. F. Morton.

**DEALERS IN LUMBER:** H. F. Foster & Co., Hitchcock & Montgomery.

**DEALERS IN GROCERIES:** Low & Billings, wholesale & retail; Thompson & Eames, commission merchants; Fred. Krohe, J. C. Eberwein, R. F. Kippenberg.

**MANUFACTORIES, ETC.:** Thom, Webb & Co., proprietors of the Phoenix foundry and machine shop; C. A. Bussman, manufacturer of sash, doors and

blinds; H. Mohlmann & Co., manufacturer of sash, doors and blinds; Durand & Co., undertakers and manufacturers of all kinds of cabinet ware; Benjamin Eyre & Treadway, manufacturer of wagons and plows; H. B. De Sollar, manufacturers of carriages and wagons; J. H. Pfeil, manufacturer of carriages and wagons; A. Wetterau, wagons and plows; C. H. Bockmeier, manufacturer of plows; John Lehmburger, manufacturer of cigars and tobacco; A. J. Wevers, cigar manufacturer; G. W. Weaver, proprietor of steam saw mill; Fish, proprietor of flouring mill; E. S. Houghton, proprietor of flouring mill; W. E. Pearce, proprietor of flouring mill; Rearick, proprietor of flouring mill.

MISCELLANEOUS: Charles Sprague, President of the Rock Island & Alton Railroad Co.; Ira Crow, proprietor of feed stable; John Putman, proprietor of jewelry and music store; John J. Pappmier, watchmaker and jeweler; C. A. Kuhl, brick mason; A. Orlopp, builder and contractor; August Hoyer, carpenter and joiner; S. Harper, carpenter and joiner; J. H. Reitz, architect and carpenter; J. H. Nickel, dealer in harness, saddles, whips and truhks; A. Petri, gunsmith; J. W. McClure, baker and confectioner; William McCrdden, marble dealer; F. W. Tracy, proprietor steam ferry; Moehring, proprietor barber shop; J. Duchart, meat market; Mrs. S. Harper, milliner; Joseph Ruff, proprietor of Lafayette saloon; J. Montgomery & Bros., proprietors eating and ice cream saloon; Jacob Bohrmann, proprietor of Washington brewery; Miss Sarah Whipp, millinery and fancy store; H. Steinkuhler, carpenter; G. Moore, saloon proprietor.

#### TOWN OF VIRGINIA.

Hezekiah Naylor, Proprietor Cass County Independent.

I. H. Miller, President of Union College.

R. S. Thomas, attorney-at-law, and President, Illinois River R. R. Co.

G. Pollard, attorney-at-law.

N. B. Thompson, merchant.

C. H. Oliver, merchant.

Pierce & Co., merchants.

G. W. Goodspeed M. D., physician.

E. Loomis, family grocery.

W. E. Martin, grocer and corn merchant.

William Kendall, grocer and produce dealer.

Dr. Phillips, proprietor of flouring mill.

John E. Haskell, proprietor of woolen manufactory.

N. B. Beers, house builder.

C. Brooks, carpenter and joiner.

William Armstrong, proprietor of Glen Cottage Nursery.

Jacob Dunaway, proprietor of Virginia Hotel.

H. E. Ward, Proprietor of Livery Stable.

Robison & Brother, carriage and wagon makers.

L. F. Briggs, proprietor of "Cass County Union."

Robert H. Chittick, carriage and plow maker.

J. B. Arthur, blacksmith.

H. Hincheliff, blacksmith.

C. E. Lawson, saddle and harness maker.

J. G. Campbell, boot and shoe dealer.

C. Magel & Co., boot and shoe dealers.

E. B. Randall, lumber dealer.  
L. S. Allard, druggist,  
W. Shirley, Justice of the Peace.  
Jacob Wise, butcher.

#### TOWN OF CHANDLERVILLE.

S. Paddock & Bro., merchants.  
W. L. Way, merchant.  
H. McKee & Co., merchants  
L. P. Renshaw, dealer in grain.  
L. McKee, postmaster and justice.  
K. H. Chandler, Police Magistrate.  
A. Englis & Co., plow makers.  
A. Englis and McKee, carriage and wagon makers.  
J. Robinson, miller.  
R. Ward & Co., saddle and harness makers.  
C. L. Robinson, builder of Gilmore's patent bee houses.  
J. W. Gladden, carriage and wagon maker and sign painter.  
G. Mayreis, boot and shoe maker.  
W. T. Sprouse, blacksmith.  
Charles Daring, Bakery and saloon.  
J. Raworth and A. J. Bruner, attorneys at law.  
R. Boles, Merchant tailor.  
Thomas J. Brook, carpenter and joiner.  
Charles E. Chandler, druggist.  
N. S. Read, M. D., physician.  
Charles E. Lippencott, M. D., physician.  
Charles Chandler, M. D., physician.

#### TOWN OF ASHLAND.

W. R. Hunter, merchant and grocer.  
J.K. VanDemark, county surveyor and justice.

#### TOWN OF PRINCETON.

O. H. Flickwir, merchant and grocer.  
D. Ridpath, merchant tailor.  
Hugh B. Elliott, carriage and wagon maker.  
Robert Putman, physician.

#### TOWN OF ARENZVILLE.

J. B. Glass, physician and surgeon.  
Charles E. Yeck & Bro., merchants and grocers.  
J. L. Cire, merchant and justice.  
H. Englebaugh, merchant and miller.  
Charles Coerper, miller.  
H. Schaffer, boot and shoe dealer.  
Charles Pillney, carpenter and cabinet maker.  
N. Brill & S. Gephart, wagon makers and blacksmiths.  
A. Boehme, merchant.

#### TOWN OF NEWMANVILLE.

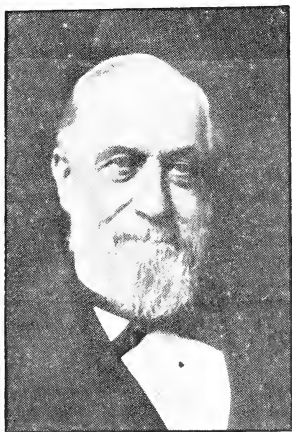
T. B. Way, merchant.  
A. Oakley, school teacher.  
C. King & Son, chair manufactory.  
E. Smith, brickmaker.

#### TOWN OF PHILADELPHIA.

S. Christy, physician.  
J. F. Black, machinist.  
H. Bevis, merchant,

## JUDGE FRANCIS H. REARICK.

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**F**RANCIS H. Rearick, the subject of this sketch was born in Berleburg, in the province of Westphalia, in the Kingdom of Prussia, October 12, 1829. Was one of five sons of Jacob Rearick, who was a copper and tinsmith in the old country and having a large family of five sons and one daughter conceived the idea of moving to the United States. Having a great horror of the forced military service which his sons would have to render to the king of Prussia, he decided to go to a new country, the United States, the "home of the brave and the land of the free," and emigrated in 1836 in the month of June from his home in Prussia for the United States of America and after a two months' sea voyage with many tempestuous storms and privations reached Baltimore in August of the same year.

### JUDGE FRANCIS H. REARICK.

After having sought for a brief time for employment for himself and family in Baltimore and having failed to find it he moved by wagon to Franklin county, Pa., and located at Mount Alto in that county, where his family grew up about him. Here, the subject of this sketch grew to manhood, having received such education as the village school afforded him, which was very imperfect, as not over three months a year of schools were then conducted in the village, and these, very crude and imperfect. At the age of 14, he was obliged to stop school and give himself to various employment, largely doing farm work and other manual labor and at intervals working with his father at the tinner's trade which he learned, and so continued until he arrived at the age of 21 when he determined to go westward and in September 1850 he left his home in Pennsylvania and came west and located at Beardstown in November 1850, where he commenced work at his trade for an older brother, who had preceded him to this place. There he continued to work for his brother

using all his spare hours to improve his lack of education in his younger years, and by reading and studying the history of our country, and becoming familiar with the prominent men of the land became interested in the politics of that day.

His political leanings were with the democratic party. At this time the political parties in Cass county were very evenly divided numerically; the whigs sometimes filling the offices of the county, and sometimes the democrats. At this time the office of circuit clerk was filled by Thomas R. Saunders. The county clerk's office was held by L. F. Sanders. The sheriff's office was filled by Col. J. B. Fulks all of whom were whigs. Soon after this, the democratic party rather gained in strength in the county and the offices were filled more generally by democrats than whigs.

About these times, the subject of our sketch was active in his political preferences and having been recognized as one of the leading young men of the county in political affairs, was elected to the office of city treasurer of the city of Beardstown. About this time Beardstown was the commercial center of all that region of country, drawing nearly all the trade of Cass county, a large part of Menard county and also drawing largely from Morgan and Sangamon counties, for at this time there were no railroads in the state of Illinois, except a short piece of railroad running from Naples on the Illinois river, to Springfield, Illinois, and all grains, pork and other farm produce had to be hauled to the river in wagons, then carried mostly to St. Louis by steamboat.

At this time the leading merchants of Beardstown were such men as John McDonald, E. R. Saunders, Billings, McGee & Warner, Miller Hagerman & Bros., Nolte & McClure. Most of these firms were engaged at the same time in buying and packing pork, which was a very important business carried on at Beardstown at this time. The hogs were driven from adjoining counties often as far as from Logan county, in this state, to Beardstown to be there slaughtered and packed and shipped to the market.

Among the prominent professional men of Beardstown at this time, of the attorneys were Henry E. Dummer, John B. Shaw, J. Henry Shaw, Isham Reavis, Sylvester Emmons. And among the leading doctors were Dr. Charles Sprague, John Christy, Dr. J. R. Dowler and Dr. Francis Erhardt. The only newspaper in Beardstown at this time was the "Beardstown Gazette." which was published by Sylvester Emmons, who was elected clerk of the circuit court in 1852. About this time L. U. Reavis made his appearance at Beardstown, and became the publisher of a newspaper called the "Center Illinoian," now called "Illinoian-Star;" associated with him in the publication of this paper was Mr. J. B. Shaw. L. U. Reavis took Horace Greeley as a patron saint and his great hobby was to remove the capitol from Washington to St. Louis and his enthusiasm in this direction made him the butt of ridicule oftentimes, and newspapers were known to caricature him as bearing on his back the capitol from Washington to St. Louis. Reavis was lame, one leg being shorter than the other. He lengthened the shorter leg by adding to the height of the heel of the shoe.

During these years between 1850 and 1853, the subject of this sketch continued to work at his trade for his brother. In the spring of 1853 his brother sold out his interest to him and went to California. Then he began to con-



duct the business on his own account and continued in this business for many years, almost continuously for 20 years.

In the fall of 1853, Oct. 12th, he was married to Helen M. Shaw, who was the daughter of Joseph Shaw, a man well known in Morgan and Cass counties, and she was the the sister of John B. Shaw and J. Henry Shaw. By this union were born nine children, six surviving and three dying in childhood.

In the year 1858 his political friends prevailed on him to accept the office of Sheriff of Cass county to which he was elected in the fall of 1858 and served his term of two years, going out of office in 1860. In the meantime he continued his interest in the hardware and tin business in connection with a younger brother, William J. Rearick. In 1861 he was again prevailed upon to accept the nomination of his party to the office of Judge of the County Court of Cass County and was in the fall of 1861 duly elected to this place of honor and served his term of four years. During his term of office, his associates were William McHenry and G. W. Shawen. At this time the offices of the county were all filled by democrats, Allen J. Hill being county clerk, Henry Phillips being clerk of the circuit court, and James Taylor being sheriff of the county.

After the expiration of his term of office he again gave his undivided attention to his business for a time. In the year 1870 upon the death of Judge Hoffman, who was then filling the office of county judge, he was re-elected to fill the unexpired term of Judge Hoffman with unanimity, without any opposing candidate in the field, both parties supporting him. After the expiration of his second term as Judge of the county court, in the spring of 1874, Mr. Rearick found a family growing up about him of sons and daughters and having a desire to give them the benefit of a good education he sought for a new location and upon investigation, finding he could purchase an interest in the hardware business of Boyd & Brother, of Galesburg, he decided to make a change of location and in the spring of 1874 moved to Galesburg, the firm name being Boyd & Rearick, which firm continued in the hardware business in Galesburg for about ten years, when he purchased the interest of his partner and has since continued in the hardware business part of the time being the sole proprietor of the business, and afterwards associating with him in the business, his oldest son Harry F. Rearick. To the business at Galesburg, he has given his undivided attention in all these years and is still actively engaged in the business with his son, doing as H. F. Rearick & Son. Since coming to Galesburg, he has several times served on the Board of Supervisors of Knox county.

Mr. and Mrs. Rearick were permitted to enjoy a long and happy married life, having lived together as husband and wife for over fifty years, sharing in each others joys and sorrows of life; were permitted to live to celebrate their Golden Wedding on the 12th of October, 1903, on which occasion all their children were permitted to enjoy this happy event with their parents. Mrs. Rearick's days were few after this occasion, being taken away April 1st, 1904, 6 months after.

The church relations of Judge Rearick have always been with the Congregational church. He united with the Congregational church at Beardstown, in 1855, and continued his membership and united with the First Congregational church at Galesburg with his family and entered on the union of the two churches, the old First and the Congregational church and became

a member of the Central church. He was always in his younger years, active in the Sunday School work and other church work and has always been ready to contribute of his means to the help of the church and other Christian work.

At the time Judge Rearick held the office of county judge of this county, he, with his two associates performed the duties which now devolve upon the board of county commissioners. Some of the latter named officials have been charged with being very zealous in their efforts to benefit the neighborhood of their residence to the neglect of other portions of the county, but no such charge was ever made against Judge Francis H. Rearick. He possessed such breadth of mind as to be absolutely impartial and was watchful of the interests of every section of the county he so faithfully and efficiently served. No more capable or honorable man ever filled an office among us, and his departure from Beardstown was a serious loss to Cass county.

# VIRGINIA HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

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**A** Complete list of the graduates from the Virginia High School, from its foundation to the present time. We are indebted to Miss Kate Wilson, for the loan of her full collection of the programs for the several years, which she has preserved. Had these programs been published with any respectable degree of uniformity, the names of the High School instructors might have here been given, which would have added much to the value of the article. We expect to publish a correct history of the Virginia High School, before this series of sketches end, provided we are able to find all of the necessary records.

	1876.	
Flora B. Bergstresser	J. C. Cherryholmes	Sallie R. Beadles
	Nellie Snyder.	
	1877.	
Lee Jolley	Katie Wilson	Lewis W. McConnell
Flora Bevis		William B. Dunaway.
	1878.	
Edwin Allison	Emma A. Buracker	George J. Kelly
Elijah Needham	Mary E. Billings	Nellie Cosgro
Edward Massie	Belle Snyder	Emma L. Stribling.
	1879.	
Minnie M. Berry	Kate A. Downing	Lelia B. Humphrey
Ella Knowles	Nellie M. Bunce	Nellie W. Epler
Bettie B. Jolley		Charles T. Kemper.
	1880.	
Allen G. Dunaway	Carrie B. Black	Mamie McDonald
	1881.	
Jennie C. Rodgers	Florence I. Savage	Sadie A. McConnell
	1882.	
Elizabeth L. Savage	Jennie M. Bunce	Faunie M. Black.
	Cecelia A. Needham.	
	1883.	
Emma Tate		Ada Beard.
	1884.	
Emma Cherry	Cora Detrick	James Needham
Nellie Clifford	Blanche Lowry	Leonard Bryan.
	1885.	
Clara McHenry	Josie Costigan	Lyman Savage

Emma Black	Phil Bevis	George Moulton.
	1886.	
Etta Savage	Nellie E. Epler	Ella Walker
Mamie Turner	John Payne	Harry Downing
Ida Wilhite	May Thacker	Jennie Phillips
William Rawlings	Don Beatty	Elton Simmons
	George Phillips.	
	1887.	
Anna Freeman	Lizzie Schaffer	Cora Black.
	1888.	
	Charles W. Russell	Belle Hutchings.
	1889.	
No graduates this year on account of change in course of study.		
	1890.	
Minnie Oldridge	Grace Finney	Ida Black
Ella Bowers	Halie Murray	Lou McHenry
	Maggie Collins	Emily Treadway
	1891.	
Appie Graves	Anna Hillig	Myrtle Baker
	Nellie Suffern	Edward Clifford.
	1892.	
Ella Wilson	Myrtle Hickox	Jennie Davidson
Jessie Black	Nelia Widmayer	Charles McDonnel
	1893.	
Bettie Kikendall	Sarah Chittick	Maud Duffield
	Mamie Wyatt	Henry Jacobs
	1894.	
Robert C. Finn	Frank H. Wilson	Anna B. Mitchell
	1895.	
Jennie Beard	Loren Thompson	Nellie Davis
Alfred Edward Schaffer	Ella Kikendall	Harry Buracker
	Alice Taylor	Oren Gould.
	1896.	
George Dirreen	Edward O. Phillips	Edith Alba Mains
Robert E. Lee Plummer	Eva Grace Ater	John Howard Jokisch
Flora Belle Jones	Francis William Bristow	Thomas H. Wright
	1897.	
Mary Josephine Finn	LaVergne Gatton	Verne Gertrude Wyatt
Vida Viola Crum	Arthur Crum	Sadie Hurst
Gertrude Emma Duffield	Lavenia Ednah Robinson	Pearl Barkley
Virginia Ann Kikendall	Elizabeth Lee Crum	Mary Earnestine Hillig
Alice Cary Wilson	Harry N. Gridley	Frederick C. Bishop
	George H. Widmayer	Burton E. Gridley
	1898.	
Grace Davidson	Mary Jane Bowers	Floy Zillah Dunaway
Mabel Anna Leeper	Mary Sarah Killam	Frederick T. Dunaway
Margaret Ethel Black	Mabel Skiles Mitchell	Charles Judy Savage
	Mary Jean Chittick	Lola May Berry

1899.

Edna W. Widmayer	Alice Runyan Leeper	Edith Coleman
Alice Goodspeed Suffern	Carrie Edna Plummer	Clarence Noeker
Roseoe Brice Gatton	Arthur John Hueffner	Clarence Evans Bishop
Kathryn Amanda Abney	Emma Ethel Horrom	Edith D. Thornsburry
Olive Dobson	Minnie Margaret James	Marcus Dyer
William Leslie White		Lewis Earl Lancaster.

1900

Kathryn B. Savage	Matilda L. Musch	Clara B. Lang
Beatrice Mains	Edith A. Turner	Frank M. Robertson
Lee D. Springer	Thomas L. Finn	Howard Stribling
Daisy V Gruer	Viola M. Coleman	Florence L. Black
Dorothy F. Clark	Nellie Schaffer	Richard G. Martin
Lee E. Robinson		Burton O. Springer.

1901.

Grace Louise Todd	Esther Massey	George Bone Conover
Orlando Chester Crowther	Alma Louise Widmayer	Florence J. Crawford
Rose Martha Hueffner	Maude Louise Martin	Edgar Bishop
Edna Jennie Berry	Lola Grace Treadway	Mabel Pearl Wilson
Eva Nolsch	Fred Dayton Savage	Lee Widmayer.
Iva May Lancaster	James Franklin Phillips	Charles Noeker
Nellie Cecil Springer		Louis Lee Savage.

Graduates of the four year's course.

Edith Adelaide Turner	Florence Leah Black	Kathryn Belle Savage.
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1892.

No Graduates, on account of change of length of course of study.

1903.

Nadine Robertson	Lewis William Riley	Grace LaVesta Martin
Nora Thompson	Charles Chase Savage	Edith Massey
Ida Mae Dunaway	Clara Louise Gridley	Edward R. Widmayer
Harry Edward Paul	Carrie Maud Horrom	Mary Strain Plummer
Robert Howard Campbell	Harry Jacobs	Bertha E. Anderson
Dorothy Ann Walker	William Thomas Gordley	Lillian Gertrude Ray
	Florence Mae Morris	

1904.

Gifford Matthew	Leslie Naylor Martin	George Otto Maurer
Norman Luther McNeill	William Earl Rexroat	Nace Yaple
Helen Louise Angier	Daisie C. Beadles	Jessie Rachel Beadles
Grace Hillig	Louise Massey	Hazel Orr
Ethel Plummer	Ruth Sinclair	Eva Jane Struble
Grace Nowers Taylor	Dorothy E. Virgin	Minnie Zillion

1905.

Leo Harry Finn	Robert Duncan Taylor	Joseph Roy Hunter
Samuel Rutherford Turner	Ted Anderson	Jacob Tenny Hill
Harry Tilden Pettitt	Margaret Ellen Wilson	Hattie May Norris
Mary Eleanor Hageman	Essie Mae Harris	Nellie Mabel Irvine
Rose Margaret Widmayer	Leora Venetta Ater	Grace Edna Kors
	Rebecca Lillian Black	

## WILLIAM J. BENNETT.

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**I**SAAC R. Bennett, the father of the subject of this sketch, was born on February 2nd, 1799, in Barren county, Kentucky. He came to Morgan county, Illinois, in 1820, and on April 10th, 1822, was married to Mary Jones, also a native of Kentucky. For one season, they lived within the present limits of Cass county, not far from the location of Bluff Springs. On September 15th, 1826, he purchased from the government the southwest quarter of Sec 12, T 16, R 9, Morgan county, Illinois, and there he settled down to remain for life. He shortly added other adjoining lands to his

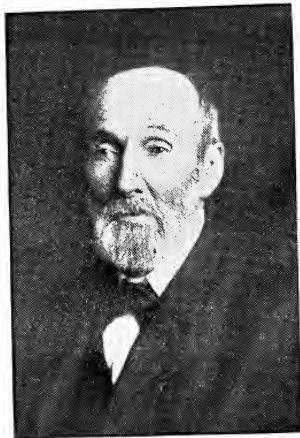
possessions and on July 16th, 1857, he, and Joseph Hayes, laid out upon their lands, the little town on the line of the Tonica and Petersburg railroad, which they named Yatesville, in honor of Richard Yates, so well known as the War Governor of the state of Illinois.

Isaac R. Bennett went into the Black Hawk war with many of his neighbors among whom were Royal Flynn, William Cooper, William Miller and Travis Elmore. He, with his comrades followed up the murderous red men into the state of Wisconsin, and staid with his job, until it was completed. Again in 1846 he shouldered his gun, and under the command of John J. Hardin went to Mexico, to fight the battles of his country. He was elected to the legislature of Illinois in the year 1854; he served as an

Associate Justice of Morgan county,

he was a democrat, a member of the Baptist church and for many a year was a Justice of his community, widely known, and universally respected. He reared a family of eleven children, the first born in 1824, and the last in 1848. He died on June 24, 1881, at the age of 82 years, 4 months and 22 days.

William J. Bennett the second child, was born on November 23, 1826, on the Yatesville farm. His education was limited to the pioneer conditions of



WILLIAM J. BENNETT.

that early day. He went to a log school house, sat on a slab before a fire of green timber, with an old English Reader, and a Ray's Arithmetic, over which he puzzled his brains as many a lad has done before and since. His first instructor was a man named Graham, who took for his pay, the small contributions, the parents could afford to make to him, and when the springtime came, worked in the fields, until fall came round, when he would resume his duties of an early Illinois teacher. The first church in the neighborhood, was built by the Baptist brothers, and the first of their preachers was William Crow in 1827. Cyrus Wright, from the northeast corner of the county, often came and preached to them. Their Associations, were great events in those days. The members came for miles around, and were gladly entertained by the local brethren; often fifty were cared for at one home, the women sleeping in the cabin, and the men in the stables and sheds.

The Bennett family being numerous, William J. went to work for a year for Wright Flynn, for twenty-five cents per day; he plowed with a wooden plow, and cut grain with a sickle. As he grew older he, engaged in the business of breaking raw prairie land, and ran the first grain thresher in his neighborhood. Later, he engaged in the live stock business, buying cattle in Illinois and Iowa and driving them to St. Louis to market. He was married Frances S. Fitzhugh, on the 27th day of November 1850 by Rev. William Crow and began living on a farm south of Philadelphia, in Cass county where he remained for eight years and then removed to a farm a mile from Princeton, on which he lived until 1876, and then, on account of the failing health of his wife, moved to Tallula where she died August 18, 1878 in the 51st year of her age, leaving, surviving her husband and one child, now the wife of M. L. Nevins, a farmer, residing near Cuba, in Missouri.

In 1879, Mr. Bennett moved to the town of Ashland, in this county, but soon came to Virginia, and was elected coroner of the county in 1880, and served two terms. He was married to Elizabeth A. Gridley on June 23d. 1881, and the following year removed to Beardstown, and went into the employ of the Q. R. R. Co. Some time thereafter he moved to Jacksonville and became manager of the stable of Howard Thompson; built a home on Chambers street, which was sold the following spring, and a residence purchased in Springfield, Illinois, in which he resided until his appointment as an examiner of live stock at Chicago by J. Sterling Morton, the secretary of that department at Washington. Here he remained for several years, and until his wife's health required a different climate, when they went to Colorado for a year, and then went on to Southern California, where they remained another year, returning to St. Louis in the fall of 1903. At the present time, he and his wife, are visiting his relatives in Missouri.

Mr. Bennett recollects the time of the old stage lines through the county. One line ran from Virginia to Springfield, and another from Virginia to Beardstown, and a third from Virginia to Jacksonville. The half-way house, a hotel conducted by John Dutch was situated three miles southeast of Philadelphia, on the state road, and when built, was the only house on the road between the home of Archibald Job, three miles southeast of Virginia, and Pleasant Plains, in Sangamon county. This Half-way house, stands where the present residence on the farm of Mrs. Mary Skiles-Black is located, in Sec 25, T 17, R 9, long known as the Duling farm. On July 8, 1836, Archi-

bald Job, and Alexander Beard, trustees of the school lands in T 17, R 9. laid out the town of Philadelphia in this county, then Morgan county. This town covered one hundred acres of ground, and when the lots were sold on that year, there were buyers from Jacksonville, and from Springfield, and from other towns. Among these crazy investors in real estate was the Hon. Stephen A. Douglass. In May 1837, John Dutch, the owner of the Half-way house, three miles down the state road from Philadelphia laid out the town of Lancaster using one hundred acres of his farm to put it upon. On the same year Dutch conveyed about one-half of the town lots to Erastus W. Palmer, who was a real estate man; in these days he would be called a "promoter." In about a year Palmer sold one of his lots for a dollar and the next year turned all the balance back to Dutch, and quit Lancaster in disgust. There were a few buildings erected there but it seems that Dutch built them: there was a postoffice, a blacksmith shop, and in all probability a whiskey shop, one or more. That was the day for wild-cat speculation; when railroads and canals were contemplated; when so many seemed to have gone insane, over the "great internal improvement system." At that time the prairies were covered with wild grass, swamps and rattlesnakes in summer, while in winter the roaring and rushing winds sweeping over the snow-covered level and bleak waste, convinced the few early settlers, hovering over their miserable fires of green wood in their cabins along the edge of the "bresh," that the prairie lands would never be settled. Even as late as 1854, when the writer first saw the prairies of Illinois, the winter winds howled over the vast tracts of unsettled lands, in true Kansas style. In the winter of 1854-55 the rail fences in Cook county were buried under drifts of snow, and loaded sleds were safely driven over them. Why men would plat towns three miles apart, as was done by these early boomers, when people were so scarce, is a matter of wonder. The then proposed railroads and canals would have sufficed to carry to the market, the entire product of a year, within one week.

An occurrence quite out of the ordinary, is related by Mr. Bennett, and is vouched for by other witnesses. Many years ago his brother-in-law William Fitzhugh, left his home on horse-back in the spring, or early summer, upon a neighborhood errand across Indian creek. His horse returned after darkness had set in, with the bridle dragging upon the ground. A heavy rain of that day had caused the overflow of the Creek which Mr. Fitzhugh had crossed in the morning. A search was instituted by the alarmed neighborhood, without success. After some hours vainly spent in the effort to find the missing man, someone in the crowd suggested that a worthless character of the neighborhood had been guilty of foul play; it was soon after suggested, to hang the man up at the end of a rope, and endeavor to extort from him a confession. One of the cooler men of the party, proposed that he would go to Springfield, to consult a fortune teller, if the others would await the result. Upon their promise so to do, he departed on his errand. Arriving at the home of the woman, he was told that she could do nothing for him, without the presence of some article of the personal property of the missing man. The messenger returned to the home of Fitzhugh, obtained a pocket handkerchief, and delivered it to the Springfield woman. She told the messenger, that if she was successful in getting into communication with Fitzhugh, he would



talk to him. Then she seemed to become unconscious, and soon after began talking to the waiting man. The communicant claimed to be William Fitzhugh, and told the messenger, that in trying to ford Indian Creek, which was very high, that his horse was swept below the road, and an overhanging tree limb, brushed him from the horse, and he was soon drowned. He then went on to carefully describe the location of his body, describing stumps known to the listener. The body was found without delay, by the person who received the information, located as described, and was buried in the neighborly burial plat on William Ward farm, southeast of Philadelphia.

Mr. Bennett is a man of even temper, thoroughly honest, of a very kind disposition, and has a very large circle of warm friends. He is well preserved physically and mentally. While in the employ of the government in Chicago, he was known as the "old reliable inspector," enjoying the respect and esteem of all his associates.

## CASS COUNTY ELECTION A. D. 1837.

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The first election in the county was held on Monday, August 7, 1837. There were three voting places; one at the house of Moses Perkins in Beardstown Precinct; one at the house of John Deweber in Virginia Precinct, and one at the home of John Lucas in the Lucas or Richmond Precinct, in the northeast part of the county.

The election officers were: Thomas Beard, James Arnold and John Schaeffer, Judges, and C. W. Clarke, and T. W. Webb, Clerks, at Beardstown; Isajah Paschal, William M. Clark and James Daniel, Judges, and William Blair and M. H. Beadles, Clerks, at Virginia; and John Taylor, Matthew Lownsbury and Robert Leeper, judges, and Robert B. Taylor and Cyrus Wright, Clerks, at Richmond.

The candidates voted for at said election were:

For Probate Justice—J. S. Wilbourn, William Scott and James Berry.

For County Commissioners—A. Bonny, Joshua P. Crow, George F. Miller, Benjamin Stribling, Henry McKean and Henry McHenry.

For Sheriff—Lemon Plasters, John B. Bueb and Martin F. Higgins.

For County Clerk (then called County Commissioner's Clerk)—Robert G. Gaines and John W Pratt.

For Recorder—N. B. Thompson, O. M. Long, Alfred Elder and Thomas Graham, jr.

For Surveyor—William Clark and William Holmes.

For Treasurer—I. C. Spence and Thomas Wilbourn.

For Coroner—Ephraim Rew, Jacob Anderson and Halsey Smith.

Upon the election returns from the Virginia Precinct two of the judges make the following recital:

"The county not being organized and of course no justice of peace or appointed judge, Mr. William Clark administered the oath to the other acting judges, and Mr. James Daniel administered it to him and to the clerks."

In Shaw's history of Cass County the names of the voters at this election are given in the order in which their names appear upon the returns, but quite a number of typographical errors appear in that history. The names of these voters are here given in approximately alphabetical order so that they may be preserved in this series of sketches, and for the further reason that use will be made of this list in sketches to follow. As this was the first election in the new county, it is likely that it was quite generally attended, although the familiar names of Andrew Cunningham and Thomas Pothicary do not here appear. Some of the names were not spelled by the officers, as they

were usually spelled in after years: for instance the name of the father of H. E. Koss was spelled with a "C" and the name of Carr was spelled with a "K" but it is said the Carrs then used the letter K in the construction of their name. It should be remembered that a voter of that day was allowed to vote at any polling place in the county which accounts for names on the Beardstown list, of people who lived in Virginia and in the Lucas or Richmond precincts. It should further be remembered that this election was held before the three-mile strip on the south was added.

**Names of the voters upon the Beardstown list:**

**A**

Anderson, Elijah	Anderson, John W	Alexander, Joshua	Alexander, Reuben
Arenz, Arnold	Ankrom, Jesse	Ayers, John	Arenz, Francis
Arnold, Butler	Anderson, Jacob	Arnold, James.	

**B**

Bailey, J F	Beasley, Benjamin	Britten, Joseph	Briant, George
Boyd, Charles	Beast, Benner	Britton, Benjamin	Briant William
Buck, Thomas E	Britton, Daniel	Brown, Jacob J	Brown, Leander
Boyne, Daniel	Brown, George	Burns, John	Bridgewater, John
Buck John	Buck, Stephen	Bridgewater, Zach	Boyce, Demsey
Bassett, William	Bowen, Jeremiah	Baker, Joseph	Buck, Jasper
Bell, James	Boynes, Herman	Bonney, G A	Bennett, James
Bell, Peter B	Briant, Lucien	Bamler Henry	Bowman, Joel K
Bracken, John	Buller, William	Babb, William W	Bueb, J B
Braker Henry	Beard Thomas	Baptiste, Andrew	Blackman, I H

**C**

Crewdson, J W	Cox, William	Cole, R	Cowan, George
<u>Cowan</u> , Louis	Cactawas, Nicholas	Chandler, Marcus	Cauby, Joseph
Cuppy, John	Clemmons, Joseph H	Collins Henry	Clemmons W W
Cross, William	Cook, James	Cowan, Thomas	Chandler, Charles
Carroll, Thomas	Cole, Christian	Cole, George	Cole, George the 2nd
Coffran, Seymour	Collins, Edward	Course, Frederick	Capper, Meredith
Clayton, Louis	Clark, William	Crow, Joshua P	Chittenden, Austin
Clark, C W	Cashmere, John		

**D**

Dickens, James	Dick John P	Davidson, James	Davis, James
Dirgy, Moses	Dowling, Jacob	Douglas, Peter	Decker, John
Deckhart, John	DeHaven W I	Duvall, William	

**E**

Emerick, David

**F**

Fissall, Jacob	Fletcher, Samuel	Foster, H T	Frooman, Christian
Felix Wm S	Fedking, H	Foby, Henry	

**G**

Groshong, Samuel	Garlick, James	Garlick, George	Gutlip, Godfrey
Graves, Richard	Gardner, W W	Gillett, E R	Gains, W B
Gillett, William W	Gillis, John W	Garland, Charles	Graham, J W
Green, D D			

**H**

Hoskins, Thos	Hoskins, Joseph	Hunt, Samuel	Hensley, Edmund
Horn, William S	Haines, Bluford	Horham, John	Halfklurt, H
Hocks, Irwin	Hicks, John	Hager, Curtis	Haines, Louis
Holtman, John	Harmeiker, Henry	Hemminghouse, Wm	Hardy, John
Hoffman, T A	Hager, Reuben	Hill, Charles	Holmes, Wm
Harvey, I P	Higgins, M F		

**I**

Inkell, Fred H

Jenkins, Evans  
King, Alexander  
Karr, James A  
Krogh, Adam  
Kemper, Morgan

Lamberth, Louis G  
Light, Peter

McCoy, George  
McKee, Samuel  
McKean, H  
Marshall, John  
Moody, M  
Miller, W C  
Melms, W H

Nuper, Joseph  
Nolte, Louis

Olcott, Elisha

Pearson, Michael  
Proctor, Thomas  
Phillippi, I  
Pierce, Jesse  
Pogue, Thomas

Quaite, John

Randige, C F  
Ratcliff, Alexander  
Richardson, Rusey M  
Rohn, John

Shank, Christian  
Steward, Jackson  
Street, Asa  
Scott, James  
Sanders, Edward

Shepherd, Wm  
Smith, H  
Schneider, B W

Turkemelr, Wm  
Treadway, Edward

Wilson, Jeremiah  
Warren, Amos

Jenkins, John

Keltner, Andrew  
Karr, James  
Krough, Frdk  
Kallenbach, Moritz  
Knapp, Augustus

Lindsey, John C  
Lee, Caleb

McCaulley, W H  
McKowen, James  
Marshall, Elisha  
Marshall, David  
Miller, John  
Miller, H B  
Morgan, Ralph

Newman, Christ  
Norbury, C J

Oatman, Hammer

Parmalee, Milton  
Payton, J W  
Phillippi, A  
Price, John  
Parking, Moses

Quigg, Wm

Reavls, Isham  
Roach, James  
Ream, Michael  
Ritchy, William

Seaman, J J  
Scott, John C  
Scott, Jackson  
Stoke, Thomas  
Shupon, Adolph

Sewall, Wm  
Spence, I C  
Scot, Daniel

Toukeris, Godolph  
Treadway, John N

White, David  
White, Wm R

**J**  
Jones, David

**K**  
King, James  
Krohe, F  
Kimball, Hensy  
Kashner, Henry  
Knapp, Augustus

**L**  
Lindsey, R  
Lippencott, John W

Long, O M

**M**  
McBride, Mathew  
McClure, Joseph M  
Marshall, William  
Moore, William  
Moseley, T J  
Moore, Peter

**N**  
Newman, John

**O**

**P**  
Pounds, James  
Parks, William R  
Phillippi, P  
Pierson, John  
Plasters, Lemon

Pratt, John W

**Q**  
Quaite, Joseph

**R**  
Reeves, Amasa  
Rohn, Henry  
Ross, Henry P  
Resides, Wm.

Rew, E

**S**  
Stewart, Hankland  
Shortt, Isaac  
Shoopman, Wm.  
Soubeling, Louis  
Spence, David

Spence, Absalom  
Shaw Samuel  
Stover, Louis

Scott, William

**T**  
Thomas, John A  
Tureman, David  
Thompson, N B

**W**  
White, Mude  
Wilbourn, John

Keatherly, John  
Krogh, August  
Kuhn, Phillip  
Kelly, Nicholas

Logan, James  
Logan, Carleton

McKain, John  
McClain, J W  
Mills, P C  
Morris, Joshua  
Moore, Robert  
Miller, G F

Newman, David

Pierce, John  
Powell, Aaron  
Patagen, John G  
Peep-er, Loui  
Plasters, Isaac

Rew, Bradford B  
Richardson Montillion  
Richardson, John  
Riggle, Daniel

Schaeffer, Henry  
Schaeffer, George  
Sallee, Edward  
Schaeffe, Phillip  
Steel, John

Saunders, T R  
Sheldon, David  
Schaeffer, John

Treadway, S H  
Thompson, Samuel

Wells or Wills, Richd  
Waggoner, John

Wells, Daniel	Wells, Otto	Wilkey, L H	Whitlock, H
Williams, Andrew	Wilson, I B	Wilbourn Thomas	Webb, Timothy
		Wilbourn, John S	

**Y**

Yonkers, John	Yonkers, Gottlieb
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**Names of the voters upon the Virginia list:**

**A**

Anderson, Charles P

**B**

Blair, William	Brady, Charles	Bland, James	Bonney, Aaron
Bonney, Amos L	Berry, T L	Boicourt, Thomas	Boen, A
Blantin, B A	Beadles, James	Bair, Alex	Readles, Jchn
Beggs, George	Biddlecome, John	Berry, James	Beadles, M H

**C**

Cunningham, G S	Cameron, Felix	Cameron, Benedict	Craig, John
Carpenter, John	Corby, Benjamin	Craig, William	Carpenter, L
Clark John	Clark, Lee	Cauby, Daniel	Cunningham, John
Cochrane, Phillip	Clark, Wm M		

**D**

Daniel, John	Daniel, Joseph W	Davison, Robert	Dutch, Ebenezer
Daniel, Wm	Davis, James B	DeWebber, John	Daniel, James

**E**

Elder, A

**F**

Finch, W P	Finn, Thos.	Freeman, L B	Fields, Wm
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**G**

Graves, William	Glover, John	Garner, Green	Garner, James
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**H**

Horn, Joel	Howard, Thomas G	Hopkins, Henry	Holland, James
Huffman, Alex	Horn, R	Hall, H H	

**I**

Ivey, Thomas J

**J**

Johnston, W B	Jump, Joe	Job, Arch
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**K**

Kirk, Wm B	Kirk, John A	Kirk, Wm T
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**L**

Lee, Thomas	Long, John T
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**M**

McDaniel, John	McLean, I M	McDonald, Jonas	Moseiy, Ephraim
		Matthew, Elias	

**N**

Northern, Jere

**O**

Outten, P S	Osborne, H	Oliv r, C H	O'Brien M
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**P**

Paton, Wm	Paschal, Green H	Phelps, Young	Phelps, Anderson
Plasters, Thomas, sr.	Price, Joshua	Price, Perry G	Phelps, Titus
Powell, J T	Pierce, John	Paschal, Isaiah	

**R**

Reed, Michl	Ross, L B	Redman John	Ross, James sr.
Robinson, John	Ross, I M		

**S**

Springer, Levi	Stark, John	Spicer, Jesse	Scott, Pleasant
Stribling, B	Stevenson, S		

Thornberry, Louis	Thomas, Charles	<b>T</b> Thew, George	
		<b>U</b> Underwood, P jr.	
Watson, Onflower	Wood, Zebedee	<b>W</b> Williams, James	West, A S
<b>Names of the voters upon the Richmond list:</b>			
Bixler, Jacob	Bennett, James	<b>B</b> Bolden, John	Bonny, Amos
Chisser, John Carter, Robert	Carter, Gibson Cox, Eli	<b>C</b> Connor, James B Cooper, Marcus Cook, John	Clemmons, W S Claxton, Riley
Dick, Peter Daniel, Washington Dick, Henry	Dick, Levi Dutch, Henry S Davis, John *	<b>D</b> Davis, Jerry W Daniel, Alfred	Daniel, Will s Dick, Amos
		<b>E</b> Elmore, Cyrus	
Fanchier, John	Fanchier, Jacob	<b>F</b> Foster, Abner Fryor, John	Fanchier, George
Gaines, Coleman	Gaines, Robert G	<b>G</b>	
Hickey, James	Hickey, Ashley	<b>H</b> Hash, Zachariah Hathorn, John	Hathorn, James
Jones, Thomas	Johnson, John	<b>J</b>	
Lounsbury, Matthew jr. Leeper, John Logue, Jonathan	Lodermar, Thomas Logue, Oliver Libbeon, H W	<b>L</b> Lewis, Azariah Lucas, William Lucas, ohn Lounsbury, Matthew	Linn, William Lockerman, Stanly Leeper, Robert
McHenry, Henry Myers, Wm	McDonald, Frank Myers, William	<b>M</b> Miller, John Mays, Isham	Morgan, Obadiah Morgan, W P
Nichols, Henry	Nance, Cary	<b>N</b> Nance, Robert Nance, Eaton	Nance, Joshua
Pratt, David	Plasters, Thomas	<b>P</b> Purdy, Horatio	Pratt, John
Robbards, James	Rose, Pleasant	<b>R</b> Roblnson, Daniel	Roles, James
Scaggs, Charles	Sutton, Silverton	<b>S</b>	
Taylor, Henry	Thompson, John B	<b>T</b> Taylor, John	Taylor, Robert B
Wheelock, Enoch Wilson, Henry D Wilson, Clinton	Wilson, John Witty, John L Wright, Cyrus	<b>W</b> Wright, Aaren Witty, John B	Wing, James Wilson, Calvin

Of this list of four hundred and ninety six voters but one, Mr. Zachariah Hash, of Chandlerville, is known to be living.

This election resulted in the choice of the following officers:  
 For Probate Justice, John S. Wilbourn      For Sheriff, Lemon Plasters  
 For Recorder, N. B. Thompson              For Treasurer, Thomas Wilbourn  
 For Surveyor, William Holmes              For Coroner, Halsey Smith  
 For County Clerk, John W. Pratt  
 For County Commissioners, Joshua P. Crow, Amos Bonny and George F. Miller

## FRANK BRIDGMAN.

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**I**N the year 1799, in Wythe county, Virginia, was born Hezekiah Bridgman, who became the husband of Sarah Jane Brown, a native of the same county, and to them, their first child, Frank, the subject of this sketch, was born on the 23d day of March A. D. 1820.

Ten years later, in 1830, Hezekiah Bridgman purchased a wagon for \$50 into which he loaded his few articles of property, and his wife and four younger children, and started for the wilds of Illinois, the boy Frank, bareheaded, and barefooted, following in the rear, and in this forlorn condition, plodded his weary way the entire distance, with a favorite dog for his companion. On numerous occasions, the ground being too wet to camp upon, the horses spent the night upon their feet attached to the wagon, while the family waited for the coming day.

They arrived at a place some three miles northeast of Jacksonville, Morgan county, where they rented an empty cabin twelve by fourteen feet in size, of a man named Ausmus, and here they remained for some three years. In the spring 20 acres of sod was broken with a plow of wood and corn planted for the coming fall and winter, the family, in the mean time, living as best they could on game and parched corn, furnished by the neighboring settlers. They then removed a few miles farther on, in Morgan county, a short distance from where Arenzville is now situated.

Mr. Bridgman was anxious that his children should acquire some education, and there being no school in his neighborhood, he induced his neigh-



FRANK BRIDGMAN.

education, and there being no school in his

bors to assist in building a log hut for a school room, and he then succeeded in finding a man named Williamson, a widower with four young children to come into the neighborhood, where he remained four or five years, teaching a subscription school in the winter, and working, about, as best he could, between terms.

Modern people, who often feel inclined to complain of hard times, certainly know but little of the conditions surrounding the early settlers of Illinois, otherwise, they would keep their troubles to themselves. The wheat and corn used for seed by those pioneers must first be "acclimated" as Mr. Bridgman expressed it; he says that the first wheat was shriveled and very small in quantity, but by continuous sowings and reapings, it gradually increased in quality and quantity, and the same was true in relation to the corn. Hezekiah Bridgman raised wheat which he threshed by driving oxen over it, cleaned it up and hauled it to St. Louis and sold it for forty cents per bushel. He beat the corn off the cobs with sticks, and took it to Meredosia, where he obtained the price of ten cents per bushel for it. Deer were shot, and the hams smoked in pits dug in the ground, covered with poles and grass, and sold at Jacksonville for 50 cents each. Frank had no shoes for four or five winters after reaching this country; his mother gave him rags, which he tied about his feet to keep them from freezing. At one time his father had a horse hide, which an itinerant shoemaker converted into shoes for the family for 25 cents per pair: it took all the money Bridgman had to pay for the making of these shoes.

When troops were called for to go north to fight Black Hawk, and his band, a very large number of the able-bodied of the Morgan county settlers, marched away. The wives left at home were called the "Black Hawk war widows." Young Frank was sent away with corn to grind into meal, for the "widows" in his neighborhood; he drove to a little water mill on the creek about a quarter of a mile from the location of the "Q" depot in Arenzville. The miller lived in a small cabin without a floor near his mill covered with grass. The boy was compelled to stay for two or three days awaiting his turn; he camped out in the open air, with nothing to eat but parched corn. The miller's wife, one morning, gave him a cup of hot "coffee" made of corn meal, and Frank says it was the best drink he had ever tasted. No other building on the present site of Arenzville then existed; the timber was all confined to the valleys along the streams; the annual prairie fires kept all the up-lands, free from trees or bushes.

The settlers were much harassed from the inroads made by wolves and other "varmints" upon their pigs and poultry; and when it was learned that an uncle of a settler was coming from Tennessee, an urgent letter was sent him requesting that he bring dogs with him. The emigrant started with a slut, which upon her arrival in Morgan county, was the proud mother of nine puppies: these animals were cared for with great attention and affection, and when they were old enough to be hunters, the boys of the neighborhood set out upon a grand hunting expedition; they started from the neighborhood where Bluff Springs now stands, and travelled on to Meredosia and Valley City, securing a choice lot of pelts which were converted into money at Jacksonville.

Governor Ford, in his History of Illinois, states that in 1816 and 1817 this



country was overrun with counterfeiters and horse thieves: among them being sheriffs, justices of the peace, constables, with now and then a county judge. The people organized against these criminals, by forming bands of "Regulators" which administered summary justice, without the assistance of the "Justices, and County Judges." They broke up many of the worst gangs, but these criminals were troublesome down to a time within the recollection of Mr. Frank Bridgman. While on the hunt above alluded to the party came upon an underground stable, covered with poles and brush, which contained nine horses; the hunters went off to give the alarm, but before their return the thieves had removed their plunder. A few days later, the young hunters found seven other horses concealed in an underground pen; this time Frank Bridgman remained on guard, until help could be obtained, and the animals were taken to Jacksonville, and appraised and advertised for sale. Before the sale day arrived a doctor from Springfield, having heard of the matter, came in and proved himself the owner of a very fine mare among the lot; he was so much pleased to recover his property, that he gave Frank \$100; the others were sold at an average of \$50 each, no owner appearing to claim them. At least one hundred horses were stolen from that part of the country, Nicholas Houston, being the loser of twenty-five. Bridgman, happening to be in Monmouth, soon after identified three of Houston's animals, which he subsequently recovered: the possessor of them proved that he had purchased them from strangers.

Jeremiah Caywood, the father of John and Charles Caywood, residents of this county, built the first house within the present limits of the town of Arenzville. He was a teamster, hauling goods from Beardstown to Waverly. A man named Comstock was taken seriously ill, at the home of Caywood, and soon after one Preer, was attacked with a deadly disease at a place near by. The latter sent for Bridgman and confessed that he and Comstock were counterfeiters, and told Bridgman where their dies and other appliances were hidden, and believing he would die, asked Bridgman to make way with them. Both men died within one week, and were buried in what was called the Newman graveyard west of Arenzville. After these burials, Mr. Bridgman, found these dies in the locality described hidden in the earth, and they were destroyed by a committee of settlers, who were in charge of hunting out criminals.

In 1833 there was a large temporary encampment of Indians on the Cemetery hill east of Arenzville. The chief, was a tall man, over 6 feet in height, dressed in fine style. Mr. Bridgman tells of a visit he made to this camp, taking along as presents, some whiskey and tobacco, which he delivered to the chief, who shared them, with a select few of the braves: in honor of the visitor, who had brought the most acceptable presents, they formed a circle about him, and danced, and went through with other ceremonial motions, much to his amusement and delight. These red men, were gathering to go to some point across the Mississippi river.

Mr. Bridgman was married in 1847, and that season he bought two young cows with their calves for sixteen dollars. He began his married life as a tenant farmer, but soon entered land in Morgan county, where he resided until about 1898 when he became a resident of the town of Arenzville, where he now lives with one of his children.

The wagon, brought from old Virginia, was the only wagon in the Bridgman neighborhood in Illinois for a number of years, after which it was sold for \$150 to a man named Spearman who was leaving for Iowa; about fifty years ago, Frank Bridgman while visiting in Iowa came across the same wagon, then valued as a relic of early times.

Mr. Bridgman, knew John Musch, now an honored citizen of Virginia, soon after his coming here from Germany, when he could not speak the English language. He is an uncle of County Commissioner Henry A. Bridgman; there is but one man left, of those he knew when he came to this part of the country, and he is Shelton J. Mattingly, more than ninety years of age. residing near Arcadia in Morgan county.

## DR. AND MRS. THOS. POTHICARY.

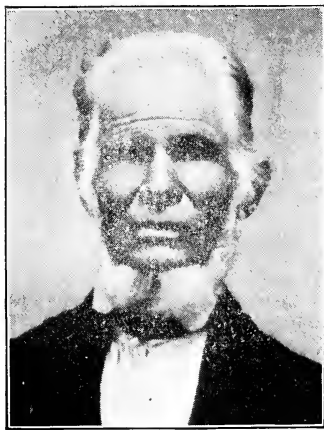
*By Dr. J. F. Snyder*

**T**HE town of Virginia when platted by Dr. Henry H. Hall, in May 1836, was in Morgan county, but an Act of the legislature, passed on March 3d, 1837, placed it in the new county named Cass organized by that act from all that part of Morgan lying north of a line running east from the Illinois river through the middle of Township 17 to the Menard county line.

The first physician to locate in the village of Virginia was, of course, its proprietor, Dr. Hall. The next one was Dr. Thomas Pothicary, who arrived there with his wife and three children, from Beardstown, in a wagon drawn



MRS. BETSY POTHICARY.



DR. THOMAS POTHICARY.

by oxen, on the 4th day of July, 1836. The town then consisted of three houses, the residence of Dr. Hall and his store house just across from it on the road leading from Beardstown to Springfield, and a small building north of the public square near the lot on which Casper Magel resides, in which whiskey was sold by a man named Thomas Howard. Residing in the immediate vicinity of the embryo town were John DeWeber, Col. Amos West, Rev. Reddick Horn, and a few others to whom Dr. Hall had sold a few of the lots to constitute them promoters of the enterprise. Just what in-

duced Dr. Pothicary to cast his destinies in this place will probably never be known nor can it now be ascertained where he lived, or what he did, for a year or more after his arrival; but a reasonable presumption is that he practiced medicine. The records show that he purchased of Rev. Reddick Horn, on September 11, 1837, for the sum of \$68, lot No. 102, on the south side of the square, on which the Thompson building now stands, and thereon he immediately proceeded to erect a two-story frame building, that as soon as completed he threw open to the public as a tavern, or "inn," as he styled it. And he continued entertaining travelers and boarders there, in connection with his very limited medical practice and the sale of some standard drugs and medicines, which displayed on a few shelves constituted Virginia's first drug store, until he removed to Beardstown in 1845.

(The records show that Dr. Thomas Pothicary also purchased of W. F. DeWeber lot No. 103 on March 29, 1841, of John Ream lot No. 104 in May, 1844, and lot No. 1 of Jas. Thornsby on April 10, 1848; and that he conveyed to John H. Irwin lots 102, 103, 104 and 105, on April 22, 1851, the entire south side fronting the court house square excepting 106 in the Robertson block.)

Dr. Pothicary was born in Wilkshire, England, on the 21st of April, 1797. Of his boyhood life nothing is now known, excepting that his Quaker parents who were not of the patrician class, apprenticed him when a mere lad to a tailor, that he might learn that art, and there he served the period of his indenture with very meagre educational advantages. Having served his time and arrived at manhood's estate he came to this country, and for some time worked as a journeyman tailor in the city of New York and its vicinity. He was very ambitious to acquire education, and after his day labors attended night schools, and devoted every spare moment to reading and study, and storing his mind with varied knowledge that he never applied to practical use. In Jefferson county, New York, he was married, on February 14, 1829, to Miss Betsey Pierce, who was born in the town of Adams in that county on the 24th of July, 1803, and was one of a family of eight girls and one boy. She was given but limited literary education, but learned to spin wool and flax, and weave and make her own clothing.

Concluding that the South presented to young beginners in the struggle for bread advantages for getting along superior to any he observed in the crowded towns of New York, he left that state with his wife a short time after their marriage, and journeyed southwest to Memphis, Tennessee, where he set in to work at his trade.

He may have settled first in Kentucky and then made his way to Memphis, having probably had in contemplation the purpose of undertaking the study of medicine. With his characteristic pertinacity he labored in the shop all day and often sat up half the night poring over medical books he borrowed or could afford to buy. It may be that when he thought himself sufficiently prepared he left the shop and sought localities wherein to launch out in professional life, as it is known that he resided for a time in Kentucky and also in Vicksburg, Mississippi. It is claimed by some of his descendants that he returned to New York City and received a diploma from one of its medical institutions; but it is altogether probable that he was not a graduate of any college, and that his knowledge of medicine was neither extensive nor profound. Nevertheless, on his arrival in the incipient city of Virginia he at

once took rank in the noble profession, and maintained that status—at least nominally—throughout life; and no doubt found it almost as respectable, if not so remunerative, as tailoring, which plebeian calling he thereafter forever renounced.

The aspiration to enter the medical profession was doubtless entertained by Thomas Pothicary while plying his trade in New York, probably before his marriage; and that was the motive that induced him to leave the east and descend the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to Memphis, believing that the malarial and benighted South presented a far more encouraging field for the professional novice than did the more progressive and enlightened region north of the Ohio. Persevering in that idea by a course of hard study and training he finally subjected it to a practical test that proved it—in his case—to be a delusion and mistake. He failed as a practitioner, and discovered—as hundreds of other physicians have—that he was destitute of all natural aptness for that business, and that though fascinated by the theoretical study of medicine its practical features were to him distasteful, if not disgusting, and he very sensibly abandoned it. Boarding a steamboat at Vicksburg, with his wife and two young children and a few household goods, he ascended the Mississippi and then the Illinois to Beardstown, determined to carve out a new career in a new country that presented more genial, social, political and physical aspects.

For eight years Dr. Pothicary continued to run his “inn” and drug store in Virginia, buying, in the interim, other lots and selling some, and by the exercise of thrift, industry and economy gradually accumulating some wealth. In the meantime Dr. Hall’s little prairie village was rapidly improving. Buildings were going up in all directions, several of them designed for various branches of business. Virginia in 1839 became the county seat of Cass and Dr. Hall built a court house on the west square. Charley Brady moved his carding machine from Princeton to the county seat; N. B. Beers built a steam mill down on the branch; Beadles and Jack Powell built a new hotel on the corner diagonally across from the Pothicary tavern; DeWeber had moved into town and also built a tavern on the east side of Washington square; W. H. Carpenter was a practicing attorney, and the medical staff of the village included Doctors Schooley, Tate, Lord, Conn and, Stockton.

But the flourishing town of Virginia received a rude shock by the result of a special election held on the 4th of September, 1843, when the people of Cass county voted, (by 453 votes *for* to 288 *against*), to remove the county seat from that place to Beardstown. Very general depression of business and property values followed that action, and several Virginians, losing confidence in the ultimate success of the place, left it to seek more promising localities. On the other hand the success of Beardstown in acquiring the county seat gave that place quite an impetus in the line of material prosperity.

Dr. Pothicary pluckily stuck to Virginia for two years after its bitter defeat: but general reduction of patronage and active competition impelled him to move to Beardstown in the spring of 1845, where he opened out another tavern near the river on Main street. That venture, however, was not crowned with the success he had anticipated, and after trying business there one year returned to Virginia in 1846. That spring Mexico declared war against the United States, and was promptly invaded by thousands of Ameri-

can volunteers. Dr. Pothicary's martial spirit was not aroused as he had matters of greater personal importance than killing Mexicans to attend to at home. In the early months of 1847 he moved up in Sugar Grove precinct, six miles east of Virginia, having purchased of David B. Ayer the  $w\frac{1}{2}$  of the  $se\frac{1}{2}$  and  $e\frac{1}{2}$  of the  $sw\frac{1}{2}$  of Sec 4 in Township 17, of Range 9, for which he received a deed on March 6th, 1849. There he built a home and settled down in bucolic contentment and peace, and there his son and two daughters grew to maturity and married, his wealth increased, and his days were unmarred by misfortune or disaster. But soon the peaceful tranquility of his rustic life was disturbed by the insidious whisperings of the demon of avarice. In 1848 Jim Marshall, in digging a tail race for Capt. Sutter's sawmill at Coloma, California, discovered GOLD. That fact, soon known, kindled a furor of excitement that swept over the country—over the world—with the impetuous velocity of an old-time prairie fire.

Dr. Pothicary was one of its early victims. Without the sacrifice of property or material interests, he hastily began preparations to reach the newly-discovered land of Ophir. Several other citizens of Cass county, including some of his neighbors, were simultaneously attacked by the same infection, then known as the "gold fever," that soon "carried them off." California was then a *terra incognita* only accessible by the long, dreary route across the plains and mountains; or by the equally dreary and hazardous voyage by way of the Isthmus of Panama. Each route seemed to present some advantage over the other, to those profoundly ignorant of both: that by Panama promised greater speed, the other greater safety and economy. Dr. Pothicary preferred the more expeditious voyage by Panama. He had crossed the Atlantic and knew something of ocean transportation. He also knew something of the slow movement of oxen, that some intended to employ as means of locomotion over the land route. Said he: "Come and go along with me by way of Panama, and we will get there and have all the gold we want before those bull-whackers are half way across the plains."

The early spring of 1849 saw great bustle and activity on the part of several adventurous spirits in Cass county, as at many other localities throughout the country. With Dr. Pothicary went Dr. M. H. L. Schooley, John Buckley, Jos. Cosner and Mike Whitlinger, by way of St. Louis, New Orleans and Panama. They arrived in California in good time without incident or accident of note, and proceeded at once to the mines. With exception of Whitlinger, their success in scooping up gold fell far short of their expectations. Doctors Schooley and Pothicary soon separated after their arrival in the modern El Dorado, but before the expiration of a year both were heartily disgusted with their quest of the golden fleece, and resolved to return home as quickly as possible. Dr. Schooley had not exhausted the means he had taken with him, and at San Francisco took cabin passage for New Orleans on the same steamship that brought him to California. He changed to another ship after transit across the Isthmus, and on arrival at New Orleans great was his surprise to meet Dr. Pothicary who had come on the same vessel working his passage back as cook! The two Doctors had not met on shipboard as the one was in the after cabin, and the other's functions confined him to the fore-castle galley. Dr. Pothicary was, of course, flat broke, and Schooley generously advanced him the necessary funds to pay his way back to Cass county.

Dr. Pothicary had many strongly marked characteristics and peculiarities. He was not at all handsome in personal appearance; six feet in height, lean, bony, slightly stoop-shouldered, with harsh, furrowed features, small gray eyes and reddish brown hair, and dark complexion. Abrupt in manners, austere and reserved, and generally dressed very plainly, he presented but few surface indications of culture or refinement. Usually, absorbed in his own thoughts, he was not inclined to sociability, and in speech was dogmatical, often snappish, and seldom indulged in levity or laughter. But he was really of gentle nature, with most kind and sympathetic impulses, and to those who enjoyed his confidence and friendship he was an entertaining, pleasant and genial associate. All of his life he was an observant reader and meditative student, and though not a profound scholar, was a remarkably well-informed man of sound, practical education. His portrait illustrating this sketch was electrotyped from a dingy, faded, old ambrotype, the only portrait of him now extant.

He was nominally a Quaker, but so broadly liberal were his views concerning the momentous questions of man's final destiny, and Biblical higher criticism, that he might properly have been classed with Agnostics. Though one of the most honest, moral and honorable of men he belonged to no secret society and affiliated with no local church organization. In his personal habits, his abhorrence of vice, immorality, profanity and vulgarity, his utter intolerance of depraved and evil conduct, he was essentially a Puritan. In all these matters—in fact, in the most of his opinions—he was an extremist with fixed, immovable convictions. Expressed in the dialect of *Arkansaw*, he was "powerfully sot in his ways."

An incident that occurred at his "inn," in Virginia, in the spring of 1843 well illustrated his extreme regard for social decorum and propriety—the more noticeable because of its general rarity at that period. Governor Thomas Ford, with his staff and a company of Morgan county militia, stopped for the night in Virginia after the day's journey from Springfield when en route to Carthage to investigate the Mormon troubles brewing there. The Governor and his Aids were entertained at the Pothicary tavern, and the soldiers camped on the public square. In stature Governor Ford was a small man little more than five feet tall, and by no means prepossessing in appearance. He was an eminent jurist of clear, strong mind, well versed in the law, but totally out of place as chief executive of the state. His elevation to that position proved unfortunate to him, as its associations led him into habits of intemperance, arrogance and profligacy that wrought his utter ruin. When in convivial mood, or specially irritated—as was often the case—he was a boisterous, profane talker, not at all choice in the figures of speech he employed to emphasize his discourse.

On the evening mentioned he was, after supper, beginning to assert his authority with his usual blasphemies and anathemas, when Dr. Pothicary politely but firmly told him that he did not permit profanity or vulgarity in his house, and that he (Ford) must desist from its use. The Governor was speechless with astonishment for a moment, but, recovering himself, straightened up to his full five feet one inch, and retorted: "Do you know, G—d—you, sir, who you are talking to? I'll have you to understand, B—G—, sir, that I am the governor of Illinois." "I don't care who you are,

sir," replied the Doctor, "but I'll have *you* to understand, sir, that I am the governor of this house, and if you continue such profane and ungentlemanly language I'll kick you out of it." Thereupon the Governor of Illinois subsided and soon thereafter went to bed.

No one ever had a kinder or more obliging neighbor than Dr. Pothicary. Though he had but few intimate friends and no confidants, he entertained all who called upon him with blunt but genuine hospitality, and was esteemed by all for his probity and integrity of character. He never refused a neighbor the loan of a horse, or team of horses, wagon, or anything he had on the farm; but never borrowed anything, doing without such things as he needed and was without until he could buy them. A total stranger to the arts of flattery, and to deception in all forms, he was strictly correct and reliable in all business transactions, exact and methodical in all his private and public dealings, industrious, economical and frugal, and rigidly temperate in all things.

In political opinion Dr. Pothicary was in his earlier life in this country a whig, and after organization of the republican party transferred to it his allegiance, and was for the rest of his days one of its stalwart and most loyal supporters, but refraining from taking an active part among politicians. He was an ultra republican because he thought that party better represented his views of correct government and human liberty and equality, and not from motives of personal gain or benefit. His residence in the south acquainted him with the institution of slavery which he cordially detested, and vehemently denounced on all occasions—in Illinois; but probably was more guarded in expression of his radical opinions when south of Mason's and Dixon's line. In regard to his adopted country he was intensely patriotic and faithful to every duty of the American citizen. During the civil war, though far passed the age for military service, he accepted the position of district provost marshal, and was unremitting and unrelenting in the discharge of every duty connected with drafting recruits for the Union armies, until restoration of peace. So assiduous was he in that service that he gained the bitter enmity of every "copperhead," and of some of the stay-at-home "trooly loyal," in his district. He was shot at from ambush, on one occasion causing his horse to throw him, from which he received severe injuries. He was threatened with lynching and mobbing, but still went on fearlessly with his enrollment work.

At length the weight of advancing years admonished hsm to retire from further active business pursuits and situated himself and wife for the enjoyment of well-earned rest and quietude for the remnant of their days. Preparatory to leaving the farm he purchased lot No. 4 in Stowe's first addition to Virginia, and there rebuilt the house thereon into which he moved in the year 1870.

Surrounded with all accessible comforts and conveniences the Doctor was well situated for enjoyment of the few pleasures of life remaining in his declining years. But unfortunately—as often occur in old age—a chronic disorder, tolerated for some years, intensified by his failing vitality, rendered his existence a torture and burden. In his eightieth year he underwent the operation of lithotomy, successfully performed by Doctor David Prince, the famous Jacksonville Surgeon. From that ordeal he rallied, but though the sur-



gical wound speedily healed, it afforded him only temporary relief, and his protracted suffering again became intolerable. A year or more passed without amelioration of his condition. He then thanked his attending physicians for their untiring efforts to mitigate his misery, and told them he well knew that at his age recovery was impossible, and even permanent relief from pain was hopeless, and said he had resolved to endure the agony no longer. As usual in such cases, but little attention was given to his intimation of suicide notwithstanding his well-known trait of obstinate determination of purpose.

About three o'clock in the morning of July 3, 1878, when the inmates of the house and neighborhood were asleep, he stealthily descended the stairs from his room to the moonlit lawn in front of his residence, and there sitting down on the grass, with the coolness and skill of an expert surgeon, he cut down with a razor, and severed the left inguinal artery, and then called to his wife and calmly told her the deed was done. A neighbor was immediately aroused, but the Doctor expired before he could be returned to his room.

Several days before he had given his relatives special instructions as to the manner in which he desired to be buried, and that was with the strictest regard to economy, and as quickly after his death as practicable. With his usual circumspection he chose the lawn for the place of his self-immolation in order to avoid soiling the bedding and carpet of his apartment, and on leaving to descend the stairs he wrote, by the light of the full moon, with chalk, on his grandchild's blackboard in the hall, his last earthly message as follows: "Bury me as I have directed." There was in his suicide not the slightest trace of aberration of mind, and it was evident he had made all preparations for it with the most deliberate premeditation. His age at the time of his death was 81 years, 2 months and 12 days. He was buried next day in the Robinson burying ground three and a half miles east of Virginia. He was survived by his wife and three children: Mary E., Joseph M., and Julia L.

His wife died at the residence of her daughter Mary in Seneca, Kansas, on February 1, 1886, aged 82 years, 5 months and 24 days.

Mary E. was born in Kentucky, on October 6, 1833, was married, in Cass county, Ill., to Thomas Byron Collins on the 27th of September, 1859, and died in Seneca, Kansas, on the 6th of December, 1899.

Joseph M. was born in Kentucky, July 13th, 1835, was married on May 18, 1870, and died in Illinois, January 4, 1878.

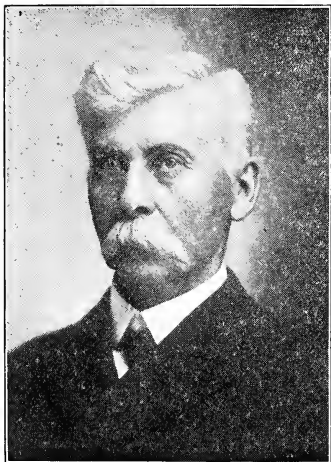
Julia L. was born in Virginia, Ill., January 16, 1841, was married in Cass county, Ill., October 19, 1860, to Charles C. Robinson, and now resides with her oldest son, C. M. Robinson, in Portland, Oregon.

## JAMES GRAY CAMPBELL.

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**J**AMES Gray Campbell was born at Bonnington (a suburb of the city of Edinburgh) Scotland, on February 24th, 1828, the eldest son of Blair Campbell and his wife Isabella (nee Gray.)

As soon as old enough he attended the common schools of Edinburgh and Leith. His father having removed, with his family to the town of Leith, which is the seaport of Edinburgh and about two miles distant. His school days ended when he reached the age of twelve years. He was then put to work assisting his father, who was a shoemaker doing business on his own account.



JAMES GRAY CAMPBELL.

He remained with Mr. Gray, in that employment, for two years, during which time he made large use of the books in the store, during the intervals between waiting on customers. As the books were all for sale no thumb marks or dog ears on them would go, so the careful handling of books became a confirmed habit.

When at the age of thirteen years, Philip C. Gray, a bookseller and stationer of the city of Edinburgh desired to have James for a clerk in his store.

Mr. Gray was a man of fine education, a perfect gentlemen and of most amiable disposition, but of rather quick temper. About the end of the second year of said clerkship the boss lost his temper, for slight cause, and told James to go home. James went and absolutely rerused to return.

At the age of seventeen years he went to the city of Glasgow, as a journeyman shoemaker and remained there, on his own resources entirely, for about a year, and then returned to Edinburgh.

In the early spring of 1849 his health failed. It seemed as if his time was to be short. His physician called the trouble functional derangement of the

lungs, and palpitation of the heart, caused by weakness resulting from the lung trouble. Early in May of that year an elderly gentleman and his three young lady daughters were going to Kane county, Illinois, where a son of the father had already settled. They were to be accompanied by another young lady, the fiancée of said son, and her brother. Campbell desired a kill or cure, and thought that such a trip would be one or the other. The matter was referred to the doctor and he highly approved of the idea. So James also accompanied the party.

Sometime in May, 1849, the party started by railway for Glasgow on the river Clyde. Campbell was so much exhausted by the trip that his father and eldest sister, who had accompanied him that far, urged him to return. He refused. So passage was secured for the party on an American vessel bound for New York. On the voyage which lasted five weeks, he recovered rapidly and on arriving at New York he was able to help materially in handling the baggage of the party.

After a short stay at that city passage was secured by steamboat, up the river Hudson, to the city of Troy, and from thence by canal to the city of Buffalo, and then, by steamboat, by the lakes and Detroit river, to Chicago. Chicago was then a dirty little frontier town: but the Illinois and Michigan canal had then, lately, been opened from there to LaSalle on the Illinois river and the foundation of the greatness of that city had been laid. There was then a railway running west perhaps forty or fifty miles from Chicago, and that was the route to the destination of his said friends, and, so far, his fellow travelers. He would have accompanied them: it was painful to part from them, but he had undertaken a trust which he felt bound to execute, although he had accepted it when he had no realizing sense of the magnificent distances in the geography of the United States. It came about in this wise: A gentleman by the name of Cunningham in his youth emigrated to America and afterward returned to Scotland. Either by inheritance or purchase he became the principal owner of the real estate in said suburban village of Bonnington and was known among the people there as the "Auld Laird." There he raised a family of five sons and three daughters. The father of James Campbell was also born and reared at the same place: was a playmate of such of the Cunninghams as were about his age and there was always a very friendly feeling between the two families. One of the Cunningham girls married a Mr. Blair. She, with her husband and three of the said sons, John, George and Andrew, went to Canada and finally located in Cass county, Illinois: and about the same time three other members of the Blair family settled there also. As soon as the Cunninghams, at the Bonnington home, learned that James Campbell was going to Illinois, they said: "He will see our brothers," and they wrote letters (International mails were then much slower and uncertain and, with all, more expensive than now), and prepared little packages of remembrances to be sent to their friends in Illinois, and the members of the Blair family did likewise; these packages were packed in Campbell's little trunk. So, when he got to Chicago, he had those tokens of love in his keeping, and he knew no way of delivering them except by hand, which meant to him, a trip on the canal to LaSalle and, then by steamboat down the Illinois river to Beardstown. That was practically the only way to get there then from the north. Arriving at Beard-

town in the afternoon of July 3rd, he was put ashore on the river bank, with his little trunk by his side. As he stood and wondered what next would befall this solitary stranger in a strange land, a young Swiss came up and said, "Want hotel?" who, on being informed that his guess was right, shouldered the trunk and led the way to the hotel, then kept by a Mr. Foster who soon made the traveller feel *almost* at home.

Early next morning (July 4, 1849) our traveler learned from Mr. Foster that it was not the day for the stage to go east and that every team for hire as well as the other city teams had gone to Virginia, as there was to be a big celebration there, and a Barbecue. Mr. Foster did some scouting about town and came in and reported that a Mr. Davis and his two daughters had come from Virginia to spend the holiday and would return in the afternoon and that he had engaged a seat in their rig for the "new Scotchman." Mr. Davis proved a pleasant companion and his two, really and truly, handsome girls were not less so. This Scotchman had no knowledge of Barbecue and as he had a craving for knowledge he inquired of Mr. Davis what it meant. He explained this wise: A big crowd get together in the hot sun and dust and they bring a beef or two and hogs and try to cook them whole, or nearly so, over big fires in the smoke and dust out of doors and when they get them half cooked they get the stuff spread on dusty benches and, sweating and rolling in dust, they gather around and eat the stuff like hogs." As James learned that the Davis farm adjoined Virginia (almost so at least) on the north, he concluded that Mr. Davis must have thought himself slighted in some way by the "management" and concluded to have nothing to do with the patriotic gathering.

The sun was getting low in the west, when Mr. Davis with his load, drove on to the west square of the town. The exercises of the day being over the crowd was dispersing. Notwithstanding Mr. Davis' description of the Barbecue, the departing people all looked happy, and just as if they had enjoyed a grand good time.

Of course the Cunninghams and the Blairs and their cousins, their uncles and their aunts were there in force and the "new Scotchman" was soon introduced.

Our traveller soon found himself in the Andrew Cunningham wagon, with Jack Cunningham as driver, and a fine crowd of young folks from the "Tan yard;" so it was then generally called, because Andrew Cunningham then had a tan yard there; but the name of the place was Allendale, named after the family name of Mrs. Cunningham, his amiable and talented wife. She was born in Sweden and had her early education there, but by blood and general temperament she was thoroughly Scotch, perhaps mellowed and refined by much travel and residence in lands other than the homes of her ancestors.

In that wagon load, the Russell family, for sixty years well and favorably known in the neighborhood of Virginia, was largely represented, including Eliza (now Mrs. Menzies.)

At the home of Andrew Cunningham our subject had a cordial welcome to a delightful home, and as he was not seeking particularly for fortune, but anxiously for health, and the smell of tan bark being healthful he went to work at nominal wages at the tan yard. Mr. Russell, the father of said Russell family was foreman there and Richard (Dick as we called him)

Thompson was his right hand supporter. John Cunningham had died some years before this, leaving sons, James, Thomas, Archibald and the aforesaid Jack; also a daughter who was then the wife of Robert Taylor. Some of them have passed to the great beyond; but all old settlers will remember them as in all respects above reproach. George, the other of the three original Cunninghams, was a man of sterling honesty and intelligence. He left a large family, the members of which are, or were, well and favorably known to most of the readers of this paper. In those days the children of Andrew Cunningham were all young. Willie, a fine, handsome boy, most of the residents of the Virginia precinct before the war of 1861, will remember, with regret, that he went to the front and gave up his young life, so full of promise, in defence of his country's flag. James, you have still with you; always genial, and yet, an old bachelor. Who can explain why? Floy was the baby then; Maggie just blossoming into womanhood, but now both among the very dear old ladies.

So far the Blairs had little notice in this reminiscence, but we must not pass them lightly by. They performed well their part in the early days of Virginia and Cass county. In 1849, William and David Blair were residing at Virginia and there on that July 4th the said "raw" Scotchman met them. Their sister Melville also resided there. Both of said brothers died within a few years after that. They were both honorable men. William was a farmer; David had been a partner of Mark Buckley, but at that time with John Rodgers as cabinet maker. William left surviving him two fine daughters who grew up to a noble womanhood, in and about Virginia. David left one daughter, now the wife of Mr. Hillig. Miss Melville Blair resided many years in a cottage nearly opposite the home of "Jimmie" Finn, a once noted character of Virginia. There she gave lessons in music to lady pupils.

Early in the spring of 1850, he boarded at the home of John Robertson, a widower with a fine family of sons and daughters, about a mile from the tan yard and on the west side of Sugar Grove. Around that grove at that time there was a choice lot of genial homes. The little log schoolhouse in the middle of the grove, with punchon floor and benches, was the church as well as schoolhouse of the settlement. There they had Sunday School regularly and preaching, when they could catch a preacher; their singing classes, when a teacher came along and got up a class at a dollar a head; and, through the winter months, their debating society meeting, in which an intense interest was taken.

In the summer of 1850 our Scotchman's father, mother, three sisters and two brothers arrived at Virginia, and first, for a short time, made their home in part of the house of George Cunningham in the country, not far from the "tan yard." In the summer of 1851 his sisters Isabella and Margaret arrived from Scotland. They were accompanied by David McLaughlin, afterward the wife of Isabella; David Redpath, who settled at Princeton—or Jersey prairie—and was intimately associated with Jacob Bergen. Miss Ann Boyln also was of the party. She, a few years after, married William Ferguson. David Redpath was a very lovable man. He married at Princeton, had a fine family, but Death claimed him while they yet needed a father's care: but he left them in charge of a good mother.

In the summer of 1851, this subject had a job on the farm of William

Wood, about a mile or two east of Virginia, at the then fair wages of \$11.00 per month, in the fall of that year he resigned the job in favor of David McLaughlin who was out of a job and gladly accepted the situation and held it all winter. In the spring David got a situation at Virginia, as clerk in the general store of Henry H. Hall and in the summer of 1852 he married said sister Isabella, at the home of her father, at that time in a little log cabin at the tan yard. David soon afterward removed to Beardstown as clerk in one of the principal stores and, afterward, became partner, in the firm of Chase, Parker and McLaughlin. There he had five sons born to him christened respectively: William Blair, David Chase, James Campbell, John Russell and Andrew Cunningham. Late in the fall of 1864, David McLaughlin with his family removed to Muskegon, Michigan. There he prospered and rose to more than local distinction. For twenty-one years he was a member of the Board of Education of the city and then declined further service. A banker's wealth and not the banker's ability (by the general judgment) was all that prevented David from being the congressman from his district at one time. He was for a time collector of customs for the western district of Michigan, and had the high compliment of being relieved from that office by President Cleveland on the ground of being an "obnoxious partisan," so it was called, and it was convenient for opening a place for some *hungry* partisan. His son William is now one of the leading bankers of Michigan. David, jr., went to Utah; was at one time the only "Gentile" in the Utah territorial legislature. He died there, wealthy, a few years ago. James is now a prominent member of the Bar of Michigan. John died while still a boy. Andrew was for many years professor of history in the Ann Arbor university of Michigan and is now a historian whom Theodore Roosevelt cites, as an authority, in one of his (Roosevelt's) historical works on the early settlement of the west of this country.

The sister Margaret became the wife of John Rodgers, the former partner of David Blair. She had five children, but husband and children are all gone and all that is left to her of her own family is one granddaughter. She now resides with her sister Jeanie, Mrs. George Ellis, in Minnesota. Euphemia, next older to James of the Campbell family, became the wife of Alfred Carman, and within two years afterward died. At all times she was the special friend and champion of her brother James. She left a baby girl which soon had to be laid upon her breast in the cold ground. The sister Mary became the wife of George Wilkie. She died on their farm north of town in 1865 or '66. She left two sons and two daughters, who will be remembered by most of the readers of this paper.

The brother John was married to a daughter of Joseph Needham, one of the early settlers. He now resides in Nebraska, as do all his numerous family.

The brother Archibald, (generally called Archie), was the flower of the Campbell family. After the installment of Abraham Lincoln in the presidency, a movement was started to have James appointed postmaster at Virginia. That was without his request or even knowledge; but the commission came at about the time Capt. L. S. Allard led his company, afterward Company F of the 19th Infy. Vols. to camp at Springfield. James felt, that with his short but intensive history as a "precinct politician" immediately behind him, and with his reputation as the blackest sort of black republican, a due

regard to consistency required that he should follow. Archie was then teaching school, in what was known as the Needham schoolhouse. James went there and almost by force compelled him to give up his school and take charge of the postoffice.

Archie was put in possession of the postoffice as deputy, and James left for the war.

After the battle of Bull Run it was evident that the war was going to be no ninety day picnic, so James resigned his postoffice commission and Archie was appointed instead.

Archie considered it his duty to stay and care for his father and mother, (then well along in years), and other family interests; but on the return of James, and the call for recruits being urgent, he, although not personally named in the call, thought it meant him and that he ought to obey. With a squad of other Virginia boys, (among them Rudolph Oliver and Henry Hincheliff), he went to Jacksonville. Neither of the three returned. They enlisted in the 33rd Regt. Ills. Infy. Vol. in February, 1865. That regiment was then commanded by Charles E. Lippencott, of Chandlerville, and was somewhere on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico. They were immediately sent forward to join that regiment. The last letter from Archie was dated at Memphis, Tenn., on March 2, 1865. The next report of him was from a comrade, who wrote, that the boat they were on, upon a dark and stormy night, struck a snag and sunk. Rudolph being sick, had been provided with a stateroom and the last seen of Archie indicated that he was bent on the rescue of Rudolph. Rudolph's body was found afterward in the stateroom and was buried on the west bank of the Mississippi, near the mouth of the White and Arkansas rivers. Immediately on getting the sad news, James went down there, but got no tidings of his lost brother, or his body.

Archie was one of the bravest and the best; kind and gentle, but firm and steadfast. To know him well, was to love and respect him.

“He was the loved of all, yet none  
O'er his low bed may weep.”

But let us go back to the Virginia of 1849 for a while. There was little business then at what is now the court house square. What little mercantile business was done then, was mostly at the old court house square. At the south end of the west side, was the general store of N. B. Thompson, a large good looking man, with a fine family of boys and girls; a rabid demoerat, but with all a very good fellow; and, adjoining on the north was the general store of H. H. Hall. Angling across to the west end of the south side was the store and dwelling of “Honest” Charlie Oliver. His estimable wife was one of the daughters of the Hon. Archibald Job, who was reputed to have been present at the battle of New Orleans, and who settled near the stream east of town, afterward known by his name, when the nearest postoffice was at St. Louis, who had been a member of the Illinois legislature and who mounted his fine gray horse and went to the Mormon war at Nauvoo. In the “Boston brick” at the southeast corner of that square dwe't and dispensed druggist's supplies, Dr. L. S. Allard. He afterward built at the southwest corner of the east square. On the south side of that square there was a long stretch of vacant space, but, near the east end, Mr. Erwin had a small store; and, angling across from there to the east side of that square, was the hotel, operated then

by William Armstrong. On the west side of this square, looking painfully lonesome, although within one hundred feet of the Harris home, stood the postoffice, with Jack Mosley as postmaster. He had two handsome daughters, not to speak of fine sons, and sad and lonesome though that office looked at a distance, it did not seem so to the young men when they called there, for their mail, and, with it, got a smile from the daughter Lucy, for she was the belle of the town in those days.

In those days Virginia had no lawyer unless we count R. S. Thomas, who resided somewhere in the vicinity, and a year or two after that had his residence and office there. He became the prime mover and member of the enterprise that built the first railroad into Virginia, and Cass county. His chief clerk was John Naylor, and ardent politician of the old Whig school, a fine conversationalist and an all around good fellow, and who would have been a great man had he not been constitutionally tired.

We had Doctors Schooley, Hathwell, Tate, Allard (already mentioned,) and about that time Phillips; all fine gentlemen and good country doctors. Perhaps, in this connection, Logan Proctor should be mentioned. He was a brother-in-law of Dr. Tate; and, being an old bachelor, he was much at the doctor's home, and being quite a student, he used the doctor's library and the doctor's counsel to train himself in medical science. During a stormy night an urgent call, for a doctor came. All the doctors were out of town. The lady patient was in dire distress. Logan's sympathies were excited. He thought he might help till better skill arrived. He saddled the doctor's spare horse; put a few "simples" in the saddle bags and rode through the deep mud and darkness. He was introduced to the sick chamber and assured the patient that the doctor would soon arrive but meanwhile he could help. He felt the pulse, saw the tongue and began to prescribe. A lady attendant then remarked, "Mr. Proctor, perhaps you don't know what's the matter." "Indeed I do," he said, "I have been often that way myself." The laugh which followed astonished Logan, but he understood how the laugh came in shortly afterward when the lady had a fine new boy and was doing as well as could be expected. Logan bore the title of doctor, after that, given him by the boys, and Logan took it, with great meekness, for he was one of the meekest of men. He was really a dear, good soul, but somehow he did not seem to relish that title. Some years afterward, in due form and manner, by proper ecclesiastical authority, the prefix "Rev." was added to his name.

Between the years 1851 and 1855 the subject of this sketch knocked about, ready to put his hand to any work that offered at what was considered then fair pay. He spent one year with John Wear on his farm northeast of town; and John, long years afterward, and often, remarked that "Jim" was the best hand he ever had. As circumstances led he worked at his trade, farmed for hire, and on his own account, worked on a brickyard, and, with Joseph and Isaac Robertson, run a threshing machine. In the spring of 1854 or '55 he opened a shop at Virginia. He took an active part during the winter months in the lyceum debates at the old court house where Dr. Harvey Tate was usually president, and Henry Phillips, (then school teacher), Dr. Allard, Henry Savage and many other able men participated.

On the nomination of Fremont and Dayton, for the presidency, and vice presidency in 1856 Campbell, at first, stood almost alone, in support of that



ticket in the Virginia precinct. In those days it was customary, in the front yards of dwellings and in front of business houses to raise poles and hoist flags. "Buchanan and Breckenridge," "Fillmore and Donaldson" were very much "in evidence." "Fremont and Dayton" on Campbell's pole was very conspicuous by its lonesomeness. In 1858 he was a delegate from Cass county to the first regularly called, republican state convention in Illinois. It met at Springfield, nominated a full state ticket and named Abraham Lincoln as its choice for U. S. senator.

As has been stated the Virginia company, afterward "F" of the 19th Regt. Infy. Vols., entered camp at the state capital early in May, 1861.

In the spring of 1858, a military company was formed at Virginia under the name of "Virginia Guards." L. S. Allard was elected captain, Abraham Bergen, first lieutenant, and James G. Campbell, second lieutenant. The state had no arms then to give it and it was never armed nor uniformed, but it was drilled in company movements by Capt. Allard, who had been an officer in the Mexican war. At that time the Northern people were incredulous as to the Southerners' threats of war and the organization did not appear to be organized with any view to such war, but that it was thought of just as such things are thought of at any time. Beardstown had a company, "Why not Virginia?" seemed to be the thought.

When war did come, Capt. Allard promptly tendered his company to Gov. Yates, (the original "old Dick"), but Dick had at his command more than enough of fully organized, and well drilled and fully equipped companies to fill the quota at that time called for. So he told Allard to hold his company; that it would be called for soon. The men were hard to hold. Many of them drifted away hunting gaps in the ranks of the accepted, which they might be allowed to fill.

Knowiton H. Chandler, of Chandlerville, had organized a company there, but, it not then being accepted, there was the same drifting away from it as in Allard's case. When soon the "call" came to Allard, in order to fill the ranks to the required number Allard and Chandler united forces. The ladies of Chandlerville presented that company with a flag of silk, they carried it with them, and, when camped alone, it floated over its headquarters. Campbell has it now as a sacred relic.

It was tacitly understood that Allard should be captain of the consolidated companies and Chandler first lieutenant, but that the form of an election should be had of the three commissioned officers. The only contest was on second lieutenant. Campbell did not attend that election or take any part in it. Thomas Job, son of the aforesaid Archibald Job, was duly elected second lieutenant; which was a first-class selection and entirely satisfactory to Campbell. Lieut. Job had all the qualities in full measure necessary to make a good soldier and officer.

Campbell, as stated joined the company at Springfield, and soon thereafter it was moved by rail to Chicago. It received one months' pay from the state. On arrival at Chicago it was with other nine companies formed into a regiment and placed under the command of Col. J. B. Turchin, who had seen service in the Russian army, and was afterwards brigadier general of volunteers. The work of drilling in hard earnest now began. The regiment was mustered into the service of the United States, June 17, 1861.

Early in July, the regiment having been furnished (all except one company) with smooth bore, altered flint lock muskets, (it soon after got Springfield rifle muskets), was ordered into active service, and was carried by rail to the Mississippi river and passed over into Missouri, somewhere above and near Palmyra. It was rapidly moved from place to place and before the end of that month company F was doing garrison duty at Hannibal and there while Lieut. Job was at his post of duty with his company he was killed as lately, in this paper, was graphically described by the pen of Comrade H. E. Ward. To give even a skeleton from the history of that company and Campbell's part in it would fill a good sized volume. The regiment, sometimes together, sometimes in detached companies, was continually in motion, with weary marches. In August, 1866, it was for a few days at Norfolk on the west bank of the Missouri. There came a commission as second lieutenant to Sargeant Campbell.

The regiment was soon ordered to Washington; but one of the trains carrying it east, in crossing a bridge on the O. & M. R. R., had a wreck. The bridge broke. The engine and baggage car got over safely; one car went down, end up, the next crashed into it and the third car telescoped the second one and a fourth car telescoped the third one. In this, companies F G H and I suffered severe loss in killed and wounded. That accident changed the destiny of the regiment and after a short time for recuperation it was sent into Kentucky, entering at Louisville. From there it worked gradually southward, with wayside excursions and skirmishes till about the time of the battle of Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing, it, with the command of Gen. O. M. Mitchell, cut the Confederate communications (west and east) at Huntsville, Ala., by a forced march in the night from Fayetteville, Tenn. Soon afterward Gen. D. C. Buell assumed command of the U. S. forces in that region and began to gather large supplies and mass troops in northern Alabama, north of the Tennessee river, with the evident purpose of crossing and getting behind Chattanooga to capture that place, and with it, all of east Tennessee: General Bragg by a bold dash, with his army, through Cumberland Gap spoiled the plan of Buell and changed the program to a race for Louisville and the Ohio river. It was determined to hold the capital of Tennessee, so a garrison was left there under the command of General James Negley. The 19th Ill. was part of the garrison.

Company G of the 19th was by his order detached from the regiment to act as an artillery company and its officers being all on staff duty, by a special order of Gen. Negley, Campbell, who had been, about a year before that, promoted to first lieutenant, was detached from his company to command company I. With three pieces of artillery, that company was sent to Gallitan, on the line of the L. & N. R. R., south of Nashville. After Christmas, 1862, he had orders to turn over his military equipments and proceed by rail to Nashville; to assume the muskets and infantry equipments of the company and rejoin the regiment: but the battle of Stone river was on; the confederate cavalry were in force between Nashville and the army of Rosecrans, and, by order of the post commander at Nashville, he camped his company by the Murfreesborough pike and "reported" to the commanding officer of the first body of troops going to the front. It was on December 31st, 1862, when the right wing of Rosecran's army was struck, early in the morning, on its ex-

treme right and doubled back upon itself, and it looked like defeat; but the left wing was intact. By night order had been brought out of confusion on the right, and, although it had suffered severe loss, a new line had been formed for said wing at right angles to its first line and, at the point of the angle, was protected by the embankment of the L. & N. R. R., and there Rosecrans massed a large portion of his artillery.

In the afternoon of January 2, 1863, Gen. Bragg directed his attack on the Union left wing. The 19th was on a high bluff on the left bank of Stone river. The Confederates were advancing rapidly, driving the union forces before them. To the left of the 19th was a ford. The Confederates were crossing there. Gen. Negley, commanding the Union division there, galloped up to where the 19th lay, shouting: "Who will save my left?" The gallant Col. Scott calmly but quickly mounted his horse and said, "The 19th is ready General." "The 19th be it then." In an instant the 19th were in ranks and by the left flank on the double quick they were quickly in front of the ford. Then "Halt! Front! Ready! Aim! Fire!" One sheet of fire; one cloud of smoke, and one great report, as if it were the discharge of one great musket instead of many. Then, as quick as thought, the orders, "Fix bayonets! Charge bayonets! Forward, double quick, march! Charge!" and the 19th was on them and the "Confederate yell" was hushed. The battle was won. The initiative of the 19th was followed up by the whole Union left wing. It became good generalship then on the part of Gen. Bragg, as rapidly with as little loss of material as possible, to withdraw his gallant army.

But the Union losses were heavy. Capt. Chandler led his company across the river, but on the farther bank a Confederate bullet pierced his head; a brave soldier and admirable man was honorably mustered out. Col. Scott was wounded also so that soon after reaching home he died from the effect of it. Early in the morning of January 3rd, Campbell with a party of comrades found Chandler's body where he fell (night had closed in at the close of the battle of the 2nd) and dug a grave, by the foot of the tree, which was marked for identification; and, wrapped in his great coat with its cape thrown over his face, he was gently laid away.

Campbell, that morning took command of his own company, and his commission coming soon after, gave him rank as captain from January 2, 1863, "Vice Capt. Chandler, killed in battle."

Campbell was then constantly with his company and regiment up to through the Chickamauga campaign, and the two days' hard fight of September 19th and 20th, 1863; and on the afternoon of the 20th they were with Gen. Thomas on the left curve of the Horse Shoe bend on the Snodgrass hill whereby the Confederates were held and pursuit prevented of the shattered right and center of Rosecrans' army, until night covered all. Then the cannon wheels were muffled and silently, without haste and in perfect order, the men who had held that hill against three desperate assaults of the Confederate troops, marched toward Chattanooga. Tired and hungry they lay down to sleep in a corn field in front of Rossville Gap. Early next morning a defensive line was formed again to check the advance of the Confederates till Rosecrans had made defensive preparations immediately in front of Chattanooga. About mid-day the Johnnies began to show up. They made a few efforts to break our lines, but they seemed to have lost the "wire edge" of

their valor and made no impression. When night came this rear guard passed quietly through the Gap and formed in the hastily constructed trenches prepared the day before. Then began the siege of Chatanooga by the "rebs." The daily cannonade of solid shot and explosive shells became so common that they excited little fear and hardly any curiosity, except among the extremely nervous and they were in a very small minority.

The greatest trouble then was the short supply of rations for men and mules. There were large supplies at Stephenson, farther down the Tennessee river but the Confederates held the south bank thereof, and the only way to get them to the army was by mule power over two high ranges of mountains and the roads in the valleys and on the flats of the mountain tops were axle deep in mud. Along the whole of that long road dead mules were never out of sight. When the creatures pulled till they could do so no more, the harness was pulled off and they were left to die, or recover if they could.

When Gen. Grant came, his first move was to take and occupy the south bank of that river to within a short distance of Lookout Mountain, and supplies were brought there by small steamboats up the river and, from there a "cracker" road was made, across the big bend there of the river, making a short mule haul of the crackers and pork to the bank of the river opposite Chattanooga—and the famine was over.

Early in September, Gen. Grant having been reinforced by troops from the east under Gen. Hooker, and Gen. Sherman, with the army of the Tennessee, he placed Hooker on his right and Sherman on his left. In the night he threw a strong force of Hooker's corps, across the river, westerly of where Lookout Mountain rises abruptly from the bank of the river. This body after a severe skirmish held the ground taken. Sherman established himself on the south bank of the river above Chattanooga.

On September 24th battle was opened in earnest by General Hooker, who attacked the left wing of Bragg's army, in the valley west of the mountain, which runs from the river bank by a very deep slope, covered with great boulders and scrub trees and bushes till, at about one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet from the top, it rises perpendicularly to where, on the plateau above, there were Confederate batteries. Hooker pressed the enemy up against the mountain and they fell back, disputing every foot of ground, over and around the steep slope, under the precipice, and into the valley east of the mountain. Sherman, meanwhile, was thundering on the right flank of Bragg's army, near the east end of Missionary Ridge. On the next day Hooker was still following up Bragg's left while Sherman was thundering on his right, and the army of the Cumberland, under Thomas, was formed in one long line of battle facing Missionary Ridge. In the afternoon, with a thin line of skirmishers in front, it advanced rapidly without firing a shot, except from the skirmishers, under artillery fire from the top of the ridge and musketry from the rifle pits at the bottom. They seized the pits and had orders there to halt.

The position there was galling. Exposed to a dropping fire from men under cover at the top of the ridge, and the captured rifle pits furnishing poor, really no, protection on the reverse side; as if by general consent, the whole line advanced and crowned the ridge. The enemy's center was broken. Bragg was defeated and the siege of Chattanooga was raised.

Capt. Campbell, leading his company, when about two-thirds of the way up the hill was halted by a bullet in the lower abdomen, toward the right side, which, coming from above, trended downward and lodged under the skin of his right hip. When he recovered sufficiently he had a leave of absence and made his only visit home during his service. He returned in the following March to duty with his company in time to take part in the advance on Atlanta. Company F participated in the actions along that hard contested advance till it reached Marietta, Georgia, near Atlanta. Its three year term having expired. What were left of the men, who three years before had been mustered-in were ordered back to Chicago to be mustered-out. They were mustered-out, July 9, 1864. In the winter of that year he joined his brother Archie in a general store at Virginia.

That arrangement was broken up by Archie's death, as stated, and Archie's interest in the business was sold to William Hitchcock.

In May, 1865, he married Martha Jane Hitchcock, a sister of Mrs. Dr. Goodspeed. By her he had two children, Archibald James and Mattie May. The marriage relation was very happy, but was cut short and ended by pulmonary consumption. She died in the early summer of 1870. Mattie May soon followed her at the age of eleven months.

In the fall of 1871, he married at Malone, New York, Mrs. Harriet Meigs, a sister of his first wife, and removed to Muskegon, Michigan, and first went into the general hardware business. His wife and other friends strongly urged him to seek admission to the bar; so he sold his hardware business and devoted three months to special study of law, at home, at the end of which time a regular term of the circuit court for the county of Newaygo, Mich., was to be held at the county seat of that county. Accompanied by his brother-in-law, David McLaughlin, he went there and applied for admission. He knew no one there except his said brother-in-law. A committee of the bar was appointed by the court to examine him. After a lengthy examination in open court in all the main branches of the law, he was, by the committee recommended for admission and was at once admitted and commissioned as an attorney and counselor at law, and a solicitor and counselor in chancery. He immediately went into practice of the law at Muskegon. He was afterward admitted to practice in the United States courts of Michigan at Grand Rapids, Michigan. In 1875, his said wife, Harriet, also succumbed to the fell destroyer—consumption.

He continued in the fairly successful practice of law at Muskegon, until in 1878, he got drawn into the newspaper and general printing business, though first assisting a young man (related to him by marriage) in the editing of a weekly paper, said young man, a printer by trade, had started. In the same year, 1878, Campbell married his present wife, Miss Alice Elizabeth Davis, then in her 18th year. Said marriage was a very happy one—notwithstanding disparity of their years. Campbell soon found that it was absolutely necessary for him to buy out his partner to get rid of him: and for that reason also to wind up his law business by refusing new cases. He soon made the "Journal" a daily as well as weekly. The office was the best equipped in that city and county. Had good steam power and a large cylinder press for newspaper work; ample fonts of type and all necessary appliances; two foremen, both experienced: printers and newspaper men, one for job work, the other

for the paper: a good shorthand reporter: a circulation clerk, pressman and all the typesetters required. With proper management there was a fortune in it; but he needed a good business manager, a practical printer and newspaper man, so that he might give sole attention to the editorial department. The charge of all the details of such business was too much for one. The publisher of the rival republican paper, of the city, offered to buy him out, at a good price, which Campbell took in an hour of weariness and afterward regreted. He published the Journal four years. His law business at Muskegon having been broken up, he might have renewed it, but his mind being prejudiced by Jay Cook's literature regarding the "Great Northwest," he went out to view the land of promise: went into it as far west as Miles City, Montana, which was as far as he could go, then, by rail, and coming back invested in this, Stark county, North Dakota. It was then a wilderness. There was not a town or village between Mandan on the Missouri river and Glendive in Montana, a distance of over two hundred miles. Buffalo were then so numerous that sometimes railroad trains had, actually, to stop to allow a herd of them to cross the track. The railroad track and "section houses" were the only signs then (spring of 1882) of civilization there.

In the confusion attendant upon housekeeping at Muskegon, his then youngest child, Glenlyon Drysdale, found a vial of liquid poison, of which his father and mother had no knowledge. He tasted it and within a very few minutes it was evident that the matter was serious. Medical aid was immediately called with all speed, but, within about one half hour he died in his father's arms. He was a beautiful boy of about the age of two years.

About the end of August, 1882, with two car loads of goods he and his family then consisting of his wife and sons, Archie and Clyde, arrived at a station on the N. P. R. R., about one hundred miles west of the Missouri river. There a colony of settlers from Wisconsin had started a settlement about the time that Campbell first passed through viewing the land. He had brought the lumber from Minneapolis to build a house and he built it at said point, which had been called "Gladstone," and was the first town platted in that region. He built a house there which is now the Gladstone Hotel, and wintered there, and there his first daughter, Alice Isabella, was born, in December next following.

The next spring he built on his land, about four miles from Gladstone, early in the spring of 1883. In the fall of 1882, Dickinson had been platted and was beginning to be settled, largely by railroad men, as it was a division center on the railway. The spring before when Campbell first saw it, aside from what buildings the railway company had, it consisted of one two-story frame building, unplastered, and two shacks—all three being saloons. It is now a thriving city of about 3,500 inhabitants.

Early in the spring of 1883, Dickinson and Gladstone were both aspirants for county seat honors. A petition of fifty voters was then only necessary to move the governor of the territory, to appoint commissioners to organize a county. Petitions were presented to him from both places. Dickinson won by getting two of the three commissioners. They were appointed, and of these Dickinson had two and Gladstone got one. That one was Campbell. They became the county board and selected Dickinson for the county seat, and appointed all the other county officers, who held until the next general

election in 1884. In the summer of 1885, he was appointed county commissioner for the Gladstone commissioner district, to fill a vacancy, and soon thereafter resigned that position to accept the office of judge of the probate court, and, in the fall of 1886, he was elected to the same office, for two years (regular term.) In 1887, he was elected district attorney for the county and held over into statehood, in the state of North Dakota. He declined further service in that office and was nominated and elected to five successive terms of judge of the county court and after an interval of two years he was again selected county attorney (now called states attorney.) He is now out of office but doing a fair law business as head of the firm of Campbell & Field—Field being an ex-Confederate colonel. His daughter Alice has been, for about four years, stenographer and typewriter in his law office: his daughter Nina has just graduated from the high school here. His sons Archie and Clyde are locomotive engineers, with families of their own. Archie, as round house foreman on the C. E. & I. R. R. at station for Chicago, called Dalton. Clyde is located at the city of Fargo, as a road engineer on the N. P. R. R. His other children, all at home, are: boys, Clarence, James and Theodore, and girls, Clementine and Ione—all shooting upward with good promise of being well worth the raising.

The Presbyterians, with whom he had been formerly associated, having abandoned about ten years ago this field of operations: and his wife and children, by her, having become attached by full membership, or connection with the choir, or Sunday School of the Episcopal church, he, with them, attended the regular services of that church also. For about six years, last past, he has been clerk of what is called the "Bishop's Committee," but did not receive "confirmation," as a communicant, till lately.

Among fraternal orders, he is Senior Post Grand of the Odd Fellow lodge and also Post Patriarch of Encampment, and member of Degree of Rebekah; also a Master Mason and member of order Eastern Star.

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I like to dwell on the view that in the material world there are no accidents, and if we are but patient and seek to fathom the reason for results we without great difficulty can find an antecedent cause for either the mountain peak of wrong or the smiling valley of blessedness that seem to be the antagonistic forces always fighting for supremacy. Accepting this premise as correct there must of necessity be as great a duty facing the present generation as was performed by the preceding one, yes, even as was established by the forefathers in building the free land now grown so great and majestic, viz., to maintain the same and transmit it pure and undefiled to posterity.

While yet preserving a recollection of the presidential campaign of 1852, I find so far a greater interest in the one succeeding, that of 1856, the issues of which being more portentous in consequence of a new party coming on the scene and the gradual dissolving views of one of the others, with the consequence of its final going out of existence, this period can be chronicled as an epoch in the political history of the country, bringing the nation to the threshold of dissolution and finally the harvest of civil conflict that required an ocean of blood and tens of thousands of lives as a sacrifice in order to maintain national unity.

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nor their verdict more universally approved than when they drove into outer darkness, without hope of resurrection, a cabal founded on prejudice, nourished on bigotry and fed on the offal and venom of all that is vile in the infirmities of human nature.

To return to the subject in hand, that of a few of the scenes in a notable campaign in your beautiful and prosperous city a half century ago, asking indulgence for this lengthy and somewhat tiresome digression, let me ask the readers to follow me at least for the outlining of one of the half-amusing incidents that I was a witness of and one of the participants in almost fifty years ago. But for fear the lesson may not be received in full I must put the lesson first and the story second. The lesson I desire impressed is that no great movement ever had the advantage of numbers and equipment, but grew in consequence of the persistence of its disciples and in spite of the antagonism of those who opposed it. In thumbing the pages of history from Calvary to Appomattox I find unvarying indorsement of this conclusion. In fact it seems impossible to install any important change from existing conditions without misjudging the motive of those who seek to bring the change about and often the disciples of the reform must endure martyrdom for their convictions.

Along about the last or closing days of the campaign of 1856, in Virginia, the incident took place which fully illustrates this point. There had been a number of political rallies of each of the old parties and the ground had not only been covered quite thoroughly but in many places had been actually torn up by the vigor and energy of the disputants.

Not wishing to be completely submerged by their opponents the followers of Fremont determined to "ratify" just like the democrats and "know-nothings," but when they came to count noses their number was so small that they realized how lonesome it would all be, and gave it up as far as Virginia was concerned, but as fortune always favors the brave a way soon appeared that took the place of a home rally. Jacksonville housed a considerable number of the adherents of the "wooly horse," as the Fremonters were dubbed at that time, and announced a grand ratification meeting, with delegations from the surrounding counties, including Cass. This was quickly seized on by the handful of Virginia republicans and they resolved to participate. The principal of the faithful junta and somewhat of an agitator against the iniquity of slavery was Professor Spaulding, the school teacher, who with his faithful wife and two grown daughters kept the watchfires of republicanism ablaze, and to these were added James G. Campbell, John Rodgers and William Owen, the tinsmith. This delegation started for Jacksonville on the road leading from the west end of town, and while there were few flags or banners in the retinue their enthusiasm ran high. Before reaching the bridge crossing the "big branch" a misadventure overtook the determined ratifiers and almost brought their journey to disaster. It is related as one of the verities of the history of the time that a number of bad democrats, juveniles, but emphatic in their conviction that no republican should celebrate the nomination of Fremont if they could head it off, lay concealed in the corn near where the "procession" passed and bombarded from their place of security the entire republican party of Virginia. In the excitement the horses became unmanageable, started to run and came within

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## **AN INTERESTING LETTER.**

The following communication was received by J. N. Gridley from Mr. E. F. Madden, president of the First National Bank, of Hays City, Kansas:

"Answering yours of recent date, will say that I have just returned home after an absence of sometime and find your letter before me.

"While I was born in Virginia, I have been away from there for forty years. I spent a very pleasant day there about fifteen years ago, and I expect to return there for at least a day off, as soon as I can.

"I pass through Jacksonville very often, but always at night and in a sleeper, and I assure you that if I was awake I would get out and go over to Virginia. I have the kindest recollections of the pretty little town, and her clever and hospitable people were to my childish memory, the nicest people in the world.

"I remember how the successful farmers used to bring in the most luscious peaches, the most beautiful and fragrant nice big apples, the sweetest cider, and the largest melons, and really such men as Sam Petefish, Jack Tureman, Ned Davis, Dr. McClure, and others, whom I cannot now call to mind, filled up barefooted, red-headed and freckled-faced boys like I happened to be at that time, with all the nice fruits and cider free of cost before they commenced to sell their produce to their other customers.

"I remember the old schoolhouse in the square in the west part of town where I usually went to school. My teachers were the Spaldings, Goodell, Miss Hart, Miss Gaines, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Rich, in the school on the hill, south of town, Mr. Berry and Mr. Prince, all to my young memory were kindness indeed.

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election in 1884. In the summer of 1885, he was appointed county commissioner for the Gladstone commissioner district, to fill a vacancy, and soon thereafter resigned that position to accept the office of judge of the probate court, and, in the fall of 1886, he was elected to the same office, for two years (regular term.) In 1887, he was elected district attorney for the county and held over into statehood, in the state of North Dakota. He declined further service in that office and was nominated and elected to five successive terms of judge of the county court and after an interval of two years he was again selected county attorney (now called states attorney.) He is now out of office but doing a fair law business as head of the firm of Campbell & Field—Field being an ex-Confederate colonel. His daughter Alice has been, for about four years, stenographer and typewriter in his law office; his daughter Nina has just graduated from the high school here. His sons Archie and Clyde are locomotive engineers, with families of their own. Archie, as round house foreman on the C. E. & I. R. R. at station for Chicago, called Dalton. Clyde is located at the city of Fargo, as a road engineer on the N. P. R. R. His other children, all at home, are; boys, Clarence, James and Theodore, and girls, Clementine and Ione—all shooting upward with good promise of being well worth the raising.

The Presbyterians, with whom he had been formerly associated, having abandoned about ten years ago this field of operations; and his wife and children, by her, having become attached by full membership, or connection with the choir, or Sunday School of the Episcopal church, he, with them, attended the regular services of that church also. For about six years, last past, he has been clerk of what is called the "Bishop's Committee," but did not receive "confirmation," as a communicant, till lately.

Among fraternal orders, he is Senior Post Grand of the Odd Fellow lodge and also Post Patriarch of Encampment, and member of Degree of Rebekah; also a Master Mason and member of order Eastern Star.

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“I worked on the farms a little for Mr. Robt. Hall, Mr. Frank Stribling, John Sallee, Wm. Wilson, Dwight Angier, and also Newt Wilson, around his grain warehouse and in his stock trading. All these gentlemen paid me more than the agreed price, and treated me as nicely as if I had been their own boy. Things like the pay proposition mentioned, would make anyone, even after forty years feel kindly to such people and such a community. I remember all the children with whom I went to school: but as I was the dull boy, that all the others could lick, I presume I am forgotten. I assure you that in my mind, Virginia is the grandest spot on the map.

“I only regret, that the success in business and trade that I set out early to accomplish has kept me away from Virginia so long, and that I have not been able to return often and renew my early acquaintance with the citizens of your community.

“Thanking you for writing me and sending me copies of your well edited paper and assuring you and all my old friends that should they ever pass through my town nothing would please me better than for them to pay me a visit.

“E. F. MADDEN.”

## MRS. EMILY COLLINS BRADY.



MRS. EMILY (COLLINS) BRADY.

**T**HOMAS Jefferson Collins, born near Culpepper court house, Virginia, May 13, 1802. When three weeks old he was taken by his parents to Brownsville, Pa., and later on to Ohio. On November 29th, 1827, he was married to Miss Julia Fowler.

In 1841, he came with his wife and five children to Cass county, Illinois. From his home in Tumbull county, Ohio, he hired his neighbors to take them to Pittsburg, where they waited three days for a boat to take them to St. Louis, where they changed boats and came up the Illinois river to Beardstown.

Here the travelers were met with teams by his brother, Rev. Wm. H. Collins, who resided at Virginia, Illinois, to which point they were taken. A few days later Thomas J. Collins purchased about 600 acres of land, between two and three miles east of Virginia, for \$6.30 per acre and the family were soon at home. (This farm, or part of it, was later known as the Wm. Wood farm and Jake Ward farm.) After selling part to Mr. Wood, the family made a home on the west 135 acres for many years. Here



Reading from left to right.  
Miss Esther Collins Mrs. Emily (Collins) Brady  
Mrs. Mary (Collins) Allen



the seven children grew to man and womanhood, and six of them are still living: Byron, Will and Emily, in Pomona, Cal., Jane, (Mrs. J. W. Allen), in DuBois, Nebraska, Miss Esther, in Washington, Kan., and Ira. in Sabetha, Kan. Almira, (Mrs. J. R. Hallowell), died in Ontario, Cal., 1893.

When Thomas J. Collins moved from Ohio to Illinois, he brought with him a large new up-to-date wagon, with a cast steel thimble. In about a year he traded it to Bradley Thompson for 35 sheep, 3 cows and \$35 in cash. Sheep were then worth 50c a head and cows \$10 each. He also brought a new two seated buggy, which he later sold to Dr. Chandler for \$80. These vehicles were very rude as compared to those in use in this 20th century.

He also brought a handsome, red-painted cast iron plow, but it was no good and soon sold because of its handsome color; then he went down below Arenzville and had a blacksmith named Clark make him a wrought iron plow. After working on it several days with brick and sand he got it to "scour" and that was the first plow in that region that ever "scoured," and all the farmers for miles around came to see it.

He was of a genial, happy disposition, quite good-looking and sociable, and a fluent talker. He was a member of the Methodist church, and on Sun-



HON. THOMAS BYRON COLLINS.



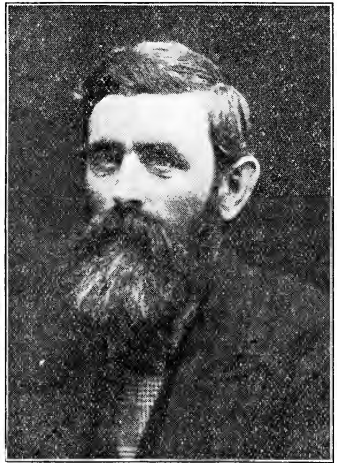
MRS. ALMIRA HALLOWELL.

day wore a blue broadcloth Colonial coat with brass buttons, and over this in winter a drab cloth cape which fell to his boot tops. His occupation in Ohio was that of a miller, and the frontier hardships soon wrecked his health and he passed away February 8th, 1848, at the early age of 45 years, leaving to the wife and children the heritage of an honorable name which they have never blemished.

With aching heart and willing hands the mother took up her burden and



HON. IRA F. COLLINS.



WILLIAM H. COLLINS.

bravely lived her life. In 1865, she went to live in Monmouth, Ill., to be with her daughters and in 1870 moved with them to Washington, Kan., where she passed away April 5th, 1883, with her seven children at her bedside, and mourned by all who knew her.

## MRS. MAHALA BRADY.

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**C**HARLES Brady was born December 6th, 1801, in Kentucky. He was married, in 1823, to Mahala Graves. From this union there was born to them eleven children, four of whom are yet living: Mrs. W. S. White, of Temple, Arizona; John T. Brady, of Pomona, Cal.; Alexander, of Neodesha, Kan.; Wm. C., of Perkins, Okla. Ter.

In 1829, with his young wife and two children, (one of whom later became Mrs. John E. Haskell), he emigrated via "Prairie Schooner Route" to Illinois. His object in leaving Kentucky was to raise his family away from



MRS. MAHALA BRADY.



JOHN T. BRADY.

the evil influences of slavery. The Kentucky Bradys were none of them slave holders and did not believe in slavery. Mr. Graves, the father-in-law of Charles, was a large slave holder, and wished to present his daughter Mahala

with two young slaves, a man and his wife, when she started with her little family for Illinois, but this offer was refused. Mr. Brady was an abolitionist and a staunch whig.

In early youth Mr. and Mrs. Brady became members of the Christian church, and remained such as long as they lived.

He was a man of sterling integrity and honesty, whose word was as good as his bond; of a quiet and unassuming disposition, and even temper, but with strong convictions and decided opinions on any subject he investigated.

On arriving in Illinois he settled on a farm of 120 acres in Sugar Grove, known later as Wilson Farm, where he remained until 1838, when he moved his family to the little town of Virginia, which at this date had perhaps 200 inhabitants, who lived in small frame or log houses, with clap board roofs.

Here he became associated with John E. Haskell in a carding machine and cloth factory, receiving wool direct from the farmers, carding and weaving it into the cloth desired by the farmers, or returning to the owners, carded in rolls ready for spinning.

By endorsing notes for a friend he became involved in debt and decided to go to California to recoup his fortunes, in 1849, as California was then in the height of its gold excitement.

He returned to Illinois, in the fall of 1852, with about \$1200, which he paid on the notes amounting to \$2000, and was released from further obligation. Two years later he succumbed to an attack of typhoid fever, and on October 18th, 1854, he peacefully "went home," at the early age of 53 years.

The remains of the father were laid to rest in the Robison graveyard, beside the four tiny mounds of his little ones "gone before."

The brave-hearted and sturdy pioneer mother, who renouncing slaves and slavery, and saying a last good-bye to parents, relatives, and home of her childhood, went in a covered wagon, with husband and babies, far away into an unknown wilderness, and with unflinching courage bore her share of all the hardships of that rugged frontier life, struggled on and in the same gentle, but firm way, bore the burden laid upon her. After a long and useful life she laid her burdens down at the ripe age of 88, in Virginia, February 19, 1892, honored by all who knew her.

We talk much of "The Winning of the West." Yes, "Winning of the West" with railroads, telegraph, telephones and automobiles, to say nothing of money easily made, good roads, unexcelled postal service and other luxuries the real frontiersman never dreamed of. These two pioneers in "The Winning of the West" had only brave hearts and iron muscles, a little helpless family, a wagon and team and the bare necessities, and before them an "unblazed trail" into a vast wilderness.

All honor to these sturdy pioneers of Illinois!

## The Husted or Jacksonville Raid.

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**T**HE political atmosphere in 1863 and '64 in Central Illinois was red hot. For many years political prophets insisted with great earnestness that the discussion of the slavery question in this country would result in civil war. The friends of human slavery, in an early day in this state sought to legalize the institution in Illinois. The battle was fought for two years, ending in 1824.

An eminent historian of that day says:

"The convention question gave rise to two years of the most furious and boisterous excitement and contest, that ever was visited on Illinois. Men, women and children entered the arena of party warfare and strife; and the families and neighborhoods were so divided and furious and bitter against one another, that it seemed a regular civil war might be the result. Many personal combats were indulged in on the question, and the whole country seemed, at times, to be ready and willing to resort to physical force to decide the contest."

The writer of the above history laid down his pen before the advent of the great war of the slaveholder's rebellion, but history repeats itself.

The democratic party of the United States, before that war, was one of the most powerful political organizations that ever had an existence. It had been dominated by southern leaders who had become intensely arrogant and overbearing. Douglas, who was perhaps the strongest and most skillful debater of his day, was a "compromizer." The southern leaders had resolved to dissolve the union, and in pursuance of their plan defeated the nomination of Douglas for the presidency in 1860. Lincoln was nominated by the republicans and the southern democrats took a course which they knew would result in Lincoln's election. They were tired of the constant and growing opposition of the people of the north to African slavery and sought a pretext to dissolve the union. When the government was organized, slavery was recognized; the northern slave states got rid of it, not for conscience sake but because it did not pay. The southern democrats and a large majority of the northern democrats believed in what was called the doctrine of state rights, which included the right of a state to leave the Union when its people chose to do so. No force was used, or even thought of, to induce any one of the thirteen independent colonies to join the union of states, although two of them, North Carolina and Rhode Island, held out for nearly two years. The representatives of New York, who were reluctant to assent to the terms of the proposed constitution, did so, at last, but made this declaration:

“The powers of government may be reassumed by the people whensoever it shall become necessary to their happiness.”

In 1811, on the bill for the admission of Louisiana as a state of the Union, Josiah Quincy member of congress, of Massachusetts, said:

“If the bill passes, it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of the Union; that it will free the states from their moral obligation; and as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some‘ definitely to prepare for a seperation—amicably if they can, violently if they must.”

We have not time here and now to follow down this discussion, but the great majority of the democratic party believed a state had the right, voluntarily to go out of the union, just as it voluntarily came into it. Horace Greeley, the publisher of the New York Tribune, then the most influential newspaper in the north, advised that the southern states be allowed to secede; his language was, “Wayward sisters, go in peace,” not many of his readers endorsed this course, however, as they thought as did Lincoln that a few men in a few days would coerce the states back from secession.

Douglass, the great leader of Illinois democracy, having brains enough to see that secession would fail, announced his purpose to support Lincoln in suppressing the rebellion, but he died early after secession began. Logan, a prominent leader of Illinois democrats, for a time seriously considered the plan of gathering his neighbors together to cross the border, and fight for the south; but he soon concluded to enlist with the north, and became the greatest of the volunteer generals who had never received military training.

In Cass county, many prominent democrats were southern sympathizers. Dr. Samuel Christy, who was a native of Pennsylvania living upon his farm a few miles east of Virginia in this county, and who had an extended medical practice was an out and out opposer of the prosecution of the war, and very many agreed with him.

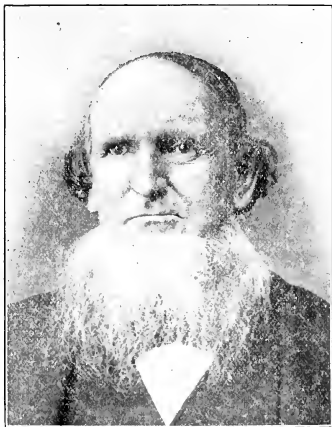
When the government could no longer rely upon patriotism or money to keep the ranks filled, but was compelled to resort to force, the situation in Cass county became tense. The pro-slavery men banded together in a secret organization calling themselves “Knights of the Golden Circle;” their object was to resist the draft, and obstruct the prosecution of the war. Those in favor of the war, joined a secret order called the “Union League,” and their aim was to render all the assistance they could to prosecute the war.

There was a company of “Knights” nearly or quite a hundred in number living in the neighborhood of the Oregon precinct. The captain of this company was Alex Robison, now a Justice of the Peace of this city; one of the lieutenants was John P. Chilton, a well-known farmer, still among us. There was an open tract of land of 160 acres in extent in Sec 31, T 18, R 8, now owned by William Emerson, upon which this company held weekly drills, in 1864. The writer has seen them, many a time, mounted on horses riding back and forth for hours at a stretch going through with some kind of cavalry drill, preparatory to “resisting the draft.” As the time for the “draft” drew near, these amateur soldiers found their bravery becoming weaker and still weaker, and then concluded to hire enough substitutes to fill the quota of their precinct. A meeting was called to be held in the Panther Grove school-house. This meeting was well attended. Barney Troutman made a speech in which he said, describing the character of the war:

“Father is arrayed against son; brother is arrayed against brother, and comrades who stood side by side on the field of Waterloo, are now arrayed against each other.”

The demand of the government was met by the hiring of negroes, and the crisis was past, without a clash of arms in Cass.

In the latter part of the summer of 1863 occurred the noted Husted or Jacksonville raid. John Stokes, of Meredosia, a Knight of the Golden Circle, went to Springfield and divulged the secrets of the order as was reported, and the feeling against him was murderous. Another Knight, was John Husted of Beardstown, who was then a well-known character, and was much better known soon thereafter.



JOHN HUSTED.

the car, if that was his intent, but was arrested upon a warrant issued at the instance of Stokes at Meredosia, charging him with an attempt to commit murder. It was agreed that the trial should take place at Jacksonville on the following Monday. Husted retained James M. Epler, then an attorney of Beardstown, and the latter drove the next day (Sunday) to Jacksonville and engaged Cyrus Epler to assist in the defense.

In the meantime the news spread like wild fire that Husted was to be dragged off by U. S. soldiers to Springfield to be court martialed and word was sent to the friends of liberty to rally to the support of Husted, that he might receive a fair trial in a civil court. Judge Epler says that when he proceeded the next Monday morning to the court house in the Jacksonville public square he was greatly surprised to find the building and the square and the streets filled with people—many of whom were acquaintances of his from Cass county. Mr. F. M. Davis, of this city, estimates the “raiders” at two thousand in number: they came from Beardstown, Monroe, Chandlerville, Peters-

Husted was a native of Connecticut and had long been a resident of Beardstown; he was a constable and an auctioneer; he had much to do in the county seat fight of 1872 and '73 and we shall have occasion to refer to him later. He died in Quincy, Ill., within the last two years.

Very soon after the report of Stokes' treachery was generally known Husted was standing on the platform of the Wabash railroad in Jacksonville. A west bound train came in and Stokes was a passenger seated by an open car window, on the south side of the car. Husted engaged him in conversation and just as the train started it is claimed that Husted seized Stokes by the arm, with the intent to drag him through the window and throw him under the moving train. Husted did not succeed in getting Stokes out of

burg, Mason City and all the way between. There were wagons containing scores of loaded guns concealed under straw. Lest the reader might conclude that these raiders were a rough and disreputable set it is only necessary to say that many of our best people were among them, including Thomas Dyson, of Chandlerville, Samuel H. Petefish and John A. Petefish, of Virginia. Governor Yates was appealed to, for assistance, and he replied that Husted should be tried by a magistrate, under the laws of Illinois, and that was all that the raiders demanded.

There is no proof there was any other intention, but the fact that such a report as above stated was started and circulated with the results which followed is enough to demonstrate the fact that the people were expecting and were preparing for trouble.

The hearing was had in the regular way: Husted waived an examination, gave bonds for his appearance, and no bill was found against him; and thus ended the Jacksonville Raid.



## DR. HENRY HAMMOND HALL.

*By Dr. J. F. Snyder*

**M**ORGAN county was organized by act of the third general assembly on the 31st of January, 1823, from the northern part of Greene county, and comprised all the territory between Greene county on the south and the Sangamon river on the north, bounded on the west by the Illinois river, and on the east by Sangamon county, and included the present Scott and Cass counties. Its county seat, Jacksonville, was platted in 1825. Morgan county was part of the "Sangamon country," as the region, for eighty miles in width, extending along the Sangamon river from the Illinois to the Wabash river, was long known to the Indians, and later, to all emigrants bound for Illinois territory; and justly regarded as the most beautiful and fertile part of Illinois—not excelled by any district of the same limits in the United States.

After the close of the war of 1812 its fame as a land literally "flowing with milk and honey" spread far and wide, and attracted to it many of the more adventurous immigrants who then began to pour into Illinois from all the older states of the Union. The intrusive whites moved in, however, very cautiously, as the Sangamon country was then still in possession of those implacable enemies of all Americans, the Kickapoo Indians. In 1819 the government quieted their title, by purchase and treaty, and sent them to a reservation southwest of Fort Leavenworth. A few small bands of them lingered here for some years later. They were here—in what is now Cass county—until 1821, and, farther east, were on the Embarrass and Wabash rivers until 1832. As the red sovereigns left the state such of their ceded lands as had been surveyed and thrown open for pre-emption and sale began to be settled up rapidly.

Among the many prospectors, from a distance, who came, at a later date, to inspect this fair and productive land with the view of founding here his future home, was Dr. Henry H. Hall. He was a native of Ireland, born in July 1795, in county Antrim, almost in sight of the Giants' Causeway, of Protestant parents whose lineage had some admixture of Scotch blood. From local schools he received the usual elementary education, completing his literary and classic studies at the University of Glasgow where he graduated. Afterward he attended the medical college in Belfast, which conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and subsequently took a special course in surgery at the Royal Hospital in Dublin. Thus equipped for pursuing his chosen profession, the influence of his family secured for him a sur-

geon's commission in the British navy.

While serving in that capacity on an English war vessel a few years after cessation of hostilities between the United States and Great Britain in 1814, he obtained a furlough when in the harbor of New York, and made a tour through several of the eastern states. So well pleased was he with what he then and there saw of this country that upon returning to England he at once resigned his commission, and, as soon as he conveniently could, came back to the United States to become an American citizen and find here a permanent home. His first trial of the general practice of medicine was in the city of Baltimore where he located and offered to the public his professional services; but his stay there, so far as can now be learned, was of comparatively short duration—long enough perhaps for him to discover the vast difference between the study of medicine as a sublime theory, and its practice as a dreary reality.

It is altogether probable—as has been the case with hundreds of other young physicians who were endowed by nature with sense enough to know themselves—that when he came to realize the fact that he had prepared himself for a life business for which he found he had neither taste or affinity, he wisely dropped it, and concluded to try something else in which he might, at least, feel some interest and pleasure. In that settled conviction he left the Monumental City and made his way down into Accomac county in old Virginia where he transformed himself into a farmer, or “planter” as agriculturists were styled in the South. Finding, by experience, that calling more genial to his talents and notions, he laid aside his profession as reserve capital for exigencies that might occur in the future. In the course of his residence there he became acquainted with Miss Ann Pitt Beard, the accomplished daughter of a wealthy neighboring planter, and their rapidly growing mutual regard ripened into a higher sentiment that culminated—as such affairs usually do—in their marriage on the 1st day of December, 1818. The young couple then settled down on a well-stocked plantation in that county, known as “Pitt’s Neck,” apparently for the rest of their natural lives. Dr. Hall was not of the same race as the descendants of the cavaliers to whom he had joined his destinies by marriage; nor was he of the Puritan stock that fought with Cromwell, and later made Plymouth Rock famed in history; but he was the scion of a people known the world over for energy, industry and ambitious enterprise. He faithfully tried for some years to coerce wealth from the poor, sandy soil of that old plantation on the eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay, but with discouraging results.

Becoming disgusted with the sterility of that part of the Old Dominion, and its slow, antiquated business methods, Dr. Hall concluded not to waste his life in a continuous struggle for subsistence there, but try to find in the West a fresher and better field where his efforts and energies would meet with more generous reward. Near by, in Maryland, he heard of Archibald Job, originally from that state, who had gained political prominence in Illinois, and was then a state senator representing one of its large central, or western, districts in the legislature, and wrote to him for information regarding the physical features and economic prospects of that country. Mr. Job’s answer was so favorable that he determined to go and personally examine that new and promising region as soon as practicable.

Having made all necessary arrangements for a protracted absence, he left his home in the spring of 1831, and, by the then customary route of travel, by way of Baltimore and over the Alleghany mountains by stage, thence down the Monongahela, and Ohio rivers, and up the Mississippi and Illinois, by boats, he arrived in due time at Beardstown. He landed in that village when it happened to be an especially lively place. The volunteers called out by Gov. Reynolds to repel the invasion of Black Hawk and his half-starved band of Sacs and Foxes, ordered to rendezvous there, were camped in and all around the place, and still coming in daily by hundreds. On both sides of the river their horses were grazing on the bottom in all directions, and the darkness of night was dispelled by their innumerable camp fires.

The Doctor, however, had not journeyed to the western prairies in quest of military glory, and saw nothing in the appearance of the motley mob gathered on the banks of the placid Illinois to inspire him with martial ardor; consequently, he did not join the militia, but got away from them as quickly as he could.

From Beardstown he made his way to the farm-house of Archibald Job in Sylvan Grove, and made it the basis of his further explorations. Securing a horse, saddle, and bridle he began a systematic inspection of the country as far as Jacksonville on the south and Springfield on the east, closely examining its soil, timber and streams. The Sangamon country was a new revelation to him. He had seen nothing approaching it in grandeur of landscape, fertility of soil, either in Ireland, Scotland, England or Old Virginia. The prairies covered with tall waving grass flecked with brilliant wild flowers, skirted by large groves of dark green woods, through which coursed rivulets of clear spring water: all enlivened by song of birds and whirring flight of startled quails and flocks of prairie chickens, presented a scene of rural beauty that charmed and captivated him. He was charmed and enchanted by his novel surroundings, not, however, in a poetic sense—for the Doctor was totally destitute of either poetry or music—but his practical mind saw in that grand expanse of virgin soil the latent possibilities of its future production of wealth, and certainty of its speedy development and rapid increase in value.

He wasted no time in sentimental musings, but set about selecting several hundred acres of land that Messrs Job, Murray McConnell, and himself considered averaging well with the best in that part of Morgan county, lying principally in the prairie some three miles west and southwest of Mr. Job's place, then went to the land office at Springfield and filed his pre-emption claims to hold possession. And the verdict of the past seventy-four years has fully sustained the soundness of his judgment in making that investment.

Archibald Job was a native of Maryland, born in 1784, and came to Illinois, settling at Sylvan Grove in 1819. In 1822 he was elected to represent Greene county—organized the year before from the northern part of Madison county—in the lower house of the legislature. The next year, Morgan county having been formed from the northern part of Greene, Mr. Job was again elected to the legislature in 1824 to represent Greene and Morgan. In 1826 he was elected to the state senate, his district comprising the present counties of Calhoun, Pike, Adams, Brown, Schuyler, Fulton, Morgan, Scott, Cass, Mason, Tazewell and Peoria. He was a whig, and again was a candidate for the senate in 1830, but was defeated by James Evans, a Jackson democrat.

In 1839 he was appointed one of the three commissioners to build the first state house at Springfield—the one since converted into the Sangamon county court house there. Mr. Job died at Ashland, in this county, in 1874 at the age of 90 years. Having tentatively secured all the land he was able to pay for Dr. Hall returned to Virginia in the fall to arrange his affairs preparatory to his final removal to the West. The records of the land office show that his lands were entered in November, 1833, by bounty land warrants issued by the government to the soldiers of the war of 1812, which Dr. Hall bought in the east, and sent to Springfield. He then came back to Illinois in 1834 for the purpose of providing suitable buildings for his future habitation. Fixing on a spot approximately near the center of Section 3 in Township 17 of Range 10, on the main road leading from Beardstown to Springfield, he engaged rural mechanics who had, like himself, recently come into this part of the country, to build two one-and-a-half story houses, framed and weather-boarded, the one for his residence on the south side of the road mentioned, and the other for a store house on its north side opposite the first. After seeing his buildings well under way, he went back to Virginia in the fall, and sold his plantation there for \$10,010—about half of its real value—and disposed of his live stock, and other movable property, then, with his family, left Virginia and took up his abode for the winter in the city of Philadelphia. While there he carefully selected, at his leisure, a large stock of general merchandise suitable, as he thought, for the western trade. that cost him over \$10,000, which he shipped, with his household furniture, wagons, agricultural implements, etc., to New Orleans, thence up the Mississippi and Illinois rivers, to Beardstown. Early in the spring of 1835, himself and wife and children took their departure from the city of Brotherly Love, by stage over the mountains, and proceeding as before, by steam navigation to Beardstown, thence thirteen miles farther east to his domicile in the prairie. His two houses were not quite completed when he arrived, but were finished during the summer, and are—in sound condition—still serviceable dwellings to this day.

Before leaving Philadelphia Dr. Hall employed there—and brought west with him—Charles Oliver, a young store clerk, to assist in his mercantile venture; and also hired James Thompson and wife, a stout young Irish couple not long married, for general work about the premises, and in putting some of his land in cultivation. They remained here the rest of their lives: Mr. Oliver, a few years after his arrival, married one of Mr. Job's daughters, and became one of the prominent merchants of Cass county; and Mr. Thompson was a successful and wealthy Sugar Grove farmer.

While Dr. Hall was passing the winter in Philadelphia, when writing to Mr. Job, on one occasion, in regard to the progress of his buildings and other business affairs here, he enclosed in his letter a ten dollar bill which he requested Mr. Job to invest for him in the purchase of black haws. His idea was to plant the seeds of the haws in the spring, and when they came up to utilize the young haw bushes for hedges to enclose his prairie land. He had observed when here some similarity between the Illinois haw bush and the English hawthorn, and thought the one would make as serviceable hedges as the other. Mr. Job perhaps dissuaded the Doctor from trying that experiment, as his farms were in time enclosed with the old-fashioned Virginia rail fences, and hedge fencing was not tried on Illinois prairies of this locality

until the Osage orange was introduced, and put in practical use for that purpose, by Prof. Jonathan Baldwin Turner, of Illinois College, in 1853.

Immediately upon arrival of the stock of goods, Dr. Hall and young Oliver, assisted by another young man named Bartlet, opened and arranged them in the store room and commenced active business. The first sale—made by Charles Oliver—was three pairs of shoes for the family of Wm. S. Berry purchased by his son Keeling Berry. But Dr. Hall soon discovered that he was no better adapted for the sedentary occupation of merchandising than he was for the practice of medicine. He required a freer scope for the exercise of his nervous energy and spirit of enterprise. Leaving the management of his store in great part to his clerks, he busied himself about everything that tended to the development and prosperity of the country, and the substantial improvement of his own real estate. This region was filling up with sturdy settlers whose cabins skirted the timber lines and began to invade the prairies. Beardstown was the gateway for many who came to this locality, and the road from that place to Springfield had become a widely known and much traveled thoroughfare. Immigrants, teamsters and prospectors taxed the few dwellers alongside the road for entertainment and supplies beyond the capacity and resources of their clearings.

When Dr. Hall commenced his active career in Illinois a new era was dawning upon the state. The rage for speculation, fostered by abundance of paper currency in circulation, and prospects of extensive internal improvements became epidemic. "New towns were projected everywhere. Sedate business men, lawyers, preachers, mechanics, farmers, were seized with the belief that towns they platted would soon grow to the proportions of cities, and large fortunes could be realized by sale of towh lots. More reliance was placed in improved river navigation for commercial transportation and development of the country's resources than in railroads or canals, that people knew little or nothing about. Consequently, every eligible site along the principal streams—and at many cross roads between them—was staked out for a new town."

Dr. Hall was early a victim of the town-building mania. He shrewdly foresaw that the large county of Morgan very probably would be subdivided within a few years, and a new county created from its northern portion. In that event his location would be centrally situated in the new county, and the proper place for its seat of justice. His residence and store were at the intersection of the main lines of travel from the Illinois river eastward, and from Jacksonville to the north, on a beautiful rolling prairie at the edge of timbered barrens extending to the Sangamon river ten miles distant. It was an ideal location for a town, and town lots, he wisely concluded, would sell more readily and for more money than raw prairie. His buildings were on the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of Section 3 in Township 17 of Range 10, and, as he owned the greater part, if not all, of that Section, he projected a town, with those buildings as a nucleus, to which he gave the name, Virginia, as a compliment to his wife's native state.

Early in the spring of 1836 he employed Johnston C. Shelton to survey and plat the town, assisted by Charles Oliver and Fent Sanders as chain carriers. Because of the favorable "lay of the land" the Beardstown and Springfield road was taken, without regard to the cardinal points of the compass. as

the basis of the survey and made a street, the other streets running parallel with, and at right angles to it. The result was—as the course of that road was not directly east and west through Section 3—the town deviates seven degrees from exact orientation. The plat of Virginia was recorded on May 17, 1836, and the first public sale of lots was made on the 6th of the following August, the day of the general state election. Many of them were sold at, what then was considered, good prices, and several of the purchasers began at once to build houses upon them.

Already a movement—originating in the loss of harmony between the interests of Beardstown and Jacksonville—had commenced for the creation of a new county to be carved from the northern portion of Morgan county, in which Dr. Hall took a particularly active part and became a very important factor. That was probably the busiest period of Dr. Hall's busy life. The promotion of his town, the contest for a new county, the improvement of his large tracts of land, and the care of his family and many financial interests, severely taxed his energies, and fully occupied every waking hour.

The ink on his town plat had scarcely dried when he employed two carpenters, Matt Beadles and Jack Powell, to build a two-story framed house on the southwest corner of the block upon which his residence was situated—where the Mann House now stands—designed ultimately for a tavern; and with other workmen he contracted for the construction of a saw and grist mill on Job's Creek, a mile or more north of his store house, to be run by water power. A dam was made across the little stream—remains of which are yet to be seen—and the mill when completed was, for a few months annually, of vast service and convenience to the community for several years.

The strenuous efforts of Dr. Hall, aided by Thos. Beard, Francis Arenz, Archibald Job, Richard S. Walker, and others, for organization of a new county were crowned with success by the act of the legislature, placing upon the map of Illinois the county of Cass, signed and approved by Gov. Duncan on the 3d of March, 1837. That legislature also decreed, on February 25, the removal of the state capitol from Vandalia to Springfield, and it was so removed on the 4th of July, 1839.

“That legislature, elected August 6th, 1836, including some of the hold-over senators, was, for mental strength and ability of its members, the most remarkable of any yet chosen in Illinois. No previous general assembly of our state, and very few since, has comprised such an array of brainy, talented, men; or as many who subsequently gained such eminence in the annals of the state and nation. In the senate were Orville H. Browning, Cyrus Edwards, Wm. J. Gatewood, John S. Hacker, Robt. K. McLaughlin, Henry I. Mills, Wm. Thomas, John D. Whiteside and John D. Wood. And in the House were Edward D. Baker, John Hogan, Milton Carpenter, Newton Cloud, Richard M. Cullom (father of U. S. Senator Shelby M. Cullom), John Dement, John Dougherty, Stephen A. Douglas, Jesse K. Duboise, Ninian W. Edwards, Wm. L. D. Ewing, Augustus C. French, John J. Hardin, Abraham Lincoln, Usher F. Linder, Dr. John Logan (father of Genl. John A. Logan), John A. McClernand, James Semple, John Moore, Wm. A. Richardson, James H. Ralston and Robert Smith. In this list are found one president of the United States, six who have occupied seats in the U. S. senate, eight congressmen, three governors, three lieutenant governors, two attorney generals, five state

treasurers, two state auditors, one superintendent of public instruction, and several supreme and circuit court judges.”

And yet, it was that body of learned and distinguished statesmen who committed, at that session, the supreme folly of enacting the famous Internal Improvement measures that, in three years, placed the state on the verge of bankruptcy burdened with a public debt of over \$14,000,000. In that assembly Morgan county had three senators, Wm. O’Rear, Wm. Thomas, and Wm. Weatherford, and seven representatives, Newton Cloud, Stephen A. Douglas, Wm. W. Happy, John J. Hardin, Jos. Morton, Richard S. Walker and John Wyatt.

In 1837 Dr. Hall sold his residence to Rev. Reddick Horn, and moved his family into the unfinished tavern building. Having no time to devote to merchandising, and finding that many of the goods he purchased in Philadelphia were too fine and costly to suit his western patrons, he sold his store in 1838 to Col. Amos West, who removed it, taking Charley Oliver along, to the west side of the public square. Dr. Hall then built an addition to his empty store room, into which he moved, and there resided for several years.

After attaining the cherished object for which he had expended so much time, labor and money, the new county, the Doctor was sorely disappointed by having Beardstown specified as its county seat in the organic act—provided, however, that the citizens of that town would, in the course of a year thereafter, contribute the sum of ten thousand dollars for the erection there of a court house and jail. That time was extended another year by the special session held in July 1837. Beardstown failing to comply with the condition imposed, the next legislature passed a bill, on the 2nd day of March, 1839, declaring the town of Virginia to be the county seat of Cass county, upon the same condition it had been offered to Beardstown, that its citizens would provide a court house and jail there for public use at their own expense.

In laying out the town of Virginia Dr. Hall set apart several lots for churches, and the entire block west of the one his residence was on for a public park. He also donated to the county commissioners, for public use, fifteen acres of land, subsequently known as “the public grounds,” adjoining the town on the west.

The citizens of Virginia unhesitatingly accepted the county seat with obligations specified in the act of March, 1839, whereupon Dr. Hall proposed to the board of county commissioners that if the fifteen acres, or public grounds, he had given to aid the county in the erection of future public buildings, were reconveyed to him he would himself build thereon for the county a court house and jail. That very liberal offer was agreed to by the county authorities, and as quickly as practicable Dr. Hall set a troop of laborers and mechanics at work to execute his part of the contract. A court house square was surveyed, and the balance of the public grounds surrounding it platted lots, streets and alleys. Near by bricks were made and burned, while lumber, shingles and other necessary building materials, were procured, from which arose during the summer a substantial brick house of two stories with ample rooms for the courts and county offices. The jail, also constructed of brick, was placed on the interior lot of another block near by.

The November term, 1839, of the circuit court was held in Virginia by Judge Samuel H. Treat, who appointed N. B. Thompson circuit clerk. The

sheriff was Lemon Plaster.

At the time Dr. Hall had the bricks manufactured for the public buildings, a sufficient quantity were made for the building of a roomy story and a half house, erected the next year, on his Lin Grove farm, a mile south of the court house; to which he moved early in 1841, and resided there until his death. He sold his tavern in Virginia to Matt Beadles in 1838; but his storehouse was not disposed of until his heirs sold it to Jack Manley in 1850.

Providing for establishing the county seat of Cass county in Virginia, in 1839, by legislative enactment, and prompt compliance by Dr. Hall and his friends with the conditions that enactment imposed, awakened the citizens of Beardstown to a realization of the mistake they made by neglecting to accept the same conditions first offered to them; and incited a spirit of envious rivalry between the two towns not entire dissipated after the life of two generations has passed. So strong was the feeling of resentment in Beardstown, and open threats were made there at the time, that Dr. Hall employed men to guard the court house and jail (he was having constructed) every night until they were completed and accepted by the county commissioners, for fear of their destruction by hired incendiaries.

The Beardstown people then laid their plans for retrieving the consequences of their previous indifference. Their town was unquestionably very nearly, if not quite, the center of the county's population, as all the region east of Virginia was very sparsely settled; and it was, moreover, the business center and emporium, not only of the county, but of an extensive scope of country on both sides of the Illinois river. The tactics they adopted were the same that Virginia, years later, employed with success in final solution of that aggravated contest. They offered to build there, for the county, a court house and jail at their own expense if the county seat was removed to that place; and, in the spring of 1843, petitioned the county commissioners to order an election—in accordance with provisions of the general statutes—for and against removal of the county seat from Virginia to Beardstown. Having no opinion in the matter, the commissioners ordered such an election to take place on the first Monday, (the 4th) of September, 1843, which resulted in 453 votes cast for removal, and 288 against it. The following year, 1844, was remarkable for the unprecedented overflow of all the western streams, inundating all the river bottoms and converting them into great lakes, and making of Beardstown an island on both sides of which steamboats freely passed. During that year the citizens of that town, faithful to their agreement, built on the block east of the public park, a suitable two-story brick court house, and jail, which they conveyed to the county. When both buildings were fully completed the records and papers of the county's seat of justice were removed from Dr. Hall's town into them, on February 5th, 1845, and remained there—on the border of "the great national highway"—with two strenuous, but unsuccessful, attempts on the part of Virginia to recover them—until 1872, when after another election the county seat was again established in Dr. Hall's town, after exhaustive litigation, by a majority of just eight votes of all cast in the county.

The people of Cass county were, from its first organization, dissatisfied with its narrow limits, and soon began agitating the annexation of a strip of territory from Morgan county three miles in width, extending across that



county from east to west. Dr. Hall was, as usual, one of the first to advocate that measure, and one of the most active and influential workers to accomplish it. He was untiring in his efforts, and unsparing of his means, to secure the necessary legislation, and to win the residents of that part of Morgan county over to the interests of Cass. He personally visited every voter in it, and by various arguments, embellished with a good deal of Irish blarney, persuaded a good many of them to favor secession from Morgan county,

By an act of the legislature, passed on February 26, 1845,—just after the county seat had been moved from Virginia—the voters residing on the coveted three mile strip were directed to express, at an election, their wish as to which county they preferred to belong. That election was held on the first Monday of the following May, the voting places designated being at Arenzville, Princeton, and the farm houses of Wm. Berry and Henry Price. The proposition to again reduce the area of Morgan county by seventy-five square miles, or more, of its territory, met with violent opposition from a few, but was carried at the polls by 246 of the settlers voting for attachment to Cass county, and 78 for remaining a part of Morgan. Thereupon the three mile strip was transferred to the jurisdiction of Cass county.

Feeling, to a certain extent, consoled, if not compensated, by that victory for the late defeat of Virginia by Beardstown, Dr. Hall avoided further prominence in the management of public affairs, and gave all his time and attention to his large lauded interests, content to bide his time when limitations of the statutes would permit Virginia to renew the contest for regaining the county seat.

There were but few points in the personality of Dr. Hall that were particularly striking or impressive. In stature he was of medium height, 5 feet 8 inches tall, erect, muscular and well-proportioned, with the usual weight of about 190 pounds. His face—always smoothly shaved—was regular in every feature, and expressive of firmness and self-reliance. With ruddy complexion he had dark hazel-colored eyes, and (when young) auburn hair. He was of nervous temperament, active and quick-motined, having frank and rather abrupt manners, a temper easily irritated, strong resentments and much determination of purpose. There was nothing of the comedian about Dr. Hall; no dissimulation; no habitual smile; no fondness for practical jokes or idle amusements; no quibbling or temporizing; but, looking only upon the serious aspect of life, he was always earnest, straightforward, and very careful of his own interests.

He generally dressed neatly, and in appearance, habits, and speech—from which latter, education had almost entirely eliminated the native Irish brogue—he was more like an Englishman of the middle class than a product of the peat bogs.

For the highly educated scholar his descendants represent him to have been, Dr. Hall, when in Illinois, was not a student, and manifested but little taste for books and literature. Nor was he particularly noted for culture and refinement, or courtly graces in social intercourse: or very choice of terms and idioms to express himself when irritated. His proficiency as a physician or surgeon is not known, as his very limited (and reluctant) practice here was confined to occasional prescriptions, and emergency treatment not regarded by him as a source of revenue. Clear headed, and well informed on matters

of general interest, he was pleasant and entertaining in conversation. Not always in amiable mood, or ostentatiously benevolent or charitable, he was kind-hearted and generous, and ever ready to aid a friend, or relieve suffering and distress, though not a church member or attached to any secret society. Conforming to the universal custom of that day, he kept liquors on his side-board and in his cellar—as adjuvants to his cordial hospitality—and in their use, as in diet, was not restrained by any puritanical notions of abstemiousness.

In politics he was a Jacksonian democrat, but not a politician, and concerned himself very little about the management of his party, or of the government. His highest ambition in public affairs was to advance his own welfare by promoting the progress of the country and the community in which he lived. Selfishness sufficient for self protection, honesty, truthfulness and personal integrity were the leading traits of his character. He drove sharp bargains, and got the best end of every transaction if he could; but all that he promised could be implicitly relied on. His highest intellectual ability was manifested in his business and financiering sagacity. When the country, flooded with cheap paper currency, was on the crest of fictitious prosperity, Dr. Hall made wise and safe investments in real estate. Shrewdly foreseeing the inevitable reaction in business when all the banks suspended specie payment in 1837, he “unloaded” his stock of unsaleable goods on Col. Amos West in the spring of 1838, and sold his tavern building to Matt Beadles, at good figures and secured the pay for them. Collapse of the wild Internal Improvement scheme in 1839 completed the crash, and placed Illinois on the verge of financial ruin. All branches of trade and commerce were paralyzed, all sound money was driven out of the country, and the “shinplaster” currency (bank notes) in circulation daily depreciated in value until it was practically worthless. Yet; in that appalling business depression Dr. Hall built the court house and jail in Virginia, and the brick house on his Lin Grove place, and made many improvements on his other farms, meeting all his obligations promptly without incurring any indebtedness.

But wary and astute as he was in all his dealings, he got badly caught in the purchase of that Lin Grove farm and lost it by oversight of an obscure principle of law. The land on which the grove stood was bought from the government by Thomas Payne, (the father of Mrs. Dr. L. S. Allard, Mrs. Dr. Parmenio L. Phillips, Mrs. I. N. White, and the wife of D. M. Irwin) who entered the south 80 acres in 1830 and the north 80 acres in 1834, together comprising the west half of the west half of Sec. 9 of T. 17 in R. 10. Mr. Payne, who resided on the land, when about to die made a will, on the fourth day of September, 1835, in which he directed that, after his death, all his land and personal property should be sold by his executor for the interest, support and education of his children, and the remainder to be distributed in equal parts to them upon their marriage or when they became of age; the land, however, not to be sold until it would bring eight dollars per acre. But he named no executor in his will and died shortly after.

On September 9, 1835, the court appointed Benjamin H. Gatton administrator, with will annexed, of Mr. Payne's estate, who duly qualified and gave bond. He then sold to Dr. Hall, who owned land east, west and north of it, the 160 acres of Payne's for \$1400, which was more than \$8 per acre, and

made a deed for it to Hall on the second of October, 1835.

It was there Dr. Hall blundered in totally disregarding the ancient legal maxim, *caveat emptor*, ("let the purchaser beware"). N. B. Thompson, as sharp a business man as Dr. Hall, wanted Lin Grove and told the doctor he intended to get it yet; but Hall, secure in possession of a deed, went on and built his house and outhouses on the land and moved his family there. Payne's heirs grew up, and N. B. Thompson, or some other person, pointing out to them the invalidity of Dr. Hall's title emanating from an administrator not named in Payne's will, who sold the land without an order from the court, they commenced an ejectment suit against Dr. Hall to regain possession of it.

The suit was commenced in Cass county in 1843 and was taken by change of venue to the Sangamon circuit court and tried there, before Judge Samuel H. Treat and a jury, in 1844. It was decided against Dr. Hall and he appealed to the supreme court by his attorney, Hon. Wm. A. Minshall, of Schuyler county. The lawyers for Payne's heirs were Wm. Thomas, of Morgan, and Abraham Lincoln, of Sangamon. That court also decided against Dr. Hall, by sustaining the decision of the lower court. The opinion of the supreme court was delivered by Justice Koerner, who held that Gatton had no authority to act, as he was not named as executor in the will. Two of the judges, however, dissented from that opinion, Young and Scates, who held that, as Payne did not name an executor, he evidently intended that the court would appoint one who would thereby have all the authority to convey title under the will. Judge Young in his dissenting opinion said:

"I cannot perceive that either justice or equity will be promoted by annulling the acts of the administrator and confiscating the rights of an innocent bona fide purchaser, for a full and valuable consideration, after the lapse of ten years, where no fraud is imputed to him, and where all the proceedings, for aught that appears in the record, seems to have been conducted according to the forms prescribed by law."

The statute granted a second trial to defendents in ejectment cases, and Dr. Hall again took the matter into court, but died before a decision was rendered. It was again decided in favor of the Payne heirs later after which four of them sold their undivided interest to N. B. Thompson and the remaining one-fifth was purchased by Henry H. Hall, jr., and they divided the land between them Hall taking one-fifth off the north end and Thompson taking the remainder with the buildings.

The stringency of money matters in Illinois reached the point of greatest distress in 1841 when the state, without a dollar in its treasury, could make no provision to pay the interest due on its enormous indebtedness, and stagnation checked all lines of traffic. Yet, in the spring of that year, before moving to his Lin Grove farm, Dr. Hall, at a public sale, disposed of a large lot of surplus movable property at good prices, and collected all of his sales at maturity. In that year, 1841, congress passed a bankrupt law—to enable dishonest people to *legally* rob their confiding creditors—but Dr. Hall had taken such precaution that he suffered very little loss from that class. During all the memorable "hard times", from 1837 to 1842, he not only retained all his large landed possession, but added to them by purchasing other tracts, and increased their value by improvements.

In 1846 Dr. Hall's health began to fail. Much of the time during that year he was confined to his house by malarial disorders that permanently deranged the functions of circulation, and resulted in dropsy. The winter's cold brought him no relief, and by return of milder weather in the spring he was an invalid passed any reasonable prospect of recovery. The best physicians of the country exhausted their efforts and skill to arrest the progress of his malady without success. Among them Dr. David Prince, then Professor of Surgery in the medical department of Illinois College, came repeatedly from Jacksonville and gave him temporary respite from suffering by tapping him. But he gradually grew weaker and less able to resist the ravages of disease, until death ended the unequal struggle on the 14th of July, 1847.

At his country home near the town he founded, surrounded by his family and friends, and all the comforts wealth could command, when but little past the meridian of life, Dr. Hall died at the early age of 52 years, leaving to his heirs the largest and most valuable landed estate in the county. He was buried in the beautiful grove near his residence, and there his unmarked grave remained undisturbed until in the autumn of 1880, when his ashes were exhumed and reinterred, near those of the other dead of his family collected together, in the Virginia cemetery.

Ann Pitt Beard, wife of Dr. Hall, was born November 15th, 1798, and reared on a plantation well stocked with African slaves, in Accomac county, Virginia, and retained all her life a partiality for the customs, manners, and institutions of the South. Tall, straight, and handsome featured, a brunette with black eyes and glossy black hair, sprightly in motion and speech. intelligent and well educated, she justly ranked as a beauty in girlhood, and as a matron was highly esteemed by all who knew her for beauty of character and her many womanly virtues. She died at the residence of her son, Robert Hall, in Philadelphia precinct, Cass county, on the 2d day of January, 1880, at the age of 81 years, 1 month and 17 days.

Besides his wife, five of their children were living at the time of Dr. Hall's death, namely:

Mrs. Ann Pitt Shackelford, who was born in Accomac county, Virginia, Aug. 19th, 1821, and died in Virginia, Ill., on March 14th, 1902.

Henry H. Hall, born Aug. 26, 1826, still living.

John Pitt Hall, born March 17th, 1829, and died of Asiatic cholera, at Peoria, Ills., on the 29th of October, 1850.

Mrs. Eliza Tomlin, born March 14th, 1831, still living.

Robert Hall, who has the distinction of being the first child born in the town of Virginia, Cass county, Ill., made his advent here on the 19th day of June, 1835, and is yet very much alive.

Previous to Dr. Hall's death the following named five children were born and passed away in childhood:

John Hall, born Dec. 31st, 1819, died July 19th, 1821.

Henry Hall, born Feb. 10th, 1823, died Oct. 22d, 1823.

Henry H. Hall, born Oct. 31st, 1824, died Jan. 22d, 1826.

Eliza Hall, born Nov. 12th, 1827, died Aug. 14th, 1828.

Jane Hall, born Sept. 18th, 1837, died Aug. 4th, 1839.

No portrait of Dr. Hall is now extant.

## CASS COUNTY ELECTION, A. D. 1838.

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On August 14, 1837, a few days after the election described on page 51, the newly elected county commissioners Joshua P. Crow, Amos Bonney and Geo. F. Miller met and organized their court: the oath was administered by Thomas Pogue a justice.

John A. Pratt the elected county clerk filed his bond and took the oath of office.

The court proceeded to divide the county in magistrate and constables districts six in number named Beardstown, Monroe, Virginia, Sugar Grove, Richmond and Bowen's districts. The voting place in Sugar Grove was established at Philadelphia, in Richmond district at the town of Richmond: in Bowen's district at the house of David Karr. The judges in Beardstown district were Peter B. Bell, William L. Felix, and Jasper Neiper: at Monroe Alex Huffman, Jasper Buck and James Arnold: At Virginia John Scott, James Ross and Jacob I. Brown: at Sugar Grove Henry Hopkins, John Slack and John Wilson: at Richmond Robert Leeper, Carey Nance and John Taylor: at Bowen's John Waggoner, Jeremiah Northern and William Cole.

It should be borne in mind that these districts were the sections of territory in which justices and constables were elected and served the people; the general election districts yet remained three in number: Beardstown, Virginia and Richmond.

Thomas Plasters and John P. Dick at this August meeting of the county commissioners' court tendered their resignations as constables of the Lucas precinct which had been changed in name to the Richmond precinct.

On September 4, 1837, Thomas Plasters, jr., was appointed school commissioner for Cass county: on same day Thomas Wilbourn resigned as county treasurer and on September 6, William W. Babb was appointed treasurer.

On September 16, a tavern license was issued to Wm. P. Finch at New Philadelphia: and a license to sell goods at Monroe was issued to Beasley & Schaeffer.

In December 1837 a tavern license was issued to Eaton Nance. Richmond precinct.

On January 1, 1838 a license was issued to James H. Ross to sell goods in Virginia.

At the March term 1838, \$25 was allowed to Augustus Knapp for rent of the court house in Beardstown, and at same time a tavern license was issued to M. H. Beadles and to John De Webber and a license to John De Webber to sell goods.

On June 6, 1838, A. Dunlap was allowed \$13.50 for conveying N. Graves prisoner from New Philadelphia to Virginia and guarding him and John Creel, A. Bowen, J. W. Payton, I. M. McClain and each allowed \$3.75 for guarding said prisoner and to Levi Conover, Alfred Elder, John W. McClure, Isaac Mitchell, Richard Gatton and H. D. Wilcox were allowed pay for guarding said prisoner Graves; and to William Scott was allowed \$2.00 as justice for trying said Graves.

On August 6, 1838, a general election was held in Illinois; the election at Beardstown was held in the rooms rented of Knapp by the county commissioners, called the court house: the judges were Benjamin H. Gatton, John McKown and John Williams; the clerks were John Ayers and Thomas Graham, jr. At Virginia the election was held at the house of Madison H. Beadles: the judges were Jackson T. Powell, James Daniel and William Moore and the clerks were Thomas Pothicary and W. H. H. Carpenter. In Richmond precinct the election was held at the store house in Richmond; the judges were John Taylor, Robert Leeper and Peter Dick: the clerks were Orren Hicks and Lucius Lyon.

The candidates voted for at said election were:

For governor, Cyrus Edwards and Thomas Carlin.

For lieutenant governor, William H. Davidson and Stinson H. Anderson.

For member of congress, John T. Stuart and Stephen A. Douglas.

For state senator, Josiah Lamborn and William Thomas.

For state legislature, Thomas Beard, Henry McKean and William Holmes.

For sheriff, Lemon Plasters and Charles H. Oliver.

For county treasurer, William H. Nelms, William Scott and Isaiah Paschal.

For county surveyor, James Berry and Lawrence Clark.

For coroner, William Cox, Halsey Smith and John DeWebber.

For county commissioner, Joshua P. Crow, Amos Bonney, George F. Miller, Isaac C. Spence, Henry McHenry, Charles Brady and John B. Witty.

The names of the voters at this election, which are not found among the voters at the election of 1837, here follow: opposite the name of one voter at Beardstown is entered "Winnebago Co.:" opposite another, "Schuyler Co.:" opposite another, "Morgan Co.:" These were probably visitors, and to them was extended the courtesy of the voting privileges, as new settlers are noted for hospitality to guests:

**Names of the voters upon the Beardstown list:**

<b>A</b>			
Anders, George	Alexander, Thomas	Altman, John	Artquast, Michl
<b>B</b>			
Barnett, D	Butler, Wm	Bunn, Jacob	Brazel, Seymour
Barger, John	Brooks, Linus	Benson, Daniel	Bair, Charles
Blackman, Jas H	Benner, John S		
<b>C</b>			
Carr, Jas	Carr, David	<u>Cowan</u> , Lewis	Canfield, J L
Clark, Lawrence	Crane, Silas	Carpenter, Geo W	Clemmons, Owen
		Cross, David	
<b>D</b>			
Dunsmore, Daniel	Duchardt, John	Dutch, Henry S	Dummer, Henry E
DeHaven, McKeever	Dowler, J R	Dutch, Ezra	Dunsmore, Hosea
Duchardt, Chris	Dardee, George	Decker, Henry	Daugherty, Robt. B

**Names of the voters upon the Virginia list:**

		<b>B</b>	
Beall, Thos O	Bane, Daniel	Bright, Wm	Bright, Daniel
Boicourt, John	Berry, Thomas		
		<b>C</b>	
Campbell, Jas	Crow, Ira	Collins, Greenbury	Clifford, Lawrence
Cunningham, Andrew	Cole, William	Carver, Elijah	Carpenter, W H H
		<b>D</b>	
Dirreen, Edward	Daniel, Elijah		
		<b>F</b>	
		Fuller, Sidney	
		<b>G</b>	
Gatton, Thomas	Goltra, John W	Gorham, Wm C	
Forall, Fredk	Farrall, John	Fulks, John B	
		<b>G</b>	
Gaedking, Henry	Gender, Fredk	Gatton, B H	
		<b>H</b>	
Holms, John	Holt, Charles	Hager, Amos	Haskins, Wm
Hermeyer, Henry	Hinkel, Fredk	Hoffman, John	Hill, Sylvester
Holtzmann, C	Holtmeier, Henry		
		<b>I</b>	
Ingram, Allen	Ingram, James M		
		<b>J</b>	
		Jokisch, Gottlieb	
		<b>K</b>	
King, Azariah	Kettler, Gottlieb	Kuhl, Chrls	Kuhl, Geo
		<b>L</b>	
Lemon, Albert	Liberkarr, Jno		
		<b>M</b>	
McHaven, Jno	Marshall, Simeon	Miner, Antone	Marks, James
Moore, Peter	Mal v, Frederick	Moss, Simeon	Mler, Henry
Mos-, E W	Miller, Henry	Musser, James	Miller, Henry B
Means, James	Marshall, James		
		<b>N</b>	
Nickle, Henry	Northern, Ed M	Nelms, W H	
		<b>O</b>	
Oetgen, W	Overall, J W		
		<b>P</b>	
		Patterson, Wm	
		<b>Q</b>	
		Quaite, James	
		<b>R</b>	
Revis, Charles	Rice, Harry	Rhuman, Moses	Ruckel, John
Rich, Francis	Robinson, Francis		
		<b>S</b>	
Smith, Amos sr	Smith, Amos jr	Smith, Benj F	Seibert, Gideon
Seeger, J C A	Steven, Sylvester		
		<b>T</b>	
Turner, Joseph	Treadway, Lawson	Tiele, Charles	Taylor, John B
		<b>V</b>	
		Van Ness, George	
		<b>W</b>	
Wells, John	Walker, Cyrus	Wedeking, Henry	Willis, Nathan
Wells, Jacob D	Wirt, David	Wallace, James	Wheeler, Harrison

**H**

Harris, George Hamilton, Absalom

**J**

Jennings, Thos

**K**

Kassinger, Wm Kelley Joseph

**L**

Lindsey, John

**M**

McCord, David A	McDonald, Joseph	McDonald, John	McGilland, Wm
Mosely, John J	Murray, Wm	Matthew, Jas D	Mosely, Thomas
	Martin, Ebenezer F		

**N**

Newman, David

**O**

Outten, Luther

**P**

Peirsen, John	Powell, Yancy	Parker, Wm R	Pothicary, Thomas
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**R**

Robertson, John	Ross, Henry I	Ross, George O.	Reed Adam
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**S**

Shaw, George	Shattuck, Calvin	Samuel, Thos	Samuel Benj F
Samuel, Jas D	Samuel, Andrew	Sanders, L F	

**T**

Taylor, Ellis	Thompson, Jas	Thornsbury, Jas	
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**U**

Underwood, Phineas sr

**W**

Wiseman, Solomon	Williams, Thomas
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**Names of the voters upon the Richmond list:**

**A**

Alexander, R

**B**

Bonny, George	Brockway, Jos	Briant, Lucien
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**C**

Clodfelter, Jacob	Clodfelter, Chas	Clodfelter, Jacob	Crawford, Josiah
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**D**

Dick, John P	Dick, Levi	Davis, Stephen	Daniel, Major
Dare, Samuel	Dew, Wm	Dew, Joseph	

**G**

Goodell, Horace	Goff, Daniel
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**H**

Hickey, Willard	Hash, Thomas	Hawthorn, Jas	Hicks, Orren
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**I**

Ingalls, Henry L

**L**

Lee, Stephen	Lyon, Lucien
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**M**

McCaulley, W H	McDonald, Richard	Martin, Wm	Morgan, Wm P
	Maray, Dwight S		

**N**

Nance, Allen

**R**

Rogers, Wm	Richardson, J C	Ray Daniel
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**S**

Sutton, Benj

**V**

Vannetten, Anthony

Vannetten, John

**W**

Watkins, Elijah

As stated in the sketch of the election of 1837, neither the name of Thomas Pothicary nor of Andrew Cunningham appeared as a voter of this county of that year, although it is known they were here. The name of Henry E. Dummer did not appear in that list, but does appear in this: so the reader may know that Judge Dummer was on the ground in little Cass as early as 1838, if not before that time. The list of voters of 1837 numbered four hundred and ninety-six, and in this list of additional names, one year later appear two hundred and two, which gives the reader some idea of the growth of the population of the county during twelve months. It should be remembered that the three mile strip was not acquired until after this time.

This election resulted in the election of Lemon Plasters sheriff, William H. Nelms treasurer, Lawrence Clark surveyor, Halsey Smith coroner, and Isaac Spence, Amos Bonney and Joshua P. Crow were declared elected county commissioners, although the returns show that Henry McHenry received more votes than either Bonney or Crow. Thos. Carlin democratic candidate for governor received 155 votes and Cyrus Edwards candidate for governor received 316 votes, which proves that Cass was then a strong whig county. Stuart was elected to congress, Thomas to state senate, William Holmes to the legislature and Thomas Carlin elected governor of Illinois.

## VIRGINIA, ILLINOIS, IN A. D. 1860.

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**I**T is the purpose of this article to give a fairly accurate description of the town of Virginia twenty-four years after its location by Dr. Henry H. Hall, and three years after its incorporation by the legislature of the State of Illinois. It will be necessary for the reader to give his entire attention to the study of it, as some portions of the description are rather difficult to make sufficiently clear.

Many of the readers of these sketches now being published in the *ENQUIRER*, are greatly interested in them, while others have expressed contempt for them; to the latter it may be said there is no obligation on the part of any subscriber to read all the contents of the paper; it is published for all members of the community, and all can find something to their taste, and if these sketches are wearisome, the wearied ones, might turn back to the neighborhood items, regularly sent in over the rural routes, and "fill up" on them.

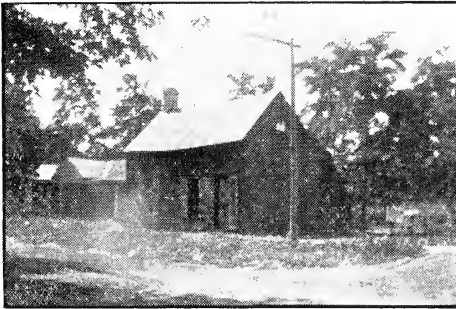
The original town of Virginia is 1340 feet square, covering an area of about 41 acres, and was laid out on the 24th day of May, A. D. 1836, and consisted of nine blocks, of which block numbered 77 is marked on the plat as Market, Washington Fountain Square, Court House, on which the present court house now stands.

The size of the greater portion of the lots is 60 feet by 120 feet, and are 153 in number. These lots sold so rapidly, that on July 1st, 1837, Dr. Hall laid out an addition to the original town which consisted of three blocks added on the easterly side of the original plat, and also three blocks added on the westerly side of said original plat; the lots in this addition running from 1 up to 118.

It is unfortunate for a child to be born and reared in a small town which is not laid out "square with the world."

This town was laid out upon an angle of north thirty-three degrees east. It is both ludicrous and pathetic to see an average man try to examine a map. He will look at the map, then look out of the window; next he will get up and move his chair, take another observation, and give it up; if he is trying to find a farm, he will then begin to make marks upon the floor or upon paper. He does not know that the top of the map is north; probably was never taught. The average lady shopper who makes regular trips to Jacksonville or Springfield, does not know the south side of the square from the east side, and must feel herself lost until she gets home again. It is to be hoped that the lady members of the Travellers Club, do not belong to the class indicated. Dr. Snyder in his sketch of Dr. Hall, says the town was laid out with the

Springfield and Beardstown state road; old settlers say that this road passed the Dewebber tavern which stood upon the north half of the southwest quarter of Sec 2 T 17 R 10 about one-fourth of a mile east of the present C. P. & St. L. depot, and from there ran north of the present town plat and thence nearly straight west, through the land now owned by Daniel Biddlecome more than a half mile south of its present location. The act to locate said road was passed by the legislature of the state, January 2nd, 1833, and authorized John Morris and Hiram Penny, of Sangamon county, and Isaac R. Bennett, of Morgan county, to locate the road from Springfield to Beardstown, (which was then in Morgan county). They were directed to locate it upon the nearest and most direct route regarding only the highest and driest ground, so as to do the farms as little injury as practicable; to have the same accurately surveyed and staked and make a full report to the county commissioners' courts of Sangamon and Morgan counties as soon after April 1, 1833, as possible. What these commissioners did in the matter, is unknown. Concerning the location of this road, Mr. Graff the county clerk of Morgan coun-



Dwelling of Dr. Hall in which Robert Hall was born in 1835. Still occupied as a residence.

ty sent the writer a letter of date November 13, 1905, in which he says: "I have looked carefully through our indexes and records, also through plats in Judge Kirby's office and am unable to find any record of road as referred to in your letter." Dr. Hall built his dwelling and store building on the prairie in 1834 and 1835; the dwelling still stands upon its original foundation upon lot 87 of the original plat, and the store building stood upon lots 43 and 44 of said plat; the store was almost directly east of the dwelling, and Robert Hall says, that when his father laid out the town, he located Springfield street to run between these two buildings, and the angle happened to be north 33 degrees

east. This explanation is likely to be the correct one. The state road struck the ground on which Ashland lies coming from the southeast, but the proprietors of that town in 1857 located it "square with the world," and the travelers upon the state road, went through the town on an east and west line: it is a pity that Dr. Hall did not use a compass in erecting his first buildings.

When the town and the addition thereto were platted the county was Morgan, and when afterward, in the year 1837, Cass county was organized, the act of the legislature establishing the county of Cass provided that the county seat should be located at Beardstown, upon condition that the people of that town should erect county buildings of the value of ten thousand dollars within one year, and in case of neglect so to do, the county commissioners were authorized to remove the seat of justice to Virginia, if fifteen acres of land should be donated to the county for public use. The people of Beardstown failing and neglecting to erect the buildings as provided, the county officials contracted with Dr. Hall for fifteen acres of land adjacent to the plat upon the west, and in order to locate the court house upon a square in the center of a plat of fifteen acres, it was removed a little west of the addition to the town, on account of a depression in the surface of the prairie adjoining the said addition. The fifteen acres was platted as the Public Grounds of Cass county, on the 21st day of June, 1838, and at the same time the narrow strip 797 feet long and 252 wide lying between the Public grounds and the addition was subdivided into 13 lots and denominated the "Addition to the Public Grounds."

Soon after the plat was made a contract was entered into between Dr. Hall and the county, under which the county transferred the title back to Hall upon the condition the latter would erect the buildings, which were completed in September, 1839, and the records and county offices were removed from Beardstown into the new court house standing upon the west square 300 feet wide by 450 feet in length. The lots in the Public Grounds were 100 in number running from 1 to 100.

After the additional three mile strip off the north end of Morgan county was added to Cass an election for the permanent location of the county seat of the county resulted in favor of Beardstown, the people of that town agreeing to erect the court house and jail. These buildings were constructed in 1844, and in the month of March, 1845, the offices were returned to Beardstown, and the court house in Virginia turned into a school building. This removal of the seat of justice was so discouraging to the few inhabitants of the town, that several of the leading citizens sold out and went away to the town of Bath, Mason county, and to other points, and the growth of the town was seriously checked.

Some years later, through the efforts of Richard S. Thomas, Dr. M. H. L. Schooley and others, a railroad was projected between Pekin, in Tazewell county, to Virginia, in Cass county to be called the Illinois River Railroad. Many of the farmers were induced to subscribe for stock in this new railroad company in sums from \$500 to \$3000, being led to believe that such an enterprise would be a rapid money maker. The building of this railroad caused Virginia to look up again and in order to furnish more room for prospective builders and settlers another addition was laid out by the widow of Dr. Hall

and Richard S. Thomas, on the 15th day of October, 1856, which was called Hall & Thomas addition to the town of Virginia and consisted of 2 blocks and 54 lots. The lots in the original town and the several additions above described now numbered 438, which was the number the town contained in the year 1860.

In laying out the town of Virginia, Dr. Hall did not follow the usual plan of dividing each block into two rows of lots with an alley through the center. Of the nine blocks in the original town, the four blocks at the four corners of the plat are 460 feet square; the block in the center of the plat is 300 feet square and the remaining four blocks are 300 feet by 460 feet in size. The corner blocks are cut by 4 alleys 20 feet wide, called streets on the plat, which leave a lot in the center of each corner block 180 feet square. The four blocks 300 by 460 feet are subdivided in such a manner as to give 16 lots a front of 60 feet upon the outer edge of the block with an alley 20 feet wide in the rear of each and consequently there remains a strip in the center of each of these four blocks 40 feet wide by 180 feet in length surrounded by an alley 20 feet in width. What to do with these long narrow strips must have been a puzzling question. As the plat was recorded a portion 40 feet by 60 feet was cut off the end of each of these four strips most remote from the public square and each of these tracts was marked "school." There was left four pieces 40 feet wide by 120 feet long and these four were marked respectively; Presbyterian church, Baptist church, Methodist church, and Episcopal church. These four plats of ground forty feet in width and one hundred and twenty feet in length situated in the center of these four blocks bounded on two sides and one end by an alley 20 feet wide, the other end adjoining a "school lot" are the plats of ground which Dr. Snyder says that Dr. Hall donated for church purposes. It is beyond reasonable belief that Dr. Hall seriously intended any such use would be made of these plats of ground. Imagine, if you can, our Virginia society ladies wending their way of a holy Sabbath morn down one of these alleys in the rear of the north side, or south side, or east side, or west side stores, saloons and shops, daintily avoiding the heaps of ancient fish, deceased cats, spoiled sauer kraut, broken glass, smashed crockery, rotten eggs and other unsightly objects profusely deposited in these alleys by our good natured but careless business men, to find themselves in a house of worship bordered by lines of cow stables, ash barrels, swill tubs and hog pens situated upon the rear ends of the adjacent lots just across the alley.

Dr. Hall certainly knew there would never be built four schoolhouses within the area of ten acres of ground, and he had no reason to believe that these remaining fractions would be accepted as church lots. Perhaps these entries were made upon the plat by some wag at Jacksonville who was set to work to copy the plat upon the records: if Dr. Hall authorized it, then he certainly was a practical joker. There is nothing to indicate niggardliness in his manner of laying out the town. In other towns in the county we find alleys 10 or 16 feet wide; here they are 20 feet in width. In other towns the streets run from 45 to 50 feet in width: (nearly all the streets in Beardstown are but 50) but Dr. Hall gave to the public, streets 60 feet wide. The prices at which he sold the lots upon the plat were very reasonable. For instance, lot 22 on the original plat, now owned by James Clifford, just north of the Bailey residence, was sold to Henry T. Foster for five dollars. Lot 97

just west of the Christian church lot, was sold to Green Paschal for four dollars and fifty cents; to Isaac Mitchell was sold lots 112 and 113, (now the county jail lots), for four dollars and twenty-five cents, and to John Daniel for fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents. Dr. Hall sold and conveyed four of the most valuable lots in the town, being lots 90 and 91 (the Cox property, on the corner of Cass and Springfield streets), lot 92, (the Theodore Stout lot), and lot 41, the corner opposite the Cox lots (now owned by Mrs. Ellan Cunningham). Dr. Hall was anxious to build up the town, and doubtless would have donated any lot in it to any church organization that would have erected a good church building. Dr. Hall was not a church member and not very much of a church goer, but his house was always open to preachers to come as often as they pleased and stay as long as they wished. Strange to relate, the Methodist Protestant people actually took possession of lot 64 marked on the plat "Methodist church" in the rear of the Skiles lumber yard and built thereon a two-story building in which religious services were held on the ground floor, and the upper portion was used as a schoolroom, but when this building was thus used, there were but two or three other buildings upon that block.

Aside from the alleys 20 feet wide, there were but four streets in the original town each 60 feet wide and 1340 feet long. The court house square was located upon all these four streets: the one on the easterly side being Main street; the one on the westerly side being Front street; the one on the northerly side being Springfield street; and the one on the southerly side being Beardstown street. When Byron Collins built his house on lot 4 (since rebuilt by Dr. Snyder) he built it fronting upon the 20 foot alley on the south. There was no street north of this lot until the year 1866 when Henry Hall, junior, laid out his addition, north of the original plat. The house of Laurence Clifford on lots 1 and 2 in the addition fronted south upon a 20 foot alley, there being no street adjoining the lots, and when the house was built on lot 24 in the addition, (the W. B. Kikendall lot), it was erected at the east end, fronting the alley of 20 feet, altho there was a street sixty feet wide along the west end of the lot, which seems to prove that the early Virginia settlers cared very little for streets—alleys were good enough.

When the addition to the original town was platted in July, 1837, Beardstown and Springfield streets were lengthened 520 feet at each end so as to cross the two sections of the addition and a street 60 feet wide and 1340 feet long was platted along the easterly side of the original plat called Cass street: and a street 60 feet wide by 1340 feet long named Morgan street was laid out along the westerly side of the original plat. The street westerly of the addition, between it and the addition to the Public Grounds was named Job street in honor of Archibald Job. The narrow street westerly of the addition to the Public Grounds is named Horn street in honor of Rev. Reddick Horn, a prominent early settler. The street running along the easterly side of the west square was named Pitt street, in honor of his wife whose family name was Pitt. The street along the west side of the west square was named Hall street.

In the addition of Hall & Thomas, Morgan, Job, Pitt and Hall streets were extended through it. The street running westerly along the south side of the addition to the town was named Washington avenue, and the street south of that, running westerly through the Hall & Thomas addition (north of the Joseph Wilson residence) was named Hardin Place.

Although Robert Hall's first addition to Virginia was laid out June 27, 1856, and his second addition on August 29, 1859, it is quite certain no houses were erected upon either prior to 1860. Mr. Hall says the first house in his first addition was the Robert Stafford house and the first house in the second addition was built by John Peters: the Stafford lot was not purchased until 1864 and it was the same year Peters purchased lots 3 and 4, in block 5, and therefore we have not included either of these additions in the history of Virginia in A. D. 1860.

In the preparation of this sketch the testimony of Casper Magel, G. F. Hillig and Alex Robison has been principally relied upon, for the reason that these gentlemen made their appearance here about that time, and can better remember what buildings were in existence in the town at that date than those who have been here much longer. Mr. Magel came here from Beardstown in September 1859 and built his shop on west side of the east square in 1861: he had known Mr. Hillig before then at Lynnville, Morgan county, and at Beardstown, and wrote for him to come to Virginia, and he made his appearance in November 1859.

The boundary of the town, taking into account the original plat and the additions which were then built upon in 1860 was as follows:

Beginning at the northeast corner of lot 1 in the addition which is the northwest corner of the Anderson brick-yard, and from thence running southerly 1340 feet, passing the west side of the flouring mill, to the northwest corner of the C. M. Tinney residence: thence westerly to Morgan street a distance of 1860 feet, passing along the south line of the Matt Yapple property: thence southerly along Morgan street, 440 feet to the southeast corner of the Joseph Wilson lots; thence westerly 1227 feet: then northerly 820 feet to the Public Grounds: then westerly 120 feet to the southwest corner of the Public Ground: then northerly 520 feet to the south line of the old Fair Ground: then easterly 951 feet to Job street: then northerly 200 feet to the northwest corner of the property of Mrs. James Tegg (lot 14 in the addition); then easterly on a straight line to the place of beginning, passing along the north line of the property of Mrs. Zillion, Ben Simmon, Dr. Snyder, F. C. Lang to the beginning.

This tract was certainly large enough to contain a great many buildings, but we shall presently see they were few and far between. East of the plat was the Steam Mill, and the Beer's residence (where George Conover now lives on lots 3 and 4, block 3 of the Beer's addition), and from there east came the Gatton farm residence. From the Matt Yapple property south, there were corn fields—not even a farm house for a mile or more out. The Haskell addition was a pasture and no buildings south of it. From the Joseph Wilson property were fields up to the college ground—now the high school property. West of the town R. Jacobs owned a house on north side of state road, afterwards known as the Jesse Way residence, and a short distance north of that was the "Olds" residence. The first addition of Robt. Hall was a field, and the addition of Henry H. Hall north of the plat was farm land up to 1866. The Jonathan Looker residence and brick yard were north of the town plat.

To indicate the number of buildings then standing in the town, it will be convenient to describe the several blocks beginning with the northeast block on which stand the residence of F. C. Lang, R. Lancaster and Hugh Knowles and numbering to the south then back to the north, then to the south and

so on.

On the first block there were four houses: the Lawrence Clifford house on lots 1 and 2; one on lots 6 and 7 (now owned by F. C. Lang); one on the rear end of 24 owned by Joseph Zieglemeier (now the W.B. Kikendall lot; and one on 35, then owned by Sarah Deeds; now the Lancaster lot.

On the second block was but one house situated on lots 69 and 70 (east of the C. W. Savage property.

On the third block there were two houses: one the Murray house (now owned by Mrs. Jacobs; and a house built by John W. Hardy on lots 82 and 83 (now owned by Mrs. Gore.)

Upon the fourth block there were six houses; a log house on lot 134 recently torn away by its owner, John Thompson; a house north of that on lots 132 and 133, where John Thompson now lives; two houses on lot 96, one of them the house now owned and occupied by Martin Harding, and another on same lot east of it, since removed; a house on lot 129 long known as the Rev. Collins residence, still standing; on lot 128 on which Miss Green lives was a house in early days, the James Needham home. In addition to these six houses on this block there was a livery stable of wood



Former residence of Rev. W. H. Collins.

Built in 1843.

on lot 100 where the brick barn of Hiles is now located.

Upon the fifth block there were seven houses, besides the Virginia Hotel which was on lot 82 where the Mann House now stands; on lot 83 where the new Methodist church is situated, was the Weaver house, long afterwards occupied by Thomas Dunaway; on lot 94 where the Cumberland church stands there was a house; on lots 90 and 91 where Mrs. Cox lives was a house built by Rev. Daniel, a Baptist preacher; a house stood on lot 88 and on lot 87 was the

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NOTE—Mr. James H. Clifford tells me that the first house in Robert Hall's first addition to Virginia was built in 1863, on lot 2, for Ben Sims by Proctor and Rosson. As Mr. Clifford afterwards purchased the property and lived in it for many years his statement is doubtless a correct one. Mr. Frank Davis says the Thomas Hieslep house was built in 1861, and must have been the first house erected in Robert Hall's second addition to the town.



first residence of Dr. Hall; on the east side of the square, north of the Hotel, there were two buildings; one of them was the old Dewebber Hotel which at first stood with its side to the street and was afterwards turned the end to the street. In later years this building was owned and occupied by W. S. Brobst who had a stove and tin shop below and lived in the upper part; it was burned in the east side fire, in 1900; next to this Dewebber building was one owned by a Mrs. Williams, this building became the property of Mrs. Julia Knowles and remained an ancient land mark until it, too, went up in smoke in the fire last mentioned.

On the sixth block, there were six houses: on lots 46 and 47 was the old Dewebber residence which in its last days was used as a lime house by Bailey & Stout in their lumber business at northeast corner of the square; on lot 42 was a house formerly owned by "Granny Paschal," in this house N. B. Thompson lived when he first came to Virginia; on lot 41, the corner where Mrs. Ellen Cunningham's new house was a house in which Mrs. Deeds long lived; north of this, fronting the east on lot 40 was the Elliott house; on lot 4 was the Byron Collins house, now owned by Dr. Snyder; on the south halves of lots 6 and 7 was the house in which the mother of Hugh Elliott lived, now the residence of John Greer—Mrs. Knowles lived here for many years.

On the seventh block there were three houses: one on lot 32 where Casper Magel lives; one on lot 28 built by Harris and now the home of Dr. Humphrey which he has rebuilt; and on lot 51 stood the house now owned by Mrs. McDonald, then called the big white house, the only building on the north side of the square. In this house then boarded Rev. Webster, the pastor of the M. E. church in Virginia. He was a young man without a family; the church paid his board and in addition paid him one hundred dollars per year; not very good pay, but it had to do in those days.

The eighth block was Washington Square: a patch of ground where the boys played marbles and ball and where the circus people stretched their tents—no fence, no tree, no bush.

On the ninth block there were but five buildings; an old log house on 143 where Dr. McGee lives, torn down after 1860; a house on 126 and 127, long known as the Chittick house; the old Pothicary Inn on lot 102 owned by E. W. Turner in 1860; a two-story building on lot 104 owned by Mr. Greenwood and used by J. N. Wilson as a drug store; and a one-story building on lot 103, then occupied by Pierce & Co. as a general store. The Greenwood building was later moved to the northwest corner of the west square and is now the home of Robert Norris.

On the tenth block there were seven buildings. On lot 120 was the house built by L. B. Ross in 1837, long known as the Dwelle house, which is still standing and occupied by William Zillion; on lot 107, (the Gatton corner), was the two-story frame drug store of L. S. Allard which was burned two years ago; on lot 108 was Dr. Allard's one-story residence; across the alley west on 109 was the feed store of Ed Loomis, the building is still standing and used as a cigar shop; on 110, where Mrs. Caldwell lives, was a two-story building, occupied for several years by the Hincheliff family. on lot 111 was the Presbyterian church lately transformed into a photographer's quarters, and in the rear on lot 117 was Squire Haskell's wool carding factory.

On the eleventh block there were nine buildings, five of them were on the

property of John E. Haskell, and west of that on lot 69 was a one-story building used to sell whiskey in: on lot 64, back of the lumber yard was the two-story building used as a church by the Protestant Methodist people, which burned up in the west side fire in the 1880's.

On the twelfth block were six buildings: a one-story house owned by Prof. Spalding on lots 53 and 54, at northwest corner of square; on lot 25 where the Sherman house stands was the one-story house of Robert Thompson and family; on lots 15 and 16, back of Miss Hickox's property, was a log house in which the John Costigan family lived in an early day, which was torn down long since; on lot 57, where Fred Hillig lives, in the same house, Miss Melville Blair then lived: on lots 58 and 59 (the S. W. Bailey corner) stood the Methodist church, and just in the rear of it, on lot 22, owned by J. H. Clifford, was a house of 1½ stories, now in Grand Villa owned by G. McDowell.

On the thirteenth block there were five houses; on lot 36, where J. N. Gridley lives, was a one-story house, built by Rev. Nathan Downing; on lot 42, on southwest corner of block, was the home of Prof. McDowell, who had charge of the college: the house still stands, the home of Mrs. Mary Turner Suffern; north of that, on lot 15, was the house of Mrs. Tegg: the house was burned ten years ago; north of that, across the alley, was the house of Jonathan Looker, now occupied by Ed Hudson, and east of that, on lots of H. H. Hall, was a log house in which Robert Stafford lived and boarded men who worked on the Illinois River railroad,

On the fourteenth block there were eight buildings: the Amos Woodward smith shop, still stands, occupied by Ben Simmon; just west, on lot 54, was the Amos Woodward residence, still standing; west of this, across the alley, on lot 51, was the one-story building occupied by Garland Pollard as a law



Law Office of Garland Pollard, 1860.

office, now owned by Henry Warner, known as the Niles property; west of that, on the corner, was a one-story building, long used as the post-office; it has been rebuilt, the original building still there; north of that, on lot 48, where Mrs. Rathburn lives, was the two-story "Chase" residence; north, on the corner, on lot 43, was a one-story house; east of that, on lot 44, was the

brick residence of John Rogers and east of that, where William Eyre lives, on lot 46, stands the 1½ story building, built by the Buckley brothers in 1839, for a cabinet maker's shop.

On the fifteenth block, there were seven buildings: on the northwest corner, on lot 90, (the Mrs. Crandall lot) was the Naylor residence; east of this, on lots 87 and 88, was the Dr. Schooley home, (the finest in the town) now the residence of Mrs. Petefish; at the northeast corner of the block was the Robert Chittick shop; on lot 113, facing south, was the Boyd house; at the southwest corner of the block was the two-story residence of Mr. White, which burned to the ground soon after; north of that, on lot 91, was the Cumberland church, which is now the Holiness church on lot 85 in same block, and on lot 94 in the center of the block was the brick building built for the county jail and in 1860 and for long thereafter the home of Robert Chittick, the blacksmith.



Old Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

NOTE—The following letter is just received from George W. Martin, a Chicago lawyer:

"Hon. J. N. Gridley, Virginia, Ill. Dear sir and friend: Your historical sketches of early Virginia are deeply interesting to me, and I believe they are quite reliable. In speaking of the block in which was situated the Lawrence Clifford house, you fail to mention my father's gunsmith shop, which was directly north of the house on lots 6 and 7, in which I was born on the 4th day of January, 1856. My father owned the lots and I believe he sold them to Dr. Tate, when he moved to the northeast part of Cass county, having purchased 80 acres either of Parr or Carr, I have forgotten which. I have the original deed somewhere among my papers.

"My father died in August, 1862, in the war. We returned to Virginia in November, 1862, and bought the house just in front of the Cummings property at the extreme end of Springfield street. Bob Hall owns the property now: we bought it from Pherigo. We then repurchased from Dr. Tate the old two-room house on lots 6 and 7, of the first block you mention in your sketch. Preacher Merriam then lived in the house that Dr. Snyder has since remodeled. My mother, Rose A. Martin, sold the property to James Turner (my uncle) and he to F. C. Lang, who had the old building removed and turned his new residence so that it would face the northwest instead of north-

east. Say, Mr. Gridley, I was a "kid" in those days but my memory is good.

"Respectfully yours,

"GEORGE W. MARTIN."

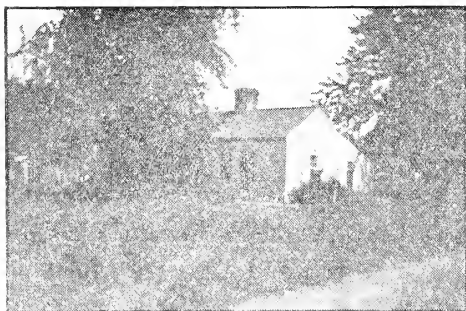
"P. S. I thank you and through you, the ENQUIRER, for these most interesting sketches. "G. W. M."

Crossing Job street we find lots 11 and 12 and 13 at the south end of the addition to the Public Grounds on south side of Beardstown: here is standing the residence of Dr. Harvey Tate, of 1860, now occupied by Mr. Nester: the building just west of it, then adjoined the residence and was Dr. Tate's office. On lots 9 and 10 just across Beardstown street on north side of it was the Christian church, removed several years ago to the east side of the town.



Former Residence of Dr. Harvey Tate.

The only remaining house on this addition in 1830 was the John E. Haskell



The old Residence of John E. Haskell.  
Built 1838.

residence on lots 1 and 2, still affording shelter for two families: this house was built for James Samuels, in 1838, by the Buckley Brothers.

We now come to the Public Grounds: on lots 35 and 36 was the Henry Arthur property at northeast corner of the west square, and still there: on the east side of the square there were three houses: on lot 100 was the house Mrs. Sherrill lives in at north end of east side—in 1860 the house was on the east end of the lot which extends back 120 feet: it was moved to west end of lot where it now is, after 1860: on lots 94 and 95 near the middle of the east side was the house of Mrs. Emily Pratt, to which a room has since been added on the south and now the home of the Wilks family: in this house lived Hon. John W. Pratt, when the first county clerk of the county: to the south of this house on lot 92 was the P. M. Madden house which has been torn away in later years

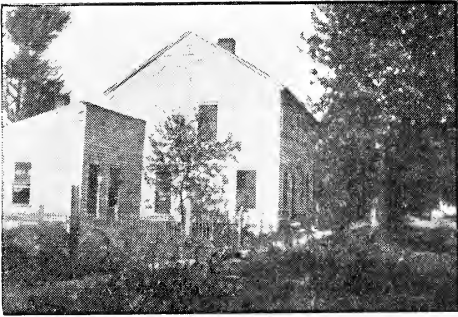
Crossing Beardstown street to the south we find the old "Boston Brick," with the wooden house adjoining on the east, still in a good state of preserva-



The "Boston Brick" - Built by B. Beesley.

tion: in the brick building William Boston kept a general store: the building was erected by Benjamin Bensley in the year 1842.

On the south side of the west square there were six buildings: at east end was a saloon building: next west was the two-story brick building known as the "Bluford Thompson brick," which then extended to the street line: ten feet was removed from the front end by N. B. Thompson, a subsequent owner in fitting it up for a private residence, after the business left the west square: next came a building of wood (still standing) built by Leland Carpenter and by him occupied as a residence and tailor shop until he removed to Bath: next west came the two-story "Cherry house," which stood on the street line, and was moved back since 1870: this was the home of Dr. Hall's widow and her family for several years: next west was the "Rabourn house" and postoffice, now owned by F. M. Davis: and west of this, near the corner was the Charles H. Oliver residence and store, still in good condition owned by Mrs. Looker.



Old Home of Charles H. Oliver.

Crossing Hall street to the west we find the old residence of N. B. Thompson, in very fair condition on lot 71 at southwest corner of the west square; Mr. Thompson bought this lot of Dr. Hall, February 8, 1849, and built the house on it the same year. On the west side of the square was the double store building on lots 66 and 67; then used by N. B. Thompson and Henry Hall as store rooms, and at the north end of the west side was the Hathwell house, now owned by Mrs. Sarah J. Collins in which Dr. Hathwell lived in an early day and kept drugs for sale therein.

On the north side of the west square, there were but three houses in 1860, and only one of them—the Hamilton—house is now standing; the Rabourn house and the Gormley house having been torn down and removed. North of the square, on the alley was the residence of Jacob Metzmaker, the father of Jacob Metzmaker, of Chandlerville, and of the widow of George E. Harris of this city. Upon the west square was the old court house then used as the public school building. East of the plat were two houses, still standing; one was the R. Jacobs house, west of the Thompson store building, and the other the Olds residence, north of the Jacobs place about 200 feet.

There remains the addition of Hall & Thomas, and beginning at the southeast corner, we find on lots 5 and 6 the Joseph Wilson residence, then the home of Charles Lawson the harness maker; west of that on lot 12, where J. F. Wyatt lives was the home of Squire VanEaton: the house has been added to, since 1860: west of the VanEaton house on lot 13, where Mr. Lane now lives was then the home of Mrs. Gordley, the mother of W. M. Gordley, esq., who, left a widow, came here with her children, in 1859, to send them to the college, then a flourishing institute of learning; west of the Gordley home on lots 20 and 21 was a house afterwards the residence of George Wilson; on lots 32 and 33, now the home of Ben McDowell, lived Oliver Pratt.

On the north side of the street on lots 30 and 31 was the William Shirley property still there in good condition: on the corner east, was the home of L. P. R. Yapple, now owned by Mollie Weaver; north of that, on lots 26 and 27, the present home of John Menzies, lived Rev. Joseph Roach, who kept college

boarders.

Opposite and east of the Roach property, on lots 16 and 17, was the residence of James C. Greenwood, now owned by Mrs. E. M. Dale; next east on lot 15 lived J. N. Wilson and family; the next house east on lots 9 and 10, now the home of Alex. Robison, was a house which belonged to J. C. Greenwood. On the south side of the block on lots 11 and 14 lived Dr. G. W. Goodspeed and family; and on lots 18 and 19 on the corner of the Goodspeed place lived Dr. P. L. Phillips who operated the steam mill here; at west end of the street on lots 36 and 37 lived William Boston.

North of the Roach property, where Dr. Tate resided in later years, and where his children now live, was the home of Richard S. Thomas, and south of the house in the building in which J. French and family reside, was the office of Thomas; the next house north of the Thomas house was then owned and occupied by Isaac Bell, who sold it to Mrs. Mahala Brady in 1865.

Now to re-capitulate: Classing as buildings, shops, churches, stores and houses we have found in the original town 49 buildings; in the addition to the town 27 buildings; in the addition to the Public Grounds 4 buildings; in the Public Grounds 22 buildings; in the addition of Hall and Thomas 17 buildings; and to these by adding the Jacobs and Olds houses on the west, the Looker house on the north, the steam mill on the east and the college on the south we have a total of 124 buildings in the town of Virginia in 1860, strung out from the Lawrence Clifford house on the northeast to the William Boston house on the southwest, a distance of three-fourths of a mile. There are, at the present time, more buildings in the corporation north of Springfield street than there were in the entire town in the year 1860.

As for sidewalks there were practically none; a few feet of walk along the west side of Washington square in front of the old Dr. Hall store; a few feet in front of the Apothecary building on south side; a brick walk in front of Mrs. Hall's home on south side of the west square, and a walk from the Rabourn post-office to the store room of Charles H. Oliver at southwest corner of the west square.

As late as 1867 there was no walk on north side of the square; none on Springfield street east of the square; none on the street north of Springfield street; no walk from Beardstown street to the college where a select school was taught that year; the bridge across the creek was so low that every heavy rain caused the stream to overflow the road and the school children stripped off their shoes and stockings and waded through mud and water.

There were very few trees in Virginia in 1860; the west square had been supplied with locust trees by the county authorities in an early day and about the same time locusts were planted about the N. B. Thompson residence, the Amos Woodward residence, the Dwelle place, and the McDowell property at the corner of Job and Springfield street. Dr. Allard had planted trees on his lots—still there; James Tegg and his father planted the hard maples along the John Rodgers lots in 1856 and the same year about the Spalding lots at northwest corner of the east square. If there were any other ornamental trees in the corporation in 1860 no one knows about them.

In 1867 and 1868 a great many soft maple trees were brought from the Sangamon river bottom and planted along the Virginia streets. In the spring of 1868 the writer set out the trees on the north line of the M. Xaple property

—some of them now twenty-four inches in diameter. A soft maple planted on Springfield street in 1867 is to-day (December 1905) thirty-five inches in diameter, which illustrates the rapid growth of that plant in a favorable spot.

Washington Square was fenced and trees planted within the enclosure in the year 1870. The committee entrusted with the duty of planting the trees was about to set them in rows, but Mr. Henry Dittoe, then a merchant here strenuously urged that they be planted at irregular distances from one another as they grew in forests, and his wish was complied with. These trees are principally soft maples and are beginning to rapidly decay: the city council should have begun the planting of hard maples long since to supply the loss of the soft variety.

The town of Virginia was incorporated by the legislature of the state in 1857. The area of the corporation is one square mile; the center is located in the middle of Morgan street at a point equidistant between Beardstown and Springfield streets, within a few feet of the public well north of Ben Simmons' shop. The lines run parallel with the city streets. The charter provided for the annual election of a board of five trustees and a president; and this board was empowered to manage the public schools in the town—employ teachers, build or repair school buildings and levy and collect necessary taxes for such use.

The first meeting of the board was held on the 19th day of August 1857; the officers elect were Charles H. Oliver, president, and John E. Haskell, Stephen P. Guinn, Alexander Samples, John Bluford Thompson and S. W. Neeley, trustees. The board proceeded to elect the following officers: James H. Harris, town constable; L. S. Allard, assessor and treasurer; John A. Giles, street commissioner and John W. Naylor, town clerk.

On September 15th, 1857, Mr. Branson was chosen to take charge of the public school; Mr. Branson having declined to serve Mr. Main and lady were employed as teachers on September 22nd.

The value of all the property within the corporate limits subject to taxation was found to be \$173,190.50.

On October 27, 1857, Mr. J. Bradley Thompson appeared before the board and urged that the town agree to raise one thousand dollars for the erection of a court house in Virginia in case the people of the county should decide to remove it from Beardstown at the approaching election, and the board agreed to the proposition. The people by a decided majority decided to leave the seat of justice on the border of the Illinois river.

On November 10th, 1857, C. H. Oliver, John E. Haskell and J. Bluford Thompson were chosen by the board to act as directors of the school, and on December 1st. Mr. Oliver reported to the board that on November 30th he visited the school; that there were about 23 scholars present, that he heard two classes recite in reading; that good order was maintained, and the scholars generally attentive and studious. That on January 14, 1858, the school was visited by C. H. Oliver; about 28 scholars were present; classes recited in reading, spelling, grammar and parsing; all appeared attentive and studious and under control of the teacher.

These directors were certainly deserving of commendation for their frequent visitation of the school; times have changed since then.

At a meeting held on April 20, 1858, it was recorded that the subject of



the last regular town election was taken up and after some talk the ballots were opened and the poll book was missing and could not be found, and on motion of Mr. Haskell the last election was declared a nullity and a new election was ordered, and the ordinance authorizing the sale of spirituous liquors was repealed.

At the next meeting it was found the election had resulted in the choice of the following: R. M. Taggart, president; and J. Bluford Thompson, William Shirley, I. N. White, R. B. Mitchell and J. N. Wilson, as trustees; and Henry Rabourn as town justice: I. N. White was chosen town clerk, and J. W. Goodell constable and street commissioner, and J. G. Campbell assessor and treasurer.

The first action taken by this board was to pass an ordinance prohibiting the sale of liquors within the town or within two miles of it.

On July 6, 1858, a petition was read by a number of citizens asking the passage of an ordinance prohibiting swine or hogs from running at large within the corporate limits of the town: on motion the clerk was ordered to draw up such an ordinance: also one against jacks, jennys and dogs: if the clerk obeyed the order, the records fail to show it; it is altogether likely that the idea, to shut up hogs was so preposterous, that it was ridiculed to death.

On September 9, 1858, Mr. John W. Goodell was employed to teach the school for the following six months at a salary of \$45 per month, and Sarah E. Hart engaged as his assistant at a salary of \$25 per month. The west upper room of the schoolhouse was rented to the Virginia Dramatic Society for \$4 per month. On October 5, 1858, Dr. Harvey Tate was appointed trustee in place of J. N. Wilson, who had resigned, and A. Bergen appointed town attorney.

The first mention of sidewalks in the records of the town appears at the meeting of November 16, 1858, when a sidewalk of six feet in width was ordered built along the south side of Beardstown street, one-half to be paid by the owners of the property fronting on that side the street: from subsequent record entries it would appear this walk was not laid till long after this order was made.

On February 1, 1859, Alexander Samples was paid \$16 for the building of a walk in front of lots 102 and 103, which is the east end of the south side of Washington Square: at the same meeting Mr. James G. Campbell offered to furnish the lumber for a crossing where Job street crosses Beardstown street if the town would lay it down, which very liberal proposition was agreed to.

At the spring election in 1859 the following were the officers elect:

J. E. Roach, president, and Harvey Tate, N. B. Thompson, Jerry Cox, S. P. Guin and Robert Taggart, trustees: S. W. Neeley, justice. This board appointed Jesse M. Chapman, street commissioner: John Bluford Thompson, town constable: Jacob Foltz, town clerk, and Jacob Dnnaway, assessor and treasurer.

On April 20th, on motion of Dr. Tate it was ordered that Mary Proctor be allowed to occupy the lower school room until her present school shall be out; and leave granted R. B. Mitchell to occupy the upper east school room for three months, for a school. At same meeting the board passed an ordinance allowing spirituous liquors to be sold in the town.

On June 1, 1859, Mr. J. Rosson was appointed street commissioner.

On July 20, 1859, a motion prevailed to employ H. Phillips to teach and superintend as principal of the district school for six months of twenty days each at a salary of \$50 per month. (The H. Phillips above mentioned is Judge Henry Phillips, of Beardstown.) Miss Miranda Gaines was chosen as his assistant at a salary of \$25 per month.

On August 7, 1869, an ordinance was passed for the building of a sidewalk beginning at southwest corner of lot 67 in the public square (the west square), thence east to the southeast corner of the same lot, thence south to the northeast corner of lot 71: thence east on the south side of Beardstown street to the northwest corner of lot 101 in the original town of Virginia: thence north to the southwest corner of lot 82: thence east to the southwest corner of lot 94: then south to the northwest corner of lot 96: the owners of lots along the line, to pay one-half the cost of the walk.

The reader may better understand the route of the proposed waik by this description: beginning at the southwest corner of the lot on which the N. B. Thompson store building formerly stood: then east 120 feet to the southeast corner of the same lot: then south across Beardstown street: then east on the south side of Beardstown street to the Widmayer shop: then north across the street to the hotel corner: then east along the north side of Beardstown street to the southwest corner of the Cumberland church lot: then south across the street to the northwest corner of the Martin Harding lot.

On August 25th, 1859, leave was granted to the Petersburg String Band to use the schoolhouse during the fair for the purpose of holding a concert: by the payment of five dollars.

On November 2nd, 1859, Mr. Henry Phillips was appointed town clerk.

On December 21st, 1859, S. P. Guin resigned as trustee and Garland Polard was chosen to succeed him.

On April 2nd, 1860, Henry Phillips was declared trustee to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of N. B. Thompson.

The election in 1860 resulted in the choice of Dr. G. W. Goodspeed, president, and William E. Martin, Charles E. Lawson, Isaac Bell, Harvey Tate and William Shirley, trustees. Dr. Tate declining to serve, James G. Campbell was chosen to act in his place. F. H. Van Eaton was appointed treasurer: L. S. Allard, clerk: Levi R. Cavender, constable and street commissioner.

On April 24, 1860, the following committees were appointed:

On common schools, James G. Campbell and Isaac Bell.

On streets and sidewalks, Bell and Lawson.

On ordinances, Shirley and Martin.

On finances, Campbell and Shirley.

The board requested the committee on ordinances to frame an ordinance prohibiting people from plowing up the street, sidewalks and commons within the corporation.

On August 15, 1860, Mr. Hodge was employed to teach the school and on November 7, Miss Hanna White was chosen as his assistant.

On November 21, 1860, street committee directed to build a crossing from L. S. Allard's drug store on lot 107, north, across the street.

On February —, 1861, a petition was presented for the building of a sidewalk on the west side of the east square and a sidewalk on the east side of the west square. The town constable was ordered to look up the "Town Wagon."

Mr. Griffin was granted the use of the school house for a subscription school for three months, beginning April 15, 1861.

At the election in the spring of 1861 the following officers were chosen: President, N. B. Beers; Trustees, E. B. Randall, John Rogers, Jacob Dunaway, Thomas Heslep and S. W. Neely.

The new board chose L. F. Briggs for clerk; V. G. Sims, assessor and treasurer; John Blufford Thompson, constable and William Wood, street commissioner, the latter refused to act and Louis B. Griffith was chosen in his place.

The Cass County Union was made the official organ of the board; Heeley and Briggs, committee on ordinances; Heslep and Dunaway on finance; Randall and Sims on streets and sidewalks.

On April 3, 1862, the record shows that a petition was presented signed by a large number of citizens praying for a sidewalk across the west side of the east square.

The records have been examined thus far, in order to show that the sidewalks in Virginia in 1860 were not worth mentioning, and the footpaths, where sidewalks ought to have been were periodically torn up, by shiftless people in an effort to scour the rust from their neglected plows.

NOTE In that part of the sketch, which appeared in the *EXQUIRER* last week one paragraph began: "On August 7, 1869 an ordinance was passed for the building of a sidewalk;" the date should have read August 7, 1859.

The writers of historical facts ought to confine themselves to the strict truth, and in the matter of biography, should state all the facts necessary to a full knowledge of the life and character portrayed; when this is done it is the rare exception rather than the rule. Biographers write as if they thought by covering their subjects with a "flood of glory," the reflection might make them immortal.

To illustrate this, it is not necessary to go back into ancient history; the case of a man in our day and generation who grew up in this section of the country will answer: That of Abraham Lincoln. We have had many histories of Lincoln, by men and women. The most accurate, was written in three volumes, by the man who knew him better than any other living man. This truthful biographer tells us that Nancy Hanks, the mother of Lincoln, was a bastard. Lincoln and his biographer, in 1850, were driving to Petersburg in a one-horse buggy, and on that occasion Lincoln said his mother was the illegitimate daughter of Lucy Hanks and a well-bred Virginia farmer or planter; that from this broad-minded unknown Virginian, Lincoln claimed that he (Lincoln) inherited his mental activity and ambition that distinguished him from the other members and descendants of the Hanks family. Elsewhere this truthful biographer tells of an act committed by Lincoln when a young man that richly merited a severe and public cow-hiding.

When this biography was published what a howl of indignation arose over the country! A Chicago newspaper said it was shameful to tell such things even if they were true. It would be rather difficult now to obtain this truthful history of the life of Lincoln, as one never hears of it, or sees it advertised as are the others: perhaps some Lincoln lick-spittle with more

money than honesty, bought up and suppressed the edition. A truthful man, now a citizen of this city, heard Lincoln tell a nasty story to a promiscuous crowd, in a hotel in this town. Suppose all these facts were generally known as they ought to be, would their knowledge change the general opinion that Lincoln was the greatest of the presidents, save Washington? Suppose the great Englishman, who wrote a historical review of the war of the rebellion of the southern states, had read Herndon's Life of Lincoln, would he have changed his opinion expressed in these words: "Of all the great men who took part in that struggle, two tower far above all the rest: Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee." Phineas T. Barnum, the great American showman was right when he said: "The people enjoy being humbugged."

The English Press of last week contains a notice of the fact that the Earl of Lovelace who is a grandson of Lord Byron has written a book which contains the evidences of the truth of the charge long since made by Harriett Beecher Stowe that the great poet was guilty of criminal intimacy with his own half-sister, and the latter's confession of the fact to the injured wife was the cause of her separation from the black-hearted monster.

The "Byronites" of course raised a great howl against Mrs. Stowe, and the new crop of those lunatics will renew the out cry, for they can not possibly understand how a man who could write "like a god," should be so immoral as to deserve death by strangulation.

The older readers of this sketch will well remember the history of the famous Henry Ward Beecher scandal. Theodore Tilton, a noted writer and lecturer made the gravest charges of immorality against Beecher, giving to the public the fact that he held a letter written by Beecher: that he could prove the truth of his assertion by Francis Moulton, of Brooklyn, who had been endeavoring to settle the trouble between Tilton and Beecher. The latter publicly denied the charge, but made no mention of the letter and practically admitted that Moulton knew all about it. As Beecher was then easily the greatest preacher in America if not of the English-speaking world the public was much interested. During the early part of our great civil war Beecher had been sent to England to stem the tide of popular sentiment then rapidly rising against us. He made public speeches in the large cities to great crowds of people and by his wonderful powers of reasoning and oratory completely changed the current of public opinion. Beecher was an intellectual giant. It was learned that Moulton was a man of highest standing and it was generally conceded that his statement should settle the controversy. In the meantime the matter got into the courts and the people instead of suspending judgment until the facts could be determined by a judicial investigation began to take sides and discuss the matter; eagerly, at first; angrily and bitterly later on. Before the case could be heard the "Beecherites" had thoroughly made up "the things they called their minds." Beecher admitted he wrote the letter, and Moulton's testimony clearly corroborated Tilton's statement, but this made not a particle of difference with the Beecherites, who accepted the preacher's silly and lame explanation of the meaning of the letter and turned upon poor Moulton and denounced him as a liar and a perjurer.

God created man, and gave him reason for a guide; he is not controlled by it, but is swayed by passion and prejudice, like a tall weed in a strong gale

of wind.

It will be generally admitted that the greatest defect in Illinois as a home, is its bad roads. The soil of these broad and fertile prairies is loose and rich and a few extra rains convert them into lakes of horrible mud. These prairies were worse in 1860 than now since tile-drainage has become common. In the sketch of John E. Haskell, our present deputy-sheriff, described the "frog pond" that existed a mile or two east of this town, and the prairie just south of us, then owned by Richard S. Thomas, was excessively wet, and many crop failures were experienced. Look at the miles of excellent sidewalks we now enjoy, and how pleasantly we give up our hard earned money paid by the saloonkeepers in adding to, and improving these walks, many of concrete, most of hard bricks. The suburbs of Chicago laid out in Parks, Lots and Blocks, without a house barn or shed, contain excellent streets and beautiful shade trees; and then imagine this town when it was twenty-four years old, with almost no shade trees, no sidewalks—no crossings, the streets and foot-paths torn up by a set of plow-scourers who ought to have been transported west to live among the savages of the plains—a perfect sea of mud and s'op for months every year. There were good churches, a good public school building, a college in good condition, all to be reached in the wet season by wading. The streets full of bawling cows, grunting hogs, squalling jacks and wandering horses. What a fine place to reside in, poor old Virginia must have been. Were there no people here with any enterprise or ambition? There were as many of that class then as now in proportion to numbers, the residents of that day numbered men of good ability, among them being Richard S. Thomas, Jacob Dunaway, N. B. Thompson, Drs. Goodspeed, Tate and Schooly, J. N. Wilson, James G. Campbell, N. B. Beers and others that might be named. Why did not these men get their wives and the school children and the church goes out of the horrible mud? We give it up: we cannot even imagine a reason.

Nor is this all: when these men came into control of business affairs in Virginia, there were two excellent public roads from this town to Sangamon bottom; one ran in a northerly direction: the other in a northwesterly direction: the public had a good title to these roads and in dry weather a heavy load could be transported over them with a common team. These "business" men allowed these roads to be fenced up by in-coming settlers, and we have never since had a decent road to the Sangamon valley. For this neglect, they deserve severe condemnation. The writer has heard more than one farmer of Cass county as late as 1864 declare that a public road passing a farm *was a damage to it*. What better things could we expect of a community in which land owners held such "digger-Indian" notions as that!

After having duly censured the citizens of the last generation, let us see how much better are we, their immediate successors, in order that we may be able to know how our children will regard us, after we are dead and gone.

We have a public park in which the court house is located, in which soft wood trees were planted 35 years ago: of late years "the powers that be" allowed the tops of these trees to be slashed and butchered, in to a dying condition; now in January 1906 a lot of them are being cut down and dragged away. Why did not the city council long ago begin the planting of sugar

maples in the city park to take the place of the dying soft trees? Years ago, the old unsightly elms in Walnut Ridge cemetery were cut out and sugar maples planted: what a howl there was over it, at that time by a lot of cussers and growlers. Where is there a more beautiful cemetery than ours to-day? The chief glory of it, is the beautiful maple trees therein. Why does not our council provide for the future by planting the same variety in the park?

Look at the miserable, disgraceful roads we have in Cass county! Suppose a reader of this paper should take an artist to the Sangamon valley, and procure pictures of the wonderful farms there: the beautiful brick church with all the modern improvements: the comfortable parsonage in which is installed the faithful preacher: the pleasant and elegant homes along the valley supplied with pure water from living springs and warmed with steam plants, and at the same time get views of the wretched hills over which pass the roads(?)—the "Hickory church hill," the "Houck hill:" then let him take these views on a visit to a New York or New England or Michigan community and tell those people that the Cass county farmers who owned those grand farms and who lived in those fine homes and who worshipped God in that neat, comfortable church, travelled over those "bloody hills" to get to their county seat less than ten miles distant and this Cass county visitor would be set down and written up as the biggest liar who ever came out of the wild and woolly west.

Then consider the thousands of dollars that are being expended in buying and installing steel bridges, and many of them upon roads not fit to ride a horse over. There is a road running north and south across sections thirteen and twenty-four on T 18-9, in which are located several costly steel bridges at the foot of hills which rise at an angle of not less than *forty-five degrees*. Before any eastern community would submit to such conditions, they would turn out, men, women, and children, and cut down those hills, if they had to work with fire shovels, and hand baskets by moonlight. As late as the middle of November 1905 within five miles of this city there were men at work *grading public roads*; filling the road beds with fresh earth, when every man of sense knows or ought to know that if an Illinois prairie road can not be worked before mid-summer it ought to go without work. Hard roads are too expensive to be considered, but we can cut the hills down: we can drain the surface water from the road-beds; and we can quit tearing them up in the fall of the year.

Of recent years, the people of this city have exhibited a spirit of pride and emulation in the keeping of their homes in good order: houses are kept freshly painted, lawns in good condition, trees are planted, flowers cultivated. It is a matter of common remark by visitors that Virginia is a nice little city—a good town to live in. We have extra fine horses and the latest style of carriages; our churches are the best: our school buildings are a credit to the community, and, last but not least, we have the handsomest ladies who ever lived anywhere. All things considered, Virginia of 1906 has made good progress from the status of Virginia A. D. 1860

## CASS COUNTY ELECTION, A. D. 1842.

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**A**T the September term, 1838, the county commissioners elected in August of that year drew lots to determine their term of office with the following result:

Isaac C. Spence, one year:

Joshua P. Crow, to serve two years:

Amos Bonney, to serve three years.

A permit was granted Thomas Graham to sell goods at auction.

Tavern license was granted to Bradford B. Rew, Frederick Krohe, George Nolte and Isaac W. Overall.

J. and T. S. Wilbourn were granted a store license.

I. C. Spence was granted a store license for one year.

On November 13, 1838, William Thomas was appointed agent for Cass county to receive her proportion of money which was appropriated to Cass county by the 18th section of an Act to establish and maintain a system of internal improvements.

On December 4, 1838, Augustus Knapp was allowed \$25 rent for the house used as a court house.

Tavern license issued to B. W. Schneider and store license issued to H. T. Foster.

On March 5, 1839, store license issued to Amos West.

George W. Beggs appointed supervisor of road district No. 4, and James Garner, Henry Nichols and Charles Brady chosen fence viewers for T 17, R 9.

On March 8, 1839, tavern rates established as follows:

Each meal of victuals, 37½ cents:

Each night's lodging, 25 cents:

Feed for one horse, 25 cents:

Keeping horse each night, 50 cents:

One-half pint of whiskey, 12½ cents:

One-half pint of brandy, 25 cents:

One-half pint of gin, 25 cents:

One-half pint wine, cordials, etc., 25 cents.

Rates of Beardstown ferry:

Horse and carriage, 37½ cents:

Two-horse wagon, 50 cents:

Four horse wagon, 75 cents:

Six horse wagon, one dollar:

Man and horse, 25 cents:

Loose cattle, 6½ cents:

Hogs, goats and sheep, 3 cents:

Each footman, 6½ cents.

Rates also established for landing at the Bluffs, on June 3, 1839. Tavern license issued to C. S. Vanalstine beginning February 2, 1839.

On June 4, 1839, S. T. Logan allowed \$10 for fees as attending as council in three cases in the circuit court.

Ira Crow allowed \$3 for hauling tables, benches, etc., from Beardstown to the court house.

Ordered the clerk be directed to advertise for sealed proposals to be presented on or before June 22 for enclosing the square of 100 yards around the court house with a substantial plank fence: also for painting and pencelling the court house.

John W. Pratt, of Virginia, appointed agent for Cass county, with full power to demand and receive money appropriated to Cass county for internal improvements.

Painting of the court house sold to J. P. Crow for \$175, and enclosure around court house to I. C. Spence for \$185.

September 2, 1839, notice having been given the court by Henry H. Hall, contractor for public buildings and commissioner for Cass county for the sale of real estate belonging to said county, that the court house and jail had been completed and were ready for delivery, and the county commissioners for Cass county after examining said buildings having reported said court house and jail had been erected and completed according to the contract made and entered into between the county commissioners of Cass county and said Hall on April 21, 1838.

It was ordered said buildings be received and said Henry H. Hall, be and he hereby is released from all responsibility incurred by or under said contract and in consideration of the performance of said contract in accordance with its stipulations, the proceeds that have been or may be derived from the sale of the 15 acres of land (except the public square deeded by the said Henry H. Hall to the county commissioners of Cass county and their successors) be and the same is hereby relinquished, surrendered and confirmed unto said Hall and his heirs.

September 5, 1839, ordered that the clerk of this court advertise that the public offices in the court house are now ready for the different officers of the court who by law are entitled to have the same furnished by the county.

The general election for 1842 was held on Monday, the first day of August. The candidates were as follows:

For governor—Joseph Duncan, and Thomas Ford:

Lieutenant governor—Wm. H. Henderson and John Moore:

State senator—Henry E. Dummer and James Gillam:

Representative in state legislature—John W. Pratt and Joshua P. Crow;  
Sheriff—John Savage and Thomas Plasters:

Probate justice (or county judge)—Alexander Hoffman, Robert G. Gaines, Dr. Harvey Tate, Ezra J. Dutch and John Richardson:

County commissioner—Robert Leeper and Marcus Chandler:

Clerk of the county court—William H. H. Carpenter, Oliver Friend, Isaac Rinage and J. Grant:



Coroner—John Dewebber, Richard S. Cole and Joseph Hoskinson:

The officers at this election were:

Beardstown—Amos Atwater, A. S. Miller, McKeever DeHaven, judges: James C. Leonard and Edward R. Saunders, clerks: place of voting, the house formerly occupied by William E. Farrell:

Virginia—Alexander Naylor, James Daniel and Jesse B. Pearce, judges: David Blair and F. S. D. Marshall, clerks: place of voting, the court house.

Richmond—Henry Dick, Otway B. Nance and John Hawthorn, judges: Ezekiel Friend and Samuel C. Lyon, clerks: place of voting, the house of John Friend:

Bowen precinct—David Carr, Michael Pierson and Jeremiah Bowen, judges: William Sewall and John H. Hurd, clerks: place of voting, the house of Isham Reavis:

Monroe—Henry McKean, John Shaffer and August Krohe, judges: Adam Hagerman and Nicholas Summers, clerks: place of voting, the house of Andrew Williams.

Sugar Grove—James Garner, Elijah Carver and Elias Matthew, judges: R. T. Roberts and Lewis Matthew, clerks: place of voting, the house of James Garner.

The entire number of votes polled were only 689, which would indicate but little, if any growth in population for the previous four years. These votes were thus divided: Beardstown, 187; Virginia, 257; Richmond, 119; Bowens, 44; Monroe, 53; Sugar Grove, 29. Joseph Duncan received 348 votes and Thomas Ford 321 votes: Henry E. Dunner received 337 votes, and James Gilliam 307 votes: John W. Pratt received 338 votes, and Joshua P. Crow 310 votes: John Savage received 343 votes, and Thomas Plasters 303 votes: Robert Leeper received 323 votes, and Marcus Chandler 319 votes: Alexander Huffman received 249 votes, Robert G. Gaines 158 votes, Harvey Tate 153 votes, Ezra J. Dutch 37 votes and John Richardson 28 votes: W. H. H. Carpenter received 331 votes, Oliver Friend 237 votes, Isaac Rinage 18 votes, and J. Grant 4 votes.

Richard S. Cole received 181 votes, John Deweber 100 votes, and Joseph Hoskinson 97 votes.

Although the whigs carried the election their majority shrank from 161 in 1838 down to 27 in 1842.

It should be borne in mind, that the three mile strip had not yet been added to the county.

The following list contains the names of voters at the election of 1842, which are not to be found on the poll books of 1837 or 1838:

### Names of the Voters on the Beardstown List.

		<b>A</b>		
n rews, Phillip	Atwater, Amos			
		<b>B</b>		
Brown, John	Boy, Lewis,	Bohne, Henry H	Britton, Daniel	
Brown, David	Bridgewater, Israel	Berger, Jno Gottlieb	Baker, Adolphus	
Brisbin, John	Buck, James	Broeckel, John	Butterworth, Isham	
		Bell, John B		
		<b>C</b>		
Cowen, Horace	Carstner, Henry	Collins, Thomas	Cross, Abel	
		<b>D</b>		

Dragen, Lewis	Desarme, Albert	Dickel, Frederick	Dougherty, Wm
Dunn, John	Duchardt, John	Danner, Wm	DeHaven, McKeever
<b>E</b>			
Eyre, Thomas			
<b>F</b>			
Fudge, Jacob	Fox, Christian	Falconer, Enoch G	
<b>G</b>			
Gorman, Joseph	Gray, David	Grund, Phillip	Gray, Jesse
Gill, Jonathan	Gill, Andrew	Gill, Richard	Greshe, Daniel
Glover, George			
<b>H</b>			
Hoskinson, Joseph	Hager, Reuben	Hope, James	Harris, Joseph
Hemminghouse, Hy W	Hendricker Frederick		
<b>J</b>			
Jewett, Oliver	Jones, Luther A		
<b>K</b>			
Kiek, John	Kelley, George	Kuhl, Wm.	Kesterson, Richard
Krohe, Adolph			
<b>L</b>			
Lambert, Wash	Logan, Milton	Lutz, Loren	Lasley, James M
Leonard, James C			
<b>M</b>			
Mitchell, G	Meyer, Henry	McKown, John	Marvin, Israel
Menke, Augustus F	Maine Loderick L	Miller, Abrahams	
<b>N</b>			
Nolte, George H			
<b>P</b>			
Powers, Michael	Powell, Richard	Plattner, Andrew	Pip-er, Lewis
<b>R</b>			
Rohn, John H	Riggin, Mitchell	Riggin, Jesse	Robinson, Allen
<b>S</b>			
Smith, William	Smith, Francis	Shaffer, Christ	Schwartzkaupt, George
Seeger, Henry	Simmons, George	Stock, Henry	Savage, James S
Stock, Thomas			
<b>T</b>			
Turpin, Virginus A	Tureman, George	Thron, Valentine	Thompson, John
Thompson, Wm	Treadway, Wm	Thompson, George B	Treadway, Martin
<b>V</b>			
VanAlstine, Cornelius			
<b>W</b>			
Winner, Alex	White, George	Winhold, George	Waddell, Wm
Whitesides, John	Wedeking, Frederick		

**Names of Voters on the Richmond List.**

<b>A</b>			
Adkins, James	Adkins, Wm	Adcock, Irwin	
<b>B</b>			
Byas, Jesse D	Bonney, Al	Beard, John	Briggs, Chas
Brown, Vincent			
<b>C</b>			
Chandler, Thomas H	Comstock, Augustus	Clark, John B	Chamborlain, Young
Carmel, B I			
<b>D</b>			
Davis, Wm	Douglass, Isaac P		
<b>F</b>			
Friend, John	Friend, Wm	Friend, Oliver	Foxworthy, T A
Fanchier, John	Friend, Ezekial		

Goble, Joseph	Goben, John	<b>G</b>	
Holland, Henry	Hawthorne, Robt J	Hicks, Ellis	Hedricks, Chas
Hickey, John	Hefflin, Coleman B	Harman, Benjamin	
		<b>H</b>	
		<b>I</b>	
Ingles, C F	Ishmael, Wm		
		<b>L</b>	
Leeper, Wm D	Lockaway, Robt	Lane, Isaac	Lane, Jacob
Lane, Richmond	Lewis, Ezekial	Lyon, S C	
		<b>M</b>	
Meyers, Price W	Morris, John	Marcy, Moses	Moore, John
		<b>N</b>	
		Nance, O B	
		<b>R</b>	
Richardson, Ebenezer	Ray, Daniel jr	Ray, Philander	Rice, Richardson
Robertson, Francis	Reccord, John	Rose, John	Ray, Lewis
		<b>S</b>	
Skilman, Wm	Sutton, M N	Sutton, Nathan	Sutton, Phenlx
Skinner, Jno F	Scholes, Francis		
		<b>T</b>	
		Thomas, J B	
		<b>U</b>	
		Underwood, Mason	

**Names of Voters on the Bowens List.**

		<b>B</b>	
Briar, Geo	Briar, Jas	Briar, Joseph	Briar, Jas sr
		<b>C</b>	
Cooper, Wm	Cheetham, John	Cole, Wm W	Carter, Britton
		<b>F</b>	
		Fielding, John	
		<b>G</b>	
		George, Matthew	
		<b>H</b>	
Horham, Leman	Horhham, Hiram	Horham, Benjamin	Hurd, John A
		<b>J</b>	
		Jones, Runnels	
		<b>L</b>	
Lyonkiller, Phillip	Logue, Wm	Leonard, Samuel H	
		<b>N</b>	
		Nichlon, John	
		<b>P</b>	
		Pearson, Joseph	
		<b>R</b>	
		Reed, Adam	
		<b>S</b>	
		Scott, Daniel	
		<b>W</b>	
		Wagner, David	

**Names of Voters on the Monroe List**

		<b>A</b>	
Addington, Sablrd	Arnold, James		
		<b>B</b>	
Buxton, Peter	Buck, Charlton	Beesley, James L	

		<b>G</b>	
		Grant, James L	
		<b>H</b>	
Hudson, Peter S	Hagerman, Adam	<b>H</b>	
		King, William R	
		<b>L</b>	
		Lidget, William	
		<b>M</b>	
Morgan, John	McCarthy, Dennis	<b>P</b>	
		Peterson, William	
		<b>R</b>	
Richatt, Chas	Ruby, Geo	<b>S</b>	Rawlings, Greenbury Russel, Amasa
Singer, Andrew Smith, W H	Spalding, Lucius Summers, Nicholas		Shoopman, Jacob      Springer, Harvey
		<b>T</b>	
Thompson, Warren	Tureman, Leonard	<b>W</b>	
Warren, Joseph	Williams, Alec E		White, Ephraim      Wigons, Thomas

**Names of the Voters on the Virginia List.**

		<b>A</b>	
Allen, Andrew L	Ashlock, P N		Aby, Nelson H
		<b>B</b>	
Bridgewater, Zach	Beard, Martin		Bailey, Robert      Brainard, Sylvester
Brownough, Geo C	Beard, John M		Buckley, Mark      Buckley, John L
Blair, David	Bailey, Atvin		
		<b>C</b>	
Church, T M	Cottrell, John A sr		Conner, Geo      Collins, John W
Clay, Porter	Craig, David		Cavender, Daniel      Collins, Thomas J
Clark, David	Cook, Joseph		Carns, Asa      Clark, Thos jr
Colwell, Patrick	Clark, Thomas C		Coggshall, Wm      Clark, Thomas
Cross, Jesse	Crowder, Daniel		
		<b>D</b>	
Dunbar, Joseph T	Davis, John		Daugherty, Pressby J      Daugherty, Ralph
Dye, Greenville	Davis, Thos M		Davis, Edward      Dalson, James
Daniel, Paschal H	Davis, Elijah		Daniel, James
		<b>E</b>	
Eaton, Joseph S	Elliot, David		Elliott, Thomas      Eaton, David
		<b>F</b>	
Farrow, John	Freel, Charles		Freel, John W      Free', Wesley II
Farrell, Wm E	Fielding, Edmund		Ferguson, William
		<b>G</b>	
Glover,	Gaines, Coleman		
		<b>H</b>	
Hinchee, W H	Horn, Nathan F		Havekluft, Henry      Hayues, Geo
Haynes, Wm	Hoyt, Stephen F		Horrom, Cyrus      Har well, E
Havekluft, C H C	Hardy, John W		Holmes, Wm      Haskell, John E
Hoffman, Alex	Higgins, Martin F		
		<b>I</b>	
Isahin, Uriah	Inches, James		
		<b>J</b>	
Judd, Supplina	Jackson, William		Jackson, James
		<b>K</b>	
Kerr, James A	Krohe, C F		Kemper, J M      Knowles, James
		<b>L</b>	
Lucas, Charles	Leonard, W J		Lane, Wm      Lee, Joseph
		<b>M</b>	
McElwee, John	Miller, Peter		McClure, John      McNeil, Lochlan
Miller, Allen	McClure, Joseph W		Madden, P M      Miller, Wm
McKenzie, James	Moore, J L		Miller, John II      Marshall, F S D
		<b>N</b>	
Naylor, Wm	Needham, James		Nelch, John      Naylor, Alex
		<b>O</b>	
O'Brien, Dennis	O'Brien, David		O'Neal, Harvey
		<b>P</b>	
Phelps, R J	Paschal, Coleman		
		<b>R</b>	
Rose, Isaiah	Russell, Thos		Royse, Robt A      Richardson, esse J

Rinage, Isaac

Swift, R H  
Slack, Wm  
Stribling, Isaac M  
Sutton, Martin  
Scholes, Edward  
Samuel, Robert H  
Stevenson, Samuel

Thompson, John  
Taylor, Robert  
Taylor, John  
Taylor, Alex

Williams, John  
Williams, A K  
Whitmire, John

Stockton, Alien  
Summers, Wm  
Smith, Albertson  
Slms, V G  
Schovley, M H L  
Samuel, George W  
Slack, John

Thompson, Robert  
Turner, W G  
Taylor, Wm  
Tiger, Lewis

Watkins, Lewis  
Ware, John  
Wilson, Thomas

**S**

Shirley, Wm  
Stockton, G W  
Smith, Halsey  
Stevenson, J W  
Samuel, James M  
Samuel, Andrew  
Samuel, Thos A

**T**

Thompson, David  
Taylor, Arch  
Taylor, Angus  
Tegg, James

**V**

Vermilion, William

**W**

Webb, Timothy  
Warren, Jas C sr

**Y**

Young, S las

Stribling, B F W  
Stone, Thos J  
Sutton, Samuel  
Shaw, Samuel  
Samples, Alex  
Stevenson, James  
Savage, John

Taylor, Woodford  
Taylor, Duncan  
Trotter, David  
Thornsbury, David

West, Amos C  
Woodward, Amos

**Names of the voters on Sugar Grove list:**

**A**

Akers, Pe. er      Akers, William

**F**

Foster, George W

**H**

Hinchy, Reason M

**I**

Isham, James J

**L**

Lee, Stephen      Leonard, John

**N**

Neale, John M

**R**

Roberts, R T

**S**

Smith, Samuel      Smith, Thomas      Sloate, George

**T**

Thomas, Richard S

**W**

Weaver, George W      Willson John

## WILLIAM HOLMES.

*By Dr. J. F. Snyder*

**I**N his *Pioneer History of Illinois* Gov. Reynolds classed as "pioneers" only those who were inhabitants of Illinois before its admission to the Union in 1818. But the Old Settlers Association of Morgan and Cass counties, when organized, finding so few of that class of residents still living, extended the limit and considered all persons who resided in Morgan county prior to "the winter of the deep snow, 1830-31," as pioneers and eligible to membership.

By that latter standard William Holmes was a pioneer, as he was an early settler in that part of Morgan now comprised in the county of Cass.



WILLIAM HOLMES.

of February, 1799. Thus, as he often facetiously remarked, he came within eight miles of being a native born Yankee

His boyhood was uneventful as that of most boys brought up in the rural districts of a region not remarkable for fertility of soil or other natural sources of wealth. When old enough he was assigned his share of the farm

His parents, John and Phebe (Dougherty) Holmes, of English descent, were natives of Connecticut, who, after their marriage, left the Nutmeg state, and crossing over the state line into New York settled on a small farm, eight miles from that line, near Clinton Corners in Dutchess county, New York: of which Poughkeepsie is the county seat. They were members of the Society of Friends, commonly known as Quakers—as were their parents before them—and in very moderate circumstances financially. But they were young, strong and hopeful, and by industry and economy succeeded in life's only mission, the raising of a family. Of their eight children—seven sons and one daughter—William Holmes was the fifth, born on the 7th

work during the farming seasons, and was sent to the district school in the winters. He early manifested a marked dislike for the routine drudgery of the farm, and a marked predilection for books and study, in which he made rapid progress. Seeing the boy's bent of mind, his father very sensibly encouraged his thirst for knowledge, and assisted him in his efforts to acquire education, so far as his limited means would permit. When a grown up young man, and still eager for learning, he entered the academy at Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson river, and was there a diligent student for two or three terms. His parents fondly hoped, and expected, that he would confine his attention to the course of studies that would fit him for the Quaker ministry. But though very partial to the Quaker faith in which he had been reared, he felt but little interest in the study of theology, preferring to qualify himself for a more active and practical business calling than that of the church. His ruling talent was mathematics, in which he gained great proficiency, easily mastering the most intricate problems of higher arithmetic, algebra, geometry and surveying.

About that time the people of the older eastern states were becoming stirred up with intense interest in the rapidly developing young states of the far west, particularly Illinois and Indiana, which had escaped the incubus of slavery, and were represented as offering the most tempting opportunities for success and advancement in every path of life. A furor to emigrate to the west prevailed similar to that occurring in 1849-'50, upon the discovery of gold in California. Among others, young Holmes—who was well aware that upon his own unaided exertions must depend success in his future career—was seized with an irresistible desire to try his chances in that new and promising field.

Although it was intimated to him by the trustees of the academy that if he remained there until his graduation he would be appointed one of the faculty and given the position of instructor in the department of astronomy and mathematics, he declined the offer, partly because of his impatience to commence his western journey, but chiefly from lack of funds to continue his studies. Bidding adieu to the old homestead and its inmates he set out into the broad open world with all the earthly goods he possessed in a bundle carried on a stick over his shoulder. Going down the Hudson river he landed at Hackensack in Bergen county, New Jersey, and from there proceeded afoot to Paterson, in Passaic county, and in that neighborhood secured employment as teacher of a country school. He taught there two or three terms, and, with the wages he earned, started on his way to the setting sun. He passed through New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and by flatboat from Brownsville, on the Monongahela, floated down that stream and the Ohio to Henderson, in Kentucky, where only the width of the river separated him from the long wished for promised land.

Crossing the river he found that he was in Posey county, Indiana, a stranger in a strange land, with cash capital exhausted, but in sound health and good spirits. His first move was to look around for employment, which he soon obtained as teacher of a country school a few miles from the town of Mt. Vernon. The marshy, mosquito-infested flats and poor post oak ridges of Posey county, where fever and ague and milk sickness were the principal products, and coonskins and hoop poles passed as legal tender and were the

chief articles of commerce and export, fell far short of realizing Mr. Holmes' high ideals of the great west. He was disappointed and discouraged, and concluded if that was a fair sample of Indiana and its adjoining states, the best thing he could do would be to work his way to New York and stay there. But poverty compelled him to continue for sometime at his task in order to earn money enough to enable him to get away. While debating this matter in his own mind he heard of a man named Henry Hopkins who came, with his family, from Kentucky, and after trying Indiana awhile, had pushed on to the Sangamon country in Illinois, where, it was reported, he had found the garden spot of the world. Those reports revived Mr. Holmes' flagging hopes and caused him to change his plans. Instead of returning home a poverty-stricken failure he determined to go on into Illinois, as soon as he could, and share with Mr. Hopkins the paradise he was said to have discovered.

In the midst of Mr. Holmes' last term of teaching another Kentuckian, named Joseph McDonald, came into that neighborhood, with two or three teams and a large family of grown sons and daughters, looking for a new location in which to enter land and settle himself and children. In a short time the young teacher became well acquainted with the new comers, particularly with one of the boys named John McDonald, who was about of his own age, and his sister, Polly, a year or so younger. The old gentleman was not pleased with the outlook for a permanent home in that part of Indiana: the soil was too poor, and there was too much ague and milk sickness: so, he thought, he would go on farther up and look at the White river country. But when Mr. Holmes told him of the accounts received from Mr. Hopkins of the Sangamon region in Illinois, and of his own intention of going there when that term of his school expired, Mr. McDonald came to the conclusion he would remain there until he heard from him.

When Mr. Holmes finally dismissed his school he lost no time in getting out of Posey county and going into Illinois in search of Henry Hopkins. What method of traveling he adopted is not now known: but most probably he made the journey on horseback. Mr. Hopkins came from Indiana to the northern part of Morgan county in the early spring of 1825, and passed the first season near the town of Princeton, moving from there the next winter to Sugar Grove where he took up a claim and built a cabin in which himself and family resided for many years. On his arrival here in the spring of 1826, Mr. Holmes stopped for a few weeks with Sam Sinclair who had made a clearing not far from where the Centenary church, in Oregon precinct, now stands. He immediately wrote to Mr. McDonald that though the report of Mr. Hopkins regarding the Sangamon country, received in Indiana, seemed very extravagant, he had not told the half of its grandeur, fertility and beauty, and advised Mr. McDonald to come on at once—which he did.

Viewing the country over, with its few scattered settlers, and its fine timber and water courses, and its grand prairies of exceedingly productive soil, Mr. Holmes saw here the elements of vast future wealth. And he also saw that the only industry a person without capital could engage in with prospect of success was agriculture and gradual acquisition of land. Farming on the rocky clay hills of New York had been very distasteful to him; but here necessity together with the certain generous rewards of labor quickly changed his youthful disposition, and there not yet being children enough in a township



to make up a school—he made up his mind to “lay a claim and make a clearing.” In that resolve he was strongly encouraged by all the settlers he consulted. He was received into the Hopkins family as a boarder and lodger, and taking up a claim adjoining that of Mr. Hopkins on the west, resolutely went to work at cutting away the trees and brush, grubbing up the stumps, and plowing.

Joseph McDonald received the florid letter of Mr. Holmes, in due time, and the next day left the state of Indiana, with his family and teams, with their faces set to the west. There was no loitering or waste of time on the way, and in the course of ten or twelve days the McDonald cavalcade hove in sight and rounded to in the prairie grass at the edge of Sugar Grove. Resting there a little while, to look around and take his bearings, Mr. McDonald decided to move his camp two miles farther east and settle down in Panther Grove, where he and his boys right away built a cabin and broke up a patch of sod and planted it in corn and garden truck. The records show that on the 5th of June, 1826, Jos. McDonald entered the e½ of the nw¼ of Sec. 11 in T. 17, R. 9, eighty acres. There he and his sons passed the winter in chopping, clearing, grubbing, making rails, and preparing for making and burning bricks early the next spring for building a house. And in the early summer of the next year, 1827, the brick house was built, and, still in sound condition and good repair, with the fine farm upon which it stands, belongs to the granddaughter of Joseph McDonald, Mrs. Wm. Barkley, of this city.

That brick house—the first one built between Beardstown and Springfield, with the possible exception of the residence of Archibald Job at Sylvan Grove—possessed a peculiar attraction for William Holmes. He often spent the evening there after plowing all day with a wooden mold-board plow drawn by two or three yokes of oxen, and was there Sundays whether there was preaching in the neighborhood or not. By force of example, or perhaps other motive, he too built a house that summer on his claim: but not of bricks. It was a very modest log cabin situated a little north of the (present) old Cunningham burying ground about a quarter of a mile west of the Hopkins cabin. In those pioneer days in Illinois old maids were very scarce, as the paramount duty of life impressed upon the daughters, after their graduation in the arts of cooking, spinning, weaving, etc., was to get married. Miss Mary McDonald—“Polly,” for short—was occasionally reminded of this duty by precept and example, her sisters being soon married and gone, while she, born in Kentucky on September 7, 1802, nearing the quarter century mark in age, was still single. But in William Holmes she recognized her natural affinity, and, having his cabin ready and his crop gathered, they were married in her father's new house, on the 7th of December, 1827.

The appearance of several speculators, known in those days as “land sharks,” who came into the frontier settlements with the annual stream of immigrants, with money to enter settler's improvements on government land, early warned Hopkins and Holmes that they had better not delay too long the securing of legal titles to their homes from the land office. Consequently, they hustled around, and by scraping together all the money they jointly had, and borrowing more, they succeeded in raising the necessary \$200, when Mr. Holmes went to the land office at Springfield and there, on September 15, 1826, entered two eighths, the sw¼ of Sec. 5, in T. 17, R. 9, comprising

both their claims. That success seems to have developed in Mr. Holmes a greed for the acquisition of more land. Late that fall he again visited the land office and, on the 9th of November, (1826), he entered the eighty acres adjoining his first entry on the west, (the  $e\frac{1}{2}$  of  $se\frac{1}{4}$  of Sec. 6, in T. 17, R. 9,) which he sold to Thomas Cunningham in 1851. On November 30th, 1829, he entered another eighty acres—the  $w\frac{1}{2}$  of the  $se\frac{1}{4}$  of S. 31, T. 18, R. 9—a mile or more northwest of his first clearing, upon which he built the frame house into which he moved, where he and his wife passed the remainder of their lives and died. A short time after that last entry, on December 29, 1829, he executed a deed to Mr. Hopkins for ninety acres that included the original Hopkins claim of eighty acres and ten acres of his own upon which he had first squatted and built his cabin; and some years later sold Mr. Hopkins the remaining seventy acres of that quarter section.

After Mr. Holmes had removed to his new home, in North Grove, yielding to the persuasion of his neighbors, he taught two or three winter schools for the benefit of the rising generation, which was rapidly increasing in numbers by the constant influx of settlers. His first school—in 1831, the next winter after the deep snow—was taught in the house of Stephen Lee, (whose wife was Mrs. Holmes' sister), at the eastern border of Sugar Grove, subsequently known as the "Trotter place;" and he later converted his deserted cabin, west of the Hopkins house, into a schoolroom and "wielded the birch" there. Mrs. Jas. Cunningham was one of his scholars, and says in all her school days she had no better teacher. Wm. H. Lee, another of his first Sugar Grove pupils, writing from Rose Hill, Ill., on September 13, 1905, says: "Mr. Holmes was an excellent teacher, but most too kind-hearted to enforce good discipline.

"When a big boy was more than usually unruly Mr. Holmes would assume a fierce look and rush out to a hazel thicket near the house and break off a stout switch or two and come in trimming off the twigs and dead leaves. By that time he would find the boy badly scared and crying, then going to him would pat him on the head and speak kindly to him and in the meantime break his switches in pieces and throw them in the fire. He was never known to whip one of us."

In those days Mr. Holmes also did considerable land surveying for his neighbors, as much for accommodation as for pay, and his work in that line was always carefully and accurately done.

He took no part in the Blackhawk war of 1832, as by his Quaker faith and training he was a non-combatant in principle and opposed to war upon any pretext. Naturally of kind and gentle nature, he was, in fact, a negative man with no aggressive or obtrusive force of character, preferring a life of quiet obscurity and slavish toil, and slow but certain acquisition of wealth. Mrs. Holmes was his counterpart in active industry, economy and frugality, with only occasional help she did all the household work extending to a watchful care of the poultry, the fruits and the garden. Their style of living and dress was rigidly plain, and their only recreation was attending periodical preaching, and visiting neighbors and relatives. The gains of their thrifty management invested in adjoining lands amounted with the passing of years to over sixteen hundred acres. Their home, though plain and simply furnished, was always the abode of cordial and liberal hospitality. All who came

met a sincere welcome and were pleasantly entertained as long as they chose to stay.

In 1836, party lines had become well defined in Illinois. The whigs were greatly strengthened by President Jackson's strenuous exercise of the veto power, and the democrats carried the state for VanBuren, that fall, by only 2983 majority. Mr. Holmes was a whig—perhaps because his friends and neighbors, the McDonald's, Henry Hopkins and Archibald Job, were whigs. Or, it may be, that his father, John Holmes, was a whig, as the majority of men inherit politics from their father and religion—if they have any—from their mother. Let that be as it may, in 1836, he voted for Daniel Webster for the presidency in opposition to Martin VanBuren, and voted the straight whig ticket for state and local officers. Agitation of the movement, irrespective of party lines, for creating a new county from the northern part of Morgan county started at Beardstown a year or two before, in 1836, assumed definite form and was made, in a manner, an issue in the territory interested for election of representatives in the legislature. Mr. Holmes took quite an active part in the state elections that year, particularly for the election of Wm. Thomas to the state senate, and Newton Cloud and John J. Hardin to the lower house, all three whigs and his personal friends.

That legislature, chosen in August, 1836, passed the bill for organizing Cass county, which was approved by Governor Duncan on March 3, 1837. And it was that same legislature that enacted the famous internal improvement scheme which three years later collapsed leaving the state over \$14,009,000 in debt with practically nothing to show for it.

The county of Cass having been formed, an election was held, on the 7th day of the following August, for officers to put its legal machinery in motion, which resulted in the election of John S. Wilbourne, for probate judge; Lemmon Plaster, sheriff; John W. Pratt, county clerk; N. B. Thompson, recorder; Joshua P. Crow, Amos Bonney and George F. Miller, county commissioners; William Holmes, county surveyor, and Halsey Smith, coroner. Mr. Holmes' opponent in the race for surveyor was Wm. Clark whom he defeated by 67 majority.

Before that general election Beardstown, even that early, jealous of Dr. Hall's new town in the prairie, Virginia, in order to steal a march upon it, or perhaps misconstruing the organic county law, called a special election of its own on the first day of July and, all alone, elected Thomas Wilbourn, to represent the county in the legislature. But that scheme was too premature. At the special session of the tenth general assembly, that met at Vandalia on the 10th. of July, Capt. Wilbourn was present and Hon. R. S. Walker presented his Beardstown credentials, which were referred to the committee on elections. The House Journal of July 12, 1839, states:

“Mr. Shields (Genl. James Shields), from the committee on elections to which had been referred the poll book and return of an election for a representative in the legislature from the county of Cass reported, that the county of Cass was formed out of the county of Morgan by an Act passed during the last session of the general assembly, and organized according to the provisions of the same; that at an election held at Beardstown, in said county, on the first day of July last, Thomas Wilbourn was elected to represent said county in the legislature of this state. By referring to the

seventh section of the Act above mentioned, the only section bearing directly upon this subject, we find the following provisions: "In case said county of Cass shall be created under provisions of this Act, then, until the next apportionment of senators and representatives to the general assembly, the said county shall be entitled to one representative to the general assembly, and shall at the next election vote with the county of Morgan for one senator, and the county of Morgan shall be entitled to five representatives and two senators." By the last apportionment the county of Morgan was entitled to six representatives and three senators, and it is clear that whatever disposition its citizens may choose to make of their county, and into whatever number of distinct counties they may choose to partition its territory, they cannot expect to increase their proportion of representation until the next general apportionment, whatever quantum therefore of representation is given to Cass must be deducted from Morgan. It then remained to consider, whether the new county was entitled to elect its own representatives at the time above stated, and then supply the place of a member of the Morgan delegation who had previously resigned. The Act above referred to was approved the third of March last, and provides that Cass shall be entitled to one representative, and shall at the next election vote with the county of Morgan for one senator. This evidently means the next general election; that contemplated by the second section of the second article of our state constitution, and could bear no reference to a special election for a specific purpose, such as that which has lately occurred in Morgan county to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of one of its members, Stephen A. Douglas. This will appear still more obvious if we consider that had no vacancy occurred this question could not have arisen, and the representative who had been elected to fill such vacancy stands upon the same ground occupied by his predecessor previous to his resignation. Besides, the members of the present delegation from the county of Morgan were not elected by the present county of Morgan, but by the counties of Morgan and Cass, and are consequently not the representatives of the county of Morgan: but of the present counties of Morgan and Cass: thus the citizens of the new county of Cass cannot justly complain that they are left unrepresented. Your committee, therefore, unanimously conclude that the new county of Cass is not entitled to a separate representative, and that the election held as above stated was wholly null and void."

The first convention for nominating party candidates for state offices in Illinois was held by democratic delegates, at Vandalia, on the 4th of December, 1837, when Col. Jas. W. Stephenson, of Galena, was nominated for governor, and John S. Hacker for lieutenant governor. Upon discovery that Col. Stephenson was a defaulter, as receiver of the land office, in the sum of \$38,000, the ticket was retired, and the same delegates again met, at Vandalia, on June 16th, 1838, and nominated a new ticket with Thomas Carlin in place of Col. Stephenson, and Stinson H. Anderson in place of Hacker. The whigs held no convention, but agreed upon Cyrus Edwards for governor, and Wm. H. Davidson for lieutenant governor. Neither party held conventions for nominating local officers, leaving it free for all, in the counties, who chose to run.

The next general state election was held on the 6th of August, 1838. It was the first general election for Cass county, and as a test of its party com-

plexion proved the whigs to be in control. They cast for Edwards, for governor, 335 votes, and for Carlin 188. For congress John T. Stuart received 220 votes and Stephen A. Douglas 214. For state senator Wm. Thomas 276, and Josiah Lamborn 252. There were three candidates for representative in the legislature: Thomas Beard, Henry McKean—both democrats— and Wm. Holmes, a whig, who was elected receiving 208 votes to 198 for Beard, and 114 for McKean. At that election Carlin was elected governor by the slender majority of 996, and John T. Stuart, a whig, beat Stephen A. Douglas, for Congress just 14 votes.

The eleventh legislature in which Mr. Holmes served as Cass county's first representative, met at Vandalia on the 3rd of December, 1838, with a whig majority in both houses. Of the 91 members of the House 46 were whigs, 40 democrats, and 5 were independents. In its organization Abraham Lincoln, of Sangamon—who evidently had not yet attained his apotheosis—was presented as the whig candidate for speaker and was opposed by the candidate of the democrats, Genl. W. L. D. Ewing. Though the whigs had a majority of one over the combined vote of the democrats and independents, on the fourth ballot Genl. Ewing was elected having received 43 votes to 38 for Lincoln. Personally, Mr. Holmes disliked Lincoln and had no faith in him: but, moved by party zeal, or fear of the party lash, he voted for him on all four of the ballots. In that legislature Wm. Thomas was the senator jointly for Morgan, Cass and Scott counties. He resigned on March 4th, 1839, to accept the circuit judgeship, and Wm. L. Sergeant was elected in his place. Morgan county had two other senators beside Thomas, and five representatives—Newton Cloud, Wm. Gilham, Wm. W. Happy, John J. Hardin and John Henry. In the standing committee assignments the democratic speaker complimented Mr. Holmes by appointing him chairman of the committee on Public Buildings and Grounds.

Already the people had become alarmed at the enormous public debt accumulating by sale of state bonds for constructing the wild scheme of internal improvements originated by the last legislature, and were clamoring for its curtailment or repeal. But, instead of so doing, the eleventh general assembly increased the state's indebtedness by authorizing an additional issue of \$4,000,000 of bonds in aid of the canal, and over \$14,000,000 more for building new railroads and for improvement of river navigation. Mr. Holmes voted for those measures in obedience to party dictation, but at no time an enthusiastic supporter of the visionary folly, he would have much preferred to vote for its immediate abandonment.

He was a very attentive member: never absent, very watchful of everything transpiring, busy in presenting petitions and serving on special committees: but took no part in discussions or acrimonious political debates that fritted away two-thirds of the session. He voted for Mr. Lincoln's proposition to issue state bonds for the purchase of all the public lands within the state from the general government (20,000,000 acres) at 25 cents per acre— which, of course, resulted in nothing. He also voted for the successful bills to supply the supreme court with a library: to incorporate the Chicago Lyceum: to establish the deaf and dumb asylum at Jacksonville: to require the governor to reside at the state capital, and to prohibit the banks issuing notes of less than five dollars denomination. The legislature—the last one—to

meet at Vandalia—adjourned on the 4th of March, 1839, and the capitol of the state was removed to Springfield on the 4th of the following July. One of the last acts of that session was to pass a bill—approved by Gov. Carlin, March 2, 1839—introduced by Mr. Holmes, providing that, Beardstown having failed to comply with the conditions specified in the Acts of March 3 and July 18th, 1837,—to erect a court house and jail there free of cost to the county—“the county seat of Cass county shall be fixed at Virginia, in said county, upon the same conditions it was offered to Beardstown.”

The citizens of Virginia accepted the conditions with alacrity, and Dr. Hall at once proposed to build a court house and jail if the county would convey to him the fifteen acres of “Public Grounds” he had donated to it when he laid out the town: and his proposition was immediately accepted by the county commissioners. Mr. Holmes then, employed by Dr. Hall, surveyed the “Grounds” and platted them into lots, streets and alleys, together with an addition made thereto by Dr. Hall, and marking off the public square he drove a stake down in its center as the spot where the court house should be built, and Dr. Hall built it there accordingly. The completed plat was filed by Mr. Holmes on the 18th of June, 1839.

Before adjournment of the legislature Gov. Carlin appointed Ex-Gov. Reynolds and U. S. Senator Richard M. Young special commissioners to sell state bonds in our eastern cities and in England. Those distinguished gentlemen thereupon went to Europe on a junketing excursion at the state’s expense, taking along two of the state fund commissioners, Col. Oakley and Genl. Rawlings, and the four together disposed of the bonds to sharpers and bankrupts resulting in loss to the state of nearly a million of dollars. By that time with the state’s credit exhausted, a frightful waste of public money on all sides, the public debt ran up to over \$14,000,000, and scarcely anything accomplished, the bank’s suspension of specie payment, their currency, as well as state bonds, woefully depreciated, followed by distressing shrinkage of all property values, the people, disgusted and panic stricken, demanded abandonment of the ruinous folly.

Governor Carlin awoke to the gravity of the situation, and called the legislature together again in special session. It met at Springfield on December 9, 1839. As the new statehouse was not finished the senate met in the Methodist church, the house in the newly built Second Presbyterian church and the supreme court in the Protestant Episcopal building. During that called session, which adjourned on the 3rd of February, 1840, all internal improvements, with exception of the Illinois and Michigan canal and the railroad from Meredosia to Springfield, nearly completed, were abandoned; all laborers and surplus officials discharged, and a general settlement and reckoning made that showed the state to be on the very edge of bankruptcy. Though Mr. Holmes made no speeches in favor of the retrenchment measures he gave them his earnest support. At that session a resolution was adopted ordering an investigation of the affairs of the the three commissioners appointed before for superintending the building of the state house, one of whom was Mr. Holmes’ friend and neighbor, Archibald Job, which ultimately resulted in his retirement. In the famous “coon-skin and hard cider” campaign of the Whigs in 1840—the most exciting and sensational political contest in the history of Illinois—Mr. Holmes took a very conspicuous part; but

though Harrison and Tyler were elected president and vice-president by the Whigs in November, the democrats at the same election carried Illinois for Van Buren by a majority of 1939, and at the state election on August 2nd they elected a majority of both branches of the legislature. After that campaign Mr. Holmes' interest in politics gradually declined, yet, he retained his prominence in the waning Whig party for some years longer, but paid less and less attention to public affairs, and applied himself more closely to his own interest. On the subject of slavery he was very conservative, emphatically opposed to the extension of the institution in the territories, and equally opposed to congressional interference with it where it already existed, believing that gradual emancipation by the agency and wisdom of the southern people themselves was the probable, and only logical, solution of the question.

He held John J. Hardin in high esteem, and was quite an admirer of Stephen A. Douglas personally; but never could discover in Abraham Lincoln — whom he styled a "vulgar buffoon"—any element of greatness, or more than ordinary ability. At the congressional election of 1846 in this, the then 7th district, Mr. Holmes voted the Whig ticket excepting for congress, casting his vote for his friend Rev. Peter Cartwright, the democratic candidate, against Lincoln the Whig nominee.

For this act of party treason—as the whigs termed it—Mr. Holmes was severely censured by his party in Cass county. In a communication to the Jacksonville Journal, written at the time, presumably by Richard S. Thomas, of Virginia, Mr. Holmes' defection was criticized in scathing and abusive terms: and in order to fully convey the writer's indignation he had Mr. Holmes' name name occurring in it printed in type upside down.

In 1848 Mr. Holmes, though not highly impressed with the fitness of Genl. Taylor for the presidency, was still loyal to the whig party, and continued so until 1856. When he saw, at the Bloomington convention, on the 26th of May of that year, the whigs of Illinois coalesce with the anti-Douglas democrats and organize the republican party; and saw John C. Fremont, the hare-brained apostle of abolitionism, enter the field for the presidency bearing a thirteen-star flag, with a sectional following—nine-tenths of whom were old-line whigs—who at the November election gave him 115 electoral votes, he joined the democrats in support of Buchanan, and voted the democratic ticket the balance of his life, but took no further active part in politics.

Mr. Holmes was eminently a good man. With conscientious honor and probity of character: in kindness, benevolence and charity, purity of moral life, and a mild, affable disposition, he possessed in high degree all personal traits and characteristics of the best type of what is understood by the term "Christian gentleman." His habits were most exemplary. He probably never tasted liquor of any kind, never used tobacco in any form, and never expressed himself in coarse, profane, obscene or vulgar language. Though not a member of any secret society, he always willingly accommodated friends and neighbors, and did all he could to relieve distress and suffering, and assist the poor and needy.

He is said to have been quite spruce and good-looking in his younger days: then five feet eight inches tall, with black hair and eyes, pleasant expression of face and very agreeable address and manners. His feelings and emotions were of devotional cast in ready sympathy with sacred service or music. He

was naturally a religious man, with true Quaker humility and kindly regard for his fellow men. Had the Society of Friends had an organization here he would doubtless have been one of its most steadfast members. Mrs. Holmes joined the Methodist church in her early girlhood, and lived and died in that faith, a sincere practical, as well as theoretical, christian. Before religious denominations here were strong enough to build houses for worship, Peter Cartwright, and other Methodist ministers, occasionally held services and preached at the Holmes farm for assembled settlers of the neighborhood. By request and invitation of Mrs. Holmes a two-days' meeting was held there in the summer of 1852, during which Mr. Holmes was formally admitted into the Methodist church. In 1854 a Methodist camp ground was established in the grove just south of his house, and was largely attended for three or four weeks. The meeting was held again the next year with greatly increased attendance. With their customary prodigal hospitality Mr. and Mrs. Holmes invited and pressed all who came to the camp meeting to eat at their table, and to feed their horses during their stay from their crib and oats and hay stacks, and to use at will their stables and pastures. Noticing the general acceptance of that invitation by the crowd—in fact the outrageous imposition upon the generosity of brother and sister Holmes, the managers of the camp meeting, very considerately for their welfare, closed and moved it away after the second season.

The Methodist church of the United States divided upon the question of African slavery in 1844: and on May 1, 1845, the Methodist Episcopal church, South, was organized as a distinct denomination by a convention or conference of delegates held for the purpose at Louisville, Kentucky. Mrs. Holmes, a native of Kentucky, was always much attached to the customs and institutions of the south, particularly those of her native state. She believed—as also did Mr. Holmes—that the schism in the church was altogether due to the meddling interference of northern abolitionists in southern domestic affairs that did not concern them, and they would gladly have transferred their membership to the southern branch of the church if they could have done so. When therefore, in 1856, agitation of the slavery question had become so frenzied as to leave no neutral position, and the Methodist church, North, pronounced in unequivocal terms in favor of abolition of slavery, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes could tolerate it no longer. They did not formally withdraw from the church by letter, but simply abandoned it, attended no more of its meetings and contributed nothing more for its support.

None of Mr. Holmes' brothers followed him to Illinois, but his sister, with her husband, N. B. Beers, came to Virginia in 183—, and resided here until her death, which occurred on the 9th of March, 1872, leaving two daughters.

Joseph McDonald, the father-in-law of William Holmes, was a native of Washington county, Kentucky: he was the father of six sons and five daughters: William, Frederiek, Joseph, Richard, Jonas, John, Sarah Thompson, Nancy Slack, Elizabeth Lee, Priscilla Gaines and Mary Holmes. The second and third sons were never married; the daughter, Sarah Thompson, remained in the state of Kentucky.

Two children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Holmes. The first, Nancy P., was born on December 7, 1828: was married to James R. Miles, of Indiana, a Methodist minister and farmer, and died at Chandlerville, Ill., on the 30th of



April, 1902, survived by three sons and two daughters.

The second child, John J., was born May 1, 1833, was educated at the neighboring country schools, married Miss Anna Mary Dunaway, and in 18— removed to Tecumseh, Nebraska, with his family, and there died on the 1st of January, 1894.

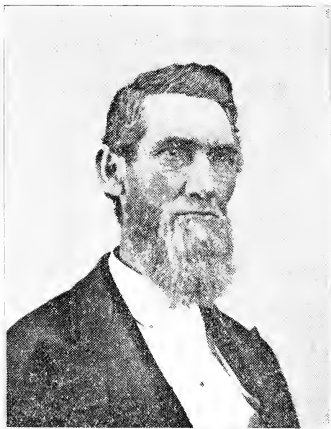
In 1868 Mr. Holmes transferred the management of his estate and business to his son, John, and passed the remainder of his days in quiet retirement at his old homestead.

Mrs. Holmes died there on June 19, 1871, aged 69 years, 2 months and 7 days, and was laid to rest in the little family burying ground, a short distance south of the house. After six and a half lonely years Mr. Holmes followed her, breathing his last on the 18th of January, 1878, at the age of 78 years, 11 months and 11 days, and was buried by her side. Subsequently their daughter, Mrs. Nancy Miles, caused their remains to be removed to her burial lot in the Virginia cemetery.

## DR. M. H. L. SCHOOLEY.

*By Dr. J. F. Snyder*

**E**VERY intelligent man raising a family of children should leave for them at his death—or before—an account of his ancestral history, or genealogy, so far as he can ascertain it, and a sketch of his own biography. Not that American genealogies are of any material or financial value; but because it is to all persons of education and culture very satisfactory to know from what stock they descended, what sort of people their forefathers were, and what their parents did in their day and generation. Dr. Schooley neglected that duty—as indeed a large majority of our people do—and consequently very little is now known of his lineage, and of his early life.



DR. M. H. L. SCHOOLEY.

He was born of Quaker parents at, or near, Leesburg, in Loudoun county, Virginia, on the 12th of December, 1812. Of his father's vocation, or his station in society, nothing is now known. Some, if not all, of the family migrated from Virginia to southern Ohio, as the records show that young Mahlon H. L. Schooley taught a country school in 1835-'36 at, or near, Lexington, in Highland county in that state, and, while teaching there he boarded, and made his home with his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson, who, no doubt preceded him there. And, from the fact that he taught school, it must be inferred that he had either in Virginia or Ohio, acquired a fair common school education. Another plausible inference is, that not being backed by much ready capital, or broad manorial estates, and sensible of the fact that he must depend upon his own efforts and resources to make his way through the world, and perhaps not greatly fancying school-teaching, for a life avocation, he concluded to strike out for a newer country where he might have better chances to "catch dame Fortune's golden smile." At any rate, he came to Illinois to look it over, and, if it fulfilled his expectations, to

stay and become a part of it.

In the spring of 1837 it was, he one day walked the gang plank from a little steamboat at Beardstown, and landed in that town in good health, strong and hopeful, but dead broke, and a total stranger in a strange land. He found the citizens there in great glee and rejoicing over the passing of an Act, a month before, by the state legislature creating the county of Cass, in which Beardstown was designated as its county seat. But he was then in no mood to feel much interest in the organization of a new county, as he regarded the bread and meat question a much more important matter. On the way up the Illinois river he had frankly told the captain of the boat that paying for his passage to Beardstown entirely exhausted his funds, and that he would have to look for immediate employment to tide him over until he found an opening for permanent occupation.

That steamboat captain happened to be a kind, sympathetic man, and knowing Doctor Chandler, who had landed from that same boat at Beardstown five years before, and knowing how he was flourishing at the Panther Creek settlement—as it was then called—up the Sangamon Bottom, advised young Schooley to go up there and seek the Doctor's advice. When told what manner of man Dr. Chandler was, and the magnificence of the Sangamon Bottom where he was located, the young man concluded to act upon the captain's suggestion at once; and set out, afoot, upon the journey that same afternoon, carrying all his earthly possessions in an old-fashioned carpet bag. He finished his eighteen-mile walk by sunset, and, happening to find Dr. Chandler at home, was entertained by him with his cordial hospitality—that he accorded all wayfarers who came that way. Then, after hearing the account the young carpet bagger gave of himself, and seeing in him outcroppings of certain manly traits, he insisted upon retaining him in his cabin as a member of his household.

Schooley was a close observer, and quick to observe opportunities. He soon discovered that Illinois was a malarious sickly region demanding a large ratio of physicians in proportion to its rapidly increasing population, and saw that the rates charged by the few doctor's in practice there for their services were considerably in excess of the earnings of other vocations. He also saw that the physician's station in society—he being presumed to be an educated gentleman—was one of honor and respectability. With probably some prior inclination to preparing himself for the medical profession, the great success of Dr. Chandler decided him in adopting that course: for, he thought, it would beyond doubt suit him as well as any other calling—certainly better than that of school-teaching or manual labor. He was deterred, however, in this aspiration by the great obstacles of time and poverty in the way of obtaining the end. While pondering this matter in silence, and scheming to devise ways and means, he was one day much surprised and gratified by Dr. Chandler suggesting to him the proposition to study medicine with him, with the assurance that in two or three years he could become well qualified to engage in the practical work of the profession without the beneficent aid of college lectures or any Board of Health. Without hesitation he accepted the Doctor's proposal, and lost no time in commencing the rudimentary studies of the, so-called, science.

At that early day in the west collegiate medical education was not con-

sidered so indispensably necessary to fit a physician for the active duties of his profession as it now is. Sound judgment, quick perception and strong common sense, with some learning, were regarded, very justly, as more essential to success than Latin-printed parchments or Board of Health certificates. Students who could not afford the expense of medical college instruction, studied with established physicians and “rode with them,” as it was styled, accompanying them on their rounds of professional visits, thereby acquiring clinical knowledge and practical training of value. Schooley “rode” with Dr. Chandler when convenient; and when not riding applied himself to his text books, took care of the Doctor’s horses and made himself generally useful about the premises.

Three years of that practical pupilage turned Schooley out a full-fledged Doctor—a graduate, so to speak, of “Brush College,”—as competent to administer calomel and Dovers powder, and to bleed, blister and purge, as he could have been with half a dozen diplomas and board of health certificates. With perfect confidence in his ability to take care of himself, and of all patients who might entrust their bodily ailments to his treatment, by advice of Dr. Chandler, he left the Sangamon Bottom in the Spring of 1840 and located in the town of Virginia. Already well known in that community by his association with Dr. Chandler, and highly recommended by him, his success was at once assured, and for years he ranked as one of the best physicians, and most influential citizens, of Cass county. Without the illusory prestige of a diploma he successfully stood the test of an extensive circuit of practice upon his merits as a practitioner alone: but in later years obtained a Doctor’s degree in due form from one of the medical institutions of Chicago.

In February, 1841, Dr. Schooley was united in marriage to Miss Catherine J. Gatton, daughter of Mr. Thomas Gatton, one of the pioneer settlers of Morgan county, a farmer and merchant, who resided near the present station of Little Indian. In those days young folks didn’t fool away much time or money on honey-moon excursions; but regarding marriage as the initial step in the only real mission of life, they settled down and began in earnest the never-ending task of earning bread by the sweat of their brows. Following that precedent Dr. Schooley brought his wife to Virginia, and they commenced house-keeping in a small frame house on lots 87 and 88 in Hall’s first addition, now known as the Sam. Petefish residence, which, with his characteristic prudence, the Doctor had bought of Dr. Hall in 1840. For the next several years Dr. Schooley applied himself very closely to his business, gradually extending the area of his medical practice beyond the limits of the county in all directions, and finally establishing himself in the front ranks of public spirited citizens.

Cass county in those days was dominated by the whig party, of which Schooley was an active member. He really had no taste, or aptitude, for politics or public life: but, impulsive and resentful, he became an ultra whig, not so much from the strength and candor of his convictions, as from prejudices engendered by his associations. Those who early befriended and sustained him—Dr. Chandler, R. S. Thomas, the Gattons, Naylor, Beesleys, and others—were all whigs; while those who ignored him and contemptuously called him “Dr. Chandler’s stable boy”—the Dunaways, Rabourns, N. B. Thompson, Petefishes, and retainers, whom he thoroughly detested—were all strong dem-

ocrats. For several years the entire community in and around Virginia was divided—with bitter hostility—not only upon strictly party lines, but also upon the respective professional merits of Doctors Schooley and Tate, the democrats, with few exceptions, sustaining Tate, and the whigs adhering to Schooley, yet, neither of the Doctors was a representative leader of the political party backing him.

The convention system for nominating party candidates for county officers had not then been adopted in Illinois, and was not adopted for several years later; nor had King Caucus yet asserted his power. Elections, without registrations, petitions or primaries, were free for all who chose to enter the lists, and, literally, “the longest pole knocked the persimmons,” as ballot box stuffing, and other election frauds had not yet been invented. In 1843, by tacit agreement of leading democrats of Cass county, C. H. C. Havekluft, a young lawyer and poet of Beardstown, was announced as their candidate for county recorder. The jealous rivalry of Beardstown and Virginia, originating before the county was organized, was intensified that year by the declared intention of Beardstown’s citizens to apply to the county commissioners for an order for an election to remove the county seat from Virginia to their town. The whigs desired very much to defeat Havekluft. Correctly calculating upon the county seat fight aiding them by making the recorder’s election as much a sectional as political contest, they brought out Dr. Schooley as their candidate. The election was held on the 7th of August, resulting in Schooley’s election, as he received 451 votes to 437 for Havekluft, and 32 for Dr. George Van Ness, also a whig, who was the father-in-law of Hon. Henry E. Dummer and a pitiable wreck of a once brilliant man.

On the 4th day of the next month, September, the county seat removal election was held, when Virginia lost it, having but 288 votes against removal, and Beardstown 453 for removal. The recorder’s office proved more of a detriment to Dr. Schooley than a profit as it interfered considerably with his professional business and returned but small emoluments. He retired from it when the transfer of the county seat from Virginia to Beardstown was made, in February, 1845, and was succeeded by Sylvester Emmons, a whig, of Beardstown, who, by re-elections, held it until the constitution of 1848 legislated him out of office by abolishing it. The only other public position to which Dr. Schooley was elected by popular vote was that of school director, the duties of which he well and faithfully discharged.

To many of the most intelligent and competent country practitioners of medicine the everlasting drudgery of their calling becomes sooner or later, very irksome—sometimes intolerable. Thus it is that many of them, seeking rest and respite in change of some sort, embark in other pursuits or enterprises of which they know practically little or nothing. Such was the case with Dr. Schooley. Office holding proving not altogether satisfactory, his next venture was in the milling business. The first steam mill established in Virginia was built on the branch in the eastern edge of the village by N. B. Beers, a New Yorker and brother-in-law of Wm. Holmes. Into that enterprise Dr. Schooley invested some of his surplus earnings, as partner and junior member of the firm of Beers & Schooley. The partnership continued about two years when it was dissolved by mutual consent, Dr. Schooley retiring with some acquired experience, but no material addition to his wealth.

As may be inferred, his experience was gained, not in the work of the mill, to which he paid little or no personal attention, but in its financial outcome.

The war with Mexico, in 1846-48, had no perturbing influence on the medical practitioners of Cass county, and not one of them offered his services in aid of his country. They no doubt had sufficient exercise of their patriotism in the caseless war they waged at home upon the chills and fever, and other local endemics. Medical practice in the Virginia district was nearly equally divided between Doctors Schooley and Tate, who still hotly contested for supremacy. Dr. Hall, an invalid for several months, died in July 1847, and Dr. Pothicary had moved to Beardstown. Three other doctors—Conn, Stockton and Clark—had located in Virginia, but not being able to wait until Tate or Schooley died, they left in disgust. A short time before Dr. Hall's death, in 1847, Dr. Rufus S. Lord, with a newly married wife, came to Virginia and quietly settled down for business. His thorough education, affable disposition and cultured manners favorably impressed the people; and Dr. Schooley, taking quite a fancy to him, entered into partnership with him in the general practice of medicine, moved no doubt by the selfish desire to get rid of some of his slavish toil and thereby have more time for deer and turkey hunting. Just what attraction the little squalid village of Virginia had for the medical profession at that time is now difficult to comprehend. Though the field was fully and ably supplied, Dr. Charles Aust Hathwell moved in and "permanently" established himself in a dwelling he had built in the northwest corner of the town.

The discovery of gold in California, in 1848, was hailed by Dr. Schooley with pleasant and intense interest: as it seemed to present a loophole through which he might escape for all time his dreary and monotonous avocation. He quickly concluded to go there and gather up all the gold he wanted to enable him to retire from all active business, and, with his guns and dogs, pass the remainder of his days in the blissful slaughter of wild game. After all needful preparations, leaving his patients in care of Dr. Lord, and his family at home, he left in the spring of 1849, with Dr. Pothicary and other Cass county friends, for the new-found Ophir, by way of New Orleans and the Isthmus of Panama. Their voyage was pleasant and uneventful, and they arrived in the promised land in safety and good health. From San Francisco they proceeded up the Sacramento river to the mountains, and there separated, each taking the route to the gold diggings he thought the most advantageous.

Dr. Schooley was in California just a year, and was always very reticent about what he did while there. He did not find gold laying around loose requiring only to be shoveled up in sacks: but disappointed in all his expectations, homesick and disgusted, he returned to Cass county in 1850 by the same route he went: having with prudent forethought taken with him ample means to defray expenses both ways. Again taking up his old pill bags and lancet, he began anew to trudge along the familiar well-worn ruts, and without effort resumed his former prominence in his profession and in social and public affairs, although Dr. Parmenio Lyman Phillips had located in Virginia early in 1849 to supply his vacancy in the medical staff there. His partnership with Dr. Lord continued until the spring of 1851, when that gentleman seeing that Virginia, a village with less than 400 population, was overstocked with Doctors—having five: Schooley, Tate, Hathwell, Lord and Phillips—concluded

to pull out and look out a more promising location. He went to Chester, in Randolph county, taking young Henry H. Hall with him to assist in running a drug store there in connection with his practice of medicine.

The Virginians had lost the county seat, but had by no means lost the hope of some day regaining it: and were united in endeavoring to secure every advantage for their town that would promote that object. The citizens of Beardstown projected a plank road over the sand from the river east to the bluffs that promised to be a great advantage to their commercial interests. Not to be left in the lurch by their successful rival, the Virginians organized a joint stock company to build a similar plank road over the sticky clay hills and mud flats from their town to Bluff Springs. Of that company Dr. Schooley was elected secretary and treasurer, as appears from the following notice in the Beardstown Gazette of that date:

### **“Plank Road Notice.”**

“Notice is hereby given that Books for the subscription for Stock in the Plank Road leading from the Bluffs to Virginia will be opened at the office of Dr. M. H. L. Schooley in the town of Virginia, on Saturday the 14th day of June, 1851, and continue open from day to day until a sufficient amount of Stock shall have been subscribed.

Virginia, May 21st, 1851.”

How long the books for subscriptions remained open at Secretary Schooley's office, and how much of the capital stock was subscribed, is now impossible to ascertain: but the “wind work” of the enterprise was all of it ever accomplished.

Among the many results produced in the business world by the amazing quantities of gold yielded by the California mines was the stimulus given to railroad building in all parts of our country east of the great western plains. And in no state of the Union was that class of enterprises prosecuted with greater vigor than in Illinois. In 1853, Major J. M. Ruggles, representing the counties of Mason, Menard and Sangamon in the state senate, secured the enactment of a charter for construction of a railroad from Pekin, in Tazewell county, down the eastern side of the Illinois river to some indefinite point, to be known as the “Illinois River Railroad.” The right of way was secured to Bath, in Mason county, and over \$100,000 subscribed for its stock, when the influence of Dr. Chandler, R. S. Thomas and Dr. Schooley, of Cass county, and certain influential citizens of Jacksonville, succeeded in effecting a divergence of the route of the road from the Illinois river, at Bath, directly south through Chandlerville and Virginia to Jacksonville, and the name of the road changed to the Peoria, Pekin & Jacksonville. In September, 1857, the company for building the road was formally organized, at Chandlerville, by selecting Judge Wm. Thomas, of Morgan, Hon. R. S. Thomas, of Cass, J. M. Ruggles and Francis Low, of Mason, and Joshua Wagonseller, of Tazewell, as a board of directors. The directors then perfected the organization by the election of Hon. R. S. Thomas, as president, Dr. Schooley, secretary, and Thomas Plasters, treasurer.

The grand opportunity Dr. Schooley had long looked for, to emancipate him from professional servitude, was at last presented to him, and he seized

it with avidity. Casting aside the old shackles of medical practice, he entered upon the duties of his new position with devoted enthusiasm. Mason, Cass and Morgan counties were industriously canvassed by President Thomas and other officials of the company and their citizens urged to subscribe for stock in the railroad, which they did with open-handed liberality. Work on the road was prosecuted with energy and Beardstown saw, with envy, the daily onward march of iron rails and locomotive in the direction of Virginia.

As a railroad magnate Dr. Schooley's social status was suddenly much exalted. Considering that his new dignity should be sustained with more refined surroundings, he caused the old house, serving for some years as his home, to be moved on the corner lot across the street, and upon the lots where it formerly stood erected a fine mansion (still in good condition there,) at that time the most stylish and costly residence in the town, and excelled by few, if any, in the county. In corresponding style he refitted his domestic establishment, converted his pill shop into a railroad office, and for a time occupied a sphere in life he had long desired and was eminently well qualified to fill.

About that time—in 1857—the Jacksonville and Tonica railroad company was pushing its road north across the southeastern corner of Cass county, resulting, in its anticipation, the founding of the town of Ashland (in that year) and quite an influx of immigration to the east end of the county. The certainty that Virginia would in a short time be in railroad communication with the large centers of trade gave the village a big "boom" that—together with the increasing vote of the east end of the county, inflated its leading citizens with their importance and strength. They thought the time had arrived for wresting the county seat from Beardstown, that was yet without any immediate prospect of a railroad, and applied to the county commissioners to order a special election for that purpose. In compliance therewith an election was ordered to be held on the 3rd day of November, 1857, upon three propositions, namely: for and against subscription by the county of Cass of \$50,000 in aid of the Keokuk and Warsaw railroad (to pass through Beardstown); for and against adoption of township organization, and for and against removal of the county seat from Beardstown to Virginia. The election was held accordingly, resulting in defeat of the railroad tax by the vote of 636 for and 792 against; defeat of township organization by 385 votes in its favor and 1921 opposed to it; and defeat of county seat removal by 986 for and 1606 against it.

At that election unblushing frauds were perpetrated by the partisans of both Virginia and Beardstown, the latter casting against removal almost as many votes as the whole number of legal voters in the county. At the hotly contested presidential election a year before—Nov. 4th, 1856—the total number of votes cast in Cass were: 303 for Fremont, 438 for Fillmore, and 914 for Buchanan, aggregating 1655.

The old adage, "Misfortunes never come alone," often proves well founded. The failure to regain the county seat was almost a "solar plexus knock-out blow" to Virginia. It survived the shock, however, but another came in less than three years, when, by foreclosure of mortgages, the ownership and management of the P. P. and J. railroad was transferred to another company, whereby President Thomas and Secretary Schooley were relieved of all connection with it. To make matters worse, by that transfer of the road, the



many citizens who had bought the bonds of the road lost every dollar they invested in them. And worse yet for Dr. Schooley, about that time his health began to fail with serious symptoms of pulmonary disease. Once more he took up the discarded pill bags and lancet and began again his old treadmill rounds of professional toil. Dr. Hathwell was gone—went in 1856, with his family, to California by way of New York and Panama. Dr. Parmenio Phillips had engaged in the steam-milling business with old Bill Armstrong, and practically retired from the medical arena; but Dr. Tate was still doing business at the same old stand, and had a new competitor in Dr. George Washington Goodspeed who moved into Virginia from old Princeton in 1859.

Dr. Schooley's host of friends were steadfast in their devotion to him; but, disappointed and dispirited, the charm of his old associations was gone, and he saw little hope for regaining his former prestige in the community. Impelled, in a measure, by financial reverses, and by the desire to change his mode of life, in order to improve his failing health, he sold his mansion, closed up his business, and in the spring of 1863, when the nation was reeling from the shock of civil war, he left Virginia and moved over to Mason county. There he quietly settled down on a little sandy farm he had previously purchased, and which constituted about all of his available assets, he continued his professional work.

In his palmy days Dr. Schooley was a man of attractive appearance—six feet in height, straight as an Indian, with well developed and finely proportioned figure, regular, well-formed face, high cheek bones, and black hair and eyes. His features, strong and impressive, but habitually immobile, neither reflected his feelings, or revealed his thoughts. With usually grave expression of countenance he laughed but little, and seldom indulged in jests or ribaldry.

These personal and mental traits, coupled with his immoderate love of hunting—the lowest and most brutal of all human instincts—gave color to the frequent intimation of his adversaries that he was of Indian descent. He dressed neatly, and was invariably dignified, courteous, and gentlemanly. Though not wanting in energy his movements were deliberate, and marked with a degree of reserve indicating adequate self-respect. Polite in his intercourse with the people, he was not very talkative, and generally mild in speech and manner, but when irritated displayed a fiery temper and pugnacious disposition backed by reckless courage. At his hospitable home, or in society, his affability could not be exceeded, and when with genial friends he was a pleasant and jovial companion and entertaining talker. Music and oratory were not among his natural gifts; nor did he make any claim to sanctity or piety, but he was kind, benevolent and charitable; and, without blemish in character or personal habits, was guided in all affairs of daily life by a high sense of honor and morality.

As a financier Dr. Schooley was not a conspicuous success. His income was ample, but was readily absorbed in expensive tastes, stylish mode of living, and requirements of a growing family of sons and daughter. In all his dealings he was exact, prompt and scrupulously honest. Not having been one of the canvassers for subscriptions to railroad stocks he escaped the bitter censure heaped by many of the victims of misplaced confidence upon R. S. Thomas; and at no time was any charge of corruption ever insinuated

against him.

Knowing and caring nothing about politics, or questions of public policy, when he came into Illinois he followed Dr. Chandler into the whig ranks; and when that party in the state was merged into the new-born republican organization, at the Bloomington convention in May, 1856, by logical transition he became a republican. He was at times quite an aggressive politician, not, however, of the office seeking variety, but from fixed prejudices and to be of service to his party friends.

Dr. Schooley's education, literary and medical, was fair, but not of the highest class. He was probably never a deep student, and as a man of learning passed for much more than his real value. He was, by the standards of that era, a good physician: but his success and reputation as such were due not so much to his book learning as to his intuitive perception, sound judgment and self-reliance—in a word to his clear, strong, practical, common sense. In the sick room he was formal, positive and silent, seldom indulging in idle conversation, or expressions of opinions simply for effect. There was no hesitancy in his conclusions or prescriptions, and he gave his directions to the nurses or other attendants like a general issuing his orders to subordinates, with no explanations of the nature of medicines prescribed, or their expected effect. That course passed for—and really was—profound wisdom, as it impressed the patients with faith in the doctor and confidence in his treatment. For, as a rule, the more a physician palavers in presence of the sick, and assumes to explain the properties of his remedies and their *modus operandi*—of which he is himself often totally ignorant—the less will they believe in him, and the less will be his success. In diagnosis Dr. Schooley was not very often at fault: but, as is the case with all other practitioners of medicine, his deductions from correct premises were not always infallible. Some of his notions would at this day be condemned as singularly absurd: as, for an instance, he adhered to the antiquated idea that two diseases cannot possibly exist in the human system at the same time, and upon that theory he conquered fevers by establishing an artificial disease, that of mercurial ptyalism (salivation)—a remedy worse than the original disorder. Strange as it may now seem to us, he was considered peculiarly successful in the treatment of typhoid fever by that barbarous method. It is but just to add that the same plan of treatment was then practiced by physicians of the highest reputation everywhere.

It is a fact, with a few exceptions, that the man specially fond of his gun and dog is a worthless member of society. Dr. Schooley was one of the few exceptions to that rule, although his fondness for hunting amounted almost to a mania. Often in his busiest seasons, when demands for his professional services were crowding upon him from all directions he would drop everything and strike out for the Sangamon Bottom, or Mason county, to kill deer and turkeys: and be gone for days, and sometimes weeks. It mattered not what important cases, or pressing business, he had on hands if a brother Nimrod came along and proposed going on a hunt, he was ready to start off at once and made no promise when he would return.

In regard to religion Dr. Schooley was always inclined to be a Christian and certainly was a moral and conscientious man. He attended church with his wife when convenient, contributed liberally for support of the creed and

preacher and entertained a wholesome respect for the sanctuary, but was by no means a puritan. In a general way he accepted the blessed truths of the bible, without making any fuss or display about it, and never seemed to be distressed with doubts as to his final destiny. In middle life he joined the Cumberland Presbyterian church—more to gratify his wife than to quiet any qualms of conscience—and then quit swearing, excepting when angry or much provoked.

His prospects in Mason county, where he was located on poor soil in a poor community, with health declining and earning capacity reduced, could not have been otherwise than gloomy and discouraging, but he bravely faced the situation and did the best he could to be reconciled to it. His new residence, however, had the advantage of being near his favorite hunting ground where game was abundant, and removed from the dead beats and loafers that infest the villages and mark the doctors as their especial prey. He remained there two years, with no improvement of his health or finances, when his friends persuaded him to get out of the Illinois river valley and try the effects of a more elevated and open region. Acting upon that suggestion he sold his farm in 1865 and left the state of Illinois, establishing himself at Harrisonville, the county seat of Cass county, Missouri. He there commenced anew the practice of his profession, to which he gave his whole time and attention and was quite successful. His ability as a practitioner and worth as a citizen soon gained recognition throughout the county and he was given all the patronage he could attend to.

The higher altitude and purer air of western Missouri arrested—or retarded—the ravages of the scourge that held him in its grasp, and gave him an extension of his lease on life. But it was only a prolongation of the struggle against the inevitable. The spirit and force that inspired him in his younger days were gone, and only his strong determination and high sense of duty—together with constant use of cod-liver oil and whiskey—sustained him in his daily routine work. For twelve years after his arrival in Harrisonville, he sustained the high professional and personal reputation he had established in Illinois. Despite ill health and advancing age he manfully remained at his post, administering to the sick and relieving human suffering until exhausted vitality compelled him to surrender to “the grim reaper called Death,” and breathed his last on the 14th day of December, 1877, at the age of 65 years and 2 days. He was buried with the ritual ceremonies of the Odd Fellows, of which order he had been a member for many years.

Dr. Schooley was survived by his wife, three sons and one daughter. Two or three of his children had passed away in their early infancy. Edward Chapman Schooley, his eldest son, died of consumption in Harrisonville, in August, 1884. Mrs. Catherine G. Schooley died in April, 1897, and was followed to the grave by Dr. Wm. T. Schooley, the second son, who died of consumption, in October of the same year. The only survivors of the family at present are James Henry Schooley, of Washington City, and the only daughter, Mary E., wife of Mr. Shad Owens, of Harrisonville, Mo.

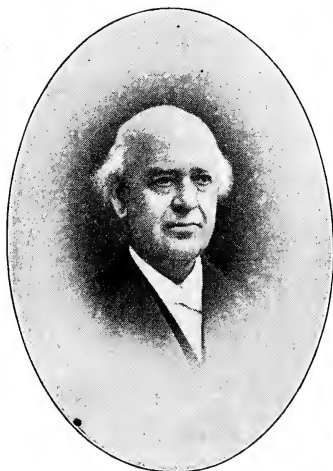
Two young men, residing in Virginia, named Whitmeyer and O’Neil, studied medicine in Dr. Schooley’s office and “rode” with him for some time. After their horseback curriculum and brush college graduation they wandered beyond the confines of Cass county to find locations for practicing the art they had learned. O’Neil settled in Mason county and in time became there quite a popular and reputable physician and substantial citizen. Whitmeyer migrated west, with his parents and their other children, and was totally lost to even the oldest inhabitants of Virginia.

## JESSE AND REV. HOOPER CREWS.

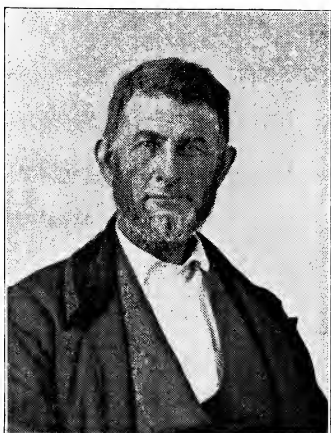
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**I**N the year 1773, three years before Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, two brothers, John Crews and Richard Crews bade goodbye to their old friends and neighbors in England, and embarked in a small vessel for the American Colonies. These brothers did not long remain together; John Crews settled in Virginia where he prospered after the manner of English immigrants, and his descendants drifted to the south where they may be found in the states of Alabama, Georgia and Florida.

Richard Crews settled in Kentucky and became the father of five sons:



REV. HOOPER CREWS.



JESSE CREWS.

Peter Crews, Richard Crews, John Crews, Joseph Crews and William Crews. The eldest of these five, Peter Crews, was the grandfather of the subjects of this sketch. To Peter Crews were born three sons: Andrew Crews, James Crews and Jesse Crews. The second son, James Crews, was the father of two sons: Hooper Crews and Jesse Crews and one daughter named Millie, who married D. W. Wright.

Hooper Crews was born in Barren county, Kentucky, near Pruett's Knob, on April 17th, 1807. Of his early life nothing can here be recorded. Dr. George B. Crews, a great nephew of Hooper Crews, sent the writer the address of Mrs. Walter P. Miller, 2160 S. Columbine Street, University Park, Denver Colorado, a daughter of Hooper Crews. To this lady a letter was sent, asking for information concerning her father, explaining it was to be used in the preparation of this sketch. As the letter was not returned the presumption is, that it reached its destination, but nothing ever came of it. The writer has sent many other such missives during the progress of the writing of this series of sketches and not a few have met the fate of this Denver communication. If one is so illiterate that he cannot write a letter fit to be seen, he should be excused upon that ground; if he is so ignorant, as to have no appreciation of the common courtesies of life he should be forgiven. If this lady received the letter addressed to her and contemptuously refused to answer it, she is certainly very unlike her distinguished father. Rev. E. K. Crews of the Illinois conference, also a great-nephew of Hooper Crews, promptly responded to my inquiries and kindly furnished me nearly all the information I have been able to gather concerning his relative.

When but a lad of 17 years of age he was converted, joined the Methodist church; was licensed to preach when 21 years old and the next year became a travelling preacher of the Kentucky Methodist conference.

Peter Cartwright was 22 years older than Hooper Crews, and had left the Kentucky conference and come to Illinois and very soon after Mr. Crews, in 1834, was transferred to the Illinois conference which was as large as the state, and was appointed to preach at Springfield, now the state capital, he then being but 27 years of age. His subsequent appointments were as follows:

Presiding elder of the Danville district:

Presiding elder of the Galena district:

Pastor of a church in city of Chicago:

Presiding elder of the Chicago district:

Presiding elder of the Mount Morris district:

Presiding elder of the Chicago district:

Agent for the Rock River Seminary of the M. E. church:

Pastor of the M. E. church at Galena:

Pastor of the Clark street church in city of Chicago:

Pastor of the First M. E. church at Rockford:

Presiding elder of the Rockford district:

Pastor of the church of Joliet:

Presiding elder of the Chicago district:

Pastor of the Indiana Avenue church of Chicago:

Pastor of the Embury church at Freeport:

Pastor of the church at Batavia:

Pastor of the First church at Rockford:

Pastor of the M. E. church at Oregon, Illinois, where he ended his long and useful life on the 21st day of December, 1881, aged 74 years, 8 months and 4 days.

In addition to the immense amount of valuable service he rendered the church of his choice in the stations above described he was a delegate to the general conference of the M. E. church four times, and was chaplain of the

100th regiment of Illinois volunteers.

The writer first saw Hooper Crews, when he was in charge of a church in the city of Chicago in the year 1854, and afterwards heard him preach, while visiting his only brother, Jesse, in this county. He was a man of unusual ability; had he turned his attention to the law, he would have made an admirable judge; he was dignified in his bearing, courteous in his manners, a strong and eloquent preacher. He was a man of great influence in his church.

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Jesse Crews was born in Barren county, Kentucky, on August 23, 1809. Of his early history very little is known by his descendants; he was a very modest, unassuming man, and was never known to boast of anything personal to himself. His wife was Susan A. E. Sneed, who was born on the western border of the state of Virginia on April 3, 1812. Her father died, when she was a very young child and she remembered nothing of him; her mother married a blacksmith, and Mrs. Crews used to tell her children of her step-father making shackles in his shop for slave owners and slave drivers who used them to fasten together their "property," that they might not foolishly escape from their dear friends and protectors. Her son, Jesse Crews, of this county has in his possession, a fire shovel, made by this old-time blacksmith which he gave to his step-daughter Susan as a wedding present, when she was married to Jesse Crews on December 30th, 1830. The following day, the last day of 1830, this young married couple made a honeymoon trip of thirty miles on horseback.

The name and fame of Illinois were well known to the Kentucky people, and the young men of that state, of that day were greatly tempted to leave the old home and fireside and seek their fortunes by settling along the streams of the land of the Illini. Jesse Crews' sister Millie had married a young man, D. W. Wright, and these two young married couples, in 1832, left old "Kentuck" and made their way to Sangamon county, where they unharnessed their horses, and unloaded their wagons near the present town of Pleasant Plains on the border of Rock Creek. Mr. Wright did not long remain here, but, in 1842, turning his face to the north, travelled on into Minnesota, and there bought a farm; on his return he was taken sick and died among strangers; his widow and family removed to the Minnesota farm, where they made a permanent home.

Jesse Crews settled very near the home of Peter Cartwright, and the two men became fast friends: both were loyal Methodists, Kentuckians, and early Illinois settlers, but differed in politics, Cartwright being a democrat, and Crews a whig. In 1846, Jesse Crews then being a resident of Cass county, voted for Cartwright, a candidate for congress, against A. Lincoln, his whig opponent. Crews' regard for his old neighbor, and brother Methodist being stronger than his political affiliations.

In 1837, Jesse Crews purchased of John H. Plunkett a tract of land described as located on Richland Creek, but from the imperfect description, one cannot, at this day exactly locate it. In August, 1841, he purchased another tract of William Crow executor of Dallas Scott in Sec 34 T 17 R 7 Sangamon county. In May, 1842, of John Dickey he bought 160 acres of land in Sec 1 T 16 R 8 and in December, 1842, he bought of David Wright 40 acres in Sec 30 T 17 R 8.

The early death of his brother-in-law and the removal of his sister and her children from his neighborhood, were events that served to cause Jesse Crews to become discontented, and late in 1842 he sold a part of his land in Sangamon county and moved across the Illinois river into Schuyler county, as a sort of experiment, where he remained a year. Not being satisfied in Schuyler he partly retraced his steps, came into Cass county and finding in the Garner neighborhood seven miles east of the town of Virginia a Methodist log church with a good sprinkling of members of that body nearby, he concluded to settle among them, and not then having sold his land in Sangamon county he rented a tract of Keeling Berry in nw $\frac{1}{4}$  Sec 3 T 17 R 9 and also 80 acres of Josiah Parrott adjoining, and after a few years being satisfied with his surroundings in February, 1848, he purchased of Parrott the nw $\frac{1}{4}$  of nw $\frac{1}{4}$  Sec 3 T 18 R 9 and the sw $\frac{1}{4}$  of sw $\frac{1}{4}$  of Sec 34 T 18 R 9 on which latter tract he erected a house, comfortable for those days to which he removed his wife and growing family to which he gradually added thereto by the following purchases: In 1853, he purchased of John R. Dutch ne $\frac{1}{4}$  of se $\frac{1}{4}$  Sec 34 T 18 R 9; in 1859, he bought of Wm. Crews ne $\frac{1}{4}$  of sw $\frac{1}{4}$  Sec 34; he purchased of his brother the se $\frac{1}{4}$  of nw $\frac{1}{4}$  Sec 34; he entered 80 acres in nw $\frac{1}{4}$  Sec 34.

His neighbors soon learned his ability and integrity and he was often chosen for jury service; elected to the office of justice and for many years was the postmaster of the neighborhood.

This farm is now owned by Flavius C. Fox and then was and still is a good one.

About the year 1854, Jesse Crews and his oldest son, William, embarked in a speculation which proved a disastrous failure. At that time there was no Ashland; Philadelphia was a mere hamlet, Chandlerville contained less than two dozen houses and Virginia was a poor straggling village. Mr. Crews thought a country store would give his son employment and wealth; he therefore purchased a stock of general merchandise of S. C. Davis & Co. of Saint Louis, moved it into a small building in his dooryard, which was afterwards removed a few rods to the northeast and began his career as a merchant. As the vicinity was infested with the usual proportion of dead beats who "buy" all they can be allowed to carry away and never pay a cent if it can possibly be avoided, and as the older member of the firm never had the heart to refuse a neighbor anything he had, it does not require the wisdom of a Solomon to foretell the result of the mercantile venture. More and yet more goods were sent for; Jesse Crews sold out his interest to David Monroe, but too late, alas, to save his property. In 1860, his farm was mortgaged to Davis & Co., the store building was dragged across the prairies to the young town of Ashland, but Jesse Crews was a ruined man. He managed to save from the wreck forty acres of hazel brush and young timber, the ne $\frac{1}{4}$  of the nw $\frac{1}{4}$  of Sec 34; here he built a shelter and in the early spring of 1864, he removed his few articles of personal property, with his wife and their three younger boys to the new place. The writer of this sketch assisted in this removal and grubbed up the first black jack at the new home. As they drove away from their comfortable old home, the good wife looked sadly behind her, with the tears in her eyes, but good "Uncle Jesse" exhibited no sign of grief, but maintained his usual composure and good temper and was never heard to utter a word of complaint. Had Jesse Crews been a sharp and shrewd finan-

cier, after he found the merchandising business going wrong, with war times and high prices for farm products coming on, with the help he had about him, and with a kind-hearted creditor, Samuel C. Davis, who would have willingly leased him the farm at a moderate price he might have re-couped his fortunes and saved his farm for himself and family. But Jesse Crews was not a money-maker, his heart was not set upon scraping together earthly possessions, he was a consistent follower of the Master who taught his disciples to take no thought for the morrow: to set their affections on things above: he often read and pondered over the text. "For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." He would quit his farm work any time to attend camp meetings or other means of grace. His business was not to raise corn and hogs for the market, but to serve God, and to do all the good he could.

Here, on the little farm of 40 acres, Jesse Crews with his old mother, his wife and younger boys spent the remainder of his days. Ever cheerful and happy, he was "a light set upon a hill that could not be hid." If even a respectable majority of the church members of to-day possessed the sincerity of Jesse Crews the preachers would not be heard complaining that less than forty per cent of the young men of Illinois are ever seen within church walls except on funeral occasions. He was not like the worldly church member who sits in the social meeting while the preacher and the women sing of the "number of stars in their crown," with his thoughts upon the number of steers in his feed lots, and who would gladly exchange all knowledge and interest he has in the "plan of salvation" for a reliable cure for hog cholera.

Jesse Crews was a broad minded man; his good old mother, Nancy Crews, born Feb. 17, 1783, who died Sept. 13, 1874, was a kind-hearted Kentucky woman, but as much of a Puritan as though she had been reared in the shadow of Plymouth Rock. On one occasion in 1864, this writer went with him to a grove meeting, where the Oregon chapel now is, to hear Peter Cartwright preach an afternoon sermon in the shade of the oak trees. In the course of his talk, the old Methodist war-horse bitterly denounced colleges declaring that "they turned out infidels." On the way home, Jesse Crews in commenting on this language, remarked that he did not believe the Doctor was right, and then added that if it were true it was a strong argument against the Christian religion. Mr. Crews had a keen appreciation of the humorous; which is always an indication of brightness of intellect. In conversation he was hesitating in his manner of speech; his voice was low and it required an effort to catch all he said. Physically he was about five feet, ten inches in height and his weight about one hundred and seventy pounds. His wife was a very small woman in size, and in later years much bent with age. She, like her good husband, was very modest and unassuming; she was the kindest of mothers, and a true christian woman.

Mr. Charles W. Crews, of Pueblo, Col., grandson of Jesse Crews, writes: "My recollection of my grandfather is, that any Methodist republican, could have got anything he had." Very true, and he might have added "and even a needy, swearing democrat, would not have been turned away, empty-handed."

There were born to Jesse and Susan Crews ten children, as follows:

Martha H. Crews, born Dec. 5, 1831: married to Joseph Allison a farmer



of Oregon precinct Cass county, Illinois, and who died in giving birth to her first child, a son now living in Iowa.

William J. Crews, born March 27, 1833, and who died in the state of Arkansas, Dec. 15, 1871.

David Crews, born Aug. 5, 1835, still living in Brown county, Kansas.

Nancy Crews, born Oct. 14, 1837, the wife of Rev. Wm. S. Garner, and now living in Oregon precinct.

Thomas M. Crews, born July 31, 1840, now living in Oregon precinct.

Mary F. Crews, born March 12, 1842; died Sept. 25, 1847.

Elizabeth Crews, born April 9, 1845, died Feb. 18, 1849.

John W. Crews, born Nov. 30, 1847, now living in Oregon precinct.

George W. Crews, born July 7, 1849, died Aug. 12, 1869.

Jesse J. Crews, born Aug. 20, 1852, still living in Oregon precinct.

Jesse Crews departed this life on Sept. 6, 1879, aged 70 years and 13 days; his wife died Jan. 18, 1885, aged 72 years 10 months and 15 days.

Every man, whose life is worth living has some worthy object in view. With him, the providing of food, clothing and shelter for his natural body is merely incidental. A proper estimate of the life and character of Jesse Crews depends entirely upon one's point of view. He was a member of the department of agriculture in the industrial world. If he of that department is most worthy of emulation who expends his vital energies in buying more land, to raise more corn, to feed more hogs, to buy more land to raise more corn to feed more hogs, etc., etc., then Jesse Crews was a very insignificant personage, not even fit to have a place in these humble sketches; but if man has a mental and spiritual nature as well as a physical; if he is an immortal being, destined to live after the crisis of bodily death; if it is his duty to fear God, to work righteousness, and to love his neighbor as himself, then Jesse Crews was one of the noblest and most worthy characters who ever spent the mature years of his life within Cass county.

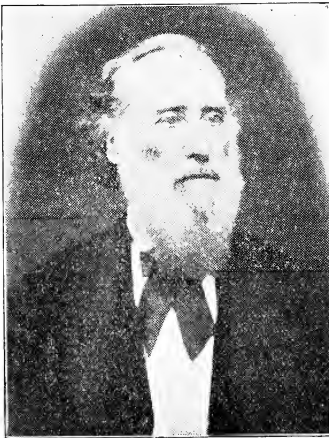
## DR. HARVEY TATE.

*By Dr. J. F. Snyder*

**I**N the old *Cass County Atlas* published in 1874, by W. R. Brink & Co., on page 28 there is a biographical sketch of Dr. Tate dictated by himself, wherein he states that he was the son of Thomas and Elizabeth (Owings) Tate, who migrated to Miami county, Ohio, at an early day from Delaware, their native state; also that he was the fifth in a family of nine children, five sons and four daughters; and was born in Miami county, Ohio, on the 20th of February, 1810. When he was quite young the family moved from Ohio to Lancaster county, Indiana, and remained there twelve years. They then re-

turned to Ohio and settled down on a farm in Montgomery county, where shortly afterward the father died, and then for about five years the care of his mother and younger children devolved upon Harvey, who never faltered in manfully discharging that trust.

At the winter terms of subscription schools in his neighborhood Harvey Tate mastered the elementary branches of an English education. He was very eager to learn, and gave to his books every spare moment of his time, with the result that when he arrived at man's estate in years he was fairly well qualified to assume the responsibility of teaching a country school himself. Then came a dispersion of the family, his mother going to live with some of her relatives, and her younger children finding homes among other relatives. Harvey then secured subscribers for a sufficient



DR. HARVEY TATE.

number of pupils to make up a three months' school, and commenced the vocation of teaching. Thus promoted from the cornfield to the station of school teacher he continued with zeal and earnestness, for five years the inexorable conflict with poverty and the world.

Many of the eminent men of our country—as Lyman Trumbull, Stephen

A. Douglas, E. D. Baker, Gov. Deneen, and others—began their illustrious careers in that same way. Moved by the laudable ambition that wrought *their* elevation, young Tate aspired to a higher plane in life than that of a country teacher. Possessing none of the elements for success as a statesman, his natural philanthropy and benevolence inclined him to regard the medical profession as the noblest and most exalted calling of man: and he determined to make every effort possible to fit himself for it, and consecrate his life to the amelioration of human suffering—for adequate remuneration.

With that aim in view he applied such time as he could conveniently spare from the exacting duties of the schoolroom to the laborious study of a few borrowed medical books. In that way, aided and advised by Dr. Van Tyne a local physician, he pursued his studies, often by the light of the midnight lamp—or tallow dip—until he thought he knew enough of the healing art to engage in it as a practitioner. Not having the means to pay for securing further medical instruction in the college halls and dissecting room, he began practicing medicine without collegiate authority in order to earn enough to defray the expenses of obtaining that authority.

That was before the era of ornamental boards of health instituted chiefly for consuming taxes wrung from the people, by creating sinecures for favored political partisans. It was also before the foolish enactment of arbitrary medical practice laws based upon the senseless assumption that a diploma, or certificate from a fancy state board of health having a political pull, constituted a physician. The true physician is born with the especial gifts of genius and aptitude, not made by memorizing text books. With neither diploma or state board of health certificate, Dr. Tate had fairly average success in his practice, well sustained for ten years by faithful attention to his work.

He had wielded a free lance(t) as a country doctor for five or six years when he met his fate—the inevitable fate of prosperous young men of those days,—appearing to him in the form of a handsome girl, named Rebecca Evans, a native, as himself, of Miami county, with whom he, of course, fell in love. The usual silly courtship followed and in due course of time, they were married on the 4th of August, 1836. In a modest cottage the doctor and his young bride began housekeeping with every prospect of enduring happiness and domestic bliss. His new incentives and added responsibilities animated him with higher hope, and determination to win the battle he was waging. But scarcely more than a year had passed since their wedding day when the sunlight of his home was suddenly dissipated by the death of his young wife. Despite his devoted care and attention, and his skill, and that of other physicians called to his aid, the icy hand of death was laid upon her and her new-born babe, and they were taken away and laid in the grave. That cruel blow shattered the doctor's faith—he had been taught from infancy—in the doctrine of personal supervision of mankind by a Divinity overflowing with goodness and mercy, and thenceforth he very sensibly attributed such inflictions to purely natural causes.

He bore his great burden of sorrow with fortitude, and in continued work, and philosophical meditation sought relief for his depressed spirits. Then, Time, that blunts the point of our misfortunes, by degrees assuaged the poignancy of the Doctor's grief. The clouds of gloom that enshrouded him were gradually lifted and wafted away, and once more there beamed upon him the

rays of renewed hope. There also beamed upon him the smiles of Miss Marcy Windsor, a school teacher of his neighborhood, with whom he had been acquainted for some time. Her tender sympathies lightened the dreariness of his lonely existence so effectually that two years after the death of his wife, they were, by the usual wedding ceremony, joined in the holy bonds of wedlock, on the 15th of June, 1839.

Dr. Tate practiced medicine about ten years without a diploma; not deeming, for the first few years, the authority conferred by the parchment essential to his reputation as a practitioner. But popular education was year by year attaching a higher significance to the doctor's Latin-printed "sheepskin," and he saw that he would have to obtain one in order to keep abreast of advancing public opinion and professional ethics. Therefore, making arrangements to meet all contingent expenses, he went to Cincinnati in the fall of 1839, and there was matriculated in the Ohio Medical College; from which institution, at close of the session, in March, 1840, he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine. Though the diploma then conferred upon him by the faculty, in point of weight and exalted professional authority, fell lamentably short of that of a modern state board of health certificate, its importance so inflated the young doctor with an increased sense of dignity, and self esteem as to cause him to become dissatisfied with his obscure country location. He suddenly discovered that he needed more elbow room, among more progressive people, to enable him to introduce certain reforms he had devised that inevitably would revolutionize the old time-worn methods of medical practice.

The fame of Central Illinois for beauty and unsurpassed fertility having spread far and wide a stream of immigration was steadily pouring into it from the older settled portions of the country to the east, south and north. The greater part of the newcomers came by wagon transportation by way of Shawneetown, Vincennes or Chicago. Those who came by way of the rivers found Beardstown to be the most convenient gateway to their destination. Having matured his plans deliberately, Dr. Tate left his rural home, in the spring of 1841, with his wife and infant daughter, Marcy Rebecca, who was born on January 13th, 1841—and is now Mrs. Jasper Plummer—and began his migration westward. By which route of travel he reached Illinois is now not known; but most probably he left Ohio and Cincinnati by steamboat, thence rounded the point at Cairo, and on up to St. Louis, and up the Illinois river to Beardstown. That he landed at Beardstown is inferred by the fact that his first stopping place in Cass county was at a point on the road nine miles east of that place, now known as the Powell farm, a mile west of Cass Siding. It is altogether probable that he started for Virginia, but at that season the mud was so deep the team that hauled him out of Beardstown could get no farther. There was a little house and a stable there on a forty acres belonging to Joshua Crow, who owned, and lived on, the farm two and a half miles farther east subsequently owned by Mr. Wm. Campbell.

Located in that little house by the wayside, either from choice or compulsion, the Doctor "hung out his shingle" and commenced anew the practice of medicine. His professional services were at once required by citizens of Monroe precinct, near by, whose confidence and friendship he gained and retained to the close of his life, and for years was the leading practitioner in all that territory. His nearest neighbors were the Proctor family living in a log

house less than a mile to the northwest, comprising one son nearly of his own age and three or four daughters. His next nearest neighbor was Halsey Smith a prosperous farmer who built and occupied the two-story brick house now belonging to Daniel Biddlecome.

The Doctor did not long remain out there on the clay hills, having had enough of country life in his native state and Indiana. From the Cass county records we learn that on the 19th of July, 1841, he bought of Joseph Scott—who built it—a two-story frame house, with lot 83, in the Public Grounds of Virginia, on which it stands, subject to a mortgage to secure a debt due to Dr. Hall. It is now known as the "Cherry house," a Portuguese harness-maker of that name, prominent in the Presbyterian church, having resided there for several years. There Dr. Tate established himself "permanently," and entered into active competition with Dr. Schooley who had located in the village the year before, and, recently married to Miss Kate Gatton, was residing on the same street about a hundred yards farther east. The antagonism of political parties was at that time characterized by much bitterness. Personal animosities engendered in the extraordinary campaign of 1840, when the whigs elected their president, and the democrats carried Illinois and gained a large majority in both houses of the legislature, had not in the least abated. In Cass county the whigs were in the ascendency, but gradually losing ground. Dr. Schooley was a whig and Dr. Tate a democrat. Immediately the patronage of the two physicians divided on party lines, and that division continued in a general way, and with more or less asperity, for several years.

Employed so promptly and with so much unanimity by the democrats Dr. Tate very naturally became impressed with the belief that his popularity was due as much, or more, to his acuteness and prominence in politics as to his skill and success as a practitioner of medicine. That delusion stimulated his ambition to attain an official position entailing more dignity and distinction than that of the village doctor's station. Though party lines were rigidly drawn neither party had yet adopted the convention system for nominating county candidates, and no restrictions were imposed upon any who chose to run for office. The general state election of 1842 presented the chance Dr. Tate was looking for, and he offered to serve the people of Cass county in the capacity of county judge. He was, however, not permitted to make the race for it alone, as, in a short time Alex Huffman, another moss-back democrat, and pioneer settler of Monroe precinct, announced himself a candidate for it also. Then Robert G. Gaines, son-in-law of Jos. McDonald, and a whig, seeing two democrats in the field, went in the race to beat them both. And, as it was a free for all dash, Ezra Dutch, of Beardstown, a democrat, and one John Richardson, of now unknown party proclivities, offered to make the personal sacrifice and serve the people in that judgeship.

The election was held on Monday, the first day of August, 1842, resulting in a sweeping victory of the democrats, who elected Thomas Ford governor by over 8000 majority, and a large majority of both houses of the legislature. In Cass county John W. Pratt, a whig, was elected to the legislature, and "Uncle Alex Huffman was chosen county judge, receiving 240 votes to 158 for Gaines, 153 for Dr. Tate, 37 for Dutch and 28 for Richardson. For the next year or so Dr. Tate paid closer attention to his practice than he did to poli-

ties; but yet, he was always loyal to his party. On the 4th of September of the next year, 1843, the special county seat removal election was held, and Virginia was defeated. The loss of the county seat was a crushing blow to Virginia, and its actual removal, on the 5th of February 1845, so seriously depressed the prospects of the town that many of its citizens, losing all hope for its future, deserted the place and sought their fortunes elsewhere. The calamity to the village was only to a minor degree detrimental to Dr. Tate's business, as his practice was almost altogether among the surrounding farmers. But, following so closely his own defeat, very much discouraged him. That, with the operation of certain other influences, decided him to abandon Virginia too.

A few months before, one Dr. George W. Stockton made his appearance in Virginia, proposing to remain here as one of its practitioners of medicine. There was nothing about Stockton, either in personal appearance, or acquirements, to cause any physician to fear his competition; nor did Dr. Tate fear it; but the presence of Stockton gave him the pretext he desired to get away. He sold his house and lot—the mortgage on it still unpaid—to Dr. Stockton, and closing up his business, left Cass county in the fall of 1843, moving to Nauvoo, the Mormon city on the Mississippi. He had two objects in view in going there—as he repeatedly told the writer of this sketch; the one was the hope of benefitting his wife's health by the change; the other was to study the Mormon religion. His wife, formerly Miss Marcy Windsor, a native of Massachusetts, was a well educated and cultured lady, who having fitted herself for teaching as a life vocation, had gone to Ohio for employment. On coming to Illinois her health failed manifesting unmistakable symptoms of consumption. It has been attested—but with what degree of truth, if any—is not definitely known that on going to Ohio she was, for awhile, associated with the Mormons at their Kirtland settlement near Cleveland, and was partially converted to their creed, and it was by her persuasion that the doctor went to Nauvoo. Let that be as it may, they remained there only till the next summer, when, Mrs. Tate's condition growing worse, the doctor determined to take her back to Massachusetts and try the effect of a higher latitude and the ocean air in arresting the ravages of disease.

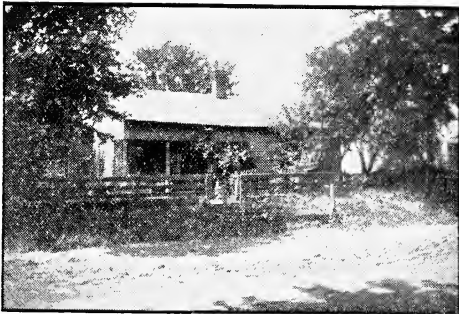
They traveled in the eastern states for some months, the Doctor paying their expenses, it was said, by delivering public lectures on phrenology, physiology and kindred subjects. But she continued to decline in health, and died, in 1845, from exhaustion, among her kindred at her birthplace. Dr. Tate and his little motherless daughter then returned to Virginia where they secured a temporary home at the village hotel then managed by Mr. Wm. Armstrong. Dr. Stockton had in the meantime "played out" and departed for Schuyler county leaving behind him a very unsavory reputation. He, of course, failed to pay the debt due on the "Cherry house," which, after foreclosure proceedings and decree of court, was sold by the master in chancery, and purchased by Dr. Hall on the 19th of October, 1845.

Dr. Tate resumed his slavish professional drudgery with vigor and enthusiasm speedily regaining his former circle of practice. But with a small child to care for, and no fixed home his situation was neither pleasant or satisfactory. He had drained the cup of sorrow to its dregs in the deep affliction visited upon him by the loss of his two companions in their morning of

life. They were gone, and mourning could not restore them; so he sensibly concluded that, as it is not well for man to be alone,—more especially a medical man—he would look around for another life partner to share his fortunes and misfortunes. With that object in view he remembered his old friendly relations with his early neighbors, Mr. Thomas Proctor and family, making for that purpose many visits out there not altogether professional, and not charged up in his ledger. Those gratuitous visits, however, were settled for in full when, on the 23d of February, 1848, he was united in marriage with Miss Lydia E. Proctor, a young lady of rare amiability and admirable personal qualities.

As a country doctor, Dr. Tate had seen and experienced all the beauties and grandeur of the business, and was getting tired of its physical labors. He began to long for something to turn up, or some opening to offer, that he could engage in, that would contribute to lighten the burdens of his daily life. Running at the beck and call of the public at all hours of the day and night had become very monotonous, and he felt that he would like to have an easier job than the one he had. A few months after his last marriage he thought he saw a chance for relief by buying a drug store offered for sale at Lacon, in Marshall county. The prospect was so alluring that he left Virginia, with his wife and daughter, to find a new home in Lacon. For some unknown reason he failed to consummate the trade for the drug store, but did something in the line of his profession, which, no doubt, would have increased had he remained longer. But he had formed an attachment for Virginia, and his wife, very naturally preferring to be near her relatives, they returned to Cass county the next summer, that of 1849, bringing with them their first-born, a son named Thomas, who came into this cold, heartless world there amidst the Marshall county mosquitoes.

In Virginia once more—to stay there until the end—the Doctor rented a house on the southwestern corner of Beardstown and Job streets and settled down to his same old routine work. The premises he occupied were lots 11, 12 and 13 of Hall's addition to the Public Grounds. And he purchased that property on the 24th of January, 1850, lots 11 and 12 of Alexander Naylor, and lot 13 of Ulysses Naylor. He was there situated only sixty yards from his old competitor, Dr. Schooley, who, however, was gone to California to get



Residence of Dr. Tate from 1850 to 1867.

rich quickly. His vacancy was supplied by Drs. Lord and Hathwell, and the next year Schooley returned. But Dr. Tate stuck to his post; and was still there long after Schooley, Lord and Hathwell had left Virginia, and long after every physician who was in Cass county at the time he (Tate) first came into it had passed to his final reckoning where pills and powders, and petty professional jealousies, are unknown forever.

The last change of residence made by Dr. Tate in Virginia was in 1867, when he moved from his old home on the corner lots to the premises formerly improved and occupied by Richard S. Thomas on Job street a few yards farther south, which he bought of Samuel Vance, described on the town plat as block No. 1 of the Hall and Thomas addition, less a strip of 90 feet in width off the north end previously sold to Isaac Bell. There, with ample room for his garden and live stock, and his children growing up around him he was well situated to pass the evening of life serenely.

Dr. Tate was always duly interested in public affairs, and, without ostentation or parade, was public spirited enough to willingly bear his share of the public burdens unavoidable in the regulation and advancement of the community. He served the town for years as one of its Board of Trustees. Invariably a friend and promoter of education, he was a long time one of its most efficient school directors, often visiting the schools and exercising over them practical personal supervision. In politics he was a primeval Jeffersonian-democrat, but not a noisy, pernicious partisan. Yet, he was well posted on all questions of public policy, able and ready to defend his views, and usually considerably concerned in the management and fortunes of his party. In 1869, he was nominated by the democratic county convention a candidate for superintendent of public schools. His opponent on the republican ticket was James L. Dyer, a teacher of the Arenzville schools and a gentleman of very respectable attainments. At the election on November 2d, Dr. Tate was elected to succeed Hon. J. K. Vandemark, receiving 905 votes, and Mr. Dyer 527.

His bond having been filed and approved, Dr. Tate commenced his official career on the first Monday of December in 1869. In order that he might have more time to devote to that career, in 1871 he entered into partnership in the practice of medicine with Dr. C. M. Hubbard, a bright young physician fresh from the same medical college in Cincinnati where he himself had graduated thirty-one years before. There are few avocations in life in which partnerships are so seldom satisfactory as in the medical profession. That partnership was not an exception to the general rule. In the course of a year it was dissolved by mutual consent, without friction or ill-feeling, the younger member of the firm withdrawing and setting up shop for himself.

The routine official work of the superintendent's position gave Dr. Tate genial employment without seriously interfering with his medical practice. It accorded well with his tastes and habits of thought, at the same time affording him opportunities for ventilating some of his reform ideas of teaching. He felt much pride in properly discharging the duties of the position, which he did for four years with credit, and to the general satisfaction of the people. But about the close of his term a temporary realignment of political parties in the county, based upon the county seat removal contest, rendered his re-election impracticable. Dependent then upon his professional work



altogether, with sharp competition all around, and the slowing up of vitality by reason of advancing age, impelled him to again devise some means to mitigate the rigorous struggle.

His intimate knowledge of medicines naturally suggested the drug business as the one he could more readily manage, with but moderate capital, and the least preliminary preparation. In the spring of 1873 a neat little drug store was established, in the old Allard corner building, by Rufus Rabourn and Dr. Jeffries, a local dentist, neither of whom had any practical knowledge of the drug trade. They both soon tired of the enterprise and offered it for sale on liberal terms. It was just what Dr. Tate was looking and wishing for, and he bought it, in the spring of 1874. Installing his son, John, as chief clerk, he successfully conducted the store for four years, in connection with his practice, when, growing tired of it himself, he sold the establishment to a man named Sprague, in the summer of 1878. While in the drug business the Doctor concocted a patent nostrum known as "Dr. Tate's Celebrated Anti-Bilious and Liver Pills," warranted to be purely vegetable in composition, and "certain, safe, mild" in action. After disposing of his stock to Mr. Sprague he lived a more retired life at home, still manufacturing his pills which for several years had considerable reputation and sale. He also continued the practice of medicine until forced by the decrepitude of age to abandon it.

In stature Dr. Tate was five feet ten inches tall, with well-proportioned figure neither stoop-shouldered or corpulent, having an average weight of about 160 pounds. His complexion was fair and eyes gray, with hair—in early life—of dark sandy color. Until his last days he retained an almost full set of sound natural teeth. His regular features habitually wore a pleasant, benevolent expression, and his smoothly shaved face, in repose, had a reverential look that seemed to index sentiments of piety and devotion. Any stranger would have pronounced him a preacher. He walked with a somewhat shambling gait, his left arm usually partially flexed at the elbow by force of habit, not anchylosis. His voice was soft—almost feminine, his language chaste and grammatically correct; but his conversation and public addresses were void of eloquence and monotonous. Of strict moral character, unexceptional personal habits and deportment, he was temperate in all things, to the degree of total abstinence from the use of liquors, tobacco and profanity. With domestic tastes, much attached to his wife and children, the quietude of his home, pervaded by an atmosphere of affection and filial regard, constituted his sphere of earthly happiness.

He did nothing rashly or hurriedly, was cautious, slow and deliberate in thought, speech and action, and always very considerate of his own ease and comfort—in fact, was very partial to ease and comfort. If called professionally to the country before breakfast he generally remained there until after supper—if the cooking suited him and his horse was well fed. An expert in dietetics and an epicurean, he was usually the last one to leave the table—teaching by example one of his hobbies, the proper and perfect mastication of food. Kind and charitable, abhorring vice, depravity and vulgarity, his natural impulses all tended to the good of the human race, and the elevating and purifying of society. He was not a financier, too lenient to his delinquent patrons and other debtors: too negligent of business affairs: generous with

his means, he lived well, and raised a large and expensive family, but accumulated no wealth. In all ordinary transactions he was strictly honorable. As a physician he was as honest and as truthful as the ethics of his profession would permit; for all doctors are compelled to lie and practice deception in self-defense, often to conceal their ignorance.

Many persons of intelligence—some who are well educated—from habitual concentration of thought, or natural eccentricity, adopt hobbies which they advance on all favorable occasions. Those whose hobbies are so persistent as to dominate the mind are styled “cranks.” Dr. Tate’s hobby that brought him in the verge of crankism was “reform.” He constantly advocated reform, not only of medical practice, but of society, churches, modes of worship, political parties, and methods of education. He professed to practice the “Eclectic system of medicine, claimed by him to be a vast improvement on the old Allopathic school and a startling reform. In his characteristic style he displayed that idea in a professional card he inserted in the Cass County Times, in 1851, as follows:

“H. TATE, M. D.

“*Reformer, Eclectic Physician and Surgeon—posted up in the profession and in Organic Chemistry.*

“*SENTIMENT—Agriculture and Medicine should go hand in hand in improvement—old implements in the fence corner. By the concentrated vegetable alkaloids the pulse, fevers and inflammations are more easily controlled in three days, than by old remedies in three weeks, despite the croaking and clamor of fogies.*

“*MOTTO—Truth and correct principles will prevail.*”

Medical science and schools were the objects he insisted required reform most urgently, but almost everything in which the public was interested came in for its share. To be sure, some of those things needed considerable reforming; but his theories were so vague and disjointed, and his reform measures so visionary and impracticable that he failed to impress the people with the wisdom of his notions, and he proved no more successful as a reformer than he did as a financier.

For some years the practice of medicine in a wide circle around Virginia was divided between Dr. Tate and Dr. Schooley, each hotly trying to surpass the other in popular favor. They were not only strenuous rivals in business, but bitter personal enemies. As Dr. Schooley for some years had no diploma Tate pronounced him a quack, a half-Indian adventurer who had picked up a little smattering knowledge of medicine while feeding and currying Dr. Chandler’s horses. Schooley retaliated by referring to Tate as a root and herb peddler, an old granny and ignoramus. Each had his friends and admirers loyal to his interests and ready to disparage and abuse his rival.

The two men were totally dissimilar in every particular. In their systems of practice, in religious views, politics, temperament, tastes and dispositions they had scarcely an idea in common. Yet, both were good men, the best of citizens, and reputed by their respective friends to be fine physicians. In one particular trait the contrast between them was well marked. Dr. Schooley possessed the Indian’s passion for hunting; the savage desire for killing—that he enjoyed as “sport”—fortunately restricted to dumb animals and birds. Dr. Tate, too compassionate and tenderhearted to kill even a snake or

rat, was never known to handle, or fire, a gun. With Goldsmith's Hermit he could well have said:

“No flocks that range the valley free  
To slaughter I condemn:  
Taught by that Power that pities me,  
I learn to pity them.”

For all humanity he also entertained heartfelt compassion and charity; never purposely harming or injuring anyone; never speaking evil of his neighbor, (excepting Schooley:) never retailing malicious gossip or slander, and ever ready to throw the mantle of charity over the faults and frailties of the weak and erring. Finally Dr. Schooley abandoned the field: but too late for Dr. Tate to profit by his victory; as the brisk competition of younger rivals, and the decrepitude of advanced age had rendered himself one of the “old implements” relegated to the “fence corner.”

As a physician Dr. Tate was much esteemed by a large class of people, and, in the main, was quite successful. At no time a profound scholar or student, his “book-learning” was superficial and desultory. Therefore, in his practice, he relied but little on theoretical deductions, and depended upon his knowledge gained from experience and precedents: on attentive nursing, and largely on the *vis medicatrix naturae*. He was a cautious, conservative, practitioner, aiming to check the progress of disease and allay suffering by aiding physiological processes with harmless remedies, avoiding heroic treatment and doubtful experiments. In the sick room he was—as elsewhere—slow, deliberate and methodical, very explicit in his directions to the nurses, and exact in his remedies, carrying with him a pair of prescription scales and small graduated measure by means of which he compounded his medicines to the required grain or drop. He claimed such precision to be scientific reform; but in reality it was stage play more for effect upon the patient and bystanders than from any solicitude on his part for absolute correctness. The element of Eclectic reform and advancement in his system of practice, of which he so loudly boasted, was his employment of Merrill's “concentrated vegetable extracts,” manufactured in Cincinnati, really meritorious remedies, quite popular for a long time, and in use by all progressive physicians. As another phase of his great reform, the Doctor professed to abjure all *mineral* therapeutical agents as being deleterious to the human system, or covert poisons; yet, when he salivated a hapless patient with his “purely vegetable” (reform) remedies—as occasionally was the case—he gravely explained the “complication” away to the attendant relatives in such a satisfactory way as to gain high credit for having saved the victim's life. He never attempted operative surgery, and in minor surgery was timid, bungling and awkward.

Dr. Tate was essentially a good man, actuated in every walk of life by motives of benevolence and sympathetic kindness. He was naturally a religious man with devotional bent of mind, and ever-present sense of responsibility to Omnipotence. His belief in immortality was fixed conviction—not merely a hope or conjecture. In the old graveyard in the Hall field near Virginia is a child's grave with headstone bearing this inscription: “Charles W. Tate, son of Dr. H. and Lydia E. Tate. Passed by the second birth to bloom in the second sphere, August 29th, 1854. Aged 19 months.”

The epitaph on that stone expressed the Doctor's entire creed. Beyond

the portals of death was the second birth; beyond that all was chaos and confusion. He meditated deeply upon the much discussed question of man's final destiny, and prayed for divine help to light his bewildered way. In his early manhood he examined into the new cult founded by Alexander Campbell in 1811; but to him it appeared little more than a rope of sand. In 1843, he went to Nauvoo and investigated Mormonism. By his detractors he was accused of becoming a member of that abominable hierarchy, but he denied it. At any rate, he returned as much unsettled in beliefs as before. After his marriage to Miss Proctor—the Proctor family all being Methodists—he was persuaded to join that fold, and he earnestly tried to accept its creed. With the zeal of the new proselyte, he is said to have attempted to preach it; but perhaps his efforts were only to exhort sinners to repentance. But that too failed to satisfy the yearnings of his soul; for, in reality, he was deficient in faith—as defined by the church. Belief of the supernatural and impossible was not his difficulty—it was the essence and nature of that supernatural agency that staggered him. He was convinced that the activity of that agency, or force, was present in life, and not deferred to the “second sphere.” Consequently he believed firmly in premonitions, omens, presentiments, and other esoteric phenomena.

He often told that one day during a hot, dry summer he rode his tired horse into a shallow slough for water, stopping near a large dead tree that stood in the water. The thirsty animal had scarcely commenced to drink when the Doctor was suddenly seized with an urgent impulse to get away from there immediately. No sound was heard and not a breath of air was astir. Giving his horse a sharp cut with the whip the startled creature sprang forward several feet. At that moment a large decayed limb of the tree, weighing perhaps half a ton, came crashing down on the spot where he stood an instant before. Again; about the middle of the night, on another occasion, he had just issued his medicines and directions at the bedside of a patient, a few miles from Virginia, when he felt a sudden command, which he could not resist, to return home at once. Rushing to the gate he mounted his horse, and in a sweeping gallop soon reached the village. Arriving at his home he saw an unusual light that, on nearer approach, he discovered emanated from fire rapidly spreading over the rear end of the kitchen, caused by the careless dumping of ashes there early in the evening. Springing from his horse he seized a bucket near by, which happened to be full of water, and with that and more he pumped, extinguished the fire before apprising anyone of the impending danger.

Dr. Tate was an idealist and dreamer, rejecting the rubbish of orthodox theology though sanctioned by the credulity of ages. He looked beyond that for a more rational philosophy to satisfy his soul's aspiration. He was deeply interested in the Harmonial hypothesis of Andrew Jackson Davis in its day—so deeply impressed with it that he named a daughter Harmonia;—and was charmed with the visionary idealism of Emanuel Swedenborg; but he was so totally wanting in application, and the power to concentrate and systematize his ideas that they remained confused and without definite form or order. Had he lived long enough to have become a member of the Society for Psychological Research he would have found in modern Spiritualism removal of all doubts, and satisfactory solution of the many occult problems that sorely per-

plexed him. He kept aloof from all secret societies, and, after having passed the meridian of life, affiliated with no church, willing to rest his case, before the Eternal Arbiter of the universe, upon the broad principles of Christian morality, and the consciousness of having done his work to the best of his ability.

His failing strength and faculties compelled him at length to retire from the practice of medicine, to which he had devoted all the best years of his life. Then followed a few more years of involuntary seclusion to which he could illy reconcile himself. He knew that he had reached the limit—that his course was run; but he was reluctant to depart. The world still appeared to him bright and beautiful. He loved his home, his family, his friends, and clung to life with pathetic tenacity; but exhausted vitality forced him to surrender, and he quietly passed away on the 21st of June, 1891, aged 81 years, 4 months and 1 day.

His wife did not long survive him. After a brief illness she died on the 8th of November, 1893, at the age of 66 years, 3 months and 12 days.

Of their children four sons and three daughters are still living. A grown son—the one born at Lacon—and a married daughter, Mrs. R. W. Mills, some years before, preceded them to the grave.

A young man named Dunlap studied medicine with Dr. Tate, and “rode” with him, ultimately graduating at one of the St. Louis medical colleges, and located at Arenzville. He there made a promising beginning of a professional career, but too free indulgence in “the cup that both cheers and inebriates” prostrated him in public esteem and confidence, and ruined his prospects and usefulness. He left Illinois about 1867 for some unknown destination, and Cass county heard no more of him.

## MRS. EMILY BURTON.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY J. N. GRIDLEY: Many farmers' wives are driven to insanity by overwork, the monotony the loneliness of country life. The city lady, who, with pity, and sympathy, looks out of the window of the palace car, upon the wife of a poor farmer, standing, in faded calico garments, in the doorway of a cheap, isolated farm house, would prefer death to the existence of the object of her commiseration. But the life of the country women of to-day, is certainly a better life, than that of a wife of a pioneer. The pioneer is fond of dangers, and adventure; his daring spirit is exhilarated by the chase of the deer, and the hunting of wild animals; he enjoys some degree of sociability with his comrades in the popular wild west sports of drinking liquor, gaming, fighting and running horses. But what of his wife who has left far behind, her father, mother, brother and sister, church and school privileges, to march on toward the setting sun to find a shelter in a log hut, in which she swelters in summer, and chills in winter: where she is stricken in autumn, with the deadly malaria, far from medical assistance and without suitable care? Is there anything in this life, of comfort or cheer?

Thinking that a sketch of early life, written by a woman would be of much interest, I addressed a letter to my friend, Mrs. Emily Burton, asking her to become a contributor to this series of sketches. Her father Hon. James M. Robinson, left his home in central New York in the year 1833 with his wife and baby, for the land of the Illini, with his family and household effects packed into a wagon, drawn by oxen; passing through the wild frontier town of Chicago, he wended his way slowly over the prairies, till he reached the northwest corner of what was then Sangamon county, in the valley of the Sangamon at a point within a mile or two of the present east line of Cass county. Here he unloaded his wagon, prepared a shelter, and near by, on Clary's Creek he soon established Robinson's Mill, which soon became well known far and near, as a familiar land mark: and here his children were born and grew to manhood and womanhood. One of them his son Charles C. who lived for more than twenty years six miles east of this city, is well and favorably remembered by a majority of our present residents.

Mrs. Burton's communication, came in the form of a letter with the request that I take therefrom the material for the construction of a sketch, but I at once decided to produce it as she had written it without alteration, being satisfied it would prove more satisfactory to the readers of these sketches, than anything I could write, from its contents.

Deshler, Neb., Feb. 1, 1906. Hon. J. N. Gridley, Virginia, Ill. Dear friend: I received your letter of January in due time, and have waited for the papers containing the historical sketches before replying.

Your letter was a pleasant surprise, I assure you. Aside from the pleasure given by your kind mention of my father and my brother Charles, your name on the corner of the envelope awakened a train of delightful associations that carried me back to the "noontime and June time" of life, and even before I had finished opening your letter, I was in the beautiful country around Virginia, visiting at my brother's house, enjoying his sweet, congenial

company, and that of his cheerful family, and partaking of their honey and their fruit. How long and many the years seem since I visited there and was happy! "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." And being there, how easy to be transported to Chandlerville to the blessed haven of my father's roof, or to stroll about the hills, and dream the dreams that come but once in our three score years and ten.

In the time that has elapsed since the receipt of your letter, I have been trying to recall dates and events, and any matter that I thought would be of use to your Society. In this matter of dates and events, I hope to get some assistance from an aunt, my father's sister, and only member of his family living, who is now in the eighties, but bright and active in mind. This aunt, then young and beautiful, left civilization behind and came with her parents, who in less than a year followed their favorite son, my father, to the wild west—still supposed to be infested by Indians, rattlesnakes and panthers. This aunt, Mrs. Cyrus McDole, lives at Petersburg, in Menard county. I will also call on Mrs. Talbott, my oldest sister, and oldest of our family, who was born in Thompkins county, New York, and who while yet a mere babe of scarce two years, made the



MRS. EMILY BURTON.

journey with our parents in a two horse wagon drawn by oxen, across the wide stretch of country between New York and Illinois.

My father and mother—what brave hearts they must have had! It seems to me that not Nogis, nor Togos, nor Oyamas could be braver—made the journey in 1833.

My father's full name was James Madison Robinson. He was the son of Ebenezer and Lucy Robinson, and was born near Ithaca, Tompkins county, New York, June 14, 1800. My grandfather, Ebenezer Robinson, was a thrifty farmer of unusual intelligence, who owned his home, and had surrounded himself with many conveniencies. Thus my father in setting his face westward had the courage of sacrifice.

My mother was a native of the same state and county, and was born April 25, 1809, being a month and nineteen days my father's senior. She was the daughter of Joshua and Rachael Jay, and was married to my father, March 17, 1829.

Joshua Jay, my grandfather, was a consin to the renowned John Jay, and



JAMES M. ROBINSON.



MRS. JAMES M. ROBINSON.

an old family Bible records that he was born 1765,—he was, therefore, a lad of ten years when the revolutionary war broke out. In that momentous year of 1775, he was riding to mill horseback, with a sack of grain in front of him, and was overtaken by three men, also on horseback. The one in the lead was on a white horse, and was very tall and straight. He rode up to my grandfather's side, and putting one hand gently on his head, asked him his name, and where he was going. "My name is Joshua Jay, and I am going to mill, sir." "You are a fine lad, and will no doubt make a fine man, good-day," and the three rode past leaving the boy behind. He learned afterward that the one on the white horse was Washington, and, that he was on his way to Boston to take command of the American forces. In the light of what Washington afterward became, my grandfather loved to tell this to his children, and they, to their grandchildren.

In making their way to Central Illinois, my parents passed through a muddy, desolate looking village of only a few houses on the shore of Lake Michigan, called Fort Dearborn. Twenty years later my father went with a drove of cattle to that place and found it a city. That insignificant village had become Chicago. My father brought back gifts to his family, and while distributing them said: "Oh! Oh! If I could only have seen into the future, and stopped right there in the mud of Fort Dearborn, what might we not have enjoyed by this time?" That was in 1853. The Board of Trade had not then come into existence, "municipal ownership" was not even a myth, strikes were unheard of, traction companies, telephone companies, and trolley lines were yet to be, an automobile would have frightened men as well as horses, the great stock yards were not there, nor the evidences of many other "trusts,"—or he might have expressed joy for his own sake, and for the sake



of his children that he had been able to live in tranquillity, out of sight and hearing of the mad rush of "frenzied finance."

What lured them on so far south of that place I cannot recall, but they made their first halt, to stay, near the border line between the counties of Menard and Cass, a mile or so from Clary's Creek on the Sangamon river bottom. Uhey built their first fire on the site of what was afterward the town of New Richmond, where the thick stout grass was taller than a man's head, and as the flames lit up the wild place, I have heard my mother say that my father sat dawn on the tongue of the wagon with hope and courage for the moment all gone, and that in cheering him she cheered herself, and they resolved to conquer the wilderness with no turning back. They had been months on the road.

About where they passed their first night, with no shelter but what the wagon gave, a rude log hut was erected with a dirt floor, and one small window that for a long time had no glass. A heavy quilt served many weeks for a door shelter. The logs to build the cabin were cut from the trees along the Sangamon river. The water and the timber of that river decided the location of the cabin, for the river water was all they had to use at first. Afterward a spring was found that gave a purer supply. In this cabin not many weeks after their arrival, their first son was born. Dr. Chandler, of Chandlerville, was in attendance on my mother during this trial of strength and courage, and in gratitude for his great kindness, my brother was named Charles Chandler. And for thirty-five years Dr. Chandler was not only our family physician, but a highly respected and beloved friend. He was known and sent for far and wide, and his kindness, manliness, and integrity no doubt, won for him the same reverence in many homes that he held in ours.

May 16, 1835, my father entered 40 acres of land in the western part of Menard county. This was two or three miles east of New Richmond, and was divided almost diagonally by Clary's Creek. September 9th, of the following year he bought 40 acres of David Atterberry. This forty joined the other on the north and was almost wholly on the right, or east bank of the creek as it ran at that place. In the northwest corner of this forty, and on the right bank of the creek, Robinson's mills, saw mill and grist mill were built, in 1836. The next year, 1837, he bought the 40 acres joining this on the west, so that he had 120 acres in one body. In 1839 he bought another 40, but it was in the section south of him, and in the southeast part of the section. This made him the owner of 160 acres of rich land.

In those days the "timber" hugged the streams closely, and to be away from creek or river was to be in the prairie grass, or on the bald bluff. The growth of the trees on



CHARLES C. ROBINSON.

the bluffs, whose shade and nuts were such comfort and delight to us children, was nearly all after my parents came. The bluffs were bare, or showing only patches of low brush when they first saw them, and nothing was more of a



(Site of the Robinson Mill. The Handkerchief is upon the exact location.)

marvel to them than this growth of trees. They often spoke of it, and told us how the country looked when they first it. All one wilderness of grass, and so full of danger from fires in the late summer and autumn that "fire guards" were as necessary to safety as the fire department of a city. Often



(Site of the Robinson Homestead, which stood just in front of the site of the brick house shown in cut.)

and often they told us of the wonderful prairie fires that spared nothing, man nor beast, nor young tree in their track. Many a time my father helped fight fire to save a neighbor's grain, or hay, or stock, till he was as black as smoke and soot could make him. Wood and water, the first settlers were obliged to have, and this is why the land along the creek and river bottoms was entered, and turned into homes, before the fine grain lands, that proved such a

source of wealth to those who came later. But my father looked with a miller's eye, and would have searched for water to turn his wheels had he come ate or early.

About a quarter of a mile from the mill, and east, at the foot of the hills that were mountains to our child eyes, my father reared a double log house, roomy and by comparison with other homes around it, comfortable. It had a wide fireplace and an "up stairs." I have a distinct memory of it. There was a neat cave that served for a cellar, a good well with an old-fashioned sweep, and an orchard on the slope of the hill, whose Jennetings, bell flowers and "little Romanites" helped with nuts to brighten winter evenings.

Here my father and mother passed some of their best days. Here six children were born to them, and here they wept over the little girl that died. Hardship and toil there had to be, and privation. But they had the joy of liberty. There was no exacting sweat-house master over them. Their children had the hills and streams and birds and flowers, and all the wonder and beauty of the change of season in such places. The pawpaw leaves along the creek bottom still glow for me in the October sunshine; the mulberries, the wild plums, crabs, and hawthorn blossoms, shed their fragrance and bear fruit for me. Still do I taste the nuts—hazel nuts, hickory nuts, big and little, butternuts, walnuts, chinkapins and pecans—and keep in mind the smooth and peculiarly shaped stone that was used instead of a hammer to crack them with, and the place where they were thrown in piles to dry



(Looking up Clary's Creek.)

awhile before being stored away for the winter. We children ranged the hills and slopes for hazel nuts, but my father made a business every fall of going with the "big wagon" for hickory nuts and pecans. For the finest big hickory nuts and pecans, he went to a place on the Sangamon called the "Big Bottom." When we went there, we took our dinners and stayed all day. How delightful to have our father with us, helping to gather the nuts! Often if the day was chilly he would build a rousing fire of leaves and sticks for our delight, taking care always that no damage was done. I have come to think that children who grow up without the joy of gathering nuts and wild flowers, grow up deprived. I would not exchange the picture memory

draws for any however famous painting by the great masters.

My parents, like their neighbors, kept their flock of geese and their flock of sheep. The geese had their yearly or more frequent pickings, when pillows and feather beds were added to; and often one or two of their number; roasted before the fire in the fireplace, contributed to the cheer of Christmas and other holidays. The sheep were driven to Clary's Creek and given a good washing before the yearly shearing; and the wool cut from their backs with such dreadful looking shears, was tied up in large sacks or old sheets and stored away wherever room could be found for it, till wool picking day. And wool picking day was quite a "function." Between it and one of Mrs. Bradley Martin's "functions," there is all the difference between pioneer life and a society grown corpulent with wealth, and hard put for a new amusement. On wool picking day the neighbor women and children, who had been invited, gathered in and arranged themselves in a circle around a large pile of wool that occupied the center of the room, and each one helping himself to a portion, picked burrs, sticks and trash out of it, till it looked clean and fluffy, and then tossed it on to a sheet spread out for that purpose. In due time a good dinner, and perhaps a good supper too, rewarded the pickers, for let us not for a moment imagine that people did not have good dinners in those days. Nice light bread, luscious "corn pone," potatoes, cabbage, beans, peas in their season, meats nicely browned, mince pies, pumpkin pies and fruit sauces of various kinds, from fresh fruits in summer and dried fruits in winter, were to be found on the tables of the thrifty country folks; and for such occasions as wool picking many dainties were prepared, such as pound cake preserves and puddings.

The picking was only the beginning of work on the wool. The next task was to card it into rolls. This was nice work that not every woman was skilled in, but one way or another every family managed to do its own carding. Next came the spinning and winding into skeins, and this work of spinning usually fell to the girls or young ladies of the family. Girls may be happier now with their music practice, their Battenburg and golf, but they were very happy then. Being one of the younger members of the family, all work of this kind was taken out of the home before I was old enough to be useful, but I remember how pleasant the buzz of the wheel was to me as I watched my sisters in their tidy dresses hold a roll to the spindle, give the wheel a touch with their wheel pin, walk backward as far as they could and keep the wheel going, then forward again to wind up the thread, perhaps singing, or reciting some poem all the while. I had a great desire to be able to turn a roll into thread, but I was born too late. After the yarn was in the skein, came the coloring, and what discoveries in chemistry women made over their "bluedye" kettles, and in experimenting to get madder, and copperas shades. If I remember right, I think they got green, by steeping peach tree leaves and mixing the liquid with the blue dye. Next came the weaving; and gave forth flannels and linseys, and jeans of two colors, sheep's gray and blue, all of which had to be cut into garments for men, women and children, each seam sewed by hand, many of them back-stitched and pressed, and much of the sewing done by candles or a grease lamp.

The changes that have taken place since then surpass the tales of the "Arabian Nights." We press a button and machinery is set in motion, that



ROBINSON'S MILL.



obeys our every wish, performs labors that might puzzle the "slaves of the ring or lamp," relieves both men and women of drudgery, lights our dwellings, annihilates distance and enables us to talk with friends on the other side of the earth. No fairy tale can equal it. Women "back-stitch" no more. The sewing machine is a common household utensil, and above it is a gas jet or an electric light that turns night into day. Chemists get all the colors of the rainbow from coal tar and blue dye and madder tints as obtained then seem to belong to a rude age.

My father kept sheep for several years after the work of converting the wool into cloth had ceased to be a household industry. He sheared the sheep and sent the wool to Bale's Mill at Petersburg, to be exchanged for pretty "pressed flannels" that went far toward making the family elegant as well as comfortable. Well do I remember the first "pressed flannel" my father brought home from the mill at Petersburg. One "bolt" was green and the other black. The green was too pretty to go round—each one wanted some garment from it—and my school dress had to be made of the black, but my father said it was pretty and I was not unhappy.

Robinson's Mills became famous. People came from far and near with grists to be ground and logs to be sawed. They came from fifty and seventy-five miles away. My father worked day and night. There was always too much waiting for the mill to rest. And the poor miller! God bless him, with his powdery curls and his sweet reasonable temper. He certainly had a pleasant way with him, and men called him "Jimmy" as if from real affection.

It was often into the small hours of the night before he could leave the mill, and because of this my mother kept the house as quiet as possible in the mornings, and never allowed him to be awakened until just in time to eat his breakfast. One night when he was at the mill watching the hopper, and being wearier than usual had grown a little drowsy—a great many wagon loads of grinding had come that day and he had helped carry the bags up the steps—he heard a strange moaning sound that did not come from an empty hopper nor from any piston rods, cogs or belts. He heard it more than once and turning his eyes in the direction of the sound saw two figures draped in sheets coming stealthily up the mill stairs. They looked very tall and were disguised by dough faces. My father seized a large iron bar, of use about the mill, and made for them with it lifted to strike. My father was a strong athletic man of good size. The two figures tore off their dough faces, flung the sheets to the floor, and revealed two young fellows that my father knew well and who were often about the mill, one of them Amos Ogden, the name of the other I cannot recall certainly, but think it was Amos Garner, who afterward became a Methodist exhorter and preacher. They begged "like good fellows," and said they were only in for some fun. My father advised them not to indulge in that kind of fun any more, as they had found out how dangerous it might prove. They were glad to be let off so easy for they had seldom seen my father roused to anger as he was then.

Later on my father was so fortunate as to find a trusty Scotchman, named Steven Burrill, who relieved him of part of this night work at the mill. Then his evenings were given to reading; he read much aloud to his family, and of the best. He was fond of a good story and wept over the pathetic parts in a way that made it very real to his listeners. I may as well say here that he

had some of the classics, both in history and in poetry on his book shelf, and pored over them often, dividing his enjoyment of them with his family. Among the poets were Shakespeare, Burns, Pope, Cowper and Milton, and a beautifully bound volume of selections from poets of New England. This volume contained many favorites with us children, among them I remember "Fannie Willoughby" (author forgotten), Marco Bozaris by Halleck, Bryant's "Melancholy Days" and others. My mother early encouraged us to memorize beautiful poems. She was very fond of Cowper and I early learned to love "The Task," reading with her. And many times did we children laugh with our parents over "John Gilpin's Ride." Among the historians he had Rollins, Josephus, Plutarch's Lives, and a cyclopedic history of noted Greeks and Romans, with pictures, from which we younger children gleaned more than from Plutarch's Lives. He had also "Dick's Works," Olmsted's "Letters on Astronomy," Abbott's "Napoleon" and other works that I cannot remember. Brother Setn and I read Abbott's "Napoleon" when we were very young, and I was never able to quite overcome the bias it gave me in favor of Napoleon. My father took Harper's Monthly from the very first number published till his home was broken up in 1865. He took the Saturday Evening Post, and the New York Ledger before its degenerate days. When George D. Prentiss had a column in it, and "Fanny Fern" wrote her spicy articles for it—articles, I believe, that went as far toward rousing women, and men also, to the true dignity of womanhood, the sacredness of motherhood, and the justness of freedom for the mistress, as well as for the master of the home, as did the deeper reasoning and greater eloquence of Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Stanton; because her words reached many a home in which Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton were strangers. The two Cobbs, Sylvanus senior and Sylvanus junior, Emerson Bennett and Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth wrote for these two papers. The two Cobbs and Emerson Bennett have passed to oblivion; we would search for them in vain in book catalogues. Mrs. Southworth is still writing, or was at least until very recently, and is widely read and known; but critics do not give her a high place. Yet by reading the Cobbs I learned to hate religious intolerance, and religious hypocrisy. With Emerson Bennett I roamed the forest, learned the ways of Indians, their trickery and their faithfulness, their courage and their wariness, and fostered a love for the romantic that has sweetened life all along the way. By reading Mrs. Southworth I learned more of Southern life 'in slavery times than I could have got by reading any history. Some of her stories give far truer pictures than "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The negroes as a rule sang at their work, danced at night and were happy. They did not realize their state till taught by the white man. At any rate her glimpses of Southern life are pleasant and were enjoyed by our whole family. My father thought the Saturday Evening Post one of the best newspapers in the land, and I can remember after I was ten years old having often a playful squabble with him as to which one of us should be first to open it.

My mother was just as fond of reading as my father, and he always read aloud at night while she sewed or mended, unless interrupted by company, or some other unusual event. In this way we children were taught to be quiet and attentive. Often after supper while my mother was busy at the housework he would have a little game with us children, "Blind Man's Buff" or



“Puss Wants a Corner,” romping and running as boisterous as any of us; but when my mother was ready to sit down, we were delighted to be still and listen. When my brother Charles was old enough, my father delegated much of the reading to him, and often required one of my older sisters to take the book and rest him.

All this reading and pleasant family life was round a wide open fire-place, with andirons to hold up a good stout fore stick, and generous room for a huge back log and a plentiful supply of smaller wood between back log and fore stick, that cracked and blazed and gave forth light and cheer that steam heated houses can never know. Two grease lamps supplied the light to read and sew by, and every morning those lamps had to be cleaned with nice care. My mother was very particular. Every family that did not borrow of their neighbors had can'te molds in those days, and molded their own candles from beef tallow. Pretty brass candlesticks and snuffers ornamented the mantles in many homes. But it took much polishing, I remember, to keep the brass shining. In our home the candles were used mostly “to run around” with, or to help out a lamp when extra light was needed.

Not often did an evening close round my father's hearth without a collation of nuts and apples, and now and then a treat of “layer raisins.” He was very fond of them and bought them by the box. They were always passed around in the box, so as not to disturb more than were eaten. That was before the age of “shoddy” and “graft” set in, and the bottom of the box was where it should be—so very different from strawberry boxes of the present day—and the last layer of raisins was as firm as the first.

My parents had neighbors—neighbors without stint it seems to me; I can remember the names of many of them. The Lynns, the Hickeys, the Ishmaels, the Dicks, the McHenrys, the Lounsberrys, the Ogdens, the Jones', the Watkins', the Overstreets, the Armstrongs, were all my father's neighbors, with whom he exchanged kindnesses and with whom he met at times in a social way. My parents were both socially inclined, and took moderate part in apple bees, quiltings, house or barn raisings, dances, picnics, or whatever brought the people together, except horse racing. This my parents disapproved, the more especially as it was usually accompanied by whiskey drinking and betting. My mother was bitterly intolerant of drunkenness. For the man under the influence of alcohol she had neither pity nor kindness. My father while using his influence against it by example as well as by words, was more patient, and looked upon the drinking man as more victim than aggressor.

Camp meetings were a kind of social gathering in those days and took place about once a year, in the early autumn, bringing more people together than perhaps any one cause. But my parents thought the religious fervor roused by the preacher's words and the singing in the center of the crowd, more than off set by the rowdiness on the outskirts, and if they attended these meetings it was more to study human nature than to take part, or encourage them.

Most of the preaching at that time was done by “circuit riders,” preachers whose regular charge was in some town, but whose duty it was to devote certain Sabbaths to the people of the surrounding country; and it was not unusual for the speaker to announce at the close of his sermon that there

would be meeting at the same place the following Sabbath, when some brother in the audience, perhaps, would address them. This brother, not an ordained preacher, was called an "exhorter." Some of these, both circuit riders and exhorters, were sharp-witted and ready enough of tongue, and with these my father loved to have a bout at argument, "to try their metal and see how much they knew," he used to tell my mother when she chided him. He seldom failed to go to hear a good talker, of whatever denomination, but never let a chance slip to joke a Methodist preacher about his fondness for "yellow legged chickens." These meetings were held in school-houses, or out of doors in the shade of trees. Well do I remember, during what was called a "revival," the passionate appeal to sinners, made by preachers, exhorters, and brothers in the church, to come forward to the mourner's bench and be saved, thus escaping outer darkness, and everlasting hell fire; and I recall my childish wonder at seeing men and women, some of them no longer young, rise and go forward, and kneel—some of them quietly, some of them sobbing; and then my childish terror at seeing first one and then another start up, shouting and lifting their hands, calling on the Lord to come right then and save them, or falling over prone upon the ground, utterly overcome.

Peter Cartwright was a preacher and circuit rider of great fame in those days, and more than once must have come near enough to Robinson's Mills for my father and family to go and hear him. But it was after we had left there and were living at Bath that I remember seeing and hearing him. As I recall him a gray-haired man, not tall, but well built, with good chest and shoulders, a fine head, with a keen eye and a square jaw. He had that ease of manner that comes to the man, who being round has found that round niche or hole that fits him—in other words, the masterful manner that comes with long practice crowned with success in a chosen work. His sermon was gloomy, an arraignment of the infidel, and disappointed me, as I was expecting something bright and witty, of both of which I knew he was capable, knew it from what I had heard of him.

Now and then my father invited the preacher home with him to dinner and took pleasure in entertaining him, though he was not a member of any church, nor was my mother. They were not bound to any creed, but held that the Universalist has the most rational belief.

The dances of those days were not such rude attempts at pleasure and sociability as one might be led to think. For there were certainly good fiddlers and callers then, that a later time has not surpassed. "Fiddler John Jones" was almost as far famed for his music and good calling as preacher Cartwright for his oratory. He was head musician at the "balls" in Petersburg and other towns; and in the country around, wherever young people were assembled to "trip the light fantastic toe" "Fiddler Jones" was in demand, though on account of the many calls on his skill and time, he could not always respond. He had a voice, that without being loud, penetrated every part of a ball room: his enunciation was distinct, and his time perfect, so that the dancers seldom made a mistake, and he knew so many changes that they did not tire, and too often did not "go home till morning." My oldest sister, Evalyn, now Mrs. Talbott, was just blooming into young ladyhood, and was one of the belles of the county when "Fiddler Jones" was so

popular. She wrote to an aunt—I wish I could state in what year, but it must have been in 1845 or '46—"I went to dancing school last winter, and old Bell died last summer." "Old Bell" was a favorite cow. This dancing school was conducted in a schoolhouse, and Mrs. Talbott thinks young people have seldom had such a skillful teacher, or such entrancing music to practice by. My father thought dancing in moderation excellent for young people; it was one of the best means, he said, of acquiring physical grace, and of imparting ease of manner. And he thought it good even for the elderly, keeping the muscles supple, and the heart young. He was very fond of the Opa reel, and took pleasure in guiding unsophisticated youngsters through its mazy delights. I have danced in the same set with my father, and not one of his children but could say the same.

This memory of him in the dance with us, and entering into the spirit of it with the zest of youth, so far from detracting from his dignity as a father, fills my heart with loving gratitude for the sweet sympathy that doubled our joys by sharing them. As I think of him, my father would have been a parent to satisfy, almost, the ideal of Froebel, the founder of the kindergarten, whose wisdom the world is just beginning to comprehend. As I see him with us in our play, once more I must say, "God bless him."

Equally did he sympathize with us in our tasks. He heard us read and spell and questioned us on all our lessons. Often he took the spelling book, "Webster's Elementary," and pronounced words for us to spell till my mother would declare that he was wearing us out. But we had wonderful staying powers in such exercises and could hold our own with him, spelling as long as he could "give out." He had no patience with careless spelling and expected us to learn the "hard pages" as well as the easy ones; and we did. He had his reward; we were a family of good spellers. Pinyin, phthisic, tyranny, mortgage, phisic were just as easy as grease, fleece, tare, fair, stare, requiring no more strain on the attention. Owing to this practice and the love of it, our mates and their parents sometimes thought we got more than our share of head marks and other school honors, and on our account one teacher, a Mr. Walker, was confronted by the school board one afternoon, just about spelling time, and accused of partiality to the "Robinson children," and told that he would better give up his job. Many of the children were frightened, I among them, and very glad that I could shrink close to my older sister, Lucy, and be soothed by her. This was in the McHenry schoolhouse, and the chairman of the board which came that day, was Murrill McHenry. Mr. Walker resigned his office of teacher, then and there, and the next day came to my father's house to tell us children good bye. We were fond of him and for us younger ones it was a tearful farewell. As a parting gift he gave me a McGuffey's first reader. How happy I was and grateful! How well I remember the little green-backed book, crisp and clean and new. Pretty it was, with pictures illustrating the lessons, and with all the strides in book-making for children, some of them beautiful, almost ideal, that little book is not greatly surpassed. So far I had never been put to reading, not a line, but I could spell metheglin, cinnamon, incomprehensibility and so on, and pronounce each syllable and group of syllables as I spelled, and when that dear teacher was gone I sat down in a little splint-bottomed chair, before the fireplace, and read the first lessons of the little book aloud, delighting and surprising my

hearers almost as much as myself. I can still repeat some of the lessons. Did my father have to look at that book and enjoy it with me when he came; Ah! sweet the memory of his interest in it, his real enjoyment of it. We never attended school in that schoolhouse or district again. When we went to school again it was at the Kendall schoolhouse, about a mile and a quarter northeast of our home. My father was not strict with his children. He was always willing to reason with us, ready to compromise if need be, and seldom opposed us in our little plans for work or pleasure, unless he could show good cause; but there were two rules that he did not want infringed upon—when school time came we had to be ready to start; when we came home we were to tell no “tales.” Neither of which seemed “rules” to us. It was our delight to go to school, and save one we never had a teacher that we did not love and honor with all our hearts, consequently what we had to tell was not “tales” and could be listened to. “Tales,” interpreted, meant fault finding. My father believed those children who were allowed to stay out of school of their own accord, or who were kept at home to work, greatly wronged, and was in favor of a compulsory school law. He impressed upon us constantly the necessity for diligence in study, and the bad consequences to ourselves, and even to others, if we wasted our precious school days. Nothing gratified him more than to know we had deserved the teacher's praise. He used all his influence for good schools and urged the need of making generous contributions for that purpose. He encouraged us to never mind the weather, and we didn't. We enjoyed rain and shine, snow and sleet, and with it all we enjoyed the contents of our dinner basket.

Here I am reminded of the Davidson family and the Holland family, who were neighbors of my father, but whose names I failed to include in the list. It is a pleasure to recall them. Robert Davidson and wife were excellent people, notwithstanding the fact that “Uncle Bobby,” as he was called, was accused of being too strict on Sunday to be consistent with his week day conduct; too strict, it was said, to allow his two little orphan grand-daughters to whistle or play with dolls, or even walk about the yard. Whether justly accused or not, he raised a family to be proud of. There was a son, Robert, and two daughters, Margaret and Mary. Margaret taught the Kendall school, to which we were transferred. She was a young woman of sterling worth, commanding in figure, bright, witty and of pleasing manners—she had almost every quality that goes to make the good teacher. Mary, a tall, shy, studious, conscientious girl, was beloved by the little scholars, because she helped them with their lessons and took much charge of them, protecting them against the rude and thoughtless ones. Robert was a fine young man. He kept a store at Robinsons Mills, after it had been laid out in town lots, and a post-office established there; both of which events took place after my father had left the Mills. Before this our post-office was Petersburg, ten miles away. This store was kept in a room that had been used by Egbert Buckley as a carpenter shop. In this store I made my first purchase. I bought a pair of “side combs,” choosing them myself. Robert told my mother that I picked the best pair in the show case. Instead of making me proud, this mortified me. I thought I had been guilty of bad manners, in choosing the best ones. The Davidsons moved to Monmouth, Warren county, Ill. Margaret had married a Mr. Sterret, also a teacher, and they and Margaret's sister Mary

became teachers of the highest position in the Monmouth schools, and afterward in the college at Galesburg, Ill. To me, Margaret Davidson is a name denoting dignity and worth.

To the Kendall school came the children of Henry Holland and wife, three sons and three daughters. The parents were highly respected by my father and mother, and the children, especially the daughters, were much beloved, and almost as free in our home as in their own. All of them grew up to be well respected men and women, and some of them very prosperous. They were our playmates.

The Kendall schoolhouse was a type of the school architecture of that time. It was built of logs, and the chinks between the logs rudely stopped with clay. The seats were benches without backs that reached the length or width of the room, and were made of heavy slabs with holes bored in each end for legs, that protruded more or less above the top of the seat. A wide board that like the benches reached the length of the room, was fixed up against the wall at what was considered the right height, and with the proper slant, and here on one of the long benches, managing as best they could to get feet and legs over it, and under the slanting board, the pupils sat to write. They wrote with quill pens, and the teacher's patience as well as the metal and condition of his penknife were often greatly tried in keeping these pens in order. In my memory of this schoolhouse it is always summer, the door is wide open, the floor is clean swept, the walls hung with blossomed boughs of dogwood, wild cherry, crab apple and hawthorn, and sprays of glistening oak and sassafras. And O, that sassafras! For what did it not serve? Its green and brittle shoots were bouillons, its buds were spice of the most agreeable flavor, its young leaves were food, its bark was chewing gum, and its roots surpassed young Hyson or gunpowder! What need of sandalwood or spices from the orient?

The girls in pairs took turns in sweeping the floor, and were allowed unrestricted freedom in adorning the walls with boughs while all vied with one another in beautifying the teacher's desk or table with violets, sweet williams, hawk's bills, lady slippers, Dutchman's breeches, ferns, and bluebells. As it is always summer, so it is always afternoon, and the scholars with faces washed clean at the "branch," and hair made smooth with "side combs" after boisterous play, are swaying to and fro on the high benches absorbed in their spelling lessons. Two freckle faced boys, John and Alvin Harman—how well I remember them—are on the floor reciting their "a, b, abs." "B-ah, a-ah, b-a-ah; c-ah, a-ah, c a-ah; d ah, a-ah, d a-ah." The sound is monotonous, the soft, cool air scented with flowers is irresistible, and one little girl goes fast asleep and drops her spelling book. Startled by the sound, she gathers it up hastily, receives the teacher's chiding meekly, and with a shame-faced air proceeds to study her lesson. There were long rows of spelling classes, and much strife in getting head marks; emulation in reading, and in quickness at answering mental Arithmetic problems. Outside there were joys without number: the brook, or "branch" from which we constantly chose a new set of "jackstones," game of the five mystic pebbles; the trees—oak, elm, hickory, red bud, paw paw, sycamore, maple, hackberry, willow—all dear to the children, their very names beloved; the teeter board in the fork of the great oak, so near the schoolhouse that its branches shaded the

roof; the play houses, with the corners of its rooms marked by the position of young trees or saplings, with stump or log for table, and carpeted with leaves gathered by the boys and sewed together with Spanish needles—a bearded grass that grew in the moist glades; with drinking cups and bowls fashioned also out of leaves, and held in shape by Spanish needles. There are school houses now from Maine to California, every two miles, of wood, or brick, or stone, painted, well lighted, with varnished desks, and seats made according to hygienic rules: and supplied with Courses of Study and other aids for the teacher: and for the children, with books so beautifully illustrated and printed, with matter so appropriate and well chosen, that they are almost a marvel of perfection: but who can doubt that a schoolhouse situated as the one described, however rudely built, where children may learn of trees and running brooks, and of all creatures that do inhabit them—squirrels, birds, bees, flowers, vines, and even toads, frogs, and snakes—who can doubt that such a schoolhouse is a true seat of learning, in some respects, surpassing in far off good results, many a trig brick structure of the present day, whose imposing front looks from some bare, windy hill near its fostering town.

For half, yes one-third the millions that are appropriated by governments for a "big navy" the grounds about every schoolhouse could be made into little parks, beautified with trees, gardens, beds of flowers, and even artificial brooks and lakes—with every charm for children, thereby fostering influences that would lead toward that universal peace men talk of in high flown words, whose meaning is drowned by the clang of the hammer that is fashioning, by their sanction, the latest and most formidable warship yet devised.

My mother was equally interested with my father in all matters of culture and education: and was not behind him in requiring of us strict attention to duty, and in reminding us that the reward is to the diligent. She quoted from Franklin's sayings, and from the proverbs of the Bible often, that she might inspire us to greater effort. Sweet the memory of my mother, and I find no higher reason, no more convincing argument—reason and argument unanswerable—for the advancement of woman, for perfect freedom for her as for man, than this memory of my mother.

As for roads when my father came to Illinois, there were none. The traveler took his bearings from the sun and the course of streams, and struck out with only his courage and common sense to guide him. When he came to sloughs, he elucked up, went in and trusted to luck not to get mired down. When creeks crossed his path, there were no bridges, and he found the shallowest looking place he could, and plunged in, hoping to escape quicksands and drowning, and come out safe on the other side. If his hope was realized he found the same place when crossing again; and others seeing his tracks followed where they led. Such a crossing was called a "ford," and was named for the nearest inhabitant sometimes, sometimes for the nearest town. One man followed the other's track, and gradually the safest, smoothest route for wheels, and the shallowest, most gravelly fords were found. There was no "marked" roads, and no bridges to speak of, except near the towns, as late as 1860. When rivers impeded the way, a rude ferry boat, with a man unambitious enough to attend to it, carried people over. But often the traveler had

to spend a quarter of an hour or more, hallowing the ferryman to his post of duty. Unambitious though the ferryman was, he had to keep up a pretty good fight part of the year with mosquitoes and malaria. After the prairie sod was broken up and converted into cornfields and wheatfields, and fences built around men's farms, teams could no longer "pick their way," but were confined to the lanes, and often had a long hard pull for three or four miles at a stretch through mud, deep enough to test the singletrees, and tugs, and even to-day good roads in Illinois and most other states are still in the future—at present reflecting the poverty of road districts, townships and counties, and the indifference of the state, or national government.

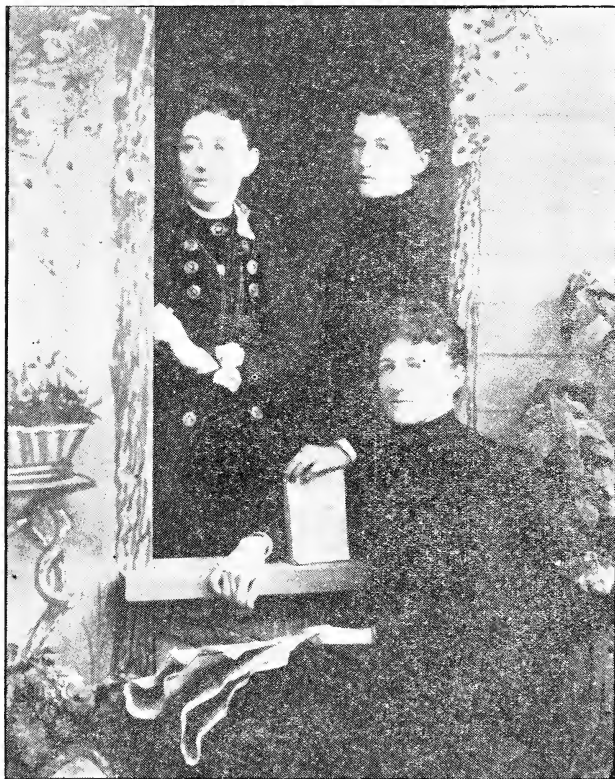
My father took great interest in public questions, and I can not remember when free trade and tariff, free soil and slavery were not discussed in our home. My earliest recollection is of the talk of the Mexican war. The battle was over but the disturbance it caused had not quieted down. The military spirit still ruled and "training days" were set apart, when men donned uniforms and shouldered muskets for drill in marching and handling arms. My father had no musket, and took no part in this practice, but his brother-in-law, Seth Buckley was a "train band captain," and had a sword and musket with bayonet; and his uniform with "gold" buttons and epaulettes, was both gorgeous and fearful to our childish eyes.

My father read *The Federalist*, and admired the arguments in favor of the adoption of the constitution. My uncle, Seth Buckley, admired Jefferson's criticisms of the constitution, and his plea for state rights, and partook of his fears of a centralized government. Seth Buckley married my father's sister, Caroline, and lived in the house that was afterward owned and occupied by John Bonnett at Robinson's Mills. It was but a few steps from my father's house, and the two families read the same books and newspapers, and discussed them together. Seth Buckley was a democrat, my father a whig, but their affections for each other was something out of the common, and is pleasant to remember. My mother and all the family shared in this affection, and when a second son was born to my parents he was named Seth in honor of this uncle. Mr. Buckley left Robinson Mills about the time my father died and moved onto a farm five miles northwest of Petersburg, near which the town of Atterberry has since been built. Here he died while yet a young man, and my aunt after a widowhood of eight years was married to Cyrus McDole. Mr. and Mrs. McDole lived on the farm for many years and prospered well, but as old age approached they left it to younger hands, and are now passing the pleasant days of a well earned leisure in their beautiful home at Petersburg.

As has already been stated in the beginning of this sketch, my father's parents, with what family they still had under their care, followed him to Illinois in less than a year. This family consisted of three daughters, Eliza, Harriett and Caroline, and one son, Joel. A married son, Daniel, came also with his young wife. My father had one other brother, Charles. He was a well-to-do lumber merchant at Ithica, New York. He was not tempted to try the West till several years later when he went to Saginaw, Michigan. My Grandmother Robinson died within a few years after coming to Illinois, and my grandfather married a Mrs. Ogden, a widow a few years younger than himself, as second wife. When I first knew my grandfather he was a cripple from paralysis, and could not walk even with crutches, without a hand to

steady him. He was a reader and a thinker, and at times took pleasure in putting his thoughts on paper. After the stroke that bound him to his easy chair, a prisoner, his chief solace was in books.

He had the Bible at his tongue's end, and could quote an apt verse from any part of it to strengthen his own position or, weaken that of an opponent



In the rear, at the right, Mrs. Clara Sisson; at the left, Mrs. Emily Burton.  
In front, Mrs. Helen M. Robbins.

in an argument. He had a large, fine head, and was a handsome, cheerful old man. Once on being introduced to the young schoolmaster of our district, named Joseph Craig, who was a favorite with all his scholars, and a



good looking, unpretending sensible young man, my grandfather noticed that he had a small head, and his first words were, "Little head, little wit." Young Craig, not in the least disconcerted, answered readily, "Big head, not a bit." My grandfather was so pleased with the answer that he laughed heartily and extended his hand for a warm shake, and was ever after the firm friend of the young man. Our step-grandmother was beloved by us children—for us, the "step" had no meaning. Her love for my grandfather, her patience with his ailments, her untiring devotion during his years of helplessness endeared her to my parents, and at my grandfather's death, in 1853, she was welcomed to our home, loved and petted, and made happy by the little attentions that children with willing feet and hands can give. She had children of her own and spent part of her time with them, but she was sure of her welcome in my father's house when she chose to come.

After my mother's death, my aunt Caroline, who was the "youngest and the dearest," of the family, lived with my parents until her marriage. The two other sisters, both fond of books and study, taught school and were self-supporting, intelligent young women. After they were married, Eliza to Horatio Purdy, and Harriet to John Norris, they lived on farms near my father.

My father's brother Joel, studied law, and to help himself through the long wait that the law entails before granting any measures of success to its votaries, he also taught school. He was teaching in Sharpsburg, Bath county, Kentucky, in 1842, or perhaps a year later, when having incurred the enmity of one of the young men of his school, by administering some punishment, he was waylaid by him as he was leaving the schoolhouse that night and killed. The young man had been dismissed with the rest but instead of going home he skulked near the schoolhouse, and as my uncle, after locking the door, passed around the corner of the building, he struck him a death blow with a heavy stick. The young man was brought to trial, but he was the son of wealthy parents and was cleared. My uncle left a wife and one child.

My uncle Daniel Robinson lived near my father on a farm that bordered on Clary's Creek. He became subject to periods of insanity while yet in his prime, and these periods coming on more and more frequently, his condition became so serious that he was sent to the asylum for the insane at Jacksonville, Illinois, but he received no benefit, his case was a helpless one. For several years before he died he became harmless and at times seemed rational, talking of the past as if he remembered. He was grateful for the liberty to come and go, and was a pathetic figure at our fireside, at his son's, or at his sister's. For many years my father gave this brother and his family what care and help he could.

So far as I know the children and grandchildren of my Uncle Daniel are prospering well. Thus it will be seen that my father in his western home, was not long without the cheer, the strength, the joy, and the demands for sympathy, that spring from the ties of kindred. But outside the pale of kindred my father was in deep sympathy with men, and formed strong and lasting friendships with many with whom he came in contact. He was never indifferent to his neighbors' ills, and if he could lighten a man's trouble or help him out of a strait, he was prone to do so, often to his own hurt: for by rendering financial aid he was obliged to pay more than one "security debt." Judging, as a child may judge a parent, the most beautiful trait in

my father's character was this sympathy with men, this willingness to hearken to a man's trouble, this readiness to try to make his neighbor as happy as himself.

My father took his turn at being school director, and did what he could for better schools, and more worthy teachers. In 1844, he was justice of the peace for Menard county: whether he held the office for more than one term, I do not know, but the title of "squire" hung to him for several years.

In 1846, while still at the Mills my father was elected to the Illinois state legislature as representative from Menard county. While at Springfield, he formed not only an acquaintance but a friendship, with Abraham Lincoln, Judge Logan and other prominent men. He had a warm admiration for Lincoln, and never tired of telling of his wonderful gift of "seeing right through a man," and of his equally wonderful gift of getting the best of his opponent in an argument. My father loved to repeat incidents and stories that he had heard Lincoln relate, and as this was before Lincoln had been thought of for senator, or dreamed of for president, my father must be credited with some degree of discernment—he saw the greatness of the man. He was present in Springfield once when Douglass was holding a conference with his political friends. The Lincoln and Douglas debates had been arranged, and someone asked Douglass if he had agreed to debate the questions of the day in public with Lincoln, rather holding out the idea that his triumph over Lincoln would be an easy one. Douglas replied that he had so agreed, and added, "Gentlemen, I would rather meet any other man." In 1858, when Lincoln was making the run for senator against Douglass, he spoke to a crowd in the open air in a grove of black jack oaks, just outside the town of Bath in Mason county. My father was living in Bath at that time, and he took his family to hear him. "He is a great and good man," he said. Mr. Lincoln's subject was the Irrepressible Conflict, the Sophistry of Squatter Sovereignty, and the dangers attendant upon a "House Divided Against Itself." After the speaking there were introductions and hand shakings, and my father presented my mother and us children, and Mr. Lincoln walked back into the town with us, conversing as he went on the political situation. But even he, perhaps, did not realize how fast the cloud of war was rising.

My parents were acquainted with Jack and Hannah Armstrong, whose son, Duff Armstrong, was cleared of the charge of murder by Lincoln, when he was a practicing lawyer in Menard county. They lived in Mason county, just across the border line of Menard, near the mouth of Salt Creek, thus their home was not many miles from ours, but there was never any intercourse between the two families. Hannah Armstrong was a bright, fine looking woman, deserving of better things than fell to her lot, and those who knew her rejoiced for her sake when her son was cleared. Abraham Lincoln held then, no doubt, as through all his subsequent career, that if either must be infringed upon, it would better be justice than mercy.

In 1848, or it may be earlier than this, while they were still living at Robinson's Mills, my father made a visit to New York. He did not go alone, he took my mother with him. The visit meant more to her than to him—all her kindred lived there. What they said of the journey back and forth I can not recall, but know that the visit tended to convince my father that he had made no mistake in coming to Illinois.

The following year, 1849, he bought a farm on Sangamon river bottom and sold out his interest in land and mills at Robinson's Mills. Not being able to get possession that spring and being obliged to give possession, he moved to a rented farm about three miles northwest of Petersburg, where we lived neighbors to David Panteer, James Berry and McGrady Rutledge, father of Ann Rutledge, for whom Abraham Lincoln is said to have cherished so deep and noble a passion. I remember that my father held McGrady Rutledge in high esteem, and knew there was an Ann Rutledge, but whether she was dark or fair, tall and stately or petite, I am unable to recall. When reading Miss Tarbell's Life of Lincoln, I was surprised to learn that I had once lived so near to one whom he had admired and loved. Not to be able to recall her seemed a lost opportunity and still seems so. I recall much more readily the fine strip of woods in which the schoolhouse was situated, and the grapevine swing that caused a shock to many a youngster's nervous organization as he realized the awful height to which he had been sent by some of the good-natured "big scholars" at noon or recess.

The following spring, 1849, we went to the farm near Oakford. This consisted of 240 acres, one 80 of it bought from John Norris who lived just across the road from us, not a quarter of a mile away. Afterward another 80 was added, making 320 acres. I know now that this was a fine estate, most of it rich bottom land, that produced some of the tallest, most heavily eared corn, and some of the best wheat in the world, with abundance of timber on the higher land for fire wood and fence posts. Here was a continuation of the pleasant family life round a wider hearth, in a larger, more convenient house, with kitchen, dining room, spacious living room, and sleeping rooms. Not long after we came to this home the kitchen fireplace was boarded up, and a cook stove was set upon the hearth. This was a great innovation. At first my mother feared the flavor of the victuals would be spoiled; but she soon learned that a great labor saving invention had come into her hands, and fully appreciated the blessing. This house fronted south upon a lawn set with shade trees and shrubs. An orchard of apple, peach, cherry, and pear trees made a leafy background. The view of the timber along the Sangamon was fine. The storm clouds seemed to us children to hang dark above this timber. There did not seem to be so many cyclones and destructive storms in those days, and we were not so fearful but that we could enjoy the grandeur of the cloud with its awful lightning, and as the storm broke we loved to watch the rain rushing before the wind across the low land to the hills. Here we had fish in abundance, pike, perch, cat, and buffalo. My father kept bees. My mother made butter, that for looks and fragrance and taste was surely "premium" butter, molding it into balls, and packing it into kegs or small barrels for market. I think the top price for this nice butter never exceeded a "bit," 12½ cents. My father made a drying kiln, and in their season the whole family helped at drying apples, peaches and cherries. He took much pains with his orchard, grafting, budding, pruning and—hoping. No peaches have ever tasted as did the luscious, pink meated "clings" my father used to raise and I have seen few that could surpass them for looks. The California fruit shipped here in baskets, though promising much to the eye, is a disappointment to the taste. This will not be the case, probably, when Luther Burbank's methods have become common property.

Here my father was "the man with the hoe" instead of the man with the grain sack. He loved a garden and to see him make the rows of lettuce, beets and cabbage look almost as pretty as the rows of pinks and roses was unalloyed pleasure. My mother was very fond of flowers; my father enjoyed her pleasure in them.

Here we children had the same wide range for nuts and a still wider one for wild fruits and wild flowers. What child could forget the dog-tooth violet, the Indian pink, the Johnny-jump-up, the hawthorn, the crabapple, the strawberry and the blackberry that grew among those hills? Nature, in all her magic chemistry and various mixtures, has not surpassed the flavor of the wild strawberry. And can a boy's triumph in his first brace of quails or prairie chickens, as he swings toward home with his gun on his shoulder, surpass or even equal the girl's, as with rosy cheeks, tired feet and a good appetite, she enters the door with a large heaping bowl of wild strawberries, ready hulled for the table? She sees the snowy cloth spread for dinner and swaying in the breeze in the cool dining room, and her mother's smile and words of praise as she takes the bowl and places it on the table is a great reward. She feels that she has crowned this meal with a beautiful dessert. Her own saucer full of berries, smothered in cream and sugar, and her father's call for a second helping, are exceeding recompense for her labors. My mother often had five daughters in the berry patch at once, though one was too small to be of much service; but she was allowed to carry her little bowlful home and get her praise with the rest. There were times when she had to be carried herself part of the way. With four good pickers, it will be seen that my mother could have berries for the table and some to make "preserves" or jam—though Mason jars had not yet come into use.

Around the fireside of this home the social nature of my parents had greater room to expand. They loved to have their friends with them, and did have them to dinners and suppers, and now and then to a dancing party for the young folks. They were not unmusical—both could sing. My father had many favorite songs; one was "The Disappointed Philosopher." Some of the words and tune have not gone from me:

"When first I came to be a man,  
Of twenty years or so,  
I thought myself a handsome youth,  
And fain the world would know.  
In best attire I stepped abroad,  
With spirits brisk and gay." \* \* \*

In the end the philosopher loses some of his gaiety. My mother loved old ballads and used to sing, among others, "Barbara Allen," "The Highland Chieftain," "Bonaparte and Louisa," and "The Outlandish Knight," the latter beginning:

An outlandish knight to the North seas came,  
And he came a wooing to me;  
He said he would take me unto the north lands,  
And I should his fair bride be.  
A broad, broad shield did this strange knight wield,  
Whereon did the red cross shine,  
But never I ween, had this strange knight been,

To the fields of Palestine.  
Thy sire is from home ladye,  
He hath a journey gone,  
And the shaggy blood-hounds are sleeping sound,  
At the foot of the postern stone.  
Go bring me some of thy father's gold,  
And some of thy mother's fee,  
And steeds twain of the best in the stalls that rest,  
Where they stand thirty and three.  
I mounted on the steed milk white,  
And he on the dapple gray,  
And we forward did ride, till we reached the seaside,  
Three hours before it was day.  
Pull off, pull off, thy bonny green plaid,  
And deliver it unto me;  
Six maids have I drowned where the billows sound,  
And the seventh one thou shalt be.  
Pull off, pull off, thy brooch of gold,  
For comely it is to me.  
And thy kirtle of green is too rich I ween,  
To rot in the salt, salt sea.  
“If I must pull off my bonny green plaid,  
Pray turn thy back to me,  
And gaze on the sun that has just begun  
To peer o'er the salt, salt sea.”  
He turned his back on the damsel fair,  
And gazed on the bright sunbeam;  
She grasped him tight with her arms so white,  
And plunged him into the stream.  
Lie there, sir knight, thou false hearted wight,  
Lie there instead of me,  
Six maids hast thou drowned where the billows sound,  
But the seventh hath drowned thee.  
With gasping breath he fought his death,  
And uttered an Ave Marie,  
And I fastened on my brooch of gold,  
As he sank beneath the sea.  
For this strange knight dead, no prayer was said,  
No convent bell did toll;  
He went to his rest, unshrived and unblest,  
Heaven's mercy on his soul!

Now she mounts one steed and leads the other and reaches her father's castle before night. No one knows that she has been away, or sees her return, except the parrot, who tells her that the earl, her father, is asleep. She bribes the parrot to tell no tales, by giving him a gilded cage.

Long, long, she lived but lived unwed

Did this maid with raven hair,  
For if lovers came wooing they went away sad,  
Till her face became wrinkled with care.

This ballad was a great favorite with us younger children, and we were content to have it recited if it could not be sung.

My sister, Evalyn, had a sweet voice and in those days sang the "Irish Emigrant's Lament," "Ben Bolt," and "The Old Oaken Bucket "



SETH ROBINSON.



MRS. CLARA SISSON.

Around the fireside of this home we read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and wept over the woes of its hero, and the death of little Eva and ever after cherished in our hearts a deeper hatred of slavery. Here more and more we came to appreciate the newspapers and magazines that came to my father through the mail.

In 1900 while visiting my son in Chicago I went with him to see Hull House, the famous settlement on Halsted street, presided over by Jane Adams. Halsted street is a part of Chicago's "east end," and therefore the place chosen for a settlement. Miss Adams was away on a tour of recreation, but another lady with sweet manners showed us through the building and answered our questions. Everything about Hull House appeals to the artistic taste. Its modest elegance is a part of the uplifting influence on those who are so fortunate as to be gathered within its walls. When we came to the living room, was I surprised when I saw a high paneled mantle, without any carving of any kind, and on its shelf at either end a tall brass candle? Was I shocked to look up and see the wooden, almost "sagging" beams of the ceiling instead of the calcimined or paper covered plaster? A few pictures hung on the walls; in a niche, as if made for it, was a tankard of exquisite shape, beau-

tifully ornamented. A large, straight backed settee was at one side of the fireplace: not against the wall, but drawn diagonally in front of it, so that those sitting upon it could get full view of the fire. I do not think I was surprised or shocked to see these things, but those who read this sketch may be, when I say that the living room at Hull House, though a model of the house beautiful, was so like the living room in my father's house on this farm, that I was transported and stood as one in a dream. But the costly tankard, the niche for it, the rugs on the floor, and the windows placed wherever light could give beautiful effect, recalled me. Nothing in the city, not even the libraries and parks, nothing save the great lake itself gave me more pleasure than Hull house; it seemed to prove to me that it is not distance altogether that "lends enchantment," and causes me to cherish the vision of my father's living room. It was beautiful in its simplicity, and was one of the sweet influences of our lives.

One more item in our education I wish to speak of before I hasten on, lest my story become of burdensome length. As I have already stated our home was less than a quarter of a mile from that of my uncle, John Norris. My aunt had no children of her own, and often had as many of my father's house full, as could be spared at one time, to stay with her. She was an omniverous reader and an excellent story teller. Her mantel shelf was adorned with books instead of bric-a-brac. I can remember the titles to some of these books: *Lalla Rhook*, *Lady of the Lake*, *Pope's Essay on Man*, *Night Thoughts*, *Thompson's Seasons*, *Pleasures of Hope*, *Scottish Chiefs*, *Our Village*, *Alonzo and Melissa*, and *Children of the Abby*. My father said "Hat" should have been professor of history or literature in some college, instead of a pioneer farmers wife. But her talents were not wasted even here on the "frontier,"—she had a gift for entertaining children: and gathered at her fire-side, on one occasion or another,—when my uncle was away, when she was in need of help, or when she had planned some games—we children, with perhaps several from other families, listened to fairy tale and myth, and stories from history: *The Forty Thieves*, *Beauty and the Beast*, *Sinbad the Sailor*, *The Sleeping Princess*, *The Boy Who Could Not Shudder*, *Robin Hood and Little John*, *Blue Beard*, *Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp*, *Red Riding Hood*, *Cinderella*, *Diamonds and Toads*, riddles and rhymes from *Mother Goose*, and tales of Indians from *Cooper* and other sources, as well as deeds of valor performed, not only by *Washington* and his men, but by *Greek and Roman* and heroes of all ages. While the stories were being told, often a heap of potatoes or eggs would be roasting in the embers before the fire, to be eaten with salt when the stories were done. For these nights beside her hearth, I hold this aunt in blessed memory. Besides enriching our minds, they make life a joy by satisfying the fancy, which faculty of the brain most parents, and until of late years, most teachers have held in such slight consideration as to give it but a passing smile. Indeed time was when it was thought a duty to suppress the fancy of the child, by forcing upon its mind "solid" and solemn facts: which was equal to feeding beefsteak instead of milk to babes.

My aunt taught the school in our district for a few terms, using the largest room in her house as a school room. Later, a good school house was built on my father's timber land, between our house and her own. My father was a neat hand with tools, and he helped to build this schoolhouse, taking great

pleasure in trying to make the desks and seats nice and comfortable. After it was finished we felt the pride that people do in a nice, new, roomy dwelling after living in a little shabby one. We had many night spelling matches in it and no doubt improved our English more than we knew of.

This home was consecrated to my parents by the marriage of their oldest daughter, Evalyn, to Robert A. Talbott, of Springfield, Ill., and of their second daughter, Lucinda, called Lucy always in the home, to James D. Roodhouse, of White Hall, Green county, Ill., and also by the leaving home of their son Charles to go with a company of young men, and some not so young, to California. The year of his going was 1851. The gold fever was still at its height. He was only eighteen. My mother grieved, my sisters wept, especially Lucy who was nearest his age. She hung upon his neck and begged him not to go. Many dangers, Indians, lack of food, scarcity of water, and often sickness, and homesickness, beset those who crossed the plains in those days.

One of the leaders of this company was "Jake" Armstrong. Some of the company my mother thought rude companions for the young, and feared for the morals of her son. But my father said, "He must see the world for himself, let him go. He has headed right so far, and will not be easily led astray."

This company took cattle, horses and provisions. They bought one cow of my father, a fine animal named Star, because of a white spot in her forehead. We three younger children did not like to see her go, neither did she like to go. She got away the third time and came back, the last time after they had reached Beardstown. We rejoiced each time, thinking, "Now they will let her stay;" but her fate was in their hands, and the last time they drove her away, my little brother and I peered sadly through the fence, far down the road, saying we thought it was wicked to take cows and horses from their homes.

I cannot remember when a postoffice was established at Robiusion's Mills, but know that letters came to that point from my brother Charles, and that we younger children made frequent trips there, always hoping for a letter to keep my mother in heart.

During my brother's absence, in 1853 I think, my father, grandfather, and my father's sisters were gladdened by a visit from my Uncle Charles Robinson, of Ithica, New York. My father's pleasure in this visit is still vivid in my mind. My uncle was older than my father, but they had been "boys together," and later students and young men together, and the tie between them was as strong as kinship and congenial tastes could make it. When my uncle returned to New York he took my sister Helen, third daughter of my parents, with him to attend school and see a little of the world. It was a fine opportunity for her and my parents were grateful.

I have neglected to mention the fact that the year previous to my uncle's visit, my parents made another journey to New York. It was their first experience in railroad riding, and they had much to tell of the whole trip when they returned,—of the changes from stage to river boat, from river boat to cars or lake boat,—it was very interesting, fully as wonderful as a fairy tale to us children. My father came back with the idea that the people of the East were narrow in their ways of thinking and living, as compared with the



people of the west, and consequently less progressive. He said they were "picayunish," and departed farther from Webster in their pronunciation of English than the people of Illinois. Altogether he thought it an excellent thing for people to have an undeveloped region to spread out in. Narrow quarters, with the necessity for little economies, pinching, a'ways pinching expenses down, gave him a choking sensation. He thanked God for the prairies and big rivers of the west.

One winty night in December 1855, two muffled wayfarers, there were no "tramps" then, knocked at my father's door and begged a night's lodging, saying that they had traveled far, and were hungry. My father consulted with my mother and she decided that it would be very inconvenient to feed two hungry men as the supper things had just been put away, and the women folks had just come in for their evening by the fire. My father delivered this message at the door. They said they would be willing "to eat anything," and sleep anywhere. My father reminded my mother that it was snowing and blowing and growing colder fast. She told him to invite them in; he did so and asked them to remove caps and overcoats and comforters. Without a word of thanks they removed their wraps and took the offered seats by the fire. My father gave one look, and rushed toward them saying in a husky voice, "you rascals, you!" My mother screamed and ran into the arms of one of them; that one was my brother Charles. He had been gone four years, and had come back, not the owner of a gold mine in accordance with his boyish dream, but unspoiled, unsullied by his contact with the world. And my parents felt that they were blessed.

In 1855, my father thought it best for all concerned to leave the farm in charge of his son Charles, and of his son-in-law, Robert Talbott, and move to Bath, Mason county, Illinois. He left the farm pretty well stocked, and the house pretty well furnished.

He purchased a flour mill at Bath and was again the "dusty miller." His partner was ——.

The year after we moved to this place, my parents gave their third daughter, Helen, in marriage to W. I. Robbins, of Petersburg, Ill. This left their family reduced to three, namely: Clarinda, called Clare or Clara in the home, and the youngest born, aged nine years; Seth, aged eleven; and myself, aged thirteen.

It was while we were living here that the Illinois R. R. was extended so as to run through Bath, and on to Chandlerville, and later carried on to Virginia and Jacksonville. My father entered into a contract to furnish a specified number of wooden ties for the laying of this road, and with the help of his son Charles fulfilled his part of this contract, but the road changed hands and he never got his pay.

Bath was often spoken of as a "hard little river town," "seedy," "nutty," and so forth, as if it were a sort of Sodom or Gomorrah: but good and worthy people lived there. J. M. Ruggles and family, Richard and Benjamin Gatton and their families, the Beasleys, Jerry Burlingame and wife, Jerry Taylor and wife, the Guests and others that I cannot recall at the moment were all as fine people as one would meet any where.

We children found no lack of joy here. There was always the beautiful river with its steamboats, barges, canal boats, skiffs and canoes, and not the

least important, the ferry boat that took people across to Snicarte Island. We had boat rides in all weathers, and if there were any black-hearted villians lurking on the river banks, we never ran across them. We found instead luscious grapes, and persimmons that became luscious if we waited for the frost to touch them. But the school here was not what my parents wished for us and in 1859 they moved to Chandlerville.

Chandlerville was an ideal village. The people were thrifty, intelligent, social, and not given to gossip to the degree that most villages are. My father bought a cottage that we soon made neat and comfortable, and engaged in the milling business. Besides the free school here, there was an excellent private school taught by Scharlotte P. Butler, a graduate of Oberlin College, Ohio. We had had dear teachers before her, we had dear teachers after her, but she was the loveliest, and inspired us with the deepest thirst for learning. She has "passed beyond;" but the memory of her still blesses and uplifts her pupils.

In 1861, came the shock of war. My father while opposed to slavery was not an uncompromising abolitionist. He did not believe in adding to the crime of slavery, the crime of a cruel war. He contended that war was the most unreasonable and expensive way of righting the wrong. He grieved over the situation and hoped to the last that actual war would be averted. When he knew it was inevitable, he said we had the right man at the helm.

In our village from 1861 to 1865 there were but few signs by which one could know that a war was going on. All the arts of peace were practiced with even greater prosperity than before. There were a few signs that brought the matter home to us: Young men from some of the families we knew enlisted: Doctor Charles E. Lippincott who went as captain of a company, and was afterwards colonel, then general. Lippincott, was our next door neighbor, and we saw his wife and two little sons wave him a last good-bye.

There was a Soldier's Aid Society, where lint was scraped, and such garments as it was thought a soldier might need were made, and where these with packages of coffee, tea, sugar and dried fruits, with cakes and cookies, and everything love and tenderness could think of, were packed into boxes and sent to the south.

In 1861 my father sold his farm near Oakford to Charles Skaggs; and his son-in-law and daughter who had lived upon it, bought a farm in Logan county, Illinois, and went there to live. His son Charles, now a married man, moved to a farm in Cass county.

In 1863 my father made a trip to California; and soon after his return he went to Nebraska to look at the country with a view to investing in land if he was pleased. He was not only pleased but charmed. The great prairies seemed to call him. His prophetic imagination enabled him to see them dotted with groves, villages, fine farm houses and barns. What he saw of crops there satisfied him, and he bought a farm of 160 acres on the Nemaha bottom, twelve miles southeast of Pawnee City in Pawnee county: and went to work to build a house on it. It was to be a good house when it was all done, of eight rooms. After getting things under way he sent for his son-in-law, W. I. Robbins and family to come. Mr. Robbins had failed to prosper financially, and this was my father's way of helping him.

In the fall of 1864 Mr. Robbins went to Nebraska with two teams. Mrs.



MRS. LUCY ROODHOUSE



MRS. EVA TALBOTT.

Robbins and myself drove one of them. We started October 4. The weather was Indian summer in its balmiest mood. The air was indeed an elixir of life. Through Illinois from Chandlerville to Keokuk, Iowa, we saw fine country; It was the same all through Iowa, and on the morning of October 16, when we looked on Nebraska for the first time, with just enough frost in the air to give the grass a sparkle, and produce what I have since learned is a mirage, we felt like shouting. The first view of the ocean could not be broader, more billowy, or more thrilling.

That was our last day of travel. We reached our destination that night. There was one good sized room in my father's house so near done that it would do to live in, and we felt happy and fortunate when we were established, and heard our fire roaring, and the kettle humming.

The next year my father returned to Illinois to settle up his affairs and make arrangements for moving to Nebraska; and late in the spring accompanied by my mother and youngest sister he left Illinois behind.

My parents had one more happy summer together. They could not know it was their last. My father did not take my mother to live in the new house on the Nemaha; that was for his daughter and son-in-law. There was a mill about three miles west of his farm, known as Freese's Mill, and thither he was drawn as by a magnet. Nothing made such sweet music in his ears as the whirr of a mill. God bless him! Turning the finest grain the earth produces into flour to feed the world,—was it not, will it not ever be a noble calling?

He rented the mill and a house nearby and that was his home. That busy happy summer went all too soon. My mother was preparing for a Christmas dinner when she was taken with what seemed a severe cold, but

which proved to be acute pneumonia, and died within forty-eight hours, December 23rd, 1865. For her children, neither for those who stood beside her bed to receive the last precious look and word, nor for those to whom the news was borne on wintry winds, was there any Christmas joy that year. And the season for many years was to them a time consecrated in part to sorrow.

My father's life was maimed; his hopes were scattered, and his loneliness seemed greater than he could bear. Within a year's time to relieve this loneliness he made a second marriage. He married a widow named Thompson, a woman near his own age; but the union was not a happy one; and in a short time they separated by mutual agreement. Here I leave my father's sorrow sacred within his breast, as I know would be his wish.

Soon after the event just related he sold his farm on the Nemaha to John T. Brady and Byron Collins, and bought a fine quarter of land near Sabetha, Kansas.

In 1867 or '68 he returned to Illinois, still engaging in business, and facing life with a heroic spirit. Part of the time he was planning and working with his son Charles, and part of the time in affairs entirely his own.

In the fall of 1870, a few days before Thanksgiving, he came to my home near Lincoln, Illinois, for a visit and for a season of needed rest. He was not well. His malady proved to be Bright's disease. He was in need of tender nursing. Physicians were called. I gave my whole time to his care, and my husband was like a son to him. But the end was near. He bore his pain with fortitude. Once, on the 23rd of December, he gave way to tears, saying, "Mummie died five years ago to-day," Mummie was a term of endearment for my mother. We wept together and were comforted. The end came February 22, 1871. With loving hands we laid him to rest in the beautiful cemetery at Lincoln, Illinois.

Of the seven children reared to maturity by my parents, my mother saw them all in homes of their own but one; my father saw them all established for themselves.

These in the order of their birth were: Mary Evalyn, born at Ithica, New York, 1831. Attended select school at Petersburg, Menard county, Illinois, for three years after leaving the country schools. While at Petersburg she was an inmate of the home of Major Hill and his most capable and excellent wife. She was married to Robert A. Talbott, 1851. Mrs. Talbott has been a widow since 1892. Her home is in Lincoln, Ill., though she spends much of her time with a son in Hebron, Nebraska.

Charles Chandler, born at New Richmond, Cass county, Ill., November 25, 1833. He was fond of study, and longed for college; and so did my father for him, but circumstances at that time would not permit him to gratify the cherished wish. Charles was married to Julia Potheary, daughter of Dr. Potheary, whose home was near Virginia, Illinois, October 9, 1859. He died January 19, 1881, aged 47 years, 1 month and 24 days. His widow and part of her family are at present living in Portland, Oregon.

Martha Lucinda, born at Robinson's Mills, August 9, 1836. She was a good student, a good ball player, a fast runner, and fond of all out door sports. Like Charles, she was deprived of college or seminary advantages because of my father's circumstances at the time when she could have profited by them.

She was married to James D. Roodhouse, of White Hall, Greene county, Ill., 1853. She has been a widow since 1902. Her home is in Fort Scott, Kansas, but she spends part of her time with a daughter in Pomona, California.

Helen Mar, born May 5th, 1837. With needle and thread and shears she was the genius of the family. She attended school in Ithica, New York, under the care of her uncle, Chas. Robinson, of that city. She was married to W. Irving Robbins, of Petersburg, Ill., 1856. Her home has been in Chicago for many years.

Emily Caroline, born February 14th, 1843. Attended Select School at Chandlerville, Ill., West District School and Presbyterian Female Academy of Jacksonville, Ill. Was married to C. C. Burton, of Lincoln, Ill., February 6th, 1865. Mr. and Mrs. Burton are at present living on a farm in Thayer county, Nebraska, where they have lived since 1886. Sixteen years of this time Mrs. Burton was engaged in school teaching.

James Seth, was born May 6, 1845, was a graduate of Illinois College, of Jacksonville, Illinois: graduated in 1864. Studied law at Ann Arbor, Michigan, was married to Miss Jennie Dustin, of Pittsfield, Pike county, Illinois, 1865. Began the practice of law in Lincoln, Nebraska, 1868. Was eminently successful in his profession. Was candidate for governor of Nebraska on the Greely ticket, in 1872: but the people wanted nothing so sensible as that ticket advocated. In 1876 on account of his wife's failing health, he moved to San Francisco. The climate aggravated a throat trouble to which he was subject, and he died of quinsy. October 19, 1878, at the early age of thirty-three. He had already taken a high position at the Bar in San Francisco. I have forgotten to mention that he was a partner of Attorney O. H. Whedon while in Lincoln, Nebraska. They were struggling young lawyers together, and warm friends. Mr. Whedon is one of the successful lawyers of the state.

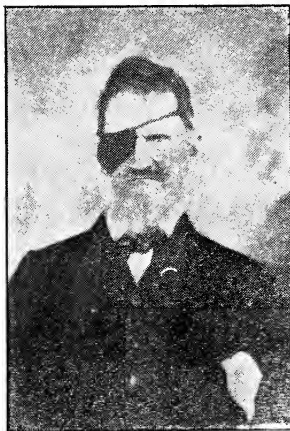
Eliza Clarinda, born May 4, 1847. Attended select school at Chandlerville, Ill., and after going to Nebraska was a pupil in the "college" at Pawnee City. This was an excellent school under the charge of Professor McKenzie and wife. Was married to H. H. Sisson, of Lincoln, Ill., 1867. Mr. and Mrs. Sisson came to Nebraska in 1885. They lived on a farm for several years, but are now residing in their pleasant home at Hebron, the county seat of Thayer county.

I have found the writing of this sketch fraught with both pleasure and pain, but on the whole it has been a labor of love.

Most sincerely yours,  
EMILY BURTON.

## DR. ANDREW WILSON ELDER.

*By Dr. J. F. Snyder*



DR. A. W. ELDER.

**D**R. ELDER was a typical southern gentleman, and a first class specimen of the pioneer country doctor. He was a product of the Kentucky bluegrass region, born in the city of Lexington, on July 6th, 1798, and grew to manhood there, employed chiefly in storing his mind with learning obtained in great measure from the common schools of that city. Ambitious to occupy a higher intellectual and social station in life than that of a hewer of wood, or a manual laborer of any other grade, and not having a profusion of wealth at his command, he had recourse to that stepping stone of genius, school teaching, to earn means for further advancing his education.

In that vocation he was so successful that in 1820, he finished a classical course in the Lexington college, an institution at that time under the presidency of Rev. Barton W. Stone, famous as a writer and scholar, and widely known by his celebrated controversy with Alexander Campbell, the founder

of the church of Christ. He then began the study of medicine in the office of Dr. Charles Warfield, a noted physician of Lexington, who kindly gave him much valuable advice and instruction. In time he was enrolled as a student in the medical department of Transylvania University, in his native city, which at that time, and long afterwards, held the highest reputation for thoroughness of its instruction, and profound ability of its faculty, of any institution of learning west of the Allegheny mountains. There, for two years, he attended the lectures and clinics of the renowned surgeon Dr. Ben Dudley, and his associate professors, who, on the 9th of March, 1823, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

The next spring, that of 1824, his father, having perfected his arrangements, left Lexington with his family to look for a new home in Illinois, and the newly fledged Doctor went with him. The old gentleman purchased a fine farm in Morgan county ten miles northeast of Jacksonville and about two miles south of the village of Princeton. There Dr. Elder, residing with his parents, began the practice of medicine. He secured ample employment from the start, as he supplied a pressing want with but little competition, there being no physician north of him in the state nearer than Peoria; or in any other direction between his home and Springfield, Rushville and Jacksonville.

Old Princeton, in Morgan county, was then but a collection of less than half a dozen houses at a point of timber on the western edge of Jersey prairie, on the road from St. Louis, through Jacksonville, to Fort Clark on Peoria Lake. The town was not laid out until February 19, 1833, but as early as 1826, or earlier, there was a blacksmith's shop there, and a store where general merchandise was sold by Mallory & Lewis. A postoffice was established there on the 26th of July, 1826, and Mr. Eli Redding appointed postmaster. It became quite an important trading point for a large scope of magnificent country thinly settled by people principally from Kentucky, and, later, a few from New Jersey. Though the little hamlet was not exceptionally unhealthy it seems to have been visited with increasing frequency by young Doctor Elder. In the spring of 1827, Mr. Redding, the postmaster, was laid up with an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, and Dr. Elder was called to treat him. The disease must have been of a peculiarly obstinate type, as the Doctor continued his calls every few days all summer, fall and part of the next winter. It may be that his visits were not altogether professional—perhaps his correspondence was so extensive as to require his presence at the country postoffice every two or three days, and detained him there sometimes, in the evening, until all the villagers were asleep.

But, *causa latet, vis notissima fuit*—and time revealed that the postmaster's pretty daughter was the real attraction. The affair culminated in the marriage of the spruce young Doctor and Miss Hannah Eliza Redding on the 15th of January, 1828; and that was the first wedding—of white people—that occurred in the territory now comprised in Cass county. The young couple settled down to housekeeping in a small house on the farm belonging to the Doctor's father, where, after the usual infare, or reception, they commenced together the arduous journey of life. By 1835, Princeton had grown to be quite a smart little village, its row of houses of rather primitive style of architecture, strung along each side of the road for half a mile or more, having two stores, blacksmith and wagon shops, a shoemaker, a Baptist

church built of brick, and a frame Church of Christ, a schoolhouse, and many comfortable residences. In that year Dr. Elder, concluding that the village, as a more central point, offered better advantages for his business than the farm, left his father's premises and became a resident of Princeton, and there gave his entire time and attention to the practice of his profession for several years. In the meantime the passing years wrought many changes in the Doctor's surroundings. A vigorous pioneer population was gradually spreading over central Illinois, transforming its wild prairies and woodlands into abodes of civilization. With the influx of settlers came more doctors, and a corresponding contraction of the Doctor's sphere of practice. Dr. Ephraim Rew had made his way to Beardstown on the 1st of December, 1829. Dr. Charles Chandler laid a claim and built a cabin on Panther creek, in the Sangamon Bottom, in 1832. Dr. James Morrison, from Kentucky, was located, in 1831, near Arcadia only five miles west of Princeton. The stumps had pretty well rotted out of the public square in Jacksonville since it was laid out in 1825, and Drs. Ero Chandler and Saml. M. Prosser were there dosing out calomel and jalap, squills and Peruvian bark, to suffering humanity for miles around. In Dr. Elder's household a few young Elder's had come to bless and cheer his home, and likewise keep him humping for food and raiment. His parents had both fulfilled their mission and gone to everlasting rest—the dates of their death, not recorded, are now lost.

Having a fair start for a family of children growing up around him, and always preferring rural life to the hampered limits of a village or town residence, the Doctor bought the interests of the other heirs of his father's estate, and became sole owner of the old homestead—now known as the Crum farm, a mile or so east of Literberry. Leaving Princeton he moved to the farm, and there divided his time between the active duties of his profession and giving his boys, as they grew up, an opportunity to learn the practical beauties of agricultural science. There for several years he led the uneventful life of a country doctor, with the chief care of giving his children every educational advantage possible in such an isolated location.

When Dr. Elder came to that farm with his father in 1824, Morgan was a new county, having been organized on January 31st, 1823. It was originally a part of Greene county, and extended from Greene to the Sangamon river. As its population increased local jealousies and discontent—especially among politicians and office seekers—fomented agitation for its division. It had territory sufficient for two good-sized counties; but to divide it into two equal parts would place Jacksonville—which that early exerted a controlling influence—on the border of one of the divisions where it could no longer be a county seat, and in consequence would lose its importance. As division of the county seemed inevitable, the problem presented was to effect it in such manner as would retain the county seat at Jacksonville. By connivance of a few leading men about Beardstown and Virginia with those of Jacksonville a strip of about ten miles in width was taken off the northern end of Morgan, and by legislative enactment, in force March 3, 1837, organized into a new county named Cass. Then on February 16, 1839 another portion of Morgan was detached and made into Scott county. Soon after that the people of Cass county began clamoring for more territory, demanding another strip three miles in width from Morgan. As that concession would place Jacksonville only



eight miles from the northern border of Morgan county, thereby endangering the stability of the county seat, the tacticians of that city had a bill passed through the legislature March 4th, 1843, creating the county of Benton from the southeastern part of Morgan and a portion of Sangamon county, which, however, was defeated at the polls when submitted to the people. Then on February 26th, 1845, the legislature passed another act "extending the limits of Cass county," whereby at the election following the three mile strip was taken from Morgan and added to little Cass.

These mutations and mutilations of Morgan county exerted no particular effect upon Dr. Elder, farther perhaps than to give him a favorable opinion of Cass county. He did not follow Col. John J. Hardin into the Mexican war in 1846; but late in that year sold the old homestead, and on March 18, 1847, purchased, for the sum of \$1,100, of his brother-in-law, Peter C. Redding, his farm of 270 acres in the south and southeastern part of Sec. 18, T. 17, R. 9, in Cass county, about three miles north of Princeton, since known as the Hutchings place. Moving at once into his new home he went right along with his medical practice without let or hindrance, as that region had long been in the sphere of his influence. Not only in the Princeton district, but in all the country from Jacksonville to Petersburg, and between Virginia and Springfield, he was a familiar figure for the third of a century, personally acquainted with every settler, and a welcome visitor at every home. He was not brilliant or showy, but a man of strong individuality, very active mind, and most excellent character. His usual appearance, in his best days, was quite impressive: nearly six feet in height, straight, square shouldered, raw-boned and muscular, about 175 pounds in weight: his blue-gray eyes and regular features surmounted by a broad forehead and brown hair, were rendered more attractive by a friendly, genial expression of countenance. He was in every respect a good citizen and good man, of spotless character and unsullied honor, and noted for kindness, benevolence and open-handed hospitality. Neither malice, envy, jealousy, or cupidity were in his nature: nor selfishness enough for due protection of his own interests and the welfare of his family.

As physical energy was not one of his conspicuous traits he was not a fast man in any sense; but deliberate and slow-motioned, averse to unnecessary exertion and fond of ease and comfort. Guaged by the standards of this era of active hustling for business, he would have been considered somewhat dilatory; and some of his friends diagnosed him as being infested with the bacillus of laziness; at any rate, he seemed to be so constituted as to be able to bear a good deal of rest. Mindful of the maxim, "Time comes as fast as it goes," and knowing he had all the Time there was as it passed, he thought it unnecessary to hurry through life—and didn't. But for all that Dr. Elder was a busy man, and for years did a great deal of slavish labor in a circuit of practice extending far into four counties. Always on the best terms with other "regular" physicians with whom he chanced to come in contact, he retained their confidence by invariably treating them with the utmost courtesy and fairness. His estimate of the dignity and nobleness of his profession, however, was so exalted that he would never debase it by consulting with a Homeopath or Thomsonian, regarding both as on a par with other charlatans and humbugs. When Dr. Charles Chandler had established him-

self in the practice of medicine in the Panther Creek settlement, in order to curtail the immense territory he had to travel over, he proposed to Dr. Elder a division of that territory by agreeing upon a line of demarkation bounding the space in which each should practice exclusively, and not trespass upon that of the other. But Dr. Elder declined the proposition, for he could not refuse his services to friends in all parts of the county who might send for him; and besides, he did not wish to enter into any entangling compact with a slick Yankee like Chandler. Their relations, however, were, all the years of their frequent intercourse, pleasant and friendly. They were both of the Allopathic school of medicine, and as neither were active politicians there were no serious disagreements to disrupt their professional harmony.

Naturally inclined to piety and veneration for all that to him seemed holy or sacred; and earnest in maintenance of every principle he deemed to be right, Dr. Elder was all his life a religious man. Instinctively he was moral, just and charitable, with never an evil thought or inclination. His early conversion to Christianity, then, was a matter of course—a mere form—for he was always a Christian. When quite a young man he joined the new sect—then so popular in Kentucky—known as the Church of Christ, derisively styled by the jealous and envious of other denominations, “Campbellites,” and continued to his last hour one of its most steadfast members. Conscientious in all his convictions he was zealous in upholding his creed, and in the discharge of every duty and obligation it imposed. For the latter half of his life he served as an elder of his church, and often addressed the congregations in exhortation, and sometimes supplied the place of an absent minister, in the pulpit. Regarding his moral obligations as paramount, at one time in his professional career his conscience sorely prodded him for pursuing his bread-earning vocation on the Sabbath, thereby desecrating the Lord’s holy day. Seeing no way to avoid it—for Nature has no Sabbath, none of its operations are suspended on Sunday, sickness occurs, humanity suffers, and children are born, and also have the colic, on that blessed day as on others, causing the doctor’s services to be indispensable—he concluded, and so informed the public, that henceforth he would attend sick calls as usual at all times, but would charge nothing for professional services he rendered on Sundays. The result amazed him. His business on week days fell off 50 per cent, and a startling increase of bodily ailments on the Sabbath taxed all his time, to the exclusion of home enjoyments and rest, and—worse than all—debarred him from the highly-prized privilege of church attendance.

That new departure in his business methods to some extent quieted his scruples, but seriously decreased his revenues, without in the least mitigating his infractions of the third and fourth commandments. Compelled to discontinue that course he adopted another equally philanthropic, and not so laborous. He notified his patrons that he would no longer attend professional calls on Sunday; but would prescribe for the sick at his home on that day free of charge. Still, the Lord’s day continued to be exceedingly unhealthy. To his dismay he saw his house each Sunday converted into a free dispensary crowded with the halt, the sick and the maimed with their attendant parents, brothers, sisters and aunts, demanding all his time and mental energy from early dawn until late bed-time. That plan was no improvement upon the first. It converted his house every Sunday not only into a free hospital but a free tav-

ern also, enslaving his wife and family, consuming his medicines, and exhausting his larder. Forced to abandon his well-meant reforms, he quieted his compunctions of conscience the best he could, and relapsed into the old daily routine in humble compliance with the ways of nature's God who makes no discrimination in days of the week. The conventional institution of the Sabbath, in its setting apart one day in every seven for rest and recreation, was a priceless boon to humanity, commanding the gratitude of all mankind—excepting physicians, whose toil is continuous as the earth's rotation on its axis.

The constant mental and physical stress of country practice, with its irregular hours and exposures at all times of day and night, its dismal associations with disease and suffering, and its numerous disappointments, perplexities and vexations, began rather early to tell upon Dr. Elder. When but little past the noontide of life he felt premonitory symptoms of the inevitable breakdown of professional enthusiasm and vigor. He tried to think of some change of business or location that might palliate the severity of his never-ending task. After earnest consideration of the problem for some time, he concluded to move to Oregon where he would have the advantages of a milder climate and cheap land for the settlement of his children who were rapidly growing up. One of them, Rev. Charles W. Elder, for the last half century a minister of the Church of Christ, was married to Miss Mary G. Hopkins on the 7th of November 1850. Another son was destined for the church, and one a student of medicine, would in a few years be looking for a location, and it probably would not be far in the future when some of the other children might be scattering out to hunt for homes for themselves. Having resolved upon migrating to the far west the Doctor sold his farm, on the 13th of March 1851, to Joseph Hutchings, for \$3000, and began immediate preparations for his long journey. But as he came to face the difficulties in the way his resolution wavered. The magnitude of the undertaking staggered him. Then the reports of the outbreak of Asiatic cholera on the plains, and its appalling havoc among the throng of emigrants going to California that season deterred him from going, and he abandoned it.

Instead of leaving Illinois he bought of James Hill two small adjoining farms—formerly occupied by "Uncle" Jack, and Jim Conover, in the timber a mile and half southeast of Princeton, and moved there, his son Charles on one of them and he and family on the other. There, in November of the next year, 1852, his first-born child, Samuel McPherson Elder, then a young man twenty six years of age and a medical student about to enter the profession, was stricken down with fever and died.

There are several contemporaries of Dr. Elder still living in Cass and Morgan counties who knew him well, and speak of him in the highest terms, as a thorough, well-bred gentleman of more than ordinary intelligence, clear head and sound judgment; that as a physician he ranked in popular estimation with the best in the country, and as a citizen was not surpassed by any for sterling integrity of character. But he was a negative man, quiet, unobtrusive, not aggressive in anything but defense and propagation of his religious views. His failings were all negative. Deficient in industry and tact, destitute of cunning, scheming and avarice, he was of course, not a money-maker. Full of kindness and sympathy, he was ever ready to do all in his power to relieve suffering and distress—too often without thought of the

pecuniary value of his services. He left payment for his labor and skill almost optional with his patrons; and all the Lord's poor, the poor devils, the dead beats, improvident and dishonest loafers, were on his free list. His total want of business sense, and his generous charity and free hospitality were necessarily fatal to financial success.

Notwithstanding Dr. Elder's absorbing interest in his church, and his rectitude of conduct, he was free from the repulsive aceticism and whining cant of the generality of religious zealots. He was of sunny, jovial temperament, fond of merriment and lively company, and relished jokes, even though at his expense. His mind was a storehouse of varied information, as all his life he was a voracious and omniverous reader, familiar with the best literature of the times, from the classics, poets, scientists, down to the latest and best novels. By his studious habits he kept well posted in the progress and advancements of his profession, in which his attainments were very respectable.

He was very sociable, of plain and domestic tastes, and a fluent and entertaining talker. Seen at his best was when seated in a comfortable chair in the shade, if in summer, or by the fire in winter, with a circle of appreciative listeners around him, who were always entertained and profited by his conversation. He told anecdotes well in faultless language, never descending to slang, profanity or vulgarity. His personal habits were most exemplary, with the one exception of being an inveterate tobacco chewer. Dr. Sam Christy often said he knew of but one man who habitually took a larger "chaw" of tobacco than himself, and that person was Dr. Elder. Nor was he ever entirely weaned from the natural beverage of Kentuckians, Bourbon whiskey. He relished an occasional swig of it, which he took for the stomach's sake, of course, finding scriptural authority for the indulgence in the advice of Saint Paul to Timothy, by interpreting the Apostle's term "wine" so liberally as to include the essence of sod corn.

In politics, Dr. Elder was all his life a steadfast, radical democrat, though in no sense a politician, and with never the slightest ambition for public office of any kind. The first vote he cast for a presidential candidate was for Genl. Jackson, in 1828; the last was for Horatio Seymour, in 1868. In 1836, he took an active interest in the movement for organizing Cass county, and in 1837, voted to ratify the act of the legislature creating it. In 1845, he exerted all his influence to carry the election for adding the "three mile strip," including Princeton, to Cass county, becoming by the result of that election a citizen of Cass. He was in Morgan county three years before the first steamboat ascended the Illinois river, in 1827. He heard John Reynolds and Wm. Kinney address the people, while standing on stumps in the public square at Jacksonville, in their famous campaign for governor in 1829-30. He visited his scattered patients through "the winter of the deepsnow," 1830-'31, when in several instances the snow had drifted to the roof of their cabins. He went over to Beardstown in April, 1832, to see his friends among the volunteers gathered there in response to the call of Gov. Reynolds to repel the invasion of Black Hawk. He did not himself volunteer for military service because his medical services were more imperatively needed by the people here. Returning home from a sick call across the prairie about two o'clock on the morning of November 13th, 1833, he saw the beginning of that marvelous phenomenon known as the "falling stars," and watched the falling

meteors with awe and wonder until their strange, brilliant illumination of the night was superseded by that of the rising sun. He happened to be at home on the 20th of December, 1836, the "memorable cold day," when the temperature fell in one hour from 68 degrees above zero to 15 below, freezing the mud so quickly—it has been said—as to catch, and hold fast in it, the feet of many pigs, chickens, etc. He gave graphic accounts of the Internal Improvement craze of 1836-38, and in 1839 saw the first locomotive put in motion on the first railroad with a strap iron track in Illinois. He was personally well acquainted with John J. Hardin, Gov. Duncan, Stephen A. Douglas, Lincoln, and other noted public men of Central Illinois. Peter Cartwright and himself were for years intimate friends, and though they differed broadly on some points of gospel exegesis, they were in perfect harmony on the efficacy of prayer and Jacksonian democracy.

At his little farm in the timber Dr. Elder continued his practice of medicine; but the years of hard riding and exposure were telling on his impaired constitution, and limiting his powers of endurance. His once wide circuit of practice had contracted to a narrow circle. As the country filled up with people more doctors came—like cormorants—to prey upon them. Dr. John Walker had located at the head of Indian Creek, seven miles east; Dr. Sam Christy was on a farm five miles northeast and a mile east of Lancaster post office. In Virginia, Doctors Schooley, Tate, Lord and Stockton were supplying the needs of the sick for miles around. Dr. Hathwell had located half a mile east of Princeton on the Clendennin farm, and others were scattered around wherever they saw a chance to make a living. In the spring of 1859 he sold his Morgan county land and once more became a resident of Princeton. There he soon again found village life unsatisfactory, and longed for the freedom and independence of the open country. He never revisited his native state after leaving it in 1824; but his father returned to Lexington a few years later, called there by the serious sickness of his daughter, Mrs. Judge Venable. Early in 1860 Dr. Elder left Princeton and the scenes of his former struggles, triumphs and failures, and moved to a farm he purchased near the village of Elkhart in Logan county. The motive inducing him to make that change was perhaps not a particular desire to become a neighbor to "Roaring Dick" Oglesby, who then resided in or near that place; but was more probably the advantage of cheaper land and greater elbow room to be had there at that time.

Dr. Elder's health, that for some time had been declining, in 1860 reached the stage of almost total physical collapse. Distressing enervation compelled him to retire from all active business and lead a sedentary life, however, beyond inability for much muscular exertion, he was not an invalid. There was no impairment of his intellectual vigor, the integrity of his mental faculties remaining as clear as in his youthful days. He was never an advocate, or apologist, for the institution of slavery, but having had the doctrine of state's rights inculcated in his early training he believed it wrong for the general government, or people of the northern states, to interfere in the domestic regulations of the south, of those of any new state applying for admission into the Union. In the turbulent agitation preceding the civil war he was outspoken in defense of the position assumed by the south; and during the terrible conflict that followed, his sympathies were earnestly enlisted for the

confederate cause. Without hesitation or reserve he expressed himself favorable to the south on all occasions—not in a spirit of bravado or defiance, but as his candid opinion of the right and justice in the question at issue. In those lurid days of furious excitement and intense sectional enmities a numerous class in Illinois—in fact everywhere both in the north and south—were very intolerant of the liberty of speech when the sentiments spoken were contrary to their views. Individuals of that class in his vicinity intimated to Dr. Elder that if he did not stop talking so boldly for the rebels they would forcibly suppress him. That threat had the opposite effect from that anticipated by the loyal stay-at-homes. He was not in the least intimidated by it; but carefully cleaned his old rifle, replenished his powder horn and bullet pouch, and sent them word to come on and suppress him, he was ready to receive them. They neither silenced nor molested him.

To Dr. Elder and wife were born eight children, four sons and four daughters, named Samuel McPherson, Charles Warfield, M. Ripley, and Andrew W. —Catherine, Elizabeth, Martha Helen and Maria Jane. The two first named sons were born on the old homestead in Morgan county. Charles W. and M. Ripley chose the ministry in the Church of Christ for their life calling, and are still doing the Master's work, the first a resident of Denver, Colorado, for several years past, the other in charge of the Christian church at Ashland, Illinois. Andrew W. is a citizen of Peoria, Ill. The last named daughter Maria Jane, resides in Salem, Oregon, the other three in Los Gatos, California.

Dr. Elder occupied his Logan county farm until about the close of the civil war, when too feeble to further superintend its management, he sold it, and then purchased a modest little dwelling in Williamsville, in the northern edge of Sangamon county, a few miles southwest of Elkhart, and there established his last home on earth. There himself and wife, surrounded by their children, quietly passed their remaining days, watching the lengthening shadows as the evening of life came on apace while awaiting realization of their faith in the final summons to "come up higher." The call came first to Mrs. Elder, who breathed her last in April, 1867. The Doctor remained five years longer, a mere wreck of his former self, lonely indeed, but sustained by his unflinching faith in the promise of Him who said, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Dr. Elder was "heavy laden" with grief for loss of his life companion, and with premature senile debility from years of slavish labor. He had fought the good fight and felt that he was entitled to the promised reward, "well done thou good and faithful servant," and was prepared to enter into the kingdom. As though passing into the repose of a quiet, peaceful sleep, he departed this life, in answer to the summons, on the 6th day of March, 1872, having attained the age of 73 years and eight months.

## REV. WILLIAM H. COLLINS.

BY MRS. EMILY COLLINS BRADY.

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**T**HE Rev. Wm. H. Collins was born in Slego, Ireland, November 21, 1795. His parents emigrated from Ireland in 1796 and took a goat with them on the ship so as to have milk for the baby. The new emigrants landed at Baltimore and made their first home in Maryland. Later they lived in Virginia and finally came to Ohio, where William was married in Cincinnati, April 18, 1825, to Miss Rebecca Brinkerhoff.

Wm. H. Collins was a saddler by trade, but became a Methodist minister and was a "circuit rider" for many years. He preached at Cincinnati and

Dayton, Ohio and by changing from one conference to another worked westward, preaching a year or so in Indiana, and finally settling in Virginia about the year 1830. Here for many years he preached as a "circuit rider," traveling the long distances on horseback, with a pair of leather saddle-bags strapped on behind the saddle containing his meager supply of clothing, a book or two, besides his well-worn Bible, and doubtless a good supply of quinine, as fever and ague were much in evidence in those times. (I now have these saddle bags.) In later years when settlers and towns became more numerous, and roads improved, he had a buggy and often took his wife with him.

He was, as most Methodist ministers were in those early days, a great horse trader.

Sometimes he drove one horse and sometimes two. My earliest recollections of my Uncle William are of his

REV. WILLIAM H. COLLINS.

coming to my mother's home two miles east of Virginia, in a very large and clumsy two seated covered carriage, which we children all called the "old barouche."

He generally arrived after dark, sometimes as late as ten or eleven o'clock,



and had a very peculiar "hello!" and when we heard it there was great excitement in our humble home, for in those primitive times great respect and reverence was paid to all "preachers." My brothers would hurry out to help care for the horse, receiving most minute instructions from my Uncle. We children (Ira and myself) had the fun of carrying in the bundles while my dear, good mother and sisters made ready a dainty, hot supper of tea, soda biscuits and preserves. At the close of the repast the children generally enjoyed a taste of the good things and stayed up for the Bible reading and the long family prayers. A little latter if we could get a reasonable excuse we would slip in the room to see the unpacking and get a glimpse of the little, jolly old Uncle in his pointed night-cap.



MRS. EMILY COLLINS BRADY.

Surely there must be many "old timers" in and around Virginia who well remember "Uncle Billy Collins," as he was familiarly called, and his wife, "Aunt Becky," for two odder or better people never lived in Virginia. Aunt Rebecca's favorite beverage was black tea, and she always carried some in her reticule, so if her hostess did not use black tea, she could supply the deficiency.

Wm. H. Collins was the oldest of eight children, and his parents were Pratt and Elizabeth Collins, married in Dublin, Ireland, November 9th, 1794. Pratt Collins is buried at Little Rock, Ark., and Elizabeth was buried by the side of my father, Thomas J. Collins, in the Robinson graveyard, east of Virginia.

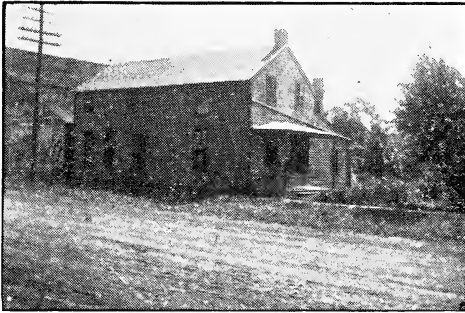
Wm. H. Collins and wife had a daughter Elizabeth who died at Cincinnati, aged six weeks, in 1833.

Wm. H. Collins and wife, also her father, Mr. Brinkerhoff, and her maid-



en sister, Sarah Brinkerhoff, all died in Beardstown and are buried there.

Wm. H. Collins was never a man of means but for many years owned a home in Virginia on the street going south from the old Dunaway hotel. He also owned a home in Beardstown for some years before his death.



House on South Main Street, the former home  
of Rev. W. H. Collins.

The church he labored for in those olden times was known as the Methodist Protestant, or Protestant Methodist, but I do not know what distinction there was between it and the Methodist Episcopal church, but I do know my Uncle was a zealous, enthusiastic worker in the chosen field of his belief.

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Hon. David C. Dilley, for many years the assessor and treasurer of Cass county, was a nephew of Rev. William H. Collins. Mr. Dilley now resides at Lebanon, Missouri. Concerning his Uncle he writes, under date of May 5, 1906.

“My sister, Mrs. H. A. Baldwin, of Centralia, Illinois, has Uncle Collins’ family Bible. He was about 70 years old, and died about 1868 and was buried in the Beardstown City Cemetery, at the east end of the ground. His wife died about 1880. He was about 5 feet 4 inches in height; hair black or brown, before it became gray; light eyes. He was a very positive man in his ways: when he believed anything was right, he would go any length to carry it out. He wore himself out in the service of the Protestant M. E. church. He was a kind husband, and a good citizen.”

A letter addressed to Mrs. Baldwin, brought no reply. An incident which occurred many years since is worthy of a place here. It had been announced that Rev. Newton Cloud would preach in Virginia upon a certain occasion in the old church, which stood just west of the west side of the public square. As Rev. Cloud was a democrat, N. B. Thompson, a prominent merchant here, who was not a church goer, but was very much of a democrat, concluded to go and hear him preach. Mr. Thompson, who prided himself upon his personal appearance, walked to the front unusually well dressed, and attracted the attention of all the audience. It happened, that the expected preacher could not come, and it was arranged that Rev. Mr. Collins, should conduct the service. When Mr. Thompson discovered the situation, he arose with his accustomed dignity, started to leave the building; Rev. Collins halted a moment, and then quietly remarked: “The wicked flee, when no man pursueth;” and then proceeded with the religious service.

## HON. JOHN WILKES PRATT.

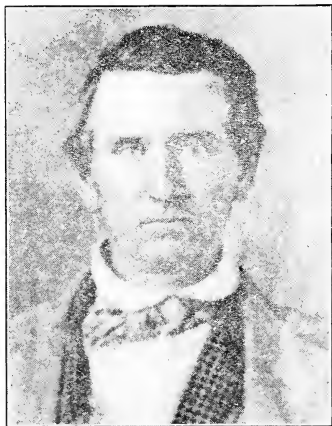
BY J. N. GRIDLEY.

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**J**OHN W. PRATT was born in Alleghany county, in the state of Maryland, on the third day of December, 1806. He was the son of Thomas G. and Christiana (Tyler) Pratt; the mother was a cousin of John Tyler, president of the United States.

Thomas G. Pratt was born in the year 1769. At an early day he removed from Prince George county to Alleghany county, Maryland; he afterwards lived in Frederick county, at a point but five miles distant from Harper's Ferry. He was an influential man of property and gave his son, John W., a

liberal education, which he readily acquired, and he was admitted to the bar in the state of Maryland, where he doubtless would have risen to distinction in his chosen profession and remained a practitioner in his native state, had he not contracted a severe cold in 1823, when a lad of seventeen years, while suffering with an attack of measles. The result of this cold left him a victim of consumption. He began the practice of his profession and soon found himself famous as a public speaker and made numerous addresses on various subjects to large and intelligent audiences.



**HON. JOHN WILKES PRATT.** Hoping that a change of climate would arrest the progress of the terrible disease that had fastened itself upon him, he removed to Florida, and, after a thorough trial of that climate, finding the change had been of no benefit, he returned to his native state. The fame of the Illinois country had reached all sections of the east, and Mr. Pratt in the year 1835, when 29 years of age, came to this state, in company with a man named Case, making the journey on horseback, in search of a climate which would help him in his battle for life and health. The travellers were attracted to Beardstown, then a point of prospective importance, from its position upon the Illinois river,

before the day of the steam roads of iron. He purchased 40 acres of land in Sec. 14 and 23, T. 17, R. 11, of Loudon Case, on July 10, 1835, which was located about one mile distant from the farm of John Savage, who was then a leading citizen of Morgan county, in whose family he became a boarder and on the 26th day of November, 1836, he was married to Emily, the oldest child of John Savage, by Rev. Benjamin Cauby, a minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian church.

The quiet and seclusion of life on a pioneer's farm in this new country was so different from his life in the east that Mr. Pratt soon tired of it and removed to Beardstown, where his oldest child, Thomas G. Pratt, now a resident of this city, was born, on the bank of the Illinois river, on September 6, 1837. In the meantime Cass county had been organized and Mr. Pratt had become a candidate for the office of county clerk and, at the election held in August, 1837, was elected over his opponent, Robert G. Gaines, and on August 14, 1837, filed his bond and took the oath of office: the sureties upon his official bond were Isaac C. Spence and Alexander Huffman.

The county commissioners soon found that Mr. Pratt was a man of integrity and excellent business capacity and on the 5th of June, 1839, they appointed him as the agent of Cass county, to demand and receive money due the county under the state Internal Improvement Law.

In 1842 Mr. Pratt, intending to become a candidate for the office of member of the legislature of the state from Cass county, on June 8th, of that year resigned his office of county clerk, and was then appointed clerk *pro tem*. At the election held on Monday, August 1, 1842, he was elected over Joshua P. Crow, his opponent, and William H. H. Carpenter was elected to succeed him as county clerk: Mr. Pratt succeeding Amos S. West who represented Cass county in the Lower House, 1840 to 1842.

The Thirteenth General Assembly of Illinois for 1842-1844, convened at Springfield on December 5, 1842. John Henry, of Morgan county, was a member of the senate; Newton Cloud, David Epler and William Weatherford, all of Morgan county were members of the House of Representatives. Those who were active in the matter of the formation of Cass county petitioned for its boundaries as they now exist, but, as it will appear later, by sharp practice, a strip three miles wide was retained by Morgan county; the south line of the county as formed being three miles north of the present county line. Mr. Pratt began a determined fight for this three mile strip, and was assisted by Mr. Epler who resided within the said strip, and was anxious to have it annexed to Cass county. But the other members from Morgan made a strenuous fight against Mr. Pratt and Mr. Epler, and their assistants had worked upon the citizens of the strip taking advantage of the bitterness that prevailed among the people on account of the rivalry that existed between Virginia and Beardstown over the permanent location of the county seat, which had been first established at Beardstown and afterwards removed to Virginia.

On the 7th day of February, 1843, Mr. Pratt made a speech upon his bill to extend the limits of Cass county, which we have been so fortunate as to find among his papers and which is here produced in full. It will be remembered that the precinct he refers to as the "Lucas Precinct" was located in the northeast corner of the county, and is now known as the Richmond Precinct. This speech contains recitals of historical facts entirely unknown to the pres-

ent generation so far as this writer has been able to ascertain, and makes a most valuable addition to these Historical Sketches. It was furnished by Mrs. Ellen Treadway, of this city, a daughter of Mr. Pratt.

Remarks of Mr. Pratt, of Cass county, in the House of Representatives February 7, 1843, on the bill to extend the limits of Cass county:

Mr. Speaker:—It would be, at all times, with much difficulty, that I could address a deliberative body, and the difficulty is greatly increased on the present occasion by sickness, which has kept me from the house for several days, and a severe hoarseness which increases the embarrassment and lessens the chance of my being understood. But, Sir, I am by no means willing to postpone the consideration of this question. I rejoice that it is now before the house, and that I have an opportunity of placing it on proper grounds, and of answering whatever may be urged by those who are opposed to this just claim.

Personally, I am but little interested.—pecuniarily I have little or nothing to gain or lose by the issue of this question: but Sir, my feelings have been warmly enlisted from the fact, that the people of the county which I have the honor to represent on this floor—the whole people—do feel a deeper and more absorbing interest in this matter than any other that has engaged the consideration of the Legislature. They must not be charged with making their principles subordinate to their interest in, their zeal on this point. Sir, there is a great principle as well as heavy interests involved in this matter—a principle which I am willing to contend for and which they are not willing to surrender. We deny the right of any county in the state, or the state itself, to inflict an unnecessary wrong. We claim that when it is inflicted, it is the bounden duty of the state to redress that wrong, more especially when it can be done without serious injury to others. The people of Cass county have been wronged in the formation of the county, and without stopping to inquire who inflicted the wrong we call upon the Legislature to redress it.

Mr. Speaker, I will first give a brief history of the formation of the county, vouching in my place, from my personal knowledge, for the truth of the statements and facts presented. I will then answer the gentleman from Morgan, (Mr. Cloud) and pledge myself triumphantly to refute every argument adduced by him adverse to our claims, and will especially show, that a majority of the people of Cass county, not only did not accept of the county, as asserted by him, but that a clear majority—a large majority, were opposed to its formation.

During the winter of 1836 and '37, petitions were circulated in the northern part of Morgan county, for a new county. The proposed county was to be made from the northern part of Morgan, which laid north of the line dividing townships 16 and 17, running from the Illinois river east to the Sangamon county line. This line included the three mile strip that it is now proposed to attach to the county of Cass. These petitions were signed by some five hundred voters in Morgan county, which then contained, and at the previous August election had polled, about 3600 votes. Acting on these petitions the legislature passed a law conditionally creating the present county of Cass, making the line not where the petition called for, viz: the line dividing township 16 and 17, but making it run in the middle of town-

ship 17, thus leaving a strip 3 miles wide on the entire length of the county, and curtailing the claims of the petitions upwards of 80 square miles. The condition of the law was, that at a time appointed in the law, an election should be held in Morgan county, then composed of the present counties of Morgan, Scott, and Cass, for the purpose of accepting or rejecting the proposed county. At the time appointed, April 1837, an election was held under the said law for that purpose. About 1000 votes were polled in a county which, as I before observed, at that time contained, and at the previous August election had given, 3,600 votes. Of these 1000 votes a majority of 48 was cast against the formation of the county, but the poll book of the Meredosia precinct, in the present county of Morgan, having been returned by a citizen of Cass county, who was neither a judge nor a clerk of the election, and the poll book of the Lucas precinct, in the county of Cass, having been returned by mail—both precincts giving almost an unanimous vote against division—they were rejected by the officers authorized by law to count the votes on account of this informality. The county of Cass was thus established, when a majority of the votes polled had been cast against its formation: when a majority of the people within her bounds, were opposed to it, and when nearly three-fourths of the people had failed to attend the polls.

Mr. Speaker, here are several important facts that present this claim on grounds different from any question of county divisions that has even been presented to the legislature. The claims of the petitions were curtailed—the boundaries reduced; nearly three-fourths of the people did not vote; of those voting a majority was cast against the division of the county; and what is of still greater importance, and a still greater hardship, a majority of the people within the curtailed limits of the new county of Cass were opposed to this formation—first changing the boundaries of the county they petitioned for, and then forcing it on them against their will. I do not mean to cast censure on the then existing delegation from Morgan county, for changing the lines and referring the question back to a vote of the people; nor do I mean to charge the majority of the people of Morgan county with the intention of forcing the county on the people of Cass, for they had the power and did not exercise it. But I do mean to say that it is a fact beyond controversy, the people of Cass county have a county that they did not petition for: a county they were opposed to; a county they were not willing to accept; a county against the formation of which they remonstrated until remonstrance was vain—until the legislature declared the county established: a county which they now call upon the legislature to enlarge.

At every subsequent session of the legislature the people of Cass county, and the people living on the three mile strip, have petitioned for this disputed territory, to be attached to the county of Cass, but as yet without success. The county of Cass, thus singularly and unfairly established, is in territorial limits one of the weakest in the state, and deducting from its nominal surface the inundated lands bordering on the Illinois and Sangamon rivers, the sand ridges and bluffs by which they are skirted, and the waste and untillable lands in the interior, amounting in the aggregate to more than a third of the whole county, Cass county contains, I believe, less productive land than any other county in the state.

Besides, Sir, this county has been created by dispensing with those pre-

liminary checks to imposition and surprise for which the law was wisely enacted; and created virtually and in truth contrary to the will of those immediately interested. It has been formed out of one of the largest counties in the state, and made one of the smallest; when the required notice of intention to petition had not been given; when the required number of petitions had not been obtained; when a majority of the votes polled had been cast against its formation, and when a majority of the new county were opposed to it. Then, Mr. Speaker, it is confidently hoped, that, as this county has been thus formed without a strict observance of the statutory provisions in relation to county divisions: as the required notice was not given; as a majority of the people did not petition; as a majority of the vote polled were against it; as a majority of the people within the bounds of the new county were opposed to it; and a majority of the people in the three mile strip are in favor of being attached to Cass: it is confidently hoped, that, as this county has been palmed on the people of Cass, against their will and to their injury, in disregard of these statutory provisions, that those same provisions will not be attempted to be rigidly enforced against her now, when she is asking the Legislature to rectify the identical wrong done her by not observing them; when she is asking nothing more and nothing less than her first petition. And, Sir, it will be her last petition, for as long as the Representatives of the people assemble within these walls, and her prayers remain unanswered, she will petition. And, Sir, when it shall be her destiny to be borne down by numbers; when she shall be attached to some other and probably larger county in the election of a Representative, as she must be so attached, unless this territory is obtained (for without it she is not entitled to a representative); when she will not have the strength to send one of her own citizens to advocate her rights on this floor and will not have strength enough to cast the balance of power in the county connected with her, she will still petition and trust to some friendly voice being raised in her behalf, and above all, trust to the justice of the Legislature.

Mr. Speaker, the people of this three mile strip are sometimes discouraged in their efforts to be attached to the county of Cass. Disheartened by their repeated failures and overpowered and borne down by superior numbers, it is no matter of surprise that they do not press this claim with the enthusiasm they once manifested. But, let the question once be left to a vote of the people living within the bounds of this disputed territory; let the people of Morgan county, in answer to their petitions, say to them "you have been wronged and injured and you may now determine, by your own suffrage, whether you will remain with Morgan or be attached to Cass," and, Sir, they will be united almost to a man.

Besides every conceivable effort has been made to divide the people of this three mile strip. Some have proposed to compromise and take less than the first petition called for, while others have proposed to take more. Some have proposed to take half of the three mile strip, dividing it east and west: others to take half, dividing it north and south. These propositions have generally come from enemies of division, yet they have had a tendency to divide its friends.

Like most new counties the people are divided on the subject of county seat—the western part preferring Beardstown, the eastern part Virginia, as

the seat of justice. Now, to show the unfair means resorted to, to prevent the majority of the people within this territory signing the petition—while the people living in the eastern part, who are favorable to Virginia, have been told that if they were attached to Cass, the county seat question would be left to the vote of the people, and a majority of them would remove it to Beardstown; the people in the western part of the territory, have been falsely assured, that if they were attached to Cass, the question of the county seat would not be left to the vote of the people, but that it would continue at Virginia, by legislative enactment. As a natural consequence the people in the eastern part of the territory, who understood my position, have signed the petitions, while a large majority in the western part, under this misapprehension, have not signed. All I ask is that there be passed two bills, one authorizing the people of this disputed territory to vote for or against being attached to Cass, the other authorizing the people of the county, including the acquired territory, to locate by vote the seat of justice of the county. This is all I ask

I must be permitted to give another reason for the smallness of our petition. It was understood that so far as the Morgan delegation was concerned, no division of Morgan county would be allowed, on any petitions—no matter how numerous—but all projects of division, should be referred back to the vote of the people. In other words, that if the majority, or all of the legal voters of Morgan county, petitioned for any division, that division should not take place unless a majority of the votes should be cast for it at the subsequent August election.

Mr. Speaker, I will not conceal the facts from the House that the people of Cass county, have never relied on a majority of Morgan county, giving us this territory. They have always looked, and still continue to look, with greater confidence to the Legislature settling this matter, than they have to a majority of Morgan. That would be the last hope. The county of Cass, containing five hundred voters, having been formed, when only 163 votes were given at the precincts within her bounds for it, the lines she petitions for having been altered, the county formed, by the rejection of poll books: the people in the retained territory petitioning to be set off to Cass, Morgan county, after this division still remaining one of the most populous counties in the state, it seems strange that so completely a one sided proposition should have met with such uncompromising warfare.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my friends from Morgan if this question ought not to be settled, and if Morgan county cannot well afford to settle it, by giving us the territory and then remain one of the first counties in the state, in territory, in population, and consequently in political strength; how will they force this people to stay with them against their will and in spite of their remonstrances? Are not here good grounds for legislative interference? I will not say it is right to set off a portion of the county whenever the people within its bounds petition to be set off in disregard of the remainder of the county; but I do say, when a new county has been formed with limits so contracted as to require the heaviest assessments of taxes to defray the necessary expenses of county government; when the county from which it was detached can well afford to spare the disputed claim and afterwards have the requisite population to entitle her to her four representatives on this floor, not lessen-

ing her political power; not disturbing her county seat, in fact, doing no wrong to her, but rendering justice unto Cass county: and when the people in the disputed territory have time and again petitioned to be separated from Morgan county and attached to Cass county: when these facts exist, it is right, it is just, it is righteous, to let them go; and anything short of this is downright injustice to them.

Mr. Speaker, I wish to give a few figures in relation to this question: I wish to show the relative size and population of the two counties. By the State census of 1840, Morgan county contained a population of 15,414; by the Marshals' return it was 19,154. No state census was taken in Cass county and the Marshals' return of its population was 2,968. The population of the three mile strip does not exceed 1500. Deduct this amount from the highest returns of Morgan county and she will be left a population of 17654; add it to Cass and she will have 4,468. But admitting the U. S Marshals' returns too high, and adopting the medium between the two censuses as correct, Morgan county will still have 16,000 population, entitling her to four representatives on this floor, and Cass county will have 4,468, entitling her to one representative on this floor. So far as population is concerned then, it can be no great hardship for Morgan county to relinquish this claim.

In relation to territory, the case is equally strong. Morgan contains 612 square miles, Cass 288. Deduct the three miles from Morgan and she will still contain 532 square miles and Cass 368; Morgan 132 miles more and Cass 32 miles less than the law of 1841. fixing the limits of counties, contemplated.

Mr. Speaker, many gentlemen in this House, when I have given them a history of this territorial question, have told me it was right for this county to have it, but they could not vote for this bill because it was a local measure and the Morgan delegation was opposed to it. As a general principle, Sir, it is doubtless correct that in matters strictly local, the representatives from the counties immediately interested should not be overruled, but this is a question in which Cass county is concerned as well as Morgan. This is no new claim she has hatched up; it is as old as the county itself. It was created with the formation of the county. It was then that the poll books were rejected; it was then that the wrong was done; when she was cut off against the wishes of her people and with less bounds than her petition called for. Has she not always remonstrated against this unequal division? Has she ever changed her position? Has she ever relinquished her original grounds? Is the doctrine to be sent forth from this House that no matter how much wrong may be done; that no matter how great injustice may be done to a new county in its formation by the mother county; the injured party must seek redress from the stronger party inflicting the injury; that there is no remedy known to our laws; that the Legislature itself is powerless and can do nothing without the consent of the delegation from the mother county? Mr. Speaker, it is apparent by observing this rule of such questions as the one now under consideration that they will be settled by one of the parties interested, without reference to their justice or merits; and the sanction of the Legislature obtained by an unfair formality. Why are such questions brought here to be settled if the Legislature is to be trammled and controlled by the members from a few counties? Why not let them settle them elsewhere and save the time of the Legislature, if its province is only to endorse their acts.



Mr. Speaker, I have encountered more difficulty on this point than any other, both before the committee on counties and in my conversation with members; all admitting the justice of the claim, but many unable to vote for it, because it is local, and the Morgan delegation opposed to it. Adopt this arbitrary principle unrestricted and where will it conduct you? What kind of vassalage will you not establish by it? Under its operation, a large county wishing to get rid of some part of its population, could cut them off in a new county, contrary to their petition, lessening their territory, imposing upon them debts and burdens and wrongs insufferable; and yet the Legislature could do nothing with it, unless this large county, or her delegation, would agree to it. This, Sir, is a local question between the counties of Morgan and Cass, on which the small voice of Cass county has as much right to be heard as that of the large county of Morgan, and which, it is the duty of this House to settle according to its merits. The members, the strength, the influence, the power are on the side of Morgan; the right and justice is on the side of Cass.

It may be said that this is a small matter that we are attaching too much importance to it. To some it may appear small: to Morgan county it is comparatively small, but it is of great importance to us. The value of this territory is not the only, perhaps not the most important consideration. There is a question of principle at issue—a question of right at stake. I shall not deny the right of an old county to preserve her existence, or even keep her limits respectable, by forming new counties on her boundaries and outskirts: but I do protest against any county—not for her self-preservation, but for some fancy or whim, or to keep her territory as large as possible—cutting off new counties against the petitions of the people: against the wishes of the people; contrary to the interest of the people; disregarding everything like justice and equality in their formation, and making the burdens necessarily imposed on the new counties, with the difficulties created with them, curses instead of blessings to their citizens.

Mr. Speaker, I will notice some of the arguments of the gentleman from Morgan (Mr. Cloud). He sets out with the declaration, that if any wrong has been done to Cass in the formation of the county, she alone is responsible, as Cass county received the county in its present form, and Morgan county voted against it. The evidence he has brought forward, to sustain this position is the official certificate of the clerk of the county commissioners' court of Morgan county. By this it appears, that in the three precincts in Cass county—Beardstown, Lucas and Virginia—163 votes were polled for the county and 139 against it, leaving a majority of 24 in favor of the county. But, sir, it is a fact which was ascertained by others at the time, of which I have not personal knowledge, but in the truth of which I place as implicit confidence as if I personally knew it, that a greater number than these 24 voted for the county, who lived out of the limits of Cass county. At the subsequent August election, 496 votes were polled—being 194 more than were given at the election for the division of the county; and more still were given at the election of county seat—or at the July election for representative. The vote of the county was not brought out on any of these elections, because there was a large party opposed to organizing; but the vote was increased at the first election after the legislature at the called session in 1837 had declared

the county legally established. 302 votes were given on the division of the county, and 496 at the subsequent August election. 113 is the biggest vote for division; and this vote is given as evidence that Cass county accepted the county. She then contained between 500 and 600 voters; and many refused to vote on the question of dividing the county, because it was not the county they petitioned for and they were willing to receive no other; and, also, because they knew Morgan county possessed the power of voting them off; and further, because, whether voted off by Morgan or by Cass, they were opposed to organizing with less territory than their petition called for. In evidence of the fact that a large number of those who did not vote were opposed to the formation of the county, I present the certificates of Mr. Savage and Mr. Huffman, the sheriff and probate justice, of Cass, neither of whom voted at that election, and who by accident were in Springfield two days ago. These certificates could be verified by hundreds in Cass county, and I know their contents to be true. I also present the original proceedings of a meeting in Virginia after the county was forced on the people of Cass: by which it appears that this whole precinct refused to organize. These proceedings were published in the newspapers at the time.

Mr. Speaker, the certificate introduced by the gentleman from Morgan (Mr. Cloud) is good evidence in our favor. By that certificate it appears that of the votes received by the officers, five hundred were given for division, and 479 against; thus forming the county of Cass by 21 majority. The same certificate shows the rejection of the Lucas precinct in Cass county which gave 36 votes against, and one vote for the county. If this poll book had been received, instead of the county being formed by 21 majority, it would have been defeated by 14 majority.

The gentleman says the Meredosia poll book was not returned. It was returned by Mr. Henry McKean, Esq., a citizen of Cass county, on the last day after the election that it could be received, for the purpose of defeating the county; but was also rejected with the Lucas returns. The reception of either would have defeated the county. Why the one has been retained and the other not, I cannot tell; but I rejoice that the official returns from Jacksonville show that the rejection of the poll book in Cass county forced the county on the people, when its reception would have defeated it.

The gentleman says that I was in favor of the county; that I attended the election in Morgan, and electioneered for the county. I admit it; but in doing it, I only exercised the right of a private citizen, and could not compromise the rights of the new county. Shall the people, Sir, of Cass county, be punished for my acts? A majority of them did not vote for the county, and shall they be deprived of their rights because I did wrong? As personal reference has been made to me, and the people of my county attempted to be prejudiced by my mis-acts, I will of course be allowed the privilege of referring to others in the same way. If my vote for the present county is to be construed into evidence that Cass is not entitled to this three mile strip, may not the past opinions of my friends from Morgan, when favorable to us, be also construed into evidence that Morgan county is not entitled to it? If I have no right to stand here as the humble representative of the county of Cass, and claim this territory as her honest due, because I voted for the county, with her present limits, what right has the gentleman from Morgan

county to stand here and oppose giving us this three mile strip when they have recognized the justice of our claim in former years? I voted for the county, Sir, with an assurance on which I placed too much reliance, that if we accepted of the present county there would be no difficulty in obtaining the balance.

Mr. Speaker, here are 163 votes out of 500. all but two concentrated at one point, interested in a local question, working for the county; and the gentleman contending they were a majority of the county! I was glad to hear the closing remarks of the gentleman from Morgan—that if it was just for these three miles to be attached to Cass. he was willing; if not just, it should not be. I join him there. I have endeavored to show the justice of this claim, and will add that I do not want it—that the people of Cass do not want it—unless it is strictly just.

The junior gentleman from Morgan, (Mr. Yates), complains that I have taken advantage of him; that I electioneered with his personal and political friends and got them pledged before he knew this question would be introduced; that both here and at home they have been taken by surprise. If he was in the dark as to the introduction of this measure, I was also; for I often despaired of receiving any petitions, and they were given to the Morgan delegation to examine as soon as received. Besides, I have conversed with the gentleman and his colleagues more frequently on this than any other subject; and have always told them that my actions depended on the petitions. I sometimes thought the petitions would not come, and may so have expressed myself. But, Sir, if they have been taken by surprise here, of which I leave the House to judge, they have not been in Morgan county; for the gentleman himself, and each one of his colleagues, have told you that this was a question before the people at the last August election, and all of them were pledged against any division of Morgan county unless such division was referred back to the people.

The gentleman calls upon the House to reject this bill, because the people of Cass county accepted the county, and because neither a majority of the people of the "three miles," or in Morgan county have petitioned; I admit we have not a majority in Morgan.

I stated it before the committee on counties, and I repeat here, that it is vain to look to Morgan county; that she will vote us down as often as it is referred to her. The wrong was done—and it was fastened on us—and no matter whether it was done by accident, or partiality, or fraud; by Morgan, by the Legislature, or by Cass herself; it is the duty of the sovereign power in the state to redress it. Admitting then that Cass county is by her minority vote responsible for the wrong done the county in its formation, is it possible that she has no recourse? Why is this question now under the consideration of this House, if it has no jurisdiction, or if its action is to be controlled by a single county? Why are the representatives of the people engaged in it, if they have not the power to decide according to its merits.

The gentleman (Mr. Yates) says that at the time Cass county was formed Scott county was also petitioning; that Morgan could not spare all petitioned for, but gave each a part. He is mistaken here. In 1837, when Cass was formed, there was no other proposition, to divide Morgan county. Scott county was petitioned for and formed two years after.

Another argument urged all the gentlemen from Morgan, is, that the people in the territory are divided on the subject of county seat, and if it were located at any other part in Cass county, a bare majority, if any majority at all, would vote to be attached to Cass. That those living in the eastern part of that territory would prefer Jacksonville to Beardstown, and those in the western part Jacksonville to Virginia. But do the gentlemen forget that the seat of justice has already been both at Beardstown and Virginia; and yet at every session of the legislature since the county was formed, a large majority of the people in the "three miles" once approaching unanimity have petitioned to be attached to the county of Cass? The gentlemen are pursuing the same game here that was followed in Morgan, in circulating the petition, "divide and conquer." They endeavor to make the impression on the legislature that unless the county seat is located at certain points the people in that territory will vote to remain with Morgan. It is their will and their interest to be attached to Cass, and when so attached they recognize the right of the people to settle these local concerns. They are able to do so without the inference of the gentlemen, or the people of Morgan county.

It is contended that a majority of the voters in the "three miles" have not petitioned. This was not disputed before the committee on counties; but the gentleman near me (Mr. Epler,) admitted there was a majority, and now says that he supposed so, from reading over the names, but on a more minute examination is satisfied that a majority have not petitioned. This objection might apply if the bill proposed to set off this territory absolutely. It only proposes to leave it to the vote of the people in its bounds to determine: and if the gentlemen are sincere in their statements, that the voters i. e. the "three miles" are opposed to going to Cass, why object to this bill? Why object to referring it to their suffrages? Why the appeals not to cut Morgan county to pieces? Pass this bill—refer the matter to the people—and if they are opposed to it, they will vote against—and thus settle this vexed question forever.

The gentleman (Mr. Yates) says we gave no notice of an intention to petition, and in this respect disregarded the statute. But, Sir, why was this same provision of the statute disregarded when the county was formed? No notice was then given; a majority did not petition; the petition was changed; a majority voted against the county; the county was still formed by rejecting a poll book within its bounds in disregard of the will of the majority; and now can that gentleman stand in his place and object to this bill because we have not observed those laws? Why were they not observed when the Legislature passed the law forming the county? If they were not compulsory then, why should they be made so now?

But, Sir, they have had notice. Their complaint of being harassed with petitions is evidence of notice. Their pledges against any division of Morgan county without referring it back to the people, is evidence of notice. They have had other notice, and one that will last. At the first session of the Legislature after the county was formed, the people of Cass county and the "three miles," in strict conformity with the requirements of the statute, petitioned for their original bounds. They were in earnest then. They were in earnest even in the formal language with which such questions close—"and as in duty bound they will ever pray," etc. They are in earnest now; and

if they want any further notice, let me tell the gentlemen that if this territory is not given to Cass now, not only at the next session of the legislature, but at every subsequent session, until it is given, or until the right of petition is spurned from these halls, they will petition, and call upon the Representatives of the people to redress their grievances.

The gentleman, (Mr. Yates,) complains that this bill is in violation of the law of '41 for the protection of the old counties. One clause of this law provides that no old county should be reduced to less than 400 square miles, and no new county thereafter to be formed should contain less than 400 square miles. The bill pending will still leave Morgan county 532 square miles and Cass 368 square miles. The other clause provides, that in dividing counties, no boundary line shall be established nearer than ten miles from the seat of justice of the old county. This bill encroaches about a half mile on this clause. Cass is about nine miles wide, excepting in the meanderings of the Sangamon and Illinois rivers, making the distance from our present county line to Jacksonville three miles more than the whole width of Cass county. Has this legislature no right to alter a county line conflicting with that law, because another legislature passed it? Does the gentleman mean to avow the monstrous doctrine that a subsequent legislature has no right to repeal a simple law of a preceding legislature, or even, alter or modify it? Let him look to the proceedings of Saturday, when this House, by an overwhelming majority, passed the bill repealing the charter of the Bank of Illinois.

The gentleman charges that, in the account I gave, I disparaged and shamefully abused the county; that if I will not stand up and defend that fine county, he will. I have no fears that the people of Cass will believe that I abused her. I have sustained her interests here with all the zeal and energy that I could command; and I am always prepared to defend her to the utmost of my power. But why this high compliment to Cass county? Does not the gentleman know that it is incorrect? I appeal to his candor, if he ever travelled in that county; I appeal especially to the gentleman near me, (Mr. Epler), who is well acquainted with it if my account is exaggerated. I placed the unproductive land at one-third. It was a small estimate. Where the land is good, it is equal to any in the state; and where it is populated, her people are unsurpassed by the constituents of any member on this floor. But if we deduct the inundated lands, the sand ridges, sloughs, bluffs and frog ponds from her nominal surface, it will not leave one-half of the land good. If Cass county is so fine a county, containing less than 3,000 inhabitants, what kind of a county is Morgan, containing 19,000 inhabitants? What kind of equality is this?

The gentleman complains that this bill is unjust to the Morgan delegation. I protest that I have no such design. They came here pledged to oppose this territorial question. I can testify that ably and industriously they have redeemed their pledges. I have known them long, and would be the last man to do anything to wound their feelings. The people of Morgan county cannot complain. The passage of this bill is no reproach on her representatives, but is the result of a conviction on the part of the Legislature, that Cass county is entitled to the "three miles."

There was a remark made by the gentleman, (Mr. Cloud), which I deeply regret. It was an appeal to party. He says that this measure was fully in-

vestigated two years ago by a democratic legislature—when Morgan and Cass were represented by whigs, and no party reasons could exist for favoring either, and that legislature decided against us.

He then enquires if this democratic legislature will carry this measure over the head of the democratic delegation from Morgan, when their predecessors had refused to pass the same, when Morgan was represented by Whigs? This, sir, is no party measure, and if it were, it is known to all, that so far as party is concerned, I am powerless here. If that appeal is to be successful, I must submit; and the interests, the rights of my county made subservient to party ends. But can this course possibly be right? How can the opposite appeals of my political friends and opponents be correct? The democratic portion of the Morgan delegation call upon their personal and political friends to stand by them and defeat it. My democratic friends say that if it is carried over their heads it will injure them and use up the democratic party in Morgan; and my whig friend with equal zeal, with as warm appeals to party, declares that it is unjust to him, and if carried over his head will use up the whig party in Morgan. Here are opposites—here are contradictions—here is a cross firing that no cause can stand.

If these appeals are to be successful in rallying both parties against the measure, where am I to look for help? If whig and democrat are rallied on the side of Morgan, because the Morgan delegation is composed of whig and democrat, where are my constituents to look for help? To whom shall Cass go for relief.

Sir, I have no such appeals to make: I have no personal appeals to make, I have no party appeals, but I have a higher, a stronger appeal to make. It is to the justice of the cause, I appeal to the justice and wisdom of this House in the name of the whole people of Cass county. I rely more upon that appeal than upon any other that has been or can be made.

I return my hearty thanks to the house, for its patience and attention, and will cheerfully abide its decision, knowing that it will be in accordance with its views of right and justice.

The legislature adjourned in less than a month after Mr. Pratt had delivered his speech upon his bill, and in that limited time he was unable to overcome the opposition of the Morgan county influence against it.

In his description of Cass county, Mr. Pratt refers to "the waste and untillable lands" in the interior of the county. This class of lands had been denominated "The Barrens;" by the Kentucky settlers called "The Barns" It is a matter of small wonder that the early settlers held this erroneous opinion regarding this class of land. It was uneven in surface, covered with brush and worthless black-jacks; the soil very thin in appearance and of a light yellow color. When Jesse Crews settled in Cass county in 1843, he could drive his two horse wagon over the barrens in T. 18, R. 9, and the bushes and saplings would bend under his wagon; thirty years later these saplings would furnish four fence rails to the cut. As late as 1867, Charles C. Robinson helped the writer break up a strip of ground in the "barrens" in Sec. 28, T. 18, R. 9, and forcibly expressed his contempt for the quality of its soil. About ten years afterward Mr. Robinson leased a farm in Sec. 20, in the same township, now owned by Joseph Turner. After he had cultivated it for several years he

said he could make as much money farming that land, as he could make out of a good prairie farm. A successful farmer, now living in Cass county, who owned a quarter section of black prairie ground and an equal amount of "barren" land testifies that for an extended term of years he made quite as much on the "barren" quarter as upon the prairie quarter. He found he could raise better oats and better wheat on the barren tract; it was better for grass and fruit and fully as good for corn, if but two crops were raised in succession. Much of the old time prejudice in favor of "black" land still exists—it will end in the years to come.

Although Mr. Pratt failed in his effort to recover the three mile strip of land, he was not discouraged. He used his influence among the people to enlarge our territory. He became a candidate for re-election to the lower house, which election took place on the 5th day of August, 1844. The democrats re-nominated Joshua P. Crow, a popular and prominent man who owned the farm in Sec. 5, T. 17, R. 10, two miles west of Virginia, so well known in later years as the William Campbell farm. Of the 740 votes cast at that election Mr. Pratt received a majority of 72 votes as follows: Beardstown 161, Virginia 175, Monroe 27 and Richmond 43. The 334 votes for Mr. Crow were divided thus: Richmond 68, Monroe 10, Virginia 81 and Beardstown 175. Both candidates resided in the Virginia precinct in which Mr. Pratt's majority was 94, or more than 2 to 1. While in his old home, Monroe, he received nearly three-fourths of the votes cast.

On the 2nd day of December, 1844, Mr. Pratt took his seat in the lower house as the member from Cass. The Morgan county delegation consisted of John Henry, senator, and Francis Aranz, Samuel S. Matthews, Isaac D. Rawlings and Richard Yates, members of the House of Representatives; Newton Cloud was clerk of the House. The proposition to extend the limits of Cass county was again brought to the attention of the law makers of the state:



Home of John W. Pratt on the west square.

Mr Pratt with his persistent ability, aided by his former experience and more general acquaintance with the public men of his day; with right and justice upon his side was successful in obtaining the passage of his bill on the

26th day of February, 1845, which submitted the question of adding the three mile strip to Cass county to a vote of the residents upon the territory in question, which election was held on the first Monday in May, 1845, and resulted in favor of the proposition by a large majority; 246 voting for annexation to Cass county, and 78 voting against it.

It has been impossible to ascertain, with any certainty, how Mr. Pratt employed his leisure time from 1842 to 1847. He was in ill health, much of the time, and not able to lead an active life. He served the people as postmaster; he assisted Governor Ford in his troubles with the Mormon people; he took an active part in all public affairs and was held in high esteem by all who knew him. During these years he resided with his family in the house, purchased for his wife, by her father, John Savage, on lots 94 and 95, on the east side of the old square, now owned by John Wilkes. In this house his three younger children were born.

In the summer of 1847, he became a candidate for the office of county clerk; his opponent was Charles B. Epler, of Princeton, who was a democrat, and a young man of ability. Such was the prestige of Mr. Pratt that at the election held on August 2nd, 1847, he carried every precinct in the county receiving six hundred and twenty votes out of ten hundred and seventeen cast at the polls. While making his preparations to remove his family to Beardstown, the seat of justice of the county, he became worse, took to his bed and expired on the 7th day of October, 1847, aged 40 years, 10 months and 4 days, leaving him surviving his faithful wife and four children, the eldest ten years of age and the youngest but two. It must have been a sad sight to witness the death of this useful citizen, so early in life, leaving his family of helpless little ones, to grow up without a father's help and protection. The family was made welcome at the home of the good father of the young widow, who erected a dwelling for her and his grand children, very near his own homestead where they grew up to manhood and womanhood. His two sons, inheriting the public spirit of their father enlisted in the army of 1861-65, and became brave and faithful soldiers and are now honored citizens of this community.

Thomas G. Pratt, the eldest child, was born in Beardstown, September 6, 1837.

Ellen Pratt was born in Virginia, Ill., July 14, 1845.

Mary E. Pratt was born in Virginia, Ill., December 25, 1842.

Henry C. Pratt was born in Virginia, Ill., June 18, 1845.

Ellen Pratt was married to Francis M. Treadway who was a soldier in the Civil war, and who died at his residence in Virginia, Ill., in the year 1893, where his widow now resides.

Mary E., married Jacob Yapple jr., she removed to Maryville, Missouri, many years ago.

Emily (Savage) Pratt died on the 7th day of December, 1873, at the home of her son, Henry C. Pratt. She and her husband were buried on the Savage farm; afterwards their remains were removed to the Monroe burial ground, located on the farm of Henry C. Pratt.

In personal appearance Mr. Pratt was six feet in height, weight 170 pounds, with light hair and eyes; his manner quiet and dignified.

The name of John Wilkes Pratt should ever be held in grateful remembrance for his distinguished services rendered the public in the early history of Cass County.



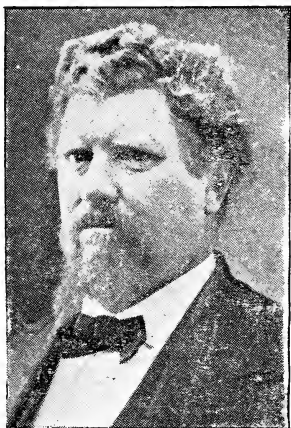
# DR. CHARLES ELLET LIPPINCOTT.

BY DR. J. F. SNYDER.

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**T**HOMAS LIPPINCOTT, the father of Dr. Charles E. Lippincott, was quite a noted personage in the early days of Illinois. He was born of Quaker parents, in Salem, New Jersey, on the 6th of February, 1791. His mother dying when he was eight years old, he was taken by her brother, Charles Ellet, of Philadelphia, as a member of his household, and educated. In 1813, he enlisted as a volunteer to guard the city from possible attack by the British. In 1814, he went to Lumberland, New York, for employment. There he met Miss Patsy Swift, a pious girl who converted him to Christian-

ity; and he married her on August 15, 1816. In 1817, with his wife and infant daughter, he started for the west, going from Pittsburg, on a flat-boat, down the Ohio river to Shawneetown. From there they traveled, in a dear-born wagon with one horse, to St. Louis by way of Kaskaskia. In St. Louis he secured employment of Rufus Eaton as a clerk. In November of that year, Mr. Eaton sent him with a stock of goods to Milton, in Madison county, Illinois, four miles east of Alton, where he opened a store with the sign, "Lippincott & Co." There he and his wife taught the first Sunday School in Illinois. And there she died on the 14th of October, 1819. He did not remain single long, being united in marriage to Miss Henrietta Maria Slater, near Springfield, Ill., on March 25th, 1820. Less than six months later she died, on September



GENERAL C. E. LIPPINCOTT.

11th, 1820. In little over a year he supplied her vacancy by marrying, on the 11th of October, 1821, Miss Catharine Wylé Leggett, sister of Wm. Leggett, the distinguished editor of the New York *Evening Post*. That wife was the mother of eleven children, and died May 8th, 1850, and was buried at Upper Alton.

In 1821, Mr. Lippincott was a resident of Edwardsville, where for a year

or more he edited *The Spectator*, Hooper Warren's paper, established by Gov. Edwards. He was also a clerk there in the Land Office, and a Justice of the Peace. At the same time he was an Elder in the Presbyterian church, and frequently conducted public worship in absence of the minister. Always interested in politics he was for years a liberal contributor to the columns of various newspapers. In 1822, he was elected Secretary of the State Senate, serving in the session of the third general assembly from December 2nd, 1822, to February 18th, 1823. In the famous convention scheme contest that followed he played a conspicuous part as an unrelenting opponent of slavery. On October 28th, 1828, he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Missouri, which at that time included all of Illinois, and to the ministry he devoted the balance of his life. With John M. Ellis and Samuel D. Lockwood, he was an original mover in founding Illinois College, and from its beginning was one of its trustees. About from 1852 to 1857, he had charge of the Congregational church at Chandlerville.

He was married, for the fourth time, to Mrs. Lydia Barnes—whose maiden name was Fairchild—at Alton, on November 27th, 1851; she died in 1873. Mr. Lippincott, from 1867, resided at Pana, Ill., with his son, Thomas W., and he died there on April 13th, 1869. He was of very prepossessing appearance, morally above reproach, and his Christian character was complete.

His son, Charles Ellet Lippincott, was born in Edwardsville, Madison county, Illinois, on the 26th of January, 1825—the first-born, by the second marriage, of the family of eleven children. He was named Charles Ellet to testify his father's gratitude to his uncle in Philadelphia of that name, who raised him. He is said (by his father) to have been a very homely brat, his nose appearing as a little round lump stuck on his face midway between his big, prominent mouth and eyes. So ill-featured was he when a babe that his mother concealed his face with a veil when she took him out from home. He early manifested the "grit" in his nature that became such a distinguishing trait in after life. When able to toddle about the premises he came in one day to "show a purty little bird" he had caught, which proved to be a bumble bee; and though it stung him he held on to it without whimpering until he delivered it to his mother. When a few years older a little incident occurred exhibiting another trait, which in after time his educated conscience modified, or held in subjection. When his father had charge of a little old Presbyterian church at Carrollton the Baptists there erected a much larger and finer church building than his. The Baptist boys jeered Charley about his father having such a shabby little house to preach in until he got mad, and by way of retaliation, with rocks and brick-bats, broke every pane of glass in several windows of the new Baptist edifice. He said afterwards that he didn't mind the thrashing he got for it, as he felt that he had in a material way vindicated his father.

In pioneer days a new student arriving at McKendree college, after giving the Dean his name, was asked where his home was. "I have no home," he answered, "my father is a Methodist circuit rider." Charley Lippincott when a boy had a home—in fact, several of them. His father, though not exactly a circuit rider, often changed his location to preach to different congregations. Wherever he happened to be stationed he sent his children to such schools as the place afforded, until they were all advanced considerably be-

yond the curriculum embraced by the three "R's." Charley was a bright, impulsive boy, fond of going to school, as well as of all kinds of sport, and learned his lessons without difficulty. He grew up to be a stout, athletic lad, developing with the advance of years a keen desire for a higher education. When his father was located in Alton, Charley went to the "Academy," and when the family moved to Marine—a village in Madison county—he was taught by Philander Braley, of Collinsville, with some assistance in his books from Rev. Charles E. Blood.

By that time his father, with a rapidly increasing family and only a village clergyman's salary for their support, was financially unable to pay Charles' way to higher schools, and from then on he had to depend upon his own resources. Not a word of complaint or whining was heard from him, but in jolly good humor he manfully faced the struggle and went to work. For two seasons he labored as a farm hand for \$12 per month and board. In the autumn of two years he put in crops of wheat on the farm of his cousin, John Breath, and harvested them the following summers. In the winter time he taught school—two terms on Rock Creek in Menard county. In 1844, then nineteen years old, he entered Illinois College at Jacksonville. In after years he often told of the rigid economy he was compelled to observe to enable him to remain there the entire session. He said he had just twelve and a half cents a week for spending money, and almost every Saturday he and Newton Bateman, who was as poor as himself, would go to town and treat themselves to a glass of spruce beer and some ginger cake. Sometimes they indulged in other luxuries by way of variety, but when they did so they were always sorry they had not gotten the spruce beer.

He applied himself closely to his studies, bearing in mind that he had arrived at the age when he should be making choice of a life avocation, for he had no thought of farming as a permanent occupation—or of preaching. His daily association with Dr. David Prince, an enthusiastic young physician who had recently located in that town, and the warm mutual friendship attracting them to each other, decided him to adopt the profession of medicine, to attain which he there and then began to bend all his energies. At an early age he was indelibly impressed by his father's implacable hostility to the institution of slavery, and, though deeply absorbed in his college course, he yet found time to put in practice some of his theories of human liberty, by becoming an active agent of the "underground railroad," of which Jacksonville was an important station. Of the little circle of abolitionists specially devoting themselves there to harboring, concealing and expediting the progress of runaway slaves on their way to Canada, Charley Lippincott was known as one of the most daring, industrious and zealous.

When the session closed in the spring of 1845, his funds entirely exhausted, he went to Marine, where his father and family resided, and secured employment among the neighboring farmers. In the meantime he commenced the study of medicine in a desultory way, with Dr. George T. Allen, of Marine, who was during the war medical inspector, with the rank of colonel, on Genl. Grant's staff. He again attended Illinois college during the session of 1857-58. The college at that time comprised a medical department, having for its faculty Dr. David Prince, Dr. Henry Jones and Dr. Samuel Adams, and in that department Charley Lippincott was enrolled as a student. However, he

did not graduate in either the medical or literary department, but after the Civil war Illinois college conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts.

Abia Lippincott, the daughter and only living child of his father's first marriage, was married to W. S. Gilman, of the firm of Godfrey, Gilman & Co., in whose warehouse Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy was killed, on the evening of November 6, 1837. Subsequently that mercantile firm moved to St. Louis and continued their business there. After close of the session of Illinois college in the spring of 1848, Charley Lippincott went to St. Louis and obtained a situation as clerk, or salesman, for Godfrey, Gilman & Co., where he remained until October. He was then entered in the senior class of students at the medical department of the St. Louis University, usually known as Pope's Medical College, where, with some financial aid from Mr. Gilman, he attended the full course of lectures and in March, 1849, graduated, receiving the degree M. D.—Medicinae Doctor, or literally translated, Learned in Medicine. Having thus reached the goal of his aspirations, the next matter to be considered was the finding of some place where he could make the learning in medicine he had acquired productive of revenue. In some of his hunting excursions when residing in Jacksonville, and also when looking for employment as a country school teacher, he had visited the Panther Creek settlement in the Sangamon bottom and become acquainted with Dr Charles Chandler there.

In the spring of 1849 Dr. Schooley, of Virginia, went to California, and Dr. Parmenio Lyman Phillips, who had been "riding" with Dr. Chandler, moved up to Virginia to supply Dr. Schooley's vacancy. And it so happened that, shortly after Dr. Phillips left Panther Creek, Dr. Chandler was prostrated with sickness and laid up for repairs for a few weeks. There then young Dr. Lippincott saw his opportunity and availed himself of it with alacrity. When, by aid of Mr. Gilman, he was fitted out with a horse, saddle and bridle, a lancet and lot of calomel, jalap, squills, blistering ointment and other essentials for country practice, he "located himself permanently" at the Panther Creek settlement. His reception by Dr. Chandler and his family was very cordial, and the offer of his professional services to the sick doctor thankfully accepted. If he was not very instrumental in promoting the doctor's recovery, he was, at any rate, very assiduous in his attention and efforts, which perhaps profited himself as much as the doctor by the experience and practical knowledge he gained. By taking charge temporarily of Dr. Chandler's country patients he quickly became acquainted throughout the community, earning in a short time the reputation of "a good doctor and mighty clever fellow." As all young physicians first commencing the business, he entered into the practice with spirit and enthusiasm. Industrious and active, and backed by the good will and friendship of Dr. Chandler, his success seemed assured. Of buoyant, cheerful spirits and jovial, mirthful disposition, he was soon popular with all classes, particularly the young folks, and was the soul of all social gatherings, and leader in their sports and amusements. A fine horseman and superior marksman, he was very fond of hunting, making use for that purpose, generally, of a double-barrel shot gun, one barrel of which he loaded with ball for deer, and the other with shot for wild turkeys, prairie chickens and ducks, that fell before his steady aim by scores.

During a revival at Marine, a few years before, he professed religion—

Presbyterian religion; but he had in a great measure outgrown it; yet, he was strictly moral, with unexceptionable habits, totally ignoring all use of tobacco, liquor, profane and vulgar language. The strangest and most inexplicable feature of his personal history was his political affiliations. Despite the teaching and example of his father, and brother-in-law, Mr. Gilman, lifelong bitter opponents of the democratic party; notwithstanding his own activity as an agent of the underground railroad; in spite of the influence of those distinguished Jacksonville leaders of the whig party, John J. Hardin and Gov. Jos. Duncan, and of all the professors of Illinois College; and the fact that nearly all his associates, and such esteemed intimate friends as Newton Bateman, Dr. Samuel Willard and Dr. Chandler were radical whigs, yet, Dr. Lippincott, was a democrat. Not of the passive sort either; but a bold, aggressive defender of the democratic party and its principles. He may have adopted that course through pure perverseness, but more probably because of his great admiration of Stephen A. Douglas with whom he early became acquainted, and always thereafter entertained for him the highest esteem and personal friendship. He continued to be an active, working member of the democratic party until after his enlistment in military service in 1861.

As late as 1848, the Panther creek settlement contained but ten families. It then had a postoffice named Panther Creek, and Dr. Chandler was postmaster. Its mail service was conducted by a boy (one of Dr. Chandler's sons) and a horse, making the trip to Beardstown and return once each week. At an earlier date an effort was made to establish a postoffice seven miles above Panther Creek, to be named after the well known Sac chief, Shickshack, whose village was, until 1827, near the bald knob of the Sangamon bluffs that still bears his name; but it was unsuccessful. By 1851, Panther Creek had assumed the proportions and appearance of quite a village, containing a population of nearly 200. In that year Stephen A. Douglas and Genl. James Shields were the Illinois Senators, and Richard Yates, of Jacksonville, represented the seventh district—which included Cass county—in the lower house of Congress. In that year, also, Dr. Lippincott's regard for the Chandler family had progressed to a sentiment more fervent than mere interest; at least, for one member of that family. Prompted by that sentiment, he circulated a petition that spring, signed by all who saw it, which he sent to his friends, Senator Douglas and Congressman Yates, with his own urgent request to cause the name of the Panther Creek postoffice to be changed to "Chandlerville" in honor of the pioneer founder of the settlement; which was done, and thus the town was named.

In 1836, Julian M. Sturtevant with one or two others of the "Yale band," who first breathed the breath of life into Illinois College, went down to Panther Creek in their capacity of missionaries and organized a Presbyterian church, which they nursed and nurtured with their prayers and an occasional sermon preached there by some one of them. But notwithstanding that spiritual pabulum the infant organization languished and seemed to have reached the last stages of decline, when new blood was infused into it by Dr. Chandler and a few others, who, in 1847, reorganized and incorporated it as Congregational church. It was revived by that change, and grew and flourished. In 1857, it included in its membership Dr. Chandler, wife and

daughters, and perhaps one or two of his boys. The Doctor's daughters in that church exerted upon Dr. Lippincott a powerful attractive force, which, combined with his probable conviction of sin, was more than he could resist. Meekly surrendering, he was admitted as a member of the church on the 9th day of November, 1851.

In that year, also, Dr. Lippincott again testified his profound regard for Dr. Chandler—after all the preliminaries between the contracting parties had been satisfactorily settled—by asking for one of his daughters in marriage. There being no objection from any source, Dr. Charles E. Lippincott and Miss Emily Webster Chandler were, by Prof. Jonathan Baldwin Turner, of Jacksonville, pronounced man and wife, on Christmas, Dec. 25, 1851. She was Dr. Chandler's second daughter, born there on Panther Creek, March 13, 1834.

When Dr. Lippincott went to Panther Creek, in 1849, Dr. Chandler, though still in the medical harness, was engaged in merchandising with his brother Marcus. Very tired of country practice, he hailed the young Doctor's arrival with pleasure, hoping he would prove an acceptable substitute in his place, thereby releasing him from further servitude. He did all he could to establish him in professional work, and with such success that at the time of his marriage Dr. Lippincott had practically a monopoly of the whole settlement's patronage. He was personally very popular, and, for a new beginner, acquitted himself as a practitioner with much credit. His cheerful disposition, and pleasant manners and conversation, always brought a ray of sunshine into the sick room that braced up the patient's hope and resolution. His bright, quick intellect, perfect self-reliance, and broad range of general information inspired the people with confidence in his ability. Trusting to his own common sense and the reparative forces of nature for successful results in his practice, he adhered to the Allopathic system, administering remedies *secundum artem*, with no thought of investigation, innovation or deviation. Though kind and gentle in his treatment of the sick, he regarded the practice of medicine as an art, not a science, and not necessarily based on sympathy or philanthropy.

With fleeting time the romance of courtship and marriage faded out leaving Dr. Lippincott face to face with the unpoetic realities of everyday life. With increasing professional experience, his faith in the efficacy of medicine declined; his enthusiasm in the noble profession began to wane, and its drudgery became more and more monotonous and distasteful. As has been the experience of hundreds of other physicians, when he had been in the business long enough to learn its hard, practical features, he saw that it was unsuited to one of his tastes and inclinations, and realized that his selection of medicine as a life calling was a mistake. In the spring of 1852, Dr. N. S. Reed, a young physician from Geauga county, Ohio, came to Chandlerville bringing some capital which he invested in a farm near by, and began the practice of medicine in the village. As he was energetic, active, and wholly devoted to his profession, affable and accommodating in his intercourse with the people, he was not long in winning his way into their goodwill, and into a thriving business. The effect of the new Doctor's competition was to intensify Dr. Lippincott's disgust with medicine. He became discouraged and dissatisfied. His aversion to the occupation upon which he depended for support, together with his total want of thrift and financiering

tact, were not conducive to prosperity; in fact, rendered self-support a serious problem. The hegira of gold hunters to California was then at its height, presenting to Dr. Lippincott an element of novel enterprise and wild adventure strongly appealing to his restless spirit. He would no doubt have joined the mad rush of argonauts earlier had he not fallen in love and been drawn into the bonds of matrimony. The novelty and iridescent lunacy of that misfortune having passed, he concluded to go to the new-found Ophir the next year, and at once commenced to perfect arrangements for the contemplated journey.

His father, Rev. Thomas Lippincott, and family, moved to Chandlerville in the fall of 1852; the old gentleman taking charge of the Congregational church there, as its minister, in November of that year—a charge he retained until the close of the year 1856. Leaving his wife with her parents, Dr. Lippincott crossed the plains in the summer of 1853, arriving in California early in the autumn, and stopped at Downieville, then in Yuba county, now the county seat of Sierra county—a new county situated in the northwestern mountains adjoining the state of Nevada. He went to California after gold—as the thousands of others did—and in order to get it, on his arrival in the mines, organized, or joined, a company and went to work. He made a full hand as a laborer in getting out lumber and digging a long ditch to convey water to their claims, and with pick and shovel toiled in other enterprises. But fate was against him, and his efforts failed to produce the filthy lucre in paying quantity. Quitting the mines as an operative he established himself in Downieville as a mining broker and “promoter,” at the same time becoming deeply interested in politics, and an active partisan of the free soil democracy. In the rough and ready life of the mines, free from conventional restraints to which he had all his life been subjected, he found the social conditions that exactly suited his strenuous nature. On leaving Illinois he had left there behind him his profession of medicine, and with it pretty much all his profession of religion also, and was soon thoroughly identified with the miners, not only in their material interests, but in their free and easy customs as well. They were not slow in recognizing his talents, and were captivated by his sparkling humor, his sterling honor and manhood, so that in a very short time he was the most popular man in the county.

Admitted as a state into the union on the 9th of September, 1850, California was in 1853 still in its formative stage politically and socially. Though its constitution specifically excluded slavery, the fierce contention of the pro-slavery and anti-slavery factions for control of public affairs caused an ebullition of excited, angry feeling among politicians of all grades more intense than that then agitating the older states of the north and south.

By 1854 David Colbreth Broderick had loomed up as the most conspicuous champion and leader of the free soil, or anti-Lecompton, democracy in the state. He was born in Washington City in 1818, and when grown to manhood drifted to New York, where he was elected to Congress. Though uneducated he was a talented, impulsive and very ambitious man, of rare eloquence and more than ordinary force. With the first general exodus in 1849, he went to California to recuperate his financial and political fortunes, and in 1855 was an aspirant for a seat in the U. S. senate. The most prominent candidate of the pro-slavery party for that position was Hon. Henry S. Foote, a native of

Virginia but long a resident of Mississippi, at one time its governor and also one of its U. S. senators. The contest of the two factions, very nearly equal in strength, was extremely spirited and acrimonious, arraying the partisans of the aspirants, in deadly personal antagonism, and convulsed the whole state with their heated contentions.

Dr. Lippincott's temperament was such that he could not be neutral on any question, or silent. If he saw two dogs, or snakes, fighting, he was at once enlisted in favor of one of them and against the other, willing to back his judgment with a bet. In the pending senatorial election, although he had never seen either candidate, there was no hesitation as to his preference, his ingrained free soil principles arraying him immediately and earnestly for Broderick; so earnestly that before the next spring he was admittedly the leader of the Broderick party in his county. At the general state election in 1854, though scarcely a year in the state, having been nominated by the Broderick men, he was elected to represent Yuba county in the State Senate. By provision of the first constitution of California, the legislature met annually, and state senators were elected for two years. Taking his seat in the sixth general assembly, on the first Monday of January, 1855, Dr. Lippincott—not the sort of man to meekly take a back seat in any public assemblage—was not long in making his presence felt as one of Broderick's ablest and most forceful lieutenants. The southern democrats in the legislature, confident of their ability to elect Gov. Foote on the first ballot, exhausted every effort to force an agreement of the two houses to meet in joint session for holding the election. By Dr. Lippincott vote, and in a great measure by his skillful maneuvering, their motions in the senate for that purpose were defeated, and the session adjourned without an election. By meeting of the seventh legislature, in January, 1856, the free soil party in the assembly had received an accession of strength, so that when the two houses met, and held the most excited election in the annals of the state, Broderick was chosen U. S. Senator. His success, however, cost him his life, as, in 1858, he was killed in a duel by Judge David S. Terry, a prominent leader of the pro-slavery faction opposing him.

Another deplorable event, having its cause remotely in that contest, occurred in Nevada county in the summer of 1856. In the celebration of the Fourth of July of that year by a temperance association at Downieville where Dr. Lippincott resided, the chief address of the occasion was delivered by a Miss Sarah Pellet, a lady of national reputation as a temperance orator. By invitation, Bob Tevis, a bright young lawyer, read the Declaration of Independence before Miss Pellet's oration. He was a prospective candidate for congress of the extreme pro slavery faction, and violently opposed to Broderick. Abusing the courtesy extended to him, after reading the Declaration with fine effect, he branched out into a long tiresome stump speech altogether uncalled for and inappropriate, which so disgusted his auditors that they "shut him off" by firing their (anvil) cannons, howls, cat-calls, and a bedlam of other noises.

The only newspaper published in Downieville, the *Sierra Citizen*, was in the interest of the American, or "Know-Nothing" party, and neutral upon other party issues. The Broderick men had secured control of two columns of that paper for defense or promulgation of their views, of which Dr. Lippin-



cot had charge as editor. He was as fluent a writer as his father, but stronger and more incisive in his manner of expression. With the ready faculty for investing the most commonplace incidents with interest, he had keen appreciation of the ludicrous which he could always portray in the most humorous vein. He wrote for his corner of the *Citizen* a witty and satirical report of the celebration, specially ridiculing Tevis and his speech that was summarily squelched. He had never spoken to young Tevis, but knew his social standing, his political affiliations and aspirations. His lampooning of Tevis created much merriment in the town, much to that young man's humiliation and displeasure. In a frenzy of passion and wounded pride Tevis called on Calvin B. McDonald, proprietor of the *Citizen*, demanding publication in its next issue of a card over his own signature, denouncing the author of the strictures upon himself—whom he well knew to be Lippincott, a satellite of Broderick's—as a liar, a coward and a slanderer. Mr. McDonald tried to pacify him and appease his wrath by assuring him the report was written merely in a spirit of fun, and not intended as a personal affront. But Tevis, of excitable, nervous temperament, a Kentuckian with all the Southern notions of chivalry and honor, and of fierce courage, would listen to no explanations and told McDonald if he refused to publish his card on any terms he would hold him responsible, and he could prepare to choose his weapons. The card appeared in the *Citizen* next day. Dr. Lippincott was surprised; but had no thought of offering an apology.

The intent of Tevis's card was so obvious the Doctor could not ignore it. Public sentiment in California at that era left him no option but to answer it with a challenge for a duel, at once; or be ostracized from his social circle, branded as a coward and be compelled to leave the country in disgrace. Without a moment's hesitation the challenge was sent and immediately accepted by Tevis, who, by a strange fatality, chose for the fight double-barrel shotguns loaded with ounce balls, at thirty paces; the very weapon Dr. Lippincott was most familiar with by long use in hunting deer in Illinois. Mutual friends offered their mediation for reconciliation, and at one time the trouble was thought to be amicably adjusted; but it was again renewed, it has been said, by the intermeddling of one William Spear, a lawyer from New York, then in Downieville. The due: was fought on the 7th of July. The place of meeting selected was a desolate flat amid high rugged mountains, six miles south of the town—a spot overhung by the eternal pall-like foliage of tall, sombre firs, where the song of bird is never heard. Conveyed by sure-footed mules, the belligerents and their seconds were on the ground by daylight, prepared to take their appointed places for the final act: Tevis tall, thin and straight as a rail; Lippincott, short, robust and stocky; both pale, cool and determined.

Just then the sheriff and his deputies, who had been apprised by interested friends of the affair, were descried on a distant eminence approaching at break-neck speed. The dueling party, not to be thwarted in their object, moved hastily out of the officer's jurisdiction, by passing over into the adjoining county. There, unmolested, the principals were placed facing each other, thirty paces apart. As the rays of the rising sun began to gild the lofty mountain peaks, the word "fire" was given and instantly both guns were discharged. Bob Tevis fell, shot through the heart, and the ball from

his gun cut a lock of hair from over Lippincott's left ear. To evade falling into the clutches of the sheriff who had pursued them, Dr. Lippincott fled to Nevada Territory, where he remained until assured of immunity from prosecution, and then returned to Downieville; not, however, as a victorious hero, but conscious-stricken like another Ishmael. The death of Tevis shocked the community with a thrill of horror. At his burial next day the entire populace followed his body to the grave, with mingled emotions of sorrow and indignation.

Spear, the intermeddler, left town as soon as the result of the encounter was known. He had been intrusted with some collections sent him by Wm. T. Sherman, then a banker in San Francisco, and proving unfaithful to the trust, ran away, to British Columbia. After several years he returned to California, harmlessly insane—either real or assumed. In 1860 he joined the volunteers to fight the Piutes. At the Pyramid Lake battle, where the Californians were defeated, Spear, by the break of his saddle girth, while his mule was ascending the steep mountain in their flight, was caught by the Indians and burned at the stake.

The Lippincott-Tevis tragedy wrought a sudden reaction in public sentiment regarding dueling, and also in public estimation of Dr. Lippincott. Prior to the 4th of July his re-election to the state senate was considered sure: after July 7th he was dropped and his name no more mentioned in that connection. On his return from Nevada old friends extended their hands to him reluctantly, and others passed him by in silence. Then this man of fine sensibilities realized the enormity of his act, and henceforth was overshadowed by that voiceless, horrible thing which made a coward of Macbeth. His ostracism and isolation were more intolerable than could have been the case had he passed the fiery denunciation of Tevis by unnoticed. Early in 1857, he left California, going to Washington City with his friend Broderick, whom he saw admitted as a member of the U. S. senate, and then proceeded to Illinois. In after life he was always very reticent concerning that duel, and only to intimate friends he mentioned it, invariably as a "horrible affair" which public sentiment and the customs of the country left him no option to evade.

He arrived in Chandlerville no better off—and in one particular in far worse plight—than when he left it four years before. Bearing an unseen burden that no repentance, or expiation, could exorcise, he had sought refuge in the baneful habit that ultimately blighted his aspirations and wrecked his iron constitution. His beloved old father had heard the details of the duel and its mournful results, and his hair whitened under the blow. During his absence in California, his wife supported herself by school teaching, for which she was very competent, as she was indeed a very accomplished and amiable lady. When the location of her school permitted she resided with her parents, and when teaching farther away she invariably returned to their home every Friday evening to stay until the next Monday morning. Again at home the Doctor resumed the odious profession he had so cheerfully abandoned on his departure. He attempted to regain the patronage he detested, and wearily trudged the gloomy rounds of his compulsory vocation to earn subsistence. Casuistic introspection led him to resolutions of reform. The excesses of his strenuous career in California, ever present in memory,

oppressed him as he strove to allay their fascination. Turning again to the church for spiritual aid, he renewed his membership, and trod anew the straight and narrow path. To strengthen his resolutions he occupied his leisure hours in writing a commentary upon the New Testament; said, by those who read it, to have displayed deep thought and surprising familiarity with the sacred Logos. It was, however, only fragmentary and never completed. He could write with ease and fine show of erudition on almost any subject, so long as his interest in it was maintained, a period usually of uncertain duration.

Dr. Lippincott passed the four years, from 1857 to 1861, in uneventful obscurity at his home in Chandlerville. As spiritless as a Roman slave chained to the galley oar, he plodded along day by day in the dreary routine of his distasteful task, apparently bereft of every aspiration, and of hope also. Concentrating his mind for the time being upon each case he was called to treat, he acquitted himself as a medical practitioner fairly well—as any person of sound common sense and some learning can do; and as many succeed in doing who have but little of either. But his work was obviously of the treadmill sort, lacking the inspiration of ardor and enthusiasm, with entire indifference to professional progress and advancement. His interest in politics and current public affairs was unabated, though held in abeyance for want of opportunity to give it practical scope. The murder of his friend, Senator Broderick, by Judge Terry, in a so-called duel arranged for that purpose, deeply affected him. He closely studied the Douglas-Lincoln debate, in 1858, and rejoiced at its result in the re-election of Douglas to the senate. Through all the turbulent political excitement of those lurid days his loyalty to Douglas never for an instant wavered, and he stoutly supported him on the stump and at the polls for the presidency.

He was radically opposed to the institution of slavery, and yet, vehemently antagonized the republican party whose sole object was its destruction. Perhaps his last public appearance as a partisan democrat was in the campaign of 1860, when he addressed the people in several precincts of Cass county in support of the democratic ticket, and very decidedly against the election of Lincoln. In June of that year he was one of the delegates from Chandlerville precinct in the Cass county democratic convention, and exerted himself to secure the nomination of his wife's cousin Knowlton H. Chandler, for the office of circuit clerk, but failed, Mr. Henry Phillips receiving the nomination on the third ballot.

The constantly increasing tension of public discord and sectional hate, engendered by years of passionate discussion of the slavery question, culminated in 1861 in appalling forebodings of civil war. The magnitude of the impending conflict, and its inevitable awful consequences, filled the land with dismay and horror. Brave men stood aghast in contemplation of the dreadful calamity about to overwhelm the country with death, devastation, and sorrow. But Lippincott hailed it with delight as a veritable Godsend. To him it was the harbinger of freedom—not alone of the southern slaves, but emancipation of himself from the soul depressing thralldom of his environments; and the opportunity to get away from himself; from the torture of his ever-present past.

In response to the president's proclamation, of April 15, 1861, calling for 75,000 volunteers to enforce the laws, Governor Yates issued a call on the next

day for six regiments of militia as the quota of Illinois, and at the same time called the legislature to meet in extra session to provide ways and means for their equipment and support. Dr. Lippincott was eager to offer his services at once; but domestic considerations caused him to hesitate. He had before left his wife to the care of her parents for four years of fruitless adventure in California, and the idea of again abandoning his home, and wife and two small children, to risk the fortunes of war, for an indefinite period—perhaps never to return, on serious reflection staggered his resolution. For some time his mind was racked by the conflicting claims of obligations to his family and duty to his country when in peril. The disastrous defeat of the Union army, by the Confederates, at Bull Run, on Sunday, July 21, instantly decided his future course. Sundering all home ties, he appeared at Springfield on Monday, August 19, with forty-five men and reported to Gov. Yates as ready for service, that evening marching to Camp Butler. The company subsequently designated as "Company K.," was there recruited to full strength, and, on the 26th of August, organized by election of officers, Dr. Lippincott being chosen as captain. In its ranks were Jas. H. Clifford, Wm. H. Weaver, John N. Kendall, Jos. D. Turner, James F. Raybourne, Allen Cunningham, Thos. S. Chandler, Geo. M. Forsythe, Moses Dowler, James K. Monroe, Wm. Murray, Henry C. Milner, James I. Needham, Wm. M. Summers, Calvin C. Wilson and several other sterling young men of Cass county, since known as among its most substantial citizens.

Again Dr. Lippincott cast aside the pills, lotions, syringes and other nasty insignia of his uncongenial profession, together with his thin veneering of church affiliation, and was once more in his proper element—in the sphere of life for which nature designed him, and for which his vigorous mind, robust manhood, unflinching courage and rugged patriotism so well fitted him. He was profoundly ignorant of military tactics, but overflowing with military spirit and enthusiasm for the great cause in which he had enlisted.

The limits of this paper will not admit of a detailed account of Dr. Lippincott's career as a soldier; nor is such an account here necessary; for the services he rendered his country in the Civil war, though not specially brilliant, are recorded among the most honorable and noteworthy achievements of its history. They constitute a page of that record which will for all time perpetuate his name with those other patriotic Illinoisians who won the lasting gratitude of a free and united people. Yet, a biographical sketch of Dr. Lippincott would not be complete without, at least, an outline of the part he played in that momentous conflict.

His company was incorporated in the 33rd regiment of Illinois infantry upon its organization at Camp Butler, on the 30th day of August, 1861. It was known as the "Normal" regiment, from the fact that it was largely made up of students, instructors and professors of the State Normal University, near Bloomington, and its first colonel—by appointment of President Lincoln—was Charles E. Hovey, president of that institution. The regiment left Camp Butler on the 19th of September, ordered to southeast Missouri to drive out the rebel bush rangers there commanded by M. Jeff. Thompson. Near Big River bridge, in Iron county, Missouri, they fortified a camp with slight breastworks and called it Fort Elliott. On the 15th of October Capt. Elliott and forty of his men were surprised there about daylight, by a superior force

of Genl. Thompson's men, and taken prisoners with the loss of one man killed and seven wounded. Capt. Lippincott coming, too late, with his company to their assistance met the retiring Confederates about two miles from the camp and attacked them. In a hand to hand encounter Capt. Lippincott attempted to run a Confederate officer through with his sword, which proved to be too blunt-pointed to pierce the butternut hunting-shirt of the Southerner, so, no material harm was done to either, and company K. discreetly retreated. On October 21, the 33rd regiment, joined by other troops, met 1500 of Thompson's men near Fredericktown in a lively skirmish, dignified in the war histories as the "Battle of Fredericktown." A few on each side were killed, when the Confederates largely, outnumbered, hastily retreated. Detached companies of the regiment made several wild goose expeditions through the hills of southeastern Missouri and northeastern Arkansas, then passed the winter in comparative inactivity in Iron county, Missouri.

On March 1, 1862, the 33rd left its winter quarters for the South. Lieut. Col. Lockwood on that day resigned on account of disability, thereby creating a vacancy in that staff position. Col. Hovey ordered an election to be held by the regiment, on March 5, to supply the vacancy, which resulted as follows: Capt. Isaac H. Elliott 388 votes, for Major Roe 94, Capt. Lippincott 89, Adjutant Crandall 69, and for Capt. Potter 46. But Capt. Lippincott, at that time on leave of absence at Springfield, Illinois, had no difficulty in convincing his old boyhood friend, Gov. Yates, that he was the proper man for Lieut. Colonel of the 33rd, also Col. Elliott's choice, and a few days later rejoined the regiment with the commission for that position in his pocket. After a long hard march the regiment reached Helena, Ark., on July 13, and went into camp twenty miles farther down the river, at Old Town, in the midst of pestilential swamps, where several of the soldiers died of virulent fevers. For three months their service was scouting on both sides of the Mississippi. "On September 26, a considerable force of infantry and cavalry, with two howitzers, all under command of Col. Lippincott, crossed the river and moved into the country about fifteen miles, where 300 bales of cotton were discovered. It required sixty wagons to move the cotton, and it was not loaded until well into the night." The name of the owner who was robbed of the cotton is not given; but on the return the escort was fired into from the brush, severely wounding Capt. Potter and four others, and killing Sergeant Mason. "But," Col. Elliott adds, "what matter! the 300 bales of cotton were brought in." On the 5th of September, 1862, Col. Hovey was raised to the grade of brigadier general, and Col. Lippincott promoted to the rank of colonel. On October 5th, the regiment returned by boat to the vicinity of St. Louis, and from there back to Iron County, passing the winter in useless excursions about the borders of Missouri and Arkansas, undergoing many hardships and much exposure. In his admirable history of the 33rd regiment, Col Elliott says: "For any results that came from that campaign, we might far better have been disbanded and sent home on furlough."

The regiment left southeastern Missouri on the 10th of March, 1863, to join the forces under Genl. Grant then investing Vicksburg. From the 17th of May to Pemberton's capitulation, on July 3rd, the 33rd regiment, as part of Genl. Eugene A. Carr's division, was in the thickest of the fight and did splendid service. At Champion Hill, Black River bridge, and assaults upon

the fortifications, no troops of that grand army excelled those Illinoisians for desperate courage, marvelous endurance and perfect discipline. Though many fell before the shot and shell of the enemy, not one wavered or faltered in his duty. Inspired by the loftiest sentiment of patriotism their heroism added lustre to the great state they nobly represented. Col. Lippincott was in his glory. Where the battle raged most fiercely he led his men on, as eager for the fray and as fearlessly as when hunting deer in the Sangamon bottom. In a general assault on the main defenses of the enemy, on the 22nd of May, he was wounded, but not so severely as to compel him to leave the field.

After the surrender of Vicksburg, the 33rd regiment was ordered to Jackson, Mississippi, and left for that place on July 5th. Col. Lippincott, sick and suffering from his wound, was left in the hospital for a few days. On August 19th the regiment left Jackson for New Orleans. September 4th it crossed the river, and for more than two months engaged in another useless and fruitless tramp in southern Louisiana, returning to New Orleans on November 14. The next day it left, on an ocean transport, for Texas, and landed at Corpus Christi. Together with the 8th Indiana it attacked, on November 23th, Fort Esperanza, a small Confederate defensive work near the entrance of Matagorda Bay, having but a nominal garrison. During the next night the fort was evacuated after its magazine was blown up by the retreating defenders. Col. Lippincott left for Illinois on December 17, on short leave of absence; and on the 23rd the regiment was taken, in steamboats, up the bay to Indianola, and went into winter quarters there. The event of most importance to the 33rd occurring there during the winter was the re-enlistment "for the war" of the greater number of its members as "veterans," carrying with the change a furlough of thirty days to visit Illinois. Those who declined re-enlisting, or "veteranizing," were transferred temporarily to the 99th Illinois. The regiment was mustered into the veteran service on the 27th of January, 1864, and left that afternoon for New Orleans. It then proceeded, on March 4th, up the Mississippi to Cairo, arriving there on the 12th, and to Bloomington on the 14th, where it received a joyous and royal welcome.

The month of resting and feasting fleetly passed, the regiment, with about eighty recruits, reassembled at Camp Butler, on April 16th, and started on its return south on the 18th, arriving at Brashear City, Louisiana, May 17th. There the detached companies were scattered along the railroad, and at other points among the swamps and bayous, on local guard duty during the hottest months of the year. The non-veterans who had been assigned to the 99 Illinois there rejoined the regiment, on July 4th, and were sent home on September 17th, by way of New York as guard for Confederate prisoners. After their stay in Louisiana of nine months and thirteen days, the 33rd left, March 2, 1865, for duty at Mobile, where it took part in the investment of, and attack upon, Spanish Fort, one of the principal defensive works there. After severe fighting, and stout resistance of several days the Confederates evacuated the fort on the night of April 4th. The 33rd was in reserve when Fort Blakely was stormed and taken, on the 9th of April, that being the last siege of the war, General Lee surrendering to General Grant, at Appomattox, on that day. The next move of the 33rd was to Greenville, Alabama, on April 20th; then to Montgomery on the 23rd; and from there to Meridian, Mississippi, May 10th, where Col. Lippincott was in command

of the district until August 16th, when the regiment was ordered to Vicksburg. Col Lippincott resigned on September 10, 1865, and went home, to permit the long deserved promotion of Col. Elliott to the rank of Colonel. The 33rd regiment was mustered out of service, at Vicksburg, on November 24th, and immediately started for home.

Col. Lippincott was promoted to Brevet Brigadier General on the 17th of February, 1865, and after the fall of Mobile was made Bigadier General of Veterans. He returned to Chandlerville much elated with the triumph of his cause, and his elevation to the high rank won by his faithful service and valor in the hard-fought struggle for unity of the nation. He was the local hero of the hour, greeted by the adulation of the populace and congratulations of his friends. He did not resume the practice of medicine, and only mentioned it with disdain; but, giving free rein to his natural proclivity, plunged into the cesspool of politics with all the ardor of his impetuous temperament. Unfortunately, the convivial habits contracted in California and reformed on his return from there, were again fostered by the unrestrained life of the camp, and fully confirmed by his political associations.

In 1866, General Lippincott received the nomination of his party for Congress, in the old ninth district, comprising the counties of Pike, Brown, Schuyler, Fulton, McDonough, Cass, Mason and Menard, all strongly democratic; and was defeated by Hon. Lewis W. Ross, the democratic candidate, who received 15,406 votes to 14,721 for the General. Upon organization of the 25th General Assembly, in January, 1867, Genl. Lippincott was elected to the position his father held in 1821, that of secretary of the state senate, which he resigned the next winter to accept the office of doorkeeper of the national House of Representatives. The Republican State Convention, in 1868, nominated him for State Auditor, and after an able and active canvass he was elected, receiving 249,654 votes, and his democrat opponent, John R. Shannon, 199,754.

The constitution of Illinois at that time required all state officials to take the regular oath of office, and the following oath in addition: "I do solemnly swear that I have not fought a duel, nor sent or accepted a challenge to fight a duel, the probable issue of which might have been the death of either party, nor been a second to either party, nor in any manner aided or assisted in such duel, nor been knowingly the bearer of such challenge or acceptance, since the adoption of the constitution; and that I will not be so engaged or concerned, directly or indirectly, in or about such duel during my continuance in office; so help me God." Before assuming the duties of auditor Genl. Lippincott unhesitatingly took that oath without a blush or tremor. Those who had known him long and well, and knew his integrity of character and innate nobility of soul, were astounded—as he himself was. However, he justified the perjury by an illustrious precedent; that of the first republican governor of Illinois, Wm. H. Bissell. Col. Bissell, it is true, had not fought a duel, but had accepted, in Washington City, the challenge of Jeff Davis to fight, and afterwards deliberately swore, at Springfield, that he had never "accepted a challenge to fight a duel." Bissell, like Lippincott, possessed an exalted sense of honor, and was in every respect a great man, and extremely sensitive. He meditated long before consenting to sacrifice his honor, and manhood, and burden his soul, by committing plain perjury,

to save the fruits of his party's victory; and then essayed to quiet the upbraidings of his violated conscience with the wretched subterfuge that accepting a challenge in Washington was beyond the jurisdiction of the constitution of Illinois. His party was satisfied, but his three miserable years in the executive chair left no doubt that his peace of mind was wrecked. He could never convince himself that his false swearing was done beyond the jurisdiction of his own conscience; nor did General Lippincott.

In 1872, Gen. Lippincott was again nominated for auditor, and was re-elected with 241,498 votes cast for him, 192,708 for Daniel O'Hara, and 2,459 for C. W. Westerman. In his second installation as state auditor he was spared the humiliation of having to repeat his oath concerning dueling, as it was eliminated from the new constitution adopted in 1871.

At that time Gen. Lippincott was one of the most prominent and popular politicians in Illinois. He was regarded by many leading managers of the republican party as a prospective candidate for governor, having every element of strength to insure success, and could very probably, in time, have secured the nomination—then and since equivalent to election—to that once exalted position, but for his own reckless folly. During the eight years he was state auditor the emoluments of the office, under the fee system then in vogue, were enormous, amounting to many thousands of dollars annually. While serving his first term he very prudently invested considerable of his salary in valuable real estate. Of Dr. Chandler he purchased the fine bottom farm adjoining Chandlerville on the west, known as "Flat Meadows," of over 200 acres, on which he built a barn and made other substantial improvements. He also bought the Estep tract of 360 acres lying a mile east of the village. His home in Springfield was always open to his friends, who were entertained there with regal hospitality—all his current expenditures keeping pace in prodigal liberality with the munificence of his income.

All the country, north of Mason and Dixon's line, was then enjoying unprecedented prosperity; money was abundant; everything salable commanded high prices, and a tendency to unwarranted expansion prevailed in all channels of trade and finances exerting unwholesome, demoralizing influences on society. In his second official term Gen. Lippincott unfortunately caught the prevalent infection of wild, unreasoning extravagance, induced by sudden acquisition of wealth. Charity would dictate that the veil of silence be thrown over that period of his life, and hide from public gaze his mistakes and frailties. And compassion may suggest, by way of their palliation, that ranklings of memory, with sensual excesses, had impaired his judgment to the verge of irresponsibility. Only upon that hypothesis can be reconciled the strange extremes of his course. Reared and disciplined in poverty, then manfully winning his way to social distinction by pinching economy and such effort as manual labor on a farm for \$12 per month, it is incomprehensible that in maturer years he would squander a princely revenue by such imbecility as paying \$17,500 for a bull and \$10,000 for a cow; and the more inexcusable folly of chartering special railroad trains to convey his host of convivial friends from Springfield to royal champagne banquets and drunken orgies at his Flat Meadows farm on the Sangamon.

The inevitable results soon followed. His festive habits and reprehensible methods of electioneering alienated the confidence of the conservative and



sober element of his party. As a consequence his popularity waned to that extent that, in 1876, when he was presented to the republican state convention as a candidate for re-election to a third term, he was set aside, and the nomination given to Tom Needles. That reverse was preceded by financial embarrassments that had compelled him to mortgage all his real estate for large amounts. Upon expiration of his term of office he left Springfield, moving to Flat Meadows, where he continued to farm his lands with hired labor, as before, until foreclosure of the mortgages, in 1884. His splendid herd of fine-bred cattle was sold to satisfy debts, and his many broad acres passed to the possession of others. Leaving Flat Meadows he reoccupied his old home he had built after his return from California, a neat two-story frame house perched high up on the bluff side overlooking the entire village of Chandler-ville and an extensive view of the Sangamon bottom. Always in rugged health, about that time he had a slight stroke of paralysis, from which he soon recovered completely, as it seemed. His property all swept away by demands of creditors, he was again reduced to poverty and without resources and without credit. But though republics—and some republicans—may be ungrateful, such a man as Genl. Lippincott could never be without friends.

An act of the legislature, providing for establishing "a home and subsistence for honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who enlisted in the U. S. army and navy from Illinois," was passed in June, 1885. The commission appointed by Gov. Ogelsby, for the purpose, located the institution on 140 acres of land just beyond the northern limits of Quincy, to which 82 more acres were subsequently added. The buildings were commenced in May, 1886, and the "Home" formally opened in March, 1887. It was placed, by provision of the law founding it, in control of three trustees, appointed by the governor, who were required to elect a superintendent—styled "Governor of the Home"—and other officers and assistants necessary for its management. When the trustees met to select the first "Governor," they decided unanimously to offer the position to General Lippincott—and certainly no better or more appropriate decision could have been made. In the severe school of adversity he had learned prudence and self-restraint; while public censure had wrought commendable improvements in his personal habits and improvidence. With due appreciation of the importance and dignity of the position, he entered upon its duties with spirit and enthusiasm, administering the affairs of the Home with marked ability, and the same lofty sense of honor and justice that characterized every public act of his career. He was there once more placed in genial employment to which he could apply the energies of his active mind free from his former incentives to dissipation.

In stature General Lippincott was five feet, ten inches high, squarely and powerfully built, with broad shoulders and deep chest, and full muscular development. He had the Scandanavian clearness of complexion, sandy-colored curly hair and piercing steel-blue eyes surmounted by heavy shaggy eyebrows. His features were regular, not of classic type, or specially handsome; but his face always wore a pleasant, smiling expression denoting his kind, genial and mirthful disposition. Of sanguine temperament he was an optimist, seldom gloomy or despondent, but always, with jolly good humor, making the best of his surroundings, and never so happy as when conferring happiness on others. Col. Elliott says of him. "Notwithstanding his inability to execute the

simplest manœuvre with the regiment, Col. Lippincott proved a valuable officer, brave and generous and always alive to the welfare of his men. He was a man of fine ability, a rare conversationalist and story teller, and few could excel him in writing good English. He had a vast fund of stories and anecdotes at his command and could embellish the most trivial incident with such interest as to hold the rapt attention of his auditors, and when he offered to speak no one questioned his right the floor."

Had General Lippincott possessed the faculty of persistent application he would have made his mark in the literary world as a writer. With quite a store of general information and lively perception, he expressed his ideas in clear, concise and elegant language. His graduating thesis at the medical college was a thoughtful, scholarly production, on "The Impalpable in Cure of Diseases."—or, as it would be styled at the present day, "The Psychic Factor in Overcoming Physical Disorders"—in which he clearly foreshadowed the subtle potentiality of hypnotism as a remedial agent, and the mysterious force of that faith upon which the chimerical success of modern Christian Science depends. In 1884, importuned by his old military comrades to write a history of his regiment, he consented to do so, and wrote two chapters, graphic in style and accurate in detail, but there dropped the task, to be taken up later by Col. Elliott, who completed it admirably.

Genl. Lippincott was a very ready off-hand speaker, not a flowery orator dealing in lofty flights of poetic imagery, but a strong, forcible talker and logical reasoner, with the peculiar power of eloquence to hold the interested attention of his audience indefinitely. In his campaign speeches, and in conversation, just after the Civil war, when party animosities raged with intense fierceness, he refrained from abusive or disrespectful language when referring to his opponents, or old associates of the democratic party; often expressing regret that the old party had gone astray, and claiming he was still a democrat himself, having the same general views of public policy he entertained before the war. He was not an ardent admirer of Lincoln personally, but gave his administration unqualified support so far as pertained to maintaining the integrity of the Union and abolition of slavery.

Although General Lippincott was brave, even to rashness, he was lamentably wanting in that self-asserting force known as moral courage. To that weakness was due the many sad mistakes that tarnished his true nobility of character. Too deficient in selfishness for self-protection; too confiding in humanity to guard against deception and imposition, and exerting no check upon his generosity, made prosperity for him more a curse than a blessing. He would not have hesitated to fight single-handed a regiment of the enemy in battle, but was too weak to resist temptation though in the guise of the worst enemy of mankind. For honor, charity, big-hearted benevolence, and all the nobler traits that constitute sterling manhood, he was excelled by none. In business transactions his word or promise needed no bond to secure it; in all social relations the same natural instincts of justice and rectitude guided his conduct. He was true and loyal to his friends; as an antagonist, unflinching, chivalrous and fair.

The great mistake of Gen. Lippincott's life was his choice of the medical profession,—a calling admitting of no promotion; offering no avenues to literary or other intellectual distinction; blighting to all higher aspirations, and

restricting the best mental energies to slavish drudgery. In the legal profession he would have found incentives for full exercise of his fine mental powers, and a broad and encouraging field for aggressive ambition in harmony with his tastes and inclinations, and conducive to a happier condition of existence.

In deference to his wife's connection with the church, though disgusted with it himself, he always contributed to its support as liberally as his means permitted. When quite a young man, at Marine, he joined the Odd Fellows, and later in life the Masonic Order, and finally was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic.

About the close of summer in 1887, when in robust health, and busily administering the responsible affairs of the Home, without premonition, he was suddenly stricken down and rendered helpless and speechless by a stroke of paralysis. He was removed from Quincy to Springfield for better facilities of medical treatment, and in a short time rallied, with flattering indications of permanent improvement. In compliance with his urgent desire, he was taken back to his quarters at the Home in Quincy, hoping that his health would be restored sufficiently to enable him to resume his work there. For a short time after his return he was progressing toward recovery, as it seemed, very favorable, when a recurrence of the trouble, at 7 o'clock on Sunday morning, September 11, 1887, again rendered him helpless and unconscious. He lingered in that condition, with labored breathing, until half-past 7 o'clock in the evening when he quietly passed away, at the age of 62 years, 7 months and 16 days.

Announcement of his death was immediately telegraphed to his friend, Gov. Oglesby, who ordered the flags on the public buildings in the state to be lowered to half mast, and arranged for his burial at Oak Ridge cemetery, near Springfield, on Wednesday, the 14th. When last in Springfield Gen. Lippincott, in anticipation of his probable death, requested, in that event, his funeral obsequies should be conducted by Stephenson Post, G. A. R., of that city. Accordingly, Lincoln Dubois, post commander notified the members of the post to assemble at their hall on the morning specified, and issued a general invitation to other posts, soldiers and citizens to attend the funeral. When the Wabash train bearing the General's body arrived at the Springfield station, at 9:30 in the morning of the 14th, an immense concourse of people were there awaiting it, including the members of Stephenson Post and many from the Virginia and other posts. The active pall bearers were Col. E. R. Roe, Wm. Sutton, Col. E. R. Higgins, Jos. Turner of Ashland, Chas. I. Haskell of Virginia, Captains J. M. Burnham, E. J. Lewis and J. W. Fifer of Bloomington, who carried the remains of their old commander from the car to the hearse. The column was then formed and moved to the Congregational church. Immediately following the hearse was the guard of honor, ten old veterans detailed from the Home at Quincy, with white heads and beards, and bent with the weight of years, in full field uniform, with arms reversed. Then followed the pall bearers, military band, Stephenson and other posts, veterans and a long retinue of citizens.

The honorary pall-bearers, who followed the casket into the church, were Gov. Oglesby, Gen. Palmer, Gen. McClernand, Gen. McConnell, Gen. John Cook, Col. Wickersham, Hon. Shelby M. Cullom and Hon. O. M. Hatch. In

the church, profusely decorated with draped flags, and other appropriate emblems, services were conducted by Rev. R. O. Post, which with the grand dirge by the choir, were sublimely affecting. In the same order the procession moved to Oak Ridge cemetery, and there the mortal remains of Charles E. Lippincott were interred with the solemn and impressive ritual of the Grand Army of the Republic. Col. Ewart then sounded "taps," and the cortege returned to the city.

Gen. Lippincott left no estate. To provide for his wife, who survived him, the position of "Matron of the Home" was created specially for her. Where she had before done the honors of the Home as the wife of its Governor, she assumed the humble station of Matron, and discharged its duties with watchful care and uncomplaining fidelity. She was a refined, cultured lady, of gentle, amiable disposition, possessing in very marked degree the graces and virtues of the true Christian. Her beautiful character and simple domestic life commanded the respect and admiration of all who knew her. With due regard to her social obligations, devotion to her husband, family and church, and her many acts of charity and benevolence, filled the sphere of her sorrowful existence. Having followed to the grave her three children, husband, father, mother and a brother, and borne with patient resignation for years the burden of her grief, she died, at the Soldier's Home, on the 21st of May, 1895, having attained the age of 61 years, 2 months and 8 days. In Oak Ridge her remains repose beside her loved ones who had preceded her to final rest.

The children of General and Mrs. Lippincott were:

Linus C. Lippincott, born April 27, 1858, and died January 4, 1872.

Winthrop G. Lippincott, born October 5, 1860, and died January 23, 1879.

Thomas Lippincott, born August 5, 1872, died July 31, 1873.

As a testimonial of their great respect and affection for General Lippincott and his wife, who had become so endeared to them by their unremitting attention and kindness, the old soldiers of the Home, by their individual contributions together with the profits of the Home store, erected upon the parade ground the handsomest building there, which is known as the Lippincott Memorial Hall. It is used as an assembly hall for religious services, lectures and entertainments, has a seating capacity of nearly 1000, and cost \$14,000

## MARTIN HARDING.

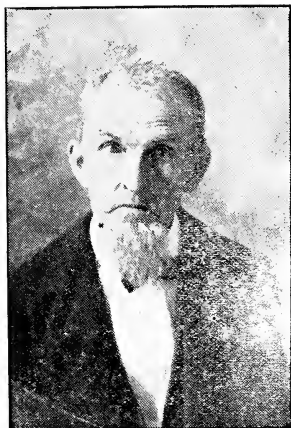
BY HON. J. N. GRIDLEY.

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**M**ARTIN Harding was born on the first day of June in the year 1833 in a double log house on the farm of his father, Martin Harding, sr., situated on the east half of the southeast quarter of Sec. 32, T. 17, R. 9, in what is now Cass county, Illinois, within a half mile of Morgan county. The house stood near a small stream.

His father, Martin Harding, sr., was born in the state of Kentucky in 1793, removed to Kentucky when ten years of age; married in the latter state and came to Illinois in 1826 with his wife and three or four children accom-

panied by his wife's brother, who was an uncle of the late George A Beard, of this city, and also by a man named John Parr. Martin Harding, sr., was about 5 feet 8 inches in height, and weighed about one hundred and sixty pounds with dark hair and blue eyes. Was a life long democrat who voted three times for Andrew Jackson: an honorable man, but not a church member; he died in 1855 at the age of 62 years; his wife survived him eleven years.



In 1845 Mr. Harding's father built a new house on his farm 16 feet by 37 feet a story and a half in height of lumber hauled on wagons from St. Louis: This house was erected by Andrew Struble and Wilson Phillip. Mr. Struble lived in Morgan county near by and Mr. P. near Jacksonville, Mr. Struble later on moved to Newman-

ville in the northeast corner of this county: became a county commissioner and a wealthy and successful farmer. This house was covered with home made shingles of oak: it was plastered by El Clark, a Christian preacher, a brother-in-law to Joseph F. Black, who died in this city a few years since: Clark went to Southern Missouri before the civil war. A kitchen was built detached from the house, which was the fashion in those days. The new house had a fireplace in it, but no stoves, the cooking being done over the

open fire. Pies were made of huge dimensions called "cobblers" and baked in a sort of oven placed upon blazing coals, and covered with the same.

The school Mr. H. attended was about a mile south of his home in a log house in Morgan county voluntarily built by the neighbors kept by a man named Austin. It was warmed by an open fire, of wood contributed by the parents and cut by the pupils. The benches were of hewn logs without backs; there were about 25 pupils and the term was of three months duration.

The first preacher Mr. Harding remembers was Jimmy Wyatt, who lived in the edge of Morgan county, a local preacher of the Methodist church, grandfather of J. F. Wyatt, of this city. There were Baptist meetings also held in the houses about the neighborhood. There was much sociability in those days; dancing parties were common. The house of one Creel who lived on land now owned by George Virgin was a favorite resort of the dancers, and one Ben Samuel, who lived on the Creel farm was the fiddler; Ben went off to Kansas or Nebraska and has been dead for many years. The people who attended these festive parties were quiet and orderly.

Mr. Harding's recollections of Virginia reach back to about 1843 when Col. West was the merchant prince of the city, keeping a general stock in a store on the west side of the public square. The family physician was Dr. Chandler who lived twelve miles away. The roads were neighborhood trails; the bridges over the streams built by nearby settlers to be swept off by the next flood.

Mr. Jacob Bergen was keeping store at Princeton in 1845; he had a clerk named Montgomery, who went to California a Christian and came back bringing his religion with him, the only man who was able to do this, so far as Mr. Harding ever knew. The nearest mill was six miles away, near Prentice. The grain, corn or wheat, was taken on the backs of horses, one third kept as toll. The flour was bolted by hand. Mr. Harding, when a boy, often assisted his mother with the family washing; in pleasant weather this work was done at a spring near the house, as cisterns were unknown in this country in those days; a smooth piece of wood called a "battler" was used in beating the clothing which had been put to soak over night and the "battling" business left a lasting impression upon the memory of our subject.

The country was well stocked with deer, turkey and other wild game; money very scarce, and prices unusually low. During the Harrison administration, O'Rear, of near Jacksonville, bought large quantities of corn at 6½ cents per bushel. Jacob Strawn was the cattle man; he paid \$11 to \$12 per head for four year old steers and drove them across the prairies to St. Louis.

Mr. Harding now resides in this city, having retired from active business. He enjoys good health and retains his physical and mental powers to a good degree. He is not dissatisfied with his present surroundings, but recalls the old pioneer days with great satisfaction.

## JOSEPH DYER.

BY HON. J. N. GRIDLEY.

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**J**OSEPH DYER was born in a log house about one and one-half miles north west of the Morgan county courthouse, on the 23d day of April, 1840. His father, William Anderson Dyer, was a native of East Tennessee, where he was born in 1799. His mother, Margaret Bridgman, was a native of the state of Virginia, in which state the parents were married.

This couple saw hard times in those days: Mr. Dyer, sr., walked five miles to chop dry elm wood for 25 cents a day in order to buy a cow for five dollars. He was a blacksmith and carpenter. In 1837, this couple with their four children started for Illinois, a brother of Mrs. Dyer having preceded them. The head of this family had 75 cents in money and a blind mare which he hooked to a one-horse wagon and started out. He came through Southern Illinois, passing near Centralia. He was often compelled to keep watch by night to keep wolves away, which he accomplished by throwing fire brands among them.



JOSEPH DYER.

blacksmith, for whom William Dyer worked. Here they remained for several years. The family raised cotton a number of years as well as flax and with these materials the mother made the cloth of which the family clothing was made. The operators of the railroad often stopped their trains opposite the Dyer cabin to get buttermilk to drink; a proceeding that would hardly be permitted these days.

Jacksonville was then a town not half so large as Virginia now is. The railroad ran directly through the public square from Springfield to the Illinois river. The cars were open boxes pulled by mules or horses: often four or five pairs attached to a load of freight, which was covered by sheets for protection.

The family first settled just outside of the present city limits upon land of Joseph Deacon, a farmer and

The only store in Jacksonville Mr. Dyer remembers was kept by three merchants named Robb, Hook and Steel, whose names were not at all indicative of their character.

After a few years the family removed to a place about three miles south-east of Arenzville, south of the county line. William Dyer entered 40 acres of barren land, riding a horse to Springfield to make the entry. There was plenty of good prairie to be had on the same terms, but settlers in those days clung to the timber and brush patches. Here was built a house of logs 16 feet square with loft over head. The floors and roof were hewed out of logs the clap boards held in place by logs piled on the roof. Mr. Dyer never saw a stove until he was 12 years old, when his father brought home a small heater purchased of Nolte & McClure, at Beardstown. The usual bill of fare was corn cake, fat meat and onions, with biscuits for Sunday dinners. The mill was near Arcadia, run by Muck Ogle; it was a water mill, and both wheat and corn were ground there, the flour taken home and the bran removed by running the ground product through sieves. The bread was not so white as modern bread, but it had more nutriment in it. The plows were of wood with points of iron and did not scour worth a cent. The harness used was primitive: the traces of chains, the collars of corn husks, the hames hewed out of saplings, the lines were ropes. Corn sold from 10 to 12½ cents per bushel, delivered at Beardstown or Meredosia. Hogs were driven to the former place and sold from 2 to 2½ cents per pound dressed, often the owners waited with their droves two or three days for their turn to have the animals slaughtered and weighed. Sugar sold for 3½ cents per pound, wet and black in quality. Whiskey was plentiful, cheap and generally used. In 1864 or '65 Joseph Dyer hauled a load of corn to a distillery at Meredosia, which he exchanged for a barrel of whiskey at the rate of a bushel for a gallon; this he used as a harvest drink in his neighborhood. At the distillery was a tin cup tied with a string, out of which the comers and goers drank as much whiskey as they cared to swallow, free of charge, "without money and without price." What a popular resort such a place would be in Virginia to-day! Although the drink habit was very common it was considered a disgrace to be drunk, and drunken men seldom were seen.

Mr. Dyer corroborates the often repeated statement that people were much more friendly and sociable in the early days in this country than now. If a man had to move his neighbors came with their teams to help, and would have been insulted had pay been offered. In the late winter and early spring the old settlers would go from one farm to another clearing land—working together for sociability's sake and for the reason they could turn off more work by combination.

Wild game was very plentiful; Mr. D. has seen as many as 28 deer together; sometimes these innocent looking creatures would make havoc of the crops. Wild turkey and prairie chickens were abundant. There was a famous pigeon roost near Arenzville about 1858 or 59. The birds would break down trees a foot in diameter by alighting upon them in such great numbers. People come from far and near and killed these birds by the hundreds. A cousin of Mr. Dyer then living in Indiana constructed a system of nets, by which he caught wild pigeons in great quantities and shipped them to eastern markets in ear load lots.



Wages were much lower in the pioneer days than now; as late as 1862 Joseph Dyer worked with a threshing machine from 4 a. m. till 9 p. m. for 50 cents per day; he would work all day with his team for one dollar. One harvest he cradled wheat 18½ days for \$1.50 per day and thought he was getting rich fast.

When Mr Dyer first knew Arenzville it was a hamlet of five or six houses. There was one store there owned by a man named Spears who kept a general stock of goods with plenty of whiskey which he sold for 15 cents per gallon; this store room was about 16 by 20 feet in size.

The first school Mr. Dyer attended was taught by a man named Elias Hammer. About 1852 this school was taught by Felix G. Farrell, who afterward became a wealthy banker at Jacksonville.

The first preacher he remembers was William Crow, an old-fashioned Baptist preacher, who lived near Ashland. Meetings were held at the house of William Dyer, who was a faithful member of the church. Preachers of that denomination were not paid salaries in those days, but labored in the vineyard without hope or expectation of pecuniary reward.

[Note--William Crow was born in Kentucky, and came to Illinois in an early day and settled on the farm near Ashland long owned by Travis Elmore and now by V. C. Elmore. There was a neck of timber on the land known as "Crow's point." He was a farmer and a preacher of the denomination known as "iron-sides." When the civil war broke out he took a strong and decided stand in favor of prosecuting the war. He was a fearless, out-spoken man. A very large number of this denomination of Christians were bitterly opposed to the war and were called "copperheads," Their treatment of Mr. Crow was not only unchristen, but shameful. This persecution combined with ill health caused him to desist from preaching. He died at Brownsville, Nebraska in 1865 while on a visit with his son, J. E. Crow, and was buried there.

This statement concerning William Crow was furnished me by his grand son, Mr. Edwin Beggs, of Ashland, Illinois. J. N. G.]

## REV. JAMES NEEDHAM.

BY HON. J. N. GRIDLEY.

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**T**HE subject of this sketch, was born in Oldham, Lancashire, England, on the 26th day of May, in the year 1812. His father, John Needham, born in England in the year 1779, was a cotton spinner, and his son James learned and followed the same trade.

The parents of James Needham, were poor people, and schools for the poor were few indeed; but James had an intense thirst for knowledge, and found a "night school" that he closely attended, and on Sunday he went to Sunday School. twice each Sabbath, and in that way, he acquired the founda-

tion for a fair education. It is said that on the eve of his wedding day, as soon as the ceremony was pronounced, he left his bride to take his place with the pupils of the night school, he was then a member of, and as late as 1856, when his son John was attending the district school kept by Archie Campbell, he took home the higher arithmetic, to assist his father in mastering it, in night lessons.

In his youth, James Needham, was a quiet boy having but little to say, avoiding the excesses of his companions, and maintaining a straightforward course. His mother made a liquor called ale for the use of her husband and sons, of which James took his share, until the advent of a primitive temperance lecturer, and out of curiosity James went to "hear what the babbler would say" as he expressed it. The arguments of the



REV. JAMES NEEDHAM.

"babbling" convinced James Needham, of the folly of drink, and he resolved to quit its use; his mother severely chided him, declaring that his health would suffer from his proposed abstinence, but James, with the native English bull-dog tenacity that characterized him all the way through life, stoutly maintained his course, and at the end of six months, others of the family began to follow the example of temperance that James had set for them.

It was to be expected that a youth of this description would naturally incline to religion, and we find that he made a profession when but eighteen years of age, was soon made a class leader in the Methodist church and in a short time was licensed to preach to the Independent Methodists on Oldham Circuit in Lancashire.

Martha Ogden, was born in Royton, England on the 5th day of May 1811, and was married to James Needham, on August 31st 1835, then being a few months older than twenty-four years, her husband, being a year her junior. Although James Needham spent a part of his time in ministerial labor, he was obliged to continue his work in the cotton mills to support himself and family; he was not allowed to vote, because he did not own sufficient property, although they taxed him not only to pay civil taxes, but added something to the burden to be used in maintaining the Church of England; the payment of this tax to force James Needham to help to support a Church, the doctrines of which he was totally opposed to, caused him to often complain.

In 1840, he found himself with a wife and two children, one three and the other one year old, with poor prospects for financial betterment; his sister Mary who had married Charles Nicholson, with her husband and family had emigrated to Springfield in Illinois in the United States, and James Needham decided to follow them. Accordingly he and his family set sail from old England in September 1840, bound for the little faraway town in the Sangamon valley, and altho' he met with many hardships, he was never heard to utter a regret for having set out toward the western sun. He arrived in Springfield in December of that year, and finding that Mr. Nicholson had gone on a few miles west to Jacksonville, he followed after.

In this new and strange land James Needham looked about him for something anything to do to sustain himself and those dependent on him. The first job he struck was a chance to earn a dollar per day and expenses in driving hogs to St. Louis market, and gladly set off on foot toward his destination. He had not proceeded far, until the weather changed, and an old fashioned January thaw succeeded; the mud became something awful; the larger of the hogs could not make their way through it; teams and wagons were procured and the helpless animals bodily lifted into the wagons, and by slow and easy stages, the journey was completed by the end of twelve days, when the pork was sold, and the drovers came up the river by boat to Meredosia, and made the rest of the distance on foot. He next got a job to cut timber: he had never used an ax, but found one end of a cross-cut saw, and got on very well with it.

Hearing of the Haskell carding mills in Virginia, Cass County, he came here to interview the proprietor, and soon made a bargain to work at the wool business, his experience in the cotton mills of England, being of great benefit to him. For a time his family remained in Jacksonville. Mr. Needham, took his young nephew, the son of Charles Nicholson, to assist him in the work in the Haskell mill; this nephew was none other than John S. Nicholson, editor of the Illinoian-Star, and one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Beardstown. Mr. Needham, and John Nicholson would walk over to their work, a distance of sixteen miles, on Monday, and return in the same fashion at the end of their week's labor. In case the Mauvaisterre Creek was at a high stage, they would seek a tree that had been felled for a bridge, and crawl over on all fours. He soon rented a house on the east side of the square, near

the Dunaway hotel, and brought his family over to become permanent residents of Cass County. In 1843 he purchased a house on lot 128 now owned by Miss Patty Green, where he lived until he removed from the town in 1849.

At that time the only church in Virginia had been built by the Protestant Methodists, on lot 64 in the original Town which had been donated to them by Dr. H. H. Hall who laid out the town in May 1836. Rev. William H. Collins, and Rev. Reddick Horn were preachers of that denomination: the members comprised the Freemans, the Coxes, the Beadles, the Outtons and others. Virginia, Bluff Springs and Concord formed one circuit, and of this church, James Needham became a member.

In the sketch of Rev. William H. Collins, by his niece, Mrs. Emily Collins Brady, that lady said she did not know the distinction between the Protestant Methodists and the Episcopal Methodists. Very few people have any knowledge on this subject, and it may interest some to look a little into the history of Methodism to discover the difference, and how the division came about.

A considerable number of the clergy and membership of the Methodist church, in an early day in this country, became dissatisfied with the monarchical form of their church government. In most respects their government was admirably adapted to the needs of a pioneer people. Francis Asbury, was the only bishop of that church up to 1796, at which time his health failing him, to the extent of disqualifying him for full service, Thomas Coke was chosen to assist him; at this time the United States and France and the West Indies were included in one jurisdiction. Asbury died in 1815, more than 70 years of age, having served 55 years in the ministry, of which 45 were spent in the United States. The bishop had absolute power in the church; no man could be admitted as a travelling preacher, without his consent. For a long time, Lorenzo G. Dow, a most able but eccentric man, was refused admission to the travelling connexion because Bishop Asbury, did "not like his manner." He sent the preachers here, there and yonder, according to his own sweet will, and many of them became tired of this tyranny. At length, a leader appeared in the person of Nicholas Snethen, who was born on Long Island, New York, in 1769; was educated in country schools, studied Greek and Hebrew privately; converted when 20 years of age, began preaching at 21. When but 25 was travelling on the Fairfield circuit in New England; was the first preacher formally appointed in the state of Vermont. In 1799, he was appointed to preach in Charleston, South Carolina. In 1801-2, he travelled with Bishop Asbury, and later preached in Baltimore, Maryland. In 1828 he presided at Baltimore at the convention of seceders to organize the Associated Methodist churches, later known as the Protestant Methodist church. Snethen was the leader of the convention which formed the articles of association of the new church, and was afterwards elected president of the Maryland annual conference district.

These seceders were entirely satisfied with the doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal church, but were only dissatisfied with its form of government. These leaders adopted a form, very similar to that which now governs the M. E. church which later adapted lay representation, and made other changes, more nearly to correspond with the principles of the civil government of this country.

As James Needham was an Independent Methodist in England, we may readily believe that the doctrines and government of the Protestant Methodists in the United States were entirely satisfactory to him. He at once became an active and zealous member of the little Virginia church, assisting it, in every way in his power. Here he remained in the employ of John E. Haskell, occasionally assisting neighborhood farmers with their work until the spring of 1849, when he removed from the town of Virginia.

On August 6th, 1835, William Blair entered the east half of the south-east quarter of Sec 25 in T 18 R 10 and began improving it, and built thereon a double log-cabin. In June, 1836, Edward Direen entered the 80 next adjoining on the west and built a cabin on it, and began clearing it for the plow. It may be a matter of surprise to some to learn that William Blair went so far into the barrens to make his entry, when he could have bought government land on the black prairie south of Virginia, but it should be remembered that in those days it cost more to break the heavy prairie sod, than the price paid for the title to it, and timber was more accessible in this barren district. This 160 acres then entered by Blair and Direen now constitute the James Needham homestead farm, and lies immediately west of the Anderson station on the C. P. & St. L. R. R. James Needham rented the Blair 80, in 1849, and on Feb. 19th, 1851, he and his brother-in-law, Thomas Williamson, who had married Nancy Needham in England and emigrated to America in 1842, bought the Blair 80, and the two families lived in the double cabin for about two years: in April, 1854, James Needham purchased the interest of Williamson, and the following year he bought the Direen 80; Edward Direen moved over to the north a mile or two, and the Direen cabin was used as a church and schoolhouse, until the Needham schoolhouse was built by William S. Douglas, in 1857, on the site of the present Needham schoolhouse at Anderson station.

A society of the M. E. Church of the Chandlerville circuit was formed in the Needham neighborhood in 1859 by Rev. Wingate J. Newman, preacher in charge, to which James Needham attached himself, and the following year he was ordained a deacon, by Bishop Baker and admitted as a local preacher of the Chandlerville circuit, and so remained to the end of his life.

To form a proper estimate of the value of the character of an individual, one should know of his surroundings. James Needham was a cool-headed solid man of great tenacity of purpose; he moved forward turning neither to the right nor to the left, guided solely by what he thought was right. As a preacher he made no pretensions to eloquence: his sermons were plain, forceful and practical. The morals of the people who came within his influence were at a very low ebb. A few facts here related will fully demonstrate this to be true. Many of the settlers who lived in this section of the country regularly repaired to the little towns in order to get drunk and hunt for trouble. On one occasion a number of drunken brawlers, who were gathered at the south west corner of the west square assaulted an old Englishman. A much younger man there present protested against their conduct, and without further ceremony the mob turned from the old man to the younger one, who soon found himself flat on his back on the ground, with as many of the ruffians who could get near him, severely beating him. He succeeded in getting a knife from his pocket, and after opening it, plunged the blade into the side of the man direct-

ly over him, and broke off the blade in the body of his assailant, who immediately set up the cry of "cold steel." The party at once sprang to their feet, and the young man succeeded in making his escape. The wounded man who knew not who had injured him soon began to lose his strength and flesh, and despaired of his life. After a season in a violent fit of coughing, the knife blade which had made its way into his lung, was ejected through his windpipe, and a rapid recovery at once followed. He exhibited the blade to the young man who had introduced it into his body and made him a full explanation of the circumstances, and it is needless to say that the listener appeared much interested in the recital, and made no claim to the ownership of his lost property.

On a quiet Sabbath day in the year 1856, a man named Davis, who operated a water-mill a short distance northeast of the town came in on a horse, with a rifle, loaded for squirrels, on his shoulder. As he neared the north-west corner of the east square, he was discovered by a half-dozen young men, who had previously agreed to "do Davis up," as soon as a convenient opportunity presented itself; as they had nothing particular to do that afternoon, they concluded to attend to the matter then and there. One of them ran across the street to a pile of timbers, bricks and other building materials to get a brick or two, and Davis noticing what was going on, raised the rifle and fired; the man with the bricks dropped to the ground in the shelter of the timbers, and saved his head from the bullet by a scratch. Davis turned about and returned home. The young men hitched a team to a wagon and drove after him to complete their enterprize. Davis saw them coming and slipped out of sight; the party tied up their horses and passed through the waterway made of planks, in search of their victim, who seized a club, and stationing himself at the entrance of the waterway, felled his assailants one by one as they emerged from the waterway. By this time Davis had become so blood thirsty, that he might have committed murder had he not been restrained by a neighbor, who happened to pass that way. The subdued party slowly returned to the town, their heads swollen, and their clothing besmeared with blood. One of them died soon after, and it was generally believed that his death was the result of the blow upon his head received at the hands of Davis. The descendants of these drunken fighters, still live among us, and are quiet and orderly people. As late as 1870, one or more Saturday street fights were weekly expected in Virginia; if none occurred it was a dull and disappointing day. Such scenes have disappeared from public view, but we have no reason to boast of our civilization. The first day the writer saw the town of Chandlerville in this county, a man with long legs, long hair and strong lungs, was walking down the middle of the main street of the town swinging a revolver, and strenuously declaring that he could whip any man in town. Nobody seemed to pay any attention to him as he was not "doing anything." That was the middle of an October day in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-three. What progress has been made toward civilization in that community since that date?

In the Chandlerville Times of July 27, 1906, in a signed statement, Rev. Charles Coleman, pastor of the Christian church of that village, in speaking of the moral status of the community says:

"Saloon-keepers run their saloons with back doors wide open during the

better part of the day, Sunday, when, as an outcome of this, our Lord's day is turned into drunken carousals, brawls, fights and pistol-plays, and our girls, whose fond mothers' hearts are caused to ache, girls, many of whom, can scarcely be said to be in their 'teens, are seen to reel on the street, uttering oaths so vile as to bring a blush of shame to the cheek of our city's manhood and womanhood; drunk on liquor bought by their young men companions, who are even more drunk than themselves; bought, I say, by them, from our Sunday saloons."

A few months ago, a woman, a grand-daughter of the late Victoria, Queen of England, upon her bended knees renounced the religion of her mother! For this act of treachery, she was made the Queen of the most perfidious people of Europe. A few days later, this wretched creature witnessed a Spanish bull-fight; here is an account of it:

"The bulls, according to the testimony of an eye-witness, appeared to be peaceably disposed, and it needed many a sword thrust to rouse them into furious onslaught. High born cavaliers were the first to draw blood from them on this so-called field of honor. Waving red flags, and amid the roars of the wounded creatures, the bull-fighters roused them, at last, to rip up the blindfolded horses of the picadors. The populace howled their applause at the sight, and pretty women breathed faster and rained influence, with warm glances upon their favorite cavaliers, and their enthusiasm rose higher as the arena reddened with the blood of butchery. And the white blonde Queen, England's fresh and flower-like daughter, a woman brought up with all the cultivated tastes of aristocracy, was untiring in waving her veil as a signal for fresh bloodshed."

How does this picture of 1906 compare with the spectacle of the bloody fighters returning from the Davis water-mill to the town of Virginia on the Sunday evening of 1856? Have we made progress during the past half century; or is it true that when human beings cast off self-restraint, they are not one whit better than the savage maniacs of the Dark Ages?

Men like James Needham were like lights in dark places fifty years ago. The Methodist preachers then believed in and boldly preached of a hell of fire and brimstone. Many of these preachers had no better records than had the renowned Peter Cartwright, who, in his early days, was a whisky drinker, a horse racer and a gambler. He knew there ought to be a hell and firmly believed there was one. The horse thieves, counterfeiters and blacklegs, who crowded to his camp meetings, were easily convinced that there was a future of endless punishment for them if they pursued their evil ways, and great was the good resulting from the labors of the pioneer preachers of the M. E. church; they were more active and zealous than the clergy of other denominations. To understand the debt we owe to the Methodist church a few historical facts are here set forth:

Bishop Asbury was forced to travel with armed convoys, who kept watch by night, to protect the bishop from murderous assaults. The preachers pursued their travels in continual hazard of their lives. Their fare was the hardest; the habitations of the settlers were log cabins, clinging to the shelter of "stations," or blockaded block-houses. The preachers lived chiefly on corn and game; they could get little or no money except what was sent them from the eastern conferences. They wore the coarsest clothing, often tattered or

patched. Their congregations gathered at the stations with arms, with sentinels stationed around to announce the approach of savages, and were not unfrequently broken up, in the midst of their worship, by the clamor of the war whoop and the sound of muskets. Bankrupt refugees from justice, deserters of wives and children, and all sorts of reckless adventurers came from the east to the western wilds. The preachers, many of whom had come from comfortable eastern families, some of whom were men of no little intelligence, shrank not from their mission. Methodism quickly pervaded the imperilled population and it is hardly too much to say effected the moral salvation of the west.

The first Methodist preacher in Illinois was Joseph Lillard, who in 1793 formed a class in St. Clair County and appointed Captain Ogle leader. The next Methodist preacher was John Clarke who originally travelled in South Carolina from 1791 to 1796, when he withdrew on account of Slavery. He was the first man who preached the gospel west of the Mississippi in 1798. Hosea Riggs was the first Methodist preacher that settled in Illinois, and he revived and reorganized the class at Captain Ogles, formed by Lillard, which had dropped its regular meetings.

The first three months of ministerial labor preformed by Peter Cartwright, during which he travelled a large circuit, preaching every day and every night, was paid for at the rate of two dollars per month, with board, of hominy and wild meat. Previous to 1800 the pay of Methodist preachers was fixed at sixty-four dollar per year and traveling expenses. At the general conference of 1800 the salaries were raised on account of the higher prices of living as follows: to the preachers \$80 per year; to the wives of the preachers \$80 per year each; to each child of the preacher under seven years of age sixteen dollars per year; to each child between seven and fourteen years of age twenty-four dollars per year; for childrtn over fourteen nothing allowed. These rates prevailed until 1816 when the salaries of the preachers were fixed at \$100 per year with the same provisions for their children. Up to this time, no parsonages were provided for them.

When the great battle in Illinois occurred over the question of making it a slave state, which battle began in 1822 and ended in 1824 nearly all the preachers of all the denominations arrayed themselves upon the side of freedom, and but for their efforts Illinois would have been cursed with African slavery. For th's service, the memory of the pioneer preachers of Illinois, should ever be held in grateful remembrance.

As late as 1860 the Methodist preacher in Virginia, named Webster was paid but \$100 per year and board. The circuits were larger in those days and the travelling preacher could not get over his territory in less than three or four week's time and in order to keep the societies together in a healthy condition the help of the local preachers was invoked, and but for the faithfulness of these loyal workers, the cause of Methodism would have languished.

From 1860 on, the Rev. James Needham was a regular local preacher of the Chandlerville circuit, preaching regularly at the various appointments thereof, with excellent success. He never received nor expected any pecuniary compensation for his labor; he was only too glad to do all in his power for the advancement of the cause of religion. His character was without a blemish; he was never guilty of the use of tobacco, because he believed it a sinful



habit. His even temper and strict integrity and kindly disposition, made hosts of friends, and the righteousness of his daily life gave great force to his ministerial work. Such men have more influence in their respective neighborhoods, than the travelling preachers. For many years no preacher was retained by any charge for a longer term than two years, and the majority of them departed at the end of one. It was thus impossible for any such traveller to acquire a solid reputation and to gain profound confidence and respect, for no sooner were the people thoroughly acquainted with their pastor, than they were compelled to bid him goodbye. This was a great objection to the Methodist itineracy, which of late years has been much changed. Men like James Needham whose religion sustained them, amid the cares of a busy life, such as fell to the lot of their neighbors and friends, men who went in and out in the presence of the neighbors and acquaintances for a long term of years and who maintained their christian integrity in spite of all their trials and temptations would naturally acquire a greater influence than was possible for the wandering preachers to acquire, who were here to-day, and gone to-morrow. The church has never sufficiently appreciated the value of their unassuming local preachers.

Mr. Needham was a good farmer, and as time passed on he improved his farm of one hundred and sixty acres, reared comfortable buildings thereon and added to its extent. An event occurred in October, 1858, which disturbed the monotony of farm life. The Needham schoolhouse, built by Wm. S. Douglas, in 1857, stood on the site of the present school building at Anderson station. James R. Miles taught the first school in it, in 1857-8, and in the fall of 1858, Archie Campbell began as the teacher. A dangerous appearing cloud approaching, from the southwest caused him to send the children to their homes as fast as possible, but he remained in the schoolhouse. The storm began a mile or two west of Virginia, passed over the Col. West farm northwest of town, now owned by J. T. Robertson, and moved in a northeast direction felling the timber in its path. There were no houses along the route until the Needham neighborhood was reached. Nothing was left of the schoolhouse except the sills and floor and a few specimens of the painted siding mixed up with the startled but unharmed teacher. What became of the remainder of the building was never known although the school boys made a diligent search. The Jenkins house was wrecked, a little farther on to the northeast, and at that point the storm rose from the ground and spent its force in the air. James Needham happened to be near his home, and going to the house attempted to close the door, which was wrested from its hinges, and with Mr. N. clinging to it was carried several yards distant and left him badly frightened and somewhat bruised. His house was completely unroofed, but no member of the family harmed.

The wife of James Needham died on the 19th day of August, 1851, aged 40 years, 3 months, and 14 days. A year later Mr. Needham was married to Mrs. Cecilia Cooper, a widow; she was a sister of George Wilkie, who lost her first husband in Scotland, and came to this country with her two young children; this second wife survived him. Of the first marriage there were born eight children, as follows:

Ann Needham, born May 24, 1836, and died in England, January, 1837.

John Needham, born in England, December 26, 1837, now a resident of

Virginia. Illinois.

Rebecca Needham, born in England, October 26th 1839; married William Russell and died in Virginia, Illinois, on January 14th, 1905.

Joseph O. Needham, born April 13, 1842, and died in Virginia at the age of six years.

Horatio W. Needham, born in 1844, and died in 1849.

George S. Needham, born March 18, 1846; now living on the Needham farm.

James H. Needham, born August 21, 1848; died in Cass county, Illinois, on January 24th, 1889.

Mary J. Needham, born June 12th, 1850; married Henry Millner on February 12th, 1873; now living on a farm near Anderson station, Cass county, Illinois.

Of the second marriage there were born four children, as follows:

David Needham, born September, 1853, died in 1855.

Elijah Needham, born October 31, 1855; now living in Virginia, Cass county, Illinois.

Mary E. Needham, born August 16, 1857; now a teacher of a Preparatory School, at Epworth, Iowa.

Cecilia Needham, born January 5, 1860; married John W. Miles, May 14, 1891; now living in Champaign, Illinois.

Professor James G. Needham, one of the faculty of Cornell University, New York, a man of national reputation in the educational world, is a grandson of James Needham; his father is John Needham, of this city; he was born in this county in 1868.

Elijah Needham was for several years a successful teacher; was once a candidate for the office of County Superintendent of Schools of Cass County and ran ahead of his ticket. He is now, and for several years has been President of the Board of Education in this city; served the people as their postmaster with such entire satisfaction, that he was reappointed to the position with out opposition.

James Needham's father, John Needham was born in England in the year 1779; as before stated he was a spinner in the British cotton-mills; his wife died, and was buried in the old country; when he was sixty-six years of age, he came to America, with his younger son Samuel Needham who brought his wife over; when they got as far as Cape Gireaudeau, Missouri, they were stopped by the freezing of the Mississippi river; Thomas Williamson and Joseph Needham, then residents of Jacksonville Illinois, went after the immigrants, and brought them into Morgan County on the first Saturday of January 1846; the wife of Samuel, being dissatisfied with this new country, soon left it, and proceeded to Brooklyn New York, where her mother was living soon after her husband followed her, but found that she had died before his arrival; he soon returned to his native land. John Needham, the father, remained, living with his children until the year 1852 when he died one month less than seventy-three years of age; he was buried in the Cunningham burial ground at Sugar Grove a few miles east of this city. In personal appearance Mr. James Needham was five feet six inches in height; hair and eyes dark; weight about one hundred and sixty pounds.

Although his hearing was much impaired, James Needham retained the

use of his mental faculties to the last; his health was quite good, up to a very short time before his death; he suddenly expired at his home on the 12th day of January, 1903, at the age of 90 years, 7 months and 16 days. The last words of this good man were: "But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

His widow survived him less than one year, expiring on December 14, 1903; they lie side by side in the Walnut Ridge cemetery.

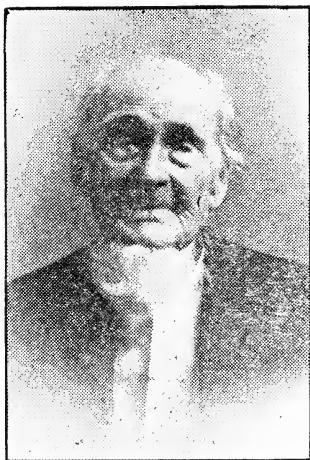
## ZACHARIAH HASH.

BY CHARLES A. HASH, (1906.)

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**Z**ACHARIAH HASH was born in Green county, Kentucky, April 6, 1812. He is the oldest son and second child of Philip and Sarah (Nance) Hash who were natives of Virginia. Philip Hash was born in Virginia, January 31, 1790, and emigrated with his parents to Kentucky about 1800, and died in Lawrence county, Missouri, August 5, 1848.

Sarah (Nance) Hash was born near Richmond, Virginia, October 24, 1791, and died in Lawrence county, Missouri, February 24, 1847. It is quite worthy of note that she was one of two girls in a family of fifteen children, she



weighing about ninety pounds while her sister weighed considerably more than 200 pounds. Her father, Zachariah Nance, was a man of giant frame, he weighing 244 pounds yet not being very corpulent. He was born in Charles City county, Virginia, May 5, 1760. While still a boy he was bound out to learn a trade, but the revolutionary war broke out and he was compelled to enter the army as a substitute for the son of the man to whom he was bound. He served his time out and then re-enlisted and remained in the army until the close of the war. He was in Gen. Wayne's command at the capture of Stony Point and was wounded in the knee, from the effects of which he was crippled for life. He emigrated to Kentucky in 1806, where he lived 26 years, then removed to Sangamon, now Menard county, Ill., where he lived on a farm until his death which occurred December 22, 1835.

### ZACHARIAH HASH.

About 1820, Philip Hash and family, accompanied by his parents, removed to the southwestern part of Kentucky, which section proved unhealthy for the elder Mrs. Hash, so the aged couple started back to Green county, but Mrs. Hash died on the way and the husband proceeded alone. In

less than a year Philip Hash and family started back to Green county and while enroute they incidentally came to the pioneer's hut near where the elder Mrs. Hash was buried. Here they received the first news of the sad end of the aged lady. After hiring the pioneer to enclose the grave with a fence Mr. Hash and family proceeded on their journey to Green county.

In 1822, Philip Hash and family accompanied by Robert, Washington and Eaton Nance (brothers of Mrs. Hash) emigrated to Illinois and spent the first winter in Clary's Grove. The following spring Mr. Hash settled in a little grove about 2 miles from Clary's Grove. Attention is called to the fact that nearly all pioneers from Kentucky settled in the timber: having come from a densely timbered country they naturally shunned the open prairie. The Hash family remained in the little grove about two years and then removed to a log house built by them on land now owned by Mrs. Matilda Dick, having planted 16 acres of sod corn here the preceding spring. The subject of this sketch says he believes this to have been the first house built between Oakford and Beardstown. At this time about 50 or 60 of the ~~Pottawatomie~~ *Winnem* Indians, under Chief Shick Shack were living in the Sangamon Valley. In the winter they camped in the timber near the river, but during the summer months they lived on a hill near the present home of Wm. Lynn. This hill still bears the name of Shick Shack's Knob. Shick Shack was very sociable and was a great friend of the Hash family. The subject of our sketch tells us that his father one time asked the chief why he camped on the hill in summer. The reply was: "The skeeters no bother." Again he asked Shick Shack how he got his water up on the hill and this time he replied: "H m-m squaw do that." The present generation were not first to sing "Let the women do the work." Our subject tells us that when the Indians left the Sangamon Bottom they went to Ft. Clark, now Peoria, and that Shick Shack came to his father's house and bid them all a fond farewell.

While the Hash family was living on the Bottom, Jane, the oldest daughter was married to Zephaniah Gum, a cousin of the late J. B. Gumm, whose name is familiar to all around Chandlerville. The young couple went to Knox county to live and lured by the glowing reports of that section of the state, Philip Hash removed his family to a farm of 160 acres on the head waters of Spoon river within about seven miles of the present site of Galesburg. This territory was the home of the Sacs and Fox Indians and they numbered many more than the whites. Fulton county at that time was a part of Knox county and Lewiston the county seat.

Mr. Hash was able to get no deed better than a tax-title and because of this and the hostility of the Indians, (the Black Hawk War was brewing) he sold his one-fourth section of excellent land for the paltry sum of \$400 and returned to Cass county. This time he settled in Big Puncheon Camp Grove near the present site of Newmanville. While living here the Black Hawk War broke out and Zachariah, who was reaching man-hood, wanted to enlist but his father denied him this privilege, but promptly enlisted himself leaving our subject to look after the family.

When Zachariah Hash reached the age of twenty-one his father told him that it would be a shame to turn him out on the cold world without some education; that if he would go to school he would buy his books and pay his tuition, but he must board himself. Grasping the first opportunity to peep into the

realm of books as only the frontier youth knew how, the young man worked for his board at the home of an uncle on Rock Creek (between Petersburg and Springfield) and attended the school of another uncle, Thomas Nance, for nine whole months, at the end of which time he was compelled to sever his connection with the school and go to work for his home-spun clothing was giving out. He had started in the class of boys of about 8 years of age and no doubt felt greatly humiliated, but by close application in nine short months he gained a practical knowledge of the "Three R's" and was beginning to study grammar. When he told his uncle that he must quit school and go to work, that kind man shed tears and told him he had just gotten the doors open; that he could teach him more in the next three months than he had in the first nine. But these kind words could not be followed. There was a literary society in this school, of which Abraham Lincoln was a prominent member

During all these years our subject had been developing into a strong robust man. His muscles were not developed by foot ball and athletics but by hard frontier labor. He knew no clothing but home-spun and home-made; no shoes but home-made, leather home-tanned and but one pair a year. Being the eldest son in a family of fifteen children his shoulders were loaded with responsibility. Nevertheless Cupid also had been busy and when our subject reached the age of 22 he was married to Miss Mary Dick, also a native of Kentucky, born February 16, 1817. Soon after he entered 40 acres of land (now owned by Henry Schaad) borrowing the money and paying 25 per cent interest. While living here, "Uncle Zach," as he is now familiarly known, purchased one of the first diamond plows manufactured by Wm. Sprouse, the inventor, on Rock Creek. This plow was stocked by Samuel Combes an uncle of our subject and the purchase price was \$6. This was probably the first steel mould board plow ever stuck in the soil of Cass County. It was considered a wonder. Mr Hash continued entering land until he had 120 acres which he sold for \$1200 and purchased the farm he now owns, consisting of about 200 acres, 30 acres of which was in cultivation, the rest being covered with brush and timber, of Charles and Peter Rickard and Socrates Smith. The purchasing price was \$3000.

Mrs. Hash died June 22, 1857, leaving the husband, four sons and three daughters to mourn her departure. The next five years of Mr Hash's life were filled with many trials and tribulations as he had his motherless children to care for in addition to the farm work.

On April 3, 1862, Mr. Hash was united in marriage to Mrs. Susan Shelton, a native of Tennessee, born March 17, 1825, died March 1, 1904. To this union were born two sons; both dying in infancy. In the year 1862 Mr. Hash suffered a sorrow such as seldom comes to a parent,—the death of a child each day for three consecutive days. Two of his children are living: Peter, at home and Mrs. John Plunkett, of Ashland.

Mr. Hash has not been actively engaged in farming for the last thirty years although he has lived on his farm until last November when he removed to Chandlerville where he now lives. Mr. Hash's brothers and sisters settled in several different states and territories. Three died in youth. Of those who reached maturity: Mrs. Jane Gum, Thomas Hash, Mrs. Martha Taylor, Mrs. Polly Berry and Henry Hash settled in Missouri, all of whom are deceased except Mrs. Berry, who still lives in Lawrence county; John, Robert and Philip

Anderson Hash died in Texas. Mrs. Nancy Berry lives in Indian Ty.

Thomas, Philip Anderson and Wm. Hash went to California 1848. Thomas and Philip returned east but William remained and has not been heard of since 1874 when he was in Nevada. James Hash lived at Boswell, Ind., and has been dead a number of years. So that our subject and two sisters are all that remain of a family of fifteen.

Our subject is the last of the 460 first voters of Cass county and perhaps is the oldest man in the county. At the advanced age of 94 years he retains his faculties exceedingly well and is more supple than many men of three score years. That he may be permitted to reach the century mark is the earnest desire of all who know him.

## DR. CHARLES CHANDLER.

BY DR. J. F. SNYDER.

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**I**N the spring of 1832 a steamboat came up the Illinois river from St Louis, bound for Fort Clark (now Peoria), and tied up at Beardstown, deterred from proceeding farther up stream by reports of Indian troubles; Black Hawk and his band of hostile Sacs and Foxes having invaded the state at Rock Island, and were said to be moving towards the upper Illinois river. Beardstown was just then a very lively place. As it was a border village on the northern frontier of the settlements, Governor Reynolds had selected it as the place of rendezvous for the volunteers he had called for to



DR. CHARLES CHANDLER.

repel advance of the Indians. The patriots responding to his call were then coming in rapidly, and soon a force of nearly two thousand had collected there, a few afoot, but the greater number on horseback, each with a blanket or two, a rifle, powder horn and bullet pouch. A small number of them were armed with only hunting knives and tomahawks, but it so happened that Francis Arenz, the principal merchant there, had a lot of old Prussian muskets, made originally for the South American trade, which, with all other available supplies he had, were purchased by the Governor for his army.

Among the passengers aboard the boat mentioned was Dr. Chas. Chandler, with his wife and young daughter, who, as an advance of a small Rhode Island colony, had come to Illinois with the intention of locating at Fort Clark. Unable to reach his intended destination, the Doctor concluded to explore the country he was in, and acquaint himself with its general features and resources. He met many of the settlers from both sides of the river who were attracted to Beardstown by the gathering of the soldiers, or came with produce for sale or trade, from whom he learned much concerning the soil, climate, and productions of that locality, and of the vacant lands



and the laws regulating their entry. With the volunteers in camp from different parts of the state he mingled freely, plying them, Yankee-like, with all sorts of questions to gain information; and by his pleasant, social conversation and good sense, was soon on the best of terms with them.

While talking one day with Col. Enoch C. March, the Quartermaster General, and a group of "the boys," Mr. David Epler, a prosperous farmer living east of the present town of Arenzville, drove into Beardstown with a wagon loaded with grain drawn by a pair of large fine horses. Col. March at once proposed to "press" that team into the service of the army, which was much in need of draft horses for the baggage wagons. Mr. Epler straightway gave Col. March to understand he was not the sort of a man to permit much "pressing" of his property; and told him he could have the horses if he paid him a reasonable price for them, otherwise not to touch them; if he did it would be at his peril. Col. March wanted the team badly, and after parleying awhile they agreed that the Colonel should choose an arbitrator, Mr. Epler choose another, and the two select a third, the price the three agreed upon would be paid for the horses. Col. March chose Dr. Chandler, and Mr. Epler chose Bob Crawford who then owned the (present) Jake Ward farm three miles east of Virginia, and the two chose Capt. Allen F. Lindsey of Morgan County. In the west money was very scarce and horses low in price, while in the eastern states the reverse was the case. Dr. Chandler, guided by eastern prices, thought the team worth \$350; the other two, inasmuch as the state was to pay the bill, finally coincided with him, much to Col. March's disappointment, as he had to pay Mr. Epler fully \$150 more than the then western market price for the best horses.

The immediate surroundings of Beardstown at that time, and at that season, with but little in sight besides sand encircled by sloughs, was by no means prepossessing to a stranger just from the rocky hills of New England. But Dr. Chandler looked farther. He rode out east into the prairie as far as Sylvan Grove, the home of Archibald Job; and to Jacksonville, then up the Sangamon Bottom to Panther creek where it breaks through the bluffs to join the Sangamon river. The natural beauty of that spot at the foot of the picturesque range of bluffs, and the marvelous productiveness and future possibilities of the splendid valley in which it was situated so favorably impressed him that he decided to settle there and make it his home.

Between Beardstown and old Salem there were a few settlers scattered far apart along the edge of the Sangamon bottom next the bluffs, and others were almost daily coming in looking for places whereon to squat that combined the three essentials of pioneer life, timber, water and good land. Dr. Chandler "laid his claim" on 160 acres, described in the surveys as the E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the the S. W. qr. and the W.  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the S. E. qr. of Sec. 31, 7. 19. R. 9.; and proceeded at once to build a log cabin of roomy dimensions about in the center of it, on the mainly traveled road which followed closely the lower margin of the bluffs. Before he could finish his cabin, and get settled with any degree of comfort, his professional services, required by settlers far and near, demanded his entire time and attention. But he was fortunate in securing reliable hired help to care for his family in his absence, to make his clearing and fences and put in a garden crop of buckwheat, that gave his premises a home-like appearance. In those days money was extremely scarce in Illinois, especially

in the frontier settlements. The gold and silver coin brought into the state by immigrants quickly found its way into the land offices, and a system of barter supplied its place in all ordinary business transactions. For some time Dr. Chandler received very little pay for his professional services apart from such products of the country as his patrons could spare; but that supplied provisions and horse feed amply sufficient to enable him to hospitably entertain those who traveled that way.

He had been on his claim but a short time when a stranger named English came there with the intention, he said, of entering land and settling there. The Doctor fed him and his horse, exerting himself to his utmost to accommodate and assist him; telling him all he knew about the country and its prospects in order to aid him to select a suitable location. English looked around awhile, but could find no land that pleased him as well as the Doctor's claim did. Thereupon Dr. Chandler very generously offered to let him enter one of his eighty acre tracts, or half of the claim. That did not seem to entirely satisfy English, who, however, said he would go to Springfield next day and enter it, if he saw that he could do no better. On a map he carried were marked several tracts of land, from which he said he might make another selection. After dinner he left to go and pass the night with another settler near by. He was scarcely out of sight when a friend of the Doctor's hurriedly rode up to his cabin and told him that English had declared it his intention to go next day to the land office, at Springfield, and enter not only the eighty acres the Doctor had offered him, but his entire quarter section, and that he had of plenty money for that purpose. The Doctor, much surprised, did not relish the idea of being ousted from his home in such a summary manner, but did not have money enough in specie to pay the government for the land at the fixed price of two dollars per acre.

However, no time could be lost. None of his neighbors, so far as he knew, had the amount of "land office money" (gold and silver) that he could borrow, and he would not have time to go to Beardstown and try to get it there. In that quandary he saddled his horse and rode away. No one he called on had any money until he came to the cabin of his friend, Wm. McCaulley, who happened to have the amount he needed, and when told by the Doctor in what exigency English had placed him, cheerfully let him have it. It was long after the sun had set when he got to his home. His two horses were very tired from constant traveling; but after a late supper he was again in the saddle, and taking his course by the stars, started through the woods to Springfield. Compelled to travel slowly, he was yet about ten miles from his destination at sunrise next morning. Three or four miles farther on he was overtaken by two young men mounted on spirited horses, who were also on their way to Springfield. Noticing the jaded condition of the Doctor's horse, and his rider's evident desire to hasten on, they inquired the occasion of it. He told them who he was, and the predicament he was in; that he was trying to circumvent a "land shark," and thereby save his home and claim. One of the young men immediately dismounting, gave his horse to the Doctor, telling him to ride it to town as fast as he pleased to go, and when there to leave it at a certain livery stable he named; and in the meantime, as he was himself in no hurry, he would follow slowly with the Doctor's tired horse, and they would "swop back" at their leisure.

Dr. Chandler gladly accepted the young stranger's generous offer, and arrived at the land office before it was opened for the day's business, on the 2d day of June, 1832. He beat English there about two hours, having the title to all his land secured before that worthy made his appearance. A few days later, on receiving a remittance from the east, he repaid the money borrowed of McCaulley, and going back to Springfield entered, on June the 14th the forty acres adjoining his west eighty acres on the south. Having acquired perfect title to the land, he concluded to have it surveyed and its metes and bounds accurately established. Making enquiries for a surveyer to do the work, he learned that a young man residing farther up the Sangamon bottom, at a place called Salem, had the reputation of a competent surveyer, and was in every respect thoroughly reliable. He sent for him by the first opportunity presented, and on his arrival at Panther Creek Dr. Chandler was surprised and much gratified to find that he was the same young fellow who had so kindly furnished him a fresh horse in his run to beat English to the land office. His name was Abraham Lincoln. From the date of that incident on through life the "immortal Emancipator" never had a truer friend than Dr. Chandler.

Dr. Chandler was fifth in order of birth of a family of ten children, five sons and five daughters. He was born in Woodstock, Windham county, Connecticut, on July 2nd, 1806, and there received his preparatory education at the local schools, completing it at the Academy in Dudley, Massachusetts, over the state line not far from his home. During the vacation that followed his last term at Dudley he commenced the study of medicine with Dr. Theodore Romeyne Beck an eminent author on Medical Jurisprudence. The next winter, then nineteen years of age, he taught a school near Woodstock. As he was a minor, his father, it seems, exacted from him his earnings while teaching—as he had a legal right to do. Bringing the money to him in a bowl, all in silver coin, he said, "Here, father, is what I have earned since last fall. Take it, but I now want the balance of my time, so that I may work my way through the medical college." It was granted to him, and he continued teaching, giving to his medical studies all his leisure time and vacation intervals. The last school he taught was at King's Bridge, then a suburban village, now within the limits of New York City. In the fall of 1826 he was entered as a student in the medical college at Pittsfield, Massachusetts; and such was the diligence with which he had pursued his studies, he passed the requisite examination and graduated, receiving his diploma in June, 1827.

His next move was to open an office and commence the practice of his profession in the town where he was born, meeting with as fair success as a new beginner might expect where he was so well known. Two years later, encouraged to believe he could take care, not only of himself but of another one too, he was united in marriage, on the 18th day of May, 1829, to the sweetheart of his school days, Miss Mary Carroll Rickard, of Thompson, Connecticut, who also was born in Woodstock, on Jan. 6th, 1811. Never content with the slow conservative policy of letting well enough alone, Dr. Chandler, with Yankee progressive spirit, always wanted to do better. Awhile after his marriage he concluded there were better prospects for the practice of medicine over in Rhode Island, where his wife's kinfolks lived: so, he moved there and located at Scituate, not far from the city of Providence.

He was prosperous there, and built a handsome two-story frame house with all essential conveniences, establishing himself apparently for life. But he had not long enjoyed the comforts of his new home when he, and several of his associates and relatives, became very much interested in the accounts they received from Illinois—of its beauty and wonderful productive soil, and the many opportunities it offered to persons of limited means for success in all branches of business or industry.

Discussing the matter for some time after obtaining all information they could, a small number of them decided to go with their families and settle as a colony on the Illinois river in the vicinity of Fort Clark. With that view they began their preparations to emigrate in the spring of 1832. Dr. Chandler's wife at first refused to go and leave her fine new house, and only consented to part with it upon the Doctor's promise to build her one exactly like it in Illinois just as soon as he was financially able to do so. When the time approached upon which they had agreed to set out for the far west, appalled by the magnitude of the undertaking, the dangers on the way, and reputed unhealthiness of the great prairie state, the colonists with a few exceptions, decided to remain at home. But Dr. Chandler, having sold his home and closed up his business, and eager to get to the new country where his spirit of enterprise and energy would be unhampered, took his departure, with his wife and little daughter, accompanied by about half a dozen of the would-be colonists, who, however, went with him no farther than St. Louis. Learning there of the Black Hawk uprising, which threatened to involve all central and northern Illinois in a protracted Indian war, they left the Doctor and returned to the east.

By the time Black Hawk and his wretched lot of Indians had been driven out of the state, in July 1832, Dr. Chandler and wife were feeling very much at home, also much pleased with the country and their surroundings. They wrote to their friends and relatives in the east how they were situated, describing the region they were in, its people and productions, candidly admitting it was not altogether a paradise, but in many points of view possessed, for the man of enterprise and industry, far greater advantages than any presented by Connecticut or Rhode Island. Their accounts of the Sangamon county, however, failed to induce the members of the original colony to carry out their former design of migrating westward. But in December, 1823, they were joined by the Doctor's brother, Marcus Chandler, with his wife and son, Knowlton A., and Henry L. Ingalls and family, Mrs. Ingalls being a cousin of Mrs. Marcus Chandler. About the same time, in the spring of 1834, Mr. Hicks and family, Squire Bonny and family with a young nephew, George Bonny, arrived at the Panther creek settlement from the state of New York, with them also came Dwight Marcy, wife and six children, from Connecticut, Mrs. Marcy being the sister of Dr. Chandler.

In those days the Sangamon bottom, from the bluffs to the timber along the river, was covered with a dense growth of native prairie grass from six to eight feet high, interspersed with clumps of wild rose bushes, blackberry briers, and thickets of crabapples and persimmons. The lower parts of it were subject to annual overflow by the river, and during the summer and fall it was all infested with swarms of ravenous mosquitoes and greenheaded flies that made life a burden to both man and beast. Added to those unpleasant features, the

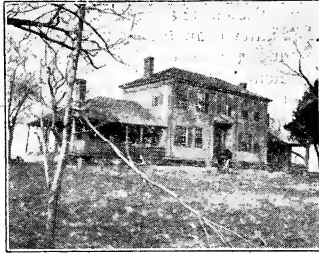
bottom, reeking with malaria, was reputed very unhealthy and prolific of ague and other forms of fever. It was also open to the prevailing objections to all prairie land, the difficulty of "breaking the sod" and putting it in cultivation, and the general belief that the soil was poor, and prairies unfit for anything but grazing stock in the spring after the old grass had been burned off. For those reasons incoming settlers for a long time shunned the bottom, and laid their claims in the timber on higher ground.

Thus it was that the Panther Creek settlement increased so slowly as to contain but ten or twelve families a dozen years after Dr. Chandler first settled there. It is difficult to conjecture why a man of Dr. Chandler's superior natural and acquired abilities, and force of character, should select for a home a spot in the brush near a muddy creek in an obscure malarial wilderness, instead of locating in Jacksonville, Springfield, or some other one of the rapidly growing towns of central Illinois, where his achievements and influence could have been commensurate with his robust intellect. But having fixed his home in that forlorn domain of the ague and insect pests—actuated by the motive attributed by Æsop to the fox that had lost its tail in a trap; or by that sentiment of humanity that impels misery to love company—he offered flattering inducements, and otherwise exerted himself, to increase the population of his settlement. His cabin stood about where the Congregational church in Chandlerville is now situated. In 1834, he built a blacksmith shop on the road near by, and the next year had a small framed and weather-boarded house put up on the site of Mr. Pilcher's present store building. In that little house he brought a stock of goods, adding merchandising to his practice of medicine, farming, and trading.

In 1835, Mrs. Henry Ingalls commenced school teaching at her residence, a cabin south of Dr. Chandler's place. Among her first pupils were Mary J. Chandler, now Mrs. Shaw, Nancy Leeper, who became the wife of Sylvester Paddock, Louis Bonny, Knowlton A. Chandler, Mary Wing, and Jephtha Plaster. Some of the children had to walk more than two miles to get to that school. About that time Mrs. Ingalls, Mrs. Marcus Chandler and Robert A. Leeper organized at the Ingalls cabin a Sabbath school which was for a long time well maintained. Mr. Leeper, a very pious Methodist, came to that neighborhood from Kentucky, in 1830, and bought from A. S. West and Wm. Morgan a saw and grist mill on Panther Creek up in the hills which they had built there two years before. Panther Creek was always a stream of varying regimen, dry, or nearly so, for half the year, and again a raging torrent high above and beyond its banks, sweeping everything before it. Mr. Leeper operated the mill for several seasons when it was finally washed away. He had not owned it long when Richard McDonald built another mill on the same creek half a mile farther up; and then Henry L. Ingalls built still another mill half a mile below it. They too, in course of time, were carried away by freshets leaving nothing to mark their sites but a few foundation stones.

By 1836, the population of Illinois was rapidly increasing, and the settlers were generally in prosperous condition. Not content, however, with the slow but substantial development of the country, the people were impatient for faster progress and better times. Responding to their demand the legislature authorized construction of of a grand system of internal improvements

to cost several millions of dollars, to be paid for by sale of state bonds. That folly instigated a spirit of wild speculation and extravagance among all classes. All over the settled portion of the state a mania for laying out new towns, beginning in 1833, became epidemic by 1836, the sale of town lots being regarded as a sure means of getting rich quickly. Dr. Hall laid out his town, Virginia, in 1836, and the next spring John Dutch laid out the town of Lancaster on an elaborate scale, at the "Half-way House"—half way between Beardstown and Springfield—now known as the Walker house, three miles west of Ashland. Dr. Chandler would no doubt have staked out a town at his place about that time but for his characteristic caution. Princeton, another town of Morgan county, had been platted in 1833, and in that year Thos. Wynn laid out a town named Richmond, on a slough five miles above Dr. Chandler's place. The Doctor shrewdly concluded to wait and see what progress Princeton and Richmond made before going into the town making business himself.



Chandler Homestead, 1906: erected  
in 1836.

But, in 1836, having caught the prevailing rage for improvement, he fulfilled the promise he made to his wife at Scituate in 1832, building a fine two-story house, the exact counterpart of the one Mrs. Chandler was so reluctant to leave there; which, as shown in the accompanying cut, is still standing in fair condition. Throughout the year 1836 the Doctor was very active in aiding the movement for organizing a new country in the northern part of Morgan, which culminated in the creation of Cass county, by the legislature on the 3d of March, 1837. Closely following that event came a calamity that greatly dampened popular rejoicing in the new county, and exultation of the people of the state generally over their brilliant prospects of soon having improved means of transportation, and thereby material addition to their wealth. It was the sudden and unexpected suspension of specie payment by the banks, resulting in a financial panic that reacted disastrously on every enterprise and industry in the country. Foreseeing that result, Dr. Chandler again displayed his innate shrewdness by selling his stock of goods to Mr. C. J. Newberry, and investing the proceeds in more land. On the 29th of June, 1837, a postoffice named Panther Creek was established, of which C. J. Newberry was appointed Post Master.

Marcus Chandler was a carpenter, but on coming to Illinois in 1833, entered a piece of land in the bottom two miles above the Doctor's place, on which he built a cabin and made a clearing. A brother and sister followed him to the settlement in 1837. The brother, Thomas K. Chandler, following his example, entered eighty acres of land three miles farther up the bottom in what was in later years known as the Dick settlement. For four or five years he labored to put the land in cultivation, but having been educated for a teacher and minister, he became disgusted with his undertaking and moved to Mississippi. There for several years he successfully conducted a young ladies' seminary. A short time before the civil war he moved to Texas and engaged in raising cattle and cotton; and died there in 1868. The sister, Miss Emily Chandler, was installed as a member of the Doctor's family. She had been educated for a missionary, but in 1839 was married to Dr. John Allen, of Petersburg, where she resided for many years. After Dr. Allen's death she removed, with one son and four daughters, to Jacksonville. There she died after having seen two of her daughters consigned to the grave. One of her two surviving daughters became the wife of the noted physician and surgeon of Jacksonville, Dr. W. H. H. King.

In politics Dr. Chandler was a whig as long as that party existed, then a republican; but at no time an active politician, as can well be inferred from the fact that he never held, or was a candidate for, a political office. Still he must have been unusually interested in the "coonskin campaign" of 1840, to name his son, born that year, Harrison Tyler Chandler, after Genl. Wm. Henry Harrison and John Tyler, the successful whig candidates for president and vice-president. But his rejoicing over the great whig victory in November was turned the next month to heart-rending grief by the death of his wife on the 28th of December (1840). Held in the highest estimation by all who knew her, Mrs. Chandler's death was mourned by the entire community, to whom she had endeared herself by her amiable disposition, her exemplary piety, benevolence and charity, and her kind sympathetic ministrations to those in sickness and distress. Her funeral sermon was preached by Prof. J. B. Turner, then recently admitted to the ministry. Only a short time before that sad event, in 1840, Dr. Chandler's sister, Mrs. Dwight Marcy, also died. Mrs. Chandler was survived by five children, namely: Mary Jane (Mrs. John Shaw), Emily Webster (Mrs. Genl. Lippincott), Maria Louisa (Mrs. David Frackelton), Charles Emmett and Harrison Tyler.

Mr. Newberry who bought the stock of goods of Dr. Chandler in 1837 tried merchandising only a short time, and sold out to Mr. Chase, and he sold his store in 1841 to Dr. Chandler and his brother, Marcus. With Elisha Alcott as their chief clerk and salesman, they did quite an extensive business for the next nine years. In connection with their regular retail trade they bought and shipped, by way of Beardstown, grain and other products of the country, and each winter engaged in pork packing, buying for that purpose as many as 3000 hogs during the season. In 1849 their establishment was destroyed by fire, entailing serious loss: but the buildings were immediately replaced and the business continued on a larger scale. In 1850 they sold out to Wm. Way and retired. From that time until his death in 1859, Marcus worked at the carpenter's trade. His wife having died he married Miss Sarah Perrin who was his first wife's sister. She survived him, with nine children. Knowlton

H. Chandler, the oldest son of Marcus, associate and warm friend of Dr. Lippincott, was a Democrat. At the inception of the civil war Dr. Lippincott, commenced to raise a company of volunteers for the Union service; but deterred then from going to the front himself turned it over to Knowlton, who was elected Captain of the company subsequently designated as "Co. K." of the 19th regiment of Illinois infantry. Knowlton was killed at the head of his company at the battle of Stone river in Tennessee, and his body was brought back and buried in the cemetery at Chandlerville.

On the 10th of September, 1841, Dr. Chandler was again married. His second wife was Miss Clarissa Child, a native of Connecticut and sister of Mrs. Henry L. Ingalls; also a cousin of the two wives of Marcus Chandler. With the education and culture she had received at her home in the east, Nature bestowed upon her in high degree all the finer womanly qualities that constituted her an ornament to society, a model Christian, wife and mother. She died in Chandlerville on the 13th day of March, 1878, survived by her husband and two sons, John T. and Linus C.; a daughter, Alice Child, having, at twelve years of age, preceded her to the grave several years before, in 1854. Not to be further bothered with schools in his residence, Dr. Chandler in 1838 had a small frame house, twelve feet square, built a short distance farther east, and fitted up with seats and a rude desk or two, specially for a schoolhouse; for which it was used until found too small for the increasing number of children in the settlement, when the new Congregational church was substituted for school purposes. On completion of Dr. Chandler's new house, a Presbyterian church was organized there on the 16th of October, 1836, by Professors Turner, Sturtevant and Baldwin, of Jacksonville, with five members, Mr. and Mrs. Sewell, Mr. Hicks, Mrs. Lavina Ingalls and Mrs. Marcus Chandler, the two latter, however, were members of the Congregational church before they came to Illinois. Religious services were held in the dining room of the Doctor's house once or twice each month. It was a room twenty feet square, with doors opening into other rooms, and a large porch on the south side, altogether sufficient to accommodate the large congregation of worshippers who always attended. On those occasions, Dr. Chandler, though himself not then a church member, would send his carriage to Springfield or Jacksonville for preachers and good singers, whom he hospitably entertained, until ready to return, sometimes several days. As time passed the Methodists of the settlement feeling they were strong enough to maintain an organization of their own, held their meetings at Squire Bonny's residence; but yet Dr. Chandler entertained their preachers, chief of whom was Peter Cartwright.

In 1841, a church building, costing \$700—more than half of which was contributed by Dr. Chandler—was commenced on a lot donated by him; and he donated all the lots on which churches and schoolhouses were built there up to the time of his death. The new edifice, completed in 1842, was dedicated as a Congregational church; and then Dr. Chandler was formally admitted as a member of it, and elected a deacon, a position he held for thirty years.

Under the administration of President Polk, the Doctor was appointed Post Master of the Panther Creek Post office on Sept. 13th, 1847, and the next year, 1848, he carried out his long intended design of laying out a town there,



where there was already a cluster of fifteen or twenty houses. He employed J. W. Sweney, the county surveyer, to survey and define the lots and streets, and then filed the plat of the village of Chandlerville in the County Recorder's office at Beardstown on April 29, 1848. He had that in contemplation in 1846 when the settlement needing a wagonmaker, and he wrote to Levi McKee, an artisan in that line, then in Hancock County, Ill., whom he had known in the east, offering to give him lots for residence and shop fronting on Main street if he would come and locate in the village. Mr. McKee accepted the offer, and the Doctor gave him lots on the main wagon road northeast of his old cabin; but on making the plat two years later the main street was located farther west, where it is now. Mr. McKee then complained to the Doctor that he had not complied with his agreement of placing him on Main street. It not being convenient to comply with his promise, the Doctor proposed to vacate the lots between the McKee premises and main street, converting them into a park or public square, which was done to the entire satisfaction of all parties. And thus the town got its park.

The town, comprising as first projected scarcely forty acres, was enlarged by subsequent additions to the area of a square mile. By efforts of Dr. Lippincott the name of the Postoffice was changed in 1851 from Panther Creek to Chandlerville. Illinois had then seen the dawn of a new era, that of railroads and telegraphs. In 1853 the legislature enacted a charter for the Illinois River Railroad, beginning at Pekin, in Tazewell county, to run down the eastern side of the river to Alton as its ultimate terminus. The right of way was secured from Pekin to Bath, then the county seat of Mason county, the sum of \$100,000 was subscribed, and considerable of the constructive work done between the two points named when the enterprise was suspended for want of funds to further prosecute it. Dr. Chandler then became interested in it, and succeeded in getting several Jacksonville men of capital also interested in it. By his influence then the route of the proposed road was diverted from its original course to Beardstown and down the river valley, to a line directly south from Bath, through Chandlerville and Virginia to Jacksonville. In 1857 he was very instrumental in effecting a reorganization of the company with his friends, R. S. Thomas elected President, and Dr. M. H. L. Schooley Secretary, the name of the road changed to the Peoria, Pekin and Jacksonville, and saw its final completion in 1868. And after all that exertion for the road, and his subscription of many hundreds of dollars to its capital stock—every cent of which he lost, as did all the other Cass county subscribers—with his characteristic diffidence he would except of no official position in its management.

The genealogy of the Chandler family extends back in English history to the advent of William the Conqueror in the eleventh century. The first ancestors of Dr. Chandler in America William Chandler and wife Agnes, came over from England, not in the Mayflower in 1620, but seventeen years later, arriving at Roxbury, Massachusetts, in 1637. Their oldest son, John, was one of the founders of Woodstock, Connecticut, and died there April 15, 1703. Dr. Chandler's father, Capt. John Chandler, of the sixth generation of Chandlers in America, and wife Hulda Howard, were parents of ten children in the following order, all born in Woodstock:

Pricilla, born Aug. 11, 1797, died, unmarried, May 5th, 1842.

Lois Child, born May 8th, 1799, married Dwight Marcey, died May 5th, 1840.

Sophia, born May 18th, 1802, married Benjamin Webster, died May 12, 1858.

John, born August 23d, 1804, died in 1881.

Charles, born July 2d, 1806, died April 18th, 1879.

Marcus, born June 25th, 1808, died March 3d, 1859.

Marcia, twin sister of Marcus, died unmarried, April 28th, 1823.

Emily, born March 7th, 1811, married Dr. John Allen, died in March, 1877.

Thos. K., born Feb. 1st, 1813, died in Texas in 1868.

David Howard, born Nov. 16th, 1819, died——.

The first born son, John, lived and died at Fredonia, N. Y.

His eldest daughter was the second wife of Dr. David Prince, of Jacksonville, Ill.

Dr. Charles Chandler was a highly creditable representative of the sturdy stock from which he was descended. He was a strong man physically, intellectually and professionally. In stature six feet tall, a Daniel Webster in figure, robust and well-proportioned, with dark auburn hair and hazel colored eyes, high broad forehead, and features expressive of his benign, unselfish nature. Animated by an indomitable spirit of progress and enterprize, he was remarkably active, energetic and industrious. Devoting himself for many years with zeal and efficiency to every professional duty in his sphere, he yet found time to plan, promote and prosecute various industries. His energy and power of endurance were marvelous; his labors being limited only by the limits of his fortitude. When called to relieve suffering or save endangered life he stopped neither for storms, mud or over-flowed streams, nor for excessive heat of summer or cold of winter. No fanatic was ever more a slave to the service of his religion than was Dr. Chandler to the duties of his profession. He never halted to enquire about the ability or honesty of those in sickness and distress who required his assistance, but went to their aid with his knowledge, skill, and all the strength of his active mind at any, and all, hours of the night or day. On horseback he rode day after day, often from fifty to eighty miles, and sometimes a hundred miles within twenty-four hours, always, in the sickly seasons, having relays of fresh horses at certain points awaiting him.

He visited the sick in a radius of fifty or sixty miles from his home, traveling on dim trails through woods and across trackless prairies, frequently without food from morning to night, then sharing with the settler his plain fare of venison and corn bread or hominy; and later catching snatches of sleep in the saddle on his return, or slept soundly rolled up in a blanket on a few deer skins laid on the cabin floor. To the superstitious it seemed that some occult power shielded him from the many dangers he was subjected to, when riding at night over inundated bottoms, crossing raging unbridged streams, and continuous exposure to all extremes of weather.

He was not in Illinois during "the winter of the deep snow;" but often related his recollection of the memorable "cold day," Monday, Dec. 20th, 1836. The preceding day, Sunday, was warm, with showers of rain converting the snow that had fallen a few days before into slush and mud. Monday morning was still warm and misty, the little snow remaining rapidly disappearing in pools and rills of water. About noon the Doctor, on horseback, was up the bottom road about eight miles from his place, on his return from

a professional round of calls, when the sudden change of temperature began. A gentle wind had been blowing from the south, when a black cloud suddenly appeared in the northwest attended instantly by a piercing cold gale from that direction. In twenty minutes the puddles of water and mud in the road were frozen solid, and in an hour the temperature fell from 60 degrees above to 20 degrees below zero. It has often been told that the mud froze so quickly many pigs, sheep and chickens had their feet caught in it and were held fast until frozen to death. Not having prepared himself with Arctic clothing, the Doctor suffered severely from cold. In the eight miles he had to travel to reach his home he was compelled to stop at wayside farms four times to warm in order to escape freezing. When at last he arrived at home he was so chilled and benumbed that he was speechless and helpless, requiring assistance to dismount and get to the fire. The cold was so intense that many birds and small animals, and even some horses and cattle, in poor condition, perished.

When Dr. Chandler built his cabin on Panther Creek his nearest professional competitors were Dr. Rew at Beardstown and Dr. Elder below Princeton. The miasmatic, germ-breeding exhalations from the prairie marshes and river bottom swamps were so profuse and malignant as to overtax the human organs of elimination, thus rendering the new country very unhealthy. Then too, many of the pioneer settlers were without the ordinary comforts of life, and without means, knowledge, or hygienic aids, to combat the prolific causes of diseases. Added to their privations in that respect, the then stereotyped treatment of malarial disorders by exclusion of fresh air and cold drinks, emetics, purgation, blistering, bleeding and drenching the hapless victims with vile, nauseating decoctions, rendered it scarcely possible for the fittest to survive. The coming of Dr. Chandler in that sparse community in that era, with his broad, enlightened views, sound judgement, and untiring activity seemed specially providential. With the most modern methods of Allopathic practice, he introduced several salutary reforms in the prevailing barbarous modes of treatment, such as discarding indiscriminate blood-letting, exhausting emetics, and other pernicious relics of primeval ignorance.

Dr. Chandler was a very able, clear-headed physician, who would have been accorded a position in the front ranks of the medical profession anywhere. Well grounded in book lore and theoretical knowledge, his quickness and clearness of perception, and fine judgement in the analysis of symptoms rendered him almost infallible in diagnosis. Then, his treatment, based partly upon precedents and experience, but mostly upon the dictates of strong common sense, though not invariably successful, was always believed to be evidently the best that could be done under the circumstances. He was deservedly a very popular physician, not only because of his superior ability, but also because of his kind sympathetic nature, his exalted humanity, and genuine Christian spirit. In the sick room he was an inspiration of hope and encouragement, while his manipulation of the sick was as gentle as the touch of a mother. He expected, of course, to be paid for his services, but could not conceal the fact that in his laborious attentions to the sick and suffering, money was only a secondary consideration.

As there is a limit to the endurance of all created things, not even the iron frame and constitution of Dr. Chandler could always withstand the cease-

less physical labor and mental strain of the strenuous life he led. In 1849 while asleep on his return home from a day's hard travel, he was thrown from the sulky in which he was riding and sustained serious injuries. An attack of pneumonia followed, from which he recovered very slowly. After that an occasional "sharp stitch" in the cardiac region with certain associated symptoms, caused him to imagine that he was afflicted with some kind of heart disease. But many years later a sudden muscular movement of the chest, attended by an acute pain at the point where the "stitch" was located, resulted at once in its permanent removal. He then knew that his "heart disease" was merely a pleural adhesion which just then was broken apart. However, from the date of the sulky accident and sickness he never regained his former vigor. Compelled to abandon the active practice of medicine he turned his attention to other pursuits, as farming, trading, buying and selling; and finally built a substantial business house on Main street, and there engaged in the retail drug and hardware trade. The welfare of his family was the central object of all his efforts, and the care and education of his children his chief pride, to which he gave much thought and lavish expenditure of means. He had an aversion to public life, and no aspirations whatever for fame or notoriety. His natural gifts and superior attainments, under different conditions, and in a broader field for their exercise, would have accomplished greater results, and gained for him much higher distinction than he attained in Cass county. But he was content to expend the utmost exertions of his life for the good of others in the obscurity of a frontier settlement remote from the best opportunities for social progress and personal advancement.

The Doctor was not a public speaker, but with clear, full voice he had fine command of language, and a smooth convincing way of talking that generally carried his point in any argument or trade. His conversation was always entertaining, instructive, and never marred by slang or vulgarity. In all his dealings and business or professional transactions his word or promise could be relied on with implicit confidence. From every point of view his integrity of character was complete. His personal habits were most exemplary, with exception of the mild vice of tobacco smoking, and a guarded, limited use of alcoholic stimulants, which later indulgence was in his case justified; if at all excusable under any circumstances.

Constantly occupied as he was for years with his extensive practice and multifarious personal interests he never neglected the higher obligations of citizenship incumbent upon him. As the patriarch of the community he founded he was the vital force of its welfare and prosperity, and with parental vigilance watched over its health and morals. Always an enthusiastic friend to the cause of education, he generously contributed to the support of its schools and churches; and gave freely of his means for opening roads, building bridges, and other public improvements. Deserving persons requiring his help could always depend upon getting it. By the free use of his means many worthy settlers were enabled to secure, from the government, titles to their farms, and thereby save them from the clutches of rapacious speculators. Hopeful and sanguine himself he encouraged the desponding with his example and advice. His home in early days was a free tavern for all respectable strangers and wayfarers; and the victims of misfortune, the poor and friendless found in him a benefactor. He assisted young men to

overcome the obstacles of poverty and establish themselves in productive industries. Young Schooley, Rodgers, Hand, and some others, he took into his home under his personal care, gave them board and lodgings, free use of his books and instructions, furnished them horses to "ride" with him, and made of them respectable physicians and useful citizens.

During all his forty-seven years of arduous mental and physical labor in Illinois, his home life was that of quiet domestic enjoyment, free from the vexations of petty ambition, envy, or sordid avarice. He was a sincere but not ostentatious Christian; and—be it said to his credit—was never a member of any secret society. With noble courage he devoted himself to what he believed to be right regardless of public opinion, and with no thought of self-exaltation. But, above the great usefulness of his busy life—more admirable than his strong intellect, or his marvelous energy, untiring industry and broad philanthropy, was the basis of all, his pure character, his kind, humane nature, and sterling manhood.

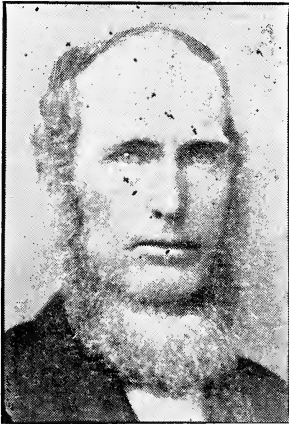
Dr. Chandler never reached during his life, the period for retiring from active work. He had earned sufficient to place him far beyond the necessity for further exertion, but his liberal family expenses, numerous benefactions, and some unprofitable investments, absorbed much of it, and left him possessed at last of only a moderate estate. Not from compulsion, however, but from force of habit, he could not be idle, and, so, remained in the harness to the end. On the evening of April 17th, 1879, having, as usual, been busy from early morning, he retired to bed at his accustomed hour, in cheerful mood and apparently vigorous health. He was always an early riser but on the next morning not appearing when breakfast was ready, a messenger was sent up to his room to awaken him, who immediately returned reporting that he was dead. It was evident from the placid expression of his face, his position of quiet repose, and not the least derangement of the bed and bed-clothing, that his life had ceased during sleep without pain or struggle. At his death Dr. Chandler had attained the age of 72 years, 9 months and 15 days.

The funeral ceremonies at his burial were conducted by his venerable friend of many years, Rev. Albert Hale, assisted by the local Congregational minister. Through a driving rain an immense number of people followed the corpse to the grave, there to pay the last tribute of respect and affection to him whom they revered as a true friend, a public benefactor, and an eminently good, and great man.

## JACOB DUNAWAY.

BY HON. J. N. GRIDLEY.

ON Saturday the 12th day of April eighteen hundred and seventeen, in the County of Greene in the State of Pennsylvania, was born to Matthew and Nancy Dunaway, a son whom they named Jacob. The parents had come from New Jersey to the wild mountainous district, where hard work and close economy were necessary to keep the wolf from the door. The boy grew up in this poor section of the United States, with small chance for learning or for anything better than a hard life. He acquired what was then called a common school education, and as soon as he was old enough to



look about him, and learn of his surroundings he resolved that he would not live the life of a Pennsylvania farmer. He began trading in live stock, picking up animals from the scattered farms and driving them to Pittsburg or Baltimore to the markets. He soon began to be successful in this business, when he lost all by making a sale to a Baltimore dealer who became bankrupt, and paid his creditors nothing, a fashion which has survived to these days. Jacob Dunaway then quit that business and made his way to St. Louis, about 1842, and became a stage driver. Soon after he first saw the little straggling town of Virginia, coming here as a stage driver but not to remain, as he returned to the east for a time.

In 1847, Cuthbert Robison, the father of Alexander Robison now a resident of this city, kept the best hotel in the town of Mount Healthy, Hamilton County Ohio. This town was midway between the cities of Hamilton and Cincinnati; a daily stage passed between these cities, making the noon stop at the hotel of Mr. Robison at Mount Healthy; Jacob Dunaway was the driver of the stage in this year of 1847, and ate his dinners at the Robison hotel. In 1856, Mr. Robison, removed with his family to Morgan County,

Illinois, and three years later came to live in the town of Virginia: upon his arrival he was immediately recognized by Jacob Dnnaway as his old Ohio landlord, and the two were good friends thereafter.

About 1849 Jacob Dunaway made his second appearance in Virginia as a stage driver, and from thence forward remained here. For a year or two he drove the stage line between Virginia and Beardstown, and Virginia and Jacksonville. That he was a young man of enterprise, who soon impressed his acquaintances with the fact that he was no ordinary man, is proven by the fact that although a newcomer, he was selected in 1850 by the democratic party of Cass County as their candidate for the office of sheriff of the County, receiving at the election that year 448 votes out of a total of one thousand and forty-two cast; divided thus: John B. Fulks, 553; Jacob Dunaway 449; John E. Haskell 22; Robert Gaines 19.

Failing to become sheriff, which was very fortunate for him, he bought an interest in a mercantile establishment with D. M. Irwin, located in the Pothicary building at the southeast corner of the square on lot 102 and began selling goods for a change, in the meantime boarding at the Virginia Hotel located on Lot 82 where the Mann House now is, owned by William Armstrong, leased by Thomas and Robert Thompson. A sister of the landlords Miss Jane Thompson, was living with, and assisting her brothers to manage the hotel business, and Jacob Dunaway finding her to be a woman of good sense and business ability, pleasing and attractive, cultivated her acquaintance so well that they were married by the Rev. N. H. Downing on the 20th day of January 1852, and seven months later he purchased the Hotel property and livery barn opposite, and went out of the mercantile business.

Soon after he purchased of Fink the stage lines between this town and Beardstown and Jacksonville, and soon extended his lines from Beardstown to Rushville. This business in the hands of Mr. Dunaway became a good one; and he soon branched out into handling live stock, making an arrangement with Willian Stevenson to buy and sell hogs, which soon grew into a large and lucrative trade.

Richard S. Thomas, the President of the Illinois River Railroad Company, had succeeded in inducing the farmers and business men of Cass County to believe that the stock in this enterprise would be a good paying investment. Jacob Dunaway may not have believed all that was said by way of argument in favor of this proposition, but he certainly believed that the building of the Rail Road into Virginia would add materially to the value of his business interests, all centered here. He, with the others was disappointed in this expectation; the farmers gained nothing, and Dunaway gained but little. All people who lose feel like cursing somebody for their misfortune, and turn to the nearest object upon which to vent their spleen. Whether Thomas really believed all he preached, or whether he did not, made not the least difference, he soon found himself thoroughly hated, by reason of the fact that his glowing promises did not materialize. This was probably the beginning of the enmity which so soon grew to great proportions, between R. S. Thomas and Jacob Dunaway. Thomas tried to effect an agreement with Dunaway by which the R. R. Co. should sell tickets over the Rail Road and also over his stage lines, and make periodical settlements with him for the portion of the sales to which he should be entitled. Perhaps Dunaway feared he might be a loser un-

der such an arrangement, but, at all events he refused to make the deal. These men were also political rivals; Dunaway was a prominent and influential democrat, while Thomas as a very active and noted whig.

Thomas owned a newspaper, and to offset its influence, Dunaway procured the establishment of an opposition journal, and the political warfare waxed hot through these sheets. As the bitterness increased Thomas devised a scheme to injure the business of Dunaway, and Henry S. Savage and Henry Murray, two warm friends of Thomas united to help him. Jesse Dunaway, a brother of Jacob Dunaway, was in his employ, in the conduct of the hotel and stage lines. A bargain was made with Jesse Dunaway, by which the latter was installed in the old N. B. Thompson residence at the southwest corner of the west square, as the keeper of a rival hotel; a stage line was then established with headquarters at the new hotel, and an effort began to take from Jacob Dunaway his business. Competition commenced and continued until Thomas advertised to take passengers to Beardstown or to Jacksonville over the stage line free of charge; this was met by the offer of Dunaway to take the passengers free and furnish them a dinner in the bargain. As Dunaway had the contract to carry the U. S. mails, he soon broke down the Thomas effort to supplant him, and the west end hotel and stage business was short-lived. In the meantime the newspaper war became personal between these fighting characters; Dunaway began a series of articles against Thomas, charging him with "stealing the widow's mite and the orphan's substance," and inviting Thomas to a controversy. After the second of these articles was published by Dunaway, Thomas replied with a charge that Jacob Dunaway had embezzled the proceeds of the sale of a drove of cattle belonging to the father and brother of Jacob Dunaway, and that he brought the money, a thousand dollars, to Illinois. Dunaway replied to this by beginning an action for libel against Thomas at the December term 1860 of the Circuit Court of Cass County. The suit was removed to Morgan County and there the case was tried, Dummer and Judge Logan of Springfield assisting Thomas, who was himself a lawyer, and Pollard and Ross appearing for Dunaway. Thomas produced Jesse Dunaway who swore that Jacob Dunaway got the money, but he did not know that he brought it to Illinois. As the story ran, the cattle were put in the hands of Jacob Dunaway to sell, and it was his business to get the money. Then Thomas offered to prove by Dr. Schooley that Jacob Dunaway brought money to Illinois shortly after the cattle transaction, but the court would not admit that testimony. Then Dunaway offered Dr. Tate as a witness who testified that Jesse Dunaway had told him (Tate) after the Thomas article was published that the statements were all untrue. The next move in the case was to bring eleven witnesses to swear the character of Dr. Tate for truth and veracity was bad, and that the 11 witnesses would not believe him on oath. These witnesses were examined in the afternoon of one of the trial days, and that night Jacob Dunaway sent over to Virginia for additional witnesses; the next day seventeen witnesses appeared and testified that the character of Dr. Tate for truth and veracity was good and that they (the seventeen men) would believe him on oath. It may well be imagined that this was a most bitterly fought lawsuit. The jury found a verdict in favor of Dunaway for three thousand dollars, and the case was carried to the Supreme Court, which held that if Thomas believed the charges he made were true,



that the damages found against him should be less, than they should be if the publication was made, knowing the charge to be untrue. That view of the law was not made sufficiently clear to the jury, in the opinion of the higher Court, and the cause was sent back for a new trial. It was not tried again, however, a compromise being effected, between the parties.

About the year 1862, Jacob Dunaway entered into partnership with Jacob Ward for the buying and selling of cattle. Ward was a wealthy farmer, living some three miles south of Virginia on the Jacksonville road. He was an old settler, a man of excellent judgement and a successful money maker. He was a member of the Cass county commissioners court for a term and filled the office to the satisfaction of the people. Cattle were bought in large numbers and brought into the county and delivered to the farmers, who fed them at an agreed price, per pound, for the gain the animals made and when fattened were shipped to market. Jacob Dunaway had in his employ his nephew Allen Dunaway, his brother James Dunway, his friend William Milstead, and others. Under this contract many thousand cattle were bought and sold, and the business ran along until about 1865, when the partners disagreed and each began a law suit against the other. Before the time came to try these suits, the parties concluded to refer a settlement between them to the decision of William E. Milstead, who was a shrewd business man and a warm friend of each of the disputants, he having been in the employ of Ward as a farmhand when he was a boy. Milstead heard the evidence, but before he made his decision, the parties concluded not to allow the matter to proceed farther and Jacob Ward began a chancery proceeding for an accounting and settlement in the Circuit court. His attorney was Garland Pollard assisted by Henry E. Dummer and Dunaway was represented by Henry B. Mc Hare, of Jacksonville, who was the most painstaking lawyer the writer ever knew. The case dragged on from year to year. Edward P. Kirby, of Jacksonville, took the evidence. As Jacob Dunaway had had the management of the business; had employed and paid the help, and knew all the details from beginning to end, while, on the other hand Mr. Ward had entrusted the management to Dunaway, the result might have been known to a certainty from the beginning; Mr. Ward was unable to establish anything wrong in the account: the case went against him, and the costs thousands of dollars, were saddled upon him, which were paid the year of his death.

Gambling is the curse of this age. It has been denominated a disease by some philosophers: if they are right, the disease should be classed with cancer which it so much resembles. Its germs permeate all classes and conditions: it is found in all climes and among all people. The zealous female, inspired with the zeal of the christian to convert the world to Christ, sails over the high seas to the remote islands and finds prospective converts, without clothing, and confirmed gamblers. The common gambling dens exist in all cities and large towns, and in the smaller places the games are played in box cars and upon fair grounds, or in the lofts of livery barns. The merchant church-member, who stays out of gambling dens for fear of detection, will buy up pumpkins, and offer prizes to his liberal patrons if they can guess the number of the seeds within the shells. Christian women form clubs, and meet on periodical occasions to play cards for prizes, which consist of plated ware and such like commodities: after they have settled the matter of the winning of

these prizes, it is in order for them to pass resolutions calling on the mayor of the town to enforce the ordinances against gambling, so that their losing husbands and brothers will have more money which they can get to pay for the next set of prizes for their club. If their minister cries out against their sin of gambling, they get angry and wish him to resign his place or let him alone and "preach the gospel". Nearly every little town the size of Virginia has its "Board of Trade, headquarters" more properly denominated bucket-shops; here one may find a lot of farmers who ought to be in their fields like honest men, "buying" or "selling" oats, or corn, or short-ribs or some other commodity, hoping some sucker at the other end of the line may guess wrong, and lose. The Illinois November hog, standing amidst a surplus of corn, thinks his master a most benevolent gentleman for dealing so generously with him; within six weeks when the master has his knife in the throat of the poor beast, his liberality is explained. The masters of the head department of the bucket-shop game, throw out the bait, which is grabbed up by ignorant suckers; when they get "fat" enough to suit the taste of the fellows who put prices up or down according to their own sweet will, they rake in the suckers and take all they have and strip off their skin, just as the hog feeders do with poor ignorant grunTERS. It is impossible to squeeze out a tear of sympathy for these victims, for they were hoping on the other side of the table end. A man who acquires the gambling habit, becomes worthless for any legitimate sober business; he wants something for nothing. Slow but sure gains are too dull for him, he craves excitement. A gambling merchant would not employ a gambler, as a clerk in his establishment, if he knew it. A careful man would not become the surety for a gambler, if he knew he had the disease. Very like the gambler is the speculator or plunger.

In 1870, Jacob Dunaway was a gentleman of leisure, out of active business life. He was the owner of the Virginia Mills, the hotel, the livery barn, and other rent producing properties; in 1867, he built and completed a good and substantial two-story residence on lot 98 in the city, (now owned by James Graves) in which he and his family lived comfortably at their ease with an ample revenue to support them in excellent style. He often told this writer, that any man who would begin and continuously follow up the business of buying and shipping cattle would become a bankrupt; in support of his opinion, he would cite the cases of many and many a man from John T. Alexander, the famous cattle-king, down to the small dealer. Then he would say that only the shrewd man knew when to quit the business; that he and Ward who made money, quit at the right time. But Jacob Dunaway had the gambling or speculative fever in his blood. His disposition was so uneasy and nervous, that he could not content himself to take life easy, with a plenty for himself and family. He must get out once more into active life. He induced Phillip A. Buracker, a prosperous and wealthy farmer, and Samuel H. Petefish, a retired farmer and banker, both of whom should have known, and did know better, to engage with him in the cattle buying and shipping business. Dunaway took upon himself the management of it, and in a few short years he was landed into the United States Bankrupt Court, a ruined man. He was stripped of his property, and at his age could not hope to rise again. In disgust he went to the state of Kansas, but soon becoming dissatisfied with life there, returned to Virginia, where he spent the remaining days of his life,

in the house belonging to his wife, and dependent upon her, for every penny he expended.

From the time Virginia lost the county seat at the election held in the year —, its people had hoped to one day regain it. The fact that this town was very near the geographical center of the county, while Beardstown was at the extreme west end, served as an excellent argument in favor of its return here, but several subsequent efforts, had resulted in failure. In 1865, Jacob Dunaway and others established at Virginia the Farmer's National Bank, which brought to the town the business of many large farmers who had kept their funds in the Jacksonville banks. The time had come for another periodical spell of building, as these building booms come and go in all towns; with the establishment of the bank, came the platting of the new addition to the town of Barden and Wood; the rapid sale of town lots, and new buildings began to arise in rapid succession. At that time Beardstown had been suffering from a long period of financial depression; Judge Dummer and Garland Pollard the leading attorneys of the county had disposed of their property and left the place. The old time prosperity of the city which had been built up by reason of the river trade, had so fallen off, that many of the leaders in business life had lost and gone. The failure of the Leonard bank about that time was a severe blow to the place. The Park Hotel, which had been a good property had become so worthless, that the owner had turned it over to Andy Maxwell rent free with the furniture included, and as late as 1867 and 1868, he was paying but \$300 per year rent for it. The boom occasioned by the establishment of the railroad shops had not yet begun. The chance to get the county seat removed seemed to have arrived. In 1870, the new constitution of the state was adopted which provided that a county seat might be removed to a point nearer the center if a majority vote of the county so determined, but to remove it to a point farther from the center a three-fifths vote should be required. This was encouraging to the Virginia people as they concluded that in case they could effect a removal and the erection of county buildings, they could retain the seat of justice here indefinitely.

An election was arranged to be held upon the 12th day of November, 1872. Jacob Dunaway had been the Virginia leader in the battles with Beardstown. He knew the strength of the enemy, better than any other man here. He formed a plan of battle; he proposed to build and offer to the people of the county a court house. He knew that there was a court house and jail at Beardstown, which had answered the purpose for many years, and that after the result of the proposed election should be announced, next move would be the preparation of county buildings; that if Virginia would prepare the court house free to those outside of the town, that many voters near the half way mark between the two cities, would vote for removal who otherwise would vote against it. This plan of Dunaway met with little favor at first, it was objected that a city had no power to build a court house; to this Dunaway responded "yes, but we can build a city hall and let the county use it." He kept to work hammering the idea into those who would listen to him; they knew that he was a far seeing and skillful fighter, and at length he had his way. The building was contracted for and built in time to offer it to the people for their temple of justice for 99 years. The election was a terrible battle: the result was a majority upon the returns of but 128, but under

the law a majority of all the voters was necessary to effect a removal. Many who should have voted for removal voted against it. Even the election officers who resided in the adjoining precinct of Monroe precinct refused to vote either way, and were counted against Virginia. After the case had been tried in the Circuit Court and then went on to the Supreme Court; after all the sifting was done, there remained but eight majority in favor of Virginia. But for the following in the lead of Jacob Dunaway the election would have been lost, and the succeeding growth of the city of Beardstown would have resulted in the erection of permanent county buildings in that city, and the people of this day and generation would have never seen the seat of justice in the town of Virginia. Except for Jacob Dunaway, the seat of justice would have remained in the city by the river.

When the people of Township Seventeen, Range Ten defeated the proposition of taxing themselves the sum of \$15,000 to aid in the extending of the Peoria Rail Road to Jacksonville in 1868, it was Jacob Dunaway who was the loudest to object to this donation; after its defeat, the company refused to extend the line through the city, but built along the section line, and erected the depot a half mile from town; a few years later, when the Springfield road was located and built through here Jacob Dunaway in order to prevent the establishment of a union depot at the junction of the two roads, went to work, and persuaded the town to donate one thousand dollars toward the building of the present depot; since that time the Peoria R. R. officials have proposed to the officers of the other road, the consolidation of the business at the junction, the latter have refused for the reason that the town of Virginia had paid for the depot and it ought not to be moved. For this enterprise the credit belongs to Jacob Dunaway, and to none other.

In appearance, Jacob Dunaway was tall, some six feet in height, weighing about 180 pounds; light hair and large light blue eyes. He was a very forceful man. He was a born leader. He had no use for the man who would not listen to him, and be guided by his opinion; he was exact in his business methods; was prompt in the payment of his obligations; would never give up the pursuit of anything he wished to accomplish, so long as there was a ghost of a chance to succeed. He was on several occasions chosen as the Treasurer of the city; at one time was the President of the Board of Trustees. In all these positions he discharged his duties with honesty and ability.

His financial reverses, hereinbefore described, sorely affected him; he became sour and morose in his manner, and shunned society. He certainly had reason to think that Fate had treated him harshly, and he died a disappointed and unhappy man.

In his family relations Jacob Dunaway was a model; he was a kind indulgent husband and father. He was a good neighbor; he was an example of industry, perseverance, and economy. If he had been well educated he would have become a noted man, had his life been cast in a large city, instead of being spent in a small country town.

Jacob Dunaway died in this city on Friday, March 13, 1891, aged one month less than 74 years; he was survived by his wife (still living) and by five sons and one daughter. He was buried at Walnut Ridge Cemetery, by a large gathering of his friends and neighbors. "After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

## DR. SAMUEL McCLURE.

BY DR. J. F. SNYDER.

**P**RIOR to the organization of Cass county, in 1837, it is doubtful if the Homeopathic maxim, *Similia similibus curanter*, had ever been heard of on the sunset side of the Wabash. Nor is it probable that the name of Hahneman, or the marvelous efficacy of his infinitesimal attenuations had been mentioned anywhere in the broad prairies or back-woods of Illinois. But before that period there had come into the Prairie State several practi-

tioners of a system of medicine which, if not as elegant and harmless as Homeopathy, had for its *materia medica* a line of therapeutical agents a good hotter and more energetic than Hahneman's. They were disciples of Dr. Samuel Thomson, of Boston, and were known as "Thomsonians," but designated by the regular profession as "Root and Yerb Peddlers." They styled themselves "Botanic Doctors;" having as their motto, *Finis coronat opus*, employing only vegetable remedies, and ignoring calomel and all other medicines derived from the mineral kingdom as being incompatible with the juices and humors of the human system. To that school of practice Dr. McClure belonged.



DR. SAMUEL McCLURE.

Samuel McClure was born on a farm not far from Versailles, in Woodford county, Kentucky, on the 5th of October, 1800. His father, Alexander McClure, was of Scotch-Irish descent, the son of Alexander McClure a soldier in the Revolutionary war who was one of the patriot army at the siege of Yorktown, and was present at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. The Doctor's mother, as a girl, was Ann Dupuy, descended from an old French family of Huguenots who fled from France to America at an early day because of religious proscription. The Doctor's father was a slave-holder and planter in affluent circumstances, and sent him to school while the niggers did the work on the farm. Consequently, the Doctor acquired what in his day was consid-

ered a liberal education, not comprising the classics, but the main elementary branches of learning then taught in the best schools of the bluegrass region of Kentucky. By the time his school days were ended he began to think seriously of engaging in something to make his learning available for independent subsistence. Too cultured and refined to continue work on the farm and make a field hand along with the slaves, and seeing nothing in his reach better than school teaching, he commenced that with the intention of adopting it as a life profession. In that calling he was quite successful, teaching several terms in both Kentucky and Mississippi, and earning the reputation of a good teacher and superior grammarian. That reputation, however, did not wholly satisfy his ambition. With aspirations for promotion to higher social standing than that of an ordinary country teacher, he devoted his spare time while teaching in Kentucky to the study of medicine; or, more properly, to reading Dr. Thomson's books on Botanic medicine. By the time he finished that course he felt himself competent to enter upon the active duties of the profession. Thereupon he abandoned the schoolroom, and for some years before leaving his native state practiced his new profession as a Doctor, though not an M. D. He was in the practice during the epidemic of Asiatic cholera that swept through the west in 1833, and his treatment of that awful scourge was as effectual as that of the old-school physicians, the disease yielding to his capsicum, lobelia, No. 6, & c, about as readily, or more so, than to any other class of remedies. There were other important matters to occupy the Doctor's mind that year apart from the practice of medicine, although that, during the epidemic of cholera along with the usual endemics of the country, was amply sufficient to keep any common Doctor's thinking organs reasonably busy. On the 13th of March, 1833, Dr. Samuel McClure married Miss Louisa W. Graff, the daughter of one of the most substantial farmers in that neighborhood.

Notwithstanding the fact that Dr. McClure was accustomed from infancy to slavery in all its most favorable, as well as revolting aspects. He grew up in the belief that the institution was morally wrong, though sanctioned by the Scriptures, and should be abolished. So repugnant did the holding in hopeless bondage of an ignorant innocent race become to him that he resolved after his marriage to leave the slave holding south, as soon as he could and seek a new home in the free north. Thereupon he set about making preparations to leave the land of his birth and his kinsman, to form new associations and business relations among strangers.

In 1832 the Asiatic cholera invaded the United States for the first time. It was brought from Europe by an emigrant ship to Halifax. From there it rapidly traveled westward, overtaking on the great lakes, and overwhelming, the thousand United States troops General Winfield Scott was hurrying from Fortress Monroe to the Upper Mississippi to assist in the expulsion from Illinois of Black Hawk and his band of Indians. In the month of July it swept away more than half of those soldiers before General Scott's arrival at Prairie du Chemin. Held in abeyance there by the cold winter, the next spring it descended the Mississippi, spreading through its valley and up that of the Ohio, marking its track with dismay and death. In midsummer it reached Dr. McClure's locality in Kentucky affording him and other physicians there ample employment and novel experience.

In the early spring of 1834, with a good team and wagon loaded with "household plunder," the doctor and his young wife set out for the promised land then known far and near as the Sangamon country. Entering Illinois by crossing the Ohio at Shawneetown, he wended his way up into Morgan county to a point a few miles southeast of Jacksonville where some of his Kentucky acquaintances, who had preceded him, had settled. That summer and fall he found employment there as a farm hand in cradling wheat and oats and sowing wheat, by which he earned enough to pay current expenses. When he came to Illinois in April, 1834, John Reynolds was Governor of the state and Joseph Duncan, who resided in Jacksonville, was the representative of that district in congress. At the August election that summer he was elected governor, being succeeded in congress by William L. May, of Springfield, and Reynolds was elected to congress from the Bellville district. Illinois was rapidly filling up with immigrants from the south and east and was in a highly prosperous condition.

Dr. McClure taught a country school in the winter of 1834-35, in the meantime looking around over the country, and gaining all the information he could respecting its vacant lands, resources, and its people. By the time the grass began to grow, and the timber line was tinged with green in the spring of 1835, he moved up into that part of Morgan which two years later was cut off from it and organized as Cass county, and laid a claim on the fractional S. W. qr. of Sec. 19, T. 17, R. 10-140 70-100 acres—which he did not enter until Nov. 5th, 1835. There he established his home, and dwelled the balance of his life. The farm he improved there—yet known as the "Dr. McClure farm"—is situated in Monroe precinct a mile south of the Providence church and schoolhouse, and five miles southwest of Virginia, the town Dr. Hall laid out the next year after Dr. McClure settled there. When established in Illinois the Doctor became, to all intents and purposes, a farmer, directing his attention and labor mainly to improving his land by building a dwelling house, stable, fences, and putting in crops of oats and corn. While employed with all that, however, he did not neglect his profession, but attended the sick whenever his services were needed for that purpose. He also taught school in the winters when work on the farm was slack or suspended, and so, managed to be idle very little of his time. There was no public school system at that period, and the country was too new to attract many school teachers, consequently the Doctor's schools were quite an accommodation and advantage to that neighborhood as well as a source of some profit to himself. A few gray-haired persons still living here who were then his scholars speak of him as an excellent teacher of mild, pleasant disposition, and very patient and painstaking in his methods of instruction and enforcing necessary discipline. By his industry and frugality he was in a few years comfortably situated on his valuable farm well cultivated, with fine fruit orchards and an ample supply of horses, cattle and other live stock.

He then quit teaching, and a little later, meeting a case that destroyed his confidence in the infallibility of the noble science, abruptly retired from the practice of medicine. He was called one day a few miles west of his place to see Henry Schaeffer, a neighbor for whom he entertained a high regard, who had a "congestive chill," which in those days were of frequent occurrence. He treated him *secundum artem* with the usual course of hot teas,

lobelia, No. 6, elecampane and comfrey, all of which failed to produce the desired reaction. Then resorting to heroic measures he gave the patient two tablespoonsful of pulverized Cayenne pepper—or capsicum—and went home. Prof. Joseph McDowell, of St. Louis, in his lectures to the students of his classes, often told of a case of tubercular consumption he cured by the liberal use of whiskey; but, unfortunately, about the time the cure was perfected the patient died of “jim-jams,” or delirium tremens. Dr. McClure was alarmed by the serious condition of his friend Schaeffer, and so uneasy that on getting to his home he could neither eat or sleep. To his wife who, in the middle of the night, asked him the cause of his agitation, he said, “Louisa, I believe that red pepper I gave to Henry Schaeffer will kill him. I have prayed to the Lord to spare his life; but whether he gets well or dies this is the last of my Doctoring.” It is quite evident that the Lord obligingly granted his prayer; for Schaeffer got well, and often afterwards jocularly remarked, “That handful of red pepper I took knocked the chill, but came mighty near knocking me too;” and considered himself peculiarly fortunate in having survived both the disease and the treatment. That case terminated Dr. McClure’s professional career.

Henceforth he led the tranquil and uneventful life of a thrifty prairie farmer, attending strictly to his own business, and generally on good terms with himself and all his neighbors. In figure he was somewhat fleshy, a little over medium height, usually weighing about 180 or 190 pounds. His hair, when young was of light brown color, his eyes blueish gray, and his face expressive of a kindly nature with ample firmness and decision. With selfishness enough to take good care of his own interests, he possessed the noble qualities of candor, truthfulness and conscientious honesty. Straightforward in all his dealings his word was as good as his bond—as good as any man’s bond—and though exacting all that was due him, he scrupulously met every obligation to the fraction of a cent. Not particularly distinguished for liberality or generosity, he was kind-hearted and compassionate, always ready to accommodate a neighbor or help anyone in need or distress. In disposition he was social, companionable and hospitable, generally cheerful, and not given to anticipating trouble, or grieving about mishaps that could not be remedied. A good talker, always grammatically correct in his language, he spoke with the broad inflection, and with many of the phrases and idioms, peculiar to the south. His conversation plainly indicated that he had been raised where plantation niggers abounded, and was not a Yankee. In party politics, however, he was decidedly in accord with some of the New England ideas. At that period in Illinois the most extreme and detestable brawlers for the abolition of slavery were men from southern states who had sold their slaves there, and with the proceeds of that human, or inhuman, traffic secured land and homes here. Dr. McCure was in harmony with that class. His father, who died when on a visit in Texas in 1839, owned a farm and several slaves in Kentucky, a part of which fell to the Doctor by inheritance. Two or three times he went back to Kentucky to see about the adjustment and distribution of his father’s estate; and though he entertained for the poor-down-trodden slaves of his share the most heartfelt sympathy, he did not emulate the example of Gov. Coles, and bring them to Illinois in freedom and give them homesteads; but sold them with the balance of his interests in the estate to some of the other heirs, and



pocketed the money they brought. In February, 1847, he bought of David J. Moody, a land speculator of Massachusetts, the eighty acres adjoining his farm on the west, the E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the S. E. qr. of Sec. 24 in T. 17 of R. 11, being part of an extensive scope of land in that neighborhood that Moody had entered in the spring of 1835.

He was personally acquainted with Henry Clay, the idol of many Kentuckians, and was an ardent admirer and follower of that illustrious statesman. In Kentucky he earnestly endorsed and advocated Mr. Clay's proposed solution of the vexatious slavery question by the gradual emancipation and colonization of all southern slaves, but in free Illinois, still a zealous Whig and later a fervid republican, he concluded the policy of gradual emancipation was entirely too slow, and clamored for the immediate abolition of slavery everywhere, and securing to the freed negroes all civil and political rights enjoyed by the white race. Consequently he saw in the results of the civil war the redressing of a stupendous national wrong by a kind and merciful Providence acting through and directing the Union cause and its guiding spirit, the God-like Lincoln. Dr. McClure was, however, by no means a "pernicious partisan" of the blustering, aggressive order. Fixed and immovable in his convictions, which he believed to be right, he seldom obtruded them upon anyone unasked and accorded to others the right of individual judgment he claimed for himself.

Sometime after he came to Illinois he was spiritually converted and joined the Presbyterian church, of which he became a fervent and orthodox member, subscribing without reserve to every tenet and dogma promulgated by John Calvin, but feeling reasonably sure that he was not himself one of the class of humanity foreordained from the beginning to be damned. Judged by the commonly accepted standard of correct moral deportment, and upright, honorable conduct, Dr. McClure was a true Christian. People who are honest from the dictates of conscience alone are as scarce as four leaf clovers. His honesty was of that kind, not a mere matter of policy, but the prompting of an innate sense of right and justice. And honesty of that brand, like charity atones for a multitude of faults. He was a straight Christian, but like the Indians' tree, so straight that he leaned a little to the other side. That is he leaned a little toward Puritanism. Not satisfied with possessing the spirit of true religion, he conformed, "with rigid feature and canting whine," as precisely as he could, and compelled all under his control to do so, with the old formalities of the church, which are now happily almost obsolete. He was one of the founders of the Providence church in Monroe precinct and with William Nisbet, George Wilson, William Petefish and Jacob Bergen, served a long time as one of its trustees, and paid one-third of the cost of the church building still standing there. In early life he joined the Independent Order of Odd Fellows which for some reason failed to fulfill his expectations, and in a year he quietly dropped out of it.

Dr. McClure was one of the substantial, reliable citizens of Cass county, a good neighbor, a good man, an affectionate and indulgent father and husband. He was the supporter and promoter of churches, schools and all other agencies of modern civilization. While not at all a crank on the subject of social reforms his influence and aid were always given to such movements as tended to better the condition of society by improving its morals. Though a bigot

and zealot in a community of liberal, enlightened views, and an abolitionist of the Lovejoy type among people habitually voting the straight democratic ticket and with no disposition or desire to disturb the institution of slavery where it already existed, he retained the respect and esteem of all who knew him and particularly of his immediate neighbors.

The doctor's wife, Louisa W. Graff, sister of Wash. Graff the widely known wealthy and enterprising farmer of the northeastern part of Morgan county, was a typical sample of the Illinois pioneer matron reared in the south. Devoted to her family and her home, free from the narrow bigotry and immovable prejudices of her husband, she possessed, with habits of industry and frugality, a kind, benevolent and charitable disposition, and all the highest excellence of Christian character. She was born in Woodford county, Kentucky on the thirteenth of September, 1813 and died at her Cass county home on July 7, 1849, at the early age of 35 years, 9 months and 24 days, leaving besides her husband, two daughters and a son to mourn her loss and cherish her memory.

The eldest daughter, Parthenia M. McClure, was united in marriage to Andrew Jackson Petefish, the son of a neighboring farmer, in September, 1858 and shortly thereafter the young couple sought for a new home in Kansas. The furious political upheaval preceding and ushering in the civil war impelled them to return to Cass county, and when the sons of Illinois were called to take up arms to maintain the integrity of the Union, "Jack" Petefish—as he was familiarly known—, a patriotic Democrat—entered the military service as a corporal of Co. D. 101st regiment of Illinois volunteer infantry. In the Wauhatchie valley, between Chattanooga and Bridgeport, in Tennessee, he was struck by a confederate shell and fatally wounded. Taken to a field hospital near Chattanooga he lingered there awhile, and died on Nov. 3d, 1863. His wife is now the widow of her second husband, the late eminent physician. Dr. Macbeth, and resides in Denver, Colorado.

The younger daughter, Ann Dupuy McClure, was married on Nov. 10th, 1859, to Robert Hall, an enterprising young farmer, now the most extensive land owner, and best known citizen in Cass county. She died in the city of Virginia on July 24th 1892.

The Doctor's son, Alexander McClure, served his country well and faithfully during the civil war as a soldier of Co. K. 101st Illinois volunteer infantry. After his father's death he took charge of the farm, and the next year, 1866, married Miss Sarah Ellen Matthews, one of the beautiful daughter's of a prominent pioneer farmer residing across the prairie three miles to the westward. Imagining that he needed more elbow room for territorial expansion, he left Illinois in 1875, and is now a prosperous farmer, and highly respected citizen, of Page county, Iowa.

Marriage is sometimes prompted by ideas of expediency as much as by impulse or passionate affection; and, as marriage is altogether a lottery, it may turn out as well as an expedient as when instigated by love alone. Perhaps that was the light in which Dr. McClure, in middle life, viewed it when left a widower with three young children to raise and no female help attainable. At any rate, after a mourning period of nearly two years had passed, he thought it expedient to look around for another helpmeet to replace the one he lost, to be a mother to his motherless children. He looked around until down in Morgan county, not far from the town of Waverly, he

found a widow who consented to try her chances with him in life's lottery. From the records at Jacksonville it is learned that on the first day of June, 1851, Dr. Samuel McClure and Mrs. Marrina M. Warnack "were duly joined in the holy bonds of matrimony by W. S. McMurry a Minister of the Gospel." When Mrs. Warnack assumed the unenviable station of a step-mother in the McClure family, the Doctor's oldest daughter was a grown young lady of 18 years, the next daughter was sweet sixteen, and the boy about 14 years old. She no doubt fared as well as the most of step-mothers do, and better than some, as the two girls soon married and left, and the boy was of such amiable disposition that he gave her no trouble.

Dr. McClure was intensely interested in the progress and ultimate results of the civil war, which afforded him at least two causes for heartfelt rejoicing; one of them was the safe return home of his soldier boy, Alec., who was discharged from service, in 1863, on account of disability; and the other was the summary and final abolition of slavery. His rejoicing, however, was somewhat dampened by distressing failure of his health from the insidious inroads of Bright's disease. He was a hopeless invalid when he heard the startling account of President Lincoln's assassination; and confined to his bed when he received the joyous news that the war was ended and peace restored. With the advance of summer and its oppressive heat he failed rapidly until his enfeebled system was exhausted, and death terminated his suffering on the 27th of August, 1865, at the age of 64 years, 10 months and 8 days.

No children came to bless the doctor's second marriage. His surviving widow sold her dower interest in his estate to Bob Hall for \$2,000 and returned to Morgan county. There she was, two years later, married to a Mr. Dinwiddie who survived that event but a few years and died, leaving her again a widow. Not satisfied with three trials of the wedlock lottery, she was once more united in marriage by the ministrations of Robert Clark, to Melzar Stowell of Cass county on April 28th, 1885, that being Mr. Stowell's third venture in the same lottery. In the peace and quietude of declining life they resided in the town of Virginia until death called her to everlasting rest at 10 o'clock a. m. on 22d of January 1894, and he died on Sunday, December 29th of the same year.

# COUNTRY GRAVEYARDS.

## NUMBER TWO.

BY HON. J. N. GRIDLEY.

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**T**HE early settlers in this county, settled along the edge of the timber, near streams or springs if possible. The primitive churches were log huts. The pioneers buried their dead upon their farms near their homes. In the neighborhood of Princeton there are eight or ten burial grounds within a radius of two or three miles. After substantial church buildings were erected it became customary to establish church-yards for the burial of the dead adjacent to the church buildings. It seems to have been taken for granted that these church buildings would be used so long as they were suitable for their intended use, after which they would be replaced by new and better ones. This expectation has not been realized, and in consequence many of these country burial places have become neglected. Some three miles south of Virginia, on the Jacksonville road a Methodist church was erected about 1850, by Mr. Yapple, the father of Matt Yapple of this city. A graveyard was established immediately north of the church building. The church has been torn away in this year (1906); the fence about the burial ground has gone into decay; Mr. William Price, his wife, and others are planning to remove the remains of their departed friends to the Walnut Ridge cemetery belonging to the city of Virginia, which will doubtless be well cared for as long as the city exists. The same fate which has overtaken this Bethlehem church and graveyard will soon overtake many other country churches and graveyards in this county.

In Orleans county, in the western part of the State of New York, is located a town in which is a Presbyterian church, a Baptist church, a Methodist church and a Lutheran church. No church service has been held in either the Baptist church or in the Presbyterian church for more than sixty years. The Presbyterian church is used as a Temperance Hall and the Baptist church is used for no purpose whatever. The Lutheran church has been built during recent years by a large and wealthy membership.

Some of the country grave yards in this county are still well cared for while others appear to have been entirely neglected for many years past. The Cauby grave yard, which is some five miles northwest of this city on the farm now owned by William Wubker is filled with brush, weeds and brambles. One large slab has fallen into a sunken grave and was entirely covered with earth several inches in depth. A neat and expensive monument six feet or more in height is so surrounded by a dense growth of tall bushes that it can not be seen from any point a few feet distant.

On the N. E. quarter of the S. E. quarter of section 34, Township 17,

Range 11, less than three miles east of Arenzville, on a handsome elevation, lie the remains of Edward Fletcher and five of his children and grandchildren. These graves are in the middle of a pasture; the slab erected to the memory of Mr. Fletcher lies upon the ground broken in several pieces. From these may be read the following:—

Edward Fletcher, Born June 11, 179—, died 184—, aged 52. From Probate Records of Morgan county it appears Mr. Fletcher died on October 2nd, 1844.

Here is the sadly neglected grave of one of Cass county's old settlers: he entered this land on the 17 day of February 1836. He came here in 1830 from England; to his home John Buckley and Mark Buckley made their way in the year 1837 and were hospitably received by this pioneer, whom they had known in England previous to his departure to this new and far off land. Edward Fletcher was no ordinary man; in a few more years all traces of his last resting place on the land he redeemed from its primitive condition will be lost. There should be an Old Settlers Association to mark the burial places of these old pioneers by suitable monuments. On the forty acre tract west of that where lie the remains of Edward Fletcher, on the old Richards' Farm, is the sad remnant of a burial ground, among poison vines, thorn brush and timber: the fences have rotted away; many of the marble slabs lie broken upon the ground. No record is there to be found of a burial for the past quarter of a century.

On the other hand, there are quite a respectable number of country grave yards that are well cared for. The Clark grave yard three miles west of Virginia and north of the residence of Edward Davis is a most beautiful spot. The ground is tastefully laid out; the lots are marked by marble corner posts. The monuments and substantial slabs are numerous. The plot is well supplied with beautiful evergreen trees; in one corner is a neat painted building, ceiled within, in which are benches and stove for the use of funeral parties in bad weather; a building for fuel has been provided; an excellent fence surrounds the ground which is free from all under growth and weeds. The relatives of the dead that lie within the enclosure deserve great praise for the care they have taken of the last resting place of their friends who have gone before.

A few pages of this volume of Historical Sketches may well be spared in describing some of the country grave yards, for no man can tell what the future has in store for them. If their descendants remain in the vicinity, they will be kept in respectable condition, if they sell out and leave the neighborhood, will strangers spend the money to keep the grounds fenced and in good condition? Not if these strangers prove to be as indifferent in the matter as the people of to-day. A few weeks ago a letter was sent here inquiring for the record upon the tombstone of the father of the writer who did not know where his parent was buried. Inquiry located the grave in the Bethlehem yard going to ruin; a few years hence, the son may not be able to discover any trace of his father's last resting place.

#### THE WILLIAM NISBET GRAVEYARD.

This burial place is located four miles south west of this city on the North west quarter of the north east quarter of Section 19, Township 17, Range 10, and is near a church called the Providence church. Mr. Nisbet purchased this land of William Sommers in 1839.

The first recorded death in this cemetery is that of Margaret Jane Nisbet,

who died on June 26, 1840, aged 22 years.

The remainder are as follows:—

John McHenry, 1843—1903.

Isabelle McHenry, 1823—1896.

Nancy McHenry, 1831—1896.

James D. McHenry, died May 20, 1895, aged 73 years, 5 months, and 20 days.

Jacob McHenry, died March 25, 1869, aged 76 years, 1 month, 8 days.

Margaret, his wife, died January 10 1851, aged 59 years, 14 days.

Mary McHenry, died August 20, 1847, aged 79 years.

William McHenry, died November 18, 1845, aged 25 years.

Margaret McHenry, died May 12, 1847, aged 15 years, 11 months and 7 days.

Margaret McHenry, died February 18, 1843, aged 35 years.

Jane, daughter of J. and N. McHenry, died December 17, 1847, aged 2 years, 3 months.

John Glover, died February 18, 1842, aged 47 years, 6 months.

Arminda, daughter of J. and N. Glover, died August 6, 1840, aged 2 years.

Mary McHenry, 1810-1884.

Nancy Glover, born December 22, 1797, aged 66 years, 6 months, 25 days.

William McHenry, died December 14, 1865, aged 60 years, 11 months and 22 days.

James McHenry, died February 14, 1867, aged 65 years, 7 months, 2 days.

Nancy, wife of James McHenry, died January 1, 1866, aged 59 years, 11 months, 7 days.

Rachel L., daughter of U. and J. Hutchings, died October 14, 1865, aged 1 year, 10 months, 5 days.

Liddia A., daughter of U. and J. Hutchings, died May 10, 1874, aged 7 months.

Mary E., daughter of U. and J. Hutchings, died June 4, 1890, aged 23 years, 1 month, 4 days.

U. Hutchings, 1836.—Note: He died in 1906, in Oklahoma and is buried by his wife in this yard.

His wife, Jane McHenry, 1833-1893.

Belle N. Hutchings, 1869-1893.

Hattie J. Hutchings, 1872-1897.

Catharine V., daughter of Amos and Mary Woodward, died June 18, 1847, aged 17 months.

Amos, son of Amos and Mary Woodward, died August 30, 1852, aged 1 year, 5 months, 13 days.

Margaret E., daughter of Amos and Mary Woodward, died August 31, 1854, aged 1 year, 7 months, 20 days.

Amos Woodward, died January 17, 1855, aged 41 years, 6 months, 2 days.

His wife, Mary McHenry, 1817-1899.

Hannah, wife of J. Dobson, died October 9, 1846, aged 37 years.

John Dobson, died December 3, 1857, aged 50 years.

Emma Elizabeth, daughter of J. E. and M. Lacey, died August 7, 1878, aged 5 months.

Eliza Ann Haslett, died August 25, 1852, aged 1 year, 3 months, 29 days.

Samuel Haslett, died April 8, 1856, aged 3 years, 16 days.

George C., son of W. and G. Abney, died August 10, 1848, aged 1 month, 1 day.

Banister, son of W. and G. Abney, died November 5, 1848, aged 8 years, 5 months, 21 days.

Alonzo, son of A. C. and J. A. Edgar, died July 4, 1871, aged 3 months, 15 days.

Travis A. Edgar, born August 16, 1869, died January 16, 1877.

Julia A. Edgar, born June 5, 1848, died January 15, 1876.

Gertrude L., daughter of J. B. and M. M. McKean, died January 13, 1885, aged 4 years 7 months, 24 days.

Esther L., daughter of J. B. and M. M. McKean, died August 5, 1889, aged 3 years, 7 months, 25 days.

Nancy J. Treadway, born April 21, 1855, died January 22, 1897.

Mary W. Treadway, died August 30, 1879, aged 59 years, 9 months.

Sarah H., wife of M. McHenry, died July 31, 1868, aged 56 years.

James McHenry.

M. McHenry.

William W. Dale, Co. A. 140 Indiana Vol. Inf., born May 16, 1849, died March 28, 1883.

Sarah, wife of Joseph Pence, died August 19, 1878, aged 72 years, 7 days.

Elizabeth Boyles, wife of J. Springer, born in Fayette county, Penn., in 1813, died April 11, 1883.

Job Spruiger, born in Fayette county, Penn., January 15, 1803, died April 14, 1882.

Ellen E., daughter of Job and Elizabeth Springer, died February 20, 1865, aged 13 years.

Mary Ann, wife of E. L. Chapman, born February 14, 1842, died September 7, 1881.

Tommie, son of E. L. and M. A. Chapman, born October 15, 1878, died March 5, 1880.

Mary Jane, infant daughter of H. D. and C. H. Sweeney, died October 16, 1850, aged 13 days.

Elizabeth Sweeney, daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Nisbet, died March 31, 1847, aged 32 years.

Our mother, Elizabeth Nisbet, died May 6, 1864, age 82 years.

John, son of Thomas and Lucilla Nisbet, died June 9, 1850, aged 7 months, 29 days.

Lilly Denny, daughter of T. J. and L. S. Nisbet, died March 6, 1872, aged 16 years, 10 months, 18 days.

Emmy R., wife of G. W. Mathews, and daughter of T. J. and L. Nisbet, born July 17, 1852, died September 30, 1877.

John Marshal, died November 6, 1855, aged 43 year, 7 months, 4 days

Mary L., wife of John Marshal and daughter of T. and E. Nisbet, died October 24, 1852, aged 41 years, 9 months, 14 days.

Elizabeth, wife of William Nisbet, born June 13, 1836, died January 27, 1903.

William Nisbet, born May 24, 1807, died March 28, 1892.

Walter, son of Wm. and E. A. Nisbet, died November 26 1882, aged 19 years, 8 months, 20 days.

Chalmers W., son of Wm. and E. A. Nisbet, died December 9, 1888, aged 27

years, 7 months, 16 days.

George Wilson, born October 31, 1795, died September 3, 1872, aged 76 years, 10 months, 2 days.

Henrietta B., daughter of G. and J. B. Wilson, born September 11, 1841, died September 5, 1847.

Jane B. Moore, wife of George Wilson, born June 25, 1798, died October 8, 1877, aged 79 years, 3 months, 13 days.

Thomas J. Nisbet, July 12, 1819; January 8, 1891.

Lucilla S., wife of T. J. Nisbet, January 30, 1836, March 10, 1889.

Richard Graves, born in Woodford Co., Ky., died May 11, 1860, aged 75 years, 5 months, 4 days.

Nancy, wife of Richard Graves, born in Woodford Co., Ky., died May 14, 1870, aged 73 years, 4 months, 14 days.

Mary, wife of D. Long, died September 19, 1875, aged 54 years, 7 months, 13 days.

Sarah E., wife of G. L. Loar, died July 10, 1860, aged 23 years, 6 months, 9 days.

Rev. John Dale, born April 27, 1812, died November 15, 1871. A faithful and zealous minister of the gospel in the Presbyterian church for more than 25 years.

Luella Georgia, daughter of John and Sophia Dale, born February 22 1864, died January 11 1867.

Sophia Alexander, wife of Rev. J. Dale, born March 28, 1820, died November 3, 1871.

Lelia Emma, wife of Edward L. Chapman, died December, 28, 1872, aged 17 years, 4 months, 14 days.

Mary E., infant daughter of E. L. and L. E. Chapman, died January 27, 1873, aged 1 month, 6 days.

Amanda L. daughter of Alex and S. E. McClure, died July 2, 1869, aged 1 year, 4 months, 13 days.

Samuel McClure, died August, 27, 1865, aged 64 years, 10 months, and 22 days.

Louisa W., wife of Samuel McClure, died July 6, 1849, aged 36 years, 3 months.



# COUNTRY GRAVEYARDS.

## NUMBER TWO.

### The James Crum Graveyard.

BY HON. J. N. GRIDLEY.

**T**HE Union Chapel is located upon the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of Sec. 36, T. 17, R. 11, at the southwest corner of the tract; the ground was donated by Oswell Thompson who purchased the land of Peter Karges in 1832. The James Crum burial ground lies across the public road to the south in the edge of Morgan county upon the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of Sec. 1, in T. 16, R. 11, which was entered by one Kirkpatrick. This church was erected by the Protestant Methodists and Episcopal Methodists and Baptists with the understanding that each denomination should have the use of the building one Sunday each month and the use of it the remaining Sunday to be determined by the trustees. The graveyard was donated by Mr. Crum.

This burial ground is well located, and enclosed by a good and substantial fence and is evidently well cared for. The first recorded death in this cemetery is that of Margaret, the wife of R. Mathews, who died on the 29th day of October, 1834, aged 26 years. The remainder are as follows:

Samuel Thornley, born January 30, 1822, died March 26, 1901.

Hugo Thornley, born August 18, 1831, died December 13, 1898.

Anna May Thornley, 1860-1901.

William Franklin, son of Hugo and Mary Thornley, died July 11, 1865, aged one year and 1 month.

Emma Lou, daughter of Hugo and Mary Thornley, died September 19, 1867, aged 1 year, 3 months, 3 days.

Everett, son of A. M. and M. L. Thompson, died December 14, 1883, aged 5 months, 5 days.

William H., son of A. M. and M. L. Thompson, died June 21, 1883, aged 7 years, 6 months.

Nellie E., daughter of A. M. and M. L. Thompson, born Aug. 1, 1874 died October 19, 1874, aged 2 months, 19 days.

J. M. Richards, died April 2, 1872 aged 39 years, 1 month, 12 days.

Hester A., wife of J. H. Richards, died March 12, 1876, aged 42 years, 7 months 3 days.

James D., son of T. and M. A. Richards, died July 28, 1877, aged 1 year, 4 months, 20 days.

Delilah, wife of J. H. Richards' died Sept. 2, 1860, aged 58 years, 4 months.

James H. Richards died June 29, 1866, aged 66 years.

Nancy Rhineberger, born Dec. 23, 1841, died May 13, 1879, aged 37 years. 4 months, 20 days.

Walter, born August 25, 1876; died March 28, 1880.

Etta, born and died May, 1879—children of W. H. and N. Rhineberger.

Infant of J. and M. E. Ater, died April 25, 1887.

Elizabeth Ater, born October 10, 1833, died July 12, 1890.

Hannah H., wife of J. B. Kenworthy, died August 13, 1893, aged 80 years, 7 months, 8 days.

Joseph B. Kenworthy, died January 20, 1875, aged 64 years, 9 months, 21 days.

Joseph, son of J. T. and I. M. Charlesworth, died November 16, 1887.

George L., son of G. and M. Charlesworth, died March 28, 1871 aged 2 years, 8 months, 13 days.

Mary Lee, daughter of G. and M. Charlesworth, died April 18, 1880, aged 8 years, 6 months 26 days.

John W., son of G. and M. Charlesworth, died December 23, 1887, aged 24 years, 9 months, 18 days.

Charles W., son of T. and M. Fozzard died December 17, 1857, aged 1 year, 10 days.

David, son of T. and M. Fozzard, died July 1, 1851, aged 7 months.

Mary Fozzard, wife of Thomas Fozzard, died May 10, 1875, aged 51 years, 3 months, 7 days.

Thomas Fozzard, died July 5, 1880, aged 78 years, 1 month, 7 days.

Richard D., son of——— and M. Smart, died January 1, 1866, aged 4 years, 9 months, 2 days.

Margaret Thompson born Feb. 7, 1834, died July 23, 1878.

Daisy, daughter of Wm. T. and Nettie Webb, died Feb. 2, 1888, aged 2 months, 12 days.

Nettie, wife of Wm. T. Webb, died March 13, 1888, aged 23 years.

Nancy Crowther, died May 31, 1880, aged 45 years.

Catherine, daughter of S. and N. Crowther, died March 11, 1865, aged 6 years, 11 months, 29 days.

Oswell Thompson, senior, died Sept 19, 1838, aged 55 years

Catherine, wife of Oswell Thompson, died Nov. 18, 1859 aged 88 years.

Nancy Ater, died June 29, 1887, aged 81 years, 6 months, 27 days.

Bassel Ater, died Oct. 5, 1866, aged 63 years, 10 months, 23 days.

Martha E., wife of A. W. Butcher, died May 21, 1860, aged 31 years.

Margaret, widow of G. Thompson, born in Ross Co., Ohio, Oct. 29, 1806, died at Beardstown, Ill., Sept. 7, 1884.

George Thompson, died Dec. 4, 1868, aged 67 years.

James B. Crowther, died Aug. 30, 1871, aged 68 years, 10 months.

Richard Mathews, died Nov. 17, 1874, aged 73 years, 3 months, 6 days.

Amanda F., wife of R. Mathews, died Sept. 1890, aged 75 years, 11 months 20 days.

Cyrus M., son of R. and M. Mathews, died October 27, 1839, aged 9 years, 5 months, 17 days.

Mary Ann, died April 9, 1858, aged 6 years, 8 months, 29 days.

Franklin E., died February 2, 1863, aged 19 years, 2 months, 21 days: children of R. and A. F. Mathews.

Lucy A., daughter of J. H. and E. G. Melone and wife of Rev. W. T. Beadles, died April 2, 1882, aged 28 years, 11 months, 4 days.

Luella Belle, wife of T. E. Fox, 1861-1893.

Hazel, daughter of T. E. and L. B. Fox, born January 22, 1893, died September 15, 1893.

John H. Melone, 1815-1893.

Mary C., daughter of J. H. and E. G. Melone, died January 18, 1881, aged 33 years, 6 months, 28 days.

George W., son of J. H. and E. G. Melone, died January 18, 1858, aged 2 years, 3 months, 9 days.

Ida Lee, daughter of J. H. and E. G. Melone, died February 1, 1879, aged 14 years, 5 months, 25 days.

Sarah E., daughter of C. and M. Crum, died October 16, 1847, aged 2 years, 1 month 8 days.

Margaret Jane, daughter of Christian and Mary Crum, died April 27, 1859, aged 7 years, 2 months, 25 days.

Amos, son of C. and M. Crum, died February 16, 1842, aged 8 months.

Christian Crum, born May 11, 1803, died December 30, 1881, aged 78 years, 3 months, 19 days.

Mary Robertson, wife of Christian Crum, born May 17, 1813, died March 9, 1882, aged 68 years, 9 months, 22 days.

Jimmie Newton, son of W. H. and A. C. Thompson, died March 22, 1871, aged 7 days.

Walter, son of W. H. and C. A. Fronk, born July 27, 1887, died March 27, 1902.

William Marcellus, son of James and Christine Crum, 1844-1895.

Olive Crum, infant daughter of George A. and Jessie Phillips, died January 26, 1897.

Little Maud, daughter of W. M. and M. E. Crum, died November 15, 1878, aged 3 years, 9 months, 23 days.

Clarissa, daughter of A. and C. A. Pittner, died July 20, 1857, aged 21 years.

Fountain F., son of A. and C. A. Pitner, died August 13, 1866, aged 13 years, 6 months, 5 days.

James Crum, 1806-1899.

His wife, Christine Ream, 1814-1878.

Oscar R., son of J. and C. Crum, died September 9, 1858, aged 37 years and 4 months.

David M. Crum, son of James and Christine Crum, died October 4, 1851, aged 17 years, 9 months, 27 days.

Anna B., daughter of J. F. and S. I. Crum, died March 6, 1861, aged 2 years, 6 months, 17 days.

Amanda Ellen, daughter of Michael and Jemima Ream, died November 21, 1861, aged 11 years, 1 days.

George F., son of M. and J. Ream, died January 11, 1858, aged 4 months, 22 days.

Nettie B., died May 8, 1859, aged 5 months.

James M., died June 21, 1859, aged 4 years, 12 days: son and daughter of M. and J. Ream.

Michael Ream died Nov. 26, 1860 aged 48 years 7 days.

Susannah, wife of Peter Buxton born in Montgomery county, Ohio, May

19, 1802, died January 28, 1888.

Elizabeth Lambert 1798-1880.

Sarah, wife of George W. Ream, died Sept. 21, 1866, aged 29 years, 11 months 17 days.

George W. Ream, died April, 18 1861, aged 30 years, 1 month.

William Pitner, died March 22, 1875, aged 75 years.

Catherine, wife Wm. Pitner, died February 9, 1851, aged 32 years.

Michael Pitner, died April 30, 1840, aged 64 years, 3 months.

Catherine wife of M. Pitner, died October 19, 1872, aged 94 years, 10 months.

Thomas J. Shields, died October 1, 1880, aged 44 years 11 months, 17 days.

Charles N., son of T. and F. E. Shields, died July 11, 1871, aged 3 months, 21 days.

Cecil and Cedilla, children of T. S. and S. A. Crum, born and died June 19, 1881.

Davis, son of C. M. and S. Batis died December 16, 1868, aged 5 years, 9 months, 11 days.

Alexander Jordan, died Dec. 11, 1867, aged 50 years.

John, died Oct. 13, 1865, aged 7 years, 8 months, 28 days; Joseph died Nov. 20, 1860, aged 1 year, 7 months, 5 days; children of A. and C. Jorden.

Louisa, wife of J. Dean, died Feb. 24, 1863, aged 34 years, 2 months

Louise, daughter of J. and L. Dean, died Aug. 4, 1863, aged 6 months.

Franklin, son of Samuel H., and Catherine Beach, born Feb. 8, 1872; died July 14, 1873,

Laura Belle, daughter of E. H. and M. A. Richardson. died Sept. 13, 1868, aged 1 year. 5 months, 28 days.

Enos E., son of E. H. and Mary A. Richardson, died July 12, 1876, aged 4 months, 8 days.

Patrick M. Shields died Aug. 28, 1870, aged 30 years, 7 months and 28 days.

James M. Shields, died Jan. 12, 1861, aged 23 years, 2 months and 5 days.

Michael Shields died Aug. 20, 1841, aged 40 years.

William C., son of A. and S. Pogue, died Feb. 22, 1861, aged 16 months and 20 days.

## COUNTRY GRAVEYARDS: NUMBER FOUR.

### The Karr Graveyard.

BY HON. J. N. GRIDLEY.

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**T**HIS burial place is located upon the southeast quarter of southeast quarter, Sec. 12, T. 18, R. 11, on a high bluff overlooking the Sangamon Valley, and from which a most enchanting view is spread before the lover of Nature. The place is named in honor of Elisha Karr, an early settler, who purchased the land of William Pelham, Aug. 21, 1834. The ground is well cared for: there are many solid and expensive monuments therein, erected to the memory of the dead who sleep within the inclosure. It is probable that this burial place will be kept in good condition for many years.

The first recorded death in this graveyard is that of Elizabeth Karr who died May 4, 1835 aged 28 years, 3 months. The remainder are as follows:—

Joseph N. Collins, born Aug. 22, 1828, died Jan. 24, 1905

J. Frank Emerick died August 8, 1900, aged 33 years, 1 month, 22 days.

Mary C. Hudnall born October 18, 1875, died June 2, 1901.

Grace May, daughter of Wm. and Ada Hudnall, born November 1, 1900, died August 2, 1901.

W. R. Hudnall, May 8, 1871, April 28, 1906.

James H. Shrewsbury, Co. F., 3rd Ill. Cav., died November 26, 1869, aged 31 years, 10 months, 2 days.

Henry, son of D. and M. Rosenbergher, born February 25, 1865, died July 24, 1871

Lillie A., daughter of J. and M. Collins, died July 21, 1896, aged 11 months 20 days.

Sophia E., wife of John Thornsbury, died April 10, 1860, aged 20 years, 4 months.

James, son of T. and H. McAllister, died August 1, 1863, aged 1 year, 9 months, 24 days.

Infant son of T. and H. McAllister, died August 28, 1864, aged 7 days.

William son of T. and H. McAllister, died September, 6, 1876, aged 5 years 9 months, 27 days.

Eliza A., daughter of W. W. and C. Hare, died April 11, 1887, aged 35 years 2 months, 11 days.

Carolme, wife of W. W. Hare, died September 7, 1888, aged 58 years, 6 months, 8 days.

George W. Collins, died December 29, 1896 aged 43 years.

Daisy, died October 7, 1896, aged 13 years, 4 months, 12 days.

Edward, died January 27, 1897, aged 18 years 21 days.

Hattie, 1887-1897. Children of G. W. and M. Collins.

Matilda M., wife of J. C. Schaad. died August 22, 1897, aged 33 years, 6 months, 10 days.

Charles Schaad, died February 1, 1878, aged 47 years, 1 month, 7 days, a native of Germany.

Katrina, wife of John Schaad, born June 4, 1809, died February 20, 1870.

Charles, son of C. and A. Schaad, born August 15, 1869, died May 5, 1870

Katrina, daughter of C. and A. Schaad, born August 17, 1867, died June 15, 1868.

Margaret Baehr, born September 25, 1795, died March 11, 1866, aged 70 years, 5 months, 14 days.

Claus Theivaght, born in Province of Hanover, October 20, 1830, died September 20, 1867.

Cynthia A. wife of B. H. Wing, died April 16, 1863, aged 22 years, 6 months 29 days.

Isaiah S. Carlton, 1884-1900.

Mary Ann, daughter of A. J. and N. Smith, born June 23, 1859, died August 7, 1860.

Roy E., son of J. G. and C. Kruse, born September 17, 1892, died August 4, 1894.

Emily C., daughter of Samuel and Anna Smith, died August 6, 1860, aged 17 years, 4 months, 16 days.

Stephen R. son of S. and A. Smith, died September 6, 1854, aged 28 years, 5 months, 28 days.

John A. Wells, died January 11, 1852, aged 34 years, 6 months, 9 days.

George W. Moore, died March 1, 1867, aged 46 years, 1 month, 2 days.

Ervin, son of G. and H. M. Moore, born August 11, 1851, died March 1, 1867.

William Blake, born April 5 1805, died April 24, 1866, aged 61 years, 19 days.

R. B. Daugherty, died September 22, 1850, aged 45 years.

Mary A. Hill, born June 18, 1828, died July 6, 1857.

Horace Hill, born February 4, 1828, died April 23, 1877.

Mary Ann, wife of Amasa Hill, born August 11, 1832, died November 4, 1885.

Amasa Hill died January 5, 1902, aged 71 years, 6 months, 4 days.

Margaret J., daughter of R. and M. Blake, died July 21, 1867, aged 1 year, 3 months, 19 days.

Indiana, wife of L. L. Warfield, born February 14, 1822, died October 29, 1851.

Harriet, daughter of L. L. and I. Warfield aged 3 weeks.

Frances, daughter of L. L. and I. Warfield, died September 12, 1850, aged 4 years, 9 months, 3 days.

S. J. Shaeffer, son of C. C. and M. J. Shaeffer, died September 27, 1869, aged 17 days.

J. E. Shaeffer, son of C. C. and M. J. Shaeffer, died April 15, 1866, aged 6 weeks.

Lizzie May, daughter of J. and E. Emerick, died January 12, 1866, aged 2 years, 2 months, 14 days.

Susanna, daughter of C. and R. Shaffer, died April 27, 1845, aged 9 years, 22 days.

Susannah, wife of Jacob Emerick, died December 12, 1858, aged 81 years,

11 months, 3 days.

Nancy, wife of Asher Heusted died April 12, 1857, aged 89 years, 8 months.

William Lehmkuhl, born April 28, 1797, died July 21 1859.

Sarah, wife of Seth Heusted, died October 1, 1875, aged 71 years, 8 months, 27 days.

Seth Heusted, born September 12, 1802, died October 21, 1881, aged 79 years, 1 month, 9 days.

Emma, daughter of J. H. and S. R. Kinney, born May 2, 1871, died September 21, 1872, aged 1 year, 4 months, 19 days.

Infant daughter of John H. and S. R. Kinney, died November 26, 1876, aged 2 months, 18 days.

Sacred to the memory of Joshua C. Alexander jr., who died October 10, 1851, aged 43 years 6 months, 20 days and was married to Mary Black, July 8, 1829.

Eliza C. Alexander, died January 8, 1854 aged 4 years and 24 days.

Mary, wife of John Schaad, died December 11, 1883, aged 39 years, 10 months, 4 days.

Pierce Ryan, died January 14, 1894, aged 74 years, 9 days.

John F., son of A. and M. A. Giles, died September 15, 1857, aged 6 years, 6 months.

Mary F., daughter of D. M. and E. S. French, died June 25, 1864, aged 5 months, 25 days.

James Logan, died May 5, 1847, aged 56 years.

Emma Logan, died August 3, 1865, aged 69 years.

Christopher Shaeffer, born in Rockbridge Co., Va., July 13, 1805: came to Ill., in 1829: married January 9, 1830, and died April 22, 1871.

Rachel Schaeffer, born in Butler Co., Ohio, Nov. 27, 1813: came to Ill., in 1826: died February 12, 1897

Benjamin F. Forsythe, died August 1845, aged 24 years, 7 months.

Martin Van Buren, son of Jeremiah and Ellen Bowen, born February 4, 1833, died May 26, 1848

Ruth, daughter of Jere. and Ellen Bowen born October 28, 1815, died Sept. 7, 1851,

Jeremiah Bowen, born January 14, 1792 died October 25, 1859.

Amanda M., daughter of J. A. and M. Dick died December 29 1855, aged 3 years

Infant son of James A. and M. Dick April 18, 1857.

Infant son of James A., and Mary Dick. May 8, 1860 aged 1 day.

Mary, daughter of James A. and Mary Dick died October 11, 1860 aged 10 years, 9 months, 29 days.

James A. Dick, born June 10, 1823, died October 28, 1902.

Mary Dick, born September 27, 1819, died June 4, 1896.

Sarah E. Bowen, born June 14, 1860, died October 25, 1879.

Jane, daughter of J. and L. Bowen, born January 9, 1865, died February 9, 1865.

Pet. daughter of J. and L. Bowen, born August 13, 1858, died September 29, 1858.

Caroline, daughter of P. and M. Bowen, born September 10, 1848, died October 1, 1851.

Job A. Bosworth, son of Samuel and Patience Bosworth, of Barrington, R. I., died June 16, 1848, aged 42 years, 11 months.

Nora Calif, daughter of C. H. and S. E. Calif, died December 15, 1887, aged 15 years, 11 months, 15 days.

Grace, daughter of Daniel and Mary Bottrell, born August 13 1872. died August 17, 1873.

John K., son of W. and M. D. Sudbrink, born October 3, 1859, died January 3, 1868.

Henry Lewis, son of W. and M. D. Sudbrink, died August 23, 1864, aged 12 years, 7 months, 28 days.

William Sudbrink, died July 14, 1862, aged 38 years, 6 months, 17 days.

Catherine Sudbrink, died November 6, 1887, aged 74 years, 3 weeks.

Lewis Sudbrink, died July 10, 1857, aged 42 years, 10 months.

Catherine, wife of John F. Sudbrink, died March 3, 1876, aged 84 years, 9 months, 17 days.

John F. Sudbrink, died October 9, 1848, aged 67 years, 1 month, 7 days.

G. Henry Sudbrink, died November 29, 1849, aged 30 years, 10 months, 18 days.

Jemima, wife of John Waggoner, died August 23, 1856, aged 54 years.

John, husband of Jemima Waggoner, died May 17, 1854, aged 61 years, 11 months, 15 days

Fielding, son of J. and G. Wagner, died March 15, 1857, aged 21 years, 11 months, 29 days.

Sarah Emeline, wife of David Wagner, died April 3, 1860, in the 30th year of her age.

Mary Ann, daughter of D. and E. J. Wagner, died Sept. 1, 1874, aged 12 years, 8 months, 16 days.

Charles, son of D. and E. J. Wagner, died Feb. 2, 1888, aged 14 years, 9 months, 20 days.

Mary S., wife of D. J. Cole, born March 21, 1829. died Aug. 19, 1862, aged 33 years, 4 months 29 days.

Daniel W., son of D. J. and H. E. Cole, born March 5, 1871, died January 23, 1872.

William Taylor, born Feb. 10, 1819, died Feb. 12, 1900.

Florence McNeill, died Feb. 23, 1888, aged 48 years, 9 months, 25 days.

Maggie, wife of David Carr, died May 21, 1890, aged 46 years.

Chalmers McNeill, son of D. and M. Carr, died March 15 1892, aged 5 years 5 months, 26 days.

W. David, son of David and Maggie Carr, born January 22, 1875, died March 19, 1903.

Oliver J., son of D. and M. E. Carr, born April 19, 1866, died Oct. 19, 1870.

George N. Kendall, born Oct. 4, 1812, died August 24, 1902.

Jane Carr, wife of Geo. N. Kendall, born Feb 7, 1829, died Jan. 23, 1892.

David Cook, died April 4, 1885, aged 20 years, 28 days.

Fannie Hoskinson, died June 3, 1837, aged 41 years.

John Cook, born Sept. 1, 1838, died Feb. 4, 1867, aged 28 years, 5 months, 3 days.

Sierra Nevada, daughter of J. and J. Cook, born April 8, 1886, died Oct. 8, 1886, aged 6 months.



Nelson Karr, died July 24, 1835, aged 17 months, 23 days.

Emily, wife of A. Sudbrink, died October 24, 1866, aged 28 years, 2 months, 2 days.

William Briar, died April 4 1859, aged 36 years, 7 months.

Sarah Karr, consort of John Karr, died August 10, 1836, aged — years.

John Karr, died June 3, 1836, aged — years.

(These are sand stone slabs, and a part of the figures are obliterated.)

Mary A., daughter of David and Julia Ann Carr, died October 3, 1849, aged 2 years, 6 months, 6 days.

Sierra Nevada, daughter of David and Julia Ann Carr, died October 3, 1856, aged 5 years, 5 months, 10 days.

David Carr, born May 1, 1811, died December 22, 1859, aged 48 years, 7 months, 22 days

Laura, daughter of David and Julia Ann Carr, died November 1, 1860, aged 1 year, 8 months, 10 days.

Julia, wife of David Carr, died March 8, 1886, aged 73 years, 2 months, 28 days.

Mary Alice, daughter of G. N. and F. Kendall, died February 6, 1878, aged 19 years, 11 months, 8 days

Elisha Carr, born December 26, 1796, died July 9, 1837.

William Wallace, son of Elisha and Mary Carr, died November 14, 1851, aged 16 years 10 months, 24 days.

Andrew William, son of A. and F. Clark, died September 12, 1853, aged 1 year, 3 months, 4 days.

James Harry, son of Elisha and Mary Carr, died February 14, 1854, aged 29 years, 21 days.

William T. Clemmons, born February 16, 1806, died October 11, 1886.

Sophia, wife of Wm. S. Clemmons, died April 14, 1860, aged 50 years and 23 days.

Lemon, son of J. and N. Plaster, died February 15, 1864, aged 20 years, 6 months, 5 days.

Little George, son of J. and R. Houck, died March 4, 1864, aged 1 year, 6 months.

Peter Houck, died April 14, 1872, aged 39 years, 3 months, 11 days.

Elizabeth Houck, wife of Jacob Houck, died September 12, 1875, aged 79 years, 8 months, 15 days.

Vincent C. Carper, died January 31, 1850, aged 23 years, 4 months, 29 days.

Eliza A. Carper, died August 18, 1852, aged 51 years, 11 months, 13 days.

Charles, son of A. and M. Schaad, born December 9, 1871, died July 18, 1873.

Neele, son of A. and M. Schaad, born September 21, 1869, died July 15, 1873.

Maggie, daughter of A. and M. Schaad, born December 8, 1866, died September 30, 1868, aged 1 year, 9 months, 22 days.

Margaret, wife of Neal Taylor, born in Argylishire, Scotland, in 1814, died April 24, 1878, aged 64 years.

Angus Taylor, born in Argylishire, Scotland, September 1799, died February 20, 1869, aged 69 years, 5 months.

Niell Taylor, died June 10, 1851, aged 49 years.

Alexander Taylor, born in Scotland, October 29, 1803, died April 17, 1864,

John Taylor, born in Scotland, September 30, 1813, died May 17, 1891, aged 77 years, 7 months, 17 days.

John H., son of A. and M. Rose, died October 17, 1854, aged 1 year, 10 months, 18 days.

Infant son of W. and M. E. Taylor, born and died May 19, 1865.

Duncan McCrig, died August 1, 1857, aged 45 years.

Katie, daughter of R. and J. Taylor, born July 19, 1882, died October 16, 1885.

Flora, daughter of R. and J. Taylor, died September 8, 1884, aged 34 years, 3 months, 12 days.

Miza Josephine, daughter of R. and J. Taylor, born October 5, 1854, died May 28, 1882.

Robert Taylor, 1816-1902.

Helen, daughter of R. and J. Taylor, 1844-1903.

Archibald Taylor, July 2, 1806, April 9, 1896.

Mary, daughter of Neil and M. Taylor, died September 19, 1892, aged 49 years, 8 months, 24 days.

Robert, son of Neil and M. Taylor, died February 28, 1902, aged 56 years, 5 months.

Minnie, daughter of W. and Mary Blohm, died June 13, 1871, aged 5 years, 6 months, 13 days.

Mary Elizabeth, wife of John W. Blohm, died May 18, 1892, aged 62 years, 10 months, 4 days.

J. W. Blohm, born January 18, 1820, died July 6, 1897.

Charles, son of John and M. L. Musch, born September 3, 1850, died February 27, 1870, aged 19 years, 5 months, 24 days

Duncan Taylor, died July 13, 1845, aged 34 years.

Mizey, wife of Robert Taylor, born in Argyleshire, Scotland, died July 4, 1845, aged 66 years.

Elizabeth, wife of Charles McNeil, of Scotland, died March 20, 1859, aged 79 years, 7 months.

Lachlan McNeil, 1809-1901.

His wife Florence Taylor. 1808-1859.

Elizabeth, daughter of L. and F. McNeil, died January 30, 1872, aged 34 years, 7 months, 10 days.

Mizey, daughter of L. and F. McNeil. born July 5, 1839, died August 5, 1869.

Jesse Livingston, born November 3, 1828, died February 2, 1891, aged 63 years, 2 months, 19 days.

Lillian May, daughter of F. and M. J. Coldwell, died March 14, 1873, aged 5 months, 7 days

## COUNTRY GRAVEYARDS. NUMBER FIVE.

### The George H. Bristow Graveyard.

BY HON. J. N. GRIDLEY.

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**T**HIS burial ground is situated on the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter of Section 31, T. 17, R. 10, on the farm now owned by T. J. Crum, and near the corner, a short distance east of the Crum homestead. This tract of land was entered by William Breeden on November 19, 1827, and by him sold to George H. Bristow in December, 1830. Mr. Bristow lived upon the tract and kept a small store, between the burial plat and where the Crum homestead stands. At this place the militia met to go through their military drills, and here the stage coach made a stopping place in an early day. Upon the present site of this burial ground stood a beautiful walnut tree, which was an object of pride of Mr. Bristow, who often called attention to it with the remark that he wanted to be buried under it when his time came. Bristow was fond of fishing and hunting and often went to the Sangamon river to gratify his love of these sports. Upon one of these periodical trips he sickened and died; his body was brought home and, in accordance with his oft expressed request, was buried under the favorite tree. No trace of the tree can now be found.

This information we get from Mr. T. J. Crum, to whom it was often told in his youth, but the date of his death can not be learned. His administrators sold the land to Henry Price in 1835 and his death and burial must have occurred shortly before that time. His body was the first buried at that place, and after the purchase of the land by Mr. Price he allowed the place to become a burial place by the people of the vicinity.

The first recorded death in this graveyard is that of Matilda, daughter of P. and B. Cowlover, who died December 8, 1836, aged 6 months and 10 days. The others are as follows:

Elizabeth, wife of J. Hammer, died June 19, 1855, aged 17 years.

Amanda C., wife of O. M. Ross, died March 8, 1854, aged 27 years.

Sarah, wife of Moses C. Price, died September 3, 1850, aged 21 years, 8 months, 26 days.

Adam C., son of H. and M. A. Price, died March 1, 1839, aged 5 years, 9 months and 23 days.

Sarah E., daughter of P. and B. Cowlover, died May 25, 1839, aged 1 year, 7 months.

William T., son of P. and B. Cowlover, died May 16, 1839, aged 6 months, 10 days.

David, son of P. and B. Cowlover, died March 22, 1837, aged 1 year, 10 months, 14 days.

Mary J., daughter of P. and B. Cownover, died May 5, 1839, aged 6 years, 5 months, 24 days.

Beersheba, wife of P. Cownover, died January 2, 1853, aged 48 years, 4 months, 23 days. The stone erected at the grave of this mother, who was laid by the side of her five children who had gone before her, lies flat upon the ground.

Ann Catharine, wife of G. W. Powell, died April 13, 1849, aged 57 years, 7 months, 25 days.

George W. Powell, died September 15, 1857, in the 66th year of his age.

Yancey Powell died September 21, 1852, aged 44 years, 6 months, 21 days.

Samuel Napoleon, son of Joseph and Sarah Pence, died September 17, 1847, aged 1 year, 5 months, 3 days.

John Corn, son of Joseph and Sarah Pence, died December 4, 1846, aged 3 years and 20 days.

Mary, wife of J. Samuels, died August 31st, 1853, aged 47 years, 7 months, 14 days.

Mary Etty, daughter of Joseph C. and Sarah Pence, died November 25, 1846, aged 4 years, 4 months, 20 days.

George W. House, died December 27th, 1853, aged 22 years, 23 days.

Hugh R. Powell, died April 24, 1859, aged 60 years, 7 months, 3 days.

Franklin, son of H. R. and S. Powell, died February 1, 1858, aged 14 years, 3 months, 21 days.

Susan F., daughter of H. R. and S. Powell, died October 14, 1845, aged 1 month and 1 day.

Mary C., daughter of H. R. and S. Powell, died August 3, 1847, aged 13 years, 24 days.

It will be noted that the last recorded death in this burial ground was that of Hugh R. Powell who died April 24, 1859. Several of the stones in this yard are broken and lying on the ground: some partly covered with earth: the plat lies in the field, next to Mr. Crum's orchard: from its appearance it has never been plowed over, but is neglected and fast vanishing: in a few years, all traces of it will have disappeared.

### **THE JAMES H. RICHARD'S GRAVEYARD.**

This place of burial lies on the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of Sec. 34, Tp. 17, R. 11, was entered by Jacob Lawrence in November 1829, and conveyed to Mr. Richards August 1, 1837. The ground is covered with trees, brush, weeds and vines: the fences have rotted away and the place is overrun with animals and in ruinous condition.

The first recorded death is that of John Clegg who died December 29, 1844 aged 42 years, 4 months, 15 days. The others are as follows:

Martin Robertson, died April 2 1840, aged 74 years, 3 days.

John H., son of E. and E. Treadway, died May 1, 1849, aged 29 years, 5 months, 14 days.

Sarah R., wife of C. Taylor, died April 26, 1849, aged 19 years, 8 months, 25 days.

William H., son of C. and S. R. Taylor, died August 6, 1849, aged 4 months.

Elizabeth, wife of James Clark, died February 5, 1859, aged 60 years, 10 months.

Sarah, wife of David Hamaker, died October 3, 1855, aged 44 years, 9 months, 23 days.

David Hamaker, died August 29, 1863, aged 68 years, 5 months, 27 days.

Aaron Ream, died December 19, 1856, aged 31 years, 9 months, 2 days.

Mary A. Ream, wife of Aaron Ream, died July 8, 1853, aged 26 years, 4 months, 21 days.

Amos W., son of Aaron and Mary Ream, died October 6, 1847, aged 1 year, 7 months, 14 days.

### **The Marshall Graveyard.**

This graveyard was located near the south line of the southeast quarter of Sec. 33, Tp. 17, R. 10, which was owned by Jacob Petefish at the time of his death. The bodies of the Marshall family were removed from this burial place many years ago. But one marked grave is left, that of William F., son of A. and A. McLin, who died October 24, 1850, aged 4 months, 26 days. Other bodies were laid away at this place, but no traces of the graves are to be seen.

In an early day a stranger with his family made his appearance in the neighborhood, bound for Iowa. The husband and father drove one team, and a son drove another. The wife and mother was too sick to pursue the journey; an empty house belonging to Mr. Marshall was offered to this stranger, and he carried his wife into it, and made her as comfortable as could be done. She died a few days thereafter, her body was buried in the Marshall graveyard, the grave left unmarked. The sad man loaded his children and effects into his wagons and resumed his journey to Iowa and was never heard from thereafter.

Amanda M., daughter of G. W. and E. H. Thompson, died January 22, 1853, aged 16 years, 3 months, 25 days.

G. W. Thompson, died December 3, 1851, aged 48 years, 6 months, 21 days.

John W., son of G. W. and E. H. Thompson, died October 27, 1852, aged 12 years, 10 months, 13 days.

Ellen Morrison, died March 10th, 1880, aged 58 years, 5 months, 8 days.

Edward Morrison, died March 19, 1880, aged 73 years, 10 months, 7 days.

Elizabeth Morrison, died May 1850, aged 36 years.

### **THE EDWARD FLETCHER GRAVE YARD.**

This burial place lies upon the northeast quarter of the southeast quarter of Sec. 34, Tp. 17, R. 11, which was entered by Mr. Fletcher, May 27, 1831. As was stated in Sketch No. 2, County Grave Yards, this burial ground is situated upon a ridge in the middle of a pasture. Mr. Fletcher was born in England June 11, 1792. The stone which was erected at the head of his grave is broken in numerous pieces: from them the date of his death cannot be made out, but it occurred on October 2nd, 1844, in the 53d year of his age. There are five other graves here marked as follows:

Alice I, daughter of E and M. J. Fletcher, born June 28, 1856, died Nov. 6, 1857.

Susan E., daughter of D. B. and S. Wilson, died March 14, 1851, aged 2 years, 8 months, 23 days.

Mary A., daughter of D. B. and S. Wilson, died July 29, 1844, aged 4 years, 10 months.

John J. H., son of D. B. and S. Wilson, died July 16, 1847, aged 9 months,

12 days.

J. Horatio, son of E. and M. Fletcher, born April 3, 1849. died May 3, 1849.

### **The John Ream Graveyard.**

This burial place is located upon the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of Sec. 32, T. 17, R. 10, which was entered by James Sturgis, December 10, 1827, who conveyed to William McCord, December 25, 1827, who conveyed to John Ream, June 14, 1830. Upon a high wooded ridge on this tract stood a building, long ago, in which religious services were regularly conducted, and here were buried nearly a hundred bodies of early settlers. Very few of these graves were marked and all traces of most have entirely disappeared. Only nine graves are here found, which can be identified; all or nearly all the stones lie scattered about, upon the sod of a cattle pasture; all trace of a fence is gone if ever one existed.

The first recorded death, here found, is that of George E. Hamaker, son of David and Sarah Hamaker, who died January 5, 1839, aged 7 months, 15 days. The others are as follows:

John Ream, died July 30, 1849, aged 70 years, 7 days.

Margaret, wife of John Ream, died February 17, 1850, aged 69 years, 10 days.

Samuel Ream, died October 26, 1850, aged 32 years, 19 days.

# THE BLACK LAWS OF ILLINOIS.

BY HON. J. N. GRIDLEY.

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**I**N the preparation of this sketch liberal use has been made of a most valuable work entitled "Negro Servitude in Illinois." The author of this book is Dr. N. D. Harris, Professor of History in Lawrence University: it is published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, 1904.

The control of the French colony, of La Louisiane, was conferred upon Sieur Antoine Crozat, on Sept. 14, 1712. He was authorized at the same time to open a traffic in negroes, with the coast of Guinea, provided slave labor was necessary for the development of the new country, and he was guaranteed a monopoly of the trade.

M. Crozat, failed to make use of his rights and nothing came of the first suggestion of the French government concerning the introduction of slaves into Louisiana.

In August 1717, the management of the colony was transferred from him to a commercial company, called the "Compagnie de l'Occident;" and the inauguration of the slave trade took place on June 6, 1719, when the first merchant ship arrived from Guinea with five hundred blacks on board. These negroes were destined for Lower Louisiana, that is, the region between New Orleans and Natchez.

In the same year (1719) Philip Francis Renault, left France with two hundred miners and workmen, to pursue the mining industry in Upper Louisiana, under the protection of the same organization. Enroute he stopped at San Domingo and purchased five hundred slaves. On reaching the continent, he proceeded to the northern portion of Louisiana—then known as the Illinois country—and established himself near Fort Chartres, at a place which he named St. Philip. His venture, however, does not seem to have been a success, and in 1744, Renault sold his negroes to the inhabitants of the district and returned home.

Slaveholding was thus early introduced into the French settlements on the upper Mississippi. During both the French and English occupancy, of that region, occasional additions were made to this nucleus, but they were neither frequent nor numerous.

By the middle of the eighteenth century, the French had established five settlements in the alluvial district, which, beginning at Kahokia, extends along the east bank of the Mississippi to the mouth of the Kaskaskia river. These they named Kaskaskia, Kokokia, Fort Chartres, St. Philip, and Prarie du Rocher.

M. Vivier, the French missionary to the Illinois Indians, thus describes

this region in June, 1750: "We have here Whites, Negroes and Indians, to say nothing of cross-breeds. . . . . There are five French villages and three villages of the natives within a space of twenty-one leagues. . . . . In the five French villages there are perhaps eleven hundred whites, three hundred blacks and some sixty red slaves or savages. The three Illinois towns do not contain more than eight hundred souls (natives) all told." It is seen by this that Indians as well as negroes, were held in bondage.

Although the French king fixed the price of the blacks at "660 livres India currency" in 1721, and issued at Versailles, in March, 1724, under the title "La Code Noir ou Recueil de Reglements," a severe system of rules, under which the slaves of Louisiana were held and managed, the Illinois settlements were not particularly affected. They were governed by a "major-commandant," residing at Fort Chartres, and appointed by the Governor of New Orleans, but the settlers managed their plantations quite as they pleased.

Slaves were regarded as "bien foncier" or real property; but they were treated every where with much leniency and kindness. They were fed chiefly on maize, and used both as laborers and house-servants. On Sundays and feast-days they were allowed liberties, and their children were taught the catechism. There were a few large slave farms. The majority of the planters possessed but a small number of negroes. A man was well off if he owned three or four. The management of the plantations was just and liberal, and the relations existing between masters and servants were friendly; but the easiest service was doubtless on the lands of the Jesuit missionaries.

The condition of the negroes in the southern district of Louisiana, of which New Orleans was the centre, was wretched in the extreme. The "Code Noir" was rigidly enforced, the masters indifferent, the overseers often cruel, the district of country unhealthy, and the character of their work debilitating as well as degrading.

When the Illinois country passed into the hands of the English (1763), its total population was about three thousand. Of these a large porportion—about nine hundred were negro slaves. General Thomas Gage gave the French the alternative of selling without restraint their estates and removing with their personal property or becoming English subjects. A large number decided to leave, and disposed of their lands and slaves. Of these some went to New Orleans, but the majority crossed the river to St. Louis, St. Girardeau, and neighboring towns. The Jesuits departed for New Orleans with forty-eight negroes, whom they sold, and then returned to France.

This decrease in population was attended by a corresponding decline in the prosperity of the region—already noticeable when Captian Philip Pittman visited it in 1770. He gives an interesting picture of the towns and plantations, and mentions, among others, M. Beauvais, who owned "240 arpens of cultivated land and eighty slaves," a captian of militia at St. Philip possessing twenty blacks, and M. Balet—the richest man in Illinois—who resided at St. Genevieve, and controlled "a hundred negroes, besides hired white people constantly employed."

The population of the district had decreased at that time to about sixteen hundred inhabitants, of whom about six hundred were slaves. By the end of the century migration from the east and south had begun, whereby the population of the Illinois country was considerably increased.



The English government laid no restrictions upon the holding of negroes as slaves by settlers of this region, and when it came under the control of the United States slavery still existed there unhampered,

When Virginia ceded her claims on the Territory of the Northwest to the government of the United States, she stipulated that the French, Canadian and other inhabitants of Kaskaskia and the neighboring villages should be allowed to retain their ancient rights and liberties. The continuation of these privileges was guaranteed by Congress in the Ordinance of 1787, but a clause prohibiting slavery in the district "Northwest of the river Ohio" was inserted in the same instrument.

The residents of the Illinois country were considerably disturbed by this latter provision, and many thought of moving across the Mississippi into Spanish territory. Governor St. Clair, however, chose to interpret the clause as intended only to prevent the introduction of slaves, and not as aiming at the emancipation of those already there; and the migration did not take place. All doubts gradually disappeared: the view of the governor was universally accepted; and ere long the belief that article VI of the Ordinance of 1787 in no way affected the existing relations between masters and servants became a settled conviction.

Governor Ninian Edwards—one of the most distinguished lawyers in the territory, maintained in 1817 that the Ordinance of 1787 permitted "voluntary" servitude; that is, the indenturing of negroes for limited periods of service. He advocated reducing the term to one year, and advanced the belief that such contracts were "reasonable within themselves, beneficial to the slaves, and not repugnant to the public interests." Some of the less learned citizens advanced the argument, that since the French had obviously the right to retain their slaves, the other settlers of Illinois possessed the same right.

No reference was made to the subject of slavery in the first three General Assemblies of the Northwest Territory, other than the levying of a tax on all negroes over twenty-one years of age.

By 1803, however, it was found necessary to provide some legal status for the numerous indentured blacks, and to regulate the relations between masters and servants. The Governing Council of Indiana proceeded to draw up a slave code, the chief material for which was obtained from the codes of Virginia and Kentucky. This set of laws was re-enacted, in the main, by the Indiana Territorial Assemblies of 1805 and 1807; and it was regarded as a legal authorization of the existing system of indentures.

Under the provisions of this code, all male negroes under fifteen years of age, either owned or acquired, must serve till the age of thirty-five; women till thirty-two. Children born to persons of color during the period of service could also be bound out—the boys for thirty years and the girls for twenty-eight. All slaves brought into the Territory were obliged to serve the full term of their contracts; but all owners were required to register their servants with the County Clerk within thirty days after entering the Territory. Transfers from one master to another were permitted, provided the slave gave his (or her) consent before a notary.

Other provisions were added concerning the duties of masters to servants. Wholesome food, sufficient clothing, and lodging were to be provided for each

slave. The outfit for a servant was outlined as follows: "A coat, waistcoat, a pair of breeches, a hat, and a blanket." Not an abundant supply surely, but it did well for a beginning. No provision was made for a future increase of wardrobe. Nor was there any penalty connected with a failure to provide the original outfit; and no evidence is obtainable that masters generally complied with this enactment, or troubled themselves greatly concerning the servants' food or clothing.

Lazy or indifferent servants might, on an order from the justice of the county, be punished by whipping. It is not to be inferred from this that the owners always went through the form of procuring a license before proceeding to the punishment of refractory negroes. In those free and easy days, when the administration of justice and the enforcement of the laws were no easy matter, owing to the isolation of the various communities and the lack of efficient machinery for carrying out the decrees of Governors and Legislatures, the letter of the law was not always closely adhered to. The landowners were left unmolested in the management of their estates; and the question of the treatment of servants was very seldom, if ever, raised.

Negroes who refused to work or who tried to run away must serve two days extra time for every idle or absent day; and the expenses of re-capture were to be worked out by the servant in extra service. Any person harboring a runaway slave must pay the master one dollar for each day he concealed the negro. It was forbidden under severe penalty to trade or deal with a servant without the consent of his master. Negroes or mulattoes might purchase servants provided these were not white. They could retain all goods or money acquired by gift or other lawful means during their servitude, if their master gave consent; and they might obtain certificates of freedom from the county courts on presentation of proof that they had served out their time.

An attempt was made to protect the servants from cruelty or unfair treatment on the part of the master. The county courts were to punish all owners guilty of ill treatment of their slaves; but we are left in ignorance as to how the masters were to be proved guilty of this misdemeanor. It is to be inferred, however, that it was through the testimony, of neighbors rather than by any complaint on the part of the negro. Since the latter was forbidden to serve as a witness, save in cases where colored people alone were concerned. It was provided further that "all contracts between master and servant during the time of service shall be void;" and masters who allowed any sick or lame negro to become a county charge were to be fined thirty dollars.

Servants of color were not allowed to serve in the state militia, to have bail when arrested, to engage in unlawful assemblies, or to absent themselves from the plantation of their owner without a special pass, or token.

Finally, if any negro should refuse to serve his master when brought into Illinois, the owner might remove to any of the slave states with his property within sixty days.

The above code was by no means a dead letter; for the evidence is ample to prove that an extensive system of indentured servants was carried on under its protection. During the decade following 1807, a large number of negroes were brought in, and registered. In the four counties of Gallatin,

St. Clair, Madison and Randolph alone, there were over three hundred, and the whole number of slaves in the Territory increased from one hundred and thirty-five in 1800, to seven hundred and forty-nine in 1820.

The greater proportion of the negroes came from Kentucky and Tennessee, although numbers were brought also from Virginia, the Carolinas, Maryland and even Louisiana. A considerable number of these servants were registered to serve till the age limit fixed by law was reached. This meant from ten to twenty years in most cases, as the majority of negroes brought into the territory were mere boys and girls.

Most of the settlers owned slaves and were anxious to get as much service out of them as possible. Some, it is true, like Governor Coles, came into the state for the express purpose of freeing their negroes, but these were exceptions. The majority purchased slaves when very young in order to secure the longest legal terms of service. Not satisfied with that, they registered them for periods of servitude far in excess of the legal limit, many being booked to serve from forty to sixty and even ninety-nine years.

Ninian Edwards, the first governor of the territory, who knew the law well enough to register several slaves in strict accord with its provisions, felt quite free to register his servants: Rose, twenty-three years of age, for thirty-five years; Antony, forty years old, for fifteen years; Maria, fifteen years of age, for forty-five years; and Jesse, twenty-five years of age, for thirty-five years of service.

The law was further evaded by registering the children of colored servants for thirty-five years, in place of thirty years of service, on the ground that they were not born in Illinois. A case in point is Ninian Edward's Joseph, whom he registered at Kaskaskia on June 14, 1810, to serve thirty-five years. Joseph was then eighteen months old and had just been brought into the territory with his mother.

All this the masters did knowingly, believing, quite rightly, that no one would take the trouble to prosecute them for holding their slaves to unlawful service. The negroes were deceived into believing that it was legal and just to bind themselves for such long periods. This deception was kept up until 1840; and one of the chief complaints of the slaveholders against the lawyers who later defended the negroes in the State Courts was, "you tell our slaves they are free."

Transfers of colored servants were frequent. The consent of the servant being legally necessary, it was customary to secure it by a commutation of the term of servitude, as in the case of Jane, whom Hezekiah Davis, of Jackson county, sold in August, 1817, to Samuel Cochran, and whose term of service was shortened from fifty to forty years. Judging from the bills of sale extant, it is evident that this formality was frequently overlooked, and masters disposed of their property without consulting the wishes of the slaves themselves.

Negroes were also bequeathed by will and sold at auction like any species of personal property. In making bequests some citizens evidently believed that they possessed their slaves, soul and body for all time. The majority of these were French, but some were men of genuine southern pioneer stock. Others, like Samuel Campbell and Benjamin West, although believing quite as firmly in the right of holding slaves, transferred to their descendants the "time" of their servants and made just stipulations for their freedom in the

future.

No attempt was made to conceal the traffic in slaves. Frequent notices of desirable negroes "for sale" and "wanted" appeared in the "Western Intelligencer" of Kaskaskia. The "Missouri Gazette," published in St. Louis, and enjoying a considerable circulation in Illinois, contained, from 1808 to 1820, many similar advertisements. The St. Louis Exchange and Land Office, owned by S. A. Wiggins, and dealing largely in slaves, not only advertised in the Illinois papers, but also had branch offices at Kaskaskia and Edwardsville. It was easy, however, for the settlers of southwestern Illinois to cross the Mississippi to St. Charles or St. Louis, and the inhabitants of Gallatin county to visit Kentucky, at any time to purchase slaves.

The lot of the indentured servant was not so pleasant but that he was glad to escape from it. The first numbers of the "Western Intelligencer" contain rewards offered for runaway slaves; and similar notices continued to appear long after the territory became a state. Even at this early day, too, the practice of kidnapping had begun. Negroes whose terms of service were about to expire were seized, carried off to New Orleans and the south, and sold into a servitude more wretched than before. The legislature laid the penalty of a thousand dollars fine on the abduction of a slave, but the practice continued unabated.

Indentured servants were of course taxable property; and in two counties, at least, owners were taxed a dollar per year for each one held. Their worth depended largely upon the length of their term of service still to run. One year's time of a negro was sold for one hundred dollars. The prices of boys and girls varied from three hundred to six hundred dollars, according to their physical qualifications and the period of servitude. They were used, moreover, as security for the payment of notes or the fulfillment of contracts, and if men had no use for their servants themselves they rented them out by the year to their neighbors.

The commonest form of employment for the negroes was tilling the soil of the plantations, as the farms in southern Illinois were then called; but they were also used in all kinds of household work, and served as waiters in the taverns, as dairymen, as shoemakers, as cooks and as toilers in the salt mines. The hiring of negroes for the last named industry, legalized by statute in 1814, served as a pretext for the holding of slaves in other parts of the territory.

"To roll a barrel of salt once a year or to put salt into a salt cellar was sufficient excuse," says Governor Flower, "for any man to hire a slave and raise a field of corn." This was not the only scheme resorted to in order to evade the law. The word "servant" was used to cover a multitude of sins. No matter under what names the farmers held their negroes—whether as "servants," "yellow boys," or "colored girls"—the fact still remained that slavery existed in the territory of Illinois, as completely as in any of the southern states. It was not limited to the settlements and towns along the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, but was practised all over the southern portion of what is now the state of Illinois, and as far north as Sangamon county, which was then just beginning to be settled.

The slavery question came into prominence as a political issue as early as December, 1817. It first appeared in connection with the framing of the constitution of 1818. The holders of colored servants felt reasonably secure in

the possession of their property because of the territorial legislation supporting the indenture system and of the publicly expressed opinions of Governors St. Clair and Ninian Edwards. Yet, as the time for the drawing up of the State Constitution drew near, the pro-indenture advocates began to lose confidence in the legal strength of their position.

It was seen that in order to secure the admission of Illinois into the Union its constitution must express itself against slavery—nominally at least. This the pro-slavery leaders determined should be done. At the same time they believed the new state legislature could, if it so desired, legally re-enact later all of the old territorial code of "Black Laws." In order not to arouse public suspicion, great secrecy was observed concerning their plans and ultimate object.

The Constitutional Convention was to meet at Kaskaskia in August, 1818. As early as April 1st articles discussing the advisability of making Illinois a slave state and vice versa, began to appear in the "Western Intelligencer." After the 17th of June there was scarcely an edition that did not contain one or more communications on the subject.

The main arguments advanced in favor of slavery were: that it would tend to increase the tide of emigration from the southern states toward Illinois, and thereby to promote the speedy settlement and improvement of the country; that the slave labor was necessary to the opening up of new lands; that the liability of slave insurrections was less when the negroes were distributed over the nation; and that, to provide the colored people with a partial escape from the servitude of the south by the possibility of a transfer to the lighter indenture system of Illinois, would be an inestimable blessing to the race.

All this was refuted with considerable force and skill by the anti-slavery supporters, who maintained that slavery was a great social and economic, as well as moral, evil; and that its perpetuation in Illinois would impede, rather than advance the progress of the new state.

Several compromises were suggested, but only one was practical. This appeared in an article signed "Pacificus" and addressed to the "Honorable Members of the Convention of the Illinois Territory." It advocated the incorporation of the existing indenture system in the new constitution, provided the term of service was made forty years, the slaves were instructed in religion and the rudiments of education, and that a general emancipation should occur on January 1st, 1860. This proposal met with little acceptance, partly because "Pacificus" was in advance of his times, and partly because of the opposition to long term indentures, then becoming general.

The election of delegates to the convention occurred early in July. The votes were all given viva voce, and there was but one polling place in each county. Although no organized political parties existed, the majority of the candidates were either professed opponents or well known advocates of slavery. Some, like Mr. Elisha Kane, of Randolph county, tried to evade the direct issue.

The constitutional convention met on the 3rd of August and completed its work on the 26th of the same month. Thirty-three delegates were present representing fifteen counties. Among the prominent members were Jesse B. Thomas, E. K. Kane, Hezekiah West and James Hall. Unfortunately the

minutes of the convention have been lost and the greater part of the records and newspapers of the time have disappeared. So it is extremely difficult to determine the real attitude of the various delegates regarding the slavery question. Note: Since the publication of Prof. Harris' book, the minutes of the convention have been found and are now in the Illinois Historical Library.

Mr. W. Kitchell informs us in the "Illinois Republican," of June 30, 1824, that there were "twenty-one members against the introduction of slavery and twelve in favor of it." This should be interpreted to mean, that there were twenty-one delegates opposed to putting any article in the constitution of 1818 that should legalize slavery in Illinois, and twelve who favored the introduction of such an article.

There was no distinct division into pro-slavery and anti-slavery parties as these terms are generally used. The vote was decided more by policy than by principle; but it is possible to distinguish three classes of men in the convention of 1818. First, there were those who desired an out and out pro-slavery constitution; second, those who, opposed to slavery in any form, wished an entirely free constitution; and third, a set of "compromisists" who preferred to maintain as far as possible the existing system of indentures, while at the same time giving to the state the semblance of a free constitution. These last seem to have been numerically the strongest, for they succeeded in having their policy adopted. This they accomplished by securing the adherence of the men opposed to slavery solely on economic grounds, of those who feared that Congress would reject the constitution if it contained a distinct provision admitting slavery, and finally, of those opposed to slavery on principle, who accepted the compromise in lieu of anything better.

This state of affairs in the convention does not seem to have been clearly understood by outsiders. The general impression was that a strong movement—one likely to succeed—was being made to secure a constitution favorable to slavery.

It was to prevent this that thirteen of the prominent men of St. Clair, Madison, Monroe and Washington counties issued an "Address to the friends of Freedom in the State of Illinois," in which they declared that "strong exertions will be made in the convention to give sanction to that deplorable evil in our state," and earnestly solicited all "true friends of freedom in every section of the territory to unite in opposing it both by the election of a delegate to Congress who will oppose it and by forming meetings and preparing remonstrances to Congress against it."

The "compromisists" were however completely successful, as is well shown by Article VI. of the constitution of 1818, which embodies the work and the attitude of the convention on this subject. The first section reads as follows: Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall hereafter be introduced into this state otherwise than for the punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convicted. Nor shall any male person arrived at the age of twenty-one years, nor any female person arrived at the age of eighteen years, be held to serve any person as a servant under any indenture hereafter made, unless such person shall enter into such indenture while in a state of perfect freedom, and on condition that a *BONA FIDE* consideration received or to be received for their service. Nor shall any indenture of any negro or mulatto hereafter made and executed out of the state, or if made in this

state, the term of where service exceeds one year, be of the least validity, except those given in case of apprenticeship."

In the second section it is provided that slaves bound in other states shall not be hired for service in Illinois, except (until the year 1825) within the district of the salt works near Shawneetown. Such contracts were limited to one year, but were renewable. The third section provided that all contracts and indentures made before 1818 should be enforced, and all negroes and mulattoes should serve out the full term of years for which they had been bound under the Territorial laws. Children of indentured servants were to become free, males at twenty-one years of age, and females at eighteen.

All this, with a few modifications, was a confirmation of the existing system. The poor negroes who were already indentured did not have their service lessened by a day. The limit of age at which colored people might be indentured was reduced from thirty-five years in case of males, and thirty-two in case of females, to twenty-one years and eighteen years respectively. This was a slight advance.

The limiting of indentures to one year's service and making them apparently optional with the negro was supposed to have practically transformed the slavery in Illinois into a pleasant sort of personal service. But it did not work out that way. Nor is it likely that the majority of the framers of this article thought that it would do so. It was too early to force the negroes annually into a renewal of their indentures and the majority of the slave-holders were too anxious to retain all their property rights and the advantages of the pre-existing system of indentures, to allow such loosely defined regulations to hamper them much in the management of their colored servants. In fact, they seem never to have seriously entertained for a moment any intention of giving up the old system of indentures, to judge from the laws enacted the following March (1819) "concerning negroes and mulattoes." These comprised the greater number of the Territorial "Black Laws," including the right of sale or transfer of a contract or indenture from one master to another. In addition, negroes were forbidden to settle or reside in the state without a certificate of freedom; and it was made unlawful to bring in slaves for the purpose of emancipating them.

Still the one year limit placed on all the new contracts for service was an effectual check upon the bringing in of negroes and indenturing them for long periods of servitude. By April, 1819, this custom seems to have been largely given up. At least there are no records of registrations of indentures after that date. This was greatly aided by the increasing revulsion in public opinion against the practice discountenanced by the new Constitution.

There was considerable uncertainty as to whether congress would admit Illinois under this Constitution of 1818 or not. The first legislature of the state met early in October, 1818, and proceeded to the election of United States senators, and of chief and associate justices for Illinois, and to the confirming of the appointments to the governor's cabinet. When this little business had been transacted they adjourned, requesting the governor to call them together again when he should have ascertained that congress had admitted the state into the Union. It is evident from this unusual action that the legislature was very much in doubt as to the actual outcome of the congressional deliberations in the matter.

The question of slavery seems to have been the vital point. On November 23, 1818, the report of the committee favoring the admission of Illinois was read in the house for the third time. Mr. Talmadge rose in opposition, "upon the ground that the constitution was not sufficiently conclusive in the rejection of slavery," the article in that instrument respecting slaves being by itself alone, in his opinion, sufficient to render the whole inadmissible. Mr. Poindexter, of Mississippi, took the lead in favoring the admission. He thought the measure relative to slavery "fraught with utility" and an "excellent safe guard to the negro." While slavery was an evil in his eyes, he nevertheless did not believe general emancipation a thing possible to obtain; and the provision in the Constitution of Illinois, relative to the negroes seemed to be well suited to the condition of things in that locality.

Mr. Harrison, of Ohio, supported Mr. Poindexter. He maintained that the "compact," as he called it, of 1789, had no reference to the slaves already held in the Northwest Territory. He regretted that the people of Illinois had not freed their slaves as the citizens of Indiana had done; but since her people had the sovereign right to do as they chose with their own negroes, he did not think the state should be excluded on a mere technicality.

This discussion was soon ended and a vote taken, which resulted in the passage of the bill by 117 ballots for and only 34 against. The Senate approved the bill without discussion on December 1, and Illinois became a state.

By this ready acceptance of the Constitution of Illinois, Congress showed its approval of the theory advanced by Governor St. Clair and General Harrison, that the Ordinance of 1789 did not apply to negroes already held as slaves in the northwest at the time when it was enacted.

The labors of the compromise party in Illinois were thus crowned with success. The state was admitted and the right to retain negroes as "indentured servants" was recognized and secured.

The question of the admission of Missouri into the Union was debated for the first time in Congress during the winter of 1818 to 1819. The people of Illinois took a lively interest in the matter. Many were outspoken in opposition to the formation of another slave state on their border; and the Illinois Senators and Representatives in Congress were severely censured because they voted against the prohibition of slavery. In August, 1819, Mr. Daniel P. Cook, was elected Representative, largely because his opposition to slavery was well known.

The Missourians felt that their cause had been injured by the attitude of the Illinoisians and they determined to retaliate. They and other southern leaders, desirous of striking a blow at the "Yankees" of Illinois, found ready sympathizers among the holders of indentured negroes in Illinois, who were anxious to introduce into their state an unlimited indenture system, or better, unrestricted slavery. A scheme was soon agreed upon, by which an attempt should be made to secure a slave constitution for Illinois through the calling of a general convention for the purpose of revising the existing constitution.

To carry out this plan it was proposed to establish a pro-slavery newspaper at Edwardsville, with General J. M. Street as editor, to advocate the introduction of slavery into Illinois, and to send Elias Kane, a pro-slavery sympathizer to Congress. The "Illinois Gazette" at Shawneetown was to be purchased, and other papers enlisted in the cause if possible. As soon as con-



ditions seemed to favor, an attempt was to be made to secure a vote in the legislature for the calling of a convention to revise the constitution.

Mr. Hooper Warren, editor of the "Edwardsville Spectator," and a strong opponent of slavery, learned of the plan and exposed it in his paper on July 11, 1820, asserting that an attempt would soon be made to force a slave constitution upon Illinois. Mr. Kane answered the editorial in a personal letter to the "Illinois Intelligencer, in July 1820, denying the existence of such a plan, but strong evidence was brought out within the next few weeks to prove the existence of the plot. Mr. Kane was supported by the friends of slavery, but was defeated by Mr. Cook, on August 7, by the large majority of thirteen hundred and twenty-three, after which the advocates of the convention decided to postpone their plan until the excitement had quitted.

In 1822 a Governor, a representative to Congress and a new State Legislature were to be chosen. Although there were four candidates for Governor the contest lay between Edward Coles an anti slavery man and Chief Justice Joseph Phillips, who was a pro-slavery sympathizer. Mr. Coles was elected by a small plurality of forty-six votes, and Mr. Cook re-elected over John McLean, but a majority of pro-slavery men were chosen for the legislature.

In his inaugural address on Dec. 5, 1822, Governor Coles made an urgent request for the repeal of the "Black Laws," but every attempt made in that direction met with signal failure. One of the most important questions which arose was the contested election case from Pike County. The candidates were Hansen and Shaw. There were but three voting places in Pike and on election day Shaw claimed there was no illegality in the appointment of some of the election judges and set up a second voting place at Colesgrove. The County Clerk rejected the returns from this unauthorized voting place and issued certificate of election to Hansen. The contest was carefully tried and the election of Hansen confirmed by a vote of twenty to fourteen. When the vote for or against the calling of a constitutional Convention was taken, the resolution for the convention failed by two votes. A strong fight began, for gaining the necessary votes; the pro-slavery element was determined to win at any cost, and adopted for its motto "The Convention or Death." Promises, inducements and threats were freely indulged in. "Lobby members" from Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri hung about the public places of the capital trying to help on the cause of slavery. Instructions began to pour in upon members and Mr. Ratteu, of Green County announced that he was authorized by his constituents to vote for the convention. Mr. McFatrige, of Johnson county was next won over to the slavery side by a promise to remove the county seat, of his county from Vienna to Bloomfield.

The pro-slavery members now believing they had the necessary votes to carry their point on Feb. 11 took up the resolution and were greatly angered to find they lost by one vote: that Hansen, of Pike county had changed his vote. The rage of the conventionists was furious; a motion was carried to reconsider the vote granting him a seat and he was turned out, his opponent Shaw seated, and the motion favoring a convention was then passed with the aid of Shaw's vote.

The struggle was now on: the slavery party was led by Ex-Governor Bond, Judge Philips, Elias Kane, T. W. Smith and Benjamin West and others, and opposed to them were Governor Coles, Samuel D. Lockwood, Thomas

Mather, George Churchill, Rev. J. M. Peck, Rev. Thomas Lippincott, and Hooper Warren. A large number of ministers took part in the contest all against the convention.

The legislature adjourned in Feb., 1823, and the election could not be held until August, 1824. This delay worked in favor of those opposed to the convention. In 1823 three new counties were formed Morgan, Marion and Edgar, each being settled largely by anti-slavery men. Speeches were made in all the county seats and leading towns; thousands of pamphlets were printed and distributed, the conventionists, boldly admitted they were in favor of slavery; personal encounters were frequent: liquor flowed freely, and the greatest excitement prevailed.

Two events occurred which turned the scale in favor of the liberty party. On Dec. 9, 1823, the State House at Vandalia was set on fire by a mob which paraded the street shouting "The State House or Death," and burned Governor Coles in effigy. In the spring of 1824 the "Illinois Intelligencer," the chief organ of the convention party became financially embarrassed, and fell into the hands of Judge Lockwood as editor.

The election took place on August second: there were 4,972 votes for a convention and 6,640 against it, and Mr. Daniel Cook again elected to Congress. This settled the question for all future time.

After this election, the population of Illinois rapidly increased: the number of inhabitants in 1820 was 55,211; in 1825, 71,309; in 1830, 157,575. Within the same ten years thirty-four new counties were organized of which twenty-nine were settled chiefly by Eastern men and but five by men of Southern sympathizers.

With the vote in August, 1824, the organization of those opposed to a convention fell to the ground. The discussion of slavery ceased in the newspapers. The courts sustained masters in their right to hold slaves, and the Legislation showed little disposition to repeal the "Black Laws" of 1819. In 1825, the freeing of negroes who had lately come into the state was made possible under certain conditions, but no law was enacted which altered in any way the existing contracts for personal service. In fact the disposition was to strengthen rather than to weaken the position of the master.

In 1827 and 1829, laws were passed forbidding negroes to act as witnesses in the courts against any white person and prohibiting them from suing for their freedom. Judges were ordered not to grant freedom to slaves, but to turn them over to the sheriff, who should send them back to their owners. This last referred primarily to fugitives from the Southern states, but it applied equally well to the Illinois servants. It was provided, in addition, in 1826, that all slaves who attempted to escape must serve extra time in payment for the expenses of recapture.

The number of negroes held in Illinois under the indenture system gradually decreased. In 1830 there were only seven hundred and forty-six. This was due to death, removals from the state, expiration of indenture contracts, and the granting of freedom papers. There were comparatively few persons, however, like J. S. Colton and Joseph Atwater, of Madison county, who freed their slaves on principle. They were too valuable property to be parted with easily. Usually we find masters granting freedom to their negroes, because, "he has compensated me by his labor and money for the amount I paid for

him, viz., \$825;" or, because "she has served out her time faithfully."

Negroes were not only retained in servitude after 1824, but they were sold and transferred from master to master just as before the adoption of the new constitution. There are bills of sale still preserved, dated as late as 1837, and one in 1848. The newspapers contained advertisements of negroes for sale, or wanted until 1826. Colored persons found in the state without freedom papers and unclaimed by masters were arrested and sold at auction by the county sheriffs. Notices of these sheriff sales appeared as late as 1853. In most cases of this kind, the negroes were bound out only for one month or a year.

It is quite impossible to determine when the last of these indentured servants secured his (or her) freedom, owing to the great difficulty of procuring accurate knowledge regarding all the cases. It is safe to assume, however, that many were not set at liberty till after the supreme court decision of 1845.

For the most part they seem to have been well treated; yet, during the years from 1820 to 1826 a large number of cases of runaway negroes were reported. They were pursued, and rewards were offered for their capture. Judging from the length of time these fugitives were advertised, it appears more than likely that few, if any, were returned. There are no cases mentioned after 1826, and one may safely conclude that, either the lot of the negro was pleasanter after that date, or that he was more contented.

At that time, however, there were two good reasons why the slaves should remain satisfied with their lot. These were, the almost unbearable position of the free colored people in the state, and the barbarous practice of kidnapping all unattacked negroes. Two or three men were usually associated together for this business. One would establish himself at St. Louis or at one of the other border towns, and work up a reputation as a seller of slaves. The others would move about the Illinois counties on the lookout for negroes—slave or free. The freebooters never stopped to inquire whether a colored person was free or not. The question simply was, could he be carried off in safety? The chances of pursuit were less if the negro had no owner or interested friends. The slave-hunters seized their victims secretly, or enticed them to accompany them under false promises, placed them in wagons, and drove as rapidly as possible to the borders of the state. They usually succeeded in getting several hours' start of the county sheriff, or other persons likely to pursue them, and escaped in safety. Occasionally, however, they were overtaken and compelled to release their prey.

The kidnapers were, moreover, materially aided by the laws regarding colored people. No free negro or mulatto could settle or reside in the state without a certificate of freedom. This certificate must be shown to the County Commissioner's court of the county in which residence was desired. In addition, a bond of a thousand dollars had to be furnished as security that the negro would obey the laws and not become a county charge. Further, it was illegal for any person to hire a negro who possessed no certificate of freedom. The unfortunate individuals who had no certificates were to be advertised by a justice of the peace, or by a county sheriff, and bound out to service again by the year or month. Under such conditions, any negro who entered the state as a free man without a duly certified testimonial of free-

dom, or who became free within the state by completing his required term of apprenticeship without receiving papers from his master acknowledging this fact, was a legitimate prey of the kidnappers.

In course of time, numbers of runaway slaves appeared in Illinois, who were of course included in this class of uncertified free negroes, Consequently—and particularly since they were known to the fugitives from southern plantations—they became especial objects of pursuit for the kidnappers. The pretense of a master pursuing his escaping property under sanction of the fugitive slave laws was an excellent subterfuge. This was made use of by the kidnappers not only to seize negroes known to be runaway slaves but to get possession of many free and unsuspecting colored persons.

In the decisions of the Supreme Court of Illinois, in cases wherein the liberty of the negro was at stake, the personal bias of the judge who rendered the opinion was as apparent as now in the opinions of our courts of appeal at the present day. In 1825 the case of a negro girl named Betsy, whose mother Rachel—had apprenticed herself to one Joseph Cornelius on October 6, 1804, for a term of fifteen years. The indenture, which had been signed only by Rachel, had expired, and the woman was now free. Mr. Cornelius, however, claimed the right to the services of Betsey, the daughter of his former servant, Rachel, under the territorial law of 1807. Judge Lockwood rendered the decision of the court, holding that the 13th section of the Act of 1807 did not embrace cases where the master and servant did not agree upon the time of service before the county clerk. The principle was established that indentures not signed by the master was void.

In the case of Nance vs. Howard, decided December, 1828, the question was: "Can negroes be sold in Illinois?" The court held that "registered servants are goods and chattels, and can be sold on execution." This decision was reversed twelve years later, the Supreme Court then declaring that the presumption of the law in Illinois is, that every person is free without regard to color and that the sale of free persons is illegal. This "change of mind" was delayed much longer than in the "Income Tax Case" of recent date.

In the case of Phoebe vs. William Jay, also determined in 1828, Phoebe had been indentured by Joseph Jay in November, 1814, to serve forty years. Joseph died, leaving all his property to his son, William, who was also his executor. The question was: "Did Phoebe go to William with the remaining property?" The court held, that in the event of the death of a master, his servants were not free; that they did not descend to his heirs, but passed to the legatees or executor or administrator; the administrator could not compel the servant to perform service but might hold him in custody, merely, until the term of service could be sold. In other words, the court held that negroes could not be disposed of by will.

In 1836 the Supreme Court of Illinois held that all indentures not made in conformity with that part of the Act of 1807 embodied in the Constitution of 1818 were illegal and service under them could not be enforced. This meant that all negroes who were not registered or indentured within thirty days after being brought into the state could not be held to service, and would therefore become free through continued residence in the state.

In the case of Boone vs. Juliet, heard in 1836, the question was the right of Boone to the service of the children of a colored woman, named Juliet. She

had been registered in Randolph county, on July 20, 1808, by Gaston who sold her to the Boones, and she served out her time. She had three children, two born before 1818, and one after. Boon claimed the right to the services of these children for some years yet, under act of 1807, and Sec. 3, Art. VI., of constitution of 1818. The court held that the law of 1807 did not refer to registered negroes but only to indentured servants, and the Constitution did necessarily make the persons therein named subject to slavery; that the intention of the framers of the constitution was, that the children of indentured servants should not be generally held as slaves, but where masters possessed any legal right to hold such children in their service, by mutual agreement or otherwise, the term of servitude should not extend beyond the twenty-first birthday in the case of males, and the eighteenth in the case of females.

In the year 1842, in the Circuit Court of Sangamon county the case of Daniel came up before Judge Treat. Daniel had been arrested and jailed in Springfield for having no freedom papers as was provided by one of the "Black Laws," passed in 1829. The Judge declared the act of 1829 was unconstitutional and turned the blackman out; had Judge Breese decided this case, it doubtless would have turned out differently.

In the same year the case of James Foster came up before Judge Treat in the Sangamon Circuit Court. A citizen of Arkansas appeared, claimed Foster as his slave and demanded him in accordance with the act of Congress regarding fugitive slaves. Judge Treat required the slave holder to prove the negro was his property "by disinterested witnesses" before he would surrender the slave to his supposed master.

In October 1843 a case was tried before Judge Caton of Bureau county Circuit Court. Owen Lovejoy was charged for harboring a negro woman named Nancy. Judge Caton in his charge to the jury said: "The right to property in a slave is not one of those natural rights which necessarily and spontaneously result from the organization of society, like the right to property in animals, in fruits of agriculture, minerals, or the like, which are found by accident or produced by toil: but slavery can only exist in the statute laws, the common laws, or by custom. It is necessary, however, to be shown to exist in some of these forms in the State, District, or Territory, where the supposed slave was held in bondage, before it is possible to show legally the relation of master and slave. By the constitution of this state, slavery cannot exist here. If, therefore, a master voluntarily bring his slave within the state, he becomes from that moment free and if he escape from his master while in this state, it is not an escape from slavery, but it is going where a free man has a right to go; and the harboring of such a person is no offense against our law: but the tie which binds a slave to his master can be severed only by the voluntary act of the latter. If the slave comes in without the consent of his master he always belongs to the master, no matter where he may go."

This is the first instance where the Courts of Illinois declared that residence in a free territory entitled a slave to his freedom. This opinion was confirmed by the Supreme Court in Jarrot, in 1845, and re-affirmed by Judges Wilson and Treat at the October term 1847, of the Coles county Circuit Court in the case of General Matteson.

In 1843 the Supreme Court affirmed the opinion of the Adams Circuit Court

fining the defendant \$400 for secreting a runaway slave. This decision and another like it in Case of People vs Willard, of Morgan county, aroused intense feelings and severe criticism over the state. The correspondent of the "Chicago Express" voicing the sentiments of a large portion of the people said: "Is it not passing strange that the Supreme Court should be called on to decide whether slavery exist in this state: if so I think it is high time to amend the Constitution."

In a case tried in the St. Clair Circuit in 1843 it was held a slave could not sue his master for wages. In 1844 the Supreme court reversed the decision and declared that a "colored person may maintain an action of assumpsit for services rendered, and in such action his right to freedom may be tried." The court further declared that "the desendants of the slaves of the old French settlers, born since the ordinance of 1787, and before or since the adoption of the Constitution of Illinois, cannot be held in slavery in this state."

In 1849 the Supreme Court held in the Thornton case that Sec. 5 and 6, Chapter 74, of revised statutes of 1845, or the old law of January 17, 1829 wherein it was provided that fugitive slaves would not be allowed to sue for freedom in the state, but should be sent back to their masters or sold out to labor were unconstitutional, being in direct conflict with the provisions made by the Congress, for the capture and return of runaway slaves.

In 1852 the same court decided that a "contract made in Illinois for the sale of a person as a slave who is in the state at the time, and to a citizen of the state is illegal and void."

In 1853 John A. Logan introduced a bill in the Legislature of Illinois, to prevent the immigration of free negroes into the state. This was the same Logan, who later became a General in the war of 1861-65, and afterwards chosen to represent Illinois in the Senate of the United States. Logan was very zealous in the promotion of his bill and succeeded in its passage in February 1853. Section one provided that if any person brought into the state any negro or mulatto slave, whether set free or not, should be liable to be indicted and fined, not less than \$100 or more than \$500, and imprisoned in the county jail one year. Section three provided that if any negro or mulatto, bond or free, should hereinafter come into this state and remain ten days, with the evident intention of residing herein, every such person should be deemed guilty of a high misdemeanor and to be fined \$50 before any justice of the county where said negro or mulatto might be found; if the defendant failed to pay the fine the sheriff to sell him to the bidder who would pay the fine and costs for the shortest time; the buyer to have the right to compel the defendant to work for said fine, to be provided with comfortable food, clothing and lodging during the service. Section five provided that if after the service the defendant did not leave the state within the ten days next following he should be liable to a second prosecution and liable to a larger fine, etc. Section ten provided that every person having one-fourth negro blood should be deemed a mulatto. Lest some soft-hearted magistrate might refuse to try a case against some panting negro, John Logan's bill provided in Section nine that if any justice of the peace should refuse to issue any writ under this act such justice should be deemed guilty of nonfeasance in office and punished accordingly. This bill was passed in the House by a vote of 45 to 23 and the Senate approved it by a majority of 4.

Under this law three cases of the arrest and sale of negroes were reported within a year.

This and all the other "Black Laws" were repealed by the Legislature on February 7, 1865. These "Laws" had been legally in force for forty-six years, in spite of all the petitions to the Legislature, and attempts to have them repealed and their final erasure was an outcome of the struggle of 1861-65 between the North and the South.

In the contests before the courts in these cases under the "Black Laws," Lyman Trumbull took an active and prominent part. His task was a thankless one, in those days of prejudice and bitter partisan feeling, but he fearlessly performed it with distinguished ability.

A case under the "Black Laws" of Illinois once arose in this county, an account of which will be of interest.

On July 26, 1862, the seventy-first regiment of Illinois infantry was mustered into the military service of the United States for the term of three months, at Camp Douglass, Illinois. William H. Thacker, then of Havana, Illinois, was mustered in as the Sergeant Major of the regiment; Mr. Thacker later became a resident of this city and while here was the publisher of a newspaper and an attorney. William H. Weiver of Beardstown was mustered in as the captain of Co. G, and Thomas Byron Collins of Virginia as second lieutenant. In this Co. G. were Joshua H. Conyers, Hooper Monroe, Elijah W. Williams, George W. Boicourt, Marcus P. Chandler, William H. Cole, Charles N. Drake, Albert Gist, Charles W. Lee, Charles C. Magee, William W. Matthew, John G. Monroe, Thomas B. Nicholson, George T. Saunders, John Thornley, Josiah Thornley, Amos Wilson and others of this county.



THOMAS B. COLLINS.

On July 27, 1862, the regiment moved for Cairo, Ill., leaving two companies enroute at "Big Muddy Bridge," on the Illinois Central Railroad. The regiment remained ten days at Cairo, when it was ordered to Columbus, Ky., where the men, mostly from the northern part of Illinois, suffered severely from the sudden change of climate. Two more companies were detached from the regiment and stationed at Mound City, Ill. In a short time the remainder of the regiment, six companies, was divided; Colonel Gilbert, of Danville, Ill., with three companies, was ordered to Moscow, Kentucky, and Lieutenant Colonel Burnside, of Freeport, Ill., with three companies, was ordered to Little Obion Bridge, to guard bridges and railroad tracks.

Upon the completion of its term of service the regiment rendezvoused at Chicago, Ill., where it was mustered out October 29, 1862.

During the wanderings of this regiment in the South, a bright young negro named Henry Clay came into the camp and attracted the favorable attention of Captain Weaver and Lieutenant Collins. The boy began serving these officers as a sort of waiter, and remaining with them until near the end of their term of enlistment boarded the train bound for Chicago. Upon the departure of the officers for their several homes, after they had been mustered out, the boy, Henry Clay, begged Lieutenant Collins to take him to his home. Mr. Collins, who was a man of generous impulses, seeing the boy was about to be left a stranger in a large city, far from his home, without having the time to give the matter careful consideration, took him on board the train, brought him to his farm home in Cass county, on lands now owned by William Emerson in Sec. 31, T. 18, R. 8, about nine miles east of Virginia and seven miles northwest of Ashland. Here the lad found a good home and became a useful member of the household.

There was a large number of the citizens of Cass county then bitterly opposed to the prosecution of the war, and the feeling between them, and those who favored the prosecution of the war was intensely bitter. It was soon noised about that "Collins had brought a nigger home with him from the south," and it was soon decided that something ought to be done about it. As it was necessary to bring the matter to the attention of the courts, McKeever DeHaven, the jailer at Beardstown, made a complaint on December 11th, 1862 before Francis H. Rearick a justice of peace residing at Beardstown. This complaint appears to be in the hand writing of J. Henry Shaw then a prominent attorney of this county and recites that on or about the 1st day of November, 1862, a certain negro boy by the name of Henry Clay did at the County of Cass and State of Illinois and since the 12th day of February 1853 (the date of the passage of John A. Logan's "Black Law") unlawfully come into said state of Illinois, and remained therein ten days with the evident intention of residing in the same contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided.

Upon this complaint Justice Rearick issued a warrant for the arrest of "the certain negro boy named Henry Clay," addressed to all sheriffs, coroners, and constables within the state. This writ was delivered by Charles E. Yeck, then the sheriff of this county. His deputy, at the time was James K. VanDemark, who was also editor of the Beardstown Democrat, Mr. VanDemark was later elected county superintendent of schools of the county, was editor and publisher of the democratic newspaper of this city, and a member of the bar



of Cass county. He removed to Nebraska about 1870: his ability was soon recognized there and he was elected to the Nebraska State Senate. His numerous friends will be glad to hear he is still among the living. The account of Mr. VanDemark of this arrest will be found further on in this sketch. The return upon the warrant is in the handwriting of Mr. VanDemark and recites that he has arrested the within named Henry Clay on this 11th day of December 1862 and has brought him into court.

The transcript of the justice recites the issuing and return of the warrant: the issuing of a venire for 12 jurors to try the cause. Defendant then moves to have suit dismissed and defendant discharged for want of security for costs: motion to dismiss and discharge prisoner overruled Court then ruled the complainant file security for costs, which was complied with, and is herewith filed and approved. Defendant then moves the Court that he be discharged alleging that there was a prosecution pending against him for the same offence above charged; motion overruled defendant again moves the court that this suit be dismissed because the complaint does not set out that the offence was committed since the act passed Feb. 12, 1853 entitled an act to prevent the immigration of free negroes into this state went into effect; motion overruled. Thereupon comes into court Sheriff Yeck and returns venire served upon the following named persons as jurors to try said cause to wit. Peter Flannery, H. Treadway, David Tull, Wm. Livingston, John Decker, Henry Shaeffer, E. P. Miller, A. H. Sielschott, P. Dresback, Wm. Dutch, Logue Reavis and Charles H. Koblenz who being first duly sworn proceeded to hear the evidence adduced and the witnesses in behalf of plaintiff having been examined, defendant called witnesses for defence, who was asked by defendant to state the impressions he had got from conversations with defendant whether or not defendant was guilty as set out in complaint, which was objected to, which objection was sustained by the court. Court ruled that witness for defense state facts within his knowledge, not impressions produced upon his mind, nor statements made by defendant, that he, defendant did not come into the state with the intention of residing in the same. And the jury having heard all the evidence and argument of counsel, having so considered their verdict return into court with the following verdict to wit:—"We the jury find the defendant guilty," signed by all the jurors. It is therefore adjudged by the court that the defendant be fined the sum of fifty dollars and pay costs of this prosecution, and defendant thereupon demands an appeal to the Cass County Circuit Court.

An appeal bond in the handwriting of Henry E. Dummer, who defended the boy, was executed on December 11, 1862, in the sum of \$145, signed by Henry Clay, who executed the bond by making "his mark," and also signed by J. M. Pothicary, who was a brother-in-law of Thomas B. Collins and a member of the Collins family. The case came on at the March term, 1863, of the circuit court and was then continued to the September term of the same year.

While this homeless and harmless boy, comfortably located in a quiet farm home, in a family of which he was a welcome and useful member, was thus being persecuted by men who were zealous in the enforcement of the law which was brought into existence mainly by the efforts of John Logan, its illustrious author was gallantly fighting the battles of the war destined to result in the freedom of every slave in the Union!

The outraged citizens of the county were successful in obtaining a judgment against the negro boy, but the filing of the appeal bond held up the proceeding, and the "hateful negro" returned to the Collins home to the great disgust of a portion of the law-abiding neighbors. The next move was to bring the matter to the attention of the next Grand Jury, which met at Beardstown in March 1863. This body found an indictment against Mr. Collins. It charges that the Grand Jurors, etc., present that Thomas Byron Collins, late of said (Cass) county, on the 1st day of December, 1862, at and within the said county of Cass, in the state of Illinois, did harbor a negro, being a black person called Henry, who was not a resident of the state of Illinois on the 3rd day of March, 1845, nor at any other time in the said last mentioned year, nor at the time of the passing of an act by the Legislature of the state of Illinois, entitled "Negroes and Mulattoes" and approved on the 3rd day of March in the said last mentioned year, the said negro then and there not having a legal certificate of his freedom, and not having given bond and taken a certificate thereof as by law required, contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the same people of the state of Illinois. This indictment was signed by Abram Bergen, states attorney in and for the 21st judicial circuit. The indictment was indorsed "a true bill," by James A. Dick, foreman of the Grand Jury, and the names of the witnesses were Anderson Hoel, James Hunter, George W. Milstead, Thomas A. Foxworthy, M. P. Conyers, Geo. B. Saunders, W. Weaver and Thomas Nicholson. The amount of bail was fixed at \$100 by James Harriott, the judge of the court.

No writ was issued in this case for several months, as the defendant was absent from the county for some considerable portion of the time.

Although the negro had been arrested and Mr. Collins had been indicted, still the despised black boy was breathing the air of Cass county and enjoying the comforts of a good home, contrary to the laws of the great free state of Illinois. The citizens who were urging on these prosecutions were disappointed with the law's delay and were determined to hurry the business along. Plans were suggested and discussed at the secret meetings of the "Knights of the Golden Circle," an organization formed for the purpose of assisting the southern cause in the north, by such methods as were not likely to result in personal harm to the members. One of the principal men engaged in this affair was Mr. U. Hutchings, a prominent farmer who afterward became mayor of the city of Virginia. A deputation of the order was sent in the night to the Collins home to "run the nigger out of the county." Mr. Collins was away from home, the only man about the place was Joseph Pothicary, a brother of Mrs. Collins, who was a confirmed sufferer from asthma and with no more physical vigor than a woman. They did not succeed in their enterprise, and, after giving utterance to threats against the negro, left the premises. A few days later a mob of some fifty men descended upon the Collins home, determined to capture the black object of their hatred at all hazards. Both these visits were made when they knew Collins was absent; had he been at his home there would have been serious trouble. Their coming was observed in time to secret the object of their mission, and after a thorough but fruitless search of the premises they again departed with secret threats of vengeance. The next day the boy was taken to Springfield and

never returned to the county.

After the return of Mr. Collins, he was arrested by the sheriff and gave bond for his appearance at the September term of the court, his neighbor, James R. Wilson, signing the bond. At the September term both cases were dismissed.

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Mr. VanDemark and Mrs. Emily Brady, a sister of Mr. Collins, were requested to furnish an account of their remembrance of this case, which they consented to do, and their recollections of the occurrence here follows: We here stop the account to introduce a short sketch of Mr. VanDemark, prepared by his old friend, Dr. J. F. Snyder:

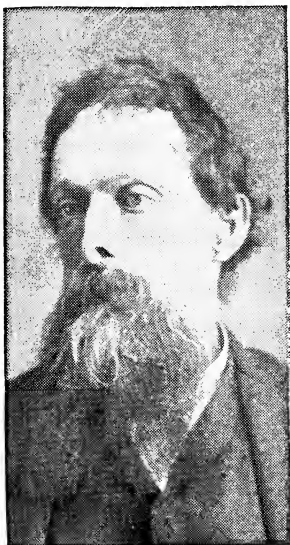
James Knox VanDemark's ancestors were from Holland. He is descended from an ancient patrician family there whose name appears in Flemish records as Van De Marck. His grandfather was a colonial soldier in the revolutionary war, and also served in the war of 1812-14.

The father of James K. VanDemark was a clergyman of the United Brethren church who preached the gospel for sixty-three years; a man of learning, but visionary, impractical, and totally destitute of energy, industry, and progressive enterprise. The meagre salary he received from his pioneer congregations made it incumbent upon his children—thirteen in number—to become self-reliant and self-supporting at an early age. The clergyman's wife was a woman of intelligence and culture, possessing to a remarkable degree the resourceful qualities of which he was so deficient.

In growing up, James K. VanDemark—who was born near Lancaster, in Fairfield county, Ohio, on the 11th day of May, 1833—attended the country schools at odd times when he could be spared from work at home. He was a precocious boy who enjoyed the pleasure of study and learning. Before he was eighteen years of age he engaged in school teaching himself, and while teaching diligently advanced his own education. At the age of twenty he undertook the study of medicine with Dr. Jones at Ringgold, Morgan county, Ohio, and for a year read the medical text books and "rode" with the Doctor in his rounds of practice. While thus employed he was stricken down with scrofulous erysipelas, from which, after a long siege, he recovered scarred in features and with one side of his body drawn and partially paralyzed. The ravages of disease wrought a complete change in his future course. Physically disabled from the labor and hardships incident to the practice of medicine he abandoned its further study, and thereby escaped a life of dreary drudgery. In 1854 then twenty-one years of age, he enlisted in the herd of patriots that went from Ohio to Kansas for the purpose of asserting their squatter sovereignty by voting to make it a free state. Finding the new, raw, country there, as well as his associations, ungenial and unpromising, he worked his way back to the east of the Mississippi river into Illinois, and halted on the prairie in the neighborhood of where the town of Ashland, in Cass county was subsequently laid out, in 1857. There his abilities were at once, recognized, and his services as a surveyor and school teacher were in constant demand. His intelligence, affability, and fine social qualities gained him the esteem of the community, and made him very popular.

"In one of the later schools was a comely scholar about grown, Miss Sarah

E. Brown, of Pleasant Plains, with whom he fell in love, and the sentiment being reciprocated, they were married in 1856. The next year, after Ashland was platted, they located in that village, where he was immediately elected Justice of the Peace, and he thereupon commenced the study of law. He was there when the furious political upheaval, rapidly gaining in intensity, culminated in the shock of the civil war. Physically debarred from military service, but thrilled and inspired by the horrors of passing events, he figuratively strung his lyre, and, as a modern bard, reviewed in verse the history of the terrible conflict, in an "Epic Poem upon the Troubles in the United States of America," which was issued in a 48 page pamphlet from the "Union press of Lafayette Briggs," at Virginia in 1861.



JAMES K. VAN DEMARK.

"Concluding that the county seat presented superior advantages to Ashland for the practice of law, he moved to Beardstown in the fall of 1861, and was soon thereafter admitted to the bar. His professional contemporaries in Cass county at that time were Henry E. Dummer, Garland Pollard, J. Henry Shaw, James M. Epler and Thomas H. Carter. Allen J. Hill was county clerk, Henry Phillips circuit clerk, James Taylor sheriff, and Harriott circuit judge. C. H. C. Havekluft was county judge, with Wm. McHenry and S. W. Shawen associate justices. In 1862 Charley Yeck was elected sheriff and appointed J. K. VanDemark his deputy. In the same year VanDemark was

installed as the editor of Dr. Shurtliffe's Cass County Democrat. But he found that he could not stand the malaria-laden atmosphere of the Illinois river bottom, and was forced to return to the open upland prairies, where he resumed his first profession, that of teaching. In 1863 he taught the Jake Ward school, and then took charge of the school at Sugar Grove. In 1865 he located in Virginia, and there again began the practice of law, in the mean time assuming a prominent position among the active Democratic politicians; was elected Justice of the Peace, then County Surveyor, and at the November election of that year was elected to the position of County Superintendent of Public Instruction.

"For four years he managed the affairs of that office with marked advantage to the educational interests of the county and credit to himself. When his term of office expired he resumed the legal profession, and in 1869 again entered the field of journalism as editor of the Cass County Times, published in Virginia by Beers & Co. Moved by the migratory instinct so characteristic of the American race, he abdicated his seat on the editorial tripod of the Times in the fall of 1870, sold his property in Virginia, and in the spring of 1871 wended his way to Nebraska Territory. There he purchased a tract of land near the town of Valparaiso, the county seat of Saunders county, and for a few years waged an irrepressible conflict, as an agriculturist and politician, with the incoming swarms of grasshoppers and republicans. Vanquished in the unequal contest he rented his land to a tenant, and bought a home in Valparaiso to which he removed, and was enrolled as an attorney of that circuit.

"From that time on for several years peace, contentment and prosperity were his lot. From his early manhood to the present day he has been steadfast in his loyalty to the principles of the democratic party. That party, however, in Saunders county, and in the congressional district in which that county is situated, seldom exceeded in voting strength that of a corporal's guard as compared to a full regiment. VanDemark never faltered in his political faith, or became discouraged, but was always active in maintaining the organization of the plucky minority, generally leading the forlorn hope at every election as a candidate for some local or district office, to meet certain and overwhelming defeat. "All things come to those who wait," but VanDemark had to wait a long time for the reward of his party constancy. It came at last, in 1884, when the democrats nominated him for State Senator. The republicans that year were divided and presented two candidates for Senator, with the result that VanDemark was elected over both, and had the proud distinction of being the only democrat ever elected in that district. It was a famous victory for VanDemark, who bore his honors with dignity, and acquitted himself well in his exalted position.

"For several years past he has lived in quiet at his home in Valparaiso, indulging his tastes for literature, particularly poetry, of which he has been a prolific author.

"With advancing age his health, never robust, has failed to the extent of permitting him but limited physical exertion. Added to that misfortune he recently suffered a double affliction well calculated to try the fortitude of one much stronger than him. The married life of Mr. and Mrs. VanDemark was blessed by only one child, a girl named Rosa, who is well remembered by many

of our citizens as a handsome and sprightly child about her father's office when they resided here. In breezy Nebraska Rosa grew up to charming womanhood and married a civil engineer who took her to a pleasant home in Deadwood, South Dakota. On the 16th of May, 1906, Rosa died, leaving an only daughter, Mrs. E. R. Anderson. And on the 4th of the following September, Mrs. VanDemark, after a brief illness, also passed away, leaving Mr. VanDemark bereft of wife and only child, broken in health and spirits and deeply dejected. He is, however, in the midst of a host of sympathetic friends and many more here in Cass county extend to him in his sad bereavement their heartfelt sympathy and condolence."

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The account of J. K. VanDemark of the Henry Clay incident is as follows:

"In 1862 I was deputy sheriff for a short time under Charles E. Yeck. Byron Collins enlisted and obtained a captain's commission, but in 4 months he resigned and came home and brought with him a negro boy, which was against the laws of Illinois. At that time he was the only colored person in the county, and it was said that one who went south to enforce the laws of the United States should not violate the statutes of Illinois. A warrant was sworn out issued by Judge Rearick, I think, and handed to Yeck to have the boy arrested, but he did not relish the job and gave it to me. I mounted a horse and started to Dr. Christy's, who lived then about a mile from Philadelphia, and Collins', some three or four miles northeast of the doctor's. I had eaten my dinner and was about to go over with two men to storm the Collins citadel. Collins said the boy should not go but Collins' wife, seeing the other two men said to him that he ought to submit as there was a crowd of men to assist me. Collins had the rheumatism and was lying on a bed; he begged me to stay all night and he and his brother-in-law Joseph Pothicary would go with me to Beardstown. I was well acquainted with Collins and he gave me his word that all would be right. I dismissed the man and slept with the negro and next morning we started; myself and the negro in front, and Collins and his wife next, and young Pothicary behind them. When we came to the road that led to Dr. Christy's I stopped and said that I had promised to come that way and they would be uneasy if I did not. Pothicary rode up and said: 'Come on Henry;' and said to me: 'You may go that way, but we will go this way.' I pulled out my revolver and said: 'Henry, if you move you are a dead nigger.' Mrs. Collins screamed, 'Don't shoot! Don't shoot! we will go your way!' Then Dr. Christy drove up, and I went their way by the home of Dr. Pothicary. The main street of Virginia was lined with people anxious to see 'Collins' negro.' When we reached the court house at Beardstown it was night and I did not return the warrant although I was solicited so to do. I had promised the boy that if he would obey me I would not put him in jail. I took him home, and locked him up, took all his clothes out of the room and in the morning I found that he had scarcely moved during the night; the forty miles of horseback ride had made him extremely tired. Judge Dummer appeared for the boy, the case was carried to the circuit court and before it was ended the Black Laws of Illinois were repealed. In 1870, I landed at Jacksonville from the west and a portly negro was in charge of the 'bus;' he passed me by but said not a word. While I was sitting in

the office of the Dunlap House he presented himself and said: 'You do not know me. I am Henry Clay, the negro boy that you arrested in Cass county. I shall never forget you nor your wife nor little girl I was told by Collins that you were a copperhead and that you would do everything against me, but I felt at home at your house. I have learned to read and write and will be a gentleman if I am black.' The day after I called on the clerk for my bill and the clerk looked on the register and said that Henry Clay had paid my bill and would pay it as long as I cared to stay. I never heard of him after that as I soon left for the west."

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The statement of Mrs. Emily Collins Brady is as follows:

"Write a sketch of the negro episode at your brothers as you recollect it."

"What a flood of long locked memories come rushing up in response to that request.

"The "white heat" of all political parties the frequency of great mass meetings, generally with a barbecue attachment, (I have attended many in "the square," at Virginia); the enlshment of the "boys;" the sorrowful mothers and troubled fathers; the hard times, with corn at 10c and muslin and calico at 45c; the "news from the front" brought by the daily papers by stage from Springfield or Jacksonville; the many hearts and homes made desolate as time went on, with most of the mothers and wives in black; the solemn and very large funerals of the dear boys brought home; the grief for those who could not be brought home or who suffered in hospitals and prison pens; our "hero worship" of those who came on furlough; the piles of letters "we girls" wrote and the interesting answers; yes, and the girls who had to do the work of men, I remember them too, for my sister an I cut and hauled sugar cane from our home to John Sybrants at Philadelphia—and ground and made it into molasses—cutting and hauling the wood also with which to boil it. Oh these memories—how they crowd upon me now, but I must not forget I am to tell of a poor forlorn negro boy with a great name "tacked" onto him.

"There was a call in 1862 for volunteers for three months service My brother T. B. Collins enlisted under this call, in Co. "G" 71st Ill. Infantry. He was made a 2nd Lieut. The Reg. was sent south and spent most of the time in Moscow, and Columbus, Ky.

"Wm. Weaver was Capt. of the Co. "G" and while in Ky. had as a body servant a very nice black boy, called Henry Clay.

"When the regiment was mustered out in October in Chicago the boy found himself "left out in the cold" and begged the 2nd Lieut. to take him home with him, and so that was how Henry Clay came to the Collins home on the farm in "Oregon" and proceeded to make "history" for Cass Co.

"During the winter numerous meetings were held in different localities to protest against a negro being permitted to live in the county.

"On the Oregon farm the winter and spring passed with the daily routine of hard work for all, including the boy, who was found faithful, honest and capable. In the "good old summer time" then as now, politics always waxed warmer and the feeling against the boy was again fanned into white heat, and the grand jury indicted T. B. Collins for "Keeping a negro in his home,"



MRS. EMILY (COLLINS) BRADY.

or words to that effect. Before a warrant was served on him, he had left on a Sunday for Memphis, Tenn., where he was trying to get a commission in a colored regiment.

"My mother was visiting the family at the time and I have often heard her tell how when the family awoke on Monday morning, there was a man on guard at every door and window, a dozen or more men to arrest one man who would not raise his hand or voice to harm one of God's dumb animals least of all a human being.

"With what grace they could the 'guard' withdrew on finding there was no one to arrest, but still Cass county was nauseated because there was a negro within its borders.

"The family on the farm at this time consisted of Mrs Collins and little daughter Emma, Joseph Pothicary (her brother), a hired man, Henry Clay, and myself.

"On a Monday night a few days after the 'guard' had passed into history, we were awakened by a knocking on the pantry door, which was an outside door with four panes of glass—one of which was broken and had a cloth tacked over it. Mrs. Collins went in the dark to the door and asked 'who was there.' They refused to tell saying they had come to get the 'nigger.' She refused to let them in, but after a parley carried on through the broken glass, they assured her they were 'officers of the law acting in the discharge of their duty:' she replied saying: 'I am a law-abiding woman and will not resist an officer. If you will wait until I make a light and dress myself, I will admit you.' To this they agreed, and she made a light and told us all to get up and dress. The men slept upstairs and I was sent to call them and to tell Henry Clay to



remain upstairs until called. Finally all were dressed and Mrs. Collins went to the door, with the light in her hand. When she opened it she saw a group of men with guns. She said: 'You are not officers,' and quickly shut and locked the door in their faces, and as quickly put out the light, before they realized what she was doing.

"In that brief glimpse she had recognized some of the men as acquaintances and knew they were not officers.

"Then ensued a long discussion, with many threats from both sides of the door. The men threatening to break down the door, and Joe with a gun threatening to 'shoot them if they tried it, and that if they got in and got the boy it would be over his dead body.'

"They realized he had the advantage, as the house was in darkness, and those inside could see dimly in the outside darkness, the moving figures.

"I remember distinctly how Mrs. Collins taunted them with their cowardice, coming at such an hour to capture one young boy; of her assurance she knew who they were, even calling some of them by name and laughing them to scorn for allowing a woman to shut the door in their faces.

"Finally they left saying 'they would return in one week, and if the boy, was there then, they would have him no matter what happened.'

"This happened on Monday night and of course we expected them back the next Monday night, and so plans were made to send the boy to Springfield on Sunday, Joe was to take him; Dr Pothicary was to come and stay at the home and I was also to come back after going home for a few days.

"There was a political rally at Chandlerville—on Sat. of the anti-war—and Southern sympathizers.

"I suppose they called themselves Democrats but surely misconstrued Webster's definitions 'One who adheres to a government by the people.'

"The 'gang' who wanted the 'nigger' made it up at Chandlerville, to go by the Collins' farm and take him as they went home. There was about forty of them, well 'braced up' and God only knows what they would have meted out to the boy, had they gotten him.

"On the farm the corn was being 'laid by' and was large and rank. Through the fields ran a slough, lush with its crop of tall weeds and grass. The sun was bending low in the west as the men and teams came into the barn yard and began the evening chores. The mistress of the home stepped to the door hoping to see her father and myself coming on horseback and was disappointed; so turning her gaze in the opposite direction, far over the rolling prairie in its glory of sunset hues, she saw something unusual on the horizon, a haze of smoke or dust, which seemed to be moving. Watching intently she soon saw a mile or more away a large body of men on horseback.

Instantly she divined who they were; brave (?) troopers from the 'rally' at Chandlerville hunting down a poor negro boy. In an instant all was in commotion at the barn yard. The boy was sent coatless, hatless and barefooted to the field to hide as best he could. In a few moments barn, yard, road and house, were swarming with the mob, (many of them well known to the household) who hung their heads in shame and sneaked away when unbraided with their unneighborly conduct.

"They searched the barn, the yards and house, even counting the plates on supper table; (for the boy ate at the family table, such being the habit of

radical Abolitionists like Dr. Pothicary and his family) so they knew he had been there shortly before their arrival. As dark came on they posted guards around the farm, and the main body rode away. In the dusk of twilight Dr. Pothicary and I on horseback met this column, about two miles from the farm. The good old Dr. kept himself between the mob and myself, and our steeds hugged the fence closely. If the men recognized us, they did not indicate it, and we passed in mutual silence.

“We soon quickened our pace as terror was in our hearts as thoughts of what we might find at the farm, but luckily all was well. It was a sleepless night for the household, with the sound of guns and dogs and new voices, as they rode around and sometimes into the corn field on their “boy hunt.” I suppose they finally sobered up, and decided it was a losing game, as all became quiet towards morning, and in the gray of early dawn Joe went out and found the boy in the tall grass of the slough, where he had lain all night safely concealed though men and dogs had often been near him. From the exposure and fright he was about used up. He was given a hot breakfast and some bedding and sent back to the field where he remained in hiding until after dark. then after another hot meal, Joe took him in a buggy and drove all night going to Springfield, where Henry Clay was left with friends.

“He was a good boy and made a good man of himself. He was industrious and saving and after some time was able to own a team and carriage, with which he made a start and some years later went to Jacksonville, where he married, raised a family, and prospered financially, and twenty-five years ago was one of Jacksonville’s highly respected colored citizens. Since then we have not known anything of him.

“In the fall some time after Henry Clay went to Springfield, my brother returned from Memphis and as there was no negro at his home, he was not arrested, and the charges were dismissed. Thus ended an event in the history of Cass county.”

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After a long and persistent search, Henry Clay was located at the Soldiers’ Home, at Danville, Illinois, and with the assistance of Mr. W. O. Bryden, the secretary of the governor of the home, Clay’s recollections of the facts were reduced to writing and signed and are here presented:

“I was born in Moscow, Ky., on the 3rd day of March, 1839, and belonged, as a slave, to a family by the name of Titchworth, and was employed about the place as a house boy. I lived in Moscow until the breaking out of the civil war, when I ran away and became a servant for officers of the 10th Illinois Infantry. I was taken with a number of men of that regiment as a prisoner and the confederate troops put me to work building breastworks, etc. I later got away and then became a servant for Captain William H. Weaver and Lieutenant Thomas B. Collins of G Company, 71st Illinois Infantry. I remained with these officers and accompanied the regiment to Chicago where it was mustered out in the fall of 1862. Being without a home I requested Lieut. Collins, who had been very kind to me, to take me home with him. This he did and I remained with him and his family for some time, working about the place for which work he paid me. Sometime during that winter the sheriff, accompanied by two men, came to the Collins home and placed

me under arrest. The sheriff remained at the Collins home over night and the next morning we started to Beardstown, accompanied, as I now remember, by Mr. Collins, his wife, his sister, Miss Emma, Dr. Pothicary and some others whose names I cannot now recall. At one point in the road the sheriff and Dr. Pothicary had some discussion as to the proper way to go, my friends thinking that some harm might come to me by going in the direction the sheriff desired to take me. The sheriff finally consented and we went the way Dr. Pothicary suggested. When we arrived at Beardstown it was quite late and I was kept in the sheriff's house all night. The trial was held before a justice of the peace, and Judge Dummer defended me. I do not remember the results of the trial further than that I was turned over to the care of Dr. Pothicary, who gave bond or did something to get me out and I returned to the Collins home and continued working about the place during the remainder of the winter. Sometime during the spring of the year, I cannot tell just what time, but the corn was about 18 to 20 inches high, a mob came to the Collins place and tried to take me away. Mrs. Collins and her daughter hid me out from the house in a field and I remained there until the mob left.

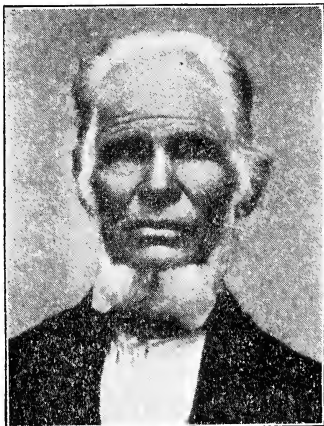


HENRY CLAY

Dr. Pothicary then took me to Springfield and put me in the care of a family by the name of Donnegan. These people were from Kentucky. I worked at odd jobs until the 29th regiment of colored troops was organized when I went to Quincy and enlisted in D Company of that regiment on the 12th day of January, 1864, and served until the end of the war. I was twice wounded, once at Petersburg and once at Danville, Va. After being mustered out I returned to Illinois and went to Jacksonville, where I drove a bus for a while and later purchased a team and bus of my own and engaged in business for myself. I remained in Jacksonville until 1885, when I sold out there and moved to Chicago and engaged in the livery business. I remained in this

business until about the 1st of January, 1904, at which time I was compelled to close out my business on account of ill health and I came to the National Soldiers' Home, at Danville."

The treatment of this young negro in 1862-3 by the Casscounty "Knights" greatly enraged Dr. Thomas Pothicary and perhaps on that account he very readily accepted the Federal appointment of enrolling officer of his (Lancaster) precinct. The old gentleman, performed the duties of his office with great zeal; it is said that fictitious names were furnished him as a joke, but Dr. Pothicary was no joker. The writer knew him well for years, and lived in the same family for many months, and never saw him smile or heard him laugh. Some of the names were those of absentees whom the Docter declared lived in Lancaster when they were at home, and ought to be represented in the Federal army. The list grew to formidable proportions and the excited residents soon began to realize that the draft upon the precinct would be heavy. Threats of violence against the old gentleman were freely made and he was fired upon from ambush more than once. But nothing said or done appeared to frighten the gray haired official, indeed he would have been glad to have become a martyr to the cause in which he was so zealously engaged. During his career, an amusing occurrence took place at the Jackson farm home on south side of Panther Grove, immediately east of the John McDonald farm. On a certain even-



DR. THOMAS POTHICARY.

ing in March, 1865, the writer had occasion to visit this home, on business. The family consisted of James Jackson, his brother John Jackson and his sister, Margaret Jackson—all middle-aged unmarried persons and two farm hands. The time was six in the evening and James Jackson had not yet arrived home from Beardstown. While seated around the fire in walked Dr. Poth

icary. John Jackson, who was a giant physically, gave the old man a look which plainly indicated that he would very gladly heave the intruder over the fence into the road, but the Jacksons had lived so long in Illinois that they had acquired that pioneer hospitality that people of the present day know nothing of. He was invited to a seat by the fire, and in a few moments Margaret announced that supper was ready and all, by invitation, were soon seated at the table. By this time, the old Doctor had made known that his errand was to enquire for one or two men who had worked on the Jackson farm the summer before, who were then absent. John Jackson did not propose to furnish any information that would increase the roll of Lancaster precinct, and was indignant that the Doctor had come there on such an errand. The conversation at the supper table was spirited, and is well remembered. "If you draft me," said John, "you may be able to force me into the army, but you can't make me shoot a gun: you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink."

"If you are drafted" replied the Doctor, "and are put into the front rank with a gun, after you have been fired at for a bit, you will warm up, and make as good a soldier as any of them."

This prophecy thoroughly enraged John, and with loud and furious language he exclaimed "You ought to be shot, you old scoundrel; take another biscuit."

Here Margaret found a chance to take a hand, and said: "You old gray-headed reprobate, going around getting your neighbors into trouble, you ought to stay at home and make your peace with God; pass your cup for more coffee."

The Doctor made a hearty meal, and seemed to enjoy it immensely.

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In this brief review of the history of the Illinois Black Laws, the reader cannot escape the conclusion that the sentiment of the great majority of the founders of the State was pro-slavery; that it was known that Congress would refuse its admission as a slave state, but they intended to reap the benefits of slavery by the system of indentures, and they so well succeeded that an indentured black man in Illinois was very little better situated than the negro cotton picker of Georgia. The election of a pro-slavery legislature in 1822 abundantly proves that the majority of the Illinois voters were either in favor of slavery or indifferent upon the subject. And many of the opposers of slavery did not base their opposition upon the ground of principle but policy.

African slavery was a curse to the people of the United States: the blacks were better here, forced to work for plain food and coarse clothing, than their brothers were in Africa as naked cannibals; but its influence upon the white's was debasing in the extreme. Those who believe that the Creator of man shapes his destiny may not be able to see why slavery was permitted, but the problem will be solved in the future when the exodus of the black man from the United States to Africa begins. It is well known that the white race is regarded by the blacks with suspicion and hatred: that the "common people" among the blacks, are led by their preachers. The work of civilizing the African in his native land can best be effected by men of their own race, and when this work is begun by the descendants of the former American slaves, the purpose of the existence of slavery in this coun-

try will become apparent.

Slavery was popular in the northern states so long as it was profitable, but owners soon learned that it was cheaper to hire black men for low wages, so long as they were able to work, and then turn them away, than to own them and care for them in sickness and old age. Many "loyal men" of the North during the civil war lived upon farms purchased with money realized from sales of slaves in the South.

The situation of the country was well described by an eloquent American in the following language: "The South had builded herself upon the rock of Slavery. It lay in the very channels of Civilization, like some Flood Rock lying sullen off Hell Gate. The tides of Controversy rushed upon it and split into eddies and swirling pools, bringing incessant disaster. The rock would not move. It must be removed. It was the South itself that furnished the engineers. Arrogance in council sunk the shafts. Violence chambered the subterranean passages, and Intatuation loaded them with infernal dynamite. All was secure. Their rock was their fortress. The hand that fired upon Sumpter exploded the mine, and tore the fortress to atoms. For one moment it rose into the air like spectral hills—for one moment the waters rocked with wild confusion, then settled back to quiet and the way of Civilization was opened."

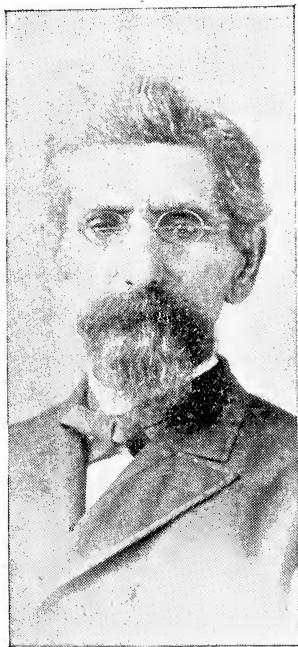
## DR. DAVID McCLURE LOGAN.

BY DR. J. F. SNYDER.

**T**HE pioneer doctors of American birth in the western states and territories fifty to seventy years ago, were, with few exceptions, self-made men, and the self-reliant architects of their own fortunes. As a class they possessed those sterling qualities of mind and character that distinguish Americans as an advanced people, and which have placed us in the front ranks of civilized nations. By innate talents, pluck and energy they, in many instances, raised themselves from poverty and obscurity to the social status of eminent respectability and worth.

Collegiate education and its concomitant culture are undoubtedly, in this age, of very considerable help to young men commencing the serious duties and obligations of life in any vocation, but are not, even now, indispensable elements of success. They were still less essential in the early settlement of the West, as was fully demonstrated by the life history of many of the ablest and most successful citizens of those times.

Dr. Logan, however, though self-dependent from his boyhood, was well educated in the elementary branches of learning, to which he had added by his studious habits a wide range of promiscuous knowledge. He was born in Belmont county, Ohio, on January 4th, 1821, the fourth in order in a family of eleven children. His father was a farmer of such limited means and business capacity that he could not have raised his numerous family in idleness and luxury had he been disposed to do so. His children all had to work from an early age; but their attendance at school was not neglected, and was curtailed only by need of their services on the farm. The father of that family of eleven children, James Logan, was of Irish descent, born in Huntingdon county, Pennsylvania, and his wife, Emma



DR. DAVID McCLURE LOGAN.

(Collins) Logan, was a native of Rhode Island. Their life in Belmont county, Ohio, was a repetition of the often-told story of many pioneers who came from the older states to the new country in the west to find homes and make their fortunes with no other capital than youth, health and industry. They began with building a log cabin, the clearing away of timber and brush, and putting a patch of land in cultivation, and continued their arduous labors attended by constant contention with privations, hardships and more or less sickness. Their accumulation of property was retarded by various reverses and difficulties, the struggle becoming more intensified with advancing age, the rapid increase of their family, and the crowding of denser population around them.

In middle life, seeing the prospects for much financial improvement diminishing where he was, and again allured by the reported splendor of another new country farther west, and the advantages it presented for the future welfare of his children, Mr. Logan concluded to follow the great tide of emigration then moving onward to the Sangamon country in central Illinois. Leaving Ohio in the early spring of 1836, with his wife and the young Logans, having for means of transportation a couple of wagons, several horses, and some loose stock, he passed through Indiana as expeditiously as possible for fear of the prevailing milksickness and ague there, then crossing the Wabash continued his course towards the setting sun. In due course of time he halted his teams on the Sangamon bottom, near the foot of the bluffs on the bank of Job's creek about twelve miles of Beardstown. Looking around awhile for an opening, he rented, near by, a cabin and eighty acres of land from Jeremiah Bowen, one of the early settlers of Hickory precinct, and he set all his available force at work.

In 1836, when the Logan family arrived in the Sangamon bottom and commenced the irrepressible conflict with mosquitoes and green-headed flies, the state of Illinois had sixty organized counties and a population of over 270,000. Its total revenues from all sources that year amounted to \$97,923, and its expenses for maintaining the state government for the same period were \$78,606. Its public debt was a little over \$700,000, of which about \$200,000 had been borrowed from its own school fund, and has not yet been repaid. The young state was in sound financial condition, with the development of its natural resources progressing rapidly, and satisfactory annual increase of population and wealth, as well as encouraging extension of commerce and productive industries. The general prosperity of the people, however, reacted to their detriment. Their slow but sure advancement was suddenly discovered to be too slow, and altogether insufficient to keep pace with the spirit of the times. When they saw that several of the older states had engaged in building railroads and digging canals they became restless and discontented. They too wanted improved means of transportation by railroads and removal of obstructions to the navigation of their rivers. And in August of that year they elected a legislature pledged to provide the desired means. Accordingly the famous Internal Improvement Acts were passed for constructing a vast system of railroads, and clearing from several of the interior rivers their snags, sand bars, and accumulations of driftwood; all to be paid for with money borrowed by the state.

The state's credit was No. 1, and for awhile its bonds sold rapidly. No



time was lost in commencing the public works at different points. By the beginning of 1837 there was an abundance of money in circulation, times were flush, and all kinds of business booming, with prosperity based altogether on credit, and, of course, fictitious. Among the evils it engendered was a craze for speculation, especially in building, or platting, new towns, which became epidemic among all classes. Gen. Jackson's second Presidential term closed on the 4th of March, 1837, when he was succeeded by Martin Van Buren. A noted official act of President Jackson near the close of his first term was so far-reaching in its effects as to burst the bubble of golden prospects in Illinois five years later. In July, 1832, he vetoed the bill passed by Congress for renewing the charter of the National Bank, and the next year removed the government funds from its vaults. That death blow to the Bank forced it to suspend specie payment, and into final liquidation. The result of that disaster was radiated to the utmost limits of the country. It reached Illinois in the summer of 1837 when all the banks in the state suspended specie payment causing the memorable panic of that year involving general business failures, and great financial distress, followed two years later by total collapse of the wild Internal Improvement scheme by which the state, with a debt of over \$14,000,000, was reduced to the verge of bankruptcy, producing the hardest times yet known in its history.

Upon his arrival in the Sangamon bottom in the spring of 1836 David M. Logan was fifteen years of age, a tall, straight, well-knit youth of industrious habits and bright intellect. He had learned to plow and swing the axe; and also to read, write and cipher as far as the rule of three. He there grew up to manhood in stature at work in the fields during the farming seasons and attending the country schools during the winters. He was fond of study and quick in acquiring knowledge. With advancing years and wider range of learning his aspirations soared beyond the plodding labor of tilling the soil. There were other pursuits in life, requiring more active exercise of the intellect and less slavish muscular toil, that he thought he would prefer, and was better fitted for, than that of breaking sod with three or four yoke of oxen, or plowing corn with a wooden mold-board plow drawn by a single horse. His first venture for independent self-support, after he was old enough to vote, was school teaching. In the fall and winter seasons he taught several subscription schools and worked in the harvest fields during the summers. His reputation as a competent instructor was so favorable that the School Directors of Beardstown employed him, in 1842, to teach in the schools of that place. His work there, though highly satisfactory to the patrons of the school, and to the Directors, convinced him that he required more thorough education himself to make his teaching come up to his standard of efficiency.

By practicing rigid economy, and saving the money he earned he was enabled to enter Illinois college, at Jacksonville, and pay for his tuition, and defray all incidental expenses, for the full two sessions of 1846-7 and 1847-8. Exhaustion of his means forced him to retire without completing the full collegiate course. He ignored the Mexican war, preferring to acquire an education rather than military glory as one of Col. Hardin's volunteers. He was a student at Illinois college when it still had a medical department for the instruction of embryo physicians, and occasionally listened with profound interest to the lectures of Dr. David Prince on anatomy and surgery, and to those

of Dr. Henry Jones on the theory and practice of medicine. It may be that they influenced him to choose, some years later, the profession of medicine as a life vocation. In fact that was the ambition stirring him at the time he left college, and he determined to attain that object if possible to overcome the obstacles in his way. Returning to the Sangamon bottom in the spring of 1848 without a dollar, he found employment among the farmers there until close of the harvest.

His parents, with their younger children and unmarried daughters, had left Cass county several years before and rented the Foster farm over in Sangamon county; and there James Logan, his father, died in 1845. His body was brought back to Cass county and buried in the Carr graveyard on a high point of the Sangamon bluffs. Mrs. Logan survived him several years, dying in Mason county in 1865. As the fall approached Dave Logan went to Beardstown to look up something to do besides school teaching which he concluded to abandon. The only job that was presented was a clerkship in a store belonging to a man named Fraley. That he accepted, and there passed the winter.

In 1849 Dr. Samuel Christy left Farmingdale, in Sangamon county, where he had been located for nine years, that he might obtain relief from the rigors and hardships of country practice, and moved to Beardstown to enjoy the ease and comfort of professional life in that metropolis. To escape as far as practicable a renewal of country medical practice, among the sloughs and swamps of the Illinois river bottom and Schuyler county hills, he entered into partnership, in the spring of 1850, with a man named Thiele to run a retail drug store in Beardstown. Thiele was not a druggist, and no one could possibly have been less adapted for the retail drug trade than was Dr. Christy. He was too generous and open-handed to make any small transactions, or a "picayune" business, successful. They needed a "clerk" to assist in selling drugs, paints, oils and patent medicines. Logan fancied that pharmacy would suit him better than selling calico, or teaching, and applied for the clerkship. He was at once employed, and proved to be a very active and efficient apprentice.

Dr. Christy and Dave Logan possessed several identical traits of character, manhood and mental activity, that tended to attract them to each other. There was almost exact accordance in their extremely liberal religious beliefs, and in all their views and opinions with the exception of politics. They belonged to opposite parties to which each gave firm, stubborn, allegiance; each defending on all occasions his political principles with voluble ability. Notwithstanding that difference, however, they there formed a cordial mutual friendship that continued without interruption to the close of their lives. Dr. Christy was not long in discovering Logan's genuine worth and intellectual sprightliness, and interested in his welfare, earnestly advised him to waste no further time in temporary and unprofitable employment, but to set in at once to the systematic study of medicine, and fit himself as soon as possible for the active work of the profession. Tho unprepared, as he thought, to fully adopt that course, Logan made good use of his leisure time while in the drug store by studying *materia medica*, and reading some of the Doctor's text books. But having no other revenue than the wages he earned, the length of time, and the very considerable expenses required, to complete his medical education almost deterred him from making further efforts in that direction.

Before the expiration of a year's partnership Mr. Thiele, impressed with the fact that a village drug store was not a sure means for the acquisition of great wealth, sold his interest in it to Dr. Charles Sprague, and retired. Scarcely a year later Dr. Christy, realizing the same fact, and the additional fact that he was no better fitted for the drug business than he was to occupy a Methodist pulpit, also sold his interest to Dr. Sprague, and retired from it hardly as well off as he was before embarking in it. Then purchasing a hundred acre farm in the prairie on the main road to Springfield, half a mile east of the little village in that era known as Lancaster, now Philadelphia, he left Beardstown in the early spring of 1852 to try once more a country life. By transfer of the drug store to another proprietor, Dave Logan's occupation was gone; but his competency in business having become so well known he did not have long to wait for other employment.

One Benjamin E. Roney, a very slippery Jew, had a store on the corner of the northeast half of lot 4, in block 1, Beardstown, where he sold ready-made clothing, jewelry, notions, etc. Needing a popular, wide-awake salesman he offered the position to Logan at a salary considerably in advance of that he had received from Christy and Thiele. Accepting it he immediately entered upon the discharge of his new duties, and rendered his Israelite employer very satisfactory service for about a year. He would very probably have remained in that place longer had not the store, one night, in a mysterious manner, caught on fire, and went up in smoke. The building it occupied belonged to Jas. Stevenson and Wm. Campbell, and an adjoining building, destroyed by the same fire, was the property of Sylvester Paddock. Roney's goods were insured by the Delaware Mutual Insurance company, which, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the fire, suspended payment of the policy until the matter could be fully investigated. Roney then sued the company, making oath that his losses amounted to \$6850. Very shortly after the fire he left Beardstown and opened out another store in one of the upper Illinois river towns. There Dave Logan visited him, either to satisfy his own curiosity in view of suspicions tenertained by the public generally; or he was sent there to aid in the investigation conducted by the Insurance company. Looking over Roney's stock of goods Logan recognized—perhaps without much surprise—many suits of clothing, and other articles, he had been quite familiar with in the Beardstown store, upon several of which were still the cost and selling prices he himself had marked on them. Roney was indicted by the grand jury for burning his own store, was arrested, and on the 10th of February 1853, was convicted of arson—largely by Logan's testimony—and sent to the penitentiary. On the 17th of the same month he was indicted for perjury having sworn falsely respecting his claim against the Insurance company.

Still pursuing his medical studies in a desultory way while selling shoddy clothing and pinchbeck jewelry for Roney, Logan saved all he could of his salary, which by careful management paid his way at St. Louis in the winter of 1853-54 while attending a course of lectures at the St. Louis Medical college there. While there his health failed, and he returned home in the spring of 1854 with a troublesome bronchial cough that closely imitated incipient consumption. Again adrift with nothing todo, and without money, he anxiously scanned the horizon for something to turn up to his advantage, in the mean-

time trying to devise some means to travel in another climate for the benefit of his health.

That was the age when the patent medicine industry was in full flower. As in the early days of California gold mining large fortunes were made with only a butcher knife and tin pan, so, about the same time, other fortunes were rapidly accumulated in selling patent medicines with but little capital besides printer's ink. For sometime before and after 1854 in almost every newspaper throughout the west and south was displayed in attractive type the standing advertisement of "Dr. S. G. Farrell's Celebrated Arabian Liniment," a sovereign remedy for well nigh every ailment of man or beast. Its principal ingredient was coal tar, then a waste product of the Peoria, (Ills.) gas factory situated near the laboratory and residence of Dr. Farrell in that city. It rivied in popular favor with Dr. A. G. Bragg's "Celebrated Mexican Mustang Liniment"—also made of coal tar formerly poured out into the sewers from the St. Louis gas works, and both were very extensively sold all over the country for several years. Dr. Farrell employed many agents in his business, and still wanted more.

That offered Logan the much desired opportunity to try milder climatic conditions for his health and incidentally to see more of this great country, particularly that portion of it south of Mason and Dixon's line from whence had emanated the revolting accounts of African slavery he had heard from his childhood. Applying to Dr. Farrell for a traveling agency in the south, he was entrusted by that eminent scientist with a responsible roving commission obligating him to visit all the stations where the celebrated Arabian Liniment was sold in a district of the south extending from North Carolina to Texas, collecting from each the quarterly, or semiannual, proceeds of sales, and establishing new stations and agencies where he thought they were needed. He received a generous salary besides having all his expenses paid. For nearly two years he was on the southern roads, sometimes traveling on horseback, at times in a two-wheel sulky, but generally in a light spring wagon drawn by two horses. In after life he often recounted many of the interesting events and adventures, hairbreath escapes from danger, and amusing incidents, he had experienced in that period.

At length popular demand for Arabian Liniment was gradually exhausted,—in other words, it "played out," as all patent nostrums sooner or later do—and Logan returned to Illinois in sound health, and better financial condition than he ever before had been, and fully confirmed in his early abhorrence of the institution of slavery and the Democratic party.

In the cordial welcome and genial environments he found in the offices of his Democratic friends, Dr. Sprague and Dr. Parker, of Beardstown, he commenced anew the study of medicine, and persevered with earnestness and diligence until he completed the prescribed course. At Dr. Pope's "St. Louis Medical College" he was awarded the coveted parchment which testified, in passable Latin, that he was "learned in medicine;" and gave him authority to go forth and heal the infirmities of mankind. Graduating there in March, 1857, he went back to Beardstown prepared to enter upon the duties and responsibilities of his newly-acquired profession, but not in that town, for it had then, as now, more Doctors than it needed. Not being in financial condition to wait until some of them died, or starved out, he anxiously looked

around for some other place where he could begin right away to exchange his skill and learning—with the aid of some calomel and other Allopathic physic—for need'd revenue. By advice of Dr. Christy he settled down in the north-eastern part of Cass county, in Richmond precinct, at the little village known by its postoffice name of Hagley, which was changed to Newmanville, in 1859, when a town was platted there by Rev. Wingate Newman, a local Methodist preacher, who conferred upon it the dignity and honor of his own name.

As a rule, physicians regard a location without competition as not worth having. The mutual envy and jealousy of competing Doctors—as in many other callings—are wholesome stimulants to sharpen their faculties and energies; and the assistance they are sometimes compelled to render each other tends to soften some of the asperities of their doleful existence. For a long time Dr. Logan was professionally a monarch of all he surveyed at Newmanville, Dr. Christy, eight miles distant, being his nearest competitor. At the age of thirty-six he commenced the practice of medicine, and was successful from the start, not only in having all the work he wanted to do, but also in his treatment of the sick, the hurt, and the lame, who gave him their confidence and patronage, and—with occasional exceptions—paid him for his services. Nature had fitted him with the intuitive knack for the practice of medicine, to which he should have applied himself fifteen years earlier. He had also too long neglected a matter imperatively necessary for the better success and requisite social standing of every Doctor, particularly every country Doctor. He was still a bachelor, and without a home of his own. In many ways and often, he was reminded of those important deficiencies of his professional equipment, and, though a little late, resolved to supply them as soon as practicable. And he did: first by securing a house and lot in the little prairie village, and then, on the 20th of January, 1858, being united in marriage to Miss Rebecca W. Hamilton, of the Ashland precinct, who was born in Loudoun county, Virginia, on the 30th of June, 1830.

Dr. Logan was very nearly six feet in height, rather raw-boned, erect and faultless in figure, and usually weighed about 160 pounds. In facial features he was by no means a beauty, having a somewhat rugged cast of countenance, dark complexion, black eyes and eyebrows surmounted by glossy black hair above a broad and high forehead. By his straight, well knit form, black eyes and hair, and swarthy color, he could well have passed as a lineal descendant of Logan the famous and eloquent Cayugas chief. But he had, apart from his external appearance, very few Indian characteristics. In manners and deportment, with no affectation of refinement, he was a genuine gentleman. His personal habits were irreproachable with the exception of free use of tobacco, and, for a long time, of profane expletives he employed to give force to his language. In all things he was strictly temperate, and a total abstainer from the use of liquors of every description—necessarily so, he said, for his natural desire for intoxicants was so strong that he could keep it in subjection only by firmly refusing to indulge it at all. He was an honest man; correct and reliable in all his dealings, kind, benevolent and charitable, and with that inborn reverence for truth, honor and morality that he instinctively shrank from wrong-doing in any guise. Such a man deserved—and Dr. Logan had and retained—the respect, confidence and highest esteem of all who knew him well.

The daily life of all country Doctors is very much the same. The professional experience of one is similar to that of another, varying in some particulars each day, but having about the same average in the course of a year. He is called upon in the middle of the night, it may be to only extract a tooth: or to lance a soul twisting felon for the caller; but more often to ride out several miles to face a howling storm. His services are usually required the most urgently in the worst weather, and when the roads are the roughest or muddiest. He is the servant of the public, with no hour in the day or night exempt from its demands. Reaching his home in the morning, after a night of sleepless anxiety and exertion over a patient in some dilapidated cabin, with hopeful anticipation of rest and quietude the balance of the day, he is dismayed by arrival at his house of a whole family who have come to have the baby's gums scarified or to find out if the breaking out it has is the chicken pox. He examines the little darling, and for hours has to listen to the history and symptoms of all the ailments that have afflicted all the rest of them, including the uncles, aunts and grandparents, since they were born; and then look pleasant and get off some of his stereotyped jokes while he entertains them all at dinner.

Then again, he has a patient several miles out in the country seriously sick—a friend and patron whom he esteems highly, and member of an influential family. The symptoms are grave and prognosis unfavorable; but on leaving him at bed time he thought he detected a decided change for the better. Getting home late at night, tho very tired, he sits up among his books and journals for two or three hours longer racking his brain while looking up authorities with the hope of finding something that will shed new light upon the case to aid his treatment. After a few hours of restless sleep he awakes with first anxious thoughts about the patient. Taking an early and hasty breakfast he is about to harness his horse to go and see if any further change has taken place since he was last there, when a messenger from the family of the sick man arrives and tells him he need not go out there again, as during the night they concluded to send for Dr. Pillgarlick, and have placed the case in his hands. The man recovers, and the neighborhood resounds with praises of the town Docter who at the eleventh hour snatched him from the jaws of death. In this hypothetical instance the country Docter treated the disease as well and correctly as any physician could have done, and conquered it; but was set aside just as victory was in his grasp, and the credit was given another who had given the matter no study or thought. Such are samples of a country Doctor's dally and yearly trials. If there is a ray of pleasure or enjoyment in his professional life the writer of this sketch, himself a country Docter for fifty-three years, has not yet discovered it. What marvel is it then that many physicians become so weary and disgusted with the "noble science" that they would gladly exchange it for some other calling—if they could?

Dr. Logan reached that stage by the time he had had a dozen years of experience in the healing art. In those years he held sway over a wide circuit of prairies, hills and hollows without immediate competition, Dr. Christy, eight miles away, being his nearest professional neighbor. Hagley, his location, was twelve miles distant from a county seat, and eight and a half miles from any railroad or telegraph station. His isolation, however, had many advantages as well as drawbacks. He was free from the annoyance of tramps, and measurably free from the ever-increasing multitude of human vampyres—the worth-

less, dishonest, loafers and dean beats—that in all towns prey upon the Doctor's substance. He was in the midst of a splendid country populated in the main by intelligent, progressive, and prosperous farmers who promptly paid him for his services. Then too, being alone in his conflict, with diseases, he was thrown entirely upon his own resources, which had the effect of sharpening his faculties and strengthening his judgement and self-reliance, thereby increasing his ability and usefulness. He was deservedly a popular physician and quite successful. In his treatment of the sick there was no blind, unreasoning following of medical authorities; no haphazard guessing or random prescribing; but he thoroughly studied each symptom, tracing it to its ultimate cause, and to that cause applied the remedy indicated.

It is human to err, and, no doubt, he was sometimes mistaken; but even then he could give a lucid reason for the course he pursued. Slow to adopt new remedies and new-fangled modes of treatment, he retained such as had in his hands stood the test of experience by proving reliable and successful. He never administered to anyone a particle of *acetanilid*, *cocaine* or *chloral hydrate*. In treating pneumonia he depended almost entirely upon veratrum, calomel and quinine, rarely failing to conquer it in a short time. He was not much of a surgeon, but as an obstetrician had few, if any, superiors in the county, and never in his life employed forceps or other mechanical interference. He regarded appendicitis as very seldom a surgical disease, and under his treatment ninety per cent. of those cases recovered without use of the knife.

About 1869, Dr. Charles Houghton, a young physician, came to Newmanville with the purpose of engaging in the practice of medicine there. Dr. Logan, whose health was then somewhat impaired, and who was very tired of the everlasting daily grind of the practice, saw, or thought he saw, in this professional accession a favorable opportunity of escaping it by changing his occupation to that of farming. To accomplish that object he purchased of James Carr, on the 8th of August, 1870, one hundred and twenty acres of land in the "barrens" five miles west of Newmanville, described as the N $\frac{1}{2}$  of the N. W.  $\frac{1}{4}$  of Sec. 26, and the N. E.  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the N. E.  $\frac{1}{4}$  of Sec. 27 of T. 18 in R. 9. Then selling his village residence, business and good will to Dr. Houghton he moved to his farm in the spring of 1871, where, as soon as practicable, he began raking stalks, sowing oats and breaking corn ground. That bucolic pastime contrasted pleasantly with his years of trudging night and day to the beck and call of the public, and he congratulated himself upon his emancipation—but only for a short time. His old friends and patrons followed him to his pastoral retreat when medical services were needed, and he could not resist their appeals to go to their assistance. And thus, before long, his time and attention were divided between his efforts to manage his farm, and visiting the sick for miles around. For three years he tried faithfully to perform his dual obligations—to the soil and to the people—but finally was convinced that it was as difficult to successfully conduct two occupations having no affinity for each other, as it is for an ordinary mortal to serve any two masters satisfactorily. The attempts he made to do it proved a failure, as he was compelled to neglect either his farming industry or his medical practice, and often both. Neither returned adequate profits, and both deteriorated. Instead of the freedom he had expected to enjoy on the

farm he was more than ever enslaved, and his family deprived of many social and educational advantages.

Disappointed and disgusted he sold his farm, on the 4th of March, 1874, to Thomas Middleton, and going back to Newmanville repurchased his former home of Dr. Houghton, and resumed the old business at the old stand, but not with the professional snap and enthusiasm of bygone days.

When a young man at Beardstown Dr. Logan joined the Odd Fellows order; but lost interest in it with the passing of time, and in later life was not an active member of the organization. His chief and highest interest was in the welfare of his family, and next to that in his profession as the means of assuring that welfare. He was quite a politician of the radical Republican brand; but his activity in politics was more a diversion than a selfish or designing interest. Having no inclination whatever for public life, he never held an office of any kind, and would never consent to be a candidate for any public position. Tho not gifted with oratory, he was a ready and forcible talker, a clear and logical reasoner, and naturally fond of controversy and disputation—qualities that would have rendered him famous as a Campbellite preacher had he been brought into the fold early in life. His favorite pastime was the discussion of political questions with his Democratic friends about the stores and blacksmith shops, and at stated meetings in the country school houses. A characteristic of his conversation, as well as his public discourses, was a peculiar positive manner of expression—even to bluntness at times—, but in the hottest argument he never lost his temper, or betrayed the least ill-nature or discourtesy.

Not a profound scholar, yet, a persistent reader and student, his mind was the repository of a great fund of knowledge in almost every field of learning. Without talent for music, or any pretense of abnormal wit or humor, he was a jovial, entertaining companion, with keen appreciation of the ludicrous as well as of the sublime, and partial to anecdotes and jokes if not too deeply tainted with vulgarity. As to the religious sentiment, Dr. Logan practiced in daily life the virtues of justice, charity, benevolence, honesty, and all the essential elements of true religion. Until late in life his rational discrimination between creeds and genuine religion eliminated his faith in the dogmas of the church. He was an Agnostic with the most liberal tendencies, subscribing with candid earnestness to the philosophy of Herbert Spencer and the theories of Huxley and Haeckel. He often remarked that he never could understand why belief of the impossible and supernatural should be an imperative condition for salvation. However, he never spoke, in terms of disrespect of the church, and contributed to its support because of its civilizing influences.

Back again at his old home in Newmanville, he at once began work in the same old professional ruts that had wearied both his soul and body almost passed endurance when he sought respite in farming. Not in robust health, the physical labor of his practice severely taxed his strength, and the piercing northwest winds had no mercy upon him when riding across the prairies in midwinter. Then the same problem of how to mitigate the rigors of his situation by providing revenue from some other source was presented with added force. A plausible solution of it suggested to his mind was to try merchandising again, and avail himself of the knowledge of that business he had acquired when a salesman for Roney in Beardstown. The more he thought of that



scheme the more feasible it appeared until he finally concluded to go into it. With George McGee—generally known as “Bub” McGee—as a partner, a store room in Newmanville was secured and fitted up, a stock of goods purchased, and the firm of Logan and McGee entered the arena for public favor.

The store did well enough, but it proved for the Doctor only a repetition of his farming enterprise. His medical practice continuing as before monopolized his time to the extent that he could give to the selling of goods very little of his personal attention. McGee got tired of the business and retired, selling his interest in the store to the Doctor, who employed Rufus Cowen to manage it for him. The Doctor's health failing early in 1877 compelled him to abandon both his profession and store, selling the latter to Wm. Waring. For nearly a year he was an invalid, or semi-invalid, disabled from transacting business of any kind requiring much mental or physical exertion. One feature—probably the main cause—of his malady, was a rare and very painful disease of one ear, originating in, or resulting from, necrosis of the bony canal and chain of small included bones. Recovery was very slow, perhaps never complete; but in course of time he was enabled to resume his old routine professional work.

For the next dozen years Dr. Logan remained a fixture at Newmanville, making no further effort to digress from the sphere of a plain country Doctor. With the passing of time streaks of silver gray appeared in his raven hair, and the elastic step, and buoyancy of youth changed to the constrained sedateness of advancing age. His old friend, Dr. Christy, had long since left Cass county to seek rest and independence, as an agriculturist, in Iowa, but his place, and numerous other places, were taken by new Doctors crowding in on all sides. Dr. Logan then had closer competition; but known so long and so well by the entire community for miles around, and possessing so fully the respect, esteem and confidence of the people, he maintained his professional standing and patronage until overwhelmed by a crushing domestic affliction in 1888. No man ever entertained more ardent affection for his family than did Dr. Logan. The hope and pride of his life were centered in his children, upon whom he lavished his tenderest care, and devoted his means with unstinted liberality. Of the six born to Mrs. Logan and himself, two—Charles C., and Agnes—died when quite young. Emma, the third in order of birth, grew to be a beautiful girl of charming disposition and sparkling intellect. Well educated, and accomplished she was the favorite of all her social circle. When just blooming into young womanhood she was attacked with measles of a virulent type, and, despite the most unremitting care, and the skill and learning of sympathetic physicians who came to Dr. Logan's aid, she died on the 16th of April, 1888.

Her death was a depressing shock to the Doctor. Dejected and discouraged, his usual cheerfulness was changed to pensive meditation and serious reflection, denoting that he was broken in spirit and disheartened. He accompanied his wife to church regularly, and, yielding to her persuasion, and other influences that were brought to bear upon him, consented to become a member of her church.

Dr. Logan was not a conservator of wealth. The money he earned was not hoarded or invested, but dispensed with free hand for the comfort and welfare of his family, the education of his children, and in promiscuous gen-

erosity and hospitality. Verging upon his allotted three score and ten years of life, and sensible of the decrepitude they wrought, he retired permanently from the country practice of medicine, in 1899, and moved from Newmanville to Ashland. A short time after he was settled there he was formally baptized by immersion and initiated into the Church of Christ founded in 1815 by Alexander Campbell.

In changing his residence to Ashland it was not Dr. Logan's intention to abandon his profession; but to escape its awful road and night work, and do an exclusively office business, for which he prepared himself. He tried it for awhile, but it did not come up to his expectations. The competition of younger Doctors was too strong for one of his advanced years. Apart from that, the business was too sedentary, and entirely unsuited to his settled habits of life. He was, in fact, tired of servile dependence upon the capricious public for his subsistence; and particularly weary of the daily visits to his office of the same chronic dead beats, that infest every town, taxing his time and patience with the same doleful complaints, and he quit the experiment in disgust. In the town of Boone, in Boone county, Iowa, resided Carlton Collins Logan, an elder brother of the Doctor's; a wealthy old bachelor who owned extensive coal mines there, and had many coal miners in his employ. Upon the earnest solicitation of that brother Dr. Logan left his family well situated in Ashland and went to Boone in February, 1891. There he entered into an agreement to assume professional charge of a specified number of the miners and their families at a stipulated monthly salary.

That arrangement proved highly satisfactory to all parties interested. It enabled the Doctor to confine his duties to regular hours, to escape exposure and country traveling, and above all, and better than all those advantages, it placed him independent of the public for employment and pay. It afforded him leisure for rest, study and recreation while fully discharging his obligations to the miners, who, justly regarded him as a very superior medical adviser and attendant. His salary was liberal and certain, relieving him entirely from financial bother and suspense. His new situation also relieved, in some measure, the gloom and despondency that had recently so seriously depressed him; and thereby very much improved his health. He remained there, in that work, occasionally visiting his family and friends in Cass county, Illinois, passably contented, and holding his own against the insidious aggressions of time, until the spring of 1900, when his health again began to fail. He paid but little attention to it at first thinking the disorder that troubled him was simply nephritis, and would soon pass away. But it grew worse, with more aggravated and serious symptoms, and rapidly undermined his strength. It was evident then that his disease was acute diabetes. His neighbor physicians of the town promptly responded to his call; and his daughter, Stella, hastened from Illinois to his bedside, proving a faithful and efficient nurse. The other members of his family were soon there also, and everything possible was done to arrest the ravages of the remorseless malady, and mitigate his distress. But he had reached the age limit that marks exhaustion of the recuperative powers, and steadily declined until expended vitality could offer no further resistance, and he quietly breathed his last on the 14th day of July, 1900, at the age of 79 years, 6 months and 10 days.

His body was brought back to Cass county, where funeral services were

held in Ashland, then it was taken to Newmanville and laid in the village cemetery beside the remains of his children who had preceded him. He was survived by Mrs. Logan, his son Edwin M., and two daughters, Misses Sally and Stella.

The vagaries of public opinion render it impossible for anyone to enjoy universal approbation and popularity. There are invariably some in every community ready to asperse the character of its best and purest members,—in some instances because of fancied wrongs inflicted; but oftener for no other reason than that the persons assailed are far above and superior to themselves. In reference to Dr. Logan, however, the tongue of detraction was well nigh silent. Perhaps no man in Cass county occupying the social and professional station of Dr. Logan enjoyed more largely and unreservedly the esteem, respect, and sincere friendship of its people than he did. There were many who disagreed with him on political, religious and other questions, and a few were at times disposed to censure him for professional mistakes; but none bore him personal enmity, and all were in accord in their high estimates of his spotless character, his integrity, and conscientious honesty.

## LETTER FROM HON. W. H. THACKER.

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**H**ON. J. N. Gridley, Virginia, Illinois. Friend Gridley—Please accept many thanks for historical sketch of Black Laws of Illinois. To me it is very interesting and fills a gap in the early history of the State, which I have noted, but did not think could be filled. You are certainly entitled to great credit for the labor bestowed and simple and systematic order in which the matter is presented. I presume that very few of the people of Illinois knew that but a little while ago it was in fact a slave state. I remember well the Collin's nigger, as he was called, and the strenuous trip, as Teddy would call it, from Cairo to Chicago, which owing to wrecks, bad track etc., required three days and nights. It was generally understood by the Company that the negro was not to go; but after we had reached some distance from Cairo, he dropped out, and then the fun commenced. Some of the boys in dead earnest, some took part for pure cussedness and others just to see the fun go on. Time and again he was pushed, crowded or thrown from the train, and whenever the case became serious some of the men would notify the Lieutenant, if he were not on hand, and by threats, commands and promises he would be permitted to climb back on the train. The promises were that he should be left in Chicago. Collins and I were seated together and I saw the whole thing. We ran very slowly frequently stopping,—so slowly that we would get off and run along side the train for rest and recreation, and these times were taken advantage of to get rid of the "nigger." He was a shrewd fellow, however, and formed a manner of resistance of his own. This was to always keep on the front car, and when thrown off to swing on to the next coach as it passed, and then work his way to the front again, to go through the same performance as soon as we stopped or slowed up. I think Collins intended to leave the negro in Chicago, but as soon as discharged the men broke up into squads and struck out for home, sometimes but one or two together and then the darkie prevailed on the Lieutenant to take him home. It is strange now that for three days that negro fought his way into a land of liberty against the threats, curses and blows of a large number of men who were fighting for human rights under the flag of freedom. During all that wrangle I never heard the question of law raised, and I don't suppose it was thought of.

This brings to mind an incident that took place in Mason county a few miles from Bath, not far from the same time. I cannot recall the year although I was in the immediate neighborhood at the time. An old farm had been for sale, and one day a well dressed negro somewhat advanced in years, appeared before the tenant and desired to be shown over the premises, with a view

to purchase. After looking around he expressed himself as satisfied and went away. In a short time the report was circulated that a nigger had purchased the farm and was expected on a steamer from St. Louis, and then a howl went up. In due time the little steamer that plied between St. Louis and Peoria, unloaded at Bath, this darkie and his family, including household goods, farm implements and a team. No sooner had he landed, than he was surprised by being told that he would not be allowed to live on his farm. He was deeply distressed and felt much hurt that he had not been informed of the fact before he bought the place. He concluded to leave the outfit with his family in town and go out and see how the matter stood before taking his things. He found a number of men awaiting him, who informed him in the strongest and most expressive language that no d—d nigger, could live among them. He listened with calm dignity till they had finished and then replied in nearly the following words. "Gentlemen," he said, "I thought this was a free state, where colored people were unmolested, so I came here and liked the place and bought this farm and paid for it and no one objected. I expected to locate here, educate my children, make a home for myself and family and be a man among men. But I am the last one to live in a community where I am not wanted and where mob law is tolerated. I will go back to where I came from dispose of this place for what I can get and I will trouble you no more—good-day." The return steamer took him back. I afterward learned that he was a free darkie, and by good business capacity had laid away a nice sum of money and intended to locate in Mason county and live the life of a gentleman farmer.

Hoping you will pardon me for this long letter,

I remain your's very truly,

W. H. THACKER.

# EARLY VIRGINIA (ILLINOIS) HISTORY

BY HON. J. N. GRIDLEY.

[*Extracts from a copy of the Illinois Observer of date April 13, 1849, then published by A. S. Tilden.*]

**I**LLINOIS Observer is published every Friday morning by A. S. Tilden Office on the south side of the lower public square, Virginia, Illinois.

Terms: Single copy will be sent one year for \$1 50 if paid in advance. \$2 within the year; \$2.50 where payment is delayed till after the end of the year.

All letters on business should be addressed to the publisher and postpaid otherwise they may not be attended to.

Religious Notice. We are authorized to state, that the Rev. Phillip Conlan, of the Catholic church, will meet his congregation in Virginia on Sunday<sup>d</sup> the 15th of April.

Close of the First Volume. With this number the first volume of this paper closes. As an experiment it has succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectations. It has met with no embarrassment, no difficulties, in human control although its circulation has been circumscribed to a smaller space of territory than falls to the lot of newspapers generally. We close the first year of its existence, with a lively regard for its patrons and the community in which it is located.

When we came to Virginia, a year ago, to take the management of the Observer, we did not contemplate becoming its publisher; but circumstances unnecessary to repeat here required us to take that responsibility and risk and the kindness extended to us by members of both political parties, during the warm, and even heated contest of last summer has never caused us to regret that act.

We are urged to continue the Observer. This we shall do provided the paper meets with the same support from the community, for the coming volume. In that case we shall endeavor to present its patrons an enlarged sheet.

We shall now proceed to a full and final settlement with all the subscribers for the past volume. This will occupy our time for the next four weeks, during which time the paper will be suspended.

The Second Volume. No paper will be sent to any person for the 2nd volume without they desire to renew their subscription: Therefore all persons wishing to aid in the permanent establishment of this paper in Virginia are requested to notify us of their desire to continue, otherwise their names will not be entered upon our subscription book for the second volume. Our friends without distinction are requested to receive subscribers for us, and hand in the names as early as the first of May.

And, finally, we say to all, that the continuance of the Observer rests with the public. Do they wish it continued?—then subscribe for the 2nd volume. It will be recollected that we are now upon the ground, ready to proceed at a day's notice—all we wish to know is that the business of the office will warrant us in proceeding with the paper—that knowledge gained, and it will be published.

We have appointed Watson R. Richardson, our general agent, to assist us in closing the accounts of this office, with subscribers for the first volume of this paper.

In our absence from the printing office, Mr. Wallace our compositor, is authorized to receipt our bills, and to receive renewals of subscriptions to the second volume.

The Virginia Choir will met next Thursday evening at the school room at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past seven o'clock.

Thos. Eyre's Wagon, Iron and Blacksmith Shop. We paid a visit for the first time, last week to the workshop of Thos. Eyre, Esq., in Beardstown, and from the quiet bearing and demeanor of our friend Eyre, never supposed that he was carrying on one of the largest establishments of this kind in this section of country. Yet such is the case: and within the last six weeks he has turned out complete six wagons for California emigrants, which combining strenght and lightness, will compare advantageously with any work of the kind. In all the departments of his business he employs 14 hands. His improved Diamond Plough has won for itself the favor of our farmers generally. In fact, such has been the demand during the last season that he has discharged from his shop 200 ploughs of this pattern.

We recommend this shop to any citizen who wants a plough, a carriage, or a wagon, for there his work can be done quickly and readily, and with an knowledge that it will do him good service.

By letter lately received we understand that Dr. Schooley and party arrived at New Orleans on the 10 of last month. Mr. Joseph Costner had been quite sick during the whole trip down, but was recovering: all the other members of this party were well. They had not determined at that date which of the southern routes they would finally take to California—through Mexico or by the way of Chagres.

Sudden death—Mrs. Powell, wife of George Powell died very suddenly yesterday. She rose in the morning well, and pursued her regular domestic duties for several hours, when she was attacked with a fit of appoplexy and fell dead. Verily, "in the midst of life we are in death."

The Cholera is making its appearance in all parts of our state, and it behooves our citizens to prepare for its approach. We call attention of the citizens of Virginia to the several nuisances lying about the streets and about town: we refer to the dead animals, particularly in the southwest part of town. I know of no reason why the people of this town should be visited by the cholera, unless from abominable carelessness in permitting dead horses to remain in the street until their weight is lightened by the visitation of sundry buzzards, crows, dogs etc.

Capt. De Vinney has entered upon the Illinois river trade this season in command of the steamer, Ocean Wave, one of the finest class of boats. De-Vinney is a fine fellow, a careful and accommodating commander. Rather than take passage on another boat, we would wait a week. His boat arrives at Beardstown every Friday on the down trip and Tuesday on the up.

For the Observer. Mr. Editor:—It appears by the last number of the Morgan Journal, that the attention of its readers is called to the consideration of a subject which it would be well for editors of newspapers, generally, to notice; I refer to the "existing wants of a portion of our citizens living in the Illinois Bottom," which have been occasioned by the late disastrous freshet. Some measures ought certainly to be immediately adopted to make good to, at least, the poorer portion of them, what they have lost by the late inundation. There are, unquestionably, many persons having located themselves in that section for its convenience to market, together with other local considerations, some having paid in whole, others in part, for their lands, who are actually made poor in consequence of the late high waters. Now, sir, can the people in comfortable circumstances, look on, and behold, these losses and in some cases *sufferings* of their poor "*bretheren and kinsmen*," and "pass by on the other side," unmoved to action for their relief? Shall "the plaintive cry of want from distant lands" excite our sympathies and their poor be the recipients of our charities; and can we withhold from our *own neighbors* that relief which it is in our power to extend, and which their condition most emphatically demands? Upon the foreigners we not only bestow our favors from our own apprehension of their wants, but we furthermore give of our means for the employment of talents and eloquence to plead their cause, to augment their claims upon our benevolences, whilst we seem to forget amidst our opulence and wealth, that peradventure we may have objects of charity among our own rapidly increasing population.

While we are to practice upon the Apostle's injunction to "do good unto men," as far as we may, we are at the same time, not to forget the truth of our greater TEACHER'S words—"The poor ye have always with you."

This, Mr. Editor, is a subject upon which there is room for enlargement, and one upon which I trust, some action that may prove efficient, will be taken without delay. Let us be ambitious to outdo our neighbors of Morgan in this laudable undertaking. But I will not further impose upon your columns.

Respectfully,

Virginia, April 12, 1849.

Benevolence.

Our readers, will of course, pardon our want of news this week, as a good deal of the space of our paper is occupied upon the business of the paper. This must occur once a year.

The recent freshet has drowned out the muskrats from their homes. We learn of a party killing three thousand along the canal, during the first two days of last week—Joliet Signal.

Penn Division No. 78, Sons of Temperance, meet every Wednesday evening at half past seven o'clock.—D. Blair, R. S.

P. L. Phillips M. D. Practitioner of Medicine, in all its branches. Office next door to the Postoffice, Virginia.



Drs. Allard & Phillips. Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye  
Stuffs, Brandy, Wine, etc. All fresh, and of the best quality. Various kinds  
of Patent Medicines also will be kept on hand for the accommodation of  
customers.

Prices reduced. Call and see at their Drug Store, West side of the  
Square, upper Virginia. April 13, 1849.

The subscriber will pay the highest price in cash for fat cattle, calves and  
sheep delivered at his slaughter pen in Virginia. April 13. David Finney.

Sugar and coffee can be had low at Walihan & Co.

Chair Factory. The subscriber has opened a shop in Virginia, two doors  
from N. B. Thompson's store, where he intends to keep on hand a general  
assortment of fancy and common chairs of all kinds which for neatness and  
durability cannot be surpassed, as he intends to finish them in the latest  
eastern style.—Kenneth A. Conover.

Virginia Mills. Are now in operation, and we are prepared to grind  
wheat and corn on accommodating terms. Flour and meal constantly on  
hand. Sawing done for 62½ cents per hundred cash, or one half of the lumber  
to be retained. 600 cords of oak and hickory wood wanted, between this and  
the first of May next. Also wanted a young man of temperate and industri-  
ous habits to learn the milling business.—Beers & Newman.

Law Partnership. Delahay & Hopkins have associated themselves to-  
gether in the practice of the law, and will give their joint attention to all  
business that may be entrusted to their charge in the first judicial circuit.  
Particular attention will be given to the collection of debts. M. W. Delahay.  
Virginia, Nov. 17, 1848. R. D. Hopkins.

Tailoring. Charles Boyd tenders his thanks to the public for the liberal  
patronage bestowed upon him in the line of his trade. By a close application  
to his business expects to merit a continuation of the public patronage. He  
keeps his shop at his residence, as usual, where he will be pleased to serve  
his customers with despatch and in the most modern and fashionable style.

Latest fashions on hand and constantly received.

Wanted: feathers, beeswax, butter, hides, eggs, tallow, etc., the high-  
est market price in exchange for goods at Irwin's

Brick for Sale. I have just burnt a good lot of brick which I will sell on  
reasonable terms for cash. G. W. Harris, Virginia, Ill., Nov. 17, 1848.

Land for sale and to rent. The W½ SE¼ Sec. 4; the W½ of SW¼ Sec. 5;  
the W½ NE¼ Sec. 8; the NW¼ of NW¼ Sec. 8 Tp. 18, Range 9, can be purchased  
on very favorable terms. It is all timbered land. Also 40 acres near Vir-  
ginia to rent. For particulars enquire of R. S. Thomas.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between Nelson B. Beers & M. H.  
L. Schooley in the Virginia Steam Mills was this day dissolved by mutual  
consent. N. B. Beers  
Virginia, January 20, 1849. M. H. L. Schooley.

The subscriber is prepared to make, mend and patch the boots, shoes and  
slippers of the citizens of Virginia and vicinity at his residence on the lower

public square.

Wanted. A journeyman shoemaker, will find employment upon application as above. L. B. Griffith

N. B. Thompson, Virginia. Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, hardware, queensware, boots, shoes, hats, caps, leghorn and straw bonnets. No. 1 Southwest corner public square, Virginia, Cass Co., Ill.

School Books all kinds for sale by N. B. T.

10 cases boots and shoes just received for sale by N. B. T.

Salt, bacon, lard, butter, flour, corn meal, mackerel, cod fish and fresh oysters. N. B. T.

Kanawha salt, sugar, coffee, pure wines, cognac N. B. T.

Queensware 20 sets 46 pieces each, blue flown, rough and ready, forget-me-not and Liverpool blue and red. 100 sets common tea cups and saucers at 20 cents per sett—all others in proportion. N. B. T.

Wanted. In exchange for Goods. Wheat, Pork, Corn, Lard, Butter, Tallow, Feathers. Wools, young steers, stock hogs, dry and green hides, all kinds of Furs, County orders, Auditor's Warrants and cash not refused.

N. B. Thompson

10 boxes candles and Palm soap for sale by N. B. T.

10 barrels old Cincinnati Whiskey just received by steam boat Prairie Bird, for sale by N. B. Thompson.

10 tons common bar, square, round slab, hoop and bar iron just received and for sale by N. B. T.

New Arrival at Oliver's of new goods which will be sold cheaper than the cheapest call and see for yourselves. Blue and black French cloth: blue and black English cloth; superfine beaver for overcoats; fancy plaid and stripe cassimeres; blue, black, and fancy sattinettes; Mexican cassimeres; sheep's grey do; blue, drab and grey blankets, a superior article for overcoats; tweeds, plaid and colored linsey; angola flannels, red, yellow, and spot flannels; scarlet and white wrappers; blue, black and gold mixed jeans; striped and plain alpacas, and a superior article of Mohan plaids and French gingham; cashmere and calicoes at all prices, some at 6½ cents per yard; plaid and mode shawls; bishop lawn, india books; jaconets and camlins, a good assortment; manillas; skirts, shimisettes, cloak linings, winter hoods, kid gloves, buck mitts and gloves, Irish linens, Russia diapers, silk and cotton handkerchiefs, thread run laces, black and fang cravats, rich bonnet ribbons, 4-4 brown Nashua cottons, 4-4 do Indian heads; 2 2 Osnaburgh; Texas drillings and a full assortment of black and brown muslins at prices that cannot be beat; a full assortment of hardware, queensware, boots and shoes, hats and caps, tin ware, etc.

Produce will be taken in exchange for goods at market prices. Drop in at our store ladies and gentlemen and I will take pleasure in convincing you that while it is no trouble to show my goods, that I will sell as cheap as the cheapest and perhaps a little cheaper. C. H. Oliver Virginia, Oct. 1848.

Dissolution. The co-partnership heretofore existing between Wallihan & Co., and N. B. Newman is dissolved by mutual consent. All notes and accounts due the firm will be settled by Wallihan & Co.

All persons having unsettled accounts are requested to call and close them

for convenience of parties.

Walihan & Co.  
N. B. Newman.

A list of Letters remaining in the Postoffice at Virginia on the 31st day of March, 1849, and if not taken out before the last day of June, they will be sent to the general post office as dead letters.

Bacon, Sharlotta; Britt, Albert; Brown, James; Berges, Richard; Brid, W., H.; Bridgewater John; Boston, Anthony; Cone, Remick, Clark, F., J.; Dunbar, Sarah, Mrs.; Dirreen, Edward; Elder, Alfred; Hardin, Martin; Holtzman, Wm.; Henry, McHenry; Layton, Robert; McClure, Jos., W.; McDonough, Jas.; Nix, William; Nance, O. B.; Nance, Joseph; Outten, L. M.; Right, Cyrus; Redman, Margaret; Redman, Daniel; Redman, Francis; Scott, M., M.; Street, H., A., Miss; Woods, H., A.; Wittlinger, Michael; Willis, Lafayette; Woods, Adam, Mrs.  
John J. Mosely P. M.

The next term of the Virginia School of Grades will commence on Monday, April 9th under the superintendence of J. Loomis.

The terms of tuition will be as heretofore advertised.

Board may be had for \$1.25 to \$1.50 per week.

Wm. Armstrong.  
Wm. Naylor.  
M. H. L. Schooley.  
Directors.

Virginia, March 26th, 1849.

Lumber for Sale. 10,000 feet, 1 inch, 1½ inch and 2 inch superior Pine Lumber.

4000 dressed Oak weather boarding, 3000 undressed do.

Also a large lot of building timber, scantling flooring and fencing plank cheap by H. H. and J. P. Hall. Virginia, Cass Co. March 23, 1849.

Wool Exchange. The subscribers respectfully inform the inhabitants of Cass and the adjoining counties, that they have an assortment of Woolen Cloths, consisting of blankets, plain cloths, cassimeres, satinets, plain and dressed flannels, which they will exchange for wool. The cloths are their own manufacture, and wishing to exchange will do well to call on them, at William Stevenson, North Prairie, 4 miles south of Virginia, Ill.

April 2.

Bliss, Pool & Weston.

R. S. Lord, Physician and Surgeon, Virginia, Cass Co., Ill. Residence, the one formerly occupied by Dr. Schooley.

John B. Taylor (late Bassett and Taylor) Commission and Forwarding merchant, Beardstown, Ill., Will advance on freights, receive, store and forward all kinds of goods and grain, on terms to suit every and all persons who may honor him with their business

Great care taken to forward all goods and produce in first rate order.

C. H. Oliver, Virginia, Ill., Dealer in dry goods, groceries, hardware, queensware, boots and shoes, etc., on the west side of the lower public square.

Irwin's Philadelphia Store opposite Armstrong's Hotel Upper Virginia. Receives his goods direct from Philadelphia, and will give as good bargians as can be found in any part of the State. Also, all kinds of produce wanted and the highest price given at Irwin's.

Wanted 1000 cords of wood for which the highest price will be given at Irwin's.

Corn Wanted. 10,000 bushels of corn at 15 cents per bushel wanted in exchange for goods at cash prices by Irwin at the Philadelphia Store.

Carriage and Wagon Manufactory. The subscriber respectfully informs the public, that he has, at a large additional expense prepared himself to increase his business in the manufactory of wagons and carriages, and is in the possession of materials, workmen and all the necessary facilities to furnish at the shortest notice carriages, buggys and wagons, of every size and quality at as low prices as the same kind of articles can be procured in the country.

Repairing in all its various branches done with neatness and despatch at his old stand opposite the upper steam mill, Beardstown. Tho. Eyre.

Dr. A. W. French Surgeon Springfield Ill., office opposite the State Register office.

Refer to M. W. Delehay, Esq., R. S. Thomas, Esq., M. H. L. Schooley, M. D.

# COUNTRY GRAVEYARDS.

## NUMBER SIX.

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BY HON. J. N. GRIDLEY.

### **The Adam Price Graveyard.**

**T**HIS burial place is situated upon the Southwest quarter of the Southwest quarter of Section 21, T<sub>2</sub>. 17, R. 10 on the west side of the Virginia and Jacksonville road. As stated in the second of these graveyard sketches in this volume, a church was built at this location about 1850 by Mr. Yapple, the father of Matt Yapple, Esq., of this city. The burial of the dead of that vicinity at this place was begun long before that time. As before described the church was demolished in the summer of 1906—the fence about the burial ground has fallen in; brush and weeds have made of it a repulsive and unsightly place. Some of the descendants of the dead there buried, have already begun the work of the removal of the remains to Walnut Ridge cemetery. Mr. William T. Price has just purchased a lot in that cemetery to which he proposes to remove the remains of his parents and other friends. The body of the Rev. Jeremiah Mitchell lies out there, the stone at his head nearly prostrate; his grave covered with poison vines. Mr. Mitchell was a faithful preacher; a most excellent man; it is hoped that his children will see to it, that what remains of his mortal body be transferred to a suitable burial ground. The neglected grave of the Rev. Eleazar Griffin is in this Price ground; he will be remembered as the superintendent of the Virginia public schools in 1867 and 1868; he was a good and useful man.

To illustrate the slip shod happy-go-lucky methods of the early days it is only necessary to recite the history of this graveyard. Miss Anna Thompson, a daughter of the old pioneer Richard Davis Thompson, was born and reared within a mile or two of the Adam Price graveyard. She attended religious services in the little church there, during the days of her childhood. She distinctly remembers a plat of the burying ground, that hung on the walls of the church showing the division of the tract into burial lots, with the names of the owners marked thereon. She is certain that these lots were bought and paid for. She says the northwest corner was reserved, or set apart for the burial of those whose friends were too poor to pay for lots. Here was buried the body of a man found dead or dying by the roadside nearby, and here was buried the body of a Mrs. Mick who was burned to death in the log house of her uncle Bradley Thompson when Miss Anna was a very young girl. If any deeds were executed, as she believes, no trace of any of them can be found; no conveyance of the tract by Mr. Adam Price is to be found of record. And now this God's half acre is exposed to the trampling of cattle—neglected, an eye-sore to the passer-by and a disgrace to a civilized community.

The oldest recorded death in this burial ground is that of Elizabeth F.

daughter of Adam and Susannah Price, who died July 15, 1834, aged one month and ten days. The others here follow:

Julia Ann, wife of J. W. Smith, died July 11, 1864, in the 29th year of her age.

Nancy, wife of Jacob Yapple, died May 21, 1862, aged 66 years, 2 months, 21 days.

Jacob Yapple, died Nov. 21, 1874, aged 80 years, 3 months and 2 days.

Infant daughter of J. H. and Mary Bates died May 20th, 1861; aged 1 month, 21 days.

Jeremiah Mitchell died May 1, 1864, aged 51 years, 9 months, 14 days.

John E., infant son of W. J. and E. Wilson, died July 6, 1872, aged 4 months.

Infant daughter of A. and S. Price, died July 15, 1835, aged one month.

Infant son of A. and S. Price, died Sept. 30, 1838, aged one month.

Adam Price, died Feb. 1, 1875, aged 71 years, 5 months, 28 days.

Susan, wife of Adam Price, died Sept. 27, 1880, aged 67 years, 8 months and 26 days.

Julia A., wife of M. Yapple, died April 28, 1863, aged 26 years, 3 months, 12 days.

Margaret, wife of J. Eador died Dec. 5, 1865, aged, 64 years.

Jacob Eador died Sept, 28, 1873, aged 79 years, 8 months, 24 days.

Elizabeth N. Eador died, May 1, 1878, aged 44 years, 5 months, 22 days.

Horace W., son of E. and S. Griffin, died Aug. 9, 1865, aged 8 years, 4 months and 24 days.

Frank, son of E. and S. Griffin, died January 1, 1869, aged 1 year, 5 months and 10 days.

Eleazar Griffin died June 16, 1878, aged 49 years, 8 months, 18 days.

Agnes R., daughter of E. and S. Griffin died May 18, 1883, aged 23 years, 5 months, 19 days.

Note. This young woman was killed in the Litterberry cyclone.

Graph, son of E. and S. Griffin, died May 28, 1883, aged 8 years, 6 months, 26 days.

William, son of J. W. and M. Price, died January 18, 1867, aged 3 years, 8 months, 3 days.

John H., son of E. and B. Hillman, died April 29, 1859, aged 6 years, 3 months, 25 days.

Lydia A., daughter of E. and R. Hillman, died Feb. 5, 1859, aged 4 years, 9 months.

Matilda Jane, wife of Thomas S. Moore, died Apr. 17, 1881, aged 35 years, 2 months, 14 days.

M. S. Thompson born Nov. 14, 1850, died October 12, 1881, aged 31 years, 2 months and 2 days.

Mary, wife of John Lacey, died March 14, 1857, aged 44 years.

Nancy, wife of J. Lacey, died March 19, 1872, aged 56 years, 11 months, 20 days.

Charles Marshall died Dec. 29, 1859, aged 40 years, 4 months, 10 days.

James Marshall, Sr., died October 3, 1842, aged 65 years, 9 months, 3 days.

Margaret, wife of Peter G. Redding, died June 3, 1845, aged 37 years.

Maria, wife of J. H. Ross, died July 15, 1854, aged 37 years, 12 days.

W. D. McKinney, Co. I., 11th Mo. Infantry.

Martha J., daughter of J. and McKinney, died April 5, 1856, aged 6 years 10 days.

Edward W. son of L. W. and E. M. Murphy, died Oct. 6, 1875, aged 23, years, 6 months, 22 days.

Note. This young man was a stepson of Jacob Eador.

Jacob M., son of H. and A. C. Carper, died March 7, 1859, aged 3 years, 5 months.

James S. Carper died Dec. 22, 1855, aged 27 years, 5 months, 11 days.

Our infant daughter, J. B. and M. A. Thompson.

Benjamin, son of J. B. and B. E. Thompson, died March 28, 1865, aged 17 years, 6 months.

Lida Ann, daughter of J. B. and M. A. Thompson, died Nov. 14, 1871, aged 7 years, 8 months, 16 days.

Clara L., daughter of J. and Anna M. Bunce, died Dec. 9, 1872, aged 18 years, 11 months.

Note. This woman was burned to death in Virginia, Ill.

In addition to the above there are many graves in this yard that have no stones to indicate the persons therein buried; among these is the grave of Mrs. Sarah Yapple, the first wife of John Yapple; this woman was the daughter of Henry Price, who was a brother of Adam Price; she was a splendid woman; she left a nice property at her death; her husband, John Yapple lies buried in Walnut Ridge Cemetery; a costly and beautiful monument marks his last resting place; his wife lies in the Adam Price burial ground; her grave neglected and unmarked.

# COUNTRY GRAVEYARDS.

## Number Seven.

BY HON. J. N. GRIDLEY.

### The Cauby Graveyard.

**T**HIS burial place is located upon the SW $\frac{1}{4}$  of the NE $\frac{1}{4}$  of Sec 30, Tp. 18, Range 10 and lies a quarter of a mile east of the Union schoolhouse in the John Brech neighborhood. The land was entered in 1828 by Henry Trauber and by him conveyed to Joseph Cauby, January 7, 1833. It is now owned by Mr. William Wubker. It is a small plat thickly covered with bushes, trees and weeds. Mr. Wubker keeps a fence around it, which is certainly all that ought to be expected of him as his deceased friends have been removed therefrom, the family having purchased a lot in Walnut Ridge Cemetery. This spot presents a very sad and neglected appearance. It is situated a quarter of a mile from any public road. The oldest recorded death in this cemetery is found upon a large sand stone slab upon which is carved:

Erected to the memory of the Rev. William McCord, who departed this life August 19th, 1833, aged 53 years, 1 month, 24 days.

Write—Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. Rev. 14:13.

The remainder here follow:

Rev. J. Biddlecome, died January 23, 1870, aged 74 years, 9 months, 25 days.

John W. Biddlecome, died April 19, 1865, aged 32 years, 24 days.

Elizabeth, wife of Rev. J. Biddlecome, died June 9, 1863, aged 69 years, 8 months, 12 days.

Benjamin F. Biddlecome, 1836-1854.

William M., son of J. and L. Bierhouse, died August 19, 1869.

Henry, son of J. and L. Bierhouse, died March 3, 1866.

Mary M., daughter of U. and H. A. Snider, died July 29, 1872, aged 6 months.

Harriett, daughter of N. and H. A. Snider, died September 12, 1869.

In memory of Timothy Cook who departed this life, August 27, 1845, aged 27 years.

Daniel Cauby, son of Joseph and Sidney Cauby, died October 25, 1856, aged 18 years, 6 months. In life beloved: in death lamented.

Sarah A., daughter of J. and S. Cauby, born July 31, 1854, died March 25, 1874. This stone lies flat upon the ground.

Sidney, wife of Joseph Canby died February 16, 1892, aged 82 years, 3 months.

Joseph Cauby, died July 15 1857, aged 62 years and 24 days.



Samuel Thompson died April 26, 1835, aged 51 years, 2 months, 2 days.

Matilda E., wife of Samuel Thompson died May 21, 1850, aged 64 years, 6 months, 24 days.

Elizabeth, daughter of S. and M. Thompson died August 19, 1853, aged 43 years, 6 months, 14 days.

This stone marks the grave of a maiden lady; she was a school teacher, who, at the time she was seized with her last illness was teaching in Virginia: she died at her home in Virginia, which was a house on lot 22, in the original town, in the rear of the M. E. church then standing on lot 59.

James E., son of W. and S. Boston, died June 22, 1847 aged 1 year, 7 months, 28 days.

William H., son of W. and S. J. Boston, died August 26, 1854, aged 1 year, 7 months and 20 days.

William Boston died November 20, 1861, aged 43 years, 2 months 9 days. And all that live Godly in Christ Jesus suffer persecution.

Daniel W., son of W. and S. J. Boston, died December 30, 1892, aged 4 years, 2 months, 5, days.

George J., son of John H. and Mary E. Ellerman died Dec. 29, 1858, aged 17 years, 5 months, 27 days.

Elizabeth, wife of Rev. J. D. Cowan, died Jan. 10, 1850, aged 25 years, 10 months and 27 days. This slab was broken down and covered with earth.

Rossannah, wife of J. B. Thompson, born Nov. 15, 1812, died January 30, 1858. A sand stone slab 30 inches wide, six feet long and 4 inches thick in a horizontal position upon brick pillars bears the following inscription:

Sacred to the memory of the Rev. Benj. Cauby, who departed this life June 2, 1841, aged 41 years, 3 months, 20 days (Several passages from the Scripture then follow.)

In memory of Henry Havekluft who was born in Strohen, Kingdom of Hanover, June 7, 1762. Died June 11, 1844, aged 52 years, 4 days.

The *grate* and good by thousands daily fall; and endless would be the grief to weep for all.

This is a substantial sand stone slab some four inches in thickness.

Margarett died November 4, 1881, aged 15 years, 3 months. Freddy A., died Nov. 21, 1881, aged 12 years, 4 months, children of Wm. and A. Morris.

Hannah, wife of Jonas Bardsley, died June 11, 1854, aged 45 years, 2 months, 4 days. This stone hidden by weeds (on Sept. 23, 1906) was in very good condition.

Amazabell, wife of L. B. Griffith, died December 31, 1861, aged 42 years, 5 months, 11 days. She departed this life after an illness of 21 years, 5 months and 10 days.

At the foot of this grave, was a small foot stone with initial letters cut in it. No other stone to be seen. The sunken condition of the earth east of the foot stone indicated the location of a grave: after a search a wide marble slab, covered with five inches of leaves and earth was uncovered and brought to the surface which was found to contain the foregoing inscription. Strange though it may appear, it is nevertheless true that in these old country graveyards one often finds the large marble head stones broken down, while the small foot stones remain as originally placed.

# COUNTRY GRAVEYARDS.

## Number Eight.

BY HON. J. N. GRIDLEY.

### The Page A. Williams Graveyard.

**T**HIS burial ground is situated upon the east half of the south east quarter of Sec. 33 T. 17, R. 9, in this county. The land was entered by Page A. Williams on September 15th, 1826.

It is a part of the farm known as the W. W. Ward farm. It is located on the west side of the county road. The south portion of it is unprotected by a fence and it is grown up in weeds and underbrush and is in the ruinous condition that so many of these burial places are. The oldest recorded death to be found in this burial plat is that of Page A. Williams, who died Aug. 12, 1843, when but forty years of age. He was a man of considerable property; his widow married Samuel Sinclair who was familiarly called "Kentucky Sam" to distinguish him from his neighbor and second cousin who was called "Virginia Sam." The sand stone slab that once stood at the head of the grave of Mr. Williams was leaning against a tree on Oct. 28, 1906, the day the writer visited the place. The exact spot of his burial can not now, be located. He was an influential, and much respected citizen; that his last resting place has thus been neglected is certainly a reproach to those who should have cared for it. Several years since, Mr. Ward and others made an effort to enclose this plat by the erection of a substantial iron fence; he was unable to interest many of those who ought to have been glad to join him in so laudable an enterprise. Mr. Koontz, Llewellyn Davis and Francis Davey, (and perhaps some others) promptly made responses to this proposition of Mr. Ward, and they did construct a neat and solid fence of iron around the northerly portion of this burial ground, which enclosed the remains of the friends of these gentlemen. The size of this enclosure is about 35 feet by 40 feet. But Mr. Ward afterwards, finding that the people of Ashland had provided a neat cemetery just west of that village requested that his body be buried there, wisely concluding that even a country grave yard enclosed with an iron fence would, in a few years become obsolete.

The head stones now within the enclosure, contain the following inscriptions:—

Charles C. Buracker, born June 28, 1855; died March 9, 1858.

Infant son of G. and J. Koontz, died August 11, 1853, aged 6 months, 1 day.

John Martin, son of G. and Koontz, died February 14, 1853, aged 4 years-11 months, 4 days.

Gideon Koontz, died November 5, 1854, aged 36 years, 11 months.

Martha G., daughter of G. and J. Koontz, died July 2, 1855, aged 5 months,

21 days.

Minnie C., daughter of D. S. and M. R. Koontz, died October 15, 1872, aged 1 month and 20 days.

Andrew E. Coffey born April 3, 1846, died September 16, 1847.

Clarinda F. Coffey born February 5, 1848, died March 20, 1848.

Harriett E. Coffey born January 4 1850, died September 7, 1852.

Robert Coffey born January 21, 1837, died September 8th 1852.

Infant daughter of G. and C. Coffey died September 8, 1853.

William H. Coffey born April 29, 1856, died June 13, 1856.

John M. Coffey, born October 25, 1840, died January 13, 1859.

Thomas J. Coffey, born July 18 1842, died May 13, 1859.

Samuel A. Coffey, born September 6, 1838, died December 12, 1862.

Eugene Coffey, born April 5, 1862, died September 11, 1866,

Margaret G. Orr, born August 19, 1793, died August 8, 1871.

Cabuis Coffey, born November 6, 1811, died December 17, 1878.

Pelina, wife of Cabuis Coffey, born August 1, 1817, died January 11, 1888.

Elizabeth Coffey, wife of Llewellyn Davis, died July 29, 1893, aged 49 years, 4 months, 22 days.

Ella, daughter of F. and M. Vandevanter, died February 5, 1855, aged 11 months and 19 days.

Fenton S., son of F. and M. Vandevanter died August 13 , 1846, aged 1 month, 19 days.

Josepha, daughter of William and M. Mains, died October 6, 1846, aged 3 days.

Oscar, son of William and M. Mains, died September 23, 1853, aged 15 months, 23 days.

The remainder of the graves, lie outside of the enclosure, in the brush; the stones bear the following inscriptions:—

Joanah E., wife of A. C. Davis, died August 29, 1854, aged 18 years, 5 months, 3 days.

Milton C., son of A. C. and J. E. Davis, died September 3, 1854, aged 1 year 11 months, 9 days.

Eliza E., daughter of M. and H. Trotter died August 26, 1854, aged 2 years, 22 days.

Susan C., daughter of A. and C. Morrow, died July 9, 1852, aged 1 year 11 months.

John Milton, son of A. and C. Morrow, died February, 9, 1855, aged 2 years, 5 months, 18 days.

Thomas O. Keefe died October 2, 1843, aged 24 years.

Samuel Trotter died August 4, 1844, aged 62 years, 1 month, 16 days.

Mary, wife of Starke Gilliam, died December 23, 1847, aged 88 years.

Reuben Lynn died August 15, 1850, aged 20 years, 2 months, 12 days. "Be this a warning to you: As I lay, so must you." This stone partly engraved by the deceased.

Mary Jane, daughter of M. and H. Trotter died September 6, 1854, aged 16 years, 8 months, 27 days.

Thomas O. Keefe, son of M. and H. Trotter, died September 14, 1854, aged 12 years, 1 month, 4 days.

John A., son of M and H. Trotter, died October 20, 1863, aged 16 years, 8

months, 14 days.

Page A. Williams, died August 12, 1843, aged 40 years.

William E., son of William and J. Berry, died February 28, 1848, aged 3 years, 1 month.

Henderson S., son of William and J. Berry died July 28, 1847, aged 11 months, 6 days.

John T., son of J. M. and N. J. Berry, died August 22, 1855, aged 1 year, 9 months, 15 days

Frances S., wife of W. J. Bennett, died August 18, 1878, aged 51 years, 6 months, 30 days.

Clarence B., son of M. L. and M. E. Nevins, died November 10, 1879, aged 4 years, 1 month 7 days.

John R., son of Robert and Elizabeth Fitzhugh, died, May 14, 1849, aged 28 years, 11 months.

Robert Fitzhugh, died October 13, 1865, aged 69 years.

Elizabeth, wife of Robert Fritzhugh, died October 27, 1848, aged 47 years

William W., son of L. and S. Jordan, died January 5, 1853, aged 1 year, 20 days.

W., son of L. and F. Jordan, died October 5, 1851, aged 2 years, 7 months, 25 days.

Susan, wife of Samuel Sutton, died September 12, 1850, aged 32 years, 6 months, 6 days.

Eliza Ann Smith died October 30, 1848, aged 27 years, 7 months, 16 days.

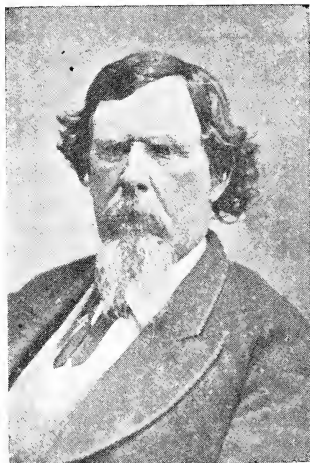
Thomas M., son of William M. and M. Lewis' died March 3, 1857, aged 10 months, 28 days.

## DR. SAMUEL CHRISTY.

BY DR. J. F. SNYDER.

**I**T was in the midst of the second war with England—our Congress having declared war against Perfidious Albion on June 19th, 1812—and while Commodore Stephen Decatur was blockaded in Long Island Sound by the British fleet, that Samuel Christy was born, in Greenville, Mercer county, Pennsylvania, on the 6th of May, 1813. His parents were both natives of that state, having mixed Scotch and Irish ancestry—a stock holding high reputation for intense patriotism and stubborn courage. Sam, when an infant was strong and healthy, and grew up to be a stout active boy, willing to work and

anxious to learn. His father was not in very affluent circumstances, but sent him to school during the winter months, and put him to work on the rocky farm through the balance of the year. The old gentleman weighed about 300 pounds, was educated, and quite a prominent man in that community. His wife was slender, active and intelligent, having an average avoirdupois of about 100 pounds. Sam was the first-born of a family of six children, and grew up a redoubtable leader of that flock. When passing through his "teens"—from thirteen to nineteen years of age—he was the main stay on the little farm, generally at the head of his classes at school, and always ready for his part in the hunts, games, or athletic sports usual among school children



DR. SAMUEL CHRISTY.

After the toils of the day he often wrangled with his lessons, or pored over the pages of some borrowed book, by the light of a grease lamp or tallow-dip candle, long after the other members of the family were asleep, and next morning was the first one up to commence the day's work. As he approached man's estate in age and stature an inborn ambition to rise above the station of a common laborer stirred him to increased efforts for mental improvement. As usual in those days—and very much so now—school teaching was the only intellectual pursuit in reach of aspiring young men of limited means, serving as the initial step to future eminence. So, he taught country schools for several terms, boarding around among

the scholars, until his earnings had accumulated sufficiently to enable him to enter college at Meadville in Montgomery county, Pennsylvania. He was a good student, but the exhaustion of his means compelled him to leave college before he had finished the prescribed course of studies for graduation. What influence it was that inclined him to get into the medical profession: where, how long, and with what Doctor, he studied medicine, now cannot be determined; but the fact is well established that he attended the regular course of medical instruction at the old Jefferson college at Philadelphia, and received a diploma from that institution in the spring of 1836.

At the same stages of life human nature, human impulses and motives, are very much the same the world over. Man is but an animal with limited reasoning faculties added, and at that, much of his boasted reasoning is little more than animal instinct. Samuel Christy, M. D., was as proud of his new diploma as he had been several years before of his first pair of boots. He fancied—as all new fledged doctors do—that it possessed some sort of necromancy which, not only at once completed his education, but transformed him from the realm of youth-hood to the responsible station of citizenship. A prominent concomitant of that fancied metamorphosis is almost always the marriage impulse, which, when once developed in a young fellow, seldom lets go its hold until he finds a suitable mate—or one he thinks is suitable. Returning from the medical college he located for the practice of his new profession in Sharon, a small village in Mercer, his native county, and while there met his inevitable fate in the person of Miss Nancy F. Russell, a girl of fine figure and comely features, whose home was in Erie, county seat of Erie county, the second county north of Mercer. Attracted to each other by the subtle magnetism of their mutual affinity and identity of tastes, temperament and dispositions, after enjoyment of the usual halcyon period of courtship, they were married, at Erie, on the 13th of October, 1838.

By that time Dr. Christy had discovered that the medical profession in northwestern Pennsylvania was so congested as to seriously clog the wheels of progress to fame and wealth for beginners in the practice. He knew that in the professions everywhere there is always room upstairs, it matters not how much the basement may be crowded. But unwilling to expend the time and labor in climbing the stairs where he was, he concluded to go west where he could get all the room he wanted without the trouble of climbing or scrambling for it. Acting upon that idea he immediately buddled up his small store of personal property and, with his wife, took final leave of their native state. Transportation by railroad to the Mississippi was then little more than a dream, but they had the choice of two natural routes to the west; one by the lakes to the village of Chicago, the other by the way of the rivers to St. Louis. The doctor chose the latter. Going down to Beaver county they embarked on a steamboat going down the Allegheny river to Pittsburg. From there, on another boat, down the Ohio, and up the Mississippi, they in time arrived at St. Louis. Why it was that Dr. Christy did not follow, from that point, the usual route of travel of eastern immigrants, and go on up the Illinois river to Beardstown cannot now be explained. Instead of taking that course he went up the Missouri river to Lexington, the county seat of Lafayette county, and there hung out his professional shingle.

The Doctor and his wife were profoundly ignorant of the practical features

of slavery, neither of them having ever seen a negro slave, or set foot on slave soil before landing in Missouri. Though always a democrat, Dr. Christy believed slavery to be a moral wrong that should not be extended; yet he thought expediency demanded that it should not be disturbed where it already existed. Lafayette county at that time was one of the strongholds of the slavery party, having—as did most of the counties bordering upon both sides of the Missouri river—a large contingent of slaves employed in raising tobacco and hemp. As a result there was in Lexington a slave holders aristocracy much inclined to look down with disdain, or indifference, upon the “poor white trash.” In the estimation of that exclusive circle a professional man not able to own his necessary house servants was not qualified to compete with those who were, and consequently was ignored. Dr. Christy and wife were not long in discovering the wide contrast in social conditions of their native state and the one they had migrated to, and concluded they had better move into a free state rather than waste their lives in trying to overcome the prejudices of caste among slave holders. An attempt to do business in Lexington, for a few months, satisfied the Doctor that he had made a mistake in locating there, whereupon he took final leave of the place and made his way over to Ellisville, a hamlet of about a dozen houses, in Fulton county, Illinois. That he and his wife preferred to live in the open country rather than in a large town is the only reason that can be assigned for their stopping in such a place as Ellisville, which sixty-two years later, in 1900, could muster only 219 inhabitants.

There their first child was born in 1839; and it probably was to await that event that they became citizens of Ellisville. The next year, 1840, they moved again going a few miles farther east to the more promising village of Farmington in the same county. Situated twenty-four miles west of Peoria, in a rich and beautiful section of the old Military Tract, Farmington had then a population of about a hundred, and was a growing, thriving town. As the bread and meat question was the paramount issue with Dr. Christy in those days, it is not probable that the famous “coonskin and hard cider” political campaign of that year, 1840, claimed much of his time or attention. And what he saw of the wild excitement, and canoes, yawls, log cabins, hard cider barrels, and coons, both alive and skinned, in the fantastic parades of the whigs, no doubt, served only to more strongly confirm his stubborn Van-Buren democracy.

Dr. Christy remained nine years a citizen of Farmington constantly engaged in the practice of medicine over a wide range of country. He was a country Doctor from choice, for he could as well have located in Peoria or Quincy, and at once taken rank with the best physicians of those towns. But he loved the freedom of the open fields and prairies, and detested the artificial restraints of society and the extra exertion and alertness required to contend with nearby competition in business. While at Farmington he joined the Masonic Order, and his family was strengthened by the addition of several children. When he moved to Fulton county in 1838, Thomas Carlin had just been elected Governor of Illinois by a majority of only 996 over his Whig competitor, Hon. Cyrus Edwards, and the Whigs had carried both houses of the legislature. Collapse of the great Internal Improvement scheme occurred the next year, 1839; and then followed for four years, with the state \$14,000,000 in

debt, the worst financial depression, and hardest times, in its history. A matter of absorbing interest to the people of Fulton county—and to those of all other Illinois river counties—for many years, was progress of work on the Illinois and Michigan canal, which was commenced in 1836 and completed in 1848 at a total expense to the state of \$6,557,681. However, the vast commercial benefits expected by the public from that connection of the Illinois river and Lake Michigan as a means of transportation were never realized, as it could not be made to compete successfully with the railroads then pushing forward all over the state.

As is the case sooner or later, with all country Doctors, Dr. Christy in time grew very weary of the ceaseless, cheerless, labor and hardships of his professional life, and tried to study some way to lighten its burdens. The practice of medicine for a few years totally unfits the large majority of physicians for any other occupation. Without special talents in some other direction very few Doctors succeed when they undertake any other sort of business. Then too, men constituted as was Dr. Christy, with brains, energy and industry, but entirely devoid of resourcefulness, selfishness, and grasping disposition so essential to success in money making, having increasing and expensive families, require more revenue than they can earn by manual labor, or teaching country schools. By the daily practice of medicine, and by economy, in a populous community a fair support is insured, but at the sacrifice to the Doctor of every aspiration, and the surrender of all personal freedom. To the average country Doctor when reaching the stage of weariness and disgust with his slavish toil, that all do, the retail drug store—of which he has a little theoretical knowledge—appeals to his imagination as the most available means of relief from his bondage, and affording easy, elegant, and lucrative employment. That idea struck Dr. Christy very favorably.

Anticipation of increased traffic and trade upon the completion of the canal, in 1848, had given several of the Illinois river towns a considerable uplift and renewed life. Along with the others, the prospects for Beardstown were greatly stimulated by the expected waterway connection with the northern lakes at Chicago. Five years before, in 1843, the progress of the town had received quite an impetus by securing, from Virginia, the county seat of Cass county. Having then established a large pork packing industry, and also an extensive export and import business, the place seemed to have an especially flattering future. It attracted the attention of Dr. Christy who thought if he was situated there in the drug trade, absolved from harrowing brain work and constant physical labor and night riding and exposure to all sorts of weather, the world would wear a more smiling aspect and life be more tolerable. His children too would have better educational facilities and social advantages, and he could have the assistance of two or three of his boys in the drug store, in which they would readily acquire preliminary knowledge of medicine if they should choose to follow in his professional footsteps. As he saw it there was no room or reason to doubt success. Disposing of his little property in Farmington, and settling up his affairs there, he moved to Beardstown in the spring of 1849, a few months before the epidemic of Asiatic cholera reached that place from St. Louis.

When Dr. Christy and family arrived in Beardstown the Illinois river was very high, the water reaching the level of Main street and again converting



the town-site into an island by diverting a strong current through the old channel on its eastern side. Steamboating on the Illinois river was then at the zenith of its glory, there being yet no parallel lines of railroads to paralyze it by their completion. From one to half a dozen, or more, first-class boats of that period could be seen every day plying "the great interior natural highway," crowded with passengers above, and laden below with merchandise and country products. Beardstown, an important shipping point on the river, was thriving, growing, and alive with business energy. Multitudes of immigrants were pouring into Cass county, converting its raw prairies into the finest of farms. There were two newspapers published in the county, the *Gazette*, a Whig weekly, at Beardstown, and the *Illinois Observer*, a Democratic weekly, conducted at Virginia, by Mark W. Delahy. Richard S. Thomas, a Whig, represented the county in the legislature, and Rev. Newton Cloud, another Whig in the state senate. Henry E. Dummer was the probate judge. James Shaw the county judge with Wm. Taylor and Thomas Plaster associate justices of the county court. William a Minshall, of Rushville, was the circuit judge, Thomas R. Sanders the circuit clerk, Lewis F. Sanders the county clerk, Jos. Milt McLean sheriff, John Shaw superintendent of public instruction, John Craig assessor and treasurer, and J. W. Sweeney county surveyor, all of whom with two or three exceptions were members of the Whig party.

When settled down in Beardstown, Dr. Christy, with a man from New York City, named Thiele, as a partner, opened out a well-assorted drug store, but he did not abandon the practice of medicine as he had thought he would. His reputation as a practitioner of ability and experience had preceded him, with the result that his newfound friends and acquaintances would not permit him to retire from active work, although the medical faculty there was full to repletion. The Doctors then in Beardstown in more or less busy practice were Theodore A. Hoffman, Charles Sprague, Virginius A. Turpin, Frederick Ehrhardt, Jeremiah R. Dowler, George VanNess and John Charles Seeger. To this list were added, in 1851, Drs. Daniel W. Shurtliff and W. W. Nelson. In changing his location, Dr. Christy sought rest and relief from incessant work, but he was too active and energetic to be content with the sedentary occupation of a retail druggist, or bear confinement for any length of time in the narrow limits of an ordinary store room. To supply his place there in the store while he was professionally absent, or circulating among the people around the town, he employed David M. Logan, a bright, intelligent, young fellow who had taught school, been to college, and tried his hand as a salesman in a dry goods store. As he was inclined to study medicine and make a Doctor of himself,—which he subsequently did,—Logan applied himself closely to the business giving eminent satisfaction to his employers as a dispenser of drugs, paints, oils, dyestuffs and patent medicines.

The drug store, however, did not prove to be the bonanza that Dr. Christy had pictured it in his day dreams. Thiele, who was not a druggist but a speculator with some capital and a good deal of shrewdness, saw before many moons had passed that the enterprise could not be made a financial success, sold his interest in the store to Dr. Sprague, a sharp money maker and money lender, to whom Dr. Christy was no doubt indebted for borrowed money with which he started the drug business. The title of the firm was then—in 1851—changed to Dr. Christy and Company, but gained nothing in

substantial success. Dr. Sprague gave the drug store but little, if any, of his personal attention, and Dr. Christy had not the least taste, adaptation, or financial ability for conducting that business—or indeed any other. Too liberal, generous and careless to manage small transactions, or exact what was due him, he was as much out of place as a retail druggist as he would have been officiating in a Presbyterian pulpit. He affiliated with the Beardstown lodge of Masons, and was elected its Master for one year. His children were kept at school, and at his home abided contentment, social friendship and open-handed hospitality.

Living in as large a town as Beardstown became irksome to Dr. Christy, and too expensive for his moderate revenues. Convinced that the experiment he had tried was a failure he sold his interest in the drug store to his partner, Dr. Sprague, in the fall of 1851; then purchased of Thomas Lord, executor of the estate of John Dutch deceased, a farm in the prairie, on the Beardstown and Springfield road, half a mile east of the village then known as Lancaster, now called Philadelphia, nineteen miles east of Beardstown. He wisely concluded it would be more humane to train his four boys up to be honest tillers of the soil rather than consign them to the life long miseries of his own calling. The land he bought comprised a fractional tract of 33 acres in Section 15, with 36 acres in Section 16, and 160 acres in Section 22, altogether 229 acres, all in Township 17 of Range 9. The price he agreed to pay for it was about \$34.25 per acre, aggregating for the whole \$6,877.50. With less than half of the land in cultivation, and that very indifferently fenced, the only improvements upon it consisted of a small one-story frame house very near the north side of the road, a little rickety plank stable and a few dilapidated out houses. The records show that the Doctor received warranty deeds for the premises on Sept. 1st and Nov. 28th, 1856. Early in the spring of 1852 he left Beardstown with his family, took possession of his farm, where he once more related into a country Doctor, and became a practical farmer also.

Dr. Christy was then thirty-nine years of age; in the full vigor and prime of life, with perfect health and clear, active mind. In figure and motion he had much more the appearance of a hard working farmer than of a cultured scholar. About six feet in height, heavy shouldered, strong and muscular, he was rough looking, florid faced, with coarse sandy hair—before baldness compelled him to wear a wig—and piercing hazel eyes. His prominent face denoted strength of character with no indication of vanity, duplicity or egotism. It was, in repose, a false index of his true nature, as it seemed expressive of cold calculating, selfishness. But when relaxed and lighted up in conversation every feature reflected the singular amiability of his disposition, and genial temperament. There was no assumption of polish or courtly refinement in his manners or speech, but both were characterized by an “off-handed” abruptness verging at times on rudeness. His pride of dress and demeanor was not totally wanting, but barely sufficed to meet the requirements of respectability in public. In other words, he was very careless and indifferent about his raiment and how he looked, having no desire to be classed with the dandies or dudes. His voice was not melodious, but full and distinct. Not a public speaker, he was yet a fluent talker, expressing himself, in a peculiar positive way, directly to the point, without superfluous verbiage, and with few gestures. In conversation his evident sincerity and earnestness precluded all

doubt or suspicion of duplicity. In fact he was incapable of hypocrisy, deceit or dishonesty—excepting perhaps in the line of his profession, as it is impossible for any Doctor to succeed without practicing more or less deception in his medical practice.

The excess of humanity in Dr. Christy's composition was fatal to habits of thrift, and accumulation of wealth. He earned money, but knew nothing of the art of saving it. His big-hearted generosity, benevolence and charity absorbed pretty much all the surplus profits of his labors in his efforts to benefit others. As a consequence his purchase of land involved him considerably in debt having only means enough at the time to make a partial payment. In that financial strait he went resolutely to work with plow and harrow, assisted by such of his boys as were big enough to help. Though reluctant to re-establish himself in the practice of medicine, his reputation as a physician of ability and experience soon became known throughout the neighborhood with the result that his agricultural pursuits were with increasing frequency interrupted by calls to attend the sick. Often when out in the field and was sent for to visit a patient, he would unhitch a horse from the plow, tie the other to the fence, and mounting without saddle, scurry off with the messenger across the open prairie. In daily expectation of such calls he learned the precaution to take his medicine case out to the field when he went to work, and have it in convenient readiness in the fence corner for any sudden emergency. Said "medicine case" in that era was the old-style pill bags carried across the saddle, as all country Doctors then traveled their rounds on horseback. In a year or two his practice had so extended that he could no longer make a hand at farm work, which he relinquished to the boys and hired help, while he once more gave to his profession almost his entire attention.

From his boyhood Dr. Christy had been a diligent reader, employing in his younger days all the time he could spare from work and school to study and reading of all books that he could buy or borrow. In middle life he was more partial to newspapers, of which he was a liberal patron, because of his increasing interest in transpiring events and current news. Until he got fairly well settled on his farm he had not taken a very active part in politics; but the political contentions and conventions of that year, 1852, in some way excited his interest in party issues, and his zeal for success of the Democracy. So thoroughly well posted was he in all the public questions of the day, and so outspoken in advocating the principles of that party, that he soon gained recognition as a local leader, being made conspicuous as a delegate to county and state Democratic conventions. At Springfield he formed the personal acquaintance of Stephen A. Douglas, then one of the Illinois U. S. Senators, for whom he entertained thereafter unfaltering friendship and admiration. He there also met the immortal, God-like, Lincoln who—very strangely—failed to inspire him with sentiments of more than ordinary respect.

Political feeling among the people in 1852, more intense and virulent than usual, marked the beginning of that awful public turbulence which annually gained in acrimony and bitterness until it culminated in civil war nine years later. The Whigs had carried the country in 1848 by electing Genl. Zachary Taylor on the strength of his services in the Mexican War, and expected to continue in power by electing as his successor that other hero of the same

war, Genl. Winfield Scott, who they nominated for President—at the last convention the party ever held—with Wm. A. Graham, of North Carolina, for Vice President. The Democrats determined to retrieve their late defeat, put in the field Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, and Wm. R. King, of Alabama, for President and Vice President. A third national ticket was presented by the Freesoilers or Abolitionists with John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, for President and Geo. P. Julian, of Indiana, for Vice President. In Illinois the candidate of the Democrats for Governor was Joel A. Matteson, of Will county, with Gustavus Koerner, of St. Clair county, for Lieut. Governor. The Whigs, in the last convention of their party in Illinois, nominated Edwin B. Webb, of White county, for Governor, J. L. D. Morrison, of St. Clair county for Lieut. Governor, and Francis Arenz, of Cass county, for Treasurer. The Freesoilers also had for their ticket Dexter A. Knowlton, of Stephenson county, and Philo Carpenter, of Cook county, for Governor and Lieut. Governor. At the November election the Democrats swept the country, electing their national and state candidates. In Cass county they elected Cyrus Wright to represent them in the legislature, and Wm. Pittner to the office of Sheriff, but could not defeat Sylvester Emmons, a Whig, for Circuit Clerk.

Illinois had by that time fully recovered from the terrible financial depression resulting from failure of the Internal Improvement folly of 1836-39, and was on the high road of progress and prosperity. Money was abundant—such as it was, mostly the fluctuating, uncertain issue of wild cat state banks;—but all business enterprises were beginning to feel the stimulus of the new California gold mines. In a general way Cass county was in a flourishing condition, though it had no railroads, or remote prospects of any, and no method had yet been devised for drainage of its flat prairies. Chills and fever and other miasmatic disorders everywhere prevailed causing brisk demand for the services of physicians. Not permitted by the people to waste his talents in the corn and harvest fields, Dr. Christy was compelled by the force of circumstances to assume his place among the medical practitioners of the county. And that place was in the very front rank of the profession during the thirteen years that he resided on his farm. The practice of medicine, however, was for him no longer a labor of love. He was very tired of it, but had to continue it as a source of revenue, and to requite the confidence of his numerous friends. His popularity as a physician and a citizen was unbounded. It falls to the lot of but few country Doctors to gain and retain, not only the respect and confidence, but the close friendship and affections of the people of so large an area, and to such a degree, as that enjoyed by Dr. Christy. Many differed from him radically on some questions, and strenuously combatted his views: but no one bore him ill-will. All recognized and admired his rugged honesty and sincerity, and the unselfish purity of his motives.

In all essentials that constitute the real physician, Dr. Christy was far above the average of medical practitioners. The studious habits of his younger days had laid a broad and firm foundation for the professional career he chose, but over and above his book learning and vast reserve of general knowledge, his real force was in the natural strength and activity of his brain. His remarkable perceptive faculties and power of discrimination—or

judgment—enabled him to detect more in a patient's condition at a glance than many of our modern Doctors, with their omnipresent thermometers, stethoscopes and urine testers, can find out in a day's examination. He was almost infallible in diagnosis, and often the remedies indicated seemed to occur to him by intuition. He respected authorities, and was familiar with the most eminent of them, but relied most upon the resources of his own strong common sense and experience. In his professional work he was seldom confused or excited or at a loss in selecting the proper means or agencies to be adopted. He adhered to the Allopathic system of medicine in the main, but availed himself of all that had merit in the other systems, employing new nostrums with hesitancy, and seldom venturing upon untried experiments. He often remarked that if restricted to the use of four standard medicines, calomel, opium, ipecac and quinine, with such domestic remedies as castor oil, mustard, etc, found in all farm houses, he could conquer diseases as successfully as with any or all the other drugs in common use by the profession. When by the bedside he was always pleasant and cheerful, but not very talkative, and made no extravagant promises or predictions of speedy results. Yet, his perfect self possession, and the positive frankness of his opinions, when questioned, assured the patient and those in attendance that all would be done that professional skill and knowledge could do. Such was the faith in his ability of almost all his patrons that should he fail to relieve, or cure, them they considered it useless to consult any other physician.

Agitation of the slavery question coincident with the national legislation proposed for establishing the political and domestic status of the two territories, Kansas and Nebraska, then applying for admission as states into the Union, stirred the people of the entire country into a frenzy of excitement. The measures introduced by Senator Douglas, and adopted by Congress in 1854, repealing the Missouri Compromise, and substituting for it the new doctrine of "Squatter Sovereignty," intensified popular irritation that two years later found expression in disruption of the old Whig party, and organization of the Republican party combining all political elements opposed to the innovations of Mr. Douglas.

Dr. Christy, a close follower of Mr. Douglas, deeply interested in all public questions, became a very active Democratic partisan. The year 1856 is memorable in the political history of Illinois. The rancor and bitterness of party antagonism left no neutral position tenable. At Bloomington, Ill., representative politicians opposed to the Douglas brand of Democracy, met in convention on the 29th of May and organized the republican party of the state, at the same time nominating a state ticket with Col. Wm. H. Bissell, an anti-Douglas Democrat, at its head for Governor. That schism had spread over the state like a prairie fire, inflaming popular feeling and passions, and the new alignment of parties was at once general and complete. The Democratic convention of the 34th district, composed of Cass and Menard counties, recognizing the prominence and ability of Dr. Christy, nominated him as their candidate for representative in the lower house of the legislature. He was elected by a narrow margin, receiving in Cass 817 votes to 807 cast for John B. Gum, his republican opponent. The other county of the district increased the Doctor's majority to over a hundred. Samuel W. Fuller, of Tazewell county, was elected state senator defeating John Durham. At the same election

throughout the state the Republicans elected their entire state ticket by a majority of 4,745, but the Democrats carried the state for James Buchanan, their candidate for president, with a majority of 9,159.

The (20th) legislature to which Dr. Christy was elected was Democratic by a majority of only one in each house. It convened at Springfield on Jan. 5th, 1857, with Lieut. Gov. John Wood presiding over the senate, and Samuel Holmes, of Adams county, elected Speaker of the House, and adjourned on the 19th of February. Among the members with whom Dr. Christy was associated were Ebon C. Ingersol, John A. Logan, Wm. R. Morrison, Wm. A. J. Sparks, Isaac N. Arnold, Dr. Robert Boal, John Dougherty, Cyrus Epler, Shelby M. Cullom, and others who subsequently became more or less famous as actors in the civil war, on the bench, or in the nation's councils. As a legislator, though Dr. Christy was not conspicuous as a debater, he was very attentive to his duties, and acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of his constituents. He was chairman of the standing committee on Retrenchment, and member of the committees on Finance and Claims. His first recorded vote in the session was against Denio's resolution, "That the Secretary of State be directed to furnish each member and officer of the House a gold pen and pencil case, also to each member and officer one good Congress knife." Lost by 29 to 42 against. He introduced bills, which were passed, "To extend the jurisdiction of justices of the peace and police magistrates in Cass county."

"To incorporate the Virginia cemetery in Cass county."

"To amend the charter of the Upper and Lower Mississippi Railroad company."

"To amend an act to construct a Railroad from Jacksonville, in Morgan county, to LaSalle, in LaSalle county."

"To incorporate the Virginia Female Seminary of Providence Presbyterian Church of Cass County," the incorporators named in the bill being James White, A. G. Angier, George Wilson, R. B. Conn, J. N. White, John Rodgers, H. R. Lewis, Samuel McClure, Wm. Stevenson, A. Taylor, S. W. Neely, J. VanEaton, and N. B. Beers, to be the first board of trustees.

"To incorporate the Cass County Fair Grounds Association."

"For the relocation of the county seat of Cass county."

"To incorporate the town of Virginia, in Cass county."

So strained were the relations of the people in the eastern and western ends of the county at that time on the county seat removal question, that Dr. Christy, strongly in the interest of Virginia, was not entrusted by Beardstown with any of its needed legislation, which was attended to by Hon. Cyrus Epler, member from Morgan county. To that sectional feeling in the county may be attributed Dr. Christy's slender majority over Gum at the election. No time was then idled away by legislators, as the constitution limited the sessions to forty days and imposed no restriction upon special legislation. During the forty days of that 20th general assembly over six hundred special acts and nearly as many general laws were enacted. The most important of the latter were those establishing the first Normal school, the Joliet penitentiary, and incorporating the Chicago University. The worst party squabbling of the session was over the apportionment bill framed by the Democrats. Gov. Bissell intended to veto it, but inadvertently signed it. He then recalled it and sent in a veto, which the democrats unanimously rejected,

The matter was taken to the Supreme Court which sustained the Governor's action.

When the legislature adjourned Dr. Christy returned to his home more deeply absorbed in all public matters than ever before. On the third of November, of that year, 1857, a very exciting special election was held in Cass county involving three questions of importance to the people, the first of which was the proposition for the county to subscribe \$50,000 to the capital stock of the Keokuk & Warsaw railroad (now the C. B. & Q.;) the second was removal of the county seat from Beardstown to Virginia, and the third was adoption of Township organization. All three were defeated, the railroad bonus by 636 votes for to 792 against it; 986 votes were cast for removal of the county seat and 1606 against, while Township organization was rejected by the vote of 385 in its favor and 1921 against it. Dr. Christy did earnest work for removal of the county seat and in opposition of the first and third propositions. In the spring of 1858 the Doctor was appointed postmaster of Lancaster, the little village of a dozen houses near his farm, and very foolishly accepted it, though giving the position but little if any of his personal attention, one of his sons managing it as his deputy. He retained the office until 1864 and then resigned it.

In the meantime the embers of political strife were fanned into a flame by repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854, and continued the strife with increasing intensity. Then came the famous Douglas and Lincoln debates in 1858, followed by the re-election of Douglas to the U. S. Senate, serving to add fuel to the fire of sectional antagonism. A little later the fury of party madness, wrought to the highest pitch by the hopeless schism of the democracy, and election of the sainted Lincoln, plunged the country in the honors of civil war. In all those turbulent times Dr. Christy's enthusiastic exertions for the supremacy of his party, as a matter of course, were detrimental to his personal interests. Naturally destitute of selfishness, financial tact, and habits of thrift and economy, his farming industry and medical practice both suffered from his neglect. Unable to meet demands due for his land he was compelled to relinquish a quarter section of it to enable him to secure what remained.

Strenuously opposed to the Lincoln administration all through the civil war, he boldly criticized the blunders and excesses committed by some of the civil and military republican leaders, and took no pains to conceal his heartfelt sympathies for the southern people, though he never uttered a word in defense of slavery. For his candid expression of sentiments adverse to the party in power, he was, unsparingly denounced by the "truly loyal" as a "copperhead," and seriously threatened with arrest for treason. On two or three occasions it was rumored that a provost marshal and file of soldiers would pounce on him at night and take him to prison at Springfield. For many nights thereafter a large number of his friends, heavily armed, secreted themselves in the barn, outhouses and fence corners on and around his premises fully determined to resist any attempt to arrest him and take him off to a military prison. Happily no such attempt was made, and the small local war cloud passed away. So acute was the tension of popular feeling at that time (1863) in Cass and some of the adjoining counties dominated by the democrats, that the arrest by military authority of any member of the party

of Dr. Christy's prominence would surely have precipitated very serious trouble. In his case there was a strong personal following to be reckoned with apart from sympathies engendered by the war.

One of the most successful money makers of Cass county in years past was one of Virginia's west end merchants who often said—without blushing—that his inflexible rule in business was to deal with everyone as if dealing with a known thief; that is, reposing confidence in no one. Dr. Christy's business rule—if he had any—was exactly the reverse of that. With unquestioning faith in humanity he regarded all mankind worthy of confidence, and trusted everyone implicitly. No one applied to him for assistance in vain. His charity was spontaneous and unstinted. He made no discrimination of party, creed, or social condition where he could relieve suffering by his medical skill, or mitigate the miseries of the unfortunate with pecuniary or material aid. His rough exterior concealed the refinement of benevolence and the tenderest sympathies. He was one of those friends whom it is always a pleasure to meet, thoroughly candid and reliable in all things, and a physician who dispelled the gloom of despair with the sunlight of hope and confidence. There was no doubt of the genuineness of his welcome by those who visited his home. His prodigal hospitality afforded free entertainment for all who called on him, as long as they chose to stay. Besides his large family there were few meals served there without some—often many—guests at his table.

Dr. Christy styled himself a Universalist; but whether or not he had ever formally joined that sect is now not known. He believed in immortality of the soul, in universal salvation, that the future life would prove to *all* an immeasurable improvement upon present existence, with the logical corollary that the dogma of eternal future punishment was monstrous and an insult to the Almighty. He made no pretensions to piety, seldom went to church, and did not particularly select ministers of the Gospel for associates, though he treated them with respect and very rarely criticised their religious beliefs. It is accepted as true that the individual without some vices, as a rule, has but few virtues; in other words, the rigidly righteous are not exempt from faults, as no person is altogether perfect. Dr. Christy was not an exception to that rule. He took a drink of whiskey with a friend now and then, used tobacco freely, and occasionally in conversation uttered certain profane expletives and phrases not usually heard in prayer meetings. But notwithstanding those infirmities of the flesh, he was a moral, honorable, and noble man of pure character, infinitely better and more valued in a community than all its canting hypocrites or grasping Shylocks. It is not a wonder that Dr. Christy was held in the highest respect and esteem by all who knew him; nor is it strange that he failed to get rich.

Unfortunately for Dr. Christy, politics became his ruling passion for several years at the best period of his life. All through the civil war, and for several years before it the momentous political issues and events that threatened the permanency of the Union occupied his mind to the exclusion of personal matters of more immediate importance. He was not an orator and was not regarded as a pernicious or aggressive partisan; but was simply infatuated with the discussion of political principles and their results. In all that time the *Chicago Times*, conducted by Wilbur W. Storey, was his *vade mecum* and inspiration. He quoted it on all occasions, and when visiting the



sick, after making his prescription, he would draw from his pocket the latest number of the *Times* and zealously comment upon its sensational news and inflammatory editorials. That that course continued so long in the same community without disruption of friendly relations is undoubted proof of his strong hold upon public esteem, and of his own freedom from personal malevolence.

About the time the war was drawing to its close Dr. Christy seems to have taken a calm retrospective view of his career in Cass county, and realized that it was a failure. He was no better off in finances than he was when he came into the county in 1849. His aspirations for political advancement—if he had any—were effectually dissipated. His family was large, and none of them yet self-sustaining. Verging upon 52 years of age he saw that the beginning of old age was not far distant, and it behooved him to make some substantial preparation for it. And above all other considerations was the constant soul-racking burden of his profession which he longed to lay down. For years weary of its dismal drudgery, it had become positively repugnant and intolerable. And well he knew that he could not escape it so long as he remained where he was, while to continue the practice in that frame of mind, he felt, was injustice to his patrons. Viewing his situation in all its aspects he concluded to sell his land, and move to the west where land was cheap and opportunities for his children in the battle of life were more favorable than in Central Illinois, and by that change he would be enabled to retire from the practice of medicine as a compulsory avocation.

Accordingly, he sold his farm to his staunch friend and neighbor, Wm. Mains, settled up his outstanding business, and left Cass county, with his family of wife, four sons and four daughters, in the fall of 1865 for the state of Iowa. Traveling overland with teams, they arrived in due time in Mills county near the southwest corner of that state. There the Doctor purchased a tract of land near the present town of Silver City, where for twenty-two years he followed the uneventful occupation of a farmer. For several years of that time he worked hard as an ordinary farm laborer: he plowed and sowed, planted corn, hoed the garden, and made a hand in the harvest field. He raised hogs and cattle, bought corn and fed cattle for others. He set out an orchard of fruit trees, made additions to his buildings, and otherwise improved his farm. That region was yet too thinly settled to induce the usual influx of physicians, the whole county having but three or four. "A bird never flies so far but that his tail follows him," is a homely old adage very applicable to Dr. Christy; for it was soon known there that he was a superior physician having many years of experience, and he was pressed into the service despite his reluctance and earnest protests. For a few years he treated emergency cases, and attended some of his neighbors through attacks of fever, until gladly relieved by the location of a Doctor nearby. That ended his medical career, excepting to occasionally consult with a professional friend as an act of courtesy.

He still maintained considerable interest in politics, however, only as an observer and critic of public affairs. If yet there dwelt in his thoughts a lingering ambition for political preferment the overwhelming Republican majority in his adopted county and state—fortunately for him—summarily squelched it. In 1870, with his brother John, who still resided in Cass county,

(Ill.), he visited their birth place in Mercer county, Pennsylvania, combining recreation with the object of getting their portion of the paternal estate, a modest, but very welcome sum, to both. About 1873 Mrs. Christy, who had invariably enjoyed sound health, became painfully aware of a small mammary tumor which soon proved of cancerous type. Developing rapidly and resisting all remedies applied, the Doctor took her, in 1874, to Erie, Pennsylvania, her native home, where an eminent surgeon of that city extirpated the entire malignant growth with apparent success. The wound healed, and all went well with her for a few years; but in 1878 the trouble reappeared—as is the history of all such cases. All resources of the medical art failed to subdue it, and the merciless disease slowly but steadily progressed with excruciating torture to exhaust her vitality, until death terminated her suffering on the 20th of November, 1879, at the age of 61 years. She was very intelligent, well educated, energetic, and quite domestic in tastes; the counterpart of the Doctor in amiable disposition, benevolence, charity and kindness; possessing in high degree all the admirable qualities constituting the best type of womanhood. A little later Death claimed another member of the family—Mary, the eldest daughter, who had inherited all the charming and noble traits of her parents, was suddenly taken away in the morning of life and laid in the grave.

As the years passed Dr. Christy forsook manual labor, passing the long dreary winters in reading, and with his neighbors, and the summers in supervising his farm, looking after his garden and poultry, and visiting his friends in the nearby towns, in Nebraska, and once or twice in Illinois. He was considerably interested in Masonic work, and in the farmers' "Grange" movement of those days. Soon after their arrival in Iowa his children began to disperse and look out for themselves, some of the boys and girls engaging in school teaching, and others in various self-supporting pursuits, so that after Mrs. Christy's death but one girl and one or two of the boys remained to keep house for him. From the date of his settlement in Iowa he was subject to frequent attacks of rheumatism, and now and then of indigestion; but continued otherwise in robust health, with active habits, and average weight of 200 pounds. As a financier he was not more successful in Iowa than he had been in Illinois. He had as many friends there to feed, to loan money to, and to assist in many ways, as he had here; and there were as many there as here to abuse his hospitality and kind-hearted generosity. As he had done in Cass county, he sold part of his land to pay his debts and secure his eighty acre home place, but he paid every obligation in full, and discharged every duty incumbent upon him with conscientious fidelity.

Always an early riser, he arose before the sun on the morning of his 74th birthday anniversary, May 6, 1887, apparently in the best of health and spirits. After his usual diversion of feeding the calves, pigs and chickens he sat down in his arm chair to look over the latest newspaper, received the evening before. Having gone through its pages to his satisfaction he remarked, "Well, I guess it is about time I was getting ready for breakfast," as he had sauntered out—as was his custom in warm weather—without vest or coat. Laying aside his newspaper he was in the act of rising up from the chair when, without a gasp or a groan, he fell to the floor, dead. He was followed to the grave by almost the entire community, to pay him their last mournful tribute of respect and affection, and was buried, with Masonic ceremonies, by the side of his wife and daughter who had preceded him.

# COUNTRY GRAVEYARDS.

## Number Nine.

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BY HON. J. N. GRIDLEY.

### The L. B. Freeman Graveyard.

**M**R. L. B. Freeman was a very early settler; on the 30th day of June, 1830, he entered the north half of the north west quarter of section 2, township 17, range 10, and four months later entered the remainder of the quarter section and upon this land he established a comfortable home for himself and family, upon which he lived to a good old age. On the north end of the farm upon a ridge in a grove of timber, in the month of September, 1835, the year before the town of Virginia was platted, he buried a daughter, Parilee, aged 6 years, 6 months and 6 days; this was the first burial at this place. Other members of the Freeman family were here buried, but later, were removed to the Walnut Ridge cemetery. In the Freeman burial ground was buried William J. Cox, a grandson of L. B. Freeman who died on August 31, 1869, at the age of 26 years. Will Cox, as he was familiarly called, was a young man who had many friends; he was attacked with consumption, and after a long and hard battle was overcome by that scourge of the human race. Casper Magel, of this city, was a close friend of Will Cox, and was with him for much of the time during his last illness. About the year 1875, Jeremiah Cox, the father of William, purchased a lot at Walnut Ridge cemetery and to this lot he removed the remains of his son, and connected with this removal Mr. Magel tells a startling story.

Spiritualists tell us, that our departed friends complain, when their remains are disturbed, but so many of these spiritualistic statements are so absurd, that sensible people pay very little attention to any of them. The immortal Shakespeare is said to have written his own epitaph in these words:

“Good friend, for Jesus’ sake forbear,

To dig the dust enclosed here

Blest be the man who spares these stones,

And cursed be he that moves my bones.”

On a certain Thursday night Mr. Magel had a dream or a vision in which William Cox appeared to him and said: “Casper, they have moved my body and I do not like it a bit.” On the following Sabbath afternoon, while wandering about in Walnut Ridge cemetery, to his great surprise he came upon the grave and monument of Will Cox, which had been removed there a few days before. As Mr. Magel had not heard of this event, the thought of the vision immediately came to him, and he certainly has reason to maintain that this fact in his experience is a very remarkable one.

The other recorded deaths in this graveyard are the following:

James Stevenson, died Feb. 8, 1842, aged 1 year, 4 months, 13 days.

Louisa Stevenson, died Sept. 17, 1849, aged 5 years, 4 months, 5 days.

Children of Samuel and Amanda Stevenson. These stones are broken down.

John Deweber, died January 26, 1849, aged 65 years.

Margaret T., wife of J. Deweber, died Jan. 24, 1855, aged 69 years.

Willburn R., son of J. G., and G. C. Shelby, died March 25, 1859, aged 3 years, 22 days.

George A., son of S. and E. J. Deweber, died Feb. 1, 1855, aged 5 months, 21 days.

Amos A. Z. M., consort of Martha Deweber, died Nov. 1, 1850, aged 25 years, 2 months, 13 days.

Emily A., daughter of S. and E. J. Deweber, died April 29, 1853, aged 2 years.

Benjamin T. Deweber, died Nov. 26, 1855, aged 48 years.

Lily A., daughter of I. H., and C. J. Pauley, died Feb. 15, 1858, aged 6 months, 6 days.

George Hartman, died Dec. 19, 1854, aged 28 years, 8 months, 14 days. Born in Pennsylvania.

Hyman W., son of G. and D. Hartmann died January 28, 1855, aged 1 year, 2 months, 26 days.

Delilah, wife of Geo. Hartmann, died Feb. 22, 1855, aged 23 years, 11 months, 12 days. Born in Pennsylvania.

#### THE LEVI SPRINGER GRAVEYARD.

Rev. Levi Springer was a very early settler. On July 11, 1827, he bought of Rev. Reddick Horn a part of Sec 12, T 17, R 10, which Mr. Horn entered in 1826. In 1830, Mr. Springer entered 80 acres more in same Section and to this he added 120 acres in 1835, which altogether made a large and valuable farm, on which he resided to the date of his death in 1871.

On February 19, 1851, his wife Elizabeth, died at the age of 45 years; her husband buried her in the grove near his house on the Springer farm. In September, 1854, Wesley Plummer, who came here from Kentucky about two years before, who was living on a farm near Philadelphia, in this county, believing he was near the end of his life, sent for Mr. Springer to come to his home. Upon his arrival the dying man requested Mr. S. to allow his body to be buried upon the Springer farm, which request was cheerfully granted. The same year, 1854, Stephen Chilton, who came from the Plummer neighborhood in Kentucky lost two of his children, and he was allowed to bury his dead there. Last fall this burial place was in a shameful condition. The names of the dead there buried are recorded as follows:

G. W. Rosson Co A. 68th Illinois.

J. N. Rosson Co. G. 40th Iowa Infantry.

Luther M. Outten died December 9, 1862, aged 46 years.

Mary L., daughter of Luther M. and L. J. Outten, died February 20, 1857, aged 1 year, 5 months, 9 days.

Wesley Plummer died September 24, 1854, aged 49 years 10 months 13 days. The large slab which had been erected to mark this grave was lying upon the ground with the inscribed side buried in the earth.

Thomas M., son of S. and S. A. Chilton, died October 29, 1854 aged 7 years

1 day.

Infant son of S. and S. A. Chilton, died Dec. 7, 1854, aged 1 year, 4 months.

Levi Springer, son of W. P. and A. L. McClure died on November 12, 1851, aged 4 years, 8 months, 4 days.

Louisa C., daughter of J. M. and A. F. Beadles, died August 21, 1855, aged 2 years 10 months, 14 days.

Mary A., daughter J. M. and A. F. Beadles died October 4, 1871, aged 12 years, 7 months, 12 days.

Amanda F., wife of J. M. Beadles, died February 6, 1872, aged 45 years, 3 months, 18 days.

James M. Beadles, died February 2, 1874, aged 57 years, 3 months, 23 days.

Susan, wife of J. Metzmaker, born July 3, 1806, died December 1, 1872, aged 65 years, 4 months, 28 days. This slab laid upon the ground, inscribed side down.

Elizabeth, wife of Levi Springer, born April 27, 1796, died February 19, 1851.

Rev. Levi Springer died November 13, 1871, aged 74 years, 9 months, 21 days.

James R., son of S. A. and S. E. Chilton, died October 5, 1865, aged 1 year 1 month.

Last fall, when this yard was visited, there was a fence around a few graves of members of the Chilton family. All the other graves were exposed to the trampling of animals who were then in the tract of timber pasture in which those dead bodies lie.

Reverend Levi Springer was the first resident minister of the Methodist Episcopal church in this county. Rev. Reddick Horn who preceded him here, was a clergyman of the Methodist Protestant church. Reverend Springer was an excellent man and a very zealous Methodist; he travelled far and near to hold religious services in the log cabins of the early settlers. In 1855, the first Methodist Episcopal church was erected in Virginia at the northeast corner of the intersection of Morgan and Springfield streets. It was an elegant church for a town of the size of Virginia at that date, and, in fact, was a good substantial commodious building. The erection of this church, at that time, was due to the unusual effort of Levi Springer. The membership was so poor that only one hundred dollars per year and board could be raised for the regular pastor five years later. Mr. Springer contributed so liberally to the building of this church as to become financially embarrassed; from this embarrassment he never recovered, and died in debt, his executor selling a part of his estate in 1872 to satisfy his creditors. The stone that was erected to mark the last resting place of this good man lies broken in fragments. The membership of the Methodist Episcopal church of Virginia ought to erect to the memory of this pioneer founder of their local organization, a substantial monument in Walnut Ridge Cemetery, and the city council of Virginia will doubtless be glad to contribute to this worthy object by donating an eligible site for such a monument.

# JOHN E. HASKELL. "Old Prud."

BY HON. J. N. GRIDLEY.

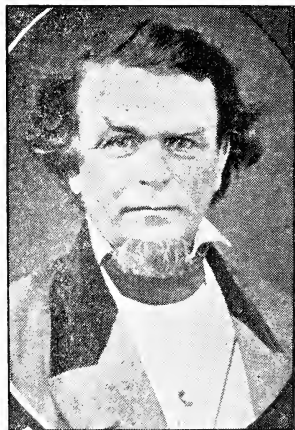
**T**HE facts concerning the subject of this sketch were furnished me by his son, Charles I. Haskell, deputy sheriff of Cass county, Illinois. J. N. G.

John E. Haskell was born in Thomaston, in the state of Maine, on the 1st day of February, in the year 1812.

The town of Princeton, Morgan county, was laid out on the 19th day of February, 1833, by John G. Bergen who was a cousin of Jacob F. Bergen a former well known resident of Cass county. This town was located on the east half of the southeast quarter of Sec. 36 T 17 R 10 now in Cass county.

Harvey Beggs and Charles Brady in 1834 advertised in a newspaper of Boston, Massachusetts, for a foreman to operate a woolen mill in Princeton, Illinois. This notice chanced to meet the eye of John E. Haskell, and after a brief correspondence with Beggs and Brady, Mr. Haskell, then a young man 22 years old came from the far away old Pine Tree State to the Illinois wilds and began work in the Princeton woolen mill. This was in the spring of 1835, and the following year he purchased the interest of Mr. Beggs in the business and returned to Maine to get the necessary money.

He returned to Illinois in the spring of 1837, traveling all the long distance on a pony with a faithful Newfoundland dog as his companion, and this animal continued to live with his young master for a period of twelve years thereafter.



THE LATE JOHN E. HASKELL.

In 1840, John E. Haskell removed this woolen mill from the town of Princeton to the town of Virginia then four years of age purchasing of its proprietor, Dr. Henry H. Hall, lot 117 of said town which lot is 180 feet square being the lot on which the ice house of William Clifford is now located.

The building constructed upon this lot was forty-four feet square, two stories high; the tread wheel with arms twenty and a half feet long being

located on the ground floor, the upper space being used for storage. Horses, steers and cows were used as motive power to turn the wheel, and the business, under the excellent management of Mr. Haskell proved to be a decided success, as a financial enterprise.

When he first came to the town of Virginia he became a boarder in the home of Charles Brady who lived on lot 108, afterward the L. S. Allard property, and now owned by Mrs. S. C. Gatton. In 1842, Mr. Haskell bought the interest of Chas. Brady in the woolen mill and in the month of September of the same year he married his daughter, Emmeline Brady, when he was thirty years of age. They began their housekeeping in the house on lot 53 in Virginia, which has been since rebuilt and now owned by the Cosner heirs. In this house in September, 1845, their oldest living child, Charles I. Haskell was born. A short time afterward, the family removed to a house on lots 70 and 71 in this town, now owned by Lee Skiles, then owned by John E. Haskell, and in the year 1855, he purchased the Samuels property, lots 1 and 2 in the Public Ground addition, which was built by John and Mark Buckley for Samuels in 1838 where the family continued to make their home until the death of Mr. Haskell.

In 1851, he started back to Maine to visit his friends and relatives, accompanied by his wife and son Charles.

The only railroad these travelers passed over in making this long journey was from Jacksonville to the Illinois river, constructed by nailing strap iron on stringers of wood, the cars being propelled by horses or mules, and in some places oxen were used for switching the cars. Boats and stage coaches were the ordinary means of transportation in those days.

On May 1, 1847, Dr. Hall sold and conveyed to John E. Haskell eleven acres of land then adjoining the Town Plat on the south extending from Morgan street on the west to Main street on the east for \$180. Mr. Haskell had the good sense to hold on to this land so long as he lived, and after his death it was platted into the Haskell Addition to the town by his heirs and is now covered with neat and comfortable homes, Charles I. Haskell owning one of them.

Politically the subject of this sketch was a whig up to 1858, when he became a Douglas Democrat and remained a staunch adherent to Democracy until his death. He filled the office of Justice of the Peace for some thirty years, and was known far and wide as one of the best of the county: he frequently boasted that he never made a decision, which was afterward reversed by a higher court. He died at his home in this city on Sept. 30, 1876, at the age of 64 years and 8 months. There were born to him seven children, four of them dying in infancy; his wife and the remaining three survived him. His widow died at the residence of her brother, John T. Brady, in Pomona, California, in 1903, and her remains were returned here to Walnut Ridge cemetery where they lie by her husband and infant children. The daughter, Mrs. Adelia M. Duffield, resides in Springfield, Illinois, and William Haskell lives in Kansas.

Charles I. Haskell, Robert Hall and Eliza (Murray) Jacobs are now the oldest native born residents of this city. The first named has seen wild deer standing on the spot the court house now occupies; he remembers when the lands immediately east of here, now worth a hundred and thirty dollars per

acre were worthless frog ponds knee deep in mud and water in the spring time. He remembers when the only occupied farms between here and Springfield, were those of Job, Walker, Harrison, Peter Cartwright and Bone. The first settler in this section was Archibald Job, who lived and died on his farm three or four miles east of this city—now owned by Oswell Skiles.

In the year 1785, the mother of John E. Haskell emigrated to America, bringing with her a gold watch, which she willed to her son at her death; this valuable heirloom has been passed down the line, and is now in possession of John, the son of Charles I. Haskell, and still keeps a faithful record of Time the "Tomb Builder."



## THOMAS BEARD.

BY HON. J. N. GRIDLEY.

**F**OR the material used in the preparation of this sketch the writer is indebted to Miss Minerva Collins, of Petersburg, Illinois, a niece of the subject of the sketch, and to Mrs. Annie Beard Blood, of Chicago, Illinois, a granddaughter of Thomas Beard.

The grandfather of Thomas Beard was Amos Beard, of Massachusetts, who served as a soldier for seven years in the Revolutionary war. The oldest son of Amos Beard and Hannah (Needham) Beard, named Jedediah, was born in Berkshire county, Massachusetts, on September 24, 1764. This boy was the main dependence of his mother and his six brothers and sisters while the husband and father was fighting to free the American colonies from the oppression of Great Britain. Near the close of the war the anxious and care-worn mother died, and the patriot husband and father returned to his desolate home and to his motherless children. To better his condition he removed his family to Granville, Washington county, New York, where certain of his relatives were then living.

On December 1, 1793, at Granville, Jedediah Beard married Charlotte, a daughter of John Nichols, who was born in Vermont. Of this marriage, on December 4, 1794, Thomas Beard, the subject of this sketch, was born, in Granville.

In 1798, Amaziah Beard, a brother of Jedediah, removed with his family from Granville, Washington county, New York, to the "Western Reserve" in Ohio, and sent back so glowing an account of the advantages in that country that Jedediah wished to follow him but his wife, Charlotte, was so reluctant to leave New York that he deferred the time of his migration until the following year, 1800, when (several other families agreeing to accompany them) they set out for the new home near the southern shore of Lake Erie.

They began the journey on the first day of the year and the season being so severe and the fatigue of the journey so great, most of the party halted at Northeast Pennsylvania, and refusing to proceed further settled at that place. Jedediah Beard, with his wife and their three children, the youngest a babe in arms, pressed onward on horseback. Mrs. Beard became ill on the way and a halt was made for a time, until she so far recovered her strength as to enable her to proceed. For a portion of the way there was only a bridle path for a road. The father led one horse, with Thomas and his little sister clinging to the animal, while the mother with the babe in her arms brought up the rear upon another horse. The brother came out to meet them with an ox team and the party finally arrived at their destination at Barton, on the

west bank of the Cuyahoga river, on May 4, 1800. Here, on October 17, 1800, Jedediah Beard purchased Lot 27, in the town of Barton, having previously bought a mill property on the west bank of the river. On this lot, in a double log cabin, the Beard family began their home life in the Western Reserve, among forests, wild animals and wild Indians. Thomas Beard's father became a very busy man, being the owner of the only saw and grist mill in the neighborhood, and prospered after a pioneer fashion. He was desirous that his children should not grow up in ignorance and as there was no school in his wild home he required them to study at home, giving them such assistance as he could, the mill-hands joining in the effort to increase their knowledge. A few years later, Thomas and his eldest sister were sent to Conneaut, Ohio, to attend a private school kept by a teacher named Robinson, who prepared young people to enter an academy, and under this instructor Thomas Beard made rapid progress in his studies. Later, he attended an academy where he studied history, mathematics, surveying and other branches of learning.

Upon the breaking out of the war of 1812, Jedediah Beard became a soldier, following the footsteps of his father before him; was chosen Lieutenant Colonel of the 1st Regiment of the 4th Brigade and 4th Division of the Ohio State militia, and in March, 1813, took the command of the regiment, and reported at Cleveland, Ohio. Col. Beard left behind him his wife and their nine children, the youngest a babe. Thomas, the eldest child, then a sturdy lad of 19 years took the place of his father, and with the aid of the mother cared well for the family until the return of the father immediately after Perry's victory in September, 1813.

Upon his reaching his majority, Thomas Beard decided to move farther on toward the setting sun and acquire a home of his own. His mother was loth to part with him, but the boy was so full of ambition that he could not be restrained but broke away from his family and friends and set out to seek his fortune. His first letter to his parents was written from Wooster, Ohio, on December 13, 1817. In which he wrote: "I intend to start for the South Monday. I intend to make a tour to the South and return this way, and from here go up into the new purchase." The next letter was sent from St. Louis, from which city he proceeded to Edwardsville, Illinois. Here, while boarding with a family named Dunsmore he became dangerously ill but was so skillfully and faithfully cared for, that he was soon restored to his usual healthy and strong condition.

In the year 1819, in the town of Edwardsville, he became acquainted with General Murray McConnel, who lived for many of the later years of his life in Jacksonville, Illinois. General McConnel was attracted to this young man of twenty-five years of age by his intelligence and ambition. Young Beard had heard much of the Illinois river, and of the fertile lands that bounded the stream. He believed that along this water course future towns and cities would be located and that its valley would be filled with a rich and populous people. The possibilities of railroads were not then calculated upon. Finding that General McConnel had explored the valley of the Illinois to some extent, Mr. Beard anxiously inquired of him for the information he wished. General McConnel told him of the Kickapoo Mounds upon the Illinois just below the mouth of the Sangamon, and finally proposed to go with young Beard to visit the country.

They set out on horseback; the distance as the crow flew was almost one hundred miles, but as there were but few roads in that early day the travelers struck out, across the broad prairies, following streams and stretches of woodland bordering them, until they reached the Illinois river. Here they penetrated numerous lagoons and swamps and at the end of a week found the famous mounds, where the Indian village was located upon the present site of the city of Beardstown. Thomas Beard was delighted with what he saw, and believing that village would one day be transformed into a busy city, he resolved to remain. He was the first white settler; and soon became a friend and a favorite of the red men, and began the life of an Indian trader, which he continued for a number of years. During these years, he had some unusual experiences. On one occasion, when Mr. Beard had but three white companions, the actions of the Indians aroused their suspicions that something was seriously wrong. The other whites became greatly alarmed; Mr. Beard remained cool and endeavored to allay their fears, but kept close watch of the red men by day and by night. At length the cause of the trouble became known to them. It seems that one of the Indians had been missing for several days, and the others suspected that one or more of the whites had made way with him. They informed Mr. Beard of their belief and said they would give the whites just three days to produce their comrade. Mr. Beard quietly remarked to them that they should have given him this information earlier, but that he thought he could learn the fate of the missing man. He warned his companions not to move in any direction unless accompanied by an Indian, and at once began their search. In the evening of the third day, they came upon the dead body of the missing red-skin. From appearances he had attempted to climb into a leaning tree for his game, had fallen and broken his neck. An empty bottle explained the cause of the accident, and the Indians who had come upon the scene, gave expression to their contempt and anger leaving Mr. Beard and his relieved companions to bury the unfortunate victim of the effects of the white man's "Fire water."

In a letter to his father he writes:

"Sangamon Bay, March 20th 1826. I have settled on the east bank of the Illinois river, on public land, 120 miles above St. Louis. My reason for choosing this location is on account of its being a valuable site for a town and a ferry. The country is settling fast."

On September 26, 1826, Thomas Beard and Enoch C. March entered the fractional northeast quarter of Section 15, in T. 18. R. 12, containing 144.45 acres, and on October 8th of the following year they entered the fractional northwest quarter of same section, containing 50.54 acres.

On October 10, 1827, Thomas Beard entered the west half of the southwest quarter of same section, containing 80 acres.

On September 9, 1829, Thomas Beard and Enoch C. March laid out the original town of Beardstown, consisting of twenty-one blocks, and on March 6, 1833, they laid off an addition to said town of thirty-five blocks, which they called March and Beard's addition to the Town of Beardstown.

March soon sold and conveyed his interest in the town to Nathaniel A. Ware, who appointed Francis A. Arenz his attorney, in fact, authorizing him to sell and convey real estate, lay off additions, etc.

On May 10, 1836, Thomas Beard and Francis Arenz, acting for Ware, laid off an addition of thirty-six blocks, which they called Beard and Ware's addition to Beardstown.

Nathaniel A. Ware sold and conveyed all his interest in the town to Francis Arenz, and on July 1, 1837, Thomas Beard and Francis Arenz laid off an addition of twenty-one blocks, which they called Beard and Arenz' addition to the Town of Beardstown.

In a letter to his father beginning: "Beardstown, Morgan county, Illinois, Feb. 23, 1830, Mr. Beard wrote:

"I am still keeping ferry and public house. A part of my land I laid out in town lots, which the people have given me the honor of calling by my name. The place is improving. There are now three stores, and a very extensive steam-mill, capable of manufacturing from 50 to 75 barrels per day. Also a saw mill and a distillery attached. I am now engaged in building a two story and a half brick house, 33 by 43. This building prevented my coming home last fall, as I intended. My iron constitution still holds good, though exposed to every hardship."

The hotel building mentioned in the above letter was erected at the northeast corner of Main and State streets; on the State street side there was a two story porch. For many years this public house was known as the City Hotel. In later years, Henry T. Foster removed the porches and carried out the walls to the State street line. The building is still one of the substantial structures in Beardstown, although more than seventy-seven years old.

The ferry across the Illinois river at Beardstown was established by Thomas Beard on June 5, 1826. He obtained a license to run it, from the county commissioners of Schuyler county paying the sum of six dollars per year into the county treasury of that county for the permit. The ferry was managed by Mr. Beard himself for a time; the propelling power being a pole, by means of which the boat was pushed across the river. The boat was barely sufficient to allow of the transit of one wagon and two horses, with but few passengers standing upon the edges of the craft. On May 5th, 1836, he began the use of a boat moved by horse power manufactured at Pittsburg.

Mr. Henry Hull of this city, of whom a sketch may be found elsewhere in this volume, was for several years an assistant of Thomas Beard in the conduct of the business of this ferry. It was a profitable one during the years when the rush of settlers into Iowa occurred. Beardstown was on the line of the thoroughfare followed by these emigrants crossing Illinois through Springfield. Oft times there was a procession of emigrant wagons reaching from the east bank of the river back several blocks waiting for transportation by Mr. Beard's ferry. Mr. Hull says that in those busy days the receipts from the ferry business would amount to one hundred dollars per day. In the meantime his hotel was liberally patronized, and his income from these properties together with the proceeds of the sales of his town lots made him a well-to-do man in those days.

On September 3rd, 1836, Thomas Beard purchased of the Trustees of Township Eighteen Range Eleven 560 acres of Section 16, being all of the Section except 80 acres in the northeast corner. On this fine body of land he built a farm house, and spent so much of his time as he could spare from his

business in Beardstown in planting orchards, building fences, and otherwise improving the property. Here he made his summer home, driving to and from the town a distance of about five miles. The farm, later, became known as the John W. Seaman farm; it lies north of Bluff Springs about two miles distant. The homestead of Thomas Beard, since somewhat improved, is now the home of the widow of Mr. Seaman. On this farm Mr. Beard selected his last resting place a beautiful burial spot where his remains and those of his relatives, friends and neighbors now lie; to this farm home he gladly welcomed a host of visiting friends, who thoroughly enjoyed the hospitality and companionship of this good man.

Thomas Beard was a public-spirited man; he and his very intimate friend Francis Arenz, built the first schoolhouse—also used for religious services—and donated it. It was a commodious building of brick, erected in the fall of 1832, 24 by 32 in size. If it be said that these gentlemen, so largely interested in the welfare of the town could well afford to make this donation, it may be suggested that precious few town proprietors in these later days make any donations. After the cession of the three mile strip to Cass county and the location of the county seat of the county at Beardstown by the vote of the people Thomas Beard built the court house in the year 1844—the memorable year of high water; this building is now the city hall of Beardstown.

Mr. Thomas E. Collins, who was a resident of Virginia for several years, living in the southwest part of the city, was a nephew of Thomas Beard. He was born in Barton, Ohio, on the 13th day of October, 1818. He has a very distinct recollection of the remarkable change of temperature that occurred on December 20, 1836, at which time he was a youth of 18 years, living with his mother in a house at the ferry landing opposite Beardstown. The day was mild; Thomas had been sent across the river by his mother into Beardstown, upon an errand; when he returned to the landing and stood there awaiting the return of the ferry-boat, he noticed little streams of water trickling down from the melting snow on the river bank into the river. There was a light mist and on the way across he noticed the atmosphere had suddenly become chilly, and as soon as the boat landed on the Schuyler side he hastened homeward. The boat immediately re-crossed the river as passengers were seen waiting to cross to the Schuyler shore. Upon the return of the boat, when about midway in the stream, in an instant of time, an intensely cold blast seemed to descend upon them. It was not accompanied by a storm, but was a sudden drop in the temperature. Mush ice immediately formed upon the river; the long poles and oars used in the propelling of the boat were at once encased with ice, making the management of the boat a matter of great difficulty. The boatmen became so chilled as to be almost entirely helpless; they struggled to reach the shore, and the landing was finally made, some distance below its usual destination. Thomas Collins and his mother, observing the chilled condition of the boatmen, liberally replenished the fire in the fire-place of their house at the landing. Soon the door was thrown open. Thomas Beard rushed in exclaiming excitedly, "What have you got a fire for; put it out." The fire brands were hurled down the river bank; the boatmen were brought in, stiffened with cold; snow was gathered from the shaded places near the house and applied to the chill and stupefied men; this remedy, supplemented with liquor, administered to them soon put

the sufferers out of danger, after which Mr. Beard used the same remedies in his own case which was a serious one. The river closed up, and the next morning old Major Butler, a local celebrity declared he could cross the river upon the ice. He made the attempt but being a very heavy man soon went down into the water. The amused bystanders allowed him to flounder toward the shore, until he became so chilled that he was dragged out, and a liberal dose of old Kentucky beverage handed him, which soon restored him to his normal condition. There was not a thermometer in the town at the time but it is said that Mr. Jacob Ward was the owner of one and that it registered a fall of 40 degrees in 10 minutes. It might be a difficult matter at this late day to sufficiently prove this, but the change was certainly a most remarkable one.

In a very early day, Galena, in the northwestern corner of the state was an important commercial town and Thomas Beard left his home at Beardstown, afoot and alone, in the early part of a very cold winter, to mark out a road to that point. Some of his descendants say that he chose that season of the year for the reason that he could cross the streams upon the ice and the trees being bare and vegetation upon the prairies being burned off he could more easily carry out his undertaking. He carried his food in a knapsack; his knowledge of the location and course of the streams enabled him to keep upon a direct course. At night, he built a camp fire and slept in the smoke to protect himself from the frost. With patience and perseverance, he persisted in his undertaking, marking trees through the timber and making a record of land marks. It is said that a considerable portion of this trail, was adopted as a permanent road and is so used to this day.

The writer of this sketch made diligent inquiry hoping to obtain some portrait of Mr. Beard, but none could be found; it is believed that none is in existence. He was a man six feet in height, straight, muscular and active, of a nervous sanguine temperament, with blue eyes, light hair, with clean shaven face except short side whiskers of a reddish cast. He was a man possessed of great will power, he had a very strong constitution, and was not sufficiently prudent in the matter of husbanding his strength. In the fall of 1849 he was busily engaged in the building of a new ferry boat, was attacked with typhoid fever, and in a very short time breathed his last. The notice of his death published in the Beardstown Gazette was written by his old friend, Francis Arenz, as follows: Died on Wednesday evening of the typhoid fever. Thomas Beard, aged 55. It is seldom we perform the task of recording the death of a person so well known and so universally respected as Mr. Beard. He was one of the first settlers of the county, and substantially the founder of the town that bears his name. He emigrated to the town in early life and here he aided with his industry and sound practical sense the building up of the town and the improvement of the country. The new settler never appealed to him for advice or aid in vain. The former he was competent to give, and the latter was given freely if in his power. His character through an eventful life never suffered blemish. Though sustaining a position in which he could have gratified a worldly ambition, he never courted the applause of men. His was the natural ability, the world could not corrupt, nor the fashions of an artificial life, take away. He has gone to that Court to which we shall be summoned. May we at that bar find as few accusers as our departed friend.

John Loomis was born in Westfield, New York, on July 20, 1815; his father was Joel Loomis; his mother was Susan Beard, a sister of Jedediah Beard, who was the father of Thomas Beard. The parents of John Loomis resolved to educate him for the ministry, but his ill-health, in his youth prevented it. When twenty years of age John Loomis was admitted as a student at Williams college; he earned his way by teaching. When twenty-four years of age he was married to Elizabeth Gleason and moved to Conneaut, Ohio, where he took charge of an academy. He soon decided to emigrate to Illinois, and the successful career of his cousin, Thomas Beard, attracted him to Cass county, and in 1844-5, he began teaching in Virginia, that county. Here he remained as a most successful teacher for about seven years during which time his wife died leaving three children; she was buried in the family burial ground on the Thomas Beard farm in Sec. 16, T. 18, R. 11. Professor Loomis next taught in Winchester, and afterwards in Jacksonville, Illinois, in which last named city he was one of the Faculty of the Institution for the Blind for over twenty years. In 1883 and 1884 he was the superintendent of schools of the city of Virginia; he was the father of seven sons and one daughter. He died at his home in Jacksonville, Illinois, in February 1893 at the age of seventy-eight years and lies buried in Diamond Grove cemetery in the city of Jacksonville.

Professor Loomis was intimately acquainted with his cousin Thomas Beard and wrote some sketches of his home, his character, etc., which were published and copyrighted by his son, who has permitted their use in this sketch, as the little that is known of Mr. Beard should be preserved. The sketches of Prof. Loomis here follow:

### THOMAS BEARD, THE PIONEER.

#### CHARACTERISTICS.

It was while a guest at his house that I first became acquainted with the Pioneer. I thus had an opportunity to study his characteristics. Integrity, industry and an indomitable perseverance were his leading traits. It could be as truly said of him as Pyrrhus said of the Roman general: "Ille est yabicius, qui difficiliius ab honestate, quam sol a cursu suo aveiri potest." He was never idle. When the business of the day was over he sought relaxation and refreshment in books, travels, explorations, histories and sciences. For next to his duties and business these subjects or the society of the good and intelligent formed his greatest enjoyment.

His early education had been good, particularly in History and Mathematics. These studies were calculated to develop the business man, rather than form a literary character. But a taste for novels and adventure in his early reading developed itself in his seeking the N. W. Territory than that far west, the Land of the Dahcota and fierce Potawatamies. He came more from a love of adventure than any admiration of frontier or savage life. And though he found new inhabitants, he discovered a region of unsurpassed beauty. He was delighted with these broad plains, clothed with flowers, which bloomed from earliest spring till the cold, bleak winds of Autumn shut up their tender cups and destroyed their fragrance. But, he was pleased not only with the surface. He saw that the wild man had only to follow the wild herds to the west, and then civilization would transform these primitive meadows into

fruitful fields of grain, and the homes of industry. He found the ravine and bluff abounding in ores of iron or lead, in quarries of rock, or in beds of coal. These, he perceived, only needed the hand of industry to render subservient to the wants and happiness of man, or to develop them into resources of wealth. Nor in respect to gain alone did he view these undeveloped resources. With the inquiry of the philosopher, he examines the fossils embedded in the rock and reads the history of primeval ages, thus recorded, while drift or other convulsions of nature are indicated by the huge boulder, a solitary monument of the past, dropped here and there upon the broad prairie. He was acquainted with the "Father of Waters" with its numerous tributaries, all waiting for the boat to carry off the various commodities of the country to the distant market. Here he determined to make his home, and with an ax, a dog and gun he began a settlement in hope, when others looked with doubt, upon the experiment. He traded with the Indians, supplying them with articles in return for peltries. To this stock he added wild honey and venison, and thus began that commerce in embryo to the low countries, upon those western waters which has since developed into the most wonderful inland navigation in the world, as respectable then as now, if courage, skill and perseverance are deserving of commendation. Before the present spurn these enterprises, and laugh at the trade in wild honey and peltries in comparison to present commodities, let them, at least, learn what labor and sacrifices this commerce at first cost. The power of navigation has rendered navigation safe and easy. But then the whirlpool and rapid had to be encountered and overcome by human muscle and energy. It took *men* to carry on successfully this commerce. Gentlemen now pride themselves in hunting woodcock and grouse, but it took a fearless man to lie down to sleep in the wilderness while the howl of the black wolf could be heard in the distance, or when his stealthy approach was disclosed by gnawing the bones of the last repast which had been tossed aside. It took a *brave man* to encounter the dangers of the Panther which were then lurking in ambush in every grove or thicket, (for the deer that bounded over these prairies, or hung upon the body of some broad spreading oak, cautiously peering from the fork, upon the passing hunter) A little incident occurred in this very landscape, before alluded to, which illustrates the dangers of Pioneer life. There is a small lake adjacent to the Illinois river and connected with it. The Pioneer had taken his skiff, one afternoon, and gun (for this was his companion) and had entered this lake to fish for pickerel with which it abounds. No human dwelling was near. He was alone in the wilderness. Night had settled around him. The Pioneer had lashed his boat to the roots of a cottonwood which stood on the banks of the lake, after casting out his lines, and had laid himself down in his canoe for his night's repose. He was musing, as those only muse who are half asleep and half awake.

All things were tinged by his half-unconscious sensibilities. (The solitary notes of the night-bird and the glancing water were soothing his mind into that state of repose that precedes entire unconsciousness.) The fireflies seemed to rival in splendor and brilliancy, the bright stars in the firmament which was now settling down upon the tree-tops, when a shrill and piercing cry bursts upon his ear, and is echoed through the solitudes as such a shriek could only echo. Another scream, accompanied by the sound of short, quick



hops, announce the near approach of an enemy. The next moment a huge panther with flaming eyes, seeks his moorings: The next, and a fierce animal stands at the very foot of the tree to which his boat is tied, and in distance of a leap the Pioneer could almost feel the hot breath of the monster, as he stood with half distended jaws and unsheathed claws, occasionally lashing his sides with his tail, he peers fearfully at him. The Pioneer knew his foe, and springing up he faces the monster, with gun raised to his shoulder and ready to do the work of death. The Pioneer flinches not. He levels his gun steady upon the space between the eyes, but he holds his fire. His knowledge of this foe has taught him to prefer prudent caution to a hazardous encounter. The panther can not endure the steady gaze of man. He retreats a few paces, renews his terrific cries, and the next moment he is lost in the surrounding darkness, while the Pioneer unlashes his boat and shoves it to deeper water at a distance from shore, thrusts down a settling pole to the bottom of the lake and moors his boat in safety till morning.

The Pioneer's love for natural history was remarkable. He studied the habits of beast and birds with care and intense pleasure. It is only by close observation that even the reason of man can triumph over the instinct of animals and subdue them. A stupid man could never succeed in the wilderness. To triumph over so many, requires a quick perception and understanding, and prompt action. In the wilderness, beast, bird and savage nature all are foes. These must be overcome by reason and courage. In these respects, the Pioneer is seldom appreciated. It is a heroic character. Such an one would be prominent in any circumstances or society.

It was from this pioneer that I first learned the semi-domestic habits of the robin. This favorite of our orchards and door-yards builds its nest near the dwellings of man. It is never found in the solitudes. Like the honey bee it advances with civilization. The Pioneer was here before the robin. Its first carol was the announcement of the coming multitude. Its notes, too, were grateful as the memory of home, of parents, brother and sisters, for he had heard that carol last when he bade them adieu.

He was compensated somewhat for the absence of the robin by the song of the mocking bird (*Lurdus Polyglottos*) which then frequented this region for a few months of the year. Now that inimitable songster is seldom or never seen here, owing, probably, to the indiscriminate slaughter of prey and birds of song. The man who is so barbarous that he cannot be delighted by the ever varied notes of the mocking bird, or with the thrush as she pours forth her song upon the highest twig, or with the more plaintive song of the bobolink, as she rises upwards from her nest in the meadow, but who can enjoy with extreme gusto their savory flesh, has gained a villianous notoriety and vandal fame. The Pioneer was never so much an *epicure*, nor so much a *barbarian*.

It might be supposed that one who had passed so much time on the frontier would have preserved some of the border habits, But it was not so. His gun was laid aside when civilization came. He was first in every improvement. He favored education, giving to his children the advantages of the best seminaries.

Had he lived to-day he would have been a decided Republican, as he was a stanch Whig. Niles Register, for many years his text book, indicates the calm, but decided tenor of his politics. When the struggle in this state first came for *free*, against *slave* labor, his voice and influence were for freedom and humanity.

His personal demeanor and bearing were manly, blended with an unaffected simplicity. His countenance was full of sternness in repose, but in conversation, it was full of benignity, a pleasant smile welcoming those who approached for favors.

The present was to him the period for improvement and enjoyment. He did not carry with him the aggregate burdens of life, adding to them his daily cares, thus rendering their load intolerable. Like a true philosopher, he left these behind. But the blessings of life he augmented by dwelling upon them, and although he had experienced misfortune, yet so serene and joyful did he appear, that he inspired all with happiness and pleasure.

The Pioneer was not a member of any church, yet he had a profound respect for the truths of religion. He recognized an overruling Providence in all things. To him nothing came by Chance. "All partial evil was universal good." He honored the unostentatious Christian, but the cant of hypocrisy of Pretenders he had no respect for. He acknowledged that *sound* could throw down the walls of Jericho, or that Physical strength could carry off the gates of Gaza and overthrow the house of the Philistines. There were means ordained to accomplish those ends. But he believed that sound reason and argument, not physical strength were now the means to convert men. He had a very low opinion of an uneducated and undevout ministry.

#### A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE PIONEER, THOMAS BEARD. OF BEARDSTOWN, CASS COUNTY, ILLINOIS.

By Prof. John Loomis, M. A.

##### A LANDSCAPE VIEW.

In Cass county, Illinois, there lived a few years ago, one of the Pioneers of the west. He had purchased a farm for a homestead just where the bluffs that skirt the valleys of the Sangamon river and Illinois unite. The greater portion of his farm was the rich alluvion of the bottoms, a small part only extending up into the bluffs. Long before this land had come into market this particular spot had been chosen for a homestead. Immediately at the base of the bluff, gently inclining toward the west, was planted an orchard of the choicest kinds of fruits—apples, peaches, pears, plums and cherries. A grapery, also, of many varieties was planted on either side of a broad avenue leading to his house, and supported by trellised work. Many exotics, also trees, plants and shrubs were cultivated. To the north of the orchard and at the base of the bluffs extending east, was a grove of young forest trees, which follows up a ravine into the higher lands. Through this ravine there came murmuring down a silver stream, sometimes swollen and turbulent, but

usually creeping and winding away through the tall grass and flowers of the prairie, silently forming with other similar streams, numerous lakelets, here and there, all over the beautiful champaign, between the bluffs and distant rivers. Between the orchard and a road running north and south was the family mansion of the Pioneer, a structure far more imposing for its size than the elegance of its architecture. Such was the view as you sit under the old oak tree which stands near the residence. Here I spent the first few weeks of my sojourn in the west, enjoying the genuine hospitality of a true nobleman, as the proprietor was.

But, that we may fully appreciate the beauty of the landscape, let us climb to the summit of that bald knob which rises several hundred feet above the general level just east of the orchard. To this eminence the Pioneer was wont to lead his guests. From this place we have an unobstructed view from a line due east clear round to a line south, embracing twenty-four points of a great circle. The arc of the quadrant between North and West is bounded by the Illinois river, which sweeps round in a circle with a radius six or eight miles. This is the uniting wedge of the Illinois and Sangamon Valleys. On the opposite side of the river, the Bluffs following its course, bend away to the south crowned with a crest of tall trees.

On this side, along the margin, the Pecan, Hickory and other forest trees abounding in foliage fringe the banks, The remaining area near the base of bluff where we stand is an open prairie. Stretching away to the east the broad bottom lands of the Sangamon, covered with corn fields, can be plainly seen. While beyond and above the lofty tree tops that skirt the river, you look down upon the farmhouses of Mason County. To the south, the rich lands of the Illinois, covered with similar corn fields, varied by the sand ridge with its dwarf growth of oaks of scanty foliage, stretch away southward. But leaving these remote views, we here look down upon the little prairie, upon the broad champaign, adorned by the little grove and stream and lakelet. Often do they echo with hoarse notes of the wild fowl, the white swan, the wild goose, the duck, the grouse and crow which frequent them for food. At all seasons these fowls may be seen circling round in mid air, about to alight, or starting up with splash and cry and scream at the report of the gun or some fancied danger.

One grove of persimmon trees is remarkable. It stands alone, two miles or more, distant from any other timber. This grove stands in a circle, covering an area of a half acre, the trees in the center shooting up highest, while those near the circumference with long pendant branches give the grove the appearance of a green hillock dropped down upon the bosom of the prairie. Long after the county began to be settled, was this thicket a resort and covert for the deer, from whose excesses they looked out upon the prairie for hound or sportsman, or hid themselves till darkness made it safer to go forth for food.

One other peculiar feature of the landscape is the sand ridges. These are now all covered with timber, a low scrub oak called black-jack. The soil is too poor to support the cereal grains, but a kind of coarse grass, the cactus and like plants are found. As might be expected, the foliage of the trees is scanty. These ridges indicate the action of water of great volume and velocity. They are filled in parallel ridges following the course of the waters

southward, showing where the current had passed, or winding here and there in narrow channels, or spreading out into a broad area. The prairie which was covered with water last is now the rich bottom land and which prevails near the bluffs south. While the sand ridges are near the river, varied by low prairies, often but little else than the lagoon or bayou in high water. Sometimes a circular basin may be found, showing the action of the whirlpool which continuing till the waters subsided, then were left on the general level of the bottom land and of similar soil. They are of various extent, from one acre to several.

About three miles from the bluffs, near the Sangamon river, are a great number of Zumuli in the small area of an acre. Some of these are among the largest and highest to be found. A few rods from them is a small lake whose bed was made, no doubt, by excavations to form these Zumuli. The idea is suggested that here, in this very spot, one of the bloody battles, many centuries, perhaps, subsequent to the subsidence of these waters, was fought, in which many braves fell, while to commemorate their exploits, these mounds were raised on the field of glory. And if we may judge of their honor or the glory of their exploits by the size of their monuments, they are worthy of highest admiration. But no record lives to unfold the secret of these primitive races save these rude memorials. These are expressive tributes to departed great ones, whose fame is even more perishable than their monumental earth. These Zumuli are seen just at the edge of the timber that fringes the Sangamon river before it enters the Illinois. In general, these mounds are not found in the open prairie, but on many ridges along the Bluffs such places may be seen. Just where I stand, on the very summit of the knob, is one, sixteen or eighteen feet in diameter by eight or nine in height. (Others may be seen in similar situation) Many of them have been opened, disclosing the bones of the dead as well as the arms of the warrior, which he fancied in his simplicity, the Indian would need in the Land of the Great Spirit whither he was gone.

That vast changes have taken place in this valley can be easily proved. A great lake or a vast river once poured its waters through this channel. Tradition even reaches not back to that period. This history is written on the sand banks and bluffs and rocks of this valley. The Illinois river, the representative of that once mighty stream, discharges comparatively only a small volume of water. It is, nevertheless, a very respectable river. Its bed lies very deep in the earth, many feet lower than the Mississippi above the rapids. That it was once connected with the great lakes, there can be no doubt. The Pioneer was wont to pass through grass lake, by canoe into Lake Michigan. While other rivers in this same latitude are frozen, the Illinois, owing to its deep bed, is free from ice and navigable. Thus it furnishes a great thoroughfare to bear off the produce of the fertile region through which it flows. Its banks may be less romantic than the Hudson, but its deep channel, its gentle current, renders it unsurpassed for purposes of commerce. The first steamboat ascended the river in 1827. It is a most beautiful sight to sit on this knob and watch the progress of these steamers as they sweep round this semi-circumference, occasional glimpses of which may be seen among the opening trees. They may be plainly traced by the steam, curling round the tree tops

along the river, the echoings of which, borne on the soft winds may be distinguished, as well as that of the shrill whistle, which announces the approaches to the landing. Among other objects of charming beauty, are the flocks and herds scattered over this plain, feeding. When the hot sun has driven them to the grove, they may be seen standing in the soggy pool, or recumbent upon the grassy lawn. Or, again, when the long shadows begin to fall, you can see them forming into long lines, and winding their way to this point or that, plainly pointing out the new home of the settler, and yielding to his children abundance of milk, as the trees have already done, wild fruit and wild honey. For the wild grape and plum and various other fruits abound in profusion, and the honey bee was found in every flower upon the prairie. Such was the appearance of this beautiful spot as I saw it in June, 1845. It was more attractive for its primitive beauty than its improvements. Beardstown was the only town in the whole landscape, celebrated only as the County seat for its commercial importance. Here and there the farmhouse was reared and the orchard planted, giving promise of a luxurious future, but only at wide intervals. Conspicuous among them was the farm and homestead of the Pioneer, from which I have presented the surrounding landscape. Here we will leave him, having laid aside the habits of border life and developing the resources of his farm, enjoying the respect of those most who knew him best.

#### THOMAS BEARD, THE PIONEER.

##### CONTRASTED SCENES—THE THANKSGIVING—THE FUNERAL.

In November, 1845, by the recommendation of the Executive of this State, the first day of Public Thanksgiving was observed—a venerable custom in New England, but of recent observance in the West and South. On this occasion, invitations were sent by the Pioneer to his friends and kindred to come and enjoy his hospitality. He had been wont to celebrate New Year's day with similar festivities. But, partly out of respect to Executive authority, and partly to kindred who had recently immigrated, he had chosen this day to honor the former and to welcome the latter. Accordingly, when the sun had passed the meridian, many wagons were seen converging to the farmhouse as a center, and not long after the whole scene was active with the arrival of guests and the greeting of friends. Religious exercises, unlike the old fashioned Puritan Thanksgiving, were wanting to the day. Probably not a minister in the County had ever conducted exercises on such an occasion, for the few, then, were from the South or the spontaneous growth of the West, more conspicuous for their zeal than for their learning.

In other respects it would compare favorably with the most approved style of this festival. The barnyard had been trenched upon for fatlings of various kinds, quadruped and biped, beast and bird. These filled the table with substantial fare, while pastry from the pantry and fruits from the cellar spread a feast satisfactory, even to an epicure, and embracing variety enough to tempt the appetite of the most dainty. But all these are common to such an occasion. It was not, in this respect, remarkable. In numbers, too, it was respectable. About eighty persons, one half children and youth, sat down to the feast. The Pioneer at the head of the table had thanks offered, and then bid his friends welcome to his bounties. He moved among his guests delighting them by his cordiality, while he was delighted at the joy

that everywhere prevailed. The children were buoyant with glee and the house rang with hilarity on this new holiday. The elder members were looking on with interested delight, or were recounting past events that stood out as waymarks in life's journey, thus far completed. Joy and rejoicing gave wings to the moments. New friendships were formed and old ones were renewed. New hopes were awakened, for festive glances tell the heart's secrets, as well as words of love. "All went merry as a marriage bell."

The guests lingered till the waning day admonished them to depart, a few from a distance remaining. The voice of the young grew fainter and fainter. The house was silent. I sat alone with the Pioneer. Sleep fled from him as he recounted the early annals of settlement, the bright prospects and hopes, often obscured, but now happily beyond doubt. Hostile tribes of Indians had been subdued and security to family and property was now guaranteed to the settler. The climate was proved to be salubrious, and pestilential diseases, once dreaded, were no longer feared. The border-man was selling out his claims and plunging deeper into the wilderness, whither the deer and buffalo had gone. A more intelligent and a more thrifty class of citizens were pouring into the state. A constitution, notwithstanding the cupidity of bad men and the efforts of demagogues to engraft slavery into it, had secured freedom, and good laws foreshadowed the enterprise and improvement which we are now witnessing. These reflections and many others crowded into the mind of the Pioneer, and their successful issue were objects of profound thanksgiving. He had felt the weight of these evils and struggled against them. Now a clear sky promised a glorious future.

I have attended similar feasts in other lands. I have witnessed family meetings more affecting, but I have never witnessed a Thanksgiving occasion comprehending subjects of wider range, nor have I ever witnessed hospitality more cordially extended or more truly appreciated than at this first appointed Thanksgiving festival, at the home of the Pioneer.

The scene is changed. Many a festival has come and gone since this Thanksgiving occasion. The accustomed duties of life have filled the interval. The sun, in his annual cycles, has brought the changing seasons their various joys and sorrows.

The news spreads abroad that the Pioneer is ill. The disease approaches and progresses flatteringly, at first slightly indisposing, but slowly developing into a malignant form of action, baffling alike medical skill and human sympathy. The strong arm of the victim and stronger will is prostrated. He who has braved the elements alone, the savage beast and still more savage man, is stretched upon the couch of suffering and asks help in faint whispers. Then follow the kind assiduities of friends, the efforts of the long tried physician, the consultation, the will, and, last and greatest, when all earthly means and resources fail, the looking up to Heaven for the interposition of that Power which alone can save. But the struggle is over. Nature yields to an invisible power. Death claims his own. The spirit of the sufferer is borne to the unseen world, leaving but the cold clay to be wept over. The spirit of the Pioneer enters upon an exploration far more interesting and sublime than any hitherto witnessed. He goes to the spirit-land, the land of shadows, of many hopes and many fears. Aye, tell me the mystery of that far-off land! Are those—the good and great—are they there? Shall we know

them? Will they tower among the inhabitants of that distant land, as they were prominent here? Does mind grow more vigorous and alike more brilliant when separated from its clayey tenement? Shall we find companionship and affinity with every spirit alike when we shall have passed the Straits that intervene? Do intellectual and moral enjoyment alone delight? Or does the physical universe add to our joys? Are they interested in our welfare? Do they love us yet, those who have gone before us? The reflection is intensely thrilling—the reality must be more so.

The news of the death of the Pioneer spread. The hour was appointed for the last offices of respect. I hastened from a distant town to mingle in the company of mourners. The very aspect of nature was such as to give intensity to my feelings. It was Autumn. The early frosts had touched the foliage and tinged the leaves with those varied hues that at once sadden the mind by approaching decay and yet clothe the forest with the gorgeous robes of russet, brown and purple. I turned into a bridle path which the Pioneer pointed out in my first rambles over the country. It was an unfrequented path which wound along the margin of ravines and the tall trees of the barrens. The widespreading branches of the oak interlocked above my head. Upon these the squirrel sported, now sitting erect, with acorn in his forepaws, enjoying his repast, or now laying up a store for winter. Again, my path passed through a thicket of young trees, which formed an arch of wicker work overhead, and from which path there bounded the rabbit, after a few moments of mute astonishment at my approach, but to which these timid creatures as quickly returned in their gambols when the sound of footsteps no longer were heard.

The atmosphere gave a shadowy and hazy appearance to the landscape, for it was just at that season when the frost and north winds were disporting with the soft breezes from the south, which this day were stealing back, like memories of other days of joy, when the realities of life had not chilled the buoyancy of our spirits. Sometimes through the opening of the trees the "Sand Hill" crane might be circling round in beautiful gyrations a speck just beneath the blue concave, keeping time, in harsh, shrill notes to be appreciated only by those who have heard and seen them in their aerial sports. Or again, a flock of wild fowl from the northern lakes, with the triangle pointing southward, whose hoarse "honk" and flight, like other objects of nature gave indications of the transition season.

As I approached the homestead of the Pioneer I halted to view the scene. I had emerged from the barrens near that point of the bluff from which I have already given description. There was the landscape of unsurpassing beauty. There were the various objects the Pioneer had given his fostering care—the farm, the orchard, the schoolhouse, all that improved home and neighborhood. There stood solitary, the homestead, over the desolation of which there wept the friends of the deceased, with a bitterness that could not be comforted. While standing here, giving way to feelings inspired by the scene, beautiful and sad to me, a long line of vehicles was seen, preceded by the hearse, slowly coming from the distant town, for there the Pioneer had died. He was wont to spend the winters in Beardstown but when Spring returned he sought the country to adorn and beautify and to enjoy rural life to which he was ardently attached.

I descended from my eminence and joined the cavalcade of mourners. The burial spot was a retired and beautiful spot. It was a tongue of land, rising several feet above the surrounding level, nearly circular and joined by a narrow neck to the Sand-ridges. There, nearly surrounded by a grove of young trees, the Pioneer in health had chosen this as a resting place for himself and kindred. His parents were already buried there. His father, a patriarch of 80 years, had come hither, leaning upon his staff, to be buried by his beloved son in these broad savannahs. And other friends were here, as many a mute monument recorded. When we arrived at the grave a circle was formed, and with uncovered brow the Hon. Francis Arenz stepped forward, himself an exile and a Pioneer from another land, to do the last act of respect to bury the dead, and in his behalf to thank the living for their courtesy. But the duty was an onerous one. After getting the spectators' attention he referred to the character of the deceased. "He had known him long. Many years ago he had come, a stranger and an exile, and found in the deceased a brother and friend. Many years of intimacy had bound them by strongest ties. The unfortunate said he never went away unrelieved by him if in his power to do so. No enterprise worthy the philanthropist was unimportant to him when living. He was one of Nature's noblemen." Saying which the speaker burst into a paroxysm of grief and tears. The relatives of the deceased gave vent to their grief in audible sobs. Even the idle lookers-on were moved to tears. The body was consigned to its last resting place. The grave was filled, the sod was laid upon it, the crowd dispersed—the kindred to a desolate fireside, the multitude to mourn for a good man.

Thomas Beard was married to Sarah Bell in 1826. The children of this marriage were:

Caroline E. Beard, born July 1, 1827.

Edward Thomas Beard, born October 19, 1829.

Stella Beard, born February 25, 1832.

About the year 1834 a decree of divorce separated Thomas Beard from his wife, and on July 27, 1837, he was married to Mrs. Nancy C. Dickerman, at Rushville, Illinois, by Rev. William Window. Mrs. Dickermann was the widow of Willard A. Dickerman who was born in 1793 and was married in New York City. Business reverses caused his removal to Beardstown. There were three children born to Willard A. and Nancy C. Dickerman, two sons and a daughter. The latter, named Mary, died in New York City, one of the sons died early in life of consumption, the remaining son, Willard A., (named for his father) was educated by his step-father, Thomas Beard. This step-son, who was born in New York in 1823, became a widower in April 1854; later enlisted in the army, became the Colonel of his regiment and was killed at Resaca, Georgia, on May 24, 1864. Mr. Beard was a warm friend of Mr. Dickerman, the father, watched over him in sickness, and at his death at Beardstown, on April 19, 1836, took charge of his property and looked after the interests of the widow until he married her. Their married life was a very happy one; of that marriage were born the following children:

Francis Arenz Beard, born January 7, 1840; died June 23, 1841, aged 1 year and 5 months.

Agnes Casneau Beard, born June 23, 1842; married Augustus Sidney



Doane of New York City at which place she now resides.

James McClure Beard, born June 25, 1844; who married Miss Augusta Dodge and now resides at Rantoul, Illinois.

Eugene Crombie Beard, born December 3, 1846, died at sea on April 11, 1868, while on a voyage to Peru, South America, in search of health.

Upon the death of her husband, his widow went to New York City, her old home, where she resided to the end of her life. She died November 13th, 1899, at the advanced age of 95 years at the home of her daughter Mrs. Doane; her remains lie in beautiful Greenwood Cemetery in Brooklyn.

Thomas Beard was no ordinary man; he left his father's house when but a mere boy, coming to a wild country, to live among the Indians; with wise foresight he chose the location for a prosperous city, with great courage and remarkable industry he fought his way, making a home, to which came his parents and nearly all the members of their family; he was large hearted and public spirited; he gave his name to a city now rapidly growing, which, in the future will become much larger and of greater importance. We are sorry not to be able to say more of this early settler, but glad to here record what has been gathered and to place it where it will be preserved, in the Library of the State Historical Society of Illinois.

## MARK BUCKLEY.

BY HON. J. N. GRIDLEY.

**T**HE subject of this sketch was born in the kingdom of England on the 10th day of May, 1815, and will be ninety years of age, if he lives to see the 10th day of the coming month. His brother, John L. Buckley, was born in 1812, and in the year 1837 these two brothers bade good-bye to "Merrie old England" and started for Illinois, then a state younger than themselves, to seek their fortune. They set out for the far away home of Edward Fletcher, an old family friend who had settled about three miles northeast of the present town of Arenzville in this county (then Morgan county). The brothers arrived with



MARK BUCKLEY.

their worldly effects at the Fletcher cabin in December, 1837, and were given a hearty welcome. The house being too small to accommodate the new comers with a lodging place, a nearby log schoolhouse—temporarily out of use, was taken possession of by the brothers, who went to a saw mill at Arenzville for some lumber which was thrown upon the ground and their bedding deposited thereon. The first night spent in this wild lodging place was so cold that their bedding froze fast to the lumber. During the winter of 1837-'38 the brothers gathered corn for Fletcher and on January 31, 1838, John entered the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of Sec 33-17-11 (now owned by Eli Wood) and he and Mark built a cabin thereon.

Spring came on with unusual floods and storms, and John Buckley being a carpenter finding he could get employment at his trade in Jacksonville, gave up his plan to make a home on the 40 which he sold the same year to William Lawrence for \$200 and went to the future "Athens of the West" taking his brother Mark with him. The latter soon became too sick to work in Jacksonville, and walked back to the Fletcher cabin and hired to Mr. F. the season of 1838 to work on his land for eight dollars per month.

The winter before, David Epler, who lived in the neighborhood, sold a good cow for twelve dollars, and the enormous price that cow brought was the wonder and talk of the whole settlement. One strong, lusty woodman walked a distance of three miles, taking his corn pone and slice of fried bacon for his dinner, to make one hundred rails for fifty cents. The reader will observe that times were much better then, than now; for this rail maker could earn an acre of land in three days, and earn a good cow in less than a month.

The preaching for the neighborhood was done by Richard Matthews, (father of the wife of J. T. Robertson of this city) who held forth in the cabins in lieu of a church. If chills and fever laid hold of a luckless settler, a boy on a horse was dispatched for Dr. Morrison who lived at Lexington—midway between Arenzville and Jacksonville.

After a few months spent in Jacksonville John Buckley came to the little scattered hamlet called Virginia and began the building of a house for James Samuels on lots 1 and 2 in the addition of the Public Grounds, still standing and occupied, and for long years the home of the family of John E. Haskell. As soon as Mark Buckley finished his contract on the Fletcher farm he came here to help his brother; they boarded for a few weeks in the Samuels home; then went to the boarding house of Deweber on the east side of Washington square—where the store of David Wilson is now located, and soon after, removed to the hotel kept by Dr. Potheary on lot 102 in this city where Centennial bank now stands.

On the 20th day of May 1839, Dr. Hall sold and conveyed to John L. Buckley lot 46 in the addition to Virginia for thirty dollars, and the Buckley brothers immediately began building a shop thereon 18 feet square and one and a half stories in height. This building is now in good condition, and forms main part of the house in which Frank Long lives one block west of the opera house on the south side of Springfield street. This shop they occupied for nine years as a carpenter and furniture shop; they used the upper part for sleeping room for a time, and when they found they owed Dr. Potheary a board bill of sixty dollars, they did their own cooking in these bachelor headquarters. Not but what they had plenty of work to do, but money was so scarce they could not collect their bills, and they were finally compelled to notify their numerous customers that they must pay cash on delivery to the extent of the value of materials purchased by the manufacturers, and for the work and labor, credit was extended. Here they made coffins for the dead and furniture for the living, of native walnut and cherry, procured at the local mills. The coffins were sold at from \$10 to \$15 each: for a time only, the coffins for children were lined, by the women friends of the afflicted families, while the adults were buried in the bare walnut receptacles which were deposited in the ground without boxes or burial cases. A few years later, these boxes "come in style," and were made of well seasoned materials. Bedsteads and tables were made in the shop; some of them are now in use in this county on this day. A wheel was made by these mechanics which turned a lathe in the shop; the motive power was an old blind mare.

In these early days Col. West was the merchant on the west side of Washington square; he borrowed money right and left, and did business in dashing style. He wanted the loan of a few hundred dollars the Buckley brothers then had; they were doubtful of the propriety of letting it go and soon found

their judgment was correct as the Colonel went into bankruptcy.

Mr. Loomis was one of the old-time teachers; the same who taught our high school a few years ago. In the old Protestant church where Skiles' lumber yard now is; Mr. Buckley remembers an early preacher named Fox who lived about 7 miles southwest of Virginia in the Nisbet neighborhood; another preacher was named Robertson.

The Mark Buckley farm lies about 5 miles east of Virginia and is described as west half of southwest quarter of Sec 4. and east half of southeast quarter of Sec. 5, T 17, Range 9, 160 acres. This land was owned by the Lees and mortgaged by them to the State Bank of Illinois. Hard times came on, the mortgage was foreclosed, and on April 14, 1848, this 160 acres with 15 acres of timber in Sugar Grove a couple of miles west of the farm was conveyed by the bank to J. L. and M. Buckley for less than seven dollars per acre. In the meantime, on June 2, 1844, John L. Buckley had married Mary Ann Lindsley, a Cass county school teacher; the marriage ceremony was pronounced by Alexander Naylor, a Justice of renown, residing in the town. On August 21, 1848, John Buckley conveyed the shop and the furniture business to John Rogers and David Blair. The Buckleys moved into a log cabin built by one of the Lees and began farming. The John Buckley farm, now owned by Wm. Ross, lies less than a mile east of the farm of Mark Buckley and is described as east half of northeast quarter of Section 9 and west half northwest quarter of Section 10, T. 17-9. This farm was naturally wet; it had also become the property of the State Bank and on October 20, 1848, John Buckley bought the farm of the bank for two dollars and fifty cents per acre. One hundred dollars per acre would hardly buy this farm to-day.

It appears that John Buckley was very unlike his brother Mark, the latter being a man satisfied with slow and steady gains, while John was more venturesome. Accordingly we find John catching the gold fever in 1849, and proposing to go off to California, against the protest of his wife, while Mark had no desire to leave Illinois. Away went John with Joseph Cosner, Dr. Pothe-cary, Dr. Schooley and Mike Whittlinger, to make his everlasting fortune digging out gold. He went into an enterprise with two sons of Alexander Beard; these prospectors found some particles of gold along the banks of a small stream and at once surmised there was plenty of the precious metal scattered along the bed of the stream; accordingly they went to work, at a great expense of time, cash and muscle, to divert the flow of water into a new channel. When their task was ended, there was nothing found but the bare rocks that formed the bed of the waterway. Mr. Buckley returned very little richer than he went.

Mark Buckley was married to Miss Cornelia Job, a daughter of Archibald Job, who was an early settler and a prominent man, on March 26, 1850, when she was between 17 and 18 years of age. They have reared five children, two sons and three daughters. He left his farm and took up his residence in this city. He was not born with a very strong constitution, but by a quiet and sober life has prolonged his years to very nearly ninety. His brother, John L., died in this county in 1885 at the age of 73; and his widow followed him nine years later at the age of 78 years.

## CAPT. CHARLES BEGGS.

BY HON. J. N. GRIDLEY.

**A**MONG the early settlers of Illinois were to be found all classes and conditions of people—the good and the bad, the young and the old; the rich and the poor, the industrious and the shiftless. There were not a few of the criminal class; refugees from justice, murderers, thieves, perjurers and robbers. In the sketch of Francis Bridgman in this volume, the horse thieves and counterfeiterers who once infested Cass county are described. In some sections the criminal class was numerous enough to control the machinery of the law.



**CAPT. CHARLES BEGGS.** Governor Ford in his history of Illinois says: "I had a good opportunity to know the early settlers of Hancock county. I had attended the Circuit Courts there as states attorney, from 1830, when the county was first organized, up to the year 1834; and to my certain knowledge the early settlers, with some honorable exceptions, were, in popular language, hard cases. In the year 1834, one Dr. Galland was a candidate for the legislature, in a district composed of Hancock, Adams and Pike counties. He resided in the county of Hancock, and as he had in the early part of his life been a notorious horse-thief and counterfeiter, belonging to the Massac gang, and was then no pretender to integrity, it was useless to deny the charge. In all his speeches he freely admitted the fact, but came near receiving a majority of votes in his own county of Hancock. I mention this to show the character of the people for integrity. From this time, down to the settlement of the Mormons there, and for four years afterwards, I had no means of knowing about the future increase of the Hancock people. But having passed my whole life on the frontiers, on the outer edge of the settlements, I have frequently seen that a few first settlers would fix the character of a settlement for good or for bad, for many years after its commencement. If bad men began the settlement, bad men would be attracted to them, upon the well known principle that 'birds of a feather will flock together.' Rogues will find each other out, and so will honest men. From all which it appears extremely

probable, that the later immigrants were many of them attracted to Hancock by a secret sympathy between them and the early settlers."

The Governor refers to the "Massac gang;" Massac county and Pope county are situated on the Ohio river in the south end of the state. In these two counties a colony of horse thieves, counterfeifers and robbers had settled. They were so numerous and bold as to be independent of the law. In 1846 a number of these desperate men attacked an old man in Pope county and robbed him of twenty-five hundred dollars in gold. One of the gang left behind a knife that had been made by a blacksmith in the neighborhood. The owner of the knife was seized and tortured, and confessed his crime and divulged the names of the others. A dozen of these were also seized and subjected to torture, and they gave a long list of the names of their confederates, scattered over several counties in Southern Illinois. The people who had resolved to put a stop to these criminal proceedings organized themselves together under the name of regulators and ordered the worst of the criminals to leave the country. Before they could be driven out the county election came on in August, 1846, and the criminals all voting together elected a sheriff and other county officers in Massac county, who would not enforce the law. Those who were arrested and put in jail were rescued by their friends. The regulators, finding they could do nothing under the law, proceeded to act independently of law. They held a convention in December, 1846, at Golconda; the representatives came from the counties of Pope, Massac and Johnson; they ordered the sheriff and the clerk of the county court and many other citizens of Massac, to leave the county within thirty days. The sheriff and some others left and were gone all winter. The regulators began a reign of terror; they seized persons suspected of crime, tied ropes about their bodies, and with sticks twisted the ropes until they crushed the ribs of their victims. Some were thrown into the Ohio river and held under water until they confessed.

At a term of the Circuit Court of Massac county, the grand jury found indictments against a number of the regulators. By this time a large number of the thieves had become regulators; a lot of them were arrested and thrown into jail. Others of the regulators, including a number from Kentucky, assembled, denounced the judge, threatened to lynch him if he ever returned to the county, took possession of the county jail, liberated their friends confined therein, seized and murdered several of the sheriff's posse, and ran the sheriff out of the country. The Governor was appealed to; he ordered Dr. Gibbs, of Johnson county, to call on the militia for a force to protect the sheriff and other county officers. The Doctor called in two justices of the peace and ordered the regulators to appear; they refused to do it, whereupon the Doctor declared there were no rogues in Massac county. Whereupon the regulators again assembled, caught a number of suspected persons and tried them; some were acquitted, others convicted and whipped or tarred and feathered. These proceedings continued for a considerable time until the passions of this delectable community finally subsided.

In many of the counties in Illinois there were gangs of villians who went to elections armed with butcher knives and called themselves "butcher knife" boys; and the "half horse and half alligator" men, and the candidates who had these ruffians among their supporters were almost invariably elected.

In 1816 and 1817, in the towns of the Territory, the country was overrun with horse thieves and counterfeiters. They were so numerous, and so well combined in many counties, as to set the laws at defiance. Many of the sheriffs, justices of the peace, and constables were of their number; and even some of the judges of the county courts; and they had numerous friends to aid them and sympathize with them, even amongst those who were least suspected. When any of them were arrested, they either escaped from the slight jails of those times, or procured some of their gang to be on the jury; and they never lacked witnesses to prove themselves innocent. The people formed themselves into revolutionary tribunals in many counties, under the name of "Regulators;" and the governor and judges of the territory, seeing the impossibility of executing the laws in the ordinary way, against an organized banditti, who set all law at defiance, winked at and encouraged the proceedings of the regulators.

If any native of an older state chance to read this sketch let him not sneer at Illinois and her early history; please remember, dear sir, that these thieves, murderers, wife-beaters and counterfeiters all came in here from the older states, perhaps the worst of them came from your state; and although there were too many of them, plenty were left where they came from.

With relief one turns from the study of these miserable criminals to the contemplation of other classes of early settlers. Most of them came young in years and with but little property, but others were people of mature years, who had large families they wished to establish in a country which could afford their children greater opportunities. Not a few of the pioneers brought considerable sums of money which they invested in the erection of comfortable homes and in the early acquisition of large bodies of land. Some had served the public as lawmakers, or had become distinguished for military service. The churches of the older states sent out young, intelligent and forceful preachers to work for righteousness among the Illinois pioneers, and their efforts were zealously encouraged by the better class of settlers, whether church members or otherwise. It is to these people of the better class to whom Illinois owes her greatness; they saved the young state from the curse of slavery, and from the disgrace of repudiation in the dark days of financial disaster and distress; and so well did they direct the progress of the young and struggling state, that she has been able to pursue the course so wisely marked out for her, until she has reached her present proud position—the "Queen of the Mississippi Valley;" that broad and fertile land, the inhabitants of which will, in the near future, assume and continue the control of the government of the greatest republic of the earth.

The earliest known ancestors of Charles Beggs were Scotchmen, who spelled their name Begg; those who remained in Scotland adhered to that spelling of the name. One or more of the family crossed to the north of Ireland and some one of their descendants following a custom of those early days changed the name by the addition of another letter.

The paternal grandfather of Charles Beggs was James Beggs, who was born in the north part of Ireland; he married Elizabeth Hardy a native of the same country. These people came to America in the early part of the eighteenth century and settled in New Jersey. Of their history but little can be learned; they were the parents of four children, two sons and two

daughters; one of the sons died early in life without descendants; the daughters married and reared families. The surviving son Thomas, who was the father of Charles Beggs, was born in New Jersey; he married Sarah Barnes, who was the daughter of Charles Barnes and Elizabeth (McDowell) Barnes; Charles Barnes was born in America; Elizabeth McDowell was born in northern Ireland, and it is believed that her ancestors were Scotch people.

The time of the removal of Thomas Beggs from New Jersey to Virginia is unknown. He went into the Revolutionary army at the beginning of that desperate struggle of the Colonies against the tyranny of Great Britain which resulted in the birth of a wonderful nation; he became an officer in that army and died of camp fever in 1778. He must have left his widow and family of young children comfortably provided for, as these children were able to acquire good educations. One of them, James, became a graduate of William and Mary College at Williamsburg, in the Old Dominion. The youngest of the family, George Beggs, died early in life without issue. Charles Beggs grew to manhood in the state which gave to the nation so large a number of her great men; he became a splendid horseman, a man of extensive information and of polished manners. His birth occurred on the 30th day of October, in the year 1775, in Rockingham county. He was married to Dorothy Trumbo, a native of Rockingham county, Virginia, on August 1, 1797, and they immediately started for Kentucky to seek their future home. They made the journey on horse-back, the usual mode of travel of that day. Their route lay up the valley of Virginia, then down through the valley of the Tennessee, on through the Cumberland Gap, and from thence over the Boone trail to the county of Jefferson, where they settled and began the foundation of a permanent home. Charles Beggs was a farmer; he was satisfied with the climate and with the soil of that part of the State of Kentucky which he had selected as an abiding place. Opportunities were more numerous and more valuable than those of his native state, but the people were more lax in their morals; the cursed institution of slavery existed in a more revolting form, Charles Beggs was a Methodist; the founder of his church, the great John Wesley, had solemnly declared: "Slavery is the sum of all villainies," and Charles Beggs heartily agreed with him. His first child, Elizabeth, was born in that slave state; he lived among a people, governed by laws that allowed a father to sell for money, his own mulatto children, and divide it among his white children; his soul cried out in protest against this awful condition; he could not consent to remain and rear his children among such morally degraded people; he resolved to go where he could breathe free air. We find him then in the year 1800 again a "home seeker." He crossed the Ohio river into the country that later became the state of Indiana. He settled close to the bank of that river, in what is now Clark county. His brothers, John and James, must have had the same abhorrence of the curse of slavery, for they soon joined him. Here Charles Beggs settled down, in peace and contentment; he became a quiet farmer, until he was called by his friends into public life. In 1813, assisted by his friend, Abram Epler, he built a water-mill; later he became a merchant as well as a farmer.

The territory of Indiana was organized in 1800, with the capital at Vincennes and with General William Henry Harrison as its Governor. Although Charles Beggs had but just made his appearance from the south side of the



river, his character and ability was immediately recognized and he was chosen as a member of the convention to draft a constitution for the new territory from Clark county. He proceeded to Vincennes where he soon made the acquaintance of Governor Harrison and they became the closest of friends. A few years later, they fought together in the battle of Tippecanoe in which Charles Beggs commanded a company of cavalry and where Harrison at the head of the army acquired sufficient military glory to sweep him into the presidency of the United States.

In the sketch of the history of the Black Laws of Illinois, elsewhere found in this volume, it is shown how the lawmakers of Illinois sneakily introduced or rather continued slavery in this state under the guise of the "Law of Indentures." The same nefarious scheme was attempted in Indiana. In 1808, James Beggs, the brother of Charles, was president of the Governor's Council in the territorial legislature, held at Vincennes, and a system of "Black Laws" similar to those in Illinois, was proposed for Indiana; it was hotly debated; upon a test vote it was found that this council was evenly divided upon the question and James Beggs, the President of the Council defeated the infamous scheme by casting his vote upon the side of freedom and justice.

The pioneers of what is now Clark county, Indiana, settled along the bank of the Ohio river. The river runs, at this point, in a southerly course—more southerly, than southeasterly. The woods in the interior were infested with wild animals and wild Indians; there were no means of transportation except by horses and mules; all their merchandise came floating down the river, and naturally, the early settlers clung to its banks. As population increased, it gradually receded to the interior. When the territory was organized, it became necessary to select a county seat for Clark county. In the interior was a small village named Springville. This village contained two hotels, a blacksmith shop, two wheel wrights, one physician and a surveyor lived there; it was the largest cluster of houses in the county, away from the river. It was founded by an adventurous character, an Indian trader named Tully, who built the first cabin in which he lived and carried on his barter with the red men, and in his honor was named Tullytown. The people remote from the river desired the location of the seat of justice at Springville, but by sharp practice it was located at Jeffersonville, a river town in the extreme south end of the county immediately opposite Louisville, Kentucky. The courts were held here from 1802 until 1810. The few residents of Springville disgusted and discouraged melted away and the little town site again became farm land. The interior filling up more and more rapidly, it was resolved to re-locate the county seat. Charles Beggs was a member of the state legislature, and one of his brothers was a member of the senate. These men introduced the necessary measures to obtain the relief needed and by constant and persistent effort they succeeded. Charles Beggs was authorized to choose a fitting place for the county seat of the county. He located it upon two farms, purchased from James McCampbell and Barzilla Baker and upon them was laid out in 1806 the town which has ever since been the county seat of Clark county. In honor of Charles Beggs, this town was named Charles-Town, or Charlestown, which is its present name. To help the building of this town Mr. Beggs, then a prosperous farmer, thirty-one years of age es-

tablished a store. He was also engaged in the business of purchasing the products of the farm and loading them upon flat boats, taking them down the Ohio and Mississippi to the lower towns and as far as New Orleans, where, disposing of his boats and their cargoes, he would make his return on horseback.

In the year 1811, his wife Dorothy died; she had borne him six children, two of whom died in infancy. His oldest daughter was then eleven years old and his youngest child, who was his oldest son, was three years old. On the 12th day of November 1812, Charles Beggs was married to Mary Ruddell in Woodford county, Kentucky. This lady was also a native of Rockingham county, Virginia, and was twenty-two years old at the time of her marriage, being 15 years younger than her husband. She became an affectionate step-mother to his young children, and she became the mother of nine children of whom eight were born in Clark county, Indiana.

Here Charles Beggs resided for twenty-eight years, honored and esteemed by all who knew him. As a farmer, a merchant, a miller and a trader he accumulated sufficient property to comfortably support and educate his large family; his distinguished services in the army, and in the halls of legislation were of great value to the people of his county. No one would have deemed it possible that after living here until he was fifty-four years of age, that he would dispose of his property, and remove to the wilds of Illinois to begin life anew in that far-off country.

His oldest daughter, Elizabeth, born in Kentucky in the year 1798, when she became eighteen years of age, was married to Henry Hopkins, a farmer in Clark county. A sister of Mr. Hopkins who had married Wm. Conover had gone to Illinois and settled in the prairie, near the present site of Princeton, in Morgan county. The accounts of the fertility of the black land of Illinois, made Mr. Hopkins impatient to leave Clark county and seek his fortune in the Sucker state. Accordingly, in the early fall of 1825, he loaded his wagon with necessary goods and with his wife, then twenty-seven years of age, with their four children, the oldest a daughter of seven years and the youngest a daughter of ten months, (Mrs. Sarah E. Cunningham, now living [1907] with her son Henry, five miles east of Virginia) and wended their way slowly along, arriving at Mr. Conover's place, November 1, 1825. He spent the winter in that neighborhood, and in the spring of 1826 he settled upon a fine tract of land in Section 5, Township 17, Range 9, on the east side of Sugar Grove. A few years later, he acquired the title to this land, and made it his home for nearly sixty years. Mr. Hopkins was a brave and very generous man and soon became famous for his hospitality—ready to share with the traveller or a neighbor anything in his possession which would cheer or comfort. The description of this beautiful country, which he sent back, induced many of the people of Southern Indiana to follow in his footsteps, and make their homes in Central Illinois.

In the year 1829, Captain Charles Beggs removed from Clark county Indiana, to Morgan county, Illinois. He settled on the north side of Jersey Prairie about one mile west of old Princeton, where he lived for forty years, the farm is now, (in 1907), owned by Mr. Samuel Crum. With him came his wife Mary (Ruddell) Beggs and their five children aged from one year to twelve years, and also Jacob Epler, the husband of his third daughter Mary, who was

then twenty-seven years of age, and their infant son of one year. Mr. Epler settled on a fine tract of land in Sec 27 T. 17, R. 10, which lies just west of Little Indian R. R. station, and is now owned by William Buracker.

This was a wild country in 1827; very little of the land had then been entered; nearly all of the few settlers were squatters—people who built their cabins near springs or streams, and close by tracts of timber and who cultivated the adjacent land in ignorance of boundary lines. Morgan county was but six years old; Jacksonville was but a straggling little village only four years old; it was laid out in March, 1825, by Thomas Arnett and Isaac Dial on 40 acres of ground. The first court house was built in 1826. Thomas Beard had established a ferry at the Indian Mound on the Illinois river and in 1829, he and E. C. March laid out Beardstown. In 1830, there were only three families in Beardstown and they all lived in log huts. Princeton was not begun until 1833. Virginia was laid out seven years after Captain Beggs came to Illinois. Archibald Job had settled on the prairie a few miles east of the present site of Virginia. Among others, within the present boundaries in Cass county, in 1829, were the following: John Knight, Temperance Baker, James Orchard, Joseph C. Christy, Frederick Troxel, David Black, James Smart, John R. Sparks, Aquilla Low, Abram Gish, Charles Robertson, Peter Taylor, Martin Robertson, Jonah H. Case, Daniel Shafer, James Davis, Andrew Williams, Alexander Huffman, William Summers, L. L. Case, George F. Miller, Henry McKean, Daniel T. Mathews, Daniel Richards, Shadrick Scott, Benjamin Mathews, Samuel Grosong, Wm. S. Hanby, John E. Scott, John DeWeber, A. S. West, John Ray, Joshua Crow, Phineas Underwood, Jacob Yapple, Alexander Cox, Henry Madison, James Marshall, Jesse Allred, Isaac Mitchell, Thomas Redman, George Tureman, W. M. Clark, George Freeman, Silas Freeman, Isaiah Pashal, Thos. Plaster, Richard McDonald, John Taylor, William Holmes, James Fletcher, Solomon Redman, Henry Kittner, Martin Harding, William Miller, Solomon Penny, Benjamin Carr, Reddick Horn, Elisha Carr, John Waggoner, James Scott, Alexander Pittner, W. Myers, Thomas Gatton, Carrollton Gatton, Nathan Compton, John Robertson Z. W. Flynn, Peter Carr, Wm. Chambers, John C. Conover, Susanna Pratt, Jacob Ward, Jacob Lawrence, Peter Conover, William Conover, Joseph T. Leonard, Geo. T. Bristow, W. Breeden, Peter Taylor, Samuel Way, Archer Herndon, Page A. Williams, Robt. Fitzhugh, Jesse Gum, John Vance, Richard Jones, Andrew Beard, John Creel, Joseph McDonald, Jonas McDonald, John McDonald, Samuel Reid, Robt. Elkins. Eaton Nance, David Williams, James B. Watson, Wm. Cooper, Wm. Crow, Eli Cox, Robt. Johnson, G. W. Wilson and Wm. T. Hamilton. These were not all the people who were settlers here in 1829, but the list includes a large majority of them. The open prairie country was then uninhabited. Dr. Hall entered hundreds of acres of it four years later on. As before stated the settlers in 1829, were located along the edge of the scattered timber belts bordering upon the streams. They did not believe the winter storm swept prairies would ever be covered with farm homes. The people of to-day have no conception of the severity of the winds of winter that prevailed in those days. There were no buildings, fences, hedges, or orchards to break the force of the gales which were then so common. The timber on "the barrens" at that time was nothing more than low bushes: the annual fires kept them near to the surface.

There were a few rude water mills, here and there, that crushed corn and wheat from which bread was made. A journey to the mill in those days, was quite an undertaking, which was usually postponed so long as the neighbors could furnish deficiencies by lending; when the trip was made it was necessary to repay the loans. An account of one of these expeditions was often told by an early settler. A man named Clark lived somewhere between where Bluff Springs and Arenzville are now located. He found his flour and meal exhausted, and a trip to the mill could no longer be put off. It was in winter, the days were short and the distance long. He found a neighbor woman who could come and keep his wife company, and mounting his horse, with a sack of corn he started away to the south to the mill on Indian Creek. Being compelled to "wait his turn," it was after dark before he was ready to start toward home. In the meantime a blizzard had arisen and the man soon lost his way, and became so stiffened with the cold as to be unable to find it. The horse took him in the right direction, however, and near midnight arrived at the cabin, and made sufficient noise to attract the attention of the anxious women. They dragged the half-frozen and unconscious man from the horse, carried him bodily into the cabin and putting him upon a bed covered him with blankets and waited the result. After he was thawed out, he opened his eyes and said: "Well, wife, we have got a fine sack of meal, and we don't owe any of it."

Charles Beggs would never have consented to remove from Clark county, Indiana, to this wild country had he not foreseen the very rapid growth of improvements and population. The wonderful fertility of the soil, the excellent location of the state, with the Father of Waters upon the west, the great rivers on the south and southeast, and the great lake on the northeast, the Illinois and other streams traversing the state, the broad and level prairies upon which railroads could be easily and cheaply constructed, all gave promise of what the future had in store for the state of Illinois. He came here, knowing that he could rear his children in a land where they would have far greater and better opportunities than were possible in the south end of the Hoosier state; the outcome proved the wisdom of the change he made.

Mr. Beggs was fifty-four years of age, when he began the foundation of the new home in Morgan county; he immediately commenced this task with zeal and good judgment. The town of Princeton was laid out one mile east of his farm, in 1833, by Rev. John G. Bergen, and soon a store was established with shops of blacksmiths, wood-workers and wool-workers. Schools were instituted, religious worship was inaugurated, and all these enterprises Captain Beggs assisted and encouraged.

By the time he had become well established, he had passed the age of political ambitions. He preferred to live a quiet life upon his farm, spending his leisure hours in the acquisition of knowledge, for which he ever had a passionate fondness. He knew that death would part him from all material things, but the knowledge he had gained, the character to which he had attained would survive that crisis. He was regarded, not a very successful money-maker, but a man of superior intelligence, and of great moral worth, and his children strongly resembled him.

Affliction, trial and sorrow seem to be essential to the development of the highest type of human character, and, of these, Charles Beggs experienced

his full share. His first wife and their two young children he buried in Indiana; Abram Epler, his old partner and close friend, who, with him crossed the Ohio to make homes in Indiana, who came to Illinois in 1832 and settled near him, who was the father of the husbands of two of his daughters, sickened and died in the year 1837 and Captain Beggs sorrowfully followed his body to its long resting place in the old Baptist cemetery on Indian Creek, now known as the Yatesville cemetery; in 1845, his son Cornelius, the eldest child of the second marriage was stricken down at his home in Kentucky at the early age of thirty-two years; in 1847, George W., his first born son, passed away at the age of thirty-nine, leaving a widow and six children, the youngest unborn; in 1859 his son Isaac died at the early age of thirty-one; two other sons Thomas and Charles died in infancy; all these bereavements but sweetened the character of Charles Beggs; he was an unwavering christian and by his faith was sustained; he knew that all these loved ones had only passed on before him, and were waiting on the other side to bid him welcome when his own time should come.

In Morgan county Charles Beggs lived for forty years loved and respected by all who knew him, and on the 21st day of October in the year 1869, he peacefully passed away at the advanced age of ninety-four years, eleven months and twenty-one days and was laid to rest in the Zion church-yard.

In physical appearance Captain Beggs was more than six feet in height, weighing two hundred pounds when in full health and vigor, with blue eyes and black hair; he was a splendid horseman, and when mounted upon a steed of his choice made a fine picture. Politically he was a whig, and later, a republican. He was an honored member of the Methodist Episcopal church from the eighteenth year of his age.

The children of Charles Beggs, fifteen in number were the following:

Children of Charles Beggs and Dorothy (Trumbo) Beggs:

Elizabeth Beggs, born in Jefferson county, Kentucky, on June 15th, 1798.

Sarah Beggs, born in Clark county, Indiana, on April 28, 1800.

Mary Ann Beggs, born in Clark county, Indiana, January 19, 1802.

George W. Beggs born in Clark county, Indiana, November 29, 1808.

Susan Beggs and Rebecca Beggs born in Clark county, Indiana, and died in infancy.

Children of Charles Beggs and Mary Ruddell Beggs:

Cornelius Beggs, born in Clark county, Indiana, August 16th, 1813, and died unmarried at the age of 32 years and was buried at Smithland, Kentucky.

William Harvey Beggs, born in Clark county, Indiana, April 20, 1817.

James Lemon Beggs, born in Clark county, Indiana, November 11, 1819.

Margaret Beggs, born in Clark county, Indiana, December 23, 1821.

Dorothy Beggs, born in Clark county, Indiana, January 21, 1826.

Isaac W Beggs, born in Clark county, Indiana, August 31, 1828, and died at the age of 31 years unmarried and is buried in Zion cemetery, Cass county, Illinois.

John Beggs, born in Morgan county, Illinois, August 7th, 1831.

Thomas Beggs and Charles Beggs died in infancy.

The descendants of Charles Beggs are more numerous than those of any

other person who has been the subject of this series of Historical Sketches, and to enable the future reader to trace the history of this family down the stream of time the following information is here added:

Elizabeth Beggs, the oldest child of Charles Beggs, born in Kentucky, on June 15, 1788, was married to Henry Hopkins, of Clark county, Indiana, on June 18, 1816, came to Illinois in 1825; settled upon the land, since known as the "Hopkins Farm" in 1826, where she lived, until she was far advanced in years, when she and her husband and their youngest daughter removed to the



ELIZABETH (BEGGS) HOPKINS.

city of Virginia, where she spent the remainder of her days. Mrs Hopkins died in Virginia, Illinois, September 19, 1886, aged 88 years. 3 months and four days, and is buried by the side of her husband, Henry Hopkins, in Walnut Ridge cemetery. Her children were:

Dorothy A. Hopkins, born in Clark county, Indiana, on January 8th, 1818, married Elias Mathew, and died in Cass county, Illinois, September 9, 1849.

Rebecca J. Hopkins, born in Clark county, Indiana, March 17th, 1822, married William Blair and died in Labette county, Kansas, June 28, 1897.

Nancy S. Hopkins, born in Clark county, Indiana, December 19th, 1822, married Keeling Berry and died in McCook, Nebraska, October 14, 1877.

Sarah E. Hopkins, born in Clark county, Indiana, December 19th, 1824, married James Cunningham, and is now living with her son Henry Cunningham, 5 miles east of this city.

Charles B. Hopkins, born in Morgan county, Illinois, June 6th, 1827, and now lives near Red Fork, Indian Territory.

Mary G. Hopkins, born in Morgan county, Illinois, February 16, 1830, married Charles W. Elder, and now lives in Denver, Colorado.

Robert H. Hopkins, was born in Morgan county, Illinois, on November 26th, 1832, and now lives at Denton, Texas.

George M. Hopkins, born in Morgan county, Illinois, November 15th, 1835, died in Denver, Colo., January 22, 1896.

Martha E. Hopkins, born in Cass county, Ill., May 11, 1838, and died May 18th, 1838.

James M. Hopkins, born in Cass county, Ill., October 7th, 1840, and now lives in Neodesha, Kansas.

Zachariah J. Hopkins, born in Cass county, Illinois, February 27th, 1843, and died in Maryville, Missouri, February 22, 1899.

Ruth A. Hopkins, born in Cass county on January 26, 1849, and now lives with her sister Sarah E. Cunningham.

The reader will bear in mind that the Hopkins farm was in Morgan county until 1837, when Cass county was formed.



SARAH (BEGGS) EPLER.

Sarah Beggs, the second daughter of Captain Charles Beggs, was born in Clark county, Indiana, on April 28th, 1800; she was married to John Epler, a son of Abram Epler, in Indiana on December 2, 1818. They moved to Morgan county, Illinois, in 1831 and settled on a farm a half mile west of the site of the Town of Princeton which was previously owned by Levi Conover. With them came their six children, in age ranging from one year to twelve years. They resided on this farm which grew larger as the years came and went until 1875 when they moved to the city of Virginia. Her husband died here in 1876 and was buried in Zion cemetery, near the farm home; she survived him until January 11, 1882. Their children were as follows:

Charles Beggs Epler, born in Indiana, on December 1, 1819, married Mary Eliza Lurton, on February 22, 1843, and died August 8th, 1855.

Abraham Epler born in Indiana, October 19th, 1821, and died August 5, 1847.

Cyrus Epler, born in Indiana, November 12, 1823; married Cornelia A. Nettleton, August 2, 1852; now resides in Jacksonville, Illinois.

Mary Ann Epler, born in Indiana February 5, 1826; married Richard F. Barrett, November 18th, 1847; died April 23rd, 1849.

Sarah Epler, born in Indiana, June 4th, 1828, married D. W. Fairbank, August 21, 1850; died March 27, 1904.

Elizabeth Epler, born in Indiana, September 23rd, 1830; married Henry H. Hall, jr., February 4, 1851; died April 1, 1870.

John Milton Epler, born in Illinois, April 22, 1833; married Nancy A. Epler, March 29, 1855, now resides at Chillicothe, Illinois.

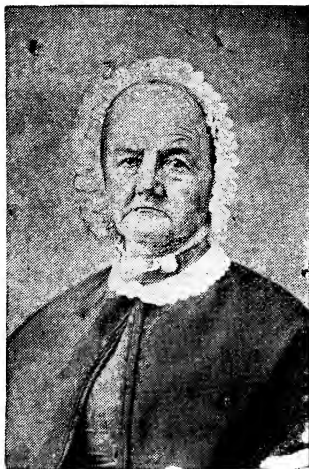
William Epler, born in Illinois, April 15, 1835, married Jane Abigail Woodman on April 12, 1859, who died October 2, 1863; and again was married on July 5, 1870, to Ellen M. Conover; he now resides at Jacksonville, Ill.

David Epler, born in Illinois, July 17, 1837, and died September 9th, 1838.

Myron Leslie Epler, born in Illinois, June 2, 1839; died September 5, 1866.

Margaret Ellen Epler, born in Illinois, June 27, 1842, married John W. Prince, June 2, 1865; now resides at Jacksonville, Illinois

Albert Gallatin Epler, born in Illinois, January 22, 1845; married Martha J. Vance on July 31, 1865, and now resides in Colorado.



MARY (BEGGS) EPLER.

Mary Ann Beggs, the third daughter of Captain Charles Beggs, was born



in Clark county, Indiana, on January 19th, 1802; she was married on September 20, 1827, to Jacob Epler, a son of Abram Epler; they came to Morgan county, Illinois, with Charles Beggs and family, in 1829, and settled on a tract of land in Sec. 27 T. 17, R. 10, now owned by William Buracker at Little Indian R. R. station. About the year 1849, he sold his farm here and removed to Sangamon county and laid out the town of Pleasant Plains, and made a provision that no intoxicating liquors should be sold therein. He had seen enough of the curse of whiskey drinking to have become a hater of the habit. There he lived for many years, acquiring a valuable property. In 1888, he moved back to Cass county, purchasing a home in Virginia, where he died in 1890, and was buried in Pleasant Plains cemetery by the side of his wife who departed this life on October 24th, 1884.

The children of Jacob Epler and Mary Ann (Beggs) Epler were the following:

George Andrew Epler was born in Indiana September 1st, 1828, died May 26, 1847.

John T. Epler, born December 16th, 1829.

Ann Epler, born October 28th, 1831.

James Epler, born September 16th, 1833; died July 17, 1847.

Dorothy Epler, born December 6, 1835; died July 15, 1847.

Sarah Epler, born January 16, 1838.

Jane, Epler, born December 12th, 1839.

Emily Epler, born February 20, 1842; died August 26, 1851.

Stephen D. Epler, born January 19, 1845.

George W. Beggs the eldest son of Captain Charles Beggs was born in Clark county, Indiana, on November 29, 1808. He came to Illinois in the year 1830, and for about one year lived with his father, near Princeton, and then lived in the family of his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Hopkins until his marriage with Huldah Garner, the oldest daughter of Rev. James Garner, which took place on January 23, 1834, the Rev. John Van Cleave performing the marriage ceremony. James Garner was a friend of Captain Beggs' in Clark county, Indiana: Came to Morgan county, Illinois, in 1830, and for a year lived a half mile west of the old Rosenberger farm at Princeton; then settled on lands in Sec. 2 in Township 17 Range 9 and built Garner Chapel, with the assistance of other Methodist friends about 1836 on his lands very near his house; he reared a large family, and five of his sons became Methodist preachers.

George W. Beggs entered with other land nw of ne $\frac{1}{4}$  Sec. 3, Township 17, Range 9, in the year 1833, and on this tract, at the northwest corner he built a house to which he took the young wife; her father. Reverend Garner lived less than a mile away. Mr. Beggs, like his father, cared more for knowledge than for corn and hogs, and although he acquired plenty of land he was not noted as a money gatherer. He spent most of his leisure in reading and study. He was a man six feet in height with blue eyes and dark brown hair weighing 180 pounds and of commanding presence. His ability was recognized, and he was called upon to undertake public responsibilities. He was chosen as a justice of the peace, which was a most honorable position in those days, and he soon became well known as a "peace-maker." Settling many controversies that arose among his neighbors in a quiet sensible way.

He was selected by the county court as the agent of Cass county to receive from the state the sums due the county under the State Public Improvement Act; he was selected as one of the board of trustees of Township Seventeen, Range Nine and assisted to lay out the Town of Philadelphia in that township. At one time he secured a large number of votes of his friends and neighbors for a county office he did not seek nor desire to fill. He was a soldier in the Blackhawk war and took part in the battle that resulted in the defeat of that desperate chief. Mr. Beggs was an earnest worker in the M. E. church; was selected as class leader of the Garner Chapel society of that denomination, and took a prominent part in revival meetings. In the winter of 1846-7 a large meeting was held at school house on the Page Williams farm some six miles distant from Mr. Beggs' residence; this meeting he attended night after night; the weather was severe and he contracted pneumonia which caused his death at the early age of thirty-eight years on February 1st, 1847. After the death of the husband and father the family was scattered for a few months, but the mother soon gathered the children together again and reared them to manhood and womanhood; she died on August 25, 1865, at the age of 51 years and 7 months and lies burried by the side of her husband and one of their children in the Garner Chapel cemetery.

The children of George W. Beggs and Huldah (Garner) Beggs were as follows:

Mary Elizabeth Beggs, born January 3, 1835, married William Crews August 28, 1851; died April 15th, 1863.

James Harvey Beggs, born May 12, 1837.

Charles Chandler Beggs, born June 20, 1839.

John Epler Beggs, born November 15, 1841, died March 27, 1856.

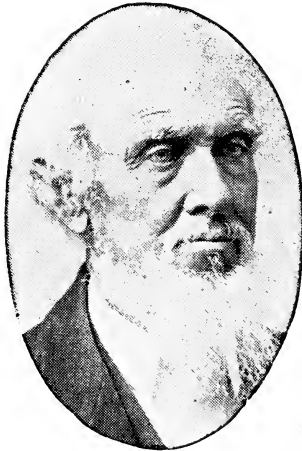
Robert Henry Beggs, born September 24, 1844, now resides at Denver, Colorado.

Dorothy Ann Beggs, born June 23, 1847.

Only the two last named of the family are now living: Prof. R. H. Beggs, resides in Denver, and Mrs. Dorothy Ann Epler resides in Nebraska.

William Harvey Beggs a son of Captain Charles Beggs and Mary (Ruddell) Beggs, was born in Indiana on April 20, 1817, and came with his parents to Illinois when he was twelve years of age. In 1842 William Harvey Beggs was married to Mary Tucker and of that marriage were born two sons, Thomas Benson Beggs and Abram Epler Beggs. The first named was born in Morgan county, Illinois, March 14, 1843, and he fell at the siege of Vicksburg, Miss., on June 29, 1863, and was there buried. The second son, Abram Epler Beggs, was born in Morgan county, Illinois, April 14, 1846, was married to Margaret Gentry Scott, of Danville, Kentucky, on December 25, 1879, and died at his home in Kansas City, Missouri, February 26, 1903.

The second wife of William Harvey Beggs was Mrs. Mary Rex Kelley, and of this second marriage there were born two sons Carey T. Beggs and Charles Harvey Beggs. The first named was born in Morgan county, Illinois, on September 10, 1868, and was married to Emma Bartlett, of Nebraska, on August 12, 1890, and they now reside in Myton, Utah. Charles Harvey Beggs was born on April 27, 1871, in Morgan county, Illinois; he is unmarried and resides with his mother. William Harvey Beggs died at the age of seventy-two years



WILLIAM HARVEY BEGGS!

and was buried in the Centenary grave yard in Cass county, Illinois, northwest of Ashland.

James Lemon Beggs, a son of Captain Beggs and Mary (Ruddell) Beggs, was born in Clark county, Indiana; on November 11, 1819; he was but ten years of age when his parents came to Illinois. On June 17, 1846, he was married to Mary Jane Ward, a daughter of Jacob Ward, Esq., of Cass county; he began farming about four miles northwest of Ashland on land now owned by L. L. Savage, after his marriage; his wife died about 6 months after her marriage

On August 30, 1848, James L. Beggs was married to Mary A. Crow, a daughter of Rev. William Crow, a very early settler, on August 30, 1848. On April 18, 1853, James L. Beggs purchased of John Grigg of Philadelphia, Penn., the se $\frac{1}{4}$  of the ne $\frac{1}{4}$  sec. 32 T. 17, R. 8, and in 1856 he bought of his brothers-in-law, John H. Crow and J. Elmore Crow, 340 acres in sections 29 and 32 in the same township.

In 1857, Mr. Beggs and Mr. Crow with others organized a land company, and upon the lands of James L. Beggs and Elmore Crow the town of Ashland was laid out on the 17th day of August, 1857.

Mr. Beggs with his family resided upon his farm immediately west of and adjoining the town of Ashland for many years. In 1873 he moved to Kansas where he resided until 1880 when he went to Colorado. In 1881 he returned to Ashland, Illinois, where he resided until the time of his death.

The children of James L. Beggs and his wife Mary A. Beggs were as follows.

S. Ella Beggs born June 12, 1849.

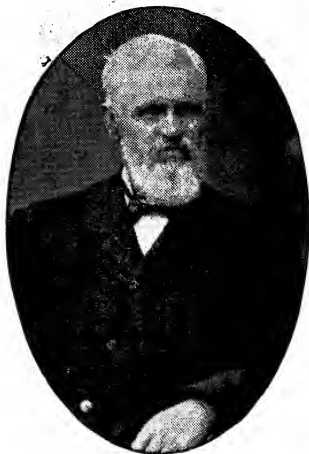
C. Edwin Beggs born January 22, 1851, now a resident of Ashland, Illinois.

Lucy J. Beggs, born October 13th, 1853.

Emma R. Beggs, born March 11, 1855.

William C. Beggs, born September 10, 1857.

John L. Beggs, born December 13, 1860, and died May 10, 1900, at Ashland Illinois.



JAMES L. BEGGS.

George Henry Beggs, born February 8, 1863, and died June 24, 1898, near Thermopolis; Wyoming.

Abraham Lincoln Beggs, born October 4, 1865.

James L. Beggs died on the 22nd day of December, 1889, aged 70 years, 1 month and 11 days and was buried in the Ashland cemetery.

Margaret Beggs, daughter of Captain Charles Beggs and Mary (Ruddell) Beggs, was born in Clark county, Indiana, on the 23rd day of December, 1821; she came to Illinois with her parents when 8 years of age. She was married to Isaac Milton Stribling (a son of Benjamin and Milly [Horn] Stribling). She died at her home, about a mile northwest of Virginia, Cass county, on the 26th day of September, 1856, at the early age of 34 years, 9 months and 3 days; she was buried in the Stribling graveyard, but her remains now lie in Walnut Ridge cemetery by the side of her husband.

The children of Margaret (Beggs) Stribling and I. M. Stribling were the following:

Mary Joanna Stribling (now the widow of Captain William Hitchcock deceased) was born January 6th, 1844, now lives in Texas.

James Thomas Stribling, born April 7, 1846, now living at Ashland, Illinois.

Katharine Stribling (now the widow of Captain Robert Bowles) was born August 11th, 1847, now resides in Missouri.

Henry Clay Stribling born July 16th, 1852, now resides on a farm near Ashland, Illinois.

Margaret Louie Stribling (now the wife of John W. Virgin) born February 18th, 1856, now resides on a farm 6 miles southwest of Virginia, Illinois.



MRS. MARGARET (BEGGS) STRIBLING.

Dorothy Beggs, a daughter of Captain Charles Beggs and Mary (Ruddell) Beggs, was born in Clark county, Indiana, on the 21st day of January, 1826, and came to Illinois with her parents when she was three years of age. She was married to Samuel Sinclair and went to his home on a farm near the Centenary church northwest of Ashland in this county. Some years later they removed to Springfield, Illinois, where her husband died; Mrs. Sinclair is still living in that city.

The children of Dorothy (Beggs) Sinclair and Samuel Sinclair were the following:

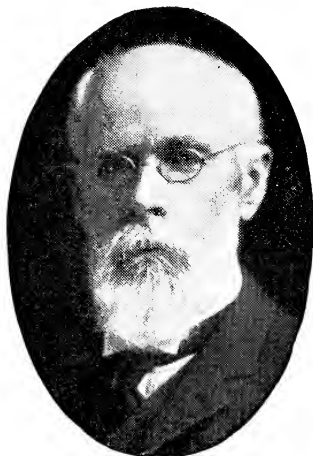
Emma Louise Sinclair, born August 30th, 1865; now lives in Springfield



MRS. DOROTHY (BEGGS) SINCLAIR

Illinois.

Margaret Sinclair, born November 11th, 1869, now resides in Springfield.



JOHN BEGGS.

John Beggs, the youngest child of Captain Charles Beggs and Mary Ruddell Beggs was born in Illinois, on August 7th, 1831. He was married to Sarah Sinclair, of Morgan county, Illinois, on the 18th day of December, 1855. Mr. John Beggs is now living on his farm near the Centenary church, northwest of Ashland.

His children are as follows:

Emma Beggs, born December 29, 1856, was married to Edwin Beggs November 5, 1879, and died August 10, 1901.

Anna Beggs, born July 27, 1858, was married to Rev. J. O. Kirkpatrick, October 19, 1894, and now (1907) resides in Virginia, Illinois.

Charles Sinclair Beggs, born May 23rd, 1860; married Miss Helen C. Putnam, August 3, 1901; now resides on farm northwest of Ashland.

John Thomas Beggs, born April 4, 1863, and died March 25, 1897.

Nellie Beggs, born April 6, 1865, died August 12, 1865.

Myra Beggs, born July 7, 1867.

Samuel Watson Beggs, born December 8th, 1869; married Miss Minnie Taylor, December 18th, 1904.

This sketch should not be concluded without further mention of Mary Ruddell Beggs, the second wife of Captain Charles Beggs.

What pen can fittingly describe that intense form of human suffering called homesickness? Certainly not mine; it would require the effort of a most brilliant woman, and human language would fail her. Woman, being of so much finer fibre than man, is capable of the enjoyment of a much higher degree of pleasure and consequently suffers more keenly from the effects of mental anguish. The author of the articles now running in McClure's Magazine entitled "The History of Christian Science" may be correct in denouncing May Baker Eddy as an impostor, if she claims to be the discoverer of the law which has given to that cult its wonderful success, to-wit; that which relates to the power of mind over matter; it may be she borrowed all of her information from Mr. Quinby, but that is not material; the law exists, notwithstanding. If a sufferer from toothache will but take a long and earnest look upon the cold steel instruments upon a dentist's operating table he usually finds it sufficient to banish his suffering. The operation of that law, together with the additional fact that the law of association exercises so wonderful an influence over the mind of woman should be taken into consideration in the study of homesickness. The average man knows but little about it; it is as useless to talk to him of it as it would be to discuss the subject of the flavor of the strawberry with an inveterate chewer of tobacco, who has so crucified his sense of taste as to become unable to distinguish between the flavor of a dish of pineapple and that of boiled turnip were he to swallow both in the dark. John H. Tureman, a man of unusual power of observation, born in the early 30's within a few miles of the location of this city, told the writer that he never knew an immigrant to this county but would have gladly returned had he been financially able so to do; and that many did so return and later came here a second time, and one individual made two return trips before he could persuade himself to become a permanent resident here. If this was true of the early male settlers, imagine the suffering of their wives and daughters, confined as they were for the greater number of their hours of

consciousness within the four walls of the kitchen of a log hut.

A true story will more fully illustrate this. In the year 1852, George Hartmann, born and reared in the state of Pennsylvania, married a young woman whom he had known from young girlhood, also a native of that state. He was 25 years of age and she was four years younger. They were both children of poor parentage; he learned the carpenter's trade at which he worked in the Quaker state. He began to hear of the opportunities in the Illinois country, he was told that it was a wonderful state, of rapid growth; that the demand for mechanics was far greater than the supply, and he became anxious to migrate thither. His young wife, like all other women was greatly attached to her surroundings. The winters were long and dreary, but the remainder of the year was delightful. The scenery was grand, the air pure, the water of the very best; her modest little home was there, and she was attached to it, but more than all else, she was near her widowed mother. She believed in the old maxims "Let well enough alone;" "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." With pain and alarm she saw that her husband was fully determined to go to Illinois, and recognizing the legal right of the husband to choose the homestead of the family she sorrowfully and reluctantly prepared for their departure. The last Sabbath day came; she went with her mother to the little church where she had been a constant attendant from her earliest recollection. She listened, for the last time, to the voices of her friends who composed the village choir; she saw the good old pastor arise in his place; he had conducted the services upon the occasion of the burial of her father and with her had wept over the remains of his body, cold in death. In the afternoon she went out with her mother, for her last visit to the churchyard; she scattered spring flowers upon the graves of her father and little brother and two sisters. In the evening she listened to the farewells of her young friends. How could one describe her parting with her widowed mother? Let the women who may chance to read this sketch imagine it. They came to Cass county and settled in Virginia, taking up their abode in the G. W. Harris house on the west side of the east square where the Casper Magel building now stands. Her husband began his labor as a house carpenter, and was fairly successfully, but no one can describe the loneliness of this young wife. A son was born to her in November 1853, and that event tended to divert her mind from her lonely condition. Late in the season of 1854, her husband was stricken with typhoid fever, which soon overcame him; he died on the 19th day of December, in the Harris house. John and Mark Buckley came with a board of sufficient length and width and laid his corpse upon it, and proceeded to make for him a coffin. In the meantime the child contracted the deadly disease and lay moaning in delirium. The young wife and mother sat by the side of her dead husband, and earnestly prayed God to take the child to its father. She followed the corpse to the Freeman burial ground, less than two miles northeast of the town where it was laid away upon a ridge of ground. In the morning John Buckley came to remove the board; the widow, with a pale face, but with dry eyes said to him; "Leave it there; you will need it for me in a few more days." Mr. Buckley silently complied with her request with pity in his heart for this grief-stricken hopeless woman. The little boy, then 15 months old, passed away a month after its father's death, and was laid by his side. The mother re-



turned the second time from the place of burial, threw herself upon her bed and wholly surrendered herself to the fever; had her child been spared, she might have fought for her life: but she wished to die and eight weeks after the death of her husband and four weeks after the death of her baby she breathed her last—a heart broken woman less than twenty-four years of age. In the same humble spot they buried her; the sale of their few belongings was used in the purchase of three modest marble slabs which are still to be seen with these inscriptions:

George Hartmann, died December 19, 1854, aged 28 years, 8 months, 14 days. Born in Penn.

Hyman W., son of G. and D. Hartmann died Jan. 28, 1855, aged 1 year, 2 months, 26 days.

Delilah, wife of George Hartman, died Feb, 22, 1855, aged 23 years, 11 months and 12 days. Born in Penn.

The remains of the Freeman family, except the ashes of a child who died more than seventy years ago were long since removed to Walnut Ridge cemetery and the other graves there remaining are those of strangers to that family, but let it here be recorded to the honor of Henry Hunt, that he has protected the graves of those dead people from the trampling of domestic animals by the erection and maintenance of a substantial fence. It were well if there were more men in Cass county like Henry Hunt.

George Hartmann brought his wife to an Illinois village; a straggling one, to be sure, but it could boast of schools, of regular religious meetings: of churches, of regular ministers of the gospel: of respectable stocks of merchandise; of a daily mail brought in by a line of stages forming a connection with a railroad, river navigation and the outside world. But what of the settlers of a quarter of a century earlier, when Captain Beggs and his family made their appearance? There was no Virginia then; Beardstown was but little more than a ferry-landing; Jacksonville but just started into existence; Princeton yet to be laid out. The pioneers did not closely congregate themselves together; they kept somewhat apart, that they might be able to make additions to their holdings without too much competition and in order that they might have a greater range for their live stock. The wives of these brave men surely deserved the greatest pity. The nightly howlings of the prowling wolves were enough to drive them to despair. When their children were lying prostrated with the deadly malaria that infested the Illinois prairies in those days, where were the physicians and the nurses?

Mrs Mary Ruddell Beggs was a good faithful church woman, but on very many occasions her place in the church assembly was vacant. She was to be found at the bedside of the sick. She sought out the newly arriving settlers to greet them with words of cheer and encouragement. She went from home to home to do all in her power to assist these pioneer wives and mothers. She could understand the grief and suffering of others, for she knew by experience. In these errands of mercy she was loyally encouraged by her good kind-hearted husband, and the name of Mrs. Beggs was known and loved by all within her reach and influence. When her daughter Margaret Stribling passed away, Mrs. Beggs gathered the babe of the dead mother in her arms, bore it to her own home and reared it with the greatest tenderness and affection. She was a woman slight in stature, delicate in appearance, modest and

unassuming in deportment; all she did was performed as a matter of course, and as of no especial merit.

Whether the Mosaic account of the creation is literally true, or whether the Darwinian theory of the descent of man is correct, it is altogether probable that our remote ancestors were low savage barbarians who killed snakes with clubs, and ate them raw in caves. Since those days the race has made considerable progress, in a slow and painful manner; for this progress the women of the race deserve the greatest praise. Great men are the sons of great women; the mother molds the character of her child; the moral sense of women is vastly superior to the moral sense of men; this always has been and now is. Our churches would soon languish and die save for the persistent effort of women; they are the chief support of the temperance reform. The great English poet in pessimistic mood made Antony declare.

“The evil, that men do, lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones.”

Evil is short-lived; it contains the seeds of its own destruction; it is the good that survives. Were this untrue, the world would grow worse, not better.

In the quiet country churchyard, at Zion, is a small white stone on which is written:

“Mary, wife of Charles Beggs, born April 28th, 1790; died August 4th, 1891, aged 81 years, 3 months and 6 days.”

This stone will soon crumble away, but the good deeds this noble woman performed during her long and active life still live, and will continue to live, long after the Zion church-yard shall have been forgotten.







DR. J. F. SNYDER.  
Ex-President Illinois State Historical Society.





J. N. GRIDLEY.



















