

held on December 24, 1836, and he attended that election.⁹ There is a strong tradition in the county, with outside corroboration, that he maintained a residence there from 1836 till 1842, first in a cabin on a land claim two miles west of Oregon, the county seat, and then in a brick house in the town.¹⁰ Ford and his family are listed as residing in Oregon Precinct in the 1840 Federal Census, but earlier residence or rural ownership of property cannot be documented, for public land sales had not yet been conducted in the area. Ford seems to have been close to the family of John Phelps, the founder of Oregon; it is said that he boarded with Phelps and later built his cabin on land claimed by Phelps; and he posted bond for Phelps' brother Benjamin when the latter was commissioned clerk of the Ogle County Circuit Court in 1837.¹¹ Both Phelps brothers, it might be added, were defendants in the lynching trial in 1841. Ford also was designated Ogle County Commissioners' agent for the sale of Oregon town lots in 1838 and again in 1840, and he was an active member of the board of trustees of Rock River Seminary at Mount Morris, helping to draft the charter for that institution in 1839 and serving at least until early 1841.¹²

Ford's residence in Ogle County was not continuous; he was a special municipal judge in Chicago from the summer of 1837 until February, 1839. And it is not clear how strong his domestic commitment was to Ogle County, given the itinerancy of his profession; John Francis Snyder found that all of Ford's children to be born between 1835 and 1841 were born at the home of his wife's parents in Brown County.¹³ Other evidence, however, indirectly from Ford's own mouth and directly from the Census and from John Wentworth, strongly suggests that he kept his family in Oregon at least while on court duty, after he returned to the Rock River Circuit (renumbered the Ninth) in early 1839.¹⁴ One thing seems reasonably certain; though Ford never legally owned property in Ogle County or Oregon, it was only there during his career as circuit attorney and judge, that the roof over his head could be said to be his own.

The Ogle County that Thomas Ford knew was an extra-legal society that existed on official sufferance and a considerable amount of unofficial local self-regulation. Though the county had been organized since 1836, most of the settlers, rural or in towns, lived on property to which they had no title, and they tended to be nervous in the Spring and Summer of 1841 about the impending public land sales at Dixon. Social bonds and definitions based on property-holding were tenuous at best. Claim-jumping was far from unknown, as were other forms of anti-social activity. Among Ford's new neighbors as the county filled up was a rather close-knit and arrogant outlaw group given particularly to horse-stealing and counterfeiting. Near the state's northern border as it was, and on the fringe of settlement where money was scarce, for Ogle County to be the seat of such activity is not surprising. Furthermore, available legal recourse against it was slight, for the desperadoes seem to have been able to make bail easily, to frighten witnesses, to pack or intimidate juries or simply elude capture altogether, even though their identity was rather well known.¹⁶ To provide some broadly-based local sanction for the protection of land claims and the maintenance of order in a situation so potentially turbulent, an active county-wide land claim association, the Oregon Claim Society, was founded as early as 1836 and reorganized in 1839. There is some reason to believe that the claim club was perceived as a foundation essentially of Yankee settlers in a classic sort of Hoosier-Yankee confrontation. Though its membership was far from identical to that of the later Regulator group, there is also reason to believe that the claim club was thought of as a bulwark against the organized activity of outlaws.¹⁷

It was first at the Spring Circuit Court term of 1841 that a large number of cases involving the Ogle County outlaws came to Thomas Ford's judicial attention. Indictments were brought by the county grand jury against eight men generally associated with the so-called "Prairie Pirates," for such offenses as larceny, forgery, counterfeiting, and the possession of counterfeiting tools. Five of those whose indictments were expected were already confined in the county jail, and it was doubtless to secure their escape that arsonists burned the new Ogle County court house at Oregon on March 21, immediately before the opening of court. The courtroom atmosphere was therefore abnormally charged from the outset; the unsuccessful escapees were to be

tried in circumstances where both outlaw partisans and patrols of the "most sedate and respected citizens" seem to have been ready for anything.¹⁸ Ford must have felt personally embattled, as his court met in temporary quarters.

Even the best-conceived judicial organization would be strained in times of such high tension, but unfortunately, important structural weaknesses beset the *ante-bellum* Illinois Circuit Court system which would process any trial of the accused desperadoes, and of which Judge Ford was the main representative in Ogle County. It can almost be said that a system designed to manage community conflicts instead had the potential to make them worse, in Northern Illinois. Some weaknesses were acknowledged at the time; it was notoriously easy, for instance, to get a change of venue, merely on a defendant's allegation of prejudice on the part of a judge or the citizens of a county. Since the state paid no witness fees, witnesses simply might not attend a reconvened trial whose site had been changed, in which case the prisoner could only be discharged.¹⁹ Jury provisions also invited abuse. County commissioners where a court was to meet were required to empanel a petit jury of only 24 men, from whose membership trial juries of 12 were to be selected by lot for each trial that came up. Each defendant had the privilege of ten peremptory challenges, or 20 in the case of capital offenses. If several persons were tried simultaneously for the same offense, as was to occur in the March term in Ogle County, they could easily reduce the previously selected panel by challenges, thus driving the sheriff to the next statutory expedient, that of rounding up talesmen among bystanders, for jury duty. How a well-managed group of defendants' sympathizers might exploit these provisions is obvious.²⁰

Such a group was present at the Oregon Court in March, and they saw to it that only three of the alleged outlaw indictees were tried and sentenced. Norton Royce, Franklin Dewey and Samuel Thatcher were accused of possessing counterfeiting tools. Their case was argued two days, March 30 and 31, and a verdict was reached and a sentence rendered the next day. The contempt of the outlaws for the proceeding is revealed in their effort to pack the trial jury; the defense made so many peremptory challenges that the judge successively ordered the sheriff to summon 24, five, ten, and again ten talesmen. That many prospective jurors were unwilling to serve can also be inferred from this. In any event the jury-packing was successful as an eyewitness and Ford himself agreed that a sympathizer to the defendants ultimately sat on the jury.²¹ After a defense motion to quash the indictment was rejected by Ford, a verdict of guilty *was* returned, but the sentence rendered, by the jury under existing statutes, was the minimum one of one year in the penitentiary. Undaunted by even this minor setback, the defense the next day, April 1, successively moved for a new trial and to arrest the judgment, both of which motions Ford overruled.²² Thereafter the defendants in three other related cases successfully petitioned for changes of venue, the law allowing no discretion in the matter.²³

Judge Ford's extreme exasperation with the defendants is revealed in his direction after the sentence that they serve two weeks each in solitary confinement in the penitentiary, and that the sheriff place a guard of three persons on each of the three miscreants during their journey to prison.²⁴ He is alleged to have also declared from the bench that if his family were molested or his property destroyed while he was away from Oregon on circuit after the Ogle County court session was concluded, he would assemble his friends and take summary vengeance.²⁵ The earliest documentation of these remarks is over three months after Ford is said to have made them, but they were alluded to often the following summer, and there is no evidence that he ever denied issuing such a threat.

The intransigence that the Ogle County outlaw element showed in the court house burning and the trial of Royce, Dewey and Thatcher, was more than matched by the determination of rapidly-growing citizens' group that began to take shape immediately thereafter. "Men there feel as if the law had been too weak to protect them in their rights and their property, and they are now determined that their county shall be rid of the desperadoes," wrote an observer shortly after the trial. If the law continued to prove weak, he wrote, echoing Ford's own alleged statement to the court, "the probability is, that the citizens will resort to the great and original law of self-

protection, the law of necessity, and execute it with their own hands.”²⁶ A neighboring editor added a warning: “We oppose the code of laws adopted by Judge Lynch, as being incompatible with the free spirit of our institutions and as unworthy of the countenance of a moral and religious people. *We hope this class of plunderers will escape such treatment.*”²⁷

Over the next two months the citizens’ group, or Regulators, validated these apprehensions by exacting summary punishment through intimidation and actual whippings of outlaw gang members and their sympathizers. Vigilante leaders in turn were confronted with outlaw threats, the burning of a mill, and finally on June 27, 1841, the murder of Captain John Campbell, one of the most prominent among them. The Campbell killing was catalytic; two days later over 100 Regulators went through the motions of a trial in Washington Grove, east of Oregon, and then, the verdict being foregone, shot their captives, John and William Driscoll. The Driscolls had long been identified with the lawless group, as perhaps ringleaders, but their connection with the killing of Campbell was indirect at best.²⁸

The Ogle County Regulators conform to the model of “socially constructive” vigilantism which Richard M. Brown has developed; they represented the broad consensus of a community simply unwilling further to tolerate the behavior of an insolent minority seemingly almost immune to traditional due process.²⁹ Given the failure or extremely difficult use of available legal mechanisms, the vigilantes appealed to the higher law and wrought justice on their own terms. Civil war did not follow for the outlaws, though powerful when unopposed, lost sympathy when they were confronted. The essential “conservatism” of the Regulators is reflected in some of their membership. Though the Driscolls’ lynchers did not comprise quite as elite a group on the whole as the Oregon Claim Society, they included John and Benjamin Phelps, already mentioned above, Peter Smith, later to be a prominent Oregon banker, Edwin S. Leland, an Oregon attorney and Ogle County treasurer, and John S. Lord, the county coroner.³⁰ Obviously some few gentlemen of standing, if not yet property, saw their mob action to be fitting and necessary.

And the visible public response to the lynching, mostly that of area editors, was a positive one. To the *Ottawa Free Trader*, “A more respectable assemblage of individuals could hardly be convened in the northern part of Illinois,” than the killers of the Driscolls, while the *Peoria Democratic Press* dubbed Ogle County “A peaceful, quiet, moral and religious community as any to be found in the Union,” which had been goaded finally to mob action. General was the agreement that there was a higher law to be invoked when existing legal mechanisms were unworkable; that law was the law of self-preservation, or perhaps the right of revolution against outlaw control. Lynch law was condemned in principle but Ogle County represented an honorable exception. Perhaps the *Galena Gazette* expressed matters best: “The violation of the law should always be condemned. But, if forced to choose between *professed villains* and *professed honest men*, we shall not hesitate to be found at the side of the latter.”³¹

At the same time the Regulators were being congratulated, however, Judge Ford was accused of having stirred them up. It was at this time that an issue was first made of Ford’s alleged blistering warning to the outlaws from the bench in early April. Some Whig newspapers, of which the *Chicago Tribune* was most vocal, seem to have tried to make capital of the matter. Unfortunately the *Tribune*’s files have been lost, but the *Peoria Register* also made much of the controversy, calling Ford’s statement a “strange and startling declaration,” and wondering about the judge’s responsibility for the vigilantism. “When the chosen minister of justice tramples the law under his feet,” wrote the editor, “we ought not to be surprised at the extremes of those who are too ready, with such high examples, to spurn its salutary restraint.”³² That Ford made such a statement from the bench was never denied by his defenders; they sidestepped the issue instead by simply deploring attacks on him, pointing out that he was on circuit when the Regulators were organized, and emphasizing the undoubted fact that he did all in his personal power to stop the lynching of the Driscolls, as he was in Oregon at the time of the tragedy.³³ The Whig editors’ charge was perhaps too embarrassing for the judge’s defenders to emphasize again by making a direct response to it.

For Ford to have threatened summary justice from the bench seems in retrospect consistent with the inflamed atmosphere of the Royce, Dewey, and Thatcher trials; it also was of course inexcusable if not indeed grounds for impeachment for him to have done so. Nonetheless if he did, he doubtless had his family in mind, doubtless too Ogle County neighbors who were also his friends; insofar as Ford had a “home,” Ogle County was it, and he had something of a vested interest in it. More direct evidence however, also suggests that whatever judicial patience he had been able to muster was exhausted by the contempt manifested by the outlaw defendants toward his court and the judicial process, and the settled social order they represented. Quite simply, he had had no choice but to accede as the outlaws and their sympathizers used the weaknesses of the judicial system to evade the full penalty for their crimes. Whether the Regulators rose up at Ford’s invitation seems problematic; within broad limits, they could have functioned well with or without his sympathy or support.

How true this was is revealed by the indictment of the Regulators that was brought by the Ogle County Grand Jury at the September, 1841, term of the circuit court. Like the petit jury, the grand jury was to be selected by the county commission during the month before the court sat, and the selection that was made was such that two members of the panel were known Regulators; their names would appear among the indicted; and the grand jury foreman was a brother of a known Regulator.³⁴ It is alleged, and there is some support for this in what remains of the trial record, that the first ten men named on the indictment were placed there out of fear that their testimony as witnesses might otherwise be incriminating to the rest of the defendants.³⁵ The result was a long list of 108 accused parties to be tried for the murder of John and William Driscoll, all of whom doubtless knew the particulars of the case, but who legally were not required to testify against themselves. A community whose grand jury could produce such an indictment was not likely to be full of potential prosecution witnesses, waiting to come forward. Statutorily, this procedure was outside the hands of officers of the court; neither Judge Ford nor State’s Attorney Seth V. Farwell had any control over the jury selection or indictment processes at this stage.³⁶ Nonetheless, loopholes in the judicial system had been exploited again, in favor of another group operating outside the law.

Over the murder trial itself, which was called on September 24, Ford and Farwell had some control, and obvious authority. But what followed can only be described as extraordinary. The petit jury which had been empaneled by the county commissioners contained three indicted members of the Regulators, and the trial jury itself apparently contained one!³⁷ At some point early in the trial, perhaps at the jury-challenging stage, a Peoria attorney named Lincoln V. Knowlton undertook to intervene, claiming a right to appear as counsel for the people along with Farwell.³⁸ One can certainly infer that if he had been successful, Knowlton could have moved in various ways for a new trial, or examined the ten distrusted defendants, allowing them if they wished, to testify against the Regulators. More obviously, he could have subjected the prospective jurors to challenges; the record suggests few if any challenges, as it does not indicate that Ford called on the sheriff to recruit any talesmen at all in this session. Farwell demurred, however, alleging that he didn’t consider Knowlton to be of the sober and discreet sort needed on the case. Ford later defended Farwell’s action, calling Knowlton a “drunken lawyer at Peoria . . . a kind of attorney general for the horse thieves,” and he took a strict constructionist view of his own authority in an affair whose functions others had interpreted more loosely. “I had no power to compel the state’s attorney to receive [Knowlton’s] assistance,” he wrote. “He was a public officer, who had his own duties to perform, and I had no more right to compel him to accept assistance than I would have to compel the county recorder to accept assistance.”³⁹

Farwell, and Ford, had obviously concluded to acquiesce in the trial arrangements that had already been made. Jury-packing was an end result in both the March and September trials, but without the apparent force of community support in March, with it in September. As a judge, it would seem that Ford could have been only somewhat less mortified to have presided over it in the second instance than in the first. But as an old resident of Ogle

County, perhaps, he abetted it. As an outraged upholder of the spirit of the law, he more likely did. At the very least, equity had been served between two equally unlawful sets of community interests, through concessions to the lawlessness of each.

To further compound the irregularity over which Judge Ford officiated, the same jury sat on the two trials that were perfunctorily held for the killing of John and William Driscoll. The trials were brief; defense attorney John Dean Caton later described Farwell's courtroom behaviour in a case that the latter had almost certainly determined to lose:

He then proceeded with his testimony but utterly failed to prove that any person had been killed, much less that any of the prisoners had taken any part in killing anybody. The truth was, that no one was present at the trial and execution [of the Driscolls] but the defendants, and no one could be found who had heard them say a word about it.

The witnesses who were called could only reiterate inadmissible rumors. Neither side presented an argument; the judge instructed the jury that rumors were not evidence, and the verdicts of acquittal were almost immediate.⁴⁰ Others present claimed that Judge Ford showed "a stern determination that the accused should be fully and fairly tried," and that his conduct was commendable, but noted that Farwell, for reasons not discussed, had no case. The trials' outcome was reported by area newspapers either without comment, or with approval, the Ottawa editor dignifying the Regulators with a new name, the "Rock River Rangers."⁴¹ One can only infer an overwhelming consensus that justice had been served. Thomas Ford's reputation seems to have suffered not at all from his being in charge of such proceedings.

It was Ford's favorable judicial reputation that made him attractive to Democratic party leaders after Adam Snyder's death on May 15, 1842, just two and one-half months before the gubernatorial election, in which campaign Snyder had been running. To oppose Joseph Duncan a new candidate was needed, one of some considerable visibility and unexceptionable standing, whose record was untainted by much divisive controversy. Rather quickly the choice fell on Ford, a somewhat well-known judge from the extreme hinterlands. Democratic publicists first found it difficult to say much that was specific about Ford, other than that he was "*honest, competent, and unusually esteemed*," "The honest judge," or with doubtless unintended irony, that "nothing on earth could induce him to swerve or cause him to falter in discharging his duties without favor or prejudice, personal or sectional."⁴² Initially, Whig journalists were equally hard put to be negatively specific about the judge, other than to note that he was a partisan whose best friends were Democrats.⁴³

As the campaign developed, however, Ford fell heir to charges under which the Democrats already labored, or to which he managed to make himself liable. The Mormons in Hancock County had already vowed to support Snyder; the disclosures of the Nauvoo renegade John C. Bennett in the summer gave Whig editors new ammunition to use against Ford, which they did with enthusiasm in the center of the state in particular.⁴⁴ Anti-Mormonism could be used profitably as a Whig campaign issue elsewhere in the state too, but in the north Ford was additionally accused of opposing the completion of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, or at least of claiming to oppose it when in Southern Illinois.⁴⁵ Also in the north, Ford made it quite clear that he was against the bipartisan effort afoot in some far northern counties to evade the state's huge internal improvement debt by seceding from Illinois and annexing to Wisconsin. This was a popular issue in Ogle County, where the only newspaper pilloried Ford as a "northern man with southern principles."⁴⁶ Something of Ford's integrity must be shown in the facts that he did not welcome the electoral support of Mormons when given, and he feared not the loss of votes from his northern neighbors from his stand on the annexation matter.

The Whigs seem to have held back until almost the very eve of the election, from making capital of Ford's association with the Ogle County vigilantes. Very late in the campaign, apparently through handbills and word of mouth, candidate Duncan charged that Judge Ford had favored lynch law in Ogle County.⁴⁷ Ford's response, in an open letter "to the people of Illinois," has been found in only one newspaper, published four days after the August 1 election. In it Ford, of course, denied

Duncan's charge, and then emphasized the mutual enmity between himself and the outlaws. The latter, he feared, were of such influence as to be able to spread Duncan's accusation and to try to punish Ford by contributing to his defeat. "I have a number of enemies among the horse thieves and counterfeiters of the north," he wrote, "who have not been able to swerve me from a strict discharge of my duty as a judge, by repeated threats to my person and property." This element had left Ogle County in a frightful condition the year before, and its presence had become intolerable. Ford then gave his own version of the outlaw-Regulator confrontation:

A large company of the most abandoned and profligate rogues had settled in the vicinity; they had their justice of the peace and their constables, and came very near electing their sheriff two years ago; they set all law at defiance; threatened all the civil officers who had boldness enough to stand up against them; burned down the court house; rescued prisoners from jail; got onto and hung the juries on the trials of their associates; and swore each other clear as witnesses. The people were exasperated against them to the last degree, and held a meeting for the purpose of declaring lynch law. If I were at home I could satisfactorily prove that I opposed that measure and had influence enough with the people to induce them to abandon their intentions for that time. I then departed on the circuit and in my absence a company was formed to drive the rogues out of the country.

With regard to the September trial and his disinclination to cause the state's attorney to accept the assistance of Lincoln Knowlton, Ford reasserted his claim, made earlier, that he had lacked the power to compel Farwell to act.⁴⁸

This represents Ford's last word about his involvement in the matter. He sidestepped reference to any warning he might have issued from the bench in April, and revealed a tendency, indicated before, to plead the putative limitations of office when his official performance might be found wanting. What is clear, however, and seems credible, is Ford's extreme dislike of unlawful violence, by whomever perpetrated. What is also clear is his identification of himself with those in Ogle County whom he called "the people." And that the outlaws almost carried a county election shortly before suggests that Ford feared that those "people's" political influence might not be decisive. Ford, in other words, might not have perceived the outlaws as a mere minority interest, but instead a deeply threatening one, socially.

Thomas Ford of course won the 1842 gubernatorial election. The issue of Mormon support for the Democrats was the one the Whigs played on most in their unsuccessful effort to defeat him. It seems that his questionable judicial behavior lost him votes only in the far north, where the particulars of the Ogle County events were best known. In both Boone and DeKalb Counties, where the "Prairie Pirates" had also been active the "Lynching business" was said to have cost the judge some Democratic support, suggesting a partisan dimension in the vigilante affair for which further substantiation is yet to be found.⁴⁹ How to interpret Ford's loss in Ogle County is problematic, but his stand on the annexation issue could have negated much of whatever gratitude he earned the year before.⁵⁰ That Ford's reputed sympathy toward vigilantism was not held more against him during the campaign or on election day can suggest either a successful effort to keep the matter quiet across the state, which seems unlikely, or more probably, a covert public approval or at least acceptance of Ogle County's "socially constructive" vigilantism and his connection with it, an acceptance so universal as to preclude their becoming much of a campaign issue.

But electoral acceptance notwithstanding, the fact remains that "The honest judge," by title and temperament a legalist, had acquiesced in unlawful mob violence in his home county. Ford's judicial impartiality in the Regulator matter might have been compromised somewhat by his residence in Ogle County and his association with its founding, and founders; by law he was obligated to change the venue of a case to an adjacent circuit if he found himself interested in it, and of course he did not.⁵¹ But his behavior on the bench in both trials seems better understood as animated by his abhorrence of outlawry and his personal hatred of outlaws and of the defiance of traditional values and institutions that they perpetrated. These were perspectives that would

have become especially sharp in the areas where he labored. Probably no one knew better than Judge Ford how flawed and vulnerable was the court system in which he had worked for twelve years, and how susceptible it was to manipulation by determined groups of any persuasion, in unstable new settlements in particular. A good Jacksonian, he believed that the law and the theoretical virtue that resided in popular majorities were closely identified, that an equation existed between the will of the people and the good of the people; yet he was also perfectly aware of the dilemmas that those involved in ineffective governing systems could face in crisis situations. Writing about mob violence in his *History*, he somewhat despairingly asked "For if government cannot suppress an unpopular band of horse thieves associated to commit crime, how is it to suppress a popular combination which has the people on its side."³²

Ford's outburst in April, 1841 rose from the exasperation of the moment with intransigent lawbreakers in the county and in his courtroom. But his more deliberate choice in September, was to opt for "a popular combination which has the people on its side," even if its actions took the form of lawlessness in the spirit of the law. But as I have suggested, even Ford's talk of a "popular combination," or "the people," might have been doubletalk. He knew the volatility of frontier populations; he may have feared that outlaw sympathizers represented, at least for the time being, the real "popular" interest in Ogle County. The real majority will might simply have been the code of Rogue's Harbor. Probably he was wrong; Civil War did not follow in Ogle County; the rogues left instead. But not even a solution as satisfactory as this tacit acceptance of the higher law would be open to Ford when he would be similarly tested again, as governor, and under wider scrutiny, in Hancock County three years later. Nonetheless, as a respected judge on the Rock River Circuit, supremely conscientious and conscious of his reputation, he must have agonized over his own collusion in such manipulation of the court system, however indirect. It seems that his mortification may have been so strong as to bring him to expunge from his *History* any mention of his own involvement in the vigilante affair. His lawyer colleagues, when they wrote about the case themselves, appear to have honored his intent by doing likewise.

¹Thomas Ford, *A History of Illinois*, Milo Quaife, ed., 2 Vols. (Chicago, 1945-46) I, xv.

²The best biographical sketch of Ford is Quaife's in *Ibid.*, xv-xliii. Shorter accounts are in Davis McCulloch, *Historical Encyclopedia of Illinois and History of Peoria County* (Chicago, 1902), 451-453, which contains Ford's own brief autobiographical statement, and Charles Ballance, *The History of Peoria* (Peoria, 1870), 247-255. Other sketches are in John Reynolds, *My Own Times* (Chicago, 1879), 374-377, and John Francis Snyder, "Governor Ford and His Family," *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society* 3 (1910), 45-51. Some evidence of Ford's political alliance with his half-brother George Forquer and with Ninian Edwards is in Forquer to Edwards, March 18 and June 17, 1830, Ninian Edwards Papers, Chicago Historical Society; Forquer to A. F. Grant, June 11, 1829 and S. H. Kimmel to Henry Eddy, Henry Eddy Papers, Illinois Historical Survey, Urbana. See also Douglas C. McMurtrie, "The First Printers of Illinois," *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society* 26 (1933), 217, for Ford's and Forquer's forays into political journalism in Galena and Springfield in 1829-30.

³The most comprehensive treatment of Ford's governorship is in Everts B. Greene and Charles M. Thompson, "Governors' Letter-Books, 1840-1853," *Collections of the Illinois State Historical Library* 7 (1911), xxix-cxvii. Excellent analyses of Ford's involvement with the Mormons are in Robert B. Flanders, *Vauvoo: Kingdom on the Mississippi* (Urbana, 1965) and Dallin H. Oaks and Marvin S. Hill, *Carthage Conspiracy* (Urbana, 1975).

⁴See for example Jeriah Bonham, *Fifty Years' Reflections* (Peoria, 1883), 51-65; John Wentworth, "Fort Dearborn," *Fergus Historical Series* 16 (1881), 39; Thomas Hoyne, "The Lawyer as Pioneer," *Ibid.* 22 (1882), 94; *Combined History of Schuyler and Brown Counties* (Philadelphia, 1882), 105. William R. Sandham, "A Lost Stark county Town," *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society* 13 (1920), 110, documents some small-time land speculation undertaken by Ford, through tax-buying.

⁵Thomas Ford, *A History of Illinois* (Chicago, 1854), 244-245. For recent discussions of Whig moral authoritarianism, see Ronald Formisano, *The Birth of Mass Political Parties* (Princeton, 1972) Chapter VI; and Daniel Walker Howe, *The Political Culture of the American Whigs* (Chicago, 1979) Chapter II.

⁶Ford, *A History of Illinois*, 245-249.

⁷John Dean Caton, *The Early Bench and Bar of Illinois* (Chicago, 1893), 35-99; Isaac N. Arnold, "Recollections of Early Chicago and the Illinois Bar," *Fergus Historical Series* 22 (1882), 26-30. Caton's version is sympathetic to the regulators; Arnold's is opposed to vigilantism.

⁸Usher F. Linder, *Reminiscences of the Bench and Bar of Illinois* (Chicago, 1879), 105.

⁹James V. Gale Journal, Typescript at the Oregon, Illinois Public Library, 105-106; Henry R. Boss, *Sketches of the History of Ogle County* (Polo, Illinois, 1859), 55; *The History of Ogle County, Illinois* (Chicago, 1878), 299-300.

¹⁰Gale Journal, 3-4, 7-8; Boss, *Sketches of the History of Ogle County*, 55; John Wentworth, "Early Chicago," *Fergus Historical Series* 7 (1876), 40, 56. Quaife does not have Ford moving to Oregon until 1841. Ford, *A History of Illinois*, Quaife ed., I, xxi.

¹¹Gale Journal, 3-4, 7-8; *History of Ogle County, Illinois*, 344-345; *Portrait and Biographical Album of Ogle County, Illinois* (Chicago, 1886), 140.

¹²*History of Ogle County, Illinois*, 315, 321, 471-472.

¹³John Francis Snyder, *The Two Sons of Governor Ford*, Typescript in John Francis Snyder Collection, Illinois State Historical Library, Springfield.

¹⁴*Peoria Register and North West Gazetteer*, July 9, 1841; Wentworth, "Early Chicago," 40, 56.

¹⁵For evidence of concern about the impending land sales, see *Chicago American*, June 7, 24, July 13, 15, November 11, 1841. See also *History of Ogle County, Illinois*, 335.

¹⁶William Cullen Bryant, *Letters of a Traveller* (New York, 1850), 60-61, 64. Bryant was visiting in the area in June and July of 1841. See also *History of Ogle County, Illinois*, 321, 350-370. Richard M. Brown notes the frequent combination of horse stealing and counterfeiting among frontier outlaw groups in *Strain of Violence* (New York, 1975), 99.

¹⁷Gale Journal, 67-68, 123-128; Boss, *Sketches of the History of Ogle County*, 66; *History of Ogle County, Illinois* contains the constitution and roster of the Oregon Claim Society as of March 11, 1839, 336-341; *Portrait and Biographical Album of Ogle County, Illinois*, 193.

¹⁸Record Book "A," Office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court, Ogle County Court House, Oregon, Illinois, 300, 330, 337; *Peoria Democratic Press*, April 21, 1841. A systematic study of Illinois' ante-bellum circuit court system is needed. Oaks and Hill's *Carthage Conspiracy* is suggestive, but obviously not exhaustive.

¹⁹From "Scavola," in *Chicago American*, August 6, 1841; *Revised Statutes of Illinois*, 1833, 607.

²⁰*Revised Statutes of Illinois*, 1833, 378-382.

²¹*People v. Norton B. Royce*, Franklin Dewey and Samuel Thatcher, Record Book "A," 330-331, 335; *Peoria Democratic Press*, April 21, 1841; Ford, *A History of Illinois*, 247.

²²*People v. Royce*, Dewey and Thatcher, 335-340, 351; *Revised Statutes of Illinois*, 1833, 187.

²³*People v. Norton B. Royce*, *People v. Norton B. Royce* and Brown *alias* D. C. Stephens, *People v. Isaac Dennison alias* Dennison Waters, Record Book "A," 351-352; *Revised Statutes of Illinois*, 1833, 607.

²⁴*People v. Royce*, Dewey and Thatcher, 351.

²⁵*Peoria Register and North West Gazetteer*, July 9, 1841; *Chicago American*, July 16, 1841; *Sangamo Journal* (Springfield), July 16, 1841; Boss *Sketches of the History of Ogle County*, 58-59.

²⁶*Peoria Democratic Press*, April 21, 1841.

²⁷*Ottawa Free Trader*, May 14, 1841.

²⁸*Peoria Democratic Press*, June 30, 1841; *Ottawa Free Trader*, July 9, 1841; *Sangamo Journal*, July 9, 1841. Perhaps the best account of the vigilante episode is still in *History of Ogle County, Illinois*, 350-370. A recent one is Robert Huhn Jones, "Three Days of Violence: The Regulators in the Rock River Valley," *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society* 59 (1966), 131-142.

²⁹Brown, *Strain of Violence*, 118-119.

³⁰*People v. 108 Defendants*, Record Book "A," 411, 415, contains a list of the Regulators who were brought to trial in September, 1841, as does *History of Ogle County, Illinois*, 376-377. See also *Ibid.*, 460-461.

³¹*Ottawa Free Trader*, July 9, 1841; *Peoria Democratic Press*, July 21, 1841; *Chicago American*, July 3, 1841; *Rock Island Upper Mississippian*, July 21, 1841; *Sangamo Journal*, July 16, 1841; *Illinois State Register* (Springfield), July 16, 1841; *Galena Gazette*, July 3, 22, 1841.

³²*Peoria Register and North West Gazetteer*, July 9, 1841. Such Whig papers as the *Chicago American* and *Galena Gazette* approved of the Regulators and refrained from attacking Ford. The *Sangamo Journal* remained neutral on both counts.

³³*Chicago American*, July 16, 1841; *Sangamo Journal*, July 16, 1841; *Illinois State Register*, July 16, 1841; *Peoria Democratic Press*, July 21, 1841.

³⁴*People v. 108 Defendants*, 363-364, 411, 415; *Revised Statutes of Illinois*, 1833, 377-382.

³⁵*People v. 108 Defendants*, 411, 415, 442; *Ottawa Free Trader*, October 1, 1841; Horace G. and Rebecca H. Kauffman, *Historical Encyclopedia of Illinois and History of Ogle County* (Chicago, 1909), 735.

³⁶Unfortunately, little is known of Farwell, other than that he practiced in Ottawa, and left the state for California. See *History of LaSalle County, Illinois* 2 vols. (Chicago, 1886), I, 385.

³⁷John Shaffstall sat on the trial jury; Jonas Shaffstall was an indicted Regulator. Record Book "A," 411, 415, 417-418. I suspect the two were the same person; only Jonas Shaffstall (Shafstall) is listed in the 1840 Federal Census or mentioned in any early county history. See *Portrait and Biographical Album of Ogle County, Illinois*, 320. If there were two persons, it seems highly likely they would have been related, with the juror possessing a strong prejudice about the case.

³⁸Ford to Samuel H. Davis in *Peoria Register and North West Gazetteer*, October 1, 1841; *Portrait and Biographical Album of Ogle County, Illinois*, 800.

There is no reference to Knowlton in the record of the Regulator trial.

³⁹Ford to Davis in *Peoria Register and North West Gazetteer*, October 1, 1841; Ford to "the People of Illinois," in *Ibid.*, August 5, 1842. The quotation is from the latter issue. See also *Portrait and Biographical Album of Ogle County, Illinois*, 800. Actually, Knowlton seems to have been considered an ornament to the Peoria bar. He was a delegate to the 1847 constitutional convention; he was also a temperance lecturer. See David McCulloch's sketch in John M. Palmer, *The Bench and Bar of Illinois* 2 vols. (Chicago, 1899), I, 293-294; and for Knowlton's temperance activity, *Rock Island Upper Mississippian*, May 26, 1842.

⁴⁰Caton, *Early Bench and Bar of Illinois*, 98-99. An Oregon attorney, Franc M. Bacon, noted some irregularities in the Regulator trial in a lecture given in Oregon in the Winter of 1904-05, but how thoroughly he did so is not known. See Kauffman, *Historical Encyclopedia of Illinois and History of Ogle County*, 735.

⁴¹Ottawa *Free Trader*, October 1, 1841; *Galena Gazette*, October 2, 1841; *Chicago American*, October 6, 1841; *Sangamo Journal*, October 8, 1841.

⁴²*Peoria Democratic Press*, May 25, 1842; *Chicago Democrat*, June 29, 1842, reporting a meeting of Rock Island and Henry County Democrats.

⁴³*Chicago American*, June 2, 1842.

⁴⁴*Sangamo Journal*, June 30, July 7, 22, 1842.

⁴⁵*Ibid.*, July 22, 1842; *Chicago American*, July 16, 23, 1842; *Illinois State Register*, July 22, 1842.

⁴⁶*Rock River Register* (Mount Morris), July 6, 20, 1842. See also *Chicago American*, July 23, 1842; *Galena Gazette*, July 30, 1842.

⁴⁷*Chicago Democrat*, August 3, 1842; *Peoria Register and North West Gazetteer*, August 5, 1842.

⁴⁸*Peoria Register and North West Gazetteer*, August 5, 1842.

⁴⁹*Chicago Democrat*, August 10, 1842.

⁵⁰Theodore Calvin Pease, "Illinois Election Returns, 1818-1848," *Collections of the Illinois State Historical Library* 18 (1923), 127. Ogle had been a Whig county since it was organized.

⁵¹*Revised Statutes of Illinois*, 1833, 158.

⁵²Ford, *A History of Illinois*, 251.

*The author wishes to thank Mr. Morris Roe of Oregon, Illinois, for valuable assistance in the preparation of this study.

The name of Mix is one associated with the early days of Oregon. Much of the following material has been taken from a Mix family history, *Fireside and Furrow*, written by Louis C. Mix

FIRESIDE AND FURROW LOUIS CHARLES MIX

*To Beatrice,
with love,
from Louis and Irene,
October 22, 1972*

June 1972

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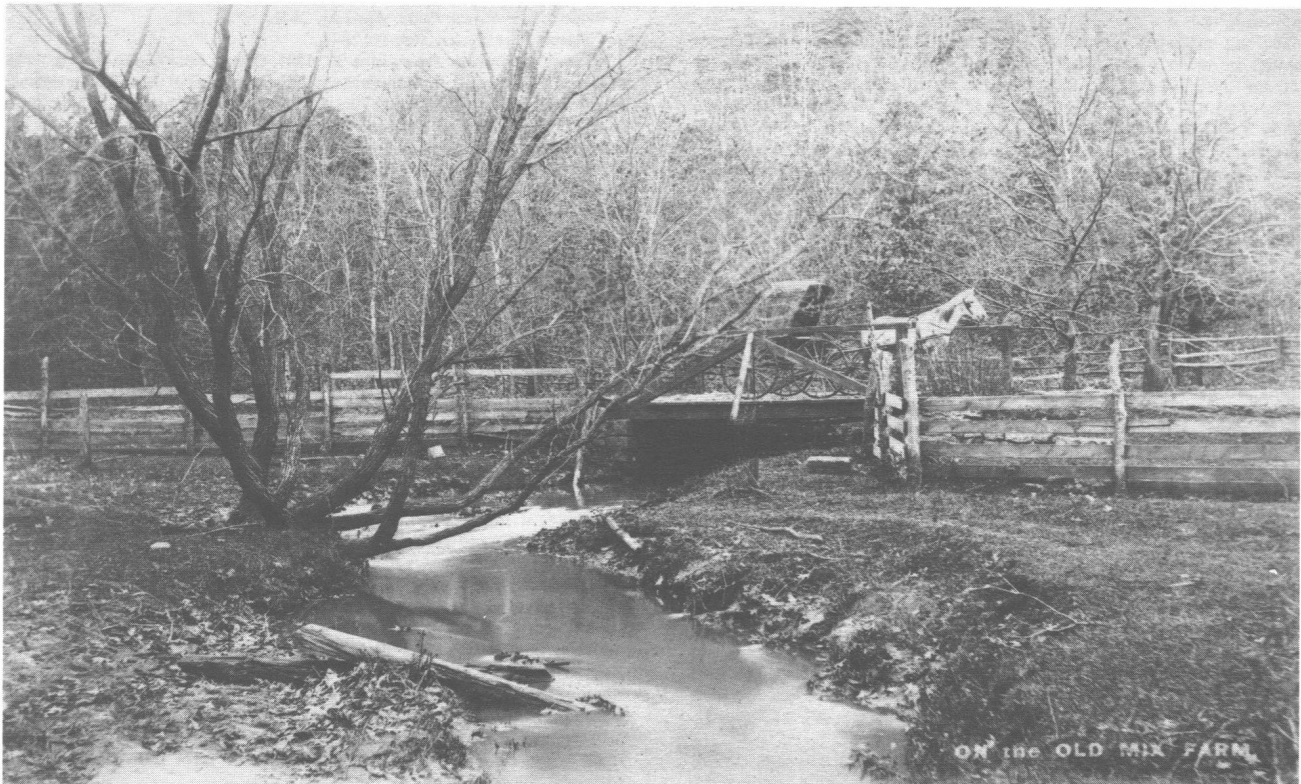
The Centennial Library, City of Edmonton

New England Historic Genealogical Society, Boston

I should mention the following books as references used:

The Goodwins of Hartford by James J. Goodwin, 1891

Three Centuries of New Haven by Rollin G. Osterweis, Ph. D., Head of History Dept., Yale University, Yale Univ. Press



A scene on the old Mix farm (Courtesy Ogle Co. Republican Reporter)

New Haven Town Records, New Haven Colony Historical Society
East Hartford, Its History and Traditions by Joseph O. Goodwin, 1879
History of Ogle County, H. F. Kett & Company; Chicago, 1878
Families of Ancient New Haven by Donald L. Jacobus
The Puritans, a Harper Torchbook, edit. Perry Miller; Harper, New York
Jonathan Edwards, Basic Writings, edit. Ola E. Winslow; published by The New American Library of Canada Limited, Toronto
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The Life of John B. Mix

John Bennett Mix (1846 - 1920), the head of the seventh generation in our study, is the subject of this chapter. He was the only child of Henry Augustus Mix and his first wife Catherine J. (Bennett) Mix, and was born on October 4, 1846. Left motherless at his birth, he was cared for by the Bennetts; perhaps it was for that reason that he became very fond of his mother's people and no name was dearer to him than Bennett.

His early education was obtained in the schools in Oregon. Very soon he acquired a great liking for all literature and for art, music and history, and he retained the ability to quote from various authors as long as he lived. For a profession he decided to follow that of his father and so he studied law at college in Chicago, graduating shortly after his father's death. That tragedy was caused by a fall from a bridge, as described in the last chapter.

Henry left a considerable fortune. His son John received a fifth share and so inherited a large amount of money. In 1869 he went into business as a merchant in Oregon, but soon after sold his business to his brother George and turned his attention to farming, buying some twenty farms in the townships around Oregon. For the next forty years he was a landed gentleman—improving his farms, collecting the rents from his tenants, and increasing his estate. These activities took up all his time and interest; he did not enter legal practice.

Among his many farms and properties was one on which he set his heart—"The Knoll", a 200-acre tract just across Rock River in Rockvale Township. The river flowed past, coming in a broad arc from the northwest, and on the opposite bank were the elm-shaded streets and houses of Oregon—a very beautiful prospect indeed. There on The Knoll, on a grassy eminence, John Bennett Mix built a mansion of eleven rooms with a covered portico on the front facing the river. The house was built to last. It had massive, ornate doors about eight feet high and three inches thick, high-ceilinged rooms with plastered walls, a wide hallway and curved staircase to the second story, and two marble fireplaces, with a furnace for central heating as well. The house was built on a rock foundation, for there was a quarry on the estate. Behind the house he built a very large, three-story barn for horses and cattle, the top story or loft being a storage for hay. The house and barn are still standing, although built about a century ago. The present owner and occupant of the estate, Mr. Eugene de L'Horbe, an architectural artist, and his wife have done much to restore and renovate the old house. They have given the estate an appropriately descriptive name—"Sunset Hill."

There on "The Knoll" John B. Mix brought up his first family. On April 7, 1870, he married Sarah Etnyre, daughter of Daniel and Mary (Rice) Etnyre. She was twenty-one years old at the time of their marriage. The Etnyres were among the early settlers of Oregon, having come from Hagerstown, Maryland. Etnyres of the fourth and fifth generation still live in Oregon; and after more than 125 years their families still carry on business there and in Oklahoma City, operating factories which make heavy roadbuilding equipment and farm machinery.

John and Sarah Mix had five children: Catherine B., May, Henry A., Sarah E., and Faith. More will be said about these children in a later chapter. Ivah Etnyre Haring, a granddaughter of Daniel Etnyre and now a very elderly lady, is fond of recalling the gay parties held in The Knoll when her uncle John and aunt Sarah lived there.

But suffering and sorrow came early to their home. Sarah contracted cancer of the breast. Medical research had made little progress at that time in dealing with the disease, and nothing could be done for her. She died on June 29, 1888, at the age of 39 years and six months, leaving a widower with five children ranging in age between seven and sixteen years. About

eight years later John Mix married again, but the background and account of his second wife, Jennie (Stomberg) Mix, will be left mainly to the next chapter.

John B. Mix (for thus he always signed his name) was careful and diligent in his business dealings; but after the death of Sarah he began to suffer financial reverses. The causes of his difficulties lay in the problems that beset farming, especially the recurring depressions after 1870, and in his own generous nature. Economic depressions were frequent, the first in 1873 and the most severe after 1893. The high cost of shipping to markets on the over-extended lines of railways, the uncertainty of markets for grain and livestock, the reductions in yield from loss of soil fertility, and the shift in the milling industry from the soft wheat of the central states to the hard wheat of the Dakotas—all played their parts in bringing distress to the farms of the middle west. The price of corn in Illinois fell to 22 cents a bushel. John B. Mix had twenty or more farms leased to immigrant tenant-farmers; these men first took their own living from the land and then had not enough left to pay their rental dues to him, their landlord. He had not the heart to dispossess the tenants; in lieu of cash he accepted their promissory notes which he would assign to the bank at a discount (if the bank would accept them at all) to get the money he needed to pay the high taxes levied against his land. Year after year he had to borrow money from the banks to pay his taxes; when he could do that no more, he began to face foreclosures. Eventually he was compelled to sell (and in a poor market) to meet his obligations. The Knoll was sold; it was the most heavily mortgaged and the most valuable of his farms.

Leaving The Knoll, John B. Mix moved to one of his nearby farms; there he began to raise his second family. But conditions did not improve, and by 1906 he found it necessary to dispose of other farms as well. His grandchildren and great-grandchildren, reading this, might ask,

"Could he not have foreseen such difficulties? Was he unwise in business dealings?"

Not at all. Many were caught in the same financial squeeze, and did not come out in the end as well as he did. In 1903 one-third of the farms in the United States were owned by mortgage companies, lost by farmers through foreclosures. John B. Mix had a reputation for astuteness in business; his niece Ivah Haring knew him well until she was 26 years old, and she asked me if her uncle John retained his business ability to the end of his life.

Early in 1907 John B. Mix and his wife Jennie decided to sell all the land they possessed in Illinois and move to a new part of the country where the opportunities for their young and growing family would be greater than near Oregon. By that time they had five sons: John, Jr., Charlie, Philip, Louis and Willie—from nine years old to less than a year old. Moving to a new area was not unknown to the Mix family, as this history has shown; but they were not of a gypsy nature, and tended to put down pretty strong roots wherever they settled. Nor did they migrate without careful investigation of the places where they might settle—John B. Mix consulted what he believed to be the best informed and most reliable authorities on the potentialities of the prospective areas, hoping thus to find, in some pioneer region, a suitable place for his sons. That might be his only legacy to them. He visited Emerson, Manitoba, and travelled west by rail as far as Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, but found nothing to attract him. After considerable thought he sold all his possessions—land, cattle, farm and household effects. He kept only what he could profitably ship by boxcar and would need to begin operations again: a few heavy draft horses, a running horse he had acquired in Springfield, farm machinery, harness, and a few necessary household items. Retaining his pride in his American ancestry and his love of his family, he carried along certain items for sentimental reasons: a daguerreotype picture of his mother, another of himself as a child on his father's knee, a wooden jewel box that belonged to his mother Catherine Bennett, a letter written in 1838 from an uncle of his to Henry his father setting out some details of their father's service to his country, the diploma his father Henry received from Harvard Law School in 1841, a small Stars-and-Stripes flag, a bound book of maps showing the farms he had owned, a ledger of his accounts pertaining to the farms, and pictures of George Washington and General Lafayette. Left behind or sold were the gilt-framed pictures that graced the Knoll, the leather-bound books of his

library there, and all the other fine furnishings and personal things that he had accumulated over the years.

The first year (1907) was spent on a rented farm near Antler, North Dakota. The farm was not bought because the climatic and soil conditions were not known and the area might not be a suitable place to remain. The neighbors were poor—a bad sign. The winds blew continually, howling around the corners of the house and moaning down the chimney. Rains were inadequate and the harvest was light. One day a tornado appeared near the town—and tornadoes were feared by anyone from the middle west. Surely this was not the place to settle; a better must be sought!

While the family was still at Antler, another child was added, the first daughter, Deena. For her arrival, Jennie took the smaller children and returned to Oregon to stay with her parents. There Deena was born on February 25, 1908, and in due course all returned to Antler.

The next summer, 1908, was spent in Wyoming on an irrigated farm four miles south of Manderson, in the valley of the Big Horn River. This was a highly advertised area: no crop failures from drought; abundant crops of hay, grain and potatoes; and good markets for livestock in Chicago. Eight months were spent there. Jennie was terribly afraid that the children would be bitten by rattlesnakes which were venomous and fairly common. One day her husband brought in one that he had killed. It was nearly six feet long. By day the weather was hot, often around 100 degrees, and by night it was cold, for the elevation was about 4,000 feet above sea level. There were other worries for the family—little Willie, just over two years old, fell into the irrigation ditch and was being carried along in the yellow, muddy current until his eldest brother John, ten years old, jumped in and pulled him out, half-drowned. During the late summer the mother contracted erysipelas and was very sick indeed. To add to her suffering and discomfort, her head was shaved—something most unpleasant for a woman! Wyoming was not the place to stay. They must leave there, she was convinced, or she would not survive!

But where should the family go? North Dakota and Wyoming had been tried and found unsatisfactory. The cost of moving each year was rapidly using up the small reserve of money which they got from the sale of the farms at Oregon. Two more places more "promising" than others were considered: Vermilion, Alberta, (on the recently completed Canadian Northern Railway) 130 miles east of Edmonton; and the Peace River country of north-western Alberta. John B. Mix went to appraise the Vermilion area—and bought a farm there, the Charlie Davis homestead. Its legal description was: "the northeast quarter of Section 24, Township 51, Range 6, West of the 4th Meridian." (A township is six miles square, so the location of the farm was 36 miles west of the Alberta - Saskatchewan boundary and 312 miles north of the Alberta - Montana boundary.) Of the 160 acres on the farm, about one-third was under cultivation. There were three farm buildings, all made of logs: a fairly large house, a barn, and a granary. Some livestock were included in the deal—a few cattle and horses. Supplemented by the farm animals and machinery he had in Wyoming, there would be sufficient to begin operations in Alberta; more facilities could be added as income increased.

John Bennett Mix & his wife Jennie did not have an easy life in Vermilion.

However, John and Jennie cherished and respected each other. In their married life they encountered frequent differences and discords, chiefly on account of the disparity in their ages; but they always settled their quarrels quickly and they did not bear grudges. The wonder is that they worked together so well for nearly a quarter of a century—living in cramped and primitive conditions, surrounded by many lively and often quarrelsome children, and compelled to work every day from dawn to dusk just to maintain a livelihood. He was thirty years older than she was, and reached his decline while she was still in the vigor of life and had ambitions and hopes for years to come.

John Mix had always been a religious man, a conformist living on the Puritan traditions of his ancestors. He had attended the Lutheran church; then, it seems, the Methodist church and

was superintendent of the Sunday school. After marrying Jennie Stomberg he attended the Dutch Reformed church near Byron, Illinois, and there the children were christened. He knew and loved the hymns of such writers as P. P. Bliss. However, he had never felt a deep, personal, religious experience of faith and the assurance of salvation. This came to him truly but not spectacularly about 1915, and in July 1916 he and three of his sons, Philip, Louis and William, were baptized by immersion at their own request. His new-found trust in Christ meant much to him in the years that followed. Occasionally he spoke in the Communion services of the Plymouth Brethren chapel, and his reading turned more and more to the Scriptures. He attended services regularly, with his family, often driving many miles by democrat or sleigh to worship.

Except for taking casual employment in the Vermilion district, such as threshing or doing other farm work, the Mix boys remained at home until they were grown. Charlie, the second eldest, married in July 1919 and established his own home on a farm nearby. To the end of his life John B. Mix enjoyed the blessings of home and family.

During the last few months his strength failed visibly. His usually healthy complexion became pale, his steps became slower, his hands were generally cold; but he did not complain at all and seldom spoke of himself. More and more he left the decisions and control of family affairs to Jennie who, he knew, must soon carry on alone. He had a few family heirlooms which he wished kept by his children; most of these he sent to Henry A. Mix (his son by his first wife, Sarah Etnyre Mix) who lived in Chicago.

One day, about a year before he died, he was doing some chores on the farm but his mind was not on his work. Louis, working with his father, saw him brush a tear from his eye, so he asked,

"What is the matter? Are you not well?"

"I am only thinking how much my life has been misspent," was his reply.

Thinking that he might be grieving over his long-lost fortune and deploring his menial task, his son asked again,

"Are you thinking of the loss of The Knoll and your other farms?"

"Not at all. That was a good thing; if I had not lost them, I might never have become a Christian."

No doubt he was pondering the significance of the Biblical saying, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

Monday, August 9, 1920, dawned bright and serene. John Bennett Mix had been failing in health for several weeks; that morning he felt somewhat better, strong enough, perhaps, to make the long trip into town to see the doctor. His wife drove him the six-mile journey in the democrat, the pickup truck of those horse-and-buggy days. She left the baby, Bennett, five months old, with some of the older children, for she would not be away too long. Her old father, Klaas E. Stomberg, was planning to return to Illinois for a visit, so he went along to get his railway ticket and other necessary papers.

The trip into Vermilion was without incident. While John Mix was in the doctor's office and Grandfather Stomberg went about his business, Jennie went into the store across the street to purchase some groceries. After seeing the doctor, John stepped out onto the sidewalk to go to the store, but, overcome by weakness or faintness, he fell and lay on the walk. Some passersby assisted him back into the doctor's office. His wife came in soon after. It was decided that he should be taken to the Vermilion Municipal Hospital and that Grandfather Stomberg should return to the farm and tell John (Junior) to go into town in his Model T Ford to bring his parents home. Grandfather Stomberg reached home safely and soon after John went into town as expected.

In the meantime the doctor had taken both of them to the hospital in his own car. John was admitted to a room at once and lay down on a bed to rest; Jennie sat beside him. About twenty minutes later he turned to her and said,

"You should have gone home to the baby. Bennie will be needing you."

Then he drew a short breath, and was still.

He was dead!

In the lengthening shadows of that hot August afternoon the

family met in the farmhouse and listened quietly to the account of his passing. Few of them realized how much they had lost that day.

Three days later the Baptist church in Vermilion was filled with those who came to mourn the death of John Bennett Mix. Chief among these were his widow Jennie, her ten surviving children, and their aging grandfather. After the service they followed the coffin as it was conveyed to the hilltop cemetery two miles away and placed in the family plot beside that of Deena, the first member of the family to be buried at Vermilion.

As they went to their homes that day the words of the funeral hymn which they had just sung remained in their minds—

A few more suns shall set

O'er these dark hills of time,

Then we shall be where suns are not—

A far serener clime.

JENNIE STOMBERG

Jennie Stomberg (Mix) (1877 - 1949) is the last of the ancestors that will be the subject of this book—last because that is her place chronologically. She deserves an honored place among the mothers who have been named in this family record. For her ancestry and early life we must go back to the Netherlands or Holland, the low-lying country along the North Sea, and more especially to the province of Ostfriesland (East Friesland). The East Frisians inhabited the land around the Dollart (an arm of the North Sea between Groningen and Hanover) and also the chain of islands to the north. They were a hardy people, struggling to maintain a livelihood from a cold, damp soil and a sea that continually threatened to engulf them. For the most part, they were farmers and fisherman; but their often precarious existence led them into many kinds of work: home industry and trading abroad, dairying and cheese-making, raising sheep, and the wool industry, reclaiming precious land from the North Sea and building the dikes to keep the sea out, digging the sluices that brought the surface water to the windmills which pumped it out into the sea. In addition to all this, the East Frisians were open to invasion by any powerful nation that wished to move its army across northern Europe. It is little wonder that they became a stubborn, independent people, “the indomitable Dutch.”

At the time of the Reformation the East Frisians embraced the Reformed faith and became followers of Calvin. Shortly before that took place, the Netherlands had come under the rule of Spain through a royal marriage alliance. Charles V, the Holy Roman Emperor and King of Spain, inherited the Netherlands in 1506. Charles and after him his son Philip II were the champions of Catholicism against Luther and the whole Reformation movement, a struggle that held the spotlight of history during the 16th century. To subdue the Calvinists in the Netherlands, Spain sent 20,000 soldiers under the command of the Duke of Alva; but the Dutch kept up the struggle even though many of their leaders suffered confiscation of property, imprisonment and death.

Eventually the seven northern provinces of the Netherlands won their independence from Spain. Ostfriesland was one of the seven, but its people insisted on a good measure of autonomy for the province. They gave their allegiance to their own stadtholder of the House of Nassau as well as to the Kingdom of the Netherlands. In language and customs the East Frisians differed somewhat from other people in the Netherlands.

From such stock came the parents of Jennie Stomberg. Her father was Klaas Enne Stomberg and her mother's maiden name was Boom—Reverdina Boom. “Stomberg” means “silent mountain” or “fortress” and “Boom” means “tree”; but we have no record of the origins of the family names. It should be remarked, however, that Klaas Stomberg was seldom silent. Little is known of the family history of the Stombergs, the parents of Jennie. She used to say that their ancestors' graves in the churchyard indicated that they had lived there for several generations.

Klaas Stomberg and his wife Reverdina were both born in 1851 and lived in the village of Groothuizen on the Dollart. When they were children the province came under the control of Prussia and in 1870 became part of the German Empire which Count Bismarck created. The Stombergs were hard-working, serious-minded and thrifty; the Booms were easy-going and less provident. Both families belonged to the working

class. There were in Ostfriesland two main classes: the Boers or landowners, and the workers. The latter were not so affluent, but they were free to carry on any occupation and to advance as far as their ambition could take them. Klaas Stomberg spent some of his time at least working on the dikes to prevent the inundation of the village. By saving as much as he could from his small income, he was able to become owner of a duplex house in Groothuizen. Sometimes such thrift had its amusing side. One day he spoke to his wife in this way,

“Dina, if we went without our tea for breakfast we could put more of our money by.”

“Very well, Klaas,” she said, “I'll give you your breakfast as you wish.”

But her husband noticed that she did not eat much in the morning, and he wondered whether she deprived herself as well. Overcome by such doubts, he returned to the house and looked in the window. There sat Dina enjoying her cup of tea!

“I thought we had decided to give up our tea for breakfast!”

“You may if you wish,” answered his dutiful wife, “but I'm going to have my tea.”

“Put another spoonful in for me then, Dina,”—and his good resolution was forgotten.

The Stomberg's first child Jennie (or Janna, as she was christened) was born on September 14, 1877, and was followed by five sisters, all born in Groothuizen. Jennie's childhood was like that of children the world over—playing with the other children of the village, singing children's songs in her native dialect, skating on the frozen canals in the winter or running about in her wooden shoes (stuffed with hay to keep her feet warm), helping to take care of smaller children or going on errands for her mother. She grew up to be a capable, dependable girl. After completing her studies in the village school (taught only in German) she was obliged to remain an extra year because she was too young to leave school. There was no higher education offered to girls of her station at that time, so she assisted the teacher in conducting the classes for the younger children in the school. After her school days were over, she worked for a time for a landlord and took much responsibility for helping in the home and training the children.

The last decade of the 19th century was a time of unrest in western Europe. There was much poverty. Many families were disturbed by the policies of the continental Great Powers, especially the policies of military conscription and high taxation. There was great interest in the prospect of migration to the United States. Emigrants from all the countries of Europe were settling there, establishing communities in Iowa, Minnesota and Illinois. In such communities the newcomers spoke their native language and retained their old-world customs, a cheering thought to the older generation as they contemplated the long move. Several families from Ostfriesland had already gone to the Middle West, and the urge to join them was strong.

So Klaas and Reverdina Stomberg, both past the age of forty years, decided to sell their home and move to America, leaving behind parents and cousins, and all their toils. The sale of the house and its effects gave them enough money to pay for passage for the whole family to New York and on by train to Illinois.

So Jennie Stomberg, at the age of sixteen, left her childhood home at Groothuizen. Accompanied by a family or two of cousins, they all sailed from Bremen or Emden on a North German Lloyd steamer and about two weeks later landed at New York. From there they went by train to Illinois and were soon reunited with other cousins at Oregon. Klaas Stomberg soon found work, for there was much to do. The Ogle County municipal building, still the chief landmark in Oregon, was under construction; he found employment there and later on farms in the district.

Not long after their arrival in Oregon the Stombergs were saddened by the death of their first son, still quite young. Later a much heavier blow came to them—four of their daughters contracted a virulent form of measles and all died within a week, two of them on the same day. Of the family of seven children, only two, Jennie and Sievertja (Sophie) were left.

Jennie was the eldest of the family. She was quick and lively, with an expression of keen interest and perception. In height she was about five feet two inches and weighed about 125 pounds. She had grey eyes and fair hair which reached to her waist. Her

skin was clear and fair, her face smooth with somewhat prominent cheekbones and pointed chin. Her nose was small, straight, and a little pointed. She was a typical Dutch girl, with a quick temper and a sensitivity to people's reactions, but she could laugh at herself and she soon forgave and forgot offenses and slights done to her. Possessed of a good memory and intuitive mind, she soon was conversant with her new language.

About three years after the Stombergs arrived in Illinois another son was born to them (February 1897) and they named him Enno. More will be given concerning him and his family later in the story.

John Bennett Mix, then a widower with his five children, was living at The Knoll. He leased some of his farms to immigrants from Ostfriesland, and thus he came to know Klaas Stomberg and his daughter Jennie. The widower fell in love with the lively, attractive Dutch girl, wooed her—and won. They were married when she was nineteen years old; their first son, John Bennett Mix, Jr., was born December 4, 1897. The parents decided that they should alternate in choosing names for their children. The first was a boy and named after his father—perhaps the next would be a girl.

The first family of John B. Mix was quite grown up at the time of his second marriage. Catherine, May and Henry were all in their early twenties and Sarah was a teen-ager. No doubt Faith, in her eleventh year, needed the care and understanding of parents; but it seems that she preferred to live with her sisters rather than with her Dutch stepmother. Soon they all went to college or pursued other careers and John B. Mix was left with Jennie to raise his second family.

On September 17, 1899, a second son was born. He was named Charles by his mother, an Anglicization of her father's name, Klaas; but his second name, Goodwin, came from the Mix ancestry. Another son was born on October 29, 1901; his father named him Philip Bennett after the child's great-grandfather. Louis Charles was the fourth son, born on December 29, 1903. His mother named him after her mother's second name which she Anglicized. And on March 26, 1906, the fifth son was born, named by his father after a favorite uncle, William Bennett. Five sons and not a daughter!

Jennie had her hands full with all these children; and more so on account of the family's increasing difficulties financially. The parents moved to a smaller house and farm so that the former one they occupied could be sold to meet their obligations. Their fortunes continued to decline. John B. Mix had always been the manager and had others to the work (not because he disliked labor but because he had so many enterprises in hand); now he was trying to do the farm work himself. Jennie saw him toiling in the heat of summer, operating the binder to cut the crop. She felt that a younger person could do it more quickly, so she said to him,

"I can run the binder!"

Without waiting for him to remonstrate with her, she mounted the machine, took her seat, and grasped the reins. The horses, startled by the new driver, leaped forward. Jennie lost her balance and fell off backward to the ground, breaking her arm at the elbow. This accident put an end to her participation in farm work—but only for a time.

Their family income at that time was supplemented by the sale of farm produce. Each week Jennie drove into Oregon with horse and buggy, taking eggs and poultry and vegetables to the market. One day she met Frank O. Lowden, owner of the Sinissippi Farm nearby, driving his new automobile. The roaring, rattling machine, emitting noxious fumes and spewing smoke like some prehistoric monster, frightened her horse. She feared a runaway. But Mr. Lowden, the future Governor of Illinois and son-in-law of Pullman of sleeping-car fame, shut off his motor, lifted the boxes of eggs from the buggy, led the horse past the machine, replaced the boxes of eggs, and sent Jennie on her way safely.

The older Stombergs were settled on a nearby farm; their friends and cousins from the Dutch-speaking community made them all feel at home. Jennie enjoyed their friendship but she was determined to learn and speak English and become a true and loyal American. She began to read much in English—from the weekly magazine "The Country Gentleman" to the novels of Charles Dickens. She taught little John the words of the patriotic song, "My Country! 'Tis of Thee—" to impress upon

him the importance of being a true American. But she never lost her Dutch accent, and sometimes in her later years sang her grandchildren to sleep with lullabies in German.

Early in 1907 John and Jennie Mix set out from Oregon for their next home—a rented farm near Antler, North Dakota, just four miles from the Canadian boundary. The long train journey northward and westward across the windy, dusty and almost treeless prairies must have caused the mother's heart to sink. But she had little time to think of herself with five boys to care for, the youngest only a year old. One year was spent there, and it was enough. But before they could move again, they had to wait for another happy event. Jennie returned to Oregon in the new year, and there on February 25, 1908, the long-hoped-for daughter was born. Her mother named her Deena Clara after her own mother Reyerdina.

In raising and training children under pioneer conditions, usually the mother carries the heavier burden. So it was in the Mix family. Jennie always had a lively imagination and she would conceive of the worst things happening to her children. In Wyoming where they settled next she was terrified by the continual danger from rattlesnakes. But she was aware that harm can come from many sources, and she took no chances. No doubt overwork and uncertainty concerning the future contributed to that fear. But when she was confronted with some threat, she reacted instantly. Once when she was waiting with her six children in the railway station at a divisional point (possibly Great Falls, Montana) she had occasion to scold Philip for some misdemeanor. He was a sensitive child, and left the family group. Soon after, the next train arrived and the children were put aboard. As the train was pulling out, one of the children, watching the crowd on the platform, called out,

"Look, Ma, there's Phil on the station platform!"

Sure enough! Seven-year-old Philip was standing with the crowd watching the train leave.

"Stop the train! Get my boy!" cried the mother.

"We'll send him by the next train," replied the conductor.

"You'll do no such thing! Get him now!" she said in no uncertain tone, and began running down the aisle toward the exit. She would surely have jumped off the moving train to get Philip if the trainman had not pulled the cord and stopped the train.

"Bring me that boy!" he called out.

Phil was lifted not very gently and restored to his mother.

After spending less than a year in Wyoming, the family moved to Vermilion but wherever she lived, Jennie was on good terms with the neighbors, especially the mothers. She helped them in many ways—teaching them to knit as she did, or sew, or cook, or make quilts. Not that she had any leisure time! The nearest grocery store was eight miles away, and a weekly trip for the mail and a few necessary things for the table was all that could be arranged. Without any refrigeration, each day's food had to be prepared daily and could not be kept very long. All bread was home-baked, all vegetables were home-grown, all meat was butchered and preserved at home, sometimes supplemented by game birds in season. Besides all this, she did all the family sewing and mending, and provided the children with woollen stockings and mittens which she knitted. But every autumn a large order was sent to Eaton's at Winnipeg to provide other warm clothing for the winter—underwear, felt shoes or moccasins, mackinaw coats, corduroy trousers, leather overmitts and winter caps with ear-flaps. The children were always well protected from the cold.

Brought up in the Reformed Church (Presbyterian), she was careful to observe Sunday as the Lord's Day. No field work was done that day. With the children dressed in their best, she attended the Sunday services conducted in Island Hill School by the Methodist student-minister during the summer season. To the accompaniment of the wheezy school organ, the few farm families that gathered there sang lustily if not musically such old favorites as "Into a tent where a gypsy boy lay" and "Work for the night is coming"—short on Biblical teaching but full of sentiment and moral encouragement.

Jennie Mix had always been a religious person. She was not superstitious; her reverence and apprehension of God were based upon her Calvinist training from childhood. When the children were small she had them christened (baptized) as she

felt it her Christian duty to do. When George was a baby there were no church services held in the district, so she asked the Anglican minister to stop at the farmhouse (as he went about his circuit) and to christen the child, which he did.

In the preceding chapter it was stated that the coming of the school teacher to board at the Mix home had a significance to the family religiously; it is now time to explain that statement. In the fall of 1913 two itinerant women preachers, members of the "Two-by-Two" sect, came into the district and held services in Island Hill school. They were friends of the school teacher who boarded at the Mix home, and they spent considerable time with Jennie, knowing that she was a religious woman. For her part, she welcomed them sincerely and listened to their message.

The "Two-by-Twos" took their name from the Scripture which tells how the Lord sent His disciples out in pairs through the villages of Galilee to prepare for His coming to them. They went out without purse or possessions and lived wherever they were received. The sect had never been heard of by the people at Island Hill, but they seemed to have scriptural credentials. Their doctrine was not unknown; in fact, it was a belief held perhaps unconsciously by many brought up under orthodoxy, of whom Jennie was one. In short, the Two-by-Twos proclaimed a doctrine of salvation by good works—man's good works. Jesus was declared to be the Pattern for life and conduct, not the Saviour of men through His mediatorial death on the Cross. Their teaching they called the "Jesus Way" and urged their listeners to take Jesus as their Example and pattern their lives after His. It was a rule of life, a kind of monastic ideal. The difference between their teaching and the nominal Christian attitude lay chiefly in the fact that, though many accept such strivings as desirable, the Two-by-Twos held them to be essential, the *sine qua non* of the Christian life. When applied to Jennie, they insisted that she must learn more patience and passivity; she must not let herself be upset by the children and she must not chide or be over-anxious.

She accepted their admonitions and sought to fulfill them.

"This," she thought, "is the way to life. I must strive to attain it."

Strive she did—and failed miserably. To understand just what was involved in her case would necessitate both knowing Jennie—her quick, outspoken nature, her simple honesty, her keen mind, her desire to do right—and also knowing her circumstances—her multitudinous labors and frustrations with eight children and three critical women, all in the crowded and demanding situations that existed there.

Her failure to reach the goal she had accepted only made her more unhappy. After some weeks the women preachers gave up, washed their hands of her, and told her somewhat bluntly that she could not attain the crown she sought. Then they moved on to other pastures. She felt quite despondent. Her conscience had been aroused and she had truly tried to live as a Christian should; but she was told that she could never reach that goal. Perhaps they were correct in saying so!

Just at that time (July 1914) she was informed that two other evangelists were visiting the Morrison school area east of the river and would be holding a preaching service in that school. She determined to go and hear them. The man who spoke that evening was Mr. Fleming May, a tall, upright, scholarly person about 70 years old. He had been a school teacher until he was forty; then he was converted and became a preacher of the Gospel. He took as his text one of the seven words from the Cross.

"It is finished!"

The preacher explained that salvation is by faith, not by works; that Christ Himself "bore our sins in His body on the Cross" and made salvation possible now to any and all who believe from the heart and accept Him as their Saviour. No man can earn his salvation by doing good works, for he is offered a "finished" work by God Himself. Good works by man have their place in the Divine plan—they are the response of gratitude from a heart that is already made right with God.

To Jennie these words were a refreshing draft to a thirsty soul. She drank in every word and applied it to her own need. Joy and peace filled her heart and a new day dawned for her. In all the years that followed she never looked back. In September of that year she was baptized in the Vermilion river. Fleming

May and his young associate Ed Morton were frequent visitors at the Mix home where they often conducted public services and taught Bible lessons to the family. In due course Jennie's husband John B. Mix and four of the older sons professed a personal faith in Christ and were baptized as she had been.

In 1917 Jennie Mix received word that her mother, Reverendina Stomberg, was seriously ill at Oregon. Taking the three youngest children (George, Anne and Mary) with her, she made the journey by train to Illinois. Her mother died soon after her arrival. After her mother's funeral she became greatly concerned about her father's health. He had a cancer on his lip. Finally his son and daughter persuaded him to go into the hospital at Rockford, Illinois, and have it removed. He recovered completely and soon after came to Vermilion to make his home for a time with his daughter and her family. So it was that he was present at the time of John B. Mix's death in 1920, as related earlier in the story.

About six years after her husband's death, Jennie Mix sold the half-section northeast of town and moved to a smaller farm much closer to Vermilion. By that time most of the older boys had left home to pursue their own careers. In 1928 Neil McCrimmon, a bachelor farmer who attended the same church as Jennie, proposed marriage to her; she accepted, and their marriage lasted more than twenty years. Neil McCrimmon was of Scottish ancestry, born and brought up in the pioneer fringe of Ontario where he worked in farming and lumbering. He came to Vermilion in 1906 when he was 21 years old, and settled on a quarter-section of land about two miles south of Grizzly Bear coulee and about eight miles south of Vermilion. The land was rather poor. There Neil carried on an indifferent farming operation, using oxen in the early years, and earning just enough to live on.

He inherited a natural thrift and a conservative outlook on life, adhering strictly to his beliefs. His reading, which was chiefly from the Bible and orthodox religious books, was his principal diversion. He had a good grasp of doctrine and current theology. Both he and his wife attended the services of the Plymouth Brethren, now usually known as the Assembly of Christian Brethren, and were faithful in their duties there.

Their marriage brought significant changes to the McCrimmon homestead. A new two-story house, not spacious or elaborate, but comfortable, replaced the shack in which he had lived. Milk cows, pigs, chickens and turkeys added their various calls and noises to the farmyard. A larger garden was cultivated, and flowers bloomed around the house. Currant and raspberry bushes were grown for fruit to supplement the daily fare. In the fields, too, cultivation, seeding and harvesting were accelerated, although Jennie no longer busied herself there. Within a few years she had a thriving trade in young turkeys hatched in her incubators.

Jennie was fifty years old when she remarried. The children then at home were Anne, Mary, Martin and Bennett. Anne, the eldest of the four, soon went to Edmonton to continue her education and become a school teacher. Mary stayed at home a few years longer; then she took a business course in Edmonton and became a cashier in Woodward's Department store. Martin and Bennett grew up on the farm with Neil as the only father they remembered. Jennie was happier than she had been at any time since her first husband died. Her children were almost all settled and making their way in the world. She retained a keen interest in them all and in her grandchildren as one by one they appeared on the scene. But sorrow, too, comes with parenthood; in 1933 Philip succumbed to tuberculosis which he had contracted in Nova Scotia, and he was buried in the Vermilion cemetery. Finally, at the outbreak of the Second World War, the last two children left home—Martin to engage in a trucking or transport business in Edmonton, and Bennett to go overseas for service in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

The journey into Vermilion each week by horse and buggy was long and tiresome for Jennie, and the increasing number of cars on the dusty roads made it dangerous as well; so her son George gave her a car, a Chevrolet sedan, which she learned to drive. For several years she made frequent trips to town by herself, delivering eggs, butter and other farm produce. She was always able to manage the sharp turns and steep slopes of the coulee without accident.

On a few occasions William and Hazel Mix would invite all the other Mix families to meet at their home in Vermilion for a reunion. Jennie was especially pleased at this, having all her children and grandchildren gathered about her—the Balls, the Vaseys and seven Mix families.

As she approached her “three score years and ten” she developed diabetes and her strength began to fail. The first sign of weakness occurred in her legs—she could not walk without danger of falling. She had to give up her activities on the farm and in the house, and was confined to a chair. Soon she became a permanent patient in the Vermilion Municipal Hospital, and left it only to attend family gatherings such as the one just described. But she kept in touch with her family and maintained a keen interest in all of them. In fact, she thought of them so much that sometimes her mind slipped back into the past—an occurrence not uncommon to aging parents. An incident of this nature should be recalled. Louis and Irene went from Edmonton to visit her in the hospital in the early spring of 1949. She welcomed them as usual, inquired concerning all that was happening in their family, and spoke of news she had recently received of cousins in Oregon. When it was time for her son and his wife to leave, with her usual thoughtfulness and concern she said,

“You must have something to eat before you go. Mary will get you a cup of tea.” Then she called out, “Mary! Mary!”

There was no response. Seeing the expressions on their faces, she looked about the room—a hospital ward. In a flash she grasped the real situation and knew that Mary had grown up and was living in her own home in Edmonton.

“I was forgetting,” she said, and bade her children goodbye.

The end of her journey was near. On the eve of Good Friday, 1949, she passed peacefully away in the same hospital. A week later the families, friends and neighbors gathered in the Gospel Hall to pay their last respects. The building was filled to capacity. After the simple service, the casket was carried by her six sons and followed by the youngest, Bennett, and placed in the plot of ground where Deena, Philip, and John Bennett Mix were buried.

Neil McCrimmon continued to live on the farm until 1961. Then he sold the farm and bought a small house in Vermilion not far from the home of William and Hazel Mix. There he lived alone (as he preferred to do) for four years, attending the services in the Gospel Hall and assisting in the care of the building. One day he was found beside his bed, unconscious, and a few days later (August 30, 1965) he passed away in the Vermilion Municipal hospital. Thus died a good man, a kind husband and a faithful step-father.

* * * *

Klaas E. Stomberg, father of Jennie Stomberg, returned to Illinois in 1920 and made his home with his son, Enno. Following a stroke, Klaas Stomberg died in June 1923 and was buried in the family plot in the churchyard near Byron, Illinois. Of Jennie’s sister Sievertja or Sophie, little is known. Enno, the youngest of the Stomberg family, lived in or near Oregon most of his life and did well as a farmer and later as an employee and manager of the Farmer’s Co-operative Supply there. In 1917 he married Leila Mae Feary and to them were born nine children: Clara Mae (Stomberg) Claassen, Dorothy (Stomberg) Zittle, Gladys (Stomberg) Wallin, Charles Stomberg, Mary Jane (Stomberg) Shoemaker, Donald Stomberg, Floris (Stomberg) Dempsey, Franklin Stomberg, and Audrey (Stomberg) Wilken. Enno and Mae Stomberg have thirty-three grandchildren and several great-grandchildren.

The Descendants of John B. Mix

The preceding seven chapters have covered all too briefly and sketchily the ancestry of the Mix and allied families from which John Bennett Mix descended. That story is now complete as far as this account is concerned and this book might well end here. However, some inquisitive children will ask,

“What happened to all the sons and daughters of John B. Mix?”

The purpose of this concluding chapter is to trace just enough of that story to stimulate the curious. No doubt there are several persons better able than I to tell their story, and it may be that this attempt will stir them to action.

For this chapter, then, the names of the children of John B.

Mix will be given in their order of birth, with each identified by number, and their descendants listed after them, along with whatever pertinent information is available to the author.

I. The Descendants of John Bennett and Sarah (Etnyre) Mix

1. Catherine B. (Mix) Spoor

Catherine B. Mix (or Kate as she was usually called) was the eldest child, born in 1872 (?). She was a high-strung, spirited girl, and took over control of the household after her mother’s death (1888). Catherine married Harry Spoor, an insurance adjuster, a son of the pioneer family that owned the Spoor Hotel in Oregon. Harry and Catherine Spoor had no children.

2. May M. (Mix) Jackman

May M. Mix was born on October 7, 1874 (?) and died on February 25, 1945. She was a piano teacher. She married Clarence Houlton Jackman, a dentist, and they had two children, both of whom are still living:

(i) C. Houlton Jackman

C. Houlton Jackman is a mathematics professor at Bradley University, Peoria, Illinois. He has no children.

(ii) Margaret (Jackman) Boreland

Margaret (Jackman) Boreland is the wife of a chemist, William Boreland. They have three children:

Wilma Elaine William

3. Henry Augustus Mix

Henry Augustus Mix, the only son of John B. Mix’s first marriage, was born in 1876 and named after his grandfather. Interested in business, he established his own real estate office in Chicago and managed it for about twenty years. Then he amalgamated with the Pike Industries, and continued to prosper.

Henry enjoyed music and was tenor soloist for many years in a Presbyterian church in Chicago. He married Florene Beauhoup who bore him twin sons but both died at or near birth. Henry and Florene had no other children; she had to spend much of her time in California on account of poor health.

When he was about sixty years old, Henry underwent a prostate operation, considered minor, but pneumonia developed and he died unexpectedly. When his will was probated, it was found that he had left his estate, about \$600,000, half to his widow and the other half to his surviving sisters and their children, the descendants of Sarah (Etnyre) Mix. However, through some legal maneuvering, Florene got all but \$10,000. She had no one to whom to leave her wealth, so at her death she gave it to the policeman who kept watch in her area.

4. Sarah E. (Mix) Ives

Sarah E. Mix, usually called Sadie or Sada, was born in 1882 and died in 1932, aged 50 years. She was a graduate of Carthage College in western Illinois. She married George S. Ives (1878 - 1969) a pharmacist, graduate of the University of Illinois, who survived her by 37 years. To George and Sarah Ives were born five children:

(i) Faith (Ives) Cravens

Faith, named after her aunt Faith Mix, was born in 1904 and became a school teacher. She married Cecil Y. Cravens (1904 - 1944) and they had two children, Robert and Dorothy. Cecil Cravens died as the result of a car accident. Faith, though retired, still does substitute teaching on occasion, and keeps very busy helping others who need her. She visited western Canada in 1971.

Robert Cravens and his wife live in St. Louis. They have five children.

Dorothy and her husband live in Franklin Grove, Illinois, her family home. They have four children, the youngest three years old.

(ii) Isabelle (Ives) Canfield

Isabelle Ives was born in 1905. She married Lawrence Canfield and they have three children. Her chief occupation is a most necessary one—housewife.

(iii) Charles E. Ives

Charles E. Ives was born in 1909. He is a pharmacist, and has owned and operated a drugstore for many years in Franklin Grove, Illinois, about fifteen miles south of Oregon. Charles Ives married Lucy Rantoul. Their daughter is a graduate in biochemistry and is in charge of the blood bank in a Lutheran hospital near Chicago.

(iv) George S. Ives, Jr.

George S. Ives was born in 1916. He is a business promoter.

He married Lorna Brimer and they have two children.

(v) William Ives

William Ives was born in 1922. His field of work is communication, and he lives in Rockford, Illinois. He married Patricia Carter, and they have four children.

5. Faith D. Mix

Faith was the youngest child of Sarah Etnyre Mix. She was born in 1886 and was only two years old when her mother died. Her father was particularly fond of her, perhaps because she was left motherless so young. Faith graduated from the University of Wisconsin and was a librarian in the Chicago Public Library for several years. Faith never married, chiefly, no doubt, because of the objections of her father and brother to her proposed marriage to a wealthy and cultured plantation owner from the Philippines. She died March 8, 1926, at the age of forty years from complications resulting from appendicitis.

II. *The Descendants of John Bennett Mix and Jennie (Stomberg) Mix*

6. John Bennett Mix, Jr.

John Bennett Mix was born at Oregon, Illinois, on December 4, 1897. Very early he showed an aptitude for mechanics, a desire to investigate and experiment in science, and an independence of spirit. These he has maintained all his life. He has worked successfully at many things—farming, raising livestock, operating a commercial truck line, contracting threshing and such jobs—but almost entirely as an entrepreneur. He has owned two light planes and held a private pilot's license. He still carries on a large farming operation by himself.

John married Agnes Stringer of Saskatoon. Agnes (born August 23, 1898) is of Scottish-Irish ancestry; her grandfather John Stringer came from Ireland in 1847 and settled in Ontario. Her parents, John Graham Stringer and Margaret Richardson (Weir) Stringer came from Bruce County, Ontario, in 1906, and settled in Saskatchewan where they farmed until 1938 and then retired to Victoria, B. C.

John and Agnes live in Vermilion. They have been faithful and consistent in their support of the Gospel Hall there. They have two sons, Douglas Marshall Mix and David John Mix.

(i) Douglas Marshall Mix

Douglas was born on December 30, 1931. Taking an early interest in automobiles and their operation, he became a truck and transport driver, an occupation at which he has been very proficient. Douglas married Jean Juanita Huddleston and they live in Edmonton. They have five children:

Lorraine Agnes (Jan. 28, 1953); Marilyn Jean (Aug. 23, 1954)
Dianne Elaine (July 5, 1959); Barbara Valerie (May 8, 1961)
Wendy Gail (Jan. 28, 1967)

(ii) David John Mix

David was born April 10, 1938. He, too, learned to drive tractors and trucks at an early age, and driving became his life work; he is now a bus driver. David married Dianne Anne Napora; they live in Edmonton. They have three children:

Tracy Dianne (Oct. 30, 1962); Cory David (Jan. 9, 1965)
Karen Heather (Oct. 2, 1967)

7. Charles Goodwin Mix (1899 - 1965)

Charles Goodwin Mix was born at Oregon, Illinois, on September 17, 1899, and died at Vermilion on December 28, 1965. Charles Mix was at heart a farmer and loved the outdoor life. An unwearied worker from dawn to dusk, he spent the greater part of his life on his farm eight miles northeast of Vermilion, tending his livestock and cultivating his fields.

On July 15, 1919, he married Beatrice Armstrong (born July 15, 1901) the only daughter of a pioneer family who lived nearby. Beatrice's parents, George and Mary (White) Armstrong, were of Scottish and Irish ancestry and came to Vermilion from Ontario and Quebec. Beatrice's eldest brother William was killed while serving with the Canadian army in the First World War. Beatrice (Armstrong) Mix now lives in Vermilion.

Charles Goodwin Mix and Beatrice (Armstrong) Mix had two children:

(i) Florence Adella (Mix) Noyd

Florence Adella Mix was born in Vermilion on May 5, 1921. After completing her education at the Vermilion High School and a stenographic course at Alberta College in Edmonton, she attended the Canadian Bible Institute (CBI) in Regina. Then she

assisted in Christian work, part of which was on the "Heaven and Home Hour" with Rev. C. A. Sawtell. Florence Adella Mix married Harold Noyd of Wetaskiwin, Alberta, son of Henry Noyd of Sweden and Hilda (Hall) Noyd. Harold Noyd is a graduate in commerce of the Universities of Manitoba and Alberta, and, since 1962, has been a Fellow of the Society of Actuaries. He has been for several years on the actuarial staff of the Great-West Life Assurance Company in Winnipeg. Harold and Florence (Mix) Noyd live in St. Boniface, Manitoba, and are active supporters of the Christian and Missionary Alliance Church. Four children were born to them:

Lawrence Charles Henry (Larry) (Sept. 14, 1950) killed in his twentieth year (April 22, 1970) by an armed robber who stole his car;

Daniel Harold (Danny) (May 24, 1952) studying for his RIA; Marilyn Adelle (Dec. 12, 1955); Sandra Beatrice (Nov. 1, 1958)

(ii) Albert Russell Mix

Albert Russell Mix was born in Vermilion on December 23, 1924. After high school he attended the Canadian Bible Institute (CBI) at Regina and then became pastor of a church of the Christian and Missionary Alliance at Hawarden, Saskatchewan (1951 - 1952). Returning to Vermilion, he became employed in a men's clothing store there, and is now manager of the store. Keenly interested in the ministry, he is active in many areas of Christian work: a leader in the local Gideon camp, a soloist in the C & M A Church in Vermilion, and frequently assists in the services in the senior citizens' lodge.

Albert Mix married Kathleen Schellenberg, daughter of Jacob and Katherine (Ens) Schellenberg who farmed in Saskatchewan. Albert and Kathleen (Schellenberg) Mix have five children:

Marleen Beatrice (May 25, 1952) a graduate nurse employed at the Alberta School Hospital in Red Deer, Alberta

Evelyn Kathryn (Oct. 22, 1953) studying to be a social worker

Lucille Marie (July 2, 1955) Carol Irene (Oct. 19, 1956)

Lyll Albert (Oct. 28, 1961)

8. Philip Bennett Mix

Philip Bennett Mix was born on October 29, 1901, at Oregon, Illinois. He was a strong and wiry boy physically and possessed a generous and sensitive nature. His main interest in his early years was horses (as his name implies!) and he loved riding and hunting. During his father's last years he practically took over the operations of the farm. In the fall of 1925 he married Bessie Darling (born the same day as he) of River Hebert, Nova Scotia, (daughter of William and Isabel (Crawford) Darling from Scotland) whom he met at a Christian conference in Edmonton. A year after their marriage they moved to Nova Scotia, but finding conditions poor there, moved on to Chicago for a year and Philip became a foreman in a packing plant. With the economic depression beginning and unemployment increasing, he was afraid to take time off even when ill, and so damaged his heart and was sent back to Nova Scotia to recuperate. Instead of improving, his health declined, and he was found to be suffering from tuberculosis. On October 4, 1933, he reached Edmonton in search of treatment and was taken at once to the hospital at Lamont. But weakened by the disease and the long train trip, his heart gave out and he died ten days after being admitted into hospital. Bessie (Mix) Bartlett, a widow for the second time, still lives in River Hebert.

Philip and Bessie (Darling) Mix had two sons:

(i) Donald Henry Mix

Donald Henry Mix was born on Feb. 16, 1928 in Chicago, Illinois. He became a school teacher in Nova Scotia; but finding the salaries low, turned to salesmanship. Later he set up a tire retreading business, but it did not do well. Then he went to Mount Allison University and completed his B. A. degree. He is now teaching near Moncton, New Brunswick, where he lives.

Donald Mix's hobbies are curling and golf; he has on several occasions competed in national curling championships.

Donald Mix married Reta Mansour whose parents came from Damascus, Syria. Their marriage of more than twenty years was terminated by divorce. Donald Mix remarried on December 27, 1971.

To Donald and Reta (Mansour) Mix three children were born: Philip Charles Mix (Oct. 12, 1950) a law student, he obtained

a B. B. A. (business administration) at the University of New Brunswick

Ruth Ann Mix (Oct. 27, 1951) who has obtained a B. A. degree from Dalhousie University and intends to enter law.

Lily Darling Mix (Nov. 12, 1953) taking secretarial training at St. Mary's College.

(ii) William Wallace Mix

William Wallace was born in Nova Scotia on June 3, 1933. He contracted tuberculosis and died on Feb. 28, 1934, at the age of nine months.

9. *Louis Charles Mix*

Louis Charles Mix was born at Oregon, Illinois, on December 29, 1903. At the age of fourteen months he nearly succumbed to an attack of bronchial pneumonia. Beginning school at the age of nine years (there was no school in the district until then) he soon became a bookworm and a dreamer. Although he worked at many jobs—farming, concrete work, carpentry—education was always his goal. Completing his high school course in Vermilion, he entered the University of Alberta in 1923, but had to go to work the next year. In 1927 he graduated from the Camrose Normal School and began teaching, a profession which he followed without a break for 42 years. During his teaching career he continued his studies (majoring in history) and obtained a B. A. degree in 1940 and an M. Ed. degree in 1954, both from the University of Alberta. Another accomplishment of those years was joint authorship of two high school textbooks, *Canada in the Modern World* (1955) and *Our European Heritage* (1962).

In 1929 he married Irene Ethel Chillman, daughter of Rev. William Henry Chillman and Louisa (Bareham) Chillman of Watford near London, England. Mr. Chillman had been a colporteur for Rev. Charles Haddon Spurgeon and was ordained as a Baptist minister. He served in a number of churches, one being a Baptist church in Watford. William and Louisa Chillman came to Edmonton in 1906 with their four children: Charles, Harry, Louisa Kate, and Irene Ethel (born June 24, 1906). They were all gifted in music and took their places in choir or instrumental group, and William Chillman served in several pulpits.

Louis and Irene (Chillman) Mix live in Edmonton. They have many interests and activities, especially in McLaurin Baptist Church, but also in the work of the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship and of Sundre Lodge, the Baptist Union of Western Canada, and the Canadian Bible Society. They have one son and two daughters.

Canada Beckons

Late in the month of December 1908 an impressive gathering took place in the pioneer settlement of Vermilion in northeastern Alberta. Two years earlier the railroad had been built through the region, the Canadian Northern Railway, linking the fast-growing cities of Winnipeg and Edmonton. Vermilion, about 130 miles east of Edmonton, was marked out as a divisional point on the new railroad. The soil in that part was rich black loam and the virgin prairie was covered with lush grass or "prairie wool" from which the now-vanished herds of buffalo used to grow fat. Those wise men who attempted to forecast the future of the district could see Vermilion as the centre of a prosperous community from which grain and livestock would reach the markets of the world, and in which there would be a thriving local industry, services and cultural amenities.

Lured by such rosy prospects and by the generosity of the Canadian government in granting homesteads of 160 acres each to all comers, a steady stream of settlers began to pour into the area. Most of the newcomers were bachelors, middle-aged men who had worked their way west in building the new railway and now sought for a good place to settle down. Land within twenty miles of the railroad was soon taken over by homesteaders who cultivated or "broke" the required ten acres and constructed a makeshift dwelling of logs or sods. In the townsite itself lots were acquired and a motley group of buildings sprang up, either as temporary dwellings or as places of business—general stores, hotels, blacksmith shops, livery-stables, a bank, churches, local newspaper printing shop, post office, police headquarters, and some small service enterprises as well as the round-house and repair shops for the railway.

The occasion of the impressive gathering was the formal opening of a new school; an imposing brick structure of two storeys containing about eight classrooms, an assembly hall and full basement. This new school would be the first secondary or high school in northeastern Alberta, and so the Council of Vermilion and the Provincial Department of Education were justly proud of it. For the formal opening of the school both the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, the Honorable G. H. V. Bulyea and the Premier and Minister of Education, the Honorable A. C. Rutherford, were present. In those pioneer days there was almost no contact with the outside world except by train—no telephone or radio, no television, and no automobiles. No roads had been laid out, and the few wagon trails were impassible in wet weather. Consequently, the opportunity afforded the tiny community of seeing and hearing the leading men of the province of Alberta would undoubtedly draw everyone to the gathering. If that were not enough, there was the chance of escaping the monotony of dreary winter days in a cramped shack and of enjoying the tea and sandwiches and other cheer available on such an occasion; and, for business promoters and land speculators, there was the added incentive of making a few extra dollars. Altogether it is likely that few of the four hundred people in the district missed the meeting. In our imagination we can still see them—the portly premier with his white hair and beaming countenance; the reserved and dignified representative of Edward VII; the members of the Vermilion municipal council and of the local school board; the dignitaries from the C. N. R.; "men of the cloth" from the Anglican and Roman Catholic churches, and the Methodist minister; tradesmen of the town; storekeepers, land agents, and the banker; railroad workers; farmers and ranchers from the outlying district; housewives and children (for babysitting was unknown then); Indians and Metis; and, finally, the red-coated Royal North West Mounted Police, trim, hardened and disciplined, who had eyes for all and concern for none.

Among this motley crowd was a stranger, a foreigner. In the dim light of the oil lamps no one took notice of him; he had no important function to perform. He was slightly below average height, about five feet six inches, somewhat stooped with age and care, and was dressed in a black suit, white shirt and dark tie. His hair which had been dark was heavily streaked with white; his well trimmed beard and mustache were grey, and the broad crown of his head was bald. His manner was quiet and his movements unhurried—he did not draw attention to himself. If anyone had observed him closely, he would have seen that the stranger was a man of refinement and culture, one who had suffered much and enjoyed much, for the traces of such experiences were evident on his countenance. His eyes were grey, full, and clear; his face smooth, neither fat nor thin, and his aquiline nose, well-formed mouth and chin, and his broad forehead gave him a certain dignity. He had a kind expression and an honest appearance. He was no longer young; he had passed his sixtieth year and had reached that time in his life when he should have been able to see his future secure and his greatest trials past.

While the Premier and participants in the gathering spoke glowingly of the potentialities of the Vermilion district and forecast a happy and prosperous future for the settlement and the province, the stranger listened intently. Frequently he bowed his head as if in deep thought and often a far-away look came into his eyes. He was back in a log cabin beside the Big Horn river in Wyoming. There his young wife just recovered from a serious illness and their six young children waited for his return. Wyoming was still a wild place, a hideout for lawbreakers; his family was alone on a rented farm, and the children were very young, from eleven years old down to ten months. Were they safe and well?

The stranger was my father, John Bennett Mix; and I was one of the children in that far-away log cabin. He was now in Alberta in search of a home, a farm where he could settle and raise his family. That search had begun shortly after I was born, and had taken him first through southern Manitoba and Saskatchewan, areas which he rejected. Then he felt that he had found a good location and had taken his goods and family to Antler, North Dakota. Disappointment came quickly. The next year was spent on an irrigated farm in the Wyoming desert near

Basin. That was even worse. Why not return to beautiful Rock River valley where he had spent fifty years? But he had not enough money left to buy one of the score of farms which he had formerly owned in Illinois; his children would have little opportunity for advancement there. So he would try once more, but this would be the last time. Here he was in the Vermilion district to look over an improved farm. It would meet the needs of this young family if things went well. He had sufficient money to buy the farm and the few cattle on it. But if there was no crop or no market—should he spend his last dollar?

It was to find some help to the burden that weighed him down that he attended the school opening. At its conclusion he seemed satisfied that he was making a wise choice—and bought the Charlie Davis farm which was situated eight miles northeast of Vermilion. Then he hurried back to Wyoming.

Mother and the six children were sent by train to the newly-purchased farm near Vermilion, arriving there on January 25, 1909. Father stayed behind to load the machinery, the household stuff, and the horses in a box car and care for them on the long journey to Vermilion. All arrived safely and in due course were taken to the farm.

Father's search for a home was over. During the eleven years that he lived in Alberta he suffered many adversities and knew many joys. Five more children were added to the family and each was welcomed as much as any that had come before.

When John Bennett Mix died he left fifteen surviving children. The story of his family background and the record of his descendants make up the account that fills these pages. To the present (1972) his progeny number more than 150 and bear surnames that cover the alphabet, as shown below, with the number of direct descendants given in brackets.

Anderson	(5)	Holloway	(4)	Noyd	(5)
Ball	(6)	Ives	(10)	Rubuliak	(2)
Barker	(5)	Jackman	(2)	Simon	(5)
Boreland	(4)	Kerr	(3)	Tiessen	(4)
Canfield	(4)	LaBossiere	(2)	Trueman	(2)
Cravens	(2)	Lien	(4)	Vasey	(4)
Curtis	(4)	McAuley	(6)	Watson	(2)
Eckert	(1)	Mergaert	(7)	Wright	(3)
Fleming	(1)	Merner	(3)	Zielsdorf	(5)
Francisco	(4)	Mix	(46)	Johnston	(1)

During the early Puritan settlements in America, Thomas Hooker & his followers founded the colony of Hartford, Conn. One of the company of pioneers with him was William Goodwin. In 1659 Wm. Goodwin left Hartford & established a congregation at Hadley with 30 persons with him.

William Goodwin's life is very interesting. He was born in Essex in 1595 and became wealthy through the woollen trade there. In 1616 he married Elizabeth White and was apparently in very happy circumstances financially and socially. Later he attended services conducted by Rev. Thomas Hooker and became an ardent Puritan. By 1632 he had decided to sell his estates and move with the exiles to the New World. He reached Boston in the ship "Lion" in 1632 and from that time was a leader in "Hooker's Company". When his wife died we do not know, but in his later years he married Mr. Hooker's widow Susanna, was a good stepfather to Hooker's son, and was executor of Hooker's estate. Besides helping to establish both Hartford and Hadley, he founded the Hopkins Grammar School. He had one daughter who married and through her he left many descendants but no Goodwins. He died in 1673.

About forty miles south of Hartford, on Long Island Sound, another Puritan colony was planted in 1638—New Haven, a name that expressed the hopes of all the Puritan emigrants. The site of the new settlement had already caught the attention of explorers from Plymouth and the Bay Colony. To forestall any other group from taking the area, seven hardy pioneers were sent there in the autumn of 1637 to await the coming of the leaders the next spring. The spot chosen was a bay into which three small rivers flowed—the Quinnipiac, the Mill and the West rivers. At its mouth the bay was about a mile across and it extended inland

about four miles, making a sheltered and picturesque harbor. Beyond the harbor to the north was a gently sloping, sandy plain backed by a line of hills from which two knobs rose to about 400 feet. It was a most desirable place for a town.

The advance party arrived and literally "dug themselves in", making shelters largely of earth. From the local Indian chiefs or "sachems" they purchased the lands on which they intended to settle. The purchase was not difficult to arrange because the Indians of the area had suffered many losses and needed the help and protection of the white men coming in. On April 24, 1638, the leaders of the new settlement arrived—Theophilus Eaton as Governor and Rev. John Davenport as minister of the Congregational Church. Of chief interest to me is the fact that in this company were two other men—Captain Nathaniel Turner and Thomas Mix—men whose blood flows in the veins of those who bear the name Mix. Whether they came singly or together, I do not know; but they were there at the founding of the settlement.

Captain Nathaniel Turner was perhaps the most colorful of the Mix ancestors. During the Pequot War (1636 - 1637) he faced the arrows of hostile Indians. During one attack his life was saved by the heavy collar he wore. He recovered from the wound on his neck to become the captain of the force defending the colony on the Sound. When it was decided to extend the control of that colony southward, Captain Turner was chosen to negotiate with the tribes along the Delaware. He purchased for the colony almost all the southwest shore of New Jersey and the territory where Philadelphia now stands. Soon groups from New Haven and from Hertford (England) were settling at the present sites of Philadelphia and Salem, New Jersey. But the Dutch and the Swedes were not happy about this encroachment on their claims, and they combined to crush the Puritan attempt. They disrupted the trade of New Haven, burned the blockhouses of the settlers in Delaware, captured and imprisoned their leader, and made life extremely perilous for the Puritans. Added to these difficulties was an outbreak of the plague at Salem—and the settlers were ready to give up. New Haven had lost heavily.

To recoup their fortunes, the leaders at New Haven decided to send as much goods as they could to England; so during 1645 they built at New Haven a ship of about 80 (some accounts say 150) tons and loaded her with the best products of the colony—wheat, peas, timber, hides and furs, silver plate—to a value of about 5,000 pounds, perhaps a quarter of the wealth of the colony; and on January 7, 1646, sent her off to England. In charge was Captain Lamberton, and on board were a dozen of the most influential persons of the colony. They were sent, no doubt, to negotiate with the home government for more trade, and so included Captain Turner, Mrs. Goodyear (whose descendants became famous in the rubber industry), Mr. Gregson who had experience in diplomacy, a magistrate, and others. The "Great Shippe" left New Haven amid many tears and prayers—and vanished. No trace of her was ever found. Finally, late in 1647, the good people of New Haven accepted the hard fact of its total loss with all seventy souls aboard, and distributed the property of the victims to their heirs. Rebecca, fifteen-year old daughter of Captain Turner, would welcome her father home no more. And so the first death among the ancestors of the Mix family in the New World occurred; but three years later Rebecca Turner married Thomas Mix, the constable of New Haven, and so the first marriage of the Mix ancestors took place.

Samuel Mix, second son of Ebenezer & Anna Mix married Roxena Pelton in 1793. Ten children were born to them.

The eldest was William J. Mix, born May 20, 1795. He became a medical doctor and the father of at least two other doctors, and it was he who led the way in the emigration of the Mix families to Illinois. Another son, John Goodwin Mix (1802 - 1869) returned to the old family home at West Hartford and became an heir to his uncle Judge John Mix after whom he was named. The youngest of the children was Henry Augustus Mix (1816 - 1867) my grandfather.

Samuel and Roxena remained at Grand Isle for the next eight years, during which time their youngest son Henry was born. When that child was six the family moved to Henryville,

Quebec, about 25 miles away, where Samuel kept a tavern (1822 - 1824). With advancing years, he soon returned to Grand Isle, and died, presumably there, on March 29, 1828, in his seventy-first year. Within a decade the grown sons began to move to new areas: William J. and his son William J. Junior set out for the west and finally settled at Oregon, Illinois in 1835; John Goodwin went back to his father's old home at West Hartford. In her last years Roxena moved to Willoughby, Ohio, (most likely with one of her children) where she died on June 1, 1849, at the age of 76 years.

6. *Henry Augustus Mix* (1816 - 1867) was born at Grand Isle, Vermont, on September 21, 1816. He received his elementary education there, and possibly some secondary training as well. The years 1839 and 1840 he spent at college in Moscow, Vermont, (about 35 miles from Grand Isle) where he studied civil engineering. In 1841 he attended Harvard Law School in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was granted the diploma recommending him to the law profession. It was signed by Simon Greenleaf (1783 - 1853) and is now among my souvenirs.

After completing his formal training, Henry A. Mix went west to Ohio where he spent a brief time prospecting. Then he went on to Oregon, Illinois, where his eldest brother, Dr. William J. Mix, had established a medical practice. Henry did not remain idle after he reached Oregon; he opened a law office in that pioneer settlement where there were only a store or two, a post office, an elementary school, and a few log or frame dwellings. It was a time of great migration to the opening west. Henry saw that better and more permanent buildings were needed, so he established a brick factory. It is recorded that the first bricks produced were used to build a gaol and a house for himself. Certainly the gaol was needed, for there were unruly characters in those days. For five years (1835 - 1840) bandits had been preying on the settlers, sometimes even resorting to murder to get the horses they wanted. Six months before Henry arrived in Oregon, a band of Vigilantes, 112 strong (who called themselves "The Regulators") vowed to put an end to banditry. They gathered from Sycamore, Oregon and Rockford, all local settlements, to avenge the death of a Vigilante leader named John Campbell. They captured the two men they sought, found incriminating evidence, held a frontier court on the spot, found them guilty of murder, and executed them there before firing squads of 56 men each. The Vigilantes were arrested and put on trial but all were acquitted; however, the arrest and trial of the Vigilantes showed that the State's leaders did not consider such instances of "mobocracy" the way to justice. A large stone just east of Oregon marks the site of execution which occurred on June 28, 1841. The execution, however, marked the end of the terror caused by the "prairie bandits."

One of the first men Henry A. Mix met in Oregon was Philip R. Bennett, his future father-in-law, who had the previous year come with his family to settle in the promising new lands of the middle west. Philip Bennett was born in Fall River, Massachusetts, where he had received a good education. In 1835 he was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature to represent Bristol County. But he felt the pull of the west, and in 1838, with his wife, Catherine (Jacobs) Bennett, his daughter Catherine, twelve, and son William W., three, moved first to Ottawa, Illinois, in LaSalle County; then in 1840 settled at Oregon and established a mercantile business. Soon after, he took on the responsibilities of postmaster and was named Judge of the Probate Court for the county. From 1854 to 1856 he was County Treasurer—in all, one of the most prominent and respected men in the community.

Catherine Bennett was sixteen when she and Henry met. How soon their acquaintance blossomed into love is not recorded, but he won her heart, and they were married on December 19, 1844 three months before her nineteenth birthday. Henry was then 28 years old. By this marriage another old New England Puritan family was linked with the Mix line. The Bennetts' ancestors had come to the Bay colony in its earliest years. According to the account, the first Bennett emigrant was imprisoned along with his congregation for teaching Puritanism; and that upon his release he brought his followers to New England.

It is not my intention to trace more fully the Bennett line at this time; but rather to introduce the one who is most important to us. There is no picture of Catherine Bennett Mix in the family

album, but an old daguerreotype showed her as a beautiful girl. She and Henry had not long to enjoy their life together; she died in childbirth on October 4, 1846, in her twenty-first year, but the child lived and was named after his mother's family—John Bennett Mix—the man who was introduced in the first chapter.

Henry remarried on August 1, 1849, choosing as his wife Mary Jacobs, probably a cousin of Catherine Bennett Mix. Mary Jacobs Mix was born in Fall River, Massachusetts, and came west with her parents. Eight children were born to them, but only two of these, George and Mary, lived past their childhood.

Henry A. Mix was ambitious and tireless. He seized every opportunity to participate in the development of the business and political life of the county, and beyond; he would not be deterred by obstacles. On one occasion, when the bridge was out over Rock River in a time of flood, he lashed two washtubs together and rowed himself across, so anxious was he to keep his appointments. He had a law office in Oregon and opened a second one in Galena about 65 miles away in the northwest corner of the State. During Lincoln's administration he was collector of internal revenue for Ogle County. He purchased tracts of land as they became available. For just over a quarter of a century he worked diligently at his profession—the practice of law—and was noted for his ability as an advocate. He had plans in the making for still further development, a railway extension that certain groups opposed, when his career was cut short.

On September 2, 1867, he worked late. On his way home in the darkness he had to cross an unfinished bridge. Whether he lost his footing, or the planking gave way, or some person pushed him—is a mystery. He fell. In the morning the workmen found his body on the rocks below. Whispers of foul play were heard and an inquiry was conducted; but nothing could be proved and his death was listed as accidental. So Henry Augustus Mix—lawyer, promoter, politician, businessman, husband and father—was laid to rest beside his first wife Catherine and six of his infant children. Around the cemetery large elms cast their shade and the dark, swift Rock River flows close by. Above his grave stands a tall granite shaft bearing the names of those buried in his family plot. At the time of his death he was just 51 years of age. Perhaps he had hoped and planned to give more time and thought to the things of Eternity when he grew older—but that was not granted to him. John Bennett Mix, speaking of his father Henry more than a half-century after that tragic fall, said that he remembered him as a man wholly taken up with his business enterprises.

Two children of Henry and Mary (Jacobs) Mix survived: George Augustus and his sister Mary. George was born in 1850, lived at Oregon all his life where he carried on business as a merchant, and owned considerable property in the town. He had a son George who worked with him. The older George died in 1907 and the son not long after, and that family line seems to have ceased. Mary Mix married a banker by the name of Barber and invested her considerable fortune in their bank—Barber Brothers Bank. The bank failed, as did many others, near the end of the first World War, and Mary (Mix) Barber lost about half of her investment. Mary Barber had two daughters, but nothing more is known concerning her, nor the time of her death.

Mary (Jacobs) Mix outlived her husband by nearly seventeen years. She was left in affluent circumstances, but could money compensate for the grief she suffered in the loss of her six infant children, and in the death of her husband in her fortieth year? She died on August 8, 1884, in Bethlehem, New Hampshire, some 90 miles southeast of Grand Isle where her husband had been born.

The Mix family line has been sketched through seven generations—from Thomas Mix to John Bennett Mix. Before the narrative closes, one or two items of interest pertaining to other branches of the family should be mentioned. The first Mix family to settle in Oregon, Illinois, was that of Dr. William J. Mix (1795 - 1850), the eldest brother of Henry Augustus Mix. William was the first doctor in that area; three of his descendants (two sons and a grandson—William J. Junior, another Henry Augustus, and Judd William) all became doctors. Two of them received recognition for their services in the United States Medical Corps during the Civil War (1861 - 1865). Two daughters of William (senior) married brothers named McKenney, and their sons became doctors. So that, from this family, four

doctors, two Mixes and two McKenneys (cousins of John Bennett Mix) were known all round Oregon in the last decades of the 19th century.

One other relative should be mentioned, a man of whom John Bennett Mix spoke frequently, his mother's brother William W. Bennett. He was born in Fall River, Massachusetts in 1835, and came with his parents to Oregon when he was five years old. As a citizen, he was always closely associated with the business life of the town, from 1855 to 1870 as a merchant. In 1873 he and two other men established a bank there, and the next year he became president of the First National Bank in Oregon. He was elected an alderman of the City of Oregon when it was incorporated in 1870. In 1869 he married Sarah Snyder, and three children were born to them: William Wallace, George M., and Mary K. Bennett. A churchman as well, he composed a hymn for the dedication of the First Presbyterian Church in Oregon on October 6, 1873.

JOHN BENNETT MIX

Let's read as Ivah Haring recounts her recollections of the Mix family—recorded by Eugene de L'horbe.

With wistful eyes peering nostalgically into the distant past, Mrs. George (Ivah) Haring recalled her Uncle John Mix.

"Uncle John was a busy man. He had twenty farms, mostly in Rockvale Township. He'd bring farm managers over from Germany. That's why there are so many Germans living in Rockvale Township today.

"You see, I knew a lot about Uncle John because he married Sarah Etnyre who was my father's sister. Of course, this was before my time, but Uncle John's grandfather was born and raised in the old Gantz house (now the home of Dr. and Mrs. Raymond Mann, 209 S. Fifth Street, Oregon). Uncle John's father, William, was quite successful. He had some kind of a job with the state. I can't be certain, but I think he was an assessor. William built a large red house which still stands at the west edge of Oregon on Route 64.

"I can't remember how many children William had, but I do remember Uncle John's brother, George. George built the building now occupied by The National Clothing Store.

"Aunt Sarah had five children: Katherine (Mrs. Harry Spoor), May (Mrs. May Jackman), Sadie (Mrs. George Ives of Franklin Grove), Faith (who never married), and Henry Augustus who went to Chicago and worked for the Pike Industries.

"Uncle John made lots of money and he built a large home on a hill northeast of the present dam. Of course they didn't have a dam then—just a flour mill with mill stream paddles.

"When they first built the dam, he donated all the rock that went into it from his quarry near the house.

"He must have built the house over a hundred years ago, because it had been built before I can remember and I'm eighty-five. He also built a huge red barn in back of the house—the largest one in Ogle County. He built it as a sheep barn.

"Uncle John's house was quite a show place. There was always some festivity going on in it. I still remember some of those jovial parties."

Ivah's eyes brightened as her thoughts returned to the present. She said to me "Gene, I understand you live in Uncle John's house. We called his place the Knoll. Do you still call it that?"

"No," I responded. "We call it 'Sunset Hill'."

"Tell me," Ivah asked, "is the house still sound? Do you still have that old copper bath tub? Have you changed the house much?"

She seemed satisfied when she was assured that though the house had been modernized, a conscious effort had been made to restore it to its original magnificence.

Sinnissippi Farm

Parts of this Courtesy of Clyde Spangler

Sinnissippi Farm, the farm and estate once owned by Frank O. Lowden, former governor of Illinois, borders the east bank of the Rock River for several miles south of Oregon. Named "Sinnissippi" by Mrs. Lowden from the Indian name for the Rock River, "Rocky Waters," the farm has had a long and illustrious history.

Prehistoric Tribes and the Red Men

From prehistoric times, the valley of the Rock River has been a favorite residence of man. The many mounds along the river banks furnish indisputable evidence that people lived there thousands of years ago. The mound builders were a numerous race, and it is possible that more people lived on Sinnissippi Farm then, than ever have since. Within two miles, there may still be seen nineteen mounds, the work of tribes that had departed before the earliest times represented in the traditions of our modern Indians. But we have very little knowledge of the mound builders, and even the history of Indians dwelling in this region since the discovery of America is mostly conjecture and surmise.

McLaughlin, in his "History of the United States" says that the earliest known Indians to inhabit Illinois were members of the powerful Algonquin Family, which was the largest of all, and included many tribes.

As far as the writer can ascertain, the tribal names of the early inhabitants of Northwestern Illinois are not known. But in the first years of the eighteenth century, the Kickapoos, also members of the Algonquin Family, who had been living in central Canada, came to the southern shores of the Great Lakes. A fierce and warlike tribe, they soon killed or drove away the former inhabitants.

About 1750, the Kickapoos had to undergo the same treatment they had meted out to others. For then the Sacs and Foxes came from around the St. Lawrence River, and fought and drove away the Kickapoos. The newcomers spread all over this section of the country, and, after conquering the Kickapoos, waged war successfully with neighboring tribes, the Chippewas, Sioux, Pawnees, and Osages. The Sacs and Foxes were really only one tribe. They always appear typical Indians: courageous, shrewd, politic, and enterprising; great in the chase or on the war path. Their principal village was near the mouth of the Rock River. They hunted and fished throughout its entire length, passing and repassing Sinnissippi Farm, and, doubtless, often made their camp within its boundaries. Other Indians who lived in this region at a later day were the Winnebagoes and Potawatomes.

Taking as an indication the large number of beads, flint arrow points, spearheads, cutting and boring instruments, and stone hatchets found near, thousands of Indians must have inhabited this region at different periods of time. It was certainly a favorite place for hunting, trapping, and fishing. What great battles have been fought here between the wild and savage red men, no one can say. But relics of battles are plentiful.

Many years ago there were Indian mounds on the lawn in front of the house, about where the children's swings are now hung.

Mrs. Frances J. Maynard, who lived at Sinnissippi Farm many years ago, says that she heard, when a child, that these mounds were the graves of Indian warriors. There was a tradition that many braves were buried there, and that a large number of squaws were interred on the high bluffs on the other side of the river, in the vicinity of the high rock called "Devil's Backbone".

Mr. George M. Reed of Daysville relates that, when a boy, he and his chum, Charlie Jackson, used to be fond of playing around the Hemenway House. After every heavy rain, they could find Indian beads, arrow points, and human bones near the mounds mentioned by Mrs. Maynard.

The late Lyman Salisbury, an old resident of Daysville, found a great many Indian relics in the course of his life. They consist of stone hatchets, arrow points, and spearheads. Some of these were found on Sinnissippi Farm, and some on Mr. Salisbury's

own farm, adjoining. "Bill" Williams told the writer that one day Mr. Salisbury showed him a grooved stone hatchet, which he said was found at Sinnissippi Farm, when excavation was being made for the foundation for one of the water towers.

One day in 1845, "Dan" Williams, who was then living on Sinnissippi Farm, saw over fifty Indians ride up to the house. "Dan" was a very small boy then, and the red men frightened him badly. He ran quickly to his mother for protection. Mrs. Williams had often seen Indians in New York State, and was not at all alarmed. When she went to the door, they asked for bread. Mrs. Williams gave them what she had, and they rode away. They were seen to go down the little ravine under the "first bridge", and ford the river to the big island, at the place where Col. Lowden's cows sometimes cross. The Indians rode down the island, and forded to another island, then crossed to the right bank, and disappeared.

Mr. George Reed remembers seeing Indians going up and down the river many a time. The braves were always mounted on scrubby little ponies; while the squaws trudged along on foot, carrying the papooses and baggage. They preserved strict silence, and marched in single or "Indian" file. At every house, the squaws stopped to beg. If they received something, they were happy. If they met with a refusal, they were very disagreeable, scolding and swearing. However, they never dared do any harm.

Luke Hemenway once told "Bill" Williams that, when he first came out to look at the place, he found ten or a dozen squaws and papooses sitting on the rocks just west of the present stables. The papooses were strapped to boards; and the squaws were stringing beads, and paying very little attention to their babies. The squaws sat silent and almost immovable. Occasionally they would move a little to keep the sun out of their eyes. Mr. Hemenway often called that place "Squaw Rock". He afterward named his estate "Squaw Farm".

The name of "Squaw Rock" is now applied to the high rock of St. Peter's sandstone, that rises perpendicularly from the river to the height of thirty feet or more. It is one of the well-known landmarks along the river, and is designated as "Squaw Rock" on many maps of Ogle County.

Whether it received its name from "Squaw Farm", or from the other rock nearby, which Mr. Hemenway called "Squaw Rock," no one can say with certainty. It may have been named thus from an old tradition, which many people relate, but which no one can vouch for.

The story runs that once an Indian maiden, who had been disappointed in her love for a young brave, committed suicide by leaping from the rock to the river below. Ever afterward it was called "Squaw Rock".

In a "History of Ogle County", the writer finds a statement about the name of a place called "Squaw Hill". It is most likely that the "Squaw Hill" referred to is either "Squaw Rock", or the hill nearby, upon which the flag pole stands. Reasons for thinking this are that no other name so much like "Squaw Hill" can be found on maps of Ogle County, and that James V. Gale, who is mentioned, lived in Oregon, not far away. The statement is quoted in full:—

"Squaw Hill".—(So named) "Because of the accidental killing of an Indian squaw on its summit. Her body was enclosed in a rude coffin, made by sawing an old canoe in halves, which, according to Indian custom, was elevated about four feet from the ground. This rude coffin was not long enough to include her whole body, and her feet and ankles were left protruding at the open end. James V. Gale says: 'I saw her feet while she lay thus entombed.' A vandal, named Thompson, tore down the scaffold, rifled the old canoe of her remains, and carried the trinkets, beads, etc., to Dixon."

In 1804, the Sacs and Foxes appeared to be the only Indians having a valid claim to the land of Northwestern Illinois. By a treaty in that year, and for a consideration, they ceded to the United States all the land between the mouths of the Illinois and Wisconsin Rivers. The Indians were, however, to be allowed to live and hunt on the lands, until the white settlers became numerous.

In 1830, another treaty was made with the Sacs and Foxes, by the terms of which, they were to remove peaceably across the Mississippi River. This they did. But in 1831, Black Hawk, the principal chief, declared all treaties void, and with his

women and children, and three hundred warriors, he recrossed the Mississippi, and made his way up the Rock River.

His warriors committed irritating depredations, and stole several articles. The people of the vicinity became alarmed, and believed that Blackhawk was on the war path. Gov. Reynolds called for volunteers to fight against the Indians, and several hundred men, among them Abraham Lincoln, responded.

Blackhawk retreated up the river, on the left bank, passing through Sinnissippi Farm. Shortly after, the soldiers pursued him over the same route. The disgraceful affair at Stillman's Run occurred about twenty miles up the river from the farm. The whites retreated to Dixon, crossing the farm again, and a little later, the whole army marched up the same route. Most of the fighting took place several miles north of Sinnissippi Farm.

After the Indians had been thoroughly beaten, Blackhawk was captured, and his braves were compelled to go over the Mississippi River, there to stay. Their ranks were reduced; their spirit was broken; their warlike chief was a prisoner. They wanted no more contests with the powerful armies of the Whites. They had to be content without the fertile corn fields of Illinois, which the pioneer white settlers could till in peace.

II—1492 to 1842

One can deal with authentic historic facts since the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492, and since that time, Sinnissippi Farm has been under four flags: those of Spain, France, Great Britain, and the United States.

By virtue of the discoveries of Spaniards, and under Spanish auspices, Spain claimed the greater part of North America from the time Ponce de Leon discovered the mainland April 2, 1512. He named it Florida; and, though so little had been explored, Spain applied the name of Florida to nearly all the eastern half of North America. Included under this designation, was what is now the state of Illinois, though it is doubtful if a Spaniard set his foot on Illinois soil, during the entire time that Spain claimed it for her own.

Several years after Ponce de Leon landed in Florida, the French prosecuted their discoveries in the valley of the St. Lawrence. They had three motives: acquisition of territory, trade with the Indians, and the spread of Christianity. The Jesuit priests advanced side by side with the explorers and traders.

Thus, in 1673, while Pere Marquette, a Jesuit priest, and Louis Joliet, a trader and explorer, with their guides and "voyageurs" were floating down the Mississippi, they were the first white men to see Illinois, and may be called its discoverers.

Another brave and dashing Frenchman, Robert Chevalier de La Salle, voyaged down the Illinois River in 1679. In 1682, he descended to the mouth of the Mississippi, and there on April 9, 1682, he erected a cross and a column. With appropriate ceremonies, La Salle claimed for his king, Louis XIV of France, all the land drained by the Mississippi, and all the land drained by every stream that flowed into the Mississippi. The claim of France was far more valid than that of Spain, and from that time until the end of the last French and Indian War, we may consider Sinnissippi Farm a part of the Great Empire of France.

By capturing Quebec, and winning the fourth and last French and Indian War, Great Britain won from France her large dominion in America. Peace was made at Paris on those terms February 10, 1763. On October 10, 1765, the ensign of France was hauled down from the ramparts of old Fort Chartres, and was replaced by the flag of Great Britain.

During our Revolution, the Illinois country was wrested from Great Britain by the heroic efforts of Col. George Rogers Clark. He descended the Ohio River with one hundred fifty-three men, landed near Fort Massac, marched to Kaskaskia, and captured it easily on July 4, 1778. He left garrisons there and at Cahokia, and, after a march, on which he overcame obstacles which seem almost insuperable, he captured Vincennes, February 24, 1779.

III—Luke Hemenway

The first white man to live on the estate now owned by Col. Lowden was John Carr. He was a "squatter" on the land in 1840, and lived in a one room cabin, not far from the site of the present house. Mr. Reed says that Carr's cabin was near Carr Creek, about where the second bridge on the river drive is located.

According to "Bill" and "Dan" Williams, however, Carr's cabin was just below Squaw Rock.

The land on which Col. Lowden's house now stands was obtained from the United States by James Moore, who entered 79.92 acres of government land June 6, 1842.

The wife of James Moore was a sister to Luke Hemenway, and the latter also had another sister, Mrs. Day, the wife of Col. Jehiel Day, for whom Daysville was named. Mr. Hemenway came west in 1842 or 1843 to visit his sisters. The beauty of the scenery, and the fertility of the land made such an impression upon him, that on December 16, 1843, he entered some land for himself, to the amount of 124.39 acres.

On September 23, 1845, and on February 1, 1847, for a consideration of \$901, Mr. Hemenway purchased all the claim of Mr. and Mrs. James Moore, which had previously been mortgaged to him for \$500. Soon afterward he purchased 39.86 acres of land from Mr. and Mrs. Jehiel Day, and 79.80 acres from Mr. and Mrs. Luther S. Hemenway. The latter gentleman was a brother to Luke Hemenway.

Luke Hemenway was born in Keene, N.H. When a boy, he went to New York City. He was not acquainted there, and he had but little education. Consequently, at first he had to work at very humble employments. A lady who knew him well, Mrs. Frances J. Maynard of Oregon, Ill., says that Luke Hemenway worked as boot black, cobbler, and photographer. "Bill" and "Dan" Williams say that he worked as errand boy and bottle washer in a drug store. He rose to be clerk, was rapidly promoted, and saved his money. He invested his savings in a patent, which proved exceedingly profitable. By this he made a fortune, and put it into the shipping industry, owning many large vessels. His business office was in Jersey City, N.J., and he owned a beautiful home on the Hudson.

About 1844, Luke Hemenway planned to erect a large stone house on his property. "Dan" Williams says that Mr. Hemenway at first intended to build his house just west of Carr Creek, about fifty rods from the river, on the knoll, near where the gate opens into the corn field. This was near where Luther Hemenway had a log house, which stood about half way between Carr Creek and where Col. Lowden used to have his chicken house.

But, on further consideration, Mr. Hemenway decided to build on the location of the present house.

In 1845 and 1846, the building was erected. Most of the stone used was quarried from the Plantz Quarry, near Lighthouse Church. This was veneered with a cut stone, which was undoubtedly brought from some distance. For the early time, in which this house was built, it was a grand and imposing structure; and it was always a "show place" to be visited by the people, who lived within several miles of it.

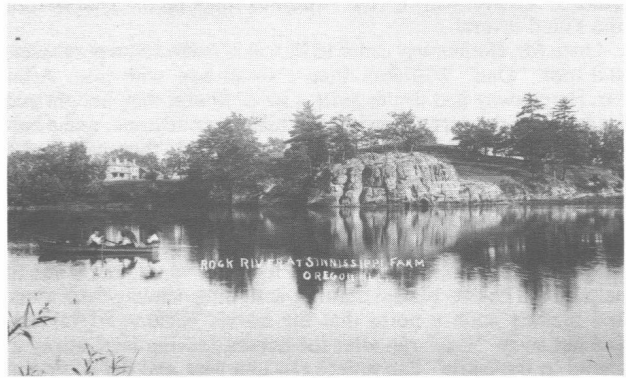
Isaac Means of Dixon was the contractor who built this house. James McGovern was head stone mason, and William Andrew, was "boss carpenter". George Williams, who, with his family, came from New York, settled on Sinnissippi Farm at this time, (1845). He worked on the house, using his horses for hauling stone. "Bill" Williams was then a baby, and "Dan" Williams was a small boy. They lived for about two years near where Col. Lowden's laundry now is.

After the house was completed, Luther S. Hemenway and wife moved in. They kept the house for Luke Hemenway, who remained in the West, on an average, about six months in the year. The wife and daughter of Luke Hemenway never visited the farm during his lifetime.

Luther S. Hemenway was a Mormon, and in 1850, he moved away from the farm to join the others of his religion at Salt Lake.

As a favor to Mr. Hemenway, who very much desired it, Col. Jehiel Day and wife moved into the stone house at the farm in 1851. Col. Day was an energetic man, and was able to manage both Mr. Hemenway's farm, and his own. He lived on Sinnissippi Farm until 1854. Col. Day was one of the first settlers in Ogle County. At one time, he owned nearly all of what is now Daysville. When Mr. George Reed came to Daysville in 1839, Col. Day lived in a log house about where Mrs. Cole's house stands.

Artemas Hemenway and wife came to Daysville in 1855, and moved into the Hemenway house, living there till 1860. They tried to improve on the name of "Squaw Farm", and called it "Point Bluff".



Hemenway House Rock River at Sinnissippi Farm (Courtesy of Ogle County Republican Reporter)

Another Hemenway, Benjamin, also lived in these parts, though he never resided at Sinnissippi Farm. His wife is still living at an advanced age. She claims to have been the second white child born in Chicago. Mrs. E. E. Reed of Oregon is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Hemenway.

Harvey P. Sargent rented Sinnissippi Farm in 1860. But he himself did not remain there long, for October 7, 1861, he enlisted as sergeant in Co. I, 46th Illinois Volunteer Infantry. He served for three years and was mustered out November 30, 1864. During his absence from home, Mrs. Sargent managed the place with great ability. She remained at the farm as housekeeper until Mr. Hemenway died. Mrs. Frances J. Maynard, often quoted in this article, was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sargent.

P. G. Tower came to the place in 1865, and managed the farm for several years.

The Williamses remember Luke Hemenway as an intelligent, smart man, and a very polite gentleman, who was courteous to all, and addressed even his workmen with the title of mister.

Mr. Reed knew Mr. Hemenway very well, and used to work for him a great deal. He did lots of carpenter work for Mr. Hemenway. One year, he built hundreds of yards of fences, all that was needed on the farm. He also put up several barns for Mr. Hemenway. For some of these, he cut timber on the place, and hewed it. To get the material for one large barn, 40x80, Mr. Reed went to Rockford, bought sawed lumber, and rafted it down the river. Of course, the appearance of Sinnissippi Farm has changed wonderfully, and changed many times within the recollection of Mr. Reed. Some of the largest trees there, were only saplings when he was a boy. Trees, that were old when he was young, have fallen and decayed. He planted the walnuts in 1865 that have grown to be the large walnut trees near the rear of the house.

Luke Hemenway was a man of many schemes. He planned to build a dam across the left branch of the river between the big island, and the main land. He wanted the power to run a grist mill there. The men, whom he hired to survey and examine the river, reported that there was not enough fall between Oregon and that point to make a dam successful.

Accordingly, Mr. Hemenway built a steam grist mill where the laundry now stands. Luther Hemenway managed it for some years. It was the only one in that part of the county, and was most convenient for the farmers near.

Mr. Hemenway also erected a mill for making molasses from sorghum. For this, he purchased an excellent crusher, and large vats. He put lots of money into it, but it never amounted to much, for he ran it only two years.

At another time, Mr. Hemenway made plans for a large cranberry bog. But this venture was not successful, either.

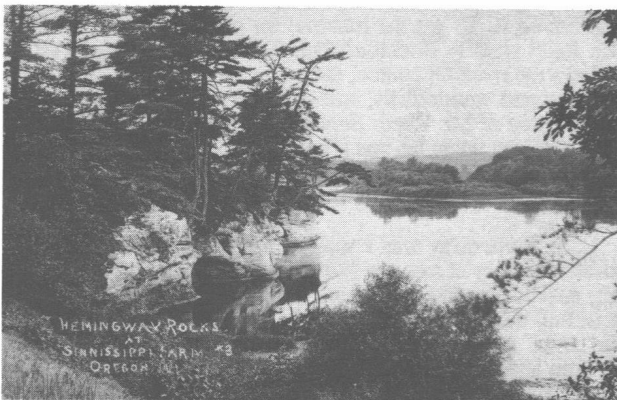
Another scheme of his was a mule farm. He believed that it would be very profitable for him to raise mules. He sent to Indiana for forty mules to start with. They caused nothing but trouble from the first. Mr. Hemenway was unable to keep them anywhere within bounds. They broke down his fences, and got into his growing crops. One day, having lost all patience, he told one of his men, Charley Averill, to get his gun; and said that they would see if they could not keep the mules out of the fields. The mules came on at a run, and when they could not be

headed, Mr. Hemenway told Averill to shoot them. This he did, and killed several.

Once Mr. Hemenway drove to Dixon to make some purchases, and took "Dan" Williams, then a small boy, with him. After Mr. Hemenway had drunk quite a lot of liquor, they bought and loaded onto the cart a mowing machine, a grindstone, and a barrel of salt. About half way back to the farm, they called at a place, and bought three short horn cattle, with which Hemenway was going to start a herd. The latter drove the cattle, and "Dan" drove the horses. The cattle were hard to drive, and Mr. Hemenway was unable to get them across a little creek. He tried a long time, then called to "Dan" to leave the team, and come to help him. The two rushed around, hallooing, waving their arms, and making such a noise that the horses became frightened, and ran away. "Dan" ran after the horses, leaving Hemenway to attend to the cattle. The horses ran one way, and the cattle ran the other. "Dan" pursued the horses three or four miles in the direction of home, and found them tied to a tree, where someone had caught them. "Dan", thinking that he ought to help Mr. Hemenway, drove all the way back to the creek, but could find no trace of Mr. Hemenway or the cattle. Again turning toward home, it was getting late at night, when, within a few miles of the house, he was met by Artemas Hemenway and Dave Wilson, who had come out to look for him. They told him that Hemenway had been at home and in bed for over an hour. He had become disgusted with all the trouble, and had walked the six or seven miles home. When he reached there, he was in such a state of mind as to be about ready to "blow up". He said he did "not care a what had become of the cattle, the horses, or the boy." He was "going to bed."

At the time when the town of Daysville was offering bounties for enlistments in the Union Army, Luke Hemenway cashed the town orders for bounties in order that the boys might get the money at once. "Dan" and "Bill" Williams think that neither Mr. Hemenway nor his heirs ever received a cent from the town in payment.

February 25, 1870, Luke Hemenway died, leaving no will. His property passed to his widow, Mary C. Hemenway, and his daughter, Pauline Altrocchi. The estate was administered by Samuel C. Eels of Dixon.



Hemenway Rock at Sinnissippi Farm, First Called Squaw Rock, then Hemenway, then Lowden Rock.

IV—Gen. Franklin C. Callender

Gen. Franklin C. Callender was in the regular army before the Civil War. He was quite a "sport", and a great spendthrift. But his mother, who knew his failings, and who lived in the East, wrote to him, asking him to send her one-half of his pay. He did so without asking any questions, or bothering any more about it. His mother seems to have been a good business woman. She invested the money he sent her, and at her death, left Gen. Callender quite a respectable fortune.

The General was then living on what was called the "Myrtle Place", now the "Kiefer Farm". He had always admired Sinnissippi Farm greatly, and, after the death of his mother, when he found himself able to do so, he decided to buy it for his brother, Byron, to live on. He obtained it from Mrs.

Hemenway and Mrs. Altrocchi for \$10,000. The deed was recorded August 23, 1880, and conveyed 638.93 acres.

Gen. Callender was a "very pompous old dude and dandy", though weighing only one hundred twenty-five or one hundred thirty pounds. He dressed well, and usually wore white trousers, slippers, and a fancy vest. He generally carried a white silk handkerchief in his hand. He was exceedingly polite to everyone, and, though he often lost his temper, with his workmen, being very hot-headed, he invariably came around afterward, and apologized for speaking harshly. He insisted on his men doing exactly what he told them to do. Even if one were doing something better than he had been directed to do, the General would scold him for disobeying.

Byron Callender appears to have been pretty much a rascal. He and his sister's husband, W. G. Stevens, used to make quite a lot out of the General. When the owner of the estate was out of town, Byron, the Stevenses, and the Shaws of Dixon used to live in the house, and run everything to suit themselves.

Gen. Callender loaned considerable money to his brother, Byron, and brother-in-law, Stevens. Once he took a mortgage on some timber land they owned to secure his loan. It happened that he was away in the army about the time that the mortgage was to fall due. Byron Callender and Stevens put a crew of men into the timber, and cut off every stick, selling it, and keeping the money. Someone had written to the General about what was going on, asking him what he wanted to do about it. He wrote back, requesting that nothing be done, saying, "He is my brother. If he wants to rob me, let him do it."

Sometimes Gen. Callender would fancy that he did not like a certain door where it was. He would order it closed and plastered, and a new door cut somewhere else. In a few days he was likely to say, "Oh well! I believe I liked the door better where it was in the first place." So he would have it made as at first.

One of Gen. Callender's workmen, Mr. Merrill, was a greater talker, and he often came up to the house and talked to him. This annoyed the old General very much. One day he called "Bill" Williams into the room and said, "That Merrill is always annoying me with his talk! talk! talk! I wish you would speak to him about it. He worries me nearly to death. Confound it! I don't hire my society. I choose it."

Some of his pumpkin vines were very weedy one year. He ordered his men to run the drag over them. They said, "But, Gen. Callender, if we drag them, it will tear up all the vines." "Never mind," said he, "drag them, I tell you. If they are torn up, we can plant more."

Though Gen. Callender owned the place about two years, he never made his home there. He died December 13, 1882, and left the property to his three sisters, Ellen Buell, Caroline Beard, and Ann Marion Beard, and to his brother, Byron M. Callender. The latter was appointed administrator of the estate. He was extremely slow about settling the business, for he wished to enjoy the use of the property as long as he could. The other heirs were anxious to turn the property into money. They urged Byron to dispose of it as soon as possible. He found a purchaser in 1885.

The Asays and Lorenzo D. Kneeland

Sinnissippi Farm remained in the possession of the heirs of Gen. Callender until May 16, 1885. On that date, Emma O. Asay purchased it for \$7000. Her husband, Mr. E. G. Asay, was a prominent Chicago lawyer, and a man of esthetic tastes. He adorned the house with beautiful bric-a-brac, much of which he had collected on his trips abroad. He also had a good library of many rare and beautiful books. It was one of the Asays, who gave to the place the name of "The Oaks", because of the many beautiful and stately oak trees.

Mr. Asay and his son, Jim, do not appear to have been very good businessmen. For instance, in one case, they were badly cheated by some of their workmen. They hired men to cut some wood. Each Saturday, one of the Asays would go to the wood lot, and measure what had been cut during the week. He marked each pile with a red chalk mark to show that it had been measured. After he went away, the men cut off some chalk marks with their axes, and the next Saturday had the same pile measured again. The Asays paid for over one hundred cords more than was cut.

For amusement, Mr. Asay and Jim frequently hired two ball teams of eighteen men to play a game. They paid good wages