

CAROLINE JACKSON ROWE  
Memoir and Family History

written 1912  
transcribed 1969 and 2014  
by Julie Kelts

## Introduction

I have typed this transcript twice, once in 1969, working from the borrowed original (or a photocopy of it) when I was 18 years old, and now again at the age of 63, typing from my previous transcript into my computer. Each time I have felt it well worth the many hours' effort. Caroline's memory is not perfect regarding names and dates (or, I suppose, many other details) but it is a fascinating look at the nineteenth century through the eyes of my own ancestors--a large family living in an 18-by-20-foot one-room house, cooking at the fireplace, making its own clothes using wool from its own sheep; the commonness of death among the young--an infant born into a whooping cough epidemic, a 43-year-old mother stricken by typhoid fever, two sisters and a brother wasting away from tuberculosis; the occasional glimpse of national, historic events--soldiers passing through town on the way to the Mexican War, the excitement of the California Gold Rush, the destruction of the "Great Rebellion"...

It is also the story of human feeling--the terrible sadness of losing a mother as a 13-year-old child ("We miss her at the table, we miss her everywhere, we see her empty chair...Oh Mother Mother it was so hard to give you up...again we slowly took the way to the Harding grave yard..."); the warmth of having good neighbors, willing to help in any time of need, or just coming over for a day of quilting and visiting; the immense comfort derived from religious faith, especially in the face of death...

The first time I transcribed this memoir, I did not intentionally make any changes. I preserved the original spelling and grammar, as best as I could make it out from the penmanship. I have done so again, but this time I have broken the account into more paragraphs for easier reading (also combining paragraphs in some cases), moved several segments to provide a more consistent chronology, and decided not to include a few redundant religious musings without historic or family information.

In 1969 I did not make note of the ownership of this document, but I believe I borrowed it from Edith Stitt, a cousin of my grandfather's (John Jackson Cecil), because I have later correspondence from Edith that is clearly derived from Caroline's memoir.

-- Julie Kelts, August 2014

## Notes

A grist mill grinds grain into flour; the Jacksons grew their own wheat but like all their neighbors, had to take it to a mill to be ground (see pages 7, 11-12).

When Caroline refers to "the cars," as in "they took the cars" on page 32, she means a train. See the reference to the conductor on page 33.

## Highlights and Time Line

page	year	event
5		Great Grandfather Jackson comes from England
	1758	Grandfather Joseph Jackson born
		Joseph Jackson marries Sarah Kirkman
	1806	George Jackson born May 15 in North Carolina
	1809	Susannah Tompkins (or Tomkinson) born October 15 in Kentucky
	1819	Joseph Jackson moves his family from North Carolina to Washington County, Indiana
6	1822	Joseph moves his family to Putnam County, Indiana
	1825	George Kirkman Jackson, 19, marries Susannah Tompkins, 16
	1827	John Jackson born April 27
	1829	Sarah Ann Jackson born May 19
	1831	James Jackson born August 28
	1831	Joseph and George move their families to Illinois, near Jacksonville, Morgan County
	1842	Grandfather Joseph Jackson dies at age 84
	1832	George Jackson and brother-in-law James Beck move their families to McDonough County
	1833	George Jackson moves his family to Schuyler County
	1833	Joseph Jackson born January 13
7	1833	The Night of the Shooting Stars
	1835	twins William and Emma Jackson born June 2
	1837	George Jackson moves his family to Hancock County, Illinois
8	1837	"Little Black Head" born in July and dies in August of whooping cough
	1838	Caroline Jackson born December 27
9	1840	Weston family moves in nearby; soon Charles Weston courts Sarah
10	1843	William Daniels, a cooper, teaches John and James the trade
14	1846	George Jackson moves the family nearer to Quincy
15	1846	Sarah Jackson marries Charles Weston
16	1847	George Jackson and family move to Woodville
		Charles Weston and Sarah bring his mother's family to Illinois from Wisconsin
17		Henry Weston joins the Army to fight Mexico
19	1847-8	George Jackson buys land near Stillwell and builds a log house
	1848	Philotte (Lottie) Jackson born June 19; Sarah's son Charles born
20	1849	Jim Jackson dies February 25 after being out in freezing weather
21	1849	Charles Weston and his brother-in-law Myrone Hancock join the California Gold Rush
22	1850	Sarah's baby dies
19-20	1849	Caroline suffers leg injury; helped by faith healer
23		John leaves home to work in Stanback's cooper shop in Ursa, Adams County, Illinois
23-24	1850-1	Charles returns home; Charles and George buy land near Stillwell

page	year	event
25	1851	Susannah dies of typhoid fever October 5
		Charles and Sarah go to New Orleans
26		Sarah's daughter Sarah (Sally) born on steamboat on trip South
	1853	Charles dies of yellow fever in New Orleans
	1851	George moves his family again
	1852	George moves his family to a cabin on his land near Stillwell
27	1853	John Jackson marries Martha Ames; they settle in Burton, Adams County, Illinois
	1854	Sarah comes home from New Orleans
		George Jackson builds a new house which the family moves into
28	1855	Sarah dies of tuberculosis September 20, leaving Sally, 3, an orphan
29	1856	Emma Jackson marries William Rucker; they adopt Sally, move to Wisconsin
30		William Jackson marries Emma Stokes
	1865	William joins the Union Army
	1857	George Jackson marries widow Catherine Brannack
	1857	Caroline marries Charles Rowe, a carpenter from England, August 31
31	1860	Joseph Jackson dies April 27 of tuberculosis
32		George Jackson buys the Amos Ferree farm and moves there
	1866	Lottie marries Ezra Mayfield
33	1865	Charles Rowe joins the Army
	1866	Caroline and her children join Charles in post-war Alabama
34	1867	the Rows move from Alabama to Indiana
		George sells the Ferree farm and buys a dilapidated grist mill
		Catherine Brannack Jackson dies; George moves in with John and Martha
	1872	Martha dies
35	1879	George Jackson dies August 16
	1886	Lottie dies of tuberculosis
36	1903	John Jackson dies at Soldiers' Home
37	1909	Emma Jackson dies December 13, some years after her husband
39	1907	William Jackson dies February 13, a few years after his wife
40		Harding grave yard
41	1885	Rows move from Indiana to Illinois
	1905	Charles Rowe dies
42		list of family with birth and death dates

All dates above are from Caroline except: • Joseph Jackson's birth year is calculated from his age at death as stated by Caroline; • some birth and death dates are provided on page 42 but noted above in chronological order; • Caroline lists two different dates for Susannah's death, October 5 and Oct. 15, but Oct. 15 was her birthday (and Caroline said she was "nearly 43" at her death), so Oct. 5 is probably the correct death date (the math is apparently wrong too--she was nearly 42 if Caroline has the correct birth and death years); • John Jackson's marriage date, not given by Caroline, is from another source

Now from Caroline, writing in 1912:

Dear children, As you requested me to write the biography of our ancestors and family I will with Gods help try to do so, with the best of my ability.

In the first place, my Great Grandfather Jackson, when a young man, left his paternal home in Yorkshire Co., England, and came to America and never returned again to his fathers home. And it was said he left quite a legacy behind that was never looked after. We know nothing whatever of his family, only my Grandfather Joseph Jackson was his son.

My Grandfather Joseph Jackson married Sarah Kirkman, and lived in the state of North Carolina, Guilford Co. And to this union fourteen children were born--seven boys and seven girls. I will write their names as I remember them: the oldest one, Sally, William, John, Joseph, Betsy, George, James, Emsley, Emma and Anna; the others we never knew. The mother, Sarah Kirkman Jackson, died in the state of North Carolina, leaving a house full of little children, of which my father George was one among the little ones.

In the spring of 1819 my Grandfather Joseph Jackson with his family emigrated from North Carolina to the state of Indiana through almost an uninhabited trackless Willderness, on pack horses, crossing the Alleghany Mountains through Tennessee, Kentucky, and then on into the state of Indiana, Washington Co. Hear they stoped, no doubt tired enough, without houses or shelter. They set to work to find them a suitable place to set up a habitation. They found a big poplar log, and here they made a fire. They had but few tools to work with. They cut brush and built themselves a halfaced camp.

First they put brush all round three sides and tramped it down, then threw on leaves and sod, then chunks and brush, sod and leaves and so on till it was high enough to stand up in. Then for the roof they put poles or long limbs across close together, fine brush and leaves, plenty, till they had a fairly comfortable camp. The fire shown back in the camp from the big log. That kept the place fairly warm. And for their beds, they gathered leaves and put them along the walls of the camp, and said they made very good beds, soft and clean. And in the night vermin would dig through the walls of the camp and get inside, but would soon leave, as they did not like the look of the fire.

Some peacible Indians lived close by and when fire went out they would go to them for fire. The little children and the little Indian children became acquainted and would romp and play together every day. Such was the beginning of early settlers in this beautiful state of Indiana.

My father, then a lad about thirteen years old, was troubled with phtthisic. There were four other children younger than my father (George): James, a cripple, then twins, Emsley and Emma, then the youngest, Anna. How long they remained here or what improvements they made, we never knew. Surely they had some neighbors, as the country was fast settling up.

The Methodist were the pionear preachers of the day. Where or what place they held their meetings we do not know. The Preachers would go from Settlement to Settlement on horseback, with Bible and Hymn book, stop and hold meetings, and on again through the Willderness to the next Settlement, and on again and back, at all seasons and weather, dressed with Buffalo robe, overcoat, leggins, and overshoes, cap, and gloves, saddlebags with a little provision and a few articles of clothing--then they were ready for their Journey. All this seems to remind us of John the Baptist when he preached in the Willderness of Judea. And this same John had his raiment of camels hair, St Mathew 3rd Chapter. And it was one of such meetings my father was happily converted to God.

And in the year 1822 Grandfather with his family moved from Washington Co. to Putnam Co Indiana, near Green Castle. My father was then but sixteen years old.

There were no churches, and I might add but few school houses and they were far between. In those days meetings were held in the cabins of the Settlers, and meetings at this place were held in the house of George Hervlet.

And my father, with his eyes flashing with holy delight, was the first one to go forward to organize the first class of the Methodist denomination in that region of the Country, and having a certificate of good standing in the M. E. Church, was appointed class leader by the Circuit preacher, Daniel Anderson. And that class with a membership of only five soon increased to the number of scores. My father was given a permit to exhort (young as he was), and speak in these meetings, and soon he felt he was called to preach the Gospel. "The harvest truly is plentiful, but the laborers are few"; and I heard the voice of the Lord saying: Whom shall I send and who will go for us; then said I: Hear am I, send me."

And in the winter of 1825, February 2nd, my father George K. Jackson, then but 19 years old, was married to Susannah Tompkins or Tomkinson, as the name was sometimes called, a sister to the wife of George Howlet, then a girl but 16 years old.

After marriage they lived in Putnam Co., Indiana for a few years. And here the three oldest children were born, John, Sarah, and James, near the town of Green Castle, Indiana.

As to the way they started up for housekeeping, I cannot tell. All, every one, no difference who, all had to bear the trials and privations incidental to pioneer life. My mother could card the wool, spin and weave the cloth that clothed her family. And my father worked for their support.

And in the fall of 1831 my Grandfather and my father with a company of others moved to Illinois, as it was then considered to be the new Paradise, and located in Morgan Co. near Jacksonville, Ill. And my grandfather remained in that locality till the day of his death which occurred September 24th, 1842, aged 84 years.

And in the spring of 1832 my father and one sister, Betsy, and her husband James Beck, moved from Morgan Co. to the county of McDonough near the town of Industry, Illinois, and in this section of the country, preached in the humble cabins of the pioneers of the then sparsely settled regions of the country. And it was in this neighborhood my father and the three oldest children had the measles, caught in the most casual manner. My father worked hard to get his patch of corn planted, got the ground layed off in rows, had to quit and go to the house sick. Mother dropped the corn and covered it with the hoe. Next day father was sick enough and soon broke out, (but Mother got the corn planted).

And here in this neighborhood a man by the name of Dick Gwynn taught a singing class. The songbook with square notes was the Missouri Harmony. My father attended with his family. The children all soon learned to sing, and James, little as he was, could sing Am I a Soldier of the Cross, either by note or verse. My father never missed an appointment unless sickness prevented. The home missions were his fields of labor. He held the confidence of his congregation; though few in numbers, he felt encouraged and seemed to lead his hearers to the very gates of heaven, such was the manner of my fathers preaching.

In the year 1833 he moved from McDonough to Schuyler Co. west of the village of Huntsville, where he preached throughout the neighborhood. Here is where my brother Joseph was born, the fourth child of the family.

### The night of the Shooting Stars

The time was in the early morning of the 13th of November 1833. It was in this way: My father had been to Mill as was the custom in those days to take grain enough to do for bread for the winter, and had to wait till a late hour for his grist. The stars were all out shining in their ordinary course and brightness. The night was perfect. All, everything seemed to be at peace and rest. As father was joging homeward along the lonely road, suddenly there appeared before him in the sky a ray of brilliant light, or ball of fire, shot across the sky. In an instant there came another more dazzling than the first. Then there began to rush forth as if from every quarter of the sky a myrid of flaming stars. All seemed as if there were to fall upon the earth a shower of fire. Swift, darting, swirling, bursting and blazing the multidirctious stream of light swept through the sky, in wild superb splendor. Such a little rumbling sound was all that could be heard in all that majestic splendor. Such was the scene briefly told as my father saw and described the night of the shooting stars.

My father was a poor man, he worked hard, he was a good mechanic and had a shop and tools. He stocked plows, filled wagon wheels, set the tires, which brought him a little money, and often got nothing for his work. Every year he sowed a small crop of flax, and a few acres of wheat that had to be beaten out with a flail, a few acres of corn, and kept a few sheep. And my mother kept her spinning wheel and loom busy to keep clothing for her family.

At this time the children were small. They suffered with chills and fever. There were scarcely a family but what had the fever and ague--they would have a hard shake every other day as sure as the day come. During all this time my father took his family Bible and read a chapter before going to bed, and with Mother and the children would kneel in family prayer.

And in the year 1835 the 2nd day of June twin babys were born, William and Emma. Six children now in the family. They now began to see and have hardships. The babes grew, but were cross, requiring much care. There were no schools, and father taught his children to read in the big family Bible, and learn to make letters and figures with a quill pen after his own copy.

The children were little but my brother John, the oldest one, was big enough to hack with the axe. Father had ground his axe and told John he must let the axe be, as he would cut his foot. Father had always made the shoes for his family, and had finished a pair of new shoes for John. He was awful proud of his new shoes. Father went to work and was out of sight so John took the axe and went to the thicket to cut him a stick he wanted; and as father was coming home he heard John scream. Father knew what was the matter, and run to where John was. He cryed and said Oh father I have ruined my shoe, but father said you have cut your foot. No says John, my foot does not hurt, but I have ruined my shoe. But he had cut his foot badly and had cut off his second toe, so this was the way he cut off his toe.

And in the year 1837 father moved from Schuyler Co. and settled about six miles east of Augusta in Hancock Co. Illinois. John, the oldest one, was a stout lad between ten and eleven years. And father wished to break up new ground to enlarg his field; he had two yoke of oxen and an old moleboard plow. John had to take the ox whip and drive the oxen, had to take the axe along to chop hazel brush roots so the plow could be pulled through. Well, the corn was planted and a patch of potatoes and all such in the ground ready to be plowed.

And during this summer the family--six children--all had the whoopingcough. A little baby sister was born in July 1837 right in the disease, and lived about six weeks. The little one could not stand the dreadful strain being too much for the frail tender little body. She passed away and was no more, born only to suffer and die, her spirit returned to God who gave it. She was not named. We always called her little Black head, on account of her black hair. And from the whooping cough, the chills and fever set in, and, mother not being very well after all she had passed through, they were having a hard time.

My father saw the necessity of settling down in some permanent place, so he bought where he was, six miles east of Augusta, Hancock Co., Ill. Here is where I was born, December 27th, 1838. My father began improving his home--some clearing, and some more ground, much prairie land, must be broken up in the early spring. All people settled in the edge of the timber. They all worked in the same way--to enlarge their fields every year. My brother John did well his part. Being the oldest, of course he always had to drive the oxen, father holding the plow, with a long gad trying to help hurry up; the oxen were so slow, round after round gougeing along with the old moleboard plow, doing the best they could, dressed in brown jeans mothers make from the sheeps back, colored with walnut bark. Mother spun her own sewing thread out of flax. My father always cut the pants for himself and the boys. Mother would sew and make them by hand. Every thing had to be made at home, even to the shoes we had to wear.

Times began to be a little better, things in the country were not so scarce, in the little towns a store with a few dry goods and groceries, which was a great help to the people. The settlers were poor, and could raise only enough grain to keep themselves and their few bruits from starving. There were a legion of squirrels in those days that would nibble the corn, and in the winter the hungry deer would get to the fodder shacks and destroy the feed. But they were growing timid, as there were a good many old speckled footed longeared deer hounds that kept them bayed well back in the woods. Nothing unusual for the wild turkeys to come and pick over the feeding yards.

Camp meetings were held somewhere every year. All went and took so great an interest in the camp meetings that the settlements were deserted for the time. Some things had to be cooked at home, meat and vegetables were cooked at the camp. The fires were made with two logs rolled together with limbs and kindling between. Their cooking utensils were iron pots &c. As many as could conveniently cooked by the same fire. Those who were gifted with a good voice were requested to lead in singing, the congregation joining in. They would have a prayer and praise to begin with, then the minister would preach a short sermon followed by some brother clergyman to exhort the people to repent of their sins and accept Christ as their Redeemer. It was through these exhortations that great results were accomplished.

My father was a great exhorter, and it usually fell to him to exhort and call for mourners. His impassioned appeals were the means of bringing many to the throne of grace. And while the congregation sang "I will arise and go to Jesus, or something, my fathers voice grew shrill and piercing in the utterance of awful warning, now raising his arms to heaven and invoking the mercy of the Almighty, then extending them towards the people and in a short time the place or alter was full of repentant sinners crying to God to have mercy upon their souls. Many arose clapping their hands in the joy of the new found life which is in Christ Jesus. When quite young John and Sarah both received a hope in Christ Jesus in just such meetings, and a spark of that hope was never extinguished.



My father was a quiet man, his great delight was to preach the Gospel. He felt at rest--his two oldest children were religious. They attended Sunday school and Sarah was considered the best Sunday school teacher of her age. She had a class of girls about her own age. John was in a class of boys and in hot weather they took their bench and sat out under the shade of a tree. I heard my brother John speak of this Sunday school while I was at his house in the winter of 1897 and 98, and said the chapter they were so interested in was the 5th chapter of St. Mathew. This Sunday school was in the summer of 1842 or 43. I never knew, neither did I ever hear them speak of going to any while they were little. But this as far back as I can, they could read and write, and Sarah was a most excellent reader.

I have to write as I remember, how things appeared to me, for I was quite a little child. The first school I remember taught in the neighborhood where my father lived, it was in the same old log house where they had Sunday school. It was an old abandoned log house; it seems the people that built it had moved away and left it for the next comer. I remember all how it was made of peeled hickory logs, and took the bark they had pounded off and covered the house with it. I well remember the old cavenorous fireplace, put up with flat rock and clay. The benches were slab--some low, for the little ones, and one high bench at the side of the room for the big Schollars to sit and write. There were no windows, just a crack between logs for light.

I can remember the teachers name. She was a lady by the name of Terrel, Miss Terrel we all called her. And father said she had a very fair education. She was often at fathers house, for she boarded round. And here the oldest children all went to school. The school books were spelling and third readers, first readers, and an old English reader that Sarah read in, and some writing paper for copy books. Miss Terrel opened her school with singing and prayer. This old log house went by the name of the old Tewillager house, and the people turned it into a school house. Emily Denny taught the next school, but none of us went to school to her but Emma, William and myself (Caroline). Joseph when he was a boy never would go to school, but always stayed at home, and was the best Schollar of all.

About the year 1840, or before that time, there was a family come from the state of New York by the name of Josiah Weston, and lived a half mile south from fathers house. I cannot remember when they lived there. They had a large family and the Westons became acquainted, and visited old folks and all, and it was here the Romance of my sister Sarah and Charles Weston began.

And here the fiddle was introduced in fathers family. Charles was a handsome boy with a fair face and blue eyes. He could play the violin to perfection, could not be beat. Charles wanted to let brother John have his fiddle and show him how to play. John was an apt Schollar, a natural musician, his ears were strained to catch every note of the violin and soon learned to play, and from that time on the fiddle was his Idol, but how was he ever to own a fiddle of his own. Yes, how indeed.

My father was a good mechanic, and had a work shop and a set of tools, and brother John was used to handling tools from the time he was big enough to hack with the axe. So he decided to make his own fiddle. He got a block of wood and dressed it down to the right thickness and leangth, shaped it all right, then took an auger and bored out the inside of the body, made and dressed the top and bored two auger holes in the top one on each side to let the sound out. All things ready, he put it together, glued it all tight. But the two holes in the top looked comical enough. Mother said they were its eyes. He could play on his fiddle.

A better hand might have done much worse. He was teased about his fiddle but kept it a good while, and I think father finally burned it up.

My father hated a fiddle and thought it a sin to play one. He seemed to think life needed no spring time. But John was nothing discouraged, he would have a fiddle. I can't say how many attempts he made before he could keep one. At one time John went to a mans house where they had a fiddle. Well, he bought it in this way: he told the man to bring his wagon over to fathers, and he could have sheep, calves, or hogs, or anything, just come by and get your pay. Well her comes the man one day with two yoke of oxen, and his old ox wagon to take his stock home. Father told him he could not trade in any such a way, so father gave him back his fiddle, and that was all he had to haul home.

And sometime in the early fortys about the year 43, a man by the name of William Daniels, a cooper by trade, came to fathers house. I cannot remember the time when or how he happened to come for I was too little. Father took him in, and John and James were to work with him and learn the cooper trade. My father built a new hewn log shop, big fireplace and all things needful. There was plenty of timber off back in the woods. They got out their own staves and heading, hooked their hoopholes, or got them however, and after a time got to work.

Brother James did not like the business very well and only made flour barrels, but John, as he did every thing he set his at, went through the trade to perfection. He could make any kind of a barrel, he could not be beat, he could make as many barrels in a day as any one, and usually come out a little ahead. John soon learned how to dress staves, not and split and shave the poles, make the locks, &c. He learned the trade in a short time and then was done with Bill Dannels, but somehow Bill Dannels was in no hurry to go. Father let him move in our log kitchen. This same Bill Dannels took one of fathers work horses and rode her to death going for the Dr. He said he thought his wife was going to die.

Well, when they got a load of barrels made, they would get up early and be well on their way to town before daylight, as they had a long distance to go before they got to town. And Quincy was their trading place. No rail roads in those days. Everything had to be hauled in wagons to the River. Affairs went on in this way for some time--John and James took the load of barrels to town. John saw to the trading. He would bring home a barrels full of flour, some sugar and coffee, a bolt of brown sheeting, some hickory shirting, and always remembered my sister Emma and myself and got us a new calico dress 10 yds which would be one dollar. At one time he got goods for mother to make herself a nice white cap and a comb to do up her hair. All married women wore white caps in those days. And if father had a few hogs to sell, they would have to be butchered at home and taken to the river at Quincy, as there was no sale for hogs nearer. Brother John would get for himself some few things, for instance, a box of fiddle strings. He would have a fiddle in spite of all. He would keep his own fiddle if he had to make it. And also would get powder and lead and tobaco, the only one of the family that used it. And later on he brought home a bran new fiddle. Ever after father ceased to oppose, he plainly saw it did no good. John would play on his fiddle, rais his eyebrows, twist his mouth, look at his shadow and fiddle away as if he was in his glory.

The claw hammer tail coat was fashionable in those days, and pants legs were strapped down under the shoes, red silk handkerchief hanging half way out the coat pocket behind. Dancing was the order of the day. John and Jim would go to every shindig they could hear of. All young folks went, and fathers children were not all; Aunt Betsys had a

few in his family that went to dance, but they quit. William Beck became a preacher. Jessie Beck went to California and said from the time he started on that journey till his return never swore an oath and also broke others from swearing.

Our old home where we all used to live is located six miles east of Augusta, Hancock Co., Ill. My father with the help of his boys was improving his farm. He had a good field for corn, and a few acres for wheat and oats; as for hay all would usually go to the prairie, cut and bring in all the prairie hay they needed. My father had set out quite an orchard of fruit trees, none better in this day of improvements. I cannot remember when he set them out, neither do I know where he got them. They would soon begin to bear. Peach trees were set in the fence corners.

Our house was a one room 18 x 20 feet one story. Whether a log house or a frame I do not know. However it was weatherboarded out sides and plastered inside, a brick fireplace and chimney at the south end, and closets on each side of the fireplace for dishes, books, and clothing. At the north end a log kitchen. My mother always cooked by the fireplace, with skillet and lid, iron teakettle, iron pots. There were no stoves in use. Doors were in the east and west, the well east of the house, with the old well sweep and bucket to draw water, the smoke house set back north east of the house, the log stable and cribs stable yard north, the shop where they made barrels out side the yard west.

Our garden south with a side walk through the middle, flowers on the border, the tall hollyhocks on each side the garden gate, along the wide parallel boarder were marigolds both velvet and yellow, red rose, mass ragged robins, blue bells, touchmenots, sweet pinks of every shade, and many wild flowers from the woods, and a hill of lilies at each end finished the borders. On one side were a few rows of early potatoes, on the other side were the vegetables such as lettuce, onions, beets, parsnips, peas, bunch beans, etc., and a bed of sage in the corner. And in the yard a few shade trees as straight as pines, limbs trimmed up out the way and on each side the gate that led to the shop, were rose bushes. Hollyhocks at the corner of the house, cypris vines climbing rude poles set in the ground, and the prettiest of all were the large round beds on each side the yard, the pretty by nights or four o'clocks. And in the evening there could be seen a number of humming birds flitting about sucking the sweets from the flowers. And there were wild strawberries, plenty blackberrys and raspberrys in the woods, and when frost came hickory nuts, butternuts, walnuts and hazelnuts in abundance, saying nothing of wild grapes, plumbs.

Our fields lay south and east of the house. East, back of the corn field and north were woods, where the wild turkey and deer still ranged. South and west seemed to be more of a prairie country. We let down the barb north the stable to get in the road that run east and west or any way through the woods. And there was the spring branch, a little brook that never was dry where we used to ride the horses to water. And farther back in the woods was Flower Creek where the boys used to go fishing and swimming. Our cows with their tinkling bell were turned out side to range where they would. Sheep with their rattling little bell were brought home and pent every night.

Brother Joe was fathers plow boy from the time he was big enough to hold the plow. The horses were old Jake and Crocket. Crocket was always about half his body ahead of Jake. Most of the ground was broke with oxen. Corn was droped by hand and covered with the hoe. Wheat was cut with the scythe and threshed with a flail as there were no threshing machines in use, and winowed by the wind, then taken to the old water mill to be ground. And sometimes water would be so low grinding could not be done. A neighbor

came to mother and asked for a little bread stuf, but mother was out also (well what then). We had roasted potatoes, baked squash meat and butter, and the boys would hunt the field to find a soft ear of corn to roast by the fire.

At one time Mother had her milk trough in the smoke house. A dog dug under the bottom log, got inside and spoiled all the milk and butter. Next night the dog came again. Then father borrowed a wolf trap and set it for the dog. The next night the dog was caught in the trap. Uncle Emsley was at fathers, and he heard the dog howl. They all got up. Uncle planed the job, and went for the dog. The cut his tail off and one ear, the other ear about half off and left it hanging, then turned him loose. That dog had come some six or eight miles from home.

And again the boys were working in the woods with axes. Brother Joe cut his foot striking the bit of the axe in the top of his foot, splitting his big toe on up to the top of his foot. John carried him home from the woods. Father had the wound sewed up together.

At another time mother was working in the smoke house washing and cleaning up her milk vessels. She fixed the churn out side in the shade and set Emma and Will churning. They soon got tired and run off. I pulled up a chair and stood up in and thought how good I could churn. Mother bade me get down and took the churn in the smoke house and finished churning herself. She heard the chickens making a fuss and looked to see what disturbed them. It was a big red spotted Rattle Snake about three feet long and as big round as a mans arm, stretched out right where the churn was fixed for the children to churn. Mother run in the house and got the long kitchen poker we used to stir the fire and killed the snake with it. The snake never tryed to get away; such reptiles defend themselves by their own venom. Mother let it lay there till father came to see it. He looked at it, shook his head as if it was a fearful undertaking.

As I made mention wild turkeys were still in the woods east of the house, and nothing uncommon to shoot one where hogs and cattle had been fed. Father would send the boys to throw fodder over the fences back of the field out side for the cows. Brouse was half their living in winter time. One day John saw a wild turkey picking where the cows had been fed. He came running to the house for the gun. Father had an old flint lock gun, as true a gun as ever fired. Mother cautioned John to be careful with the gun. Oh yes mother I will, now please don't be afraid, I must go and kill that big turkey. John got the turkey and come bringing it home shaking with excitement in every limb. There Mother, he said, there is the most tremendous gobbler that ever was shot. They seemed never to get tired telling about it.

My brother James I do not know very much about what ever he did at home. He did not like the cooper business very well. When a boy he liked to build water dams across the spring branch, and make water falls, make water wheels and wind mills, make bridges across the branch, trim trees and fix groves. He possessed the genius of an inventer. He had something about him above the common. He would help Sarah make her flower beds, which none of the others would do.

The big pond south of the house was a resort for flocks of wild geese, cranes, brants, and a multitude of wild ducks, where they would stop in their flight for food and rest, as every creeping thing seemed to be there. They boys found a loon, a kind of web footed bird there. It could not fly but could dart and dodge and swim. It got tangled in the grass. The boys caught it and brought it to the house.

And again on Easter Sunday some thoughtless boys set the prairie on fire. These boys lived at that time in Chili, Hancock Co., Ill. The prairies at that time were covered with dry tall grass, as far as the eye could reach. There was not a house from Chili clear across the prairie, till the other settlements were reached, on the far side. It must have been one awful dry spring. The wind blowed fearful hard that day and sent the flames ahead at a dreadful speed. The fire spread clear across the prairie, and on in to the settlements into my fathers fence, and in the neighborhood. Every one that could was out fighting fire, both men and women and boys. Brother John and another boy was with him; the two did the work of-- (I was going to say) ten men, whipping out fire. This fire was in the year of 1844.

The day of wonders will come, and it was not for years and years after we found out who it was that set the prairie on fire, that crossed the country that dry, windy Easter Sunday. It came about just this way: one day there were some boys at my fathers house and they got to telling big yarns, one after the other, and brother Will told about this big prairie fire that Easter Sunday. Dan Hickman, one of the boys that started the fire, was there and laughft fit to kill, about it. Will said you rascal, it was you that set that fire, I know by your looks. Yes, he said, it was me and Tom Sullivan, but we never knew where that fire went to.

Young people would come to my fathers house visiting. Charles Weston would come every chance he could make an excuse to see my sister Sarah. She had now grown to be a handsome young lady. Times were better. Sarah worked out and got herself some nice dresses. John and Jim began to fix up and father wore a better coat. Every one thought we were doing well. My father had something to take to market every fall, with a load of barrels, and some dressed pork was all. Lots of neighbors did not have that.

My father began to complain he lived so far from town. It took so long to go to town. It took the better part three days and two nights with the teams they had in those days to make the trip to Quincy and back home. There was a Wayside Inn at Woodville, also one just beyond Ursa, kept by a wicked old Iresshman, where they would sometimes sleep if they could not reach town, and then on to Quincy, do their trading and back as far as they could come. If they stayed in Quincy they would drive in at Hesses old Tavern, and put up there, and sometimes they could only get as far back as Woodville, and put up there for the next night and then home. Times went on in this way. Father wanted to get nearer to Quincy; he had grown dissatisfied.

There was a family by the name of Yates, who was always imposing on father with his overbearing meanness, and they had the name of stealing hogs. So one day one of the Yates boys come to my fathers and got over in the yard and began to raise a fuss with the little boys, something he would not dare do if the older boys had been at the house. Well, mother stood it as long as she could, so she walked out and on her way picked up a piece of old barrel hoop and thrashed him good with it. The boy would swear, and said, see here Ive a great mind to knock you down, so mother said, cuss me will you, and she thrashed him over the head and eyes, drove him to the gate and told him to leave, you pork-fed strut, I'll let you know you cant come here making trouble with those little boys. He went off, muttering vengeance. Years after this same fellow and his wife stoped at fathers--we were then living at Woodville--on his way home from Quincy, eat dinner with us, and rested his horses. He was driving a span of spotted Texas Ponys. He seemed awful friendly and we all talked together like old friends. Sarah and his wife used to be girl friends.

My father still wanted to move away. He was somewhat afraid there would be trouble with the Yates boys. My father took notice that John now always took down the gun and carried it with him almost every where he went, so father sold his old flint lock gun, to a man by the name of Sam Pendarris, for some calves, their ribs could be counted, and an old silver cased watch that never could be fixed to run.

During this summer of 1845 my sister Emma and Will and myself went to school to a young lady by the name of Emily Denny. This school was also taught in the old Tiwillager house, and was quite a full school. We started soon after breakfast, taking our dinner with us--a slice of bread and butter and a bottle of milk.

Father was still determaned to move. Mother protested--she cried she plead we always had to move about so often, our home was dear to us all, and not only the home but the neighborhood had grown dear to us all; we have shared the joys and sorrows of many cabin homes, if we leave here it will be giving up all, as well as the neighborhood, and we will never have a house again where we enjoy living as we do here; the children are all with us here and this is the best place we ever will have to live in. The young people were sociable. The neighbor women would visit; they would walk to see each other taking their knitting along and knit all the way, there and back, or perhaps a little sewing to finish while they sat and talked. In the spring of the year, they would take down their garden seeds, and all would have a few seeds to give; the girls would exchange flower seeds. Such was the neighborhood. No one felt above the other; to accomodate was a delight. They would have their woolpickings and quiltings. All were invited to come and what a good time they all had laughing and talking, and then the dinner, chicken pot pie, salt-rising bread, and sweet corn pone, a plate of honey and a liberal pat of butter, coffee with cream and sugar. How they all did eat and enjoy themselves.

Such old soul neighborliness is not easily forgotten, and I fear it is in a measure past. Oh how mother did hate to move and leave her home and friends. She went out to look at the surroundings; she looked at the young orchard, that would soon bear fruit, she saw the boys Barn martin boxes, and the pidgeon house. All seemed to possess contentment, and now she would have to leave it, everything was doubly dear to her.

So one day late in the fall father and brother Jim went to Quincy. My father rented a place between Ursa and Rock Creek, and about twelve miles from Quincy, and said we must move in the spring. Father left Jim behind hired out to old man Murphy at Eight Dollars per month, one half mile from the place where we were to move. The winter passed and moveing day came round. Mother cooked about a washing tub full of provision. We had as near as I can remember some four or five wagons. In crossing the Chili prairie we got stuck in the mud, and had to double teams to pull out, and such yelling and laughing...Well, we got through all safe and sound. We got as far as Chili the first day, and stayed all night with a Methodist brother by the name of Carter, and finished the trip next day.

And so we had bid adieu to our old home in the spring of the year 1846. We got moved safe enough--no bad weather and no accident. We found our new home to be the worst old log house that anyone could live in. It looked like it had stood there when the Indians owned the country. I have to write as I remember. There had been a family living there; had moved out and left things in a bad shape. There were two doors--they were so low that a grown person had to bow their head or get a bump when they went in or out. The old clapboard doors had to be straightened and fixed so as to shut, a log partition between the rooms and in the back room we set up the beds. The floors had a number of

rat holes. And the most rats were there--they kept up a stampede all night long. We stoped their holes, then they would gnaw gnaw try to get through. They made their way under the hearth as if they were there to stay.

My father had plenty of ground rented for his crops. Charles Weston was there and helped to plant the corn. He wanted to see Sarah and make some final arraignments for their wedding as they wished to get married in the fall. Well, Sarah went to Quincy and worked out by the week and earned money to buy her wedding clothes. Sarah came home and with the help of a neighbor girl (Jane Lowery) made them her wedding clothes.

During this fall and summer of 1846 we suffered terribly with chills and fever. Sarah went to work for our nearest neighbor but took the chills and had to come home, and as fall of the year came, cool nights and hot days, the chills got worse, so much we were all sick at one time; but my brother John was all the one able to do for the sick, and he finily took the chills, and then one of the others had to take his place. And when the fever was high they were so terribly out of their heads. Even our old dog Ring had the shaking ague-- he would lay in the sun and shake, go and drink water in the water trough and lay in the sun, then would crawl off and lay in the shade. The poor dog kept on that way till he died. The mosquitos were so bad they nearly eat us up. In the evening they could be heard in the air. Leaving our old home was a bad move. Financially speaking it nearly broke father up. During all our sickness mother never complained. She had said all she could before we moved.

At one time brother Jim had had a hard chill. He was so very sick he asked mother to make him a pallet on the floor before the fire, and while laying on his pallet rats come from under the hearth, and got under his pallet. He called for fathers Scratch all, and stabled the rat and threw it in the fire. It was not long till another come and in like manner he got it also. He kept on in this way till he killed fifteen rats and threw them all in the fire. The excitement did him good, got his blood in circulation and broke out in a sweat and got well. We all wore the chills out. Medicine we had to take did no good.

It was while living here at this place my sister Sarah went away and got married. Charles Weston at that time was living with his brother in law at Woodville where they kept the old Tavern. They had the use of an old stage coach, to take people back and forth where ever they wished to go. Marriage licens were got in Quincy. It was so planed for Sarah to be ready and wait at Merphys to get in the coach when they came for her. They went to Woodville and were married by Rev. Andrew Lee, and first went to housekeeping in Woodville in the fall of the year 1846.

My father sold our old home to a man by the name of Swicegood. They came from North Carolina during this summer of 1846 and in the fall of this same year my father and a man by the name of Duncan went to Nawvoo to offer their services to help rout the Mormons, but the Mormons had already given up the struggle and were making preparations to leave the country. So they soon returned home.

And this winter my brother John got him some school books and went to school in Ursa to a man by the name of Bob Woolly. Father was good to the boys and helped them in arithmetic. And in the fall and winter of 1846 and 47 our old neighbors on their way to Quincy found where we lived and made it their business to turn in at fathers instead of stoping at the old Inn near Ursa. They all wanted to see father and the family. All they wanted was a place to drive the wagons and tie their teams. They had their own feed and provisions, their own blankets and comforts and slept on the floor before the fire. They

very often stayed two nights with us and everything was free of cost. We were glad to see them and they were glad to see us.

We only stayed here one year, and then in the spring of 1847 we moved to Woodville. The roads were muddy and it took us all day long to come from Rock Creek to Woodville. We got there about dark, unloaded and got in, and soon began to rain. The country then was not as it is now; nothing but log houses.

The house we moved in had three living rooms all in a row and up stairs, then a shed and another room at the end which was used for a shop. Charles Weston and Sarah had already gone to housekeeping in one end of the house and was keeping the post office. The mail carrier was a young man by the name of Steve Worrel, and brought the mail twice each week.

My brother John soon after we came to Woodville went to work for Goodenow in the cooper shop. Goodenow had built for himself a long log house, without partition, and had his cooper shop in one end, and his living room in the other.

My father had four good work horses, two plow boys, and plenty of ground rented for his crops. Charles Weston had two horses of his own, and a field rented for corn.

There was a rail fence in front of the house and slabs to run up and down on to get over.

We kept our sheep and as usual for mother she must make a woolpicking and invite the neighborwomen to come and help her to pick her wool. This was the custom with every one that had considerable wool to work up. And when spinning was done mother was ready to weave the homespun for the family clothing, and we all had plenty to do.

And in this spring 1847 Charles Weston and Sarah went to Wisconsin, in a covered wagon, to get his stepmother to come and live with them. She broke up housekeeping soon after the death of her husband (Charles father) and her children were living out in other familys except the youngest child she kept with her. Charles got the family together and brought them home to his house --three boys and one girl about grown, and his step mother, which made quite a family. And very often Charles brother Henry was there. We all lived a good deal together, could not get along very well any other way. The Weston family had been with father and mother so much they seemed like part of the family.

This summer 1847 the children, or you can say us children, went to school close by to a lady by the name of Rebecka Walker. The Schollars all studied out loud, and the teacher watched that all had to get their lessons. We had McGuffys Readers, Websters Spelling Book and Goose quill pens to write with. And as to arithmetic but little was studied but the tables; she made us all understand the division table. And when the order came to get your spelling lessons, we had the privalege to spell as loud as we could. We all thought it fun, and we fairly made the Welkin ring--father said we could be heard for more than half a mile, and to silence us the teacher would hit the stove pipe a whack with her stick and all was still, and then take your places and stand straight in line. We all thought it quite an honor to be at the head of the class. Our games were Dare Base, Black man, Wolf and Sheep, Jump the Rope, and on Friday after recess we often had a spelling match.

There was a family by the name of Herrick that owned the old Tavern and farm just across the road from fathers. Their children and fathers were about the same age. We played together from sun till sun, always had to be called when wanted, we were never ready to separate. The old people were very friendly and sociable. The two little ones,



names were Harriet and Lattie (Aunt Lats name sake) if they saw our table set for dinner they were safe to be at mothers elbow for a piece.

And this summer 1847 there were quite a number of mounted troops passed through Woodville on their way to join the U. S. Army to fight against Mexico. Henry Weston enlisted and went with them.

Our school teacher dismissed School to let the Schollars see the troops. All the troops wore oil cloth caps, and such a roar of voices, they seemed to all talk at once. And one evening a man passed through Woodville driving a Buffalo, said he had drove him from Texas. Some three or four men and all the children started after him as he passed along. The buffalo was not used to hearing strange voices, and wheeled for battle. The children scattered, like every one had to save himself. The man haulted him. He turned and went on. The man had nothing to drive him with but a pitchfork handle with a spear in the end, had the buffalows head chained down to his foot.

And this summer John worked for Goodenow making barrels. I think Jim helped father with his crops till they were layed by, then he also worked for Goodenow. Goodenow and his wife were people calculated to ruin the morals of all young society. They boys worked there till cold weather then come home. Goodenow was always after the money, often would send out invitations for a cotillion party at 2.50 cts a couple, and plenty would go. The shop had to be cleaned up, and John and Jim had to do that job and pay for their ticket besides, and John played the fiddle for the dance.

We had a good Sunday school in the school house this summer full of interest. Our literature was a library of Sunday School books, and read a chapter in the Testament. The Methodist Circuit Preacher (Kunber) had an appointment at the school house and my father, with the help of some, held a class and prayer meeting. Our school teacher taught her Schollars to sing our national song: America, that is my country tis of thee.

We celebrated the fourth of July that summer. The people met at the Presbyterian Church in Chili and from there we marched to the grove. Our teacher did well her part. She made a banner and stitched a card on it with this inscription: Woodville Sunday School Union, in big letters. She got her schollars together and told us to watch the flag and when she started for all to follow. We stood together two and two. I know I and little Sarah Carter, a girl about my own age, marched together. Her mother had died, and her father had moved from Chili to Woodville. She remembered the time we stoped and stayed all night at their house in Chili when we were moving, and we were always fast friends. They had speaking and singing out in the grove. Some one read the Declaration of Independence. An old Revolutionary Soldier was there and had something to say, and showed the people a scar where an Indian had struck him with his Tomahock. We had a free dinner, a long table set in a cross. Every wagon took something, and all had a plenty.

White dresses were the fashion of the day, and straw bonnets trimed with plenty of ribon and flowers. False curls were worn by some, hanging on each side of the face. There were a large crowd of people there that day sure, and I must say we had a sane fourth without big guns or firecrackers, and just as patriotic in every particular.

And during this summer 1847 so very many passed through Woodville moving to Oregon and Salt Lake. All wagons were covered and had about two yoke of oxen to each wagon, and sometimes a yoke of cows in the lead, a few dogs tied behind the wagons. Women and children went along; some were knitting, some were sewing, and some were

tired riding and got out to walk. They all looked well and some would come to the door and get a bucket of water.

And all this summer John worked for Goodenow in the cooper shop--worked there till cold weather, and then come home. There Jim and John bought some slates and school books and made preparations for going to schools. This winter of 1847 and 48 the family were all at home. Charles Weston and Sarah with his stepmother and her family of five made a family of seven and fathers family were eight, and the two familys were 15, all under one roof.

Our school teachers name for this winter of 1847 and 48 was Pete Young; he was part Indian and he showed it too. Five of fathers children started to this school, and two of the Weston boys. Joe he said he had at one time made Pete Young mad and if he went to school to him he was safe to get a licking so he would not go. Young had his pets and none others received any attention.

Christmas times come around and the big boys concluded they would have a treat or have some fun. Every thing was nicely arraigned and carried out. John said he was not going to go and be shut up in the schoolhouse all day. The Schollars were about all there, and the door was shut for keeps. At the usual time here comes the teacher all unconscious, went to the door, rattled the latch but the door would not open; he commanded that the door must be opened but the boys told him it was Christmas and if he would treat the school they would let him in. No, he said, he would never treat. He threatened and knocked and commanded to open the door, but to no avail. Well, he got the directors to come but they did not get the door opened. They said if he treats us we will open the door; if not he cant come in. Father come home about noon. Young and some of the men stayed awhile, then left, and about three oclock the boys opened the door and all lit out for home. They got no treat, neither did they open the door for books that day, but they had their fun.

School began again but Young was mad at the boys and watched them with a crooked eye. His pets received more attention than ever. Brother Jim was taken sick with lung fever. John quit going to school, as well as many others, and his school was thined out considerably.

And during this winter the Methodist circuit preacher (Kimber) held quite a revival in the school house, and quite a number of young people joined the church. The revival lasted about three weeks. This meeting was held during brother Jims sickness. My brother John and Joe made quite a profession of religion in this meeting, and for a time prayer meeting and class were well attended, but they finily began to dwindle down. Goodenow would have a shindig at his house, and get them to come, and at last he sent out his invitations for a cotillion party and a big supper in the night and Charles Weston was to play the fiddle. Provisions were cheap in those good old Democratic days, when the negro hoed the cotton and the cain. Goodenow cleared a good many dollars that night. He was always after the money and he did not care how he got it, and him and his wife were calculated to ruin the morals of all young society.

My father was a great temperance man, a perfect old Washingtonian; total abstinence was his was dealing with the whiskey question. His argument was the only safe way was just let it alone, do not even go where it is sold, keep clear away from it. If anyone is inclined to drink intoxicant liquor, he will soon bigin to think he can take it as he can water--but look at the results, see what it all leads one into.

And during this winter of 1847-48 my father bought a claim on improvement from George Carlton on a quarter of land joining the land Stillwell is located on. There were no buildings on the place, and all the improvement was a field of plowed land. My father took his boys and went to work, cut and hewed a set of house logs and put up a new log house 18 x 20, one story and half high and had it ready to move in by the first of April; all the children in Woodville were anxious to go and see the place where we were going to move, so a wagon load of them were taken out there one Sunday to see the place. We all thought it fine.

The house was built in the edge of the woods. East and north was prairie. All the houses then in that neighborhood were log. We lived in Woodville just one year, so one bright morning we moved to our new home. All were anxious to go; the distance was only about two miles and half from Woodville. My sister Sarah and her husband Charles Weston moved the same day, on a farm then owned by a man by the name of Jim Nelson, about halfway between Woodville and Chili. My father helped get things straightened up and get the house in order. We had no fireplace as yet in the house and father got wood and made a fire out doors by a stump in the yard. There was plenty of wood and we soon had a good fire. We got dinner and did our cooking out doors for a while and father cut hickory logs and peeled of the bark and put up a little house to cook in.

We went to work cleaning up the yard and burning trash. My brother Joe began to grub and pile brush and we soon had quite a nice little place all cleaned up. Our garden was on the north side of the house. The road run north and south.

Our school was taught this summer by Charles Weston in the Harding neighborhood about a mile and half from where we lived. We had a good Sunday school that summer in the school house. The house was full every Sunday morning and this summer the 19th day of June my sister Lottie was born, the ninth child of my fathers family.

We also celebrated the 4th of July that year in the grove near the school house. Every one went to the grove and took a basket of provision and had a free dinner in the grove. We all got home early in the afternoon. Sarah stayed with Mother that day while we were gone, and on the 9th day of July 1848 Sarahs little baby was born and named Charles.

The summer passed and was a good year for crops. And in the fall of the year 1848 Charles bought an improvement on a quarter of land near Stillwell from a man by the name of Clark and moved in the little log house on the place. I used to think this was the most beautiful place with the little black shad trees. Charles Weston and his brother Henry calculated to buy this land and live there for all time.

This winter of 1848 and 49 was one fearful cold winter. There would come a snow and then a sleet and rain, turn cold and freeze up, and snow and sleet till every thing was in a glare of ice. The trees were loaded with sleet, limbs breaking down, young saplings bent to the ground with their load of ice and sleet.

This winter the excitement of discovery of gold in California was great, and so many were talking about going; I know my father and brother Jim were going and making plans for the preparations.

Shindigs were plenty this winter and John was called on to play the fiddle for the dances. There was a man by the name of Cook lived somewhere in the county between Stillwell and Warsaw. It was in the month of February; the weather was very cold at that time. Cook sent word round there would be a dance at his house friday night. John was to play the fiddle and went in a wagon with a lot of others. Jim rode horseback. The night was

cold and in the morning still colder. They danced all night long and got home about sun up. John rode home in the wagon and fared better than Jim who rode home horse back.

Mother was getting breakfast when Jim came in and said Mother I am very cold. I believe I am nearly froze. Mother took a chair and set him before the fire. He claped his boots together and they were froze; he pulled off his boots and his wool socks come with them froze fast to his boots. Father took the horse covered with frost, and put her in the stable. Mother give Jim a cup of hot coffee and when he got somewhat warm he went to bed. My father was grieved, his feelings were hurt, he set around all day and had nothing to say.

Well Sunday morning came round and father had an appointment to fill and went to his meeting. And to pass the time away while father was gone Jim took fathers pack of old papers and looked them over. This was the last Sunday he ever spent on earth. Jim was not feeling very well since the dance, and on Tuesday evening he told Mother he felt like he had a chill, and went to bed. Mother told father Jim was not a bit well and look at him, and so father saw that Jim was very sick, and shook his head as if it were a bad case, and sent my brother Will to go to the nearest neighbor (Mr. Gorby) and tell him to come over as quick as he could.

Well when Gorby come he looked at Jim and said he had a conjestive chill. We got a tub and filled it with water as hot as he could bear and bathed his feet and knees the best we could, wraped him in hot blankets and covered him up in bed. We sent for the Dr. but he was gone, left word for him to come as soon as he got home, but he did not come. All this time poor Jim was growing worse, was delirious, his mind wandering everywhere. We saw something must be done, so we went for old Dr. Cook, an old quack, and he come. All this time Jim grew worse, conjestion of the brain had taken place and again he chilled harder than before and so delirious he knew no one. Dr. Cook questioned if he had slept any, we told him no. He said he must have some rest, he must sleep. The Dr. gave him a dose of morphine, and waited awhile but that only quieted him, then he doubled the dose and gave it to him and poor Jim went to sleep; and do all we could we could not wake him. He slept for eighteen hours and the minute he breathed his last he turned his head and looking at father as if to say, father I am dying. My father bent over him and spoke to him and said Jim Jim oh Jim cant you speak to me; but no, poor Jim only moved his hand and straightened his limbs and all was over.

He passed away Sunday morning at nine oclock February 25th 1849, aged 18 years and six months. So passed away one of the brightest most clearest minded young men of his day and age. We mourned the loss of our brother taken so suddenly from us. The whole community everywhere was shocked when they heard Jim Jackson was dead. Like his father he was tall and dignified in his personal appearance--his features were a type of the most handsome, his blue gray eyes were large, his black hair hung in ringlets all over his head; but death is no respecter of persons. We buried him in the Harding graveyard, then right out in the open woods. We were lonesome and grief stricken after the death of our brother.

But such comes to all, and every one has to return to their daily occupations. After my brothers death father gave up all notion of going to California, and I will say right here my brother John never took any notion of going to California, though lots of young men in the neighborhood went.

Father finished the wagon for Charles Weston and Hancock to go to California. They were to be gone two years. They started on their journey. Sarah come home with her baby just three weeks younger than my little sister Lottie, but Mrs. Hancock had a hard time to live with her two girls.

The Charles and Hancock after crossing the Mississippi started onward in a company of others. They had a rough trip but no real disaster; only what befell to many-- that was the scarcity of water and grass. My mother had made a mattress of straw for a bed in the wagon, so Charles ripped up the mattress and gave the straw to his oxen to eat. All surplus things were thrown away. At night they had to go quite a distance from the camp one side or the other to find grass for their cattle to eat; would take their provision along with frying pan, and make fires with buffalo chips, to cook their suppers. The Indians they met on their way were friendly and smoked the pipe of peace with their pale faced brother. At the last end of their journey provisions were scarce and relief wagons were sent to meet them.

They arrived in Bear River Valley, California in good health, and for the first time Charles took a pan and washed some sand or soil and got about 50cts worth of gold for the first time; and so his pursuit for gold began. Twice he sent home some small nuggets of gold for the people to look at. Charles always had a letter ready to send home to Sarah whenever he had the chance to mail one, and kept a journal of his travails.

And while Charles Weston and Mr. Hancock were crossing the plains and also while in California, their wives were making their own money. Sarah was handy with the scissors and needle and cut and made clothes which brought her in a little money, and this summer of 1849 Mrs. Hancock taught a three months summer school in the Hudson school house. These women were left without a dollar in their pocket, and if Sarah had no sewing to do she had a house to stay at free of all cost and welcome too. Mrs. Hancock kept her own house, lived close to some of the Hancock people. She lived and did the very best she could. She would visit at my fathers and go back again to her home.

I really do not know in what way Mrs. Hancock heard that John Dodd wanted a middle aged lady to keep house for him. She made application for the plan and was accepted, so she moved to his house with her two girls, Ann and Mary (I must say Mrs. Hancock was Charles Westons sister). She got a divorce from Hancock and after a time Mr. Dodd and Mrs. Hancock were married. To this union one child was born, a daughter. Mrs. Hancock was a good woman, and industrious, a good housekeeper. Ann Hancock married a man by the name of Hedge, lived near Quincy. Mary also married.

Mr. Hancock never returned home. Charles Weston went Hancocks security for borrowed money from a man by the name of Ritchardson whose lived at Beverly and had it to pay.

Well the summer of 1849 was passed. My sister Sarah was always ready for business. My father proffered his work shop for a school house as all school houses were so far away from the neighborhood for the children to go to school. And all were willing, and Sarah was to teach the school, this winter of 1849 and 50. So Sarah went before the Squire and got a certificate for teaching and was to teach a four months winter school. There was never a more orderly school than this. The Schollars all respected and liked their teacher, and all come, full thirty five and forty Schollars. Sarah kept her Schollars busy; no time was lost through the day. The classes must all read twice a day and lessons must be studded and learned. Sarah kept her Schollars busy.

All went along well till some time in February. Sarahs baby was taken very sick with lung fever and she had to dismiss school. The baby was sick for two weeks, and in the night of February 28th 1850, while the husband and father was in California, his little life, his spirit, took its flight to the better land. We all mourned the loss of the dear little one and none seemed to miss him more than my little sister Lottie who indeed realized that her little playmate was gone. My sister Sarah was heartbroken. The loss of her baby was a great grief to her. She had the sympathy of the whole community. We buried him in the Harding grave yard by the side of my brother James who died just one year before. And again soon after the death of Sarahs baby, one of the Schollars, a boy about 14 years old, was taken sick with lung fever and died and Sarah not feeling very well thought it best to finish a three month school and close.

Sarah was at home not knowing what next to do. She wrote to her husband about the death of her baby and one day a man came for her to go and teach a summer for them. This school was taught in the neighborhood of Big Neck, Adams Co. Ill., in the summer of 1850, about four miles from where father lived. Sarah taught a three month school at 2.00 dollars per week and boarded round, came home as often as convenient and road horseback; when she came to the door we knew she missed her baby. When her school was out she bought some dry goods and made up some clothing, helped mother finish her spinning, went and stayed awhile with Uncle Emsley, and helped dry just bushels of peaches. They run a large kiln and some sun dry.

All our busy work done then such a round of knitting as we all had, and mother was getting ready for her winters work of weaving. My father and the boys were jerking off the corn and throwing it in cribs.

In the winter of 1850 and 51 there was a lady by the name of Page came in the neighborhood, a widow with three children. Teaching school was her business and she was employed to teach the winter school. Sarah Em and Will wanted to go to school. The school house was full two miles and a half or three miles from my fathers house. So father went and fixed up the cabin where Charles and Sarah lived before he went to California, took the boys and got up a pile of wood; all things ready, Sarah with Em and Will moved in the cabin a mile nearer the school house to go to school. My brother Joe went to school from home. And now right here I will leave Sarah till Charles returns home from California.

I shall have to go back a few years now. In the summer of 1847 directly after we moved to Woodville my brother John went to work for Goodenow; and was at home during the winter of 1847 and 48. And during the summer of 1848 he also worked for Goodenow making barrels. And in the winter of 1848 and 49 John stayed at home working some at the cooper traid, and after the death of my brother James John did some work at home making tight barrels, but had no conveniences to drive ahead and work as he wished; but remained at home till the fall of the year 1849.

In the month of March 1849 I was taken sick (soon after the death of my brother James), had something like white swelling in my right limb just below my knee, along the bone reaching to my ankle. I know one Sunday we were playing rough on a shed with some other children but if I got hurt I did not know it, but next morning when I got up I had a severe pain in my limb just below my knee. Mother bathed the place with liniment and wraped up my limb, but it did no good, and kept on growing worse and worse and even more painful than ever, and swollen very much. And by continual poulticing it was drawn to a head. Two or three boils appeared where I first felt the pain, and broke and run, and

some little particles of bone were taken out; the place closed up and quit running, and my limb seemed to callus and look red, swollen and inflamed. I was able to sit up. My father made me a crutch, but I was as yet too weak to use it. My limb was very much drawn and could not be straightened.

We heard of a man by the name of Kelton who professed to cure all such diseases by faith. So one day my brother John hitched the horses to the wagon to take me to see this man. This was in the summer of 1849 before Sarahs baby died; and mother and Sarah with the two little ones went along. We were directed where he lived, and found his house off back in the woods in a deadening or clearing. They were at home. They lived away back in the neighborhood of the old Hudson School beyon Woodville. They invited us in and treated us very kindly. He asked to look at my limb, and remarked that it was very badly swollen and asked if it was sore; I told him no; then he began to stroke my limb up and down with his hand from my knee to the ankle for several minutes, then told mother to tie it up again; that nothing more need be done for it. As I made remark my limb was very badly drawn and swollen, but before we got home the swelling had nearly all gone out, and I could nearly straighten my limb, and soon began to hobble about with my crutch. I was lame for about eighteen months after taking this mans treatment, and during that time boils would come on the side of my limb and gather and run, and bits of bone would come through the length of a pin, and I would pull them out with my fingers. I was then but ten years old. I got well and over my lameness, but that limb is a little short.

Well, John stayed at home till sometime in the fall of this year 1849, and made up his mind to go and work for Stanback who was running a cooper shop at Ursa, Adams Co., Illinois. Well after going to Stanbacks to work my brother John did not work at home any more. And this is the first time he ever packed his trunk to go away from home to remain for any leangth of time; and from that time on his work was away from home; but would come home frequently to see us. And I know how glad we all were to see John come home, and Mother would always, as was her custom when he come home, would take her chair and go and set down by him and have a talk with him all by herself, as to his welfair and advise him as she thought best; and would ask him to come again and not make it so long next time before coming.

Well things went on in the usual way till the winter of 1850 and 51. My father went to Quincy and on his was stoped to see John and found him sick, and so he brought him home from Stanbacks, and he remained home all winter. Well this winter of 1850 and 51, Sarah Em and Will had taken up their quarters in the log cabin where Charles and Sarah lived before going to California, and were going to school to Mrs. Page. My brother Joe went from home to this same school.

My mother had a good loom and wove the homespun for the people. She had much weaving to do that winter and my business was to keep her quills filled, wash the dishes, and help milk our two or three cows, and do whatever mother required me to do. The rest of the time I could do as I pleased. My father kept the stock he had and saw to both houses. The folks came home Friday evenings and did what washing they needed and go back to the cabin Sunday evening.

The folks had been home all day, and in the evening had gone back to the cabin to be ready to start to school Monday morning. Mother and I were out looking after the evens work and about sundown a spring hack came driving up and stoped. Out sprang a man, as if he could not wait for the the hack to stop, and over the bars at a single bound. The men in

the hack called to Mother and said come and see if you know this man. It was Charles Weston just home from California; he made for mother at once and said where is Sarah. My mother said she is not here but we will send John to bring her and the children home. By this time father and John heard us talking and came out and greeted him cordially. They unloaded Charles, trunk etc. and John went to get Sarah and the children who had gone back to the cabin that same evening. John got to the cabin and went in and told Sarah Charles had come; well they hustled out with Em and Will at their heels and was home in no time.

Word soon got around that Charles had got home from California, and all that could come to see him and hear what he had to say. Charles and Sarah stayed at my fathers for a few days, then went down to Jerseyville in Jersey Co., Illinois; and John went back to Stanbacks to work, but before Charles went away visiting he took father to one side and counted out the money and paid father for the outfit to go to California and told of Hancocks perfidy. Charles brother Henry Weston had married and settled at Jerseyville, and after about six weeks they came back to fathers, and father and Charles bought the quarter of land joining the land Stillwell is now located on. My father took the west eighty and Charles took the east. The cabin fell to my father.

Charles bought a span of horses and began to break the prairie land on the east 80 acres. They went to Quincy and bought furnishings for housekeeping, and kept house in fathers shop where Sarah had previously taught school. This was in the summer of 1851. Our garden was between the houses we shaired, and Sarah was welcome to all the milk and butter she wanted, as they had not as yet bought them a cow.

Mother made a woolpicking this spring, the last one poor Mother ever made. We had the whole neighborhood of women there. We cooked and eat the dinner at my sister Sarahs. I cannot help but look back and remember how happy and contented we all were that summer. Charles broke all the prairie he could; he raised a good patch of corn, and in the fall or September he sowed quite a field of wheat; my brother Joe and Will plowed and helped to raise the crops.

This summer we intended to make some blue and white coverlets; we were busy spinning and twisting, for our new coverlets, and Sarah was to have one. Mother did the coloring, and it was her intention to do the weaving, (but poor Mother. Charles and Sarah were also planning to improve their farm, and had taken a walk and staked off the place where they were going to build their house and barn but that was not to be, poor Charles).

I am now coming to the sadest part of my story. Some time in the month of September, Charles got word he must pay the security debt for the money that was borrowed from Ritchardson for Myrone Hancock in California, and that put an end to all their calculations, and said he must go to New Orleans and go in business with his brother William.

Mother had her coloring done for her coverlets. When she was taken sick she seemed to be in her usual health and got dinner that day by herself. Well after dinner mother was taken violently sick with vomiting. It seemed as if nothing would stay in her stomach, and grew worse all the time. My little sister Lottie always thought so much of her parents. She saw mother was sick, and said to her Mothey. Yes says Mother, your Mothey is sick. And in the evening she had a hard chill. We went for the Dr. He come and said she had typhoid fever.



We sent for John to come home. Mother slept nearly all the time, but we did not know, and never knew, whether it was the medicine or the fever that caused her to sleep. It was hard to waken her. We did our best. We had two Drs to see her. We did not lack for company, some of the neighbors were there all the time, at all hours. Charles Weston was very attentive, would watch by her bedside and talk to her. John would set by her and talk to her, but when he could waken her she seemed conscious but was so very sick. She could only answer with a sigh.

We all knew and felt that our dear Mother was not long for this world; she was near death's door. The Drs told father nothing more could be done for her. She was sick eleven days, and passed away at the hour of midnight, Oct the 5th 1851, aged nearly 43 years.

Her last words were for us to take care of Lottie who was then just in her third year. Dear Mother you have left us as numbers of mothers has had to do, and how we miss you as the days pass away. We miss your gentle voice, we miss you at home. We miss her at the table, we miss her everywhere, we see her empty chair, but mother is not here to take a seat by the fire with us. Oh Mother Mother it was so hard to give you up, and oh how sad to have to know and realize we can never see her again. The icy hand of death come to all none can stay it. We all have to die. Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return. We had her funeral preached at the house and then again we slowly took the way to the Harding grave yard and laid her to rest by the side of those who had gone on before. We returned home from the funeral lonesome enough. Mother had always been at home with us. Sarah had stayed at home with some of the neighbor women and got dinner while we were gone. And Lottie met us at the door and said did you take mother to the graveyard. We told her yes. And she said did you leave her there. We had to tell her yes. It nearly broke our hearts.

Well we all had to return to our daily work, we could not set down and grieve. The house must be put in order. Two neighbor women very kindly come and did the washing. My sister Emma and myself could between us do a womans work. Mother brought us up to work. We could sew and knit, cut and make our own clothes, wash and iron, and cook the best we could. And I know the first work we did after we got things straightened up. I and Emma gathered up all our clothing and looked them over and mended them all ready to wear. And so we went on keeping house for father.

Soon after my mothers funeral Charles and Sarah began to wind up their business in order to go down to New Orleans, and my brother John went back to work for Stanback. They sold off their household goods, and father bought one horse. They packed their trunks and boxed up some other things. Time flies, and the day came round for them to start. They did not lack for clothing as Sarah always dressed like a lady. Father got his wagon ready and drove round. They got in. Sarah left us weeping because we were left without a mother and not knowing whether she would ever be home again or not. Father started and drove on.

We watched them till they were out of sight. And that was the last we ever saw of poor Charles Weston. He was a man who worshiped the God of honor and refinement, honest to a penny, poor in this worlds goods, a perfect gentleman everywhere, a man that never stooped to a mean or dishonorable action.

My father took them as far as John Dodds, where Charles sister Harriet Hancock with her two girls had been living for some time. They stayed there for some few days before they started on their trip to New Orleans. The steamboat they went down the

Mississippi to New Orleans on was the Saranac, and when about half way down the river to New Orleans, Sarahs little baby was born on the boat and named Sarah. The captain and his wife were very kind to them and proffered to name the little one after the boat she was born on, but Sarah did not like the name, and it was dropped.

Well when Charles got down to New Orleans, he run a ferry boat for a time. He then was clerk on a steam boat that run up the river as far as Natches and back again to New Orleans. At times they were not very well; the Southern climate did not agree with them. This summer of 1853 the Yellow fever was terrible in New Orleans. Sarah was taken down with the fever first, and before she was near well Charles took the fever and died. He was taken in this way: after he had gone to bed, he spoke to Sarah and said oh Sarah I have got a chill. Sarah answered and said, My God Charles, are you going to have the fever also. Help was hard to obtain; I cannot tell how they managed. Charles grew worse and took what they call the black vomit, and no hope remained for his recovery. He passed away sometime in the month of August or September 1853.

I do not know his age, but was somewhere between 30 and 35 years. We do not know who was at his bedside during his illness, which was brief. Neither do we know who closed his eyes after death. Neither do we know who stood by his casket, when taken from his home and conveyed to his brother Williams tomb somewhere in a cemetery in the city of New Orleans; but the Lord doth watch his sleeping dust. My pen is inadequate to speak of the realm of the blest. They are only gone on before to the many mansions Christ prepared for all that love the Lord.

After Charles death, William Weston, a brother, took Sarah and her little daughter to his house and kept her till the next spring. After going home with him Sarah took a relaps and her life seemed to hang in a balance. The Dr. that treated her told her after she recovered, he thought she would not live. Well she seemed to recover her usual health, and did a lot of sewing through the winter of 1853 and 1854.

In a few days after my mother was buried, brother John went back to Stanbacks to work. My father had already sold his improvements where we were living and we were going to move in the little cabin on the west 80 acres of the land father had bought with Charles Weston. We moved here in the fall of 1851 after my mother died. And before we moved father sold my mothers loom. It seemed like taking the last of poor mother away. The loom looked so much like her, where she had sat for hours throwing the shuttle back and forth to shoot the threads of the woof between those of the warp, and beaten together by many strokes. Dear mother we little realized how hard you worked for us then.

There were no buildings on fathers 80 acres of land except the little cabin and after father moved there he cut logs and put up a stable and of back the yard, and a log kitchen by the side of the cabin, and cut a door where the little glass windows used to be, and put the windows on the other side by the door. And so we lived like this for three years, and in the spring of 1852 my father bought some fruit trees from Levy Slator who kept a nursery and set out quite an orchard. And my brother John came to see us this spring. He said he felt anxious about us, and often thought of us since mother had left us. He was still making his home at Stanbacks.

We had no school house in the neighborhood. The neighbors called a school meeting and squaired up a large district and placed the school house in the center on the corner of the quarter of land then owned by Wilson Stokes and gave it the name of the

Stokes school house. And Thomas Stokes taught the first school in the new school house in the winter of 1852 and 1853. This was a large school, both big and little Schollars went.

The charge fell to me to stay home with my little sister Lottie and keep the house. Joe, Em and Will all went to this school. We all finished our course of education here at this school house, though my brother Joe you might say was a self made Schollar. I learned my letters in my fathers family Bible. I do not remember the time when I learned to read. The first I remember reading was the first chapter of Genesses. I was studious and industrious at home. Had I depended on going to school for an Education I would never would have been able to read or write as my chances for schooling was very poor.

Meetings were held in the school house and my father every week had a class and prayer meeting and thereby held the few Church members together, and fills his local appointments besides. And in the winter of 1853 and /54 my father went to the Woods and cut logs and hauled them home in the rough, scoured and hewed them in the yard, for a new house he had planed to build. So he began to get his timbers together for the foundation of his house. All sawed lumber had to be hauled from the Croocked Creek saw mills, a day to go and a day to come. The siding and pine lumber, hardware and glass, had to be bought in Quincy. There were no planing mills in those days and all lumber had to be dressed by hand at home. It took a good many days to do the hauling. My father and brother Joe did the work in building the house. John came to see us the second time and stayed for a few days while we were yet living in the cabin.

Next we heard from him he had married a girl by the name of Martha Ames, and was living in Burton, a little town in Adams Co., Illinois.

In May 1854 Sarah came home from New Orleans. I was at school when she came, and sent for me to come home, that Sarah had come and wanted to see me (the last I ever went to school). My sister Sarah seemed well when she came home, only she was pestered with a tickling in her throat, and a little cough, not enough to notice.

As soon as father could conveniently go, he went to see John and Martha, his wife, and found her to be a young pretty modest gentle girl, and from that time father thought as much of Martha and loved her just the same as if she had been his own daughter.

Well my sister Emma made arrangements to go and teach a summer school. And father rented out his corn ground. Joe taught school in the Slator schoolhouse, and Will worked for Forsythe. My father and Sarah and the two little ones and myself were at home this summer of 1854. The two boys had their washing done at home, and I had enough to do. My father worked the garden, and did some work on his new house, while Joe was away teaching school. And when his school was out, he and father went to work on the house and by late fall of the year 1854 they had four rooms plastered and ready to move into.

And this summer of /54 my sister Sarah and Will went to Burton to see brother John and Martha. They stayed over Sunday and on their way home one of the horses took sick and died--the same horse my father had bought from Charles before going to New Orleans. We were all truly sorry for the loss of the horse, as he was dear to us all. And late in this summer, Sarah took her little child, then about two years old, and went to John Dodds, where Mrs. Hancock was living, and doctored with a homeopathic Dr. till late in the fall. That did her no good whatever.

The dreadful symptoms of consumption was with her when she came home from New Orleans. We had moved out of the cabin in the new house before we brought Sarah

home from Mr. Dodds. We had a bed room about twelve ft. square we fixed for her. She was so very much worse when she came home we hardly knew what to do. Sarah doctored with two other Drs. and they seemed to do her no good. She chilled so very much all winter, sometimes missed her chills for a few days, but the chills returned, and in this manner she was troubled all winter, and her cough was troublesome. We got her the best cough medicine we could hear of. Her favorite was Ayers Cherry Pectoral. We also tried other remedies and had home made cough syrup prepared for her and one did as much good as the other. The dreadful disease of consumption had taken its hold upon her.

And this spring of 1855 Sarah was still able to be up going about some. And this summer our cousins, Aunt Betsy Becks young people, came to see Sarah. They had heard of her affliction, and was anxious to see her, and kindly shown her their sympathy. And their visit did indeed do her good; it gave her a change. She was glad to see them and very they came to see her, and this was the last time they ever saw her. Uncle Emsleys folks came to see her also. The neighbor women very kindly come to see her and would bring her a little of something to eat which she would thank them and smile. She was up most of the time every day this summer till near the last, and sometimes would say she felt as well as she ever did.

She kept on like this all summer, growing weaker every day and wasting away till she was like a skeleton. And one time I was helping her with her clothing. She looked at her wasted limbs and body and said, oh Katy I cant live, I never can get well, just look at me, I can only worry through the summer, and that will be all. She said she had prayed for us all while on her bed of affliction, and trusted I would always be a good girl.

She kept her bed more and more each day and we all knew our dear Sister would not be with us much longer. She knew it herself. We kept a little stand table at the head of her bed and a little hammer for her to knock with when she wanted any one to come to her. We had not as yet had to watch by her at night. She rather we would not, but would knock for us as she had been able to do all along. One morning about two o'clock I heard her cough. She knocked for us to come. I was at her side in a second and fixed the light. She said call the others up. We were all by her side in less time than it takes to tell it. She was in a kind of sinking away. We changed her position some, bathed her face with champhor and water and got her revived. Then we sent for Mrs. Hecox to come, and she said Sarah might not live till night. As soon as possible we sent Will to Burton for brother John. It took the better part of two days to go and come. They got home by the middle of the afternoon next day. Sarah was still alive and conscious. The neighbors all come in and offered all assistance possible. And the last day or afternoon, Ruth Stokes and her Eliza were there and had started to the gate to go home. We called them back for Sarah was dying. She was conscious to and had her voice to the last moment.

How truly it is said a mother's love never dies. Her last words were for my sister Emma to take care of her little child and bring her up as her own. Which she did and made it her chief concern through life. And so passed away our dear sister whom we all loved so well, in the evening of the 20th day of September 1855, being only 27 yrs and 5 months old.

And I will add right here that Ruth Stokes was with us in our affliction at the death of my brother James and at the death of Sarahs baby and present at the death of my Mother and by the side of our dear sister Sarah when she passed away. And I cannot help but look back with grattitude, for all the kindness she shown us in our deep affliction, though she has also passed away and gone to her reward, and laid to rest by the side of her kindred in

the old Harding cemetery, there to await the morn of the Resurrection morn. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. We had plenty of help to dress our dear sister for the grave. She looked perfectly natural and peaceful as she lay in her casket, as if she was in a quiet slumber. We feel the world is poorer now that our sister is gone. Hearts were ritcher that she had been here. Her manner of life was such as to win the esteem of all. The last of her life was attended with much afflictions, from the yellow fever to that dreadful disease Consumption. All that loving hands could do was done willingly for her relief. We had no funeral preached. While we were taking the last look at the remains of our dear sister before we took her from home, Catherine Lunt sang this beautiful song:

Sister thou was mild and lovely, Gentle as the summer breeze,  
Pleasant as the air of evening When it floats among the trees.  
Peaceful be thy silent slumber, Peaceful in the grave so low  
Thou no more will join our number, Thou no more our songs shall know  
Dearest sister thou has left us Here thy loss we deeply feel  
But tis God that hath bereft us. He can all our sorrows heal  
Yet again we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled  
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.

And again we slowly and sorrowfully took our way to the old Harding Grave Yard, and layed her body to rest by the side of those of our family who had preceded her to the grave, so few years before. She was the mother of two children, one a little boy, Bubby we always called him, though his name was Charles, died at the age of one year and 8 mo some four or five years before; and left behind a father three brothers and three sisters, and a little daughter scarcely three years of age, without father mother brother or sister. All pittied the poor little so sadly left, but all was done for her that could be done.

Well the next morning after we buried our sister Will took John back to his home in Burton. There were no railroads and we had a little one seated buggy to ride in.

We were all lonesome enough, but we must go to work, we had no time to sit down and grieve. After Sarahs long illness, Emma and myself had much to do. We had our clothing to mend, and make for winter. And we often look back and thank the Lord we could. None shown their bereavement more than did my father. It seemed he could not wear it off. So let us bow in humble submission to the will of God, with the assurance that while to us it is loss, to her it is eternal gain. She cannot return to us; only in a dream we may see her as she was, but we can go to her; and may we feel that while the wind soughs and blows through the trees around that silent old grave yard on the hill their spirits dwell with God.

Well this fall of 1855 father went to Conference and was signed the Augusta Mitton to travel and preach for one year, or longer as the occasion might be.

We were not without company this winter. A Bible Agent and Lecturer by the name of William Rucker, when he came in the neighborhood, he was sure to make my fathers house his home, and soon began to show his best regards to my sister Emma. And told in a few words, they were married the 14th day of Feb. in the winter of 1856. And in a few days they packed their trunks and went to Jacksonville Ill., where his home was. His business was to travel and canvas Bibles. They traveled a good part of their time but their home was in Jacksonville, Morgan Co., Illinois.

In a year after Emma was married, in the spring of 1857, Emma came home to see us. She had not forgotten the trust that was left in her care, so when she went back to Jacksonville, she took little Sally with her. They lived in Jacksonville for some few years; then they moved to Wisconsin, where Mr. Rucker took the work to canvas Bibles. Here they sent Sally to school till she graduated. Sally possessed a great talent for music, and with her natural refinement and splendid education, with her deep devotion to Christ, whom she had served from her early childhood, has made her a blessing in any community, a spiritual power in the Church, and a noble woman.

My brother William was married in the month of July in the year 1856 to Emma Stokes, daughter of Noah and Mary Stokes. They had known each other since they were small boy and girl going to the same school. They went to housekeeping and lived on the farm where the old Schoolhouse used to be, for more than forty years, where they reared a family of six children, four boys and two girls. In truest sense of matrimony they lived together and for each other until death. My brother William enlisted in the Union Army in 1865 and went forth to help put down the Great Rebellion. My brother returned from the Army rather broken in health with throat trouble.

Well this summer of 1856 my brother Joe taught school in the Stokes school house, and my father preached on the Augusta Mission, back in the old neighborhood where we all used to live, where all the people gave him a welcome hand. He arranged his appointments so he could be at home every week to look after his interests. My brother John and Martha come to see us this summer. They had their baby with them, its name was Virginia. Martha was then but twenty years old.

After Joes school was out he worked at the carpenter trade in Chili, and in this summer of 1856 I had spinning to do, as father had kept a few sheep all the time. I suppose this was about the last, as I was the only one left at home to do the work for the family. My father could buy his clothing cheaper and with less trouble than to hire his weaving and coloring done.

And this winter of 1856 and 57 we all had the measles; all got along well except my brother Joe. There was a cry of mad dogs this winter, and some stock had been bitten and went mad in the neighborhood. A stray dog was seen in the barn yard, and Joe got up out of bed and dressed, took the gun, and went out to kill the dog, which caused him to take a cold that seemed to stay with him, the effects of which he felt as long as he lived. Well, this winter we did nothing but stay in doors and pull through the best we could, and father stayed at home the rest of the winter.

And when winter was over and the weather had settled sufficiently Joe went to work on a Christian Church that was being built in the neighborhood, contracted and finished by a carpenter by the name of Charles Rowe.

And in April this spring of 1857 my father married his second wife, and brought her home to his house. She was a widow by the name of Catherine Brannak. She was about my mothers age. She was industrious and looked well to my fathers wishes, and made him a happy home, and the best of all she was a good mother to my little sister Lottie.

And in August of this same year, I was married to Charles Rowe, the carpenter and joiner that built the Church. We went to house keeping close by and lived in the neighborhood for one year, then we moved to Breckenridge, a little town in Hancock Co. Ill., just starting up. And here my first two children were born, Florence and George.

And my father moved down on Bear Creek on my stepmothers place. My brother Joe never left his fathers home. And I think he taught school one term in the Wilson school house in the winter of 1858 and 59. He was not in very good health, neither had he been since he had the measles, and I do not know whether he finished his school or not, on account of his health, as he seemed to be going into consumption.

And in the spring and summer of 1859 my brother Joe visited me sometimes; he was not feeling very well, and stayed at home at my fathers most of the time. He was not able to do a days work all summer. Well, as is the way with all who is troubled with this dreadful disease, they linger along sometimes feeling better, then not so well. So it was with him. He lingered till fall, and bad weather set in, then he began to grow weaker every day, and tryed to doctor; that did no good.

Consumption had already begun its work from the first of his illness, that could not be controlled, till it ended his mortal career. All was done that could be done, but we had to give him up. But God knows what is best, and we have to do his holy will. He left the evidence that Christ our Redeemer had been with him during his long and painful affliction. He was an unpretentious young man and all had confidence in him. His habits were strictly moral, and temperate in all his ways, and was liked and respected by every one who knew him. He was an exemplary young man and his life was adorned with jewels of temperance, justice and truth. My brother Joseph was a bright and dutiful boy; his natural tastes and inclinations were Schollarly and known as a young man without reproach. His life was short, but the record of a well spent youth is left behind, which is worth more than the gold of others.

And in the winter of 1859 and 1860 we had been to see him a few times. Sometimes he was up but the last time he was not able to be up but very little. So in April a few days before he passed away, my father come for us to go home with him, for he saw my brother could not last but a few days longer at the most. When we went in he was lying on the bed and seemed glad to see us come, and asked to see my baby, then about three weeks old, and said he wanted me to stay with him till it was all over. He knew he must soon pass away. My father sent for some of the old neighbors to come and see my brother before he passed away, and among them was Felix Harding. He knew each and all that came to see him and shook hands with them and called them by name. He could only speak in whispers, but to hold down we could understand what he said. He seemed to be perfectly calm, not the least bit excited, peacefully going down the vally of the shadow of death, perfectly reconciled to the will of God. Just before he breathed his last, he opened his eyes and looking heavenward seemingly with great joy he sang in whispers so those who were nearest to him could understand: On Jordans stormy banks I stand And cast a wishful eye, To Canaans fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie. Yes, he had reached the rivers brink, and no doubt like dying Stephen looking steadfastly into heaven saw the glory of God and Christ at the right hand ready to take him up to heaven.

My brother passed to his heavenly home at my fathers house in the neighborhood of Bear Creek, Adams Co. Illinois, the night of April 27th 1860, aged 27 years and three mo., leaving behind his aged father, a stepmother, two brothers and three sisters and scoars of friends to mourn his loss. My father and stepmother and Lottie one or the other, were constantly at his bedside durring his last illness, in all the watchful ministrations of loving devotion. My father greatly mourned his loss, but in Christ there is strength to help us in our greatest time of need. Were it no so my father would despaired; when bowed down

with sorrow Christ lifted him up. My father knew my brother was with the dear Redeemer who guards us all, and with the loved ones he loved so well who had gone on before to that better land. A host of friends will remember, and will be sadly missed by all. His sufferings are over, his record complete, but he left with them a glorious hope that he is at rest. And may we hope at last when life is over to meet him with all the redeemed above in that world where there is no more parting.

We had plenty of friends to help us in this great trial, and the body of my brother was dressed at once for the grave, it being my fathers wish to dress him in my brothers new suit he had only bought a few months before. He looked perfectly naturel in his coffin, as if he was asleep. Poor Joe, it was so hard to give you up, yet we will not wish you back again to partake of earthly sufferings. Your sleep is sweet--rest on, dear brother, the Lord again will unite us with the others to be forever with the Lord. Again a funeral procession left my fathers house and slowly took the way to the old Harding cemetery, with another one of my fathers family to be laid in the grave beside those who had preceded him there, where a large company of friends and neighbors had collected to take the last sad view of the remains of my brother before the grave closed over him forever. The Lord took them. I am sure he knows best, therefore let us bow in humble submission and pray for grace to say: thy will be done.

After my brothers funeral father was lonesome indeed, but such comes to all. The spring of 1860 as I remember was very dry. And father could get out and see to his affairs. All he had at home, the only one of his family, was Lottie. She was then about eleven years old. And in the course of a year my father sold his farm near Stillwell where we had all lived, and bought the farm Amos Ferree lived on and moved there and Mrs. Ferree moved in my stepmothers house.

My brother John lived in the old log house on the corner of this farm. I do not know just when he moved there, but here in this house is where my brother Johns oldest boy was born, and named George. And it was here my father lived when I went South. It is all true I do not know very much of my fathers life after I went South. I saw him but once after. It was in this way: my father and stepmother had made a trip to Ohio to look after my stepmothers business, and as they returned they stoped off for a few days to see me. I was then living near Jamestown, Boon Co., Indiana. I know my stepmother at this time was not very well. This was about the last week in March 1869 or 70. I do not just remember. There came quite a fall of snow while they were there. When they were ready to go, we hitched up the horses to the wagon and took them to Jamestown where they took the cars for home, and that was the last time I ever saw them.

Well Lottie married, her husbands name was Ezra Mayfield and lived near Beverly, Adams Co., Illinois. Lottie left home the very day she was eighteen years old. I know it must have been a great grief for father to give her away, for she was his last and only child at home.

And in the summer of 1862 times were hard and no work for a carpenter to do; my husband sold our house and lot in Breckenridge, Hancock Co., Ill., and we moved in the old log house on the corner of my fathers place. My husband was sick all fall and winter, my brother John was in the army, and Martha and myself had to get out and cut our own fire wood.

We lived on in this way till spring of 1864, and my husband had got about well, then we moved to the neighborhood of Green Grove where we got a job to build a house for a



man by the name of Brennaman. Well, my husband got the house done all but the inside finishings, and in the winter of 1865 with a co. of others my husband volunteered and went to the Army to help put down the Great Rebellion. And I and the little children lived for a time in the house near Brennamans, the oldest one then but four years old.

And in September in 1865 another child was born during the absence of the husband and father, and in March 1866 my father came and moved me down to his house, where I fixed up my things and went down to Montgomery Alabama, where my husband had taken the work of overseeing a cotton plantation for one year. I started from home bidding adieu to my fathers house forever, on Thursday morning. It took us nearly all day to drive to Quincy. I took the cars with my four little children Friday evening near sundown, and got to my destination Tuesday night about ten oclock. I made the trip through without loss or accident, though at times I was greatly discouraged. I kept awake the best I could all the way but one night I got so worn out I went to sleep in my seat, and dropped my baby on the floor. The conductor came to me and had to shake me to waken me. I could hardly wake up, but I did, and did not go to sleep any more that night, but had to sleep some next day--I could not help it. I could hear every move the children made. All along the journey I had plenty of friends to help me with the children when we had to change cars, which was a great help to me indeed. I had plenty of provision with an occasional cup of coffee to last me through.

All along the way the ravages of war could be seen. The farm houses had been burned and nothing left but the chimneys; orchards without a fence or building any where near, and in places could be seen the brestworks where the soldiers had thrown up the earth for defence.

And at Atlanta Georgia the windows were still to be seen in the houses where the soldiers had shot through. Such distruction only a hail storm and cyclone could give the discription. I was glad when we reached Montgomery City, Alabama. An old Negro came in the cars and called out, Mrs. Rowe here, is Mrs. Rowe and her children here. I grabed him as he was passing and told him yes. He says why indeed is this Mrs. Rowe, I have a coach out here to take you out the the plantation.

The old negro had been before the war his masters coachman. I found my husband well and glad to see me and the little children. I was dreadful car sick and after I got out on the plantation I could feel it all the more. The place before the war had been very rich. The dwelling had been a perfect mansion. The negro quarters were good. The Yankees destroyed the mansion--nothing was left standing but the smokehouse, and off back the cabins where the slaves lived. We got along with the slaves without trouble. They were awful to fight at night with one another. We could do nothing with them, neither did we try. We let them fight it out. They had meetings and Sunday Schools every Sunday. All were anxious to learn.

The grounds where the mansion had been were planted with every thing beautiful. The walks with flowering shrubry, the shade trees, the magnolias with their large white fragrant blossoms, and almost every variety of roses were there. Nothing seemed to be lacking, and a slave for everything. And to hear these slaves to speak of their master and mistress, especially those that had waited on the white folks at the mansion, could not prais them enough. They thought it quite an honor to have been their slaves. These people had been brought up to have their slaves do for them, and with all they treated them well. It

had been a happy time there before the war, and many of the slaves came back to their own cabin, but they were treacherous and had to be closely watched.

We stayed on the plantation for ten months. I and the children were sick nearly all the time we were in the south, with remittent and malarial fever. My baby died down there and was buried somewhere in a cemetery in the city of Montgomery Alabama.

When the year was out we decided to return home, and in January 1867 we left Alabama and got off the cars at Lebanon, Boone Co., Indiana, where my father and mother both had relatives living. We soon heard of a cabin we rented and a job to put up a barn close by for a man by the name of Brackway. My husband bought a kit of carpenter tools, and as soon as the weather settled sufficiently he went to the woods with a set of hands where they scooped and hewed the timbers for the barn, and the barn was raised in May 1867, this being his first job of carpenter work in Indiana.

It was then quite the custom to have a big barn raising and all the men in the neighborhood were invited to come and almost as many women as men would be there, and have a big dinner and a good time. The heavy timbers were raised with long poles and as many men as were needed would take their places and as the word was given they would begin to lift and up went the timbers &c. and set in place.

After we came from the South to the state of Indiana I and the children still had the old Southern chills and malarial fever. It seemed the Drs. could do nothing with it. Florence my oldest child had the third day ague. We tried every thing we could hear of, but could only stop the chills for a short time. At last we got Dr. Jaynes ague tonic and Ayers ague cure, and we followed it up till a cure was effected; we kept it on hand for months.

Again father sold his farm (the Amos Ferree farm) and bought a grist mill, the worst and last deal he ever made--it fairly broke him up. The mill needed many repairs, and again he had to pull up stakes and move over near to the mill. But he never could do very much with it.

It was like a dead piece of property on his hands. I believed he moved his mill to Lorain, and not being able to set it up sold the mill for whatever he could get. And I think my brother John moved and still lived close by father at this time--I know so little about it all.

I think it was at this place my stepmother died of paralysis. My father wrote me concerning her illness and death. They buried her over there in the Harding grave yard with the rest of the family. I do not know how long she was sick, or how she was taken. And now father was left alone indeed; his home was desolate. I suppose he at once went to live with John and Martha, as he thought much of Martha and loved her as well as if she had been his own daughter, and had from the time he had first seen her.

And then after some time I heard that poor Martha too had passed away to the Spirit world, which was a great loss to all, but for her it was eternal gain. She left the evidence with us, she had departed to be with Christ, leaving behind her husband and five children. My father would write me occasionally to let me know how he was, and wrote they buried Martha also at the Harding grave yard.

After the death of my stepmother and that of Martha--the two passed away in so short a time of each other--I know my father felt that almost all of this earth had been taken from him. He wrote me he was then living the most lonesome part of his life. My brother John and with his family, moved to Woodville, and father still made his home with them. And while there he was not so very well and not able to do very much work. He raised a

garden for them, and when he left my brother Johns home he went to live with my sister Lottie in the neighborhood of Beverly, Adams Co., Illinois, and lived with her the rest of his life.

My father preached, and was assigned the Elvaston Mission in Hancock Co., Ill., this being his last work; my sister Lottie wrote me and in her letter stated the morning my father started on mission to fill his appointments he was in his usual health and spirits. And while he brushed down his pants getting ready to start, he joked and laughed in his usual way, and just said Goodby to her as he always had done before starting. It was a long drive from Beverly to Elvaston for a man of my fathers age, but age and hardships by him were not thought of. It was now his greatest delight to preach the Gospel, and always through life, he never missed filling an appointment, unless a preventing providence came between. And while my father was out this time, he was taken very sick vomiting while riding in his buggy along the road. He wished to reach a Brother Johnsons in Elvaston where he had been making his home while in that town but had to stop on the way with a Methodist Brother, unable to go any farther.

Where in a few days he passed away in the morning of August the 16th 1879. Word came to my sister Lottie that father was very sick or perhaps the word was that he was passed away, I do not know. Well they started to go and drove hard and reached my brother Williams house toward sundown. They all had just got home from the funeral when Lottie drove up, and then poor Lot had to be told that they had just returned from the Harding grave yard, where they had taken father to be buried by the others of the family that had from time to time passed away. It was an awful shock for her to bear--she always thought so much of her father, and surely it was all the poor child could bear. It nearly broke her down. I know she must have felt awful lonesome and sad after returning home now that her father would never return to her again.

I did not often get a letter from her, and it was through my sister Emmas letters, I heard she had consumption. I was astonished. I could not realize such a thing could be, and in March in the year of 1886 I heard that she too had gone to that better land. I never heard any particulars concerning her death and illness, only it was her request for my sister Emma to look after her little boy, a request she was not able to meet, as she had to go, and was obliged to go out and nurse for living. And she thought that Lotties husbands people could care for the little one better than she could.

Poor little Lot, to think that she too must have that dreadful disease consumption. She was a beautiful child, and her light golden hair hung in ringlets all over her head. To have seen her when she was little, one would not have thought she ever would have consumption, the third one of my fathers family that was carried away with it. Her cheeks were always red as roses, her complexion was fair, her eyes were blue and expressive and she could sing almost any thing as soon as she could talk. I never saw her again after I left my fathers house to go South, but such is the way this comes to all. Death is no respecter of persons. The young and the old, the rich and the poor, all must go this silent way, nothing can stay its hand. She was buried somewhere near Beverly, Adams Co., Ill. In Religion she believed in the Resurrection of the dead in the last day when the dead in Christ will rise to meet the Lord in the air and be forever with the Lord. May we all meet in heaven, an unbroken family.

Some time after my father went to live with Lottie my brother John bought property in the city of Quincy near the soldiers home, where he would stay sometimes in winter, but

would live in his own house in summer, his daughter Mary keeping house for him. He was a soldier in the Union Army for three years, bearing the hardships of Army life, like most all soldiers, returned home broken in health. He lived in Quincy till the day of his death, which occurred in the winter of 1903, leaving a family of five children, all grown to realize that father and mother were indeed both gone to the Spirit world, from whence there is no return, and to know that their home once so cheerful and happy, made so by the presence of father and mother, were now indeed broken up and gone forever. My brother John was married to Martha Ames, some time in the early 50ties, who preceded him to the grave some years before. This bereavement fell with almost crushing weight upon my brother John and his family. I know but little about her last illness, except she suffered a great deal in her affliction, and bore it all with Christian patience. She expressed herself as willing to go and knew she was ready to meet her Lord, so closed her beautiful Christian life on earth, and entered into the world of eternal rest.

For many years my brother John was afflicted with Rheumatism and had to walk with a crutch or canes, so he could not meet with the Church as often as he wished, as he gladly would have done. He suffered greatly, but bore it all with Christian fortitude, and was resigned and willing to await the Lords appointed time. His bible was worn by constant use. He was a patient sufferer and was never known to murmur one word of complaint. He bore his sorrow and worldly troubles alone, never wanting to burden others when he could prevent it. He fully realized his stay on earth was short, and had no fear of death.

My brother William visited him at the Soldiers home where he had stayed the winter, a week before he passed away, and found him cheerful and contented. He was taken away suddenly with congestion of the lungs, sick only about twenty four hours. He did not complain of an ache or pain--just went to sleep and passed away without a struggle. What a blessing he did not have to suffer. So passed away his ransomed spirit where tears are not shed, and death is swallowed up in victory, to meet his Christian wife and little child, who had gone to that better land where there is no more death and suffering and where partings are not know.

We feel they are at rest. My brother Johns funeral services were conducted in the United Brethren Church where he loved to meet with the saints to worship God. The sermon was preached by the U. B. minister, and the text was from Rev fourteenth chapter and thirteenth verse. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit; that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

They sang Nearer My God to thee. It was a beautiful funeral. They drove two white horses to the Herst, and four cabs to take the near friends, all drawn by black horses. But two of the children could be present at their fathers funeral. His remains were taken from the United Brethren Church and laid to rest in Greenland Cemetery east of Quincy, out side the city limits on Main St., there to await the Resurrection morning.

Four years after my brother Johns death and funeral my brother William departed this life to be with Christ and in about one year and ten months, my sister Emma passed away to the better land, leaving behind but one sister (the humble writer), the last one of a family of nine children, to battle alone in this world till called to join those gone to the many mansions Christ has prepared for all that love the Lord.

My brother William and sister Emma were twins born the second day of June in Schuyler Co., Illinois, in the year 1835. My sister Emma at the age of 20 was married to Wm

Rucker the 14th day of February in the year 1856. Ten years of her married life was spent in the State of Wisconsin, where her husband taught school and canvassed Bibles. The remaining years of her married life was spent in or near Jacksonville, in Morgan Co., Ill., where she buried her husband among his kindred in a cemetery in Jacksonville nineteen years before.

And in the winter of 1903 she went to California; was pleased and happy with the beautiful surroundings.

Early in life she gave her heart to God, and lived the life of a Christian. About six weeks before her death she told her adopted daughter, Mrs. Sarah Angel, that God had said to her he would soon take her home. She immediately set her house in order. She had a vision: her room was full of angels and the most beautiful music and it all stayed with her till next day. And a voice spoke to her to fix up your business, I am soon going to take you home.

The next day she said to her friends, you can treat this as a joke if you want to, but I have had a warning that I am not going to be here much longer, and I want to fix up my affairs. So the next week they took her down town in a car, and spent one afternoon out. Then she said she did not want to go any more, and this was the last till they took her in the Hearse to lay her away in the grave but a few blocks from her door, where the trees are always green the year round.

One morning while she was yet able to be up and dress herself, she said she had been with all the folks, even little Blackhead, who was buried away down on Crooked Creek. She claimed all the departed family had appeared to her, also her husband in the first of her decline.

She was taken down in perfect health. In the beginning of the third week of her decline she had a slight stroke of paralysis, and some time previous had the first.

They first noticed her right hand fall from her lap and her fingers stay clasped, and her right foot drag clumsy like, and then she had a nerveous spasm. Next day at the same hour she had another. After that her nerves jerked and twitched for twenty four hours. At last she failed rapidly, and so far as mortals can she submitted willingly and cheerfully to Gods will; was anxious to go first so that the family might lay her away.

All through my sisters illness, every day and night, they had their seasons of prayer and praising God, singing the hymns she loved so well.

They never heard her sing better than she sang as in those last days of her decline.

She was very able in prayer, and her life ended in singing and praising God. After her mind was oblivious to all else, she was alive to spiritual matters, singing and praising God as long as she could articulate, and at one time when she seemed to be passing away--her eyes set and staring--she started to sing Praise God from whom all blessings flow, the family all singing with her. Then alone she sang The blood is all my plea, repeating by herself, and just before her tongue was paralysed she repeated: And let this feeble body fail, and let it faint or die, My soul shall quit this mortal vail And soar to worlds on high, Shall join the disembodied Saints, and find its long sought rest, That only bliss for which it pants In the Redeemers brest, In hopes of that immortal crown I now the cross sustain, And gladly wander up and down and smile at toil and pain.

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends away, But let me find them all again in that eternal day. After her speech was nearly gone, she whispered: Come, Father, and take me home. Every thing was done that loving hands could do. She had no pain that

she was conscious of, and so said the Dr. and often praised God for letting her down so easily. One night after she had been very restless, she was asked if she hurt any where; she answered not a pain, only tired. The last deep sleep lasted twenty four hours and half. She gasped a few times and was gone. She bid adieu to all this world the thirteenth day of December 1909 at 9-30 p. m.

The family all miss her--they all felt like she had gone out to nurse, then it would occur to them, she was no more. She left one sister to battle along till God calls her to join the blood washed throng, there to be forever with the Lord. A number of nephews and nieces mourn for her. And her adopted daughter and niece with whom she had made her home the greater part of her widowhood and with her children who always called her grand mother; there she will be missed more than can be expressed.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth, Yea saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them. Read at my sister Emmas funeral.

Rev. Fred Ross officiating, December 13th 1909

Singing by the family and friends.

Scripture Psalms 23 and Psalms 24 first 5 verses

Ephesians 5th 16-20 inclusive Text Psalms

24th first five verses

Songs: Jesus lover of my soul, and nearer my God to thee, and Sweet By and By.

A most beautiful funeral serves was held, and then she was taken and laid to rest in the beautiful Evergreen Cemetery in the City of Los Angeles, California, where the trees are always green with perpetual care for the grave, there to await the great Resurrection morn.

Sister Emma had no child of her own but had adopted my sister Sarahs little daughter left in this world without father mother sister or brother at the early age of three years.

My brother William was married in the month of July in the year 1856 to Emma Stokes, daughter of Noah and Mary Stokes. In about forty years, their married life was broken by the icy hand of death, that called the wife and mother to the spirit world. Before she passed away she called her children and friends to her bedside and bid them all goodby.

Emma was troubled with a lingering disease and while her death was rather sudden it was not unexpected. She patiently bore her sufferings and had no fear of death, and was ready to go when God called her to her eternal home. May the Lord prepare us to meet her in that bright world above where all is peace and love, where neither pain sickness sorrow nor death ever comes. Her funeral sermon was preached in the M. E. Church where she held her membership at Stillwell after which her remains were laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery in Chili there to await the Resurrection morn.

My brother William lived on his farm for some few years after the death of his wife. His health not being very good, and his youngest daughter married, he finally broke up housekeeping and lived among his children.

And in the year 1907, the 13th day of February, he was found dead in his chair. He was a kind and devoted husband and father, a good citizen and a steadfast Christian. He rests from his labors, the armor laid by, and a sure reward, the crown of everlasting life, is his. May the Lord comfort the bereaved and may there be a reunited family in the home of

the Soul. My brother had heart trouble. He was fully conscious of his passing away and his firm faith in Christ never wavered.

Soon after the noonday meal, as was his custom, he took his daughters Bessies little child to the sitting room to rock him to sleep. Soon the little one come to the door and rattled the door knob as if he wanted to come in. They opened the door and saw my brother sitting in his chair as if he had gone to sleep. They went to him and found him dead. In so few minutes he passed away. Although they were expecting his Summons to come at any time suddenly, it was a great shock to his children; but still they looked upon it as a great blessing as he did not have to suffer long. They all knew he was prepared to go as he often expressed a wish to depart and be with Christ. He was seventytwo years of age.

His funeral was preached in the M. E. Church in the town of Stillwell Ill. to a large assembly of neighbors and relatives who had met to pay the last sad tribute of respect to one they had known and loved so long, after which his body was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery at Chili by the side of the wife of his youth, the Mother of his children, there to await the glorious Resurrection morn. I would say to the children and grandchildren, not to mourn for the dear departed, you have a hope they are with Christ, the dear Redeemer, to dwell forever in the mansions of the blessed.

In this neighborhood my brother and his wife lived from their early recolections and were widely known. Their children were all present at the funeral of both parents, their father and mother. The children all lived on their farm home till they were grown.

No one knows how or when we shall pass out of this world. Our times and seasons are with the Lord. So let us be ready when the Lord shall say: it is enough, come up higher. Through the blessings of God I am still spaired for some to me unknown purpose. I pray God to help me in all that I may have to do; and at the close of life I may have the assurance I have fought a good fight, that I have finished my course.

I am the last surviving one of a family of nine children. All except one lived to the age of maturity; one after the other passed away, so does all the human family.

Ah! well do I remember those  
Whose names these records bear;  
Who round the hearth stone used to close,  
Before the evening prayer,  
And tell of what those pages said,  
In terms my heart would thrill!  
Though they are with the silent dead,  
Hear they are living still.

My father read the Sacred book  
To brothers, sisters dear:  
How calm was my poor mothers look  
Who leaned Gods words to hear!  
Her angel face--I see it yet  
What thronging memories come;  
Again the little group is met  
Within the walls of home.

In the year 1849 we buried my brother James in the old Harding grave yard; then there were only about a dozen graves there. The place was then out in the open woods-- and in a year my sister Sarah buried her little boy baby there, and then Mother was the next to go, and one after the other: Sarah--Joseph--my stepmother--brother Johns wife Martha-- and my father are all at rest there in that old grave yard. The place had been fenced with split wood posts and barb wire. In time the posts became rottin, the cattle in the pasture broke over and got in and knocked down some of the tomb stones, and some were broken in three pieces. Then my brother William went round with a Subscription paper, and got help and put up a new fence, new wood posts and barb wire, out side from the ground up, and woven wire on the inside.

The place is no large than a small garden you see back of many homes, but it is there on a lone hill, now in the midst of a blue grass pasture where nature had once made everything beautiful. The farm was once owned by a man by the name of Abel Harding and he himself with many of his kindred are buried there. But the farm has long since passed into the hands of other men. And no one is now permitted to bury their dead there. There is a long row of my own dear friends buried there reaching nearly across the grounds. My brother James at one end and my father at the other off back by the fence.

In digging the grave for my father, they started to dig by the side of Marthas grave, and they found an old wooden coffin. Some unknown person had been buried there. They filled the place up, and dug another grave and also found another old coffin, and had to fill that one up and had to dig fathers grave by itself and that is the reason why fathers grave is from the others. No one can tell who those two graves who were buried therein. And no doubt in time it will be so with my own kindred--no one will know their graves. The Lord doth mark their sleeping dust. They have took their journey to the better land. Their lifes work is done. Their flesh lies slumbering in the ground. Thus saith the Lord dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return. And in time again those wooden posts will rot and break and fall over, and generations we know not of will come and go--who then will know the fathers mothers brothers and sisters that sleep there.

I will remember the time in the spring of 1909 when Sally Angel and myself were visiting my niece, Mrs. Alice Howard at Stillwell, Hancock Co., Ill.--we drove out there to look once more upon the grassy mounds beneath where sleeps the Sacred dust of our dear departed friends, who were laid to rest there so many years before. You may be sure our hearts were soften as we looked on the graves of our beloved sleeping dead. I pointed out the graves of each one and shown Sally the grave of her mother. Little as she was at the time her mother was buried, she could remember all about it, also the song that was sung before they lowered her mother in the grave. Death still goes one, every one must yield to it. So it will be with me.

And so it will be with you. Such thoughts will come to us in the remembrance of a dear departed father or mother, or any one with a flood of grief that only Gods grace can give us strength to bear, with the assurance of meeting in a better world can give relief.

How entirely hidden is the future from us, not so much as a moment is known. With what importance we should engage each moment of time. This may be my last that I may ever have to write of my dear departed friends, that were once here with us. Their spirits have long since taken their flight to God who gave it. Let us who believe in him honor him while we have breath.



While I may not deserve even one of the least of all the deeds of loving kindness and tender mercys that have marked my life with his blessings, and hope they may continue to the end of my pilgrimage. And not to me only, but to all that may strive to do their duty towards God and man. I am persuaded my Savior is watching over me with his loving kindness as I journey through life. And may it be said of me, well done thou good and faithful Servant. He that endureth to the end shall be saved, and he that overcometh shall inherit all things.

We lived in Boon Co., Indiana for a number of years, where my husband worked as a carpenter and joiner whenever he could get work. And in 1868 I started my three oldest children to school for the first time. The school was taught by Miss Hattie Burres in the Jackson school house in Boon Co., Indiana. At the time they could spell and read quite well. And in the year 1872 we moved to Montgomery Co., Walnut Township, Ind., where we did some farming for a few years, and also worked at the carpenter trade. We also lived in this county, near New Ross for a number of years, where the three oldest children married; Florence to Nathan McLaughlin, George to Laura Harris, and Victoria to Webster Bowers. And in 1885 we left the state of Indiana, and moved to Illinois, Vermillion Co., three miles southeast of the city of Danville, where we bought a home and lived there for 20 years, where my husband worked at his trade and farmed some as long as he was able to do so--age and its infirmities were beginning to tell the story.

In the year 1897 he put up a large frame house in Morgan Co., Ill., for his daughter Victoria. This was his last job of work. He had heart trouble and could not stand much exertion. About a year before his death a complication of diseases seemed to take hold, but he was up all the time, not willing to take his bed scarcely day or night, and slept much in his chair. He was able to help himself to the last. He was fully aware his stay on earth was short and on Sunday night July 23 before he passed away, he spent in supplication and prayer to God. And made full preparations for his funeral, choosing the text for his funeral sermon from the 23rd Psalm and 4th verse. ~~His religious views were strictly Holiness, a Democrat politically and was a soldier in the Union Army.~~

On Monday the 24th July 1905, he was up till noon, and in the afternoon of the same day he began to sink away and grew rapidly worse, and Tuesday night 25th 1905 at ten o'clock he passed away without a struggle, just seemed to quit breathing; his wife and three of the family were at his bedside at the time of his death, leaving eight children all grown and seven grand children and his faithful wife to mourn their loss, but we mourn not as those who have no hope; and said he was fully prepared and reconciled to go at the appointed time.

And on the 27 July 1905 his remains were conveyed from his house to the Union Chapple, our home church close by where a short discourse was delivered by Rev. Silas Briles of the U. B. Church, where friends and neighbors had gathered to pay a last tribute of respect to the husband and father that had preceded his bereaved wife and family to the home of eternal rest. Aged 75 years. Burial in the Atherton Cemetery--two miles east of the city of Danville, Ill.

I will write a list of all the names and deaths of my father and mother and their family.

My father, Rev. George K. Jackson, was born in Guilford Co North Carolina May the 15th 1806. My father was taken ill while away from his home preaching on the Elvaston Mission, Hancock Co Ill., and died while away on this mission, August 16th 1879; was brought home and buried in the Harding Cemetery in Hancock Ill. aged 73 years.

My mother whose maiden name was Susannah Tompkins or Tomkinson, was married to my father in the year 1825. She was born in Kentucky 15th Oct 1809, and died of typhoid Oct 15th 1851, sick eleven days, aged nearly 43 years, buried in Harding Cemetery.

Oldest child, John Jackson, born near Green Castle in Putnam Co. Indiana, April 27th 1827, and died at the Soldiers home at Quincy, Adams Co., Ill., in the winter of 1903 of conjection of the lungs; was buried in Greenland Cemetery east of Quincy, and his wife whose maiden name was Martha Ames, died and was buried in the Harding cemetery about the year 1872, age unknown.

Sarah Ann Jackson was born near Green Castle, Putnam Co., Indiana, May the 19th 1829, and died of consumption, September 20th 1855, aged 26 years.

Married to Charles Weston who died in New Orleans in the year 1853 of Yellow fever. One babe died in 1850, buried in Harding Cemetery.

James Jackson born near Green Castle Putnam Co., Ind., born August 28th 1831, and died of conjective chills February 25th 1849, aged 18 years, buried in Harding Cemetery.

Joseph Jackson born in Hancock Co., Ill., January 13th 1833, and died April 27th, 1860, of consumption, aged 27 years, buried in Harding Cemetery.

William and Emma, twins, were born June 2nd 1835. William died of heart trouble, found dead in his chair February 13th 1907, buried in Chili Cemetery, Hancock Co., aged 72 years, married to Emma Stokes in the year 1856 who preceded him to the grave and was buried in the Chili Cemetery.

Emma, twin sister to William Jackson, was married to William Rucker in 1856 who preceded her to the grave some years before, buried at Jacksonville, Ill.; Emma died of paralysis Dec 13th 1909, buried in Evergreen Cemetery, Los Angeles, California.

One sister died at the age of six weeks, born in July and died in August of the same year 1837. She was unnamed and always was know by the name of Blackhead on account of her black hair.

Philotte Jackson, born June 19th 1848 in Hancock Co., Ill., died of consumption in the year 1886, aged 38 years, married to Ezra Mayfield, buried at Beverly, Ill.

Caroline Jackson was born in Hancock Co., Ill., December 27 1838--the only one left to tell the story: at this writing, 1912, age 74 years. Married to Charles Rowe August 31st 1857, by Rev. William Finley in Hancock Co., Ill. Charles Rowe, son of William and Elizabeth (Bond) Rowe was born in Devonshire, England, in the year 1830, came to America in the year 1853, and died of a complication of diseases July 25th 1905, and was buried in the Atherton Cemetery two miles east of Danville, Vermilion Co., Illinois, aged 75 years, sick and complaining for about 18 months, was a carpenter and joiner by trade.

We are all passing away to the day of rest and light and glory. God knows how to lead us on the the land of rest and promise. May the God of mercy fit and prepare us to meet our dear friends again where all is peace and love and joy and where no farewell words are spoken. We long for this, and it is this that makes the hope of heaven sweet. The Lord our dear Redeemer will be there. It will be a happy sinless deathless world. Oh what a blessed hope is ours. I look forward to that time when I shall depart hence and fall asleep in Jesus, with exceeding joy. And now dear friends I shall have to bid you all perhaps a long farewell; and if we never meet on earth may we meet in that sweet home beyond this vale of tears.

Written by Caroline Rowe, the last one of the family living, aged 74 years.

Poem--

1. Where where will be the birds that sing, 100 years to come  
The flowers that now in beauty spring, a 100 years to come  
The rosy cheek, the lofty brow, the heart that beats so gaily now  
Where, where will be our hopes and fears, joys, pleasant  
Smiles and sorrows, tears; A hundred years to come.
2. Who'll press for gold this crowded street  
A hundred years to come  
Who'll tread yon aisles with willing feet  
A hundred years to come  
Pale, trimbling age and fiery youth  
And childhood with its brow of truth  
The rich the poor, on land and sea  
Where will the mighty millions be  
A hundred years to come.
3. We all within our graves will sleep  
A hundred years to come  
No living soul for us will weep  
A hundred years to come  
But other men our homes will fill  
And others then our land will till  
And other birds will sing as gay  
and bright the sun shine as today  
A hundred years to come.

Written by Caroline Jackson Rowe, A. D. 1912 -