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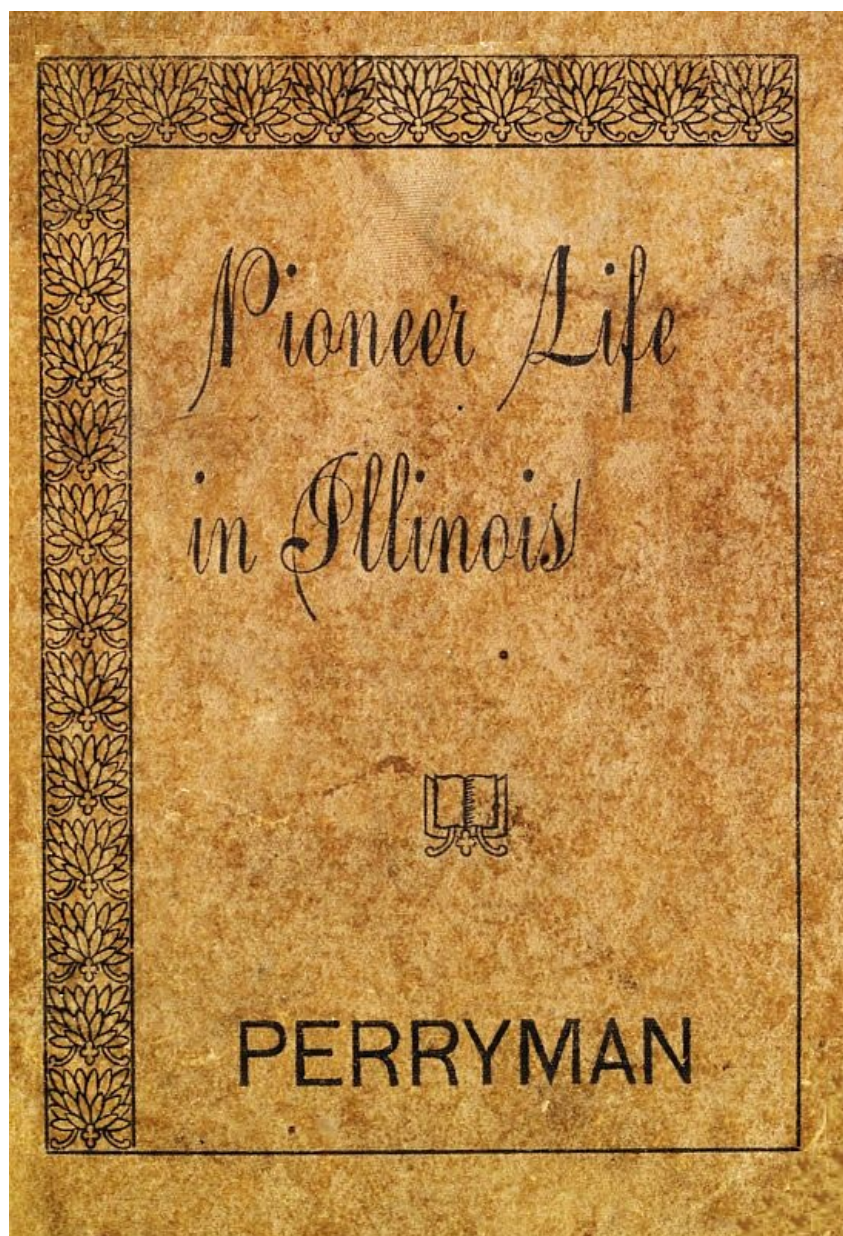
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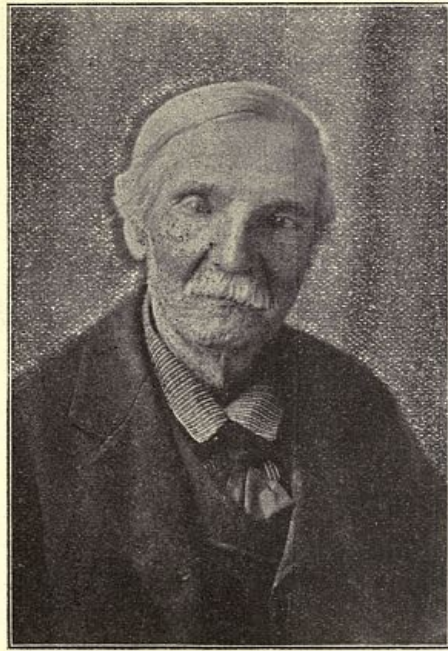
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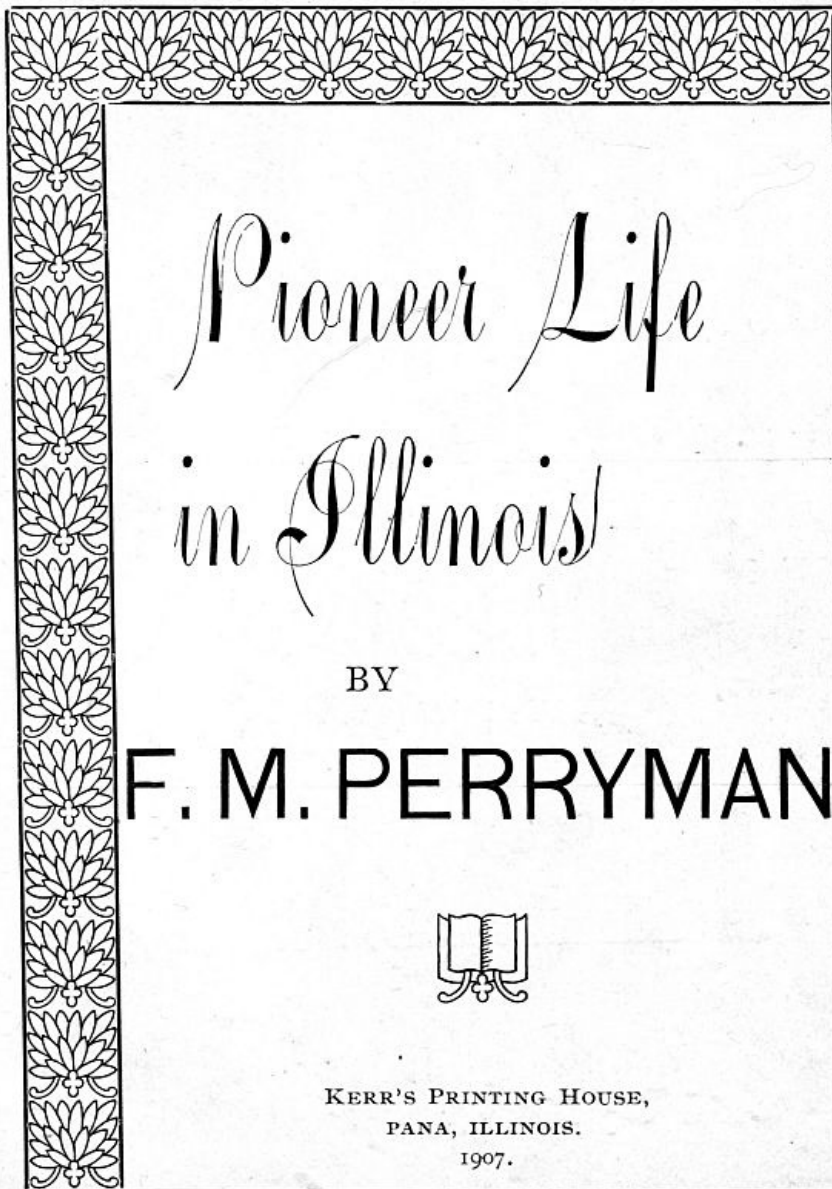
\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PIONEER LIFE IN ILLINOIS \*\*\*





*F. M. Perryman.*

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**Pioneer Life  
in Illinois**

BY  
F. M. PERRYMAN

KERR'S PRINTING HOUSE,  
PANA, ILLINOIS.  
1907.

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# Preface.



IN presenting this little book to the public, the author would not dare to claim perfection, for to err is human, but we have sought to give the conditions as they existed in this country in early days, and we have not sought to display style or learning, but we have sought to give the little book the same tone and as near in the same language that we used in early days as prudence will allow, and we will leave the reader to judge of the merits of the little book for himself; and we hope the good people will pardon any errors they may find. We hope you will be interested in the reading of it, and if some thoughts are presented which will prepare the readers the better for the battles of life and for usefulness to others, then we are well repaid for all our trouble.

THE AUTHOR.



[12]

# Introduction.



WE believe as the Author of this book is so well known through this part of the country it would hardly be necessary to write much of an introduction; but by being solicited by friends who had learned that we were born and raised here in Illinois, we consented to do so; Mr. Chalfant first spoke of it then many others.

You will find the little book entirely original, nothing borrowed, and what you find herein that is good or bad, is our own production. The book does not take sides in party politics or church denominations, but the Author has given some of his own thoughts on different questions.



## Table of Contents

**Transcriber's Note:** This table of contents has been created by the transcriber to aid the reader.

	Page
Preface	<a href="#">11</a>
Introduction	<a href="#">12</a>
Cares	<a href="#">13</a>
Occupations	<a href="#">14</a>
Eighty Years Ago	<a href="#">15</a>
Sixty Years Ago	<a href="#">17</a>
Traveling in Illinois	<a href="#">20</a>
Names of the Early Settlers	<a href="#">21</a>
Going Back	<a href="#">22</a>
The Drill	<a href="#">24</a>
No Divorce	<a href="#">26</a>
Billy and the Wolves	<a href="#">28</a>
Disadvantages	<a href="#">29</a>
The Bear Chase	<a href="#">31</a>
The Wolf Chase	<a href="#">33</a>
The Coon	<a href="#">36</a>
The Beauties of Nature	<a href="#">38</a>
Men's or Women's Work	<a href="#">40</a>
Pioneers Making Lumber	<a href="#">41</a>
Hunting Day	<a href="#">42</a>
Peter Huffman	<a href="#">44</a>
Deer Driving	<a href="#">46</a>
Pioneer Boy	<a href="#">47</a>
The Third Boy	<a href="#">48</a>
Where Pana Stands	<a href="#">49</a>
The Snake	<a href="#">50</a>
The Wild Cats	<a href="#">51</a>
The Winters	<a href="#">52</a>
How the Pioneers Made Meal	<a href="#">53</a>

Our Native State	<a href="#">54</a>
Pioneer Work	<a href="#">55</a>
Morals	<a href="#">57</a>
The Changes	<a href="#">58</a>
The School in the Cabin	<a href="#">60</a>
Shelbyville in Early Days	<a href="#">62</a>
Wild Animals	<a href="#">63</a>
The Muley Steer	<a href="#">64</a>
Chimney Construction	<a href="#">66</a>
Where Things Grow	<a href="#">67</a>
Hospitality	<a href="#">68</a>
Religion	<a href="#">69</a>
Making Hay	<a href="#">70</a>
The Deer on the Ice	<a href="#">71</a>
Ben Overton	<a href="#">73</a>
The Spelling Match	<a href="#">74</a>
The Prices	<a href="#">76</a>
The Eggs	<a href="#">77</a>
Good Friends	<a href="#">78</a>
Love	<a href="#">79</a>
When I and Betsey Married	<a href="#">80</a>
Discontent	<a href="#">82</a>
Three Powers	<a href="#">84</a>
The Effect of Influence	<a href="#">86</a>
Jesus Cares for Me	<a href="#">88</a>
Greed for Wealth	<a href="#">89</a>
Christ will Wipe	<a href="#">91</a>
The Family Altar	<a href="#">93</a>
Self Sacrifice.	<a href="#">94</a>
Party Prejudice	<a href="#">96</a>
Intemperance	<a href="#">98</a>
A Sad Sight	<a href="#">101</a>
The Bright Side	<a href="#">103</a>
Good-Bye	<a href="#">104</a>



## Cares.



IN early days we had a great deal of hard work to clear the land and then to make and keep up the rail fences; and it took four times the work to raise a corn crop as it does now; and it took four times the work to cut the firewood as it does now; and it took so much work to prepare the material and make the clothing. So the pioneers had to keep pretty busy; and when the corn was in roasting-ear we had to watch it pretty closely for the squirrels in the day-time, and the coons in the night would destroy a great deal of it, and later on if it was not gathered early the deer and the turkeys and prairie-chickens would eat it up.



## Occupations.



IN pioneer days after the corn was laid by, as we called it, then we had a while that we did not work much. There was not much harvesting to do, as our hay harvest was in the prairie grass, and that was done late in August or September, and during this idle spell the men would hunt and fish, and those that did not have plenty of bees would hunt "bee trees", and get honey to do them for the year.

The boys would go into the woods and dig Ginseng; and when we would dry it we got twenty-five cents per pound, and when we sold it green we got ten cents per pound, and a boy could make good wages for them times.



## Eighty Years Ago.

[15]



IT was Eighty Years Ago, in the wild woods, on Mitchell's Creek, near a good spring, JACOB PERRYMAN, the father of the author of this little book, pitched his cabin. He was of Scotch descent, and my MOTHER was of German descent; they raised a large family, of which we was the sixth.

The writer was born April 26th, 1836, and raised there when it was almost impossible for a boy to get an education; but he was supposed to risk his chances with the wolf and the rattlesnake, and all the dangers seen and unseen of that early day. So you see the writer has lived in Illinois more than three score and ten years, and if, in speaking of my native State, we spread the "paint" on pretty thick, you will pardon us. Maybe we have enjoyed life more than the most of people have, and if the reader of this book finds that the tone of it shows too much of a disposition for mirth, remember it is our nature and we cannot help it, and we attribute it to our raising. The man who lives in Illinois and don't enjoy life is a man who does not know a good thing when he has it. The man who lives in Illinois and does not see beauties on every hand to make him glad, is mentally cross-eyed.

[16]



## Sixty Years Ago.

[17]

I WANT to sing a little song,  
Of the people and their ways;  
And how the people got along  
Away back in early days.  
We rather thought the quickest way  
To let the people know,—  
We would sing to them  
Of how we lived,  
Just Sixty Years Ago.

When coon-skins was two bits apiece,  
And beeswax was a bit,  
And eggs four cents a dozen—  
That was all that we could get;  
And deer-skins always went at par,  
And feathers was not slow;  
And that's the money people had  
Just Sixty Years Ago.

And, Oh! that big old fire-place.—  
It took a sight of wood;  
We would haul it on a "lizzard"—  
And we would pile on all we could;  
We would haul a big long hickory log,  
Especially when there was snow;—  
For we worked two yoke of cattle then;—  
Just Sixty Years Ago.

[18]

The school house was of elm logs—  
The bark was all left on;  
I never saw no other kind  
Till I was nearly grown.  
The children got some learning,  
But, of course, it was rather slow;—  
My! how the teacher "licked" the "kids"  
Just Sixty Years Ago.

And when it came to raising corn,  
We did not get much rest  
For the want of tools to work with,  
We had to do our best.  
We plowed with wooden mouldboard plow  
And our lines were made of tow;  
And that's the kind of tools we had  
Just Sixty Years Ago.

And when the people went to church  
They always wore their best;  
They wore their home-made pantaloons—  
I hate to tell the rest.  
The girls wore striped dresses,  
And the boys wore shirts of tow;—  
And that's the way the people dressed  
Just Sixty Years Ago.

[19]

We did not care for stocks or bonds,  
They were not in our line;—  
But, if we wanted whiskey,  
We got it every time.  
The boys could bake the "johnnycake"  
And the girls knew how to mow;  
Oh! was not we a "jolly set?"  
Just Sixty Years Ago.



## Traveling in Illinois.

[20]

IN traveling over the great fertile prairie State of Illinois, and viewing its many railroads, its many beautiful cities and towns, its school houses, its churches, its broad fields of waving grain, its



orchards bending under their load of golden fruit, its vast population of industrious and intelligent citizens, its mills, and its factories, one can hardly realize that nearly all of this great improvement has been made in the last sixty years, but such is the case. Sixty years ago these prairies were an unbroken howling wilderness, where the wolf and deer roamed at will and raised their young unmolested, and where the rattlesnake was in his glory. The pioneer had unknowingly blazed the way for what was to come; he did not seem to know that these wild prairies was soon to become the garden spot of the world.



[21]

## Names of the Early Settlers.



O better class of citizens has ever lived in Shelby county, or ever will live in Shelby county, than the early settlers; the Rasey's, the Hall's, the Pugh's, the Corley's, the Rhoades', the Wakefield's, the Small's, the Middlesworth's, the Gollier's, the Yant's, the Smith's, the Warren's, the Whitfield's, the Neal's, the Killam's, the Douthit's, and many others that we could name, who were just as good. The writer feels proud of the memory of such people, and while the most of them have passed away, we thank God that such men and women have lived in the world to make our pathway brighter, and make the world better. And where you find one of those early settlers you find a man whose love for his friends can hardly be severed; a love so true, so deep, so loyal, so God-like that if they possessed no other good trait that one trait alone makes them noble.



[22]

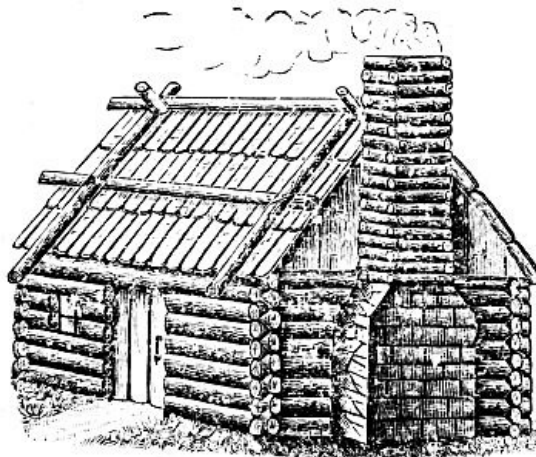
## Going Back.



OTWITHSTANDING the many disadvantages of the pioneer life, there was a charm in it which none can describe; and an old man who was here in early days almost feels like he wants to go back and live his boyhood days over in the wild new country, where everything was so near like nature formed it; he wants to see the wild animals gallop over the hills; he wants to hear the howl of the wolf; he wants to hear the cry of the hounds when pursuing the deer or the wolf; he wants to hear the gobble of the wild turkey in the spring-time; he wants to see the prairies covered with wild flowers of all colors; he wants to hear the crack of the rifle that brings down the deer or turkey; he wants to hear the "pop" of the whip as the "big brother" comes up the hill with his two yoke of faithful cattle and their big load of hickory wood; he wants to hear the thud of the flax-brake and the hum of the spinning wheel.

[23]

Oh! carry us back to the plain simple life  
 In the log cabin, let us see  
 The roaring log fire in the big fireplace  
 Where the dove of peace hovers  
 Over the hearthstone and delights  
 In the rewards of industry and virtue.







## The Drill.



SIXTY years ago there was a law in Illinois that all able-bodied men from the age of 18 to 45 should meet and drill as soldiers every alternate Saturday, from the first Saturday in April till the third Saturday in November. And they mustered at my father's every time. John L. Perryman, my cousin, was Captain, a large, tall young man, with a powerful voice; we could hear him give the commands very plainly for two hundred yards. He wore a stove-pipe hat, with his long red plume stuck in his hat, and he looked nice and I think he felt big. Ben. Tallman was Orderly Sergeant. I think there was about one hundred men in our precinct; and when Ben. would call the roll, at nine o'clock, every man would answer to his name. Uncle Philip Perryman was fifer, and Harvey Cummings was drummer.

In the morning pretty early the men would begin to come in, and a good many women would come to see the men muster, and some of them would walk three or four miles.

[25]

We would listen for the delegation from the West. The fife and drum and the Captain was in that delegation; and when we would hear the music and see that red plume coming around the bend of the road, a boy would think his height was about eight feet in his stockings and his avoirdupois was about seven hundred pounds.

James Mitchell run a "still-house" near by and when the men would go into ranks with two or three "snorts" of Mitchell's "best" they would seem to forget but what they were in the midst of the Revolutionary war, and each man had patriotism and whiskey enough in him for a half-dozen men, but when the whiskey would die in him the patriotism would die too, but the man would live by a small majority.



[26]

## No Divorce.



IN the early days, when a field was ready to plant in corn, all the boys and girls of the neighborhood would gather there and some would drop the corn and some would cover it with hoes; and sometimes a young man and young woman would meet in the field and stop and talk and sometimes make a bargain to get married; and if it was very warm both would be barefooted; and when they made an engagement, that engagement was made to stay. The divorce court got no work there; and when they got married, all the people for miles around would be there, and all would contribute something to make up a big dinner of the best that the country afforded. The men would get together and cut logs and build them a house and most every family for miles around would give them a quilt or blanket, or pillow, and soon they were pretty well fixed. Those people raised boys and girls of large, strong brain, and some of them boys are in Congress, or the Senate, and some are on the Judges bench, and the girls filling equally as honorable positions. For remember, that our wisest and best statesmen come from the field. Any land that will grow corn will grow statesmen, and the statesmen who grow up between the rows of corn will do to depend upon anywhere.

[27]



[28]

## Billy and the Wolves.



IN early days my Father got Wm. Sullivan to come and help him to butcher a beef, and it was getting dark when they got done, and Mr. Sullivan started home with some of the beef, and the wolves gathered around him so thick that he had to climb a tree to save himself, and he hollered with all his might, but it was windy and no one heard him until nearly morning. My Father heard him and started to go to him, but Billy hollered and told him not to come alone; then he went and got John Hall to come with all his hounds, and when they shot off their guns and the hounds made a great noise, the wolves left, and Billy came down almost chilled; and he said there was between thirty and forty of the wolves. Such was pioneer life in Illinois.





WE HAD to work under some great disadvantages; two of the greatest was the want of money to do business with, and the want of tools to work with. The paper money was so uncertain, sometimes a bill which was good to-day was worth nothing to-morrow. It was not Government money; some of it was State money, but sometimes the State could not redeem its money. If you sold a man a horse you would get from twenty-five to forty dollars for him, and if you got it in paper you must go to where they had a "Detector"; a little paper that was issued every two weeks, showing what the different money was worth at the time the "Detector" was issued. You would often get bills representing at least one hundred dollars to get thirty dollars. This bill is worth twenty-five cents to the dollar, and this bill is on a bank which is a little better, it is worth forty cents, and so on; and we got very small prices at best. We had almost no market. Sometimes produce was hauled to St. Louis in wagons and fat hogs were driven to the same market. And the tools we had to farm with were mostly home made, and now farmers would not think of using such tools at all. We had nothing like a harrow or roller, the clods must be broke up with hoes, and the corn must be hoed two or three times; and the wheat and oats must be cut with reap hooks, and if a man would reap one acre per day he was doing well. But the people had what they was used to, and as they did not expect anything better they worked on pretty well contented.

[30]



[31]

## The Bear Chase.



IT WAS probably in 1831, there was a little snow, and my Father was gone from home, and when nearly dark, the two big dogs smelled something down about the back of the field, and they would bark and growl and whine, and my Mother tried to get them to go, but they was afraid to go. When Father came home my Mother told him how the dogs had acted, and as soon as it was light enough to see, in the morning, my Father went down there and came back, and said there had been a large bear went between the fence and the bank of the creek. He got two of his neighbors to go with him, and they followed his track about a mile and found where he had went into a patch of thick hazels, and had broke down a lot of the bushes with his teeth to lay on to keep him out of the snow; but he ran out before they got up close, and all the dogs after him, and every little while he would stop to fight the dogs, and when the men would come up, he would run again, but finally, he was so large and fat he tired out, and the men got up pretty close, but they were afraid to shoot for fear they would hit the dogs; but after awhile one of them got a pretty good chance and shot him through behind the shoulders, and when the blood began to run and he began to sink, all the dogs piled on him, and the men ran up and beat them off and cut his throat. They did not weigh him, but they thought he would weigh near three hundred pounds.

[32]



[33]

## The Wolf Chase.



WE BELIEVE it was in the year 1841, the wolves were killing my Father's pigs more than usual, and he went to the men who kept hounds and got them to come early in the morning, and they brought about twenty-five dogs and they soon started a wolf, and it circled a little, then started north, and about fifteen men and twenty-five dogs after it, and it went north nearly to the knobs timber, then turned northwest to near where Assumption now stands, and then turned south to near to where Rosemond now stands, and they caught it just south of Rosemond, and about half of the men and all the dogs but eight had dropped out when they caught it at sun-down; and they said they run it about thirty-five miles, then they had to go about twenty miles to home, in the night; but two men went south to hunt up the Sarver's and Fraley's to come with fresh hounds and try for the other one, and they were there at daylight, and my Mother had got breakfast for them, and I remember hearing Uncle John Sarver say: "Boys, I can get on old Nance and take my two oldest dogs "Sam Houston" and "Davy Crockett" and I can catch any wolf on the earth, but I want from sun-up till sun-down to do it, for it takes a hard run for thirty or thirty-five miles, but we'll get him." My Father had found where their den was in a mound on the prairie about a mile east of our house; and they soon jumped the other wolf and took nearly the same route as the one did the day before, but when it got around the head of Beck's creek timber it turned south and they caught it just at night in a lake just west of where Oconee now stands. They had tied all the dogs that had run the day before but John Hall's "old Rule", a long-legged spotted dog, that led the chase all day the day before, broke his rope and went in the lead all that day. Now the young wolves was a little larger than a rabbit. The next morning all the men and all the dogs in the settlement, and a number of women was there, and during the day they caught seven young

[34]

[35]

wolves; they didn't run very far; and John Hall and John Sarver said they could take "old Rule" and "Sam Houston" and they could catch the Devil.



[36]

## The Coon.



WE sometimes hear men joke about the proverbial "coon skin" of early days, but it was no joke in our boyhood, we had to have the Raccoon in our business. If the coon crop had failed we would have had a coon skin panic, which would have swept all over the country. But the coon had one bad habit, he liked roasting-ears a little too well; but his diet in the spring and summer was frogs and crawfish and bugs, and in the fall and winter it was acorns and hackberries and corn. And if a dog was not a coon dog he was no dog at all; and an old experienced coon dog could tell better when it was a good night for coons to travel than a boy could; he would come to the door and whine and howl, then the boys would gather their ax and away into the woods, and soon "old Pomp" was gone, then they would sit down on a log and listen and after awhile away up the branch "y-o-w", "y-o-w"; and when the boys would get there, whether the tree was big or little it had to come down, or one of the boys would climb up and scare his coonship out. The coon was a bad fighter, and could whip a dog very quickly, unless the dog understood how to kill them; but when we saw a dog take a "running shoot" at a coon and strike it with his breast and knock it down, then grab it through the ribs, and hold it to the ground very tightly, we knew that dog was "onto his job", for he would kill it pretty quickly.

[37]



[38]

## The Beauties of Nature.



THE writer of this little book was born and raised in a log-cabin on Mitchell's creek, in Shelby county, Illinois, twelve miles south-west of Shelbyville, the county-seat. Date of birth, April 26, 1836. At that time there was a poor chance for a boy to get an education; but we love to think of those days, because nature in all her beauties was so near like the hand of God had formed it; the skill of man had changed it so little, and it was our school and our delight to roam over the wide unbroken prairies, where the lark was singing in his native home. Where the wild flowers, of all colors, were more beautiful than Solomon in all his glory. These scenes inspired a feeling in a boy's heart of awe and reverence for the God of nature more deep and sublime and true, than all the preaching could inspire. When a boy would get on a high piece of ground and look around he saw a more beautiful sight than he will ever see again on this earth, and his eyes would fill with tears and from the depths of his boyish heart he would give glory to God; and I don't know but that boy was better there and then than he ever will be again, until God shall call him home.

[39]



[40]

## Men's or Women's Work.



IN early days, in Illinois, there was very little distinction made between man's work and woman's work; for the men could cook and wash and spin, and could do almost any kind of woman's work, and the women could do almost any kind of man's work. The girls could yoke up the cattle and go and cut and haul a load of wood, and sometimes when the girls were not in the field they would go and shoot a mess of squirrels and make a big pot-pie for their brother's dinner. Where there were large families, the parents did but little, the boys and girls done nearly all; and they looked forward to the time when the corn was to plant, or the flax to pull with pleasure, for then all the boys and girls would be together and have a good time; and in pulling flax they would take a swath four feet wide and see who could pull through first, and generally the girls would beat the boys, for it was not heavy work, but all depended on being quick.



[41]

## Pioneers Making Lumber.



HEY would go to the woods and cut a walnut tree, which would square about a foot, and cut it off as long as it would make good lumber, then drag it to a pretty steep hill with the oxen, then score and hew it square, then line it on both sides; the lines an inch apart; then cut two long stout poles, and lay one end up the hill and prop the other end against trees down on the hillside, then run their square log out on them skids, then dig the dirt down so the under man would have level ground to walk on; then one man get above and one below with a whip-saw, which only cut as it went down; and they made real good lumber; and two good hands was supposed to cut two hundred feet per day.



[42]

## Hunting Day.



NOTHING in the memory of the early settler remains more vivid than the chase. Fresh in our memory is our boyhood days, when "hunting day" would come, generally on Saturday unless that was "muster day". You may think that we hunted most of the time, but that is a mistake. We could not take the time, but one day in the week was regular "hunting day". All was stir and bustle very early in the morning, the Father and the two big boys would see that their guns were well loaded and in good fix and bullets in each pouch, and as soon as it was light enough the long ox-horn was taken down and taken outside the door, and then the excitement grew more intense, for as soon as the long blast "t-o-o-o-o-t" was given every hound would stand on his hind feet and see which could holler the loudest, and big, little, old and young would come to the door to take part in the jubilee, even the baby would slap his little hands and holler, for he knew there was something up. Then away to the woods and little glades they would go. Then we would stand out and listen with almost breathless silence, but we didn't have to listen very long, for directly, hark! the long-drawn-out "b-o-o" was heard. "Oh, they have struck a cold trail, that is 'old Pomp'" "Maybe a coon." But directly he would begin to warm up on his subject, and "Muse" and "Joler" would fall in, and directly, all at once, all would turn loose, pups and all. "Oh! its a deer, they have jumped it up." Then they would fairly make the woods ring for awhile; and when we would hear the crack of the faithful rifle we knew that meant fresh venison, for we knew that to miss a shot was not their style.

[43]



[44]

## Peter Huffman.



PETER HUFFMAN was an orphan boy, and he had an odd, careless way that made people laugh. Almost every day Peter would do something so odd, and so droll, and so unexpected, that he kept up fun for the whole neighborhood; and he didn't seem to know or care what the people said. But Peter was so honest and so industrious, and so good-hearted, and so unpretending that they all liked him. When Peter was nearly grown, he worked for John Crocker all one summer for a nice yoke of work cattle, and by the time he had the cattle paid for winter was coming on, he had fallen in love with a real good girl by the name of Mima Brewer; and her folks were wealthy, but Peter did not know that that made any difference, and so he went to see Mima and found that he was very welcome. Now he goes to work to make a sled to take Mima sleigh-riding, but before he got his sled done Sunday came, and a good snow, and Mima wanted to go to her Uncle's, about four miles. Now Peter had no horse or sleigh; now what was to be done? Mima wanted to go and she must not be disappointed; and Peter borrowed a one-horse sleigh and went and yoked up his cattle, and got an old pair of harness and put them on "Tom" the near ox, and put him in the shafts, and "Jerry" had nothing to do but walk along at the side, and Peter and Mima got in the sleigh and they went there and back in good order. Peter soon got his sled done and he went and got license and he and Mima got in the sled and went and got married and went to work and soon they were raising more horses, more cattle, sheep and hogs than anybody around there, and soon they had a good farm, good house and barn, and next, they was riding in the finest carriage in that country, and the people that laughed at them when they took their first sleigh-ride had to walk.

[45]



[46]

## Deer Driving.



WHEN the pioneers would go out deer driving, as we called it, in the morning and the hounds would start a deer, they had almost certain routes to run, and we knew pretty nearly where to stand to get a shot, but if it got through, it was very apt to go several miles and circle in the woods for several hours, but it would come back after awhile and cross the road within ten feet of where it crossed before, and now the thing to do was to all go home and go to work, only, leave the boy that was the surest shot and had the best gun and the hounds would follow it, and that boy would have almost a dead sure thing if he would stay there, when it would get nearly to the road it would stop to see if the coast was clear, then the boy would shoot it through the heart, then he would blow the signal for help on the horn, then a boy was sent with a gentle horse to help him fetch it home.



[47]

## Pioneer Boy.



IT WOULD seem very strange to the people now to see the "pioneer boy" going to the "horse mill" long before daylight for fear some one would get in ahead of him. Then when he gets home he has to go around the field and scare the squirrels out; then go away down in the valley and shake down the wild plums for the hogs to eat; then carry water and put it in the ash-hopper to make the soap; then pick wool while he rests; then go and see if the deer-skins are ready to be taken out of the trough and rubbed dry; then help to put the "chain" through the "harness" to make the cloth; then go and look where is the best place to cut prairie hay; then carry up some pumpkins to dry. But the "pioneer boy" was a happy, rollicking lad; he had just what he expected, and he knew he was a good shot with the rifle, and was handy with the ox-whip, and had a good "coon dog", and that was enough for him.



[48]

## The Third Boy.



SIXTY-THREE years ago there was a school going on four miles East of us, and we went all winter. There were five boys of us, and I was the smallest; the two largest boys would get on one horse and the three smaller boys on the "other horse", that placed me "third boy" on the "other horse" right on his hips; and they would go in a swift gallop all the way, and when we would get there I was almost done for. And I only learned one thing that winter. I learned that to be "third boy" on the "other horse" and on a keen jump for a four-mile dash is a hard seat for a small boy. I lived over it, but I have not got rested yet.



[49]

## Where Pana Stands.



WHEN the writer was a boy, where Pana now stands was an unbroken wilderness, and the land belonged to the government, and was subject to entry at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre; but that had to be paid in gold or silver, as the paper money of the country was so uncertain. But the people doubted whether the land would ever be worth the money. Tom. Bell lived at Bell's Grove, West, and the Abbot's and a few others lived on the head of Beck's Creek, East; but the prairie where Pana stands there was nothing to show that man had ever been there, not a tree or shrub was there; but the deer and wolves raised their young there, and the rattlesnake had his own way; only when the prairie burned over in warm weather, then thousands of them burned to death. When the men were first breaking up the prairie sod they would tell of killing twenty to thirty rattlesnakes in one day.



[50]

## The Snake.

SIXTY years ago we was plowing with a yoke of steers in a field that lay idle the year before, and



we was barefoot, and there was a great many dead weeds in the field. We was plowing along, interrupting nobody, and we felt something tight around the foot, and we thought it was a forked or crooked weed, and we kicked, and instead of its coming off it rather seemed to get tighter, and we looked down and saw it was about a second-sized snake wrapped around our foot; and you ought to have seen him go, when we kicked the next time. We kicked with the spirit and with the understanding, when we saw what it was. It was not doing much harm, but we did not want it there.



[51]

## The Wild Cats.



IT WAS probably in 1837, my Mother went to see a sick woman, and stayed there until dark, but the moon rose soon after dark, and she started home, she had a pretty good road through the thick woods for about a mile, and when nearly half way home three animals crossed the road just a little ahead of her, and she thought they were panthers, and when they got across the road they stopped, and she thought the bravest way was the safest, and she gathered up a big dead limb and made at them and hollered; they ran up a big oak tree near the road, and she stood there and hollered until John Hall heard and answered, and she told him for him and the boys to fetch their guns and dogs and come quick, she had three panthers treed, and he told her to stay there and keep up all the noise she could, and they run and shot them, and they proved to be wildcats; John said one of them was the largest wildcat he ever saw. That stick was kept about the house for years and was known as "Mamma's Wildcat Club."



[52]

## The Winters.



IN OUR boyhood we had cold winters, but they were not quite so long as now, we had very deep snows and sometimes there would come a sleet on top of the snow; and then if we could find a deer on the prairie, and sometimes they would stay in the valleys; and if we would get the dogs after them when they would break through the ice and the dogs could run on top, they would soon catch it.

At one time the Baptist people held their association near my Father's, and Jack Neal, Cornelius May and Andrew Hanson started on horseback from their homes North of Tower Hill, and in riding through the prairie where Tower Hill now stands they scared up a yearling deer, and run it on their horses and caught it and brought it to my father's and dressed it, and it was fat and we had fresh venison through the meeting.



[53]

## How the Pioneers Made Meal.



THEY would cut down a pretty large oak tree and saw off a block about three feet long, square at both ends, set it upon end, build a hot little fire in the middle of the upper end and watch it to keep it from burning too far out, and by burning two or three days they would get a hole burned out in the shape of a basin, then hang a heavy maul to a spring-pole, so that the spring-pole would partly raise the maul; then shell some corn and put it in, and put in a little water to toughen the husk; then stand there and jerk the maul down on the corn and beat it into meal. And it took a good deal of jerking to make a little meal.



[54]

## Our Native State.

ILLINOIS being our native State; the State of our cradle, and is to be of our grave. The State where our pathway has been strewn with beauties; where the God of Nature has been so plainly seen in every swelling bud and in every snowflake; where the very air has been laden with mercies. No



one can be surprised if our feelings prompt us to speak pretty highly of our native home, Illinois, the great fertile prairie valley between the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, like a choice gem placed between the more hilly states on the East and the West. Illinois, the second and soon to be the first agricultural state in the Union; destined by her Creator to do a worthy share in feeding the world. Her merits and her charms have drawn on the intelligence and industry of every nation upon the globe.



[55]

## Pioneer Work.



THE Author would like to picture to the reader the mold-board plow and the reap-hook, the flint-lock gun and shuck horse collar, the hominy mortar, the goose-quill pen, the fire-place and skillet, the deer-skin coat and pants, the whip-saw and the frow, the pot-rack, and the ox-yoke. We would like to show you the pioneer's tramping out wheat on the ground, with their six or eight horses going round and round; then we would like to show you the four or five big yoke of cattle breaking prairie, and the plow cutting about two feet and turning over every sod distinct to itself; then to see the three boys taking every alternate sod, the foremost boy striking over-handed cutting holes in the sod with an ax, the second boy dropping the seed corn in that hole, the third boy striking over-handed and with the back of the ax closing up that hole, keeping motion the while by the foremost boy repeating the word "now", "now", "now", and them three boys could plant five acres of sod corn in a day. Now we go and see the man riveing out clapboards to cover his cabin; and we would love to show you how the cabin is built and covered and not a nail used only in the door. Now we go and see the ten or twelve boys and girls pulling flax, but you must watch for snakes; see that little spider of a girl, she is ahead, because she is quick. See that field of corn, the crows and blackbirds have taken it nearly all. We would like to show you the smoke-rags hanging to the horses' harness, to drive away the greenhead flies.

[56]



[57]

## Morals.



OUR Father and Mother was very careful to try and teach us to reverence God, and to love our country and our home, and to love our neighbors; and they tried to teach us that the people are not bad, but good; and until this day, we do not like to hear men talk that the people are so bad, for it is not true. The masses of the people aim to do right; they love righteousness, but they often make mistakes, and at an unguarded moment do things which they are sorry for; but they aim to be good. And when we speak of the pioneers being so good we would not dare to say that they were any better than the people are now, but we do not think there was quite so much temptation to do bad then as now.



[58]

## The Changes.



THE writer has lived in Illinois more than three score and ten years, and in that time we have seen great changes. We have seen the change from the ox-team to the steam engine; we have seen the change from the wooden mold-board plow to the steam plow; we have seen the change from the reap-hook to the self-binder, and from the lizzard to the automobile; from the bull-tongue corn plow to the two-horse riding cultivator. We have witnessed the change from the business being carried on through the medium of trade and traffic to the time when most men have money in the bank. During the first half of our seventy years, Illinois was yet in its infancy and grew very slowly, but during the last half she has developed very rapidly, and has made rapid stride in the way of improvement, and other great changes are to come yet, and they will come pretty rapidly. The spirit of enterprise is on the wing and moving swiftly, and the outlook is flattering. The people are learning; they are laying down their party prejudice, and looking at the situation more wisely. We have had an era of extreme corruption, but that has nearly had its day, for the voters see that their prejudice is the only thing which made that corruption possible. We think we can see reasons to believe that the corruption and lawlessness will have to go; and the drunkenness will have to go. The few party leaders have kept the voters blinded as long as they can, and when the people get their eyes wide open they are mighty and the law-breakers and corruptionists will have to take a back seat.

[59]



## The School in the Cabin.



IN early days there was an empty cabin in our neighborhood at one time, and a man came along and wanted to teach school, if he could get fifteen scholars he would teach three months for one dollar and fifty cents per scholar, and would take his pay in corn, wheat, pork, beans, honey, beeswax, or anything, and he boarded around among the families who sent pupils. All right; and the men went into the woods and cut some "linn" (linden) trees and split them open and hewed some of the worst splinters off the flat side and bored holes and put legs in the round side and made us some good benches; we took the oxen and hauled up some wood and Mr. Anderson set in to teach. He did not know much more than a goat, but that made no difference. Brady Phelps' children would fetch their little, speckled, bench-legged "fiste", and he would stay in the house, under their bench, and when we would stick our feet back under the bench and touch him he would bite us on the heel. Frank Perryman was just about my age and just about as mean; at the noon hour he and I would get a wild grape-vine, and one take hold of either end and get outside the door, then send a boy in to run him out, and when he jumped to go over the grape-vine we would fetch a yank and throw that dog twenty feet high; when we had sent him up a few times he quit the school of his own free will and accord.

[61]



## Shelbyville in Early Days.



IN our early boyhood Shelbyville, our county seat, was a small place; General W. F. Thornton kept store just North of where the court house now stands; Roundy & Dexter kept store just West of the courthouse; Dan. Earp kept saloon on the South; Ben. Talman kept tavern on the East; Rand Higgins run the river mill; Burrel Roberts was county clerk; Ed. Shallenbarger was surveyor; E. A. Douthit was sheriff and collector. Joseph Oliver was there, also the Trembles, Tacketts, Cutler's, and C. Woodard. John D. Bruster run the tan-yard on the hill. Anthony Thornton was the leading lawyer; Sam'l W. Moulton came there when we were a boy. We remember hearing Abraham Lincoln plead a divorce case in the old court house sixty years ago. At that time the lawyers traveled from place to place on horseback, and carried their books in their saddle-bags.



## Wild Animals.



IN our boyhood the bears and panthers were mostly killed out, but there was a great many wolves and wildcats, but we did not fear the wild animals half so much as we did the rattlesnake and spreading viper, both of which was very plentiful, especially the rattlesnake; while the other snakes would run away, they would coil up and make ready to strike. The timber rattlesnake grew to be very large, I have seen them at least four feet long and very thick to their length, but the spots on them were a bright copper color and they were easily seen; the prairie rattlesnake was much smaller, of a dirt color, and hard to see.



## The Muley Steer.



WHEN the writer was a boy, maybe fourteen or fifteen years old, my Father owned a nice fat little steer that left home and took up at Enos Jones and my Father wanted him for beef and he told me to go and put a rope halter on him and fetch him home. I went and got him in the stable, made a halter and put it on him and when about half-way home he got unruly, the halter slipped off, and he broke to go back, but I was a good runner, was barefooted, and I headed him; then he took the road for William Sullivan's, and there was a race, he went straight for the house. Mr. Sullivan had four daughters and I was very bashful, and he also had two big dogs of whom I was afraid,



but I could not afford to lose my steer; over the fence he went and I at his heels, one big dog came running around one corner of the house from one way and the other dog from the other way, and made at the steer, they had him between them; both doors of the house were open, the women were engaged in quilting and were not apprised of our arrival, and the first they knew we went in at the door, turned the table over on the cat, while as he went in at the door I caught him by the tail and as he went out at the other door, I fetched a yank to the North, which he was not expecting, thus throwing him flat against the wall, then he bellowed as loud as he could; then the women wanted to kill me and the steer too for scaring them so bad; I was hot and scared too, but I tied my steer to a tree, took off my hat, backed up in the shade of a tree, made a long speech upon the short-comings of steers and dogs, and that boys were no better; they all listened and when they got to laughing, we grew eloquent and used big words and lots of them, while they got to clapping their hands and laughing big and loud I left them in fine humor.

[65]



## Chimney Construction.

[66]



AYBE the reader would like to know how the pioneers made the chimneys to their cabins. They would build up with split logs to the arch, and rive out sticks about one and one-half inches thick and two inches wide; they would make mortar of clay and mix in some grass to hold it together; they would make a scaffold and throw the mortar on that scaffold, and one boy or man would stand there and roll that stiff mud into what was called "cats"; those "cats" were about three inches thick and eight inches long. The builder stayed up in the inside of the chimney, they would pitch the "cats" and the sticks up to him, he would put on a round of the "cats", then a round of the sticks, then pound the sticks down with a hand maul so that the mud was about one and one-half inches thick on both sides of the sticks; and that was a safe chimney for twenty years.



[67]

## Where Things Grow.



HE Author of this little book feels proud of being a native-born citizen of one of the central counties of the best State in the best Government under the sun. Illinois is where things grow; the corn, the wheat, the hay, the oats, the fruit, the vegetables, the horses, the cattle, the hogs; the eggs don't grow on bushes in Illinois, but they come as near to it as they do in any other State. And not only these things, which have been mentioned, grow in Illinois, but brains grow in Illinois too; and if they are about to be bothered to find a man who is smart enough for President, tell them not to be uneasy, that Illinois can furnish five hundred, if that many were needed. Yes, Illinois is where things grow.



[68]

## Hospitality.



HEN you would ride up to a pioneer's cabin the first thing was the hounds' "boo," "boo," then all would come to the door. "Come in," "come in." You go in, you see from one to three rifle guns in the rack, you also see deer-skins and turkey-wings all about the house. "Have you had your dinner?" "No." "Gals, get him some dinner." You find plenty of milk and butter, bread, venison, potatoes, and almost everything that grows on the farm or in the woods. You speak of going. "Oh, stay all night." You conclude to stay; then you must tell your name and where you live, and how long you have lived there, how many children you have, who you married, and where you come from, also how many deer you have killed this winter. You are expected to tell it all, and the children will size you up very carefully; and then by the time the man tells you all he knows, and the woman tells you all she knows, and all that her mother knew, and all that her grandmother knew, and all the children tell you all they know, you do not get much sleep.



[69]

## Religion.



HE writer learned at an early age to have a great respect for the church, not for any one particular denomination, but for all who seek to serve their Creator with all their heart, according to their best understanding of His will. We was raised under the teaching and influence of the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and the Christian churches. John Hall and others was preaching the Methodist doctrine, Willis Whitfield the Baptist doctrine, McCreary Bone the Presbyterian and Bushrod Henry (the father of our present J. O. Henry) preached the Christian doctrine—all of them good, zealous Christian men. We loved them all. At that day a boy would not have been allowed to speak with disrespect of a preacher at all, it would have been considered almost like blasphemy to thus speak of a preacher with disrespect.



[70]

## Making Hay.



IN our boyhood, we had little use for meadows, we could go out in the prairie and on the low land we could cut from three to four tons of good hay per acre. A big boy could cut five tons per day, which would now be worth at least fifty dollars. When we was a boy, we went out to mow some hay, and we found our good neighbor John Hall out there mowing, and he showed us where to mow, where the grass was very good, and he said there was all the grass in that place we would both cut. When it was near noon and pretty hot, we were wanting water very much John called us to come to him, we went, and he brought out a very large, long watermelon from under some green hay beneath his wagon, and we got in the shade of his wagon. I do not think I have ever enjoyed a melon with more relish than I did that one.



[71]

## The Deer on the Ice.



THE Deer is the most beautiful of all animals, very timid and harmless, has no disposition to fight any thing, unless it is wounded or hemmed in, it aims to save itself by flight; but hunters say it kills every snake that it finds, by jumping on the reptile with all its feet placed close together, thus cutting it to pieces with its sharp hoofs.

It was, maybe, in the winter of 1844, it had been very cold for a long time, my elder brother would go to the spring for water every evening near sunset, and there was a large buck drinking in the spring, as the water was frozen up other places; my Father said "wait and I will see if I can kill him," and he loaded up his big rifle and went down to the big locust tree South of the house, in plain view of the spring, and we saw him draw up against the tree and take aim, and "bang" went the rifle, and he ran to the spring, directly we heard him hollering, and the two big boys ran with all their might; the bullet had struck him on the horn, just where it joined his head, and stunned him, and he lay there until my Father caught him by the hind leg, when he sprang to his feet; there was a solid sheet of smooth ice, about fifteen feet across, and the deer could not hold very good on the ice; my Father said he had him down a dozen times, but could not keep him down; he got his front feet to the dry land once or twice, and my Father would jerk him back, but when my brothers got there they got hold of his horns and threw him down and they all piled on him and held him down until they cut his throat. My Father was a large, stout man, and he said that was the hardest scuffle he ever had. Such was pioneer life in Illinois.

[72]



[73]

## Ben Overton.



IN early days, Ben Overton kept a little grocery store in the woods, and when James Mitchell quit making whiskey, Ben went to St. Louis and bought a barrel of whiskey and put out the word that he would not sell it in any other way but by the drink, a picayune a drink. The men did not like him very well, they said he was mean. When Ben got home, on the Saturday after, the men gathered there from ten miles around, and now Ben thought he would have a big day. The men had their jugs hid in the bushes, and soon one of my uncle's and Bill Doyle got into a fight, just out under some trees, then

while Ben's attention was diverted, the men run in at the back door and filled up their jugs, also one for each of the combatants, and when the last jug was full some one hollered: "Part 'em." They did not hardly leave Ben whiskey enough to "drown his trouble."



[74]

## The Spelling Match.



IN our early boyhood we hardly ever saw a buggy and there were not many farmers who owned a wagon. At one time there was to be a spelling contest between our school and one five miles East and we was bothered to decide how to get the girls there; but a day or two before the time for the spelling, there came a deep snow, and then we knew what to do; we had a very large yoke of oxen, we would hitch them to the big sled and we would have room for all, and when the day came, soon afternoon, we hitched up and started around to gather up our load of boys and girls, and when we got them crowded closely into the sled, we found we had room for all only two, but we knew how to manage that, and I got on the back of old Pete, while cousin Frank got on old Mike and we struck out; but before we got there we had a long hill to go down, and on one side there was a pretty deep ditch washed out and when we started down the hill the steers got to going faster and faster, and when we saw that we were running into that ditch, we hollered "hoa", and the steers stopped very suddenly, while we "scooted" over their heads into the deep snow; we jumped up as quick as we could, and looked back, the sled was standing up on one side, while the boys and girls were piled up in that ditch three feet deep, but there was no one hurt much, and we brushed the snow off, and got there just at dark. Our boys and girls kept laughing so, that we found it necessary to ask leave to get up and explain what they were laughing about. I told it as funny as I could, and I was in practice then for telling things funny; I also tried to show how old Pete was standing, when I looked around, but I did not have legs enough to show it just right; when I got through, it took a long time to restore order. When we had spelled for a long time and all were "spelled down" on both sides, except our brother Albert on our side and Manda Johnson on their side, and when they had spelled for two hours, and neither one had missed a word, the judges decided to call it a "draw" and dismissed.

[75]



[76]

## The Prices.



AT one time, in our early recollection, my Father bought a number of yearlings early one spring, and the highest price he paid was three dollars a head. He kept them until they were over two years old, and I think there were sixteen steers among them, and he sold the steers to Irvin Melton for eight dollars a head. One spring, when I was a small boy, he sold to Wilson Perryman, his cousin, eight cows and calves for eight dollars each—sixty-four dollars for all. He got that all in silver half-dollars, and put it in an old tin bucket and sat it up on the cupboard, and the same year, about September, he sold to John Selby one hundred head of hogs for one hundred dollars, all in silver, and he put it in the same bucket, and when the neighbor's children would come over, we would get it down and pour it out on the floor, to show them how much money we had. Finally John Hodson borrowed it and entered three forties of land, where New Hope now stands.



[77]

## The Eggs.



SIXTY Years ago, when we were at work in the field, and would hear the cranes, out on the prairie, making a great noise, we knew they were nesting. They would go into the lakes and gather the rushes and pile them up very much like a large shock of hay, so that it would come above the water, then they would make a little flat place on top and deposit two eggs on that flat place; the eggs was a little larger than a goose egg, while they were shaped just like a quail's egg, they were white in color with small brown specks all over them. When we could get a hat full of prairie hen's eggs, and we believe no better flavored egg can be found, when they were boiled, then with a dish of fresh butter, a boy was surely fixed.



## Good Friends.



THE Author feels very proud of having had the good influence of such good friends as Pascal Hinton, James Rhoads, Berry Turner, Jasper L. Douthit, Anthony Thornton, Henry Carpenter, John Kitchell, Sylvester Cosart, and many, very many others. Some of them are gone, but we have not given them up. The influence and friendship of such men has made our pathway brighter, and has made life worth living; and all we are we owe it to the influence of such good friends.



## Love.



LOVE is the greatest attribute of God and the noblest trait of man.

Love redeemed the world and brings salvation to men.

Love casts out all fear, and purifies the heart.

Love rocks the cradle of virtue, and brings peace to the nations.

Love tunes the song of the lark, and paints the rose.

Love indites the prayer, and speeds the answer.

Love tempers the storm and hallows the calm.

Love smiles in every swelling bud, and whispers in every passing breeze.

Love softens the pillow and sweetens the dream.

No pen can ever write,  
No mind can ever span  
The length and breadth, the depth and height  
Of the love of God to man.



## When I and Betsey Married.

WHEN I and Betsey married first,  
We both was very poor;  
When work was very scarce, sometimes  
The wolf got near the door.

And Betsey said: "Let's buy some hens—  
"The papers say 'it will pay';  
"I think you had better look around  
"And buy the kind that lay."

I bought a dozen plymouth hens  
And put them in a pen;  
When Betsy went and looked, she found  
An egg for every hen.

"Whoopee! I know just what to do;  
"I'll buy a dozen more—  
"And when we get that many eggs,  
"We are not so very poor."

[81]

We raised a hundred hens that year;  
Next year, three hundred more—  
And Betsy, with a knowing wink,  
Said, "We have struck it, sure."

We don't care much what kind we have—  
There's not much in a name;  
If people treat their chickens right,  
They "shell out" just the same.

We have eleven hundred now,  
Blue, yellow, black and white;  
And Betsy says: "Old man, I think  
"They are mixed up now just right."

And late, like in the evening  
We get our baskets off their pegs,  
And "hike out" in the chicken yard  
To gather in the eggs.

We ship two cases every day;  
Oh, my! but aint it funny?  
I sit around and read the news,  
And Betsy counts the money.



## Discontent.



THE Human family is restless and discontented; constantly in quest of something, and know not what that something is. There is an aching void in the mind, which men are constantly seeking to satisfy, and very many remedies have been tried and failed. Some have tried great wealth and it has failed; some have tried great learning, and it has failed; some have tried fame, and it has failed; some have resorted to strong drink, and it has failed; also, many other things have been tried to satisfy that void and failed. Man is out of his element, consequently unhappy. Take a fish out of the water and it will perish and die, because it is out of its element. Man was created for peace and harmony with his God. When he had violated the law and was put out of the Garden, he lost his element; hence this restless, unhappy condition. Now, he may be represented as being blind—in utter darkness, in quest of something and knows not what it is. But God, in His Great Mercy, has put a remedy within our reach; an efficient antidote is prepared and brought to your door, and not only so, but It knocks and asks admission; It comes in the person of a gentle, loving Spirit, whispering in accents of pity: "Oh! come to me, and find rest"; ever, ever calling, calling: "Believe, on me, and find peace." That dear Holy Ghost comes to your pillow at night. "Oh! trust in Me and I will restore you to your proper element; believe in Me and I will drive away all this restless discontent". Our fathers and mothers, in their day, heard and obeyed this same loving call, and found peace, by being placed in their native element—peace with God.

[82]

[83]

Out on the mountain, cold and bare,  
With restless feet we roam;  
But now, we come with humble prayer:  
Lord, lead us safely home.



[84]

### Three Powers.



THE Human family owe allegiance to three great powers—their God, their Country, and their Home; and the three are so inseparably connected that a person can hardly be true to one without being true to all; there is a connecting link that binds them together. We owe our allegiance to God because He is the author of our existence, and gives us all the untold blessings that we enjoy, and to Him we look for the hope of a blessed immortality beyond this life, and by Him we enjoy the blessings of our Country and our Home. We owe allegiance to our Country because by it we enjoy protection in our life and property; it guarantees to us the right to worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and be protected in our Home. And to the Home. Oh! how shall we begin the Home? The most sacred place on earth, around whose hearthstone the foundation is laid for the weal or woe of the Nation. Oh! say not the Home is not a power of all earthly powers; the Home is the nucleus, the Alpha and Omega, the biggest, biggest word pertaining to earthly things, spelled with four letters, the hand is too feeble to write, and the tongue is too feeble to tell, and the brain is too feeble to conceive all the meaning there is in that short word—Home. With its joys and its sorrows, its toils and repose, its smiles and its tears, its births and its deaths, its cradle and its altar, its Bible and its pillow, its bitter and its sweet, its precepts and its examples. When orators and poets undertake to tell all the meaning of that short word, let them pause and think, and think, and think; and when it shall have been declared that Time shall be no more; and when the last trumpet shall have sounded and when Angels shall have tuned their harps anew and shall have struck up the ever new glad song of redemption, through the Blood; and when the pearly gates shall have been thrown wide open, to welcome the redeemed and blood-washed throng from earth: Oh! then, Home, Home. Home forever-more.

[85]



[86]

### The Effect of Influence.



DEEP In the heart of every individual is an inclination to be good and to do good, but sometimes that good desire is so counteracted by some evil influence, that the poor individual unfortunately drifts into ruin. The doctrine of total depravity is all a mistake. The poor criminal often becomes so by the influences which are brought to bear upon his mind; and the good people are often, more or less, responsible for his ruin, for their indifference and lack of diligence in trying to win him back to the path of honesty and justice. The people who are good need not take the praise to themselves, for they do not know what they would have done under certain other environments and influences; and often the poor criminal is more to be pitied than blamed; often in an unguarded moment he does things which he had no thought of doing, and he would then give his life to call it back. And when our neighbor goes to the bad, let us, instead of exulting over his fall, rather shed a tear for him, and think, maybe, I have not done my duty to save him. But, fortunately, in our country, the good is so much greater than the bad, and the good influence so prevails over the bad, that God still deals with us in mercy, and sends the seedtime and harvest, and our people are a prosperous and happy people.

[87]



[88]

### Jesus Cares for Me.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,  
I know He cares for me;  
I know He full salvation gives,  
I know He sets me free.

Why should I murmur or repine,  
While on life's stormy sea;  
Since God is with me all the time,  
And Jesus cares for me.

Even in a dark and stormy night  
Though threatening clouds I see;  
This thought brings comfort and delight  
That Jesus cares for me.

Each day I hear His gentle call:  
Saying, "Believe on me";  
And since He notes each sparrow's fall  
I know He cares for me.



[89]

## Greed for Wealth.



THE Extreme greed for wealth comes nearer threatening the overthrow of this Government than any one thing. The disregard for law is the result of greed. The saloon is the child of greed. Money sharks have been very diligent in agitating all the party prejudice they can, for they know that if the voters lay down their love for party name, they will work and vote together intelligently to overthrow the great wrongs, and there will be a leveling up, and that class legislation will have to go, and the liquor traffic will have to go, and equal rights will prevail. The people are intelligent enough to know their wrongs, but they are so completely bound hand and foot by their party name, that they cannot help themselves. They know that the issues, which the leaders of the parties, have kept the voters divided upon for many years, was only "sham" issues, and not the real issues at all. The voters of this country are intelligent on every other question, but almost hopelessly insane on the question of party. There is no question now for which lecturers are needed so much. If you kill the foolish blind party prejudice, the same stroke will kill every public wrong which exists in our land. We think we have some pretty good reasons to hope that the great wrongs will be righted within a few years; but there are no good reasons why they should not be righted within a few months.

[90]



## Christ will Wipe.

[91]

IF traveling through this vale of tears,  
We saw no better world than this;  
If looking on through endless years  
We caught no ray of Heavenly bliss.

Where could we go, to comfort find,  
Or what could then our spirits cheer;  
Still groping on in darkness, blind  
With sin and sorrow, everywhere.

But, oh! our destiny is not sealed  
In bitter anguish, death and gloom;  
For God, has in His word revealed  
A better world, beyond the tomb.

This thought, will give us joy and peace,  
While plodding on, in toils and cares,  
Knowing well we'll have a sweet release;  
And Christ will wipe away our tears.

[92]

Then goodbye sorrow, goodbye pain,  
Goodbye to all our doubts and fears,  
For He, who died and rose again  
Will smile and wipe away our tears.

Let storms arise, and billows roll,  
We'll battle on, our three-score years—  
This thought's an anchor to our soul,  
That Christ will wipe away our tears.

So glad, our destiny is not sealed  
In bitter anguish, death and gloom—  
For God has, in His word revealed  
A better world, beyond the tomb.



## The Family Altar.

[93]



GOOD Men and Women study and counsel, what is best to do for the good of our people. And after a good deal of thinking, the writer concludes that there is nothing more potent for the safety of our Nation, than the family altar. Wise men have written on every other subject, and writers have seemed to overlook the family altar. The strength of the Nation is derived from the homes; and if the homes are good, the Nation is good. If the homes are bad, the Nation is bad. It is hard for the homes to be right good without the family altar. So the safety of the Nation depends greatly upon the family altar. It is a guard against the temptations which surround us. It prepares the mind for that which is good, and is an efficient antidote for our sins and our sorrows. The future life of the child depends very greatly upon the family altar. God bless the family altar.



## Self Sacrifice.

[94]



IT WAS one of the characteristics of the early settlers to love one another, and we love to think of the many noble men and women who made great sacrifices for, their fellow-man; but none could ever come up with Jasper L. Douthit. Having been brought to Illinois, by his parents, when a very small boy, one of the first things he seemed to learn was self-sacrifice for others. He caught the Spirit of Love to others, and outstripped any man in Illinois. No man in Illinois has made such self-sacrifice for others as Jasper L. Douthit. He has given his whole life for others. He is a Unitarian preacher, and he is not only Unitarian in name, but if people serve the God whom his mother taught him to serve, whether Methodist or Baptist, or any other denomination, he loves them just the same. So he is a real Unitarian. When he has been persecuted by the people, who did not understand him, he worked on, and his actions said: "Father forgive them, they know not what they do"; and his great big heart overflowing with love, he sought to do them good. Few men have had better

[95]



opportunities to know him than we have; and Jasper is as able to cope with the intricate problems of statesmanship as almost any man in the land, and yet simple as a child. If he sees you in trouble, his eyes will fill with tears. Now, in his old age, he is the hardest working man we ever knew. He is no lover of money, and when he makes money it just goes, with the overflowing of his heart, for the good of others.



[96]

## Party Prejudice.



I BELIEVE there is no wrong in our good country so potent in perpetuating evil, as the party prejudice of the voters. The prejudice for political party is what makes possible every great wrong which exists in our land. The voters would vote together, intelligently, to correct every wrong were it not for their prejudice for their party. When one political party takes a stand for a good thing, the other party makes it their business to oppose them. The corruption which existed in the state of Missouri, never could have existed only for the party prejudice. The disregard for law, which has given the President so much trouble, and cost so much money, would have been nipped in the bud, only for the party prejudice. The American voter is intelligent on every other subject, but on the subject of political party, he is deplorably insane. They do not vote so much for men and principle, but are blindly governed by party name. You kill the foolish blind party prejudice and the same stroke kills every great political wrong in our land. Each party will go down into the dirt to court the friendship of every low, dirty element who has a vote. Kill the party prejudice and lawlessness and anarchy will have to hide their deformed faces. When it is found that a man is not willing to obey the laws of this good country a committee should wait upon him and tell him that the sooner he packs his trunks the better. We have a class of rich, aristocratic anarchists who want to run this Government; then we have a class of low, ignorant and dirty anarchists at the tail end, and the country would be better off without either. The American people are a country loving people, and they want to do right and vote right; but their love of party has such complete control over them that they cannot always do right; but they must say and do what their party leaders say for them to do. The party leaders give us issues to contend over and keep us divided, which we know are not the issues. So the love for political party is the mother of every great public wrong which exists, and it is the only thing which makes possible every public wrong.

[97]



[98]

## Intemperance.



I BELIEVE there is no evil in our land so great as the use of intoxicating liquors. No evil is causing so much sorrow, so many tears, blighting so many bright hopes and sunny prospects, breaking up so many happy homes. We punish the robber by the law, and no robber can compare with the Robber Intemperance. He robs the home of its sanctity and its joys; it robs the brain of its power and its intelligence; it robs the heart of its love and its emotions; it robs the man of his manliness and reduces him to a level with the brute; it robs youth of its hopes and its prospects; it robs childhood of everything which makes for comfort and happiness. We furnish the murder by law. No murderer is so cold-blooded as is intemperance. It murders one hundred thousand American citizens annually. If an epidemic were to break out, like smallpox, cholera, or yellow fever, which was destroying half as many lives our authorities would quarantine against it very quickly, and would spend millions of dollars, if need be, to stop the devastation, while that which intemperance is making no great notice is taken, for if we do, we will hurt our party, for the whisky element will vote with the other party. Now, gentle reader, isn't it better to stand for the right, for God and the home, and for the country? even at the risk of being defeated in the election, than to stand for wrong in order to carry the election. Think of gray heads going to their graves in sorrow, because intemperance has ruined their children, and your vote helped to cause that ruin. Think of the men who are now in the various state prisons, and your vote helped to put them there. Think of the oceans of tears that wives and mothers have shed, and your vote helped to cause those tears. Think of the hunger and cold that little innocent children have suffered, and your vote helped to cause that suffering. Look at that little innocent boy and think that maybe that little boy will fill a drunkard's grave, and my vote will help to cause it so, because of my love for my beloved party. Look at the little innocent girl, and think maybe, that little girl is to be the wife of a drunkard, and that my vote helped to cause it so, for the sake of my party. Dear reader, let me appeal to you: Why should we rate political party above every other consideration? Oh! the cruel monster, intemperance. No pen can ever write the enormity of his crimes. No orator's tongue can ever tell the magnitude of his guilt. Like a vile serpent, he tightens his slimy coils around everything that is noble and good, of American institutions and American manhood. No

[99]

[100]

place on earth is too sacred for his poisonous fangs. No hopes or prospects are too bright for his blighting and withering influence. Oh! let us arise in our manhood and bury him so deep that there will be no possibility of his resurrection. How I would like to be one of the pall-bearers and help to bear him to his last resting place. Then a shout of joy would go up; a shout such as was never heard on the earth. A shout from the throats of millions of wronged and oppressed mothers and children. A shout of "peace on earth, good will to men!"



[101]

## A Sad Sight.

DEAR Wife, I've seen the saddest sight,  
I ever yet have seen;  
A mother begging at a gate.  
She looked so pale and lean.

She had three children, by her side,  
Their clothes were old and poor;  
She said her husband came home drunk,  
And turned them from the door.

The little children had no shoes,  
And they were nearly froze.  
She said: "The trouble I have had  
There is nobody knows."

She said: "I work most night and day,"  
And this, too, is what she said:  
"Most all my wages go for drink,  
"And the children cry for bread."

[102]

She said: "I don't know what to do,  
"We have no place to go;  
"I know the children can't live long  
"Out in this sleet and snow."

"I know they are very hungry,  
"And, I know they are very cold,"  
She said: "My man drinks all the time,  
"And all our things are sold."

"He often cries, and talks to me,  
"And says it is a shame—  
"And he tries so hard to quit it,  
"That I know he is not to blame."

"I never say a word to him,  
"It would only make things worse—  
"The men who vote it in his road,  
"Are the men I blame the worst."



[103]

## The Bright Side.



THE Author of this little book has had a pretty happy life. We have had the same difficulties to contend with that other people have had, but we knew the bright side of things was the best side to look at, and we believe we have been able to see a brighter side to most things than most of the people have. Most everything that comes in our road has a bright side to it, if we are only able to see that bright side. If we are seeking to do right, that fact, of itself, turns the dark side of the picture to the wall, and beautiful fields, singing birds, and blooming flowers are ours. If the readers of our little book would only cast off their unnecessary gloom and forebodings, the world would be brighter and happier and the people would be healthier and happier, and they would live a great deal longer.



Good-Bye.



OW, Gentle Reader, we bid you good-bye, wishing you much happiness and peace, and hoping you have been interested in reading the little book, and that you have read something in it which will do you good, that you may be the better prepared for the battles of life and for great usefulness to others. That you will pardon whatever mistakes you have found; and that you will retain a kind feeling for the author; that when we meet, we may have a real, warm hand-shake, and that we may thus get better acquainted, and love each other more. Good-bye.

THE AUTHOR.

**Transcriber's Note:** To keep the original flavor of this book, no corrections were made to typos or printing errors. All were all retained as originally printed.

“allegance” for “allegiance”  
“murmer” for “murmur”  
“scareing” for “scaring”  
“was” for “were”  
“ubout” for “about”

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