

To Lucy's mother

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JUST A FEW REMINISCENCES
OF
AUGUSTUS KNAPP VAN HORNE
AND
ELIZABETH SLOAN BACON

When I was a mere toddler of two short years, with blue eyes that showed me the way, and thick clusters of yellow curls that made me cry when my mother combed them, my father brought his family on a long journey. My father, Colonel Elijah Van Horne, had lived many useful years as a citizen of Schoharie County, New York. He was both a farmer and carpenter, as was customary in those days, an auctioneer and sheriff of his county.

We had a very comfortable home in Schoharie County. A full two-story frame house that looked so like the one our friends, the Jacksons lived in, that only the billowy Catskill setting for the one and the shadows of our Methodist corner for the other made the difference. We left that home to follow an uncle, Ambrose Wyckoff, who had gone way out west the year before. There were five of us children. Brother James, the eldest, being old enough to have a sweet-heart whom he left behind him then, but brought to our home a few years later., Edwin, Antoinette and Charles were the three children between grown-up James and baby me.

Our neighbors helped move us by wagon from the home near Blenheim, a drive of about thirty-five miles, to Rotterdam, where we transferred to a boat on the Erie Canal. After tugging up those hills and braking down them, the ride on the canal seemed a very great treat to my mother, who said, "How smooth it is!" and "How fast we go!" though the speed was only that of a poor horse on the toe path that pulled the boat along. At Buffalo mother was even more overwhelmed for we took a lake steamer across to Cleveland. Another canal ride brought us to Wheeling on the Ohio River. Then came the long trip by steam-boat down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to St. Louis. We reached there in time to take the Alton Packet to Alton. From there we rode in a two wheeled ox-cart to the home of Mr. Scarrett near Godfrey, where we slept our first night after the many long days' and nights' journey. This was the 28th of October, 1833. The Scarretts noticed Antoinette's shoes and told her to

take good care of them, for she would not have another pair so good looking. (The shoes of those days were made by a visiting cobbler, who came to the house and equipped all the family with footwear.) The next day we came to Delhi, visited our uncle Ambrose and his family; and rented a room near where we all lived until Father could cut down the trees, hew the logs and build us a house. This was completed before winter. It was a story and a half and served us well for two years. It was east of Wyckoff's Grove.

Father bought 320 acres west of the Grove from the government for \$1.25 an acre and moved the house, log by log, to the mound where the homestead still stands. Capt. Helm had moved out from Blenheim by this time, and he built mother an oven by the side of the great fireplace. It was heated by placing fuel in it and had a flue into the kitchen chimney. No one else in all the prairie had an oven, so mother was considered the most fortunate of women. Our house faced the south. A large room with huge open fireplace on the west, a parlor bed-room and recessed curtained bed (Dutch fashion) on the east and three low-roofed rooms above, comprised the main log building. A long "lean-to" across the north was divided into buttry and kitchen-dining-room. Another large fire-place, with this oven built by the side of it and opening into the kitchen, was at to the west end of the "lean-to."

The parlor was carpeted with a red and cream striped wool carpet which mother had brought from New York, having spun the yarn for it years before coming west. On the north s'de of the parlor near the recess bed, stood grandfather's clock. We brought it from New York. My grandfather, Aaron Van Horne, the one with Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga, had a pacing horse and did not like his gait. A neighbor, who was a clock-maker, wanted the horse, so offered to buy the horse by making a clock. And that is the beautiful clock that stands in George Van Horne's hall to-day.

Father built a sawmill on the Piasa on his 80 acres of timber land, expecting to use the Piasa for power, but the first big rain washed out the dam. Borrowing money at 12% interest to repair the dam, which was frequently destroyed by rain, was the cause of "hard times" with us. I hauled rails from this eighty to our home to build fences, driving two yoke of oxen and making two trips a day. Sometimes I'd try to pass a horse team, so I'd call "Gee" to the oxen and crack my whip overhead and they'd run, tails in air and pass, for oxen can run very fast for a spurt. Once when Father was working there, the dogs broke all their dishes, so he made wooden ones.

The 320 acres of prairie were broken with four yoke of oxen

to a plow. Brother Edwin, then only thirteen, drove the oxen, and brother James held the plow. Darby and Broad were the names of one yoke. I have forgotten the other names.

One day when Charles and I were on our way to school at Delhi we met two men trying to drive oxen up hill by whipping them. The animals would not pull together, so Charles said, "Let me try." He petted the brutes and talked to them, then cracked the whip in the air, for father would not let us strike an ox, and the oxen pulled together and the load went up the hill.

The prairie was covered with tall grass — six feet or more high. The Indians had worn a trail eight inches deep and a foot wide, from Cahokia past our land, through Wyckoff's Grove, over Stanley Mound and on north, way up into Wisconsin. One day my cousin, John Wyckoff and I started south on the trail. He was three and I four. It was a wonderful exploration of a great canyon for us. When we came by Capt. Helm's his good wife persuaded us to come in and she put us to bed, and there we were found by our frantic parents, (without the aid of a telephone, I might add.)—Aunt Elizabeth, John's mother, fell ill after this, and Father raced his horse to bring Dr. Dorsey, living on Dorsey's Branch. The doctor could not come, but gave Father his lancet, told him to bandage her upper arm and bleed her in the bend of the arm. Father dreaded it, but was hurrying back to do his very best at surgery when Dr. Dorsey called to him that a new doctor lived two miles west of Hickory Grove P. O. and to go get him. Hickory Grove P. O. was the name given to the post office on the state road from Alton to Jacksonville which later, in 1839, was named Jerseyville as the county was named Jersey to please some of the settlers. Later Aunt Elizabeth died.

No man could live alone with two wee bairns in those days, so Uncle Ambrose went to the English settlement of Chesterfield and brought home his bride, Sarah Gelder, to our house. Tom Gelder came too, to play for the affair. Father and Antoinette were dancing a French four, when a noise of tin pans and shooting frightened me so that I'll never forget it. I looked at Father. He only laughed and opened the door to a crowd gathered by the sheriff to give the groom a charivari. They were invited into the kitchen. Tom mounted the table and played Money Musk, Campbells are Coming, Fishers' Hornpipe and Irish Washerwoman and the men giggered on the kitchen floor — all but one who had the toothache. He sat by the great fireplace and nursed his jaw and looked anything but merry. I can see him yet.

Before we had any school house, Sister Nancy, James' wife, was a teacher in a little log cabin. I recall one day when Elmira Randolph called out, "Teacher! Levi Cory's got his toe in his mouth!" Nancy said, "Levi, did you have your toe in your mouth?" Levi: "Yes, Ma'am." Nancy: "Come sit on the floor. Put your toe in your mouth. Elmira, you come sit here by him and see that he does it." Then Parkus Cory came and sat on the other side of Elmira. Nancy: "What are you there for?" Parkus: "I had my toe in my mouth too." Poor Elmira! That was the last of tattling in that school.

When James taught at the Black Jack, the desks were a shelf fastened to the wall and the children sat on benches made of slabs that stood on pole pins. When I went there later to the Rev. Roberts, school desks were supplied, and I chose a seat near the stove, though it was warm weather, because I knew cold weather was coming. School adjourned one week for protracted meetings. I shall never forget how Preacher Elijah Dodson always exhorted—always with the same words: "Sinners! Why will ye die? Why this rankling of the hart? If there's a will, there's a way, a method, a manner and a means by which a sinner, lost, ruined and undone, can appease, propitiate and satisfy the wrath, vengeance, anger and indignation of a crucified, thrice holy and everlasting God." Another time we had a man named John Brown, a pompous fellow, who used to say, "Brethering and friends, the time have now arrove, and prehaps gone by, when we should commence the ordinance of the day." In warm weather, the women sat in church and the men on the fence around the meeting house — but they could hear. One such time, I heard Father Trabue in his serman about boys going fishing on Sunday say, "Conescience! No mo' conescience than my Ned's mule."

By the way, "My Ned's Mule,, was the first of its kind on the prairie. But to return to the adjourned school. The Randolphs, Stelles, Martins and Olmsteads joined the church at this Black Jack revival, and became the nucleus of our present Baptist church.

Some weeks later Charles was sick and I was too little, only eight, to go alone, so we missed a day. The next day our seat was taken. I claimed it, but the teacher insisted on giving it to two of his favorites. Father had taught us to be Andrew Jackson democrats. "Ask nothing but what is clearly right, and submit to no wrong." I therefore claimed my seat and would not give it up. Mr. Roberts said, "Don't you think I can whip you?" "Yes, sir," I said. "You are bigger than I, but while you are whipping me a good deal, I can whip you some." Charles said, "I will tell Father and he will

whip you." I said, "Tell him the whole story — that Mr. Roberts told us to choose our seats and keep them, and if he wants to whip me he can." I sat in that seat unmolested, for the teacher knew he was wrong. Before I got in the house that night Charles told Father I was a bad boy. I said, "Charles, tell the whole story," and Father said, "You shall get your books and go to the Delhi school." As Mr. Roberts had been paid by subscription, this diminished his income. Later I went to the Black Jack school to Bryan Cross. He had been connected with the stage line. The Crosses and Corys had driven from New Jersey with horse teams and were our neighbors. Bryan's s'ister, Mrs. Joel Cory and her family, of whom Levi was my classmate, lived on the State road, and kept the stage house. They lived a half day's ride between Carrollton and Alton. Hugh Nesbit Cross, the youngest brother of Bryan Cross and Mrs. Cory, was the promising bachelor of our neighborhood.

We were to have a wedding. Antoinette was to marry Hugh N. Cross. I was sent to Col. Black's to buy some eggs to make the cakes. When it came to paying for them, Mrs. Black was insulted. Such was the generosity of the times. But the cakes were very good. That was one busy time for the oven. Besides the many stitches, after the spinning and weaving of the material, that were necessary for Antainette's trousseau, she decided that the cross logs extending beyond the corners of the house, were an eye-sore. Father found her, saw in hand, trying to square the outside corners of the house. He weather-boarded the walls and plastered the inside. Before this the chinks had been filled with sticks and mortar.

I was fourteen past. There was to be a ball at Delhi. Edwin was manager. Charles and I wanted to go. Edwin didn't want us to be there as wall-flowers so Father gave us each \$2.00 — scarce as money was — and we went — and danced with the older girls who knew how — until I could dance as well as any of them.

When I awakened the next morning, I found a stranger had come the night before and was sleeping in the parlor bed-room. (Father and mother used the curtained recess off the parlor for their bed-room.) The stranger was J. Murray Bacon who had come out from Ohio to buy land. By this time the prairies were marked by other roads, besides the old State road. Father took him to see Uncle Ambrose, who told him the John Dabbs farm was for sale. So Mr. Bacon went to see it and made the purchase that day. It may have been a year later that he brought his wife with him and she visited with mother while Father and Mr. Bacon went down to James' woodlot to find stones for a foundation for his barn.

The next winter Bob Knapp and I went hunting deer. We got so cold walking through the snow that I told Bob, "Let's go to that house and get warm." I had heard of the three Bacon girls, but had not seen them. I had made up my mind when I heard Mrs. Bacon talk with mother, that if her daughters were as pleasing as she was I wanted to win one of them for my wife. But I was warming fingers and toes this day and shooting at deer — not using Cupid's arrows. Speaking of shooting reminds me of the prairie chickens. They flew across the sky in such flocks that they cast a shadow over the ground. One day I took Father's flint lock gun from over the door between the parlor and kitchen and stepped out for some game. I waited until the prairie chickens had lighted on the rail fence, then walked up quietly until I could see the head of one. I fired at it and killed five with that one shot. A pretty good shot for an old single barrel shot gun and a thirteen year old boy.

When Grandfather and Grandmother Wyckoff moved out from New York they stayed the first night with us. In the morning Grandfather said he wouldn't live in a country where they had so many wolves. "Have you seen any wolves?" asked Father. "No,, but don't you hear them barking all the time?" It was the prairie chickens crowing, that he thought was wolves howling. There were wolves for many years, but he had not heard them then.

We sold our first crop of wheat in Carrollton. We hauled it the twenty miles with oxen, and got \$1.25 a bushel for it. This was in 1835. Perhaps it was ten years later that Mr. Schaaf built the Dutch wind-mill on the Jersey Landing road, near the A. J. & P. station, where we brought corn to be ground into meal, while we waited or did errands in the neighborhood. We drove to Alton for coffee and sugar, (it was dark brown), molasses, etc., and usually sold our wheat there.

I remember a ride with Father and Mother on a load of wheat, that we took to the mill on Apple Creek to be ground into flour. We visited Uncle John and Aunt Nellie Wyckoff, who lived on Apple Creek Prairie. Their daughter Lib often visited Antoinette. I remember hearing those two girls scream in fright. It was Lib's brother teasing them. He had struck the first match they had ever seen or heard of. James, who smoked so much, always carried a piece of flint, some rotted wood or rag in his pocket, and a knife, of course. He would lay the punk or rag on the flint, then strike the flint with his steel knife blade again and again — sometimes a dozen times before the spark would ignite the inflammable tinder which he put in his pipe to light it. If the house fire went out, it was often quicker to go to a neighbor several miles away and borrow fire, than

to start it with flint and steel. "Did you come for fire?" is a saying that grew out of those hurried calls. Rolling paper into lamp-lighters was an evening pastime until recent years.

One day in '49, a great mass meeting was held in Hillsboro. I went because it was a place to go. Five thousand people were there. The purpose of the gathering was to protest, because a railroad had been chartered by the legislature and signed by Gov. French. The survey reached from Vincennes, Ind., to St. Louis Mo., benefitting an Indiana town and a Missouri town and not doing Illinois any good! It must not be allowed! Such was the sentiment.

When the C. and A. went through our place, Father gave them the right of way and \$300. In return the trains stopped at his very door for him or any of his family. At first people were timid about riding on the train. It was a woman of this kind who held on to her seat and her parcels that brought this rhyme into the mind of some wit of that day.

"A market woman careful of her precious casket,
Knows that eggs are eggs and tightly holds her basket.
An ancient maiden lady anxiously remarks,
'I think there must be danger among so many sparks!'
A roguish looking fellow, winking at a stranger,
Gave as his opinion that she was out of danger."

One Saturday in May, 1851, Mr. Pennifil, our neighbor, ate dinner at a restaurant in Alton. A curtain concealed the corpse of a man who had died of the cholera. On Monday Mr. Pennifil was very ill and we were sent for. I went through a heavy storm and met Dr. Charlie Knapp as he arrived at Mr. Pennifil's. I asked him what was the matter and he said it was Asiatic Cholera; that was the third man that died that day, naming two others who ate with him in Alton. He must be buried as soon as possible. I rode horseback to Jerseyville and asked Mr. Howell to make the coffin, as Mr. Pennifil must be buried before daylight. I took material for the shroud back to Pennifil's, where Robert, John, Elexa and Alice Stanley were staying with Mrs. Pennifil as good Samaritans. As Mr. Howell could not make the coffin quickly, I was sent back with a wagon and called him out of bed and said he must not sleep until it was finished. He promised it by 5 a. m. I stayed at Dr. Knapp's, borrowing some dry clothes, then put on my wet ones at five and took the coffin to the Pennifils. Caroline Pennifil, Robert, John, Elexa and Alice Stanley died within a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley and infant — seven altogether — followed quickly.

All that summer Charles seemed inclined to take it,

so I alone raked the fifty acres of wheat off of the McCormick reaper. It was too much. I had to rest from work and that winter went to Bunker Hill to Mr. Wm. Tyron's select school. Levi Cory, John and Horatio Wyckoff and Columbus Cummings went too. I took my own feather bed and shared it with John Wyckoff and Levi Cory. Edwin had attended the free school at Otterville — the best at that time in the state, and the gift of Dr. Silas Hamilton.

One winter's day, some two years before, Father planned to kill eighty hogs. Mr. Bacon had read of a scaldier in the Scientific American, had made one and brought it over to use. Mrs. Bacon came with him and mother told her to go in the parlor and she would find some books to look at. Mrs. Bacon said "I came over to help thee." Mother: "But this is very dirty work." Mrs. Bacon: "I came to help thee. If not, Murray shall hitch the mules and take me home." By this time Mrs. Bacon knew a mule when she saw it and heard it. I have heard her tell of her first Christmas here. Mr. Bacon and the little girls had gone to bed, and she was there alone making gingerbread dolls and various other things for the children's stockings. Her candle light must have shone far over the prairie. Suddenly she heard a loud terrible noise, oft repeated in agonizing gasps. She looked and there was a flat smooth white skin pressed against the window pane. She ran in terror to waken her husband. He only laughed and told her 'twas Ned Trabue's mule. — But Mother let her help so her mules were not hitched.

While the water was heating in a big iron kettle out of doors, Mr. Bacon asked Father "Where's Ed?" Father said, "He's gone 'way off where nobody knows him to get married. That's the way my boys do. James went to New York, Edwin's gone to Tazewell County, Charles will go to Europe and I 'spose Gus will go to the devil." "O no," says Mr. Bacon. "Gus, you can have one of my girls." "Thank you, sir. I'll remind you of that later," said I.

Cousin Maria Minard of Blue Island, near Chicago, had come home with Father when he went there to visit his sister, Persis Minard. After a year's visit at our house Edwin took her home in a buggy (he borrowed it of the sheriff) and stopped going and coming to visit the Cornwells in Tazewell Co., for they were Blenheim people. I was then eighteen, and had just returned from the long drive with Edwin to Tazewell County where he was married. I had wondered why we had a new carriage. This was its first use and this was the reason. It was for the wedding journey of Brother Edwin and my new sister Martha. I returned home by boat, down the

Illinois. The daughters that Mr. Bacon jokingly offered me were were Libby who was only twelve, Tillie who was ten and Nannie, about seven, all too young for a lad of eighteen. I had fallen in love with their mother.

One time when I stopped there to get out of a drenching rain, Libby said: "If thee will stay all night, I will make a palate for thee on the floor. The beds are full, for Uncle Ned's family are here from St. Louis and Uncle Joe's from New Orleans." Full, indeed! Always! First the grandfather came from the east, then a sister-in-law with two little boys — a woman who was insane and had to have a room built for her off the front porch — came from the south and lived there four years. Besides that Mrs. Bacon had a Sunday School at her home, to fill the country's need. Mrs. Bacon, who was a Friend, a sect who had no Sunday Schools, started a Sabbath school on our prairie.

The Bacon home faced the south. The front porch was enclosed on the west end to make a room for the Aunt Sarah. A large living-room had a long kitchen-dining-room on the east, and a bedroom on the west for Mr. and Mrs. Bacon. The girls' bedrooms were in the half-story. Later an addition was built on the north. It still stands — as the prairie chickens fly — about three miles northeast of my boyhood home.

Elihu Palmer taught at the Black Jack and lived at our house, sleeping with me, the year I was reading medicine. He preached at the Baptist church in Carrollton every Sunday, going back and forth on horse-back. He helped me with the Latin in my medical books. In the spring he wanted to pay his board, but Father said "That's all right. You owe us nothing." This spirit of hospita'lity is the thought in a favorite song of Father's, "To-morrow." I have tried all these years to find a copy of it.

"In the downhill of life when I find I'm declining,
May my fate no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow chair will afford my reclining
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea.
With an ambling plaid pony to pace o'er the lawn,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow.
Then I will put forth what this day may afford
: And let them spread the table tomorrow.

Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow,
And let them spread the table tomorrow.

Father used to make a good deal of music of that verse.

Uncle Tom Gelder was a singer too. His favorite song was:

"If I had a donkey what wouldn't go
Do you think I'd wallop him? O! no! no!
But gentler means I'd try you see
And avoid all cruelty,
I'd give him some hay and cry 'Gee ho!
'Come up! Neddle!'"

"What makes me mention this this morn,
Was cause that naughty boy, Bill Born,
While getting out his corn and beans
Did wallop his ass with all his means;
And I cried "Bill! Oh! If I had a donkey," etc.

But I was speaking of studying medicine. That first year, I loaded my saddle bags with books in one and a skeleton in the other, and read in my room. Our hired man, who shared the room, though not the bed, was so afraid of those bones that I couldn't refrain from putting two of the bed pins (for tightening the rope) under his sheet and pillow. I hid under the other bed. When he heard those wooden pins, he bounded out of bed and into my Mother's presence, saying "Gus has put that nager's bones in me bed and I won't slape in that room." And he didn't—crowding into a three-quarter bed with two others, where they all slept as long as they stayed — which was a long time.

After reading medicine at home for a year and reciting to Dr. Knapp once a week, in April, '53, I went to his house to study and found him very sick. He asked me to call on two cases of pneumonia three miles from town. I found four cases. I followed the doctor's example and put a big fly plaster on the new cases, and they were better the next day. I studied until October 1st when I entered the Missouri Medical College in St. Louis. The first Wednesday Dr. Johnson took the class to the City Hospital where thirty-five patients were in the intermittent ward. Dr. Johnson prescribed 20 grains of quinine to be given each patient two hours before the expected chill. He said "If you come back Saturday, you will find all these patients well and at work and the beds full of others. And 'twas true. Such large doses seemed incredible, but the next year when practicing in Greene County, I had three cases of congestive chills and did not hesitate to give each a 20-grain dose and they all got well. Eighteen months' reading and practicing around Pioneer P. O. where I had ten cases of cholera, six of obstetrics and three of congestive chills besides simpler troubles, were successful. After paying all expenses, I had \$300 in gold and \$900 on my books.

With this \$300 I entered Jefferson Medical in Philadelphia and graduated there the eighth day of March, '56. Father gave me about \$300 more to finish the year. I reached home with \$20.00 in my pocket, and reluctantly yielded one of those precious few to become a charter member of the Jersey County Medical Society. That was fifty-eight years ago, and I have been a member ever since and for many years was a member of the American Medical Association. After waiting almost five months for a call, I took my landlord's daughter to a circus and was called from the tent to go with Dr. Harriman to Fieldon. After that I was busy in my profession until nature called a halt in very recent years.

Father and Mother built the present brick house two miles north of Delhi on the log house site in '57. (The log house was given to a distant cousin who moved it near to the Piasa.) Father and Mother lived in the brick house until Father died at 82 years of age. He was in town ten days before he died. He was so agile that he skipped to catch step with me and said "I do not want to live to be so old that I forget I was once young." Then he walked in military fashion to Mr. Shafer, the portrait painter, and ordered portraits of himself and Mother. After his death Mother went to live with Antoinette, and brother James moved into the brick house.

Antoinette and Hugh had sold the farm south of Jerseyville for \$75.00 an acre and bought the Jarboe place on the State road, north of Dorsey's Branch, paying \$30.00 an acre. Mother made her home there with them. The times afforded good kerosene lamps, but Mother longed to make the candles as of old, so one day when left alone, she was happy dipping the wicks tied like fringe on sticks, into the tallow, leaving them to dry while dipping others, and dipping them again and again until dozens and dozens of candles were large and round. In three years mother followed Father. Her faith was firm and her life unselfish.

James' daughter Mary was nearly my age and was like a loved younger sister to me. She and her brother John frequently drove about the country to visit the friends in other settlements. They were going to Chesterfield to a dance, and had asked me to go with them, but I could not leave a patient, so they started off with a two horse team and four seated carriage. There were few bridges in those days and people forded the Macoupin at Loper's Ford. Recent rains for days and days had made the creek like a river. The horses were driven in but lost their footing and in trying to swim, caught their feet in the harness. Mary and John climbed to the top of the carriage, but they were washed off. John caught at a willow limb and saved himself, but Mary was carried away.

We found her after six days. When I went to tell Nancy that we had found her, Libby Bacon was there to comfort the agonized mother. Wherever there was trouble, Libby came to relieve it. *John*

Another loved friend was Mary Cassidy. I was a supper guest at her beautiful home one day when Mrs. Scott said, "Perhaps we'll hear of a wedding before long." "Who are to be married?" I asked, interested at once. "Calvin Pease is very attentive to Libby Bacon." The next day I invited Libby to ride with me to Edwin's, near Shipman. Coming home I asked her if I might come to see just her. She said the family would be glad to see me, but that wasn't satisfactory and I stayed away five weeks. When I saw her next I knew it was all right, and we became engaged on April 2nd, my 28th birthday. We were married October eleventh, 1859, by Rev. C. H. Foote. The wedding was a social event on the prairie. Libby wore white. I remember nothing more, but here are some of the handsome gifts that were sent by her relatives in Philadelphia. Libby went to school in Philadelphia, living with her grandparents, Friend John and Mary Bacon on Race Street. That was in 1854, when she was sixteen. Prior to that she had attended the young ladies' school of Miss Virginia Corbet, a graduate of the first class from Monticello Seminary. Libby held a teacher's certificate when only fourteen. The examination was given in the house now occupied by Mr. Wm. Schroeder. Among the questions was this — given orally, of course: "Write wheel-wright right." And she did.

Mrs. L. M. Cutting took up Miss Corbet's work later, and Libby's sister Annie attended. That was during the Civil War, and the girls made a flag to fly over that school. That flag is a precious heirloom in the Cutting family.

But to go back to the grandparents on Race Street. They loved her and sent a great box with tea-spoons, tablespoons, table linen, counterpane, whale oil mantel lamps and embossed stoneware dishes — all kinds of beautiful things. That isn't the only way I know they loved her, for here is her "Friendship Album" with their original sentiments.

"Meekness, when it is genuine, not only makes a man master of himself, but gives him also a great influence over others."

John Bacon, 2 mo., 1854." *See Back Page*

And here:

"Virtue, to become either vigorous or useful, must be habitually active."

Mary Ann Bacon, 3 month 18th, 1854."

RELIGION.

When religion, pure and undefiled, takes possession of the soul, its holy influence pervades the capacities of man. It illumin-

ates the rational faculties, enlarges the understanding — rectifies the judgment and combines wisdom with knowledge.

Religion is not an oppression but a privilege, not a burden but an ornament of grace: — as an instrument with unfeigned faith, religion performs miracles; it subdues passions, regulates the temper, humbles the haughty, restrains the violent — and reduces the stubborn will, to a state of passive resignation. True religion purifies the mind and perfects the human character, — it imparts the balm of consolation to the afflicted, — whispers the soothing accents of peace in tribulation, — irradiates the hour of death with a ray of hope, and teaches the departing spirit to rejoice in the goodness, the mercy and the love of God.

Third month, 11th day, 1854.

Uncle H. C. Wood.

Libby embodied the meekness and virtue admonished by her excellent grandparents, and was a lovely bride in white. The next night the infair was held at Father's. I remember Charles was trying to lead the opera reel, when Father, who was holding Nettie, James' little girl, said, "Here, take this child. Let me show you how." Oh yes, Libby danced too, even though a Friend.

We spent a few days at Mr. Goodrich's, and then bought the house on north State Street of Mr. Noble who had been building the C. and A. R. R. You know it was a pretty basement house, with long French windows in the parlor, our bedroom back of it, Hugh's and May's on the third floor, the little girl's, Lucy and Bessie, off of ours. You remember the cupboard for the playthings and the "soiled clothes hole" under the attic stairway. And those handmade walnut beds and the desk in the parlor. (There were traveling cabinet-makers then as well as the cobblers in earlier time. When Ellie grew old enough I built a room off the parlor for her — but I'm way ahead of my story.

I paid \$2400 for the house, with \$100 in money, a \$1300 note, a present of \$400 from father, and \$600 borrowed from Joseph G. Scott. Father Bacon paid Mr. Noble \$200 for the furniture that was in the house. It was good looking furniture. Mr. Scott's note was to be paid in gold. I collected \$200 above expenses the first year by deducting 15% on my accounts to get gold. Every year we saved until we had paid all our debts.

Our first baby came the 25th of the next July. We named her Ellen Sloan for a little cousin in St. Louis. She was a blue-eyed delight to her Grandfather Bacon — the very first Bacon grandchild. The Friendship Album shows an autograph of the new Grandmother Bacon, when little Ellen was only a few days old. I suppose the new bit of helpless humanity brought to her these lines:

"Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength
Man vainly trusts his own.
But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of Heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

Jerseyville 8 mo 5th 1860.

Mother."

Another blue-eyed baby came and was named Walter Clement. That was many years ago, but my heart yearns more and more for that babe of two and a half years.

A brown-eyed boy came next — a birthday celebration for Mother Bacon. And these two — Hugh and his grandmother—never failed to have a good dinner together on the thirteenth of February — and it always topped off with lemon pie.

May day, 1867, brought another baby, who was named for the day. Lucy Grace came next. Then Libby and I went back to Philadelphia so I could take a post-graduate course of lectures. We took Ellie with us, left Hugh with his Aunt Tillie, baby Lucy with her grandmother Bacon, and May with her Auntie Cross. There was a small-pox epidemic in Philadelphia and Libby became very ill. Uncle Charlie Bacon gave us the use of the third floor of his home. Dr. Morton saved her by stimulating her with quinine and beef tea. The next baby was named for her and we call her Bessie as Libby was too modest to have the baby called by her name.

The Centennial took us again to Philadelphia. I took Hugh, a child of twelve, in May of '76. He had made \$27.00 taking care of my horses and feeding the pigs. He paid \$9.00 for a ticket to Philadelphia, \$8.00 for a suit of clothes and \$3.00 for a present for his mother — a call-bell. I added to his remaining \$7.00 what he needed. That trip we had together has always been a pleasant memory to me. Sister Nancy went with us to the Centennial. One day she got lost. After seeming hours of search, Hugh found her asking a policeman "where Uncle Bennie lived?" Too tired to know his other name! Poor woman! The Centennial was so wonderful that I wrote Libby she must prepare to come, which she did and took May later in the summer. Ellie had gone earlier as the guest of her Grandfather Bacon.

Those were years full of labor for both of us. Fleet horses must cover the time and space of telephone and automobile in visiting the sick. And often the sick visited us, and Libby nursed them.

Fleet fingers must take the place of machine and factory in clothing the five children. And money was not always available — though earned.

There was no Friends' Society, so Libby joined the struggling Episcopaleans and worked with them to build a church and support a rector. She journeyed without the modern comforts, to visit her married first born in Nebraska, going part of the way by stage, just as she had come as a child from Trenton, N. J. to Ohio and in '46 to Illinois. She returned in time to see her father beckon as if in joyous greeting as he passed over. She, too, was tired—and followed in three short months, Oct. 18, 1881. Her life has always been an inspiration to me, and I know that my Heavenly Father will show me the way. I try always to be ready to go.

Of the inspirations that came to her, this one was found in Father Bacon's diary:

TO THE MISSISSIPPI.

Thou mighty wonder of the western world,
I look on thee with feelings full of awe.
Thou seem'st a herald with thy scroll unfurled,
Proclaiming as thou do'st thy Maker's law.
They tell me of the great, but wasted power
Which hourly is rolling on thy breast,
And of the mischief in thy angry hour
Thou doest e'en to those who love thee best.
But as I stand upon thy rocky heights,
I feel a thrill of wonder move my heart,
And reverence for the Author of such sights
Fills to the brim my spirit's inmost parts.
Say! can that be unuseful that doth call
The straying soul of man back to his God?
Say! are these rolling waves, this mighty wall,
All wasted! when they speak His praise so loud!
No! roll on ever, glorious work of Him
Who said that it was good with His own mouth.
What matter if man in his childish whim
Would call thee from thy pathway o'er the south
To chain thee down to water-works and mills.
Yes, roll on ever, while I gaze on thee
I know that every wave God's spirit fills,
And in thy rocky side His power I see.

This poem was written by our dear daughter, Elizabeth Sloan Bacon on her first view of the Mississippi in her 14th year.

Dear Ellie, Hugh, Lucy and Bessie —

These familiar anecdotes from Papa's lips are so precious that I have jotted them down that I may pass them on to you.

When Papa drove the oxen to the timber or mill, he little dreamed that in his eighty-fourth year, the newspapers would give McCutcheon's account from an aeroplane of the battling of the European airships. When Mamma in her fourteenth year, was so spiritually moved by her first sight of the Mississippi, that she wrote those sacred words, which grandfather copied in his diary by candle-light, she little dreamed that the Mississippi would be harnessed by the Keokuk dam more than a hundred miles from here, and be giving me electric light as I write, to-night.

I hope the modern typesetting and postal systems will bring this to your very doors in time to carry greetings at this, the world's birthuay season.

“All the gladness of the season

Rings out in merry chimes.

To me their joyous pealing says

“Bless the friends of olden times.”

May Van Horne Cutting.

Jerseyville, Ilinois, December Ninth,

Nineteen Hundred Fourteen.



Full Quotation on Meekness.

Meekness gives to its possessor many advantages in passing through life: particularly from the stand of self-government which it produces, and which is its inseparable companion.

When genuine it not only makes one master of himself but gives him also, great influence over others.