HISTORY

OF

ST. CHARLES COUNTY, MISSOURI.

CHAPTER I.

THE PIONEERS OF THE COUNTY.

Introductory — First White Settlers — Blanchette Chasseur — Daniel Boone — Romance of Bernard Guillet, the French Chief of the Dakotas — List of Pioneer Settlers — Early German Immigration.

One hundred and fifteen years constitute a long interval of time, and yet, such is the period embraced between the date of the first settlement of St. Charles county, and the present era of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four.

Standing, therefore, so far down the stream of time, and at such a distance from its source, we can not hope to retrace its meanderings step by step. 'Tis true the shores of this stream are thickly strewn with the relics of more than a century, but these grow fainter and still more faint, as we approach its source. Even written records become less and less explicit, and finally fail altogether as we near the beginning of the community whose lives we are seeking to rescue from the gloom of a rapidly receding past. But while we can not expect to gather *all* the scattered and loosening threads of the past, we hope to collect the main and important filaments, which compose the warp and woof of the history of St. Charles county.

To weave then, these filaments into a compact web of the present, is a work of great patience and labor, requiring days and weeks and months to perform. Many of the burdens and anxieties, however,

resulting from such a task, will be lightened in proportion to the sympathy the reader may give the author, as he peruses the following pages.

The first settlement was made in what is now St. Charles county, in 1769, by a daring Frenchman called Louis Blanchette, surnamed "The Hunter" — *Chasseur.* He being the first settler in this region of country, we deem it not inappropriate to place before our readers in this connection, a brief sketch of his life, although this sketch is embodied in a somewhat highly colored romance, which we take from "Hopewell's Legends of the Missouri and Mississippi:" —

In the year 1765, a Frenchman, called Blanchette Chasseur, animated by that love of adventure which characterizes all who have lived a roving and restless life, ascended the Missouri, with a few followers, for the purpose of forming a settlement in the then remote wilderness.

He was one of those who encountered perils and endured privations, not from necessity, but from choice; for he had been born to affluence, and had every indulgence consistent with wealth and station, but from a boy had spurned, with Spartan prejudice, every effeminate trait, and had accomplished himself in every hardy and manly exercise. When he had attained his majority, he sailed for America, then the El Dorado of all the visionary, roving and restless spirits of the age. He loved the Indian and the wilderness, and after a sojourn in the wilds for some months, the attractions of La Belle France were forgotten, and Blanchette Chasseur became the leader of the hardy pioneers of civilization at that early period. So assimilated had he become to the scenes in which he lived and mingled, that he forgot his *caste*, and condescended to mingle his noble blood with that of the aborigines of the country, by taking as partners of his itinerant wigwams young squaws of the tribes which were in the vicinity of his wanderings.

At the period which we have mentioned, Blanchette Chasseur had but three followers — two Canadian hunters and a half-breed Indian. It was near sunset one afternoon in October, when they rowed up the swift-running current of the muddy Missouri. The vast forests skirting the river had that rich golden hue found only in America, and the tops of the trees, flooded with the dazzling glory of the sunbeams, looked gorgeous beyond description. There were several small hills at a little distance, and from one of these they saw the smoke ascending from a camp-fire.

Blanchette Chasseur, feeling confident that he was in the vicinity of a party of Indians, with that fearlessness and curiosity which made up, so largely, a portion of his character, determined to see and learn, if possible, their business in the neighborhood and to what tribe they belonged. He landed his little boat where some bushes grew thick upon the banks, and, armed with his rifle, proceeded alone toward

the encampment. When he was within a hundred yards of the camp-fire, seeing that he was discovered by the Indians, he stopped in his course, and taking a soiled piece of cloth from his pocket, tied it to the end of his gun, and waved it in token of friendly intentions.

At this signal of friendship from Blanchette Chasseur, an old Indian, of low stature but herculean build, came towards him. He was followed by a band of warriors, who, as well as he, were begrimed with paint; but the old Indian, from his rich display of beads and the plumage of birds, together with the deference paid to him by the band, was evidently the chief. The whole party had been on the war-path, for several fresh scalps dangled from the belts of some of the warriors; and the cincture of the old chief, through its whole circumference, was frizzled with the hair of the enemies subdued in many conflicts, but was totally unlike the fabled girdle of the Phaphian goddess, which gave to its possessor transcendant loveliness — for the old chief was as hideous in his features as the veiled prophet of Korassan.

Blanchette Chasseur, with his ever-glowing courage, felt some slight chilling sensations glide through his frame, as he looked upon such a number of warlike Indians, besmeared with paint, with their reeking trophies of savage prowess. Nevertheless, he addressed them in an Indian tongue with which he was familiar, telling them he was a white man ascending the Missouri, and that he loved the Indian. The old chief gazed upon him with a full, attentive smile, and molifying somewhat his rugged features, told him he was welcome, and to call his followers, whom Blanchette had left with the canoe.

The half-breed Indian, from the departure of Blanchette, had commenced to show symptoms of alarm, and when he saw the painted warriors, with their bows and arrows, their tomahawks and scalp-locks; some of which were still gory, his philosophy forsook him, and, darting from the canoe, and with almost the fleetness of a deer, endeavored to place as much distance as possible between himself and the supposed enemies. The old chief told his warriors to give chase, and capture without injuring him. With a yell that rang loud and echoing through the solitude, the fleet-footed warriors started after the fugitive, and, in a short time, the poor half-breed, more dead than alive, was brought to the encampment. His swarthy face looked pale with excessive fright; he kept one hand upon the crown of his head, as if he expected every moment that an attack would be made upon his scalp, and made such horrible grimaces, that the old chief shook with excess of laughter. Blanchette Chasseur, pitying his follower — who, though a coward, was faithful — calmed his fright by telling him that his scalp was as safe upon his head as the crown upon the imperial monarch of France.

All excitement being allayed, the old chief and warriors, and Blanchette Chasseur and followers, then sat, side by side, at a large fire, and smoked the pipe of peace — an essential proceeding among the

Indians, as significant of friendship. Blanchette Chasseur then told one of his men to go to the boat, and bring, from beneath a seat, a jug well filled with the fluid which causes the tongue to rattle, the heart to expand, and the reason to sleep.

At the sight of the jug, the old chief rose quickly to his feet, seized it in his large hands, extracted the cork in a twinkling — and placed his nose to the aperture. He then gave vent to the most extravagant rapture. He cut a caper in the air that would have been creditable to an equestrian clown, embraced Blanchette Chasseur with the ardor of a newly accepted lover; and, spreading wide his short legs, so as to have a secure base, placed the large jug to his lips, and took a long suck of its contents. He then took a little pewter mug, that Blanchette Chasseur had in his hands, and dealt a sparing allowance to the warriors, and, after serving all with the diligence, if not the grace of a Ganymede, he threw aside the cup, and, again fortifying himself like a Colossus of Rhodes, he drank long and deeply; then drawing a long breath, he said, turning to Blanchette, "*C'est bon; j'en ai assez*," (it is good; I have enough).

Both Blanchette Chasseur and the old chief had a good supply of dried provisions, and all were soon in the humor to do justice to a supper. During the repast, the desirable jug was several times called upon to contribute freely, and such was the potency of its power over the usually cold stoicism of the savages, that, in a short time, they commenced to laugh and boast of their recent exploits, and became on the most familiar terms with their new friends.

The old chief, seeing everything on the most friendly footing, with his stomach overflowing with whisky and dried beef, became very garrulous and familiar. Blanchette, manifesting some surprise at his readiness in speaking the French language, was told by Guillet, that if he were not too sleepy, he would relate to him some of the stirring incidents of an eventful life.

Blanchette signifying a wish to hear the narrative, the old warrior thus began: —

THE NARRATIVE OF BERNARD GUILLET, THE CHIEF OF THE DAKOTAS.

"My good friend, the first thing I have to tell you is, that I am a Frenchman, and not an Indian. I was born near Marseilles, in the southern part of France, of poor, but respectable parents, who died within three months of each other, when I had attained 11 years of age. My mother died last, and a few hours before her death, with a feeble effort, she took a rosary which she kept constantly suspended from her neck, and hung it upon mine, murmuring some indistinct words. I have thought of them often since, and I know that they were blessings. After losing my parents my troubles commenced. It is not worth my while to dwell upon trivial incidents; let it suffice to say that four months after I lost my parents, I was, by the authorities, apprenticed to a tanner. I was worked hard and almost starved; and, from the wrongs that I had continually heaped upon me, I date the

change in my disposition, which was naturally gentle, into fierce and vindictive elements. I was kicked about much more than a sorry cur we had in the establishment, named Carlo. However, I looked upon Carlo as my only friend, and he loved me in return. We were bed-fellows. Things continued in this way until I became 17 years of age, at which time my mind became sufficiently developed to comprehend, to its fullest extent, the unjust treatment I received from my master, who still continued to beat me as usual for every trivial fault or fancied omission. My blood often boiled during the chastisements, and I felt ready to exterminate the wretch upon the spot. One evening, in a paroxysm of rage, I killed him. Working hours were over, and as usual I was looking over some books that I had gradually collected together, so as to improve my mind. My rosary was in my hand, and the current of my thoughts had floated from my book to the by-gone days, with which was associated the image of my mother. My master came in, and seeing me with the beads, snatched them from my hands and gave me a buff upon the cheek, saying, I was a good for nothing, lazy fellow. I entreated him to return the rosary, telling him it was the last gift of a deceased mother.

"'Your mother, you vagabond?' replied he; 'who was she but a strumpet?'

"Blood swam before my eyes — my heart was on fire, and the voices of all the devils whispered vengeance! I sprang at his throat with a yell of rage, and clenched it like a vice! When I released the hold he was dead, and I, Bernard Guillet, was a murderer!

"I fled that night to Marseilles, where a vessel was just leaving for the new world. I offered myself as a common sailor, and as the captain was short of hands, I was taken without any inquiries. We were soon out of the harbor, and I was comparatively safe from pursuit.

"After a voyage of three months, we reached the shores of America, and fearing that I might be pursued for the murder of my master, I went far into the interior of Canada, and engaged with a man who traded for furs with the Indians. Somehow or other, I became attached to the vagabond life I led. I soon learned to speak the tongues of several of the Indian tribes; engaged in business on my own account; hunted with the hunters; and, took to wife one of the daughters of a chief of the Senecas. After thus linking myself by a new tie to the Indians, I threw off the few civilized habits which still clung to me, and adopted all the wild independence of my new relations. I still visited, however, yearly, the trading posts of the whites, chiefly for the purpose of gaining powder and lead, and a good proportion of whisky. We were engaged in several wars with the neighboring tribes, and I became a distinguished warrior. In all probability, I had passed my life with the Senecas, had not my wife died in childbed. I sincerely mourned her loss; not that I can say that I really loved her; but I had lived with her for seven years, and she was obedient to my slightest wish. She had borne me four children, all of whom died.

"After the death of my wife, I became desirous of change, and

determined to go far into the West, and lead the life of a trapper and hunter. One evening, unknown to any one, about nightfall, I took my tomahawk, rifle, a good supply of ammunition, and departed upon my long journey. I easily subsisted upon the proceeds of the chase, for then game was everywhere. I traveled through many regions, and followed the course of many rivers, yet always keeping towards the setting sun; sometimes, tarrying in a place two or three weeks, so as to try effectually what it would yield in the way of furs and peltries.

"On the banks of the Muskingum river, I was nearly losing my life. It was a warm day; and, being somewhat fatigued and drowsy, about midday, I lay beneath a large maple, which offered a fine shade, that I might take a comfortable nap. I know not how long I lay there; but I felt a dead, heavy weight upon my breast that nearly mashed me. I thought I had the nightmare, and tried to struggle with the witch that was riding me, when the effort awoke me, and I found a large red skin bestriding my body, and another commencing to bind me with thongs. I was then under thirty, and as strong as a buffalo.

"With a sudden effort, I threw the red devil who was making a pack-horse of me, and gaining my feet, struck the other a blow with my fist that made him whirl as a top. I then had time to draw my knife, as the Indian I had thrown from my breast gained his feet. He was soon finished; but the other had seized Nancy (a name I had given my rifle, in honor of my mother), and had it pointed, with sure aim, at my heart. Sacre Dieu! how funny I felt when I was thinking of the ball that was coming through me; but Nancy snapped — I don't know whether from accident or not; but I have always thought that the name of my mother had something to do with it. You may smile; but it does me good to think that her spirit can now and then come near me. I killed the Indian with a blow of my tomahawk, and took the scalps of them both. They were of the Miamis.

"I still kept westward," said the old chief, taking another pull from the bottle; "and, after some fifteen months, came to the banks of the Mississippi. Then I got so far from civilization that I determined to give up all idea of trading with whites, for a time, and to find some locality to pack furs for a few years; by which time I calculated that plenty of trading posts would be established in those parts. I coursed along the Mississippi for a few days, and, seeing a large river flowing into it, I crossed over in a canoe I found hidden on the bank of a river, and ascended it by coursing along its banks, until I reached the neighborhood in which we now are. That was, as near as I can guess, about twenty or twenty-five years ago. Here I found plenty of deer and beaver, and determined to stop. So I built a little hut and commenced trapping beaver and muskrats. I was very successful during the first year, when, all of a sudden, I found that my luck had stopped. I soon suspected the cause — my traps had been robbed. I determined to find out the thief. One night I lay near one of my most successful traps, and about daylight, or a little before, I saw the out-

lines of an Indian going to the spot where my trap was. He had a beaver in his hand, which he had taken from one of my other traps. I leveled Nancy, and he fell dead. After scalping him, I let him lie.

"A few days afterward, walking by the spot, I discovered that his body had been removed. I was much alarmed, for I knew the Indians had been there, and had taken away the dead body of their comrade. I fortified my little cabin as well as possible, and went out but seldom. About two months afterward, I was surprised one morning, before sunrise, by the sound of a war whoop in front of my cabin, accompanied by efforts to break open the door. I thought that my hour had come, but I determined to die game. I seized Nancy, put my rosary into my bosom in case I fell, that I might call on the Virgin for grace from the Son, and jumped to a loop-hole I had prepared before. There were ten savages, and they used no precaution, thinking that the mere sight of their numbers would make me surrender. One fell dead at the call of Nancy, then another, and, in the space of an hour, a third. They then became cautious, and, surrounding my cabin at all points, succeeded in firing it. *Tônneri de Dieu*, how it burned! I stood it some time, and, when I was almost roasted, I jumped from the blazing roof. I had no chance. Directly I touched the ground I was overpowered and bound.

"I felt as if my doom was sealed, for I was a captive in the hands of the Dakotas, who had come a long distance to take my scalp for killing one of their tribe — him who had robbed my traps. I was destined to a terrible death, and I knew it by their conversation on the journey. My skin peeled from my limbs, leaving a mass of raw flesh, so severely was I burned, but I was compelled to journey in my sufferings. After many days' travel we came to the chief village, and warriors, old men, women, and children, came to meet us. They all commenced abusing me, spitting upon me, and beating me. It was horrible to feel that I was all alone among the savages, sick and weak from the burns I had received. My only consolation was thinking of my mother.

"A council of old men and chiefs of the nation was held, and, as I had expected, I was doomed to the fire death. For two days there was great preparations for barbecuing me; and, when all was complete, I was delivered to the executioners. I was stripped perfectly naked, and my feet unbound. I had first to run a gauntlet. A row of boys and women were on each side of the way I had to run, and, when I started for the goal, flaming fire brands were thrust in my skin; spears and arrows pierced my flesh, and blows from clubs came in showers upon my defenseless body. I gained the goal, and fainted as I gained it.

"When I recovered consciousness, I found myself tied to a tree, and the Indian boys preparing to shoot at me for a target. The arrows stuck in my body in all directions, but did not touch any vital part, the object being not to kill but torture me. I tried by sudden efforts to twist my body so as to disappoint their aim, that I might be killed, but I was too tightly bound and had to suffer. After

amusing themselves until I was a mass of bleeding wounds, it was determined to end the scene by placing me at the stake. I was bound to a post around which were piles of resinous wood. The torch was ready to be applied, and my last thoughts were on meeting my mother, when an Indian woman rushed to the stake, and claimed me as her husband, in place of one she had lost. No one disputed her claim, and I was led to her lodge, and my rifle and all other property that the Indians had brought from my hut, were restored to me. She bestowed every attention on me, and I slowly recovered. I was formally adopted by the nation and became a great favorite, doing them great service in their wars against the Pawnees and Chippewas. The chief of the tribe gave me his only daughter for a wife, and he dying I was made chief of the nation, and am so still."

Blanchette Chasseur thanked the chief for his interesting history, and after drinking each other's health from the jug, which effectually exhausted its contents, they lay down, and were soon following the example of their snoring followers.

Next morning, Bernard Guillet, the chief of the Dakotas, invited Blanchette Chasseur to visit him in his remote home, saying that he would never get as far east again, as he was advancing in years, and was tired of taking scalps.

"Bernard," said Blanchette Chasseur to the old chief, before his departure, "when you lived here did you give any name to your home?"

"I called the place '*Les Petites Cotes*'" replied Bernard, "from the sides of the hills that you see."

"By that name shall it be called," said Blanchette Chasseur, "for it is the echo of nature — beautiful from its simplicity."

The two friends then separated. The chief of the Dakotas with his warriors wended their way back to their tribe, and Blanchette Chasseur again descended the Missouri, determined in a short time to return to *Les Petites Cotes*, and there form a settlement. He did so. In 1769 (four years after) he formed a settlement, and called the town that he laid out "*Les Petites Cotes*." It soon grew to a thriving village, and many years afterward was changed to St. Charles."

The above romance doubtless contains more fiction than truth, yet we have given it, because it may interest some of the readers of this history.

All authorities, however, agree to the main fact, that Blanchette made the first settlement in the county, and that he located on the present town site of the city of St. Charles, coming here about the year 1769, and dying about the year 1793. He was commissioned by the Governor of Upper Louisiana to establish a post here under the Spanish government, and was, until the date of his death, its

first civil and military Governor. The country, at the time of his arrival, was an unbroken wilderness, inhabited by wild beasts and savage Indians, who roamed at will through forest and prairie, from the Missouri river on the south, to the British Possessions on the north, and continued to maintain their supremacy in all this region of country, excepting in the immediate vicinity of the military post at St. Charles, until 1795. 'Tis true that a few houses had, in the meantime, been built at St. Charles, numbering, perhaps, about a dozen, between the years 1769 and 1791, but these were the inferior, temporary huts of the commandant, and the attaches of the post.

The first Americans who settled in St. Charles county, and in fact, the first Americans who permanently pitched their tents in what is now known as the State of Missouri, were Col. Daniel Boone, the distinguished pioneer from Kentucky, and his family, excepting his two daughters, Lavinia and Rebecca, who lived and died in Kentucky. A brief sketch of Col. Boone and his family will no doubt be read with interest.

Daniel Boone was born in Bucks county, Pa., July 14, 1732. He married Rebecca Bryan. Nine children resulted from this marriage, viz.: James, Israel, Susanna, Jemima, Lavinia, Daniel M., Rebecca, Jesse and Nathan.

James, the eldest son, was killed by the Indians in his sixteenth year.

Israel was killed at the battle of Blue Lick, in Kentucky, August 19, 1782, in his twenty-fourth year.

Susanna married William Hayes, an Irishman, and a weaver by trade. They lived in St. Charles county, Mo., and she died in the fortieth year of her age.

Jemima married Flanders Callaway, and lived in what is now Warren county, Mo. She died in 1829, in her sixty-seventh year. While the family were living in the fort at Boonesborough, Ky., she and two young friends, Betty and Frances Callaway, daughters of Col. Richard Callaway, were captured by the Indians while gathering wild flowers on the opposite bank of the Kentucky river, which they had crossed in a canoe. They were pursued by Boone and Callaway and six other men, and recaptured the following day.

Lavinia married Joseph Scholl and lived in Kentucky. She died in her thirty-sixth year.

Daniel M. married a Miss Lewis, of Missouri, and died July 13, 1839, in his seventy-second year. He settled in Darst's Bottom, St. Charles county, Mo., in 1795, but moved to Montgomery county in

1816. He held several important positions under the government, and during the Indian war, was appointed colonel of the militia. He made most of the early government surveys in the counties of St. Charles, Warren, Montgomery and Lincoln. At the time of his death he was living in Jackson county. In personal appearance, he resembled his father more than any of the other children.

Rebecca, the youngest of four daughters, married Philip Goe, and lived and died in Kentucky.

Jesse married Cloe Vanbibber, and settled in Missouri in 1819. He had received a good education and became a prominent and influential man before his death, which occurred in St. Louis in 1821, while serving as a member of the first Missouri Legislature.

Nathan Boone, the youngest child of Daniel Boone, came to Missouri in 1800. He married Olive Vanbibber, a sister of Jesse Boone's wife. He was a surveyor and made a number of government surveys. At the commencement of the Indian war of 1812, he raised a company of rangers, and received his commission as captain from President Monroe in March, 1812. In August, 1832, he was commissioned captain of dragoons by President Jackson, and during President Polk's administration he was promoted to major of dragoons. In 1850 he was again promoted, and received his commission as lieutenant-colonel of dragoons from President Filmore. He died October 16, 1856, in his seventy-sixth year.

Col. Daniel Boone (the old pioneer) came to Missouri in 1795, and settled in Darst's Bottom. His son, Daniel M., had preceded him a short time, and from him and some hunters he had heard of the wondrous fertility of the great country west of the Mississippi, and of its great abundance of game, and having lost his lands in Kentucky, by reason of a defective title, he finally concluded to emigrate and settle in this new country. This he did, as above stated, in 1795, locating in St. Charles county, and about twenty-five miles above St. Charles, on the Missouri river. June 11, 1800, Delassus, Lieutenant-Governor, appointed him commandant, or sydic, of Femme Osage District, which office he accepted. He retained his command, which included both civil and military duties, and discharged them with satisfaction to all concerned, until the transfer of the government to the United States in 1804.

Col. Boone received from the Spanish Governor, Delassus, a grant of 1,000 arpents of land in the Femme Osage District. Subsequently a grant of 10,000 arpents was made to him, by reason of an agreement with him, which he fulfilled, to bring into Upper Louisiana 100

families from Virginia and Kentucky. In order to confirm this grant, it was necessary to obtain the signature of the direct representative of the Spanish crown, at that time residing in New Orleans. Neglecting to comply with this requisition, his title was declared invalid. His title to the first grant of 1,000 arpents was also declared invalid, but was afterwards confirmed by special act of Congress.

On the 18th of March, 1813, Col. Boone experienced the saddest affliction of his life, in the death of his aged and beloved wife. She had been the companion of his toils, dangers, sorrows and pleasures for more than half a century, participating in the same generous and heroic nature as himself. He loved her devotedly, and their long and intimate association had so closely knitted their hearts together that he seemed hardly able to exist without her, and her death was to him an irreparable loss.

She was buried on the summit of a beautiful knoll, in the southern part of (now) Warren county, about one mile south-east of the little town of Marthasville. A small stream, called Teuque creek, flows by the foot of this knoll, and pursues its tortuous course to where it empties into the Missouri river, a few miles to the south-east. Her grave overlooked the Missouri bottoms, which are here about two miles in width, and now, since the timber has been cleared away, a fine view of the river can be obtained from that spot.

Soon after the death of his wife, the old pioneer marked a place by her side for his own grave, and had a coffin made of black walnut for himself. He kept his coffin under his bed for several years, and would often draw it out and lie down in it, "just to see how it would fit." But finally a stranger died in the community, and the old man, governed by the same liberal motives that had been his guide through life, gave his coffin to the stranger. He afterward had another made of cherry, which was also placed under his bed, and remained there until it received his body for burial.

The closing years of his life were devoted to the society of his neighbors, and his children and grandchildren, of whom he was very fond. After the death of his wife, wishing to be near her grave, he removed from his son Nathan's, on Femme Osage creek, where they had lived for several years previously, and made his home with his eldest daughter, Mrs. Flanders Callaway, who lived with her husband and family on Teuque creek, near the place where Mrs. Boone was buried. Flanders Callaway removed from Kentucky to Missouri shortly before the purchase of the territory by the United States, and received a grant of land from the Spanish government.

Frequent visits were made by the old pioneer to the homes of his other children, and his coming was always made the occasion of an ovation to "Grandfather Boone," as he was affectionately called. Wherever he was, his time was employed at some useful occupation. He made powder-horns for his grandchildren and neighbors, carving and ornamenting many of them with much taste. He repaired rifles, and performed various descriptions of handicraft with neatness and finish.

In December, 1818, Boone was visited by the historian, Rev. John M. Peck, who was deeply and favorably impressed by the venerable appearance of the aged pioneer. Mr. Peck had written his biography, and expected to obtain some additional notes from him, but was so overcome by veneration and wonder, that he asked only a few questions. If he had carried out his first intention he would no doubt have given a perfectly correct account of the life of this remarkable man, but as it was, a number of mistakes crept into his work, and many events of interest that occurred during the last few years of Boone's life were lost forever.

In the latter part of the summer of 1820, Boone had a severe attack of fever, at his home at Flanders Callaway's. But he recovered sufficiently to make a visit to the house of his son, Maj. Nathan Boone, on Femme Osage creek. The children had heard of his sickness, and were delighted to see grandfather again, and everything was done that could be to make him comfortable. For a few days he was happy in their society, and by his genial disposition and pleasant manners diffused joy and gladness throughout the entire household.

One day a nice dish of sweet potatoes — a vegetable of which he was very fond — was prepared for him. He ate heartily, and soon after had an attack from which he never recovered. He gradually sank, and, after three days' illness, expired, on the 26th of September, 1820, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

He died calmly and peacefully, having no fear of death or the future state of existence. He had never made any profession of religion, or united with any church, but his entire life was a beautiful example of the Golden Rule — "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." In a letter to one of his sisters, written a short time before his death, he said that he had always tried to live as an honest and conscientious man should, and was perfectly willing to surrender his soul to the discretion of a just God. His mind was not such as could lean upon simple faith or mere belief, but it required a well considered reason for everything, and he died the death of a philosopher

rather than that of a Christian. His death was like the sleep of an infant — quiet, peaceful and serene.

The remains of the departed pioneer were sorrowfully placed in the coffin he had prepared, and conveyed, the next day, to the home of Mr. Flanders Callaway. The news of his decease had spread rapidly, and a vast concourse of people collected on the day of the funeral to pay their last respects to the distinguished and beloved dead.

The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. James Craig, a son-in-law of Maj. Nathan Boone; and the house being too small to accommodate the immense concourse of people, the coffin was carried to a large barn near the house, into which the people crowded to listen to the funeral services. At their close the coffin was borne to the cemetery and sadly deposited in the grave that had been prepared for it, close by the side of Mrs. Boone.

At the time of Boone's death the Constitutional Convention of Missouri was in session at St. Louis, and upon receipt of the intelligence a resolution was offered by Hon. Benjamin Emmons, of St. Charles, that the members wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days, in respect to the memory of the deceased, and adjourn for one day. The resolution was unanimously adopted.

The Boone family were noted for longevity. George Boone, a brother of Daniel, died in Shelby county, Ky., in November, 1820, at the age of 83; Samuel, another brother, died at the age of 88; Jonathan at 86; Mrs. Wilcox, a sister, at 91; Mrs. Grant, another sister, at 84, and Mrs. Smith, a third sister, at 84. There is no record of the deaths of the rest of Boone's brothers and sisters, except those given heretofore, but they all lived to be old men and women.

When Col. Boone made choice of a place of burial for himself and family, and was so particular to enjoin his friends, if he died from home, to remove his remains to the hill near Teuque, he did not anticipate an event which occurred a quarter of a century after his death and which resulted in the remains of himself and wife finding their last resting place on the banks of the Kentucky river, in the land he loved so well.

The citizens of Frankfort had prepared a tasteful rural cemetery, and, at a public meeting, decided that the most appropriate consecration of the ground would be the removal of the remains of Daniel Boone and his wife. The consent of the surviving relatives was obtained, and in the summer of 1845, a deputation of citizens, consisting of Hon. John J. Crittenden, Mr. William Boone and Mr. Swaggat, came to Missouri on the steamer Daniel Boone for the

purpose of exhuming the relics and conveying them back to Kentucky.

The graves were situated on land belonging to Mr. Harvey Griswold, who at first objected to the removal, as he intended to build a monument over them, and beautify the place. Mr. Griswold was supported in his objections by a number of influential citizens, who claimed that Missouri had as much right to the remains of Daniel Boone as Kentucky, especially as the old pioneer had selected the location of his grave and had given such particular instructions in regard to his being buried there.

The gentlemen from Kentucky finally carried their point, however, and on the 17th of July, 1845, the remains of Daniel Boone and his wife were removed from their graves. The work was done by King Bryan, Henry Angbert and Jeff. Callaway, colored. Mrs. Boone's coffin was found to be perfectly sound and the workmen had but little difficulty in removing it; but Col. Boone's coffin was entirely decayed and the remains had to be picked out of the dirt by which they were surrounded. One or two of the smaller bones were found afterward, and kept by Mr. Griswold as relics.

The remains were placed in new coffins prepared for their reception and conveyed to Kentucky, where they were re-interred with appropriate ceremonies, in the cemetery at Frankfort, on the 20th of August, 1845. A vast concourse of people from all parts of the State had collected to witness the ceremonies. An oration was delivered by Hon. John J. Crittenden, and Mr. Joseph B. Wells, of Missouri, made an appropriate address.

The graves on the hill near Teuque creek were never re-filled, but remain to-day as they were left by the workmen, except that the rains have partly filled them with dirt, and they are overgrown with weeds and briars. Rough head stones had been carved by Mr. Jonathan Bryan, and placed at the heads of the graves. These were thrown back on the ground, and are still lying there. Recently, pieces of these stones have been chipped off and sent to Kentucky as momentoes.

We have dwelt at some length upon the name of Louis Blanchette, because he was the first white man (though a foreigner) to take up his abode upon the soil of St. Charles county. We have given also a brief sketch of the Boone family, because they were the first American settlers. Blanchette posed as the head and front — the standard-bearer of the first era of civilization, and the Boone family as the advanced guard — the pioneers of the second era which dawned upon

this land of savage ferocity and indolence. They came at two distinct periods; the first in 1769, and the latter in 1795, there being an interval of twenty-six years between the dates of the first and second settlements. It was not, however, until the Boones had come that the white man dared to isolate himself from the sight of the Spanish flag which floated over the military post at St. Charles. After 1795 the county proper began to settle up, the first pioneers locating in Darst's Bottom in Femme Osage township, and thence in other townships, until, in the course of a few years, every municipal and congressional township and every inhabitable nook and corner of the county contained a white man's cabin. The old pioneers of Daniel Boone's time have long since crossed the river, and are with their comrades on the other shore. But few of the veterans and graybeards of a later date are now living; those remaining may be counted on the fingers of one hand. A few more years of waiting and watching and they, too, will have joined —

> "The innumerable caravan, that moves
> To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death."

Fresh hillocks in the cemetery will soon be all the marks that will be left of a race of giants who grappled nature in her fastness and made a triumphant conquest in the face of the greatest privations, disease and difficulty. The shadows that fall upon their tombs as time recedes are like the smoky haze that enveloped the prairies in the early days, saddening the memory and giving to dim distance only a faint and phantom outline, to which the future will often look back and wonder at the great hearts that lie hidden under the peaceful canopy.

Below we give the names of the pioneers of the county, beginning with those of Femme Osage township: —

	No. of Grant.	*Acres.*		*No. of Grant.*	*Acres.*
John Bell	1,721	382	John Little Johns	1,792	640
Daniel Boone	1,646	450	S. Hammond	476	825
Daniel M. Boone	20	510	Joseph Haynes	14	170
Nathan Boone	1,794	680	John Lindsay	59	425
G. Buchanan	1,72	340	William Hays	1,670	510
Jonathan Bryan	301	527	H. McLaughlin	44	510
James Clay	138	279	McCourtney	475	340
Jeremiah Clay	300	382	J. McMitchell	384	595
John Crow	438	382	Adam Martin	1,673	510
Henry Crow	62	340	Thomas Smith	303	680
David Darst, Sr.	18	510	Perceley's Representatives	937	640
David Darst	1,643	224	John Watkins	1,735	680
James Davis	970	340	Isaac Van Bibber	19	340
Joshua Dodson	208	340	James Van Bibber	1,793	362
Isa Darst.	1,644	297	John Zumwalt	1,246	640

ST. CHARLES TOWNSHIP.

	No of Grant.	Acres.		No. of Grant.	Acres.
Louis Baby	2,943	160	James Green	29	680
Bernard Etrenne	762	425	A. Janis	30	...
John Cook	291	640	John Journey	743	510
Peter Chouteau	1,779	640	Peter Lewis	2,610	204
Peter Chouteau	2,982	1,396	James Mitchell	1,806	547
John Coontz	285	510	William McConnel	292	...
T. Coulk	311	340	Pepin Etrenne	3,277	1,361
Thomas Coulk	127	255	James Piper	1,775	680
T. Cerre	23	...	Michael Rybolt	979	640
Jacque Clamorgan	1,198	907	Robert Spencer	1,799	640
T. Coulk	312	340	William Stewart	16	340
Francis Duquette	308	221	G. Spencer	165	382
Francis Duquette	1,668	340	Francis Smith	280	...
Francis Duquette	35	240	Francis Saucier	3,281	850
Francis Duquette	1,667	340	John Tayon	205	340
George Girty	3,138	640	Peter Teaque	1,784	680
James Flaugherty	64	...	Nick Tirart	2,580	170
Elisha Goodrich	657	340			

DARDENNE TOWNSHIP.

	No. of Grant.	Acres.		No. of Grant.	Acres.
Perry Brown	296	493	Milton Lewis	1,771	299
J. Beatty	991	640	David Miracle	168	340
Warren Cottle	354 & 753	640	William McConnel	292	680
Coontz	739	640	John McConnel	1,785	640
Ira Cottle	353	340	John Rourke	3,225 & 260	640
Nich. Coontz	58	340	Rutgers	1,669	5,908
P. Chouteau	1,704	433	Na. Simmonds	1,776	255
Grojean	460	170	John Scott	1,690	428
Francis Howell	887	640	Joseph St. Mary	2,526	160
George Hoffman	293	340	John A. Smith	735	640
P. Hoffman	57	255	Teaque	174	640
George Hoffman	1,787	640	Joseph Weldon	280	340
John Howell	453	344	John Weldon	1,796	425
Newton Howell	——	279	Christ Wolf	948	640
James Kerr	1,641	1,020	John Walker	67	340
Godfrey Krah	424	510	Joseph Voisard	1,786	640
George Gatty	290	382	Ad. Zumwalt	296	493

CUIVRE TOWNSHIP.

	No. of Grant.	Acres.		No. of Grant.	Acres.
J. Baker	2,573	212	Silvanus Cottle	756	(arp.) 500
David Conrad	1,783	640	G. Fallis	456	350
Bernard Praft and J. Beauchemin	...	1,361	Wm. Farnsworth	754	640
Jacob Cottle	755	640	August Giles	888	640
Lewis Crow	1,777	640	Benjamin Jones	935	640
William Craig	889	640	A. Keithley	1,781	(arp.) 300
			S. Lewis	1,782	640

	No. of Grant.	Acres.		No. of Grant.	Acres.
M. Lewis	929	552	J. Wealthy	11	340
C. A. Macay	8	429	H. Zumwalt	413	737
Redenhour McCrow .	149	. . .	Ad. Zumwalt . . .	294	510
Fr. Hostetter . . .	. . .	425	C. Zumwalt	54	167
Daniel McCoy . . .	386	300	J. Zumwalt	287	(arp.) 350
John McCoy	145	382			

CALLAWAY TOWNSHIP.

	No. of Grant.	Acres.		No. of Grant.	Acres.
David Baldridge . .	738	640	J. Baldridge	931	340
Robert Baldridge . .	1,807	640	M. Baldridge	297	640
William Crow	891	640	Leonard Price . . .	61	552
Andrew Edwards . . .	738	640	John Parett	. . .	552
David Edwards . . .	1,807	640	Arend Rutgers . . .	1,669	5,908
David Kichlie . . .	947	640	P. Zumwalt	53	300
David Keishler . . .	418	510			

PORTAGE TOWNSHIP.

	No. of Grant.	Acres.		No. of Grant.	Acres.
Antoine Barada, assignee of Thos. Guinn . .	1,741	680	Louis Lebaume . . .	1,838	9,752
Alex. Clark	1,810	262	Thomas Mitchell . . .	1,806	547
H. Crosby	309	510	James Piper	21	382
Samuel Griffith . . .	17	340	Eleazar Patterson . .	2,442	640
Samuel Griffith . . .	744	640	Antoine Pricur . . .	1,692	680
W. Gilbert	307	425	G. S. Spencer	454	212
John Ferry	1,671	680	Francis Saucier . . .	1,703	850
Isaac Fallis	455	510	John A. Scitz	1,730	680
John Ferry	1,667	680	Chas. Sanguinette . .	1,765	3,692

THE GERMAN IMMIGRATION.

In 1824–25 an educated and intelligent German named Gottfried Duden, came to America and traveled extensively over our country, observing our climate, soil and productions, and taking notes of our manners, customs, laws, etc. He spent nearly a year in the region of country embraced in the counties of St. Charles, Warren and Montgomery, traveling under the guidance of Daniel M. Boone and others, whom he paid liberally for their services.

He was highly pleased with the country and the people whom he found here, and upon his return to Germany wrote and published a book of 350 pages, giving a complete history of our laws, forms of government, etc., with a thorough description of the portions of country that he had visited. The book had an immense sale and he became wealthy from the proceeds.

In a few years the effect of his writings began to be manifest by the

arrival of German immigrants, preceded by a few educated and wealthy men who came in advance to prepare the way for them. Each family had a copy of Duden's book, and so accurate were his descriptions of places and names that they knew the farms and the names of their owners as they came to them.

They expected not only to find an abundance of game and wild animals of all kinds — in which they were not disappointed — but also to be under the necessity of defending their homes against the attacks of the savages; and hence they came prepared with swords, muskets, pistols, etc. It was no uncommon thing to see a stout burgher marching at the head of his family with an immense saber buckled around his portly form and a musket or portentous yager resting upon his broad shoulders. But they soon beat their swords into plowshares and used their fire-arms to kill squirrels, turkeys, deer and other game with which the country abounded.

The Americans rejoiced at their coming, and extended to them a hearty welcome, for they brought with them money, which the country greatly needed just at that time, bought lands, and proved to be honest, industrious, thrifty citizens. They also introduced the mechanical arts of an older country, and manufactured many useful articles that had before been unknown to the Americans.

Louis Eversman came with Duden, traveled with him, and remained when the latter returned to Europe; so that he was the first German settler in this part of Missouri. He married a Miss McLane, bought a farm in Warren county, raised an intelligent family, and became a prominent and influential citizen.

Most of the first immigrants were from Hespers, Germany, and they arrived in 1833. They came in societies or companies, which bore the names of their native places in Germany. The Berlin Society was composed of the following families: Charles Madler, Charles A. Miller, William and Ferdinand Roach, Henry Walks, Henry Seitz, Louis, William and Conrad Haspes, August Rixrath, Jerry Schieper, Daniel Renner, Justus Muhnn and his two brothers, Charles Lipross, Philip Renner, Jacob Sack, Henry Schaa, Harmon Stuckhoff, and Charles V. Spankern. Most of these settled in the western part of St. Charles county, in the vicinity of Augusta. Other families came about the same time, amongst whom were: Charles Wincker, George H. Mindrup (who served as judge of the county court of St. Charles county four years), Frederick Wincker (who was postmaster at Augusta for some time), Bernhard and Henry Stuckhoff, Arnold Vaelkerding, William, August and Julius Schart, Francis Krekel

(father of Judge Arnold Krekel), and Julius, Emile, Herman and Conrad Mallinckrodt. The Mallinckrodts were all well educated, and became influential citizens in the communities where they settled. They studied the English language before they came to America, but the pronunciation was incorrect, and when they arrived in this country they were mortified to find that they could not converse with our people until they had unlearned the English which had been taught them in Germany. When Julius Mallinckrodt arrived in St. Louis, he met a man in the street, and desiring to make some inquiries of him, he addressed him in what he supposed to be the English language, but the man could not understand him. He then addressed him in German, and then in Latin, but he still could not understand. By this time they were both excited and beginning to grow angry, when Mallinckrodt exclaimed in a fit of desperation, "*Parles-vous Français, Monsieur?*" Instantly the man threw his arms around his neck and embraced him, while tears of joy ran down his cheeks. He proved to be a Frenchman who had just arrived in the city, and, like Mallinckrodt, could not find any one with whom he could converse. The latter spoke French almost as fluently as he did his mother tongue, and a warm friendship, which lasted for years, at once sprang up between the two strangers in a strange land.

In 1834 the Gissen Society arrived. It was under charge of Hon. Frederick Muench, who still resides in Warren county, and besides being a man of great local influence, is a writer and author of some renown. He has been a member of the Legislature and State Senate several times, and is everywhere recognized as a man of ability and a profound thinker and philosopher. He was born and raised in the province of Upper Hesse, in Prussia, and educated for the ministry. He was pastor of a Protestant Liberal Church in Germany 13 years, and in 1834 he organized the Gissen Society from among the members of his congregation, and came to America. In the Society were the following families : Gotlieb Beng, John Kessler, Jacob Jeude, Frederick Reck, Dr. Frederick Kruge, Henry Becker, Charles Kesel, Jonathan Kunze, Mr. Guhlemann, Frederick Feach, Andrew and Louis Klug, Pressner Goepel (whose son Gelt afterward represented Franklin county in both houses of the Legislature), Frederick Bruche (whose son Henry represented Cape Girardeau county in the Legislature), and Augustus Kroell, who was pastor of a German Protestant Church in Cincinnati at the time of his death. The above families settled in the eastern part of Warren and western portion of St. Charles counties, where they and their descendants still reside. Their religious

belief is *rational*. They discard all miracles and the doctrine of atonement through the blood of Christ, believing that we make our own future condition by the life we live here, receiving punishment for our evil deeds and rewards for our good ones. They accept Christ as a good man and a great teacher, but do not believe that he was divine.

Some time after the arrival of the Gissen Society, the following families came: Jacob and Frederick Ahmann, Charles Winkelmeir, Frederick and Erasmus Hieronymus, Ulmfers and Frederick Blantink, Erastus Grabbs (who became a merchant, postmaster, and justice of the peace in Marthasville, Warren county), William Barez (who was a banker in Berlin and a very intelligent man), George Muench, Henry and George Berg, Mr. Fuhr and his five sons, John Miller, Henry Dickhouse, Harmon Lucas and his brother, Henry and Luke Hermann, Mr. Tuepperts, and Mr. Oberhellmann.

In 1833 the following families settled in St. Charles county, in and near Dog Prairie, all of whom were from Prussia: Antone Arens (whose wife was Amelia Ostoman, and the names of their children were Joseph, Sophia, Antone, Amelia and Theodore), Joseph Floar, Joseph and John Shoane, Francis Moledor and his two sons, Frank and Casper, Anton Stahlsmidth, John Freymuth, Mr. Mescheda (who came in 1837), Alexander Arens, Joseph Stahlsmidth, John Heidelmann, Frederick Loebecke, Andrew Sali, and Baltasar Vetsch, who came from the province of Alsace.

Most of the Germans who came to America with money, lost it by injudicious speculations in lands, but those who came poor generally prospered on their small beginnings, and soon became money-loaners and land-owners. Many of them became wealthy, and left large families in affluent circumstances. No other race of people ever did more for the development of a country, or made better or more thrifty citizens. They caused barren hillsides to blossom with grape vines and fruit trees, and opened large farms in the midst of dense forests. Swamps and marshes were drained, and fertile fields took the place of stagnant ponds that for years had sent out their miasmas to poison the atmosphere of the surrounding country and breed fevers, chills and pestilence. Villages and towns sprang up where solitude had previously reigned, and the liberal arts began to flourish. The country received a new impetus, and prosperity smiled upon the people.

Many of the descendants of those early German families have become influential and leading men, in politics, letters, sciences, arts

and commerce. Among this class may be mentioned the children of Francis Krekel, several of whom have become distinguished through their own efforts and perseverance. Judge Arnold Krekel, of the United States District Court, has gained a reputation that is national, and when we consider the difficulties that he had to contend against, we can not do otherwise than accord to him an unusual degree of talent and energy.

He was about 16 years of age when his father arrived in Missouri, his mother having died of cholera on the route. He could neither speak nor understand a word of the English language, but at once began the study of it, and was soon able to converse intelligibly with his American neighbors. He worked as a farm hand, and made rails at 25 cents per 100, until he obtained money enough to pay his expenses at school, when he went to St. Charles and became a student in St. Charles College. He graduated at that institution, studied law, and began to practice in the city of St. Charles. He was successful from the start and soon gained both distinction and wealth. His subsequent history is familiar to the people of the State, and need not be given here.

His father was a devout Catholic, and several of his brothers are members of that church, but he embraced liberal views in religious matters at a very early age, and though perhaps not an infidel in the real meaning of that word, he does not believe in the divine origin of the Bible or the biblical account of creation.

His early views with regard to the origin of man were somewhat peculiar, but we can not say whether he still entertains the same opinions or not. Being asked one day how he would account for the existence of man if he discarded the biblical theory, he replied that he supposed there was a place in some remote country where, the soil and elements being favorable, man germinated and grew like the vegetable productions of the earth, and afterward developed from that imperfect state into his present condition. The Judge would hardly advance such an idea now, but he doubtless still believes in the natural and scientific theory of the creation of man rather than the scriptural.

CHAPTER II.

EXPERIENCES OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

Their Common Interests and Mutual Dependence — First Houses — The Historical Log Cabin — Household Conveniences and Comforts — Furniture and Bills of Fare — Characteristics of the Early Settlers — Farm Implements — Inconveniences of Travel — The First Mills and other Mills and Milling Industries — Trading Points — Hunting and Trapping — "Coursing" Bees — Recreations and Amusements — Early " Characters " — Anecdotes and Reminisences.

The experience of the early pioneers of this county goes far to confirm the theory that, after all, happiness is pretty evenly balanced in this world. They had their privations and hardships, but they had also their own peculiar joys. If they were poor, they were free from the burden of pride and vanity; free also from the anxiety and care that always attends the possession of wealth. Other people's eyes cost them nothing. If they had few neighbors, they were on the best of terms with those they had. Envy, jealousy and strife had not crept in. A common interest and a common sympathy bound them together with the strongest ties. They were a little world to themselves, and the good feeling that prevailed was all the stronger because they were so far removed from the great world of the East.

Among these pioneers there was realized such a community of interest that there existed a community of feeling. There were no castes, except an aristocracy of benevolence, and no nobility, except a nobility of generosity. They were bound together with such a strong bond of sympathy, inspired by the consciousness of common hardship, that they were practically communists.

Neighbors did not even wait for an invitation or request to help one another. Was a settler's cabin burned or blown down? No sooner was the fact known throughout the neighborhood than the settlers assembled to assist the unfortunate one to rebuild his home. They came with as little hesitation, and with as much alacrity, as though they were all members of the same family and bound together by ties of blood. One man's interest was every other man's interest. Now, this general state of feeling among the pioneers was by no means peculiar to these counties, although it was strongly illustrated here. It prevailed generally throughout the West during the time of the

early settlement. The very nature of things taught the settlers the necessity of dwelling together in this spirit. It was their only protection. They had come far away from the well established reign of law, and entered a new country, where civil authority was still feeble and totally unable to afford protection and redress grievances. Here the settlers lived some little time before there was an officer of the law in the county. Each man's protection was in the good will and friendship of those about him, and the thing that any man might well dread was the ill will of the community. It was more terrible than the law. It was no uncommon thing in the early times for hardened men, who had no fears of jails or penitentiaries, to stand in great fear of the indignation of a pioneer community. Such were some of the characteristics of St. Charles county.

HOUSE AND HOME COMFORTS.

The first buildings in the county were not just like the log cabins that immediately succeeded them. The latter required some help and a great deal of labor to build. The very first buildings constructed were a cross between "hoop cabins" and Indian bark huts. As soon as enough men could be got together for a "cabin raising" then log cabins were in style. Many a pioneer can remember the happiest time of his life as that when he lived in one of these homely but comfortable old cabins.

A window with sash and glass was a rarity, and was an evidence of wealth and aristocracy which but few could support. They were often made with greased paper put over the window, which admitted a little light, but more often there was nothing whatever over it, or the cracks between the logs, without either chinking or daubing, were the dependence for light and air. The doors were fastened with old-fashioned wooden latches, and for a friend, or neighbor, or traveler, the string always hung out, for the pioneers of the West were hospitable and entertained visitors to the best of their ability. It is noticeable with what affection the pioneers speak of their old log cabins. It may be doubted whether palaces ever sheltered happier hearts than those homely cabins. The following is a good description of those old landmarks, but few of which now remain : —

"These were of round logs, notched together at the corners, ribbed with poles and covered with boards split from a tree. A puncheon floor was then laid down, a hole cut in the end and a stick chimney run up. A clapboard door is made, a window is opened by cutting out a hole in the side or end two feet square and finished without

glass or transparency. The house is then 'chinked' and 'daubed' with mud. The cabin is now ready to go into. The household and kitchen furniture is now adjusted, and life on the frontier is begun in earnest.

"The one-legged bedstead, now a piece of furniture of the past, was made by cutting a stick the proper length, boring holes at one end one and a half inches in diameter, at right angles, and the same sized holes corresponding with those in the logs of the cabin the length and breadth desired for the bed, in which are inserted poles.

"Upon these poles the clapboards are laid, or linn bark is interwoven consecutively from pole to pole. Upon this primitive structure the bed is laid. The convenience of a cook stove was not thought of, but instead, the cooking was done by the faithful housewife in pots, kettles or skillets, on and about the big fire-place, and very frequently over and around, too, the distended pedal extremities of the legal sovereign of the household, while the latter was indulging in the luxuries of a cob-pipe and discussing the probable results of a contemplated deer hunt on the Missouri or Mississippi rivers or some one of their small tributaries."

These log cabins were really not so bad after all.

The people of to-day, familiarized with "Charter Oak" cooking stoves and ranges, would be ill at home were they compelled to prepare a meal with no other conveniences than those provided in a pioneer cabin. Rude fire-places were built in chimneys composed of mud and sticks, or, at best, undressed stone. These fire-places served for heating and cooking purposes; also, for ventilation. Around the cheerful blaze of this fire the meal was prepared, and these meals were not so bad, either. As elsewhere remarked, they were not such as would tempt an epicure, but such as afforded the most healthful nourishment for a race of people who were driven to the exposure and hardships which were their lot. We hear of few dyspeptics in those days. Another advantage of these cooking arrangements was that the stove-pipe never fell down, and the pioneer was spared being subjected to the most trying of ordeals, and one probably more productive of profanity than any other.

Before the country became supplied with mills which were of easy access, and even in some instances afterward, hominy-blocks were used. They exist now only in the memory of the oldest settlers, but as relics of the "long ago," a description of them may not be uninteresting: —

A tree of suitable size, say from eighteen inches to two feet in

diameter, was selected in the forest and felled to the ground. If a cross-cut saw happened to be convenient, the tree was "butted," that is, the kerf end was sawed off, so that it would stand steady when ready for use. If there was no cross-cut saw in the neighborhood, strong arms and sharp axes were ready to do the work. Then the proper length, from four to five feet, was measured off and sawed or cut square. When this was done the block was raised on end and the work of cutting out a hollow in one of the ends was commenced. This was generally done with a common chopping ax. Sometimes a smaller one was used. When the cavity was judged to be large enough, a fire was built in it, and carefully watched till the ragged edges were burned away. When completed the hominy-block somewhat resembled a druggist's mortar. Then a pestle, or something to crush the corn, was necessary. This was usually made from a suitably sized piece of timber, with an iron wedge attached, the large end down. This completed the machinery, and the block was ready for use. Sometimes one hominy-block accommodated an entire neighborhood and was the means of staying the hunger of many mouths.

In giving the bill of fare above we should have added meat, for of this they had plenty. Deer would be seen daily trooping over the prairie in droves of from 12 to 20, and sometimes as many as 50 would be seen grazing together. Elk were also found, and wild turkeys and prairie chickens without number. Bears were not unknown. Music of the natural order was not wanting, and every night the pioneers were lulled to rest by the screeching of panthers and the howling of wolves. When the dogs ventured too far out from the cabins at night, they would be driven back by the wolves chasing them up to the very cabin doors. Trapping wolves became a very profitable business after the State began to pay a bounty for wolf scalps.

All the streams of water also abounded in fish, and a good supply of these could be procured by the expense of a little time and labor. Those who years ago improved the fishing advantages of the country never tire telling of the dainty meals which the streams afforded. Sometimes large parties would get together, and, having been provided with cooking utensils and facilities for camping out, would go off some distance and spend weeks together. No danger then of being ordered off a man's premises or arrested for trespass. One of the peculiar circumstances that surrounded the early life of the pioneers was a strange loneliness. The solitude seemed almost to oppress

them. Months would pass during which they would scarcely see a human face outside their own families.

On occasions of special interest, such as election, holiday celebrations, or camp-meetings, it was nothing unusual for a few settlers who lived in the immediate neighborhood of the meeting to entertain scores of those who had come from a distance.

Rough and rude though the surroundings may have been, the pioneers were none the less honest, sincere, hospitable and kind in their relations. It is true, as a rule, and of universal application, that there is a greater degree of real humanity among the pioneers of any country than there is when the country becomes old and rich. If there is an absence of refinement, that absence is more than compensated in the presence of generous hearts and truthful lives. They are bold, industrious and enterprising. Generally speaking, they are earnest thinkers, and possessed of a diversified fund of useful, practical information. As a rule they do not arrive at a conclusion by means of a course of rational reasoning, but, nevertheless, have a queer way at getting at the facts. They hate cowards and shams of every kind, and above all things, falsehoods and deception, and cultivate an integrity which seldom permits them to prostitute themselves to a narrow policy of imposture. Such were the characteristics of the men and women who pioneered the way to the country of the Sacs and Foxes. A few of them yet remain, and although some of their descendants are among the wealthy and most substantial of the people of the county, they have not forgotten their old time hospitality and free and easy ways. In contrasting the present social affairs with pioneer times, one has well said: —

"Then, if a house was to be raised, every man 'turned out,' and often the women, too, and while the men piled up the logs that fashioned the primitive dwelling-place, the women prepared the dinner. Sometimes it was cooked by big log fires near the site where the cabin was building; in other cases it was prepared at the nearest cabin, and at the proper hour was carried to where the men were at work. If one man in the neighborhood killed a beef, a pig or a deer, every other family in the neighborhood was sure to receive a piece.

"We were all on an equality. Aristocratic feelings were unknown, and would not have been tolerated. What one had we all had, and that was the happiest period of my life. But to-day, if you lean against a neighbor's shade tree he will charge you for it. If you are poor and fall sick, you may lie and suffer almost unnoticed and unattended, and probably go to the poor-house; and just as like as not the

man who would report you to the authorities as a subject of county care would charge the county for making the report.''

Of the old settlers, some are still living in the county in the enjoyment of the fortunes they founded in early times, "having reaped an hundredfold.'' Nearly all, however, have passed away. A few of them have gone to the far West, and are still playing the part of pioneers. But wherever they may be, whatever fate may betide them, it is but truth to say that they were excellent men as a class, and have left a deep and enduring impression upon the county and the State. "They builded better than they knew.'' They were, of course, men of activity and energy, or they would never have decided to face the trials of pioneer life. The great majority of them were poor, but the lessons taught them in the early days were of such a character that few of them have remained so. They made their mistakes in business pursuits like other men. Scarcely one of them but allowed golden opportunities, for pecuniary profit, at least, to pass by unheeded. What now are some of the choicest farms in St. Charles county were not taken up by the pioneers, who preferred land of very much less value. They have seen many of their prophecies fulfilled, and others come to naught. Whether they have attained the success they desired, their own hearts can tell.

To one looking over the situation then, from the standpoint now, it certainly does not seem very cheering, and yet, from the testimony of some old pioneers, it was a most enjoyable time, and we of the present live in degenerate days.

At that time it certainly would have been much more difficult for those old settlers to understand how it could be possible that sixty-five years hence the citizens of the present age of the county's progress would be complaining of hard times and destitution, and that they themselves, perhaps, would be among that number, than it is now for us to appreciate how they could feel so cheerful and contented with their meager means and humble lot of hardships and deprivations during those early pioneer days.

The secret was, doubtless, that they lived within their means, however limited, not coveting more of luxury and comfort than their income would afford, and the natural result was prosperity and contentment, with always room for one more stranger at the fireside, and a cordial welcome to a place at their table for even the most hungry guest.

Humanity, with all its ills, is, nevertheless, fortunately characterized with remarkable flexibility, which enables it to accommodate

itself to circumstances. After all, the secret of happiness lies in one's ability to accommodate himself to his surroundings.

It is sometimes remarked that there were no places for public entertainment till later years. The truth is, there were many such places; in fact, every cabin was a place of entertainment, and these hotels were sometimes crowded to their utmost capacity. On such occasions, when bedtime came, the first family would take the back part of the cabin, and so continue filling up by families until the limit was reached. The young men slept in the wagon outside. In the morning, those nearest the door arose first and went outside to dress. Meals were served on the end of a wagon, and consisted of corn bread, buttermilk, and fat pork, and occasionally coffee, to take away the morning chill. On Sundays, for a change, they had bread made of wheat "tramped out" on the ground by horses, cleaned with a sheet, and pounded by hand. This was the best the most fastidious could obtain, and this only one day in seven. Not a moment of time was lost. It was necessary that they should raise enough sod corn to take them through the coming winter, and also get as much breaking done as possible. They brought with them enough corn to give the horses an occasional feed, in order to keep them able for hard work, but in the main they had to live on prairie grass. The cattle got nothing else than grass.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

An interesting comparison might be drawn between the conveniences which now make the life of a farmer comparatively an easy one, and the almost total lack of such conveniences in early days. A brief description of the accommodations possessed by the tillers of the soil will now be given.

Let the children of such illustrious sires draw their own comparisons, and may the results of these comparisons silence the voice of complaint which so often is heard in the land.

The only plows they had at first were what they styled "bull plows." The mold-boards were generally of wood, but in some cases they were half wood and half iron. The man who had one of the latter description was looked upon as something of an aristocrat. But these old "bull plows" did good service, and they must be awarded the honor of first stirring the soil of St. Charles county, as well as that of the oldest counties of the State.

The amount of money which some farmers annually invest in agricultural implements would have kept the pioneer farmer in farming

utensils during a whole lifetime. The pioneer farmer invested little money in such things, because he had little money to spare, and then again because the expensive machinery now used would not have been at all adapted to the requirements of pioneer farming. "The bull-plow" was probably better suited to the fields abounding in stumps and roots than would the modern sulky plow have been, and the old-fashioned wheat cradle did better execution than would a modern harvester under like circumstances. The prairies were seldom settled till after the pioneer period, and that portion of the country which was the hardest to put under cultivation, and the most difficult to cultivate after it was improved, first was cultivated; it was well for the country that such was the case, for the present generation, familiarized as it is with farming machinery of such complicated pattern, would scarcely undertake the clearing off of dense forests and cultivating the ground with the kind of implements their fathers used, and which they would have to use for some kinds of work.

MILLS AND TRADING POINTS.

Nothwithstanding the fact that some of the early settlers were energetic millwrights, who employed all their energy and what means they possessed, in erecting mills at a few of the many favorite mill-sites which abound in the county, yet going to mill in those days, when there were no roads, no bridges, no ferry boats, and scarcely any conveniences for traveling, was no small task, where so many rivers and treacherous streams were to be crossed, and such a trip was often attended with great danger to the traveler when these streams were swollen beyond their banks. But even under these circumstances, some of the more adventurous and more ingenious ones, in case of emergency, found the ways and means by which to cross the swollen stream, and succeed in making the trip. At other times again, all attempts failed them, and they were compelled to remain at home until the waters subsided, and depend on the generosity of their fortunate neighbors.

Some stories are related with regard to the danger, perils and hardships of forced travel to mills, and for provisions, which remind one of forced marches in military campaigns, and when we hear of the heroic and daring conduct of the hardy pioneers in procuring bread for their loved ones, we think that here were heroes more valiant than any of the renowned soldiers of ancient or modern times.

During the first two years, and perhaps not until some time afterward, there was not a public highway established and worked on which

they could travel; and as the settlers were generally far apart, and mills and trading points were at great distances, going from place to place was not only very tedious, but attended sometimes with great danger. Not a railroad had yet entered the State, and there was scarcely a thought in the minds of the people here of such a thing ever reaching the wild West; and, if thought of, people had no conception of what a revolution a railroad and telegraph line through the county would cause in its progress. Then there was no railroad in the United States, not a mile of track on the continent; while now there are over 100,000 miles of railroad extending their trunks and branches in every direction over our land.

Supplies in those days were obtained at St. Louis. Mail was carried by horses and wagon transportation, and telegraph dispatches were transmitted by the memory and lips of emigrants coming in or strangers passing through.

The first mill was built in the county in 1801, and was known as Jonathan Bryan's mill, situated on a small branch that empties into the Femme Osage creek. At first the mill only ground corn, which had to be sifted after it was ground, as there were no bolts in the mill. The mill had no gearing, the buhrs being located over the wheel, and running with the same velocity as the wheel. It was a frame mill, one story high, and had a capacity of 6 to 10 bushels a day. People came from far and near, attracted by the reports of the completion of the mill, with their grists, so that, for days before it was ready for work, the creek bottom was dotted over with hungry and patient men, waiting until it was ready to do their work, so that they might return with their meal and flour to supply their families, and those of their neighbors, thus enduring the hardships of camp life in those early days in order that they might be able to secure the simple necessaries of life devoid of all luxuries.

Among the earliest water mills were Rutger's, Cottle's, Coon's Denny's, Hoffman's (situated on the Dardenne), Baldrige's, Zumwalt's, Audrain's, Mollitor's (on the Peruque), Dibbit's, Hay's, Taylor's (on the Femme Osage), and McSpaddin's, on Callaway's fork.

EARLY HORSE MILLS.

One was near the residence of Francis Howell — a band mill. William Crowe, Peter Hoffman, Isaac Fulkerson, Jonathan Bryan and John Pittman were the owners and operators of horse mills.

POWDER MILLS.

The first powder mill was erected on Howell's Prairie by P. K. Robbins; Robert Beatty built a powder mill in Green's Bottom, and a man by the name of McSpaddin erected one near the Little Femme Osage.

Francis Howell made gunpowder by hand and sold it at $1 a pound.

HUNTING AND TRAPPING.

The sports and means of recreation were not so numerous and varied among the early settlers as at present, but they were more enjoyable and invigorating than now.

Hunters nowadays would only be too glad to be able to find and enjoy their favorable opportunity for hunting and fishing, and even travel many miles, counting it rare pleasure to spend a few weeks on the water-courses and wild prairies, in hunt and chase and fishing frolics. There were a good many excellent hunters here at an early day, who enjoyed the sport as well as any can at the present day.

Wild animals of almost every species known in the wilds of the West were found in great abundance. The prairies and woods and streams and various bodies of water were all thickly inhabited before the white man came, and for some time afterward. Although the Indians slew many of them, yet the natural law prevailed here as well as elsewhere — "wild men and wild beasts thrive together."

Serpents were to be found in such large numbers, and of such immense size, that some stories told by the early settlers would be incredible were it not for the large array of concurrent testimony, which is to be had from the most authentic sources. Deer, turkeys, ducks, geese, squirrels, and various other kinds of choice game were plentiful, and to be had at the expense of killing only. The fur animals were abundant; such as the otter, beaver, mink, muskrat, raccoon, panther, fox, wolf, wild-cat and bear.

An old resident of the county told us that, in 1809, while he was traveling a distance of six miles he saw as many as 73 deer, in herds of from 6 to 10.

HUNTING BEE TREES.

Another source of profitable recreation among the old settlers was that of hunting bees. The forests along the water-courses were especially prolific of bee trees. They were found in great numbers

on all the streams in the county. Many of the early settlers, during the late summer, would go into camp for days at a time, for the purpose of hunting and securing the honey of the wild bees, which was not only extremely rich and found in great abundance, but always commanded a good price in the home market.

The Indians have ever regarded the honey bee as the forerunner of the white man, while it is a conceded fact that the quail always follows the footprints of civilization.

The following passage is found in the "Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, in the year 1842, by Captain John C. Fremont," page 69: —

"Here on the summit, where the stillness was absolute, unbroken by any sound, and the solitude complete, we thought ourselves beyond the regions of animated life; but while we were sitting on the rocks a solitary bee came winging its flight from the eastern valley and lit on the knee of one of the men. We pleased ourselves with the idea that he was the first of his species to cross the mountain barrier, a solitary pioneer to foretell the advance of civilization."

Gregg, in his "Commerce of the Prairies," page 178, Vol. 1, says: "The honey bee appears to have emigrated exclusively from the east, as its march has been observed westward. The bee, among Western pioneers, is the proverbial precursor of the Anglo-American population. In fact, the aborigines of the frontier have generally corroborated this statement, for they used to say that they knew the white man was not far behind when the bees appeared among them.

There were other recreations, such as shooting matches and quilting parties, which prevailed in those days, and which were enjoyed to the fullest extent. The quilting parties were especially pleasant and agreeable to those who attended. The established rule in those days at these parties was to pay either one dollar in money or split one hundred rails during the course of the day. The men would generally split the rails, and the women would remain in the house and do the quilting. After the day's work was done the night would be passed in dancing.

> All the swains that there abide
> With jigs and rural dance resort.

When daylight came the music and dancing would cease, and the gallant young men would escort the fair ladies to their respective homes.

WOLVES.

One of the oldest pioneers tells us that for many years after he came to what is now known as St. Charles county the wolves were

very numerous, and that he paid his taxes for many years in wolf scalps. His cabin was at the edge of the timber that skirted Cuivre river, and at night the howls of these animals were so loud and incessant that to sleep at times was almost impossible.

Often at midnight, all

> "At once there rose so wild a yell,
> Within that dark and narrow dell,
> As all the fiends from heaven that fell,
> Had pealed the banner cry of hell."

At such times the whole air seemed to be filled with the vibrations of their most infernal and diabolical music. The wolf was not only a midnight prowler here, but was seen in the day-time, singly or in packs, warily skulking upon the outskirts of a thicket, or sallying cautiously along the open path with a sneaking look of mingled cowardice and cruelty.

One among the most eccentric characters of early times in Missouri was Major Jack A. S. Anderson. He was born in North Carolina, but removed with his parents to Kentucky in 1770.

His father died in that State, and his mother and her children afterward emigrated to Missouri. Jack received a good education, and became a fine mathematician, surveyor and scribe. During the War of 1812 he served as a major in Col. Dick Johnson's regiment, and was present in the battle of the Thames when his leader killed the celebrated Tecumseh.

After his removal to Missouri he was employed by the government to assist in surveying the territorial county of St. Charles, and in that capacity became well known to the old settlers. His compass, a bottle of whisky and his dogs were his inseparable and most beloved companions. He dressed entirely in buck skin, and his hunting shirt was filled with pockets, inside and out, in which he carried his papers and other worldly possessions. He would often carry young puppies in his pockets or the bosom of his shirt, while their mother trotted behind or hunted game for her master to shoot. He paid no attention to roads or paths but always traveled in a direct line to the place where he was going, across creeks, hills, valleys, and through thick woods. He was never known to sleep in a bed, preferring to lie on the ground, or a puncheon floor, covered with a blanket or buffalo robe. No one ever saw him smile, and his countenance always bore a sad and melancholy expression. He was never married, and died in old age, in destitute circumstances, in an old out-house two miles

south of Fulton. He was buried in Mr. Craighead's family graveyard. A number of amusing anecdotes are related of this singular character, a few of which we give in this connection.

One day Mr. Thomas Glenn, of Montgomery county, went to Flanders Callaway's mill, on Teuque creek, with a sack of corn to be ground into meal, and on his return home met Jack Anderson, who accompanied him as far as Cuivre creek, which they found to be frozen over. The ice was not strong enough to bear the weight of the horse, so they slid the sack of meal over, and then started up the stream, intending to cross higher up, where the water was so swift that it had not frozen; but Anderson purposely wandered around with his companion until he had confused and bewildered him, and then took him on a long jaunt into Boone and Callaway counties, where they remained about three weeks engaged in hunting, and when they returned they were loaded down with game. They stopped one night at the house of Mr. Thomas Harrison, who treated them in a very hospitable manner and gave them the best room in the house. During the night Anderson got up and skinned several raccoons, and after having roasted them he called his dogs in and fed the carcasses to them on the floor, which of course ruined the carpet and greatly damaged the furniture. Mr. Harrison, who felt outraged at the affair, charged them for the damages, and as Anderson had no money, Glenn had to pay the bill.

During his wanderings, Anderson frequently stopped at the house of Maj. Isaac Van Bibber, where he was always treated well and fared sumptuously; but on one occasion he stopped there late at night when they happened to be out of meal, and he had to go to bed without his supper. He lay down upon the floor and pretended to be asleep. Soon after a son-in-law of Van Bibber's, named Hickerson, who was living there, came in from a day's hunt, almost famished, having had nothing to eat during the day. He begged his wife to sift the bran and see if she could get meal enough to bake him a hoecake. She did as requested, made the cake and put it to bake in the ashes of the fire. Anderson, who had observed the proceedings, now arose, complaining that he could not sleep, owing to the disturbed condition of his mind in regard to a survey he had made that day, in which he could not find the corners. Pretending to illustrate the matter, he took the Jacob staff of his compass and began to mark in the ashes, first cutting the cake into four equal parts, and then stirring it around and round until it was thoroughly mixed with the ashes. Hickerson watched the operation with tears in his eyes, for he was nearly starved, and when Anderson had retired again, he begged his

wife to go out and milk the cows and get him some milk to drink. She did so, but on her return Anderson met her at the door; it being very dark, she supposed he was her husband and gave him the milk, which he drank, and went back to bed. This exhausted Hickerson's patience, and calling up his dogs he went into the woods and caught a raccoon and roasted and ate it before he returned to the house, swearing that old Jack Anderson should not beat him out of his supper again.

Among the queer geniuses of early times was old Squire Colgin, of St. Charles. He was a justice of the peace, and usually rendered his decisions in a manner peculiar to himself, and the way he considered right, without descending from his lofty prerogative to consult the law. A man named Miller once sued a neighbor named Kirkpatrick on an open account in Colgin's court. Colgin rendered judgment in favor of the plaintiff, and after the decision was given, Miller thought of a buffalo robe he had sold Kirkpatrick, but which he had forgotton to include in the bill. So he whispered to Colgin to make an entry of it on the back of the judgment, which he did in the following words: "Mr. Miller says that Kirk (as he wrote it) got a buffalo skin for $8, that he forgot to charge in the account, therefore, I, Daniel Colgin, justice of the peace of this court, believe that Miller tells the truth about the skin, and I do hereby put it down on the back of the judgment, for to be collected at the same time the balance is paid. Daniel Colgin, J. P."

Kirkpatrick, very naturally, got mad at the decision, and said if he were going to heaven and should see Miller coming too, he would change his course and go the other place. Colgin considered this contempt of his court, and fined him $1.

Another case that was entered upon Colgin's docket still further manifested his peculiar sense of justice. Two citizens of St. Charles had a quarrel about a piece of ice which one had sold the other, and which fell short half a pound. While they were quarreling the ice all melted away, and the dealer went to Colgin and sued the other man for the price of the ice, which was 6¼ cents. Colgin gave judgment in his favor, but made him pay half the costs (75 cents), because he thought it was right that the costs should be divided between them for being "such blamed fools as to quarrel about a little piece of ice that he could eat in five minutes any warm day."

Colgin afterward removed to Cote Sans Dessein, in Callaway county, where he and his son opened a store, which was the first store kept by an American in that county.

The older citizens of St. Charles county will remember a rich character known as Gen. Burdine, who resided in Dog Prairie at an early date. He made his living by hunting and fishing, and was distinguished for his eccentricities and the marvelous yarns he could tell about his adventures in the woods. A few of these we give below, as the General told them :—

He shot a buck, one day, and killed him so dead that he did not fall, but remained standing until the General went up to him and pulled him over by the ear. On another occasion he was hunting on Cuivre river, when he discovered a large, fat buck standing on the opposite side, and on looking up into a tree, just over him, he saw a fine, large turkey. He desired to kill both, but had only a single-barreled gun, and knew that as soon as he shot one the other would leave. But a happy thought struck him. He put another ball on top of the one that was already in his gun, and with that he shot the turkey ; then, dropping the muzzle of his gun in the twinkling of an eye, he killed the buck with the other ball. He now had to wade the river to get his game, and in doing so caught the seat of his buckskin pants full of fine fish, which he carried home along with his turkey and deer. Another time while the General was hunting, he shot all his bullets away, but happening to have a lot of shoemaker's awls in his pocket, he loaded his gun with them. Presently he saw three deer in a group, and fired at them and killed two. The third one was pegged fast to a tree by one of the awls, where he swung and kicked until the General let him loose and took him home alive.

Late one very cold afternoon the General shot a buffalo on the bank of a creek and removing the skin, he rolled himself up in it and lay down and slept all night. Next morning the skin was frozen so hard that he could not unroll himself or even get on his feet and he began to think he would have to lie there and starve to death. But finally he rolled himself down the bank of the creek and landed in a warm spring, which soon thawed the skin until it was soft and he unrolled himself and went home rejoicing. One day, before he was grown, the General saw a wood-pecker fly into his hole in a tree and he climbed up to catch him. When he put his hand into the hole, he caught a black snake, which frightened him so badly that he let go his hold and fell into the forks of the tree, where he became wedged in so tight that he could not get out. He began to call for help and pretty soon a boy came along whom he sent to get an ax to cut the tree down. The boy did as he was directed and cut the tree so that it fell right side up, and the General was saved.

He had a pony named Ned, that he rode on all his hunting expeditions, and Ned was as smart a horse as any one could desire to see. One day they came to a deep creek with steep banks, across which the General felled a small sapling with his tomahawk, intending to walk over and let Ned swim. But Ned winked one eye and smiled in his peculiarly sly manner, as much as to say, "Never mind, old fellow, I'll show you a trick worth knowing." The General started across holding the bridle in his hand, but when he reached the middle of the creek he stopped and looked back to see how Ned was getting along, when, to his amazement, he saw the pony walking the sapling after him! Ned shook his head and motioned for his master to go on, and so they passed over in safety, without either of them getting wet. Ned was a native of Kentucky and his master had owned him so long that they felt like brothers. The pony was thoroughly trained in hunting and was exceedingly fond of the sport. Whenever his master killed a deer, he always insisted upon licking the blood.

The General once undertook to explain to a party of gentlemen the manner in which the distance across Cuivre river could be measured by an engineer. Said he: "You see, gentlemen, the surveyor first gets a obligation across the stream, and sticks down his compass. Then he leanders up or down the river, as the case may be, and gits a nuther obligation from that; then he leanders back to the first obligation and works it out by figgers. It's simple enough," added the old General, "and I could do it myself, although I don't know a darned thing about figgers."

His children were about as eccentric as himself. One of his sons, whom he called Jim, was particularly noted for his oddities and the number of singular scrapes that he managed to get himself into. In early days the people sometimes amused themselves at an entertainment called a "gander pulling," which was something like the more modern "tournaments." A suitable track having been cleared off, a gander would be hung on a cross-bar, with his head down, and just low enough so that a man on horseback could reach his outstretched neck. Then the contestants would ride at full gallop under the cross-bar, and the one who succeeded in pulling the gander's head off without losing his seat in his saddle, was declared the victor and crowned accordingly. Jim went to one of these gander pullings one day, on board of an old mule, which was so extremely lazy and slow that he felt confident he would have plenty of time to "pull the gander." When his turn came he started in at a gait that was slow enough to satisfy his brightest anticipations, and when he came under the gander he laid hold of his head with a full determination never to let

go until victory crowned his efforts. But just at that moment somebody gave the old mule a sharp cut with a whip, and he made a lunge forward and left Jim hanging in the air by the gander's neck. The old gander proved to be a tough one, and Jim had to let go without wringing his coveted neck.

Jonathan Bryan built the first water-mill in Missouri, in 1801. It was situated on a small spring branch that empties into Femme Osage creek, in St. Charles county. The mill would grind from six to ten bushels of grain in twenty-four hours, and for several years it supplied the settlements from St. Charles to Loutre island with meal and flour, the same stones grinding both wheat and corn. The flour was bolted in a box, by hand, and they made a pretty good flour that way. Mr. Bryan would fill the hopper with grain in the morning, and the mill would grind on that until noon, when the hopper would again be filled. The meal ran into a large pewter basin which sat on the floor at the bottom of the stones. Daniel Boone was living at that time with his son Nathan, about a mile from the mill, and he had an old dog named Cuff that used to go to the mill in Mr. Bryan's absence and lick the meal out of the basin as fast as it ran from the spout. When it did not run fast enough to suit him he would sit down and howl and bark, and one day Mr. Bryan heard him and hastened to the mill to see what was the matter. He soon discovered where his meal had been going, and after that he exchanged the pewter basin for a tin coffee-pot, which was too small at the top for Cuff to get his head into it. But he made the attempt one day, and got the coffee-pot fast on his head and ran away with it. Mr. Bryan subsequently built a larger mill, and sold the stones of the old one to Mr. Aleck Logan, of Montgomery county, who tied them together with a hickory withe and carried them to his home on Bear creek.

Mr. Ira Cottle, of St. Charles county, once had a difficulty with Hon. Benjamin Emmons, Sr., about a calf, each claiming it as his property. They finally concluded to try Solomon on the the calf, and let it decide which cow was its mother. So it was turned into a lot with two cows, and at first it ran to the one owned by Cottle. "Aha!" he exclaimed, greatly elated, "I told you it was my calf — see how it runs to its mother." But about this time the calf discovered its mistake, and ran to the other cow, and remained with her.

"Confound the calf," said Cottle, "it don't know its own mother." But it had decided against him, and according to the terms of the agreement he was bound to submit, which he did with as good grace as he could command.