

HONEY CREEK TOWNSHIP CEMETERYS

BECKWITH
LITTLE BECKWITH
GOOD HOPE
HASKIN
NEW HEBRON
NUTTALL
PORT JACKSON
RICH
SEARS
SECEDER
TOHILL
UPDIKE
Wesner

PLOTTED BY
BURL RICH
JULY 25, 1990

Robinson Township Public
Library District
606 N. Jefferson Street
Robinson, IL 62454

NORTH (START ON EAST SIDE)

SECEDER (CEDAR, MAXWELL) CEMETERY

(ROW #1)

SOUTH

			Robert A. Son of W.J. & R.J. Welch	Infant Grave NO MARKER				Effie A. Dau. of A.S. Maxwell 8-4-1883 7-27-1884	John O. Son A.S. Maxwell 3-3-1877 10-4-1877	
Estella Dau. of A.S. Maxwell 8-6-1879 8-29-1882 (1-83)	Archibald S. Maxwell 6-18-1835 10-19-1893 Civil War Co. E 98 Ill.	James W. Weger 1-12-1859 8-30-1904	Mary C. Maxwell Weger 6-11-1854 4-28-1897							
	<i>↓ Wm. J. D. 10 21 Do E</i>									
			GRAVE - NO MARKER	GRAVE - NO MARKER	R. Lizzie McCall Died 2-23-80 Aged 50 Yrs	NO ROOM TO BURY	Hester I. Johnson Died 8-11-1869 12Y 5D	Maria M. Johnson Died 7-23-1869 52Y 2M 16D	Margaret T. Johnson Died 5-9-1869 15Y 5M 18D	
Joseph D. Son of J.D. & M. J. McNay Died 1-18-1865 6Y, 10M, 27D	Frances L. Johnson Died 12-17-1869 22Y, 6M, 24D	Agnes A. Dau of J.D. & M.J. McNay Died 4-29-1872 16Y, 1M, 4D	Martha wife J.D. McNay Died 11-13-1873 40Y, 9M, 19D	Rev. John D. McNay Died 10-17-1879 Age 60Y	Oma Lois Dau. of C.A. & Ellen Max- well Died 3-11-1899 11M, 13D	NO ROOM TO BURY	Charles A. Maxwell 4-17-1862 6-12-1925	Ella Jones His Wife 9-20-1866 8-20-1938		
	Sarah H. Hardy 4-4-1826 1-8-1906	NO ROOM TO BURY	John A. Hardy 10-22-1827 4-9-1922 Co. H 3rd Ohio Inf. Mexican War							

ROW #2

A
B
C
A
B
C

NORTH

SECEDER CEMETERY

(ROW #5)

SOUTH

				GRAVE - NO MARKER	Ida M. Dau. of J.&N.A. Thompson 9-23-1868 10M,5D	NO ROOM TO BURY	Florence E. Dau. of A.S.Maxwell 8-26-1865 11-11-1865	Mary L. Dau. of A.S.Maxwell 5-5-1869 12-17-1869	Willie McNay Son A.S.Maxwell 8-12-1866 10-8-1871	A
Malinda J. Dau. of A.S.Maxwell 4-17-1873 10-28-1873	GrMother Mary E. Maxwell 1785-1871	GrFather Archibald Maxwell 1780-1862	Mary E. Dau. of G.H.&M.A. Maxwell 10-22-1853 3Y,3M,7D	NO ROOM TO BURY	Margaret A. Wife of G.H. Maxwell 6-14-1874 50Y,11M,17D (McKamey)	Marker M.E.M.	George H. Maxwell 5-24-1900 76Y,10M,13D Mexican War Co.C 2nd Ill	Adolphus M. Maxwell 1860-1948	NO ROOM TO BURY	B
Plain Marker	Grave No Marker	Grave No Marker	Grave No Marker	Grave No Marker						C
				<u>ROW #6</u>						
				Margaret E. Maxwell 1-3-1847 5-4-1874 (Dixon)	James N. Maxwell 1810-1865	NO ROOM TO BURY	Margaret Wife of JN Maxwell 6-24-1863 55Y,4M,6D	Melvina Wife of JG Maxwell 6-18-1863 23Y,1M,3D	E.G. Maxwell	A
Martha Wife of W.A. Maxwell 10-5-1860 23Y,29D (Duncan)	Mary Jane Wife of H.S. Heath 8-19-1855 23Y,6M,1D	Plain Marker Grave	GRAVE - NO MARKER	NO ROOM TO BURY	Marker Broken Grave Unknown					B
						Thomas S. Maxwell 4-21-1870 26Y,2M,7d Civil War Co.D 62 Ill	Melinda Wife of Thomas S. Maxwell 4-20-1870 24Y,4M,4D			C

NORTH

SECEDER CEMETERY

(ROW #7)

SOUTH

								Hannah C. Wife Of R.F.Steele 2-17-1841 8-18-1872	Mary E. Wife of R.F.Steele 9-28-1832 11-25-1865	A
GRAVE - NO MARKER	Marker T.S.M.	Marker M.M.				Marker B.W.		Marker I.A.M.		B
				Martha J. Dau. of W.&M. Maxwell 3-6-1875 14Y,6M,7D	Ira A. Maxwell 1871-1873	William A. Maxwell 1833-1873 12-19-1833 7-22-1873	Margaret J. Maxwell 1842-1931 (Love)			C
				<u>ROW #8</u>						
	Nancy A. Malcolm 9-29-1897 76Y,10M,18D	GRAVE - NO MARKER	Silas B. Malcolm 8-23-1869 48Y,7M,13D	Margaret A. Dau. of S.B.& N.A.Malcolm 12-1-1865 22Y,2M,24D			GRAVE - NO MARKER	W.B.Malcolm Co. H. 152nd Ill. Inf. Died Nov. 1865	Infant Son of R.F. & M.E. Steele	A
GRAVE - NO MARKER	GRAVE - NO MARKER				James R. Son of R.C.& N.J. Shedd 1-31-1858 4M,11D	Infant Dau. R.C. & N.J. Shedd 6-20-1853	GRAVE - NO MARKER	GRAVE - NO MARKER		B
	Mary E. Maxwell 11-10-1905	Reid Maxwell 7-16-1903 7-27-1969	Maggie Maxwell 1876-1959	Elizabeth J Maxwell 1841-1932	John G. Maxwell 1835-1902	Laura Alma Dau of J.& E. Maxwell 12-31-1872 1-29-1874	Mattie Dau. of J. & E. Maxwell 1-9-1877 11M,13D			C

NORTH

SECEDER CEMETERY

(ROW #11)

SOUTH

John Malvern Tedford Co. D 38 Ill. Inf. 8-30-1820 10-14-1864	John C. Tedford 3-8-1847 10-8-1922	Martha C. Tedford 1-9-1901 73Y,6M,10D	Isaac W. Tedford 6-22-1898 41Y,4M8D	Thannie Son of JA& AS Ingles 5-30-1869 6Y11M6D				GRAVE - NO MARKER	GRAVE - NO MARKER BEHIND CEDAR TREE
			Samuel Crooks Hout 5-7-1847 6-20-1893	Mary E. Williams Hout 9-25-1846 7-28-1886 (1-131)	Benjamin Williams 1-11-1868 58Y9M16D	GRAVE NO MARKER			
				ROW #12					
									Ollie C. Maxwell 1871-1904
Vina A. Maxwell 1866-1908 (2-197)	Gertrude O. Maxwell 2-23-1881 6-27-1920							GRAVE - NO MARKER	Silas Tyler 8-20-1886 89Y,8M,20D
	Robert A. Love 1852-1918	William S. Love 8-31-1899 86Y,11M,1D	Clarinda J. Love 3-31-1900 78Y,6M,12D	Elizabeth A. Young 1-18-1847 3-2-1923	Alexander P. Young 7-25-1903 56Y,10M,7D	Infant Son Young 5-6-1879	Mattie Young 5-6-1869 6-14-1880	Ida M. Young 12-28-1887 2-13-1923	

A

B

C

A

B

C

SECEDER CEMETERY
 FERGUSON ADDITION TO NORTH SIDE
 (START ON WEST SIDE)

NORTH

SOUTH

ROW

Carroll
 Fritz, Jr.
 1956-1986

6

Ferguson Addition is 65 Ft. South to North.
 72 Ft. East to West
 Allowing 5' Wide for each Grave = 13 Graves South to North.
 Allowing 11' Long for Each Grave = 6 Rows West to East.
 NOTE - West Row (No. 1) is 15' Long.

SECEDER (MAXWELL) CEMETERY

List of persons buried in this cemetery but location of grave unknown.

NOTE: All records with No's. or letters are from the Crawford County Court House. Bond = Record from Bond Funeral Home Records at Goodwine Funeral Home - Palestine, Ill.

<u>NAME</u>	<u>BIRTH</u>	<u>DEATH</u>	<u>AGE</u>	<u>RECORD</u>
Carl McKinley Tedford		9-23-1895	2Y10M17D	1-210
Windsor Lloyd Tedford		1-21-1884	9M28D	1-104
Roscoe E. Welsh		2-2-1883	1M19D	1-90
Bertie White		10-16-1884	3M6D	1-111

**Catherine Williams wife of Benjamin Williams (Row #11) married a Jewell but could be buried beside her husband in the Seceder Cemetery as their is a grave S. of Benjamin.

The following manuscript came into my possession in Jun 1980, when my cousin, Edna Pearl GOWIN SLAYTON, of Indianapolis, gave me all of her research notes of twenty years; just nine days before her death. I don't know how she acquired this, but I feel it should be shared and put in print. It is written by Walter L. HIGSMITH, great grandson of Rev. Richard M. HIGSMITH. Richard was a brother to our James HIGSMITH, Sr. Walter was married to a Phillippine Nurse, but had no children.

Looking Back from Fifty-five Vol. I
By Walter L. HIGSMITH

Manila, Philippine Islands
Sept. 29, 1930

For sometime I have had an idea of writing a biography of my own life and career since coming into the knowledge of my own existence.

Just as much as anything to see how many dates and events I can dig up out of the back-yard of my memory. While it will more or less contain some points of history dimly mentioned; the period it covers will contain much history unmentioned. The events here recorded will be most interesting to my folks and friends who live in the same locality and experienced the same or similar experiences in the same period but failed to jot them down for future reference for posterity. I have decided to give it the title "Looking Back from Fifty-five".

I was born in Crawford County, Honey Creek Township, State of Illinois, U.S.A. on June 1, 1875. This fact I was told and when I learned to read I verified it by reading The Family Record in the big bible which lay on the bureau and was part of the necessary equipment of every well regulated household of that time. The family record, births, deaths, marriages, etc. were written in an engrossing hand by some neighbor or friend if the head of the family was not a legible writer or deemed sufficiently qualified to do so.

The place of my birth was on a hilltop near the forks of the Flat Rock and Fort Jackson and Union Rd. 2 1/4 miles west of Flat Rock, Ill. My father, Cornelius E. HIGSMITH and my mother Martha J. HIGSMITH (maiden name HARVEY) had married rather young in life and I was the third child (all boys) which had been born to them. Our home was a rather modest size unpainted frame house containing three rooms and a side kitchen as we called them in those days. Our farm of 20 acres was a part of Grandfather HIGSMITHs farm which Father bought after I was old enough to remember about the transaction. At the north end of the house was a rather large chimney made of brick which the outlet of the fireplace inside for warming the house, the only means excepting the cooking stove in the side kitchen which was hardly noticable on a cold winter day. I remember Mother sometimes prepared breakfast at the fireplace on a cold morning rather than expose herself in the cold kitchen of the early morning before the fireplace had done its small part in warming that part of the house.

The chimney stood big and tall outside the house and on the shoulders of it built up by stair step like, narrowing of the flue, Father used to hide the door key when we locked the door and left the house. This was a secret hiding place known only to the members of the family so that if at any time a member of the family came home and found the others gone they knew where to find the key and suffer no inconvenience by waiting on the other members to come home.

This big fireplace was a great place for a youngster to gaze into and see the pictures real and imaginary in the flames and ashes. It grew more of a terror as I grew older and had to help cut the wood which we had to feed so lavishly into its big hungry

mouth. Father in his ingenuity had put a heavy iron rod across the top of the mouth of the fireplace from which was suspended several hooks and some of different length detachable so they could be made short or longer depending on the state of the fire or amount of wood at the time. A kettle or pot could be quickly adjusted the right height so as to be safely and advantageously at the right place for heating or cooking. A tea kettle was soon singing and would if not watched, often boil over and spill in the hot ashes and send them blowing into the room.

One of the pleasant memories of the big fireplace (aside from the place where Santa Clause descended at Christmas times, a legendary fact but fully believed for many years) was the Dutch Oven which we used in winter time before the fireplace, where Mother cooked the Famous Corn Pones. This oven had 3 short legs which held it off the floor about 2 1/2 inches. This was so that hot coals from the fire could be shoveled under it. It had a heavy iron lid with a hook in the top with which it could be lifted on and off with a hook. Coals were piled on the lid too after the mixture with eggs, salt, shortening and everything to make it good was put into it. It was located rather close to the edge of the fire and by replenishing the hot coals from the fireplace above and below on the oven within a half day or more this oven would completely cook a big round loaf 8 inches high and almost one foot in diameter. This cake when done could be loosened by turning the oven upside down and the cake would fall out. To tell whether the huge cake was baking evenly Mother would remove the lid and insert a broom straw through it. If the dough was soft and adhered to the straw it needed to bake longer. One other feature I remember about this oven was that there was a crack in the top of this oven lid through which the ashes fell and when the pastry was fresh it made a small part of the loaf which was touched by the ashes cut off the crust containing the ashes but I always liked this particular portion for its peculiar sweetness. Just why Father never thought of putting a patch over this crack which he could have very easily done I have often wondered since. This rich corn pone when eaten warm with fresh butter or cold with sweet milk was food for the Gods. Mother was adept in this corn pone baking, recognized so by all her women neighbors with the discontinuance of the Old Fire Place the Oven went with it and that rich taste is only a memory I will never forget as long as I live.

I had two older brothers, brother Reuben, almost two years my senior, and brother, Ira Franklin, who was about the same age older than brother, Reuben. He died before either of us was born at the age of only six weeks. The facts our mother told us after we were old enough to understand such things.

After I grew older I remember of Mother & Grandmother HIGHSMITH telling me about the state of the weather on June 1, 1875 when I was ushered into this world. They said it was during or right after a hard thunder storm and Dear Old Aunt Julia FORD general mid-wife and usher of new arrivals in that neighborhood walked all the way from her home about two miles away, barefooted thru the mud. She, if she had shoes, preferred to go barefooted and save the wear of them under the conditions. While being a real pioneer she could walk more securely barefooted.

I remember Old Aunt Julia as one of my first Sunday School Teachers and I will refer to her again in my later experiences of going to church.

I do not know how old I was when I first became conscious of my existence but I remember of being able to read the calendar in 1881 that was of course after I had been to school and would have made me 6 years old.

Later in life I learned the death of Aunt Catherine HIGHSMITH occurred when I was two years old. I remember clearly to this day about the folks telling me to come and see Aunt Kate and they held me up to see her as she lay in her coffin. This event being so

unusual and strange it left a deep impression on my mind and gave me a terror of seeing a dead person which I never overcame until I was a mature person and I am not completely over it yet. The neighbors and family folks who were a part of life from birth and time from when I knew my existence follows:

Grandfather HIGHSMITH (Ewing Spann HIGHSMITH b. 8 Mar 1823 in Crawford County) just about 1/4 mile East of our house. Down the hill across the branch over the big bluff and up the valley ways, then up the hill along its top above the two springs, through the barn lot and to the house ran the old foot-path crossing about a half dozen fences. Over this path I toddled with my mother in my baby days and as I grew somewhat older I traveled it alone when the cows, goats, or butting sheep were not in sight. I remember well the first time I traversed this path alone to Grandpas and how proud I was and rushed to tell Grandma of my great feat and she expressed apparent genuine surprise equal to my own.

Of the family at home then, I remember Aunt Vina (Nancy Lavina HIGHSMITH b. 6 Jan 1865) and Aunt Dilla (Marinda Ardilla HIGHSMITH) the two youngest daughters of Grandfathers children. I also remember Aunt Julia (Julia Ann HIGHSMITH b. 6 May 1862) and her marriage to Uncle Jasper MULLINS which event took place at our house sometime in the early Eighties. Aunt Jany TAYLOR (Rachael Jane HIGHSMITH b. 16 Aug 1848), Aunt Meg GEARHART (Margaret Miranda HIGHSMITH b. 15 Mar 1858), Aunt Sarah CUNNINGHAM (Sarah Ann HIGHSMITH b. 1 Jul 1844), Aunt Mat GOFF (Martha Melissa HIGHSMITH b. 28 Jan 1854), Geo. HIGHSMITH (George Rolla HIGHSMITH b. 4 Dec 1846), Uncle Joe (Joseph Alexander HIGHSMITH b. 12 Sep 1849), Uncle Steve (Stephen Douglas HIGHSMITH b. 8 Mar 1856), and Uncle Marion (Charles Marion HIGHSMITH b. 31 May 1860) were other members of Grandfathers family. Aunt Molly HUNT (Mary Elizabeth HIGHSMITH b. 13 Oct 1853) had died before or soon after my birth. She was the mother of Lucy GOODLINK (Lucy A. HUNT b. May 1870) who was the only child of her marriage with Uncle Jim HUNT (James Albert HUNT b. 20 Mar 1848, also a HIGHSMITH descendant).

Uncle George HIGHSMITH was the oldest (son) of the children of Grandfathers family (and from Grandfathers views and he was likely right) was the most energetic and far seeing of any of the boys, for he without much help from home acquired an education and studied medicine and eventually settled in Carroll County, Missouri where he had a large practice and a reputation as a surgeon in that part of his state. He was surgeon for two Railroad Companies when he died in 1910. He like most of the HIGHSMITHS left no great worldly estate but his only child, Mary (Mary Elizabeth HIGHSMITH b. 24 Aug 1883), he gave a good education and she was quite a noted musician when she married in Chicago sometime ago. Since that time I have heard vary little of her nor of her mother who was yet alive when her daughter married.

Uncle Steve & Uncle Marion were both in the West, Missouri and Kansas when I first learned of them by their writing home to father and mother before I could read. It must have been when I was 6 or 7 years old when they came back home. They both married soon after father was elected of Justice of the Peace for he performed the ceremony for both of them at different times. Uncle Marion married Miss Lizza RHRENBOLD of Richwoods neighborhood and Uncle Steve married Nancy MAXWELL one of his closest neighbor girls. I remember the marriage at her fathers house, Uncle George MAXWELL. Uncle Marion was married at our house.

Uncle Joe as long as I can remember always lived in Crawford County. He married Melissa GOODLINK of near Duncanville and had two boys older than either brother, Reuben or me. Of the other children I will speak of farther on in this narrative.

Aunt Jany TAYLOR and Uncle Lafayette were two more great members of my relatives, as were Aunt Mag GEARHART and Uncle Ike. I have a faint memory of seeing Aunt Mag and Uncle Ike married at our house but I may be mistaken in this event and at this late date & distance I cannot verify it. Aunt Martha and Uncle Vander

GOFF returned from Kansas when I was small and lived at various places around Crawford Co. until their death. That of Aunt Martha in 1913 on Jan 4 and Uncle Lavander died a year later March 8, 1914. They had three children, one boy, two girls, Charles, Vella, and Katie. Charles was a small boy when I first saw him when they came from Kansas. He was possibly two or three years younger than me. Vella was a baby when they returned from Kansas. Kate was born several years later.

Uncle Joe HIGHSMITH died in Arkansas ten or twelve years ago from this date of 1930. Aunt Melissa died April 7, 1914. Newton and John the oldest boys are both dead. John died about 1895 or 1897. Newton died several years later I think after his mother's death. Dora, the oldest girl, who married Parm PARKER, died in 1921 or late about the time I was getting ready to first come to the Islands. Jim, I suppose, is still living in Arkansas. Anna, Maude & Ida are now living near Palestine as far as I know of them. I had not seen any of them in years before my departure from Ill. in 1921.

Of Uncle Lafe TAYLORs family there was eight more cousins to add to the family tree. Carson, Carrie, Cora, Carlton, Cull, Ceola, Cleo & Cleveland. They worked the letter "C" pretty hard before the family was finished. A visit to Uncle Lafes and to play with my lavish outfit of cousins was one of the greatest joys of my boyhood life.

Aunt Janey had the knack of feeding active hungry boys just the kind of grub to hit the right spot and an Easter Egg feed at her house was a great feast. Uncle Lafe was always ready to be easily persuaded to hitch up the horses and take the bunch of boys to the river swimming or fishing.

Aunt Mag's and Uncle Ike's place was another place to visit. Their family were all boys, Clarence, Fred, Homer and Charles (GEARHART) a younger boy who, I have seen only a few times in his life, but the older boys visited us and at Grandfathers and were genuine boys as boys ran in those days.

When part or all of this bunch of grandchildren gathered at Grandfather HIGHSMITHs and we too, who lived near were there, and the times we had playing, eating apples, drinking cider, riding the goats, swimming and everything that kids do, Grandfather and Grandmother were in their glory when the children and grandchildren were visiting them in volume. The noise and confusion was apparently music to them.

Father's Blacksmith Shop and Other Associations There, Etc.

Father conducted a blacksmith shop in connection with the small amount of farming he did on our little 20 acre farm. Most of this planting and tending was done by neighbors who worked out their blacksmith bills. Father kept no horses he depended altogether on help gotten in this manner to cultivate his small acres.

The old log shop stood south of the house and below the garden which was between the shop and the house on the East side of the road. In the shop yard was a spreading pignut hickory tree which made quite a shade in summer and quite an inviting cool place for his patrons to sit and whittle and converse and otherwise pass the time while waiting for their blacksmithing to be done. I remember after I had read Longfellow's poem The Village Blacksmith, I thought if the hickory tree was only a chestnut tree it would be a very striking similarity.

This old log shop was only in my earlier boyhood days for about 1882 my father built a new frame shop further south at the corner of the farm where the Port Jackson and Union Road met. Connected with this shop was a small side room which father fitted up for his office, he having been elected Justice of the Peace, a short time before, he needed a special place for his official duties. The trials and marriages and other legal events which

took place in that old office were an unusual and distinctive experience in my life. I remember an occasion father locked brother Reuben and me in the office with the threat of keeping us there over night because we had after gaining his consent to remove our shoes on a warm spring day, went directly to the near by branch and proceeded to wade all the deep holes and rifles with our pants legs rolled as high as we could get them. He preceded the imprisonment by a good threshing as he was good at this form of preliminaries in handling us boys. Only the timely intervention of Miss Harriett LACKEY an elderly woman who was helping mother clean house, who wanted us to go to her brothers on an errand for her saved us from a night in jail. Threatening to put us in jail or of being arrested by the "Jail Man" was one of father's ways of frightening discipline into us boys. I remember when he was a candidate for Justice of the Peace I heard the older folks speak of it and I asked them if Pa would be a jail man if elected. They told me he would. The morning following the election I slept late and had gone to bed the preceeding evening before he had gotten home from the town house. On awakening I ask Mother if Pa was a jail man now and she said, "Yes". Presently I saw him coming up the hill towards the house. I was afraid to meet him for fear he would take me at once and put me in jail as he was frequently threatening to do. This fear soon wore off when no threats he had made were carried out at once.

Our Neighbors and Boyhood Playmates, Etc.

Our nearest neighbors were Mr. John G. MAXWELL and family. The MAXWELLS were from Tenn. folks as were his wives folks "The GOODLINK" Family. All had come from Tennessee in their early childhood days. They had grown up in the same neighborhood with father and mother and were inseparable friends as all country pioneers, neighbors and church people were in those days.

The family consisted of seven children, five girls and two boys. Most of the children were older than brother Reuben or me, while the three younger were about our age or younger. Charles MAXWELL was a big boy, when I first remember him. He was the son of a former marriage and of course only a half brother to the younger children. Vina was the oldest child of the then complete family, proper Joannah or Dade, her nick name, was the second daughter, then David a boy a few years older than brother Reuben, followed by Maggie, Ethel, Gertrude, three girls in the order named of my age and younger. Charles was too big to play with us boys, but David while older than Reuben or me was quite a boy and a leader in boy lore and sports. Both David and Charles were more or less heroes to us and we looked upon them as models of boyhood. I remember once when angry at brother Reuben I told him I wished I was as big as Charlie MAXWELL so I could kill him for his impositions upon me. Charles being older often passed our place going to parties and other places he did not care to fully divulge to us curious minded lads. We boy like, never hesitated to say, "Hello Charley, where are you going?". He would always reply, "Oh, just going a bug hunting".

The MAXWELL family in addition to their regular team of work horses, Old Bell and Jack, had an old Spotted Bald-faced Mare they called "Balley". She was gentle and the children could ride her for the cattle when they ranged on highways or in the fields farthest from the house. To reach one of their fields back of the cemetery at the northwest part of the farm they used the highway in front of our house. It was in one of those trips to this field for cattle that an experience occurred which I will never forget.

Vina was riding Old Balley for the cows and Maggie was riding behind her what we called "double" when a horse would carry more than one rider. In some of the quick turning chasing the cattle, Maggie fell off and her arm was broken. The old mare went on home alone and Vina came down the road as far as our house carrying Maggie home with the broken bone of her arm between the elbow and shoulder protruding through the flesh. I think Father or Uncle Steve or some man from our place relieved Vina of her burden and carried Maggie on home. The family Doctor (Dr. BRISTOW) was

called and with the help of Uncle George MAXWELL the arm was set and put in a casting and a sling and she being young and healthy, the arm was soon healed and good as new again.

Uncle George MAXWELL was another neighbor on the north of us with a big family of children from a former marriage, and step-children and others of a more recent marriage. The older set of children was Adolph, the oldest son, who I remember; Nancy, who later married Uncle Steve HIGHSMITH and Crete, who married Joseph MCHATTON, a school teacher in my boyhood days and later studied law and practiced at Robinson. Mrs. MCHATTON died quite a few years ago leaving several children who I do not now recognize, not having lived there much in recent years. Of the step-children of this family was Joanna UPDIKE a daughter and quite a social terror in her young days. She taught school in her pre-nuptial days, before she married William A. OSBORN, a smart and executive school teacher who came from Lawrence County and taught in our neighborhood. Two sons, Silvester and Orville, "Boot" he was always called as a nickname. Silvester died of the measles when I was small but I remember him as one of my childhood playmates at coasting on the hills in winter and wading and swimming along the creek in summer. Boot and Joanna were both living when I left home. George TOHILL and Fred SIMONS were two more boys of my early boyhood playmates some years older than me, but not too old to be real boys in play as we met at father's shop and on neighborhood coasting, fishing and swimming. These two boys went away when they were comparatively young men. Mr. TOHILL to Texas and Mr. SIMONS to Wyoming. I have never seen them since only heard of them through their relatives who are still living at he old home yet.

Other neighbors were the WISLEY family, Uncle Jackie as we called him. He had a big family of boys but only one daughter of which I knew of. The sons were, Tip, William, John and Daniel. Uncle Jackie owned a threshing machine and for years threshed for the neighbors. His sons were at different times helpers with the machine. Uncle Jackie had most of his fingers of his right hand cut off by coming in contact of his cylinder and other dangerous parts of his machines but with his stub hand he was yet a tireless worker, and could hook a chicken bone under his crippled finger and divest it of the meat in a dexterous manner. The whole family were all leaders in the United Brethern Church at Union of which I will relate more at length in my narrative of Early Church Associations.

(The) Uncle George PARKER family were another of our near neighbors on the south, with a large family of sons and daughters most of which who married and settled down in the neighborhood and influenced the local community. The sons were, Henry, John, Washington, Lafayette and another I do not remember as he left while I was young. Several daughters married sons of the neighborhood of which was Mrs. Julia HARPER, Mrs. Barbara TAYLOR, wife of William TAYLOR and a great friend of my father. After the death of his first wife Barbara, he moved to Arkansas.

Janey WINNEMAN was another daughter who married and had a large family of children. She was a widow as far back as I can remember, as I can't recall ever seeing Mr. WINNEMAN.

The THOMPSON family was another family of which Uncle William and Aunt Peggy were the head. Aunt Peggy was a full sister to Grandmother HIGHSMITH. I will always remember Uncle Will as one of the kindest, most considerate men I ever met. He was a shoemaker as a side line with his farming and in the days before the railroad had been Post Master of Flat Rock when it was only a name for a Post Office and was kept at some farmers house. He may have been the founder of the Post Office when the mail was infrequently carried by a messenger or Star-route from Vincennes. We used to go to Uncle Wills to get our boots soled. He had a tiny little box stove in his small shop which was a great curiosity to us boys because it looked almost like a toy. He talked with us boys and made a great to-do over us, insisting we stay and eat dinner with them, a thing I greatly enjoyed except

from being so bashful a weakness I have not fully overcome to this date, especially when ladies are in evidence.

Uncle Will had a large family of children too, of which was, Newton, Alexander, Jim and Bruce. As daughters, Mrs. Wm. J. JONES and Mrs. William CUNNINGHAM, mother of Sam CUNNINGHAM, who has owned the old Thompson Homestead for some years past. There may have been other children of which I do not recall. Alex and Jim went west somewhere near the time of my birth. I never saw Alex as I remember, but Jim and family returned to Ill. about 1896 from Kansas their former home. After a few years residence here he died on Wm. J. JONES farm north of Flat Rock.

Bruce lived on the old farm until about 1892 when he sold his farm to Dolph MAXWELL and moved to Arkansas. His wife was Miss Sarah WEBER before her marriage; sister of William and Range Road Charley as we called him to distinguish him from the other Charley WEGERS of the neighborhood. Bruce had two sons, Eddie and Carson, who were a few years younger than brother Rueben and me. They were great boys at hunting, fishing and swimming, etc. and were royal playmates for all boys in the neighborhood. Our visits to their home and the interest their father, Bruce showed in helping us to have a good time will never be forgotten. Bruce never grew too maturity beyond having a boys interest in all a boy enjoyed. His kind disposition so much like Uncle Will, his father and the entire family, made them a loving and respected people. I saw Bruce once only after he had been eight or ten years in Arkansas, when he returned to the old neighborhood for a visit. Mrs. THOMPSON had died. The boys were both married and raising families in Arkansas. Eddie the oldest boy made a trip back to Crawford Co. within a few years after their permanent departure but I have not seen Carson since his leaving for Arkansas in the early spring of 1892. One of the incidents just before they departed I will never forget. I was then at Grandpas and Eddie and Carson came over to make a final visit to me to stay all night. We went to church at Union at night and on the way home the boys said they had sold all the chickens they could catch at home, but had found one old hen that had escaped them and it looked like she might be doomed to an exiled condition if something was not done about it. We decided to have a chicken roast and thinking one hen might not be enough we decided to swipe one from neighbor John G. MAXWELLS trees as we passed their place. We found the chickens roosting peacefully in the trees. Carson had planned that he would knock one out of the tree (they being too high to reach). I was to grab it when it fell and we would run away with it. He hit it a good lick and knocked it clean to the ground but the chicken gave a loud squawk and I was afraid to grab it up and hold it. We all ran away fearing who we were. So we arouse neighbor MAXWELLS and they find out who we were. So we went on back by Grandpa's barn, caught a pigeon from its roosting box and went over and caught the exiled hen, built a fire in the small hollow west of the barn on the edge of the woods and roasted the hen and the pigeon. Both made an ample meal for three and we did not need the hen which we almost but didn't get.

Newton had five children, three girls and two boys. Willie was the oldest boy about the same age of brother Reuben; Rosee, the oldest girl a little older than me; Oliver, the second boy was a year or two younger than me; The three girls are now dead. Several years younger than me. Iva when about 18 or 19 and Rosa died when about 16 years old; Iva when about 18 or 19 and Pearl died in 1910 at about the same age. Willie is still living near the old farm in Crawford Co. Oliver went west in 1898 just before the Spanish American War. After a time in Colorado, he settled in Nevada and took up mining as his health was such that he had to remain in the west where the climate favored his lungs. He only came back to Ill. a time or two. The first time was in 1904 during the Worlds Fair at St. Louis. I saw him then but have not seen him since. Last I knew he was still at Searchlight, Nevada.

Early Recollections of Church

The real adventures of a child's life begin when he emerges from the quiet home life and starts to school. So many new friends and strange experiences are carried into his life that it is a great revelation to him. But as the life of a well regulated and christian raised family starts with church often before the school age is reached, I will give my first impressions of going to church.

The first I remember was the old Good Hope Log Church which stood just south of the present frame church two miles west of Flat Rock and 1/2 mile east of the home in which I was born. Built of huge hewn logs from the finest trees of the forrest, before there was any machinery in the country for making them into lumber. It had two doors, one in the south and one in the east each with an isle running back until they met before the high pulpit on the west side of the house. The house was heated in winter by a big box stove standing in the middle of the house. My vivid recollections of the place is of seeing Uncle Nathan FORD and his grandson, John Lee FORD, as they sat in the front seat of the benches of the "Amen Corner", we called it later, both dressed in a complete suit of blue homespun jeans.

Aunt Julia FORD, Uncle Nathan's wife, and John Lee FORD's grandmother was one of my first Sunday School teachers. She was a kindly old pioneer saint always ready to do her part in church as well as other neighborhood affairs. It was her who walked barefooted thru the mud and rain to officiate at my ushering in to this world. Aunt Julia and Uncle Nathan like all the old pioneers had a large family of children which I knew but most of them do not connect in detail with my story without going too much at length.

(This is all that remains of this wonderful narrative about country living in Crawford County. I feel there must have been more, but we are lucky to have this much.)