



"THE NEW HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD"

Second residence in Iowa of the family of John Clarke, father of Governor
George W. Clarke.

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PAGES FROM BYGONE DAYS IN AND ABOUT DRAKEVILLE, IOWA

BY HON. GEORGE W. CLARKE

It was in October, 1856, that two covered wagons like those made famous by Emerson Hough, turned away from the main highway one mile east of Drakeville into a narrow lane running south to "the woods" not quite a half mile away, at the edge of which stood a little, old, two-room, two-windowed house, innocent of paint inside and out, the rooms partitioned by boards. A big fireplace was in the center of the south end. West of the house and about ten feet from it was a log structure some twelve feet square with a clapboard roof, as was also the roof over the open space from it to the house. This by and by became the summer kitchen and the table was set in the open space. A log stable covered with brush and straw some sixty yards away was the only other building.

I have heard the story told that mother cried when the wagons drove up to this spot and she was told that it was to be her future home. Her parents, her brothers and sisters, all of her kinsmen, all the friends and acquaintances of her youth, had been left behind. It was not an inviting place, although very near were "the woods" in all the glory of their late October foliage. It was no want of courage or any indication of a loss of resolution to face and conquer the demands of the life immediately confronting her. The flood of emotions that momentarily possessed her was occasioned by the sense of isolation and loneliness. As when a storm suddenly sweeps up the summer sky and is quickly gone and is followed by a refreshed world and a bright sunshine, so my mother's spirit quickly rose from the shadow that had overcast it. She directed the placing of the household goods, unload-

ing from the wagons, soon had the children asleep in the trundle-bed and a "bite set to eat." Night came on and after an hour or two in front of the fireplace, talking of the trip just ended, the new surroundings, the hopes and purposes for the future, as the embers in the fire were dying and only a fitful flicker of the blaze now and then remained, a new family in Iowa fell asleep. During the long life of my mother which followed I never knew her for a moment to give way to discouragement, to complain, to be wanting in hope or resolution, but she was always cheerful, tremendously energetic. She had a very keen and discriminating sense of right and wrong. She was so much the very soul of honesty that she could not think aside from the truth. She did her whole duty and more. These details are referred to only because they are typical of pioneer life and of pioneer mothers, and might be related of many another family that was coming into Davis County about that time or had come before.

EARLIER COMERS

A little deeper in the woods to the southwest was the spot where the first small clearing in that locality had been made. It had been abandoned and the hickory and oak sprouts, the hawthorn bushes and hazelbrush, were vigorously asserting their pristine rights which have never since been disputed. The site only of the rude hut was discernible, but blackberry bushes were in possession. The place was called "Cavender Hill" from the name of the man who first challenged Nature at that point. "Jim" Cavender (I think, however, not the Cavender of the "Hill") was known about the community for a few years only, typical of the settler who in his flight alights momentarily and then is gone, no one knows where. To the northwest perhaps a hundred rods, and to the southeast a little nearer, were spots, scars in the woods, where cabins had stood, marks only, perhaps, of the settler's or squatter's claim.

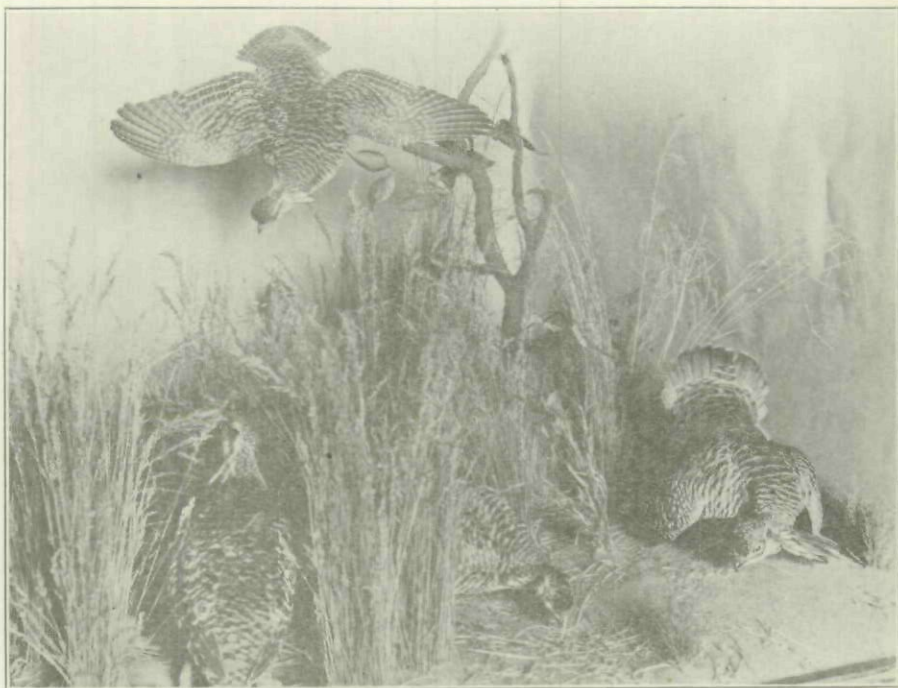
There seemed to be something of kinship, something of welcoming, of protection about the woods to those who came pouring out of the forests of the East and Southeast. They were of the woods. The prairies seemed to them uninviting, cold and desolate. From babyhood even to old age they had been lulled to sleep by the murmur of the breeze through the tops of trees, and

in manhood had their courage and resolution strengthened by the resisting force of the forest to the onset of storms. There was companionship in the woods—even in their deep mystery. They had a language well understood by the first comers. Their instincts were for the woods. In any event they would snuggle up to them. Hence the many first efforts at homes in the woods or in the edge of them. Besides, the woods supplied their very first needs.

However, not every "mover" or "settler" went into the woods. There were others, all referred to as types. North, "up on the road," was an old tumble-down log stable and hard by an old clapboard-covered, hewed log cabin which soon became John Clarke's first blacksmith shop. It stood immediately in the rear of the house now on the farm he occupied for over sixty years. Looking northeast three-quarters of a mile there stood out in the open a long, low, log house with clapboard roof. Near by was a well sweep, balanced in the forks of a pole set in the ground. When at repose it pointed to the high southwestern sky. Many years after, when the house had become a corner "down on the road" and its old surroundings a cornfield, the well and the sweep served a very helpful purpose to the farm on which it stood. The builder of the house must have been among the very first in that locality. It was the Hanlon family that occupied it. The name is almost lost—all but Mary Hanlon, a gentle, kind, beautiful, black-eyed young woman, beloved by everybody. Mary Hanlon and Charity Elliott! Charity was a kindred spirit to Mary, likewise kind, lovable, beautiful. Charity lived three-quarters of a mile from Mary. They went away long years ago, the Hanlon family to Muscatine—Charity, I know not where. Mary and Charity! The children who knew them to this day retain a cherished, a blessed memory of them. Not alone is the Kingdom of Heaven of such as little children, but it must be also of such as Mary and Charity were.

THE BACKGROUND

I can think of no more interesting picture than of those first days, or near first. The background ought to be right. If it is illy conceived or poorly presented the picture is spoiled. If the setting is out of harmony with the time or presentations in the



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PRAIRIE CHICKEN

Tympanuchus americanus americanus (Reichenbach). From a photograph of a group by Prof. Joseph Steppan in the collections of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department.

1, Nest slightly visible; 2, Female approaching nest; 3, Female alighting; 4, Female feeding; 5, Male booming. The extended tufts on the neck obscure in this picture the orange-like air sacks apparent in the museum specimen.

foreground, again it is bad. The composition should have been created sixty years ago—but it wasn't. The men and women of that time—their distinctive personalities—should they be in the picture? Yes, but who now can make them recognizable? The landscape, the wild life, the summers, the winters, into all of which the early comer protruded himself, with himself in the foreground—those are the possible elements of the picture. The beginnings are always interesting, often even fascinating.

In those days there was a bird life that is gone, never to be seen again except in the imagination of the "old settler." How real it was in the springtime when the migratory birds were in the sky and among the trees! The long lines of pigeons stretching across the sky for miles, sweeping towards the north! And the wild geese, how majestically they swept along in wedge-like formation led by an old gander, the lines strictly and evenly kept, each flying straight ahead at level height, spacing exact all the time! Down from the sky would occasionally come a call from the leader. Was it a command? Was it a note of encouragement to those on the first trip? They are hardly seen any more, but in the night once in a great while, through the darkness, startlingly comes the hoarse cry as out of the bygone years.

The wild ducks, how in great numbers, in confused order of flight on fitful, nervous wing they silently hurried by! Representatives of them are still occasionally seen in widely scattered groups, but their numbers are negligible in comparison. And far above all, far up in the sky, scarcely discernible, were cranes, as if theirs was a detached life and they spurned kinship with anything on the earth or above it. Sometimes they would pause up there and, for a time, circle round and round in disorderly flight, some one way, some another at slightly different heights.

How fine on spring mornings was the oom-boom-boom-boo of the cock prairie chicken heard in every direction! At such times if one were in the field with a team he might pass within fifty feet of him and see as well as hear the performance. It commenced with head and stretched-out neck near the ground, the bird in that position turning almost if not quite around with feet pattering on the ground, meanwhile, his two-inch-and-a-half ear feathers erect or a little forward, his tail spread to its utmost,

wings extended almost to the ground, the yellow pouches on his neck swelling—all as if it were a painful effort to produce the explosion, and then the -o-o-oom boom, boom *boo!* Instantly straightening up, a twitch or two of his tail and his feathers were all perfectly smooth and with head erect, with the most innocent look possible he seemed to ask, "Who said I did anything or made a spectacle?" But at sight of his utterly indifferent companion he immediately fell into another convulsion. By nine o'clock the exhibition was all over and you scarcely saw or heard a prairie chicken again that day. His appearances, spring or fall, were all during the morning hours or early day. In the frosty, biting fall mornings, in flocks they were flying here and there. The fences were all of rails. They liked them for lighting places and sometimes for twenty-five or thirty rods they would line the top rail. All grain was stacked in those days and they liked to stop awhile on the stacks. Occasionally also they would fill a trectop.

The drumming of the pheasant in the woods in the springtime, heard for a half mile, even further if the morning were damp or foggy! What a wary bird he was! You could almost never see him. If you could by stealth come upon him you would most certainly find him on an old log. At intervals he would straighten up to his utmost height and by strokes, slow at first, rapidly increasing them, he would beat his breast, drum, with his cupped wings. Some kinds of oak trees retain their dead, brown leaves in the fall and winter time. Passing along under them, suddenly with a whir from their tops that would startle you, two or three pheasants were gone with the speed of bullets. You had neither seen nor heard them.

There are a few forlorn representatives of the quail yet. How thick they were in that early day! They wanted to be friendly and were often seen around the old houses and old log stables. What large coveys of them would take wing as you walked through the fields, or along the edge of the woods, or by the ditches where the tall grass grew! Bob was always unruffled, always well dressed. His apparel was exactly proportioned, fit him to perfection, an unpretentious, refined, but possibly a somewhat fastidious fellow. Hear him in the springtime and even occasionally along through the summer to the fall of the year:

The chirrup of the robin and the whistle of the quail
As he piped across the meadow, sweet as any nightingale.

What hundreds, one might say thousands, of robins came back early in March—harbingers of spring! Following them closely was the bluebird, carrying the sky on his back, as Thoreau said. Then came the catbird, the thrush, the meadowlark and others, and after awhile the flicker and the woodpecker, and last of all, Jenny Wren. Oh, for one morning again like a morning during bird nesting time around about Drakeville sixty years ago! Talk not to me about grand opera. Let me hear the songs of thrush as from their leafy platforms on the topmost twigs of the trees they, prima donnas, sang as if life were all joy and they were commissioned to interpret it, while, at the same time, from every direction came the incomparably sweet, perfectly toned voice of the meadow-lark and the modest, liquid melody of the bluebird, the vigorous, enthusiastic matutinal of scores of robins and from near and far along the fences and down in the field the call of bobwhite, and Jenny Wren in her sober, drab dress winning applause as among the first, and withal the fragrance of plum blossoms from the edge of the woods, the fine air after a shower in the night, the red-fringed clouds all along the eastern horizon! Ah, Galli-Curci, Anna Case, Sembrich, no one of you ever had so fine a stage setting, no one of you ever gave a concert to be compared with this. What combination of human voices ever equalled a blackbird chorus of the long ago? The greatly diminished number of the birds now only give a slight hint of the glory that was. The robin, almost alone, furnished the vesper with a modified, somewhat subdued, softened tone, suited to the evening. While he was presenting his program and the day was vanishing, out of the woods into the twilight came hundreds of whippoorwills on graceful, silent wing, darting here and there, up, down—coming upon the darkened stage like a troop of slenderly appareled fancy dancers for the closing act. Then, when the lights were all out, save the stars, out of the night as from behind the curtains, came the call from all around for an hour or more, far and near, “whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,” with no apparent stop for breath between calls. Alas, the whippoorwill! He is gone and the insects he caught

out of the evening sky multiply. His call, now almost never heard, is a cry out of the vanished years.

IN THE WOODS

The woods are bereft of their glory. The hills and slopes have been practically denuded. There are cultivated spaces and pasture lands where they were, all set off by barbed wire fences. Once the passageway through them was just wide enough for the wagon. There was beauty, companionship, and glory in them then. The oaks, hickories, elms, walnuts, basswoods, maples, hackberries, birches! The majestic ones, all gone! Where from age or storm some tree had fallen and long lain mouldering, there were blackberry bushes in fine fruitage in season and all around May apples raised their umbrellas and sweet Williams and bluebells bloomed. There were honeysuckles, and grapevines reached the tops of many trees.

The woods were open. Cattle were "free commoners." They pastured in the woodland. The leaders wore bells, no two having the same tone, and as they browsed over the hills and in the hollows, the sound of the bells through the woods! It was heavenly in the evening time. How many things have been swept away and lost by this thing we call Improvement, Civilization. It is hard to estimate the price paid for it. How frantically we now grab here and there, trying to save some little patches of the primeval!

There were foxes in the woods along Fox Creek. It was not from this fact, however, that the creek took its name, but from the Fox tribe of Indians. An early comer into the Drakeville community from Indiana was "Jack" Hill who lived with his family just two miles directly east of Drakeville. He always kept a pack of hounds and occasionally staged a fox hunt on his sole account. It was great music when the leader of the pack announced the scent of the quarry by deep-toned baying, followed by the different intonations of the pack through the woods, then the chase leading so far away that the baying could be only indistinctly heard, then Reynard, making a sudden turn backward on his track, the baying became louder and louder as the chase approached, finally sweeping by in a wild, exciting, diapason of sound, then suddenly becoming silent, the scent momentarily lost;

found again, the baying is renewed vigorously, the sound finally dying away in the distance, the chase ended.

"Jack" Hill many years ago left that community. The last known of him he was living in the only house—a small, somewhat dilapidated, faded, brown-colored frame "tavern" at the south end of the ford at Ottumwa. In addition to the "tavern" he kept and dispensed drinks.

There were wild turkeys in the woods, seldom seen, however, except in the late fall and in the winter time when the snow revealed the tracks of large flocks of them. "The woods" no longer existing as in the early days, the denizens of them have practically all gone. Looking south from the road running east from Drakeville in the early days, within a half mile a continuous line of timber completely obstructed the view. This is hard to be realized now when the contour of the landscape "beyond Fox"—the slopes, the hollows, the farm houses and fields—is all plainly visible.

WITHIN THE HIGHWAY

The road running east and west through Drakeville—coming up the ridge from the Keokuk-Lee-Van Buren Country—the very early Iowa country! What manner of life came that way into the Drakeville community—some of it stopping there, other pressing on! Along this road among others came John Clarke and William Van Benthusen afoot "spying out the land" before a locomotive whistle had ever been heard west of "The River." On they walked through Appanoose, Wayne, and Lucas counties, Van Benthusen stopping awhile in Lucas while Clarke came on around through Monroe and Wapello counties, walking the last day from Eddyville to Drakeville. Thence in the same way he continued on to "The River" on his way back to Shelby County, Indiana. Thus often did the pioneers of that day and thought it no hardship.

But what was seen in that road for several years from the little black house near "the woods" and afterward from the new house by the side of the road itself? It depended much on the time of the year. The "movers' wagons," the covered wagons, were very frequent—sometimes two or three in company—not necessarily from the same place, or going to the same place, or even rela-

tives, or old acquaintances. They might have chanced together on the way. But they all seemed to be bound together by a common interest, or adventure, handicapped by the same difficulties, yet inspired by the same hopes, nourishing the same determination. Each was a gleam of light from the "Star of Empire westward taking its way," a fraction of the great flood of emigration, mightiest from whatever standpoint considered—character, hardihood, intelligence, resolution, capability, hope—that ever in human history pressed forward irresistibly to possess, subdue and conquer peaceably, by the establishment of homes, a great continent. It was the last act in laying the foundations of the Great Republic. It was a really sublime epic considered as a whole, and this along the road through Drakeville.

Hospitality dwelt by the side of the road. So did at least one very small boy who saw and heard it all. The campfire burning by the roadside, the lord of the camp soon appeared inquiring for feed for his horses, if his foresight had not provided it on the last few miles of the way. This opened the line of communication: Moving? Where going? Where from? How long been on the way? Ever been out there? How much of a family have you? None of these questions were considered at all impertinent and were answered unequivocally and with extended explanation. A sympathetic atmosphere at once enveloped the whole situation. The wayside man's campfires in the road seemed in memory as only of yesterday. Experiences were exchanged, outlooks discussed. The way had now been completely opened. Each had contributed liberally to clearing it. So: "The children miss milk so much while traveling. Could I get a little for them?" "Yes." They go to the house for it. Here the whole household comes to the front. More talk; warm; wholly sympathetic. Then: "Looks like it might rain tonight"; or, it might have been, "Feels like it might frost." Continuing: "My wife is very tired from traveling and the baby has not been well for two days. I wonder if they could find a place to sleep in the house?" Slightly abashed, Father looks at Mother and Mother looks at Father. Plainly it's Mother's play and Mother always held a "good hand." "Yes," she said, "I can fix a place for them." After awhile he returns with wife and baby. They look clean. Mother

cordially "ministers unto them." In the morning the wagons turn into the road and disappear toward the West.

There were still some stragglers after the California Fortyniners. Contributions to trains for California were outfitted at Drakeville. The tide of "Pike's Peak-or-Busters" swept along the road. This was composed almost exclusively of men pressing life hard on its side of excitement, risk and adventure, in trains of three or four wagons drawn for the greater part by oxen. The teams came swinging along slowly, very slowly. Each ox seemed pulling sidewise as hard against his bow and mate as forward. These men and the earlier ones were the modern Argonauts and, like their progenitors, were mostly destined to disillusionment and disappointment. Boys of Drakeville and vicinity looked in rapt wonder mixed with profound admiration upon these trains and these men. Breathless they heard talk of crossing the plains and the mountains to the ocean. "Silver, gold, buf'lo, Injuns, mountains with tops away above the clouds, an ocean so big you couldn't see acrost it!" It was hours after the train had passed before they regained normal breathing.

I can not recall the exact time but it was in those years that there was a stage route from Bloomfield to Ottumwa by way of Drakeville and Ormanville. The name of the driver was Ship. Only occasionally did he drive four horses. Always above all other men in youthful imagination he became a veritable demigod when he passed driving four. He seemed to feel himself that his position set him apart and a little above all others. This consciousness expressed itself in his walk. All Drakeville boys accepted him at his own estimate, indeed enlarged it. All that can be said now is that years have pricked the inflated estimate and determined that Ship's walk was something of a swagger. But it is fair to Ship to say that the people liked him. He was popular.

It seems strange to relate now, yet nevertheless it is true, that along this road in the fall of the year hogs were driven to "The River" to market, and this suggests that Drakeville once had a pork-packing plant. It was established by Drake & Lockman just southwest of the store at the southwest corner of the square. The meat was cured there. The lard was tried out there and the cured meat and lard were hauled to "The River" to market.

The Drakeville plant was a forerunner west of "The River" of Armour & Company.

It was along this road that residents of the locality often drove to Alexandria on "The River" in the fall of the year to lay in something of a supply of household necessities. It was a three- or four-day trip, but a profitable one because local merchants for the most part purchased and transported by wagon their stocks from some river point. Thus in the beginnings life involved intensely economic questions, as it ever must where frugality and wisdom hold sway. This road in that day also saw the farmers hauling wheat to the mills at Vernon and Bentonsport on the Des Moines River.

The local or neighborhood use of the road in those days was for the farm or lumber wagon as it was called. At long intervals a carriage might pass but if so it was a heavy, cumbersome thing entirely lacking in grace. If the family went visiting or to church or to Bloomfield the father and mother sat at the front of the wagon box either on a board across the top of it, or on old hickory bark bottomed chairs. (Chairs were rebottomed with hickory bark.) Some hay or straw was thrown in the back part of it with sometimes an old comfort or quilt, and the children tossed in on top of that. Oh no, no spring seat for a wagon yet! Imagine the outfit, you good Cadillac, closed car people, as you roll luxuriously over that road—indeed in imagination meet all of the life of that time as it was exemplified in the highway—but don't elevate your noses, for those early day people were of the best and they were laying the foundations. You are in no way superior to them in their good instincts and purposes and helpful lives and things done in their day and opportunity.

Life in the midwinter season along the road seemed to hibernate. It appears from competent evidence that winters during the time under consideration were more severe than in more recent years. Snows were deeper, cold more continuous, and storms more frequent and violent. The earth and sky in a furious blizzard seemed to meet. "Sun-dogs" seemed almost regular morning attendants of the sun. The roads, being enclosed wherever there were cultivated lands by rail fences, were sometimes drifted almost full and much of the drift remained until the near approach of spring. The life of the road was children on their way to

school. Without overshoes or overcoats, a knitted scarf around head, ears and face, they were hardy and happy. A load of wood went by occasionally. The winters were passed in consuming the accumulations of the previous summer and fall, caring for stock, getting wood, "keeping up" fires, and "watchful waiting." There had not yet developed the very many opportunities for profitable employment. Life was simple in those days. It had not reached the complexities of the present. The demands of that time did not give rise to the anxieties and perplexities, did not strain and stretch effort and risk of endeavor as now. No thoughtful, appreciative person would maintain that "the old days" were better than these, but life was different. The new day had not reached the dawn. The tremendous forward movement of mankind had hardly commenced anywhere, much less in the great new West. The comforts and conveniences of life were just about as they had been everywhere for two thousand years. Transportation facilities had not yet made great cities possible, a demand for innumerable things new, stimulating manufacturing, a demand at distant places for the products of the farm, a demand that the farm support not simply its occupants but come vigorously, for a compensation, to the help and support of the world. The revolution the railroads were to create in human life was not thought of. They were appreciated by only a few at more than a small fraction of their real value. The new world ambition had not yet fired mankind. Now the increasing development of rapid communication has brought the products of all the earth to Drakeville. But then the Drakeville community, like the most of the rest of the world, was sleeping on straw beds, living on bare floors or rag carpets of its own weaving. Part of its clothing was manufactured in its own households, for there was a wool carding mill at Drakeville run by "Cap" Crawford, a Mexican War veteran. Supplies for its tables were gathered right around the spots where the tables were spread. The houses, churches, and other places of public meetings were dimly lighted by candles. Thus the winters brought a shut-in, inactive life. Recalling the cold winter evenings, I can hear now the stamp of feet at the kitchen door in the effort to rid them of snow, and the fall of the armload of wood in the wood box. How the fierce wind hurries by, the trees moan, a cow out at the barn bellows! Lonely sounds! The world seems somewhere else. There is only one

warm room in the house. Some things are brought in from the kitchen and put behind the stove lest they freeze. A run for the bed in the cold room is made. Mother puts aside her knitting, follows and "tucks us in." We have no cares. It is a bitter cold night on a farm sixty-five years ago near Drakeville. Mother resumes her knitting. It seems to me she never quit knitting—worked all day, knit every night.

BY THE WAYSIDE

If different phases of early life were seen within the highway, not less interesting or less characteristic of the life were the wayside scenes. In the springtime the "sower went forth to sow" just as he did in the time of the parable. He was followed by the little "A" harrow. Three men went forth to plant corn—one "laying off" the furrow for the row, another dropping the seed by hand, the third covering it with a hoe. When the day of cultivation came it was done with a one-horse shovel plow.

At haymaking time the wayside presented one of its finest pictures. There were the mowers, two or three of them, swinging their scythes in perfect unison—the stroke, the retrieving, the graceful swing of the body, the falling grass. Then the whetting of the scythes, the ringing strokes on the blades made in perfect time, meadow larks, here and there contributing their sweet, liquid notes! There may be finer, more meaningful music, but if so the writer has yet to hear it. Then the setting: A perfect summer day; the deep, blue sky above; great, fleecy, snow-white clouds lazily floating through it; a hawk poised far above or sailing on motionless wing; the green woods hard by—a picture surpassing art, a picture no painter can ever transfer to canvas! Pity, pity those who have never seen it. Thrice pity them for it will never be reproduced.

The harvest scene by the side of the road: The cradlers, sturdy men, brown arms bare to above the elbows! All day long they swing the heavy cradles and lay behind them the swaths of ripe grain with even butts. Boys follow close behind raking them into bunches, then the binders later tying them into bundles with bands made of straws from the swath—another picture never to be seen again. The ultimate of the harvest was the threshing and the horsepower threshing machine, also gone.

At every house was to be seen the ash-hopper, for every household made its own soap—all purpose soap. The kettle hung near by from a pole supported at either end by forked sticks set in the ground. Passing at the proper season of the year, the process of making the soap could be observed. In every smokehouse was the soap barrel.

Perhaps "butcher day" cannot be classed as belonging entirely to bygone days. There is an economic reason for its persistence. Recalling it brings no pleasant memories. Quite otherwise. Yet it once had a place with every family on a farm. From the wayside it obtruded itself. It does not now so uniformly or so conspicuously. There was the process of "scalding" in a barrel set firmly at an angle of about forty-five degrees against the end of a two-horse sled—every family had a sled. On the sled were several boards where the "scraping" or cleaning was done. By the side of it rails had been chained together near one end, set up about six feet apart, crossed at the chains, thus forming forks in which from one to the other was placed a stout rail on which the hogs were hung to be dressed. The process of curing the meat came after awhile and then from every crack and crevice in sides, ends, or roof crept the smoke from the smouldering fire kept in the big iron kettle under the suspended meat in the smokehouse. In that day there was no meat market—a butcher shop it would have been called—in Drakeville. It was before the "big packers" and the railroad.

If one were along the road in the nighttime in the fall of the year he might see, at an occasional farm by the wayside, the light from fires under vats in which they were boiling down sorghum juice making molasses. In the daytime one might see the cane mill, at first made of three wooden rollers, later of iron ones, between which under a one-horse power the canes were passed to express the juice. Almost every farmer grew a patch of sorghum. Molasses was classed as a necessity. "Bread and butter and molasses" was the children's "piece." There were different grades of this molasses. At this distance it appears safe to say that Elliott's was the best.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL

Two miles east of Drakeville along this same road one came to

school District No. 1, Bloomfield Township. In this district on the 27th day of February, 1847, George W. Lester was elected director and it was ordered that a schoolhouse of round logs, already partially built in the brush and woods forty rods from the highway as it was afterward laid out, be completed at a cost of twenty-five dollars, and that the district board be allowed fifty cents a day for services. Fidelia T. Fullerton taught the first school ever taught in this district.

Perhaps the very small-town school was somewhat better equipped than the country school and the building more comfortable, but of the second schoolhouse in this district the writer has a very vivid personal knowledge. The old record gives an accurate description of how it was to be built. The specifications were, "20 ft. square, 10 ft. high, 5 windows, 2 in each side and 1 in the end opposite the door." There never was a desk in this schoolhouse. Along each side was a board about fifteen inches wide on stilts about three and a half feet high on which hats, caps, girls' wraps, books, slates, and dinner buckets were placed, and on which writing lessons were practiced. There were no overcoats. The writer can not recall that he ever saw a boy there who had an overcoat or overshoes, and he was there until he was nineteen years old. There never was a seat there that had a back to it. The seats were benches—some were of boards, some of split logs, all on pegs except one. There was no uniformity of length. One especially is remembered. It was the longest and highest one in the lot. It was narrow. It was not straight on top. Beginning at either end it rose as it approached the center. It was the avoided, despised seat, but it had to be occupied. No one had a particular or selected seat. It was for every fellow to get the seat that suited him best, if he could, except that the girls had the east side of the room and the boys the west. No boy ever got on the east side except when he was ordered to sit "among the girls" as a punishment. (A striking thing between the schools of that day and this is the attitude of the boys and girls toward each other.)

The fuel was contributed by the patrons hauling a load of wood on occasion when it was convenient. There never was more than one load ahead at a time. It is supposable that there were colder places on earth than that schoolhouse when winter was at

its extreme, but it is hard to conceive of such a place. Why the door was placed by "specification" in the north end of the building, when it could as well have been in the south, is hard to understand. On a "blizzardy" day, every time it was opened an icy blast swept the room. There was a stove in the exact center of the room. The stovepipe went straight up to the ceiling and into a "flue" projecting through the roof. There was an open space of about a quarter of an inch around the chimney where it passed through the roof, as any one who glanced up the pipe might see—a fine avenue of escape into the loft and out of doors for any air that might be warmed below. It formed a fine ventilating shaft, however. On days of extreme cold, and there were many of them, the benches were arranged in a square around the stove, the short ones inside, the long ones around them on the outside. As those on the inside thawed out, they changed places with those who were freezing on the outside.

There was a fall and a winter term of school. The fall term always began on the first Monday in August. It was so timed in order to get the boys out in time to help gather corn. This term always brought with it peculiar temptations and troubles. It covered the season when black haws and plums were ripe. There were lots of them "down in Ham's pasture" about three-quarters of a mile away and "over on the Chequest" about a mile away. Again and again the most daring of the boys would chance the trip during the noon hour. Grabbing a handful from the dinner bucket, they bolted from the house, barefoot, fleet as deer, eating the scanty dinner as they ran. No boy could make an accurate estimate of time under such circumstances. But he found the haws or the plums. He ate and ate. He filled his pockets. If haws, when he got back they were reduced to a black paste in his pocket. He was rarely if ever back by the time "books took up." In response to the demand "Where have you boys been?" there was no evasion, for there were the bulging pockets and the black stains on the fingers and around the mouth. Guilty, every one! One by one each boy was ordered to go out and throw his fruit away. There were always hogs around about the old schoolhouse in the fall and as we sat on those benches and heard them cracking the plum seeds, our feelings may be imagined but cannot be expressed. This experience did not deter from other like ef-

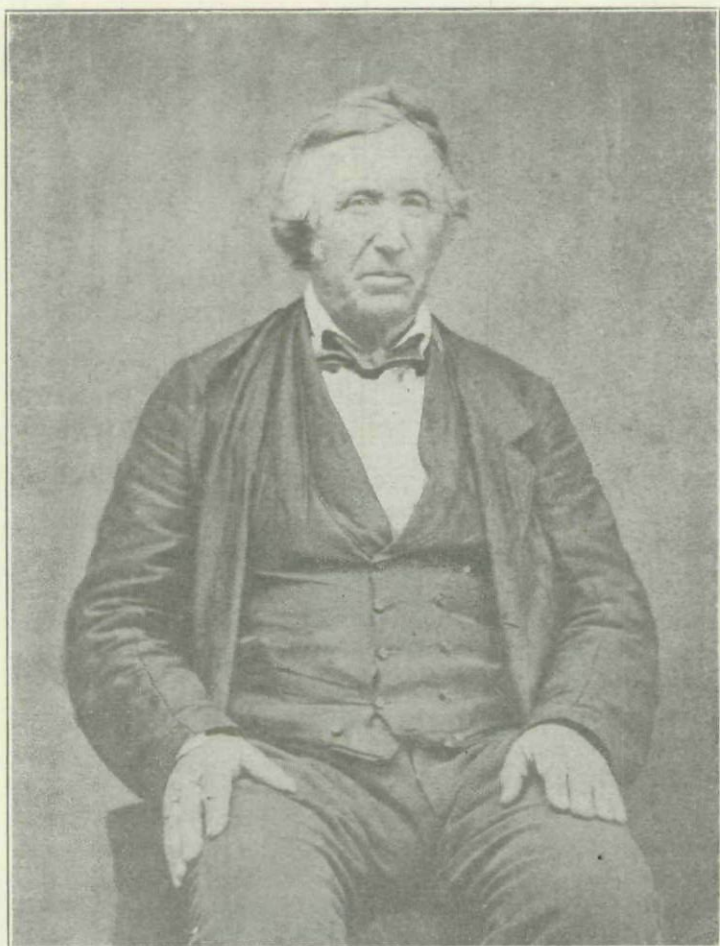
forts. Any boy that would not go again was dubbed a coward and afraid of "Old Lambert." From early boyhood we are fools and wanting in rational courage. We never liked Frank Lambert. For that reason, I presume, his administration obtrudes itself into this narrative. It was he who gave six of us at one time a most unmerciful "lickin." Pete Hill's mother had told him to go "down on Fox" at noon and get some maple bark for making some ink. In those days black ink was thus often made from this bark, and blue ink by use of indigo. But it is not of ink, but of the "lickins" that this phase of the story of the old days at the "Ham Schoolhouse" has to do. The afternoon was half gone when we got back. It was after recess. He lined us up and of each one asked, "What did you go for?" Each one answered, "For maple bark." Pete plead in justification that "Mother told me to go." Thus he was exonerated. Turning to the rest of us and saying to each of us as his turn came, "I'll give you maple bark," he "licked" us more than "good and plenty." As I recall that day after sixty years, my legs sting. "Old Frank Lambert!" He was a big fellow with a big mustache. He had drawling speech. He was very slow of movement. They said he was lazy. He wore a blue jeans suit—coat, frock. He knew how to wield the birch and he did. I will not say that he was not justified by the facts. Let the youth of today look into the schoolhouses, schools, and life of that time, for this story in many respects is typical, and compare with this. Lambert was not exactly like the teacher of Cato the Younger almost twenty centuries ago, of whom Plutarch says, he "was a very well-bred man, more ready to instruct than to beat his scholars." The teachers of today, as some in Lambert's time did, equal the teachers of Cato's day. The schools of that day, the spelling schools, to which everybody went, the teachers, in that old, unpainted, rudely finished schoolhouse, their personality! It would require a chapter to tell the story. The world in miniature was there. The littleness, the bigness, the selfishness, the generosity, the kindly, the unsympathizing, the forgiving, the unrelenting, all the characteristics of human nature, all the budding capabilities of human life were there. Some may have been touched by an early frost. Some may have come upon a hard, disappointing way of life and given it up. Some may have struggled on and

on through misfortune after misfortune and finally gone down with radiant faces still to the front, gloriously triumphant lives.

Two miles west of Drakeville was another rude, unpainted schoolhouse in which were all the experiences related of the "Ham." That place was called "Buttontown." Two miles north of town in the edge of the woods was a little log schoolhouse. It, first of all, in the near-surrounding region, was superseded by a frame, nicely painted, schoolhouse, furnished with desks. In the pride of the community it was called "Clay College" and still bears the name.

SOME PREACHERS AND RELIGION

There were three local preachers, who may be taken as types, who came very early into the Drakeville community, S. B. Downing, Isaiah Irvin who lived very near Downing, and Levi Fleming who lived a mile north of town. Each of them owned farms and depended on them for support. Any other dependence would have been precarious indeed. Downing and Irvin occasionally "occupied the pulpit" and it may be doubted whether either of them ever received any compensation. Fleming was quite regular in his ministrations. Downing was quite peculiar in his delivery. Moving along slowly he would suddenly strike a break-neck speed, increasing in volume of voice with volume of words lasting at longest probably not more than five minutes, then lapsing into very moderate, quiet voice, speech, and manner for about an equal length of time when he would break away again, and thus to the end. It was like a gently flowing stream coming upon a tumultuous rapid beset with rocks, then beyond very tranquil, then again the rapids. Downing was a good man and had the ministerial air. Irvin was quiet, rather unemotional, undemonstrative. He talked to the people rather than preached, as preaching was then understood. Fleming was among the *very* early comers to the community. He was a devout man, very sincere, desperately in earnest. People called him "Uncle Levi" and esteemed him as a man in whom there was no guile. He was "powerful in prayer." There may be few living who saw and heard him in those somewhat distant days, but all such can certainly see and hear him still. He did not simply present his petition to the Almighty in a perfunctory sort of way. He besought



LEVI FLEMING

the Lord. He begged of Him, he entreated, he implored with tears. He reminded Him of "the blessed promises of the gospel." He never, absolutely never, failed to state that "we *know* that without faith it is impossible to please Thee; we *know* that he that cometh to God *must* believe that he is and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." "Uncle Levi" did believe. His whole being prayed. Unconsciously he gestured vigorously. His prayers were long but he didn't know it. He had much to say. It was his time of "communion with God," and God seemed difficult of approach, obdurate. He certainly "endured hardness like a good soldier" as Paul admonished Timothy to do. I have many, many times wondered how his knees held out, for he was then an old man. There was the old-fashioned pulpit. There were two or three steps up at each side to get into it. It was about eight feet wide and about four feet high in front of the preacher, constructed of boards set perpendicularly, with a six-inch board on top with a projection in the center for the Bible. The candles sat at each side. When the preacher sat in the pulpit only his head could be seen. Near the bottom on the inside at about the height of the knees was a board four or five inches wide on which the preacher rested his knees when in prayer, and he, as well as the congregation, except some unregenerate ones, always knelt. Otherwise he could not have been seen at all. It would seem that this construction would have been conducive to short prayers, but it was not always so.

Religion, or rather religious worship, was very emotional in those days. "Protracted meetings" were common. It always took a little while to get them under way, that is, get the emotions aroused. The Lord "moving powerfully on a community" and a somewhat general religious excitement were the same thing; if something of a frenzy, then the Lord was very near. If an adult person or a middle-aged man "joined" then everybody took a new hold. The attendance increased. How they did sing the good old songs. Everybody sang. The "amens" were ejaculated with unction. The petitioner was not allowed to "make his requests known" alone but was numerously seconded by cries of "Yes, Lord," "Do, Lord!" Occasionally something like a lugubrious groan was heard, or as if one were suffering from a severe pain, but no one was. It was simply a mighty religious fervor too

great for speech, seeking expression. "Prospects" were quickly detected and devout, zealous persons sent to "labor with them." One such meeting is recalled when those strongly emotional were tremendously aroused. Thus was Ellis, the gunsmith. He lived on the hill directly west of and near Crawford's wool carding mill. He left the church that night without his hat. Presumably in his great exaltation he had forgotten he had one. All the way home that beautiful, quiet night he went "shouting and praising God" as one did in the days of Peter and Paul. At this juncture it would not do to close the meeting, the interest was too great. It seemed they were just at the point of "a great harvest of souls" and it was unanimously voted to continue "two more weeks." The impression should not be left that all protracted efforts were like this, but many were. They were of that day and for that reason only are they described here. They are gone to return no more. Religion and the religious life has its warmth and its fervor it is true, but it is based on the intellectual, not on the feelings, the ultra emotional. Its appeal, its acceptance, is through the mind, its great results wrought out through the heart.

There were religious, or perhaps rather partisan, controversies about biblical interpretation in those days, such as are heard no more. There were individual arguments and expoundings of the Scripture. The preacher set up an imaginary antagonist and proceeded to annihilate him. There was almost no such things as open-mindedness in religious matters. Then there were public debates to which the partisans of each contender flocked in great numbers. It may be doubted whether such a debate could command a hearing now, or whether men could anywhere be found who would indulge in such. But Drakeville was not without them. One may be recalled. Each side sent for the strong man of its contention, Frank Evans, Methodist, then I think of Mount Pleasant, and Manford, Universalist, of Chicago. Evans was a small man, physically, Manford a big one. They went at it for several days upon the proposition, differently stated, as to whether all men would be finally saved in Heaven, or whether multitudes of them would be ultimately lost, each relying upon the Bible for proof of his contention. Such debates and others on many doctrinal issues actually occurred. In this one I think the crowd must have been largely with Evans, for I don't think in

that time I ever heard a prayer or even "grace before meat" that did not end with "and at last save us," implying an almost universal belief in and fear of impending destruction. There is much of it yet, rather, however, from force of habit, or because it for centuries has been a part of the nomenclature of religion. It has been the cry of humanity, "Lord save us from condemnation."

SOME SINGULAR PERSONALITIES

There was a born controversialist in that locality who lived two miles northeast of town. He was a farmer and blacksmith. Much of the time he plied his trade in town. He enjoyed controversy. He thrived on debate. He was very dogmatic, extreme to the verge of absurdity. He was always on the other side. He was a contradiction to everything. Naturally he had an imperious air. He bore himself as if he walked in an antagonistic world. He spoke with an air of finality and with a somewhat resounding voice. His appeared to be a closed mind. He was a Universalist and he threw his shafts in every direction. It is said he delighted while living on his farm to go to a Sunday school organized near and precipitate discussions. The school could not accomplish much when James Hardy, for that was his name, was there. The space in the little schoolhouse was small and what there was Hardy almost completely filled. He was reported to have had mesmeric powers. Of this I have no personal knowledge, but the fact seemed to me to have been fairly well established by actual demonstration. Hardy was a good citizen, a man of character and of good native ability.

There was one very unique vehicle which was occasionally seen on the road hereinbefore referred to. It was of picturesque construction and the owner was picturesque. So was the horse—a sleepy, insufferably slow, old sorrell. He never was seen to move out of a walk. He was not required to. There was perfect adaptation between man and horse. They never appeared except in the summer time. The man's clothing was simply indescribable. It must have expressed his own unaided ideals. To attempt his coat: The sleeves were almost tight, so was the waist, with buttons very close together. Attached was a somewhat full skirt reaching all around down to the knees. It was certainly not a

Paris creation, and yet the man was a Frenchman and his name was Lasalle. He wore spectacles. The vehicle was a two-wheeled cart, but it had a top fashioned something like a buggy top. The seat had a comfortable look. There seemed perfect confidence in the horse. The lines rested loosely down on the shafts. It may be confidently questioned whether he had asked any more suggestions in constructing the vehicle than he had in constructing his coat. As the outfit went by it created a drowsy, lazy, sleepy, dreamy, quiet atmosphere of perfect content felt on both sides of the road for some time after it had passed. Lasalle lived some two and a half miles or more north of Drakeville in the woods on the road leading down to the old Jennings Mill. His house was almost as uniquely constructed as his coat and buggy-cart. It was of boards about a foot wide set up perpendicularly in two lines about a foot apart and filled in between, it was reported, with clay tamped down as firmly as possible to form the wall for the purpose of making the whole bullet proof, as just at that time there was beginning to be heard talk that there might be a war. It was the same house in which "Jim" Livingston afterwards lived, he to whom the boys used to go to have their hair "shingled" after they had reached the age and conclusion that mother was not skillful as a barber. No barber had yet set up in Drakeville. Whence Lasalle came, or whither or when he went, I never knew. He disappeared. But he belongs, it seems to me, in the picture.

A man by the name of Hutchinson lived somewhere west of Drakeville. He used to drive hogs to "The River" to market. He was a man of very striking personal appearance, fierce looking, very tall, very erect, large, a physical giant. His mustache was enormous. If he had a genuine pride in anything it was in his mustachios. He wore boots with pantaloons always inserted. His headgear was a very tall, visorless creation of some kind of fur or skin. His voice as he drove hogs was stentorian. He was everywhere known and spoken of as "Old Hutch." To have called him "Mr. Hutchinson" would have overwhelmed him with surprise. Spoken of in his presence he was, politely, "Hutch." It was not entirely fair to judge him by his looks. He was much better than appearances would suggest. Boys stood in awe of him, softened by a silent admiration.

John Linkendorfer was the only German in the community and he was of the pure blood, a perfect type, a square-head, stocky. He had no family. He was almost direct from the Fatherland. How he ever happened to "drop down" in Drakeville I think no one ever discovered. He was the first cabinetmaker and opened up a shop. He was industrious and seemed to prosper, but suddenly and quietly John transferred his every interest to Moulton and his round, ruddy face was never seen in Drakeville again. He passes in review only as a memory.

"Old Routh" kept the first hotel or tavern. It was the "Routh House." (Not sure of the spelling of the name.) It was at the northwest corner of the square. Memory grows dim as it gets back to the first hostelry, but it has a fairly good picture of the host. Perhaps he was not quite shabby in his personal appearance, but almost. His hair was black and unkempt, his eyes were black and complexion dark. Accuracy demands that it be stated that his lower eyelids turned out revealing a broad deep red streak, the whole somewhat rheumy. He ambled along as he walked. They did say of him that he was somewhat dissipated. He passed on.

P. B. Marcy kept a small store at the southwest corner of the square. He was a peculiar character. My impression is that he was very egotistical—that he very much indulged himself in the reflection that he was superior to other men. He was pharisaical and inclined to pass them by on the other side. Paul's injunction that "no man should think more highly of himself than he ought to think" he seemed to hold in supreme contempt. He was impatient in exhibiting his goods if his customer did not buy promptly. He never indulged in pleasantries. His collar and shirt front were always clean. His front store door opened directly to the north, and there was something of an aperture between the bottom of it and the threshold through which the fierce, biting winds of winter might sweep. To prevent them he kept a piece of old carpet to close the opening. When a customer (always a customer, nobody ever loafed there) opened the door to come in P. B., from the other end of the room, would call out, "Shut the door and push back the corkin." If one should mention to a citizen of those days the name "P. B. Marcy" he would instantly retort, "Shut the door and push back the corkin."

The martial music of those days, or perhaps it was not more the music than the personnel of the musicians! The contrasts were striking. There was Mr. Baldrige, an aged man from over south of town. He was tall. It seems to me yet that he was very tall. How much was in my boyish imagination I will not undertake to say. But he *was* tall. His hair was gray and his full beard long and white. How he could beat the snare drum! How I wish I could see him, hear the roll of his sticks once more, and feel such a thrill as I believe I have never felt since! There was Humble who lived in a long, low log house a block south of the square, the same house that Holt, the painter, lived in afterward. He was also an old man, short, obese, a large, round face, grizzled gray hair. It seemed to me he was just tall enough to see over his big bass drum. It was an unusually big one. How it did boom when he struck it! Then there was the fifer, a boyish figure, a beardless face, a very slender form, a little tall, perhaps, Nulton, who lived over southwest of town. He *must* have been an expert fifer. It cannot be that I was mistaken, or that I am now, after listening and contemplating it for more than sixty years. A few piercing notes—a bar—the drummers catching the time—they are off—speaking non-musically, age and youth, evening and morning of life. Am I never to see that picture again, or feel the blood racing along its course at the sound of the fife and drums, and in Drakeville, as of long ago?

SOME OF THE EARLY FAMILIES

George W. Lester was one of the earliest settlers in the Drakeville community. He entered the land and built a log cabin in 1843, upon which one of his daughters, Mrs. W. A. Wishard, still lives. In 1844 he moved his family from Pike County, Illinois, in a covered wagon to the claim. There the large family was reared and among the honored teachers in the old schoolhouse described were three of his daughters, Elizabeth, Isabel, and Emily to whom the writer is much indebted.

Of all the early arrivals in the community of which I have any knowledge, Samuel B. Downing was the earliest. White settlers were not permitted west of Van Buren County prior to May 1, 1843, because of stipulations in the treaty made with the Sac and Fox Indians. But Mr. Downing came into Iowa in 1838

from Pennsylvania, and not a great while after was in the Drakeville community. He finally established a home on "The Road" directly west of Drakeville about two and a half miles, where he lived many years, removing late in life to Bloomfield. He was the repository of all of the first things. He assisted in the first breaking of prairie sod and the first ever turned in that locality was on what afterward became the John Clarke farm, and was just across the road south of where the house on that farm still stands.

A peculiarity in the life of Mr. Downing was that as a youth he traveled alone on horseback from Iowa down into Old Mexico through a wild and a practically uninhabited country. What prompted the solitary horseman, whether curiosity, the love of adventure, or the thought of a new location, I never could ascertain. Later he made another trip to Mexico but this time as a United States soldier in the war with Mexico. He was at the Battle of Buena Vista and the storming of the City of Mexico where he received a saber wound in the shoulder. He was honored frequently by the people of Davis County, serving them as representative in the Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-seventh, and Twenty-eighth general assemblies.

Ezra Kirkham's life was from choice a life of hard work. There may, indeed, have been behind it the urge of necessity, but without that stimulus, his would have been an active life. He lived on "The Road" three-quarters of a mile east of town. He built the original frame house there, a rather large one for that day. He had, however, previously opened up two farms two miles directly north of Drakeville, and built on each of them a house of almost exactly the same size and plan as the one just mentioned. One of these he sold to William Van Benthusen, the other to Hiram Pagett. Kirkham was a precise, careful, methodical man. He was an example to his fellow farmers of that day. There was nothing slovenly about his farm. It was clean. His fields were like gardens before he planted, and his corn rows were straight to perfection. As might be anticipated he was a rather austere man. There was no effusiveness about him—no humor. He did his work in his own exclusive atmosphere which did not appear particularly warm and inviting to others. Notwithstanding that he acquired the sobriquet of "Old Ezra" he was in much

esteem as a strong, upstanding man. The forcefulness of his life is strikingly manifest in the fact that he made these farms, one of them in the edge of the Soap Creek woods, and built these three houses within a few years, the largest, I think, the community has known even to this day, all, however, replaced by others some years ago. He must have come to the Drakeville community at least as early as 1847-8 or 9, because Hiram Pagett, coming from Malta, Morgan County, Ohio, purchased and occupied the south one of the two north farms in 1851. It was on these farms that the first orchards in the community were set out by Kirkham.

Pagett was a rather small man of fine mould. He was quiet, unobtrusive, gentle. The finer things of life, the beautiful, appealed to him. He loved trees, plants, fruits, and flowers and cultivated them. Flowers in abundance in their season were always about his home. It was, indeed, surprising for that day the amount of really fine fruit he produced. Four boys and two daughters constituted his family. The boys did the work on the farm which left him free to cultivate his esthetic faculty. He always seemed to me an old man yet he lived long afterward, dying in his ninety-fifth year at the home of his daughter in Drakeville.

B. F. Updike, a very good man, kindly disposed toward all men, and who, if a good life counts in the Beyond, expressing the materialistic theory as to such, certainly is in high favor there. He also came from Malta, Ohio. It is hardly to be resisted that there was something of a romance involved in this coming; he followed so soon, in 1852, the Pagett family, whom he must have known at Malta, and early in 1853 he married Mary. They lived many years in a log house just east and near the Pagett home when he then cleared out a farm immediately south of Drakeville, where, after seventy years, his life closed.

Charles Clarke, a brother of John Clarke, came from Indiana in 1854. His farm joined that of his brother on the east. He was a Mexican War veteran, and was in the Vicksburg campaign in the War of the Rebellion with the rank of captain.

William Van Benthusem was from Indiana and came to the farm adjoining Pagetts, I think, in 1853. He was an exceedingly strong man physically, tremendously energetic and resolute, abounded in good humor, kind and affectionate, intolerant of wrong, despising injustice. In defense of the moral forces and

the right things of life he was no mean antagonist. He was intensely patriotic. In later years during the war no one who knew him can ever forget how kindly affectionate and helpful he was to "the boys" in the army and how great his anxiety for them and for the Union cause. What a shadow fell upon his life and Aunt Fannie's—they were the writer's uncle and aunt—when two of their stalwart sons at close to the same time died of sickness in the army, and also a little son at home! Then after a few more years two grown daughters, while visiting a sister in Illinois, were drowned while boating. Tragedy upon tragedy! With what unevenness do the hardships and griefs of life sometimes seem to be dispensed! * * * Afterward, Uncle Will, moving to Bloomfield, served as county auditor and eventually died there after a long and most worthy life.

Another most worthy and influential citizen of the Drakeville community whose farm joined Van Benthusen's was Horatio A. Wonn. He came from Zanesville, Ohio, in 1853. Very soon after, he built a frame house out of native timber, as all houses at that time in that locality were, and for some years after. In this house he lived until his death in 1888. Mr. Wonn was distinguished by the fact that he was one of the agents of the John Brown Underground Railway, and his place was one of the stations on that mysterious road. Negroes escaping north to freedom were sheltered and protected there and assisted on their way to the next station. Of course Wonn was then a Republican. But in reconstruction days he was greatly influenced by Horace Greeley and the *New York Tribune*, and, strange as it may appear, he was at last led to affiliation with the Democratic party. In that faith he was twice elected to the state Senate, serving in the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth general assemblies. He was a man well informed on public questions and as to public men in general and was entertaining in conversation. He was a sincere man of high character, greatly esteemed. He was a lover of fine stock and was a breeder of shorthorn cattle and, it is believed, held the first sale of pedigreed cattle ever held in the county, and was also the first exclusive breeder of Jersey cattle.

An early emigrant to the community whose home was established just two miles north of Drakeville was Alexander Breed-

ing. He came in the spring of 1848 from Shelby County, Indiana. His son Silas came at the same time and made his home two and a half miles northeast of town. These were very worthy families and for many years dwelt in the community, a credit to it. But none remain there now. This seems strange when one reflects that in these two families there were twenty-four children. Only two, one of each family, now survive and in counties distant from Davis. This serves to call to mind that there were many large families in those days. The writer readily calls to mind six of ten children or more, and six others of six to eight each, in the Drakeville community. Only once in many hundred are there families so numerous any more. Like many things of pioneer days, their representatives appear no more.

There were two excellent families of Elliotts, George and John, who came early from Pennsylvania. John established himself in a long, low, log house a mile and a quarter northeast of Drakeville. George's home was a mile north of town. He started the first nursery in Davis County and he or his son Frank, in partnership with John Clarke, bought and used in the community the first cornplanter, a crude looking affair. Here it may be said that Henry Taylor owned the first mowing machine, called the Russell Screw Power, and John Lockman the first reaper, the "McCormick Self Raker," and Elliotts (George) had the first cane mill and made the first sorghum molasses.

Here one is reminded of a tragedy. Willis Morgan and his family came some time before the war to Drakeville from Indiana. He was a blacksmith. The track of the Rock Island Railroad in the west part of town runs over the spot where his house stood. The Morgan family was a most estimable one. One of the girls, I think the oldest one, married John Elliott, one time clerk of the District Court of Appanoose County, and her son is the present clerk. Many years ago, in the nighttime, their home was destroyed by fire and Willis Morgan and his wife lost their lives in the conflagration.

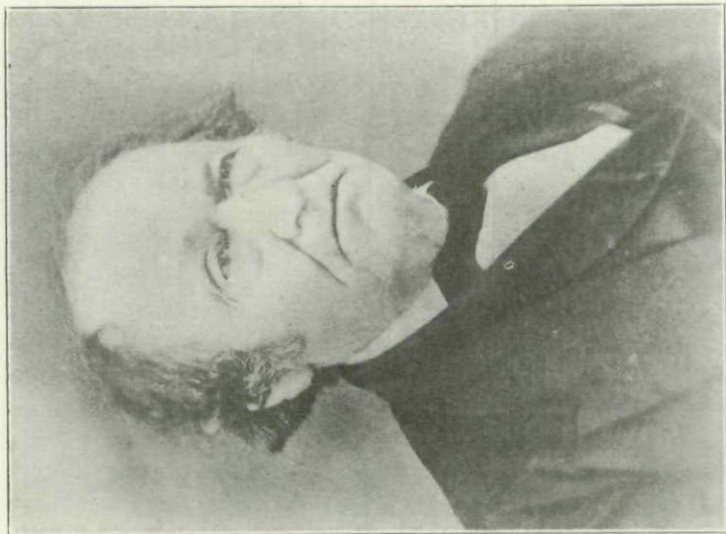
John P. Gaston came to Drakeville from Morgan County, Ohio, in 1856 and no one having continued the "tavern" business he opened up an undertaking establishment in the erstwhile "Routh House" and administered the burial rites for the departed in that community for fifty-four years, or until his death in 1910,

a remarkable record. All caskets, or coffins they were called, were for many years made by him out of native walnut lumber. Mr. Gaston never looked like he had a very firm hold on life for himself, being very tall and very slender, yet he lived to be seventy-nine years of age. He was a quiet man and a good citizen. His widow still lives in Drakesville at the age of eighty-six years.

The family of Thomas Lockman very early arrived in the Drakeville community, coming from Hendrix County, Indiana, in the fall of 1847. Mr. Lockman purchased and settled upon a claim adjoining the town site of Drakeville on the west. The family consisted of one son, John B., and six sisters. Of this family one still survives, the youngest one, Mrs. Joseph Higbee of Bloomfield. John B. married Nancy M. Drake, thus becoming allied with the Drake family, and for years was engaged in farming and stock business and later a general mercantile business also in the town under the firm name of Drake & Lockman. This business in all of its features was successful and for many years the name of Lockman filled a large place in the community to the great credit of the name and to the general helpfulness of the community. Thomas Lockman died at Drakeville in 1862, and John B. in 1896, but for very many more years the name and the large farm immediately adjoining will be inseparably connected with earliest days in Drakeville.

In about 1852 or 1853 the little state of Rhode Island made a contribution to Drakeville in the persons of the Sayles and Nightingale families. The New England states made no other contribution to Drakeville pioneer life so far as I am able to recall. Indeed, I doubt whether the community has ever at any time had a single other Yankee representative. Yet my knowledge of the last fifty years is not nearly so accurate as my memory of more than sixty years ago. These representatives were of the true, genuine, Yankee type. There were in all six I know, and I think seven of the Sayles children, and down to the last one and the last day the speech of each one of them, like Peter's, betrayed them. It was distinctly New England. Nightingale was a son-in-law of Sayles and before coming to the far inland country had been a sailor on the stormy Atlantic.

How strangely and how quickly were our western communities



JOHN ADAMS DRAKE
Father of Governor Francis Marion Drake.



HARRIET JANE O'NEAL DRAKE
Mother of Governor Francis Marion Drake.

sometimes made up. In these recollections not a larger space than three by five miles is included, nor any time later than 1857, except in extending over facts, because it was found impractical, yet into this small space came representatives of six states. These were the very familiar names of the community. These never went on or went back. They stayed and made the life of the Drakeville people. I do not recall but one who ever went back. Ben Chambers, from Indiana, who lived in the Lester neighborhood, after a few years, returned.

The family that did the most in the way of developing the community under consideration, the most forward moving and enterprising of all, the one that contributed most to the common good not only of that day, but also of the future, the one that really gave Drakeville a permanent name and place in the history of the state, was the Drake. They were capable people. They could and did do things. Withal they were most estimable people. They were distinguished by high character, right purposes. The town by any other name would have won its place because of them alone.

John Adams Drake and Harriet Jane Oneal, the founders of this family, and of the town of Drakeville (the name of the town is Drakeville, not Drakesville) were originally from the South. Both were born in North Carolina and were married there in 1827. They moved to Tennessee, then to Illinois, then to Fort Madison, Iowa, then to where is now the town of Drakeville, in 1846. The town was platted February 12, 1847, on Drake's land. He engaged in merchandising, superintended farming, and established a mill for manufacturing flour and meal and sawing lumber. After some years it was destroyed by fire. His business ventures were prosperous, some of them engaged in after some years, under the name of Drake & Sons. In after years they extended them to other places. He established the first bank in Drakeville. He served the county as its representative in the Fourth Genral Assembly. The business ability and character of the sons is discoverable in their careers as bankers and merchants in Drakeville, Unionville, Centerville, and Albia, in the brilliant military career of Francis Marion in the War of the Rebellion, in his railroad building career, in his generosity in the matter of assisting in establishing and developing Drake University, and his gen-

eral charitable, helpful life, and in his political career as governor of Iowa.

General Drake was sixteen years old when the family came to Drakeville. It was there that the substantial foundations of his life, directed through his young manhood by the forceful personalities of his father and mother, were laid, and which enabled him to become, measured by things done, far and away the first of all of the men who have ever lived in that community. It was the Drake family, as such, its men and its women, that made the locality known away from home. This is not to say that all the people mentioned herein did not contribute largely to the wholesome, high-minded life that has ever distinguished the community. They did. Only now and then in far distant and widely separated places can one of their descendants be found. They are gone, all gone. The writer has seen them pass and knows that they handed on a community possessing all the best American characteristics, traditions, and ideals. Nor will he allow it to be said that the men of that day contributed one whit more to such result than did the women who have not been specifically mentioned. They did not. The brunt of the world, its greater hardships, its great trials of wearing endurance, its greatest responsibilities are borne by the women, and much more especially so in the early or pioneer days. The immortalities of that time belong to the Aunt Janes, the Aunt Rhodas, the Aunt Harriets, the Aunt Margarets, the Aunt Fannies, and Aunt Marys and many others.

It was not my purpose, after I saw the length to which these reminiscences were going to reach, to get at all into the Civil War period, but as I close I have just now written down the names of all those I can at once recall who, from the first to the last, enlisted in the army from the little space covered by the community considered. The names are forty. I saw them drill. I saw them go away. Some of them sleep at Pea Ridge, some at Donelson, some at Shiloh, some at Vicksburg, some at Atlanta, some at other fields, some by the wayside on long marches, others here, others there. They made the community glorious forever.

May the Drakeville Community of the long future ever be a credit to the men and women of the early days!

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