

# Roots & Branches

Published by  
**Logan County Genealogical & Historical Society**  
114 North Chicago Street  
Lincoln, Illinois 62656  
Ph. (217) 732-3200  
Hours are Tues., Thur., Fri. 11 am – 3 pm  
2<sup>nd</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup> Sat. 10 am-1 pm



Web Pages: <http://www.logancoil-genhist.org> & <http://www.rootsweb.com/~illcghs>

E-mail address [logancoil1839@gmail.com](mailto:logancoil1839@gmail.com) Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/LoganCountyIllinois>

YouTube: <https://www.youtube.com/@logancoil1839>

**Summer 2024: July, August, September**

**Meeting Schedule:** All program meetings are at 6:30 pm on the third Monday of each month. The speakers are first on the agenda. We look forward to seeing you. Please call, Vice-President and Program Chairperson, with suggestions for programs at 217-732-3200.

**July 15: Bill Gossett:** 100 years of Lincoln/Logan History

**Aug. 19: TBA**

**Sep. 15: TBA**

## Call for Article Submissions

Members and readers who have a genealogical or historical story related to Logan County to tell can do so through the Roots & Branches. Stories can be submitted in writing or by email. These stories will provide a variety. **Bill Donath**, Editor

## Officers for 2024-2025

President:	<b>Bill Donath</b>	Corresponding Secretary:	<b>JoAnne Marlin</b>
Vice President:	<b>Diane Osborn</b>	Board Member:	<b>Tom Larson</b>
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## Holiday Closings

The Logan County Genealogical & Historical Society research center will be closed for the following holidays: **New Year's Day, Good Friday, Memorial Day, 4<sup>th</sup> of July, Labor Day,**

**Veteran's Day, Thanksgiving** and the day after, **Christmas Eve Day, and Christmas Day.** In the event any of the holidays falls on a Friday, the center will also be closed the following Saturday.

## LCGHS Presence on Youtube - Updated.

LCGHS has the following videos on Youtube. The videos are listed in the order in which they were posted. Youtube seems to present them in random order. Sometimes the sequence is important. Some videos are informative, some are instructional, and some are just fun. If you are reading this on a computer, just click on the link. Future R&B's will have a short update on the videos posted since the previous R&B. Click here to go there.

<https://www.youtube.com/@logancoil1839>

Civil War Stories # 9 Move Farther South

<https://youtu.be/Cb2mshp-dxQ>

Edward's Trace – Program

<https://youtu.be/zDnsxkfCaQU>

Civil War Stories # 10 In Missouri

<https://youtu.be/N7R5beB7NWA>

Civil War Stories # 11 4<sup>th</sup> Cavalry Local

<https://youtu.be/PUELeK6eJ4>

Civil War Stories # 12 7<sup>th</sup> Infantry in KY &

[https://youtu.be/83iu7x\\_0P2M](https://youtu.be/83iu7x_0P2M)

Lincoln Public Library 150<sup>th</sup> Anniversary

[https://youtu.be/hkMkX5R2\\_rQ](https://youtu.be/hkMkX5R2_rQ)

Lincoln Developmental Center Part 1 – Prog.

<https://youtu.be/fhsKGW6vtiA>

Lincoln Developmental Center Part 2 - Prog.

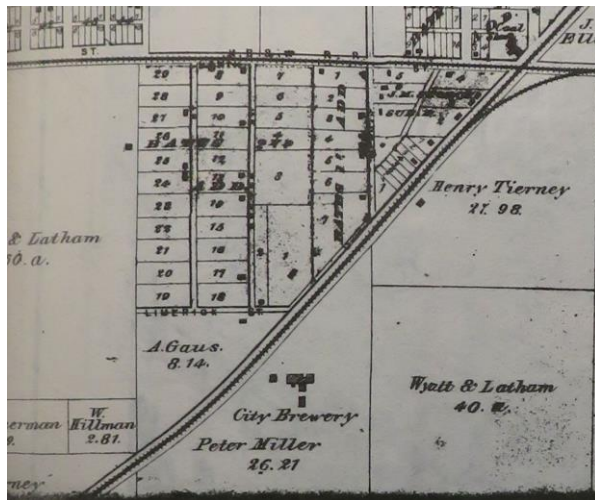
<https://youtu.be/sZCgGDFBD7Y>

Early African-American Citizens of Logan

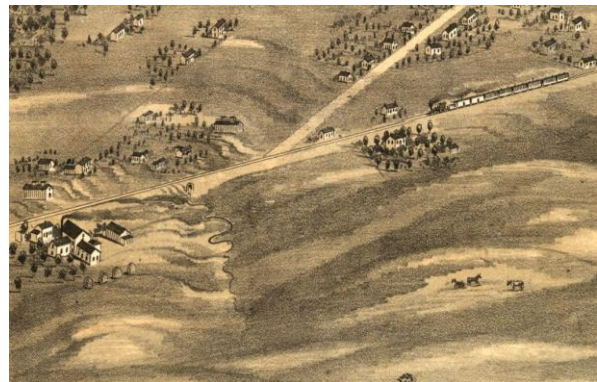
County <https://youtu.be/s68bqZ9liQo>

## Update for Limerick Location

Society member, **Matt Madigan**, responded to the article about the Location of Limerick and led the editor to an 1873 Plat Map of Lincoln which showed the location of the brewery and Limerick Street in the South part of Lincoln. Here is the map.



1873



1869

We can see in a comparison of the Bird's Eye View (1869) that the building with the smoking chimney is the brewery. Limerick street does not exist in the 1869 view. In the Plat map we see Limerick street connecting the railroad to what would become State street. Thank you, Matt, for helping us solve that mystery. The site of the brewery would become the business site I remember as Art Neintzel's auto repair shop.

**Lincoln Public Library  
One Hundred Fiftieth Anniversary**

**Lincoln's New Carnegie Library  
Formal Transfer to City**

Lincoln Herald, Lincoln, IL, May 7, 1903

**Appropriate Dedicatory Exercises Held at  
First Cumberland Presbyterian Church.**

"The keys to the new Carnegie library were turned over to the city of Lincoln by **Hon. S. A. Foley**, president of the library board, Wednesday evening, and on behalf of the city, were received by **Mayor J. Ed. Miller**.

"That the people of Lincoln are proud of their new library building, that they are grateful to the generosity of **Andrew Carnegie** and appreciative of the noble and tireless, yet successful efforts of **Hon. S. A. Foley** in securing such a magnificent institution for their city; that they are indebted for their assistance in the movement, was evidenced Wednesday evening by the large audience that gathered at the First Cumberland Presbyterian church to attend the dedicatory exercises and witness the formal transfer of the institution into the hands of the city government.

"The program rendered was one appropriate for such an occasion and was given close attention throughout.

"The first number on the program for the evening was a musical selection, very cleverly executed by **Prof. A. S. Thompson**.

"Invocation was delivered by **Rev. T. B. McAmis**, pastor of the First C. P. church, after which followed a scriptural reading by **Rev. A. P. Storer** of the M. E. church.

"The audience then joined in singing a hymn, a choir composed of singers from several churches, taking the leading part.

**Andrew Carnegie Aid.**

**New Light on How His Assistance Was  
Secured.**

"The introductory address by **Hon. S. A. Foley** was given the strictest attention. It was a presentation of new facts, stating by what means **Andrew Carnegie** was interested; how the library was secured, and it also included a brief description of the building.

"His address in full follows:

"Reverend Sirs, Ladies and Gentlemen: After the transfer of the 'free public library' to the city of Lincoln, its growth was steady, and in five years we had grown so rapidly that all the space in the room assigned to us in the city building was taken up, and we were obliged to store many volumes in other rooms of the city building. It was apparent to all of us that the new library building was almost a necessity.

"This was our condition in February, 1901, when I decided to present an application for a gift to Mr. **Andrew Carnegie**.

"Being, detained at home. I prepared all the papers which, in my opinion, were absolutely necessary in order to insure the gift. I then sent for **Mayor Jones** and went over the ground with him, and asked him to call a special meeting of the city council, that I might present the subject, and secure the passage of resolutions and ordinances appropriating the money for the support and maintenance of a free public library in the event of a gift being made to the city.

"The special meeting was called and I appeared before the city council and explained my plan and the city council promptly passed the resolutions and ordinances, this making a

record from which Mr. Carnegie could see just what the city council had done.

“At this meeting I proposed to send Mayor Jones to New York, and assumed and paid all the expenses, so that if we failed, the city would not be a loser.

“The city council gave my plans unanimous approval, and it was agreed that we should ask for \$25,000. I prevailed upon **Mayor Jones**, as the official representative of the city, to carry our record and application to New York.

“The mayor was accorded an unusual honor, for he was received by Mr. Carnegie in person, and had the privilege of presenting our application to him.

“The answer came quickly, for within a day or two after his return, Mayor Jones received the letter announcing the gift of \$25,000.

“When the gift was reported to the city council and with it the resolution under which the Carnegie Library Building commission was appointed.

“In the application to Mr. Carnegie, was presented that portion of the will of Isabel Nash, in which she gave the city two lots to be used for a library building.

“But we soon discovered that it was not enough ground, and this led to the purchase of the **George W. Reed** property, thus giving us a site 160 feet front by 150 feet deep.

“I mention all the facts, that you may see how all that we have done grew up around that gift of **Isabel Nash** – she, who gave all she had in this world for the library.

“Today, every one of you shares in that gift, and her unselfish generosity ought to be lovingly remembered, and I hope some memorial may soon be placed in the library, which shall suitably commemorate her noble acts.

“Thus, the gift of **Isabel Nash**, the gift of **Andrew Carnegie**, the purchase of the Reed property, the cordial cooperation of the city

council, make it possible for us to have what I believe to be the best library in the state.

“Nearly eight months’ time was devoted to the study of plans, and after much deliberation, the commission chose the classic design.

“The chief aim was to secure a building adopted to needs; one in which the library could grow; one that would stand as an object lesson for beauty, harmony and permanence within and without; one that insured the greatest economy in administration; one that would command the just pride of every man, woman and child in the city.

“We have earnestly sought these results. We owe much to **Miss Webster** for her careful assistance in the details about library administration, and to **William A Corwine** for his faithful services as superintendent of construction. And I cannot pass without commending the general contractor, and particularly Mr. **John Woodstrum**, president of the company. He has been fair and just in all his dealings with us.

“When we read in the public press of the disgraceful quarrels over the location of libraries in other cities it is with a feeling of satisfaction that I can assure you our proceedings have been a unit and with the best of good feeling.

“In this connection I am glad to assure you that each time, when I asked for money on account from Mr. Carnegie’s gift that I have received drafts from the Home Trust company of Hoboken, N. J., within four days. I asked to have the money sent to the city, but it has all been sent to me personally, and I have had the pleasure of being trusted with all of it.

“I hope I may be pardoned if I say a few words about the library building. Outside we have three colors, the stone, the yellow brick, and the red tile roof. In these colors we have harmony, and as age darkens the material the harmony will be maintained.

“The brick used are described as yellow, mottled, Roman, pressed brick. A Roman

brick is twelve inches long and one and one-half inches thick.

"It is mottled in the clay, which in burning, pits the surface of the brick. It is so placed in the kiln that in burning one edge is light and the other dark. In laying these brick the wall, one light edge is laid out, and the next brick with a dark edge; and, as a result, we have a wall of uneven color, and that is called flashed brick laying.

"Before being placed in the wall the brick are gauged, so that each course is laid in brick of uniform thickness; thus giving even joints. Care was given to the joints to produce a concave joint with a glazed surface. If a drop of moisture falls on the joint it has no chance to lodge – and most important – such work is less affected by freezing and thawing.

"I have been asked why buff or gray were not used. My answer is that I could have put in the wall a light brick costing \$20 per thousand while the brick used cost over \$35 per thousand. I had serious doubt if a light wall would darken uniformly with the stone and red roof. When you visit the library, look up and down the wall, and if you will drop a line from a joint under the cornice, it will strike every joint down to the water table.

"That is skillful work and is true of only one other building in the city. Such work helps to insure the harmony of the whole structure. I have been told that the roof is low. My answer is that the roof is in harmony with the style of architecture. If the design chosen had been Romanesque, then it would have been proper to elevate the roof – it all turns on the style of the architecture. So far, the library roof has not leaked one drop; we have no damaged walls.

"I have been told that the building is low: and my answer is that nearly all libraries are low buildings; some have a second story and a modified basement; but we have a full basement ten feet in the clear, and you will say, when you see it that it is a beautiful room. There is not a pound of tin in the building;

there is no galvanized Iron; instead, we used only the best copper. There is more than three carloads of steel and iron used in its construction. There is more than three carloads, of oak used in inside finish, and I doubt very much if another building like it will ever be erected in Lincoln.

"I spoke of a building in which we could grow. At present we have over 10,000 volumes in the library and only seven steel stacks. Every book we have could be carried on these stacks. Behind the stacks seven more stacks can be placed, and that will provide for over 20,000 volumes. When the are full the present ceiling in the stack room can be taken out and as many more stacks placed on top of these, so as to make a two-story stack room, and thus carry over 40,000 volumes.

"The juveniles are to be kept separate so that the young people will have their books in their own department. The reference books will be kept separate and the library, when we have grown to it, is built so that we can take care of 50,000 volumes. We have built not alone for today, but for the next seventy-five years.

"Inside the library will speak for itself, plain, substantial, permanent. It is simple, full of strength and harmony, and it will endure for generations to come. Tomorrow night I hope everyone will come and see it.

"The building, as it stands, is a free gift to the city, in trust for every one of you. It stands as a monument for the generosity of **Andrew Carnegie**, the greatest philanthropist of any age. It stands as a pledge of our interest in the advancement of learning and the spread of knowledge. It is free to the people, and every one of you have equal rights within its walls.

"But, I like best to think of it as the children's palace, where the most good and the greatest help is in store for each one of them. Let us teach them how to use it; how to take care of it, and how to govern it.

"It seems most fit that the support and maintenance of this 'free public library'

should be entrusted to the city, and lovingly dedicated, free to the people for all good and noble uses.

“At the conclusion of this address, Mr. Foley turned over the keys of the library to **Mayor Miller**.

“**Mr. Miller**, in a brief but fitting speech of acceptance said in part:

“In receiving these keys, I accept them, not as keys to a common building, but as keys to an institution of learning...(missing sentences)...years later to the Dehner block. After two decades, its fortunes were indeed at a low ebb, although its usefulness had not been depreciated and its friends continued unwavering in their faith that its future was inseparably bound up with the growth and progress of Lincoln. No year has passed without the accession of new books; no debts had been contracted, and regular business meetings had been held. Looking backward from the present happy and prosperous standpoint, the waning fortunes of ten years ago seem not to have decayed, but in process of development toward the wider and more enduring usefulness of the free public library. An association owned by individuals, it was not available to the class of people which most needed its benefits; without endowment, it had not permanent foundation. The free public library idea was just beginning to command popular attention and approval; the public schools of Lincoln just beginning to recognize a free public library as an indispensable auxiliary to their work; and by a fortunate coincidence under **Mayor Turnbolt** and his council, our city enjoyed a liberal and progressive administration. Therefore, in April 1895, when the association tendered its property, consisting of about 3,000 volumes, to the city, the gift was immediately accepted, provided for by a room in the city hall about to be erected, and by an appropriation of \$500.

“It’s fortunes now seemed established, but a new impetus was received in 1897, when on the death of Miss **Isabel Nash**, it was made

known that she had bequeathed the site of her little cottage home, the sum total of her earthly possessions, to the city of Lincoln for library purposes. This bequest was one of unusual significance, not only because it was the first ever received by Lincoln, but also as an affecting evidence of the intense devotion of our former librarian to the future interests of the public library. Here, indeed, was laid the foundation stone of our beautiful building by hands small and fragile, but in a spirit of prophetic faith, which is so happily justified today. Largely from this gift has come a rich endowment to every citizen of Lincoln in perpetuity. That her zeal and enthusiasm, her mental and spiritual strength, her grasp on all the joys of friendship and nature and art; her indomitable defiance of physical weakness; her courageous endurance of solicitude and sorrow; that these qualities of **Isabel Nash** may dwell within our library walls. Would be to invoke life’s richest benediction on all who cross its portals.

“In the year 1899, by the will of **Mrs. Louis Scully**, made in 1891 the library received the sum of \$2000, the interest of which was to be used for the purchase of books. In 1901 the liberal and far-sighted policy of our city council under **Mayor W. O. Jones**, secured the gift of \$25,000 from Mr. Carnegie for the erection of the building which we dedicate today. Mr. Carnegie’s gifts are in themselves his most eloquent eulogy, and words of praise cannot add to his fame. Our best wishes follow him that the happiness of his own life may be commensurate that which his use of great wealth brings to his fellowmen, and to the gratitude which is freely accorded to him the wide world over.

“A history of our library would be incomplete without mention of the services of Judge Foley, who, for twenty-nine years has given freely of money, time and personal supervision in its interests. As a slight token of acknowledgement, the **Carnegie Library Building** commission and the library board

have united in inscribing his name beside that of Mr. Carnegie on the walls of the building.

"Equally as valuable in another field has been the work of Miss **Ida Webster**, our librarian since 1894. Beginning at the darkest hour she has been untiring, helpful, enthusiastic. Originally with no professional training, she has mastered the new science of library work and put it into operation by classification and cataloging, and has accomplished what would have been postponed several years ago but for her perseverance and ambition.

"The many old friends of the library turn from those retrospections in confident expectation of a future of ever widening usefulness, and the hope that every possibility of our beautiful new home may be realized.

"After the rendition of a song by a quartet composed of **Professor and Mrs. Thompson**, **Miss Cameron** and **Charles Record**, benediction was announced by **Rev. Dr. Kaye** of the First Presbyterian church.

### **LIBRARY BUILDING**

"Description of the Structure Dedicated to the People.

"So familiar is the new Carnegie library to the residents of Lincoln and vicinity, that a lengthy description of the building is unnecessary and the following few, brief items of interest will be found sufficient.

"To begin, the building itself cost an even \$30,000. This amount was provided by the gift of \$25,000 by **Andrew Carnegie** and an additional \$5,000 through the generosity of **Stephen A. Foley**. The grounds are worth \$6,000. The west half was the gift of the late Isabel Nash, who gave all she possessed at the time of her death for the advancement of the public library. The east half of the ground was purchased and paid for from the purses of the big-hearted citizens of Lincoln.

"The building stands midway in the quarter block facing Pekin street and Latham park. On the west the grounds join those of the

Christian church, while the eastern boundary is on McLean street. Durably constructed of yellow mottled Roman brick, its massive walls trimmed and ornamented with stone, and the whole surmounted by a heavy roof of light red tiling, the new Carnegie library building stands not alone as a beauty spot in the heart of a beautiful little city, but also as a monument to the generosity of those responsible for its making.

"As one approaches up the broad stone steps, he pauses for a moment on the little portico, supported by the massive stone columns. The heavy-swinging doors of oak and cut glass allow one to step inside the vestibule, where smaller and lighter doors furnish entrance inside and immediately opposite the book delivery station. The floor is covered with cork matting and there is no clatter of heels or noise from shuffling feet.

"One approaches the delivery counter. Above it in a pretty panel is emblazoned these words:

Erected through the generosity of **Andrew Carnegie** and **Stephen A. Foley**.

"Back of the counter are the book racks, which contain nearly 15,000 volumes with additional space for many thousand more. Above the place containing the racks there has been constructed a false ceiling, which may easily be torn away, and the racks extended through the floor above. This provides suitable room for books for years to come.

"To the right of the delivery counter is one of the reading rooms. Large oak tables and the chairs, furnish an inviting place for one to sit and read. During the day sufficient light is provided through the large windows. At night electric lamps, softened by green shade, will furnish the necessary improvements.

"Upon retracing one's steps to the delivery counter and passing to the east, one enters another reading room, larger than the first one entered. The arrangement and furnishings are alike, however.



“The woodwork on the first floor is of massive oak, giving the room an appearance of strength and durability. Above the wainscoting, the walls are covered with green, which has a restful effect upon the eyes. In the center of the room, immediately above the approach to the delivery counter, light is furnished by a light well, beautifully made of fine art glass.

“In the front part of the building on the second floor, there is a room for directors to hold meetings and for the transaction of such other business as may come up.

“In the basement are storage rooms, the heating plant with huge bins for coal and one large assembly room which may be used for purposes to be developed in the future.

“Such, in brief, is the description of the magnificent building, now open for the use of the reading people of Lincoln. Not alone an ornament to the people, but also a vital force in the education and uplifting of our citizens.

### THOSE IN CHARGE.

“**Miss Webster**, the Efficient Librarian, and Her assistants.

“The librarian in charge of the handsome new institution is **Miss Ida M. Webster**, who has been in charge of public library since its organization in 1895. That she is capable and competent in every way, there can be no doubt.

“Miss Webster has made libraries her life’s work and is thoroughly familiar with the arduous demands of her position.

“Associated with Miss Webster are two assistants, Misses **Lulu M Hayes** and **Frances Switzer**. Both are clever and rapidly becoming skilled in their profession.

“It would indeed be difficult to find a trio better qualified to handle a public library such as Lincoln’s than the three ladies in charge.

### Locations of the library prior to the Carnegie Library.



1874-1879: 121 & 123 S. Kickapoo St.

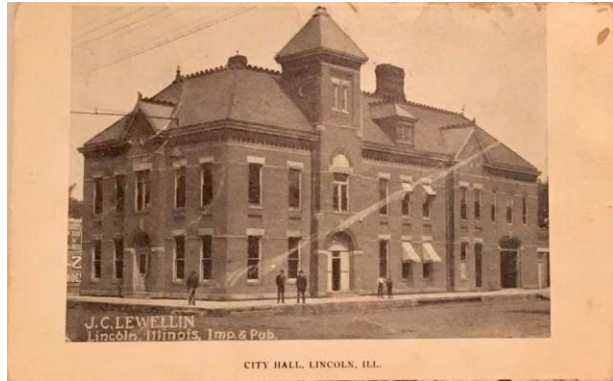


1879-1884: Universalist Church, 200 N. Kickapoo St.

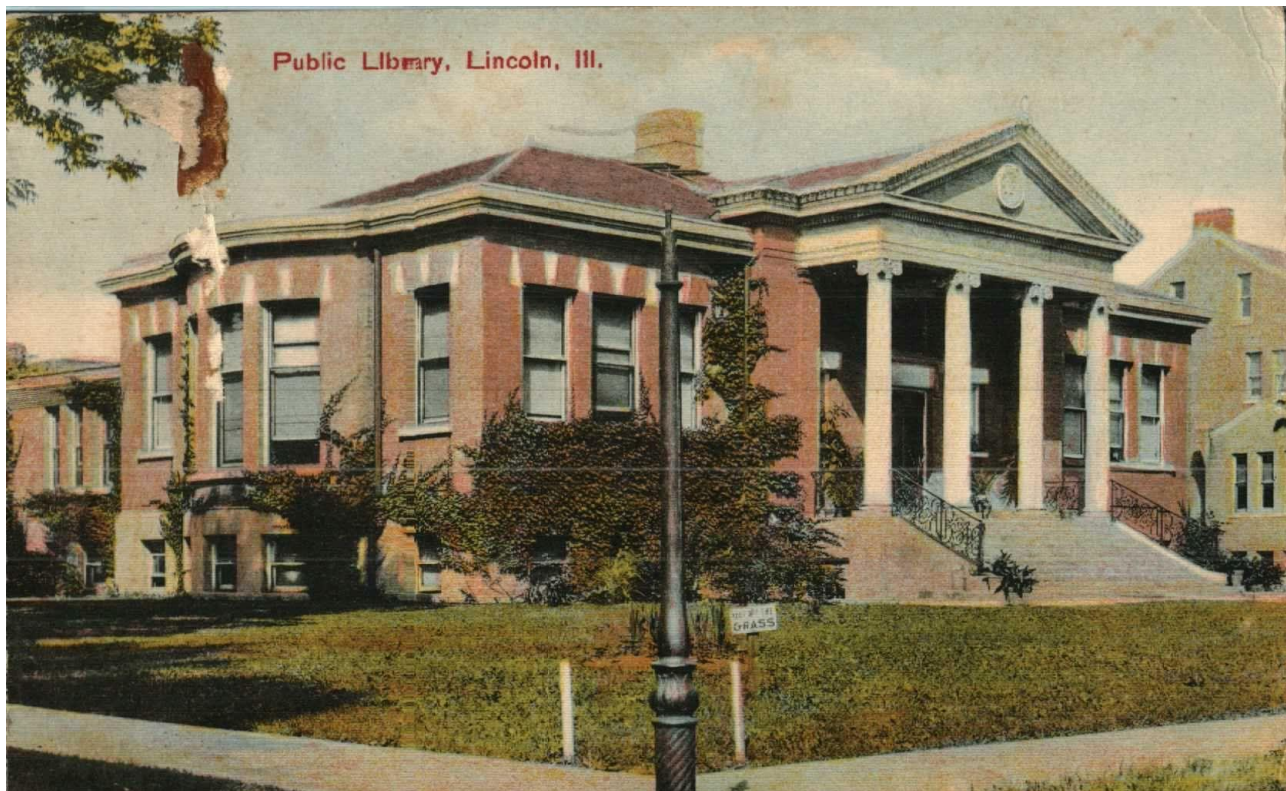




1884-1895: Dehner Block, 126 Broadway (Small canopy)



1895-1903: City Hall McLean St. entrance.



1903-Now: Carnegie Library Pekin & McLean

## Aaron Dyer – Underground Railroad “Freedom Train” Conductor – Buried in Logan County

Aaron lived in Springfield, Illinois in the 1840's and 1850's. He was listed in a Springfield City Directory as a drayman. A drayman was a teamster of the day. A dray is a wagon designed to haul larger and heavier loads. Aaron and his wife Harriett,

moved to Lincoln to be closer to family after the Civil War. Aaron is buried in Jones Addition of Union Cemetery. He has a headstone that has an inscription recognizing that he was a conductor. The stone has been cleaned in the recent past. In



2024, the Sangamon County Historical Society, was recognizing African-Americans of Sangamon County who were conductors on the Underground Railroad by placing a marker on their grave sites indicating such. Aaron now has two

markers that recognize his contribution to that dangerous activity. If caught by slave hunters it was likely he would have been killed by them. For a video on a recent program at LCGHS click on this link: <https://youtu.be/s68bqZ9liQo>



A typical dray of the Civil War period.

## Every Day and Sunday Too; Or, Grace Gains' Journal

Lincoln Herald, Lincoln, Illinois, Jan. 6, 1881, p2.

"From the lessons of the Past,  
Let us Learn to work to-day,  
Nor let its toils and Triumphs fade  
Like wreaths of mist away.

"**June 11<sup>th</sup>, 1858.** – I have spent this day alone. The family left home this morning to spend the day in town. I came up stairs, closed the shutters opened the windows, threw all the inside doors wide open, and so I have caught

every breeze that has swept this wide prairie all this hot June day.

"It has been delightful. How sweet to have a long day all to one's self. Alone in perfect freedom; to sleep, to wake, to read, to think, to plan, to rest, to pray.

"Alone, yet, not alone. The all-pervading Presence seems nearer, mor perceptible. I seem to lean my heart against the heart of the Great Father, whose loving voice long ago called to me.

“Wilt thou not, from this time, cry unto me, my Father, be thou the guide of my youth? Oh, God! my youth has flown, with all its light and shade, its hopes and fears, gone with the fleet-winged years, and on me rests the mantle of maturer womanhood; but not the less do I need to pray, ‘Father!’ guide me help me lead me all the way!”

This afternoon as I was looking in my trunk for a book, I came across a little box which had been unopened. I well knew what it contained, but as I remember how long it had been unopened, I almost wondered what I had kept it for. Then came an impulse to open and read the letters so long unseen. I knew if I did, it would revive dim and fading memories, and was I strong enough bear it? At last I decided I was. At least, no one would witness my weakness. A fancy struck me that I would feel more at home in the new place if I would commune awhile with those with whom I mingled in my early days, So I turned the key and emptied the box of its contents. At once I recognized the familiar handwriting of father, brother, sister, friend. No envelope to these letters, but in each case the last page was left blank that it might serve as a wrapper, and the postage stamped them as old letters, for five, ten and sometimes twenty-five cents was marked as postage. Sparing only time for the thought of this, I opened them and read for hours. Precious mementos! No longer do I wonder why I kept them. I seemed to glide back as in a dream to the days of long ago; till the rattling of the carriage wheels along the road, as the family returned, recalled me to a sense of the real and the present.

“I threw open the window blinds and the caught against the branch of a tree which sways against my window. I turned it aside and sat down as it seemed in a tree-top. How sweet! the fresh leaves framed my cheek; a bird’s nest was just a little beyond the reach of my hand. It was full of unfledged birdlings, and the mother bird fluttered down to them while I watched. Her mate sat upon the

topmost bough, trilling his evening song. Was this to lull their little ones to sleep? So it seemed to me as I watched the blinking eyes of the mother bird, till at last she tucked her head under her wing. Then I went down to see the **Mertons**. They were all tired, but had had a pleasant day. They are certainly a good and happy family. I have spent six weeks with them, and I feel that at last I am moored in a safe and happy home.

#### Old Letters.

“I’ve been alone the Sabbath,  
From morning till even-tide;  
But to-night I feel that the happy,  
And lovely around me glide.

Through brown old paper and pen-marks,  
Faded, and worn out by time,  
Which lie like dried flowers in winter,  
Saved from spring’s sunnier clime.

They bring me the fragrance of blossoms  
Which bloomed when life’s morning was fair,  
And home, like a garden was tended.  
By fondness and fatherly care.

Oh! Sweet as the gales from spice islands,  
Which float t the wand’rer at sea,  
Are the memories of home’s fond affections,  
Which flow down times vista to me.

How fond was they eye of my father.  
When our mother from earth passed away;  
How tender the love of my brother,  
And my sisters, how thoughtful were they!

How sweet were our songs, when together,  
We circled the hearth stone at night;  
How glad were our greeting when morning  
Awaked us to duty’s delight.

Oh! withered and strewn are the branches  
Of our fair, blooming, household tree;  
But sweet as the gales from spice Islands  
It’s memories come floating to me.

“**June 12<sup>th</sup>**. – This morning Jeannette took me to task about the lesson she heard the boys reciting yesterday. They said it took the light a long time to travel from the sun to the earth, and she was sure this could not be true, for this morning she was up before the sun, and, just as soon as the sun came up, ‘the light flashed everywhere. We were much amused by her argument; and I took pains to explain that the sun was a fixed star, and the earth moved us sometimes toward and sometimes away from the light. It seems she is almost too young to receive this truth, but, with childhood’s earnest faith, she tried to believe it, because teacher said so. Her words suggested other thoughts to me. I thought of the ‘Sun of Righteousness,’ always light, always shining, but how often are we insensible to His beams, only because we do not turn our hearts toward Him. And the effort she made to understand, and her willingness to believe without fully understanding, was a beautiful illustration of the text, ‘Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven.’ Already I love these children. I shall take comfort, yes, delight in teaching them. Little **Nell** does not come into the school room, but oh, she is so funny. Last evening her papa gave her a bright little paper balloon. Full of glee, she ran out into the yard, but a wild breeze dashed it against a rosebush and it was torn to pieces. She came into the house crying sadly, but her mother soon healed her sorrows by giving her another. Away she ran, happy as a bird, but alas! the string parted and her toy flew away on the wings of wind. There were no more to give her, and she was inconsolable till a bright thought struck her. ‘On mamma,’ she said, ‘It went up, up, up. It has gone to heaven, and when I get there I will have it again.’ To-night as we stood on the veranda, she was gazing earnestly at a star the glowed and twinkled through the rifts of dark clouds that had gathered with a threat of storms.

‘Who is that star winking at?’ she asked, and seemed to think of course I would know.

“I hear the long low roll of distant thunder. I look out into the night, but see only darkness, except now and the bright flash that blinds me, and drives me from my window. It will rain to-night.

“Morning. – From the upper windows of this house on the hill, there is one of the loveliest views in this part of the country. The house is a large two-story brick with a graceful veranda running along the front that faces south, a smooth lawn in front, ornamented with shrubs and evergreens; then the broad county road running east and west. Across this, the little white school house, and beyond lie the pastures, stretching far away over many many acres of beautiful rolling prairie, divided and subdivided by rows of low green hedges, which form an ornamental feature of the landscape. To the east the land rises still higher, and orchards and forest trees bound the view, but on the south and west, the prospect is bounded only by the distance, for these pastures of luxuriant grass, dotted all over with flocks of cattle and sheep, stretch away to where the ‘bottom lands’ are covered with fields of corn. Beyond, there is a line of timber which follows the creek, winding in and out like a broad ribbon of green among yellow fields. But we are so high there that we can see right over the tree-tops of the high rolling prairie beyond, with its white farm houses gleaming through islands of foliage; and off to the southwest is the city of L-----, with its tall spires reflecting the sunlight; and on the north side of the city, stands the college, new and alone, rising like a tower from the earth. Above the city, hanging in midair, is a cloud of smoke which has risen from the morning fires of its thousand chimneys. From the west window we see in the nearer prospect beautiful homesteads dotting the knolls, surrounded by orchards and evergreens. Across the prairie from southwest to northeast, lies the railroad whose long and heavily laden

trains, sweep up and down many times a day; and at night the glaring head-light is visible many miles away and with its long trail of white steam looks like a comet blazing through the night. A little north of west, stretching over a long slope of ground, is 'the silent city of the dead' with its weeping willows and gleaming marble. There sleep the two sisters of Mrs. Merton, who died in the prime of youth and beauty. Beyond is the fair ground, which, with its fine carriage drives, its groves and fountains, presents the appearance of a city park. Farther on, is the village of Vernon, of which we catch a bird's-eye-view, including the glancing spires. Just north of the house, a beautiful grove sweeps up the hill and around to the orchards on the east.

**"June 28<sup>th</sup>.** – As I entered the school room this morning, I found a lovely vase of flowers

upon my table and the windows shaded by evergreen. At once I thought of Fred Merton. It was like him to do it; and as I turned and looked at him, his eyes fell and the blush that stole over his cheek told the tale. Fred is a dear boy, so bright and quick, so full of fun, and so kindly disposed. We never hear an angry word from his lips. It amuses me to see him slip up behind his mother's chair, and stoop to steal a kiss. His merry jokes are played on all the members of the household, and though they are sometimes a little trying no one cares. 'It is only Fred.' He is not fond of school; would just as soon stay home as go, but when once there, he soon gets interested. His lessons are learned in half the time it takes any other pupil to learn them. He delights in arithmetic, and philosophy excites his curiosity with deepest interest."

## Gypsies

Lincoln Herald, Lincoln, Ill., September 09, 1880, p5.

"A child was born to one of the Gypsies of the gang camping near this city recently and the physician who presided over the important event made the following facetious return: 'Race or color, Gypsy race, color indescribable. Date and place of birth, Aug \_\_\_\_, in a tent under a tree in the valley of Salt Creek, in Broadwell township. Nationality, place of birth, and age of each parent, mother – Gypsy – born in Ky., age 18, (red-headed - a

cross;'" father – Gypsy – born in Ind., age 24. Mother's residence, in a wagon or tent – no particular locality – changes when chickens become scarce ..... Father's occupation, a Gypsy wanderer – horse trader – assists his wife in fortune telling. Dr. Blank Blank, medical attendant, assisted by a Gypsy woman, a big dog, one rooster two hens. – Returned by B. Blank, M. D. , (the dog and chickens can't write.)"

## Forgot Several Things

Lincoln Herald, Lincoln, Illinois, Jan. 01, 1880, p2.

**"Eddie Miller**, with his new wife started for Hartsburg on Christmas to eat turkey at his father's table, but Eddie was strangely forgetful. He had forgotten to have his horses shod and had forgotten that he had a creek to cross, with no bridge. At the creek his trouble began. He took his wife from the wagon and dragged her across; she then ran to a neighboring house to warm, while he took his horses across in the same way, one by one,

also dragging his wagon over by pieces. When all were over, Eddie forgot that he was a married man and sped away to his father's, leaving his wife behind. She followed, keeping in sight, but had not the end-gate of his wagon fallen out, she would have walked the remainder of the way. Eddie says he was so 'consarned hungry' that he couldn't think of anything." J. H.

## Hector

Lincoln Herald, Lincoln, Ill., July 01, 1880

“**H. F. Loshbaugh** has a famous hunter named ‘Hector’ that, among other freaks of smartness, accomplished a feat that places him ahead of all his fellow dogs, hereabouts. He treed a stray squirrel on a straight soft maple growing close up to the Methodist church,

which he succeeded in climbing and followed the squirrel to the roof of the church where the squirrel took the lead and escaped by a jump, the dog still in pursuit, leaping headlong from the church, a distance of 20 feet. He deserved the game for the effort made.”

## The Rubicon

Lincoln Herald, Lincoln, Ill., September 09, 1880, p7.

“At the regular meeting of the city council last Monday night, claims were allowed to amount of \$870.02. Reports of the city officers were made and approved. The street commission was instructed to drain the alley between Hutters’ shop and Harry & Sons’ grocery. An ordinance was passed providing

for the construction of about four hundred feet of sewer on the Rubicon, beginning at the present terminus on the south line of Fourth street and running sixty feet beyond the south line of Third street. Bids are to be received for the work, at once.”

## Virginia

Lincoln Herald, Lincoln, Illinois, October 14, 1880, p5

“Richmond, Va., Oct. 2, 1880. – Editor of the Herald. – Allow me space in your valuable paper to say a few words about the beautiful city situated on seven hills, which is called the ‘City of Hills,’ and may be known to some as the hub of secession, or the modern ‘Hinnom,’ the stronghold of Democracy. ‘Libby Prison’ still remains to be seen and many other relics of the days when the flames of secession beclouded the Government, and the light of liberty was darkened by the shedding of blood.

“The laws are so stringent here that paupers find it to be an unhealthy climate. It is ‘a terror to evil doers,’ more specifically those that are the descendants of ‘Ham.’

“It has been said by the Northern Democrats that the negro is indolent and will not work. But sir, how can a man work when his is bound hand and foot? If they were let alone they would be a power in this great Republic of ours, and the ex-master well knows it and that is why he seeks his life

blood. If the negro of the South had half a show he would be in many respects equal to the ex-master, if not his superior. One of the peculiarities of the colored man South is to get him a home and a little ‘book learning,’ and then he can travel.

“There are over 2,000 colored children in the public schools here and over 3,000 whites. The colored children made such rapid progress that the school board lowered the grades of the colored high schools. Now, Mr. Editor, if the colored child is so much inferior to the Anglo Saxon of the South, why did these gentlemen lower the grades of the colored schools? Is it because they could not master their studies, or is it because they drink in knowledge too fast? I would like for some of my good Democratic friends to give me the reason. They not only try to bar them out of school, but from every business capacity. If a white man employs a colored mechanic, his friends will tell him quickly that ‘he is no more than a nigger,’ and if one pretends to



defend a negro in a court, they will say, 'What, you take up for a d\_\_\_\_\_ nigger!'" This is the true state of the negro in the South. Then how can the colored voters of the North forget so soon the gigantic wrongs already perpetrated? Remember brethren, our lives are

in jeopardy. The Same spirit of '59 is predominant. The 'Funders' and 'Readjusters are doing all they can for Hancock and English. Let every colored man cast his vote for Garfield and Arthur."

### A Few Good Reasons.

Lincoln Herald, Lincoln, Illinois, November 25, 1880, p5.

"Mt. Pulaski, Ill., Nov. 18, 1880. – Ed. Herald: - As there is so much astonishment among my German and American friends of the Democratic party, about my being a Republican, I would, with your permission, give a few reasons why I became a Republican. I came to this country twenty-seven years ago the 6<sup>th</sup> of last May. I landed at New Orleans, and from there came up to this State, to the county of Logan, where I have since made my home. I had no politics whatever; was glad to find a new home, a land of liberty, a land of plenty of money, plenty to eat and to drink and to wear, and this is what I was after. I found a good many Germans here in Mt. Pulaski when I got here, and most all of them were Democrats and so I thought, because I am a German, a native of Wurtemberg, I must be a Democrat also. In 1856 I voted for the first time for a President, and this was that good old Democrat, **James Buchanan**. After I voted, I thought to myself, 'Now I have done it; I am a good Democrat now,' and so on; but soon I found that I had made a great mistake. The war broke out, and my country called for men to put down the rebellion, which that same Buchanan supported so effectually, and on the first day of August, 1862, I enlisted in that gallant regiment, the 106<sup>th</sup> Ills. Vol. I went with that regiment to the South – to help put down the rebellion? O not to help 'free the niggers, as we Democrats all called it.' Well, in fact, when I saw for myself how those poor people were treated, I thought they ought to have liberty – and they got it. This altered my opinions some in regard to Democracy. In the

summer of 1863, we went on a march from Sataria, Miss., down to Haynes Bluff, near Vicksburg, where I took sick; got so bad that they sent me to Memphis, from there to Camp Butler, and finally away up to Camp Douglas, near Chicago, where I helped in watching the rebel prisoners, and there it was that I finished my career as a Democrat. In the fall of 1864, the Democrats or 'Copperheads,' as some then called them, formed, what they called the Knights of the Golden Circle. They operated with the rebels in the South and their plan at one time was to free and arm the 15,000 rebel prisoners we had then at Camp Douglas, turn them loose on us, (two small regiments of invalids, and a small battery, and half of us were Democrats,) kill us poor devils all first, like dogs, and then go for the 'Linconites' in Chicago. But, thank God! They couldn't quite come that on us. We got wind of their game, and a short time before the appointed hour, the whole plan was out amongst the 'Yankees,' and as there was to be a large convention in Chicago the next day. The result was that we captured over 500 of these brother Democrats and piles of arms and ammunition, which were intended to be used in killing us. Hundreds in my regiment, the 15<sup>th</sup> V. R. C., and the 8<sup>th</sup> regiment talked the thing up and we came to the conclusion that if our brother Democrats did not think more of us than to so conspire against our very lives, we would try the Republican party awhile; and up to this present time I have found the Republican party as safe for me as if I lay in my mother's lap. Furthermore, I want to say, that I have watched the management of the Republican

party as close as a good many others, and I have found that under the circumstances, in running this great, good country of ours, they have done as well as, if not much better than the Democrats *could* have done. I, for my part, am not ashamed of this great party so long as we can bring forth such men as **Grant, Hayes, James A. Garfield**, and scores of others of the same kind. I admit that there are good men in the Democratic party, also, but they are kept out of power on account of being associated with so many bad ones. I can never

forget that night in Chicago in the fall of 1864, and therefore I remain a Republican as long as the 'stars and stripes,' wave over our glorious land of America. Now my Democratic friends, and Republicans too, for that matter, if I have made any bad remarks in my writing, you will be so kind to excuse me, because I am no scholar in the English language, I never went to school a minute to learn it and, aside from party differences, I love a good Democrat as much as a good Republican.

Yours respectfully, **John G. Arnold.**"

## Dredge Boiler to Surface

Lincoln Times-Herald, Sept. 25, 1913, p5

### Work Abandoned for Fear of Desembarking Hull and Machinery.

"Efforts to raise the steam dredge boat of the Lincoln Sand & Gravel company from the bottom of the gravel pit lake has so far proven unavailing. **W. C. Jones**, the manager, is still in Cleveland, and the work will not be resumed until his arrival next week. It may be necessary to let the contract for raising the boat and machinery to some outside company.

"The boiler was almost brought to the surface on one attempt but dropped back to its resting place at the bottom of the lake. A noose was let down and drawn taut around the boiler dome. The block and tackle pulled the boiler free from the hull. It was feared to continue the work as there was danger of pulling the water-soaked boat to pieces. It lies in forty feet of water."

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**Logan County Atlases** 1873, 1893, 1910; (not searchable)

**Dedication of the Civil War Soldier Statue** - 2011

### MISCELLANEOUS

**Logan County Courthouse 100<sup>th</sup> Anniversary**;  
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**Lincoln, IL, A Chronology 1953-2003**; \$5+\$3 S/H

**1917 Prairie Farmers Reliable Directory of Breeders & Farmers in Logan County**; 3 ring notebook & protective sleeves \$20+4 S/H or \$15 for soft cover

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Abraham Lincoln - Ashtray

Lincoln First Methodist Church-new building

Lincoln Sesquicentennial: 1818-1968

Logan Co. Fair - 50<sup>th</sup> Anniv.

Mt. Pulaski Methodist Church - 10in

Mt. Pulaski Stahl's Siltenial: 1836-1961

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