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# Along the Old Trail

VOLUME I

## Pioneer Sketches of Arrow Rock and Vicinity

. . BY . .

T. C. RAINEY

Price, 35 Cents

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## PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Daughters of the American Revolution have been instrumental in securing the adoption of the Old Santa Fe Trail as a National Highway, and, almost unaided, have succeeded in having the highway through Missouri designated by granite markers, under authority of the State. They have also brought about a great revival of interest in pioneer Missouri history. They were instrumental in encouraging Mr. T. C. Rainey to write a series of reminiscences of pioneer life in Saline County, Missouri, which were first published in the Democrat-News, of Marshall, Mo., and are now offered to the public in a more available form in the present volume.

The instantaneous success which greeted the publication of Mr. Rainey's vivid pictures of early day scenes and early day persons has been very gratifying to the ladies of the D. A. R. They have gathered these sketches into permanent form at the urgent request of many readers interested in the history of the early settlement of Saline County. It is hoped that many other contributions of a like nature may be inspired by the publication of these articles, and it is the hope of the publishers to issue additional publications descriptive of early times, as material may become available.

THE PUBLISHERS.

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

THOMAS CLAIBORNE RAINEY.
1845

# BIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE

Thomas Claiborne Rainey was born in Giles county, Tennessee, on his grandfather's plantation. Early family misfortune caused his devoted old Virginia mother, newly acquainted with poverty, to send her son, then only eleven years of age, to a printing office in Pulaski, the county site, with the hope of procuring for him both an education and a means of support. He remained there eight years, as printer's "devil" at a small salary. The ownership of the newspaper changed five times, one proprietor after another failing to make a success, until by "sticking to the ship" he had become practically the manager of the paper, often editing the editorials of the fluent writer, who rarely reviewed his own productions.

A partial friend, who had faith in the boy, prevailed upon him to purchase, mainly on credit, a half interest in a run-down but valuable printing establishment at Columbia, Maury county, Tennessee, then offered for sale on very favorable terms; and, knowing the young man's lack of means, this friend volunteered to ask a relative and some business men of Pulaski to loan him sufficient money to make a first payment, which they generously did.

He and his partner issued their paper promptly, changing its title from "Columbia Observer (first founded by Felix K. Zollicoffer), to "Maury Intelligencer," Whig in politics. By the end of the first year the firm had established a growing business; but subscriptions were rarely paid in advance in those days, consequently their second payment on their office matured before they had collected any considerable money from subscribers, and they had some trouble in raising the money coming due. The terms of subscription were $2.50 cash, $3.00 in six months, and $3.50 at the end of the year.

Young Rainey borrowed a horse, printed and took with him blank notes, and visited every subscriber in the county, at his home. His patron was usually a good citi-

zen and solvent, always a Whig; so that before the young man left a house he either carried off an interest bearing note or had compromised the increased credit charge by accepting $5 cash, and crediting his subscriber with a year's subscription in advance. He thus increased his cash, made acquaintance with his patrons, and often his subscriber would even ride with him to an adjoining neighbor and help relieve him of a year's subscription. Within two months he had collected enough money to pay every cent then due, and he never afterwards was seriously embarrassed for money.

Young Rainey's partner was a talented writer, and did the principal editorial work until he was chosen to a professorship in Jackson College, a local institution, after which Rainey became the sole proprietor. He applied for and secured the office of census-taker for his county, thus enabling him to extend his acquaintance and to enlarge his newspaper interests. It gave him one of the happiest and most instructive experiences of his life. Passing rapidly from house to house, he soon lost all consciousness of being a stranger to any one, and has admitted that he was probably the sauciest lad a good-natured and hospitable people ever endured. A visitor to entertain over night was coveted by the noble rural people of the Southern States who adorned the earth before the days of railroads, and the young man so rarely was permitted to pay for anything at all that his expenses for three months were only about five dollars. Four years later a profitable offer was made for his now successful newspaper plant and he sold it. After winding up his business, he mounted a horse and rode into Missouri in the fall of 1852, intending to enter land and probably to make his home here. He came to Springfield, Mo., and found the land office closed, while the railroads' lands were being selected for building what was then called the Southwest Branch of the Missouri Pacific railroad. He returned to Tennessee and came back the next spring, finding the land office still closed; but he waited three months until it did open, meantime enjoying about the first real holiday of his life.

After selecting his lands, he settled on a farm four miles south of Springfield, and in the spring of 1854 was

married to Margaret Chapman, a saintly woman, who died at Marshall in 1887. He lived eight years on his farm, and had made progress, both as farmer and as grower and dealer in live stock, when the war came on in 1861. He was always a Whig; had conducted a Whig newspaper in President Polk's home town, and in 1860 had cast his vote for John Bell, of Tennessee, for President. Such a man was not apt to be a secessionist nor a Republican, and he decidedly was neither. Who remembers a Southern Whig who has ever admitted he was wrong, or a dyed-in-the-wool Southern Democrat who does not assert he was right at that time? Neither ever got what he wanted, and both got many things they didn't want.

Nearly the whole population of Green county was Southern born, and natives of Tennessee. When the trial came, some went into the Confederate army; others into the Federal service; and a still larger number, old Whigs, adhered to neither, but in the end were buffeted by both. Rainey, with his wife and two colored servants, and some horses, went first to Rolla, believing the war would be over in a few months. Meantime he undertook to keep the wolf from the door by first clerking in a hotel; then a friend who had some money proposed that he buy mules and market them for half the profits, at St. Louis, where the Government contractors were buying. Next he began buying and selling cattle both at Rolla and at St. Louis; and later, after he had accumulated some capital, buying an interest in a wholesale mercantile house at Rolla, which paid handsomely without his ever entering the store as an active partner. All one had to do to make money at that time was to buy something marketable and sell it again, since prices of commodities advanced as fast as the gold value of "greenbacks" went down. Rainey next went to St. Louis and opened an office for buying and selling Government vouchers, which were continually coming in from the country, and would not be paid until audited, that requiring time and some knowledge of the routine of the auditing departments.

By 1863 he had made enough money to compensate him for the loss of all live stock left on his farm, and for a fine crop of grain and hay taken by both armies as they

alternately occupied Springfield, and for which he never received a cent of pay. In that year he took his wife and an only child, and spent a summer traveling through the States where travel was possible, and through Canada, finally stopping in New York City, where he met many Kentuckians and Missourians, refugees, in about as happy state of homelessness as himself. A fortunate acquaintance made with a banking firm there led to his employment in the bank in a confidential service, and in one of the few places he was at all fitted for. He remained there until just previous to coming to Saline, his wife meantime boarding at Columbia, Mo., from which town he came to Arrow Rock in the latter part of 1865.

Here he lived fourteen years, among a people he loves very dearly, and doing a successful business in his line, at the same time, after he had accumulated some surplus money, engaging in stock-growing in partnerships with a number of his farming friends, who bred short-horn cattle furnished by him. After Arrow Rock failed in its effort to secure a railroad, he sold out there, and, after an interval in winding up his business, he located in Marshall, and entered into a partnership with Jacob Van-Dyke, which continued until 1901, when he came to Kansas City, bought lands in the vicinity, and lives there now.

He was induced to begin writing articles concerning Arrow Rock and its early history at a time when those noble ladies of the D. A. R. were advocating a National Highway which would follow the historic trails as far as possible, across the continent, and when there seemed to be a purpose to direct the route in such a way as to leave Arrow Rock off the Old Trail. He probably thinks as modestly of his ability as a writer as will his most indifferent reader.

THOMAS CLAIBORNE RAINEY.
1914

# ALONG THE OLD TRAIL

## ARROW ROCK, ONE OF THE OLDEST TOWNS IN MISSOURI.

The average Missourian knows a great deal more about the early history of the thirteen colonies than that of the State in which he was born. This can be accounted for from the fact that the first explorers and colonists of Louisiana Territory, of which Missouri was a part, recorded their acts in a language different from ours, and that the records themselves were mainly lodged in France and Spain. But a late history of Missouri, devoted almost exclusively to the period between its first exploration and its entrance into the Union as a State, contains more valuable data on colonial Missouri than all the other histories I have ever read. It is in three volumes, published at Cape Girardeau, Mo., in 1908. Its author is the Hon. Lewis Houck, an eminent lawyer, business man and writer. It is a little less than marvelous how a man leading such a busy life in other lines could have found time to compile such a work. As a record of colonial government and of pioneer life in Missouri territory, Mr. Houck's history has no rival in extent, in authority and in graphic and lucid presentation. I have had the privilege of reading a private letter from the author of this book and take the liberty of making this quotation from it: "Arrow Rock is one of the first places marked on the old maps of the Missouri river. On D'Anville's map it is called Pierre a'Fleche—(Arrow Rock). Maj. Long says it is a beautiful situation, and rises to a considerable elevation above the water. It was a well known resort of Indians to secure stone arrow heads."

There are many other reasons why the locations should have been remarkable and well known. One of the maps in Mr. Houck's history shows that an Indian trail led from the Osage villages on the Osage river, from about Papinsville, in Bates county, down the river to below

Schell City in Vernon county. Of this trail the history says: "An Osage trail led from their villages to Arrow Rock on the Missouri river, probably because there they made flint arrow heads for their arrows."

Arrow Rock was a crossing place where this trail met another trail on the north side leading both up and down the river, as shown by the map. It was situated, as near as any other point which could be named, where the great prairie plains, traversed by the horseback Indian began, and where the forest Indian, with his different modes of hunting and warfare, ended. It was surrounded by salt springs, which attracted to them the buffalo and other wild game in immense numbers. At the salt springs on the former Richart farm on Camp Creek, and at those south and west of the town of Blackwater, on the old Bagby farm and the Marion Clark farm, many tons of earth have been "licked" and carried away by wild animals, as can yet be seen by any one curious in such matters. At some early time, perhaps as far back as 1720 to 1725—fifty years before our revolutionary war—extensive mining was done a few miles south of Arrow Rock, and southwest, not far from the LaMine river. Since these mines were worked, large trees, measuring three or four feet in diameter, have grown on the tumuli and in the depressions where the earth was displaced. The history disclosed that Philip Renault, in 1721, came to Fort de Chartres, bringing with him experienced miners, and 500 slaves from San Domingo, with the object of exploring and mining in Upper Louisiana territory. Either he or some of his agents or followers probably traveled up the trail which led from St. Genevieve to the Osage villages, and from thence along the trail leading to Arrow Rock. The trail from Arrow Rock leads to the Blackwater, crossing that stream at the Boat-Yard ford, and thence in the direction of Georgetown in Pettis county. Both the old mine workings and the salt springs are not far from the Osage trail. At the salt spring on the Marion Clark land—now Marshall farm, I think—posts driven in the Saline earth, were long preserved from decay by the salt, piles of ashes and fire coals showing that salt had been made there. If they

have not been recently disturbed, many such evidences are yet to be seen. Mr. Clark told me that, when his father first came to the vicinity (in 1837, I think), none of the old pioneers at that day had any knowledge as to who had made salt at that spring.

Very probably it was about at the same time the mines were being opened. The location was a favorable one, for Blackwater is near, leading to the LaMine, and salt could have been floated down those streams to the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, to Kaskaskia and Fort de Chartres, the only white settlements in Upper Louisiana territory at that time.

It is a reasonable conjecture that the region around this remarkable old town was neutral territory, visited alike by the tribes of the upper river and of the surrounding territory. Catlin, authority on Indian habits and history, mentions such a locality in the north-west, where there is a peculiar deposit of red stone, sought by the Indians for a thousand miles around for making pipes. He says Indians of every tribe were free to visit this quarry unmolested. The pipes being of universal use, they considered that the Great Spirit had intended this stone for the use of all alike. The flint arrow head, being also of universal use, and a necessity to all, it is a fair inference, that all were free to come and go undisturbed. It may be that representatives of all the tribes made their home here, and wrought the implements for their own people. The makers of these arrow heads could not have been migratory, but must have resided permanently in the vicinity where their work was done. They were probably elderly men, for their art was difficult, and its acquisition must have required patience, talent and time. No doubt they instructed younger men in their craft, else knowledge of its processes would be lost. So far as I have ever heard, no one now knows how these arrow heads were fashioned so perfectly out of a hard and brittle stone, liable to break in any direction. They were brought into perfect form without the aid of any metallic tool. I am told that even by the use of the finest steel implements no one can now reproduce a perfect flint arrow head.

One of the reasons why Arrow Rock was chosen as a

place to make arrowheads is, doubtless, because there is not anywhere up the river, and near to it, any other considerable out cropping of flint. It is probable that the upper plains Indians depended on that locality for their arrows. Not only local facts but historical records show that they were made there extensively, and that the name of the town originates from that fact. "Pierre Fleche" in English is Arrow Rock.

It is pleasing to think of the original tenants of the old town as being the artificers for all the tribes surrounding them, extending a friendly hospitality to, and smoking the pipe of peace with, all who came.

Mr. Houck's history, vol. 1, page 225, states: "Du Tisne, the earliest explorer by land through what is now Missouri, must have followed a trace or trail when he visited the Osage in 1720, in their village on the Osage river." With equal certainty, if this traveler visited the Osage in the villages to the south, he must have followed the trail from there to Arrow Rock, or else have returned as he came, which is not probable when the object was exploration. He started from Fort de Chartres, across the river from Ste. Genevieve, and could have returned by following the Osage trail to Arrow Rock; thence along the trail, shown on the map, to the mouth of the Missouri river, and then down the Mississippi on the east side, to the fort.

Arrow Rock was an Indian town, with a French name, and a reason for it, before St. Louis, St. Charles or Franklin were founded.

## THE FIRST WHITE MAN WHO EXPLORED THE OLD TRAIL.

Capt. Becknell, who is usually called the Father of the Santa Fe Trail, is not the first white man who marked it, and the idea of opening such a roadway originated at its western terminus almost thirty years before it was traveled by Americans.

Santa Fe was permanently settled by Spaniards, and became the capital of New Mexico about 1642. It was situated very far from water transportation, the nearest being Corpus Christi or Vera Cruz on the Gulf of Mexico, both Spanish ports. Gold and silver mines around Santa Fe made money plentiful, while merchandise was very scarce and very high in price. Therefore the Governor of New Mexico conceived the idea of opening a roadway to the Missouri river and to St. Louis, over the unknown and untraveled route. This would reach a nearer market accessible to water transportation, and also be within the dominion of Spain. Gov. Concha selected Don Pedro Vial to explore for a suitable roadway; furnished him and two companions with outfit, government horses and a letter to Gov. Trudeau of St. Louis, then acting Governor of Upper Louisiana territory (called "The Illinois"), and gave full directions as to his journey.

Vial's two companions were Vicente Espinesa and Josef Vicente Vilanueva, both experienced plainsmen. He was instructed "To keep a diary exact as possible, noting therein the direction which he takes, the daily distances, the rivers which he finds, their flow and the quantity of their waters, the mountains and tablelands which present themselves to him, explaining their configuration, and supplying them names, the tribes which he finds and their customs, and what he may find out from them, and whatever else he believes can be of use for information and clearness."

Another paragraph of Gov. Concha's instructions discloses that Vial was a Frenchman, as he is directed to

record his diary in French, he not being well instructed in the Spanish language. It also appears from what will follow, that Vial once lived in St. Louis and that he had previously been an Indian agent.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY.

"Diary of the voyage undertaken by me, Pedro Vial, at the order of Don Fernando de la Concha, Colonel of the Royal Armies and Governor; from Santa Fe, Nueva Mexico, to San Luis de Ylinneses, in the Province of Louisiana."

"May 21, 1792.—We left Santa Fe and went to sleep in the village of Peco, a distance of seven leagues.

"May 23.—We stayed quiet in said village in order to arrange our packs. We left said village, taking an easterly direction and made camp at night in the mountains distant five leagues away.

"May 24.—We have come to sleep at the river Peco, after a march of four leagues."

Each day's journey and its events are recorded in this quaint language, and I shall omit, for brevity's sake, most of them.

May 30 he records: "We followed the same easterly direction, also through plains along the banks of the Colorado river, and made camp on that river after having marched about six leagues.

"May 31.—We left in the same direction and along the same river and slept short distance from it. We lost a horse. We marched about six leagues.

"June 6.—We did not march, as I was sick, until the 17th, when we left in the morning in the same easterly direction and along the same river, marching about three leagues.

"June 28.—We kept quiet all day in order to rest our horses.

"June 29.—We left in the morning at daybreak along the Napeste river, which flowed east-north-east. We found some buffaloes which the Indians had killed and we believed they were of the tribe of the Gauchaches, who were hunting through that region. We went to find them, since I know that they are well inclined to the gov-

ernment of the province of Louisiana. We found them about four in the afternoon in their camp on the said shore of the said Napeste (Arkansas) river. As they approached us on the opposite side with the river between us we fired some shots in the air to get them to see us. They immediately set out and came to stop us on the other side. Those who first met us grasped us cordially by the hand. I asked them of what tribe they were and they told me they were Cances (Kansas). They immediately took our horses and all our possessions and cut our clothes which we wore, with knives, thus leaving us naked. They were of a mind to kill us, whereupon some of them cried out to those who were about to do it, not to kill us with guns or arrows, because of the great risk that would be run of killing one another, as they surrounded us; but that if they killed us it should be by hatchet blows or spears. One highly esteemed among them took up our defense, begging all of them to leave us alive. Thereupon another highly respected one came, and taking me by the hand made me mount his own horse with him. Then another came up behind and hurled a spear at me, but the one who had me on his horse restrained him by laying hold of him, leaving me alone on the horse. Then one of them, who had been a servant in the village of San Luis de Ylinnese and who talked excellent French, came up to me and recognized me. He began to cry out, 'Do not kill him. We shall ascertain whence he is coming, for I know him.' Taking the rein of my horse, he took me to his tent and said to me, 'Friend, now your grace must hurry if you wish to save your life, for among us it is the custom and law that after having eaten no one is killed.' After having eaten hastily as he charged me, they left me quiet and the chiefs having assembled after a moment came to me and asked me whence I was coming. I told them I was coming to open a road from Santa Fe to Los Ylinnese, having been sent by the great chief, their Spanish Father, and that I had letters for the Spanish Chief at San Luis de Ylinnese. Thereupon they left me quiet until the following day. My two companions did not fail to run the same dangers as myself, but they were also saved

by other Indians who were well inclined. They kept us naked in the same camp until the fifteenth of August.

"August 16.—Again we left with the above mentioned Indians on their return to their village, going in a northeasterly direction, and we journeyed in ten days about fifty leagues through level plains.

"August 25.—We reached their village, which is on the river of the Kances. The river flows into the river called Misoury. We remained there until the 11th of September, when a Frenchman came with a pirogue laden with various sorts of merchandise, to trade with the tribe. He supplied both me and my companions with garments wherewith to clothe ourselves.

"September 16.—We left the village of the Kances in search of the Missouri river with a pirouge belonging to three traders who were returning to the village of the San Luis de Ylinneses. We arrived there October 6 at night.

Houck's "Spanish Regime in Missouri," from which this is quoted, "Pedro Vial," in a foot note says of Vial: "He seems to have enjoyed the esteem and confidence of the Indians to a remarkable degree, and was thus a valuable Indian Agent for the Spanish." The same authority adds: "Vial's journey may well be considered the first march overland on substantially the route which afterwards became celebrated as the Santa Fe Trail."

Vial was warmly welcomed at St. Louis, and he was supplied with an outfit for his return journey by order of Gov. Trudeau, out of government supplies, and a report was made to Baron Carondelet of the proposal to open the roadway to Santa Fe. Nothing seems to have come of it, perhaps because the dangers of the journey were considered too great, or, as probably, because the traders at St. Louis did not want a rival market for furs west of them.

A monument has been dedicated at Franklin to Capt. Wm. Becknell, Father of the Santa Fe Trail, and deservedly. The City of Santa Fe might very appropriately erect a stone in honor of Pedro Vial and his companions who first traveled and marked out the Trail from its western terminus to Gov. Concha, who first conceived the idea of such a traffic way. Vial passed down the

Kaw and out from its mouth into "the river called Misoury," and doubtless looked admiringly at the cliff on which Arrow Rock is seated, and where Wm. Becknells, thirty years later, crossed the river on his way to the far-off mountain city from which Vial hailed.

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## ARROW ROCK IN 1865.

I first saw Arrow Rock in the fall of 1865, coming into the county on horseback and crossing the river at Glasgow. My first night was spent in the old brick tavern, then as now, the most notable building in the town, and my horse was stabled in "Jim" West's livery barn. "Jim" West was the father of "Steve" West, who later drove the Boonville and Marshall hack, and was later very well known in Marshall.

I came in search of something to do, having failed to buy a drug store at Columbia. My knowledge of drugs extended to calomel, paragoric, salts, hair oil and a mere speaking acquaintance with red liquor. In merchandise I knew red-top boots, yarn socks, hats, pocket knives and had come in contact with a few ready-made shirts with enormously starched "bosoms," bullet-proof until after the first washing. However, I was young and hopeful. James E. Ancell owned a stock of general merchandise he wanted to sell, and I bought it, and began my business career in Saline.

As I remember, the tradesmen of the town, beginning with the year 1866, were Henry S. Mills, merchant and banker. Mr. Mills later moved the bank of Arrow Rock to Kansas City. It was dissolved after one year's experiment, when Mr. Mills organized the private bank of H. S. Mills & Son. This bank later became the Western Exchange Bank, which is yet in successful operation.

In dry goods and general merchandise I found Ben F. Townsend, John C. Thompson, Sr., a former partner of Joseph Huston; Mrs. Frances Durett, (grand-mother of Mrs. C. M. Buckner) who had living apartments over the store, which was long since burned. Erasmus, "Ras," Huston, brother of Joseph and Samuel; Miller & Rainey,

(H. C. Miller and T. C. Rainey), and a Mr. Neil, who left that year.

In the grocery line I found Mr. Barksdale, father of Ed Barksdale, now of Slater, and Wood & Huston.

The firm of Wood & Huston, who were first associated in 1859, dealt largely in farm implements, furniture, hardware, boots and shoes, and also owned the warehouse at the river. Capt. Carter M. Sutherlin was at this time in their employ, while Mr. R. J. McMahan was yet living on his farm in Cooper county. Wood & Huston shipped all the live stock, grain and hemp marketed from almost one-half of Saline county, and a portion of Pettis and Cooper counties; they received and handled all the merchandise shipped in for the same territory. John Huston and Nelse Robertson, "John and Nelse," colored, were the faithful warehouse keepers. John Leffler, old plainsman and freighter, with his three yoke of oxen carried the freight along the Old Trail from Arrow Rock to Marshall, leaving upon it the last tracks of the old ox-wagon.

James A. West was the liveryman and mail contractor; Wm. Putsch, just returned from the army, was teller in the bank of Missouri, of which H. S. Mills was cashier. John Webb conducted a jewelry store. Wm. H. Ancell (Billy), John C. Dickerson and D. B. Coltrane, were photographers. D. B. Cochrane later lived in Miami, afterwards moving to Marshall, where he engaged in the jewelry business. Later he assisted in organizing the First National Bank. He is now a resident of Concord, North Carolina, his old home. He is president of the National Bank at that place, and is prominently interested in cotton mills.

John Taylor was the village blacksmith; George Bingham, wood worker; "Dock" Petitt, wagon maker; Sam Huston, brother of Joseph and "Ras," was pioneer miller; O'Brien and John McGuffin were tinners; Matthew Gaunt was miller, wool-carder and manufacturer of woolen cloths. James E. Ancell was a lumber dealer. J. W. Patterson, (Squire "Billy" Patterson), and Geo. Fenwick were justices of the peace or "magistrates."

Henry S. Wilhelm, father of John H. Wilhelm and W. B. Wilhelm, was postmaster and mayor. Elisha

Ancell, John Baker and John Slusher, were builders. Doctors Dysart, Glenn O. Hardeman, Redmon, R. W. McClelland and G. H. Bowers were the physicians. Knapp Chase, plasterer; Ed Miller, painter, wag, and good fellow generally. John P. Sites, gunsmith, a most unique character, who never lost faith in the future greatness of Arrow Rock. Richard Horn, Sr., father of R. C. Horn and Thos. Horn, conducted a hotel west of the Old Tavern.

Mrs. Scripture had succeeded Mrs. Vanice in the management of the old brick tavern. Mrs. Stean (mother of Mrs. John McGuffin) conducted the only millinery store. Jay M. Potter, father of Mrs. C. M. Buckner, kept books, stationery and a very mixed stock of almost everything; Jake Epple was the shoemaker; Fiser Bros., fishermen and general utility men.

Henry Cooper was the ferryman; Ed Chase, with a lot of other boys, boatmen, water rats, knowing everything about the river from top to bottom, and from Libson to Hardeman's bend, were well known to all old timers. The Reverend A. M. Rader, a good man, was the Methodist minister.

Uncle Jesse McMahan, the oldest merchant of all, reopened in dry goods in 1866. John C. Lamkin came in 1866 and clerked for Ben Townsend. Ed. H. Mitchell, then 12 years old, began to manage my business the same year. John McGuffin was the step-father of all the children in town, and in the country as far as his spring wagon carried. He is the only man in town who has not changed his employment. The babies follow him yet. He, Judge Wm. Henry Huston and Dan Watts are the town's oldest citizens.

The war was just over, and returned soldiers from both armies were back home. There was no cordiality between them, particularly between those, on both sides, who had skirmished around without doing much fighting. The actual soldiers fraternized better.

Early in the spring of '66 some guerillas of the Southern side rented an old brick house out not far from Mrs. Darwin Sappington's, and would come to town with big unconcealed pistols belted around them. Once when a little "full," they "shot up" the town, causing some

alarm. They boasted of their bloody career during the war. But it was suspected from their actions that they were a sort of clearing-house for horse-thieves, and the old town didn't like it. A meeting was held, and it was decided to ask John Wall, the sheriff, to come down and help the citizens scare them off. He sent his deputy, Frank Sappington, with a "John Doe" warrant, who summoned about thirty citizens as a posse to assist him in making an arrest, or pretense of an arrest rather. I remember Knapp Chase, Gen. Bingham, Capt. Sutherlin, Will Jackson, D. E. Dysart, Joe Huston, Sam Huston, Bill Greene, John Webb, and I think Wm. Putsch. The house was about two-and-a-half miles away. The posse was armed with pistols and the usual fowling pieces, and started at nightfall, walking silently. Arrived at the house, Capt. Sutherlin, I think, took charge, and placed men at intervals all around it. My station was at the front gate, with Knapp Chase, and near a stout sapling. After all were in place, Will Jackson and Dr. Dysart, both feeling pretty lively, and both Southern men, walked to the front door. Their steps on the front porch sounded dreadfully loud. They knocked, and a female voice cried out. As quick as you could clap your two hands together twice a footfall bounded to the floor and a shot was fired from an upper window. Knapp Chase instantly let loose both barrels at the flash of the gun. Then a little fusilade. From the noise inside some one was evidently hit, but soon all was quiet again.

Bill Greene, a good fellow, was lying flat in the garden, with his gun ready, when a man with a gun came running through, stooping low. He almost ran over him, but Bill had no malice in his heart, and he didn't fire. Besides, didn't we come out there to drive those wretches off? And weren't they going? He was actually pleased, as I would have been, to see him disappear.

Knapp Chase, as soon as he had fired, cooly began to recharge his old muzzle-loader. Your historian nestled up to that sapling and felt himself projecting out on both sides of it distressingly. He felt as big as Tom Boatright when he was the fattest, and that sapling seemed to "swivel" up till it was not much larger than a pencil.

The effect was salutory. Arrow Rock was strongly

Southern, but this little episode convinced the riff-raff that "Secesh" wouldn't tolerate thieves and bullies. It caused both sides to realize that it was best to work in harmony and let bygones go.

It turned out that only two men were in the den that night. One got away, and the other got some buckshot. In a few days they all left for nobody knew where. They probably found the war was over, wherever they went.

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## CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PIONEERS.

Although hardly entitled to the honor of being called a pioneer myself, it has been my very good fortune to have lived most of my life where some of the original pioneers of the country were yet surviving. The Southern border of Middle Tennessee was a new country when I was a boy, and I can remember when some of the last of the large gray timber wolves, native in the forest there, were being slaughtered. Four-fifths of the land was yet clothed in its primitive grand old forest trees, many of them six and eight feet in circumference, and whose branches almost completely shut out the sun on a mid-summer day. That part of the population above the age of fifteen years was made up almost entirely of emigrants from the Carolinas and Virginia. Very many of them had been through the Indian wars under Sevier and Gen. Jackson, and were with the latter at the battle of New Orleans. Adjoining on the southeast, the Cherokee tribe of Indians was living peaceably under its own simple tribal laws. In parts of West Tennessee the Indians' title to the lands was not yet extinguished by treaty. Tennessee was then the land of pioneers, and spoken of as the "West."

I rode on horseback into southern Missouri when a much greater part of it was unentered, broad prairies, the settlements being mainly along their borders or in the timber lands surrounding. I left a State which had not a mile of completed railroad, and entered another State which had none. I afterwards came to Arrow Rock at the close of the war.

I am led to make this discursion, not to call attention to myself but by way of introduction to sketches I have

in mind of some of the old pioneers who lived at Arrow Rock. When I first came there I found myself characterizing them all in substantially the same way, the difference being mainly in the temperament of the men. The pioneers, everywhere I have known them, were almost invariably strong, healthy, bold, sensible and enterprising men. They had made their way to a new country by the slow locomotion of ox teams or horses, camping by the roadside. They came moved by the impulse for adventure, and to obtain cheaper lands for themselves and their children. Circumstances of necessity made them more than ordinarily dependent upon each other, and therefore more intimate and friendly. They knew little about the written law, but had firm convictions of right and wrong. A dishonest man, or an inhospitable neighbor would not be tolerated. The best thing he could do would be to move away, and he almost invariably did. Otherwise he would be ignored or insulted. They had a blunt, frank manner of speaking, and expressed their likes and dislikes with small regard as to who might be present to hear. They were ready to stand by a friend and support him with their personal brawn and the last cent in their pockets, if the emergency arose. All of man's nobler and more chivalric impulses—courage, hospitality, integrity—were brought out and developed by the conditions confronting them. Character was an asset of value more potent than wealth or great learning. "A man's word was his bond."

A few of this disappearing class of men were yet living when I first came to Saline county. I very naturally courted their acquaintance, and they were kind and friendly to me. They were the salt of the earth, and their impress is yet visible in those parts of Saline where little change has been made in the original population; notably west of Arrow Rock, the Fairville country, and on to Miami.

## GEORGE SIBLEY AT ARROW ROCK IN 1807.

The earliest authentic account of Arrow Rock discloses that it was an Indian town, as has been stated, inhabited by the makers of flint arrow heads. How large the village was, and how many engaged in the work, we do not know. Existing evidence shows that such work was performed there in a more extensive way than I have ever known elsewhere. A resident of the vicinity recently told me that he had seen remains of flint spawls in quantity which would have amounted to bushels, and this on a different hillside to where I found them years ago. Doubtless, cultivation of the land and the action of drift by rainfall and travel have obliterated most of these ancient remains of long ago. The pioneers were not so much concerned in preserving Indian antiquities as in protecting themselves from the flying missles hurled from their bows.

Baron La Houton, a Frenchman and noted traveler, accused of inflating the truth occasionally, wrote an account of his travels in Louisiana territory in 1668, in which he relates that in a hunting expedition up the Missouri river, he secured a hundred wild turkeys. If he followed the trails, as he certainly must, he crossed at Arrow Rock. On account of the Saline waters, all kinds of game were particularly abundant around there.

Another distinguished early traveler, Charlevoix, an educated priest, came through from Canada in 1720, explored the Missouri river country and wrote a book of his travels. His book contains a map, which shows Arrow Rock as a crossing point on the Indian trails he traveled. He wrote other books of his travels in Central and South America.

From 1720 to the time Lewis and Clarke came up the river in 1804, little is recorded, except that we know the hunters and trappers made occasional incursions through the Missouri river country, which was then claimed by the Osage tribe of Indians.

After Lewis and Clarke's ascent of the river, Captain

George Sibley came in 1807, and built a fort and trading post at the present site of Arrow Rock. He was the first English speaking white man who ever settled on Saline County soil. He did not remain long, but pushed on further West, and established another trading post at Fort Osage, now called Sibley, in Jackson County. Here he remained for some time, engaging in a profitable trade with the Osages and other Indian tribes. The chief commodities dealt in were furs and pelts.

Two or three miles above Arrow Rock, Jesse Cox and his son-in-law, William Gregg, built a block-house dwelling in the bottom in October, 1814. It is related in Houck's History of Missouri, that Gregg was killed by the Indians. Six bullets were lodged in his door facing as he entered the door, after being mortally wounded before he reached the block-house. The marauding band of Indians who killed Gregg took away as a captive his wife's sister, Miss Patsy Cox. She was mounted on an Indian pony behind one of the Indian warriors, one of her hands being tied to a cord fastened around the Indian's body. Her father, Jesse Cox, with the Cooper boys of Howard County, and some other settlers hastily gathered together, quickly started in pursuit. The horse ridden by the Indian who had Miss Cox captive, being overloaded, fell behind the train. When the pursuers came in sight, Miss Cox, with rare daring and presence of mind, snatched the Indian's hunting knife from the scabbard, cut the cord which bound her other hand, and slid safely off the horse and into the arms of her father and friends.

Jesse Cox, with his family and the widow of William Gregg, moved to Lafayette County, leaving behind what seemed to them a house of tragedy. Meantime, Jerry Leck, Fred Hartgrove and Henry Becknell, successively, conducted a ferry at Arrow Rock but lived at Cooper's Fort on the opposite side of the river. Henry Becknell was the ferryman when his brother William crossed there in 1821 on his way to Santa Fe.

In 1819, Major Long's expedition, sent out by the government, passed up the river in the first steamboat which ever ascended as far as Arrow Rock, and the second steamer to attempt the navigation of the Missouri river.

Major Long stopped at Arrow Rock and admired the old Indian village. The same year emigration began to pour in. A land office was opened at Franklin in 1818. Charles Carroll, a relative, I think of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who signed the Declaration of Independence, was the first Register of the Land Office, while General Thomas A. Smith was Receiver.

General Thomas A. Smith was a native of Essex County, Virginia. He entered the United States Army in 1800, as ensign, was promoted to a captaincy in 1806, and was made a Brigadier General in 1814. He married a sister of Judge Hugh L. White, of Tennessee, who was once a candidate for President of the United States. General Thomas A. Smith afterwards moved to Saline County, and entered a large body of land near Napton, Mo., and named the place "Experiment Farm." He died there in 1844. His grand-children yet own practically all of the truly baronial estate which he settled by entry.

About this time came also Asa Finley, Saunders Townsend, Richard Marshall, Peyton Nowlin, Dr. John Sappington and his son, Wm. B. Sappington. A few years later came Andrew Brownlee, John Bingham, Burton Lawless, Bradford Lawless, Rudolph Hawpe, Beverly Tucker, Meredith M. Marmaduke, Joseph and Benjamin Huston, and Dr. George Penn, a brother-in-law of Gen. Thomas A. Smith. Dr. Penn was later Assistant Treasurer of the United States at St. Louis.

Several of these pioneers were still living when I came to Saline County in 1865. I have also heard interesting stories of some of those who died before I came to the town.

## HENRY NAVE, THE FIRST WHITE SETTLER IN SALINE COUNTY.

This story was related to me by Hanry Nave, who emigrated from Tennessee and settled in Cox's Bottom, above Arrow Rock, in 1816. He came overland in a wagon and arrived at Cooper's fort, across the river from Arrow Rock, about the first of December. Cooper, a total stranger to the new-comer, took Nave and his wife into the fort, and a child was born to Mrs. Nave a few days after. She received the hospitality of the fort, and the kind ministrations of Mrs. Cooper without the thought of pay.

Mr. Nave was a large, powerful man, with tremendous chest, and superb muscular development. He lived to be more than 90 years of age, and died on his farm about six miles from Arrow Rock, near the home of his brother Isaac, who, however, spelled his name Neff.

Henry Nave decided to settle in the bottom, on the Saline county side of the river, opposite the fort. On Christmas day, the 25th of December, 1816, he secured two canoes, lashed them together, uncoupled his wagon, took the hind wheels and axle over at one trip, the fore wheels and tongue at another; then in successive trips, he ferried over the wagon bed and it contents. He selected a location for his cabin, cut down round poles for the walls, the rafters and joists for his frame-work, split out boards from a large tree for his roof, and puncheons for his floor. He found some large, flat stones, out of which he built his fire-place and hearth. The chimney was built of wood and the stones were placed inside as a lining, in the absence of the modern fire-brick.

About the time he had his house covered and the chimney erected, the weather turned very cold. The freezing weather made it impossible for him to make up in the open the "mud mortar," used by the early pioneers for the purpose of "chinking" the walls to keep out the cold, and of lining the chimney inside and outside with mud, as was necessary. He therefore built a fire in the mid-

dle of the cabin, by which means he thawed the earth underneath the fire. Then he dug up the earth near his fire and made his mortar inside; daubed the cracks in the wall, and lined the chimney with mortar, working from the inside. He then laid down his straight log joists and on them laid the slabs which made his puncheon floor, smoothing and evening up the surface with his adze and squaring the edges of the puncheons so that they fitted neatly and closely together. After relating this to me in a more intelligent manner than I am able to describe it at this late day, the old man remarked: "And it was not many days until we were living comfortably and snugly in our cabin, and in good health and with fine appetites."

The new-comer then cleared off timber, "deadened" large trees, and planted a crop. He and his family lived mainly on the game procured by his rifle, on corn bread and hominy made of corn procured from older settlers across the river. Deer, bear, wild turkeys and other game were plentiful.

Mr. Nave enlarged his field from year to year. New comers from Tennessee, old acquaintances and kinsfolk, came in and settled around him and he began to live in abundance and even luxury, except that he began to sigh for the good old bacon, "side-meats," hams, fresh lard and sausages for which the flavor of wild game was not a satisfactory substitute. But no hogs were to be had in his vicinity. He heard, however, of a man down in Callaway, who owned some hogs and he determined to visit him and endeavor to buy a few hogs as the foundation of a herd. He crossed the river, and found the man who owned the hogs. He was invited to remain over night, and was entertained with true pioneer hospitality. His host was willing to sell a few hogs, but his wife at once interposed, objecting that they had no hogs to spare. In the course of the conversation around the fireside, Mr. Nave had occasion to make mention of a side-saddle owned by Mrs. Nave. The lady of the house at once became interested and promptly proposed to consent to the sale of a couple of "shoats," provided Mr. Nave would give his wife's side-saddle in exchange for them. Mr. Nave gladly agreed to the trade and the owner deliv-

ered two promising young porkers to him, upon his promise to return and deliver the saddle, which promise was faithfully fulfilled. How Mr. Nave arranged matters with his wife, deponent knoweth not.

Hog cholera was unknown at this early day, and Mr. Nave's two pigs became the founders of quite an attractive herd of porkers. He built a secure lot to hold them, and after they became accustomed to their new home, they were turned out by day to feed upon "mast," the acorns from the forest oaks which grew in great abundance. Feed was thus abundant and cheap, but the prowling wolves gave him great anxiety by their incursions at night, when they made frequent attempts to carry off young pigs. The pioneer and his trusty dogs were often called out to repel a night attack.

With an abundance of range and cribs filled with corn, the hog crop increased rapidly. Mr. Nave butchered a large number one season, several years after his first purchase, but found no demand for his bacon, his neighbors by this time having bacon of their own raising. He and a neighbor determined to build a boat and float the bacon down the river to St. Louis, hoping to find a market for it there. They arrived in the course of time in St. Louis, then but a small village. The neighbor remained with the boat and cargo, while Mr. Nave, taking samples of his product with him, walked upon and down the streets, exhibiting his bacon, and soliciting a buyer. No demand at all. The market was already supplied, and no one needed bacon.

They met a stranger who told them he believed they might find a market for their bacon at the lead mines, down the Mississippi, and not many miles from the river. Accordingly the two pioneer pork packers weighed anchor and drifted down the river, to a point near the mines, when Mr. Nave set out on foot to find the lead mines and endeavor to make a sale of their bacon. The name of the mine, as I remember his story, was "Mine a'Burton," a French name. The mine was probably owned and operated by the French. They found there purchasers for their bacon and at very profitable prices. Having disposed of their meat, they sold their boat at a nominal price, and, with some precious and hard-earned

money in their pockets, cheerfully trudged back through St. Louis and on up the Missouri to Arrow Rock.

The story is easy to relate, and Mr. Nave took great delight in repeating the narative. But think of the hardships endured by these rugged old fore-fathers of the State. We talk of enterprise and initiative in these latter days of the railroad, the motor car, and huge industrial enterprises! Yet how many of the sons of these noble sires would now cheerfully endure the hardships, the privations and the heroic endeavor which were so large a part in the conquering of this wilderness, to which we have fallen heir?

Have we yet among us those who might, on occasion emulate the heroic tasks of the early pioneers, with equal courage and optimism? Have our younger generation the physical courage and endurance of their sires, and equal fitness for great tasks?

"Uncle Henry Nave," as he was called at a later day, was the first permanent white settler in Saline county! He came as a pioneer and home-seeker before the Santa Fe trail was thought of. He lived almost within sight of the trail from the time the first wagon train passed over it, until long after the last one had faded into the western plains and into history! He was never a freighter, but he holds a record for shipment of bacon, for he made a shipment from Arrow Rock, which "broke the market" in St. Louis, and with indomitable optimism and energy, he was able to find a market elsewhere.

## THE HUSTONS AMONG THE PIONEERS.

Benjamin Huston was a brother of Judge Joseph Huston, and one of the commissioners who laid off the town of Arrow Rock in 1829. He lived three miles west of town on a farm he entered and improved, where he raised a large family of children, principally daughters. He was a large and well formed old gentleman, with particularly bright, dark eyes; modest, gentle and hospitable. I never heard him uttter a sentence which might not properly have been spoken in the presence of ladies, and he did not relish coarse language in others. His two sons, Nicholas and Henry, were also large men, and both great hunters when wild game was plentiful. Judge Henry Huston is yet living in the town his father helped to found, and in many ways resembles his father.

Nick told me that when he and Henry were boys, the "draw" which passed through his father's farm had small pools along its course in which he and Henry caught abundance of fish, thus confirming a similar statement in an article of Judge Napton's. The little streamlet which made the pools was filled with drift fifty years ago, and the plow now passes over where the streamlet ran and the fish were caught. Nick also told me of some fun he and Henry had when lads. They had seen slim, tall saplings cut down for firewood, and had philosophised that if they could be in the top of one as it swung gracefully towards the earth it would be a splendid ride. Nick, very generously proposed that if Henry would climb to the top of one he would cut it down with an axe. Henry climbed as high as the branches would hold him and waited. Pretty soon the sapling trembled and began to fall, very gently at first, but speeding down faster towards the last. The ride was all right, but stopping so suddenly gave some pain, which would have killed any other boy except one of the Hustons or Townsends.

Andrew Brownlee was a neighbor of Benjamin Huston, and spent his long life, as did Mr. Huston, on the

land he first improved. He told me he built the first house ever erected in Arrow Rock, in 1830, I think. He was honest, good-humored old gentleman, well contented to make a comfortable support for himself and children; being like most of these old settlers, not at all concerned in making a fortune. After his death at a ripe old age, it was discovered that he had no deed on record to the farm on which he had spent his life. Searching in a bureau drawer the deed was found; it having been executed by Benjamin Huston, who probably entered it. In these shaky days of deeds of trust and abstracts such a fact would be remarkable. Mrs. Larkin Reynolds, a daughter of his, now lives in the town where her father erected the first house.

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## TWO OLD TIME ARROW ROCKERS.

Over three-quarters of a century ago, two boys were born, one in 1827 in Arrow Rock, and the other two miles away, in 1831, who performed some creditable work in their day, and whose influence has survived them, and still persists. A history of their lives is inter-related with the history of the community in which they lived and died. Neither ever received more than the rudimentary education afforded by the country schools of that early day, and neither was ever very robust physically; but they had common sense, integrity, force, and experience, more potent than schooling and brawn.

Will H. Wood began life as a traveling salesman, making the rounds on horseback, with a stock of Dr. John Sappington's quinine pills, carrying and delivering the pills as he sold them. He met disaster on his first trip, crossing "102" river, in Nodaway county, dropping his saddle-bags in the stream, much to the damage of his stock in trade. The business was not suited to him, and he next entered the employment of Dr. W. Lewis Boyer, a merchant, and first cashier of the branch bank of the State of Missouri, at Arrow Rock. He soon after engaged in business on his own account, and in 1859 he and Joseph Huston formed the partnership which was only dissolved by death.

Joseph Huston, in 1850, left his father's store and joined the gold seekers in their rush to California. He returned the following year, and with John C. Thompson, Sr. as partner, engaged in general merchandise. They were remarkably prosperous for a few years, when Huston bought his partner's interest, and continued the business alone until 1859, when the partnership with Wood was formed.

But it was not to be easy sailing with the new firm of Wood & Huston, or the individuals composing it, as this narrative will disclose.

In the spring of 1861 the war broke out, bringing with it distressing financial and local conditions. Soldiers, organized as State militia on the Federal side, were stationed at times in Arrow Rock, Marshall, and other towns in the country; and what were known as "bushwhackers" of the southern party skirmished through the country during the years 1862, '63 and '64. Neither were of material benefit to the cause they espoused, and both added to the bitterness of feeling engendered by the war. Peaceable citizens were liable to arrest and imprisonment for the slightest favor or sympathy shown to "rebels," causing retaliation in kind from the opposing partisans. Neither side was very friendly to the owner of merchandise they wanted, and the politics of a good saddle-horse was always objectionable to both. Merchants held their goods at their peril, and, of course, business was in a chaotic condition.

Wood & Huston owned the warehouse at the river, and a large lot of freight, principally hemp, had accumulated, because only now and then a steamboat ventured up the river. One arrived at the wharf in 1864, and the firm made haste to ship out the freight. The cargo was being loaded when the warehouse caught on fire, probably from the smoke stack, and in a few minutes the building and its contents were destroyed. Prevailing conditions had made insurance impossible, and the firm's loss was large and serious.

In the winter of 1864-65 a company of State militia was quartered in the town, down the street from Wood & Huston's; but its captain had, with canny caution, placed his flag over the firm's two-story store building.

A band of bushwhackers, headed by Tood and Yeager, entered the town at night, bent on exterminating the militia, and seeing the flag, naturally supposed the militia were quartered in the store building. They fired several volleys at the store and finally set it on fire, expecting to dislodge the enemy. A fight occurred, and Yeager was wounded. Dr. J. N. Dunlap, later of Miami, a resident physician, was called to dress Yeager's wounds, and this slight exercise of his humane art placed him in danger from the militia, so bitter was the feeling, compelling him to leave the country. He went to Canada, and Joseph Huston and family accompanied him, the two families spending the winter in a small house in Ingersoll, Canada West, which they occupied jointly.

The firm had invested a portion of its meager capital in the purchase of a one-fourth interest in a steamboat, to ply between St. Louis and Fort Benton, Montana, Mr. Wood embarking as first mate. The boat caught fire on its second trip and the officers were compelled to run it ashore and "scuttle" it. Three fires in less than a year!

The firm had conducted its business largely on credit. Their books were burned; unsettled conditions made collections impossible, and very few of their outstanding accounts were ever paid. The war settled old scores; the merchant and his customer had to start afresh when the war was over.

The violence prevailing was so intense that the two partners had decided to "cache" their small capital, which they had converted into gold coin, and secretly, at night, buried it on the farm of the father of Mr. Wood, just before Huston went to Canada and Wood to St. Louis, both to remain until conditions were more settled.

At the close of the war, in 1865, they prepared to return. After meeting in St. Louis, it was agreed that Mr. Huston should return to Arrow Rock, dig up the gold and prepare for opening, Mr. Wood to remain and purchase the goods. A few days later Wood stood on the lower deck of a steamboat, landing at Arrow Rock, eagerly looking for his partner; but he was not at the gangplank as he expected. Mr. Wood found him away back on the wharf, and saw at once that something was

wrong. Following a gloomy greeting, Mr. Huston remarked, "Well, its all gone!" No occasion to ask what was gone! All their little capital, evidently! Mr. Huston, had searched in vain and failed to find the money!

Mr. Wood was hopeful and sure the gold would yet be found, after more diligent search. Mr. Huston was equally sure it would be useless. It was agreed, however, to begin the search anew early next morning, and dig in the field where the gold had been buried. They took with them "John" and Nelse," two trusty old servants, well-known in Arrow Rock. They worked till noon with no reward. A stop was made for lunch—for "John" and "Nelse." The partners had a plenty, and were not hungry. The two workmen ate a hearty meal, and "Nelse," closing his knife with a bang, said: "Now I'se had my dinner I'm gwine to find that money," and almost at the first stroke he touched a solid substance which proved to be the pot of gold.

With their small treasure recovered, the firm of Wood & Huston erected a salesroom over the ruins of their old store, and resumed business under rather dismal conditions.

During the war, hemp had been superseded by jute and iron ties for baling cotton. Stock growing had never been largely entered into, and wheat was not supposed to be a profitable crop, nor even adapted to the soil of Saline. The negroes were freed, and the former owner not well trained to hard labor. Farms and fences were neglected, the roads in miserable condition, and the people without capital and discouraged. The bank at Arrow Rock, with only $5,000 capital and less than $50,000 deposits, was the only bank in the county. That fact alone explains the scarcity of money.

Right here was a turning point in the history of the firm, and of farming conditions in Saline. Hemp growing did not require modern machinery, and little had ever been used in the county. The old Missouri, with its economies was passing out; the new Missouri was at the threshold, requiring new methods. After consulting their farmer friends, it was decided by the partners to buy and introduce implements necessary for the growing and harvesting of wheat, and for cultivating corn on a

large scale, preparatory to the feeding of beef cattle and hogs. To do this successfully required an extensive use of the firm's credit, which was based mainly on its business skill and integrity, backed by the well-known fertility of Saline soil, and the solvency of the farmers who owned it.

The firm did not hesitate, but bought the new-fangled tools, and the farmers began to wrestle with them—not only bought them, but sold them on twelve months' time. At no time in its history did the firm strike out more boldly or exhibit more far-seeking business judgment. There were no precedents to follow; but they took the risk, and they and the farmers won.

By the end of 1865 a little money began to come in from live stock shipped to market by steamer. Many a discouraged farmer was inspired with hope, and went to work with a will.

Wood & Huston knew personally every one of their customers, and took an interest in their customers' welfare, as well as their own. Every survivor of that important period will testify to that. Holding the funnel—the warehouse at the landing through which poured all surplus products of a very large territory, they speculated in none of it; but on the contrary gave the shipper the advantage of their knowledge of freights and markets, when he did not accompany his shipment himself.

They did not permit an imprudent man to involve himself with them. They extended credit to the man who would be benefitted by it. I do not believe there is an instance of any man's property being sold out or put in jeopardy by that firm during its career in Arrow Rock. It is a pleasant thing to say of men who made money that those they dealt with also profited. Such a condition is always possible, and marks the dividing line between legitimate exchange and sordid "graft." It is safe to say that no other firm in central Missouri took a more important and helpful part in the general reconstruction then going on all over the State.

By the end of 1866, income from the farms was noticeably increasing, and in 1867 or 1868 there was the largest and best crop of wheat harvested which the Arrow Rock district had ever known. It sold for about $2.50

per bushel," "Greenback," yielding more money per acre than the owner asked for his land. This was a great lift, enabling the farmer to pay the merchant, and the merchants to pay the dealer.

The partners remained successfully and extensively in business until 1870, when foreseeing the decline in the trade of the river towns, they sold out the mercantile and warehouse business to Dr. F. R. Durrett. Will H. Wood remained in Arrow Rock, being connected for a time with the Bank of Arrow Rock, while Joseph Huston removed to a farm he owned some eight miles southeast of Marshall. But the partners were not long separated. In 1873, they arranged to open a private banking house in Marshall, and began the erection of a new bank building. The bank was opened in February, 1874. The handsome building now occupied by the Wood & Huston Bank occupies the old site, the old building having been torn down to make place for a larger and statelier structure.

Will H. Wood and Joseph Huston were men of widely different characteristics. Yet they were both of pioneer blood, and in different ways happily exemplified the type of men who conquered the wilderness, and made the comforts and culture of our day possible for their descendents. These two men seemed to be natural allies, and their native talents seemed to supplement their mutual needs in a remarkable manner.

Will H. Wood was in many ways a remarkable man. He was so open, candid and friendly himself that his friends, in turn, confided to him almost everything they knew. Without leaving town he could make an inventory of all his customers owned and the amount of their debts. He could come back from St. Louis bringing knowledge with him, obtained from dealers in the city, and on the trip down and back, of what was going on at Cambridge, Miami and Lexington. Without his meddling or prying, people naturally told him the things he needed to know, and this knowledge he used not only for his own advantage, but for the benefit of his customers, in sensible and timely suggestions. The cares of business seemed to rest lightly on his shoulders, and he enjoyed making money much as a boy loves to play baseball—for the pleasure of winning. He possessed a genius

for affairs, and his dealings were always above board and square. There was not a sneaking bone in his body. Children liked him, and I have known him to take a lot of little girls on a steamboat to Lexington, bringing them back to their mothers the next day, a happy crew. He was impressive, popular and by nature a leader among men.

Joseph Huston was the more experienced and methodical business man of the two. He was always steady, industrious, quiet and a lover of home—as nearly the same man every day of his life as one ever meets. He was hardly entitled to credit for being honest—he couldn't help it. I do not remember to have ever heard a transaction of his criticized unfavorably. Mr. Wood called him his balance wheel, and he was. He was a firm friend to his friends, without making any loud professions of it.

It is not a matter of wonder that two such men, agreeing perfectly as they did, should have prospered together, and been useful to their friends.

Doing business next door to them, an apprentice in merchandising and a total stranger when I came to Arrow Rock, a part of my stock competing with theirs, they and my good friend Mrs. Stein, the milliner, were more helpful and generous with me than all the other firms in the town. I have a right to speak warmly of them.

## JACKSON LOVED TO TELL STORIES ABOUT THE BIG MUDDY.

Governor Claiborne F. Jackson was one of the early merchants of Arrow Rock. In his day, when the spring stock of goods was to be purchased in Philadelphia, then the great wholesale city, the dealers had to start in February, and stage it to Pittsburg, generally, as the ice prevented travel by water at that season. The journey was long and tedious, and they would arrange to meet and travel in company.

On one of these occasions a jolly lot of merchants were in the coach. Jackson, from Arrow Rock, a Glasgow merchant, and one or two from Boonville, when a local passenger got on board away out in Indiana or Ohio.

He soon learned his fellow-travelers were from the Missouri river country, and began to make inquiries. Among other things he wanted to know if there was good fishing in the Missouri river.

Jackson at once began to praise the river for its abundant supply of fish, and remarked that fish weighing two hundred pounds had been caught from the river. (I have seen a fish caught at Arrow Rock which weighed 160 pounds, and catfish weighing 200 pounds have been caught.)

The stranger showed that he found it a little hard to swallow a fish story of that size, and Jackson, observing it, appealed to his friend from Glasgow. Glasgow looked serious, and said he had lived on the river all his life, and had fished a good deal, but he had never seen or heard of a fish anything resembling that in size. Of course, down at Arrow Rock, some twelve miles below, fish might be much larger.

Jackson, irritated, appealed to Boonville. Well, Boonville replied, there may have been such fish caught up the river, some miles above, at Arrow Rock, but down at Boonville a fish weighing fifteen or twenty pounds was called a whopper.

It was in vain that Jackson called them liars, and asserted that they knew he was telling the truth. They continued to look serious, and plead ignorance of ever having heard of any such fish as that. They could not tell a lie, even to accommodate a friend. At both places a fish weighing twenty pounds was called very large.

The stranger left the coach soon after, believing he had met a rival of Jonah's, in company with some very conscientious gentlemen from the Missouri river country.

It can be imagined how that lot of wags "celebrated" and laughed at Jackson. But Governor Jackson in his young days was an experienced joker himself, and, unlike his friend, Henry Miller, could take one when he was the victim.

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## A TRAGEDY AT ARROW ROCK.

In the Old Tavern in the old town on the river, ever so many years ago (about 1850), dwelt a family of well-to-do people of refined and gentle breeding, living prosperously with kin, friends and neighbors around them. Out of a number of daughters one was happily married and the mother of two children, the youngest six weeks old. She was a sweet, gentle character, loving and beloved by all who knew her. She was in weakened health, and the life of her young child had been maintained at the expense of her vitality—that wonderful tribute of motherhood to the preservation of the race.

One winter night a young lady friend had remained in the room with her in the dual capacity of companion and nurse. The mother was awakened by the restlessness of her child, and arose and ministered to its wants, rocking it to sleep in its cradle, then, passing into an adjoining room, presumably to speak to her mother, she disappeared from mortal sight.

The alarm was soon given, but all search was in vain. She had gone out into the wintry night, leaving her warm room, as shown by her tracks in the gently falling snow. The trail led to the river a quarter of a mile away, and on the margin of the remorseless old Missouri the trail of the advancing foot-prints ended.

So far as was ever known she was sane, a happy mother, and contented with her lot in life. Insanity was not an inheritance from any ancestor or near relative. The pathetic little foot-prints on the brink of the river furnished the only clue to the tragedy which will ever be disclosed. In the morning the same swift river was flowing by, but not the same water; that which had engulfed her had passed on, like herself, never to return.

What strange lure was it that moved her to the dark, swift water? A sleep-walker would have been aroused by the shock of cold snow on bare feet. She had just lulled to sleep the baby she loved. Did some old Indian prophet arise from his long slumber and woo her to the Redman's paradise and happy hunting grounds? Did the water nymphs call her, and win her pure spirit to their chambers in the deep? Did some sudden hallucination seize her, calling her away to the strains of heavenly music, so that, with eyes unlifted and entranced, she followed to her doom? Did the good God in Heaven call her to Himself, sparing her some great sorrow which only He could foresee?

This singular tragedy occurred at Arrow Rock sixty years ago. The two children referred to above are now aged men, one living in an adjoining State and one in Saline county. "Truth is stranger than fiction."

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## AN OLD TRAPPER AND A QUEER WEDDING.

I was merchandising in Arrow Rock along in the '70s, and one morning John Benoist came to me and asked if I would object to having a marriage ceremony performed in my store. He was proposing to marry Mrs. Cramer, a widow, then sitting on a stool in the house. I consented, and John went out to find Rev. Warren Compton, a resident minister, to perform the ceremony.

John was the son of Antoine Benoist, (he pronounced it ben-wa), one of the few remaining old French-Canadian trappers who had spent their lives on the upper waters of the Missouri, under the charge of some fur

company, who furnished them traps and grub-stake, buying from them the pelts they secured, at some nominal price—it did not matter how much, for they soon spent it—, and who idled the summers away among the Indian tribes until the season would come around again for trapping. Benoist (senior) was perhaps seventy years old, a handsome, brown-complexioned, dark-eyed, chubby old man, the picture of good health and good humor. He would appear in Arrow Rock at different times during my stay there, and I would hear that he had stopped at some vacant cabin in the bottom, where he lived a gently predatory life until it was time for him to withdraw, and stroll with his small belongings to another similar dwelling in some other bottom, where he made as valuable a citizen for a while as he had been elsewhere. There was really no harm in the gentle old man. His ideas of "mine" and "thine" were about as well-defined as those of the Indians with whom he had roamed, or of a child five years old. He had never done any regular work, and had no fancy for any; but he was always jolly and happy, with a never failing appetite for solids or liquids—quantity considered before quality.

But the marriage. Brother Compton had arrived, and a hint being given that a wedding was toward, a little company had assembled and were waiting, old man Benoist among them. The large heating stove between the counters was yet standing, although it was spring; and when Mr. Compton came in, John, very ill at ease, walked to where Mrs. Cramer was trying to put on a pair of white cotton gloves, and when the last glove was only one-half on, joined hands with her and stood at "attention"; the stove between them and the parson.

Seeing the difficulty, with my usual alacrity and presence of mind, I got behind the couple and gently but firmly pushed them forward and around the stove; and the ceremony was soon over. The little company came forward, shook hands with and congratulated the newly-weds, who started home happy. The company left; Benoist, senior, passing out smiling.

While the ceremony was being performed, old man Benoist had seated himself on the end of a counter by the side of a basket of eggs. When all were gone out,

Ed Mitchell, then my boy clerk, came to me with his nose turned up (his nose was not then so roamin', and could turn up), and said: "Old man Benoist sucked four eggs while John was being married, and threw the shells behind the counter"—a precedent for future great statesmen. His meal was the shorter because the ceremony was not longer. Ed, having some experience, was watching while all other eyes but his and the old man's were on the bridal pair. Opportunity had tapped at Benoist's door, and he had to respond. He knew the present mayor of Marshall would not dare to raise a disturbance and stop the ceremony.

Falstaff's lieutenant, Pistol, says: "The world is mine oyster, which I with sword will open."

The bends of the Missouri, all up and down, were Benoist's principality; his pumpkin-patch and garden, his poultry yard and piggery. He progressed from castle to castle, levying small tributes as he passed—a happier man than Rockefeller; perhaps a wiser. I used to try to get him to tell me of his wild life in the mountains, but he never seemed interested. He could speak many Indian dialects, but his mind was not upon yesterday. Today's dinner concerned him more, and although I never say him drunk, he could make tender appeals for a half-dollar to fill his empty flask.

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## OLD TIME ARROW ROCK CHARACTERS.

John Sites, Ed. Miller and Knapp Chase were three of the "institutions" of the town. They were like Falstaff, not only witty in themselves, but the cause of wit in other men."

John was a gunsmith and "handy" with tools, a philosopher, wit, and healer of the infirmities of old guns, clocks, pocket-knives and women's scissors. He may not have been born in Arrow Rock, but if not he was sorry. He believed in the old town. It was located exactly at the right place for any railroad that would cross the Missouri river. He found lead under the old hill, and actually dug out some. He would have believed in radium, if it had been discovered in his day. He was good-

natured; stammered badly, and when he was using his mouth-piece as a gateway for profanity, he smoked. He had little use for churches and religion, but he was loyal to his wife, "Nannie," who was a Campbellite. There was no church of her denomination in town; but once a year he took her down to Cooper county, where there was an annual protracted meeting of Christians. On one of these occasions, they got after John in such a way that, with Nannie's help, he "repented," was baptised, and joined the church.

He came back home, and immediately went around to all his old friends and told them he was beginning a new life, and hoped they would help him to persevere in it. He had none of that embarrassed and guilty countenance which most new converts exhibit when they first meet their old comrades, but he rejoiced in his change and wanted everybody to know it.

We did not believe it was possible for John to quit both smoking and swearing, as he proposed to do. We thought if he did not smoke he would swear on account of it, and if he did not swear he would have to smoke to console himself. We reasoned that it would be like taking a stimulant and a sedative at the same time, both taking effect in the same system.

But we were mistaken. I never knew such another change in a man. He stopped swearing; he stopped smoking, and became an active, zealous, missionary Christian to the end of his life. He was largely instrumental in building and supporting the Christian church at Arrow rock.

John could not read nor write, but he had strong common sense and a remarkable memory, as most illiterates have. He loved to "argue" the doctrines of his church, and could make many apt quotations from "The Book" which he could not read. If you contended with him, and made other quotations with which he was not familiar, he would fire off another citation at you, and then, taking his cane out from under his arm and smothering your voice with loud laughter, would walk off triumphant.

They had no children, but Nannie was the apple of his eye, and took kindly to all the petting he bestowed.

She was very delicate, though she looked well. They lived only a short block and a half from my store, but often Nannie positively could not walk to it.

John would hitch his gentle old horse to a buggy, and Nannie would ride down. She was a handsome, tidy lady, but also very timid, so that John would have to lead the horse, to be sure of the safety of his precious freight. She would be all dressed up, and here they would come, John leading and looking admiringly around, as if Nannie were a great pound-cake with icing all over.

A more gallant and devoted husband never lived, and Nannie knew it. She kept his house neatly, did the domestic work which John did not voluntarily take off her hands, fed him on diet well prepared, and was a faithful, good wife.

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To recite the practical jokes and tricks which Knapp Chase played off on a suffering population would be tedious to all except those who knew him and his victims, but I venture upon one.

Mrs. Chase, a good, pious lady, was the mother of triplets, a boy and two girls, all now living and upwards of fifty. When in the course of time, the stork was again hovering over the Chase mansion, there were "great expectations" and some wagers were made.

One evening "the wise woman" and a physician were sent for and the town was all agog. Early next morning a curious neighbor was approaching when Knapp came out with a downcast countenance. In a preoccupied manner he began to whittle on the plank fence.

"What's the news, Knapp?"

Knapp: (without looking up) "Awful! Awful!"

"What is it?"

"Four! Four!

Off bolts the neighbor, enlightening his friends.

Madam Rumor, with eyes aflame, sends out her messengers, and by the time they reached the west end of town there was a whole colony of little Chases.

But "Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again," and the honest truth disclosed there was only one bare little Chase.

As for Ed. Miller, nobody contributed more to the entertainment of the village than he. He was a brother-in-law of John Sites and could mimic John's stammering voice with just enough exaggeration to add humor to the resemblance. No men with a peculiarity of speech, of walk, gesture or countenance, escaped him. He could make a face like theirs and reproduce their every movement. Ed. was a born actor and missed his calling by not being a comedian. No attempt at describing the wit of such a man can succeed, and I will not try.

This life would lose much of its pleasure except for such men as these. We pension other men for killing people. Why don't we pension those who keep us alive? Whoever felt melancholy after shaking hands with big Frank Lail, with his cheery smile and his six feet three inches of solid happiness? Every man who knows Bob Irvine begins to laugh as soon as he sees him. He may just as well, for if he don't Bob will proceed to make him laugh.

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## SOME PRACTICAL JOKES OF OLD SETTLERS.

James E. Ancell and Henry Miller came to Arrow Rock early in 1830, I think, from Virginia, and both were fond of practical jokes, though Mr. Miller was particularly sensitive to any such practiced on himself. Mr. Miller was a small, handsomely formed, wiry gentleman, well-bred, and particularly gracious with ladies. Mr. Ancell was a man of few words, serious in his demeanor, with a sly twinkle in his single useful eye. They were partners in merchandise at Arrow Rock during the war.

Mr. Miller had been a Santa Fe Trader, as had his old friend, Uncle Billy Scott, then living on a farm in Cooper, near Arrow Rock. During the war Uncle Billy had made a trip to some fort out on the plains, delivering supplies, for which purpose he had a two-horse wagon made by some famous wagon-maker at Boonville, out of selected, seasoned timber. He had returned from his trip, and having no further use for the wagon, he came to Arrow Rock and asked his old friend, Miller, to find

a buyer for it, giving him a detailed description of the way the wagon was made, of its maker, and of the single trip it had made.

Mr. Miller posted a written advertisement at his door: "Second-hand two-horse wagon for sale; apply to H. C. Miller." Now and then some one would notice it, and make inquiry of Mr. Miller, who would go into the matter in detail: "This wagon belongs to my friend, Billy Scott, as honest man as lives, whose word is as good as his bond. He had this wagon made at Boonville by (naming the famous wagon-maker) out of selected, seasoned timber, every stick of which was perfect. It was made on honor, and warranted against shrinkage or any mechanical defect. Mr. Scott has made only one trip with it to Fort ———, not over four hundred miles, over a practically level plain, every foot of which I have traveled, and know the road is not difficult. But the climate is dry, and if a wagon is not well seasoned and well made, the tires will loosen, by the shrinkage of the timber. Mr. Scott informs me there is not an evidence of weakness in any part of this wagon. It is practically new, and far better than the average new wagon. I know something about these plains, and I know how trying they are on an ill-made wagon. Mr. Scott will sell this wagon at a discount from its first cost, and any man who has a need for a good two-horse wagon misses an opportunity if he fails to buy this one."

Mr. Ancell, quietly smoking his pipe, had heard this story repeated so many times and so exactly in the same way, that he knew it by heart. One Saturday morning he went up the street and notified Ed. Miller or Knapp Chase to tell every man who came to town to ask Mr. Miller the particulars of that two-horse wagon he had for sale; not to come all at once, but to drop in one at a time. Mr. Ancell went back to the store and awaited results. One man followed another, and after hearing the story, given carefully and exactly, each would find a seat, until quite an audience was essembled, while Mr. Miller was industriously grinding out his story to each newcomer. There was no laughter, for it was well known that Mr. Miller had a temper, and that a joke on him was no joke at all, in his opinion. Finally, Uncle Phil.

Edwards, quite an old man, without a team in his barn, or a tooth in his head, came in and asked Mr. Miller to tell him about that two-horse wagon he had for sale. At once Mr. Miller saw a great light. He was being victimized. He swore eloquently and volubly at Uncle Phil. He proposed to whip any d—d man who would open his mouth to him about a two-horse wagon. And Mr. Ancell, who had never spoken a word, sat and smoked his pipe solemnly. Had Mr. Miller known he started that rascality, there would have been a sudden dissolution of partnership. But nobody ever betrayed him. In Mr. Miller's opinion, he was the one innocent man.

This Mr. Ancell was a "good provider," but he was methodical, and limited his family expenditures to a certain sum each month. He paid cash, and when this sum was expended expenses had to stop until a new month began. On some occasions, when Mrs. Ancell needed some little purchase, the limit had been reached. She told Mr. Ancell she believed if he would turn over to her the amount he had fixed, she could spend it in such a way as to have plenty. Mr. Ancell turned over to her, at the beginning of the next month, the amount in cash. In a few days Mrs. Ancell needed some sugar. She told Mr. Ancell to send her up some sugar from the grocer's and she would pay for it. Mr. Ancell sent her up one hundred pounds, and she paid. In a few days she needed some flour and asked Mr. Ancell to order it for her. He sent up two hundred pounds. Then she wanted some coffee. (It was all unparched coffee those days.) Mr. Ancell sent her up a sack. Before two weeks were gone Mrs. Ancell was broke—clear out of cash. When Mr. Ancell returned home one evening, she threw the account-book at him, and told him to keep his own accounts. She was done with it. But she did not understand just why her money had gone so rapidly, and the grim old gentleman didn't explain. It was his delight to bamboozle "Lucy."

## BROTHER BOBBITT'S "EXPERIENCE."

Tom Dinsmore was an old-timer, with a power of mimicry which made any joke he related doubly funny. Many old Arrow Rockers will remember him. This is one of his contributions to old time happenings, but told in the absence of Tom Dinsmore's nasal drawl, imitating Bro. Bobbitt, the story loses much of its point.

John Bobbitt was a big, rawboned, honest farmer, with a large family, very industrious, and with a high temper aggravated by plowing stumpy land with unruly oxen. Owing to his hard swearing he had remained out of the fold of his favorite church, the Hard-Shell Baptists, till past middle life. But during their annual "association" meeting he became deeply convicted of his sinful life, and offered himself for membership, to the great joy of the faithful among his friends and neighbors.

It was the invariable practice of the Primitive Baptists admitting a member to require him to relate his "experience" before the assembled church, so as to be assured of his change of heart.

Bobbitt was a diffident man, unused to speaking before company, and besides, "talking through his nose" distressingly. At the time appointed for receiving new members he was called upon, in his turn, to stand near the pulpit and relate his experience.

He walked to the front, and in a low tone, almost inaudible, began: "I dreamed a dream; I dreamed I was sitting out in my orchard under the shade of an apple tree, and I heard a voice from heaven saying, 'John Bobbitt, your prayers have been answered, and your soul is saved.'"

A brother sitting about three seats back, putting his hand to his ear, said, "Will the brother speak a little louder; I failed to hear him distinctly."

Brother Bobbitt was visibly embarrassed, but he repeated in a little louder tone. When he was through, another brother, about half-way back, put his hand to

his ear, and said, "I would be glad if the brother would speak a little louder. I did not hear more than half he said."

Still more embarrassed, and a little irritated, Brother Bobbitt repeated, word for word, but considerably louder. Another brother, on a back seat, and one Brother Bobbitt didn't like very well, arose and said, "If the brother will speak so we can all hear, I will be glad."

Brother Bobbitt, now thoroughly enraged, in a voice which he used in the field with his oxen, shouted: "I dreamed a dream; I dreamed I was sitting out in my orchard, under the shade of a tree! And I heard a voice from Heaven saying, 'John Bobbitt! your prayers have been answered and your soul is saved.' Now I reckon you hear that, damn you!"

I would not use this uncanny word except that it is essential to the point in the joke. Brother Bobbitt had merely a temporary relapse. He was a good man, and never swore harder than some of the old popes of Rome in their "bulls" against unruly emperors and kings, when they got a little too frisky.

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## THE TWO CLERKS OF SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Sixty years or so ago, Lee Cooper, descended from the famous Colonel James Cooper who came to Missouri with Daniel Boone and built the fort opposite Arrow Rock, and Barney Sappington, whose ancestor also came with Boone and Cooper, were "clerking" in different stores in Arrow Rock, both young men and full of mischief.

A customer of the house Lee Cooper was in, a fine, dignified old gentleman and a Colonel, who had a big, open fire place at home which served him as a cuspidor, would come into the Cooper store and expectorate tobacco juice on the hearth of the stove, making a mess of it which Cooper would have to correct, clerks in those days being also janitors.

One day the Colonel came in and repeated his ugly fault, and Cooper, not willing to offend him, went off and asked Barney Sappington to come in and spit on his

stove, informing him that he would then give him a good "cussing."

Barney agreed to it, came in and spat on the stove. Cooper began on him: "Barney Sappington, where were you raised? Haven't you a particle of good manners? Now, just look at that stove! It will take me an hour to clean it off. Here is a spittoon; use it or go out into the street. I am disgusted with you!"

But there is an affinity between fire and comfortable rumination. The very next time the Colonel came in, he spat on the stove again.

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## NICK MOONEY AND THE THREE-STORY RABBIT.

Nick Mooney lived and died on the farm he owned southeast of Marshall, not far from the scene of one of his early exploits in America. He was then just from the Emerald Isle, young, strong, active and ready for any scrimmage. If any gentleman had pleased to tread on the tail of his coat, or knock a chip off his shoulder, or indulge in any little pleasantry like that, he could immediately have entered into a "discussion" with Mr. Mooney—not that Nick was a bully, but because he was an Irishman and liked to see something going on.

Nick had found employment with Mr. Lawton, an Englishman and early settler, well liked by his neighbors, who lived on a farm about three miles from town, where Frank Kidd now lives, I think. Nick had never seen a deer, but some "molly-cotton" rabbits had scooted by him, carrying, like little Bo-peep's returning sheep, their tails behind them.

One windy winter morning it was his task to go out to the corn field, either to husk corn or feed shock fodder to the cattle; and when he reached it, he saw some animal standing with its back to him, and its head hidden deep in a shock of corn. The wind was blowing, and the corn fodder rattled so the animal did not hear him, and Nick creeped up stealthily towards what seemed to him a three-story jack rabbit. The rear part its countenance

was similar. He jumped upon it, with arms around its neck, and then there was a tussle which was a credit to a native American deer and a bonny lad from old Ireland. It would have made a modern moving-picture show look like a lot of wax figures in a front window.

Old hunters know how dangerous it is to approach a wounded deer. It will fight and can fight effectively. Its sharp hoofs will cut like daggers, and no animal is stronger, according to its weight, or quicker. But Nick knew none of these things, and he held on to that little deer until he subdued it; got his knee on its neck, took out his knife, cut its throat and carried it to the house triumphant. He did not carry much clothing with him, but he did carry some honorable abrasions of the flesh which testified to his hard struggle. The Lawton family and all the neighbors were astonished that Nick came out alive, and the story is yet repeated by the old timers. I have more than once heard Nick tell it in that delightful brogue of his, musical as strains from the harp of old Erin.

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## MOSE WHITE AND HIS GAME CHICKENS.

About two miles west and a little south of Marshall stands a large frame dwelling built by Mose White, son of a wealthy and fine old citizen of St. Louis, who came to Saline county over sixty years ago. If it has not been partly dismantled, it is yet the largest dwelling in Saline county. The owner being of a convivial disposition, it was furnished with a billiard room, and even a bar for serving drinks. Chimneys large enough for a factory sent up smoke from ample fireplaces, for warmth and culinary purposes. A large body of land belonged with the premises, and but one essential for farming was lacking. It was poorly supplied with water. Water was a liquid with which Mr. White had no intimate acquaintance; still I think he had a pond for the ignorant dumb beasts.

Mr. White kept race horses, was very partial to game chickens, and amused himself and friends with matches between champion fighters owned by himself or any

comer who might choose to contest their fighting qualities.

To conduct such an establishment required companionship and assistance, and White employed "Dit" Shannon, who was known afterwards in Arrow Rock, Marshall and Blackburn. Why he was called "Dit" I do not know, but he had a brother Sam, and "Dit" may have been "ditto."

Mr. White had bought two famous game roosters over north towards Fish Creek, and sent his friend Shannon off on horseback to bring them home. As Dit was returning through the then open prairie between the heads of Camp and Cow creeks, a thunder storm came up, and lightning was striking all around him. He got to thinking about the extremely secular character of his mission and of the horror of being stricken by lightning while carrying those pugilistic chickens. "Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all." It frightened him, and he turned the roosters loose in the prairie; got off his horse; lay as flat on the grass as his plump body would permit, holding his horse at the full length of the halter until the storm had passed over. The idea of being suddenly presented before St. Peter at the gate with a fighting rooster under each arm was embarrassing—and, come to thing of it, if one of those roosters had crowed a few times, it would have been awkward for the good saint himself. It might have been construed as a personal allusion.

Dit never found the chickens. Their descendants may yet be sending out their shrill clarion of mornings over on Cow creek. Mr. White went to the bow-wows, as all good roysterers must; and David Anderson, an honest Scotchman, with a good wife, reigns in his stead in what is left of the old mansion.

## AN EARLY ORATORICAL CONTEST.

Saline county's capitol migrated several times before it finally settled at Marshall. Courts were held at old Jefferson, at Jonesborough, and at Arrow Rock in turn.

Jonesborough (now Napton) was quite an important point as early as 1824. It contained a store, a mill and a blacksmith shop at that time, and quite a settlement collected around it. One of the first settlers was Walter Adkisson, in 1819. Several others, who afterwards became prominent in business, began there. Among them were Williamson P. Howard, who went to St. Louis and became a leading commission merchant; Abram Nave, who went to St. Joseph and made a fortune as a wholesale groceryman; Dr. George Penn, afterwards a pioneer physician in Arrow Rock. Ben Townsend, an old merchant of Arrow Rock, and a good man, was a merchant's clerk in Jonesborough in 1835.

Court at Jonesborough was held in a hewed log tavern built on a sloping bank of Salt Fork. I have been told that the basement under the tavern was used as a stable, "bank-barn" fashion, and that when court day arrived, all the settlers from the surrounding country came in and some of them brought their fine stock for exhibition. Among them was a man who owned a donkey he thought pretty well of, and he secured quarters for him in the basement of the tavern. When the judge was delivering his "charge" to the grand jury, the donkey on the floor beneath, hearing the judge's loud voice, concluded to make a few remarks himself, which he did with such force and effect as to completely drown the voice of the representative of the law on the floor above. The judge had to suspend until the orator on the first floor subsided. Even in that early day the right of free speech was respected, and there was no arrest for contempt of court. Saline was fortunate in having its donkey in the basement of the court house. He sometimes reaches the second floor and brays from the seat of justice.

Jonesborough, like Arrow Rock, has had its "ups and downs." It faded for a while, after Arrow Rock took its place as a county town. Afterwards it revived again, having, in 1865, a merchant mill and a store, I think, kept by Charles Q. Lewis. The mill having burned down, Lewis moved away, and Philip Leininger for a while held the fort. Philip stood by the old town and kept the fires burning on Vulcan's altar for over forty years. He saved a nice little fortune in lands, lots, houses, livestock and interest bearing notes. Some people called him miserly, but they were wrong. He would not have enjoyed spending his fortune, but he did enjoy running around watching it and fussing over it, and keeping it from getting away from him. The occupation prolonged his life, and enabled him to perform many a kind and charitable act. Peace to him.

Since the building of the Missouri Pacific through Napton, the town has grown and prospered. Surrounded by a fine body of land, it will always be a prosperous town.

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## BEGINNING OF THE WAR PERIOD.

The stories here related are not reflections on the courage of the actors herein. Most of them afterwards became soldiers of the South, acquitting themselves with credit. These stories are intended to show that imaginary dangers, dangers unseen, are more alarming than real ones.

When the war first began in Missouri, the then Capt. Lyons, with a body of old seasoned U. S. soldiers, came to Boonville on their way to the Wilson's Creek battleground. They had no politics, but were trained to obey orders and to fight.

The boys up in Saline and Cooper took it into their heads to go down there and clean out this little bunch of "Yankees," as they supposed him to be. About 1,500 to 2,000 of them got together, and I think John S. Marmaduke was nominally their commander. Their arms were single and double barrelled shot guns, pistols, rifles, and perhaps a few corn knives and such things. None

of them were cowards, and all knew how to shoot. They went into it expecting to eat 'em alive, and be back home in a day or two.

They marched off without bag or baggage, and without much discipline. When they got to Boonville and were preparing to surround it, without any notice to them whatever, those ill-mannered regulars let loose a whole battery of artillery on them before they even got in shooting distance with their shot guns. The shells came "t'arin' " through the trees, as one of them told me, in a most reckless way, endangering human life.

Cannon! No one had said anything to those boys about cannon. It was unfair. It was ungentlemanly. Those boys would not have treated a dog that way without saying something about it. They were disgusted. They were so mad that most of them took to their heels and started for home, each bunch believing that it was a little remnant left after that dreadful cannonading. They left in about the order they came—every man for himself.

Will H. Wood was one of these, and he had two brothers in the same fight. He told me he came away, bringing his armor from the field, and as he was moving along pretty lively, by the time he came to the LaMine river he was hot, tired and very thirsty. He crossed the river, stopped at a cabin near the road, and asked a lady for a drink of water. She came out with a large gourd full, and he drank it up, or down. Then she inquired "What is your name?" "My name is Wood." Waving her gourd up the road, the disgusted woman said, "Go on! Go on! You are running stock! Two more of your name have just passed on!"

No one enjoyed this better than Will Wood himself. He delighted in telling it.

"Wars and rumors of wars"—especially the rumors —were prevailing all over the country after that. One day, soon after this, some one came up from towards Boonville and reported that an immense army, slaying men as it came, was marching up the road towards where Nelson now is.

"Devil Bill" Staples, who yet lives at Independence, was visiting his uncle, old Col. Staples. Jimmy Thorn-

ton, a good man, who was afterwards a soldier of the South, and his nephew, Peter Reynolds, came over to the home of Col. Staples, bringing the news, and it was decided that it was only the part of prudence for mortal men, who valued their lives, to sequestrate themselves until this dreadful army had passed.

So "Devil Bill," Jimmy and Pete took to the brush. Pete was not very well, and carried a big white bed blanket with him. They stayed out all night. The next morning about daylight they were dodging along a little cowpath, making a reconnoissance, Pete bringing up the rear with the big blanket around him, it being a little cool.

Jimmy turned around and reproved Pete several times for wearing that conspicuous blanket. After coming to a point where the brush was thin, Jimmy looked around and said, "What is the use of hiding? There goes Peter Reynolds with that great white blanket on him as big as a garden! The Federals can see it a mile"—and Pete had to unwrap.

Bill said he had grown suspicious that the rumor was a fake, and proposed that he should go to a house in sight of the thicket and learn if the army was coming. It was agreed that he should go out on scout duty. He soon learned that the story was false. He had told the boys he would remain concealed at the house, and when it was safe for them to come out of retirement, he would come to the door and motion them to come in; otherwise he would wave them back deeper into the woods.

He kept them out till late evening and then motioned them to come in. The big army never came, but Jimmy and Pete became very hungry while Bill was feasting and laughing at the house.

If this should meet the eye of my old friend Staples, now way up in the 80s, I hope he will not object to his old nickname. It was not conferred for any meanness of his, but because he could make a dog laugh, telling a joke in that waggish, half-stammering, trembly voice of his. He could recite the ten commandments in his most solemn tone, and you would roar with laughter.

## FRANK BLAIR'S WARM TIME AT MARSHALL.

Not long after the skirmish with the bushwackers at Arrow Rock, Frank P. Blair was advertised to speak at Marshall. It will be remembered that in 1866 the people of Missouri were living under the "Drake" constitution; that every man engaged in the war on the Southern side, or who had aided or even symphathized with those engaged in it, and who would not take an oath to support the constitution of the United States, and of the State of Missouri, could not hold office, vote, or even preach the gospel.

As soon as Gen. Blair came home from the war, he at once began to denounce this disfranchisement. He maintained that the war was over; that the Condeferates had surrendered in good faith; that they were citizens, paying taxes, and had the same right to vote as any other citizens. A great many good men on the Union side thought as he did, but their voices were stifled by those who professed extreme loyalty. They asserted it would be dangerous for these red-handed rebels to have a voice in affairs; that they were traitors and would soon begin another war; that they ought to be thankful to be permitted to live in subjection to the ruler of the country they had betrayed.

Gen. Blair began a canvass of the State in favor of enfranchisement, and had spoken at a number of places before he came to Marshall. Everywhere he appeared threats were made aganist him, and at every point these extremists met him, and often tried to drown his voice with denunciation and clamor. Frank P. Blair was a fighter, easily excited, and perfectly fearless. He dearly loved a "scrap", and was in his chosen element when one was in sight. He had been notified that at Marshall he would not be permitted to say the things he had uttered elsewhere; and I, with John Webb, came up from Arrow Rock to hear him.

A platform in the court house yard, on the south side, was prepared for him, and an audience of perhaps three

or four hundred had assembled. The Hon. Wm. H. Letcher sat on the platform with Blair. Mr. Letcher was the mose intellectual man I have ever known intimately. He took a leading part in the preparation of the new State constitution, which supplanted the old "Drake" constitution, so obnoxious to our early citizens. Mr. Letcher was a leading member of the constitutional convention which prepared this new constitution for submission to the voters. The new constitution was an eminently wise measure, an excellent instrument, which cranks, "single taxers" and grafters have tried in vain to destroy by "amendment." I hope that the old Missourians will vote 'em down. We need no more "Drake" constitutions. We need no patch work, Dolly Varden legislation.

Frank P. Blair was a big, rough-looking, sandy-haired, red-complexioned gentleman, and would remind one who had seen both of Theodore Roosevelt. Blair was not an orator, but delivered his sentences in a bold and emphatic manner, using none of the usual graces of expression.

After talking of the war and its results for a few moments, he plunged into his main subject, the Drake constitution. He had not gone far in his discourse before he was interrupted. There seemed to be an organized body of men, who stood together not far from the speaker, who would, at every offensive sentence, raise an outcry, and with oaths and epithets try to drown his voice. Blair would stand and wait until they had subsided, and then begin and once more pour hot shot into them. This occurred several times, and Blair was growing visibly angry. He finally said to the crowd: "Gentlemen, are you going to stand this? Hasn't a man who comes to address you the right of free speech? Are you going to stand here and let these fellows run over you? I know who they are. These are the men who claim to have been soldiers, but they will not fight. They never did fight. They raided around henroosts, scaring women, killing old men, stealing your roasting-ears from the back of your farms and feeding them to the stolen horses they rode. Clean 'em out! Go at them! They won't fight!"

This raised such a clamor as a man is not often privileged to hear. They kept it up for about five minutes, while old Frank P. Blair stood and glared at them. When he could be heard again, he said: "Men, why don't you clean these fellows out? You are not cowards, are you? If it will help I will come down and lead you!"

Half the crowd was standing on piles of brick-bats, a remnant of the court house, which had been burned down. A man I did not know was standing within ten feet of me, on a little mound of bats, jumping up and down and swearing he was ready for a fight, when another man—I have heard it was Sail Aulgur—walked up to him and knocked him clear off his perch. Gun-powder could not have flashed over that crowd quicker than it got into the game. Brick-bats flew, pistols fired, men ran; but not a word was spoken. I was merely "a cheil amang ye takin' notes," knowing nobody but John Webb, and I had no cause to throw bricks at John, but I saw that scrimmage as thoroughly as anybody. I watched the races and looked at Frank Blair. In less than two minutes that war was over. There was only one side to it. Blair folded his arms and watched the performance as eagerly as a boy would a rabbit chase, with a pleased and gratified expression. There were a number of darkie men in the crowd, who, naturally, having newly arrived at their freedom, were enjoying the row, but taking no part in it except some audible grinning. Nobody felt a more sudden call to go than they did. Most of the departing audience seemed to run east, and there were a number of pistol shots in that direction. After one shot, some one yelled, "Ad Butt is killed!" But Ad Butt was not killed. He was a long-legged person from over on Fish Creek, and had fallen in trying to turn the corner of Buie's store too suddenly. I saw him afterwards and remembered hearing his name at the battle. He was not dead.

Blair stood and waited until the crowd came back—all who did come back—and remarked, "What did I tell you? Your troubles are over. These fellows will understand after this that they are not running Saline County." After a few more pleasant words, he closed his speech.

The people of Missouri owe honor to the memory of Frank Blair.

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## SOCIAL PARTIES AND HOME THEATRICALS.

There were no societies, Chautauqua, "movies" or nickel shows in Saline back in the '60s; but the desire for amusement and a social life found an outlet frequently in small neighborhood parties, and now and then larger assemblages at the old brick Tavern in Arrow Rock. The company was composed of the most prominent society people of the country immediately around, and of invited guests from Boonville, Glasgow and Marshall. These parties would include a due proportion of elderly people, who met in the parlors, while the younger set would "on with the dance" in the large hall, also used as a dining room.

My recollections come to me with some sadness as well as pleasure when I think of the prominent actors in these festive occasions, for a large number of them have passed away, and only a few of my readers will remember some of them. Will H. Wood was always present (though not much devoted to dancing), with his cheery, friendly greeting for all; careful to see that every stranger, or young person ill at ease, was made to feel at home. His brother, Dr. D. D. Wood ("Doc"), ruddy, ardent and full of life, was one of the dancers. Col. W. S. Jackson, a man who would attract notice in any company, dashing, long-haired, always a leader and popular with the boys. Col. Stephen Cooper, bachelor, modest as a girl, favorite of the ladies, who led his regiment into that Southern Balaklava, Franklin, Tenn., coming out of it with one arm shot away and half his men killed. Dr. F. R. Durritt, large and portly, one of the finest looking men I ever saw, with a big head, into which a new idea filtered slowly, but once in, impossible to get out. George Barnes, nephew of Geo. C. Bingham, the artist, neat, dressy and witty, who admitted his objection to manual labor principally was that he had no every day clothes. Col. John T. Price, yet on earth, polished, educated, supple and polite, Col. Vincent Marmaduke, of

most pleasant memory, tall, handsome, brilliant and courtly, with his infectious laugh and friendly word for the humblest. These are a few of the notable characters out of a large number belonging to the same community, usually in attendance.

The music was inspiring and the dancing elegant—a source of pleasure even to those not engaged in it; and it also served as a training school for the younger people in developing sprightly, graceful carriage, and composure in the presence of company.

I hesitate to enroll the names of the ladies I remember, because such as are living may not enjoy seeing their names in print. Nearly all of them were of the pioneer families, modest, dignified and bewitching dancers. Many of them had never attended any higher school than the vicinity afforded, but they had mothers at home, who sent them into society accomplished with such manners and training as would place them at ease in any company; and what those young ladies didn't know was almost as charming as what they did know. A great deal has been written complimentary of the distinguished men who once belonged to the Arrow Rock community, and deservedly; but not enough has been said in praise of the pioneer mothers. They were not only remarkable housekeepers, but they were highly intelligent and refined ladies, contributing their full share to the high tone and gentle manners prevailing. They were modest home bodies and their influence yet survives in their descendants.

At that day there did not exist the familiar, chummy relation between the sexes which is now sometimes noticed. There was a greater deference, even reverence, displayed by gentlemen in the presence of ladies. If at one of those assemblies some exotic lady, ambitious to assert her "rights," had offered to make a public utterance of the grievances of her sex, there would have been a sudden scattering of the lady portion of her audience. They would have been shocked. They would not have known that they had lost any "rights." I do not want to drift into politics. If the majority of the ladies, during my day ever ask for the right of suffrage, I shall vote for it, because I have a habit of thinking whatever they want they

ought to have; but I shall feel queer. I fear I shall not be as sorry as I ought that my grandmother is not living, to see the happy day that she can vote, and run for road overseers—or constable.

During the winter of 1865-6, the ladies of the town and vicinity decided to get up an entertainment for the benefit of Southern sufferers in hospitals, and such as were otherwise in need of help. They presented a series of tableaux, in groups, classic and historical, which were well planned and well staged. All the personages in the tableaux were ladies, and their costumes and poses were in exceeding good taste, and appropriate to the characters assumed. Where they picked up their dramatic knowledge I don't know, but I do know they met the enthusiastic approval of a very large audience, and that they raised several hundred dollars. People who had seen similar performances in more pretentious theatres agreed that these ladies possessed originality and histronic genius in a surprising degree. There was also a little comedy presented, in which a few gentlemen and boys took parts. I remember one particularly slim, tall individual whose chief title to the applause he received was a portly front he displayed, composed chiefly of feathers! He yet lives and has reached the reminiscent age, in which he finds pleasure in dwelling upon ancient memories; indeed his chief occupation is the prepartion of historic anecdotes and reminiscences, and in comparisons of the times, past and present.

## MERCHANDISING IN ARROW ROCK IN EARLY TIMES.

There was a friendliness and good understanding between the merchant and his customers, while I sold goods in Arrow Rock, that was exceedingly pleasant. There were few buggies at that day, and the farmer usually came to town on horseback or in a two-horse wagon. Often, when he lived quite a distance away, he would bring his whole family, with a great basket of fried chicken, broiled ham, pickles, cakes, pies and all sorts of good things to eat, and make a holiday of it. The merchant would be invited to join them at their picnic, and all had a first rate time. The boys would have to be fitted with shoes and hats, and the girls' fancies must be suited in choosing dresses, making it convenient to have them all present. The mother, who presided over the negotiations, would as often as not consult with her merchant as to which, out of a number of articles, it was best for her to select, totally unsuspicious that the advice might not be conscientiously given. The trading would go on as if a number of friends were consulting together, all interested in the same object. It was an ideal condition of things. I do not mean that we were all saints, for sometimes there was a grouchy customer, and sometimes there were "tricks in trade."

One of the Wilhites, who lived nearer to Cambridge than to our town, and usually traded there, came to Arrow Rock one fall, intending to make some purchases if suited. Among other things, he let it be known he wanted about ten pairs of boots, as he had a very large family. He first went to Wood & Huston's, looked at their stock, and then came to my store. I had a brand of boots I took some pride in, and I made a strong appeal for his trade. I expatiated on those boots. They were whole leather, they were oak-tanned, they were warranted by the maker; any defect in leather or workmanship would be made good, even entitling the buyer to a new pair; and my price was reasonable, I thought.

I was quite sure I had made an impression on my "inquiring friend." But he went out, saying he would look around and probably come back. The evening wore away and my "prospect" never appeared again. Just before closing, Will H. Wood came in and repeated to me every thing I had said about my boots, and the arguments he had used to knock everything I said into a cocked hat. He had sold the boots, and laughed at me as a boy would who had just won another's "white alley," or thrown him in a wrestling match. He had done nothing unfair, but was simply the better salesman. Who could fail to love a competitor like that? No deceit; no sneaking; everything open, frank and manly.

On the other hand, and at another time, the customer of another house came into the store and wanted to buy a dollar's worth of coffee, in inquiring how much I sold for a dollar. I told him four pounds (green coffee), and he protested: "Why Mr.—— sells five pounds." "You are his customer, why don't you buy it there?" "I have just come from there and he told me that was the way he sold it, but he is out." "Oh! ah, well, that is the way I sell it when I am out, but, you see I am not out." My straggler "seen" the point, and bought not only once, but many times after. But this was unusual, and I believe I never knew people who lived more in harmony and were more loyal to each other than Arrow Rock community. Merchandising was just amiable exchange of commodities between friends.

Dry goods people often complain of ladies who come into a store, have the salesman display all the dress goods and fancy articles in the house, and then fail to buy a dollar's worth.

I have often seen a hard-worked country lady come into a store and inquire for all the handsomest goods in the stock, stand and admire them, comment on them, take out great strips of pretty patterns, and with her knotted fingers fold them into pleats and drape them over her plain skirt, her face illumined with pleasure at the splendor of such material, could she wear it. It was really pathetic and deserving of sympathy. The love of what is beautiful was as intense in her soul as in that of her

more fortunate sister who could afford to wear it. Bright, harmonious colors, and fine fabrics, over which she would draw her tired hands caressingly, soothed and gratified her. Who can grudge her such a privilege? Many times when not busy, I have voluntarily displayed to some good woman every pretty fabric in my stock, when I knew she could not buy. And I never lost anything by it, either. There was one particular lady who always selected me to wait upon her, especially as the boys would get out of sight as soon as she entered the door. On one occasion she brought with her a two-year old urchin who would be continually getting into mischief and out of sight. Now and then, while taking an inventory of my laces, embroideries and ribbons, she would think of him, and we would jointly hunt him up —from under the counter, from out on the sidewalk or other refuge. This had occurred so many times that it began to wear on her favorite salesman. She missed the boy again (he had gone to sleep on a pile of wool sacks); and I suggested that perhaps he had strolled off towards the river. River! Out bolts my loving customer down the street; on goes my hat, and off to dinner, up the street.

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## UNCLE CHARLIE WOOD, A PIONEER.

On my return home from a trip to the country, horseback, one winter afternoon, while living in Arrow Rock, some time during the 70's, my wife told me Uncle Charlie Wood, Will H. Wood's father, had sent a negro boy, with an extra horse, requesting me to come out to his house. The boy had gone home, but soon returned saying Uncle Charlie wanted me to come as soon as I got back.

Mr. Wood was a large broad-shouldered, fleshy old gentleman, with a ruddy face, sandy gray hair, large features, and perhaps 70 years of age. Not long previously he had suffered a slight stroke of paralysis. It was late but my wife suggested that perhaps Uncle Charlie wanted to make his will, or have me a witness to it, as the boy said he was "right po'ly." I mounted my

horse, rode away at once. It was about two miles up to Uncle Charlie's 400 acre farm, with its wide spreading, old-fashioned dwelling, in a large grove of forest trees, and surrounded by numerous out-houses, among which were some negro cabins. I think several of his black people had never left him. As I approached the gate a lot of hound dogs came rushing out, some to the gate, but others, older and more experienced, stopped half way and raising their heads gave me a "deep-mouthed welcome" with their mellow voices. A stir in the "quarters," and two darkies came out, a man and a boy; the boy taking my horse and the man, reproving the dogs, escorted me to the door, saying: "Ol' Marster been looking for you all day; he's po'ly."

Uncle Charlie gave me a warm welcome in a voice very strong for a sick man, and Mrs. Wood helped me to unwrap. I was "company," and everybody, black and white, made me conscious of it. The effort was to make me feel that the premises belonged to me.

Mr. Wood was sitting in his chair, with a blanket thrown around his shoulders, in front of a great log fire. I was soon comfortable, and Uncle Charlie was full of talk. In due time supper—not dinner—was announced, and such a meal! It was three in one, and might have served for either. Baked spareribs, brown and juicy; fresh sausages; cold chicken; broiled ham of last year's vintage, with its dark red, buttery gravy; potatoes; baked apples; pickles, sweet and sour; preserves, two or three varieties, each one of which must at least be tasted; comb honey, brown corn bread and biscuits hot every few minutes; a great pyramid of yellow butter; and, smoking by the side of Mrs. Wood at the head of the table, a pot of coffee, breathing incense. Everything prepared just as well as it can be by an old Virginia housekeeper and her cook, which is compliment sufficient.

There were three of us at the table, and enough on it for a dozen. I had missed my dinner (we used to have dinner at noon), and was hungry. I ate heartily, both to gratify myself and to please my hostess; but you have my word for it that my host was the most valiant trencherman, talking with animation all through the meal.

After supper we returned to the fire heaped with fresh fuel, and Uncle Charlie had apparently forgotten all his diseases. He talked—talked of his boyhood in Old Virginia; of his struggles and hardships as a pioneer in Saline; of the war, when he had been arrested and imprisoned in his old age as a dangerous citizen; of Federal prisons, and especially of Federal cooking, which he had to swallow or starve; of men and things in general, of everything except the state of his health and a will.

About ten o'clock my horse was brought out, and I rode home and related my experience to my wife, much to her amusement and gratification that all yet was well with Uncle Charlie. He had been lonesome; the winter nights were long and the days cold and dreary; his store rooms were overflowing with good things to eat. He wanted some one there to help him enjoy them, and he had a world of things on his mind he wanted to talk about. Therefore, he sent for me. I thank him yet! He had given me a glimpse, one of my last of the old time life before the war, and I still cherish it as a precious memory. Reader of this, if you are not now old, you some time may be. Some winter evening you may feel a longing to pour into a sympathetic ear your thoughts and emotions; to pass back over your long journey and review its vicissitudes, its joys and sorrows.

"For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned;
Left the warm precincts of a cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?"

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## A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER AND HIS DESCENDANTS.

A loyal and native son of the old town has sent me some historical data which deserves to be preserved among the annals of Arrow Rock.

After the death of Dr. Glenn O. Hardeman, the letter copied below was found among his papers. It was addressed to Thomas Hardeman, Dr. Hardeman's father, who lived just across the river from David Jones, who was at that time a member of the territorial Legislature

of Missouri, and during the session at which Missouri applied for admission as a State. It is said to be an exact copy, even to the spelling of "Mazoury." The original is now in the State's archives at Columbia, Mo. David Jones is buried in the Reid cemetery, four miles south of Arrow Rock, the only soldier of the Revolution buried in Cooper County. At the time the letter was written, all of Saline County was embraced in Cooper County territory.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 7th, 1818.

"Sir—

I embrace this opportunity of writing to inform you that I am well, and I hope this may find you and yours well also.

We have done little in the House but try contested elections. There is a bill before the House extending the right of preemption and draft a memorial to Congress, also a bill for forming a State government, which bill I enclose in this letter to you. I wish you, after you have perused it, to send it over to our side of the river. There is also a bill to knock down bank bills and bills from other banks, under five dollars, except the bank of Mazoury. I am not prepared to say whether we will have a long session or not. There are many things crowding on before us and very few finished as yet.

I conclude by informing you that we gained our seat without the loss of a single vote in the House.

DAVID JONES."

David Jones was born in Richmond, Va., January 25, 1761, and died at his home in Cooper County, Mo., February 7, 1838. He was a soldier of the Revolutionary war, having enlisted at the age of 17. He was present at the Yorktown surrender, and the sword he carried there was in his family until appropriated by vandals during the Civil War. He married Jane Ruble, who survived him about nine months. Their family consisted of two sons and nine daughters, all of whom lived to advanced age. After living some years in Kentucky, they came to Cooper County in 1812, and settled six miles south of Arrow Rock.

Several of his nine sons-in-law lived near him. One son-in-law, Wm. Reid, and his wife, Anna, built the first house on this side of the river, and their son, Jesse J. Reid, was the first white child born in Cooper County, March 6, 1813. During his infancy, the parents frequently took refuge in Cooper's Fort, across the river, and their next child, a daughter, was born in the fort.

Jesse J. Reid was married to Margaret Kincheloe, and founded his home on the Ashley and Cooper grant of land, two miles south of Arrow Rock. He lived there until his death, March 9th, 1873. His business, church and social relations were always in Arrow Rock. His children were five daughters, Anna M., (Mrs. T. C. McMahan,) Susan M., (Mrs. W. C. Turley,) Rebecca F., (Mrs. J. M. Baker,) Miranda P., (Mrs. W. M. Tyler,) Jessie E., (Mrs. J. H. Kibler, married a second time; now Mrs. Martin Harris.)

In 1866, a daughter of Jesse J. Reid, descendent of David Jones, came to Arrow Rock and opened a private school. This energetic young lady had been brought up on her father's farm near town, and the opportunities for acquiring an education in that locality were very limited just before and during the war. She was the eldest of five children, all daughters, and her father, a very worthy and modest gentleman, was not very strong physically, so that after making a living for his family, he had no means for sending children away to be educated. But Miss Anna, with the aid and encouragement of her high-spirited and energetic mother, also of pioneer stock, set out to acquire an education at home. She was assisted materially by attending a school kept by George Fenwick, a highly educated Marylander who had settled in the neighborhood, but she was mainly self-taught. While yet a student she taught a small school in her immediate neighborhood as early as 1858, which was really a means of instruction for herself as well as for her pupils. In fact Miss Anna was always as diligent to increase her own knowledge as she was earnest in imparting it to others.

At Arrow Rock she soon attracted the notice of her patrons by her devotion to her work, and her energetic and forceful management of her school. After her first year,

probably half of the pupils of school age in the town were enrolled with "Miss Anna," and within a few years pupils were being sent to her from all the surrounding country, until the capacity of her room was taxed to accommodate them. Necessity may have caused her to choose her avocation, but nature certainly designed her for an instructor of the young. What she knew she seemed to know more clearly than the average teacher, and she possessed the gift of imparting it in that impressive and original manner which enlisted the interest and attention of her scholars. She not only watched over the progress of her pupils in their lessons, but exacted of them good behavior in and out of the school room. Every vagrant pupil seemed to feel that the vigilant eye of "Miss Anna" was liable to be found watching at any corner of the street on the way home, and even after arrival there, he did not sleep before he had mastered his lesson for the following morning.

I think Miss Anna educated every one of her four sisters, all bright young ladies, and several of them became, in their turn, her assistants. Not only was this admirable lady a successful teacher, but her influence was always devoted to the social, moral and intellectual advancement of the community in which she was born and spent the greater part of her life. Many living examples of the excellence of her work may be seen in and around the old town, and she has equipped many Argonauts, who have voyaged away in search of the Golden Fleece, and found it. There are former pupils of her's who remember her with gratitude and affection in every State from Missouri to the Pacific coast. To those who have known her through life she is, and always will be, "Miss Anna;" but during her career in Arrow Rock she was married to Mr. T. C. McMahan, who took pride in assisting her to continue the line of work she preferred to follow, and she found time to make his home bright and cheerful during his life. After his death, in 1890, she ceased to teach, and is now spending a well-earned leisure with one of her married sisters.

## ONE OF SALINE'S AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

### Arch Gregory.

Arch Gregory was born in 1838, and never lived at a greater distance than ten miles from Arrow Rock. When I first knew him, he was a stirring youngster, not yet owner of any land, but renting a considerable farm in partnership with his brother-in-law, John West. It is not generally my practice to disturb the living, but Arch is a character so unique and is so important a factor in the Arrow Rock community that I find an opportunity for introducing him alive and yet in the swim. Besides, the prospect of writing his obituary is very remote. Although now up in the seventies, no one would suspect it to hear him talk or see the way he makes things happen around him. By energy and good judgment, he has accumulated a large estate, principally by farming and feeding live stock for market. He is a fine judge of human nature, and not easy to deceive. If David Harum had lived in his neighborhood, and tried his horse swapping game on Arch, David would have got the worst of it without Arch ever being reduced to the necessity of lying to him.

Arch had a very poor opportunity for acquiring an education. His hand-writing is not very easy to read, but his spelling is substantial and always leaves no doubt of the word he means to use. His hand-writing, however, once gave him trouble. He kept a deposit with the Wood & Huston Bank at Marshall and another with a bank at Slater, just before the disastrous failure of the two banks in the latter town, about the year 1894. One was called the "Citizens' Stock Bank," and Arch had heard hints that it was in a shaky condition. After buying some cattle or grain he concluded to pay with an $800.00 check on the Slater bank, to reduce his deposit there. He hunted for a blank check and finding none, undertook to write one. Repeating the circumstances to me, he said: "I started to write that check, and wrote

C-I-T-I,' but I never could make a ZEE, so I tore up the paper and filled out a check on Wood & Huston Bank. A few days after, the Slater bank broke up higher'n a kite, and I just lost $800.00 because I didn't know how to make a ZEE!"

When Arch was quite a young man, some friends of his, attracted by his energy and perseverance, proposed to furnish him money to buy cattle to feed, he having a fine crop of corn. Soon after this, there was a public sale of quite a lot of "feeders" advertised in his neighborhood, to be sold in lots of twenty head, with an option to take all or as many as the buyer wanted. Arch was on hand early, much excited and watching his chance when the first twenty were put up for sale. He had made a low bid, when a cautious old neighbor came up to him and said, "My boy, keep out of this game; it is very risky, and you know nothing of cattle." "Yes, yes," said the nervous boy, "perhaps you are right"—keeping an eye on the auctioneer and trying to dodge his cautious friend, when the hammer fell and the cattle were knocked off to him. "How many do you want?" said the auctioneer. Arch wriggled out of hearing of his cautious monitor and close to the auctioneer, with his hand to his mouth, and whispered, "I'll take 'em all." The cattle were fed through the winter and cleared $40 per head. This early adventure was a fair index to the character of the man. Quick to reach conclusions, he has the courage to follow his judgment. He walks fast, talks fast, and has a most original manner of expressing himself. It is better entertainment than a picture show to hear him talk. His neighbors frequently call on him to conduct auction sales for them, when he appears at his best. He never fails in a witty reply to the sallies and waggery of his auditors.

A trifling incident from the social life of the ante-bellum days will serve to illustrate his ready humor and quick adaptability, which served to extricate him from the embarrassment of an awkward occasion.

There was a Christmas party given at a country house near town, soon after I came to Arrow Rock, and Arch was an invited guest. He came into town before nightfall and was with the boys until time to leave for the

party. In those days it was usual for the youngsters to make merry by having a bowl of egg-nog; and Arch, not a drinker or a teetotaler, joined in with them. Some elderly people may remember that two or three glasses of that seductive fluid is also very treacherous. The eggs and cream soften the taste without destroying the effects of the spirits composing a part of the concoction. Arch got more than was prudent for him, and without being conscious of it, started for the party. Arriving at the gate, he discovered while walking to the front door, that his locomotive apparatus was wobbly; but he rang the bell, and the lady of the house, a fleshy person, opened the door. Arch was holding to the knob and the swinging door propelled him into the ample arms of his hostess. But with that quickness of decision, which is a part of his nature, he shouted "Christmas Gift!" at the same time plunging for the stairway railing which was swimming around his way. He caught it on the fly, and with its aid mounted the stairs to the gentlemen's cloak room, and was soon sobered off, his hostess below being totally unsuspicious of his condition, and believing that his affectionate entrance was only one of Arch's friendly, gushing salutations.

For many years Arch has been the purchaser of the surplus corn and feed belonging to his neighbors, and his dealings with them have been so frank and open that many of them are willing to let him fix the price of their products. While he is shrewd and careful, he is also fair and even generous in his dealings.

Arch has been in easy circumstances for a long time now, and can afford to be the liberal and public-spirited citizen he is. He does not claim that during his career his enthusiasm and ardor have not at times misled him; but all his friends will testify that in the essentials of character, he is an upright and honorable citizen, a good neighbor and steadfast friend. Something of the high tone which characterized the founders of the old community clings to him, and marks him for a true son of the soil.

## A SENSIBLE BUT UNUSUAL WEDDING CEREMONY.

### One Woman Who Kept a Secret, Years Ago.

One winter Sunday morning—to be exact, on January 2, 1878—at the close of the services in the Methodist Church in Arrow Rock, the minister announced that on the following Wednesday morning, at 10 o'clock, a marriage ceremony would be celebrated in that Church, and all who chose to come would be welcome. No explanation was made, and of course, this caused a mild sensation in a village of eight hundred people, every one personally known to the other. All sorts of conjectures were proposed, the most enlightened and skillful gossips were consulted; but every suggestion, after being discussed was pronounced improbable. The whole village acknowledged itself incapable of forming any solution of the puzzle, and the minister was dumb. Not a spoony couple who were "sweet" on each other was known to exist. Time, that old Justice of the Peace, who settles all our difficulties, would have to decide it; but even the old scythe-bearer mowed his swath slowly until Wednesday morning finally consented to arrive.

George A. Murrell, a prosperous farmer, whose wife had died some years previously, lived seven miles from town, on his farm near Jonesborough. He came into my store early Wednesday morning, and announced that he was going to make a trip to St. Louis, and that he would go to Boonville, the nearest railroad station, in a coach, which would leave about noon. He was considerably dressed up, for George, but as he was going away on a visit, that caused no surprise to any of us. We supposed he was going on the mail coach, which carried passengers. It was quite a cold morning, and we sat around the stove and chatted. George seemed to be in a particularly jolly frame of mind, and we made many remarks about the wedding announced to occur in the church that morning; but no one had even a guess as to who the parties might be. I was not much concern-

ed about the affair myself, and 10 o'clock had almost arrived when George said to me, "Tom, let's go up to the church and see who is going to get married." I put on my hat and we walked together, talking of indifferent subjects on the way, and took seats in a pew about the middle of the church, George sitting next the aisle. The church was already half filled, and pretty soon about every seat was taken. Mrs. John C. Thompson, Sr., widow, a member of the church, dressed in full black, a tall and stately lady, came in late, walking alone, and took her usual seat in a pew next the front one. The audience sat and stared suspiciously at each other, but still no hint of the candidates for future happiness.

The minister, after a dramatic pause, arose, and in a very deliberate tone said, "The parties who propose to enter into the holy bonds of matrimony will now please present themselves before the altar," at the same time coming down from his pulpit and standing inside the railing.

There was a silence so deep that it reverberated. You could feel your pulses beat, for almost a minute, before any movement was made. I began whispering into George's ear, "To be or not to be?" when he said to me, "Tom, I believe if no one else is going up I'll go myself;" and then he arose and walked very deliberately up the aisle. When he reached the seat where Mrs. Thompson was sitting she stood up, dropping a long black veil over the back of her pew, and took the proferred arm of Mr. Murrell. The ceremony was soon over, and I think there were more pop-eyed people gazing at them during its progress than were ever seen before in that church. At its close every soul present rushed forward and offered sincere congratulations. Both were very well known to their auditors, both were members of the Methodist Church; but even Mrs. Grundy admitted she had been outwitted, for although this marriage was universally conceded to be a very appropriate union in every particular, not a soul in the town had a thought of either in connection with the unusual occurrence.

A carriage was in wating outside, and the happy pair, highly pleased with the success of their cunning plans, started on their journey.

Further inquiry developed that Mr. and Mrs. Murrell were old acquaintances; that before either had been married they had been on very friendly terms, if not sweethearts. It also was discovered that they had corresponded, and met together in such an apparently casual manner that none of their friends had suspected them.

The marriage proved a happy one to both, and was only terminated by the sad death of Mrs. Murrell, several years previous to that of Mr. Murrell, which occurred last year, at the ripe age of 84.

It has always seemed to me that Mr. and Mrs. Murrell chose a very sensible plan for beginning life together. Mrs. Thompson was a childless widow, living alone in her dwelling in the village, and Mr. Murrell was living on his farm with his two sons, the only white members of his family. Their friends witnessed their wedding, and no one was put to any trouble in preparing for it. It was an ingenious, and at the same time a dramatic entrance into the wedded life.

But I, the unsuspecting groomsman, was cut off from the full performance of my office.

The Old "Lochinvar had come out of the West,"
Had walked up the aisle while the people were dumb,
And his groomsman sat twiddling his fingers and thumb!
My friend George had jilted me.

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## WILLIAM B. SAPPINGTON.

Wm. B. Sappington, born in Franklin, Tenn., in 1811, came with his father, Dr. John Sappington, in 1819, first to Howard County and later to Saline. He was well qualified by education and intellectual ability for a business man and previous to the war had been very successful. When I came to the county, he was the wealthiest man in Saline, owning large bodies of rich land, a splendid country home, and much personal property; but he seemed never to adjust himself to the new order of things after the war. Personally he was far from extravagant. He dressed plainly and cared nothing

for display; but everybody who wanted to raise money for any sort of public or private enterprise, and men who applied for favors they had no right to ask, called on him, and usually got what they came for. Many a false friend beset him, and took advantage of his kind heart and generous disposition.

Although entirely unconscious of it himself, Mr. Sappington was a very handsome man. He had a noble countenance, and sat his horse like a prince. On his road to and fro, always horseback, he spoke friendly words to every man, woman and child he met, black or white. Every word he spoke was exactly what he thought, and there was a vim and vigor in his voice which left no doubt of it. His home was the seat of unlimited hospitality, and he was the friend and counsellor of every neighbor and relative around him. A higher minded and more honorable gentleman never lived in Saline County. For forty years he was Chairman of the Board of Trustees for the fund given by his father for the education of poor children in Saline County, and he was for many years President of the Bank of Arrow Rock, in both of which offices he discharged his duty with profit to the corporations he served. Increasing age, shrinking fortune, loss of those very dear to him, made no important change in his daily life. The high ideals and noble generosity of his palmy days characterized him to the last.

It would be hard for a man to pass through life down in the Old Settlement without some anecdote connected with him being remembered. I have heard that while Mr. Sappington's father was living over in Howard County, his negroes were at work improving his farm in Saline, preparatory to making it his home. His son, William, was a stout lad; and as there was no ferry where it was most convenient for him to cross, the Dr. sent him over the river in a skiff, with a couple of sides of bacon in a sack, for the "hands," which he had to carry on his shoulder from the river to the farm. Weather was hot, and the boy had stopped to rest by the roadside, when the Rev. Peyton Nowlin, a pioneer Baptist minister, came along and had a chat with him. After learning his name, and the nature of his trip,

he inquired, "What occupation does your father intend for you to follow, when you grow up, my lad?" "Well, sir," replied the perspiring boy, "so far as I am able to judge, I think he intends to make a *horse* of me!"

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## SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PIONEERS.

Ephriam McLane was one of the Cooper colony which settled around the fort in 1810, and was the oldest of the pioneers I personally knew. He had seen service defending the first settlers of Saline against the Indians, and was himself an early settler in the county. He was fond of relating stories of the days when corn bread and wild game were the principal diet, and buckskin and home-made cloth their only clothing. He was a tall man with a long, heavy beard; good-humored, and proud of being about the oldest of the living pioneers. I do not remember at what age he died, but think it was near to ninety years. A son of his, Elijah McLane, a modest, good citizen, lives at Little Rock, (formerly Saline City), where Ephraim McLane died.

John and Isaac Thornton were sons of Daniel Thornton, who came to Saline soon after Henry Nave. John Thornton, while living, was the oldest native born white man in Saline County, having been born in the year 1816, the year his father came to the county. After the death of John, Isaac Thornton was the oldest native born, and I think Capt. Wm. L. Ish, born in 1819, was the next oldest after Isaac Thornton. Although Capt. Ish afterwards lived in Arrow Rock, he was not of the original Arrow Rock settlement, but his father came with the Hayes, Gwinn, Wilhite and Tennille emigration, which first settled in the "Big Bottom" and on Fish Creek.

I knew John Thornton particularly well, and never knew a more honorable and straight-forward man. He was deadly true to the man he accepted as his friend, and his antipathy to one he disliked was just as decided.

John Thornton was a blacksmith before he retired to his farm, and his first shop stood on the ground where I afterwards sold goods. He was once summoned as a

witness in a case where a blacksmith had sued a customer who disputed his account because he thought the charges excessive. Mr. Thornton did not like to take sides against his fellow smith; so he told the magistrate, when asked what he thought of the items in the bill, that there was a tradition among blacksmiths that only two members of their craft had ever gone to h—— (the eternal blacksmith shop where satan pumps the bellows); one went for working cold iron and the other for not charging enough. With such a fate impending no prudent smith could afford to take the risk. The case was compromised.

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## THE BEGINNING OF BLUE GRASS IN SALINE.

Richard Marshall, who came to Saline in 1819, settled at the mouth of Salt Fork, on Blackwater, near to the present town of Nelson. The Osage Trail leading to Arrow Rock passed through his land, and crossed at the Boat-Yard ford. He owned a large body of land, and was an extensive stock grower, but like the majority of the first settlers, he preferred to open his farm in the timber, when there were more fertile prairie lands lying vacant about him. He was a powerfully built man with particularly broad shoulders. When he would came to Arrow Rock, a crowd always collected around to hear him talk. In his ordinary tone he could be heard all up and down the street, and it was said of him that when he whispered his first message of love to the sweetheart who afterwards became his wife, all the neighbors heard him. His manner of expression was very amusing, always emphatic, and at the close of any sentence to which he desired to give emphasis he would always say "You hear me!"—and you certainly did, if you were in sight.

Mr. Marshall was said to have been very fond of hunting 'coons at night; and Gov. Jackson, his neighbor, often went with him on those occasions, taking pleasure in hearing him make the woods ring when the game was being chased by the dogs. He raised a large family, and many of his descendants yet live in the vicinity of

his old home. His son, Fleming Marshall,—"Uncle Flem," as his neighbors affectionately called him—resembled his father in many ways. He was in dead earnest on all subjects; industrious, thrifty, and also had a voice audible to all his neighbors when he "called" his hogs of mornings. Good, old-fashioned type of man, who used to spare me some of his two-year old hams from a smokehouse never barren of well-cured bacon.

I have frequently heard it said by old settlers that Richard Marshall and Dr. John Sappington were the first men who sowed blue grass in Saline, and also that they made a practice of taking seed from their crops and scattering it along roadsides where they thought it most apt to grow, as they would pass to and fro through the neighborhood. It certainly fell on fruitful soil, for now it comes of itself in any meadow or pasture after a few years. By the way, blue grass was first found growing wild in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia; was carried to Ohio, when it was Virginia territory, by the Harness, Cunningham and Renick families, emigrants from the Valley; thence to Kentucky and to Missouri. The English blue grass and all other grass is inferior to it as pasture.

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## SAUNDERS TOWNSEND.

Saunders Townsend lived in Cooper County three miles south of Arrow Rock, where he owned a large body of land and was a successful farmer and stock raiser. He had been a very strong man physically, with a temper not safe to trifle with; very positive in his convictions and very free to express them. Honest and candid himself, he could not tolerate anything indirect or deceitful in others. I have heard that on a certain occasion he and a tenant of his met in a field not near any house; that they quarreled and began to fight. A little son of the tenant, who was along, ran a quarter of a mile to give the alarm, and when friends arrived to part them, they were still at it, neither one conquered or able to deal an effective blow. They had literally fought to a standstill. Doubtless two such men did not remain

enemies. In all probability they finally shook hands and became reconciled.

Mr. Townsend raised a large family, who settled in the neighborhood and raised families of their own. I knew and had dealings with six of his sons, every one an honest, manly citizen. I, perhaps, knew B. F. Townsend more intimately than any of the others, as he was merchandising in the town when I first came to it, and I passed his door several times almost every day. He was a blunt spoken man and had one of the sternest countenances I ever looked upon. I used to tell him if I had his face I would never make a bad debt; that when a man would come into my store I didn't want to credit, I could then stand and look at him a minute or so, when he would leave without asking indulgence. And yet this same Ben Townsend was one of the tenderest hearted men I ever knew. A faithful, affectionate husband; kind to his children, and too lenient with the man who owed him. Except Jesse McMahan, he was Arrow Rock's oldest merchant in 1866. He would not have known how to practice deception, and he certainly never tried.

Robert Carson, an older brother of Kit, lived just across the river above Arrow Rock. He would come to town three or four times a year, and if he got too much of his enemy, strong drink, would stay three or four days. He was a small, wiry man, with a keen eye, and quick motioned. Very quiet when sober, he was talkative and antic when boozy. I have heard him relate many stories of his adventures on the plains and in the mountains. When his brother Kit ran away to follow the plains, he went in company with Bob, who told me he taught that boy his first lessons in the strategy and cunning necessary for combating the Indian savages. Bob had been a guide and a trapper years before his brother, and, when under the influence of liquor he would show that he felt some resentment at the fact that this brother of his had become famous, when he felt himself to have been the better scout and Indian fighter of the two.

Hamilton Carson, a half-brother to Bob and Kit, lived not far off in the Boonslick hills. I think he had never been on the plains; but he was a farmer in comfortable

circumstances, and I have very pleasant recollections of him and of some modest daughters of his who used to buy merchandise of me. The father of the Carsons was a pioneer of Howard County in the days of the forts, and Bob Carson was old enough to remember those early times.

How many heroes of hair-breadth escapes and bold enterprises lie asleep not far from the Old Trail, their deeds unrecorded, and soon to be forgotten. It is a pity that we do not think of these things until the actors in them have passed away.

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## A SUMMER SCENE ON THE BANK OF THE MISSOURI.

The river, when I first came to Arrow Rock, ran close to the limestone cliff, above the ravine known as "Todd's Hollow." At the mouth of Todd's Spring branch there was a shelving, rocky shore, making a pool of quiet water, where the colored people baptised the new converts to the Baptist faith.

On a summer Sunday afternoon it was made known that an unusually large number was to be baptised, and quite an audience of their white friends walked down to the appointed place, disposing themselves on the slopes of the hill, under the shade of the trees to witness the ceremonial. The colored folk from all the country around had come to town, and were going through some preliminary exercises in the church on the hill. In due time they came into sight, at least three hundred strong, sun shades and umbrellas uplifted, and marching in column down the sinuous hillside road, the women dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, white and red predominating, and all singing a hymn in that clear, mellow and plaintive strain for which the colored race is unrivalled. Very rarely in my life have I witnessed a scene so picturesque, or listened to music so natural and delightful.

Twenty-five feet from the shore the water was deeper and the current ran swiftly, so that the colored brother who officiated at the immersion waded carefully out with

a long stick, feeling his way until a proper depth had been reached; and there he planted his staff for safety; and stood waiting for the candidates to be brought out by a careful brother, who, the immersion over, would lead her or him,—principally her—to the shore.

"Peg-leg Jim" was a saddle-colored boy who worked around livery stables, sometimes drove the mail coach, and hauled freight up from the river. He owned a wooden leg with an iron ferrule on it like that on the end of a cane; a jolly good-natured darky, fond of sweetened toddy; not insensible to the charms of a buxom colored damsel; suitably pious during revival occasions and falling from grace very gracefully when the day of temptation arose—"just as you and I did." Jim volunteered to "clerk" for the minister, and escort the candidates in and out. He had led one shrinking and shivering sister after another to and from the apostle at the standing stake, proud of his important place in the programme, and moving briskly; when that pesky iron foot of his plumped down on a sloping stone just as Jim threw his whole weight upon it, and he instantly disappeared from mortal sight—all except that peg-leg, which stuck straight up above the water, and unregenerate and unconverted counterfeit. Jim was active and soon regained his balance, but the accident caused a severe shock to the solemnity of his audience, both black and white. The sudden and unexpected self-immersion caused many to laugh almost aloud.

I do not mean to write in ridicule of the religious rites of the colored people. At that day their idea of religion was mainly spectacular and emotional, but they enjoyed it, and it gave them hope of a future state of happiness. In spite of opinions to the contrary, I believe the colored race in Missouri is advancing in intelligence and good morals. The whole body of them should not be condemned because some of their number are brutal and worthless. On the contrary, I think it is the duty of every true Southern man to speak an encouraging word to every worthy colored man he meets. The forefathers of many of them helped to fence and clear the fields, open the roadways, and make Saline a pleasant

place to live in. Although they now lie in nameless graves, we owe respect to their memory. They were also pioneers.

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## SAMUEL H. HUSTON.

Sam. Huston was a son of the pioneer Joseph, who built the old tavern. He was physically strong, a famous hunter, energetic, earnest and very excitable. When a youngster he was a little wild, and wouldn't refuse a wager if occasion offered. A sporting character who traveled on steamers, stopping here and there at towns on the river, would find the old tavern at Arrow Rock comfortable quarters, and stop over sometimes for a month or two. The "black sheep" from some good family probably, his gentlemanly and attractive manners made him a popular boy with the youngsters, especially as he seemed to enjoy spending his money quite as much as winning it. He had been making small wagers with Sam, and winning so invariably that Sam had grown tired of it, and refused to take a venture with him at anything. Then the wag would twit Sam with timidity, and make all sorts of absurd proposals, such as it would seem impossible for Sam to lose, till one day he proposed to bet within two ounces what a certain large boulder would weigh, which had long lain in the street. This was more than Sam could withstand, and so he put up his wager. They brought the stone to the scales, and it weighed exactly what the scamp had guessed. Sam lost again, to the great glee of the crowd of boys who were witnesses. The scamp had previously taken the stone to the scales and carefully weighed it.

Later on Sam developed into a successful business man and owned the mill, which did both custom grinding for toll, and manufactured flour for sale. His customers were continually accusing him of taking too much toll, giving short weights, or some similar sin generally attributed to millers in the days of grinding for toll. One of his customers, knowing Sam's peculiarities, had been to the mill, and was returning from it with an empty sack, intending to make some purchases uptown. Just as he

had reached the row of business houses, he observed Sam coming on a short distance behind him. The man with the sack broke into a run, holding his sack in front of him, and attracting the attention of every one on the street. Some one came out and asked what the trouble was, and the panting runner stopped and replied: "I went down to the mill with a load of wheat, and Sam Huston has taken the whole of it for his toll, and here he comes, chasing me for the last sack!" Sam came up and was enraged, as usual, but the universal laughter convinced him this was another joke.

Sam had what he called dyspepsia. He was a hearty eater, lived on generous food, and sometimes suffered for it. When he had overtaxed his digestive powers, he would confide to his friends the sad condition of his health, until everybody was acquainted with his "symptoms." Among these was Henry Miller, the practical joker, who couldn't enjoy a joke at his own cost. One morning Sam came into the store, and Mr. Miller inquired after his health, and found it poor, as usual. I was witness to this conversation between them: "Do you have burning sensations in your stomach, Sam?" "Yes." "Watery eructations, and sometimes nausea?" "Exactly." "Lie awake at night, and restless?" "Precisely." "Irritable of mornings, and no appetite?" "Yes! Yes!" (with enthusiasm). "Well, sir, I have believed it for some time, by your appearance. You have all the symptoms." "Symptoms of what?" "Cancer of the stomach. It is not a rapid death, but no man ever recovers of it."

Sam bolts for his doctor, only to be laughed at when he discloses the discoverer of his malady. Sam enjoyed all these jokes, after he got to see through them, but it usually took time. Other people got most of the fun out of them before it came 'round to him.

These matter-of-fact people, inclined to take everything literally, are the cause of as much meriment as the jokers themselves.

## UNCLE BILLY BARNES AND THE MILITIA.

Mr. Wm. E. Barnes was an early settler in Saline, born and bred in Berkley County, Virginia. He was an industrious and excellent farmer, the picture of health, with a ruddy face, a bright eye, and a ringing laugh. He made no secret of his opinions on any subject, and was particularly outspoken as a Southern sympathizer during the war. The State Militia were in control most of the time in Saline, and they showed no favors to pronounced "rebels" like Uncle "Billy," although he was even then an old man. On one occasion a company of them rode up and decided to camp for the night near his house. Seeing some fat steers grazing in a nearby pasture, they told Uncle "Billy" they were in need of fresh meat and were going to kill one of his best. He consented to it readily, and was so jolly and cheerful over his loss that when they left the next morning, they gave him a hind quarter which they had left over. He assured them they were perfectly welcome to come around and kill another whenever they pleased.

George Baker, a strong Union man, owned the steers, and was having them pastured in a field close to Uncle "Billy's" house. In a few days Mr. Baker, who was something of a joker himself, came over, and Uncle "Billy" told him all about it with great glee. He even offered him a part of his own beef, but Mr. Baker was too game to accept it. He confessed the joke was on him, and the two remained friends, as they had always previously been.

Uncle "Billy" was born July 10, 1813, and died April 20, 1903, being almost ninety years old. For many years previous to his death he annually gave a birthday dinner, inviting his friends from Marshall, and his nearby neighbors. His birthday was the 10th of July, but he decided to call it the second Sunday, since some of his friends, among them I. O. Striker, might not otherwise be able to attend. There was always a big turkey at one end of the table, and a whole ham, two years old,

at the other. What was collateral to these can be readily imagined by those who have been guests at such a feast. I do not remember a more hospitable man, or one who enjoyed life better. He owned a small farm, not over sixty acres, I think; but it produced abundance of fruits, vegetables, grain and live stock for his uses. He worked with his hands as long as he lived, and found pleasure in it; had plenty of fruit to give away, but not much to sell; would often bring it to his friends in town if they failed to come for it. To hear him talk of "Black Republicans" you would suppose he ate one for breakfast every morning, but there was not one of them he would have harmed or failed to help if they needed it. He was absolutely incapable of malice; for some of his neighbors, who understood him, and were of opposite opinions to his, were among his warmest friends, notwithstanding his fierce attacks on their politics.

On sixty acres of land he lived generously, raised his family in good credit, was an influential and independent citizen, and, in his old age, he and his admirable daughter took charge of three doubly-orphaned grandsons of his, educated them, and caused them to grow up useful men.

Mr. Barnes' life is a fine example of the folly of great wealth. With his small estate he lived a happier life, dispensed more hospitality, and accomplished more good to his community than many men worth millions.

## L. T. LINDSAY.

"Lit" Lindsay, as his friends called him, was a groceryman of our village, and a character. Was well-bred, born in Virginia, and had "sold goods in Richmond, sir." When I first knew him he was perhaps forty years of age, an enthusiastic Democrat, with Southern tendencies, so much so that during the war he became a part of the exodus from the town while the militia were quartered there. He was a small man, very polite and graceful in his manners, especially after he had imbibed a small quantity—a thimble full would do—of toddy, when his Virginia blood would begin to bubble.

One evening our village was being afflicted with an entertainment by some lecturer who was droning along in a most dreary way, when Lit, who had come in late and had taken a seat at the very front, almost touching the speaker, after alternately dozing and trying to listen, arose, and with a bow and flourish which would have charmed Lord Chesterfield, made this deliverance: "You will please excuse me, sir; by your leave I think I will retire." Then, with another profound bow, he "wrapped the drapery of" his dignity about him, and more or less steadily passed down the aisle and into the street. The enthusiastic applause of the audience cheered him as he "retired", hero of the only sprightly event of the evening.

He was a whole-hearted, genial gentleman, and was liked by every one. All of us have "some faults to make us men," and if we can extract any amusement from one another's foibles as we pass along, why not?

## LETTER FROM DR. GLEN O. HARDEMAN.

The stories of the early days in Saline county, by Mr. T. C. Rainey, have been of much interest to some of our readers and the incidents related by him have been discussed by many of the old settlers of the county. The following letter, which relates to the same subject, was published in the Saline County Index, January 11th, 1900.

Dr. Ish's reminiscences as published in the Christmas number of the Index, on "Christmas in Saline Fifty Years Ago," was highly appreciated, especially by the old settlers. Much has been said and written about the article—in fact much of it has been extensively copied. The following letter was received by Dr. Ish a few days ago, in reply to his article, and as it is very interesting we give it to our readers:

"Gray's Summit, Mo., Dec. 29, 1899.

"Dear Doctor:—

"One so long identified with Saline county as I have been could not but be interested in your entertaining account of 'Christmas in Missouri Fifty Years Ago.'

"To me the past is vividly recalled by your mention of such pioneers as Maj. Lankford and 'Uncle' Henry Weedin, both of whom it was my privilege to number as friends. In connection with Mr. Weedin's name you might have recalled the fact that the town of Miami has a history as the scene of the last fight with hostile Indians that occurred in the State of Missouri. This took place, I believe, during the war of 1812-15. A band of Miami Indians had stolen a lot of horses and 'forted' themselves on the bank of the Missouri river where the town now stands. A company of 'rangers,' of which Mr. Weedin and Ephraim McCain, were members, swam their horses across the river, routed the Indians and recovered the stolen horses.

"My reminiscences date back not fifty but fifty-nine years, for I have known Saline county since 1840. My brother, J. Locke Hardeman, at that time lived on a farm three miles west of Arrow Rock, and I was in the habit of spending my annual school vacations with him. I was then but a lad of 15 years.

"The primitive conditions of the country and its inhabitants you have well described. The immense quantity of game is not exaggerated nor the beauty and attractiveness of the fair daughters of that day with whom I sometimes engaged in the dance, and other innocent amusements. As a contrast and commentary upon the fleeting of time, I may mention that I visited Saline last summer, after an absence of many years, and met a number of those self-same fair daughters—now venerable white-haired dames with grown grand-daughters.

"On my first visit to Saline in 1840 I landed at Arrow Rock from a steam boat, in the night, and as I intended going to the country early in the morning, I took lodgings only, at the hotel kept by that well-known and popular citizen, Joseph Huston, Sr., for which I was charged the sum of 12½ cents, or, I should say, a 'bit.' On my return in a few days I dined at the same hotel and was charged another 'bit' for an excellent dinner. The currency of that day was exclusively of Mexican or Spanish coin. Even the post office accounts were kept in that currency, and I have many old letters for which I was charged as postage 12½, 25 and 37½ cents, for letters were seldom prepaid then.

"My professional career began in 1848 in the town of Marshall, at that time a straggling village of but few inhabitants, with prairie grass growing in its streets, and its disreputable 'dog row,' which stood so long as a landmark.

"Dr. Hix, who afterwards died of the cholera, was the oldest practitioner. Dr. Wallace came next, in point of time. His after history I have never been able to trace.

"We puked, and purged, and blistered a patient in the old orthodox antiphlogistic style, and I believe with as much success as our modern successors with all their knowledge of microbes, bacteria, and other insects; for

it appears to me that they expend all their science and skill on diagnosis—then turn the patient over to the trained nurse. But I must say of the surgeons of today that, with their antiseptic treatment, there is seldom a case they can not cure.

"The law department was in the hands of John W. Bryant, Wm. H. Letcher, and Capt. Reid of Mexican war fame. He afterwards moved to Kansas City.

"Other good and noble men, both in law and medicine, succeeded these; but I speak only of the '49s.

"I have seldom had the pleasure of meeting you, if at all, for you are of a younger generation; but I was well acquainted with an old gentleman of your name at Arrow Rock. His son was a physician, married a lady of Arrow Rock, and moved to Springfield, Mo. Your article called up so many recollections of the past that I could not forbear writing to you, and I shall say nothing more in the way of apology.

Very truly yours,

GLEN O. HARDEMAN."

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## DID McCORMICK DESIGN THE FIRST REAPER FROM A MODEL MADE BY A SALINE COUNTY FARMER?

I have read with great pleasure and interest the article written by Dr. Glen O. Hardeman in a late issue of the *Democrat-News*. No one was better informed or better qualified to write concerning the early history of Saline. He was a man of talent, an original thinker, a born gentleman, with as acute a sense of the ridiculous as any man I ever knew.

Dr. Hardeman was living in Arrow Rock, a retired physician, in 1866, when the cholera was raging there and about 30 people died within a month. I met him frequently during that visitation, and both of us were interested in observing how our fellowman carries himself in trials like that. One thing was noticeable and instruc-

tive, I think. Lying is as often the result of an excited imagination as of deliberate purpose to deceive. Almost half the population left the town during the scourge, and those who remained were continually thinking and talking of the dread visitor. If some citizen complained of a slight pain in the stomach, that little pain, growing more severe as reported from mouth to mouth, would soon place its victim in the last stages of cramp and collapse. Shut off from the world around it, the town was full of false rumors, and yet the people who did the yarning were the most frightened, and therefore least likely to lie deliberately. Is it not well to be more charitable to our brothers of the Ananias club?

Arrow Rock was visited three times by cholera; first about 1832, next in 1850, and last in 1866. That disease always followed the navigable streams, supposedly being carried by river boats. I have heard that in 1832 the disease was so serious in Arrow Rock that there were not sufficient well people to wait upon the sick, and that Esq. Wm. M. Davidson, one of the original Sappington school fund trustees, and his wife, who was a Miss Venable, left their home in the country, came to town and and ministered to the sick and dying, at the risk of their own lives. Such noble deeds ought not to be forgotten. They were the parents of D. D. Davidson, county-judge elect of Saline, and four other sons who do not disgrace their honored ancestors.

Dr. Hardeman told me of an incident which occurred during a former visitation of the cholera in Saline, about 1850, I think, which amused him. He was riding horseback visiting patients, and crossing the open prairie not far from where Jeff Allen now lives, on Camp Creek, when he saw a long, gangling, young fellow riding towards him in a gallop. His legs were so long that he clapped his heels together under the pony he rode. When he got within about two hundred yards he stopped the pony and yelled: "Hey! Doc! Do you think if a fellow went down to the Rock there would be any danger of his gettin a little dab of the choleray?" On being told that if he wanted to visit "the Rock," even after having consulted a physician, his chance for "a little dab" was not hopeless, he turned his pony, clapped his heels to-

gether and rode off in a long lope, without saying another word. "Doc" did not know the equestrian apparition, but was probably known by him as a doctor, on account of the saddle-bags all physicians carried in those days.

I wonder if it is generally known that Dr. Hardeman's brother, Locke Hardeman, a wealthy hemp-grower near Arrow Rock, was the originator of the idea which resulted in the invention of the mower, the reaper and all modern machinery for harvesting? He invented a machine propelled by horse power, which he operated in his fields for the cutting of hemp. It was said to be cumbersome and only partially successful, but the father of the present Cyrus H. McCormick, a Virginian by birth, who invented the first mower, heard of the machine, came to Saline, stayed a week with Hardeman and received from him the ideas which have resulted in the harvesting of grain by machinery and motive power—an invention which has revolutionized the world of agriculture.

If this is true, and I have often heard it is, the fact ought to be established and the honor due accorded to the originator of the idea. I think there is no doubt Locke Hardeman put in operation the first farm machine ever propelled by horsepower. That it was not perfect might be expected. McCormick's first mower was crude, and would not be accepted as a gift. The first locomotive engine was far from perfect, as was the first steamboat and the first passenger car.

Locke Hardeman died before I came to Saline, but by all accounts he was a model type of the old-fashioned Southern gentleman, well-bred, upright, out-spoken, a good friend and neighbor, and—surest test of all—just, merciful, considerate and tender with his bondsmen. The slave holder had it in his power to be a tyrant and a brute. If he was of the metal, he also had the opportunity to develop and cultivate the noble qualities which made him a prince among men. Many of Locke Hardeman's old servants lived around Arrow Rock and I never heard anything but praise of their old master from them. A part of the poetry and romance of the old South is

the affectionate and loyal relation which existed between the black and white families growing up together in the days of slavery—a relation as honorable to the black man as to the white.

I have heard it said of Locke Hardeman that his influence with young men who came in contact with him was very great and very beneficent. Many of them, now elderly men, give him credit for directing their minds to high ideals and an honorable life.