

LIFE AND TIMES

OF

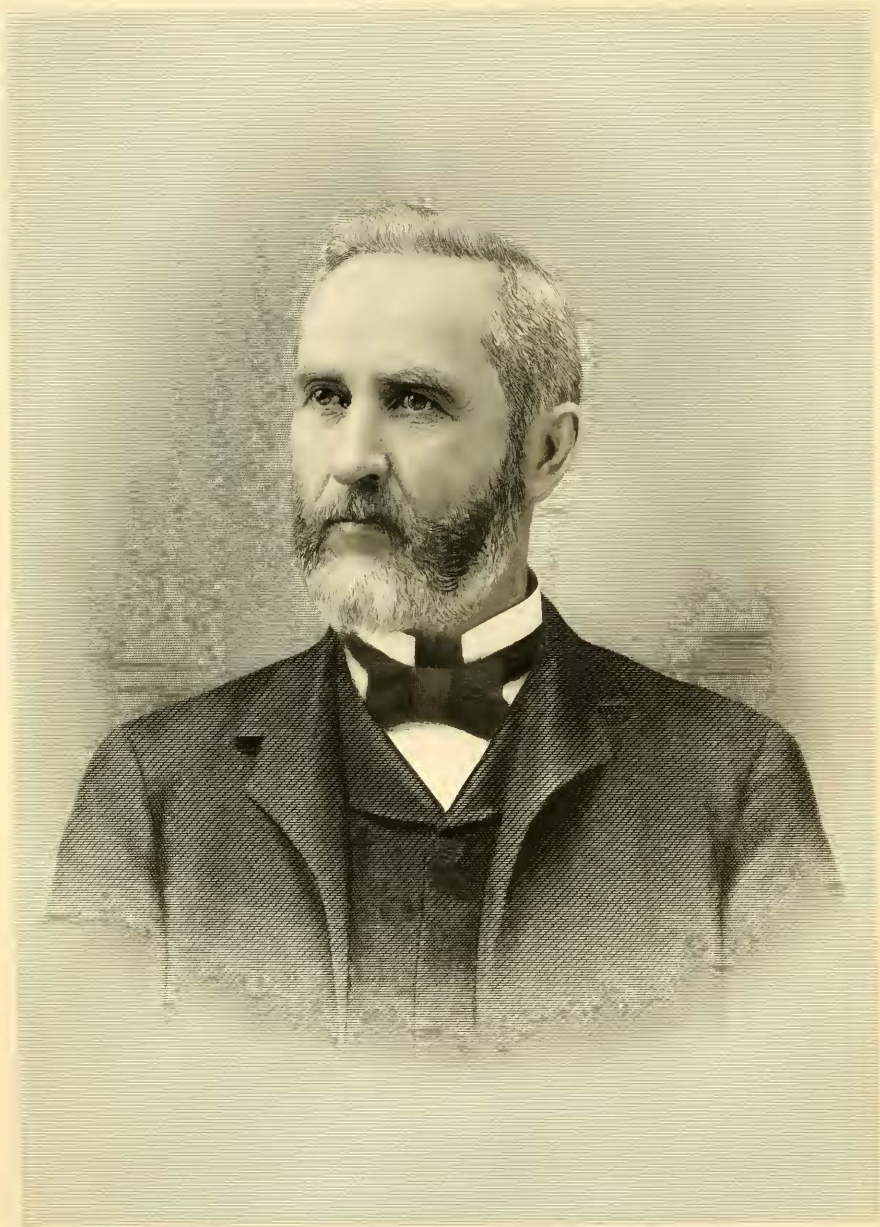
S. H. WEST

WITH AN APPENDIX ON

EVOLUTION,
RELIGION and
SPIRITUAL
PHENOMENA

By S. H. WEST
LEROY, ILL.





SH West

AT THE AGE OF SIXTY.

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MY MOTTO: Activity is rest.



MRS. S. H. WEST

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PREFACE.

I have no authentic records or traditions of my ancestors that extend back more than three generations. If I could find some definite and reliable scrap of information in regard to some of them, and the times in which they lived, it would be a source of great interest to me. I get the impression that some of my descendants may have the same desire to know something of their forefathers. Therefore I write this book for their special benefit.

I have had a wide and varied experience in life. I have not followed beaten paths in thought or action, but have blazed my own pathway, sometimes in open defiance of public sentiment.

In this book I have tried to present myself just as I am and have been, without polish or style, and make no pretense to either literary or scientific attainments.

It is not my present purpose to place this book on sale, because most of it would be of but little interest to the general reader. But there are some things in it that I desire to place in durable form.

My prophecy in regard to the future of the negro race will be substantially fulfilled and will be a lasting monument to my memory. This book will be better appreciated fifty years hence than at the present time.

The facts in regard to spiritual phenomena as narrated in the appendix are of vast importance to every human being. In time those phenomena and similar ones will be the basis of the religion of the civilized world.

I dedicate this book to my descendants and all lovers of religious liberty and progressive thought.

SIMEON HENRY WEST.

The above was written a year ago. Since then the work has grown upon me. It is now evident that as many as one or two hundred people may want to buy the book.

For that reason I will issue a small edition for sale.

May 4, 1908.

S. H. W.

APHORISMS.

No government can be formed without a surrender of a portion of personal liberty.

Society has a right to protect itself by the enactment of laws in restraint of vicious practices.

Drunkenness is one of the greatest curses of the human race.

No one should have the right to appear in public in a drunken condition.

In some cases pre-natal influences renders a person unable to resist the impulse to drunkenness when in reach of intoxicating liquors.

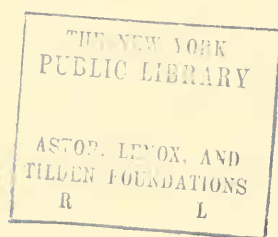
Absence of opportunity is the best protection for all from evil doing.

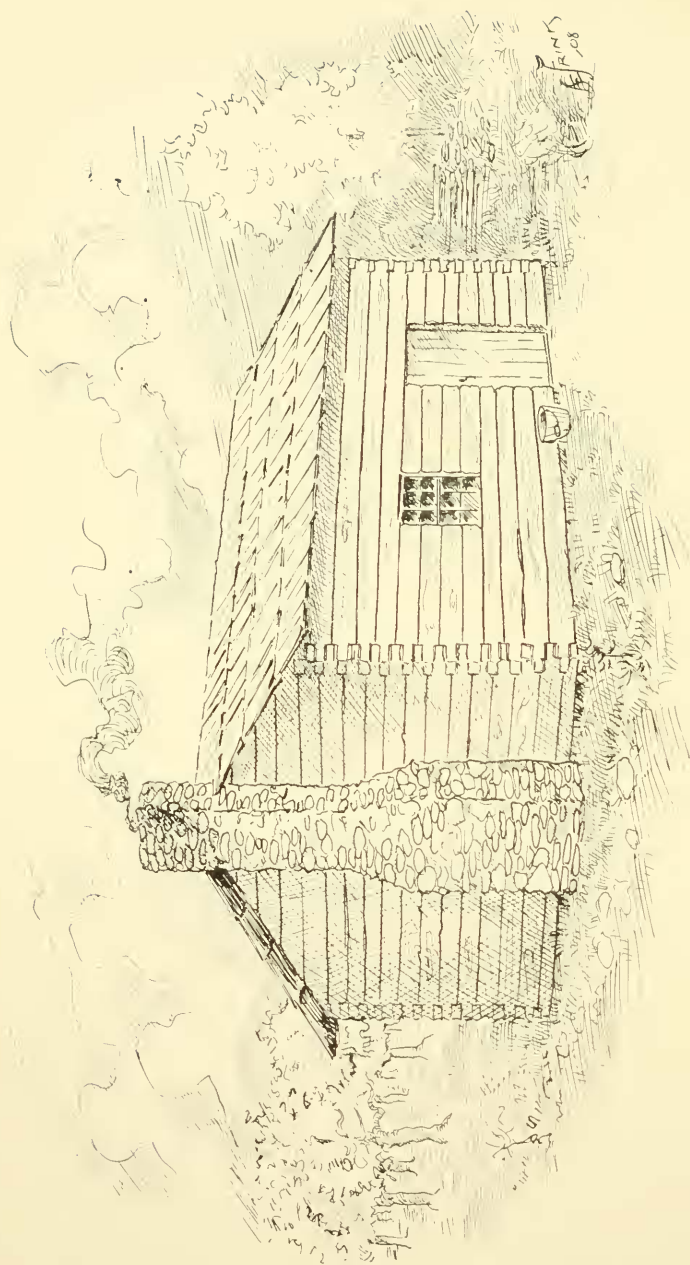
We may not be able to reform the habitual drunkard, but it is our highest duty to try to prevent the making of a new crop of drunkards.

But few people are able to resist all kinds of temptations when opportunities are abundant.

Temperance will be promoted by placing intoxicating liquors as far out of reach as possible.

Nature knows no Sabbath, but it is well for man to set apart one day in seven for rest, meditation, recreation and rational enjoyment.





BIRTHPLACE OF S. H. WEST.

LIFE AND TIMES OF S. H. WEST.

CHAPTER 1.

FAMILY AND EARLY LIFE.

I was born on the 30th day of January, 1827, in a log cabin in Bourbon county, Kentucky, near the road from Paris to North Middletown, six and one-half miles from the former and three and one-half from the latter place. This was in the vicinity of Massy's Mill on Stoner Creek. My father's name was Henry West; he was born in Mason county, Kentucky, on the 15th of February, 1804. His father, Simeon West, was born in Virginia, and his father, John West, was a citizen and probably a native of the same state. My paternal ancestors were of Welsh-English descent. Of their characteristics or acts I know nothing. When I was a child I heard traditions that our family was related to a famous hero in American history, but I have no definite data on that point, and therefore dismiss that branch of the subject with the remark that it is of but little real importance who our ancestors were or what they did, but the main question is what are we, and what have we accomplished?

My father's mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Hopkins. She was of Scotch descent and born and raised in South Carolina. She first married Major Bedell, of the Revolutionary army. After his death she married my grandfather, and they emigrated to Mason county, Kentucky, where they raised a large family of children. Of these Maria died in early life. Lysander raised a family in Kentucky and moved to Indiana, where he died. Simeon lived many years in Kentucky, moved to Tennessee and died there. Thomas H. was among the early settlers of St. Louis, Missouri, where he accumulated a hand-

some fortune. Henry, my father, lived in Kentucky until 1851 when he emigrated to McLean county, Illinois, where he died September 10, 1885. John spent the most of his life in Kentucky, then moved to Missouri, where he died. Eliza married Jack Fielder and lived and died in Pike county, Missouri. Cynthia married Asa B. Eades and lived and died in Paris, Kentucky. Elizabeth married Thomas Eades, a brother of Asa, lived a long time in Paris and Lexington, Kentucky, and died in Kansas City, Missouri. Caroline married Thomas Stewart; moved to Rush county, Indiana, where she died.

My grandfather was not old enough to take a part in the Revolutionary war. During his life in Kentucky he acquired a competency in land and negro slaves, but he was addicted to intemperate habits that disrupted his family and caused them all to leave home. My grandmother was one of the noblest of womankind. My father was the last of the family to leave home; he was then fifteen years old. He worked at various things until he was seventeen, when he apprenticed himself for three years to Philip Ament, of Bourbon county, Kentucky, to learn the blacksmith trade, and he learned to be a superior workman. Two or three weeks before his time expired he married Mary Liter, a daughter of Henry and Catharine (Boyer) Liter, of Bourbon county, Kentucky. They were of pure German descent. They raised a large family: Nancy, the oldest, married Abram Giltner, settled near Crawfordsville, Indiana, where she died. My mother, Mary, died near Georgetown, Kentucky, in 1848. Henry lived and died near Crawfordsville Indiana. Joseph lived many years in Kentucky, then moved to Missouri, where he died. Catharine died in early life. Elizabeth married Abram Liter, and lived and died near Jacksonville, Illinois. Eliza married John Taylor, and after his death married Russell West and settled in Champaign county, Illinois, where she died. Lucinda married Daniel McIntire and died in Bourbon county, Kentucky. Malinda married William Taylor, of Lexington, Kentucky, where

she was still living at last accounts. Mathias married a Miss Boone, of Bourbon county, moved to Fleming county, where he died. Adam married and lived in various places and died somewhere in the Green river country, of Kentucky. Philip A., the youngest, married a Miss Boone and died in Bourbon county, Kentucky.

I do not know that my mother was related in any way to the late L. Z. Leiter, the great merchant of Chicago, but the use of the names Nancy, Mary and Joseph by both families would indicate that they were common family names.

When my father and mother were married he was not yet free, but his boss told him that one boss at a time was enough, and he released him from further service. But even then his condition was not promising, he had a wife to provide for and not a dollar to begin with. By the time he procured a scant outfit he was \$300 in debt, but he struggled on bravely and became a very skillful workman. He excelled in making and repairing mill irons, all edge tools, chains, shovels and tongs, and the fine branches of blacksmithing. Yet that trade was not to his taste, and he quit it entirely when about 33 years old, and engaged in farming, stock raising, buying and driving fat stock to the Cincinnati market. In 1840 he bought and moved onto a farm near Georgetown, Scott county, Kentucky. Later on he sold that farm and afterwards bought another within a mile of Georgetown, where my mother died in 1848. In 1851 my father sold out and moved to McLean county, Illinois.

My father and mother were the parents of eight children, as follows: Mary Ann, who married Montgomery Crumbaugh and moved in 1841 to a farm near LeRoy, Illinois, where she died in 1861. I was the second child and came to Illinois with my father. Catharine E., who married Moses H. Cawby in Kentucky in 1848, and came to McLean county, Illinois, in 1853. Louisa, who married Dr. H. Jackman, of Lancaster, Kentucky, and is now a widow residing at Harrods-

burg, Kentucky. Lucinda died in Kentucky in 1848. Martha married G. W. Hedrick and now resides in LeRoy, Illinois. John W., who died in 1861 at the age of 25 years, and William M., who died in infancy.

Now to go back to my earliest years will say that one day when I was a small child my father was cleaning out the spring; after dipping out the water he was scraping out the mud when I asked him for a drink,—he told me to go to the house for water. I waited a minute or two and then, with much vehemence, said: “G—d—you give me a drink of water.” Then he came out and gave me one of the best whippings of my life and the effect was excellent. Men about the blacksmith shop had amused themselves by teaching me bad words and habits. About the next year after this incident I was passing, with my father, through a piece of woodland containing some fine, large sugar trees. With an inquiring turn of mind I asked him who made these trees? He said they grew out of the ground. Then I asked: “Who made the ground?” He answered: “God made the ground.” Then I asked: “Who made God?” This question, asked in the simplicity of childhood, cannot be answered by the wisdom of all the ages. How little we know. If the wisest man of earth should attempt to trace out the origin of things he could soon be stumped by the simple questions of a child. All believe there is a great Supreme Power, but no mortal or angel can tell the form or attributes of that Power. On this subject we absolutely know nothing.

I gave indications of traveling proclivities at a very early age when I threatened to “take Perry and another nigger and go away off where nobody lived and start a blacksmith shop in a fence corner.” Perry was a white boy apprenticed to my father to learn the blacksmith trade.

As I advanced in childhood my first important adventure was an effort to get me started to school. My sister had been going to school for sometime. The morning I was to start

the teacher came by our house and my father went along to see that I got to school all right. He and the teacher walked together and my sister and I followed. I had a dread of the school and didn't want to go. I gradually dropped behind and when the teacher, father and sister turned down the lane that led to the school house, I quickly climbed over the fence on the opposite side of the road and made a hasty circuit through the woods and was entirely out of sight before I was missed. I wandered around and got home by rear way before noon. The next day my father stayed right with me until I was landed in the school house.

My next exploit was at Colcord's mill. My father took me with him there to get a grist of flour. We had to wait until the wheat was ground; meantime I was inspecting the machinery and got hold of the lever used in starting and stopping the mill, and raised it until the mill was completely stopped. The miller came rushing around in much excitement, but soon subsided. My next adventure was more exciting; in fact I have never read of anything similar in all history. It was on my first horseback ride. My father was going to Paris on court day and being somewhat proud of his only son and wanting to show me off as a little man, rigged up old Fan, a gentle mare, with bridle, blanket and circingle to hold the blanket on, and then put me on. I made the trip to town in good style, but on the return trip, when about half way home, my father and a neighbor got some distance ahead of me. Suddenly old Fan started up in a brisk trot; I could not check her gait, my head became dizzy and I knew I would soon fall unless something was done right quick, and I did it. Old Fan was in a path on a bank on the side of the road, and leaning out over the path was a long curved fence stake, and just as we passed under the stake I cast anchor overhead by grasping the stake with both hands, and old Fan went on, leaving me suspended in the air. I called to father to halt and take me down, and was soon landed in safety. If I should live a thou-

sand years, I could never forget the sensations I felt while casting anchor. Absurd as the act may look, I cannot now, after the lapse of more than seventy years, see how I could have done better.

After I got started to school I liked my school work very well, but the school facilities were very limited. My first teacher gave me one lick, the only whipping I ever got in school, and I didn't deserve that and never forgave him.

After I got old enough to work, my schooling consisted of about six weeks in the winter and about the same in the summer, until I was about sixteen years old, when my school days ended. When at the best age for learning, some financial reverses made it necessary for me to devote my time to farm work instead of school work. And while I have since then absorbed a fund of information on various subjects, I have always felt the need of a good education. In my boyhood days I had less opportunities than did any of my associates, as all their fathers owned slaves. But the whirl of time brings great changes in the affairs of men. The most brilliant of my associates went, in early life, down to a drunkard's grave. So far as I know I have been more successful in the affairs of life than any of my boyhood associates.

For many years I was the victim of a strange freak of nature. While gifted with a strong will power and unlimited moral courage, yet I suffered from a kind of timidity that I cannot explain. This was so evident that no teacher ever required me to write a composition or make a declamation, and after I was grown I could not make a speech of ten words to ten men under any circumstances or conditions. This weakness caused me great embarrassment and continued with me until I was more than forty years old, when I made a supreme effort to overcome that defect, and succeeded. Since then I have not hesitated to address any assembly, when necessary or proper to do so.

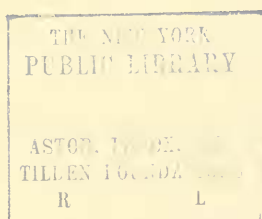
From and after fifteen years of age I did a man's work on the farm, including the very hard work of hemp raising. At seventeen I helped a neighbor in his harvest and hay work, making a hand with four big, strong negro men, for which I received fifty cents per day. I didn't get ahead very fast at that rate, but I learned habits of economy that have been of great benefit to me ever since.

At that time our plows had wooden mouldboards. We laid off and crossed our corn ground with a plow, and dropped the corn by hand and covered it with hoes. Five hands and a team could plant eight acres in a day. Our grain was cut with grain cradles. I have seen some cut with hand sickles. The grain was all tramped out by horses or beaten out by hand with flails. Hay was cut with scythes, spread with wooden forks and gathered with forks and hand rakes. In the springtime, cornstalks were cut with hoes and gathered by hand. Scoop shovels were unknown. All shucked corn was handled by hand. This work was very wearing on the fingers. The corn was also shelled by hand, a cob being the only machine used. The first threshing machine I ever saw was when I was about twenty years old. It was called the "ground hog," from the fact that it was set flat on the ground when in operation. It had no separator, but the grain and straw all came out together at the tail of the machine, where a man had to stand with a hand rake and rake the straw from the grain. This required almost perpetual motion. A neighbor of ours employed this machine to thresh his wheat, and he also called on me to help. On arriving on the scene of action I was requested to work the rake at the tail of the machine. I complied with the request. The wheat was badly rusted, was quite weedy and had not been stacked, but had stood for some time in the shock. It was one of the hottest days in August. Under all these conditions I stood all day, facing the tail of that machine, raking the straw from the wheat. It was enough to have killed a mule, but I am still

alive—sixty years after taking. On my way home that evening I prayed the strongest prayer of my life, and the burden of that prayer was that I might never see another threshing machine. A few weeks ago I was out to my old farm where my son was threshing with a modern self-feeding, self-weighing and self-straw-stacking threshing machine. Occasionally a young man would get up on top of the machine and sit down under a great sun shade, and pull gently on a small rope to regulate the pitch of the straw stacker. Seeing the ease with which everything was done, and knowing this machine could thresh more in an hour than the old “ground hog” could thresh in a day, I felt that I had been born fifty years too soon. However, it is probable that I enjoy seeing the wonderful improvements of the present day more than do those who never saw the old ways.

At the time of my birth the population of the United States was less than thirteen millions. Today it is eighty millions. There were no railroads, telegraph or modern improvements at that time. We had no free schools; all schools were made up by subscription. We didn't know what a cooking stove was. When they first began to be used people were afraid of them, thought they were unhealthy. Matches were unknown. When our fire would go out we would have to start it with steel, flint, tow and punk, or go to a neighbor and borrow a chunk of fire. The inventions and improvements made since that time are probably greater than had been made in a thousand years before.

An amusing incident happened when I was about eighteen. Tom Brightwell and Joel Wiggins were old toppers, living from one to three miles from my father's place. Tom had a blind horse that fell into a sink-hole near the road a short distance from our house. When he discovered the horse he came and got me to help get him out. By digging down the dirt on one side and shoving it under the horse we gradually raised him until we got him out. Just at that time Joel came along from





DON'T LET HIM SHOOT ME, SIMEON: DON'T LET HIM SHOOT.

town where he had filled up on booze. There was ill-feeling between the men and Joel began abusing Tom, and after quarrelling for some time Joel drew a large, old fashioned horse pistol and leveled it at Tom, who jumped and seized me in his arms and held me in front of him, yelling with all his might: "Don't let him shoot me, Simeon; don't let him shoot." This was rather an embarrassing position for me to occupy, and I promptly tore myself loose from his fond embrace, and told him that I would not act as a breast-work for him. Tom then manifested a very mild temper, and Joel's war spirit subsided and he rode off, greatly to the relief of Tom.

A more important event occurred about a year afterward. A man, whom I will call Tandy Jackson, living in the suburbs of Georgetown, had rented a farm adjoining my father's farm. He was a teamster and owned a number of horses. He kept a family of disreputable, low down people on the rented place. His relations with this family ruined the happiness of his own home. His horses were breechy. He would never repair his part of the division fence between us. My father was away from home much of the time and the management of the farm devolved mostly on me. Jackson's horses were breaking into our place nearly every day. I kept our part of the fence in good repair and often requested Jackson to fix his fences and keep his horses out. He never made any effort to do so. The condition grew from bad to worse until forbearance ceased to be a virtue. One morning I went out and found eight or ten of Jackson's horses on our premises. I took a gun and shot four of them before breakfast, and it was only a fairly good morning for horses. Only one of them died, which my father paid for without contest or litigation. They got in once or twice afterward, then ceased their depredations forevermore. The disreputables threatened to kill me. One of the wounded horses belonged to the woman of the house. For shooting him I received the hearty thanks of Jackson's

wife. My act was unlawful, hot-headed and impetuous, but the result was better and less expensive than litigation, as litigation goes. I would inculcate the highest respect for the law and the courts, but the delays, aggravation and cost of legal proceedings as now conducted, amounts, in many cases, to a mockery of justice. The dilatory actions of the courts and lawyers are responsible for most of the lynchings in this country.

I was nineteen years old when the Mexican war began. There is always much excitement and allurements about war. The most inspiring music I ever heard is the simple music of the fife and drum; and yet I did not go to the war, because I was much needed at home. My mother was opposed to my going. I have a physical defect that would have excluded me from the military service, and the higher instincts of my nature were opposed to war. I have no desire to kill a human being. With pleasure I look forward to the time when mankind will be evolved above the plane of war. It may take long ages to bring this condition, but it will surely come.

I had a natural fondness for travel. Geography was my favorite study, and to this day I delight to read of new places.

The first political contest that I took an interest in was in 1844, between Clay and Polk. I became intensely absorbed in that contest. Henry Clay was my political idol. I can never have another, nor can I get over the disappointment of his defeat. However, my mature reason teaches me that his election would only have deferred the inevitable. Texas would have been kept out of the Union for a time, but annexation would have come later on, and with it the Mexican war.

In my boyhood days it was my greatest pleasure to hear the flow of eloquence from Kentucky's great orators. It was the custom at that time for opposing candidates for office to hold joint discussions during the campaign. From the time I was fifteen years old those discussions afforded me more delight than anything else that came in my reach. This was

strange, as my father cared nothing for such things and never attended that kind of meetings. When about sixteen years old the great religious debate between Alexander Campbell and N. L. Rice, a noted Presbyterian preacher, was held in Lexington, Kentucky. Henry Clay presided as moderator at that debate. I had a great desire to attend, at least one day, this great contest of intellectual giants. My father was absent from home, but I obtained the consent of my mother and went one day, and enjoyed one of the treats of my life. We lived twelve miles from Lexington. I went alone and saw no one that day with whom I was acquainted. And thus it has been with me through life. Many things that I enjoy most are of no concern to my associates, and many things that they enjoy are distasteful to me. Among the noted orators I heard in those days were John C. Breckenridge, Thos. F. Marshall, Robert Wickliffe, Jr., John J. Crittenden, Ben Hardin, and many others. Col. Richard M. Johnson, the hero of the Thames, and slayer of Tecumseh, and ex-Vice-President of the United States, lived in the same county that I did. I often saw him in town on court days. He was a noble looking man, whom I always venerated, but he could not make a speech. John C. Breckenridge was one of nature's finest samples of handiwork. He was of magnificent, commanding presence, splendid intellect, a great orator, and a model man. Except for the slavery troubles he would have been President of the United States. Thos. F. Marshall was the most fluent orator I ever heard, but he was of unsteady habits and uncertain politics, and consequently never attained the standing that his great talents would have insured him had he been reliable. He frequently made political speeches for the pleasure of speaking. His home was in Versailles, in an adjoining county. During the campaign of 1848 between Cass and Taylor, Marshall came over to Georgetown one court day and made one of the most eloquent speeches I ever heard. He had an immense audience, composed of men of all parties, because every-

body liked to hear him. He first took up General Cass, the Democratic candidate, and eulogized him to the highest degree. Then he took up General Taylor, the Whig candidate, and exhausted the finest words in the English language in praise of the old hero, and finally said that Taylor had but one fault, that was that he was stoop shouldered, but he said his friends could overlook that, and his enemies never saw his back. Then he said: "Gentlemen, you have heard my speech, and I will give any man a ten dollar hat that can tell who I am going to vote for." If Tom Marshall could have controlled himself and used his great talents for useful purposes, he would have made a big mark in life.

Another noted man at that time was Cassius M. Clay, whom I never saw, but admired him on account of his wonderful bravery. He was a man of ability and great will power, but very eccentric, and always in trouble with someone. His heroic efforts contributed largely to the emancipation of the negro race.

James G. Blaine, the great statesman, was a professor in the Western Military Institute at Georgetown, Kentucky, when I was about grown. That school was about one mile from my father's house. Thornton F. Johnson was the proprietor of the military school. He also ran a female institute. Among the teachers in the latter was Miss Stanwood, from Maine. It was here that Blaine first met, and afterwards married her. He bore the title of Major in that school.

In 1849 a convention was called in Kentucky to make a new constitution for the State. At that time the slavery question was of the greatest importance. The contest for delegates turned largely on that question. An emancipation ticket was put in the field, that was for emancipation and colonization of the negroes. In the county in which I lived there were three candidates for delegates to the convention: Gen. Wm. Johnson, who represented the radical pro-slavery democracy; Lucien Dickerson, an able young lawyer, who represented the

conservative Democrats, and Evan Stevenson, a Methodist preacher, who was the emancipation candidate. The excitement ran high. The feeling engendered by an emancipation campaign in a slave state before the war can only be understood by persons who were on the ground. Scott county, in which I lived, was the summer home of many wealthy cotton and sugar planters of the South. They wielded a strong influence in the county. To be an emancipationist under such conditions was almost an invitation to social ostracism. I was raised a Whig, and cast my first presidential vote for General Taylor. On the slavery question I was in favor of emancipation, and that, too, right there in the hot-bed of slavery, and I didn't care who knew it. A few weeks before the election two young ladies, daughters of a wealthy slave owner, came over to visit my sisters. While there one of them asked me how I was going to vote. I told her I would vote for Stevenson. She threw up her hands in great disgust, and, in a sneering manner, said if I voted that ticket she would be forever done with me. I replied in effect, that I would regret to incur her displeasure, but would vote my sentiments though the heavens should fall. Her sister seemed to choke, then cleared her throat, and with much feeling said to me: "I think you are terribly wrong, but I glory in your spunk."

No ballots were used in Kentucky at that time. The voter approached the polls, gave his name to the official in charge who announced it in a loud voice. The voter then gave the names of the candidates he voted for, which were also proclaimed in a loud voice, easily heard by all present. This system of voting tested the nerve of all men when voting for unpopular measures. It was estimated there were four hundred emancipation voters in Scott county. Only seventy-four of this number had the courage of their convictions strong enough to vote their sentiments. The proudest political act of my life was my vote in favor of emancipation and colonization. This was before Abraham Lincoln was generally known

as an emancipationist. Had the principles of that vote been adopted and carried out by all the slave States, there would have been no war. The nation would not have needed a Lincoln, a Grant, nor a million of boys in blue, nor to have shed seas of blood, nor spent billions of money, but slavery would have been gradually abolished and the freed negroes colonized in a nation to themselves. This will yet be the solution of the negro problem, as will be indicated later on in this book. The occurrence of the great war is a sad reflection on the capacity of the human race for self government.

While a youth I made many trips driving cattle and hogs for my father to the Cincinnati market. There were no commission live stock salesmen then, but each drover had to sell his own stock, and wait until the stock was killed, dressed and weighed, as they were sold by net weight only. No bank drafts or checks were used, but the proceeds of sales were carried in the drover's pockets. Travel was then all by horseback, and part of the road through a hilly, densely wooded country. It was not entirely safe to make the trip alone through those woods with your pockets full of money, but I never knew of but one drover being murdered on that road. I would not make that kind of a trip now for any consideration.

In 1847, when twenty years old, I, in company with an uncle, made a trip on horseback to visit my sister, then living near LeRoy, Illinois. The distance was 350 miles; time of travel, nine days, exclusive of three days spent with relatives near Crawfordsville, Indiana. This was quite a trip at that time. I can now go in less time from my home to Europe. It did not then seem probable that the vast, dreary looking prairies of Illinois would ever be fully settled. There was not enough timber to improve half of the prairie, and no other materials were available. Much of the prairie was covered with ponds, miry sloughs and swamps. The inhabitants were sick a good portion of the year with the ague and other com-

plaints. Times were hard, money scarce, and but few conveniences were to be had; but the soil was here out of which has been developed one of the finest agricultural regions on earth. The transformation in central Illinois from that day to this has been one of the wonders of the age.

On this trip I first saw long John Wentworth. He was in Bloomington, looking up his friends. He was a member of Congress from Chicago, and McLean county was then included in the Chicago congressional district. Mr. Wentworth was then a young man, and quite slender in comparison to his large proportions in the late years of his life.

In 1848 death invaded our home and removed my good and pious mother, and my sister Lucinda, who had more of my traits than any of the other children. An infant brother, William, died a few weeks before.

In 1849 I made another trip on horseback to McLean county, Illinois. Two friends were with me. We had quite an experience with foundered horses, walking and leading the horses and wading the corduroyed mud holes in Indiana. We finally arrived in good shape in LeRoy and had a pleasant visit. During this trip I went to Peoria by wagon. I then arrived at the sage conclusion that a railroad would, in the fullness of time, be built from Bloomington to Peoria, Illinois, a distance of forty miles. This seemed to me to be the limit of human achievement in that direction.

I returned to Kentucky and resided with my father until the spring of 1851, when he sold his farm and removed to McLean county, Illinois, being accompanied by my sister Martha, brother John and myself. We left Georgetown, Kentucky, on the 12th of March, and traveled by stage to Frankfort, eighteen miles distant, thence by steam boat to Louisville, and thence by a larger boat to St. Louis. Before arriving at Cairo we met a steam boat coming up from Memphis with Jenny Lind, her troupe and manager, P. T. Barnum,

on board. The boat was going to Louisville, but the Jenny Lind crowd were going to St. Louis, so the two boats rounded to in mid-stream and the great singer and her troupe came on our boat and took passage for their destination. We saw but little of Jenny Lind on the voyage, as she kept herself well secluded in her state room, but Barnum mingled freely with the passengers, making himself very agreeable. He was a fine entertainer. We stopped a couple of days in St. Louis, which was then the great metropolis of the western country, being several times larger than Chicago. Its river trade at that time was immense. There were no railroads at that time near St. Louis. It then seemed that St. Louis would become the great city of the continent, but railroads, with the events of the war, have changed all those prospects. From St. Louis, we proceeded by boat to Peoria, and thence by stage to Bloomington, and from there by wagon to LeRoy, Illinois, and remained near there the remainder of that year.

In the latter part of May or early June I made my first trip to Chicago. I met a merchant of Chicago who was collecting debts by taking horses for pay instead of money, which was a scarce article in those times. He wanted some one to help take the horses home and I agreed to help him for my expenses to Chicago, and as long as I wanted to stay there, and expenses back to LeRoy. The year 1851 was one of the noted wet seasons of Illinois. The rivers, creeks, sloughs and ponds were all swimming full, and there were but few bridges and ferries at that time. We had plenty of swimming to do. We crossed the Illinois river at Morris, by a flat boat, worked by hand power; the river covered the timber bottoms and extended far beyond on the prairie. We worked exceedingly hard all day to make two trips across with the horses. My faithful work that day excited the approbation of my employer (Mr. Larned) to such extent that it seemed he could not do enough for me. I don't remember how many days we were on the road, but we finally got to

Chicago in safety. Mr. Larned took me to a good hotel and paid my board for four days, and wanted me to stay longer, then gave me money to pay my way down the canal to Peru and on to Peoria by steam boat. After I got on the canal boat he came and insisted on me going back and staying longer. While I was in Chicago he showed me as much regard as if I had been a prince. He was a man of most generous and noble impulses. I think I never saw his equal in those qualities.

The census of Chicago, taken the year before I was there, showed a population of 31,000. It was a low, flat, dismal mud hole. The principal streets were paved with pine boards, and when vehicles passed over them, muddy water and slush would spurt up often as high as a horse's back. The weather was cold and rainy and the location presented no attraction as a place of residence. The old block house, Fort Dearborn, was then standing and located near the mouth of the Chicago river. I enjoyed my voyage down the canal on account of its safety and variety, being different from any other mode of travel on earth, but I would not care to follow it for a regular pastime. Since then I have been to Chicago many times and witnessed its wonderful progress in every branch of greatness.

During the summer of 1851 my father and I spent considerable time in looking over land in McLean county, but found some objection to all we saw. Most farms had too much wet land. Desirable farms were held too high, ten dollars per acre. Government land had all been withdrawn from the market until the Illinois Central railroad made its selection of lands granted to it by the government. But in the fall I found a farm near the head of Old Town timber that seemed to be the ideal spot we were looking for. It was in section 5, T. 22, N. R. 5 E. of the Third P. M., in what is now West township. I thought it the finest piece of land I had seen in the State. It sloped gently to the south; was all

dry, with no waste land on it; 160 acres fenced, 100 acres broke, two small cabins on it, and 20 acres of first-class timber about two miles distant, and all for about six dollars per acre. My father sent me back next day to close the deal, which I did. Later on the owner concluded he had sold too cheap, and raised the price forty dollars on the whole outfit. This threw my father all out of gear, and he declared in very emphatic terms he would have nothing more to do with the trade; but I insisted so strongly in favor of taking the place that he finally consented to do so, and made it his home until 1869 when he moved to Bloomington. As a land investment, this was the best that could have been made at that time, and opened the way for a prosperous career for my father in farming, stock raising and land buying.

CHAPTER 2.

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

Soon after this deal was closed I began to feel symptoms of a return of California gold fever, from which I had suffered the year before. The winter following was one of extreme severity. One of my feet was badly frosted, which crippled me for months. This settled the business with me, and in February, 1852, I started to the land of gold, that magnet that generated a current throughout the world that caused the greatest exodus known to man. In the mighty hosts that hastened to those golden shores were included the flower of the human race. From every land and from every clime came the most robust, active, energetic, ambitious, enterprising and talented men ever before assembled in one country. With them were mingled all manner of other classes; such a conglomeration was never seen before, nor will be again. A trip to California in those days was a wonderful experience. I went from LeRoy to Bloomington by wagon, thence to Pekin by stage, waited there three days for ice to break up, then took steam boat for St. Louis. Stopped there a couple of days and then in company with a cousin, Washington West, we embarked on one of the fine steam boats that then plied the western rivers, for New Orleans. The trip down the river was most delightful. Mild weather, splendid boat, elegant fare, pleasant passengers, tied up much of the time at night on account of fog, thus enabling us to see most of the route. We were seven days making the trip. New Orleans was a place of much interest on account of its vast shipping business, but we only remained there one day. We had intended going by the Panama route, but found all chance for passage engaged for a month ahead. Here was a dilemma. Either wait in New Orleans for a month, go back home, or do some-

thing else. We had started to California and were going, and would not tarry on the way. We soon made up a party of ten men, took passage on the brig *American*, a small sail vessel of 180 tons burden, and sailed for Vera Cruz, Mexico, that night, intending to buy horses at Vera Cruz and ride across Mexico to the Pacific Ocean, and then try to get passage on a California steamer, and if we failed to do so we would go on by horse back to California, or the jumping off place, as the case might be. We took steerage passage on the brig and were eleven days on the voyage. Steerage passage and plenty of seasickness put a temporary check on our romantic feelings. The only cabin passengers were Col. Sloo, of New York, and two friends, who were going to the City of Mexico to obtain a concession for building a railroad across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

On landing in Vera Cruz I was as much astonished as if I had landed on the planet Mars. Everything and everybody I saw were so entirely different from anything I had ever seen before that it seemed like I was in another world. It was in the early part of March, but the weather was hot as August at home. The price of horses was higher than we expected, so only three of us bought animals in Vera Cruz, the others intending to buy as they could on the road. We hired an American mulatto residing there, to go with us as interpreter. After remaining there two or three days we started for the City of Mexico. On account of the hot weather we traveled at night for two nights, and until we got onto higher altitudes. Our party consisted of James Collier and Jack White, of Shelbyville, Missouri, Washington West, Mr. Tice and two sons, Mood and El., Thomas Speers, William Lieber and Mr. Hughes, of St. Louis, and myself. I being yet lame with my frost-bitten foot, bought a horse. El. Tice was only fifteen years old so he was mounted, as was Wash. West; the others were afoot. The road was badly infested with robbers, scarcely a stage went through to the City of

Mexico without being robbed. A strong mounted police or guard was kept on the road, but the robbers or guerillas continued their work with neatness and dispatch. We made a solemn agreement at the start that we would travel in a close compact body in order to defend ourselves from attack from the robbers. This was only four years after the Mexican war, and many Mexicans still manifested unfriendly feelings towards us. However, the women always treated us kindly. It is easy for travelers to make an agreement about their manner of travel, but unless there is some authority over them when they get tired, each one will travel to suit himself. And it so happened on the second night of our journey, when near the National Bridge, that our men were tired and each one traveling to suit himself, and scattered along the road for a considerable distance. The night was very dark, and the locality one of the worst for robbers on the road. Collier, White and the interpreter were afoot and in advance, I and one of the others in the rear. Suddenly terrific yells were heard in front, with shouts of guerrillas, guerrillas, and a stampede to the rear by several of the party. Tom Speers, who was only 19 years old, had bought a horse on the road the day before, that we called Santa Anna. Tom was on the retreat and Santa Anna wasn't scared and didn't travel fast enough, and Tom jumped off and came back ahead of his horse. Those of us in the rear rushed up to the front as quick as possible and found the trouble was nearly over. A party of road guards had met our advance and each party took the other to be guerrillas, and but for the quick explanation of our interpreter bloody work would have been the result. The Mexicans with drawn swords charged on our boys who were crouched under the horses' heads. After the explanation all parties were satisfied, except Jack White. He had been ridden down and was in a terrible rage, and seemed to get madder as the danger diminished. It was all we could do to keep him from shooting a Mexican. In the meantime old Santa Anna

had gotten a real move on himself and ran back about three miles, when he was overtaken and roped by one of the Mexican guards, who volunteered to secure and return him. During the excitement Hughes took to the brush until the trouble was all over, when he came out in a boastful manner. After that his treatment by the company was so frigid that he dropped out entirely, and we saw him no more. A day or two afterwards his vacant place was filled by Steve Tracy, of Wheeling, Virginia, who was traveling with a party of Germans. He was a good fellow and we had harmony from there on. Many a man who is thought to be a genial fellow at home does not wear well on a rough trip.

A couple of days after this episode our interpreter deserted us. He collected his wages under pretext of buying a horse. All the party were then mounted and we could not refuse to mount the negro. He disappeared like Hughes, and we saw him no more forever. Then we all had to apply ourselves to the study of Spanish. Several of the boys had been to Santa Fe and learned some Mexican words. By their aid and what we all learned we managed to get through fairly well.

The dishonesty of most of the Mexicans with whom we came in contact was a great annoyance to us, but on the whole the trip was the most interesting of my life. We were strong enough to travel in safety. We took our own time, rode over some of the battlefields of the war, and stopped whenever we found anything of interest, and stayed until we wanted to move on. Everything was new, novel and highly interesting to us. Our expenses were moderate, though we never got a full meal in the country. The Mexicans live on light rations, and don't know how to cook what we would call a full meal. We sometimes put up at Hacendias with extensive buildings and water fountains; sometimes at common houses, and sometimes in huts with thatched roofs and dirt floors. When stopping in towns to get meals, the woman of the house would

go to a store and buy a bundle of wood, consisting of a dozen sticks about one inch square and a foot long. With this wood she would cook the food for ten men. She would then grind the corn meal for our bread. The corn was soaked until it was soft, then placed on a concave shaped stone on short legs; then she would get down on her knees and with a stone roller proceed to make or grind the meal; this was mixed into a batter and then cooked into flapjacks, called tortillas. A ration of this bread, a little meat, some beans, an egg or two and a cup of coffee constituted a meal. In most places tropical fruit was plentiful and cheap. Thieving was so common that we generally slept on or by our luggage, using our saddles for pillows. We never slept in beds, but on the ground or floor, usually under a shed or porch. We bought shelled corn to feed our horses, that was measured in little boxes about the size of a cigar box, but could never get a trough to feed in, but a mat was spread on the ground and the corn poured on it for the horses. There was no hay in that country, and with only one of those little measures of corn for each horse, and that exposed to all the chickens and pigs on the place, it can be readily understood that our horses didn't fatten on the trip. But that was the Mexican style, and it was never expected that man or horse would or should grow fat in Mexico.

The National road from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, nearly three hundred miles, is a fine highway. It was built by the Spaniards several centuries ago. It is up grade most of the way to the city, which is some six thousand feet above sea level. We soon emerged from the low hot country and got into a pleasant climate. At Jalapa, which I think is ninety miles from the coast, the climate seemed the finest in the world. The air was mild, pleasant and delightful. The orange trees were in bloom with fruit of all sizes up to ripeness, and the ground under the trees covered with ripe fruit. It looked like perpetual spring prevailed there. If that locality was oc-

cupied by white people it would certainly be a delightful place of residence. The medicine called jalap or jolap is obtained at Jalapa.

We were in sight of Mount Popocatepetl, the highest mountain in America, for five and a half days' travel. It is covered with perpetual snow and is a grand sight. We stayed one night at its base, forty miles from the summit, and needed all the blankets we could get to keep warm.

We arrived in Pueblo, the second largest and finest city in Mexico, about noon on a Sunday. A great commotion was going on at the grand cathedral. The front of the building was alive with fireworks and everything seemed lively. After feeding our horses and eating dinner we all went to church to see the strange performances. After a time they brought out a number of their images, which were carried under very rich velvet canopies through the principal streets, followed by a long procession of people with bared heads. I was an investigator and wanted to see the whole show, and believing it best when in Rome to do as Rome does, I took off my hat and stepped into line and followed the procession with due solemnity. I got through in fine shape and enjoyed the whole show, and got back to our hotel about night. When the other boys began to come in there was war in the air. All hands wanted General Scott to come right back and whip the life out of the whole Mexican outfit. I inquired what was the trouble. They said that while standing on the sidewalks looking at the procession, the Mexicans wanted them to take off their hats, which they swore they would not do, and then the Mexicans stoned them off the streets.

In the journey through life it is a very good plan to show proper respect to the people with whom we are thrown whether we approve of all their customs or not.

On arriving in the City of Mexico we remained there four days resting and taking in the interesting sights of that fa-

mous seat of power of the ancient Montezumas. After full discussion of the proper course to take to reach California, we decided to strike for Accapulco, the nearest seaport on the Pacific Ocean, and take the chance of getting passage from there to San Francisco. Accapulco was three hundred and thirty miles distant, all except thirty miles of which was over mountains, through which no vehicle had ever been seen or could be used. All transportation was done by pack animals. It took us eleven days to make the trip. The country was inhabited all the way through, but most of the way by very poor and ignorant people, descendants of the ancient Aztecs. At one hut where we stayed all night we had nothing to eat but a pot of beans and some tortillas. We had no table, no chairs, or benches, no dishes, knives, forks, cups or spoons. The pot of beans was set in the middle of the hut, which had no floor except the earth, and we all squatted around it, and each took a tortilla and folded it up like a scoop and dipping it in the bean pot helped ourselves. This was the style of our supper and breakfast. There were two towns of some importance on the route, Chilpanzingo and Carnlavaca. I have heard that a railroad has been built into that country. On the way we passed through a little valley, about six or eight miles long and one and a half miles wide, that is one of the choice spots of earth. It is very rich soil, and all devoted to sugar culture, and like Jalapa it seemed to be perpetual spring. There was sugar cane in all stages of growth. Some just up, and all sizes up to the mature cane that was being cut and hauled to mill. The hauling was being done on clumsy carts, the solid wheels of which were sawed out of logs. All of the farming done at that time in Mexico was as primitive as that practiced by the Egyptians three thousand years ago. Their government was very unstable. Revolutions followed each other in rapid succession; it seemed like the Mexicans were entirely incapable of self-government. But they have made great improvement in that line in the past twenty years.

On the day before arriving at Accapulco I was guilty of a stupendous piece of folly. The little petty annoyances we had all suffered on the way had exasperated us against the Mexicans. On this occasion we stopped for dinner at a little town about twenty-four miles from Accapulco. We bought corn and fed our horses on the ground as usual. In a short time all the chickens and hogs in that vicinity had gathered to the feast. My horse was not well and ate very slowly. With pistol in hand I sat and watched the hogs away until called to dinner. While eating dinner one of the boys looked out and said the hogs were eating my horse's corn. I lost my temper, jumped up, ran out and shot a hog down. He tumbled over and squealed loud enough to arouse the town. I went back and finished my dinner, during which time two old women gave me fits, but I didn't understand a word they said and paid no attention to them. Then the Alcalda, or mayor, of the town came and in an excited manner read some passages from a law book, but I paid no attention to him, and walked out in the shed or porch where the boys were all lying down. The old woman that owned the hog then grabbed my overcoat and started off with it. I caught her, when two Mexicans near by drew their swords on me. I had put my pistol away in my valise after shooting the hog, so the Mexicans had some advantage of me. Then Tom Speers, the boy that outran his horse at the stampede at the National Bridge, redeemed his reputation by boldly drawing his pistol on the two men who were aiming to cut me down, and told them in emphatic terms to put up their swords or he would blow daylight through them. They promptly obeyed orders and made the best time in getting away from the scene of action that had been made in Mexico since the battle of Cerro Gordo where General Santa Anna lost his wooden leg. In a few minutes two horsemen started off at a furious rate for re-inforcements. A crisis was rapidly approaching, the old woman demanded a dollar for her hog. I told her to dress and save it. Our boys were

divided, about half of them said I was wrong, the others said I was right. Mood Tice, one of the bravest men in the party, took me to one side and urged me not to give an inch, and said he wanted to kill one of the rascals before he left the country anyhow. I was stubborn as a balky mule, and the situation was getting hot, when Wash West tossed a dollar to the old woman, when the war clouds quickly passed away and the old woman seemed well pleased with the result. My action in this case was extremely rash and reckless. Had we engaged in a fight over this matter our escape from the country would have been impossible. Our horses were worn down; there was a fort and garrison of soldiers at Accapulco; we would have all been arrested and placed in prison and probably kept there until we perished. That was the way they disposed of unruly foreigners at that time in Mexico. A hot temper has been one of my faults.

The morning after the above episode, we, from a high eminence, came in sight of the Pacific Ocean. The view was as joyous to us as it was to Balboa when he first discovered that mighty ocean. With lively spirits we rode rapidly into Accapulco, glad to end our tiresome ride of three weeks from ocean to ocean. We sold our horses for about half cost and remained there three days, when the steamship *Northerner* came into port, bound for San Francisco. She had 1200 passengers aboard, which made a very crowded condition. Our only chance was to take passage on the upper deck, furnish our own bedding and eat in the steerage, for which we paid \$100 each in gold. Distance to San Francisco two thousand miles.

Accapulco is a small town, but I think the harbor is the finest I ever saw; it is completely land-locked by mountains. The reason the town is no larger is that the back country is all mountains, with a scant and very poor population.

Our voyage to San Francisco was unpleasant. I was seasick, the ship badly crowded, the diet detestable, and as the

coal supply was lowered the ship rose higher in the water, and rolled in a frightful manner for the last twenty-four hours. The last night was cold, rainy, bleak and stormy. From early night till morning I stood on deck wrapped in my blankets. There were about six hundred men on the upper deck, and the ship would roll over on one side until it seemed she would go onto her beam ends, then they were all hurried over to the other side, when she rolled to that side just as badly, and this work was kept up all night.

On the way up we had a bit of adventure. We got very tired of our fare for which we paid an extortionate price. We could scarcely eat the hard tack furnishd us, we hungered for good bread. One of our men, Bill Lieber, had been a steam boat steward on the Mississippi river, and he undertook to get some fresh bread for our party. One day at noon he watched his chance and slipped into the cook's galley and picked up an armful of fresh, delicious light bread, and concealing it with his blanket escaped to the upper deck, and divided with our party and was never detected. His chance of escape was not one in a thousand. Each one of us got a good piece of the bread, which we kept carefully concealed. Much excitement followed the discovery of the theft. The captain offered a large reward for the culprit, and also said that a large, fine hog had been stolen. They had a number of beef cattle and fat hogs on board to kill as needed for the cabin passengers, but the idea that one of those animals could be stolen, killed, cooked and eaten on ship board amid twelve hundred people without being detected, was supremely absurd. Yes, we did eat the bread, but never a taste of fresh hog meat did we get on that voyage. And the recording angel never made a record of that bread business.

It was a joyful relief to get to the end of our journey, which had taken two months' travel to accomplish. San Francisco was then a very lively place. People were there from all parts of the civilized world, all eager to make a fortune.

I had never seen any Chinese. They were a great novelty then, but quite common since. Great activity then prevailed in digging down hills and filling in the water front. Much of the city front has since been built over what was then water. Hundreds of ocean sail vessels were anchored at various parts of the bay, most of which never again went to sea. They had come from all parts of the world laden with passengers and freight. On arrival the passengers and crew went to the mines and there was little to ship out of the country at that time, so the ships were left to rot, though some were used for storage and other purposes. The morals prevailing at that time were not of a very high order. The finest and most prominent buildings in the city were used as gambling houses. They were run in the most public manner. Large, finely gilded rooms on lower floors, opening on the principal streets, with lively bands of music, and many tables loaded with piles of gold and silver coin, and in some cases dancing halls, connected therewith, and all crowded with eager, restless adventurers, all combined to make exceedingly lively scenery, the demoralizing effects of which dissipated the religious proclivities of many men. It was often said by those who crossed the plains to California in early days that no preacher who crossed the plains with an ox train ever got through with his religion intact.

After taking in the sights of San Francisco we went by steam boat to Sacramento; this was about the middle of April; the weather was delightful, and everything looked beautiful. I have never enjoyed anything more than that little trip. Sacramento was then a very lively and flourishing place, being supported by a large part of the mining districts. I noticed on the principal street the sign, Wm. T. Sherman & Co., bankers. This was the man who afterwards became so famous as a general.

Several of our party, including myself, left Sacramento on foot for the little mining camp of Elizabethtown, in Placer

county. The trip was fine for an hour or two, but afterwards became tiresome. The second night out we reached the north fork of the American river. On the opposite side of the river there was a very high and steep mountain, that seemed to shut off all further progress. The next morning I inquired the road to the mines we were going to. A man pointed to the high mountain and said it went up there. At first I couldn't believe him, and told him a goat could not climb that mountain, but there was no other way. and we made the trip up and saw pack animals carrying two hundred pounds each, of freight, over the same trail. Only three of our company were together now. They were Wash West, Bill Lieber and myself. On arriving at the top of the mountain we found a very good trail, and after traveling several miles came to a water ditch, filled with clear sparkling water. We all drank out of the ditch, and while doing so were delighted to see the bottom of the ditch covered with bright, shining scales of gold. We eagerly ran our hands down and scooped up quantities of the shining stuff, and on close inspection found it was only scales of mica. Then there was a sad collapse in the state of our feelings. It was a useful lesson, and I have since had many similar ones in different branches of business. Many of the most glittering prospects in life turn out to be only mica. Some time after crossing the ditch we took a wrong trail and traveled some miles without knowing where we were going. Finally we came to a camp of Digger Indians, some of whom were in a nude condition. They were the lowest and most depraved looking creatures I had ever seen. One old man was dressing a flint arrow head. This was done entirely with another piece of flint, with which he pinched off little pieces from the one he was dressing. It would take a white man a long time to learn that trade. By signs, we made the Indians understand we were hunting the white camp. They pointed the way and we arrived there before night. We found it a small place, built with poles and

clapboards, or shacks, as they were called in that country. A few days after our arrival, I was taken sick, not bad, but a slow lingering case. Was not able to work for six weeks.

Our company had all scattered off to other places, and I was alone among strangers, sick, without money, and board twelve dollars per week and medicine one dollar per dose, and thousands of miles from my base of supplies. The prospects were not bright. I could not even see the glimmer of a mica scale in the vista before me. I was never a member of a secret society, and had not the benefit that might have come from that source. This case was only one of a number of vicissitudes that have overtaken me, but I have never been despondent or had the blues in my life, nor have I ever lacked for friends. Under all conditions I have been blessed with a wonderful buoyancy of feelings, a kind of inspiration that better things were coming.

While confined with sickness, my bedroom was only reached by climbing up a ladder on the outside of the building, crawling in the window at the end of the house—the only room there was, and that was made by the pitch of the roof—and my bed was a cot. One day, while lying there alone, a man got up in the farther end of the room and started down. As he passed me he stopped, came to me and inquired what was the matter with me. I told him my condition and he talked in a kindly and sympathetic manner, and asked if I needed any help. I said, “Not at present,” and he then said, “If you need any assistance at any time, let me know and I will do anything I can for you.” The man was rough and rather repulsive looking, no attraction about him whatever, except his words of kindness. At the first opportunity I inquired who the man was, giving a description of him. The answer was that he was Sam Whitesides, the gambler, a man who was utterly worthless, and yet, that man, rough and worthless as he was, by his words of kindness on that occasion, fixed himself indelibly in my memory, and if I could

find his grave today, I would erect a monument on it with the inscription: "He was a friend to a stranger in the time of need." His kindly act puts to shame the actions of many persons of greater pretensions.

I got in debt during my sickness but paid out easily when I got well. During my sickness the discovery of the rich mines at Iowa Hill, a mile or two distant, was made. All the men in camp, except myself, went over and located claims, some of which proved to be very rich.

When I got well enough to work I located two claims in Indian Canyon, a stream near by. At that time each mining locality organized a mining district, prescribing rules and regulations for the government thereof, including the size of claims. In that locality a man was allowed to own one claim one hundred and fifty feet long and one hundred feet wide. But when I made my location there was vacant ground adjoining and I thought it a good idea to get plenty while I was at it, so I took up two claims, and wrote the notices as follows: "Mining Notice: We, the undersigned, hereby give notice that we have located three hundred feet along this stream for mining purposes, from this notice to a similar one above, and will work the same as soon as the water will permit. S. H. West & Co. June, 1852."

I posted one notice at upper end of claim to read, "to a similar one below," and the one at lower end to read, "to a similar one above." After I stepped off the ground and put up my notices I went up on the bank and sat down and looked over my possessions. That was the richest hour of my life. If I owned a hundred million in gold today I would not feel half so rich as I did the hour I first became the owner of a gold mine on Indian Canyon.

Well, I did not know where or how the "Co." would come in, but as long as I was not crowded I thought things would work around all right, and they did. I had no cabin,

tent, tools, nor cooking utensils, nor could I work the claim alone. In a few days a miner came along who had a tent, cooking outfit and mining tools. It took me but a few minutes to trade him a half interest in my claims for a half interest in his outfit. And thus the "Co." was made complete. At the outset we had some difficult work to do, and after working a couple of days my partner got tired and discouraged and offered to sell me his entire interest for one-eighth of the first cost of his outfit. I lost no time in telling him it was a trade. I had no money but went to town and borrowed the amount and paid him. Things seemed to be coming my way in good shape but I could not work the mine alone. In a few days two men came along and bought me out. I then paid back my borrowed money and was in fairly easy circumstances. Afterward I went onto the north fork of the American river and mined for six weeks, but river mining was extremely hard work and I went back to Indian Canyon and bought a third interest in a claim and mined there with fair success until fall when I took a trip prospecting in the southern part of Nevada county. In the last part of October I left there and went to Sacramento City, where I remained some days. Was there at the presidential election, and voted for General Scott. At that time a man could vote anywhere in California that he happened to be. That night a fire broke out that destroyed the entire city except two buildings in the business part and some scattering houses on the outskirts. Forty blocks were burned.

The next day I could get nothing to eat except burnt potatoes among the ruins, and some English walnuts that were spilt in the streets. That night I slept on the floor in a house in the suburbs, and on the following morning left by stage for Sonora, in the southern mines, via Stockton. I prospected around Sonora for a week or two and then went to Jamestown where I spent the winter.

the laws of this camp, and I know that water could have been obtained to work them for a week before we jumped in. We have taken them up strictly according to law and we are going to hold them." Then he began to show war paint. Assuming a ferocious appearance, he said: "I am a Texas ranger and I will draw the heart's blood of any man who infringes on my rights." Then I said: "I am glad to know your pedigree; and that reminds me that I, too, have a pedigree. I was born in a log cabin in Bourbon county, Kentucky, rocked in a sugar trough and raised on the pure juice. I am a man of peace, but am ready to settle this matter in any manner you may choose." There was something in my style that seemed to make a deep impression on this man of bloody war. He replied in a meek and subdued manner: "I think you ought to allow me pay for digging the ditches anyway." I said: "How much do you want?" He said: "I think I ought to have an ounce." An ounce of gold dust was then worth sixteen dollars. I told him that was cheap enough and paid it at once. He went away well satisfied and ever afterwards treated me with high respect.

At that time Texas rangers had high renown for frontier heroism, gained mostly in fighting the fierce Indians that infested Texas for many years. A regiment of Texas Rangers under Col. Jack Hayes had distinguished themselves in the Mexican war, and they were generally regarded as superior fighters.

I thought at the time, and still think that my Texas ranger was convinced that my pedigree was better than his. The sugar trough and the pure Bourbon juice was the turning point that gave me the victory.

Very heavy rains prevailed that winter. Roads became impassable. First, wagons stopped running, then pack trains hauled off, then, for some time, no provisions were brought in, except by Chinamen on foot. Flour sold for one dollar per pound and other things in proportion. I had a good

claim that winter and did well. Times were lively. Gambling, saloon and fandango houses did a rushing business. Shooting and cutting scrapes were common. Three men were killed in different parts of town in one night.

For some months I slept in a room adjoining the largest fandango house in the town, with only the thickness of two sheets of canvass between my bunk and the dance hall, where shooting scrapes were not uncommon. Saturday nights, Sunday and Sunday nights were especially lively. But one soon gets used to such things and I didn't lose much sleep on account of the racket. The fine music would lull me to sleep and then it would take lively fighting to disturb me.

One night while sleeping in this place I was awakened by a man feeling in my bed around me. I recognized him as the landlord of the house. I discouraged him, and next morning asked him if he ever walked in his sleep. He said, not that he knew of. I then told him he was walking the night before, and he had better quit it, because if he came to my bed again he would be liable to get badly hurt. That broke him from night walking. I was then in the habit of keeping my gold dust about my person through the week and sell it on Saturday night.

I remained in Jamestown and vicinity until about the middle of the summer, when I moved onto Sullivan Creek, at the mouth of Curtiss Creek. I bought an interest in a good claim there and remained until February, 1854, when I started for home in Illinois.

While mining in Sullivan Creek I met with a singular experience. Many years before that time the English government had established a convict colony at Syndey, in Australia. After the discovery of gold in California, many of those convicts escaped and came to that State. They were there known as Sydney ducks, and were a hard looking set. A gang of those fellows lived somewhere beyond Sullivan Creek, and

their trail led across our claim. In passing they would sometimes stop and stand on the edge of the pit where we were mining and look at our work for a time and then pass on, but there was never a word passed between us, not even a salutation. We had a good mine. There were three of us, and I was the treasurer or custodian of the gold dust. The cabin on our claim was very small. My two partners slept in it and I slept in a bunk under a live oak tree at the foot of a slope at the edge of the creek, fifty yards from the cabin. A short distance below my sleeping place the banks of the creek converged into a narrow gorge, through which there was no travel. One night my partners were gone to town. Before going down to my sleeping place I heard men talking down in the gorge. I thought it very strange, as that was away from all lines of travel, but in due time I went to my bunk, sat down, and took off my shoes, when a whistle was blown in the gorge. This startled me and I sat quiet for a few moments, when the whistle was sounded again. Then I concluded it would be best to change my location. So I proceeded leisurely up the hill to the cabin. A full moon was shining brightly. When I got near the cabin five big, stout, strange men arose from a bank along a path on the other side of the cabin and about forty yards distant, and started towards me. It then began to dawn on me that some lively work was pending. We had firearms in the cabin that carried seventeen bullets, but not one of them was loaded, and there I was with five men on one side and not less than two on the other. The rapidity of action of the mind under such emergencies is wonderful. Quick as a flash I decided what to do. I walked calmly to a stool in front of the cabin door, sat down and folded my arms as serenely as if I was viewing the beauties of nature. I intended to play this bluff until the men got in a few feet of me and then make a sudden jump for the chaparral bushes in the rear of the cabin and take my chances of escaping in that way. The men advanced directly towards

me until I was nearly ready to make the leap when they turned quietly to the right and proceeded up the hill. I suppose they thought from my action that I was ready for them, and that probably my partners were inside, and therefore abandoned their job. The whole proceeding was a mystery to me, and I never could make up my mind just what it meant. If they meant robbery they made an awkward mess of it, and as they were all strangers to me I could not think they intended to frighten me. Whatever their intention was they certainly made a failure of it. The only result was that I moved my sleeping place up into the cabin with the other boys.

Sonora was and still is the county seat of Tuolumne county. That locality and the neighboring camps of Springfield, Shaws Flat, Columbia and Jamestown were among the richest spots in California. Jamestown is located near the great Mother Lode, an immense quartz vein extending through the counties of Amador, Calaveras, Tuolumne and Mariposa. Some very rich mines have been worked on this lode; some are now being operated near Jamestown. My mining was all in placer diggings. All gold originates in quartz, but in the lapse of time some quartz veins have decomposed, thus liberating the gold, which has been since washed by floods into creeks, rivers and adjacent lands. Placer mining is hard work. Quartz mining is very slow, costly and uncertain business.

The first summer I was in the mines my letters were brought to me by express at one dollar each. After leaving Placer county, I had no word from home for more than six months, then I received eight letters in one lot at a cost of one and a half dollars each. I saw but one white woman for six months after I arrived in the mines. Some men would walk ten miles on Sundays to get dinner where there was a woman to wait on the table. Life in the mines was attended with hardships and privations, but to me, there was a fascina-

tion about it, from which I have never fully recovered. I liked the mild climate of California, and its grand mountain scenery was most inspiring. Near Jamestown was a singular formation called Table Mountain; the east end was near Springfield, two or three miles north of Sonora, and extended some twenty-five miles in a westerly direction to the vicinity of Knight's Ferry. It was formed entirely of volcanic matter which had flowed in and filled the channel of an ancient river. The filling process raised the mountain several hundred feet above the adjacent lands. The top of the mountain is level and the sides in many places are perpendicular. The Stanislaw river is a few miles to the north and runs parallel with the mountain. It is evident that the volcanic overflow filled the ancient Stanislaw river and turned it into its present channel, which has cut down through thousands of feet of rock. Fortunes have been made by tunneling under Table Mountain and tapping the bed of the ancient river, in which were found rich deposits of gold. I have been in the craters of extinct volcanoes in that country, but never saw the one from which Table Mountain came. On the rim of this mountain near Jamestown there was a large rock, called Pulpit Rock. It was some higher than the balance of the mountain and projected out a little. This was a favorite place for me to go on Sundays and feast my soul on the sublime scenery that opened out to the southeast in the Sierra Nevada mountains. While the boys were reveling in the towns below I was drinking in inspiration from nature's fountain. I think my enjoyment was the highest and best, because it seemed to enlarge my soul, and the sweet remembrance thereof remains with me even unto the present day.

Farewell to beautiful California. I feel loath to leave you, but I am impressed to return to my people in Illinois.

In February, 1854, I went from San Francisco by steamship to New York, via the Nicaragua route. It took two weeks to reach the little port of San Juan del Su, where we

disembarked to cross Nicaragua. There were no piers or wharves there. The steamer anchored out in the bay and the passengers, taken on lighters which carried us near shore, where natives waded in nearly to their armpits and carried the passengers ashore. Ladies submitted to this without much complaint. I selected a strong native, had him back up, got astride of his neck, stuck my feet straight forward, which barely cleared the water, placed my hands on the fellow's head and told him to walk steady. After landing we were each furnished with a horse or mule to ride to Virgin Bay on Lake Nicaragua, twelve miles distant. The ride was delightful. I had been sea-sick for two weeks, and was glad to get on land again; the weather was pleasant. The land was covered with fine mahogany trees, filled with monkeys and beautiful birds. Sometimes when a mule would come to a trail that lead out to his grazing ground he would whinny, frisk his tail and turn off on the side trail at full speed. The passenger's hat would be brushed off at one place and his satchel or blankets at another, and he unable to stop the mule. Some of the passengers were not accustomed to horse-back riding, and didn't even know how to cast anchor, as I did when a little boy and old Fan was running off with me. These little incidents furnished rich amusement to those of us who could keep our animals in the main road. Six hundred passengers were in the crowd and we all felt about like so many school children turned loose. It was a joyous trip, but the last one on earth for forty of our number, who, on the following morning went down to death in Virgin Bay. We spent the night in the little town of Virgin Bay, and next morning I went down to the shore to get on the lake steamer, which I found was anchored a half mile out in the bay. The wind had been blowing briskly from the east for several days. The bay was a V-shaped cove near the west end of the lake, which is one hundred miles long. This condition made a very rough surf on the bay. A cable was stretched from shore to the steamer. An open iron surf boat,



SWAMPED IN LAKE NICARAUGUA. FORTY LIVES LOST.

propelled by pulling on the cable, was used to convey the passengers out to the steamer. The trip out in the surf boat looked so dangerous to me that I decided to wait and see them make a trip or two. Two trips were made in safety, though the passengers got quite wet from the spray breaking over them. I then concluded my fears were groundless and went onto the boat. But it filled up so full of passengers that I again thought it dangerous and got out, when the man in charge said that we could all get out if we wanted to, but he was running that boat and knew when it was loaded, and he would not start until he had a load. He had a contract for carrying passengers for so much per head, and his greed tempted him to overload his boat. When we started the boat was packed so full that one could not raise or lower a hand. We made very slow progress and when about one-third of the way out I felt the water running over my boot tops. Then we tried to pull back to shore; the next moment a wave swept over us and carried out all in the fore end of the boat, which sunk some distance under water. The rear end floated just under the surface. Short waves broke over us in rapid succession, and it required much care to avoid being strangled. I could see hundreds of persons on shore trying to come out in skiffs to help us, but the waves tossed them back on the beach like chips. We could make no progress except as the boat was slowly driven by the waves towards shore. It looked like there was no chance for escape. As the passengers would become exhausted by force of the breakers, they would be washed away and drowned. Finally when the wreck drifted near the shore it broke away from the cable, which immediately sunk. I let go of the wreck and clung to the rope and went down with it, locking my feet over the rope I climbed hand over hand, under the rope, towards the shore. When my breath gave out I made a spring and got my head above water, caught my breath and was instantly carried under again. I repeated this two or three times when I became

helpless and would have drowned in a few moments, but some one on shore waded out to where he could reach me and dragged me onto the beach, nearer dead than any, but one who escaped. I had been much weakened by sea-sickness, and but for cool presence of mind and a favorable position on the boat, would certainly have lost my life. Fifty-one escaped; we started with at least ninety. Only seventeen bodies were recovered, they were buried before we left the next day. I was not able to attend the burial. Another surf boat was obtained the day after the accident and we reached the steamer without further mishap. The wretch who caused the calamity by overloading his boat escaped to the brush in the excitement, and was seen no more during our stay. The passengers who were not in the wreck would have made quick work with him had he not escaped.

It is about seventy miles across Lake Nicaragua from Virgin Bay to the outlet of the lake, which is the head of San Juan river. The lake is a fine body of water in the region of lofty mountains. The river flowing from the lake is not navigable for large boats. We had to change boats on entering it, and at Castillo rapids we had to change again and walk around the rapids. The lower part of the river is shallow with many sand bars. For some distance they kept a man wading in front of the boat to find the channel. On arriving at the sea port, San Juan del Norte, or Greytown, we embarked on an ocean steamer for New York, where without further mishap we arrived in due time. After a rough life for two years, I enjoyed the fine eating of New York very much. When I had my hair cut and whiskers shaved off, and dressed in a nice suit of clothes, many of the passengers with whom I had been acquainted during the voyage did not know me.

After taking in the sights of New York City I went to Philadelphia and stopped there a couple of days, thence to Pittsburg. There I took a steamboat to Maysville, Kentucky, and from there I went by stage to Paris, Lexington, and

Georgetown, and other places, visiting relatives and old neighbors. This visit was very pleasant. At that time a returned Californian excited almost as much interest as a hero fresh from the wars. But I was very much astonished at what seemed to be the slow, old-fashioned gait and habits of the people. They were just as they had been when I left there three years before, but in that time I had passed through so much excitement and adventure that Kentucky seemed to be centuries behind the times. In due time I left the scenes of my boyhood days and went by stage to Frankfort, thence by boat to Louisville, St. Louis, and thence by the Chicago and Alton railroad to Bloomington. I failed to get conveyance there that suited me, and started afoot to LeRoy. When I got nearly half way to LeRoy it rained and made the road muddy and I stopped at a farm house. The man was very inquisitive, but I would not tell him who I was, nor where I had been, only that I wanted to hire a horse to go to LeRoy. I had some money with me and didn't tell my business to everyone I met. It seemed there had been some horse stealing in that vicinity some time before that, and the old man was naturally suspicious, and the more he questioned me, the less I told him, so it was an easy thing for him to suspect me of being a horse thief. I rather enjoyed his uneasiness, which seemed to be increasing. Finally a wagon came in sight containing two men and a woman. The old man rushed out and hailed them, and told them there was a suspicious stranger in the house that wanted to hire a horse to go to LeRoy, but he wouldn't let him have one, and wouldn't they haul him away. About that time I walked out and found the people in the wagon were friends from LeRoy, who greeted me like a long lost brother. The old man's astonishment and relief was complete.

I visited my sister near LeRoy, and the next day went to my father's, some ten miles distant, where he had built a house on the farm I helped to buy before I went to California.

My people didn't know I was coming home and were much surprised and delighted to see me. I was glad to be with them again, but I scarcely got rested when it seemed that I had got to the end of the world. No excitement, nothing new going on. Neighbors and friends came to see me, but they had nothing new or interesting to talk about. In a week I felt a strong impulse to go right back to California. And nothing but my better judgment kept me from going. I soon began the improvement of a farm, which had a tendency to keep me satisfied. Occupation, and plenty of it, is one of the greatest blessings of life.

CHAPTER 4.

TRIP TO KANSAS AND NEBRASKA.

For the following five years I lived with my father, improved a two hundred acre farm for myself and helped some on my father's farm, also took an extended trip in the summer of 1856 into Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, and Iowa. I had a great desire to see new countries. Kansas and Nebraska had been organized as territories two years before. Many emigrants were going there. Much trouble prevailed in Kansas over the slavery question. Organized efforts were made in the north and east to make it a free state. Equally as strong efforts were made in Missouri and the south to make it a slave state. The result was a state of war, but I had got the impression that the reports were greatly exaggerated for political effect. I started on the 12th of May, with Dr. Gossit, of LeRoy, and Mr. Wilhoit, of Mackinaw. We went by railroad to St. Louis, thence by steamboat to Boonville, Missouri, thence by wagon to Georgetown, where we bought horses and traveled together over several counties. At Clinton, in Henry county, my friends started to Warsaw to buy some government land, and I started alone to explore Kansas. I went direct from Clinton to Fort Scott, which had been recently sold by the government. I remained there over half a day and heard enough to convince me that bad work was going on in Kansas. I had a revolver with me, but no bullets. While in Fort Scott I moulded some bullets and loaded my revolver, and started next morning for the settlements on the Neosho river, forty miles west.

During the entire journey I saw no vestige of habitation, settlement or human being. All was raw, bleak prairie. At noon I arrived at the top of a high dividing ridge between the

waters of the Neosho and Marmaton rivers. Here I dismounted and let my horse rest and graze on the luxurious grass for an hour. I then proceeded westward until I reached a cabin near the Neosho river where I put up for the night. The owner's name was Brown—not John Brown. He treated me well, but neither of us mentioned the troubles then prevailing. The next morning I proceeded down the river to a little town named Coffychée. This is not the way it was spelled but the way it was pronounced. The town is now extinct, but the locality is not far from Humbolt, or Iola.

Now I learned through the day that Brown was a strong free-soiler, while the entire population of Coffychée were pro-slavery, and that bitter war was raging between the two factions. On arriving in Coffychée I found about a dozen men sitting about the log cabin hotel. I hitched my horse, talked with the men, telling them I was looking at the country. One of them asked me where I stayed the night before. I told him I stayed with a man named Brown, seven or eight miles up the river. That came near settling my status with them. They at once concluded that I was a spy from the enemy's side. I afterward learned that one of the men I was talking with was Capt. Gordon, of South Carolina, who had brought a company of armed men from that state to Kansas to help make it a slave state. He and his company were camped there at that time. As soon as I told them where I stayed the night before Capt. Gordon and the landlord got up and went back of the house, and were gone some twenty minutes. I afterward learned that they were holding a council of war over my case, and deciding what to do with me. I told a plain, straight, honest story, that I lived in Illinois and was there to look at the country, and intended to have nothing to do with the troubles then prevailing. I soon gained their respect and confidence and from that time on they treated me very kindly. The night following I slept in the same bed with Capt. Gordon.

The next morning I started north, up the valley of the

Neosho river, with the intention of going to Lawrence. I was told I could not get there. Lawrence was then the hotbed and headquarters of the free state forces, and no one thought of trying to go there except free-soilers or armed forces of the enemy. But I had made up my mind to see Lawrence, and the more I was told I couldn't get there the more I determined to go.

That day I passed over some nice looking prairie country and several town sites, marked with an abundance of stakes. None of said towns seems to have gained much prominence. Some time before night I put up at a miserable cabin built of small round logs, and covered with clap-boards. The only door consisted of an old dirty yellow quilt hung over an opening in the front wall. There were no windows. The floor consisted of the bare earth. The landlord was not at home, but his wife said I could stay, but they had no stable or horse feed, but I could picket my horse on the prairie, which I did. They had a plentiful supply of flaxen-haired children. Supper consisted of pennyroyal tea and very dark colored flap-jacks, mixed with some kind of herbs. This was the entire supper. The woman explained that she was not very well and her doctor recommended this diet. There was but one room and two beds. I took one and retired early, leaving the children to sleep on the earth floor. Soon after I went to bed the man of the house came home, and while he was eating supper he told his wife of the horrible massacre perpetrated a night or two before by John Brown and his cut-throat band upon the Sherman brothers and others. This recital convinced me beyond a doubt that I was in the midst of thrilling events.

Next morning, after feasting on a breakfast similar to my supper, I went on my way, fully realizing some of the beauties and luxuries of pioneer life. That day I came to a man who was breaking prairie with a big ox team. I stopped and had a long talk with him. He was a very intelligent and honest appearing man. He told me he was an emigrant from Vir-

ginia; had been in Kansas only four weeks; had come there to make a home, and not to take any part in the strife over slavery; and that he had gone down into Missouri the week before and bought oxen for a breaking team and on his way home with them stopped over night at the Sherman tavern and sometime after supper John Brown with twenty-five or thirty armed men came and took possession of the premises, and he, the Virginia emigrant, was the first man they took out of the house. They questioned him closely. He told them a straight story and convinced them that he had not been implicated in any of the troubles prevailing in that country. Brown's men then told him they had nothing against him, and would do him no harm. They then made him go and show them his oxen so they would not molest his property. Then they took him in the house and told him not to go outside of it that night at the risk of his life. He took good care to obey orders. Then they took the two Shermans and five or six friends, one at a time, out of the house. One of the Shermans was married, and was taken out of bed beside his wife. Not one of them returned. The next morning when the Virginian went out he found the dead bodies of the Sherman party lying around the premises, butchered in a shocking manner. I believe this to be the most truthful and accurate account of the Ossawatimie massacre ever published. I had it direct from the only survivor of the terrible scene. He impressed me as being as fair and truthful a man as I ever saw. And this is the John Brown in whose honor songs of praise have been sung throughout the north by thousands of people whose minds have been overwrought by fervid impulses.

John Brown was a crazy fanatic, whose frenzy impelled him to cold-blooded murder. At this time murders and fights were of frequent occurrence. I had to be exceedingly discreet in my talk. I was sometimes with free-soilers and sometimes with the opposite party, and it took nice trimming to avoid giving offense to one side or the other. Strange as it may

seem, I was much safer traveling alone than I would have been with others, because where a number were traveling together someone would be apt to make remarks that would be liable to lead to trouble, whereas, I being alone, was not responsible for the indiscretion of others.

Both parties were very careful to avoid any trouble with the Indians, who were then quite numerous in Kansas.

One morning, while on my journey, I saw many Indians at a distance, riding at a lively rate in various directions. They seemed excited, and I concluded some incident had occurred that had mixed them up in the war among the whites. This caused a lively apprehension on my part until I arrived at the Sac and Fox agency, where I learned that the excitement was caused by that being pay day from the government to the Sac and Fox Indians, who had invited half a dozen other tribes to come and join in the festivities of the occasion. The invited guests included the Osage, Delaware, Wyandotte, Kickapoo and other tribes. All told there were about one thousand Indians present. As I was in quest of adventure I put up and stayed over until next day. Early in the afternoon the Indians all assembled in two lines. The Sacs and Foxes in one line, and the guests in the opposite line, about thirty feet distant. All were then squatted down. Then speech-making began, which came from both sides. Then the home Indians began the delivery of presents to their guests. I never saw such prodigality. An Indian would take a bolt of calico under one arm and with one end of the goods trailing on the ground behind him, march across the open space with as lordly style as if he owned the world and deposit the gift in the lap of one of the guests without a word being spoken by either one of them; then turn and march back. Some would give blankets, some guns, and other gifts, but never a word spoken. When the donations would slacken the home chiefs would get up and make eloquent appeals for more presents. It was a

lavish squandering of the Indians' annuity. I don't think they had a dollar left by night.

After they got through with their speeches and donations, they engaged in a big dance. The Indians were all richly decorated in paint, some buckskin, feathers, horns and nudity. The dancing of the bucks was characteristic of wild, savage ferocity. Only a few squaws danced. They stood in a row by themselves and jumped straight up and down, and didn't cut much of a figure in the show. Taken altogether it was a real treat to me.

The next morning I continued my journey toward Lawrence. I did not meet with much further excitement until I got within twelve or fifteen miles of that place, when I heard of a battle having been fought that day, a mile or two off of the road, between some federal troops and a party of home belligerents. I was then stopped by two men in a buggy coming from Lawrence. They questioned me closely about who I was, where I lived and where I was going. I told them I lived in Illinois and was going to Lawrence. They said I couldn't get to Lawrence; they had just come from there and had much difficulty in getting away from a party of Missourians on the Waukarusa, and advised me not to try to get through. They further said they had a company of men camped in the woods some miles further south. I told them I had started to Lawrence and would go there or die on the road. Then they said: "If you are bound to go anyway, we will give you the address of friends there who will be of benefit to you." They thought because I was from Illinois and determined to go to Lawrence, where none but radical free-soilers would dare to go, that I was one of their kind. They wrote some directions on a piece of paper and gave it to me, for which I thanked them. In a few minutes after parting with them, I put their kind missive in my mouth and chewed it very fine. I had no desire to be caught by a party of Mis-

sourians with any such credentials. I went on through to Lawrence without being molested by anyone.

All the best part of the place, including a large stone hotel, had been destroyed by an army of Missourians about four weeks before. There was one small wooden hotel standing. As I rode up to this building a crowd of men came around me before I dismounted and eagerly inquired of me in regard to the battle near the road that day. I told them all I had heard about it. They then scattered and paid no further attention to me. As they never dreamed of anyone coming there at that time, except those in full sympathy with them, all I had to do was to keep my mouth shut. This I did very discreetly.

During the evening I heard talk that made cold chills run over me. Men talked with as much indifference of the killing of men whose names they gave and of others they intended to kill as if they were talking of killing dogs. The next morning, before leaving, I was near a group of men who were discussing the general situation, when I said, to the leader, "I find many peaceful settlers in the country who have come here to make homes for their families, and who do not want to take part with either side; what is to become of that class of people?" He very promptly answered: "We have no use for that kind of people here, sir." I thought I had said enough, and soon afterwards called for my horse and left for Leavenworth.

I had seen Lawrence. The conditions were not congenial, and I was glad to get away, but I would never have been satisfied with myself if I had failed to reach there. I had no special adventure from Lawrence to Leavenworth. From the latter place I went to Westport, Missouri. Kansas City was not then born. Its location was known as Westport landing.

The last night I stayed in Kansas was at the house of an Osage Indian, seven or eight miles from Westport. He had

a very good log house but no stable. So I had to turn my horse into a pasture that was full of hazel and other bushes. This was a lucky thing for me, as it is all that saved my horse from being stolen. There was a camp of Missourians on the state line about a mile from Westport. They started a company that night to invade Kansas. That company of marauders stole every horse they could find on the way. They failed to see my horse in the bushes and that saved him. Early in the morning an old Indian came down the road and asked me if I had seen any horses. I told him no. He then told me all his horses were gone.

After breakfast I started for Westport. A few miles down the road I saw a man on a little pony, looking through a large field glass in a very earnest manner. He asked me if I had seen any horses on the road. He had two large freight wagons heavily loaded with goods for Pike's Peak, eight hundred miles away, and every one of his horses had been taken the night before, except the little pony he was riding. I never heard what became of the poor fellow's outfit.

When I arrived at the camp on the State line I stopped and talked half an hour with the head men. I told them how their boys had cleaned up all the horses on the road. They fully approved their actions, except in taking the Indians' horses—said they ought not to have done that. It had been the rule with both parties to keep on friendly terms with the Indians. I was glad to get out of Kansas. Never before had I believed it possible for the American people to engage in war against each other. But what I learned on that trip convinced me they could be wrought up to intense hatred, and fight and kill each other like savages. The Kansas war was the prelude to the great rebellion.

After crossing the State line I traveled over several good counties in western Missouri; then crossed the Missouri river at Lexington, and visited a number of the best counties in

the northwest part of the State, and crossed from Atcheson county into Nebraska; went on to Nemaha river, and from there to Nebraska City, where I remained a couple of days. Peace reigned in Nebraska. The land was good, but timber was so scarce that I thought it not advisable to locate there; so I decided not to go further west, and started from Nebraska City for my home in Illinois. I traveled through Fremont, Page and Taylor counties in Iowa; thence north into the second tier of counties, thence east to Burlington. I met with no adventures until I reached Ottumwa. It was in the afternoon on the Fourth of July. A large crowd of people was in the town. I rode through without stopping. After going about a mile from town I heard a buggy coming up behind me.

I supposed it was some one going home from the celebration and they would soon pass me, as my horse was walking the slow gait acquired by horses on long journeys, but the buggy remained close behind me until I was impressed that something was wrong. On looking back I saw it was a light open top buggy with two young men in it. They had a good horse, but were going at the slow gait I was. I sized them and their business up instantly. At that time many land buyers were traveling over the western country in quest of new locations. Generally two or more traveled together. There were no railroads; there were no bank drafts or checks used then, but men carried their own money with them. It was not entirely safe for a man to travel alone. I had but little money with me at the time, but it was evident I was a traveler, and fair to infer I was a land buyer. We rode on slowly for some distance when we came to a creek and let our horses drink. I started first, and kept ahead of the buggy up a long hill.

At the top of the hill I entered a dense forest, and being then out of sight of the men I let my horse travel at a faster gait than usual. It was seven miles across the timber, with-

out a house on the way. The men didn't catch up with me until I got through the timber. Near the east border of the timber was the town of Agency City, where I put up for the night. While putting my horse in the stable the two young men came looking around the premises. They had stopped at another house and had no business where I was stopping. They didn't speak to anyone. They and I never seemed to see each other. Next morning I started first and after going a short distance they overtook me and kept near me all forenoon. If I would ride faster they would keep up. If I rode slow they would go the same gait. Sometimes they would be a little ahead; sometimes just a little behind, but never a word passed between us. Sometimes one would get out and walk and take hold of a wheel and try to upset the buggy. I arrived at Fairfield about noon and put up at the main hotel, which was the stage office. Soon afterward the two young men, who had stopped at another hotel, came in and inquired when the stage went out. The clerk told them it went at two o'clock. They said they wanted to go on it.

After dinner they came and sat on the platform in front of the hotel until the stage drove up, called for passengers and drove away without the young men moving or speaking a word. I was then fully convinced of their intentions. It produces queer sensations to know you are being trailed by robbers. I had traveled alone through the exciting war times in Kansas without fear, and now that I was back in a settled civilized country and being followed by two scoundrels, who proved by their actions that they meant mischief, produced an uneasy state of mind.

I decided at once to use some strategy. I had my horse brought out and mounted him while the young fellows were sitting there watching me. The road to Burlington, where I was going, ran east. The road to Ft. Madison ran southeast. Just as I was ready to start I inquired the road to Ft. Madison, which was shown me, and I started out on that road.

After leaving the town I traveled but a short distance until I came to a cross road and turning to the left, I made good time until I reached the Burlington road, which I traveled without further trouble. I never saw or heard of my trailers again. But I was amused all that afternoon, thinking of how those fellows were trying to overtake me on the wrong road.

I arrived home in due time without further adventure, and with a good fund of information about an important part of the then new west. I saw much good country on the trip, but nowhere did I find a place where, all things considered, I thought I could better my condition in Illinois.

Extremely cold weather prevailed in the winters of 1855 and 1856. A great snow storm came on the 20th of January, 1855. It filled the lanes, running east and west, to the top of the fences. The balance of the winter was very cold.

About the first of January, 1856, I gathered up two car loads of hogs near LeRoy, and drove them to Bloomington. The first night out it turned very cold. The next day my hands, feet, face and ears were badly frost-bitten. It took me two and a half days to drive to Bloomington (sixteen miles). There I had to wait a day or two for the weather to moderate enough for trains to run. Finally I got the hogs loaded on the Illinois Central railroad, and started for Chicago. We ran twenty-one miles north and stuck fast on an upgrade, and remained there until a passenger train came up and pushed us over the hill. We made very slow progress and arrived at Mendota about seven o'clock that night, and was blockaded there by the snow and cold for two or three days. A passenger train coming from Chicago got stuck in the snow three miles from Mendota, and the passengers were hauled into town in sleds. One man started to walk in and was so badly frozen that the doctors had to work with him for hours to save his life. His hands and feet were frozen stiff. He told me afterward he was afraid his fingers would break off while

the doctors were rubbing him. That was the coldest spell of weather I ever saw. A person would get frost-bitten in walking across the streets. It was impossible to feed my hogs in the cars or to unload them for that purpose. A number of them died and all of them became so hungry, fierce and ravenous that I expected to see them devour one another. I don't believe one of them would have survived another day. They were finally run into Chicago by a passenger train. The stock-yards in Chicago were then at the "Bull's Head" on West Madison street. From there we drove the stock over the open prairie to Bridgeport, several miles distant. I held my hogs at the Bull's Head several days before I received a bid on them. Then I sold at a fair price and only lost thirty dollars on the trip, and felt very lucky in not losing the whole lot. At that time drovers did their own selling instead of employing commission men, as at present.

That winter's extreme cold came near driving me out of Illinois into a milder climate. Hence, my travels during the following summer as already narrated.

After my Kansas trip I remained on the farm until January, 1859. But I was restless. I had been infected with the mining fever, from which very few ever entirely recover, and to this day, I cannot hear of a rich discovery of gold without wanting to go there too. This propensity would probably have led to my financial ruin had not my better judgment prevailed and induced me to anchor fast to Illinois soil.

CHAPTER 5.

SECOND TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

In the fall of 1858 the government let a contract to what was called the Butterfield Company, to carry the mail twice a week for six years, from St. Louis to San Francisco, via the southern route. The mail was carried by rail to Tipton, Missouri, (163 miles). That was the western terminus of railroads. From there it was carried in Concord wagons through Springfield, Missouri, Fort Smith, Arkansas, Sherman, Texas; thence west to Franklin, now El Paso, Texas; thence to Tucson, Arizona, to Yuma, Los Angeles and on to San Francisco, a distance of about three thousand miles. This was perhaps the longest stage route in the world. It ran through a wild region of country badly infested with savage Indians. Here was a rare chance for adventure. I was nearly sick for adventure; the wilder the better. I wanted to go. Soon after the stage line started news came of the discovery of gold mines on the Gila river right on the stage road. That settled the matter.

I lost no time in getting ready, and I started on the 19th of January, 1859. Not being right sure I would be satisfied with the Gila river mines, which were in western Arizona, I bought a ticket in St. Louis for San Francisco, with the privilege of stopping off in Arizona. I had a pleasant run to Tipton, where I arrived about dusk on second day from home. Then I took passage in a dingy looking Concord wagon. The road had been muddy, but was then freezing, which made very rough riding. That night and the next was the coldest weather there had been in Missouri that winter, consequently I suffered a good deal from the cold. My feet were frosted to such extent that when I arrived at Fort Smith

I stopped off three days for the next stage. I was there joined by another passenger who was going out to western Texas. We bought a ham and had it boiled and took it and some bread with us. We would sometimes get coffee from the men at the stage stations. The stage traveled by day and night. At Sherman, Texas, we found two hundred men all clamoring to get on the stage. They had heard of the Gila river mines, which had created great excitement in that locality. They quarreled for half an hour before they could agree who should go.

We then had two passengers and driver in the stage and a mail guard who rode on horseback with a whip to encourage the team when necessary. We could only take on five of the Texans. When they got adjusted we started off on our journey over the western wilds. There was a cold norther blowing that morning, sharp and crisp, but the road was fine, and we had an excellent team, and made good time. In the afternoon we passed through Gainesville, then a small village and the last settlement we saw until we arrived in Franklin, now El Paso. Ahead of us was eleven hundred miles, occupied by hostile Comanche and Apache Indians, among whom we did not dare to carry a lantern at night. The stations were from eight to fifteen miles apart, until we got beyond white settlements, after that the distance was regulated by watering places; sometimes ten miles, sometimes forty, and at one place the water was hauled some distance to supply a station between widely separated watering places. We passed over much country where it had not rained for two years. One of the watering places was Waco Tanks, in western Texas, where there were some immense stones as large as big hay stacks. There were hollow places under some of these stones that contained water that gathered therein during rainy seasons, in sufficient quantities to last for years.

The stage teams were good American horses until we got beyond civilization, then they were wild mustangs. They used



CROSSING THE SOUTHERN PLAINS, JANUARY, 1859.

four horses. When they broke in a wild team they had men to hold each horse with a twitch on his nose while other men hitched them to the stage. Then the driver being seated, with lines all in hand, would give the word go, when every man would slap a mustang and give a Comanche yell and try to frighten the horses to plunge ahead. If they could do this all would be well, no matter how fast the mustang might run; but if they failed to go ahead, but bucked and turned around—a mash-up would be the certain result. If they started off in a run it was all right, but you could not, under any conditions, stop them until they arrived at the next station, where they had been trained to stop by being lassoed a few times.

I have a very vivid recollection of the first wild mustang team I rode behind. It was about eight o'clock one very dark night. The driver told us he had a lively team, and might have some trouble in starting, and advised us to walk ahead, cross a little creek, go up the hill on the other side, station ourselves about fifty yards apart and grab the stage and crawl in as the stage passed, saying that when he got them started he couldn't get them slower than a trot until he got to the next station. The other passengers all took his advice, but I felt inclined to stay with the stage and told the driver I would ride. After much trouble they finally got the team hitched up and when all was ready each man slapped his horse and gave an unearthly yell. The horses lunged in every direction; turned and reversed positions, tied themselves in a double bow knot, got the stage on a lock, not lacking more than an inch of upsetting. Then I suddenly felt like I had enough of that kind of adventure, and called out: "Hold on, driver, I believe I will walk awhile." I then scrambled out as quick as I could and started down the road. I had on two coats, and had been cramped up in the stage day and night for several days and was in no condition for sudden activity. But I had lost so much time in not going with the other boys that I knew I must move lively or be left among the Comanches. I ran to

the creek, crossed it quickly, and got about half way up the hill when I heard the stage coming. When it reached me I was nearly out of breath. I grabbed at the stage and made an effort to get in. The horses were going in a trot, and I failed, but held on to the stage, made another effort to get in and failed again. I was then so near out of breath that I knew I could make but one more effort. Then fully realizing my surroundings, I made the effort of my life and barely succeeded in getting my body balanced on the edge of the side of the stage and hung that way until rested enough to crawl in. By that time we overtook the other passengers, one at a time. They being well rested, had no difficulty in getting in. I began to realize that I had struck the right trail for adventure.

There were generally about half a dozen men at a station. At some places they had feed for the teams; at others they grazed the animals on the plains, and when we would get near enough the driver would blow his bugle and the men would have a team rounded up when we arrived. In some parts of Arizona the teams were fed on hay made by cutting dry grama grass with a hoe, which hay sold for fifty dollars per ton. This dry grass would cut about like our dry grain stubble, which could be cut better with a hoe than with a scythe. At the Pimo and Maricopa Indian villages in Arizona the teams were fed on wheat raised by the Indians. The hostile Indians in the eleven hundred miles already referred to would sometimes kill all the men at the stations and steal all the animals worth driving away. Four hundred miles of the best part of our road had been thus stripped when I went through. There were some men at all the stations, but the only animals left in that distance were little broken-down mules that the Indians wouldn't have. We made very slow progress over that region.

At that time no young man in Texas considered himself much of a man unless he had been in an Indian fight. Consequently the young Texan passengers were very anxious

for a battle with the Indians. They seemed in dead earnest on that subject. I told them I was anxious to make a treaty with them to the effect if they would let me alone I would not harm one of them. At many places we might have been at the complete mercy of the Indians. At several times we were in danger from them; it depended on their humor, for the time being, as to whites getting through safely. Apache Pass, in Arizona, was, at that time, one of the most dangerous places on the continent. We passed through the Pass about midnight. The mountain sides on each side of the road were covered with Indian camp-fires. We all got out of the stage except the driver; we walked through slow and quietly, not speaking above a low whisper; the road was dusty and the stage made no noise. When about half way through the mail guard, who had been riding in the stage, whispered to me that we were then on the spot where eleven Americans had been killed by the Indians some time before. This was not cheerful information, especially in view of the proximity of so many of them. When we got through the Pass and took our seats in the stage we all, including the fighting Texans, felt much relieved.

While on one of the long drives in western Texas our driver was Major Ramstein, a noted old guide and Indian fighter. He had been in many battles with the Indians. He told me that the Indians had found out that he was driving the stage and had sent him word they would lift his hair. I advised him to quit the business, as it was only a question of time when they would get him if he continued on the road. He said he was not afraid. He was a brave man, but I could see he was very watchful all the time. I felt great interest in his fate, but never heard a word from him afterwards until at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. I there met a ranchman named Murphy, from the Fort Davis country, in western Texas, who told me his men brought the dead body of Major Ramstein, who had been killed by the Indians, to his place the year after I traveled with him.

In Arizona we passed by the graves of the Oatman family, whose massacre had been a notable event. They were emigrating from Illinois to California and were cruelly butchered by the Indians.

The only sleep we got was in the stage as we went along. One night I lost my hat while asleep; this left me in an awkward condition, but luckily we reached Tucson that night and the driver went with me and aroused a store-keeper, who showed me some very common hats, worth about a dollar and a quarter at home. I asked the price; he said, "Five dollars." I then said: "Captain, isn't that a little high?" He answered: "Yes, it is d—d high, but it is worth something to live in this country." I told him he had struck my weak point and then paid the price freely.

When we arrived at the Gila river mines we found the excitement had subsided. It was a very barren country; some gold had been found in limited pockets, which had already been worked out. The Texans stopped there, but I didn't like the country and went on to California. We crossed the Colorado river at Yuma and thence over the deserts and mountains to Los Angeles, passing through there at night. In due time I arrived in San Francisco, in twenty-four days' and nights' actual travel from St. Louis. This was a rough and exciting trip. None but persons in prime condition could stand the fatigue and exposure of such a trip. Most of the way the roads were good, but in places they were rocky and mountainous. The drivers were generally genial fellows, many of them were old frontiersmen, but some of them were clerks from New York and Philadelphia, out in search of adventure, and they found it. In a short time they were fully imbued with the wildness of their surroundings, and the rougher the roads the harder they would drive. Every stage I saw showed evidence of having been upset. Sometimes bones were broken in such mishaps. I think that nowhere on earth could such a

trip be duplicated today. It was wild, exciting and dangerous enough to be highly enjoyable.

The most exhilarating sight I ever saw was that stage with four high spirited horses and an outside rider on horseback, along side of the team, with a black snake whip, and all going in a sweeping gallop over those high arid plains, and seven men inside the stage with their guns sticking out in all directions, and with pure bracing mountain air, and with herds of wild animals in sight, and all the time expecting the sudden appearance of hostile Indians. It was charming to one seeking adventure as I was. I lost but four pounds in weight on the trip, but the long continued rough jolting of the ride produced a disordered condition of my bowels from which I did not entirely recover for ten years.

I found conditions greatly changed in California during my five years' absence. The best of the placer mines had been worked out. The fast and exciting spirit of the early days was gone. A dullness had settled down on the country that was distressing to an old timer. After resting in San Francisco a few days I went to Big Oak Flat, a mining town in Tuolumne county, in the vicinity of which I remained until I returned home in Illinois about two years and a half later.

I arrived in Big Oak Flat late in February, and a few days later engaged in mining on Deer Flat near Big Oak Flat, and remained there and in that vicinity most of the time until early in July, when I moved onto the Tuolumne river, and engaged in river mining until October. River mining is exceedingly hard and difficult work; the melting snows in the Sierra Nevada Mountains keep the rivers high until mid-summer; but little can be done until August. In many cases the miners would build a dam across the river and a wooden flume on one side of the river, extending from the dam to the lower end of the ground to be worked, to convey the water beyond the works. Then large wheels were placed above the flumes, which were run by the swift current of water; the

power thus obtained was used to operate large pumps in pumping water out of the bed of the river to be worked; the water was prevented from flowing back by a small foot dam. It was very difficult and expensive to obtain materials needed to perform the work. In many cases the mountains on each side of the river were half a mile higher than the river, and were so steep that you could only go up or down at a few places, and by zigzag paths. The timber for stringers, cross-ties and props for the flumes were cut in the mountains, hauled to the brink above the river, shoved over and sent on a wild course below. They would slide rapidly down, stirring up clouds of dust, and loosening many rocks, which fell like cannon balls a thousand feet below; then the piece of timber would shoot over a precipice far out into space, turning summer-saults end over end, and finally fall on the rocks near the river, and in many cases broken into fragments. Some would come down whole and in this way enough would be saved to go on with the work. The lumber needed was, in early days, whipsawed by hand; later it was bought at saw mills, hauled as far as wagons could go, then one hundred feet of boards were lashed in a pack, and secured by chains and ropes, and each man would, with a hand spike, start a pack. He would control and direct his pack until coming to a steep place he would let it go; it would then go with a rush until it would lodge on some obstruction when it would have to be pried off and started again. By starting early two trips of this kind could be made in a day. I have seen but few more exciting sights than those great timbers descending from the lofty mountain heights, plowing up tons of rock and earth, and all falling with a crash and roar upon the rocks thousands of feet below. In those deep river canyons the echo from the noise made by the descending timbers and rocks, and by blasting, lent an additional charm to the wildness of the scene. In some cases after all the hard work and expense of turning a river was done, but little gold would be found. In other cases they

might have rich deposits of gold, but barely get started to taking it out when an early rain in the mountains would cause a sudden rise in the river which would sweep dam and flume to destruction, and the whole season's work and much expense would be a total loss.

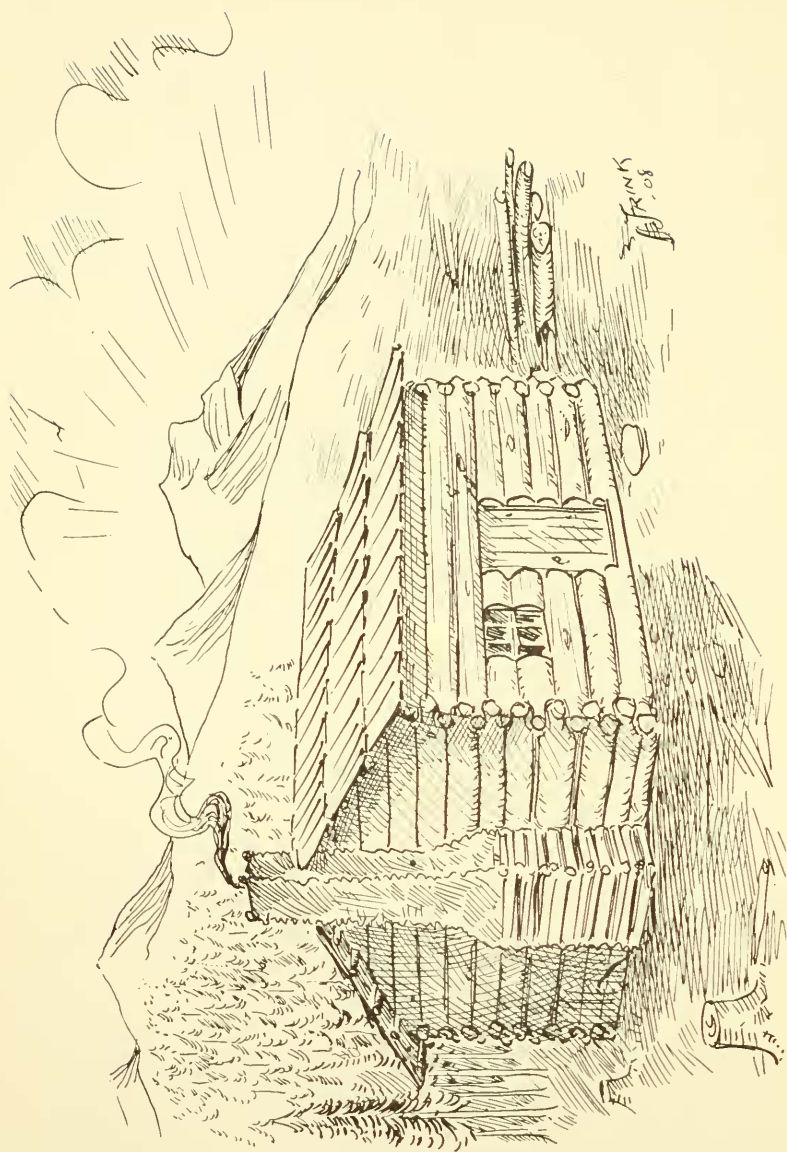
River mining was very uncertain. The above description applies to what I saw on the North Fork of the American river in Placer county, in 1852. The work I did on the Tuolumne river in 1859 was what is called wing damming; that consists in building a dam from one shore out into the river, say half way across, thence down stream to lower end of claim, thence to the same side you started from; then rig a wheel on the side dam, which was run by the current outside, and pumped the water from enclosed area.

We were in a deep and rugged canyon, twenty-six hundred feet below the surrounding mountains. The place was difficult to reach, difficult to work and a difficult place to live in. We were impatient and began too soon, beginning early in July. The weather was very hot, but the water was icy cold from the melting snows in the mountains. It was about waist deep when we began, and the current so swift we had to stretch a cable across the river, then tie a rope around our bodies and attach that to the cable to prevent being washed away and dashed to death against huge boulders below. After working fifteen or twenty minutes we would be so chilled we would come out, and drink all the whisky we could, then spread ourselves out in the hot sun on big, smooth rocks that would almost fry us. When thawed out we would go back and work as long as we could stand it. We repeated these exercises for a whole week. This work was done in cleaning a place for the dam, three of us working in a row, the middle man would dive to get a boulder and be held by the other two until he secured the rock, lift it up and cast it out of the way. I didn't do any of the diving, but was one of the holders. It is a strange fact that the whisky had no effect on our heads, though

we drank it until it nauseated the stomach. Our severe exposure seemed to neutralize the intoxicating qualities of the whisky. This will give some idea of what we endured that week.

The whole season's work was severe, and when the work was completed we didn't find enough gold to pay expenses. The opposite half of the river had paid well in previous years. Later in the season three of us put in a smaller wing dam just below where we had been at work; we found rich prospects, but was unable to get the water low enough to get the gold. We had a good wheel and an excellent 22-inch pump that worked finely, but the water came up from the bottom so strong that we couldn't reduce it to less than eighteen inches in depth. By ordinary placer mining you can get but very little gold out of water, but difficult as it is, we sometimes got a dollar to the pan of gravel. If we could have cleared the bed rock we would have obtained fine pay, but we finally had to abandon the whole outfit, and went back in the fall to Deer Flat rich in experience, but poor in gold.

I built a neat little log cabin on my claim I had at Deer Flat. It was built of round pine logs, covered with clapboards, with stick and mud-chimney, and dirt floor. I then laid in a plentiful supply of provisions and wood for the winter. Two good friends lived in a cabin within a rod of mine, and the lively village of Deer Flat was partly built on the further edge of my claim some two hundred yards distant. So I was not at all lonesome, but spent many happy hours in that little cabin. It was there, during the second winter of my residence therein, while living all alone and viewing the grand and beautiful works of nature about me, that the impression first entered my mind that the legends about God and his plans in regard to the hereafter are not sufficiently large and comprehensive to meet the requirements of the human soul. But I will not dwell on this point here, but will explain it fully in an appendix to this book.



S. H. WEST'S MINING CABIN IN CALIFORNIA.

In July, 1860, while engaged as water agent in Deer Flat, I was laid up with a cutaneous affection of my feet and legs up to my knees, which disabled me for some months. Medicine did me no good; I was living alone in a shack but, half a mile from my cabin. Friends would come around every day or two and bring me a bucket of water and gather an armful of wood. When hungry I was able to get up and cook enough to eat. Lying in this condition for long weeks without prospect of relief, I would have felt lonesome had it not been for the strong spirit of buoyancy that has animated me every day of my life. One day while in this helpless condition a man who held a higher position in the water company, brought a doctor who was a friend of his, to see me. The doctor gave a prescription for a certain amount of very strong drug to be put in a pint of distilled water and a dose taken three times per day. My friend took the prescription and brought me the medicine, but instead of being a pint there was only an ounce vial of it. I asked my friend what that meant; he said he thought he would only get a small quantity to see whether it would do any good. I afterwards found out that he had put the full amount of strong drug into the ounce vial of water, instead of a pint, thus making a deadly poison. I took a full dose at noon and felt very queer all afternoon, but not knowing the cause, I took another dose at supper. This produced intense suffering which increased in severity for hours. My throat became entirely dry and my head felt like it would burst.

I fully realized that I would die before morning unless I could get help. I made a desperate effort, got out of doors and scrambled down the mountain side a quarter of a mile, to the nearest neighbor. I was impressed to send for the proper remedies, which were applied and by morning I was much relieved but very weak. The man that played this trick was dishonest. The company had found it out and decided to discharge him and put me in his place. He had learned this,

hence his kindly act. When I ascertained the facts beyond a doubt I determined to kill him, and while yet unable to walk alone I got two friends to help me down to where he boarded, for the purpose of settling the matter with him. He tried to sneak away, but I had him called back; he knew what was in store for him, and came like a cowardly, cringing cur, with smiles all over his face, and protesting he was the best friend I had on earth. Under such conditions I couldn't shoot the wretch, and am now glad I did not.

I lingered in a weak condition for several weeks, when friends advised me to go to the Merced Hospital, on the plains, or valley, fifty miles away. I heard of wonderful cures being wrought there by Dr. Griffith, the proprietor, who was without medical or other education. He had the reputation of curing desperate cases that had failed to be benefited by the ablest physicians in San Francisco. I didn't have much faith in the old doctor, but as my condition was bad, and receiving no benefit from regular doctors, and as drowning men will catch at straws, I concluded to go.

I took passage on a fruit wagon returning to the valley from whence it had brought fruit to the mines. On the way, while descending a steep mountain, the wagon upset, turning completely over; the team was gentle mules, which stopped instantly, otherwise we would have fared badly. The driver, another invalid, and I were completely encased in the inverted wagon box, and all mixed up with the wagon cover, broken bows, empty fruit boxes, and dust, but the driver was the only one hurt. In due time we arrived at the hospital, and such a hospital has never been known elsewhere on earth. The doctor was a native of Ohio, went to Mexico at an early age, lived there thirty years, then went to California, settled on the Merced river some distance out on the plains, had acquired considerable land and stock, and owned a mill. His wife was a Mexican woman. They lived in an adobe house in Mexican style.

His hospital was a two-story frame, without inside finish to the walls, and with sand ankle deep for a floor. There were two rooms below and two above. One of the lower rooms was used to cook and eat in, the other was the bunk room, the bunks running in two tiers around the room. The upper story was used for a school. The cooking was done in an open fireplace with a few old broken utensils; the table consisted of a long bench without a cloth, and the tableware was some tin and pewter plates, some old odd knives, forks and spoons. The ashes were never carried out, but piled up near the fireplace. Four or five old chairs completed the outfit. The hospital was some distance from the dwelling. There were about a dozen patients; they had to do all the work pertaining to the hospital.

Those who were convalescing had to cook, wash dishes, milk and go to mill. When we needed groceries, we took up a collection and sent some one who was able to ride on horseback to town for them. The whole outfit was dirty, greasy and dilapidated. The treatment consisted solely in giving one pill to each patient every night at bed-time. No matter what the ailment, this was the remedy. This treatment was continued for fifteen days, when the patient would be salivated until he couldn't eat mush. Then no more medicine would be taken, and in fifteen days more, most patients would be entirely cured. In severe cases, like a man's throat being eat out by cancer or other ulcers, it would require two or three courses to effect a cure. I bear witness to the fact that most wonderful cures were effected by this ignorant man. He had gotten hold of some potent remedy in the laboratory of nature, but aside from the mercury used, no mortal could ever find out what that remedy was. He escaped prosecution for practicing medicine without the legal qualifications, by disclaiming practice, and only charging for board. I went through a course of thirty days. At the end of that time I felt entirely well, but for fear there might be some mercury yet in my system I took

a good sweat the night before I left. A kettle half filled with water was placed in the bed room, rocks were heated in the fire-place and then put in the kettle. I was seated over the kettle and covered with blankets, which extended outside the kettle, and a more thorough sweat was never taken. The next morning I paid my bill, \$30, rolled up my blankets, strapped them on my back and walked back to my mountain home, fifty miles away, sound and well.

Those cures were simply marvelous, and beyond the ken of medical science. In all my rough experience I was never before or since surrounded by such unpleasant environments as I was in that hospital, but the whole outfit was so extremely grotesque that it affords a very amusing and interesting episode in the line of my life. I experienced nothing but beneficial results from my course at the Merced Hospital.

Sometimes the simplest remedies in nature are the most efficient. After my return to Deer Flat, I was engaged in mining with fair success on my claim, when water could be obtained, until July, 1861. On the 8th of that month I started, in company with a friend, to the Yosemite Falls, a description of which, written ten years afterwards, is herewith inserted.

CHAPTER 6.

TRIP TO THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Pre-eminent among the great wonders of the world, stands the Yosemite Valley and Falls. Having resided for more than two years within fifty miles of the great Valley, and hearing many wonderful accounts of the grandeur of the scenery there, I could not think of leaving California without seeing what everyone agreed was nature's grandest work. So one fine morning early in July, 1861, in company with a friend, and mounted on horse-back, fully equipped with our blankets, some provisions, a frying pan and two tin cups, we set out on our journey from my little log cabin near Big Oak Flat (a mining town of considerable importance at that time). The trail led us through the mining villages of first and second Garrote, and from thence on eastward through heavy forests of pine to the Big Gap, distant twelve miles, where we stopped to lunch and graze our horses. After resting and finishing our frugal repast, we spent some time in viewing the flume of the Golden Rock Water Company's big ditch that had recently been constructed across the gap, in order to convey the water from the upper Tuolumne river, to the highest part of the mines around Big Oak Flat. The flume is a wooden structure of considerable magnitude, being over eighteen hundred feet in length and one hundred and fifty-seven high in the center. It cost about one hundred thousand dollars. From the gap we proceeded through the mountains a few miles to the Bower Cave, a beautiful little cavern, where we spent half an hour very pleasantly, and starting again on our journey, we traveled a few miles and met Johnny Hardin (who lives up on the south fork of the Tuolumne), coming down with two pack mules loaded to the guards with ice. The ice is wrapped in blankets and conveyed on mule back to the big gap, and

from there it is taken in wagons to Big Oak Flat. At the latter place ice does not freeze more than one inch in thickness, while twenty miles back in the mountains it freezes ten and twelve inches thick. They have to pack it on mules eight miles on account of there being no wagon roads nearer than that.

At Hardin's place we reached a very dense growth of pine and fir that extended for twenty miles more, forming the heavy timber belt of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The trees are large, tall, straight and beautiful, and standing thicker on the ground than I had ever seen before. The grandeur of the mountain scenery, combined with the beauty of the evergreen forests, made a picture truly magnificent. Refreshing and charming was our ride through those grand old woods.

The route was abundantly supplied with cool and delicious water. The air was bracing and very pleasant, and it seemed to us that here was the place for the weak and debilitated, the dyspeptic and invalids generally, to spend the hot summer months. There were no houses nor settlements there, and it does not rain there during the summer, and camping out in the woods is the healthiest way that a person can live in pleasant weather. About night we reached a fine open grassy spot of a few acres in extent, issuing from which were some fine springs of most excellent water. This being a fine place for camping, we tied up for the night, having picketed our horses on the luxuriant grass of the little flat, we kindled a large fire in the edge of the forest and soon had our supper ready, and a good one it was too; at least we ate it with a relish that you will never witness in our fine hotels. It was here that we drank the best coffee of our lives, although our tin cup had to serve the purpose of coffeepot and cup. Having finished our evening meal, the next work was to arrange our beds, which was quickly done by cutting some cedar boughs and placing them under the spreading branches of a splendid old fir tree, and placing one pair of blankets over the pile of boughs and another pair over us, we were soon wrapped in the

arms of Morpheus, dreaming sweetly of the scenes of our childhood and the loved ones far away.

Arising early next morning much refreshed by our night's rest and the pure mountain air, we had our breakfast over and were in the saddle a little after sunrise. Proceeding a few miles through the dense forest of fir already described, we soon began to find ourselves gradually getting into a smaller and thinner growth of timber, and also a thinner soil, and about ten o'clock came in sight of the great valley.

We involuntarily halted and gazed in silent admiration on the inspiring picture. There, stretched out before us in calm tranquility and majestic grandeur, was the most remarkable scenery on earth. All language fails to give any adequate description of the beautiful valley. We can only look in mute astonishment at what is about us. We are on the edge of the mountain summit that surrounds the valley, and at the lower or west end of the same; and also near the dividing line between the timber belt and the region of bare granite that compose the summit of the Sierra Nevada. There is still some scattering groves of pine in sight on the mountains; but there is also in view vast fields of naked granite.

The valley has the appearance of having been formed by some great convulsion of nature at some very remote period of time, by which the solid granite mountains have been torn asunder and separated to the distance of about one mile in width and twelve miles in length, and three thousand feet in depth, to the present surface of the valley; though there can be no doubt that the great fissure extended at first to a vastly greater depth, and that it has been filled up to its present level by the falling masses of rock on either side, and by the debris that has been deposited for many thousands of years by the different streams that flow into the valley.

After some time on the mountain top we began to descend the precipitous trail that leads to the valley several miles be-

low. At several places the descent was so abrupt that we thought it safest to dismount and lead our animals. At length we arrived at the foot of the trail at the lower end of the valley, and found it as beautiful in detail as it had seemed grand in its general outlines. As before remarked, the valley is about one mile wide (narrowing at the ends) and very level. It is beautifully diversified with timber and prairie patches, many of them containing several hundred acres. The timber is mostly a beautiful growth of pine interspersed with considerable oak, and being free from underbrush and the trees somewhat scattering, the groves have the appearance of old parks.

The open glades or little prairies are in some places covered with a rank growth of fern, but much the larger portion is covered with a fine coat of grass and flowers. The soil is a very rich loam. Through the center of the valley meanders the clear cold waters of the beautiful Merced river, fresh from the melting snows above. Passing up the valley for several miles we reach a bend in the river that makes it necessary to cross on to the other side, which is accomplished by means of a ferry boat. Before crossing the ferry, however, we pass on our left one of the prominent landmarks of the valley, called Tutucanula. It is a majestic mass of solid granite standing out in bold relief, perpendicular in form, and rising more than three thousand feet in height, and apparently level or nearly so on top. We also pass on our right the Pohono or Bridal Veil fall, which I will describe hereafter, and soon reach the lower hotel (unoccupied at the time), and still passing up the valley nearly a mile amid the thundering, roaring sound of the great falls of the Yosemite, as it seemed to be coming down from the very heavens. We reached the upper hotel, and found it in running order, but being of an independent turn of mind, and prepared for camping out, we went a few hundred yards above the hotel, and pitched our camp on the edge of the river in a splendid grove of pines, and turning our horses on a fine patch of clover, we were in a short time very

comfortably situated. Having appointed five days to spend in viewing the wonders of the valley, we took things quite leisurely, as it is very essential to do so, in order not to become wearied with traveling, and the toil of climbing to the many points of interest. After supper we engaged in conversation with other parties around us, and found them all in a happy state of mind, apparently in good humor with themselves, with the valley, and the rest of the world, and seemed to take pleasure in giving us all the information that they had acquired about the valley, and the best mode of procedure for each day. The information thus acquired was of much value to us in making our arrangements for each day's journey. Being so pleasantly entertained it was late before we retired for the night's rest, and after we did we were frequently aroused by the roaring, seething sound of the great falls nearly opposite to our camp.

Arising early next morning, we were soon ready for our day's work, which was to visit Yosemite falls. Crossing the river on a rude wooden bridge, we had a ride of half or three quarters of a mile through tangled fern and high grass to the ford of the Yosemite, a short distance from the foot of the falls. Crossing the ford we hitched our horses and proceeded on foot to the falls. In a few moments we were picking our way among the large loose rocks that had accumulated at the foot of the precipice, and felt the cold, chilly wind that comes sweeping down with the avalanche of water. Getting as near the falling waters as we could without getting too wet with the rising spray, we took a look upward, and such a sight—never can I forget. Pouring over the precipice, two thousand five hundred and fifty-five feet above us, was the Yosemite creek, a stream about two rods wide and one foot deep where it makes the great leap—lacking only a few feet of a half mile in height. It requires but little stretch of the imagination to almost believe that this wonderful fountain was issuing from the foot of the throne of the Great Jehovah. Here amid the

deafening, roaring sound of the mighty waters as they came rushing down from the upper world, and, with perpendicular cliffs of granite rising hundreds of feet still higher than the great falls, and looking as if they were just ready to fall over and bury us beneath their terrible immensity, man feels his utter insignificance, as he can feel it nowhere else on earth. It is here that we can realize more forcibly than anywhere else the wondrous power, majesty and sublimity of the Great Architect of the Universe.

The water falls for some distance in a solid mass, but soon breaks into innumerable little flakes or snowy looking rockets that seem to be continually chasing each other in their rapid descent, forming a scene not only grand but indescribably beautiful. The fall is broken about two-thirds of the distance down by falling on a sloping table of rock, over which it rushes at a rapid rate for a few hundred feet and then makes the final leap.

After remaining an hour or two at the foot of the falls we proceeded to climb the precipice to the right of the falls, up to the table rock above mentioned, and found it to be not only a difficult but dangerous adventure, as there were places so smooth and steep that we had to get down and crawl along very cautiously, and where if we had missed our hold and slipped we would have fallen hundreds of feet. We finally reached the point that we were making for, and thought we had accomplished a considerable task, until we found the names of several ladies carved in a delicate hand in the bark of some cedar trees that were growing in the crevices of the rock. It seemed incredible that any woman should ever have climbed up to that dangerous place, but having witnessed the activity of women in climbing mountains before, and knowing the daring intrepidity of some of them, we finally concluded that they had been there. The second day we went up the valley on the north side to the North and South Domes, and Lake Ahwiyah, a beautiful little sheet of water formed by a large

portion of the north side of the South Dome falling off at some time and falling across the North Fork of the Merced river. The North Fork itself has no perpendicular falls, but has worn a channel down through the rock, and made a succession of rapids of no particular interest. The Domes are wonders of great magnitude. The South Dome stands at the head of the valley and is a solid mass of granite about five thousand feet above the level of the valley. Its top for a thousand feet or so is rounded in the shape of a dome, and is not accessible to mortal feet.

What visions of sublimity would be unrolled to the gaze of man, could he but scale those wondrous heights. The North Dome, standing on the opposite side of the North Fork, is of less altitude, being some three thousand seven hundred feet high.

The third day we proceeded up the Merced river to the Pywyac Falls where the main river falls in a solid sheet three hundred feet. This resembles Niagara more than anything about the valley. Here we ascend two flights of stairs and get above the falls and proceed up the river some three-quarters of a mile along a rocky and rapid passage of the river to the Nevada Falls, where the main river falls seven hundred feet. After resting awhile we ascend with much difficulty and by a circuitous route to the top of the falls, and standing on the brink of the precipice can look down and see the water fall to the bottom below. The last feat requires a steady nerve, as it is necessary in order to reach the outer edge to step across a large fissure in the rock and stand on a portion that is detached from the main mass. My nerves were steady enough while up there, but after descending part of the way down and looking back, I saw that the fissure extended entirely under the rock that I had been standing on, and that it sloped downwards at an angle of about thirty degrees. The splendid views we had at different points richly paid us for this day's labor. Retracing our steps some distance below the

Pywyac Falls to where we had tied our horses, we remounted and rode back to camp. The fourth day we spent in visiting the Tululuwack, or South Fork Falls, the most difficult of access of any in the valley. We proceeded for some distance with much difficulty, the gorge or canyon through which the South Fork runs below the falls being filled with rock of immense size; but we finally reached the end of our journey and found a splendid sheet of water falling six hundred feet. Somewhat wearied with this day's trip we returned to camp and rested for the next day's work, which was a very pleasant one, being a visit down the valley on the south side to the Pohono or Bridal Veil Falls. This is thought by most persons to be the most beautiful of the falls. It is nine hundred feet in height, and falls over in such a delicate and graceful style as to be likened to a bridal veil. We spent a good portion of the day in this visit; not only in viewing the Pohono, but many other objects of much interest. If we had time and means to spare we could linger here for weeks and months; but our arrangements forbid. The time for our departure from the Golden State was rapidly approaching, and we must hurry back to the mines and settle up our business and get ready to start home. So returning to our camp during the afternoon, we packed up and moved down to the end of the valley near the foot of the trail, where we camped for the night, and on the following morning took our departure and bid a long farewell to the great valley.

After returning from Yosemite I settled up my affairs and in the latter part of the month left the mines, went to San Francisco, from whence I sailed on the first of August for home, via Panama and New York. This was the only pleasant journey at sea I ever took. The weather was fine and sea smooth all the way (six thousand miles). I was not sea-sick a minute on the voyage. The Isthmus of Panama is an extremely unhealthy locality.

Before leaving San Francisco it was reported that Confederate privateers were roaming over the Pacific Ocean. This caused lively apprehension among the passengers, as the steamers carried much gold at that time, and would be a great temptation to privateers. But we came through without adventure or accident, though we had a narrow escape from a collision at sea the night before we arrived in New York. The night was very pleasant and I sat on deck until after midnight. All other passengers had retired. Suddenly a ship was seen coming towards us; signals were given by both vessels and speed slackened, but the other ship continued on in our direction and would have struck us amidship, but was stopped when only a few feet from us. I knew that such a collision meant the swift sinking of our ship and I stood ready to jump onto the bowsprit of the other ship as soon as it crashed into us; but no harm was done and I was the only passenger that saw our danger.

In those two trips to California in the early days I experienced much that was rough and rugged, many ups and downs, many disappointments and privations, but on the whole the trips were beneficial. They brought me in contact with men from every civilized country in the world, and with men of every grade of attainments, and every shade of thought. It broadened and strengthened men's minds and stimulated their activities, and gave a great impulse to the whole nation. I believe my experience of those days had much to do in shaping and developing my characteristics. At any rate more important and lasting impressions were made on me during those trips than in all the balance of my life, except in the formative period of childhood.

CHAPTER 7.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

On arriving in New York City, I found great war excitement existing. The worst had come to the worst, and the nation was engaged within itself in the greatest war known in history. The north against the south and the south against the north. Brother against brother; father against son, and son against father.

Reason dethroned and the savage beastly spirit of war installed in its stead. The teachings of the illustrious Henry Clay along the lines of peace and harmony that would have removed slavery without shedding a drop of blood, or incurring a debt, had been long discarded.

The efforts of Crittenden, Bell and Everett, and other patriotic statesmen had been laughed to scorn, and they derided as imbeciles and Union savers. And Davis and Toombs, Yancy and Wigfall and their counterparts in the north had unchained the thunderbolts of war, and turned the tornado of hate against the cyclone of frenzy and the volcano of intolerance against the earthquake of destruction. Devils danced with joy, and angels wept at the ghastly sight. Tens of thousands of the best men on both sides were slaughtered like beasts. Thousands of millions of money and property destroyed, homes made desolate and hell turned loose upon the land, and why? Simply for the lack of common sense. After all this folly and destruction, when both sides were well nigh exhausted, reason began to come back. The south lost everything they had contended for and much more, and the north had lost more than every negro in the nation was worth. Then they came together, made peace and are better friends now than ever before. Why couldn't all this have been done

before? Had Clay's old-time counsels been adopted there would have been no war.

It is no credit to the human race to know that there are times when nations seem to be incapable of exercising common sense until it is shot into them by cruel war. I am in favor of "Peace on earth and good will towards men."

From New York City I proceeded homeward via Albany, Niagara Falls, Canada, Detroit and Chicago. When I arrived home I found the public mind all absorbed in the war. Business was much depressed, prices of produce very low, and great uncertainty and doubt existing about the future of our government. I resumed my occupation of farming, and on the 21st of June, 1863, was married to Martha ONeal, a native of Ross county, Ohio. She has proven to be a prize of whom I will write more fully in another chapter.

In the spring of 1864 we went to housekeeping on our farm in West township, where we remained busily engaged in the arduous labor of farm life for many years. Nine children were born to us as follows: Rosa Lee, Henry Clay, Lawrence Jay, Mary Etta, Carrie Edith, Parker Ward, Marcus Charles and Luella. Parker died in infancy. Charles departed this life when about thirteen and a half years old. He was a most promising lad. During the war most of the young men went into the army, which made labor very scarce; in consequence of which women did, in some cases, men's work. The last half of the war period witnessed a great advance in the price of most commodities, especially in dry goods and groceries. In many cases the people used parched rye as a substitute for coffee, and calico became a luxury that was used with economy by the women. After the first year of the war much diversity of opinion prevailed in the north in regard to the best policy to pursue in national affairs. This condition engendered a bitter feeling of animosity among the people, which in some localities almost precipitated hostile conflicts.

The best service I ever performed during my entire life was the peaceable settlement of an angry controversy between a large body of armed citizens on one side and a company of furloughed soldiers and their friends on the other. I went alone and unarmed from one party to the other and by the aid of the angels of peace, effected a satisfactory settlement of the matter in controversy. I afterward learned that an unruly element in one of the parties were insistent on mobbing me, but were restrained by the better element.

The following card published some years afterward by leading men of both political parties refers to this incident:

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

WHEREAS, Certain allegations have been made and circulated, perverting the truth and maligning the character of Mr. S. H. West, we, the undersigned citizens of LeRoy, make the following statement, alike due the public and Mr. West:

During the winter and spring of 1864, a number of soldiers belonging to the 39th Reg. Ill. Vols., were at home in LeRoy and vicinity. One William McClurg, not a soldier, had a pistol taken from his pocket by one of the soldiers then in LeRoy. Said pistol was not returned to McClurg. He communicated the fact to his companions, who considered the act of taking the pistol an outrage. A company was collected for the purpose of recovering said pistol by force. When the excitement was the highest and a collision imminent, Mr. West had the foresight to see the danger to the town and vicinity, and, with Mr. L. H. Parks, and some others, arranged the matter without bloodshed.

These are the facts in the case and much credit is due Mr. West for the part he took in the matter.

L. H. PARKS,	W. BRATTON,
T. D. FISHER,	H. M. PHILLIPS,
N. MOTT,	Z. CHICK,
J. W. WRIGHT,	P. VANDEVENTER,
S. A. MOORE,	T. J. BARNETT.

LeRoy, Ill., 1876.

Of the above signers, Mr. Phillips was captain and Mr. Parks, orderly sergeant of Company I, 39th Regiment Illinois Volunteers.

The war of the great rebellion closed in 1865, and the union restored, though in a shattered condition. Slavery was entirely abolished. The work of reconstruction of the union was a difficult work. The passions of men had been highly excited by the long and terrible conflict. Under such conditions wisdom did not, in all cases, prevail in adopting reconstruction measures. The whites of the south who had engaged in the rebellion were disfranchised and the late slaves, who were entirely ignorant of the duties of citizens or the principles of government were enfranchised. This gave the government of the reconstructed States into the hands of the ignorant negroes and white adventurers from the north, who, in many cases, proved to be dishonest. The result was most horrible.

This part of the reconstruction measures was a crime against civilization, and good government, such as the world has seldom seen. It was cruel to the whites and a great damage to the negroes. The negroes should have been granted the right of suffrage only as they became qualified.

Most deplorable conditions existed there for years. Finally, the whites, driven to desperation, threw off the yoke of negro rule, in many cases, by violent and unlawful means.

The horrible assassination of President Lincoln at the close of the war exasperated the people of the north to such extent that the reconstruction measures were made more severe than they otherwise would have been.

Lincoln's death was a great calamity to the nation, and especially to the south. His noble, generous nature would have prompted liberal treatment to the fallen foe.

CHAPTER 8.

POLITICAL CONDITIONS.

The close of the war found political affairs in a badly mixed condition. The old Whig party and its successor, the Know-Nothing party, were both extinct. The Democratic party was badly demoralized. The young Republican party was triumphant everywhere. This, and the spoils attending war, led to great corruption. General Grant, the hero of the war, was elected president. He was a great soldier, but had no faculty for any other business. He was honest, but not capable of coping with the corrupt elements with which he had to contend. Great corruption prevailed in high places. Many of the best Republicans became dissatisfied and drifted from the party. The Democrats had no fixed policy. Political chaos and confusion seemed to prevail. I had never taken an active part in public affairs; was only an obscure uneducated farmer; but I became impressed with the idea that a new political deal was needed. In fact, that the best means to bring about a reform in governmental affairs would be to form a new party, to be composed of the remnants of the Democratic party and the independent Republicans. Strongly impressed with the necessity of this action, I wrote an address "To the Conservatives of the United States," as follows:

THE PROPOSED NEW PARTY.

It is a fact that will not be denied by many candid, intelligent persons, that a majority of the voters of the whole country are today opposed to General Grant, and the extreme Radical party; yet, notwithstanding this fact is apparent to all, another fact is equally apparent, and that is, that from the way in which the opposition is divided, and the impracticable plans that have thus far been proposed to effect a consolidation of the opposition elements, that the chances are now largely in favor of the re-election of Grant, and the consequent continued centralizing

tendency of our government for four years longer. This is certainly a strange state of affairs. We all agree that the Radical party is working destruction to the spirit of liberty, and the genius of our government; yet in the face of this agreement in sentiment we fail to unite on a plan that promises success. It certainly cannot be possible that the opposition have not sufficient business tact and patriotism to devise some plan that will succeed in consolidating all of our forces in one solid body, and enable us to march on to one of the grandest political victories ever achieved in our country.

To my mind it appears that we have now the greatest work to perform that has ever devolved upon any party. In this great emergency we must be practical. We must lay aside our likes and dislikes, our feelings and prejudices, and take hold of the situation as it is and endeavor to make the most of it. We cannot unmake the past; but we can, and must make the future.

Since the dissolution of the Whig party I have been a Democrat, and for the past ten years an ultra one; but now I consider that the mission of the Democratic party is ended, and that the greatest good to the country can only be accomplished through the agency of a new party. It is a great mistake for the Democratic party to cling to their old notion that the perpetuity of our free government depends on the perpetuity of the Democratic party. They should remember that the existence of political parties, like the existence of individuals, is limited; and that when our friends or our party dies, that it is our first duty to lay them aside decently, and not to persist in retaining the corpse of the one, or the carcass of the other.

Various plans have been proposed within the past six months to breathe the breath of new life into the old party, but all in vain. They have all failed, and will continue to fail. The New Departure was a strong effort to galvanize the party, but its only effect has been to hasten its demise. Next it was proposed to nominate a liberal Republican candidate for president, but that proposition was too absurd and inconsistent, and too great a confession of weakness to stand the test of the sober second thought.

Recently a plan has been suggested by the Democracy of Missouri, and approved by some outside of that State, to the effect that the Democratic party shall refrain from making any nomination for the next campaign, but shall maintain a passive attitude, and await a division in the Radical party, and then to hitch on to the rear end of the most liberal wing of that party, and help them elect their ticket. With high respect for our Missouri friends I must say that their proposition appears to me to be the most humiliating that has yet been submitted.

If the proud old Democratic party is so far gone as to make it expedient to retire from one of the most important presidential contests

ever known, then in the name of reason and every attribute of manly pride and principle, let us lay it aside for all time.

I am greatly deceived in my estimate of the proud and independent spirit of the American people, if any considerable portion of them can be prevailed upon to go into a presidential battle on any ground, or under any leader not of their own choosing. The Missouri plan has nothing in it that is calculated to inspire the masses. It is one of the expiring efforts of the party, and will, like those that have preceded it, soon pass away. Well, what shall we do? We all feel the great necessity of defeating the Radical party. I feel quite confident that we can defeat it.

I respectfully submit the proposition to every opponent of extreme measures throughout the United States, that we hold a national convention in Cincinnati, on the 22nd day of February next, for the purpose of organizing a new party, to be called the National party.

I also respectfully submit the following rough outline for a platform for the new party:

- 1st. Universal amnesty.
- 2nd. A strict construction of the constitution.
- 3rd. A rigid adherence to the reserved rights of the states, and people
- 4th. Equal justice to every class of citizens.
- 5th. A gradual payment of the national debt.
- 6th. A tariff for revenue only.
- 7th. The final separation of the white and black races, to commence as soon as possible, without injury to either race.

I would also suggest that we take decided ground in favor of separate schools for white and black children, and in favor of the negro graduates of West Point commanding negro troops only.

Now, in regard to the proposed separation of the two races, I believe that this is the only way in which we can secure the best interest of both whites and blacks. The negro question is still the most important one we have to deal with. I am very free to say that while I recognize the validity and binding force of the fifteenth amendment, that I feel restless under it. Under its operation I can see no other possible alternative but that either the two races must ultimately amalgamate, or separate. Allow me to urge your most earnest consideration of this question. When we look at the condition of Mexico, where equality of the races, both before and behind the law, has prevailed for many generations, we can not refrain from shuddering at the thought that any portion of our country should ever approximate their sad fate.

The fifteenth amendment has been forced upon us. We cannot evade its operation. It is my opinion that its opponents can never gain power sufficient to repeal it. If we can accomplish the separation of the two

racess, it would be better to let the fifteenth amendment stand, and give the negro his rights, and educate and prepare him as rapidly as possible to be set off to himself as an independent nation.

My idea is this: Our government can buy at a reasonable rate, enough territory in the Amazon valley, to settle all of our negroes upon, and after having prepared the negroes for self-government, that we will then offer them free transportation to, and free homesteads in, the Amazon valley, and if we fail to procure homes for them there, let us try somewhere else. I think that after this question has been fully discussed, and we shall have prepared the way, that the negroes (feeling the want of social equality here) will readily take up with the idea of going to their new home, where they would be complete masters of the situation.

Of course, this project is a great one, and would be attended with many difficulties, but on that very account would be more worthy the attention of the American people. The work can be accomplished without serious detriment to either race. While the negroes would be leaving us, their places would be filled by white laborers from Europe. The new negro nation would develop one of the richest portions of the earth; and one that, on account of its climate, can never be developed by any other race of people.

Philanthropists and patriots, here is a work that we can all unite in.

Democrats of all shades of opinion, here is a route that leads to progression, and the salvation of both races.

Conservatives of the south, here is a plan of deliverance for you.

Liberal Republicans of the north, if you are true friends of the negro, here is the place for you to show your devotion to his best interests.

Be not discouraged by the failure of the negroes in the West Indies, or the small results of Liberia.

Our new nation will be founded under far different auspices. Our negroes are now being educated, not only in the common branches of learning, but also in the mysteries of self-government with a far better prospect of success than has ever attended any of their previous efforts.

Opponents of Grant and extreme Radicalism, send your delegates to Cincinnati on the 22nd day of February next, and let us organize the greatest and best party that our country has ever known. Let us select our own battle ground, and our own leaders; then we can fight with a spirit and animation that will, under the blessing of God, lead us to a glorious victory.

Respectfully,

S. H. WEST.

Senix, Ill., November 13, 1871.

I sent copies of the above circular to many leading Democrats and liberal Republicans and newspapers throughout the

union. It was the first mention that I have any knowledge of in regard to what afterward resulted in the Cincinnati convention and the nomination of Horace Greeley for president. But the movement was diverted from the lines I indicated. Instead of forming a new party of Democrats and liberal Republicans the movement was confined entirely to liberal or independent Republicans who assembled in Cincinnati and nominated Horace Greeley for president and Gratz Brown, of Missouri, for vice-president. The Democrats were not allowed a voice in the convention, but were expected to support the ticket. The leaders of the Democratic party endorsed the ticket, but great numbers of the rank and file of the party, including the writer hereof, refused to vote it.

Mr. Greeley had, all of his life, been the most bitter and vindictive enemy of the Democratic party. It was absurd to expect that Democrats would vote for their worst enemy, especially when they had been refused admission in the convention that nominated him. During that campaign the Democratic party assumed what was called the "passive policy;" took no action except to trail on in the rear of the liberal Republican party. Both together got gloriously beaten as they richly deserved to be. General Grant was re-elected president by a large majority. It was my opinion then, as it is now, that if a convention, composed of all opponents of Grant and radicalism, had been held and nominated a sound and able Conservative like Judge David Davis, he would have been elected.

If I was rewriting the above address today I would make but little change in it. Any political party that can not formulate a platform of principles and advocate them before the public ought to retire. During Grant's second term a great wave of financial depression spread over the country. Corruption in high places continued, and much excitement prevailed. The Granger and Farmers' Club movement sprang up and attained much influence. I was the first advocate in

McLean county of forming a new political party out of this farmers' movement.

This was finally accomplished by the formation of the Anti-Monopoly party. This movement resulted in some beneficial legislation—state and national. The new party nominated Peter Cooper for president in 1876. Samuel J. Tilden, Democrat, was elected president, but General Hayes, Republican, was most unjustly counted in. The office was stolen and never reflected any honor upon the incumbent. There seemed to be an understanding that the vote of Louisiana should be cast for Hayes for president and for Nichols, Democrat, for governor. The people of the south were driven to such desperation by negro rule that they were willing to lose anything else if they could thereby acquire control of the State. It was a deplorable condition.

The new party first called Anti-Monopoly and afterward more generally known as the Greenback party, was short lived. It was composed of the odds and ends of all parties. It contained many able, noble men, men who had the good of the country only at heart, but also contained many disappointed, broken-down politicians and a great number of visionary financial dreamers, most of whom were financial failures, but thought they could tell exactly how to run the financial affairs of the government. When the party began to run into greenbackism I had many controversies with the leaders on that subject. Their pet theory was for the government to entirely ignore gold and silver and only use greenbacks, which were to be interchangeable with government bonds bearing a low rate of interest. I insisted on the use of gold and silver, at least to the extent of paying the interest on the bonds in coin. A small number agreed with me, but the great majority contended the other way.

The first National Convention held by the Reform party met at Cleveland, Ohio, at a date I do not now remember. It

adopted a set of resolutions in favor of the greenback idea, which I could not endorse, and against which I entered my protest in the "INDUSTRIAL AGE," a reform paper published in Chicago, as follows:

THE CLEVELAND CONVENTION AND CHEAP MONEY.

(From the Industrial Age.)

As the Independent Reform party of Illinois sent a full set of delegates to the Cleveland convention, and that convention was called for the purpose, as I understand it, of constructing a platform for the next presidential campaign, I would like to inquire whether the work of that convention is to be considered binding on our party, or whether it is considered as merely preliminary to the main work of platform-making.

I have been much interested in the discussions of the cheap money question. Having taken an active part in the Reform Movement since its first inception, it follows, as a matter of course, that I want to go with the party, and hence, I have labored earnestly for some months to become converted to the greenback theory, but the more I study the question as presented by you and others, in your paper, and by the Cleveland convention, the more I am convinced that the whole theory is a delusion. This is very plain talk, and from a hard-fisted farmer who has no other way of making a living than by tilling his farm.

Now, if cheap money can be good for anyone, it certainly ought to be beneficial to me. But I believe that one dollar that is worth one hundred cents is much better for all classes than two dollars that are only worth fifty cents each. What is needed to insure the greatest amount of permanent prosperity is a sound, uniform currency, worth one hundred cents to the dollar. I understand the greenback theory to be mainly based on the fact of the scarcity of the precious metals, and their inconvenience, even if they were in abundant supply. So, to obviate the difficulty, you propose that the government shall issue greenbacks to the people, said greenbacks to be interchangeable for government bonds, bearing a low rate of interest, and said bonds payable in said greenbacks. And this is said to be a monetary system based on the entire wealth of the nation. (Answer one.)

Now will you please explain to me how this money is based on any part of the wealth of the nation? I cannot understand how it can be based on anything, unless that thing is available for the redemption of either the greenbacks or bonds. (Answer two.)

The proposed government currency and bonds are not to be based on anything except paper. The intrinsic value of the paper to be used is the only part of the wealth of the nation to be involved in the case at all.

Now, I ask, in all candor, and as an humble inquirer after truth, if it would not be as near correct to say that this money would be based on moonshine, as on the entire wealth of the nation, when the nation don't propose ever to use any part of its wealth for the redemption of its paper. I believe it possible for the government to ignore gold and silver, and still maintain its credit; but in order to do so, it must, of necessity, pay its debt in something that possesses a real, intrinsic value of itself. (Answer three.)

If it is thought best for the government to outlaw gold and silver, let it make its bonds payable in horses, mules, cattle, pork, beef, corn, flour or codfish, and its paper will still pass current. 'Tis true, these articles would be very bulky and inconvenient as a currency but then they will possess a real value; their production costs much labor, and they are, in fact, a part of the wealth of the nation. Our government is laboring under an enormous debt. The labor and business interests of the country are prostrate. Thousands are out of employment. The prospect is not cheering. Yet we possess immense capabilities. We must dig our way out of debt by hard, persistent toil.

God has ordained that "man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow;" and yet if your greenback theory should prove successful, it would annul God's law, because if the government can issue an unlimited amount of money, based upon nothing more valuable than the paper on which it is printed, and succeed in having said paper pass as real money, it appears that the necessity for labor will then cease.

Man must labor to live, and governments can only maintain their credit by paying their debts in gold, silver, or other articles of real value that represent labor. (Answer four.)

The same general principles that are necessary to observe in individual business must also apply in governmental affairs. True, the government alone issues what is called money, but I can issue notes that will pass current as far as my acquaintance extends. Why? Because my note is based on my property and integrity, and my neighbors expect my notes to be redeemed. But suppose that I issue notes without interest, interchangeable for other notes bearing a low rate of interest, one to redeem the other, and my property placed in such condition that my creditors can't touch anything save my notes. Under such circumstances, how long would my notes pass for more than the worth of the paper upon which they were written? (Answer five.)

Now it seems to me that a government paper currency that is to be redeemed with bonds, and the bonds only with more greenbacks, would soon become so exceedingly cheap that it would be the most burdensome commodity that we would have to deal with. (Answer six.)

I earnestly hope that the Independent Reform party will take a liberal and comprehensive view of the whole situation, and not be driven

into the adoption of the Cleveland platform. We must construct a sounder and broader platform than that, if we expect to carry one single state in the next presidential election.

With Grant as the probable candidate of the Republicans on the one hand, and a straight Democratic ticket on the other, what a magnificent opportunity will be presented to the Reform party if we only adopt a set of principles that will meet the leading exigencies of the times, and stand the crucial test of the sober, second thought of the people.

Arrowsmith, Ill.

S. H. WEST.

Answer 1. The action of the Cleveland convention, as we understand it, was preliminary to the action of 1876. We hold that greenbacks are worth 100 cents. They have always been worth 100 cents on the dollar, and have in no way been affected by the fluctuations of gold, because they have always been available for the payment of debts at 100 cents on the dollar, ever since the passage of the legal tender act. Gold was worth no more for the same purpose.

Answer 2. When the government issues a bond for any specified amount, the entire property of the nation is mortgaged for the payment of that bond, or to fulfill the conditions of the bond, whatever they may be. No property is designated as security, but all property is incumbered. This incumbrance must be met by taxation. The interest on the interchangeable bonds would be paid by taxation, and every dollar's worth of property would be pledged to fulfill the condition of these bonds as effectually as it is now pledged to pay any bond issued by the government. Is not this a complete answer to your question? The intrinsic value of the paper used has nothing whatever to do with the value of these bonds nor of the greenbacks, which can be converted at will. The value, both of the bonds and currency, will depend, first, upon the regular payment of interest; second, upon the demand for currency to prosecute legitimate business; and their value will depend upon no other element whatever. The question you ask, in candor, being founded upon a mistaken idea, has no point whatever, and the answer is, no.

Answer 3. Government will be compelled to levy taxes, and when government accepted these greenback notes, in payment of taxes, it would redeem them, to all intents and purposes, as thoroughly as if the notes were redeemed in coin. If bonds are made payable in any one specified commodity, that one thing could, and would, be cornered by speculators. If the only limit is the payment of taxes, then the taxes could only be manipulated by Congress, and public opinion could be brought to bear directly upon members. This is the best check which is possible now, or which has ever been possible under our form of government.

Answer 4. So far as the payment of the National debt is concerned, it is manifest that if we can transfer the bulk of our five and six per cent. gold bonds from Europe to America, which in all probability could be

accomplished by the introduction of the interchangeable scheme, which would stimulate exports; and after drawing these bonds home, if the government should buy them up by purchase in the open market for greenbacks, as it has been doing for years, the load of taxation would be lightened very rapidly, and everybody would be benefited, while nobody would be injured by the operation. Divine providence has very little to do with such practical questions. When we make it an object for Americans to invest in U. S. bonds, they will do it. When we can control our own financial policy, independent of European dictation, the greater portion of our difficulty will be over. Our financial independence can only be attained by cutting loose from a specie basis forever.

Answer 5. You can give your note, but you cannot compel your neighbor to accept it in satisfaction of a debt; the government can compel the acceptance of its notes; hence your assumed parallel exists only in your imagination.

Answer 6. You have as good a right to express your opinion upon the subject as any other person. You give the reasons that are given by all writers on the bullion side, every one of which have repeatedly been proven to be false. Not only deceptive, but absolutely false. Opinions based upon false premises should not be conclusive. As a reformer, you certainly cannot hope to succeed if you fight your battle of reform on a basis of falsehoods, and labor to strengthen the power of the money monopolists. Success upon such a platform would prove that fraud and deception is stronger than truth. The *Age* thinks that truth is much the strongest.

MONEY, NOT METAL.

A correspondent, Mr. West, of Arrowsmith, makes his appearance in *The Appeal*, of June 19, in defense of the gold despotism. It is strange that a gentleman who claims to belong to the Independent Reform camp should strike blows from that position in aid of the outside enemy. The financial doctrines Mr. West favors are not different from those of the enemy in the material point of a specie basis, which is the real key to the position. The golden calf which rests as a horrid incubus, with stifling effect upon American labor, Mr. West desires to worship a while longer. However this may be regretted, no one has a right to object, provided the homage is done outside the Independent Reform camp, inside of which Mr. West cannot consistently advocate bullionist opinions. Even the phraseology Mr. West employs is identical with that used against us by the Wall street operators and their western allies, whose real hostility there is no attempt to conceal. Inflationists, government paper mill, perpetual motion in finance, grinding out irredeemable paper money, are phrases invented to express derision for what we regard as also do they as our vital, central, rallying principle of financial reform. Though

now worn threadbare, they are appropriate and are expected in monopolist utterances, but it is believed that Mr. West does himself injustice in using them, since they create the impression, except for his assurance to the contrary, that they proceed from an enemy and not from a friend of the Independent Reform movement.

It is to be hoped Mr. West will yet succeed in removing from his mind misconceptions that now appear to be encumbering it with respect to bottom principles involved in Independent Reform finances. Upon this subject, if I am not mistaken, the *Industrial Age* has already wrestled with Mr. West with what I fear, upon perusal of his article in *The Appeal*, it may regard as discouraging, if not fruitless results. Mr. West's position is the anomalous one of inculcating on those of his co-reformers, he admits to be in a majority, the specie basis doctrine, they believe ought to be the exclusive property of the managers of the Republican and Democratic parties and their Wall Street employers, and in this is doing precisely the work which that triangular fraternity of interests desires to have done. Ought not Mr. West to be quite sure, whilst urging upon the majority the duty of concession to accept for the sake of unity, that he himself, as one of a minority, is also willing to make concession? It is not a matter of concession to accept an established platform, but one of choice—those who refuse it being against us. The cardinal principle and bond of union among Independent reformers, as accepted at Decatur and Springfield, and re-endorsed at Cleveland, is an ample and stable currency, by making national bonds bearing equitable interest and national paper money based upon the honor and resources of the people exchangeable with each other. For purposes of their own, which they, but not all reformers, explicitly understand, the bond holding, tax-eating, specie basis gentry demand the principal and interest shall be paid in coin, and Mr. West argues in their behalf, whilst the tax-paying hammer and plow-holding classes insist that bonds and paper money are good enough for their use, protected by their honor and secured by their property, ought to be and ARE good enough for all. If this be a fair statement of the case, then whose interests is Mr. West—unwittingly of course—subversing?

CHAS. BOONE.

Warren, Ill.

S. H. WEST AND THE INDEPENDENT PLATFORM.

Did I not know Mr. West to be a true man and a warm friend of reform, I could not be induced to write this article by any trifling consideration.

Desiring that he shall have a clear comprehension of the reasons for the faith that is in me, and also that he may not go astray, I shall proceed at once to the consideration of his article in *The Appeal* of June 19.

First. He is entirely right in regard to the disastrous consequences of a return to specie payments at this time. If he will but consider for a few moments why it will be disastrous, he will get the answer to nearly all the questions he asks. Let us explain: If there was enough gold and silver in the country, or within our control, with which to transact the business of the country, it would not be so disastrous to return to specie payments. But why is there not gold coin enough? Simply because the metal is not found in sufficient abundance of which to coin the money. In the last seventy-five years more gold has been mined than was in the possession of the civilized world at the beginning of this period. Yet the business demands of civilized society have steadily outrun the supply of gold until at this time there is not in existence more than one-sixth enough gold of which to coin a sufficient volume of currency to supply the legitimate business of the world. This is not all. The trade demand is at this time outstripping the annual supply of gold at a more rapid rate than ever before. So that if, as Mr. West says, it would be disastrous to return to specie payments now, every year as it rolls by makes it more so. For one of the nations of the earth to have enough gold and silver coin now with which to transact business prosperously implies that some other nation has too little.

Now, I wish to say to my friend, West, and to all others, that one reason that I am unwilling to agree to redeem either the greenbacks or the bonds—into which many desire to have them convertible—in gold, is, that I know this to be an utter impossibility. The days of gold money have forever fled from this nation; and not only from this, but, in turn, from every other civilized nation on earth. Why, then, promise to pay in gold fifty years hence, as suggested by Mr. West, when we know before the promise is made that we will be unable to fulfill it? This has been the bane of our civilization. Laying traps for ourselves, making promises that statesmen should have known could never be fulfilled. For one, I am unwilling to tell any more lies about this thing. I am just as willing to pay in gold as the oldest bullionist in the world, if some one will tell me how to provide the means of payment without injury to anyone.

Unfortunately we have within the control of this government and all our banks at this time less than \$100,000,000 in gold. We are getting from our mines less than \$50,000,000 per annum for coin and the arts. This is offset by a foreign demand of \$100,000,000 to pay interest on national debt; and interest on State and railroad bonds, and on account of the foreign trade the nice little sum of \$120,000,000 more. Making in all \$220,000,000 to be paid in gold in 1875. This shows that there will be a clear deficiency of \$75,000,000 if we comply with our contracts. This, too, when we have nearly \$100,000,000 to start with. Now will Mr. West tell us where the other \$75,000,000 is to come from? Oh! borrow it; yes, or buy it. Perhaps a little history would be good as a medicine just here.

Everyone will remember the Alabama Claim, as it was called. Well this was submitted to an international court, and the United States government was awarded \$15,000,000 damages. Mr. Boutwell was directed to collect the amount, and he proceeded to draw upon Great Britain for that amount. But what happened? The proper officer of the British government paid him British consols. By a law of the united kingdom these are payable at the Bank of England at not more than one and a half per cent. discount. When Mr. Boutwell presented \$15,000,000 for payment, what did the bank do? Why, sir, the bank officers plainly told him, if he persisted in the attempt to draw \$15,000,000 in gold from the bank that they would "*raise the rate to twenty per cent.*" And Mr. Boutwell was compelled to put his consols on the market and take his pay in U. S. bonds. Now, Mr. West, if we were to call on Europe for \$75,000,000 in gold what would the rate be raised to? And then what shall we do for next year? We shall then have to borrow \$175,000,000 besides the \$50,000,000 we get from our mines. When the United States goes into the market for \$175,000,000 our bonds will not be worth fifteen cents on the dollar, and this nation will be as effectually bankrupt as any nation can be. This plan of constantly overreaching ourselves is the legitimate fruit of a kind of small statesmanship, alike discreditable to us as a nation and to our civilization.

Mr. West is correct when he says that the new party cannot afford to ignore the minority which he represents. The new party does not ignore them, and would fain have them in its ranks, and we are not without faith that their better judgment will place them squarely on the reform platform. But I am constrained to say that the new party would be unworthy of them if it could give up its own true principles for the sake of votes.

Mr. West says he would adopt the specie basis "mainly to secure full confidence on the part of the people in the greenbacks." I must say this statement is simply marvelous. We have been trying this specie basis for a hundred years, and have had a crash every ten years on an average, that has cost the people hundreds of millions of dollars, because we did not have the gold and silver with which to redeem our paper currency. Yet our friend would try it again to inspire confidence. I should be pleased to have some mathematician inform me if an overwhelming and ruinous failure every ten years will inspire faith in the soundness of our money, how often we should have these failures to make us absolutely certain it was sound. We suppose once in three or five years would be enough to remove the doubts of the most skeptical.

Mr. West says "gold and silver certainly possess more commercial value than any other articles out of which money was ever made by the government." Here lies the very "gist" of Mr. West's error, and not only his, but all others who advocate the specie basis. They have never comprehended the pure idea of money. They still believe that we are trying

to manufacture an article of commerce. This error is radical. Money in its true sense is not an article of commerce. Its true function is to facilitate the exchange of articles of commerce. It should not have any value outside of our own country. Otherwise a foreign demand might leave us without a medium of exchange.

Mr. West says he thinks "it is just as necessary for the government to promise to pay its debts in something of real value as it is for an individual to do so." So do we, but that has nothing to do with the creation of money. We say the government should not only *promise* to pay, but it should *do* it. But when it has once paid the money we propose to extinguish the debt. Therefore, in all my ideas of greenbacks, I have ever held that it should be real money. The element of debt should be entirely eliminated. All this verbiage about basing our currency on the entire wealth and resources of the nation has never had much sympathy from me. My view is that its only basis should be the nation's *sovereignty*. Let the nation by its sovereign fiat endow the greenback with the legal-tender, money function, and make it the only money, and it will make no difference whether facetious objectors receive it or not. But we have no fears that there would be any that would not gladly receive it. If Mr. West will read the history of the Bank of Venice he will there see an instance of a near approach to real paper money, always above the gold par. This condition of things lasted for over five hundred years while the nation enjoyed unparalleled prosperity. We call his attention to the present French government, which makes no pretention to specie redemption, yet no one refuses her paper at par, simply because it is *by law made receivable for all dues*.

Again, Mr. West says: "But let me ask, if the government can start its paper-mill and grind out an unlimited amount of irredeemable paper money and bonds and can have it pass out as real money, why tax the people to pay interest on these bonds? Why not run the mill a little longer and grind out the interest?" When Carl Schurz first uttered these words he evidently thought it sounded smart; but no man in this nation has ever written a more sophistical sentence. Besides implying several falsehoods, it confesses to too much ignorance of the entire subject for me to believe for one moment that Mr. West endorses any of its implied statements. In the first place no reformer has ever hinted at the thought of issuing an "unlimited" amount of money. In the second place it confesses to an entire want of comprehension of the idea of money, to talk of irredeemable money. A man can redeem his promise to pay. He can redeem his debt without money, but the money is the end of the law. The payment of money in full for a debt ends all cavil as to that matter.

The Reform party proposes to issue only so much money as is necessary for the transaction of the business of the country, and to *pay this money out in satisfaction of the debts of the nation*, and to allow the people to use it for all purposes of trade. In this transaction no one is

hurt. Whatever benefit is received by the issue accrues to us all as citizens. *We* are the government; our government is not an abstract something of which we should be jealous.

But we do not expect or desire the government to issue one single dollar of greenbacks to any citizen without an equivalent.

We should be glad to see the discussion of this great question rise far above such sophistry as the above quotation. But, Mr. Editor, this article is already too long, and I will close for the present.

M. M. HOOTON.

MR. WEST REPLIES TO MR. BOONE AND DR. HOOTON.

Mr. Boone thinks it strange that a Reformer should make use of the same kind of arguments on the financial question that some of our opponents do, and that I cannot consistently do so, while inside the Reform camp; and further intimates that he who fails to fully acquiesce in a party platform is against the party. I am inclined to think that Mr. Boone is disposed to draw his party lines rather close for the present condition of the Reform party. He knows very well that there is no general unity in any party on this question. Both the old parties are badly divided on it. Inside our own party many of our earnest workers (and except present company), sound thinkers, and most practical business men, are opposed to the irredeemable paper theory.

If there is room inside both the parties for men of all shades of opinion on this question, why shouldn't there be inside of the new party, or is it already so strong that it can afford to discard earnest workers for merely differing with the majority on one single point?

The platform adopted at Decatur and Springfield is merely a state platform. The Cleveland convention was only a preliminary affair. Neither of them have any binding power over the regular National Nominating Convention. Until the meeting of such National Convention I consider it in order to discuss, in a courteous and respectful manner, any question upon which we may differ. After the National Convention meets and constructs a platform and nominates a ticket, if any members are not satisfied it will then be their duty to keep quiet or stand to one side and let the will of the majority rule. But at present the mass of the people have not studied this subject to much extent. Public opinion is in a transitory or fluctuating state on this and other questions. Witness the changes made by both the old parties in their state platforms, in Ohio and Iowa within the past year.

In view of these facts, and the immense importance of this question, one that involves not only the welfare of the government, but also the interest of every inhabitant of the country, it is not only our privilege but our bounden duty to well consider what we are doing. It is proposed

to make a radical change in the financial policy of the government—to go at one bound from one extreme to the other. A very large number of the advocates of this measure are inexperienced in governmental and financial affairs. In a matter of such stupendous importance my advice would be to go slow, and calmly and patiently consider the different views on this subject. My convictions on this subject are as honest and deep seated as any I am capable of forming. I assure Mr. Boone that it would be much easier and far more pleasant for me to float along with the current than to array myself against it. But I would consider myself a very poor kind of Reformer if I had not enough moral courage to fearlessly express my honest convictions on any and all questions, whenever I deem it my duty to do so, and that without regard to the tempest I might raise against myself.

I intend no derision whatever by using the phrases inflationists, government paper mill, etc., and I suppose Mr. Boone does not when he speaks of the the worshipers of the golden calf. I don't think that he can consider me one of that kind, because I value a dollar's worth of beef, pork, corn, or potatoes, just as much as I do a dollar's worth of gold. But I think the gold more convenient for the government to use than the other articles.

My idea about any paper obligation, whether government greenbacks, or individual notes, is that their value depends entirely on the solvency of the maker, and the certainty that they will, in some way, be redeemed in something of real value in itself, or will be convertible into something else that will ultimately be redeemed.

S. H. WEST.

DR. HOOTON.

Since writing the above reply to Mr. Boone, I have read Dr. Hooton's very interesting communication in the last issue of *The Appeal*.

I will say at the outset, that I am very much obliged to the doctor for the article, and believe the readers of *The Appeal* will be much interested in what he has to say on this most important subject. I will further say that I am not actuated by any factious spirit of opposition in this matter, but am simply an earnest searcher after truth, and hold myself always open to conviction. It has been but a short time since I commenced the study of this question, and during that time have had but very little time to devote to it. But being satisfied that it is to be the great question in the next contest, I not only want all the information I can get on it, but also want the people generally to be aroused to think for themselves on this subject.

Now, doctor, all I want in regard to finances is, that the national debt shall be paid in good faith, and that we shall have a sound, uniform currency. I dread a depreciated and fluctuating currency more than I do earthquakes, hence my exceeding caution on this point.

But to the point. I think the doctor is basing all his conclusions on a fallacious standpoint. It would appear from his figures that the government is on the very verge, or "ragged edge" of bankruptcy, and can't run more than a few months longer. According to the doctor's statement we have less than \$100,000,000 in gold with which to pay obligations to the amount of \$220,000,000 during the present year. Now, doctor, you are drawing the case somewhat mild. I have seen apparently reliable estimates that amount to \$400,000,000 as the total gold expenditures of all kinds that will be required of our country during the present year. I am willing to accept the latter sum as the actual amount, and quite willing to admit that \$100,000,000 will cover all the coin we have in the country, and still expect no bankruptcy to ensue; and why? Simply because this state of affairs is not materially different from what it has been for the past ten years or more, and we have managed to get along quite easily with this small amount of coin with which to pay a very large amount of obligations, and more than that, the government has had gold to sell very frequently, having sold \$5,000,000 no longer ago than the month of June just past. It appears to me, doctor, that your great mistake consists in ignoring the very important fact that a gold dollar, like any other, can be used over and over again for an unlimited number of times during the same year. Your whole line of argument seems to be based on the idea that when we once pay out the coin now in the country, it virtually ceases to exist, or at least goes entirely beyond our reach, while the fact is, there is a continual flow of gold into the treasury from the custom receipts. Merchants being compelled to pay the duty on imports in gold, the government has always been enabled to get enough from that source to pay the interest on the national debt, and when it accumulates a surplus—which it frequently does—it throws said surplus on the market, and the merchants buy it, and soon pay it back to the government in the shape of duties. Now, doctor, you know very well that this is the way this thing has been working, and is likely to work in the future, and this is the reason that it is not likely that the government will experience any more difficulty in procuring coin in the future than it has in the past.

There are other points in this controversy that I may dwell on at some future time, but have not time now. But before closing I must ask the doctor one question. I find that the national debt, that is payable, both principal and interest, in coin, amounts to over \$1,700,000,000. Now according to the doctor's line of argument, it will be impossible to much longer pay even the interest on the debt, in gold. Now my question is this: In this emergency that you have figured out, how do you propose to meet it? How are you going to pay this \$1,700,000,000 and accruing interest? According to your theory it will be utterly impossible and repudiation will be inevitable.

S. H. WEST.

CHAPTER 9.

WORK AS A SUPERVISOR.

I have considerable more of my discussions of the green-back question with others, but the foregoing is sufficient to prove I was never a greenbacker.

During these years I was busily engaged in farm work and stock raising, and had a great aversion to holding any office, so much so, that I would frequently go early in the morning of a township election and post a notice on the door where the election was to be held, stating that I was not a candidate for any office and positively would not accept any office in the gift of the American people. At that time there was a scarcity of suitable men to fill the township offices. I stood the voters off in this way for several years, but finally they elected me assessor, without regard to my protest, and thought they had played a nice joke on me, but I took a flank movement on them by hiring a substitute. He did the work well, and there was no complaint though he lived in another township.

Finally a provisional donation of \$25,000 to a railroad was voted by the township. This assumed a dangerous form and in order to protect the interests of the township I consented to serve as supervisor and was elected to that office in April, 1872, and served four years. Was then out one year, then served three years more. Then as all danger had passed in regard to the railroad donation, and I had finished the special county business assigned me, I declined to serve any longer, though my friends insisted more strongly than ever before on my continued service. The last three years I served as chairman of the committee on delinquent taxes.

As a sample of my work as supervisor I submit the following items:

BAD FOR THE DELINQUENTS.

The Board of Supervisors at its recent session took a very important action in reference to the enforcement of the payment of taxes. The board directed the state's attorney to institute suit against the owners of all property forfeited to the State for taxes or special assessments, and have employed able counsel to assist Mr. Fifer in the prosecution of all delinquents in the payment of taxes. All persons whose property has been forfeited to the State by reason of the non-payment of taxes will have suit instituted against them at the November term of the McLean circuit court. There is about \$75,000 in delinquent taxes now due and unpaid on back taxes and on property that has been forfeited. This action of the board is taken under section 230, chapter 120, entitled Revenue, of the revised statutes of 1874, and which reads as follows:

"The county board may at any time institute suit in an action of debt, in the name of the people of the State of Illinois, in any court of competent jurisdiction for the amount due on forfeited property."

Mr. S. H. West, a member of the board, has been indefatigable in working up this matter, and entitled to great credit in hunting up the law under which the suits are to be instituted.—From the *Bloomington Pantagraph* of September, 1877.

DELINQUENT TAXPAYERS.

The admirable report made to the Board of Supervisors by Supervisor S. H. West, in regard to delinquent taxpayers, calls attention to a very important matter and one that should receive prompt attention. Mr. West is correct in the assumption that the willingness of the mass of the people to pay their taxes rests upon the belief that equality is being enforced among all taxpayers, and that each is bearing his due proportion of the public burden either by choice or through the compulsion of law. Let it once be generally understood that certain men who are abundantly able to pay their taxes are indulged from year to year without legal proceedings being commenced against their property, and others more deserving because less able to pay their taxes will demand the same indulgence. It is a duty that every citizen owes to bear his share of the public burden, and certainly if there is any class who should do this cheerfully and promptly it is those who have been favored by official positions by the people. We hope that the prosecuting attorney will press this matter with energy, and that when the Board of Supervisors meets again Mr. West can report a large share of the \$75,000 of delinquent taxes as paid into the treasury. Mr. West at least deserves credit for calling attention to the matter and securing action calculated to cure a very palpable evil.—From the *Leader* of September, 1877.

Mr. West, chairman of the committee on delinquent taxes, presented the following report:

To the Board of Supervisors of McLean County:

Your committee on collection of delinquent taxes respectfully report that they have carefully examined the delinquent tax list, and recommend that the amounts be carried over, and charged up by the clerk against each individual delinquent whose name may appear on the next assessment rolls.

In regard to the delinquent list of real estate, we find that it amounts to about \$75,000. This great evil is growing upon us with frightful rapidity. We are astonished and grieved to find on this list the names of many of our most prominent and leading citizens, some of whom are men of wealth, and others of high official position, who have had honors heaped upon them by a confiding people. The gravity of this question is of sufficient importance to attract the most serious attention of the Board. Its demoralizing tendency is appalling. The great mass of our people are willing to pay their taxes, provided all are made to pay, but when they see our leading citizens refuse with impunity to pay their taxes, we cannot reasonably expect to see the time long deferred, when the whole people will rise *en masse*, and refuse to pay until justice is meted out to all alike.

This subject imperatively demands the most rigid and vigorous treatment. Those who are able to pay their taxes, must be made to pay. We believe that additional and stringent legislation is required on this subject, but in the meantime the law already authorizes the board to order suits at law against all forfeited property. We therefore recommend that the county attorney be directed to bring suit at the earliest practicable time against one or more of the most prominent and wealthy of said delinquents, and prosecute said suit or suits with all the diligence in his power, and in order to make the work more vigorous, we recommend that your committee, in conjunction with Mr. Fifer, be empowered with authority to employ additional counsel.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

S. H. WEST, *Chairman.*

September 14, 1877.

Which was adopted.

Mr. Davis moved that the list of names of persons owing delinquent personal taxes, and amount of such taxes, be published.

Mr. Rayburn moved that said matter be referred to the committee, with instructions to report this afternoon, which was carried.

Mr. West, chairman of the committee on delinquent taxes, presented the following report:

To the Board of Supervisors of McLean County:

Your committee on collection of delinquent taxes, to whom was referred the proposition to publish the names on the delinquent lists, respectfully report that we have given due consideration to the subject, and consider the proposition inexpedient.

We think it best to exhaust all remedies provided by law for the redress of wrongs, before trying any means that could be made to appear as extra-judicial, or could be construed as being prompted by a vindictive spirit.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

S. H. WEST, *Chairman.*

September 14, 1877.

Which was adopted.

Mr. West, chairman of the committee on collection of delinquent taxes, presented the following report:

To the Board of Supervisors of McLean County:

Your committee on collection of delinquent taxes submits the following report:

The total amount of railroad delinquent taxes due one year ago was	\$156,433 65
Total individual delinquent taxes due at the same time was	\$ 76,548 51
Ten per cent. added.....	7,654 85
	<hr/>
Total delinquent taxes of all kinds due one year ago.....	84,203 36
The amount collected on the above during the past twelve months has been, from railroads.....	\$240,647 01
From individuals	\$ 42,927 22
	<hr/>
Total	31,719 80
	<hr/>
The amount of delinquent taxes now due and unpaid is:	
From railroads	\$74,647 02
From individuals	\$ 81,786 63
	<hr/>
Total	89,570 12
	<hr/>
Total	\$171,356 75

Your committee very much regret that many of our leading citizens, of whom better things should be expected, still neglect to pay their taxes.

We instruct our attorneys from time to time to use every possible effort in the prosecution of suits against delinquents.

No sales of property have yet been made upon judgments obtained in suits already decided, but we have directed our attorneys to take the necessary measures to sell property under judgment without unnecessary delay.

We earnestly urge our state senator and the representatives who may be returned from this county to use their utmost efforts to have our revenue laws amended in such a way as to expedite the collection of our taxes. The great defect in our present law is apparent from the startling array of figures given above. We shall leave nothing undone that is possible to do under the law, but we labor under great disadvantage as matters now stand.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

S. H. WEST, *Chairman.*

Which was adopted.

DELINQUENT TAXES.

Mr. West, chairman of the committee on collection of delinquent taxes, presented the following report, which was adopted:

To the Board of Supervisors of McLean County:

Your committee on delinquent taxes respectfully submit the following report:

Since our last report we have urged our attorneys to prosecute the suits against all delinquent taxpayers with the utmost vigor. We have made decided progress in this work. A large number of cases will be tried during the present term of the circuit court.

The proper preparation of these suits involves a large amount of labor and care, as we will probably be compelled to prosecute some of them up to the Supreme Court of the State.

We learn that a very considerable amount of back taxes are being paid to the different township collectors. We have been unable to obtain the exact figures from any of the said collectors, except in Bloomington, where the collector has received \$1,981.49 of back taxes.

The total amount of delinquent taxes of all kinds, including the railroad delinquents, paid into the county treasury since the last meeting of the board, amounts to \$19,698.69. The injunction against the collection of the delinquent railroad tax has been dissolved by the Supreme Court of the United States, and there is no obstacle now remaining in the way of the collection of that tax. A letter of this date just received by the State's attorney from the attorney general of the State gives us this assurance beyond all doubt.

Taken altogether, the prospect is most flattering for a satisfactory solution of this whole subject.

We recommend that suits be instituted against the owners of all forfeited property just as soon as the property is forfeited, in June or July. In this way, the work can be kept up much more promptly.

The subject of compensation for our assistant attorney has received our careful consideration. We have consulted the circuit judge and some of the most prominent lawyers in regard to the work devolving on our attorneys, Messrs. Fifer and Porter, and learn from them that Mr. Fifer is heavily overworked, and the nature of the delinquent suits require great care and labor. We believe that our attorneys have faithfully discharged their whole duty, and hereby recommend that Mr. Porter, our assistant attorney, be allowed pay for his services at the rate of five hundred dollars per annum, dating from the time he commenced our work last September, and that the clerk be directed to draw an order on the county treasurer in his favor for the amount now due him at that rate, and in the future he be paid every three months until such time as the board may see fit to discontinue the work or make other arrangements. It is understood that this is the total compensation allowed for our attorney's work, as we cannot pay Mr. Fifer anything over the compensation already fixed by law for State's attorney. As this is the conclusion of our year's work we cannot close without expressing the hope that those to whom may be assigned the duty of attending to this business for the coming year will prosecute the same with all possible diligence.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

S. H. WEST, *Chairman.*

March 7, 1878.

On motion the board adjourned to tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock.

Mr. West, chairman of the committee on collection of delinquent taxes, presented the following report:

To the Board of Supervisors of McLean County, Illinois:

Your committee on collection of delinquent taxes respectfully report that we have continued to prosecute the business entrusted to our hands with all possible diligence, and with increased success. We directed our attorneys to institute as many suits for the present term of the circuit court as they could manage, which we are informed they have done.

Some property has been sold under judgments obtained in tax suits. All lands offered for sale this year by the county treasurer for unpaid taxes were sold, except small tracts, and also in the cases where there was more than the last year's taxes unpaid. None of that description were sold.

The total amount of back taxes collected during the past twelve months has been on real estate, \$42,705.83, and on railroads \$80,407.81.

Our prospect for success in the future is decidedly better than it has ever before been since your committee has had charge of this branch of the service.

All of which is respectfully submitted this 12th day of September, 1879.

S. H. WEST, *Chairman.*

Mr. West, chairman of the committee on delinquent taxes, presented the following report:

To the Board of Supervisors of McLean County, Illinois:

Your committee on delinquent taxes, to whom was referred the application of the I. B. & W. Railroad Company for an abatement of taxes on the capital stock of said company for the year 1873, respectfully report that we have diligently investigated the case, and find questions of such magnitude and difficulty involved that we cannot possibly ascertain the facts necessary to form an intelligent opinion thereon during the present term of the Board.

We find that the State board assessed, for the year 1873, \$666,659 against the capital stock of said company, as McLean county's share, and for the year 1874 only \$22,688, a discrepancy so startling as to demand a thorough investigation.

We, therefore, ask for an extension of time until the December term in which to make a full report.

All of which is respectfully submitted this 17th day of September, 1880.

S. H. WEST, *Chairman.*

Mr. West, chairman of the committee on collection of delinquent taxes, presented the following report:

To the Board of Supervisors of McLean County, Illinois:

Your committee on the collection of delinquent taxes submit the following report:

The amount of the delinquent taxes paid into the county treasury since our last report in September up to November 29, when the books passed into the clerk's hands to be transferred to the township collectors' books, was \$5,942.65.

We learn the amount of back taxes being paid this winter to the township collectors is larger than ever before.

The amendments to the revenue law increasing the penalty for non-payment of taxes, together with the decided improvement in the financial condition of our people will, in our opinion, greatly lessen the evils we have heretofore labored under in this business.

There are many old chronic cases that are difficult to reach, but on the whole the outlook is favorable.

In the closing of our year's work we deem it our duty to enter our protest against the practice that has prevailed more or less for many years in the county treasurer's office of extending the favor of not advertising the lands of persons who are known to the treasurer to be good and responsible parties when they request that favor.

In our opinion this is an unequal and unjust administration of the law, a discrimination in favor of the rich and against the poor man whose land is advertised and who is therefore compelled to pay the additional costs.

We have a high appreciation of the courteous and accommodating disposition of our county treasurer, but recommend and insist that as long as the law requires delinquent lands to be advertised that all shall be treated alike, that when the proper time arrives the treasurer proceed to advertise every piece of land in the county upon which the tax has not been paid.

All of which is respectfully submitted this 4th day of March, 1880.
S. H. WEST, *Chairman.*

Mr. West, chairman of the committee on collection of delinquent taxes, presented the following report:

To the Board of Supervisors of McLean County:

Your committee on collection of delinquent taxes submit the following report:

Since the September meeting of the Board we have endeavored to ascertain all the facts connected with the request of the I., B. & W. Railway Company, for an abatement of taxes on the capital stock of said company for the year of 1873.

We find that the claim as presented to your committee by Mr. Fairbanks, the general solicitor of said company, to be based on the allegation that the secretary of said company made a mistake in the amount of property returned by him under oath, to the Auditor of Public Accounts of Illinois, for the year 1873, that through his want of proper information he returned a much larger amount than he should have done. This statement is sustained by the oath of said secretary. As a matter of fact we find that McLean county's part of the tax levied on said capital stock for 1873 was \$9799, and for the year 1874 it was \$1122.43, and for 1875 it was \$1237.40, and since that time there has been none.

We are free to admit that the above facts have the appearance of some injustice having been done the I., B. & W. Railway Company. In order to ascertain the facts on both sides of this question we wrote the State Auditor for information on this point. In reply he informs us that said assessments were made in accordance with a law of the State and had

been sustained by the Supreme Court of the State, and concluded by giving us emphatic notice that his office would not recognize any abatement that we might attempt to make of the State's portion of this tax. We fully understand that the State authorities will not abate anything in this case. We also have a statement from Mr. English, of Danville, who we are informed was a member of the State Board of Equalization in the year 1873. He states that this matter was fully understood by the State Board at that time, "but as these returns were made under oath by the officers of the company, they, the State Board, had no right to go behind them."

It is proper to state that the total amount in controversy is \$12,158.83 and that the company offer to compromise by paying \$4,809.58. To sum up the points in this case as they occur to your committee, they stand thus: The officers of the company make oath that they made a mistake in their returns for the year 1873, and now call on this board to correct this mistake. This is the sum and substance of their side of the question as we understand it. On the other side we find that the State Board that acted on this matter when it was fresh and fully understood by them, decided they had no right to go behind the returns. The law under which the assessment was made has been sustained by the highest court in the State, and the State officers who are fully posted on all the facts and equities in the case refuse to abate anything in this case.

In view of all these facts, which are indisputable, your committee are decidedly of the opinion that it would be a very presumptuous act for this board to abate this tax. In our opinion it is not a question of expediency, it is not a question of which will probably pay the best, to compromise and make sure of about one-third of the total amount, or push the case through the courts with some uncertainty as to the final result. But we hold that it would be improper for this board to do that which the State Board refused to do for want of authority, and which the State auditor refuses to do. It is our opinion that the proper tribunal to settle this matter is the courts.

We, therefore, recommend that no compromise be made, but that the State's attorney be requested to prosecute the case to a speedy trial.

In regard to the proposition made by the Chicago & Paducah Railroad Company to compromise the back taxes against said company, amounting, as we understand, to about \$17,500, at fifty cents on the dollar, we recommend that no compromise be made.

All of which is respectfully submitted this 8th day of December, 1880.

S. H. WEST, *Chairman*.

Which was adopted.

Mr. West, chairman of the committee on collection of delinquent taxes, presented the following report:

To the Board of Supervisors of McLean County, Illinois:

Your committee on collection of delinquent taxes submits the following report:

Since the December meeting of the board the Chicago & Paducah Railroad Company have paid their delinquent taxes in full into the county treasury. This is one of the companies that offered to compromise with the county at fifty cents on the dollar.

The case pending between the county and the Chicago & Alton Railroad Company, involving the right of our local assessors to assess the machine shops of said company, was argued by our attorneys, Fifer and Porter, before the Supreme Court at Springfield in January last. The court has not yet rendered its decision in the case.

The case pending between the county and the I., B. & W. Railroad Company, in the circuit court of Champaign county, was to have been tried on Tuesday of this week, but by reason of some change in the routine of business in that court, the trial was postponed until the 11th of this month. We will state what we should have said in the beginning of this report, that in accordance with the authority vested in your committee by the board, that we employed Mr. Fifer to prosecute the two last mentioned cases for the compensation of \$150. His duty does not extend beyond the circuit court in regard to the suit with the I., B. & W.

It will be necessary for your committee to make further arrangements for the prosecution of this case, as we are assured by an official of that company that they will fight the case in the courts to the bitter end. Your committee assures the board that they too, are in superb fighting condition, and perfectly willing to carry the case through just as far as the railroad company may see fit to go. We can do this without involving the county in much expense. The amount involved in this suit is \$12,159.56. We have very strong faith in ultimate success, and only ask the board to sustain us in this contest.

The balance of the work entrusted to your committee is in good shape. We cannot give the figures at present, because the books are in the hands of the different township collectors. We anticipate but little difficulty in the future, except in the suit with the I., B. & W. Company.

All of which is respectfully submitted this 10th day of March, 1881.

S. H. WEST, *Chairman.*

Which was adopted.

The only reason for giving so many of the above reports is that they embrace one of the most important branches of business that came before the board of supervisors during my entire service. The railroads were resisting the payment of

their taxes, and suits were being conducted against them in the courts of the State, and in one case, in the Supreme Court of the United States.

In addition to this, many individuals had failed to pay their taxes for years. I instituted the proceedings against them and Mr. Fifer, our State's attorney (and who afterwards was governor of the State), worked three years under my directions in this business. When I retired from the board all the delinquent tax business was settled except the claim of some \$12,000 against the I., B. & W. railroad, and I then had a contract with Mr Fifer (who was then a member of the State senate) to prosecute this case through all the courts to which it might be taken. After I retired from the board it compromised the case. Mr. Fairbanks, who is now the vice-president of the United States, was the chief attorney for the I., B. & W. railroad. In my intercourse with him I was very favorably impressed with his gentlemanly bearing.

CHAPTER 10.

MENTIONED FOR THE LEGISLATURE.

After retiring from the board of supervisors I devoted my time strictly to my business of farming. Early in 1880 my name was suggested for the legislature in the following article:

S. H. WEST FOR THE LEGISLATURE.

To the Editor:—It is conceded that under the present law the Democratic party will be able to elect one member to represent our county in the next legislature. This is a very important office, and the names of many good men have been used in connection therewith, and against whom we have nothing to say. To the list of the names already mentioned we would like to add that of Mr. S. H. West, of West township, and urge upon our party his pre-eminent fitness for that important position. Mr. West is no partisan, but is a Democrat with liberal and advanced ideas. He has been a member of our county board, from a Republican township, for many years, and all know him to be competent, faithful and fearless in the discharge of his official duties. By his experience as a member of the county board he has acquired a knowledge of the needs of our county not possessed by any of the other gentlemen named in connection with said office. He is well and thoroughly acquainted with our revenue law, and his knowledge in this particular would be valuable in correcting its many defects.

While Mr. West is from the country and represents the agricultural interests of the county, still he has always held that interests of the country and the city were the same, and has never sought to antagonize them.

He is no office-seeker, and has persistently refused to become such, but if a nomination was tendered him we have no doubt he would consider it his duty to accept.

Mr. West may not thank us for making use of his name in this connection, as we do not know that he desires, or ever would accept, a nomination; but we need just such men as Mr. West to represent us in the legislature, and it is our judgment and the judgment of many of our best thinking men, that the party could not possibly do better than to nominate and elect him to that position.

DEMOCRAT.

1880.

Nothing grew out of this suggestion, which was made without my knowledge or consent.

It is proper to state here that when the Anti-Monopoly party, which I helped to form, finally drifted into the Greenback party and made irredeemable paper money its main issue, which I could not endorse, I left them and joined the Democratic party again when it assumed a definite set of principles.

The nation has sustained my side of the financial question, as discussed with the greenbackers. The Greenback party and its principles are now dead and forgotten, while the specie basis is now, 1907, a living fact, and the country has not gone to destruction as predicted, but is in a more prosperous condition than ever before.

In 1882 calls were made upon me to allow the use of my name as a candidate for the legislature.

THE NEXT DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE LEGISLATURE.

Editor Bulletin:—The time is not far distant when the voters of McLean county will be called upon to elect State and county officers, and the question is, shall we agitate the matter now or wait until the politicians have packed the convention to suit themselves?

McLean county has sixty thousand inhabitants and forty thousand of these are in the country. I wish to call attention to the election of representatives to the State legislature. In writing this article, it is not intended to introduce any matter that will lead to a contest or belligerent feeling between the city and country; but those outside the city, both here and elsewhere, have too long neglected their privilege, I might say their duty. The minority party has had all the representatives from Bloomington thus far, and we of the country only ask for simple justice. The country numbers two to the city's one. Why, then, can we not have one representative whose occupation, sympathy and associations in life are identified with the great laboring and producing masses, who create all our wealth and consequently are the foundation of all our prosperity.

Have we no men in our ranks that are capable of representing us in the halls of the general assembly of the State? This, I think, will hardly be claimed by anyone. Then, if two-thirds of the people of the

county, who reside in the country outside of Bloomington, and if they have plenty of men who are fully competent to participate in shaping the legislation of the State, and I maintain they have, I ask if there is any good reason why they should not have the candidate for representative this fall? Let us have an expression through the press from every part of the county. I will name Mr. S. H. West, a man whose integrity and ability renders him eminently fit to represent McLean county in the next legislature. Mr. West knows nothing of this writing. I am not aware that he is a candidate, or intends to be, but in expressing my preference for Mr. West I am confident I have spoken the sentiments of many others in this part of the country.

S. F. HAY.

Danvers, Ill., June 5, 1882.

A CALL UPON MR. S. H. WEST.

To Mr. S. H. West:

DEAR SIR:—We, the undersigned citizens of West township, having known and appreciated you, both personally and officially, and realizing the defects in many of the laws pertaining to our local affairs, and feeling that the agricultural interests of our county are justly entitled to be represented in the State legislature, and having the utmost confidence in your integrity and ability, we ask you to allow your name to go before the next Democratic convention as a candidate for representative in the legislature of the State. Hoping this will meet your acceptance, we pledge you our hearty support, believing that both the county and State will be benefited thereby. Hoping to receive a favorable response at your earliest convenience, we remain your fellow-citizens:

W. W. Hammond,
H. Grizzell,
J. Mitchell,
N. Beckham,
G. W. Hill,
John Love,
T. J. Rutledge,
Perry Lander,
S. Plue,
O. P. Bechelder,
Frank Cawby,
J. B. Spears,
E. M. Murphy,
H. M. Cawby,
John Fenstermaker,
I. W. Healea,
John Clark,
Alex Bige,
R. J. Householder,

Samuel Healea,
M. M. Craig,
J. N. Rutledge,
L. A. Crumbaugh,
David Barnhart,
S. R. Mitchell,
C. F. Umstadt,
W. D. Barnhart,
Julius Gaines,
W. R. Moss,
J. A. Umstadt,
Giles Gordon,
G. W. Hedrick,
J. P. Cawby,
S. G. Healea,
T. M. Healea,
M. Horin,
Harvey Grove,
William T. Scott,

John Spencer,
S. Saxton,
J. B. Morgan,
J. T. Crumbaugh,
William Gilmore,
John Andrew,
T. F. Saxton,
Joshua Croskey,
Joel T. Mann,
L. Baker,
Robert J. Polk,
O. W. Rosencrans,
Luther Downing,
M. M. Barr,
Joseph Andris,
J. M. Grizzell,
George Dotson,
T. A. Campbell,
S. P. Hay,
Felix Gilbert,
A. E. Champ,

W. Hancen,
James Morgan,
Joseph Low,
M. M. Crumbaugh,
A. J. Deffenbaugh,
T. A. Saxton,
Henry Croskey,
S. Healea,
Frank Mann,
J. Mullen,
Robert Polk,
J. Morris,
Charles Downing,
W. J. Kimler,
M. H. Barr,
William Andris,
Frank Huddleston,
E. N. Deffenbaugh,
C. Orendorff,
John Siler,
G. N. Barnhart.

June 7, 1882.

SIMEON H. WEST FOR THE LEGISLATURE.

Mr. S. H. West, it seems, is looming up as a Democratic candidate for the legislature. His old time friends and neighbors of West township have published a numerously signed call asking him to become a candidate for that office. This expression of esteem and confidence on the part of his neighbors is certainly very flattering to Mr. West, and on due reflection he has consented to make the race. Well, since there will be one Democrat elected, we know of no good reason why Simeon should not be the man. He has a liberal education, is in the prime of life, and has had large business experience. He represented his township as a member of the board of supervisors for a great many years, and was always regarded as one of the ablest, most active and conscientious members of that body, and his large and varied experience in this respect has made him thoroughly acquainted with the wants of the people and the changes that should be made in our laws. Mr. West is a self-made man, and consequently a man of the people. He is one of the largest farmers in the county, and should he be sent to the legislature, he would be alive to that large and increasing, but too often neglected interest. We are all interested in getting our best men to represent us in the legislature, and we venture to suggest to our Democratic friends that they can nominate no better man or stronger candidate than Simeon H. West.—*Leader* (a Republican paper).

IN THE HANDS OF HIS FRIENDS.

It will be remembered that a few days ago a call was published in this paper, signed by many prominent Democrats in various parts of this county, asking Mr. S. H. West to come out as a candidate for nomination for the legislature. Mr. West, who lives in West township, after due deliberation has sent the *Bulletin* the following commendable card, with the request that it be published. We give it place with pleasure.

MR. WEST'S REPLY.

WEST TOWNSHIP, June 15, 1882.

Messrs. W. W. Hammond, H. Grizzell, J. M. Mitchell, and other voters of West Township:

GENTLEMEN:—Your call on me to allow the use of my name before the next Democratic county convention as a candidate for representative in the legislature has been duly considered. I assure you that a call of this kind, coming as it does from those who know me best and whom I have served so long, is a compliment most highly appreciated by me.

The position you refer to has no charms for me. To accept it will require a sacrifice of my personal interests, inclinations and home comfort. To refuse would indicate a selfish disregard of your wishes, as well as those of many other friends throughout the county who have personally expressed to me the same sentiments that you have. Hence, I have been perplexed and halting between two opinions.

But believing that no man should live for himself alone, but that all should be willing to bear a reasonable amount of whatever public work their fellow-citizens may demand of them, and knowing there is a strong determination throughout the county to insist on a fair divide with our city friends in regard to representation in the legislature, induces me to waive my own preference and place myself under your command.

Allow me to say that in giving my consent, I have no war to wage against any legitimate interest, whether in city or in country, but would foster and encourage all, and in doing this would give to agriculture that attention which its vast importance so justly demands.

Respectfully yours,

S. H. WEST.

To the Democratic Voters of McLean County:

Having consented to become a candidate for the legislature, subject to the action of the Democratic county convention, I think a brief explanation of my views in connection therewith will not be out of order.

It is the universal custom of candidates to spend much time and considerable money in traveling over the country and urging their claims and

fitness for the office to which they aspire, at the same time generally disparaging or abusing their opponents. I have no taste for this kind of work.

I have been told by good authority that it costs from five hundred to twelve hundred dollars to become a representative from McLean county.

My friends will please excuse me from traveling this road. It is a false and vain ambition that can lead any man to make such expenditures for such an object. It is not reasonable to expect very healthy legislation under such circumstances.

I insist that the people shall make their own selections without regard to the personal solicitations of anyone. Unless they do this they cannot claim that they govern themselves, but are governed by a set of politicians whose highest ability and greatest energy are displayed in manipulating the wires before the nominations are made.

For the information of a few democrats of the county, who seem to be groping in mental darkness on the subject, I will say that if I should be elected a member of the legislature I will consider it my duty to represent the democrats of McLean county on all party questions that may come before that body. Their will shall govern all my actions on such questions. This I consider the essence of true democracy. A representative is nothing more than an agent, servant or hired man employed to carry out the will of his employers.

I do not carry my party politics into local affairs, such as the election of school and township officers, but in all State and national affairs I want my politics strictly straight—all one thing or all the other. There is never any difficulty in knowing just where I stand on any given question.

To Dr. William Hill:

Dr. Hill, it is not consistent with my taste or sense of honor to travel over McLean county and abuse you behind your back and try to persuade the people to vote for me instead of you.

There is a more manly and honorable way. I respectfully invite you to meet me in the different townships for the purpose of open discussions before the people on the following subjects:

First.—The merits of the more important points of legislation upon which you were called to act during your term of service.

Second.—The legislation that will be needed in the interest of the whole people during the next term of the legislature.

Third.—The merits of the claim presented by my friends to the effect that the business men, farmers and laborers of McLean county are justly entitled to a representative in the legislature.

These subjects will afford ample scope for discussion. Let us meet and discuss them, and then leave the people to decide which one of us

shall go to the legislature. If you have not time to visit all the townships, please select such as will suit your convenience. I will meet you anywhere in the county. An early answer will much oblige.

Yours respectfully,

S. H. WEST.

June 28, 1882.

Dr. Hill did not accept this challenge.

THE DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION, 1882.

THE TICKET.

President Hughes announced nominations for members of the general assembly to be in order.

Simeon H. West, of West Township, was nominated by W. W. Fielder, of Bloomington.

William Hill, of Bloomington, was nominated by W. Duff Haynie.

Isaac Vanordstrand, of Heyworth, was nominated by Allen Schrock, of Bloomington.

On motion of John Halderman the first ballot was declared informal.

The roll of townships was then called with the following result:

INFORMAL BALLOT.

TOWNSHIPS	WEST	HILL	VANORDSTRAND
Mt. Hope	1½	1½
Allin	5
Danvers	2	3
Funk's Grove	1	1
Dale	4
Dry Grove	3
White Oak	1
Randolph	7
Bloomington, 1	3	6	1
Bloomington, 2	17
Bloomington, 3	3	10
Normal, 1	5
Normal, 2	7
Hudson	4
Downs	3
Old Town	3
Towanda	4
Money Creek	2
Gridley	6
Empire	8
Padua	5
Blue Mound
Lexington	5
Chenoa	6
West	4
Arrowsmith	3

Martin	4
Lawndale	2	1
Yates	3
Bellflower	3
Cheney's Grove	3
Anchor	2
Cropsey	1
Totals	86	52½	15½

After the informal ballot, Mr. Haynie withdrew Dr. Hill, and said that the doctor would give to the nominee a hearty support.

The formal ballot was the same as the informal, with the following changes:

Danvers changed from 2 for West and 3 for Hill to 5 for West.

White Oak changed its 1 for Hill to 1 for West.

First Bloomington changed from 3 for West, 6 for Hill and 1 for Vanordstrand to 6 for West and 4 for Vanordstrand.

Second Bloomington changed from 17 for Hill to 3 for West and 14 for Vanordstrand.

Third Bloomington changed from 3 for West and 10 for Hill to 3 for West and 10 for Vanordstrand.

First Normal changed from 5 for Hill to 3 for West and 2 for Vanordstrand.

Second Normal changed from 7 for West to 6 for West and 1 for Vanordstrand.

Chenoa voted 6 for Vanordstrand.

Yates voted 3 for Vanordstrand.

The totals were 98 for West and 56 for Vanordstrand.

Mr. West was declared the nominee amid loud applause. He was called to the stand, and said that his nomination had been made in deference to the desire of the farmer element of the party for a representative in the legislature; and while he would represent that element faithfully he would neglect no other interest of the district. He would stand by the Democratic party, but, uncontrolled by party considerations, would look with fidelity after the material interests of all his constituents.

It will be seen I was nominated by a large majority. My chief opponent was Dr. William Hill, of Bloomington, who had just served one term in the legislature. He was a noted surgeon, a leading Democrat of fine ability and splendid presence. He had the further distinction of having served in his professional capacity at the birth of William J. Bryan.

CHAPTER 11.

WORK AS A LEGISLATOR.

After my election I received quite a number of free passes from railroad companies. I returned them all with thanks for the reasons as expressed below :

WEST ON FREE PASSES.

ARROWSMITH, McLean Co., Ill., December 30, 1882.

Mr. J. C. McMullen, General Manager Chicago and Alton Railroad Co., Chicago, Ill.:

DEAR SIR:—Your favor of a free pass over the Chicago & Alton railroad for the year 1883 has just been received. Please accept my thanks for your kindness, and do not be offended at my return of the pass, as I consider it entirely inconsistent with my duty as a representative of the people to accept a gift from any person or company who may be interested in any measure that may come before the legislature while I am a member thereof. If I should accept of your generous gift and fail to feel under obligation to your company for it, I would certainly be most ungrateful.

If I should allow myself to be placed under obligations to any railroad I would thereby do violence to the obligations due from me to my constituents.

Allow me to express to you my decided conviction that the free pass system is an evil that should be abolished, at least so far as it applies to all persons in the public service. It is unjust to the railroads, and a curse to the people. It depletes your treasury, and makes unfair discrimination between the recipients of your bounty and those who are not favored. We want no privileged classes in this country. Free passes prolong the sessions of the legislature by enabling the members to spend a large part of their time in free rides to and from their homes.

I cannot understand why a man in the public service should be furnished with a free pass on railroads more than with free goods, free groceries, and free fuel. Let me urge the railroad companies to get square down to business principles and abolish the free pass system. This work can be accomplished by the railroad companies much more successfully than by legislation. But if any legislation may be needed on this subject, it will afford me much pleasure to use my feeble efforts in that direction.

Respectfully yours,

S. H. WEST.

When it became known in the legislature that I had refused all free passes it aroused great indignation against me among my fellow members. For a time most of them acted very cold toward me, but in a few weeks I offered a preamble and resolution as follows:

WHEREAS, The members of the legislature are in the habit of working only three and a half days per week and drawing pay for seven days, therefore

Resolved, That the interests of the people require that we extend our working time from Friday noon to Saturday noon of each week.

Instantly scores of members jumped up in great excitement. All kinds of motions were made. There seemed to be a general determination to snow me under. Finally a member near me moved to lay my resolution on the table. I appealed to him to withhold his motion for a few minutes, which he did. I then sailed in, rough shod, on the practice of wasting time in junketing on free passes, and closed by demanding the ayes and noes on the motion to lay on the table. Consternation seemed to strike the whole crowd. One prominent member said (privately) he didn't know how to vote. Said he was opposed to my motion but he knew his people were in favor of it. Then a member moved to refer the matter to a committee, which was done, thus dodging the question. After this little tilt I was treated with a fair degree of respect.

The most important measure before this term of the legislature was the Harper high license bill. All but ten Democrats in the house opposed the bill. Much time was wasted by dilatory action over it. But it finally passed both houses and became a law.

This was the 33rd General Assembly. The entire session was full of strife and dilatory action. The mode of procedure was very distasteful to me. It seemed to me that the main object of most of the leading members of both parties was not how to expedite business, but how not to do it. Instead of approaching public questions in a business like manner they

acted like pettyfogging lawyers, in trying to baffle and beat the other party, without regard to the merits of the case pending. The information gained about public business and the pleasant acquaintances made during my service were the only redeeming feature of my experience in the legislature. I wanted to transact the State business as near on business principles as possible. The majority, with their pockets full of railroad free passes, seemed more inclined to junket on the roads and elsewhere half of the time than to get right down to real work.

But, notwithstanding all the delays, I succeeded in securing the passage of my hard road law. I was a member of the committee on roads and bridges. Many bills came before the committee. Among them were several providing for hard roads, which were referred to a sub-committee, consisting of Messrs. Boardman, Hester and myself. The bills submitted to us were so imperfect that Boardman and I agreed to each prepare a new bill. When we finished our bills Mr. Boardman said mine was the best and moved its adoption, which carried. We then reported the bill to the full committee which adopted it and reported it to the house as a committee bill. The deadlock over the Harper High License bill delayed the work of the house so long that I gave a copy of my bill to Senator Gilham and requested him to introduce it in the senate, which he did, consequently it stands on the record as a senate bill. There were other hard road bills before the senate, but my bill passed that body without a dissenting vote, and came back to the house and was passed with only six votes against it.

It is now the law of the State, and many improved roads have been made under it, especially in the vicinity of Gibson City in Ford county.

WEST'S HARD ROAD LAW.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the people of the State of Illinois, represented in the general assembly: That on the petition of fifty land owners,

who are legal voters of any township, to the town clerk thereof, in counties under township organization, or road districts in counties not under township organization, to the county clerk, he shall, when giving notice of the time and place for holding the next annual town meeting, or road district meeting, also give notice that a vote will be taken at said election for or against levying a tax not to exceed one dollar on each one hundred dollars assessed valuation of all the taxable property, including railroads, in the township, or road districts, for the purpose of constructing and maintaining gravel, rock, macadam or other hard roads, not exceeding two; and shall also state the rate per cent., not exceeding one dollar on each one hundred dollars, and the number of years, not exceeding five, for which said tax shall be levied.

SEC. 2. The ballots at said election shall contain the following form: "For special tax for gravel, rock, macadam or other hard roads," "Against special tax for gravel, rock, macadam or other hard roads."

SEC. 3. If a majority of all the ballots cast at said election shall be in favor of said special tax, then it shall be the duty of the commissioners of highways of the township or road district to levy a tax in accordance with said vote, and certify the same to the town clerk in the counties under township organization, or to the district clerk in counties not under township organization, as the case may be, who shall certify the amount voted to the county clerk, who shall cause the same to be extended on the tax books for the current year; *Provided*, that the length of time for which the special tax levy shall continue shall not exceed five years, and also the road or roads to be improved must be designated in the petition. The commissioners may also receive donations in money, labor, materials or other valuable things, to aid in the construction of said road.

SEC. 4. The county clerk, when making out the tax books for the State and county tax for the collector, shall extend the special tax in separate columns against each tax payer's name or taxable property, as other taxes are extended, which shall be collected the same as State and county taxes, and known as the permanent road fund.

SEC. 5. The treasurer of said commissioners of highways, before receiving any of said fund shall execute a good and sufficient bond, with two or more sureties, to be filed with the town clerk, or board of highway commissioners, in counties not under township organization, for the benefit of the township or board of highway commissioners in counties not under township organization, in double the amount that will probably come into his hands.

SEC. 6. The tax, when collected, shall be paid to said treasurer as fast as collected, except such rate per cent. as shall be allowed for collecting the same, and said tax shall be known and kept as the permanent road fund. The treasurer shall be allowed one per cent. on all of said fund that comes into his hands.

SEC. 7. The commissioners of highways shall have power to employ a competent surveyor or civil engineer and their necessary assistants, for the purpose of surveying the route of the road to be improved, and make plans, specifications and estimates of said work. The commissioners shall cause the same to be divided into convenient sections and each section numbered.

SEC. 8. When the plans and specifications are completed, the commissioners shall advertise for sealed bids for said work by publishing a notice for at least three weeks in some newspaper published in said township. If there is no newspaper published therein, then in the newspaper published nearest said township, and also by posting notices in at least ten of the most public places in said town.

SEC. 9. The plans and specifications shall provide for the grading of a road bed of not less than thirty feet in width on the surface, and so constructed as to drain freely to the sides, and with all necessary side and lateral ditches and tile drains, bridges and culverts, and a track laid with gravel, rock, macadam or other hard and durable substance not less than seven feet nor more than sixteen feet in width, and if constructed of gravel or broken stone, not less than ten inches thick in the center, and eight inches thick on the edges; *Provided, however*, this section shall be considered as directory only, and shall not prohibit the making of roads of different width or thickness, in the discretion of the commissioners.

SEC. 10. The commissioners shall meet at the time and place appointed for the purpose of opening the bids and shall proceed to let the contracts publicly to the lowest responsible bidder or bidders by sections, with proper specifications of the various kinds of labor or material on each section; and bidders shall be required to separately state their bids for each class of work in such manner as the commissioners may provide, and each contractor shall be required to give bond with good and sufficient sureties, for the performance of his contract, payable to the commissioners for the use and benefit of the township, with the necessary specifications and stipulations on the part of the contractor entered therein. But no commissioner shall be interested either directly or indirectly in any contract relating in any manner to said road.

SEC. 11. If the commissioners shall be of the opinion that the bids are too high, they may reject the same. No contract shall be deemed as let unless the contractor shall, within ten days after the letting, enter into contract and file a bond with two good and sufficient sureties with the commissioners, in the penal sum of double the amount of the contract, payable to the commissioners upon failure to comply with the conditions of his or their contract.

SEC. 12. The commissioners shall cause their surveyor or engineer to make estimates of the work done, and certify to the same, not oftener than once in thirty days, as may be provided in the contracts, and shall then

issue an order on their treasurer in favor of the contractor, reserving not less than twenty per cent. of said estimates to guarantee the completion of the contract. Upon the completion of the contract the commissioners and engineer shall make a thorough and complete examination of said work, and, if found in accordance with the specifications of the contract, the commissioners shall issue their order on the treasurer for the full amount due the contractor.

SEC. 13. The commissioners shall keep a full and accurate record of all their proceedings under this act, and shall, upon the completion of the road, file with the town clerk all records, papers, plans, plats, estimates, specifications and contracts and shall make a full report to, and settlement with the board of town auditors at all regular meetings of the same. If the commissioners fail to make such settlement the supervisor shall cause an action to be instituted against them in the corporate name of the township to enforce such settlement.

SEC. 14. The commissioners may, in their discretion, cause the road to be constructed wholly of earth and by a thorough system of tile and other drainage, when gravel, stone and other suitable hard materials can not be obtained at a cost within the means in the hands of the commissioners.

SEC. 15. The commissioners, for the purpose of constructing, maintaining or repairing gravel, rock, macadam or other hard roads, as provided in this act, and for procuring materials therefor, may enter upon land of others, doing no more damage than the necessity of the case may require, and take therefrom such material as is necessary for the construction and repairing of said roads; *Provided*, that the commissioners of highways, their employees or teams, shall not enter upon such lands for the purpose in this section stated, without having paid or tendered the amount of damage allowed or agreed upon; *Provided*, that the commissioners and the party or parties owning or controlling the lands to be entered upon, or from which material is to be taken, cannot agree as to the amount of damage or value of material, that the amount of damage shall be determined as provided for in the law for exercising the right of eminent domain.

SEC. 16. The commissioners shall receive the same compensation for the services rendered under this act, as for service under the common road law; *Provided*, they shall not receive pay for both kinds of service on the same day. The surveyor or engineer shall receive a compensation not to exceed that allowed by law to county surveyors. The assistants or employes shall receive such reasonable compensation as may be agreed upon. The commissioners shall be paid by the supervisor out of the town fund. The surveyors and other employes shall be paid by the commissioners out of the permanent road fund.

SEC. 17. The several county boards of counties not under township organization are hereby vested with the same powers for constructing,

repairing and maintaining gravel, rock, macadam or other hard roads, in their respective counties, as the commissioners of highways in their respective townships, by the provisions of this act: *provided, however*, that the question of raising a special permanent road tax for the purpose set forth in this act shall first be submitted to the legal voters of the county, at any regular election for county officers, on the petition of one hundred land owners, who are legal voters residing in said county, to the clerk, previous to the time of posting the notices for said county election; said petition and notices to designate the road or roads to be improved, and number of years, not to exceed five, for which the tax shall be continued.

SEC. 18. The ballots shall be in the form prescribed in section 2 of this act. If a majority of all the ballots cast at said election shall be in favor of the special permanent road tax, it shall then be the duty of the county board to direct the county clerk to extend such tax against all the taxable property, including railroads in said county, and proceed in the construction of the road or roads voted for, in the same manner as provided for the guidance of commissioners of highways in their respective townships.

SEC. 19. All roads constructed under the provisions of this act, either by townships under township organization, or by counties in counties not under township organization, shall be free for public travel, and kept in repair by the proper authorities.

SEC. 20. All surplus funds remaining in the hands of the treasurer after the completion of such roads, shall be turned over to the common road fund of said township or road district, as the case may be, except so much thereof as the commissioners may order retained for the purpose of repairing said permanent roads.

Before the close of the first session I had fully made up my mind to not go back a second time under any conditions. Soon after the close of the session I wrote a card declining to be a candidate for re-election and had nearly reached the office of the *Bloomington Bulletin* to have it published when I met a friend to whom I told my intention. He at once objected in such a strong and sensible manner that I changed my mind and agreed to go back again. His reasons were that however obnoxious the service might be to me I could be re-elected without any trouble and I could survive one more term, and the endorsement of the people for a second term would be a satisfaction to me the remainder of my life. The reasoning was good and I acted thereon.

WILL BE A CANDIDATE FOR A SECOND TERM.

To the Democratic Voters of McLean County:

I have thought for the past year that I would not be a candidate for the next legislature, but the information I have recently received from various parts of the county leads me to believe that my friends generally expect that I will be a candidate. So many of them have expressed a desire to that effect that upon mature deliberation, I have decided that it is my duty to do so; and therefore, announce myself a candidate for reelection to the legislature, subject to the decision of the Democratic county convention. I will say to my friends that, while I have come to this conclusion, they must excuse me from making much of a canvass for the nomination.

It is a fixed rule of my life whenever elected to any office to devote my time closely to the duties of the office—to the neglect, if necessary, of my other business; but I cannot spend much time in working for a nomination.

The necessities of my farm work require my presence at home much of my time. Besides, I believe I show more respect for the good judgment of the people by requesting them to make their own choice than I would by begging them to support me. My theory is that the offices were created for the good of the whole people, and not for the benefit of any aspirant for official position.

If any one desires an explanation of any of my official acts I will take pleasure in explaining the same, either by correspondence or through the *Bulletin* as may be desired.

Respectfully,

S. H. WEST.

Arrowsmith, April 2, 1884.

Soon after publishing this card opposition broke out in a virulent form. William E. Hughes, a prominent lawyer of Bloomington, who had been selected by my friends to preside over the convention that nominated me two years before, was not pleased with some of my acts in the legislature, especially in regard to free passes. He at once attempted to crush me by publishing a false, gross and scurrilous article against me. I answered him through the *Bloomington Bulletin*, and exposed his absolute ignorance on the subject of his charges. This settled Mr. Hughes. Not long afterward he moved to Chicago. A very prominent Democrat who inspired Hughes to write his tirade against me told me some years afterward that he was now even with me and had no further feelings

against me. A strong fight was continued against me until my nomination. W. D. Haynie, a bright young lawyer of Normal, and S. F. Hay, of Danvers, were my opponents for the nomination. The principal fight against me was on account of my hard road law. Pending the campaign a large meeting was held at Danvers, which I addressed on that subject. When the convention assembled I was nominated, as shown by the following report:

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION, 1884.

A FULL COUNTY TICKET NOMINATED AMID GREAT ENTHUSIASM.

By unanimous consent Mr. W. D. Haynie was given privilege to speak. In a brief and eloquent address he thanked those who had worked for him for their kind support and asked leave to nominate for representative

HON. SIMEON H. WEST.

At this juncture there was uproarious applause, and it was some time before it subsided sufficiently to enable Mr. S. F. Hay to second the nomination in a ringing speech.

On motion, Mr. West was nominated by acclamation. Mr. West responded to loud calls for a speech by thanking the convention for the great honor conferred upon him.—*From Bloomington Bulletin.*

At the ensuing election I received a larger majority than at my first election.

Pandemonium reigned in the House of Representatives of the 34th General Assembly of Illinois, which met in January, 1885.

The Democrats had seventy-six members and the Republicans had the same number. E. M. Haines, Independent, held the balance of power; he was elected temporary speaker by the Democrats and forthwith tried to usurp the office of permanent speaker. A fierce contest of three weeks ensued. He was then ousted and after a few days' wrangling was elected permanent speaker by the Democrats, to prevent his election by the Republicans. There was a continual war between Mr. Haines and myself during the entire session,

though he appointed me chairman of the committee on agriculture, evidently for the purpose of winning my support.

The true history of that session was never written, because all the newspaper reporters, except one, were on the pay-roll of the house.

Extravagance held high carnival. The law allowed us ten pages and other employees in proportion. We had at one time seventy-five pages and ninety janitors in the house alone. Some of the appointees never went to the State house except to draw their pay. Others living in distant parts of the State, one of them living two hundred miles away, drew their pay by proxy. The member who tried to correct these abuses had a rocky road to travel.

That session of the house was a disgrace to the State. E. M. Haines, the speaker, was the strangest freak I ever met. He was a brilliant parliamentarian. His mind was quick as lightning. He was the highest authority on all county and township legislation. His mind was so active it almost bordered on insanity. He was extremely kind hearted, and would freely do a personal favor, even to an enemy. He was a friend to corporations in their encroachments on the rights of the people. He had no regard for economy in public expenditures. His greatest delight seemed to be in hot contests and angry strife. Things ran on at this rate until it became disgraceful. The trouble was that a majority of the members, including democrats and republicans, had secured the appointment of some friend on the pay-roll. Some members seemed to feel that securing favors of this kind was their most valuable work. Under such conditions it was exceedingly difficult to effect any reform. But I made an effort in that direction by introducing a preamble and resolutions appointing a committee of five, whom I named in the resolution, to investigate the pay-roll and report to the house. I named the best men of both parties for the committee. My resolutions were adopted

and the committee proceeded to work, but they had a hard and unpleasant duty to perform. All members knew the law had been violated in stuffing the pay-rolls, yet when it came to dismissing one of their pets they would make a bitter fight. Then those who were discharged became very hostile, and they considered me as the author of their misfortune. The work of the committee resulted in saving to the State of \$6000 per month in our running expenses. And that was not more than half of what ought to have been cut out, but the opposition was so strong that it seemed impossible to get down on a correct basis. During the height of the excitement I was informed by a member that it was not safe for me to walk alone from the State House to my hotel. The clerk of my committee was violently beaten one night for defending my action. Afterward I made a similar effort to investigate the expenses of the different State officers, as shown below :

There was an attempt made yesterday to force the appropriation bill through the house, but Messrs. West, Linegar and others fought against it and no action was taken. Mr. West introduced in the house this morning a resolution calling for an investigation of the expenses of the different State offices, and it is thought proper to not vote on the appropriation bill until the investigation is made. The resolution is still before the house as there was no quorum present when it was introduced. It reads as follows :

WHEREAS, The burden of taxation on the people of the State of Illinois is continually growing greater, and

WHEREAS, The prices paid to the employes of the state are much higher than the prices paid for similar work by individuals, and

WHEREAS, The tax-payers fail to understand why this rule should prevail, therefore be it

Resolved, That a committee of five members consisting of Messrs. Baker, Gray, Graham of Macon, Bogardus and Pike, are hereby appointed for the purpose of investigating each department in the State house and ascertain and report the number of employes in each department, giving the rank, salary or per diem of the same, by whom appointed and whether the number usually employed is in excess of the number required; and if so report the number in excess in each department; also ascertain the salaries paid in the city of Springfield by first-class business firms for similar work to that performed by the employes of the State, in the various avocations of clerks, porters, pages, laborers or others, and report the difference to this house, together with such other facts

relating thereto as may come under their observation, and recommend such measures on the subject as their judgment may dictate, giving the reasons, if any, why the State should pay higher wages than individuals.

The fact that the secretary of state has sixty janitors in his employ is one very justifiable reason for the introduction of such a resolution as the above.

CHAS. A. BALLINGER, *Bulletin Correspondent.*

But the house had enough of investigation and voted this resolution down.

LEGISLATORS INTIMIDATED BY FREE PASSES.

A most remarkable example of the evil influence of free passes was presented on a recent occasion in the house of representatives at Springfield. For some weeks the air had been full of rumors of bribery and corruption among the members of the legislature. A committee was finally appointed by the house with direction to investigate the charges. After two or three weeks effort the committee made its report. Among other things contained in said report was a charge that Speaker Haines had been guilty of conduct unbecoming the presiding officer of the house. After the reading of the report Speaker Haines took the floor and made a long, rambling, meaningless speech that fell flat on his hearers, until he finally turned upon the house like a wild beast at bay and fairly crushed his adversaries by the following fierce and unanswerable assault: "You talk about bribery of members of the house; you appoint an investigating committee to hunt out corruption among us and it is a notorious fact that every member of this house, except myself and one other has at this moment a bribe in his pocket in the shape of a railroad pass and you know it. Why did you accept those bribes? Let the man who is innocent cast the first stone. Reform yourselves before you undertake to reform others."

The effect of this attack was electrical. Every member knew full well that Haines was guilty of the charge against him, but each member was so completely intimidated by Haines' unexpected charge that they voted to lay the report of the committee on the table without an effort to the contrary. In fact so great was the desire to get rid of the subject that the spokesman of the committee, who had been selected to speak in defense of the report, was the first man to second the motion to lay the report on the table.

And yet those same men will tell you that there is no impropriety in public officials accepting and using free passes.

The most prominent feature of this, the 34th General Assembly, was the election of United States senator. In joint session the two parties were tied, that is by counting the speaker independent, with the Democrats. The Democrats had two objects in electing Haines speaker. One was to secure the organization of the house, the other was to secure his vote for United States senator. He had promised this. The Republican nominee was Gen. John A. Logan; the Democratic nominee was Col. Wm. R. Morrison, both first-class men of the highest order. Morrison was fairly nominated by a large majority in the Democratic caucus, and if he had received the full vote of his party there was good reason to believe he would have been elected the first week after the voting began. But he was of such pure and exalted character that he was distasteful to a few members from Chicago, who refused to vote for him. Haines never voted for him when his vote would do him any good. The fact is Haines cherished the idea that he could get there himself, and worked for that purpose. The result was a deadlock for four months.

I think we would have failed to elect a senator at that session if there had been no change in party strength. This long contest convinced me of the necessity of electing United States senators by direct vote of the people. This is so evident now that I feel sure the people will continue to demand this right until they get it.

Excitement ran high during the Logan and Morrison contest. At a time when the air was full of rumors of a big bolt among the Democrats and voting was in progress in joint session, when my name was called I asked leave to explain my vote, which was granted.

I then proceeded in the manner reported below :

Mr. West began by saying that the joint assembly had spent much valuable time in an attempt to elect a senator. Mr. Morrison was the caucus nominee of the Democratic party, and the speaker believed he would have been elected long ago and would now be attending to his

duties as United States senator if every democrat in the assembly had done his duty and voted for their nominee. They had not done so; two or three dissatisfied members had stood in the way of the success of the party, and had so far defeated its choice. This being the case, it was, in the speaker's opinion, necessary that a change should be made. When Mr. West said this the effect was electrical. He was known to have been, throughout the contest, a firm supporter of Morrison, but this looked as if he had grown discouraged and had made up his mind to join the ranks of the bolters. On the faces of the latter a broad smile of triumph and exultation was visible and the Morrison men looked astonished and deeply grieved. "We've got West," whispered the first to each other with significant winks and poking each other in the ribs exultingly. "What on earth ails West?" said his friends disapprovingly, as they gazed first at him then at each other in bewilderment. This suspense, however, only lasted a few seconds, and Mr. West continued his remarks by saying that the change he would suggest was that every democrat should cast his ballot for William R. Morrison, the nominee of the Democratic caucus, instead of frittering away the time and trifling with the party by casting their votes for men who were not even candidates. He demanded this change in the name of the Democratic party of Illinois and in the interests of political purity and political justice. A failure to elect William R. Morrison would be a defeat to the Democratic party, and a loss which would fall heavily upon it, but it would fall with more crushing force upon the heads of those members who withheld their votes from Mr. Morrison, when their votes would perhaps have made the Democratic party victorious in the contest. It looked as if there were some who called themselves Democrats who were trying to pull the pillars of support from under the party here in Illinois, and bring it down in ruins upon their own heads. He intended to vote for Col. Morrison whenever it was proper any voting should be done, until that gentleman received his just due—the full Democratic vote of the general assembly. And until this was done he would, under no circumstances, enter another Democratic senatorial caucus.

At frequent intervals during the address, and at its conclusion the applause was loud and spontaneous, showing that the majority of the Democrats present heartily agreed with the speaker's forcibly expressed sentiments and determination. Senator Herely immediately afterward arose and changed his vote from Sitting to Morrison. Members and many other prominent Democrats gathered around Mr. West and showered congratulations upon him, assuring him of their admiration for his decision and that they would stand by him in it. It was an exceedingly well timed and effective speech.—*Bulletin Correspondent.*

Toward the latter part of the session Mr. Shaw, a Democratic member of the house, died. An election to fill the va-

cancy was ordered. His district had a Democratic majority of 2000. Everyone thought this would insure the election of a Democrat to fill the vacancy. The Democrats slept on their post in fancied security. Gen. Logan organized a still hunt. He sent Perry Logsdon, a farmer, and member of my committee of agriculture, and who lived in Shaw's district, into that district, ostensibly to buy cattle, but really to post the Republicans to keep quiet and not go to the election until four o'clock P. M.

This scheme worked to perfection. The Democrats were completely off their guard and but few of them went to the election.

At four o'clock the Republicans all went and voted. It was then too late for the Democrats to rally many of their voters and as a consequence the Republican candidate was elected by about 150 majority.

The Democrats felt very bad about the matter, but no one thought the trick disreputable.

This gave the Republicans a majority and they proceeded to re-elect Gen. Logan to the senate. The most pleasant feature in this whole contest was that the life-time friendship existing between Morrison and Logan remained unshaken during the entire contest.

Logan was a man of great military renown and good repute as a statesman. Mrs. Logan was a grand, queenly woman who would have graced the White House to perfection.

Morrison had rendered good service in the army and had a distinguished career as a statesman. Our country has produced no finer type of gentleman than was he.

To show the relation existing between the speaker and myself I herewith quote from the proceedings of the house, as follows:

Mr. West arose to a question of the highest privilege and offered the following:

WHEREAS, Speaker Haines and Representative Miller did, on the 28th day of March, without a vote of the house or the knowledge or consent of the same, or of the author of the bill, cause house bill 153 (stock yard bill) to be taken from its place on the order of second reading and have it referred to the committee on corporations, thereby perpetrating an outrage against the rights, dignity and sovereignty of the house, and the rights of each member thereof, therefore,

Resolved, That Speaker Haines and Representative Miller are hereby censured for their reprehensible conduct in regard to said bill; and, *whereas*, such conduct on the part of the speaker of the house plainly demonstrates the fact that he is not a safe or fit person to occupy that exalted position; therefore, be it further

Resolved, That Speaker Haines be and is hereby deposed from the office of speaker of this house.

The reading created a decided sensation. A hundred members were on their feet yelling for Clerk Strubble to read the resolutions, the reading clerk, Bolles, not being understood distinctly.

Speaker Haines decided the last resolution was not constitutional, and that he was an officer of the State, and could only be proceeded against by articles of impeachment filed with the senate. While the last one of these resolutions was out of order the outrage complained of was unbearable. On another occasion I called attention to one of the speaker's tricks as follows:

Mr. West rose to a question of privilege and stated that Friday's journal contained a statement that the committee on enrolled and engrossed bills had reported, when in reality, they had not done so. The speaker said it was not necessary for that committee to report to the house. Mr. West then asserted that the committee on enrolled and engrossed bills had purposely stifled and kept back several bills, among others his bill to regulate the sale of live stock. He offered a resolution that the committee on enrolled and engrossed bills be requested to report forthwith his bill to the house. Mr. Fuller moved to amend by ordering the committee to report all bills ordered by the house engrossed and to a third reading. The resolution as amended was then adopted.

This is one of the many ways they resorted to to defeat bills they wanted to kill.

During this session I wrote and procured the passage of the law regulating the running of traction engines on public highways. While this law has made me a number of enemies among owners of those engines, yet it is one of the most beneficent laws in the statutes. Many a life and much property has been saved by its enforcement.

STEAM ENGINES ON PUBLIC HIGHWAYS.

AN ACT TO PROTECT PERSONS AND PROPERTY FROM DANGER FROM STEAM ENGINES ON PUBLIC HIGHWAYS.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the people of the State of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly: That it shall be the duty of persons in charge of any steam engine being propelled over the highways of this state wholly or in part by steam power, to stop said engine whenever they meet any person or persons going in the opposite direction on said highway with horses or other animals, until said horses or other animals shall have passed by; and said engine shall be stopped when it is one hundred (100) yards distant from said horses or other animals, and sooner in case said horses or other animals become frightened at said engine before arriving at said distance. The owner or driver of said engine shall also keep a good, trusty man, not less than fifty (50) nor more than two hundred (200) yards in advance of said engine, to assist in controlling any horses or other animals being driven or used on said highway, until said horses or other animals shall have passed by said engine; and it shall be the duty of the man thus sent in advance to use all reasonable care and diligence to prevent the occurrence of any accidents which might result in case said horses or other animals become frightened at said steam engine.

SEC. 2. It shall be unlawful for any person to blow the whistle of said engine, while on the public highway.

SEC. 3. It shall be unlawful for any person to drive a steam engine over any bridge or culvert, on any public highway in this state, without using four sound, strong planks, each to be not less than twelve feet long, one foot wide and two inches thick; two of said planks to be kept continually under the wheels of said engine while crossing said bridge or culvert.

SEC. 4. Any owner of a steam engine, who by himself, agent or employe, violates the provisions of sections "one" or "two" of this act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, shall, for each offense, be fined not less than ten dollars nor more than fifty dollars, to be recovered before any court of competent jurisdiction, and shall also be liable for all damages that may be sustained by persons

or property by reason of his failing to comply with the provisions of this act; and for a violation of section three (3), of this act, the owner of said engine shall be liable for all damages resulting to said bridges or culvert by reason of his failure to comply with the requirements of said section, together with the costs of prosecution.

Approved June 26, 1885.

Many good men go to the legislature whose object is to serve the people. Others, not so good, go there to serve the corporations, who pay well for services rendered. Others to bleed anything in sight. A few others, the lowest in the scale, are what is known as sandbaggers. They introduce stringent bills affecting corporations with the expectation of being bought off.

Holding a political office is the most unsatisfactory business a man can engage in. But many good men become infatuated with that kind of life. Such are to be pitied. It will not be so bad when free passes are entirely abolished, as they will be in a few years. When all members of legislative bodies are compelled to pay their fare on railroads they will attend more closely to their work and make shorter sessions.

At the close of my second term in the legislature I declined to be a candidate again, and published the following notice:

NOT A CANDIDATE.

Editor Bulletin:—Since the adjournment of the last legislature I have repeatedly assured my friends that I could not be a candidate for the next legislature. A press of private business together with a desire to “pass the office around” will prevent me being a candidate. I authorized this statement to be made some weeks ago. I have many friends who seem loth to believe that I will be out of the contest. They continue to apply to me to know whether it is true. So to place the question at rest I assure my friends that I am out of the race. It is not true as reported that I have withdrawn in favor of any one of my friends. With many strong friends in various parts of the county it would certainly be very improper for me to try to cast my influence in favor of any one of them as against all the others. It is also not true that I am aspiring to any other office. In this connection I beg leave to express my sincere thanks to the democracy of the county for the high honor it has hitherto conferred upon me.

S. H. WEST.

Arrowsmith, Ill., March 1, 1886.

After that I often stated that I would never again be a candidate for any office unless I could see a prospect of doing some special good to the country or the party. I continued in the occupation of farming and stock raising.

Among the prominent members of the Legislature with whom I served were: In the House, James Herrington; D. T. Linegar; Ed. Cronkrite; B. F. Caldwell, now member of Congress; David Littler; C. E. Fuller, now member of Congress; E. M. Haines; E. R. Kimbrough; J. C. Calhoun; S. H. Bethea, now a federal judge; W. H. Harper; Mr Boutell; Thos. F. Mitchell and Lafayette Funk. In the Senate were Joseph W. Fifer and J. R. Tanner, who have both since filled the office of Governor; Wm. E. Mason, afterward elected U. S. Senator; Thos. Merritt; L. D. Whiting; D. B. Gilham; Jason Rogers, and other men of ability.

CHAPTER 12.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

Going back to 1874 I wrote the following on the negro problem:

THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

(For the *Leader*.)

While much is being said about monopolies, high tariffs, corruption in official positions, and the aggressions of aggregate capital, there is absolute silence on the greatest question that can ever come before the American people. The result of the war and the subsequent amendments to the federal constitution have forever settled the question of slavery in the United States. The negro is now in the full enjoyment of all the rights and privileges of the white race; at least, so far as the law is concerned. But honestly and in truth is there any man in America, except Charles Sumner and Gerritt Smith, who actually believes that the Ethiopian race is by nature equal to the Caucasian? Surely not.

Our nation is now composed of thirty-five millions of whites and five millions of blacks—the two races that represent the extremes of the human family. Can these incongruous elements ever become one homogeneous nation of people? With the lines of distinction so clearly and sharply defined by nature between the two races, can we ever ignore those lines and become in fact, as we are in name, one people? There can be but one answer to this question. No sane man can claim that we can ever become one people in sentiment and feelings, and reality, except by the process of amalgamation. Congress may spend all future time in passing civil rights bills, and the different legislatures may enforce equality in the public schools, yet it will all be in vain unless we can accomplish unrestricted amalgamation and consequent full social equality. You may exhaust the English language in argument and sophistry in trying to prove otherwise, yet to this complexion must we come at last. Are we ready to consider this question? Some think that it is the province of statesmanship to consider only such question as concern the present times. It seems to me that true statesmanship not only grapples with the questions of the present hour, but also tries to make provision for the well-being of future generations. The question now before us is: Can statesmanship devise any plan by which ultimate amalgamation may be avoided and both races greatly benefited? The presence of the negro

race among us has been a curse to the white race from the day the first cargo was landed on our shores. During their enslavement they were a dead weight on the states that held them in servitude, and since their liberation, we assert that their presence is still a blighting curse to the sections where they are numerous. What are the conditions and prospects of the south today? The war has been ended for nearly nine years. The rebel states were long since reconstructed and restored to their proper places in the Union. It was generally expected that after the war closed, and slavery was abolished, the South, with its splendid climate, rich soil, navigable rivers, fine water power, and great mineral resources, would soon attain a high state of prosperity; that emigrants from the North, and from Europe, would hasten there in great numbers. But nothing of the kind has happened. The only emigrants from the North have been the worst class of political adventurers, in quest of office, while foreigners shun the negro-stricken South as they would the plague. This may all be very wrong, the effect of an unreasonable prejudice; but, then, it is the actual state of affairs, and facts are what we have to deal with in this life. Why is it that today seven thousand houses stand vacant in the best parts of New Orleans? Is it on account of the sand and the sediment in the channels of the mouths of the Mississippi? Nay, verily.

Why is it that the rich State of Louisiana has not had a Republican form of government for thirteen years? Faction against faction, and race against race is the order of the day. And thus we find it, more or less all over the South. The antagonism between the races will manifest itself continually, wherever the negro element is very strong. If the negro population of the South could be replaced by a thrifty, industrious white population, that section would soon become the most flourishing part of our country, and New Orleans become the seat of the richest commerce on the globe. The prosperity of the South is of the utmost importance to us of the Northwest. The embargo at the mouth of the Mississippi will be removed. Ships from all quarters of the world will plough up and down that stream, but never can that country know a full measure of prosperity so long as it is cursed with the incubus of the negro race. And what affects one member or portion of the national family affects the whole, to some extent. God has cursed this nation on account of the enslavement of the negro, and His curse is not yet lifted from us, nor do I believe it will be until we make full atonement for our injustice to that race. You say we have already done it in freeing and enfranchising them, but we are running counter to nature. How can we make one fluid out of water and oil, and how can you make one nation out of blacks and whites? Never can we be free from the curse that has been entailed upon us, until we colonize our negroes. This is a bold declaration. I am fully aware that I stand alone on this question, with forty millions of peoples against me, but this matters not. This generation may not see the beginning of this grandest work of the world, but that it will, in due time, be accomplished, I do not entertain a shadow of

a doubt. When the proper time arrives, God will, in some manner, indicate the way. My theory is, that it is our mission to set our negroes up as an independent nation, in some undeveloped portion of tropical America, and that they will eventually accomplish a good work for themselves, be a blessing to us, and, to some extent, the nations of the earth.

This is a grand and beautiful theme, and well worthy the consideration of the ablest minds in our country. I only regret that the limits of a newspaper article, and want of public interest in this question, at this time, prevents me from going more into detail.

S. H. WEST.

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor Leader:—In the weekly *Leader* of February 11 is an article written by S. H. West, entitled, "The Great Problem," which may be considered as a re-opening of the question of the colonization of the negroes, for discussion. It is hardly proper to say a re-opening, for the question has never been left entirely at rest since its first introduction by the abolitionists many years ago. Now, while I cannot altogether endorse the opinion of the writer of the above article in regard to the importance of this subject, much less his opinions as to the manner of disposing of the difficulty which he fears, yet it may not be amiss to exchange opinions upon this subject.

If the premises upon which the writer bases his argument were wholly true, we might reasonably consider the question, "What shall be done with the negroes?" a great problem, and the proposed theory might, at least, have a hearing; but it strikes me that much is assumed and taken for granted that it would be well to prove first (or at least give facts in evidence), before dealing with the subject as a whole.

We are told that the negro and the white man are not by nature equal. I think there are many wise men in the world who would require something more than mere assertions to be convinced of that fact. If we are told that the African, as a class, is mentally and intellectually inferior to the Caucasian, we are ready to concede the fact, but if we are to understand that the negro is not as susceptible of infinite improvement, mentally, morally, and socially, as his more favored white brother, we, at once, call for proof; and any assumption that such is a fact that needs no proof is simply begging the question. Because we find the negro in our midst after two hundred years of the most abject and cruel slavery as low in the scale of civilized society as the lower classes of the noble Saxon—and no lower—proves that they are less susceptible of degradation, if it proves anything at all. Is it not a fair question to ask, what class of people under the sun, subjected to the same conditions and circumstances, from which we could hope for more than is now promised by the negro of the South? In no way can we judge better of a people's

capabilities than by observing a trial for life under adverse circumstances; and, surely no people ever had a severer trial and come out more promising than have the colored people of the South.

Again, it is assumed that the races in the South are antagonistic; and, however strange this may appear to the great mass of northern thinkers, the position is one that requires proof, and better proof than has hitherto been given. It is very easy to understand why people of the North should think that the two races can not live together in peace. Educated, as they have been for generations, to abhor slavery in general, and that of the South in particular, detesting alike both master and slave, they can not conceive the possibility of there being anything in common between the negro and his former master; yet, there is much in common, and it is a fact, not to be ignored, that today in the South the two races are more in sympathy with each other than either is with the North. The negro is more respected by the white man of the South than he is by the white man of the North, and the negro is better disposed toward his former master now than he was before the bonds of slavery were broken. Grant Parish, and other insurrections need not be cited in proof of the contrary; those are the exceptions and not the rule; and while it may be conceded that there have been some jarring, Ku Kluxing, and bloodshed since the war—and I think these are very much exaggerated—yet we cannot but think if an equal number of whites with the political sentiments of the blacks had been in their places, there would have been many and much greater disturbances; so that most, if not all, the disturbances in the South, since the war, may be attributable to antagonism of political opinion rather than to antagonism of races.

No social equality without amalgamation is a proposition laid down by Mr. West, and many others of the same school. This is purely an American notion, and America will probably outgrow this idea in a few years as it took her to outgrow the idea that liberty and slavery were consistent terms under our constitution. Gladstone, the Premier of England, felt no compunction in introducing the jubilee singers to his numerous friends of the nobility, at a dinner party given for that purpose at his own house. The guests most honored in the positions at the table were those that formerly served as slaves in the kitchen of a southern planter. Queen Victoria herself thought it no sacrifice of dignity nor disgrace to her country and her race to honor these same negroes with a call in person. Nor do we think that even the meanest of her subjects thought such attention misplaced. Believing the negro susceptible of unlimited improvement, morally and mentally, social equality in the future seems not only a possibility, but a probability, even without amalgamation. In the course of events, what is to stand in the way of this great bugbear amalgamation? Nothing that I can see. In proof of this, and in further support that the idea of an impassable barrier between the races is American, and more northern than southern.

Let me cite one more fact. Every one who has traveled in the South knows that full-blooded negroes are not so common as they might be. Yea, more; will it be extravagant to say that full-blooded negroes are the exception, and not the rule? Everywhere are to be found unmistakable evidence of amalgamation, when there was an inequality in the races—not a natural inequality. Why may not a like condition of things be expected when that inequality is removed? It is well known, too, that French capitalists, merchants, and bankers in the Southern cities, New Orleans in particular, many of them, married negroes, purchasing them of slave dealers for the purpose of making them their wives. These are significant facts, not to be ignored in summing up the factors of this very great problem.

There are certain questions proposed by the writer of the article under consideration as to the cause of the present condition of the South, which I conceive to be easily answered on a different hypothesis from that taken, namely the antagonism of races. But this paper is already long. It may be my pleasure to write again at some future time.

C. D. M.

Long years afterward I learned that the author of this reply, C. D. M., is C. D. Myers, the present judge of the circuit court of McLean county. He wrote considerable more in reply to my articles on this subject but I have not space for it.

FACTS AND ARGUMENTS.

Editor Leader:—Your correspondent, "C. D. M." calls for proof of my assumption in my article on the colonization of the negroes. I will freely give him such facts as I think may have a bearing on the subject. In order that I may be clearly understood, I will sum up my views in the following propositions:

1. Any equality of races that stops short of the legal right to inter-marry is a delusion and sham.
2. The legal right to inter-marry must inevitably soon succeed the present relations between the white and the black race, unless colonization is adopted.
3. The negro race is by nature mentally inferior to the white race.
4. The amalgamation of the two races would lower the mental and moral standard of the superior race, and would not benefit the inferior.
5. Colonization would result in the greatest good to both races.

It seems to me that no argument is necessary to prove my first proposition. It is no argument in this case to say that social questions settle themselves—that society regulates these matters. The laws of every State

in the Union, so far as I am informed, prohibit the intermarriage of whites and negroes. So while we are boasting of having placed the negro on an equality with ourselves we actually deny to him the most sacred right on earth, and in doing so we are practicing a most stupendous delusion.

My second proposition must force itself on the minds of all candid thinkers. The American people are not in the habit of doing things by halves, and the inconsistency of our present professions of equality, with the actual legal restrictions in regard to intermarriage is too glaring to be allowed to stand for any great length of time, unless the public mind settles down in favor of the ultimate separation of the two races.

The real gist of the whole subject rests on the third proposition. I shall waste no time on suppositions. Supposing what might have been the mental and moral condition of the whites if they had been in a state of slavery for two hundred years, or what might have been the mental and moral condition of the blacks if they had not been in slavery for the same length of time is simply no argument at all, as it proves nothing, nor can it prove anything.

I like to dig down to the bed-rock on all questions. I know of no way to reach the bed-rock on this question except to compare the two races as they exist today in their own countries, where they have existed for thousands of years, and have each had equal chances to work out their own salvation. This kind of comparison reaches to the bottom of the whole question. It is a positive fact, that even "C. D. M." will not attempt to deny, that the African, as he exists south of the Great Desert, is mentally and morally inferior to the Caucasian in Europe. Why is he thus inferior? That's the question. Who has hindered him? No cruel white man has been in authority over him, buying and selling him as chattel property. No savage overseer's lash has driven him like a beast, but on the contrary, he has had thousands of years in which to improve his intellectual and moral condition. No outside influence has prevented him from having a written language. He has not invented the art of printing, nor the art of watch-making, nor the steam engine, the railroad, the telegraph, nor anything else under the sun.

Look now at the white race, as it exists in Europe, where it has existed for thousands of years, and where it has slowly hewn its way up from barbarism to the highest pinnacle of intellectual greatness.

These are all facts that no man can deny. From these facts I adduce the argument in support of the proposition that the Ethiopian is mentally inferior to the Caucasian. I hold that the argument is sound and logical. This is the evidence that I produce to prove my proposition. Will "C. D. M." please give his facts to prove that the negro is, by nature, mentally equal to the white race? He cannot say that the Senegambians have not had an equal chance to attain as high a state of civilization as the French have. Will he try to tell us why Soudan ranks so far

below Prussia, or Guinea below England? The most that can be said on the other side of the question is that the mind of the Ethiopian is yet dormant—that it has not yet commenced to develop, and from present appearances the day of judgment will find it still undeveloped. The negro is a docile, imitative creature, and hence has in two hundred years constant contact with the whites acquired many of their habits and ideas, and is now making some progress. But I hold that there is no evidence that they are capable of originating any great ideas or inventions. If there is any such evidence, please let us have it.

In behalf of my fourth proposition, I will say that we are not left without some notable examples. In trying to establish the equality of the races, we are not venturing on a mere experiment. The same thing has been done in the most complete and thorough manner for generations by our next door neighbor, Mexico. Full equality of all races, both before and behind the law, has prevailed there without let or hindrance. The result is that they are the most complete mixture of whites, Indians, and negroes that can be found on earth, and it is a historical fact that they have retained more of the bad traits of the races from which they are descended, and fewer of the good ones than any people that now exists. Amalgamation with them has lowered—yes, degraded, the white man, and signally failed to improve the inferior races.

Your correspondent, "C. D. M.," makes a shocking argument¹ in favor of amalgamation, by stating that it already exists to some extent in the south. I have been well aware of this fact from my early childhood. This is one of the strongest reasons why I favor the separation of the races. If this practice becomes common and there is a general mingling of the blood of the two races, then will the moral and intellectual standard of this nation be lowered beyond redemption. The fact that amalgamation already exists to some extent in the South does not make it right, any more than the fact that horse stealing, being a common crime in Kansas, would make it right there, or elsewhere.

The limits of this article will not allow me to dwell at length on my favorite theme—that embraced in my fifth proposition. Suffice it to say for the present, that wherever the two races have been mixed the result has been unmixed evil. There is no room to hope that ours would be an exception to the rule. As far as the negroes are concerned, it would certainly be better for them to be set up as an independent nation in some country where the climate would be congenial to them, and they could be complete masters of the situation, even if they could not attain as high a standard of civilization as ourselves.

At some future time I will speak more fully on this branch of the subject.

S. H. WEST.

March, 1874.

I have written a number of other articles on this subject, the most important of which was published in August, 1903, and will appear in the appendix to this book.

THE FIFER INCIDENT.

Early in 1886 an incident occurred at Washington City that attracted considerable attention. Cleveland was president, and Gen. J. C. Black was the commissioner of pensions. He publicly charged that undue favors had been allowed by his predecessors in office. When pressed to name a specific case he gave the name of Private J. W. Fifer, of Illinois, as one whose pension had been increased in violation of law. I had known Mr. Fifer for years to be an honorable, brave, worthy and very sensitive man. He was much disturbed by Gen. Black's charge. Now while Black and I were both Democrats and Fifer was a Republican I felt impressed to write a few words in defense of Fifer. He had been desperately wounded at the battle of Jackson, Mississippi, by a shot through his lungs and liver. This left him in a debilitated condition for life. He was drawing, as I believe, a pension of \$24 per month. The pension laws allowed a pension of \$30 per month where the disability was equivalent to the loss of a hand or a foot. It was well known that Mr. Fifer's disability was, at least, equivalent to the loss of a hand or foot.

Having had abundant opportunities to test and know Fifer's qualities, I wrote the following letter to Senator Cullom at Washington City:

JOSEPH FIFER'S CAREER.

Washington, March 29.—(Special.)—In regard to the Fifer pension case Senator Cullom has received the following interesting letter from one of the best known democrats of Illinois:

ARROWSMITH, McLean Co., Ill., March 27, 1886.

Hon. S. M. Cullom, Washington:

DEAR SIR:—I very much regret to see that so gallant a soldier as General Black has been induced by any cause to raise a question in re-

gard to the propriety of the pension of Hon. Joseph W. Fifer, of Bloomington. From my long and intimate acquaintance and close official relations with Mr. Fifer while he and I were in the service of McLean county, I feel it my duty to express to you something of my estimate of him. The history of the man is remarkable. When the war commenced Joseph W. Fifer was a poor boy of 18, so poor, in fact, that he walked barefooted from his humble home in a distant part of McLean county to Bloomington to enlist in the service of his country. Though only a private, his record in the army is as good as the best of any rank. The story of his deathly wound is well known. He was shot through the lungs and liver at the battle of Jackson, Miss. A comrade of his told me years ago of his helping to carry Fifer off the field of battle, virtually dead, as all believed. But, aided by his unconquerable will power, he survived, and went back to the war as soon as able for light service, and served several months after his term of three years expired. At the close of the war he came home a physical wreck, penniless and without education or influential friends, with no prospect in life except to hire out as a common laborer. His history from that day to this has been heroic. I know of nothing in the life of Lincoln or Garfield, or of any other man in all history that exhibits such a brave and gallant fight against adverse circumstances as that made by Joe Fifer since the war. With the hand and shadow of death hovering over him at all times since the battle of Jackson which has handicapped his every effort, and environed with poverty and lack of education, he has worked his way up to a good education and a position in the Bloomington bar that might well be envied by the most favored man in the land. On account of his wound he is today lingering along the picket line that divides this life from the unknown realms. Mr. Fifer is the soul of honor, of chivalry, and every generous and manly impulse that ennobles the human heart. Knowing these facts as I do, can it be any wonder, Mr. Senator, that I, in common with all other democrats of McLean county, keenly feel and resent the unjust thrusts made against the man whose heroic qualities and patient sufferings command the admiration of all without regard to party? You are at liberty to make such use of this as you may deem proper.

Respectfully yours,

S. H. WEST.

This letter was given to the Associated Press and published in all the leading papers in the country and attracted much attention. Gen. Black's charge against Private Joe Fifer and my defense of him did much in making him governor of Illinois, a position he filled with credit to himself and the State. My act in this case was unparalleled in politics. I lost a number of Democratic friends by it, but I felt then as I do

now, that it was a proper thing to do, and I have not a word to retract in connection therewith.

SUN STRUCK.

On the 7th of July, 1886, while repairing a rake in my meadow I was sun struck. I was not unconscious, but the effect went from my head to my stomach and I continued to get worse for forty days. At that time I was at the point of death from starvation, as no kind of food would remain with me. As a last resort my doctor brought me some pepsinized milk powders. Very small doses of this had the desired effect, and I slowly recovered. But when I got up I was surprised to find I was left under nervous prostration, and could endure but little labor or mental exercise.

An incident occurred during the worst of my sickness that forcibly illustrates the tendency to one of the weakest points in human nature—that is, to circulate false reports about others. While at a very low stage I detected mysterious whisperings between my wife and children. I asked what was the matter, and insisted so strongly that my wife finally told me that the word had spread all over the country that I was bankrupt, having lost all my property in speculation, that two men had been sent from Chicago to wind up my business. They had been seen get off the train at a neighboring station but no one could tell where they had been since. One old man whom I thought to be a good friend for forty years said that my sickness was not from sun stroke at all, but from worry over my loss. The real facts were that never in my life had I been in an easier financial condition than at that time.

I owned a large and valuable land estate, had money ahead and didn't owe a dollar in the world, except for current expenses. There was no foundation for the story. It was a spontaneous production, evolved out of human weakness, and proves that a lie will travel all over the country while truth is trying to get on its feet. Be slow to believe evil reports about your neighbors. When you hear such reports give the accused

party the benefit of the doubt until you have reliable evidence against them.

In consequence of the shattered condition of my nervous system I went to California to benefit my health and spent the winter there. But it is not my nature to be a drone anywhere. So I bought some land in Tulare county, while there, simply to have something going on.

In the spring I returned home improved in health. Since then I have made many trips to California, Texas and Montana, having made investments in each of those States. These long trips and diversified occupations have braced up my health to a wonderful extent. One never entirely recovers from the effects of a sun stroke, but now, at the age of 80 years, I can attend to a large amount of business, and can walk as active as most any young man.

For as much as forty years I have, through the newspapers, expressed my views on almost all subjects of interest to the public. I will copy some of those writings in this work, not on account of any supposed merit in them, but for the purpose of showing the conditions existing at the time of writing. For thirty years I kept those writings in a loose and scattered condition. Then, when I placed them in a scrap book, I failed to get them all in consecutive order, consequently I find I am not getting them all in regular order now.

Going back some years I will refer to the election of Judge David Davis to the United States Senate, as explained in an article in the Bloomington, Ill., *Bulletin*:

SENATOR DAVID DAVIS.

Editor Bulletin:—Four years ago Judge Davis was elected United States senator by the united votes of the Independent and Democratic members of the legislature. He received the vote of every member of both these parties, being first placed in nomination by the Independent caucus, which nomination was ratified very quickly by the Democrats. He did not receive as much as one Republican vote; but on the contrary he encountered the strong opposition of all the Republican members. It was fully expected he would be elected on the day on which he was nominated, but

when the vote was taken two Democratic members from Chicago refused to vote for the judge, which left him just that much short of an election.

On the next morning two Republican members from McLean county were asked to vote for Judge Davis and thus secure his election. They declined in courteous but positive terms to do so. When the vote was taken on that day, every Democrat and Independent voted for him, which secured his election; but, even then, an attempt was made to get up an excitement, evidently for the purpose of stampeding some of the judge's friends into changing their votes. One member arose, and in a very dramatic manner said that he changed his vote from Judge Davis to one of the other candidates. This announcement was soon proven to be bogus, he not having voted for the judge in the first place. The clerk then gave the result to the presiding officer (Shaw) who kept the assemblage in suspense for some moments with the evident hope that some one would yet change his vote and thereby defeat the judge.

I am thus particular and tedious in describing the election of Judge Davis for the purpose of showing that whatever may have been his previous political associations and obligations, that, since his election to the senate he has been under no kind of obligation to the Republican party. He is under no more obligation to that party than John A. Logan is to the Democratic party.

For a time after the judge went into the senate the Republicans ridiculed him. After awhile they wanted his seat and then they made an effort to get him appointed on a foreign mission; then they tried larger doses of ridicule; and more recently, finding he would hold the balance of power in the senate for the remainder of his term, they have turned very sweet towards him, and are now anxious for him to go back to the Supreme Court, so they can fill his place in the senate with a Republican and thereby gain control of that body.

The judge has a right to be independent, because he never sought the place. It was not even known that he would accept the office if he should be elected. He was elected on general principles by the united opponents of the Republican party. They knew him to be able and honest, and knew that he would work for the best interests of the whole country, which would of course place him in opposition to nearly all Republican measures.

It is plain to every honest man that it is the duty of Judge Davis to remain where he is until the end of his term. His acceptance of the office placed him under obligation to give the country the benefit of his service in that capacity.

The balance of power in the United States senate is the highest position but one to which any man can attain. No other living man is so eminently fitted by natural and acquired endowments for that proud position as Judge Davis. That position will give him a power for good for the whole country, such as but few men can ever attain.

S. H. WEST.

CHAPTER 13.

SINGLE TAX—GEORGEISM.

I was in Los Angeles early in February, 1889, when Henry George, the great apostle of the proposition to place all taxes on land, stopped in that city and delivered two lectures on his favorite subject. He was then on his way to Australia to promulgate his doctrine in that country. I found Mr. George to be a very brainy, earnest, honest man but so far off on the subject of taxation that I will quote a full account of his views:

Editor Herald:

Mr. George says that neither labor nor capital should be taxed, but all needed revenues for all purposes should be derived from land value.

This system would place the most burdensome taxation on one class of labor ever devised by the brain of man.

Land has but little practical value except what may be developed by labor.

It is true that in a state of nature land produces a spontaneous growth upon which wild animals fit for human food subsist. But they are of no use until prepared for such food by the labor of the hunter.

In settled communities lands are only valuable on account of being utilized by labor for the production of crops or for building purposes; or, if not so utilized at present, the practicability of their being thus utilized in the future. In any case, land can only be made valuable by labor. Without labor land would be practically worthless. The labor required to cultivate the soil and build houses is the main thing that adds to the original nominal value of land. It is true that land and houses in or near a large city are more valuable than similar lands and houses far remote from the city, but without labor they would be equally valueless in either case. Land that can neither be cultivated or used for building purposes or for mining must forever remain without value. Hence labor is the foundation, the great essential thing upon which rests the value of all land.

Now when Mr. George would levy all taxes on land values he would simply tax the labor that develops and utilizes those lands; consequently the entire taxes of the country would have to be paid by the labor of those who till the soil and build houses.

On Sunday evening I asked Mr. George whether the farmers under his system would not have to add the amount of their extra taxes to the price of their farm products, thus increasing the price of human food. He answered that such would not be the result. However, I know that if, under the George system of taxation the price of farm products did not advance in proportion to the advance in the increased taxation that the present occupants or owners of land could not cultivate it more than one year, but would then be sold out for taxes, and thus, at one fell swoop would be destroyed the foundation of our society, the dearest and most sacred spot on earth, the homestead.

But for the sake of argument we will give Mr. George the benefit of his own theories, and it naturally and logically follows that he, the great champion of labor, proposes a system that would free Jay Gould, Vanderbilt, and all such men from taxation, and fasten the whole burden upon the labor of those who till the soil and build houses. Without labor the land can pay nothing, consequently the labor that makes the land available or productive would pay all the taxes. And then what a glorious time the non-taxpayers, money sharks, dead beats and loafers would have in inducing the Federal, State and Municipal authorities to make extravagant expenditures.

S. H. WEST.

Los Angeles, February 4, 1889.

SECOND MEETING.

At Mr. George's second meeting the following discussion occurred: "I am here tonight," he continued, "for the purpose of more fully explaining the principles I advocate than I could in an address. I think the best use I can make of my time is to answer questions."

Then I submitted the following written question: "Please explain by what rule of justice you would relieve from all taxation the money of the aristocrat who owns millions in money and stock, and who manipulates and wrecks railroads, forms syndicates and trusts, thereby increasing the prices on the necessities of life, and then saddle his just portion of the burden of taxation onto the already oppressed and overtaxed farmer, while the money shark would escape all taxation.

S. H. WEST,

Of McLean County, Illinois."

Mr. George: That's a pretty long question. I would exempt him from taxation for many reasons, and first of all from the value of the land. All taxes fall on the ultimate users. Here is a man loaning money. You impose a tax on him. But the man that borrows pays the tax. The tax is added to the price that is borne at last by the consumers. The all important thing in political economy is to define your terms, and today, in the common use of the word capital, we say a man is a capitalist, meaning he is a rich man. But that is not the true meaning. Real capi-

tal must be produced by labor. But there was land before there was capital. True capital is wealth used in the production of more wealth. Wealth consists of the product of land and labor. Land is not wealth nor is labor. But wealth consists in the union of the two. As to the fictitious capital that exists today, the case of the man our questioner alludes to, if you tax his bonds, what do you do? If they are bonds of the government, the tax will fall on him. But if you abolish it, you repudiate a debt already incurred. It ought to be done squarely, in man fashion. You only reach the man who holds the money, and the next time you tax him he adds the tax to the amount. All the taxes that add to prices require more capital to carry on the business. We would tax no product of human industry, but concentrate them on land values.

A Question from S. H. West: If taxes levied are ultimately paid by the consumer, if all taxes are levied on land would the farmer not add the price of his taxes to his produce?

Mr. George: The single tax is not a tax on land. What we propose to tax is not land but land values.

All land is not valuable. It has no original value. Any article of production has an original value. The value of which we speak is the value of the bare land, without improvements. When we tax land values, we are simply taxing the premium of land more valuable than other land. It is the value of location we would take by the single tax. The tax on land values could not add to land values.

"BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION."

(From "*The Farmer's Voice*.")

Directly and indirectly the most important question which the farmer must meet is the land question. From the land comes every necessary of life; land furnishes all the opportunity for labor, and upon labor depends the purchasing power of the people and their ability to support government. Indissolubly related to the land question is that sovereign power of government, the right of taxation. At one point or another the single tax touches every phase of the land-taxation question, hence its full and free discussion at this time cannot fail to prove of great value. S. H. West, of Arrowsmith, Ill., takes exception to the single tax and sets forth as his objections in the following communication. Believing that the concurrent publication of Mr. West's objections and the position held by the single tax advocates regarding those objections would make the discussion of greater value to all, the editor invited S. Howard Leech, the well known writer upon economic questions, to reply to Mr. West, which he kindly consented to do, and herewith are given both sides of the question:

To the Editor:—I am somewhat surprised to see an agricultural paper publish a proposition to confiscate the lands of this country, for that is what the single tax idea means. The friends of that measure insult the intelligence of the farmers when they tell them that their taxes would be less under the single tax system than by the present plan.

They further insult common intelligence by saying they won't tax land, but land values. That is just what is done under the present system. The law requires all property to be assessed at a fair cash value. Nothing can be done more fair and just. But the law is not enforced and great injustice results. Whose fault is it? Not the law's, but the people's. The truth is that the average man don't want to pay his full share of taxes, or he feels it is a good thing if he can evade a part of his taxes. This is an inherent weakness in human nature. What are you going to do about it? I suggest that we amend the present law and make it rigid enough to take the hair off of every man who willfully tries to evade it.

Dreamers like Henry George propose to abolish all other forms of taxation, including tariff, and place all taxation on one branch of labor. Under the George system the labor used in utilizing land would have to pay the entire taxes of the country.

Land has no value except what has been or may be developed by labor, and from the proceeds of the labor expended on land, whether farms or city lots, must come the means to pay the taxes thereon. Eliminate the possibility of using labor on the most valuable block in Chicago and that block would thereafter have no value whatever, though ten millions of people might be crowded close around.

Men who till the soil and owners of town and city lots would have to bear all the burdens of government, while all other kinds of labor and capital would go free from all taxation. The bare statement of this proposition is about all that need be said on the subject. It would confiscate every home and every farm in our country, and could never be enforced until the owners were exterminated.

By my labor I have increased the value of my land from \$1.25 to \$75 or \$100 per acre. This was done by breaking, ditching, tiling, fencing, hedging, building and raising groves and orchards. What mortal man can assess a fair valuation on my land with all those improvements left out? Other improvements around me have helped to increase the value of my land, but they were not made by the deadheads and dreamers who are now clamoring for the proceeds of my toil.

S. H. WEST.

Arrowsmith, Ill.

MR. LEECH'S REPLY.

To the Editor:—I am very glad to be allowed the privilege of replying to the objections of S. H. West to the single-tax. It is a sign we are making progress when we can come together and discuss these great questions. It is only by such discussions that we can hope to arrive at the truth and I for one welcome all honest criticisms of the single-tax, for I believe the friends of this reform can point out to those who object wherein it will be a great benefit to them.

Perhaps it will be best to take up the points as Mr. West presents them and as best we can in the limited space reply to them. He says: "I am somewhat surprised to see an agricultural paper publish a proposition to confiscate the lands of this country, for that is what the single-tax idea means. The friends of that measure insult the intelligence of the farmers when they tell them that their taxes would be less under the single-tax system than by the present plan."

Mr. West does not make his point clear. He says the proposition is absurd, but introduces no evidence to prove it so. I can only, therefore, reply to this point in a general way. Mr. West says the single-tax means confiscation, but I fail to see how it would in any sense be confiscatory. To confiscate means to "take away" and the single-tax means exactly the opposite, for it will, as I tried to show in my recent article in *The Farmer's Voice*, make the titles to land much more secure than now by making it less desirable for the mortgagee to foreclose. We have confiscation under the present laws—confiscation of the farmer's improvements of every kind, for every time he makes an improvement the law now takes part of it from him in taxes. Not once only, but each year. Let the farmer build a barn and he is fined for it by the State.

The State virtually says: "I have a right to a certain per cent. of your industry and if you are industrious and make improvements I will take part of each improvement in taxes." I do not believe such a policy is in the interest of the farmer.

The farmers of Illinois pay taxes on something like 40 per cent. of the value of their property while the wealthy citizens of Chicago pay on about 10 per cent. of theirs. Is this what Mr. West likes? I do not think so. I believe he desires each to pay his just share, but under the present system it is utterly impossible to collect taxes on the full value of personal property for the reason that no assessor can correctly estimate these values. Land values are by far the easiest to ascertain, therefore a tax on land values could be much more easily assessed.

Mr. West further says: "They further insult common intelligence by saying they won't tax lands, but land values. This is just what is done under the present system. The law requires all property to be assessed at a fair cash value. Nothing can be more fair and just, but

the law is not enforced and great injustice results. Whose fault is it? Not the law's, but the people's. The truth is the average man don't want to pay his full share of taxes, or he feels it is a good thing if he can evade part of his taxes. This is an inherent weakness in human nature. What are you going to do about it? I suggest that we amend the present law and make it rigid enough to take the hair off of every man who willfully tries to evade it."

I think Mr. West fails to recognize the difference between improved and unimproved value. What the single-taxers mean to tax is the value of the land regardless of improvements. We want to take all of the taxes off the improvements of every kind and tax only the value of the land as it would be if not a single day's labor of any kind had ever been applied to it. This surely would relieve the farmer. Would not Mr. West be glad if the entire value of his improvements of every description were relieved from taxation? Does he want to be taxed on every tree he sets out, on every fence he builds and on every head of stock he raises? Would it not suit him much better to have all these things relieved of taxation and the amount thus lost raised on some of the high priced city lots which now escape taxation? Would it not be better to have the railroads pay a tax on the value of their franchise, or the mine owners pay on the value of their vast coal fields or the oil kings to contribute their just share and have all of these vast sums thus raised applied towards paying the State expenses and relieving the farmers of this much of burdens? It is true that the average man does not like to pay his personal property tax because he feels he is having a part of his labor taken away from him and he rebels against such a system. Let us make laws which will be more easily enforced and tax the one thing more easily ascertained, land values, and then each can know how much his neighbor pays and will be willing to pay in the same ratio.

Mr. West continues: "Dreamers, like Henry George, propose to abolish all other forms of taxation, including tariff, and place all taxation on one branch of labor. Under the George system the labor used in utilizing land would have to pay the entire taxes of the country."

In the final analysis labor, of course, must pay all taxes as labor, applied to land, produces all wealth and taxes have to be paid out of this production, but in the ordinary sense of the term labor would not be taxed at all, as we would exempt all the products of individual labor and only tax the one thing created by the combined labor of all, land values. This value is created by the whole community and not by any one individual so cannot be called the product of individual labor. All the products of individual labor would thus be free from taxation and the labor used in utilizing the land would not be taxed at all.

"Land," continues Mr. West, "has no value except what has been, or may be developed by labor, and from the proceeds of labor expended

on land, whether farm or city lots, must come the means to pay the taxes thereon. Eliminate the possibility of using labor on the most valuable block in Chicago and the block would thereafter have no value whatever, though ten million people might be crowded close around."

All this may readily be granted and is the very best possible argument why land should not be allowed to remain unused where there are thousands of industrious people anxious to use it. So far as the good it does the people, all of this vacant land might just as well not exist at all. It might just as well be a big hole running clear to the center of the earth. But, if this vacant land was taxed on its present value it would be put to use and would thereby furnish work for those now starving. This is one of the ways the farmer would be benefited, for this land would then not only pay its proportion of taxes, but the workmen given employment would be enabled to buy the produce of the farmer, which would have a tendency to raise his prices, so he would in reality be benefited at both ends of the transaction.

Mr. West then says: "Men who till the soil and owners of town and city lots would have to bear all the burdens of government, while all the other kinds of labor and capital would go free from all taxation. The bare statement of this proposition is about all that need be said on the subject. It would confiscate every home and every farm in our country and could never be enforced until the owners were exterminated."

It is true that those who work on land would have to bear all the burdens of government and all other burdens for the simple reason that all work of every kind is done on land. Nothing can be created with which to pay the burdens of government or anything else except it be created on land. But this fund which is created by the whole community and is expressed in economic rent is not, as I have before said, the product of individual labor in the sense that a house or barn or an orchard or other improvements are. This is a fund created by the general industry and co-operation of the whole people, and instead of being confiscated by the landlords who do nothing to create it, it should be turned into the treasury with which to pay the governmental expenses.

Mr. West finally says: "By my labor I have increased the value of my land from \$1.25 to \$75 or \$100 per acre. This was done by breaking, ditching, tiling, fencing, hedging, building and raising groves and orchards. What mortal man can assess a fair valuation on my land with these improvements left out? Other improvements around me have helped to increase the value of my land, but they were not made by the deadheads and dreamers who are now clamoring for the proceeds of my toil."

Mr. West should remember that calling names is neither arguments nor evidence, and he should not allow himself to be led to use them. He frankly admits that almost the entire value of his farm has been made

by the application of his labor to the land, and then says a system of natural taxation which would relieve one and all of these improvements from taxation means confiscation. Is this sound, logical reasoning? I do not think so. We agree with the statement that his farm has been made more valuable by the improvements, and we insist that Mr. West should not be taxed at all on them. We believe they are justly his, each and every part of them, and that the State nor anyone else has any right to take any part of them from him. A part of his labor is now confiscated to make up for the unjustly small tax placed on vacant lands. We say the vacant lands should be taxed just the same as the improved land in the same locality. That is, Mr. West should pay no more on his farm with all the improvements than some land speculator who is holding a piece of land idle lying just beside his. Under the present system the speculator is encouraged in holding his idle while Mr. West labors and improves his farm and thereby raises the value of the speculator's land. Would it not suit Mr. West much better to have his improvements relieved from taxation and the amount raised by increasing the tax on idle land?

There may be some slight difficulty in separating the value of the land from the improvements, but there need be very little trouble in this respect. So much idle land lies in every neighborhood that this value can be taken from, any competent assessor can come very near the actual value. There will probably always be some difficulties with any system of taxation and the best we can do is to adopt the one having the least. This we claim is the land value tax, and it is certainly much easier to judge of that than of the value of personal property.

The single-tax would raise an enormous revenue from the coal fields, the oil fields, the forest lands and from the franchises of railways, street cars, gas and electric light plants and other natural monopolies. The railway bonds all rest on the franchise of the road and by taxing this franchise the bonds would be reached, and so with all bonds. The result would be that the water would be forced out of the stock as the companies would not want to pay on a capitalization of such immense proportions and when they did not have to pay dividends on this water they could lower the freight and passenger rates, which would be another good thing for the farmer and consumer. The farmer is unable to sell his crops now because the people are out of work, and the only possible relief for him is to adopt some system by which the working people can be employed, and the only possible way of doing this is to open up the natural opportunities. This can be done by taxing land values and making it unprofitable to hold these sources of common supply out of use.

Thomas G. Shearman, one of the greatest statisticians of the United States, in speaking of the land tax, says: "Under the land tax the average on farms, as a class, would be less than half what they are now." If any care to make a close study of this question in relation to the farmer

he can do no better than to buy a copy of Mr. Shearman's book, "Natural Taxation," and carefully read it. Mr. Shearman goes fully into detail which, of course, it is impossible to do in a short article of this nature.

I have no hesitation, however, in saying that the farmer would be greatly benefited by a land-value tax.

S. HOWARD LEECH.

To the Editor:—In reply to Mr. Leech I will say that I don't want my improvements, live stock, grain and other personal property exempt from taxation, for the following reasons:

1. Because that kind of property has been acquired by the same kind of labor and effort that was required to pay for my land, and it needs more protection from the government than my land does, and therefore ought to be taxed to pay for that protection.

2. Because if all taxes are removed from other property and placed on land alone, it certainly follows that the tax on land would have to be placed much higher than at present. Then where would be the farmer's gain?

3. Because if all taxes are removed from personal property the man with a hundred millions, more or less, in money, who, by the influence of his money, shapes the enactment and interpretation of our laws, and who is thereby enabled to take a shaving off of every day's labor in the country and add to his already overgrown purse, and who needs and demands the fullest protection from the government, would be freed from all taxation, and his share of the burdens of the government would be placed on the already over-taxed farmers.

4. Land monopoly is already a curse to our country. Money monopoly is a ten-fold greater curse. By your plan for crushing out the land monopolist you would also crush out the common farmer, and add immensely to the power of the money monopolist, who would revel in extravagant legislation, knowing that he would not have to pay any part of the taxes—and also knowing that the poorer he could make the masses the greater would be his power over them.

5. You say that a tax on personal property is a tax on the labor used in producing that property. That is strictly true, and it is equally true that a tax on land, or land value, as you call it, is a tax on the labor used on that land. In the aggregate land can pay no taxes except from its products. Stop all labor on land and the stopping of all taxes would soon follow. Neither land nor land values pay taxes.

6. You tell us that under the single-tax system the city lots in Chicago would be honestly assessed. Please tell us how that would be done. Don't you know that the rich men of Chicago and elsewhere elect and control assessors? Do you expect to reconstruct human nature? That

is what you will have to do before you get honest assessments in Chicago. When you do this you won't need the single-tax system.

7. But Mr. Leech tells us they will raise vast sums by taxes on franchises, and thereby indirectly on railroad bonds. What, on franchises? Where are you, Mr. Leech? Don't you know that a franchise is neither land nor land values? And that is what you all say you want to pay all taxes. A franchise is a privilege or right, and certainly is personal property and under your system would be free from taxation.

8. We have no idle lands in this part of the country (McLean county, Illinois). If we had I fail to see how labor would be benefited by their cultivation in the near future, because our farm produce is now selling below the cost of production, and to add to that production would reduce the price still lower.

9. Mr. Leech takes some flights into dreamland where I cannot follow, especially where he says, "The labor used in utilizing land would not be taxed at all." It is self-evident that it would bear the whole burden of taxation.

10. If you will allow the digression I will say that instead of freeing the money power from all taxation, as proposed by the single-taxers, I suggest that a graduated income tax that would put a limit to the acquisition of colossal fortunes in this country would be far more just and beneficial. If the constitution, as interpreted by the Supreme Court, will not permit this, then we should amend the constitution. This proposition may appear to some as contrary to the principles of free government, but it is in strict accord with that broad principle of true democracy that demands the greatest good to the greatest number.

Great fortunes are already a great and growing danger in our country. The welfare of the masses imperatively requires that the money power shall be kept under proper restraint.

S. H. WEST.

Arrowsmith, Ill.

CHAPTER 14.

CANDIDATE FOR THE STATE SENATE.

In 1892 there seemed to be a prospect that I might be of some service to the country by becoming a candidate for the State senate, and I consented thereto.

McLean county then formed a senatorial district. The regular Republican majority in the county was 1800 or over. This was a big thing to overcome, but there seemed to be a chance for a change and I undertook the task of helping to make the change. I was nominated by the Democratic county convention by acclamation. Made an active canvass and the Republican majority was reduced to about 900, but the result was not due to my efforts but rather to a general landslide toward Democracy. My opponent, Vinton E. Howell, was a friend of mine of long standing. He was so much disgusted with public work that he left his party soon after his term expired.

After I was nominated for the senate a prominent Republican told me he could tell me something about Vint Howell that would enable me to beat him too easy. I replied: "Mr. Howell and I are opposing candidates for the State senate, but we are personal friends, and if you know anything against him don't tell it to me, but keep it among yourselves." My style of campaigning was always different from the usual custom. I never asked anyone to vote for me and I never voted for myself.

I have taken an active part in the legislature and out of it in drainage matters. The following article will show my views on that subject:

THE DRAINAGE QUESTION.

Editor Bulletin:—Drainage and drainage laws constitute one of the most important subjects now before the farmers of Illinois.

Drainage laws are of comparatively recent origin in this State—and on account of the complications surrounding the subject and variety of interests involved, it is the most difficult matter to legislate in the State.

The universal demand of the farmer is for a short, plain, common-sense law; one that everybody can understand and operate. I regret to say that such a law is an impossibility.

It requires a lengthy law to provide for all the contingencies of the case. The improvements to our present drainage laws will be the result of experience. They are like a piece of new machinery and may look all right, but on trial may prove defective in some parts, as is the case with our present laws. They are better than what we have had before, but the experience of the Easterbrook district has developed some serious defects, which should be amended by the next legislature. But the present law is better than it has the credit for.

As we go along in drainage legislation we are gradually establishing important principles that will stand for all time. It was my good fortune to assist in establishing one of those principles during my first session in the legislature.

That principle is contained in section 4 of the present farm drainage laws and by which land owners are enabled to drain their land by following a natural depression, "and where the drainage is wholly on the owner's land, he shall not be liable in damages therefor to any person or persons or corporation." This principle has been sustained by the Supreme Court of this State. I made this statement in an appeal case recently tried in Bloomington. Judge Tipton and his law partner, Beaver, both denied that the Supreme Court had ever rendered such a decision. As they have been engaged as drainage attorneys for three or four years it is fair to suppose that they are better acquainted with the drainage laws and decisions than any other lawyers in Bloomington. Notwithstanding this fact, I say the Supreme Court did render such a decision in January, 1884, in the case of Peck vs. Herrington. If they will apply to Mr. Freeman, the Supreme Court reporter, they may get information that will enable them to keep in sight of the great drainage procession that is now marching onward. The Easterbrook district contains lands and highways that have been drained in accordance with the principle of section 4. They have been assessed by the drainage commissioners on the pretext that it was necessary to construct larger ditches on account of the water flowing off the highlands into the Easterbrook district than would have been otherwise unnecessary.

This claim can never stand the test of the courts, or of common sense. The whole intent of the drainage law is to benefit and reclaim wet land, and the foundation principle of the law is to compel the land so benefited to pay the cost.

You cannot compel lands not benefited to help pay cost of draining other lands that are benefited.

To hold otherwise would simply be to claim that our drainage laws were gotten up for the purpose of robbery. If I can drain my land, as provided in section 4, without being liable for damage to any person or corporation, below me, I would like to know by what kind of argument any corporation below me can tax my land for the construction of drains that can render me no possible benefit.

I say it cannot be done. But if there remains a shadow of a doubt on this point it will be entirely removed by an examination of section 27, which provides that after a tax levy has been made by the drainage commissioners the land owners may take an appeal to the county court, on the ground that the assessment is greater than the benefits to accrue to the land.

If it is then proven that the assessment is higher than the benefits the court shall modify the same so as to make it equal to the benefits. Hence, it follows where there is no benefit there can be no assessment. Let me recapitulate the sum and substance—the very essence of drainage laws.

1. The object of the drainage law is to reclaim wet lands.
2. The lands thus benefited must pay the cost thereof.
3. Lands that are already drained, or that have a good and sufficient outlet, cannot be taxed to pay for the drainage of other lands.

S. H. WEST.

CHAPTER 15.

STRIKES AND PANICS.

In 1893, and several years following, one of those great financial panics or depressions that occur from time to time, with unerring certainty, swept over the country.

There was a great scarcity of money, many failures, prices were reduced, factories closed, thousands thrown out of employment. The country filled with tramps begging for bread, thousands of laboring men went on strikes demanding higher wages, riots, bloodshed, and paralysis of business ensued. President Cleveland, who was then serving his second term, persisted in paying all government obligations in gold, and increased the government debt \$260,000,000 by borrowing gold while there were hundreds of millions of silver dollars lying idle in the government vaults. At that time silver was a full legal tender for all debts, public and private. In the midst of these unfavorable conditions the free silver agitation became very active. I took a part in the discussion on that subject as will appear in the following pages.

While the strikes were prevailing in a virulent form one broke out in Bloomington, Illinois, of large proportions. Business was to a great extent paralyzed and uneasiness prevailed. I was impressed to write the following article on the subject, which was published in the Bloomington *Pantagraph*, and was said to have a good effect:

Editor Pantagraph:—We are now confronted with a condition that is a disgrace to our government and our civilization. This strike is ruinous to the men engaged in it, to the parties against whom it is directed, and to millions of innocent people who have no hand in the controversy. This condition can not long continue without subverting our form of government and landing us into bloody anarchy.

As a life-long workingman and as an anti-monopolist whose record has been well-known for more than twenty years, I claim a right to talk on the present crisis, and to talk with exceedingly great plainness. In all contests between capital and labor my sympathy is always on the side of labor, so long as labor keeps within the lines of law and order, but when it places itself outside of those lines I cannot go with it. The parties engaged in the present strike claim their methods are all legal and peaceful.

Admit that their intentions are as pure as the dew drops of heaven, and still all must see that their movement has brought to the front all the worst elements of the country and precipitated a condition that promises to drench our land in blood and ruin the cause of the workingmen. Let me say to you, friends, that you are taking the wrong course to redress your grievance.

Strikes have accomplished no good, but much evil in our country, evil to the strikers, evil to capital and evil to the whole country. The prosperity of the country cannot survive a continuance of this system. The paramount duty of the government, State and federal, in this great crisis is to maintain law and order at all hazards and at any cost, and those efforts should be sustained by a freely expressed public sentiment. The question now before the country is simply this—shall we have law and order or anarchy and destruction? There are but two sides to this question. We must stand by the law or encourage our own destruction.

But after order is restored then what? Shall our workingmen quietly submit to the grinding exactions of capital? No, never, Keep up your organizations. Apply yourselves diligently in the acquisition of political knowledge, and procure laws favorable to your interests. Keep your demands in the bounds of reason and justice and you will have the support of the mass of the people. As soon as peace and quiet can be restored I suggest that we unite in a demand on congress (our Neroes who are fiddling with the tariff while Rome is burning) to enact a rigid law for the exclusion of all low-class immigrants. We have all united in excluding the Chinese, and yet are admitting a class of immigrants from Europe who are many times worse than Chinamen. Better have one hundred Chinese than one anarchist.

In the first place we have too many working men now and should limit immigration on that account, and in the second place we have more of the bad class from Europe than we can assimilate. That is one of the principal causes of our present sickness. If we don't stop the cause we will not only continue to be sick, but we will die.

This is the first law we should demand. Then let us strive for an amendment to the federal constitution that will enable congress to enact a law establishing a national board of arbitration with full power

to adjust all matters of dispute between capital and labor, where it is of an inter-state nature, and have State boards for local causes.

This may seem to be a slow process, but you must remember that all great legal changes are of slow growth, and we must of necessity proceed in a legal manner. Adopt some such course as I have indicated and you will receive not only the sympathy but the support of the great mass of the American people. Keep your efforts within legal and just limits and you will eventually succeed in obtaining a fair standard of adjustment.

In conclusion let me say to you working men, and to all others, that it is the highest duty of all voters to educate themselves up to the point of patriotism and manhood that will enable them to scratch off their ballot the name of every unworthy man who may be placed upon it.

Until we do this we need not hope for any degree of purity in public affairs. And may the good angels of peace spread their wings over our land.

July 9, 1894.

S. H. WEST.

In 1894 I wrote the following article:

MONEY QUESTION.

To the Editor:—The business world is in a depressed condition. Industries are stagnant. Many thousands of working men are out of employment. The two greatest agricultural staples, wheat and cotton, have been steadily decreasing in value for years, until now they are selling at prices below the cost of production.

That greatly curtails the purchasing power of the producers; that stops the factories; that throws workmen out of employment; that diminishes the use of food and clothing. Hence there is disaster and distress all along the line. All branches of business are injuriously affected.

While wheat and cotton are in great abundance, and selling at the lowest prices ever known, there are millions of people who are hungry and scant of clothing. Under such conditions it is not strange that there is a feeling of unrest among the people. This feeling is all-pervading and manifests itself in many ways. In labor circles it results in strikes, riots and destruction of life and property. In the political world it shows itself in very sudden, rapid and extreme changes from one party to the other. Two years ago the restless spirit of the people found vent in giving a crushing defeat to one of the great parties. Since then the conditions have continued to get worse, and now the people in their rage have turned and rent into fragments the party they so recently placed in power. Unless the causes that have produced the spirit of unrest among the people are speedily removed we will see other and more startling evidences of dissatisfaction in the not distant future. The causes that

underlie our troubles are deeper than the questions at issue between the two great parties.

The money power of the world shapes and controls the legislation of the world so far as its interests are concerned. For more than twenty years the money power has been at work destroying silver as a money standard. It has so far succeeded as to virtually establish the single gold standard in all the principal nations. On account of this unfriendly legislation and large production of silver the price of that metal has greatly depreciated. At the same time and in about the same proportion wheat and cotton have steadily declined in value. This condition has caused widespread ruin throughout the world.

SCARCITY OF GOLD.

If nature had created enough gold for all monetary purposes, then the single gold standard, with a cheap subsidiary coin for small change, would be the proper thing. But all know, who care to know, that nature has failed to supply the needed amount, and hence we are compelled to resort to the use of other metals. Silver has been used for many ages in connection with gold as a money metal. The most serious objection to the double standard consists in the impossibility of maintaining an exact parity of value of the two metals. But the first great indispensable necessity in a monetary system is a base, or foundation, that possesses intrinsic value, and in volume or quantity sufficient to answer the purposes intended. Gold alone will not do this. There is not enough of it to go around. It is now a plaything of the money kings, used like gambler's chips, and shipped back and forth across the Atlantic ocean like a shuttle. During the first six months of last year sixty-seven millions of dollars of gold were exported from the United States. Ship out two hundred millions of gold in six or even twelve months, and our financial system will sink into ruins and the entire military force of the country will be unable to restrain or control the turbulence that would ensue. That condition is liable to happen any year. Gold is the money standard of the world and the money kings control gold.

NEED OF A BROAD FOUNDATION.

If you build a house upon a foundation that is only half strong enough, disaster will sooner or later certainly come to that house. If you construct a system of finance on a foundation that is only one-half broad and strong enough there can be but one result. Woe will come unto that system and great will be the ruin resulting therefrom. What then? Why, simply this: We must utilize both gold and silver for money purposes as best we can, or abolish them both and accept some other metal that has intrinsic value and is in abundant supply. All parties claim to be friendly to silver, but the leaders of the two great parties attach conditions to their friendship that are not attainable. Their positions and their platforms are mere mockeries.

The friends of silver are also off their base. They demand the coinage of a silver dollar that is not worth 100 cents. The right way to fix the parity between the two metals is to put 100 cents worth of gold in the gold dollars and 100 cents worth of silver in the silver dollars. Favorable action by the government will increase the value of silver, but if it is necessary to increase the size of the silver dollar then do so. We want no 50-cent dollars in this country.

A NEW MONETARY SYSTEM.

The federal constitution vests in congress the power to coin money and regulate the value thereof. Under this provision congress ought to provide for the free coinage of gold and silver mined in the United States only, upon a ratio just and fair to all. A silver dollar should have as much intrinsic value as a gold dollar and be a full legal tender. After providing for the free coinage of gold and silver the government should buy enough of said gold and silver in equal quantities and place the same in its vaults as a basis on which to issue all paper currency needed by the country, this currency to be issued by the general government alone. The gold, silver and currency each to be a full legal tender for all debts, public and private, except as otherwise provided in contracts already made.

To obtain this coin the government should issue, in small denominations, bonds bearing a low rate of interest. They should be placed in small amounts for the purpose of getting them in the hands of the common people. The more people we can induce to take a pecuniary interest in the government the stronger it will become. The government could safely issue \$3.00 or \$4.00 in currency to each dollar of coin in its vaults.

As banks are an indispensable convenience to the business of the country, this currency could be loaned to the banks upon deposit of government bonds or other gilt-edge securities, at a rate of say 2 per cent interest. The banks to be restricted to a rate not to exceed 4 per cent to their customers. The interest from the banks on the currency would pay the interest on the bonds and all expenses. So the government would lose nothing. The bonds could not properly be called a debt, because their equivalent would be in the government vaults, and the system would be self-supporting.

We need a tariff for revenue, so adjusted as to furnish incidental protection to American industries. This would be in line with strict business principles. It should also afford as much protection to common labor as may be given the most highly favored classes. To place raw materials, the product of common labor, on the free list, and at the same time put a tariff tax on the goods manufactured from those raw materials, is simply to destroy the vital principle of true democracy. It gives special privileges to one class and discriminates against another class. Treat all

alike. Either give the producer of raw materials the benefits of a tariff tax, or extend the free list all along the line.

IMMIGRATION.

One of the most pressing needs of the times is rigid laws for the exclusion of low class immigrants, that class that led in the destruction of life and property in the recent strikes. The importance of this is fully realized by all except that class of politicians who are more anxious to procure new voters than for the welfare of the country.

Political parties that hope to succeed in this country must keep in close touch with the common people. They must do this by their works as well as words.

Give us legislation in harmony with the above outlines, and prosperity and a good degree of contentment will return to the people, and there will be no need to enlarge the ranks of the American army.

S. H. WEST.

November 12, 1894.

In 1895 I wrote the following article which was published in the Bloomington, Illinois, *Bulletin*:

THE MONEY QUESTION.

The agitation of the silver question is fully on. The air is full of it. It is a spontaneous outbreak—a great thought wave that has spread over the whole country. The contest over this question for the next eighteen months will be one of the fiercest ever waged in this country on any subject. It is of the greatest importance that the people shall not be carried away with extreme views on either side.

It is very much to be regretted that some of the ablest men are already losing their temper in discussing this question and indulging in vile epithets toward their opponents.

Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, who is well known as high authority on questions of political economy and finance, has an article on the subject in the *Chicago Record* of the 26th inst., which does great injustice to himself and his cause. He indulges in such weak substitutes for argument as to denounce silver advocates as d—d fool cranks and lunatics. Any man great or small who makes such an exhibition of weakness as this before an intelligent public is to be pitied. The number embraced in his sweeping charge includes all the civilized people of earth from the time of Abraham down to 1816 in England and 1873 in the United States and a later period in the other principal nations. A very goodly number indeed. He also charges that the agitation of the silver question was the cause of the panic of 1893. The great financial and business depression that now prevails throughout the world began

in Argentine long before it reached our shores. It prostrated the country, wrecked the great banking houses of Barring Bros., of London, spread over Australia and then over Europe and reached our country in 1893.

Perhaps other interests had something to do with precipitating the financial panic of '93. I quote from a newspaper the following, which purports to be a circular issued March 12, 1893, by the bankers' association, to all national banks:

Dear Sir—The interests of national banks require immediate financial legislation by congress. Silver, silver certificate and treasury notes must be retired and the national bank notes, upon a gold basis, made the only money. This will require the authorization of from \$500,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000 of new bonds as a basis of circulation. You will retire one-third of your circulation and call in one-half of your loans. Be careful to make a money stringency felt among your patrons, especially among influential business men. Advocate an extra session of congress for the repeal of the purchase clause of the Sherman law, and act with the other banks of your city in securing a petition to congress for its unconditional repeal.

It is a very fair conclusion to say that such action as indicated in this circular had more to do in hastening the panic than did the agitation of the silver question. But I fully agree with Mr. Atkinson on one point. He says that the test of true money is the hammer—that is, if a gold dollar is put on an anvil and hammered into another shape it will still be worth a dollar. This is my test exactly. And that test will apply to silver and iron just as well as gold. Silver has been greatly depreciated in value by unfriendly legislation. Gold can be depreciated by the same means. I am not certain just what the ratio between gold and silver should be, but if the statistics of the two metals for a period of five hundred years showing a proportion of 18 to 1 in the world's supply is correct, then it would seem that that ratio would be about correct.

If gold and silver both should be utilized as standard money the total supply would not be in excess of the needs of the world. To discard either one is to cut short the needed amount by one-half.

Mr. Atkinson refers to the large amount of silver coin now in use as money. Yes, but under our laws and their interpretation by the government authorities, it is not real money. The government does not recognize it as such, and will not offer it in payment of its debts. Silver coin is now merely a promise to pay the same as greenbacks and other paper currency. It does not answer the purpose of real money any more than would a like amount of buckeye chips with the stamp of the government mint upon them and redeemable in gold.

If we confine ourselves to the single gold standard as the only redemption money, we simply place ourselves at the mercy of the gold gamblers of the world, who proceed at their own sweet will to milk our government of its gold reserve, as they have been doing for years.

The effort to maintain the single gold standard has increased the debt of our government \$164,000,000 during the past year, with a prospect of a large increase in the future. This is an object lesson that can be understood by all the people, and is the main cause of the present agitation.

S. H. WEST.

April 29, 1895.

In December, 1895, I wrote the following:

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

To the Editor of the Bulletin:—During my trip to California in August and September last I found business greatly depressed, more so than at any previous time since the discovery of gold. Wheat, seventy to seventy-five cents per cental; raisins, two cents per pound, fine peaches six dollars per ton, and other things in proportion. At Los Angeles, the most prosperous place in the State, oil, one of the principal products, is selling at fifty cents per barrel. Returning I stopped off one week in Colorado and found great depression there. The Denver papers stated that the product of the Cripple Creek mines was all that kept Denver on its feet. At home, in Illinois, our corn is worth twenty cents per bushel. Fat cattle are selling in Chicago for \$1.30 per hundred less than one year ago, while the receipts are only three-fifths as great as they were then. Fat hogs are over \$1.00 less than a year ago, and so it is all along the line. On my way home I stopped at Crowley, Louisiana, to investigate the rice business. I found a splendid rice country and a large supply of rice, which was selling at \$1.50 per barrel of one hundred sixty-two pounds in the rough. Until this year the price has not been less than \$3.00 per barrel. The people there are like the corn raisers in Illinois, poor in the midst of plenty. On arriving at Houston, I was told that there was more depression and failure than for many years before. Cotton alone brings a good price on account of a very light crop. Now, this is the condition of the great producing classes throughout the United States. The statements so often published by the newspapers to the effect that a general improvement of business is now prevailing, is entirely false. The little spurts of improvement in certain branches, like iron, are only temporary. There is no general improvement in sight, nor can there be until the great producing classes receive fair prices for their products. Instead of an improvement being visible, I give it as my judgment that we have not reached the worst yet.

Unless congress adopts prompt measures for the correction of our most imbecile financial system we will reach a condition of disaster such as has not been seen by the present generation. The President, in his message, states the case plain enough to be seen by any school boy. While my views are radically different from those of Mr. Cleveland on

the main points, yet it is the duty of every citizen to use all possible pressure on congress for the enactment of laws to stop the gold drain. Retire greenbacks, yes, and all other present forms of government paper that can be redeemed in gold alone. Free coinage of gold and silver at the ratio of one hundred cents of gold in the gold dollar and one hundred cents worth of silver in the silver dollar, as near as can be established. the government to obtain enough of these dollars upon which to issue all the paper currency needed by the country,, said paper to be redeemed one-half in gold and one-half in silver. A certain per cent of certain duties to be paid in gold, the government alone to issue all money and loan the same to banks with proper security at two per cent instead of one per cent now charged on national bank circulation.

Mr. Carlisle says the government has no right or authority to engage in the banking business. I know that is the old Democratic doctrine, and the Republican doctrine, too, for that matter.

But speaking for myself alone, I am decidedly in favor of the government controlling the financial affairs of the country, instead of delegating that power to either national or State banks.

A condition of serious import is now upon the country. It is a condition that rises far above all party considerations. It is the highest duty of congress to act as promptly as they did in 1861, when the life of the nation was at stake.

Any partyism that would thwart the work now incumbent on congress would be an evidence of incapacity of the American people for self-government.

S. H. WEST.

Deer Park, Texas, December 9, 1895.

In August, 1896, I wrote the following:

THE GREAT ISSUE.

To the Editor of the Bulletin:—I have in my possession a silver dollar that is said to contain only fifty-three cents worth of silver. This dollar was coined at the ratio of 16 to 1 by the United States government alone, without the consent of any other nation on earth.

This dollar is a regular genuine one hundred cent legal tender for all debts, public and private, except as otherwise provided by special contract.

This dollar is not redeemable in gold, but stands upon its own dignity and the sovereign power of the American Republic.

Will some kind friend of the golden fleece party tell us where, under his theory, does this dollar derive the other forty-seven cents of its value?

We are told that many millions of these kind of dollars have been coined, and that the people won't have them, and that they are lying idle in the government vaults. My golden friends, this is too true, and thereby hangs a tale. There is now \$347,500,000 of those legal tender dollars locked up in the government vaults, and in the same repositories there is also \$119,000,000 in silver now available for the payment of all kinds of government obligations.

The people won't have these dollars for the very good reason that they are hermetically sealed under lock and key of the government, which is unfriendly to them, and won't pay them out.

While being shown through the mint at San Francisco a few years ago the guide pointed out one vault containing ten million of silver dollars, another one of over eleven million, and so on, but he added that unfortunately he didn't have the combination.

That is just the trouble with all of us. Cleveland and Carlisle hold the combination and they keep it locked from the public.

Now please bear in mind that while all those hundreds of millions of legal tender one hundred cent silver dollars lying idle in the treasury, and available for the payment of all government obligations, and in strict accord with legal conditions, the president decides by the divine right of his own sweet will that if he pays out silver it will damage the credit of the government, and so he pays in gold.

He watches with a jealous care the interests of the gold sharks, and crucifies the interests of the common people.

Cleveland's policy is fully endorsed by McKinley and the Republican platform.

Ex-President Harrison, in the August number of the *Ladies Home Journal*, says, "the treasury is a plaything for brokers and bankers."

We have all known these facts for years, yet the testimony of such high authority gives great emphasis to the fact.

We protest against the policy of the golden fleece party, which is, by its course, greatly increasing the public debt, while the government has a great abundance of legal money lying idle in the vaults.

We protest against the policy that is bringing wreck and ruin, bankruptcy, poverty, crime and misery upon our country.

We demand that the government vaults be opened and the legal tender silver dollars be paid out in discharge of government obligations in strict conformity with law, which is the highest authority in this country.

We demand that the mints be opened to free coinage of gold and silver at the old ratio of 16 to 1.

We demand that the government while protecting the money interests of the country, shall in like manner protect the interests of labor and the producing and business classes.

When I learned democracy it was the boast of that party that gold and silver were Democratic money.

S. H. WEST.

CHAPTER 16.

PERSONAL MATTERS.

Referring to private business matters, I will now go back to the year of 1892 when I purchased a large tract of land on Buffalo bayou, sixteen miles from Houston, Texas, and associated with me was a land company at LaPorte, a new town seven miles distant. I made the first payment and took the title to the land, the company were to have a half interest when they paid half of the purchase price. I laid out a town site on the land, which I named Deer Park. The land company located a railroad through the town site. I obtained a postoffice for the place and built a large hotel and made other improvements, including the grading of an avenue to the bayou, over a mile distant; obtained permission from the secretary of war and built a wharf on the water front—the bayou was a navigable stream, twenty feet deep at my place. My wharf was, some years afterward, totally destroyed by the Galveston storm.

Before the close of the first year the company sold 1200 acres of the land, including two-fifths of the town site, to a syndicate from Galesburg, Illinois. A good profit resulted from this sale. I then proceeded to pay in full the deferred payments on the whole tract of over 3000 acres.

The company turned out to be a set of swindling robbers and worsted every person they had any dealings with. They got in debt to me for \$10,000, for which I held their interest in the land, but they swindled me in other ways that would have sent them to State's prison in any other State than Texas. When I fully found out the character of these men I took the nearest cut to free myself from them. They were the most utterly depraved scoundrels I ever came in contact with, their

names are not worthy to be mentioned in this book. I got rid of them with less relative damage than any other person who ever had dealings with them in that country.

I was always strongly impressed with the value of the water front, of about a mile and a half, of Deer Park. The channel is about twenty feet deep with a bank about forty feet high. The government is now dredging it for a ship channel of about twenty-five feet depth, from Galveston to Houston.

In time Deer Park will be a valuable location for manufacturing and shipping purposes, but the surrounding country is not well adapted to common farming and fruit growing, as was expected, and the settlement languished.

However it is a good rice country, but rice culture requires large capital to furnish water. My business being widely scattered—some in Illinois, Texas, California and Montana, and I arriving near four score years I concluded that I had not the time to wait for the developing of Deer Park and sold it in 1905.

I recall a very pleasant incident in regard to the postoffice at Deer Park. After laying off the town site and building a large hotel and other improvements I sent a petition to Washington City for a postoffice at Deer Park. I then left the matter in the hands of an agent and returned to my home in Illinois. When I went back to Texas in the fall I found my agent had failed to press the case with sufficient energy and no progress had been made in procuring my postoffice, and that another place three miles distant was likely to get ahead of me in that line. I then wrote to Hon. A. E. Stevenson, who was then Vice-President of the United States, and told him of my wants and needs in the way of a postoffice and requested him to aid me in getting it. On the day that congress met and Mr. Stevenson was first inducted as presiding officer of the Senate, and amid all the excitement attendant on meeting friends from all parts of the nation he went to the post-

office department and laid my case before the officials with such effect that two days after the papers establishing the post-office at Deer Park, Texas, were issued.

This act of Mr. Stevenson at such a time, and under such conditions was remarkable.

It was a striking index to his characteristics,—extreme fidelity to friends.

It is no wonder that he has such a strong hold on the affections of the American people. No more faithful official has ever served the nation.

As before remarked I bought land in Tulare county, California, in 1887, which I still own and am now leveling and developing water on. It is a fine location and growing in value. I am directing the work at the distance of 2500 miles. I find but little difficulty in transacting business at a distance when I have the right men in the right places. That is the secret of the whole matter, but back of all that you must have the faculty of picking the right man.

In 1896 the stagnation in business became so monotonous that I became restive, which condition was increased by six weeks' confinement with a broken heel. While barely able to walk I started on a prospecting trip to the mining regions of Montana, an account of which is hereby given:

PROSPECTING FOR GOLD.

To the Editor:—A combination of circumstances, including excessive fatigue, resulting from selling corn at twenty cents and oats at ten cents per bushel, the probability that the people would decide in favor of the single gold standard, and reports of newly discovered rich gold mines in the far northwest, had the effect of producing a relapse of the gold mining fever that carried me, in my youth, to the gold mines of California. So, as soon as I was able to lay aside my crutches and walk on one foot I boarded a train on the 14th inst., and started via the Great Northern railroad for Spokane, Wash., and the mining regions tributary to that promising city. The Great Northern was the only railroad leading to the Pacific in our territory that I had not previously traveled. I found it a

very pleasant and interesting trip. There is much less desert and alkali on that road and the Northern Pacific than on the roads further south. Most delightful Indian summer weather prevailed during my entire trip. The mountain scenery was beautiful. The mountains were not so high and rugged as on some other roads, but they are smoother and beautifully wooded with pine, cedar and tamarack. The rich golden color of the foliage of the last named variety, caused by frost, mixed with the evergreens produce a scene of rare beauty. The climatic conditions were shown in a striking manner. The leaves were all off of the deciduous trees in North Dakota and eastern Montana, but as we progressed further westward we found a few yellow leaves on the cotton-woods, and the farther west we went the greener the leaves were, until, arriving in Spokane, we found the leaves fully as green, or even more so, than they were at home. The accommodations on the Great Northern are good. They run both palace and tourist sleepers and dining cars run on the restaurant style.

Arriving in Spokane on the 17th I found that city not changed much from what I saw of it four years ago, except a general revival of buoyant feeling and firm and universal conviction that a great mining boom is now rapidly approaching in all that great northwest country, of which Spokane is the center. Spokane is a beautiful and well built city of 30,000 inhabitants. Its location is one of the finest interior ones on the continent. It has a better location and climate than Denver, with a splendid river and grand water falls right in the city. A circle of low, pine-clad mountains surround the city, far enough away to give ample building room, and near enough to make a perfect picture. To the west, north and east extends an immense territory abounding in fine timber and rich minerals. To the south are the great wheat fields of eastern Washington and Oregon. Spokane is the natural center of most of this vast region. It is already an important railroad center. Its future is most promising.

After resting one day in Spokane, I left there in company with L. D. Kean, of Houston Texas, for the gold mines on the Yack, (spelled Yahk). The Yack river rises in British Columbia and flows south into and on the line between Idaho and Montana, emptying into the Kootny, (spelled Kootenai). Our course led us back on the Great Northern to Leonia, a small station on said road in Idaho, one hundred twenty-six miles northeast of Spokane. Here we stayed over night. Procuring horses we crossed the Kootny river the next morning and started for the wilderness in the north. A wagon road was opened during the past summer from Leonia to Sylvanite, the new mining camp on the Yack, said to be fifteen miles distant, but we found it to be a good half day's ride. Proceeding up the Yack I found very good indications of a gold-bearing region, but the bed rock of the river is very hard and rather flinty, with no sand or gravel, only large boulders, and a very swift cur-

rent, conditions not favorable for the lodgment of gold. The little bottoms along the river contain gold but there is such a large proportion of boulders to the small amount of gravel that I think placer mining there would not be profitable. However, considerable amounts of gold have been taken out of the Yack by what they call "snipe" mining, the same that we call crevice mining in California. But I found nothing that tempted me to engage in placer mining on the Yack. There are but two cabins on the road from Leonia to Sylvanite. The second one, about five miles from the latter place, is a low, squatty log cabin, with clap-board roof and dirt floor. Over the door, painted in large letters, are the words, "Paisley House." We stopped and took dinner. The furniture and fixtures consisted of a rude bar, with a few black bottles, a cooking stove, one bunk and two benches. The landlord was the only inhabitant. When not at the cabin he was washing gold a short distance away. His call bell consisted of a card tacked on the front door with these words: "Down at the river back of the house, panning out gold. Holler like hell." Underneath this was written:

RULES OF THE HOUSE.

1. Don't want any gold bug trade.
2. No man with Mark Hanna side whiskers allowed around these premises.
3. All free silver men welcome, the more freely you spend your silver the more hearty will be your welcome.
4. Drink lightly, the whiskey is getting low.
5. The proprietor has first choice of dainties at table and choice of blankets at bedtime.
6. No complaint allowed about the fare.
7. Landlord will keep your money and other valuables.
8. You don't have to stop here; there is another house fifteen miles south.

T. J. PATTERSON, *Proprietor*.

Now, after eliminating the political sentiment out of these rules, which I considered out of order, there remained enough of the spirit of the rollicking mining life in the far west to convince me that I was already getting onto rich pay dirt, so far as the real romance of a typical mining camp was concerned. Subsequently experience proved that I was correct.

After a fair dinner and pleasant chat with the landlord whom we afterward learned is to be the first judge of the Sylvanite district, we proceeded towards the new mines.

Soon after leaving the Paisley House we entered one of the finest and most dense forests I ever saw. The principal growth is white pine, red cedar, red fir and tamarack. The trees are so tall that you have to

take a long look to see the tops, and so thick that there is not room to pile the logs on the ground upon which the trees grow. This forest extends to Sylvanite and I learned was still heavier beyond that place. There is no lumber there except what is whip-sawed by hand at \$12.50 per hundred.

We arrived in the new camp in due time and found it to consist of about a dozen log cabins, but no hotel as yet, but was told one would be opened in a few days. But a big-souled man gave us the use of his bunk. It was built for one but the owner went out and cut some cedar boughs and widened the bed with them, and covered the whole with some old gunny sacks, making a bed fit for a king. I slept superbly, with delightful dreams of the early days of Jimtown, Campo Seco, Sonora, Yuba Dam and other lively California camps, but Kean, who has roughed it the world over, couldn't get fitted to the limbs and boughs in the bed, and did not rest well.

The next morning we proceeded up the mountain and examined the great Keystone ledge. It is on the mountain side, one mile distant, and one thousand feet higher than Sylvanite, which is three thousand feet above sea level. The ledge runs from ten to fifty-one feet wide, in free milling ore, and prospects well. It was discovered in July, 1895. But one mine is opened yet; that is the Keystone, owned by Finch & Clark, of Spokane. They have just finished a ten stamp mill and got it to running while I was there. They have a large amount of ore on the dump. Their superintendent told me they had made 1,000 assays and the ore averaged from \$12.00 to \$14.00 per ton. The ore can be mined and milled for \$3.00 per ton. It seems from present prospects that they have a bonanza. There are many other claims on the same ledge that prospect finely, but the owners being poor have not been able to build mills, and develop their property. It is my judgment, as an old miner, that Sylvanite will, within two years, come to the front as a very important gold mining camp.

I made another trip to Sylvanite on Sunday, the 25th inst., and found the hotel open and running with the same kind of furnishing as I have before described, but one bunk in the house. The landlord gave me that and he slept on a bunch of shavings. The balance of the romance I will relate at some other time. But it was lively and carried me back forty years. But I slept better than in the finest hotels in the cities.

This camp is about twenty-five or thirty miles south of the boundary line of British Columbia and on the line between Idaho and Montana.

There are a number of silver mines on the south side of the Kootny river, near here, but they cannot be worked at the present price of silver.

Reader, if you want a gold mine, or if you want to go into the deepest depths of the grandest forest in America, or want to see a typical

western mining camp, or view grand and beautiful scenery, or drink of the purest, sweetest, ice cold water and inhale life-renewing mountain air, or if you want to hunt black and cinnamon bear, caribou and pheasants, or fish for mountain trout, then go to Sylvanite on the Yack. But if you are a tenderfoot don't go.

S. H. WEST.

Leonida, Idaho, October 27, 1896.

P. S.—I bought a gold mine on the Yack.

In 1897 I spent a good portion of the summer in prospecting and developing my mining claim at Sylvanite. About five hundred people settled there during the summer. Much activity prevailed. One quartz mill was in operation; another one of twenty stamps was built and started to work. A large hotel and large stores were built and stocked, and a saw and shingle mill built and operated. I lived in a log cabin and had the rough living of common miners and had good health. During the summer I wrote the following on gold mining, which will be useful reading for a long time to come:

GOLD MINING.

To the Editor:—Gold mining has ever been one of the most alluring but uncertain occupations of mankind. There is a fascination about gold hunting that lures men on to the endurance of all kinds of hardships and privations. When one becomes thoroughly imbued with the gold mining spirit he never fully recovers from it. Hence it is that I, instead of being at my home, hoeing in my garden and enjoying all the blessings of a good home and civilization, am here in the wilderness enduring the privations of pioneer life in a new mining camp.

There are three methods of conducting gold mining. One way is for a party of men, generally without any capital, to obtain one or more claims, organize a company, stock their enterprise at \$1,000,000, set aside thirty or forty per cent of their stock as a treasury fund, and put it on the market at from three to ten cents on the dollar.

This kind of bait has, in times past, tempted many persons of small means, who desire to enjoy the rich sensation of owning an interest in a gold mine, to invest their hard earned money for this worthless stock.

This kind of mining is exceedingly easy. The projectors run no risks. They have little or nothing to start with. If they can sell three or four hundred thousand shares for a few cents each, it amounts to quite a sum, which they can use to develop their property or otherwise as may

be most convenient. If the claim turns out well they have it developed with other people's money, and they still hold full control. If it proves a failure they have lost nothing. I know of a company that recently stocked a claim at \$1,000,000, upon which claim there had not been enough prospecting work done to hold it, and other parties jumped it, and were afterward bought off. This kind of mining has been overdone, and there are not as many suckers now as there were some years ago.

Another way to mine is to dig and blast out the ore, mill it, and separate the gold from the rock. This requires actual hard work, and plenty of it. About like raising corn and feeding cattle in McLean county, and it is just as legitimate a business.

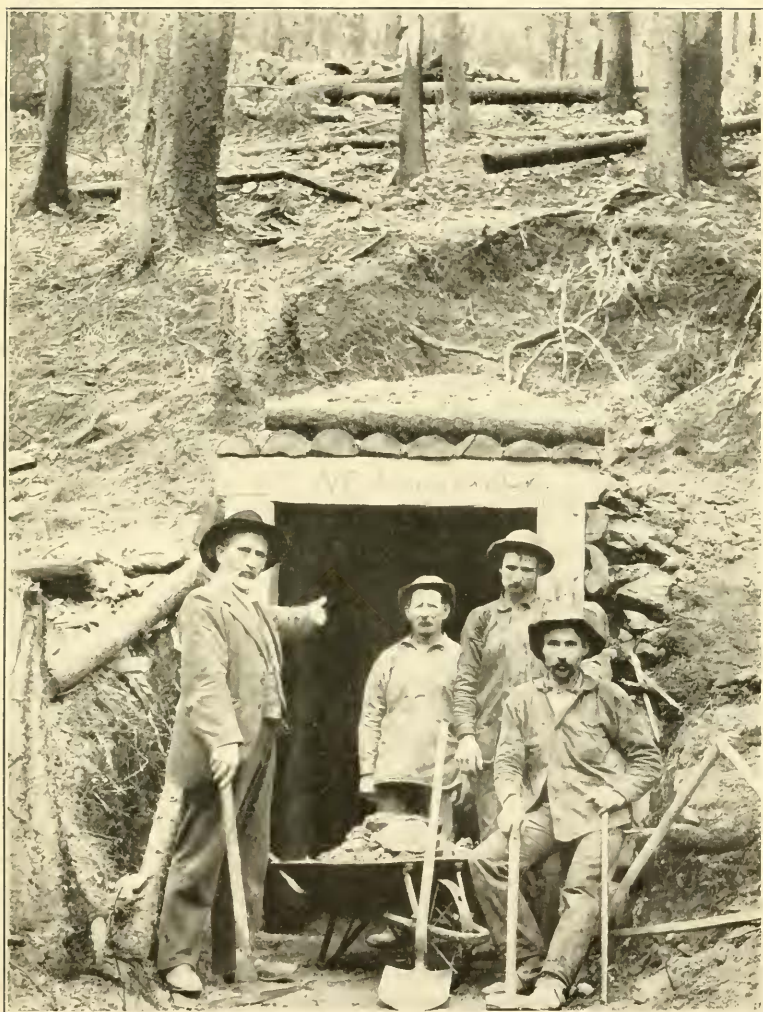
The third method of mining is a combination of the two above described. With good property and honest, capable management it is legitimate.

But I feel it my duty to advise your readers to buy no mining stock about which they have no means of knowing the value, nor of knowing about the honesty or capacity of the managers thereof, except what they learn from some smooth-talking agent. If you have money to burn and must get rid of it, you had better blow it in on the Chicago board of trade.

The camp is progressing slowly but surely. Developing quartz mines is a slow and costly business. But two real mines have been developed to show a body of pay ore large enough to establish its value beyond a doubt. Three or four first-class mines are enough to make a very important mining town.

The Keystone and the Goldflint are the mines here. They are valuable properties. The Keystone is fully equipped for business, but unable to run at present on account of bad roads from the mine to the mill. (We have had excessive rains since the first of June.) The Goldflint has not yet erected a milling plant, but will during the summer.

The "Jim Hill" claim, which I am developing, adjoins the Keystone and is a very promising property. I am running a tunnel through solid quartz—so hard that I only make one foot per day and night, at a cost of \$13.00 per foot. I expect to go sixty or seventy feet further before striking pay rock—may not strike it at all. Gold does not abound in all parts of a vein, ledge or lode, but is generally in streaks, ribbons and chimneys. When a good mine is developed it then requires a large expenditure of money in the erection and equipment of machinery before an income can be obtained. Even then all success will depend on good, skillful, economical, honest management. But a good gold mine fully equipped and well and honestly managed is one of the finest things a man can own. Your gains are drawn from the storehouse of nature, they are made without loss to others and you are adding to the permanent wealth of the world.



S. H. WEST MINING IN MONTANA AT THE AGE OF 70.

I write the above plain, explicit points for the benefit of several of your readers who are interested in the subject.

S. H. WEST.

Sylvanite, Mont., July 3, 1897.

I have continued to prospect that claim down to the present time (ten years). I have found some good prospects—one assay showed \$112 per ton and from that down to nothing. But I fail to find enough pay ore in a place to pay for working. The two mills failed to pay and have stood idle for years. The country had no other resources than mining, except timber, and that is now in a government timber reserve. So the people drifted away, until at last accounts there were but two men left in the place. I still believe there is good pay deep down in some of those claims, but a man might spend a fortune in tunneling for it, and then miss it. Life is too short and my time too valuable to waste any more effort on it, and I will probably call it a dead loss, and let it go at that. I have the satisfaction of knowing the loss is all my own, and no one can say I swindled them into buying stock in a worthless gold mine.

While I never bet as much as the value of a pin on anything, in my life, yet I, like almost all other human beings, have a natural speculating or gambling instinct, acting under which I have recently bought a heavy block of stock in a California gold mine and a considerable lot of stock in the Paragon lead and zinc mine, nine miles from Galena, Illinois. I expect to have something going on to the close of my life. I have neither time nor inclination to act the drone.

The quartz mill on the Keystone gold mine, after failing to pay, closed down and remained idle. In passing it one morning its lonesome appearance impressed me to sit down and write the following:

THE IDLE MILL.

The mill that ground the quartz so fine,
 And filled the air with its music grand,
 Now silent stands on its lonely site,
 A relic sad of a deserted land.

The busy hands that fed its stamps
 To other lands have flown;
 It stands alone, a witness mute,
 Of happy days that are now unknown.

Revive its work, oh guiding hand,
 That shapes the fate of men,
 And help it feed the needy ones
 Who upon it for bread depend.

—S. H. WEST.

One season I remained in the mines at Sylvanite, superintending my work, until the 27th of October, when the approach of winter reminded me it was time to get out. On the morning of my departure the snow was falling freely on the mountains in full view. Before starting I wrote the following:

FAREWELL TO THE MOUNTAINS.

The clouds hang low on the mountain tops,
 And swiftly falls the snow.
 The tamaracks are a golden hue,
 And it's time for me to go.

Cold winter is coming, is now in sight,
 And the birds are flying away;
 The little chipmunks are filling their dens
 And I can no longer stay.

So farewell to the peaks, farewell to the pines,
 And farewell to the roaring Yahk,
 I'll bid you adieu till I see you again,
 And for aye, if I never come back.

In 1898 I wrote the following on the Philippine war:

KEEP THE PLIGHTED FAITH.

Editor Pantagraph.—When Congress declared war against Spain, it proclaimed, in a loud voice, to the world that the war was not for conquest but for humanity—to free Cuba and assist its people to establish a good

government. This sounded well, and it has been and still is the boast of our people that it was a war for humanity. With this sweet song still upon our lips we have suddenly developed a lust for conquest that would put to shame the empires of the old world. Our grand success in the war has intoxicated and demoralized our people. They are filled with bright visions of our nation looming up as the mistress of the world. The genius of the devil is being busily employed in inventing reasons and excuses for holding permanent possession of the Philippine Islands. These islands cut no figure in the case at the beginning of the war. Commodore Dewey followed the Spanish fleet into Manila Bay and destroyed it. Afterward he and General Merritt captured the city of Manila. These were incidents in the war to beat Spain and free Cuba. Now, spurred on by the combined money power and the jingo element of our country President McKinley is being carried off of his feet and boldly demands the possession of the entire Philippine group, situated in the eastern hemisphere, 10,000 miles from home, consisting of 1,400 islands, extending through seventeen degrees of latitude with from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 of semi-barbarian Malays. And for what reasons? They say they must have every inch of territory our flag has waved over. Our flag has only waved over the bay and city of Manila. That gives us as good reason to claim the whole group as Great Britain would have had in 1814 after capturing the city of Washington to claim the entire United States. In the Mexican war our flag was carried in triumph from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico; yet no one dreamed we should hold all we had captured. When Imperial Germany overran France and captured Paris, France was as helpless as Spain is today, and yet no German jingo thought of holding all the territory their flag had waved over. This flag-waiving claim is a new invention of those who wage wars for sweet humanity.

But they say that in capturing Manila we have taken upon ourselves duties and responsibilities that we cannot evade; that our duty to the world and the Filipinos compel us to hold the islands. This is another new invention of the humanitarians who want an excuse for taking what don't belong to us. We are under no more obligations to hold the islands in the interest of the world and the Filipinos than we were to hold all Mexico when we captured the capitol of that country. The Mexicans needed a good government, and the world would have been benefited by the establishment of a good government there. But our duty in that line of missionary work was not thought of then. Our first duty in this whole business is due to ourselves.

Besides, our Declaration of Independence says that, "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." We now propose to trample this principle under foot. The Filipinos have not consented for us to govern them, but on the contrary, protest against all such action. They were fighting for their independence the same as the Cubans, and are as much entitled to it as are the Cubans, and if we are sincere in our claim of fighting for humanity we will give them their liberty.

The Monroe Doctrine is an unwritten law that is canonized in the hearts of our people. It has been approved for three-quarters of a century, and was most vigorously enforced a few years ago by President Cleveland against Great Britain, with approval of all parties. Now we virtually repudiate that doctrine by going 10,000 miles from home into the eastern hemisphere and claiming an empire. Europe now has good cause to tell us to keep on our side of the line. If our government persists in its demands there will be great danger of it leading to a general war of all the principal nations. But they say the people of those islands are not fit for self government. Then how in the name of reason can they be fit to help govern us? They say it is our duty to take charge of these people and educate them in the science of self government. Oh, yes, we have had some experience in that line. We began in 1620 with the Indians. We have educated them out of nearly all their possessions; have, at the cost of many thousands of lives and many millions of dollars exterminated most of them from the face of the earth, and demoralized and debauched the remainder. For more than 250 years we have been educating the negro, first through the rough discipline of slavery, and for more than thirty years on terms of full constitutional and legal equality, which cost us the most horrible war the world ever saw. After all this experience the negro problem is today the gravest that ever confronted our nation. The war of races that is of such frequent occurrence in the south, and recently at Pana and Virden in Illinois, and the open defiance of the federal constitution by the Republican Gov. Tanner, of Illinois, when he declared that "If the Alabama negroes try to come to Illinois to work in our coal mines he will meet them at the state line with Gatling guns," proves that our people have thus far been unable to devise any means of making a homogeneous nation out of the white and black races. Thus far we have made a sad and costly failure in trying to assimilate inferior races.

But in the face of this fact it is now proposed to go into a more dangerous departure in this line than ever before tried by us. We had better get through with our missionary work at home before going all over the earth to civilize the barbarian tribes of ancient lands. What is the meaning of all this movement? The money power of our country is very anxious for a stronger government, with a large standing army. If the islands are retained we will be compelled to keep a large army and consequently a stronger government. The money power controls most of the great dailies. They, together with the natural jingo element, are raising a clamor which, if not checked, will run our government upon the breakers and lead to untold difficulties, complications, expense and corruption. It will change our form of government and eventually lead to its downfall.

If Spain should make us a free tender of the Philippine Islands their acceptance by our government would entail *the greatest misfortune*

that can befall our nation. Spain's colonies have been a curse to her, and have caused her downfall. With this fact before us we rush on to break our plighted faith to the world, and ignore all regard for honor in our insane desire to gain possession of those same curses that have ruined Spain. "Whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad." All possible advantages contained in the Philippine Islands for us can be secured by treaty—leaving their government to others. This question rises far above all party considerations, and should be treated with the calm, deliberate thought and action its grave importance demands. Let every lover of his country insist that the government shall stand by its plighted faith and honor.

S. H. WEST.

November 21, 1898.

In January, 1899, I wrote the following:

TERRITORIAL EXPANSION.

Editor Bulletin:—Territorial expansion has been the fixed rule and practice of our people ever since the first feeble settlements were made at Jamestown and Plymouth Rock. Under that principle those infant settlements spread and increased until the time of the revolutionary war, when the colonies extended from Maine to Georgia and from the Atlantic to the Allegheny Mountains, and Kentucky and Tennessee west of those mountains. During the revolution Virginia sent a military force under George Rogers Clark to capture the northwest territory from the British, which he succeeded in doing. Afterwards, Virginia ceded that territory to the United States. Out of that territory has since been erected the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. This was a grand territorial expansion. Later on, in 1803, our government obtained by friendly purchase from France the immense region known as Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming and Indian Territory. This was a magnificent expansion. Afterward we gained Florida by friendly purchase from Spain. In 1845 Texas was annexed. This was another grand expansion but it led to the war with Mexico and the conquest of that country. At the close of the war we gave up the main part of the conquered territory. The same gallant soldiers who triumphantly planted our flag on those Mexican fields of glory, all stained with the richest blood of the nation, did, in obedience to orders from our government, haul down our flag and return home. It was no dishonor then to haul down the flag when we had accomplished the purpose of its raising. However, by the terms of the treaty of peace we retained a large slice of Mexican territory, consisting mostly of deserts and mountains for which we paid \$15,000,000. This was another large expansion of territory. Some years afterwards we bought by friendly purchase from Mexico

what is known as the Gadsden purchase for \$10,000,000. This constitutes the southern part of Arizona. The above expansions of territory all consisted of lands that were contiguous to the domain we owned at the time, and much the greater portion of them were uninhabited, thus affording fine chances for settlers from the older portions of our country. These extensions have been highly beneficial to our nation and greatly promoted its strength and prosperity. We are proud of them and we want more of the same kind when the conditions will justify their acquisition. For instance, when in the fulness of time the people of Canada shall desire to come into our union, we will receive them with warm hearts and open arms, because they are our own kind of people, with the same language, and adjoin our home farm, and have much undeveloped country and are fully qualified for self government, and their union with us would add much to the greatness of our country.

But the condition of the territorial expansion that is now being forced upon us is as different from what has been described above as midnight darkness is from noonday sun. There is no resemblance—no similarity of conditions. The widest ocean on the globe lies between our western shores and the Philippine Islands. Those islands are already full of people of an alien race, language and habits. The wages are on the lowest pauper scale. A white man cannot live and labor there. It is no fit place for our people, even if we had a right there, which we have not, except the right of might. True, we have justly extinguished the Spanish title, but we now have to reckon with the natives, who are three times as numerous as were the American colonists when they began the war of Independence. The Filipinos have been fighting for independence and are as much entitled to it as our forefathers were, or the Cubans are today. The Philippines contain six times as many people as Cuba does. True, they are not fully civilized, but it is admitted by our highest officers that they are superior to the Cubans, and from all accounts, their leader, in ability, is the peer of any man of his age in any country. Then on what pretext do we hold them? The president and his friends say that our flag has been planted there and we can't haul it down. And why not? 'The war with Spain is over. The prosecution of that war was the only pretext we had for going to those Islands. What hinders us from now taking down the flag? General Taylor was elected president of the United States on account of his ability to raise and defend the flag, and then haul it down when the war was over. But the president says: "The flag is floating its protecting folds over those people, the symbol of justice and liberty." This is mockery totally unworthy of our illustrious president. The flag is being forced on these people by the power of canons, gatling guns and bayonets, and by those who claim to be the champions of liberty and humanity.

Our forces have ignored the rights, and as far as possible even the existence of the Filipinos. Unless these people are different from common

mortals we will hear from them later on, and find that the way of the transgressor is hard and costly. Then they give us another reason that we need those islands for a gateway to China. We now have the full width of the Pacific Ocean as a gateway to China. If we need coaling and naval stations in those islands or in the West Indies, now is the time to obtain them on our own terms, but we certainly do not need 1,400 gateways to China. They cost too much. Our success in the late war has been phenomenal. But we are trying to bite off more than we can masticate, at least under the new policy. If that policy is continued then our trouble and expense is only begun. It was much easier and cheaper to sink the Spanish warships than it will be to conquer 10,000,000 Filipinos in their native jungles.

Old Geronimo with only seventy renegade Apaches defied the whole power of the United States for many months. Is it not time for our people to stop and begin to count the cost of all this vain-glorious folly? The president and secretary of war ask congress to increase the regular army to four times its usual strength. Secretary Long asks for fifteen new war-ships in addition to the fifty-five now being built. Both of these items are on account of holding the islands. General Alger asks congress to build a railroad from one end of Cuba to the other, over 700 miles, with lateral branches on each side to the sea. This is for the purpose of giving employment to the lazy Cubans and to develop the island. There seems to be no limit to the wild, visionary, extravagant ideas of the expansionists. If unchecked they will wreck and ruin our republican principles, swamp us under an enormous debt and in time establish an ironclad military government.

Let our people demand that our government shall carry out, in good faith, the principles it announced at the beginning of the war, and help the people of Cuba and the Philippine Islands to form free and independent governments. Then with Cuba in one hand and the Philippine Islands in the other, offer to the fellowship of the sisterhood of nations the grandest and most glorious work every accomplished by any nation—two new and independent nations. We would then stand forth as the beacon light of liberty and justice to all the world and justly attain more influence and honor than could be gained by a hundred victories in war.

January 2, 1899.

S. H. WEST.

EDITORIAL IN BLOOMINGTON BULLETIN.

Hon. S. H. West, of Arrowsmith, is in town. Mr. West has been in poor health this winter and been seen but little in public, but his pen is not idle and he is doing a notable work leading thought in this vicinity against the dangerous un-American expansion craze. His articles in the *Bulletin* and other journals have attracted attention in several states and Washington. Mr. West rightly holds that the nation is confronted with the gravest danger in its history and he feels that the first and most sol-

emn duty of every citizen is to arrest the fatal trend toward imperialism and preserve to the world the one successful republic.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

Editor Pantagraph:—An unusual number of people in Illinois, including myself, were afflicted during the past season with stomach troubles. A desire to benefit all such sufferers induces me to write these lines.

Having heard much of the cures effected at Sour Lake, Texas, I recently visited that place for the purpose of prospecting and testing its qualities. It is located in Hardin county, in the southern part of the State about thirty-five miles from the gulf, twenty miles northwest of Beaumont, and over sixty miles east of Houston, and nine miles north of the Southern Pacific railroad, which latter distance is over a wagon road that is frequently in bad condition.

BUBBLES WITH GAS.

I have visited many watering places, but this one is the strangest combination I ever saw. It is situated in a low flat country with a clay and sand formation. The lake originally consisted of a couple of acres of shallow water filled with hundreds of bubbling jets of gas. Many of these jets throw up water of different properties and color from the others. About one acre has been banked off from the remainder. This contains the valuable portion. Four shallow wells within a few feet of each other and on the margin of the lake contain water of entirely different qualities. Most of the waters are quite sour and acid and are covered with oil. Oil also oozes out of the ground nearby and forms a coating of asphaltum. There are many other wells, each one differing from all others. In some places the gas can be lighted.

SOME OF THE PROPERTIES.

The oil and the mud baths are said to be sure cures for all kinds of skin diseases. There are oil wells and a refinery here which is claimed to produce the finest lubricating oil in the market. It is the universal testimony of all whom I have met that the cures performed there have been numerous, and many of them wonderful. My own experience was short but decidedly beneficial.

This place is in the midst of a forest that contains bear, deer, turkeys, squirrels and quail. This property was sold some years ago to parties who failed to pay for it, and allowed it to fall into a bad state of dilapidation. Captain Samuel Ashe, of Houston, is the owner of the property and is repairing it to some extent. But it greatly needs an entire new set of improvements. It is mainly run as a summer resort, but they keep all who come in the winter.

PLEASANT PEOPLE.

I was the only guest during my visit, but I enjoyed my stay very much. Captain Ashe is a typical gentleman of the old southern school, and his wife and niece, Miss Mary Ashe, arrived there during my visit. They are very affable and entertaining ladies. Miss Mary's paternal ancestor was Governor Ashe, of North Carolina. Her maternal grandfather was Anson Jones, the last president of the Republic of Texas.

"DR. MUDD."

But I must come back to the subject of human ailments. There resides at this place an odd character known as Dr. Mudd. That is not his real name, but it was acquired by his vocation. He is the artist who mixes and applies the mud to those who take the mud baths. He is a mulatto, has known this place for forty years and claims to know more of the mysteries of these remedies than anyone else. He can talk very fluently on the subject for hours at a time. He is the sir oracle of the place.

AILMENTS CURED.

At my request he furnished me the following list of diseases that are cured here: "Day is good for de liver, stomach, kidneys, reumatism, impure blood, carbuncles, biles, piles, chronic sores, eczema, weak and sore eyes, head ache, sore throat and restorin' de natural feelins'."

If Dr. Mudd's learned analysis is correct then we need no further proof that this is the real "Fountain of Youth" that was long and vainly sought for by Ponce de Leon.

S. H. WEST.

Deer Park, Texas, March 11, 1899.

On the morning that I left Sour Lake Capt. Ashe told me that if I would find him a buyer for his entire property at \$65,000, five thousand of it should be my money. The property consisted of 800 acres of land, very large hotel, cottages, bath houses and other improvements. The improvements were out of repair—natural oil was oozing out of the ground near the lake, there were two oil wells on the place, one producing seven or eight barrels and the other twenty barrels per day. They had been boring for oil for years but had not been able to reach the proper depth. I have no doubt that I could have bought the entire property for \$50,000 and would probably have bought it but for the fact that I had large holdings of unproductive property in Texas, California and Montana.

One year from that time the gushing oil well at Spindle Top, near Beaumont, was struck. This was one of the wonders of the world. The consequent excitement stimulated renewed efforts at Sour Lake, which was not far away, and with improved machinery the lower depths were reached within a year and immense deposits of oil were found. So, that within two years from the time this property was offered to me at a low price it was worth millions of dollars. This was one of the times that I had a narrow escape from becoming a rich man.

I was on my way to Deer Park, Texas, when I heard of the strike of the Lucas well at Spindle Top. On arriving at Houston I found great excitement existing. On the following Sunday excursion trains were run on the railroads to Beaumont for a circuit of a hundred miles or more. I went over on the train from Houston, about eighty miles distant. When we arrived at the well we found a wonderful sight. The well had been capped the day before, thus stopping the flow of oil, but it had gushed oil in immense quantities and to a great height for ten days. The changing wind had blown the oil in every direction so the whole hillside was covered with oil and slushy mud ankle deep. The oil had formed a lake by filling a depression nearby and overflowed that and filled the broad ditches on both sides of the railroad. Hundreds of passengers rushed from the train to the ditches and filled bottles they had brought with them with oil. We then had nearly half a mile to walk to the well. We were soon met by mounted guards who tried to keep us back. We paid no attention but marched on until we reached a strong barbed wire fence at some distance from the well. Other guards here tried to stop us, and succeeded for a few minutes but when the Galveston and Houston delegations came up in a solid body they marched straight ahead, prostrated the wire fence and walked over it without delay. Many of them had come an hundred miles to see the well, and neither mounted or foot

guards, barbed wire nor less than gatling guns could have stopped them. There was excitement in the air, and every one felt he was on a lark and bound to see all that was down on the bill. The great danger apprehended by the proprietors was that some one might drop a lighted match or cigar and set off the whole business. This danger was real but the crowd gave but little thought to it. The railroads had gotten up the excursions without consulting any one. The people were so eager to see the well that many well dressed ladies did not hesitate to wade through the deep slush of mud and oil to reach it. Luckily, no fire was started that day but some time afterwards fire destroyed all the oil that had not been saved.

On the way over from Houston to the oil well a gentleman from Georgetown, Texas, sat on the seat with me. In our conversation he informed me that he had for some time owned a considerable tract of land near Beaumont, but it was yielding little or no income and getting tired of holding it he had sold it at a low price a few months before but that he still owned fifteen acres on Spindle Top near the Lucas gusher. A few months after I read an account of his sale of that fifteen acres for \$600,000—only \$40,000 per acre. This beat California gold mining in its best days.

On the fifteenth day of March, 1898, occurred the death of our beloved son, Charles West. His loss was a severe blow to us.

In September, 1899, I wrote the following on good roads:

Editor Pantagraph:

The good road agitators would make better progress if they would cease reiterating the old charge that all the money and labor now expended on our roads is a total waste. This charge has been repeated so long and often that some persons may believe it true; but it is no more true than would be the charge that all the money we spend for our clothing is a useless waste, because we have to buy new clothes this year to replace those we bought last year. It is true there is much poor and

inefficient work done on our roads, and it is also true that there is much poor work done on some farms, but that don't prove that all work done on farms is a useless waste.

In early times we had the prairie sod on which we could travel in any direction. Now the country is all fenced in and all travel is restricted to our roadways. But for the work done on our roads from year to year they could not be traveled at all. The streams are all bridged with well constructed bridges and are kept in good repair. Much money is spent for this purpose, but it is an absolute necessity, and as a rule is judiciously expended. The money and labor expended on the road-bed is also a necessity.

Everything wears out on this earth. The best constructed railways have to be repaired from time to time with new ties and rails. The best made hats and boots will wear out and have to be repaired or replaced with new ones. But because our Illinois soil has the bad habit of turning to mud whenever it comes in contact with water and thereby makes bad roads the whole blame is laid on our system of road work.

As a matter of fact we are improving all the time in our road working. Most of our roads are well tiled and some of them are as well graded as can be done by mortal man, government experts not excepted. We already know how to make as good roads as can be made with our soil. But when made to perfection fifteen minutes of rain will spoil them. Then our road agitators say our money is wasted.

The people of Illinois need never expect to have good roads in rainy weather until they make hard roads. The time will come when our most important roads will be made hard. Drummer township, right alongside of McLean county on the east, has fifty miles of gravel roads, all made under the hard road law. The township has not been bankrupted by the work, but greatly benefited. Bloomington is making, or has decided to make, an experiment in the same line. If done with good judgment and economy it will lead to good results. Meantime our road tax ought to be all paid in money and then the roads worked by contract.

In regard to materials for hard roads, I will say that as a rule most urgent necessities are met by the ingenuity of man. When I first saw Illinois it seemed to be impossible to ever settle our large prairies. There were no hedges, no barbed wire,—nothing but the native groves which all knew to be inadequate to furnish the materials with which to make improvements and for fuel. Hedges, railroads in every direction, bringing in cheap lumber and coal and barbed wire have solved the problem and made the farm in the middle of the prairie as valuable as any near the timber. And when we know that paper is made out of straw, and car wheels can be made out of paper, it is not too much to expect that the ingenuity of man will yet devise some invention that will enable the people to construct good hard roads at a reasonable cost.

September 24, 1899.

S. H. WEST.

On June 4, 1900, I wrote the following which was published in the Bloomington, Illinois, *Bulletin*:

BRYAN AND STEVENSON.

Editor Bulletin.—W. J. Bryan has already been nominated by the rank and file of the Democratic party. This nomination will be ratified at Kansas City. I fear the party generally does not realize the extreme importance of nominating a candidate for vice-president who is fully qualified for president.

The president is always liable to die a natural death. Therefore, it is of the highest importance that the vice-president should possess first-class fitness for the presidency. In this connection, I, by virtue of my authority as one of the sovereigns of this country, take the liberty to nominate the Hon. A. E. Stevenson for vice-president of the United States.

I do this without the knowledge of any other person. Mr. Stevenson's fitness for the head or tail of the ticket is known of all men. He has served one term as vice-president with illustrious honor to himself and the country. No man ever served in that office that was more highly respected by every member of the senate than was he.

He has the respect, confidence and good will of all parties and factions. His nomination would recall many Democrats who do not take kindly to Mr. Bryan. He carried the State eight years ago, and if nominated, would carry it again. Bryan and Stevenson would make the strongest ticket that could be nominated. The only objection that could be urged is that both are from the west. But they are five hundred miles apart, are both broad minded, big souled men who have traveled over every part of the United States, and are well acquainted with the wants of all the people.

Then let the battle cry of the coming campaign be: Bryan, Stevenson and liberty—liberty for Cuba, liberty for the Philippine Islands and liberty for America on the principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

S. H. WEST.

So far as I know, that was the first time that Mr. Stevenson's name was mentioned in that connection. But it seems that a great thought wave was full of the same sentiment, as he was nominated for vice-president by the Democratic convention some time afterward.

IN THE HIGH SIERRAS.

Editor Pantagraph:—The aridity of the arid regions of the west is now strongly marked. Deficient rainfall for three years has seriously depleted the fountain upon which the people depend. In southern California, as well as elsewhere, the water problem is very important. Another dry year would make the condition serious. Many deciduous fruit trees there are already damaged for lack of water. The water is being used to save the orange trees and crop, which is much more valuable. The peach crop in that part of the State is very light and of inferior quality. The orange crop will me full and good all over the orange belt of the State.

After enjoying a period of rest at Los Angeles and Santa Monica, I came north on the 29th ult.; stopped off next day in Kern county, where I have some land interest.

Kern county is the storm center of the great oil excitement that has been raging in California the past year. The oil deposits of this county are immense. They are found on both sides of the valley. The west side has been known and worked for years. The east side oil fields were discovered about a year ago on land worth not more than from \$1 to \$3 per acre. Some of these lands have since sold for from \$100 to \$1,000 per acre, and even higher. New lines of railroad are being built to both districts. Oil wells have been found within six miles of my land, which makes the situation interesting to a certain rambling rove.

The weather was extremely hot in the San Joaquin valley. I remained but one day in Kern county, then proceeded on the 31st ult. to Tulare county, passing through Tulare City, Visalia, the county seat, and on to Exeter, near the foot of the mountains. The peach crop in all this region is enormous—thousands of trees broken down with their heavy loads of fruit. In the vicinity of Exeter 1,000 acres have been planted to oranges and lemons within the past four or five years. The trees and fruit are doing as finely as the best in the State. Exeter will become an important citrus fruit center.

In the afternoon of the day of my arrival at Exeter, I went out to my ranch, about one mile from town, and found the wheat harvest in full blast. The wheat had been dead ripe for two months or more, but was not damaged in the least. Wheat harvest lasts from first of June until last of September. There is no rain nor storms during this time. The wheat stands erect and does not shell out. I know some farmers who have not yet commenced their harvest. They were using a harvester on my place that is a combined machine—cutting, threshing and sacking the grain all at the same time. The machine was drawn by thirty-two horses and managed by four men. The sacks are dumped in piles of three or four and hauled by another team to the warehouse, where a correct record is kept of each man's grain. On smooth ground

they harvest forty acres per day, using a 22-foot sickle. I climbed onto the machine and rode one round with the boys, that being the largest team I ever rode behind.

I remained but three days in Exeter, as the thermometer got up to 112 in the shade, and that is hotter than I can stand. So on the 3d inst. I went by railroad to Porterville, eighteen miles distant, and from there by stage to Tailholt, now called White River, twenty-five miles in the mountains. I started soon after noon in torrid heat on a dusty road, and sat with the driver, who was 6 feet 6½ inches high and weighed 260 pounds, and his face as red as the fiery furnace—looked like it was just ready to break out in a blaze. It was a hot old ride. It was down in the program to remain over night at Tailholt and proceed next day by another stage to Deer Creek hot springs. But on arriving there at 6 p. m. the driver that was to take me on told me it was so hot in the day time that he was going through that night. I told him to go ahead with his little side show, and I would stay with him to the end—day or night. We left at 7 p. m. for this place, sixteen miles, over steep mountain roads, arriving at 11 o'clock. And I got cooled off and slept like a sanctified saint under two blankets and a comfort.

This place is in a canyon of Deer Creek, in southeast corner of Tulare county. It is over 3,000 feet elevation and within eight or ten miles of the western summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains. This part of the mountain is divided into two ridges by the Kern river, which here flows in a north and south direction.

There are more than thirty of these hot springs. They are said by patients who have been at both places to be similar to the hot springs of Arkansas. There are about 150 people here. Most of them are campers, doing their own cooking and washing, there being no laundry here.

There is great socialibity here—like one great family. You need no introduction but all are on a full equality. It is a quiet, restful place, with good moral tone and a pleasant climate. I have forgotten all about Cuba, the Philippines, China, and the presidential contest. I am simply resting.

Milpetas, a little village near San Jose, and Tailholt are supposed to be the two ends of the earth and that life is not complete without having seen them. I have seen them both and don't know that there is anything more to live for. I am happy and contented.

On Saturday three men went out from camp on a hunt. They remained over night. Next morning they separated, each one going on a different route. About 11 o'clock the youngest one, a mere boy, who had only a small single-barrel shotgun, loaded for quail, suddenly met a ferocious black bear with two cubs. They charged upon him in dead earnest. The poor fellow had no time to run, but when the old bear was

within eighteen feet of him he fired into her eyes, inflicting a deadly wound. She turned and left. The cubs then charged on the boy. He shot and killed both, the last one being within three feet of him when shot. He had but one shell left. When the contest was over the boy got scared and became very weak and yelled with all his might, "For God's sake, come and help me."

Yesterday I helped the boy eat one of his bears, and it was good eating. He thinks eating bears is much pleasanter than being eaten by them.

S. H. WEST.

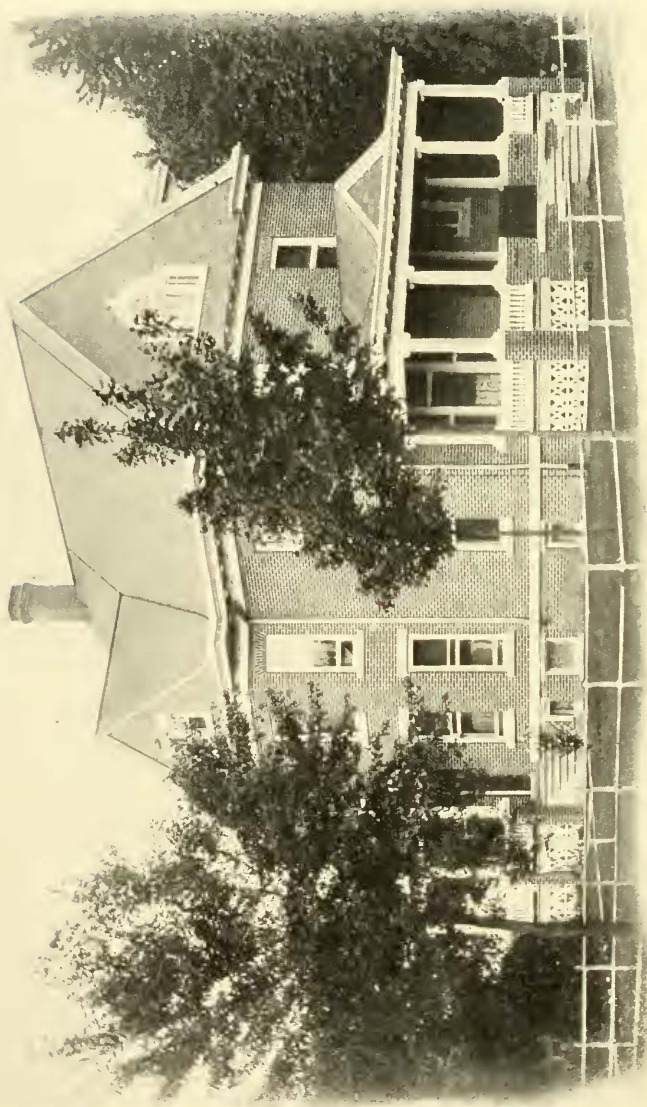
Deer Creek, Hot Springs, Calif., Aug. 7, 1900.

THE MAIN ISSUE.

Editor Bulletin:—The colonial policy of our government is the vital issue of this campaign. The tariff, trusts, free silver and all other questions are as dust in the balance in comparison to the main question. They may be decided wrong and righted afterward. Not so with the colonial question. A wrong decision on that will become the fixed policy of the government. Shall our government be continued on the principles of Thomas Jefferson or of Alexander Hamilton? That, in a nutshell, is the question to be voted on at the coming election. On the one side a strong government, a large standing army, a spirit of military aggression and government of foreign colonies outside of and independent of the constitution. The main question at issue between the two parties may be presented in this form: The Republicans propose to give Cuba independence and guarantee her protection from foreign powers. Our flag has been planted in Cuba by the valor of our gallant soldiers, but it is consistent with Republican ideas of patriotism, bravery, honor and justice to haul down the flag from the blood-bought fields of Cuba and bring it home. Their position on this point is correct. No higher position was ever taken by any government on earth. The Philippine Islands, like Cuba, were Spanish colonies, settled by the same race. Their population is six times greater than Cuba, and according to Admiral Dewey and other competent authorities, more capable of self-government than the Cubans.

The Democratic party propose to treat the Philippines in the same liberal and just manner as the Republican party propose for Cuba—to give them their independence and protection on the same terms and conditions as may be given to Cuba.

But strange to say, the Democratic proposition is, from the Republican standpoint most horrible. It is cowardly, dastardly, retrograding and treasonable. McKinley says our flag has been planted on the Philippine Islands. There it means the symbol of liberty and justice. Who will haul it down? The same McKinley has said: "Forcible annexation of the Philippines would be criminal aggression." That was well said; no truer statement or nobler sentiment was ever expressed by mortal man.



S. H. WEST'S RESIDENCE, LE ROY, ILLINOIS.

I appeal to the whole Republican party to explain to us by what kind of process their acts of humanity, patriotism and highest honor in regard to Cuba becomes cowardly, dishonorable and treasonable when the Democrats insist on extending those same acts and principles to the Philippine Islands.

This is the pivotal point of the whole campaign.

October 27, 1900.

S. H. WEST.

In the latter part of 1900 I wrote the following amendment to the drainage law, which was introduced in the house at the ensuing session of the legislature by Col. J. F. Hefferman, a member from McLean county. Some amendments were added to it and it became a law, and met a long-felt want:

AMENDMENT TO THE DRAINAGE LAW.

An act to amend Section 76 of an act entitled "An act to provide for drainage for agricultural and sanitary purposes, and to repeal certain acts named therein. Approved June 27, 1885, in force July 1, 1885.

Be it enacted by the people of the State of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly:

That Section 76 of an act entitled "An act to provide for agricultural and sanitary purposes, and to repeal certain acts therein named. Approved June 27, 1885. In force July 1, 1885," be amended to read as follows:

Where two or more parties owning adjoining lands which require a system of combined drainage have by voluntary action constructed ditches which form a continuous line, or lines and branches, the several parties shall be liable for their just proportion for such repairs and improvements as may be needed therefor, the amount to be determined as near as may be on the same principle as if these ditches were in an organized district. Whenever such repairs and improvements are not made by voluntary agreement, any one or more persons owning parts of such ditch shall be competent to petition the commissioners of highways of the township for the formation of a drainage district to include all the lands to be benefited by maintaining these ditches. The form and conditions heretofore prescribed shall be observed as near as practicable, except as otherwise directed in this act, but the ditches shall be taken as a dedication of the right-of-way and their construction and joining as the consent of the several parties to be united in a drainage district. These ditches, if open, shall be made tile drains where practicable, and with the written consent of the owners of more than one-half of the land in the district. The petition shall be presented to the town clerk, who shall file the same

in his office, and within five days thereafter notify each commissioner of its receipt. The commissioners shall, within ten days after date of said notice, proceed to examine all the lands that would be benefited by reason of the proposed improvement, and if they find said ditch or ditches have been neglected and damage is resulting from said neglect, they shall proceed to organize a drainage district by causing a plat to be made of all said lands and classify the same in such sized tracts for benefits and assessments as may seem most practicable; said plat or map to be clearly defined, and with all proceedings of commissioners in relation to the district placed on the drainage record of the township. The district shall be named and numbered. If necessary the commissioners may employ a competent and reliable surveyor, at lowest bid.

They shall proceed to have the needed work done without unnecessary delay.

They shall advertise for bids for said work in the nearest newspaper, and by posting notices in not less than five of the most public places in the township for ten days before date for contracting for said work, and then let the work to the lowest responsible bidder: *Provided*, each owner of land in the district shall have the right to do the required work on his land at the rate of the lowest bid for said work, provided, he signs a contract to that effect on date of letting the contracts, and the work shall be done under the direction of the commissioners.

All expenses incurred by said district shall be taxed on all the lands in the district in just proportion to the benefits received.

It is the intent of this act to include all lands that would be damaged by filling the original ditch. The supervisor of the township shall be the treasurer of the drainage fund. If any land owner of the district shall feel aggrieved at the assessment made by the commissioners he may take an appeal to three supervisors, as provided in Sections 24 and 25 of the act hereby amended.

OLD TOWN TIMBER.

For many years the old settlers of eastern McLean county have held annual reunions in a grove on the north side of the Old Town timber. In 1889 this association and the McLean County Historical Society held a joint meeting, for which I was requested to furnish a paper on "Old Town Timber Fifty Years Ago." In response to which I supplied the following:

Fifty years ago the grove known as Old Town Timber was the largest, most important and valuable grove in McLean county. It was almost twelve miles long from east to west, with an average width of nearly two miles. It narrowed in the central part to about one mile, but

widened to three miles towards the east, and nearly as much towards the west.

In round numbers it covered about twenty-three sections, or over 14,720 acres of land. It was located in what is now known as Old Town, Downs, Empire, Dawson, Arrowsmith and West townships. It derived its name from the old Kickapoo Indian town located at the east end of the grove in the present limits of West township. The central and eastern parts of the grove contained one of the finest bodies of timber I ever saw in the State.

The western part was not so good. That included the hilly, thin, white oak lands along the Kickapoo, a considerable part of which had been entirely denuded of all large trees by the terrible hurricane that swept over that vicinity in June, 1827. At the time of which I write—1851—this devastated district was covered with a dense young growth of scrubby, slow growing white and black oak, which presented an uninviting appearance. A few small farms had been made on these lands that had been cleared by the hurricane, but the main body of the grove from there eastward was covered by a dense and magnificent growth of timber consisting of black and white walnut, burr, white, chinkapin, black and red oak, white and black ash, shellbark and pignut hickory, sugar maple, sycamore, honey locust, red and white elm, hackberry, wild cherry, linn, coffee-nut, mulberry, black jack, buckeye, cottonwood, aspen and some willows along the streams, and all interspersed with a thick growth of underbrush. There were also the smaller growth of red bud, sassafras, red and black haws and paw paws, while in many places the grove was festooned with a luxuriant growth of wild grape vines, many of which were four inches in diameter and running to the tops of high trees. The grove was fringed all around with a rich border of crab apples, wild plums, sumach and hazel bushes. The great value of this grand body of timber in the settlement and development of McLean county cannot be realized by the present generation. Without timber this part of the country could not have been settled until the advent of railroads, which was more than thirty years after the first settlement of our county. Timber was an indispensable necessity for buildings and fuel, without which even the Indians could not have existed here. No coal or foreign lumber were available then. Hedges were unknown, railroads were far distant and barbed wire came long afterwards. It can be readily seen that this great body of timber, being situated near the center of the county, and being surrounded by a splendid prairie country, the settlement and development of which was made possible only by the proximity of this grove, has been a very important factor in the progress and greatness of McLean county.

But while this grove has contributed so much to the material greatness of the county, it has been at a fearful cost from a sentimental stand-

point. Fifty years ago today it stood in all its primeval beauty and glory, its tall and graceful branches shielding suffering humanity from the scorching rays of the summer's sun, and its dense growth furnished grateful shelter from the piercing darts of the winter storms. To the lover of forestry it was an inspiration, with its quiet, leafy bowers below and majestic towering tops above, but above all in solemn grandeur and sublime inspiration were the grand old dead monarchs of the forest, bursting their germs of life and springing into tiny plants, long years ago they had passed through all the stages of existence, typical of the life of man, had reached maturity, decay and death and now standing in their mournful grandeur like faithful sentinels on the citadel of time warning us of the fate of all living things and with their bare limbs, like skeleton fingers, pointing upward, directing our thoughts from the affairs of life, as seen in the green trees around us, to death as shown in these dead monuments of past greatness and glory, and pointing beyond death to the realms of the blest around the throne of the eternal God. But the grandeur of this grove, as I first knew it, is a thing of the past. Land is thought to be too valuable to allow it to remain in timber. The spirit of destruction has prevailed far beyond the requirements of the day, and the work of the axe man has been so complete that even the outlines of the grove, as it was, cannot in many places now be traced. Fifty years hence Old Town Timber will be a reminiscence. Therefore, it is a proper act for the McLean County Historical Society to preserve some record of this grove for the benefit of the lovers of forestry of succeeding generations.

As late as about 1860 there were still standing a few dead black walnut trees that had been killed by the Indians by removing the bark for their wigwams. They were marked in a peculiar manner. The bark was stripped off to a height of ten or twelve feet where it was cut around in notches like saw teeth. Black walnut is the most durable and valuable timber that grows in this grove. The trees thus deadened in June, when the bark would slip, became thoroughly seasoned to the heart and would have probably lasted to this day if left undisturbed.

The old crop of red oak made a striking feature in this grove down to twenty or thirty years ago. They were very large and imposing in appearance, but not of much value. That crop is now extinct, but a younger growth of that species is now growing in many parts of the grove. For valuable service this tree should be used before it passes into the "sere and yellow leaf."

A few years ago some bee hunters sawed down in my timber a large sugar tree. On examination I found several places in the interior of the stump where it had been tapped with an ax. On counting the rings of growth made since the taps were made I found the oldest one was made in 1817, five years before the first white settlement was made in this grove, thus showing that the Indians had learned the art of sugar

making before the whites came. This tree was about three-quarters of a mile from the site of the old Indian town. From the fragments of copper vessels I have seen on that site it is evident the Indians had kettles in which to boil sugar water. If a slight digression be allowed I will say that in the early settlement of the grove detached quantities of limestone were found in the eastern part of Old Town timber. No regular ledge or quarry was ever found, only loose masses. This stone was used for walling wells and for making lime to plaster the first frame houses.

I cannot close my subject without expressing the hope that some fragment of this once magnificent grove may yet be saved in the shape of a public park for the benefit and pleasure of the lovers of trees who may dwell or travel in these parts in all the coming ages. While there are but few pieces of timber yet remaining in the grove that would be suitable for a timber reserve, and it would be difficult to obtain one of them for that purpose, yet I am impressed to say that before this timber is all destroyed the love of the grand and beautiful in nature will prevail and a timber reserve will be set apart in some part of this old grove where the trees in a portion thereof will be allowed to grow, fall and decay without an axe or saw ever being allowed therein, but where all who so desire may enter and hold sweet communion with nature and nature's God.

S. H. WEST.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

Editor Pantagraph:—For long ages the commercial world and friends of progress have looked forward with interest to the time when a canal would connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, across the narrow strip of land that connects North and South America. For more than fifty years this subject has been much discussed by our people and government. Its vast importance has been fully realized for a number of years, and public sentiment has demanded its construction by our government. This demand has been so strong that there is little doubt work on the canal by the Nicaraguan route would be in progress today had it not been defeated by unfriendly railroad interests that are hostile to a canal on either route.

I have traveled over both the Nicaragua and Panama routes and am strongly impressed by the superiority of the former over the latter. It is much healthier, and much nearer our seaports. The distance across is greater, but about seventy miles of that is through the beautiful lake Nicaragua, which reaches within twelve miles of the Pacific ocean.

The influence that so suddenly induced congress to abandon this favorite route for Panama are not generally understood by the people. However, the same influences were successfully worked on the Colombian senate at Bogota when it refused to ratify the treaty for the construction

of the Panama canal. In such contingency the law of congress authorized the President to open negotiations for the Nicaragua route. There was a strong public sentiment in favor of this action, but the President exercised his right and quietly awaited the hatching of a revolution in Panama, which was peacefully accomplished in a day, under the shadow of the wings of the American eagle, and a new nation ushered into existence and forthwith recognized by the President of the United States, in utter disregard of, and inconsistent with, the principles with which our government waged the war against the great rebellion. If South Carolina had no right to secede in 1861, what right has Panama with its mongrel population of a quarter of a million to secede and set up an independent government in 1903? This is an important question to every man who wore the blue in the great rebellion, but every case should be judged on its own merits. The world has no interest in South Carolina becoming an independent government nor would mankind have been benefited thereby. The independence of South Carolina was not in the line of "Manifest Destiny." The independence of Panama and its future control by our government appears to be in direct line of said destiny.

The world demands quick access from ocean to ocean, the world, especially our own people, have got tired and out of patience with frivolous obstructions. The outrageous action of the Colombian Senate was the last feather that broke the camel's back of American patience on this subject. The defeat of Colombia's perfidy is richly deserved. It now appears probable that the Panama Canal will be built. I would much prefer the Nicaragua route but we will soon be able to gain full control of the Panama country. This will follow as a natural result of present conditions. It will be necessary for our government to build, own and control the canal. To do this fully, we must own and control the country through which it runs. It might be difficult to obtain full control of the Nicaragua route for years to come. Mr. Roosevelt's action has been quick, active and vigorous. There is a feeling in conservative classes that he is too fond of gunpowder to make a safe President. I believe this estimate is correct, but his prompt action in favor of the canal will be sustained by the American people.

We have taken a new departure. Whether it be right or wrong (and I think it wrong), the acquisition of Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands has fastened a colonial system upon us that will be inclined to grow instead of diminish.

S. H. WEST.

LeRoy, Ill., November 19, 1903.

POLITICAL PLATFORM.

I have always had an inclination to sum up the general political situation of the country and give an expression to

my views thereon, in the form of platforms and resolutions. These thoughts came to me by impressions or intuition. They are sometimes in advance of what the great leaders are advocating. When those impressions come to me I publish them without regard to what my party is doing or saying. In January, 1904, I wrote and published the following:

THE PLATFORM AND THE MAN.

Editor Bulletin:—The Democratic party is in a scattered condition. If it would accomplish anything in the next campaign it must proceed without delay to pull itself together and go to work in a practical manner on the living issues of the hour.

Neither Mr. Cleveland nor any of his friends can name the next president. Nor can he be named by any one who persists in trying to force a dead issue on the party. Mr. Bryan is a brave, honest and brilliant leader, but he is making a fossil of himself by clinging to a corpse. The silver question is settled for the present. Conditions may arise in the future that may revive it. If such an emergency should come upon us that question will take care of itself. But until such time it will be worse than folly to try to agitate the silver question.

We are confronted today with red hot living issues that demand attention and solution. The mass of common people are in danger of being ground to dust between the upper millstone of concentrated wealth and the nether millstone of organized labor. When the money power can control or largely influence the legislation and courts of the country on one hand, and organized labor can dictate who shall have the right to labor, and prevent the burial of our dead until we consent to wear their tag, it is evident we are rapidly approaching a crisis of fearful proportions. This crisis must be averted by wise action of the common people.

The people are much fatigued with the prevalent custom of politicians in giving us lengthy platforms that are designed to deceive the people to catch votes. Allow me, on behalf of the farmers and common masses to suggest the adoption of a different style of platform, one that we can all take time to read, and can understand, something like the following:

1. An amendment to the federal constitution authorizing a law for a graduated income tax that will put a limit to the accumulation of colossal fortunes.
2. All articles controlled by trusts and combines to be placed on the free list.
3. All public utilities to be owned or controlled by the federal, State or municipal government.

4. Rigid laws for the protection of all persons in their heaven-born right to labor without regard to their political, religious or other affiliations.

5. Construction by the national government of an Isthmian canal, connecting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, without unnecessary delay.

The above includes in a nut-shell the most vital points at issue before the American people today. They are plain, practical, to the point and can be easily understood by all.

S. H. WEST.

LeRoy, Illinois, January 30, 1904.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

The *Bulletin* prints a letter from S. H. West of LeRoy, which is refreshing for the reason that he not only lampoons the evils of the times but points out a remedy. It does not take much of a thinker to roast the party in power or the existing conditions but the man who has a remedy and tells it, is the man of the hour. We may not regard his prescription as a panacea yet we must respect him for his originality.

PUBLIC UTILITIES.

In regard to public utilities, I will explain that I am not in favor of the government owning all the railroads of the country except as a last resort. We should first exhaust all other remedies. I have since suggested a good plan which will appear a little further on.

AMONG THE GLACIERS.

In 1905 I wrote the following account of a trip to the glaciers in British Columbia:

On my return journey homeward from the Portland fair, embracing a trip of more than six thousand miles through twelve States and Territories and three provinces, British Columbia, Alberta and Assiniboia, I stopped off at a station named Glacier, on the Canadian Pacific railroad. This is the highest part of the Selkirk mountains. For rugged grandeur and sublime scenery these mountains are said, by world travelers, to be unsurpassed by anything on earth. Coming eastward from Vancouver, B. C., we travel for more than six hundred miles over one mountain range after another so close together we can't tell where one stops and the next begins. Near the middle of this vast mountain region are the glaciers, icebergs or everlasting mountains of ice said to cover forty

square miles. How or when they were formed is unknown. They were probably there before human history began. They will probably be there until time shall be no more. The railroad at this place is more than 4,000 feet above the sea level. It runs between the two highest ranges of the Selkirk range. Rising on either side are bare rock peaks from one to one and a half miles high. At places on the sides of those mountains are dense forests of spruce and fir trees. In swales and basins between those lofty peaks are the great masses of ice called glaciers. The one nearest the station and hotel is about two miles distant. It is the great Illecillewaet Glacier.

On the morning of the 25th of August I proceeded on foot and alone to the lower edge of the glaciers. Most of the way was through a dense forest, then through scattering brush and then about 1,000 feet over a rocky moraine of glacier debris to the edge of the ice. This moraine has evidently been at some time covered with the glacier. The ice on the edge and surface is coarse and granulated. I broke off some and ate it. On finding a large crevice in the ice I entered therein and soon found the ice was as sound and compact as the purest glass, and so clear as to have a bluish tint. While in this great crevice of ice I felt that I was in a state of the most complete cold-storage that could be found on earth. As a refrigerator it is a great success.

The ice was melting rapidly, little streams, rivulents and cascades were flowing from the ice down the mountain sides. They form lively and beautiful trimmings to the majestic grandeur of the sublime scenery that rises all about. Those streamlets when united, as they are before reaching the hotel, form a river of ice water, leaping and roaring over its rocky bed, and all going to waste. A beautiful cascade of ice water 1300 feet high falls down the mountain side just in front of the hotel. The great glacier is receding at the rate of from five to ten feet per year. From forty to fifty feet of snow falls here every winter. It melts off in spring and early summer. There is much snow in the mountains now, but it is entirely different from the glaciers of ice. I cannot understand how snow can be transformed into such clear solid ice. And yet those glaciers must be kept up in some manner by the yearly snows. It may be that as the snow melts in the day time a part of the water therefrom freezes at night and thus keeps up the glaciers. The surface of the glaciers is somewhat smutted by falling dust that seems to pervade the air everywhere.

While viewing those wondrous works of nature I felt as I did at Yosemite many years ago, that they are earthly vestibules of the grand temple of the unseen God. And while I was not clairaudient like Socrates, and could not hear the voices of gods or spirits as he did, yet I am an impressionist and could feel the presence of unseen loved ones.

There is no need of going to the Alps to find scenery. The Selkirk mountains can not be surpassed in either hemisphere. The most important stopping places in the mountains on the Canadian Pacific railroad, going west, are Banff, Laggan, Field, Glacier and Sicamous. Good accommodations can be found at all of these places. This was my fifteenth trip to the Pacific coast and was the finest trip of my life.

S. H. WEST.

LeRoy, Illinois, September 5, 1905.

THE RAILROAD PROBLEM.

The extortions and unlawful methods practiced by the railroads of the country are an outrage upon the rights and liberties of the people. All realize the necessity of some remedy. President Roosevelt, with the ablest statesmen in the nation, are racking their brains to devise some efficient means to protect the people. Their efforts are worthy of all praise, but they will, to a great extent, be failures. Railroad companies, with the brains at their command, can baffle and practically defeat the provisions of any law that congress may enact for their regulation. When the mass of the people become fully convinced of this fact, there will be a rapid growth of sentiment in favor of government ownership of the entire railroad system of the country. This in my opinion would be a dangerous experiment. As a middle course I suggest the remedy outlined below :

Editor Pantagraph:—The vast power now wielded by the railroads and other moneyed corporations, more or less connected therewith, presents the greatest problem before the people and government of this country. Our railrad system is so vast, so intricate, and so closely interwoven with every branch of business that its complete regulation is almost beyond the capacity of the government. But the interests of the people imperatively demand that this vast money power shall be controlled. But in our efforts to control it we should go slow and cautiously. If we make a mistake in that work, we may cause disastrous results to the business of the country that would require long years to remedy. Hence it would be wise for congress to make haste slowly in this matter. It would be exceedingly difficult for congress to devise any law that will effectually cover the case. But if it does so, the money power can easily evade its provisions by means that are well understood.

It now has in its employ the ablest brains in the country. Brains and money combined can circumvent almost any law.

President Roosevelt is entitled to much credit for his vigorous efforts to control railroad rates, but I predict that at best he can only be partly successful. And hence an unsatisfactory condition will exist until the growing sentiment of the people will demand the ownership, by the government, of the entire railroad system.

In times past I have suggested this as a last resort, but I look upon this measure with most serious apprehension. Most branches of business can be better conducted by individuals and companies than by the government. The postal business is an exception. However the people will never rest until the railroad and other money power is controlled. Unless a better plan can be devised this unrest will eventually compel the government to take possession of and run the railroads. If the government should then even partly fail in the enterprise the result to the business interests of the country would be most disastrous. As the case now stands we are suffering great evils on account of railroad discrimination and other wicked devices.

Now if we fail to effectually correct these evils by law, as I believe we will, and then in self defense, are impelled to take possession of the railroads, there will be great danger that our last condition will be worse than the present. In view of all the difficulties pertaining to this question it will be well to inquire if some other plan cannot be devised to meet the emergency. It often happens that a middle ground is better than either extreme. In this case I suggest a middle course. Let the government construct a first-class double track railroad from New York to San Francisco, and one from Chicago to New Orleans, and then operate them at rates that would yield a fair return for the actual cost of said roads and operating expenses. The cost of this would be small in comparison with the cost of the entire railroad system of the country. At the same time it would be on a scale sufficiently large to show the capacity or incapacity of the government for that kind of work.

While these roads would not reach all parts of the country yet as a matter of fact the entire railroad system of the whole country is so closely interwoven that these government roads would regulate the charge of every mile of railroads in the United States, and squeeze enough water out of their inflated, fictitious stocks to fill the Panama canal.

And when you regulate the railroads you will regulate, to a great extent, all the other great money combines connected with them. And we would thus affect a reform all along the line. Add to this measure by placing on the free list, all articles controlled by trusts and combines, As far as the interests of the people will permit let us leave the business

of the country in the hands of business men. But I believe the railroad regulations, as above indicated, are a necessity. When we get them the railroad problem will, in my opinion be solved.

S. H. WEST.

LeRoy, Illinois, January 15, 1906.

From *Daily Bulletin*, September 12, 1906:

DEEDS A TIMBER PARK TO McLEAN COUNTY.

There was a pleasant surprise in store for the board of supervisors this morning, when the Hon. Simeon H. West, of LeRoy, arose and announced that he had a little gift which he wished to make to the people of McLean county through its board of supervisors.

Clerk Carlock then read a deed all drawn up which gives to the county a beautiful tract of natural timber which Mr. West has owned for fifty years, to be held forever as a park and a timber reserve.

This deed came as a surprise to every one. Even Mr. Clay West, a son of the giver, who is a member of the board, did not know of this surprise. The giver was overwhelmed with congratulations and thanks and the board, on motion of Supervisor Mason, tendered a vote of thanks to Mr. West.

THE DEED.

The following is a verbatim copy of the deed and the conditions:

The grantors, Simeon H. West and Martha West, his wife, of the city of LeRoy, county of McLean, and State of Illinois, for the consideration of the sum of \$1 and the fulfillment of the conditions mentioned in this deed, convey and warrant to the county of McLean, of the State of Illinois, the following described real estate, to-wit:

Twenty acres off the west side of the southwest quarter of the north-west quarter of section 6, town 22, range 5 east Third P.M., (West Township).

As the above tract contains a thrifty growth of all varieties of native trees, common to McLean county, except white and black oak and buck-eye, and including some fine specimens of black walnut, grantors convey said above described tract to be kept as a timber reserve forever by the said county of McLean on the following conditions, to-wit:

This tract of land to be known as "West Park" and to be kept as a native forest for the enjoyment of all lovers of forestry forever.

This donation to be accepted by the board of supervisors of the said McLean county by resolution of acceptance endorsed upon their records within one year from the date of the presentation of this deed.

Said McLean county to hereafter protect said tract from damage or spoilation by evil doers, and in the event that the said county fails to so do, said tract shall then revert to my heirs. Provided if it shall appear that said damage or spoilation was done to secure said reversion, then the donation shall stand intact.

Not less than five acres on the north end of the tract shall remain in its natural condition forever. No tree or sapling shall be cut therefrom, except to clear fence rows, or if some tree of special value falls it may be removed with as little damage as possible to the standing trees, or if the timber should be destroyed by storm the fallen trees may be carefully removed for the purpose of allowing a new growth a better chance to develop.

The remainder of the tract may be trimmed and improved in such manner as the said county of McLean may desire, care being taken to prevent much tramping by stock, especially when the ground is wet or soft.

I reserve a burr oak tree in the roadway on the west side of said tract. Also the use of all down and dead trees on said land during my lifetime. Also any young trees I may desire to transplant. Also the general supervision of the park during my life.

Granting, releasing and waiving all rights under and by virtue of the homestead exemption laws of the State of Illinois.

Dated at LeRoy, Illinois, this 10th day of September, A.D. 1906.

SIMEON H. WEST.
MARTHA WEST.

After the deed had been read Mr. West arose and supplemented the conditions with a few remarks given in his characteristic forceful manner.

In part he said: "I am as ardent a lover of forestry as there is in McLean county and it is a matter of great regret to me to see the beautiful groves which once graced this country disappearing so rapidly to make way for corn fields and other improvements. In another generation the many natural groves will all be gone. Stock is allowed to run in many of the timber tracts and all the young growth is tramped down. By one process and another the forests of the county which in the early days were so important a part will soon be lost.

"I have owned this grove which I have given to the county, provided it is accepted, for over fifty years. There is more timber on it now than when I got it. I am now administering on my estate feeling that it is the safest way to do and the best, and already I have given quite a large share to my children. I have had a provision in my will that this land, this piece of timber, should go to the county, and as I am an old man, I will be eighty my next birthday, I decided that it would be best to see whether the county would accept this timber tract. This beautiful piece of natural forest lies six miles northeast of LeRoy, twenty miles southeast of Bloomington, five miles from Ellsworth, three miles from the Betser park, where the old settlers' reunions are held. There is a road running along the south side of the tract from Saybrook to LeRoy and a road on the west side which lies between Empire and West townships.

"To give this land to the county to be kept perpetually has been one of the greatest desires of my life. I have wanted a tract held in its primitive state to show the future generations what kind of timber we had

in many parts of the county, when it was the home of the first settlers and the hunting place and the abode of the Indians.

"The land is a mile from old Indian fort and a little less than a mile from the Indian town. The fort is the place where the McLean county Historical Society, a year ago, placed a monument to mark the spot. This land is the best timber I have. I have seven children which I wish to provide for. I realized that to cut up this tract would mean that it would in the course of a few years be put in corn field. I want it kept substantially as it is. It will be but a few years until automobiles are so cheap that the people of Bloomington will run out to this park grove to eat their luncheon and spend a day in the woods with nature. My ideas, as set forth in the deed, is to have five acres of the tract maintained exactly as it is now or as nature leaves it forever. The rest of the grove may be improved and made so that it will be useful as a park and picnic grounds. I want to start the improvement on the south side of the grove myself and at my own expense. People have come to me and wanted to buy the timber but I have told them that they didn't have enough money to purchase a single stick."

A COMMITTEE NAMED.

On motion of Supervisor Rinehart, of Bellflower a committee was to be named by the chair to look into the routine necessary to accept the gift. The committee was appointed as follows: A. N. Rinehart, Lafayette Funk, Funk's Grove, and James Vance of Empire.

A VOTE OF THANKS.

On motion of Mr. Mason of Bloomington, a vote of thanks was given.

Editorial in *Daily Bulletin*, September 12, 1906:

A BEAUTIFUL DEED.

In these days of \$150 land when the temptation to sell timber for railroad ties, cord wood or fence posts is strong upon the land owner, it is graceful and a beautiful thing for a citizen to provide for coming generations. In a gift today to McLean county of a beautiful tract of twenty acres of timber for a perpetual park, Hon. S. H. West made his name never-to-be-forgotten.

At a time when commercial mercenaries are even trying to destroy Niagara Falls in order to fatten their pocketbooks, the gentle and beautiful spirit that suggests some spot where toil-driven people of coming generations may get back to nature for an hour is indeed that of a public benefactor.

Editorial in *Daily Pantagraph*, September 14, 1906:

The people of McLean county will appreciate the spirit shown by Hon. Simeon H. West in donating to the county a tract of twenty acres of timber land in West township to be used as a park. The condition imposed by Mr. West that the native growth of trees be allowed to remain forever as now is commendable and most reasonable. Amid the general tendency to despoil nature in the interest of commercialism and especially to denude our native forests, let this primitive woods remain to testify to the beauty of God's "first temples" and bear witness to Mr. West's love of the beautiful. The county will gladly comply with the reasonable requirements of the donor and remain forever a debtor to Mr. West's generosity and public spirit. The gift is worthy of him and is a striking testimonial to his pride in this great county in whose growth and development he has been so prominent a figure.

From Bloomington, Ill., *Bulletin*, December 6, 1906:

COUNTY ACCEPTS WEST PARK.

At this morning's session of the board of supervisors, the special committee composed of I. N. Rinehart, of Bellflower, James Vance, of Empire, and Lafayette Funk, of Funk's Grove, submitted their report on the matter of the acceptance of the gift of the twenty acre tract of land which Hon. Simeon H. West, of LeRoy, has deeded to McLean county to be kept as a timber reserve and as a public park to bear his name.

The committee not only praised Mr. West for the commendable spirit of generosity, but approved of his idea to retain a piece of timber in its primeval state for the people of the future.

The report is as follows:

To the Honorable Board of Supervisors of McLean county:

GENTLEMEN:—The undersigned your committee appointed at the September meeting of your honorable body to consider and report on the gift of the Hon. Simeon H. West, of LeRoy, who has tendered McLean county a beautiful tract of twenty acres of natural timber land, situated in the northwest quarter of section 6 in township 22 north, 5 east of the third principal meridian (West township) to be preserved for its natural timber growth and to be known as West Park, would hereby respectfully report that we have visited the land in question and find that it is a most desirable property for the county to own. It is a beautiful piece of timber, which, for the large part, stands today as it did in the times when the Indian roamed the great country hereabouts, of which this land was a part. We appreciate the spirit which prompted the gift. Mr. West desires to preserve for future generations one piece of timber intact that it may be an object lesson to the boys and girls of today and the future as to the character of McLean county before the coming of the white settlers. In this effort of Mr. West, your committee believes that this

Board of Supervisors should cooperate. We further believe that the thanks, not only of the Board of Supervisors, but of the citizens of the county in general should be extended to Mr. West for his magnificent gift. We believe and hope that this, McLean county's first park, may stimulate others to dedicate to the county certain tracts which, because of their natural attractions or historic interest should be preserved for future generations. This committee believes that West Park will always be cared for by the county in the full spirit intended by the giver and that the wisdom of this gift, and its value as an educator, and as a little spot where visitors may enjoy the delights of nature, will be manifest in future years as it is today.

In conclusion we most heartily recommend that the Board of Supervisors of McLean county, Illinois, accept this munificent gift of the Hon. Simeon H. West and wife under the conditions imposed by the deed, which has already been deposited with the county clerk, in behalf of the people of McLean county, and that this board extend to Mr. and Mrs. West its deepest thanks for this generosity and foresight and that this report be made a part of the records of this honorable board.

Respectfully submitted, this sixth day of December, A.D. 1906.

I. N. RINEHART,
JAMES VANCE,
LAFAYETTE FUNK.

In this connection it is proper to state that some of the writers about the park have overstated the case. I have taken much timber off the land, many of the old trees would have gone to waste in this time if they had not been used, but I have been very careful to save the most thrifty and beautiful trees and I believe it is now the most beautiful piece of timber in McLean county. I am much gratified to know that the county has accepted my donation and that the people seem to appreciate it so highly.

EIGHTEENTH TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

On the 11th of November, 1907, I started on my eighteenth trip to California. I went by way of Kansas City, Denver, Cheyenne and Ogden to Oakland, where I arrived in safety and without fatigue on the night of the 15th. After spending a few days in Berkeley and San Francisco, which latter place had greatly improved since my visit there in the previous March, I, in company with the manager of the Ralston gold mine started to visit and inspect that property, which is located on Spruce Creek in the southwest part of Monterey

county, two hundred miles from San Francisco. We started at 8 o'clock at night on the Southern Pacific railroad, and arrived at King City, one hundred and sixty-three miles distant, at 2 o'clock A. M. We remained there waiting for a conveyance until 3 P. M. Thence we traveled by automobile twenty miles to Jolon (pronounced Holone), where we stopped over night at a very comfortable mountain tavern. There was no public conveyance from Jolon to the Ralston, so we had telegraphed from San Francisco to the postman who carries the mail from Jolon to the coast near the Ralston, for horses to ride from Jolon to the mine.

The postman makes but two trips per week, so passengers have to gauge their time to suit those trips.

On leaving Jolon, we were furnished an old rickety buggy drawn by an old tired mule. This ride extended for ten miles over a good, smooth road, crossing over two beautiful little rivers, the San Antonio and the Nenceimento. The waters of these streams were of sparkling purity, flowing over beautiful pebbly bottoms. The banks were lined with a fine growth of sycamore trees, the leaves of which had just turned into a golden yellow hue. These two rivers looked to be ideal spots for camping parties.

Jolon is located in a pretty region of several thousand acres of smooth land interspersed with low hills and scattering oak trees. The old Mission of San Antonio is a few miles distant.

At King City I saw some bones of a whale that had been found in the mountains not far away. Between there and Jolon I saw some large rocks that have evidently at some time stood in the sea, as they are smoothly water worn, with great holes worn through them, such as can be seen at many places on the seashore.

After crossing the Nenceimento, we had to leave the buggy as there was nothing but a narrow trail across the mountains

from there to the Ralston, fifteen miles distant. The horse furnished me was a good mountain climber, so good that my bridle had no bit, the horse understanding how to place his feet over narrow, rocky, difficult and dangerous places better than the rider. I had not been on horseback for a number of years, and being then nearly 81 years old, it was something of a venture to make the trip. It was mountains covered with dense evergreen chapparel, with a few scattering trees at places, all the way.

On this mountain trail of fifteen miles we saw no house, cabin, shanty or camp; no human being nor animal, except two small horses; no beast, fowls, birds, insects nor any other living thing but there was plenty of scenery, but not as attractive as I have seen in most other places in California. This is the coast range of mountains which are not so attractive as the Sierra Nevadas.

About half way across we came to a small watering place, called Round Spring. Here we dismounted and ate a cold lunch, and then proceeded on our way, and in a few miles came in sight of the Pacific Ocean. In a few places on the western slope of the mountains there are some very large redwood and pine trees. The country is very mountainous with no flats or level spots.

After a tedious ride we arrived at the Ralston about 4 P. M. on the third day out from San Francisco. Apparently I stood the trip well, not being much fatigued, but of the sequel I will tell later on. Some two years and a half before this trip I saw a satchel half full of gold nuggets found in the Ralston mine. They ranged in size from sixty-five ounces to one or two ounces; some of them contained pieces of quartz of a peculiar and poor looking quality, and most of the gold was smooth, showing it had been washed some distance. This fact deterred me from buying any stock in the mine, but on my next trip to California I saw a fresh lot of nuggets that

had been found further up the creek that were rough, showing they had not been washed far from their original place. On this kind of evidence I bought a considerable lot of stock in the Ralston. This was the first property I ever bought without seeing it, and I could not rest satisfied until I saw what I had, hence my trip. I stayed at the Ralston about a day and a half and took in the situation pretty thoroughly, and whether I ever get a dollar out of it or not I can die better satisfied than I could if I had never seen it. The mine is located in a rocky gorge about two miles from, and seventeen hundred feet above the Pacific Ocean, but there are no landing places near, and all travel is over the narrow and difficult trail I have described. The view of the ocean is fine but it is of no benefit to this locality.

The old postman who had carried the mail to this vicinity for many years was stricken with paralysis a short time before my visit. He sent to Salinas City, the county seat, for a doctor, who made the round trip in three days and charged \$125 for his visit. The old man lived about three miles up the coast from the Ralston. I think their postoffice is named Point Garda. About half a dozen families live in that vicinity and make a scant living by raising cattle and selling tan bark.

Once a year a vessel comes and anchors out in the open sea and stretches a line from its main mast to a mast on shore, by which means the bundles of tan bark are conveyed on board; the rigging is on the same principle as that used by life saving stations. The machinery for the Ralston was landed in this way. The people in this vicinity live in a lonesome, isolated condition, which is fully realized by the children raised there.

Some of the owners of the Ralston fully believe it contains enough gold to pay the national debt, but they have spent more money looking for the source of the nuggets than

all the gold they have taken out is worth, and the source has not yet been found. From my experience and observations in gold mining, extending over a period of fifty-six years, I do not allow myself to be disappointed when I make a total failure in that business. If the Ralston never pays a dollar I will lose no sleep over it.

My return trip over the mountains was more unpleasant than going to the mine. It is much more tiresome riding down a mountain than in going up. In going down one has to brace himself all the time, and a horse has a peculiar shaking motion in his hind quarters that tires the rider.

I returned to San Francisco apparently in fair condition, though with a severe cold. I left there on the 27th of November for Exeter, and arrived there the same day.

It was my intention to put in extensive pumping plants on my land near Exeter, and arrange for the planting of oranges, grapes and olives on it. But a few days after my arrival there I was taken severely sick; I sent to Visalia for the best doctor there; he came and called in the doctor in Exeter to assist him. They failed to furnish any relief and then took me to the Burnett Sanitarium, in Fresno, some fifty odd miles away. There I was delivered into the care of Dr. E. C. Dunn, a very able physician. I have no recollection of what occurred for two or three days afterward, but Dr. Dunn told me afterwards that if I had been one day later in getting there it would have been all over with me. As it was he thought the case very doubtful for some days. He thought my horseback ride over the mountains precipitated my sickness. I remained in the hospital six weeks and then employed one of the best nurses to bring me home. We left the hospital on the 16th of January and went to Exeter, where we remained four days. The ride seemed to help me, and I rounded up my business there, including the sale of one hundred acres of land, but my sickness caused me to change my plans and abandon all idea

of making any further improvements on my main ranch. This was a matter of deep regret to me, but I had been so near to death's door that I realized that the time had arrived for me to stand aside and let younger men attend to the details of hard work.

We went from Exeter to Los Angeles, two hundred and fifty miles south, where we arrived on the morning of January 21. I was still improving, but my nurse was complaining and went under a doctor's care soon after arriving. I remained in Los Angeles five days, improving rapidly all the time, while my nurse continued to grow worse to such an extent that we concluded it would be best for her to return to Fresno, and I would take the chance of going home alone. The name of my nurse was Miss Pearl Kraft; she rendered me most faithful, efficient, beneficial and kind service, for which I shall ever hold her in grateful remembrance. When I started home she and her sister, Mrs. Dr. Rosenburg, of Los Angeles, helped me to the train and saw me safely off. She was to leave for Fresno on the next train. I have since learned that she had a very severe spell of sickness after her return home. Good nurses are messengers of mercy and goodness.

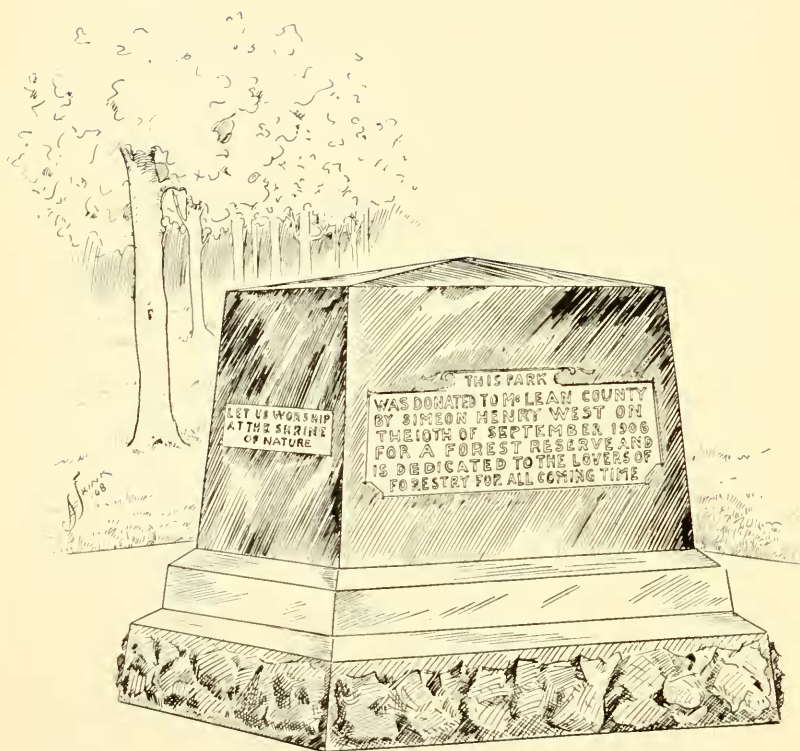
My starting alone from Los Angeles was an uncertain venture because I needed a nurse's treatment, especially with the electric battery. But in all my life I never had such a beautiful and pleasant trip as that run from Los Angeles to Kansas City. I was finely located on the Santa Fe limited train; we had excellent dining service on the train, but few passengers in my car, and they seemed to be all kindness when they learned of my condition. They were all strangers to me, but if I had been with my own family I could not have been treated with more kindness than was shown me on this trip.

Mr. George S. Prine, of Oskaloosa, Iowa, placed me under lasting obligations for his special care and kind attention.

The weather was splendid and I was improving all the time, and felt buoyant and happy as if the angels were strewing my pathway with beautiful flowers. And the beautiful conditions continued all the way until I arrived in my own happy home on the night of the 29th of January. The next day I celebrated my 81st birthday with my wife, who had prepared one of the best dinners on record. That day the weather, which had been so perfect ever since I left Fresno, changed, and for the following month was the worst of the winter.

My run from the hospital in Fresno, California, to my home in LeRoy, Illinois, under all the circumstances, was the most wonderful piece of luck that ever came under my observation.

My life has been spared for the purpose of rounding up a few pieces of unfinished work I yet have on hand. Since my return home, some six weeks ago, my health has continued to improve.



RECORD MONUMENT IN WEST PARK. ERECTED 1908.

WEST PARK MONUMENT.

I have just let a contract for the erection in West Park of a monument of beautiful Montello granite, for the purpose of a permanent record of date of donation and intended purpose of the park. I think this will be a matter of interest in ages to come.

The front of the monument will contain this inscription:

"This Park was donated to McLean County by Simeon Henry West on the 10th day of September, 1906, for a forest reserve, and is dedicated to the lovers of forestry for all coming time."

On reverse side:

"This Monument was erected by the donor in 1908."

On east end:

"The groves are God's own Temples."

On west end:

"Let us worship at the shrine of Nature."

I get the impression that the placing of this permanent record in the park is the proper thing to do, and that the sentiments on the ends of the monument are in harmony with the surroundings.

(Signed) S. H. WEST.

March 12, 1908.

PERSONAL.

As this book is written for the information and entertainment of my descendants it will be proper to give a few items about my person. I am five feet, eight inches high, weigh one hundred and seventy-five pounds, have a strong constitution and my general health is good. I have never felt a rheumatic pain in my life, and most of my teeth are sound. I never use a walking cane; I lead an active life, taking much outdoor exercise every day when the weather permits. Walking and hoeing in the garden are favorite pastimes for me. I have used no tobacco for fifty-seven years, nor any intoxicating liquors for more than twenty years. I have a high temper and impetuous disposition and always worked too hard when busy.

I am not bald and not very gray, my state of preservation and activity is the wonder of all.

MY WIFE.

I was married on the twenty-first of June, 1863, to Martha Oneal, a native of Ross county, Ohio, but a resident of McLean county, Illinois. She was much younger than myself and her environments from birth had been most unfavorable. No girl had been surrounded by more poverty and unpleasant conditions, but being endowed by nature with noble aspirations and strong will power she, when a child, left her humble home and started out to work her way in life, and most nobly has she succeeded. It is needless to recount in this place her struggles with poverty and her lack of education and other attainments thought to be indispensable.

No one dreamed that I would marry that poor girl, but I had discovered that she was a jewel of rare qualities and I lost no time in marrying her and I made no mistake in the venture. It was the best, wisest and happiest act of my life. I am indebted to her for much that I am.

No woman could have filled her place better. A grand woman, fair to look upon and endowed with clear judgment and a rare fund of common sense and well balanced mind, and with much ambition and high spirit she, while developing her own qualities has devoted her life to doing good to others.

As a wife, mother and neighbor she stands as a model woman.

May God and the angels bless her.

S. H. WEST.

RETROSPECTIVE VIEW.

The progress made in every line of human endeavor during my brief life of eight-one years is wonderful.

When I was born, Chicago was a swamp with a log block house and a few inhabitants. Now it is one of the greatest cities in the world with two millions of people. At that time there were no railroads nor any of the conveniences we have today.

There were but one or two States west of the Mississippi river, now organized States extend to the Pacific Ocean. Then most all of the western part of our country was in the hands of hostile Indians or subject to their depredations; now they are all tamed.

Vast additions to our territory have been made during that time, including Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, Nevada, California, and Alaska and Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands have been brought under our control. Our national government is stronger now than it was before the war of the great rebellion. That war settled some disputed points between the federal government and the States. Since then there has been a gradual tendency towards an increase of power in the central government. Various causes contribute to this tendency. Interests and combina-

tions have rapidly developed that have attained such vast and diversified power that they cannot be controlled by the separate States. Then the unfortunate colonial system that has been fastened upon our country necessitates a stronger government. While our federal constitution is the best ever devised by mortal man, yet we find that it is not broad enough to meet all of our greatly increasing needs.

It was impossible for the fathers of the republic to foresee all the needs of a mighty nation of a hundred millions of people. There are a number of important questions yet to be adjusted between our two forms of government, State and national.

We are now enjoying the highest degree of prosperity ever known by any nation. The proper control and regulation of combined capital presents one of the most difficult problems our government has to contend with. The labor unions are assuming a dangerous and despotic attitude. When they deny to any man the right to labor, who wants to labor, they trample under foot the most precious right, except one, the right of life, that belongs to the human race. And yet there is not in all our broad land an office holder or office seeker, except Senator Tillman, who dares to say this.

Our form of government makes cowards of public officers. The man who will devise a successful plan of co-operation between capital and labor to include the principal manufacturing, mining and railroad interests, will be the greatest benefactor of the age.

There will always continue to be great inequality among men so long as nature endows some with great financial ability and others with none. No human laws can correct this inequality, but a system of co-operation may be devised that would be beneficial to all classes. It would be a great protection to capital and a high incentive to labor.

Several years ago I wrote the following precepts which have been favorably received:

WEST'S PRECEPTS.

Program for every day.

Love and thank the Supreme Power.

Control your temper.

Try to keep cheerful.

Do all the good you can.

Be honest, truthful and temperate.

Help the poor, needy and sick.

Encourage the weak and timid.

Make a specialty of trying to add to the happiness of some one today—and all other days.

Cultivate love, peace and harmony; life is too short and time too valuable to waste in angry strife.

Be slow to believe evil reports about your neighbors.

Be diligent in searching for something good to say about others, and when you find it don't wait until they are dead, but say it at once.

When you find a person on the down grade or in the gutter, don't kick him, but help him by kind words and acts to strive for better conditions.

Try to scatter rays of sunshine and happiness along your pathway wherever you may be.

Do good today—you may not be here tomorrow.

S. H. WEST.

LeRoy, Illinois.

APPENDIX

INTRODUCTORY.

We are taught that the Supreme Power of the Universe is in human form, and has talked to man in human language; and in all his efforts to save the human race, he has been defeated by the devil, who is one of his own creatures, thus proving that the creature is greater than the Creator. The intelligence of coming ages will concede that this is a mistake.

Our Heaven is located beyond the atmosphere surrounding the earth. There are thousands of other worlds that are inhabited by people, and each one of those worlds is surrounded by a Heaven of its own—just as the earth is.

The real Almighty God, who rules this vast universe of worlds and heavens, is far greater and better than we have been taught to believe. If orthodox religion is true, my mother is now basking in the joys of Heaven, and my father is writhing in the tortures of eternal hell.

At the proper place in the following pages I will tell how I know that my father and mother are together in the happy realms of the celestial world.

Religion of some kind is a necessity of the human soul. Don't give up your religion until you are satisfied you have found something better.

But the time has arrived when we should formulate a higher conception of the power, goodness, majesty, and glory of the Eternal God.

EVOLUTION, RELIGION AND SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

I get the impression that the earth was formed from the invisible elements, or atoms, in space. By operation of the laws of nature those atoms were collected together in the form of vapor, containing all the materials of our present world. When that body of vapor attained sufficient size and density it was cast off from the regions of the sun, where it had been formed in shape, to its proper orbit, where it gradually cooled off and became stratified and solidified. From that time on to the present the process has been gradual evolution—all in strict accord with the laws of nature as controlled by the Great Supreme Power of the universe.

When the earth became solid there was no soil upon it, but all was stone, mineral and water. In time the surface of the stone decomposed enough to permit of a spontaneous growth of a tiny moss. Then followed an endless gradation of evolution in vegetable production. Then in the fullness of time followed the spontaneous formation of the lowest form of animal molecule; and others followed and evolved into the present animal life of the world.

From the disintegration of rock all the soil, clay and sand of the present was formed. When the conditions were mature man was evolved, not as a monkey or orangoutang, but separate and distinct from all other animals. He never was a monkey, nor can a monkey ever be evolved into a man. When the germ of man first evolved on earth it was in very insignificant form, but it was always different from all other animals, and was gradually developed into its present condition. We have strong evidence that man was once an animal, covered all over with hair like other animals, and that he once had organs and appendages that are not now needed. I get

the impression that not all mankind are descended from one original germ, but the same conditions that produced the germ of man in one part of the earth produced the germ of other races of men in other parts of the earth, each being somewhat different from others on account of climatic differences. And, I get the further impression that in the first stages of man's existence his spirit was not much different from the animals of the present time, and at death lost its identity and was absorbed in the great body of spirit of the universe.

It is impossible for any mortal to designate the exact time or degree of development when the soul of man could retain its identity and individuality after the death of the body. But it is now a well established fact that the soul does continue to exist after death of the body.

Life is full of mysteries that baffle the wisest and most highly gifted sons of men. The greatest intellects can only get a glimpse of the wonders that surround us. The age of the world is beyond computation. Many great changes have occurred since animal life begun; many species of animals that once lived have become extinct. A very large animal, called the mammoth, once existed in our own country, as is well known by the bones and teeth that are found in various places. A tooth of immense size was found within four miles of where I am now writing. There is strong evidence in the extreme north regions that a mild climate once prevailed there. It is claimed in explanation that the earth has, at some time, changed its position, the equator being whirled around to the poles, and the poles to the equator. I do not get these points by impression; they are open for scientific investigation. The impressions I get in regard to the creation of the world are strengthened by the proofs of materialization that we see around us. There grows from a small acorn a mighty oak tree. It is solid matter and occupies space, but from whence did it come? Not from the earth, because there is no earth missing around it. The earth has furnished the

conditions for its growth, but its main substance has come from invisible elements in the air. In like manner, our bodies, food and clothing, and all the animal and vegetable kingdoms are materialized from invisible elements in the air. So in like manner, the world was materialized from invisible elements in space. It is a well known fact that dust pervades the atmosphere that surrounds the earth—no spot can be kept clear of it. I have seen its accumulations on ice glaciers on the highest mountains. Dust and other invisible matter fills all space. It is from this source that worlds are made in God's great chemical laboratory.

You can see the process of materialization going on around you every day. Why don't you read God's true revelation? His great book is spread out before you at all times. Don't be led astray by the superstitious teaching of men, but go to the fountain-head and study God and nature. Go out on a starry night and try to count the stars, each one a world, many of them larger than our earth. Then think of the many thousands of other worlds still beyond, and all working in order and beautiful harmony. Then try to estimate the magnificent grandeur, power and glory of the Supreme Ruler of all. Do this and see how immeasurably He looms up above the God of whom you have been taught in pagan legends.

The wonderful mysteries of nature and our existence has a tendency to make all mankind superstitious or religious. It seems that religion of some kind is a necessity of the human soul. I think it is correct to say that a germ of religion is born with every babe. Out of this germ has been evolved every form of religion in the world, each one developed in accordance with the environments surrounding the individual, tribe or nation. They all emanate from a desire to worship the great power they feel rules over them. The Sioux Indian, in his ghost dance, feels this desire as strongly as the Christian in his campmeeting.

We should treat all honest worshipers with proper respect, no matter how absurd their belief or practices may seem to us. Let not the exalted Christian look with contempt or even pity upon the poor pagan's form of worship. It seems absurd—in fact it is absurd—and still he honestly believes it is right. It is the best he knows. As a matter of fact, how do you know that your ideas of God and religion are correct? How do you know to a certainty that the soul continues to live after the death of the body? You don't know it at all; you only believe it. You never saw God, Christ nor an angel, nor ever talked with them, nor heard them talk. Then what do you actually know on the subject, except by hearsay, and who are your witnesses? Not God, for He never wrote anything, except the great book of nature. Not Christ, for he never wrote so much as his own name. Your witnesses believed the world was flat and stationary, and a mortal man could suspend the laws of the universe, and stop the sun for a whole day.

The stories that have come to us about God and Christ are very contradictory, and some of them incredible. To a rational mind nothing can be more absurd than the idea that a child could be born without a father. We think the reputed act of the Hindoo mother in casting her babe into the mouth of the crocodile to appease the wrath of her god was rank absurdity; but we are told that our God sent his only begotten son from Heaven to be murdered on earth to appease His wrath toward His wicked children. From my standpoint, this reputed act of God was more absurd than the act of the Hindoo mother.

You make God to appear as an imbecile, an incompetent, and that the devil, one of His own creatures, is superior to Himself, because the devil seems, from the records, to have defeated all of God's plans. Let us investigate these things, and see where we all stand, and then exercise much charity

for the religious belief of other people. Meantime, don't worry yourselves much about converting the heathen to your ideas about God. Better study God more fully yourselves, and try to form a higher opinion of His real greatness, power and glory. Orthodox Christians allow their souls and minds to be dwarfed by full faith in the old Jewish god who was created by them as an embodiment of what they thought a god ought to be. We are told that God commanded a man to be put to death for having gathered an armful of wood on the Sabbath day. I say, with all due reverence, that I have no respect for that kind of a god. I reject him. He is not the kind of a god I worship. Now, as a matter of fact, no mortal, or angel ever saw the real God, or knows anything about His form or attributes. It has been the custom for men, in different ages and countries, to make gods; each one of them, when made, is simply a reflex of what his makers thought a god ought to be. Those gods vary greatly in quality, ranging from wooden and stone images up to the old Jewish god, who commanded his favorite people to slay their enemies, men, women and children, but to save the maidens for the soldiers. (See Numbers, chapter 31, verse 18.) He was a wicked god. The time has now fully arrived when the reason and intelligence of the world should proceed to make a god that would fitly represent the highest conceptions of what a god ought to be. I say this with deliberation and profound reverence. The best that mortals can ever do is to formulate their highest conceptions of the attributes of Deity, and worship that as God.

We should be progressive in religion, as in everything else. There is no more reason for the worship of the old Jewish god by this enlightened age than there would be in a farmer in using a wooden moldboard plow. But I claim that no man has a right to try to tear down one form of religion unless he can offer a substitute that he believes to be better. I propose to offer in these pages a substitute for the prevalent religious

beliefs of the Christian world; one that is based on reason, common sense, justice and demonstrated and well-established facts, not on faith, but on knowledge; not in what I believe, but in what I know.

I was raised by a good pious mother. I imbibed her pious Bible teachings from my earliest recollections. It became part of my nature. I knew no better; though much of the Bible sounded very strange to me. At a revivel meeting, after I was grown, I was converted and joined the church; was very happy in the enjoyment of the Holy Spirit, as I then thought it was, but have since learned that it was a magnetic force that is generated by a body of people intensely engaged in mental effort on a spiritual subject. This magnetic power is as fully generated in an Indian ghost dance as in any Christian revival. A most remarkable exhibition of this power occurred at Cane Ridge Meeting House, in Bourbon county, Kentucky, near where I was born, in 1803.

A great revival meeting was held there at that time by Barton W. Stone, the founder of the sect first known as "New Lights," then "Reformers," then "Disciples," and now as "Christians," and for a long time called by other churches and the world, "Campbellites." While Alexander Campbell is known as the founder of that church yet Barton W. Stone started it long before Campbell came to America.

When I was a child, I heard the old people tell wonderful stories of the strange things they saw at the Cane Ridge meetings. Great crowds of people came; intense excitement prevailed. In some cases, young men came to make sport, and were overcome by the "power," and were stricken down in a dead trance for hours. Women would jump, dance, sing, and shout until their disheveled hair would snap like whip crackers. But that sect discarded all such practices before my time, and would not now tolerate anything of the kind. As man becomes enlightened, he grows away from such things.

I continued firm in the faith of my mother until I was 33 years old, when I was confined by disability one winter in my cabin in the mountains of Tuolumne county, California. There, amid the high mountains, lofty pines and grand beauties of nature, the impression began to come to me that the story of the Bible was not sufficient to meet the requirements of the human soul. When the doubt was once started there was no stopping point and the contest raged in my mind for five years. It was a painful experience, almost like tearing soul and body asunder, but I finally became a free man, and was more happy in my new belief than I had ever before been. During this time I read nothing on the subject, nor did I meet any free thinkers. My conclusions were formulated in my own mind as I was engaged in my daily work. Twenty years afterwards I was much surprised, when I first came in contact with Spiritualists, to find that their doctrines were precisely what I had believed all those twenty years, and yet I had never before met any of them or read their works. They explained to me that I had imbibed those ideas from thought waves passing over the country. I have since learned that I am an impressional medium, and believe that the thought waves were projected from the spirit world. Up to that time I had looked upon Spiritualism as a nonsensical fad. I didn't know anything about it, and didn't want to know anything about it, and might have gone through life without ever knowing except by what seemed to be an accident.

In March, 1887, I, while visiting California, stopped a few days with John Taylor, an old pioneer, who kept a way-side tavern near where I used to mine. He and his family treated me with great kindness. He was a Spiritualist. His wife had died some months before, and he told me one day what she had said to him since her death. I pitied the good old man and thought his grief had rattled his mind. Before I left he requested me to visit Mrs. Whitney, a noted medium, when I got to San Francisco. I thought that would be the

last place I would ever go, but when I got in the stage to start away he handed me Mrs. Whitney's address and made me promise I would call on her. The idea of calling on her was very repugnant, but to keep my promise to my good friend Taylor, I did call, and had a brief reading with her, and became interested and have for twenty years pursued the investigation of Spiritualism with much earnestness, and with deep interest. I have traveled much in that time and have had fine opportunities for investigation of the subject in all its phases. I have found much fraud connected with it, and many strange things connected with the gift of mediumship. But it has been fully demonstrated to me beyond a doubt, that my friends in spirit life can, and under proper conditions, do return and hold communion with me. And these communications are the greatest pleasures of my life. I would not exchange what I have learned on this subject for all the wealth of the world. I have held converse with friends on the other side through trance, clairvoyant, clairaudient, trumpet, materializing, etherializing and other phases of mediumship. It is proper to state that most of the communication we receive through mediums partake, to a considerable extent, of the individuality of the medium, just as clear water partakes of the color of the colored glass vessel in which it is contained. However, I have not observed this peculiarity to much extent in trumpet mediums.

It is of great importance, at the outset, for the investigator to know that spirits do not claim to be infallible or claim to know it all. There are many varieties of minds there, as there are in this life, and they see things from different standpoints and have different experiences; hence, we often get different accounts of conditions over there. Then the lines of communication between the two worlds are very delicate and imperfect and easily impaired and broken. Then a wicked spirit may sometimes get control of the line and send you false reports. Then again, some mediums are dishonest.

Some pretended mediums are all fraud; others have real power and yet practice fraud at times. Some persons possess strong physic power and can do wonderful things, and yet, not be able to communicate with the spirit world. When that class of people pose as Spiritual mediums, they are rank imposters. All of these things tend to confuse and disgust the honest investigator, and unless he is in real earnest, he is liable to discard the whole subject. But with all these drawbacks, there are sublime truths in Spiritualism which are the light of the world.

All religions have been founded on Spiritualism. If you take all Spiritualism out of the Bible, there will be nothing left but dry shucks, which ought all to be eliminated.

Before proceeding further, I will here state, in my own words, my understanding of the code, or creed, of modern Spiritualism:

First—Absolute knowledge of the continued existence of the soul after death of the body.

Second—Spirits of the departed can, and under proper conditions, do return and hold communion with mortal friends.

Third—No soul is ever lost, or doomed to eternal punishment.

Fourth—At death the soul enters the spirit life with whatever goodness or badness it possessed at the moment of death, and the good then enters a life of eternal progression in happiness which is accelerated in proportion to the amount of good they do to others, while the wicked suffer the tortures of their conscience, from which there is no escape, until full atonement is made for all their sins, after which they are encouraged and aided by angels to work upward and onward to higher conditions through all eternity.

This, in a nutshell, is the sum of spiritual knowledge and philosophy. Search the annals of the human race for anything

more reasonable, more just, or more satisfactory to the hungry soul. It follows, as a matter of course, that the better people live here the better it will be for them over there. You can not be saved by any act of others, but all will have to stand on their own merits in the spirit world. If all the people of earth could fully understand this fact it would cause a wonderful revolution in the morals of mankind. What nonsense to believe the blood of Christ can save you from your sins. You are your own saviour. You will be saved or condemned by your acts, and you can not shuffle off the responsibility of your sins upon anyone else. You can not, by any possibility, get away from your conscience. It clings to you here, and will be far more vivid and cutting in the spirit life. It is in that manner the wicked pays the penalty of their sins.

On one occasion, at a materializing seance in San Francisco, I saw the materialized form of a female spirit go to a man in the circle of thirty persons and beg his pardon for a wrong she did him while she was in the earth life. She told him, in the most plaintive manner, she could not rest or make any progress in spirit life until he forgave her. He granted her request, which seemed to greatly relieve her.

During the convention of the National Spiritual Association in Chicago, in October, 1906, E. W. Sprague, one of the most highly gifted mediums, was giving tests to a very large audience. Addressing a stranger well back in the hall, he said, "In 1868 you was engaged in business with another man; he wronged you; he got possession of property that belonged to you; he robbed you; he tells me he cannot rest; he is in hell, not the orthodox hell, but the spiritual hell, and suffering the tortures of the damned. He implores you to pardon him. Will you do it?" The stranger answered, "Yes." Then Sprague said, "Did we ever meet before?" The stranger said, "I never saw you before; you could not

have known anything about me. Your statement is strictly correct, except the date—it was in 1878 instead of '68."

Sinner, if you could fully realize what you will have to suffer in spirit life from your own conscience for your wrong doing in this life, you would try to reform your ways.

PHENOMENA.

In December, 1889, I had a seance with Fred Evans, the slate writer in San Francisco. There, under test conditions, I received five slates filled with writings addressed to me, and signed by the full names of my mother, Mary West, my father Henry West, my brother John West, Dr. A. T. Darrah and James Clark. I was a total stranger to Fred Evans. He told me at the start that he sometimes got good results and sometimes got nothing. This power was beyond his control and that he guaranteed nothing. The communications from my parents and brother sounded very natural. James Clark, while in the earth life, had been a close personal and political friend. His letter was in his own handwriting and addressed precisely like he always addressed me while living. Dr. Darrah's letter referred to the condition of my health and was correct.

In February, 1890, I lodged for a time in the house of Mrs. A. Rush, of 123 Bunker Hill avenue, Los Angeles, California. She was an honest, old-fashioned woman, and a very strong medium; so strong that she could not talk with me for ten minutes on any subject, without going under control. Sometimes, by her own guides and sometimes the control of my spirit friends. These communications being spontaneous, were free, without money and without price, and valued by me more on that account. After being there ten days I wrote, from memory, a synopsis of the most important messages I had received through her. Many of them were in answer to questions from me. Her controls were the spirits

of a Dr. Clark, Preacher Patton, a German named Smelzer, and others.

My first question was to Dr. Clark: "Why do our spirit friends sometimes materialize in forms different from those they had in this life?"

Answer: It is difficult to appear in a materialized form. It is hard to form the body for that purpose; therefore, we sometimes use the same body that has been used by some other spirit. It is easier to do so than to form a new one to represent the exact form of the body on earth, just as it is easier to occupy an empty house, already built, than to build a new one. We cannot do very much in a materialized form at best. I never feel easy in that form. I feel like I am in a shell that does not fit me, and find it difficult to articulate or speak. About all we expect to accomplish in that form is to set people to thinking and investigating these things. Many people in earth life are so bigoted in their opinions that they wrap themselves up in their belief like a silk worm in its shell, until they shut out all light and can see nothing. Such people when they come into spirit life are very difficult to get unraveled and straightened out so they can make any progress here. It is mainly for the purpose of setting such people to thinking and investigating in the earth life that we sometimes appear in a materialized form. When we can start people in this direction it makes it much easier for us to help them when they reach spirit life. But it is much easier to talk through a medium, as I am now doing, than to come in a materialized form.

This answer was of great importance to me, because sometime previous to that time my father came to me in materialized form as natural as life, and after talking a short time he disappeared; then, in a few moments, the same body came again and gave the name of brother John. Not understanding how this could be I was disgusted and thought it was a humbug.

Second question: "Can spirits be happy while seeing so much ignorance and misery?"

Answer: When your child is very sick you do all you can for it. You think no trouble is too great, that may be necessary to relieve it, and when you see it is on the road to health your joy is ample compensation for all the trouble and care you have had to bestow on it. It is just so in the spirit life. Our joy in caring for and assisting others, who need our help, and our happiness in knowing they are in the line of pro-

gression to a higher state is ample compensation for all our anxiety for them.

Third question: "What are the marriage relations in spirit life of those who have been married several times in earth life?"

Answer: No mistakes are made in the spirit world. If a man and wife have been properly mated in the earth life the union will be continued in the spirit life. But, if a couple have been mismated in the earth life, the mistake will be corrected in the spirit life. They will not be reunited over there, but each will find their own proper mate. All are mated in the spirit life. It takes two halves to make a whole. When a man or woman has been married several times they cannot, when they reach spirit life, love two of their earthmates equally well, but will mate with the one for whom he or she has the most affinity. There can be no jealousy or envy there, but all will fully realize and recognize the fitness of the unions in the spirit world.

Fourth question: "Do persons who have lost their mental faculties in this life carry that condition with them to the spirit world?"

Answer: If you should receive a blow upon your head that would impair or destroy your mental faculties, it would be the result of a damage to your physical body, and when you throw off that body in death, you are freed from its defects and conditions, and enter the spirit life with all your mental faculties unimpaired. In consequence of the violations of the laws of nature many are born as idiots. This results from malformation. In many cases the brain is partly inverted or put in side ways. The skull is generally shaped in such manner as to prevent the development of the brain and the spirit is unable to change the shape of the skull and consequently the person has to go through life as an idiot; but when they get to the spirit world they are taken in charge by proper instructors and are placed in a department prepared for them and are gradually developed into intelligent beings, and like all other persons, placed in the line of eternal progression.

Fifth question: "Why do spirits sometimes use mediums who are not honest or are otherwise disreputable?"

Answer: Because we cannot always get enough of the right kind of materials. Then it is often the case that disparaging reports about mediums are not true. There is a good deal of envy among some mediums. Some are vain and want to be considered as superior to all others and consequently help to circulate bad reports about other mediums. Then there are, in spirit life, many vain and foolish persons, just as there are on earth. This class of spirits communicate freely with mediums

who are vain and ambitious to excell all others, simply for their own personal glory and without regard to the welfare of mankind. If you have a piece of work to do it is a very easy matter to find a dozen men who can tell you all about how it ought to be done, better than you can yourself, but if they are put to the test you find they know nothing about it. We have that class of people in the spirit world, and there is no way to prevent them from communicating through mediums who are like unto themselves. Then again, you should know that the mediumistic power is separate and distinct from the individual. That power is like a bridge used to cross a stream. The bridge is not the stream, but simply the machinery used to connect one shore with the other. We use a medium as a bridge over which we communicate with persons in the earth life. The imperfections of the individual possessing mediumistic powers do not necessarily impair the truthfulness or merit of communications sent through that medium. If you cross a bridge in safety you have certainly accomplished your purpose to go to the other shore, though there may be some defective materials in the bridge.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

BY PREACHER PATTON'S SPIRIT.

It has always been believed that there will be a day of judgment and a great judge before whom all must appear. Now, you do something today that you soon forget. You have done many things in your life that you have entirely forgotten. The folds of your memory turn down on these acts and hide them from your view, but they are not obliterated from your mind. Occasionally some incident in your life, apparently long forgotten, will, without any effort on your part, suddenly occur to your mind. Persons rescued from a drowning condition will tell you that every act of their lives appeared before them while in the process of drowning. It is the same way when you enter the spirit life. Every act and deed of your past life appears at once before you. The folds of your memory are lifted and cleared away and you see it all. There is no recording angel, but the record is kept in your own brain of every act of your entire life. When you enter the spirit world you will find no great judge there to judge you, but you will be compelled to judge yourself, and do it correctly. There can be no escape from this. I have seen many men come into spirit life who had been looked up to in the earth life, but when all the acts of their lives appeared before them they would have gladly fled from their sense of shame and degradation, but there is no escape; and their torture, in some cases, is equivalent to the hell taught on earth. Do not fear God. It is your own acts alone you have to fear. Teach these great truths to your children and your friends. If the people of earth could but know and fully realize them, they would produce such a revolution in the morals and conduct of mankind as the world never

saw. All are more or less imperfect when they enter the spirit world. All have to go through a preparatory course of training. It would be as impossible for one, on entering spirit life, to understand the mysteries and beauties of the third and fourth degrees as it would be for a child to go at one step from its alphabet into geometry. But the better a person has lived in the earth life the easier it is for them to reach the higher and happier planes of spirit life. Such persons soon pass the preparatory course and rapidly go onto the higher spheres, while the wicked, vicious and avaricious ones of earth are kept back from happiness by the full realization of their shame until they are sufficiently purified by good deeds to others to allow of their progress to a higher plane. It will do them no good to worship the great God or to pray to Him. The only way they can obtain help is by doing all the good they can to others. By this means they can gradually progress to a happier condition.

OTHER MESSAGES THROUGH MRS. RUSH.

FROM MY FATHER.

My Son: There are grand truths in Spiritualism, though they are mixed with a great deal that is trashy and worthless. This results from the imperfect means of communication between the two worlds; but do not, on this account, reject it all, but save the good grains and reject the chaff. But do not be led into anything contrary to your own judgment, no matter where it comes from. Your youngest child is a very bright little girl. She will be a good medium. Do not press your views too strongly on your family. Don't have any discord about your belief. Your wife will, in time, become a Spiritualist, and probably some of your children.

My father died before the birth of the little girl referred to above. She now possesses some rare mediunistic gifts. At the time my father gave the above message my wife thought Spiritualism was horrible and that I was on the road to destruction. Today there is no firmer Spiritualist than my wife, while some of my children are full converts.

MESSAGE FROM REV. PATTON.

My name is Patton. I was, while in earth life, a preacher of the gospel. I believed that God delighted in punishing the wicked with everlasting punishment, and preached that doctrine in all sincerity. I knew no better, but when I got into the spirit world I found everything very different from what I had believed and preached. I found that I had to take my place with all others and work my way up, as all have to do

in the spirit world. There is no hell, such as is taught on earth. The only hell is that caused by one's own acts. This is all you have to fear. I was born in Ohio, lived in New York and died in Missouri.

MESSAGE FROM DR. CLARK.

Mankind shows less wisdom in regard to their own race than the common animals do. They certainly show less care in proper mating for themselves than they do for their animals. Why, the farmers give more attention to the proper breeding of their hogs than to the proper selection of their own mates. And what a poor, scrubby breed of hogs there would be if there was no more care taken with them than with the human race. Take a female whose waist is laced into a very small form—her organs are squeezed out of position. Imagine this woman married to a coarse, brutal drunkard, as is often the case, then what can you expect but that the children of such a union will be of frail and diseased bodies, distorted and vicious dispositions and impaired intellect. These evils can be remedied some by laws that will compel the teaching in all of our schools of the great laws governing the human body—that most wonderful piece of machinery in the universe. Teach all children and grown people to obey these laws, and the terrible penalties resulting from their violation and it will result in the improvement of the race.

FIRST INTERVIEW WITH MY GUIDE.

At a private materializing seance in San Francisco, California, on March 13, 1890, from 10 to 11 o'clock a. m. No one was present but the medium and myself. Fifteen different forms appeared, among whom were two who claimed to be my parents. My father looked as natural as he ever did in the later years of his life. I embraced him in my arms, and was moved to tears when he said, "Don't weep for us, my son, for we are happy." While I was talking to my parents my niece, Lizzie Deffenbaugh, came and placed her hand on my arm. She looked very happy, but did not speak, and she faded away as my parents withdrew. Then five Indians came to me in a body. They shook hands with me. They gave the names of Pocohontas, Tecumseh, Powonto, Crooked Finger and Fleetfoot. Pocohontas made a graceful and beautiful appearance. Tecumseh and Powonto were short, thick set men. Crooked Finger's middle finger on his right hand was bent on a square angle, and was stiff as a stick. Fleet-

foot was a fine athletic fellow. He told me he was a Pottawatomie Indian, and used to live not far from my home. Powonto stepped behind me in a frisky manner, and placing his hands on my sides, he lifted me off the floor as easily as if I had been a sack of feathers. Towards the close of the seance there came a beautiful female spirit, clad in illuminated raiment. She shook hands with me, gave the name of Pansy, sat on a sofa with me for several minutes, saying she was a Greek maiden, and lived long ago—a thousand years, yes, two thousand years, and had been my guide ever since my birth; would go with me through life and at death escort me to my spirit home. Then she retired but in a few minutes I saw a small vapory-looking substance just below the ceiling. It was in motion, and gradually descended and rapidly unfolded until it struck the floor in front of me, when it was fully developed into the beautiful Greek maiden. I arose, and she placed her hand upon my shoulder and talked to me in an angelic strain. This was the first time I ever heard of her. Since then I have seen and talked to her many times in San Francisco, Oakland and Los Angeles, California; Houston, Texas; Chicago, Bloomington and Farmer City, Illinois, and have talked with her many times through trance, clairvoyant and trumpet mediums in my own house. In fact, I am now, after seventeen years, nearly as well acquainted with her as I am with my own family. She was born and raised in Athens, Greece, and died 429 B. C., in the days of Pericles and Cleon. She once told me that Cleon was a friend of her family and often took shelter in her father's house. At another time, she told me she had often been in the Parthenon, which was said to have been the finest building ever erected by man. She told me that in descending from that building to the foot of the hill you come to a narrow street leading into the city, and upon that street are some of the fragments of the ruins of the little temple she used to attend. She talks of the past, present and future, and gives

tests that no mortal can give. Since I became acquainted with her she has saved my life three times and been of great benefit to me in many ways. On the 13th of July, 1890, I attended a materializing seance in Chicago. The first form that appeared was that of Dr. A. T. Darrah, who gave me excellent tests. Next came my niece, Lizzie Deffenbaugh, who talked to me pleasantly for some time. Near the close of the seance, Pansy the beautiful spirit I saw in San Francisco just four months before, appeared in very plain attire. The first thing she said was, "You thought I was not coming, but I wanted to wait until the last." Then we had a fine talk about our meeting in San Francisco, and she discussed with me the qualities of the cabinet spirits at that seance, and mentioned one as being too rough.

MESSAGE FROM INDIAN SPIRIT.

Some eighteen years ago, at a private reading with a trance medium in San Francisco, the spirit of an Indian came, and gave his name as "Fleetfoot," and said he was a Pottowatamie Indian, and used to live not far from my home. He then told me of a disease in my wife's throat—said it was not dangerous yet, but it was inclined to work down, and needed close and careful attention, and if not soon attended to, would cause serious trouble. I had never heard my wife complain of her throat and thought Fleetfoot was badly mistaken. When I returned home, I did not tell my wife anything about what the Indian had said about her throat, for fear it might cause her some uneasiness.

A few weeks afterward, my wife and I drove over to the Village of Arrowsmith, and on the way home, she told me she had called in to see the doctor. I asked her why she wanted to see him. She said she wanted to see him about her throat. "Why, what is the matter with your throat," I asked. She then described the case precisely as Fleetfoot had done months before. I asked why she had not told me before. She

said she did not want to be complaining about every little ailment.

Her throat has never been entirely well since. Under skillful treatment, it gets better at times. Sometimes it has been in a dangerous condition. There is no prospect that it will ever be well.

There was no earthly means by which Fleetfoot or the medium could have known anything about my wife, who was 2500 miles away. My home was about two miles from the site of the old Kickapoo Indian fort and town in McLean county, Illinois.

It is said that the Kickapoos and Pottowatomies lived together for a time.

If the above communication was not from the spirit side of life, then from whence did it come?

On January 13, 1891, I had a reading with a clairvoyant medium in Chicago. I called for Pansy, who came and gave me a long and most interesting talk, manifesting a full acquaintance with my affairs, and promising me many good things for the future. This medium described Pansy very minutely; speaking of her Greek appearance, and that I had never seen her in life, and that she was the most beautiful being she ever saw and was surrounded with a great band of angels who were looking on her with wonder at her telegraphic power of communicating with the people of earth.

At Los Angeles, California, on the 17th of February, 1891, my wife and I had a reading with an excellent test medium. We received very fine messages from friends in spirit life. Near the close of the seance I asked Pansy if she had any further directions to give me. She answered, "There are going to be very heavy rains in this country. Keep out of all low places, and don't go home until the weather gets

settled in the spring." There had been but very little rain there up to that time, and farmers were suffering for moisture. In a few days thereafter the fountains of heaven seemed to break loose, and the deluge came, wrecking railroads, bridges and highways. The railroad through Temecula Canyon was so badly destroyed for twenty miles that it has never been rebuilt. The town of Yuma and others were nearly destroyed. No mails or passengers went into or out of Los Angeles for twelve days, and the overflow of the Colorado river formed the Salton Sea on the great Colorado desert. We had intended returning home on the first of April, but was detained by my sickness, so we did not arrive until the 16th of that month. We then learned that on and about the first of April was the worst weather of the winter.

The above tests by Pansy are simply beyond human explanation. They are in harmony with the many other beautiful things I have received from her.

In March, 1891, in San Francisco, my wife and I received through a slate writing medium the following slate written message:

My Dear Loved Ones:—From my far home in spirit world I come to you with my heart full of love. I am with you in your great desire to do good. Whatever you shall impart to others shall be measured ten fold to you. I will come and give more as I get accustomed to the magnetism of this medium. I wish you could arrange for a private seance. We could do better.

Lovingly,

EMMA SPENCER.

In earth life Emma Spencer and my wife had been intimate friends, and members of the same church.

At the same sitting referred to above, I received the following slate writing through this medium from Pansy:

My Dear Loved Friend:—I was very happy to show my face through this medium. I am with the little spirit artist, Rose Bud, gathering forces to produce my picture on the slate for you. In another sitting I would love to bring to you the message you are so anxious to receive, but climatic conditions are unfavorable today. With best love to you both, I bless you.

YOUR LOVING GUIDE.

Instead of signing her name Pansy, there was a beautiful picture of a pansy flower where the name should be. Some days after receiving the foregoing message, my wife received, through the same medium, the following slate writing:

My Dear Friend Martha:—Oh, what a pleasure this is to me to be permitted to see you face to face, and I want you to carry my sweetest love back with you to those dear ones who are bound to me by kindred ties. Tell them that my home ties and home loves grow stronger each day here and my heart goes out lovingly to them all. My dear friend, I come to scatter sunbeams in your pathway. I have your little darling with me in spirit world. I am loving and caring for him, and in all the spirit world there is not a more beautiful little angel than sweet little Parker. My home is amid everlasting joys of flower covered vales and silver threaded streams, wandering adown sweet-scented slopes, and the air is made musical with the sweet voices of happy children at play. The great joy of my life is to know that the gate between the two worlds swings gently to the touch of angel fingers, and we can come back to earth and lead our loved ones heavenward. Dear friend, I am often with you. I gaze upon you in the lonely hours of the night, and mark each sigh that stirs thy sleeping breast, and I try to illumine the shadows that may linger in thy earthly pathway. Goodbye. Your loving friend,
EMMA SPENCER.

At this meeting Pansy, Emma Spencer, and many others materialized and talked with us face to face. The little Parker referred to by Emma Spencer was our dear boy who died in infancy.

At the same same date and place the following slate writings were received:

My Dear Children:—The garden of memory is ever fresh and green with us in the land of spirit. We are always glad to mingle our thoughts with our loved ones who are still of earth. We rejoice that we can return and make our presence known to our dear friends and assure them that the grave does not end all, but we live in a world that is fairer than earth. Nothing dies, only changes, and that change unfolds the capabilities of the human spirit, and it goes on and on in the grandeur of its unfoldment through all eternity. It is impossible to picture to your mind, my son, with any language familiar to mortals the glories of the future life. We are watching over your life and guiding your footsteps into pathways that are most perfect. Always try to do and live right, and God will bless you with a crown of life above. We are al-

ways near to cheer and encourage you. Many loved ones are here. With love to you both, my children,

Lovingly your father and mother,

HENRY AND MARY WEST.

At the same seance I received the following slate writing :

My Dear Brother:—We are all gathered around you today in joyous greeting. We are always happy in coming earthward with words of cheer to those who are still journeying upon the plains of earth life. We are often with you and when you sit meditating over the past and thinking of the loved ones who have passed from your visible sight, we draw near and caress you on cheek and brow. We are watching to welcome you to our beautiful home above where old age and sickness is unknown. Link by link, we are gathering our loved ones home and when the chain of our family circle is complete in the world of spirit, O, how happy we will be. I will come to you again and try to give you a description of our spirit home. Good-bye. Your spirit brother,

JOHN WEST.

At the same seance I received the following slate writing :

Dear Friend:—The chain of love is not broken by the change called death, but lives and grows stronger as time rolls on, and we bring you greetings from our home so fair and bright, all flooded with eternal light where love reigns supreme, all hearts overflow with joy and peace, earth cannot know. No weary feet or tear-dimmed eyes are found in all our paradise. But joyous, bright, unfettered, free, the soul hath perfect liberty.

From your spirit friends,

DR. A. T. DARRAH,

D. B. GILHAM,

L. D. WHITING.

Senators D. B. Gilham and L. D. Whiting were my most intimate friends when I was a member of the Illinois legislature. Dr. A. T. Darrah was a good friend in earth life and also in spirit life. The medium through whom the above slate writings were obtained was a stranger to my wife and myself. She had no knowledge of us or of the writers of the messages. To obtain a message I would write a question on a slip of paper addressed to a spirit friend; place the slip between two slates, place a band around the slates, then put the slates in a cabinet and remain in the room with the medium for some minutes; then examine the slates and find the

writing. The handwriting of each message was different from all others. This all occurred in broad daylight.

At a reading with a clairvoyant medium in Chicago on the 8th of December, 1891, Pansy came and gave me an interesting talk of about half an hour. She then requested me to come back next day and said we could then have a much better meeting, and told me she would bring my little boy next day. I told her I did not like to come unless she was willing for me to pay the medium for the second sitting, as she would not allow the medium to take any pay for the last reading. She answered that I could pay the medium whatever I thought was right. I returned next morning at 9 o'clock and, much to my surprise, my little boy was the first one announced as being present. He commenced by giving a correct account of his sickness and death, showing that his disease was in his throat, and was very severe and brief, choking him to death in a very short time. He then expressed great solicitude about my health, and sent some dear messages to his mother, and especially enjoining upon her the necessity of her ceasing to labor so hard. After a very fine talk he retired. This boy died with membranous croup.

My father came next and talked freely, plainly and finely. He gave me much good advice, telling me that I had a beautiful home and fine farm; that if I was living in some good village where I could have more company it would be better for me, but the danger of evil influences of town life on my little boys would more than overbalance the benefit to myself, and that I must not sell my farm. He then said, "Don't sell any of your farms; keep your land for your main dependence." He talked at length about business and other affairs. I then asked him about his marriage relations in spirit life, as he had been married twice, and always seemed to be with my mother, his first wife, when in communication with me. (His second wife died before he did). He answered that when his second wife came to the spirit world her people met her and took

her with them, and when he came my mother claimed him, and as there was more affinity between them than there was with the second wife, he was with my mother, but he added, "The second wife is all right."

After my little boy and my father finished and bid me goodbye, Pansy came and gave me, as she always does, a grand talk. She expressed much concern about my health the coming winter, and urged me to take great care of myself as there was danger of my having serious sickness soon, and said they didn't want me over there yet; that there was much for me to do on earth, both for my family and in other lines. She made a remark in regard to business. I then told her I had always avoided talking about business affairs to her as I supposed such subjects would be distasteful to her. She replied that she would talk to me on any subject. She talks with much wisdom and purity, and seems anxious that I shall not do anything in regard to my belief that will bring me into ridicule and damage my influence. Altogether the reading lasted for full two hours and was of great interest. The medium knew nothing of me or my people nor my affairs. The intelligencies that talked through her made no mistake in reference to myself and my affairs.

On the evening of April 14, 1892, Mr. M. W. Packard, and his wife, were quietly reading in their home in Bloomington, Illinois, when Mrs. Packard became entranced and saw and described the spirit of an old man and a boy by his side. The description was that of my father, Henry West, and was readily recognized by Mr. Packard, but he knew nothing of the boy. The form of my father then gave the following message to Mrs. Packard:

By his own efforts my son has been able to set ajar the door and converse with the friends upon the other shore. Tell him not to grow weary in striving for greater knowledge. Let not worldly ambitions interfere. It will be to him of more value than position or wealth. Tell him this message comes through a stranger he has never met.

He then pointed to the youth and said, "There is a generation between us." The youth was my little boy, Parker, who died in 1876, when about seventeen months old. Mrs. Packard and I have never met. She had not been acquainted with my father, and never heard of my boy.

On the evening of October 15, 1893, I attended a materializing seance in Chicago. Several of my friends, in spirit life, came and talked to me; last of whom was my guide, Pansy. I asked her if I would go to Mr. Campbell, the spirit artist, could she give me her picture. She said she didn't know that she could, but that she would give me a bunch of pansies anyway. Next day I went to see Campbell. He said he would not promise me anything. Didn't know whether he could get anything or not. Sometimes he got good results, and sometimes he got nothing, and said the work was done by power beyond his control. I told him I knew I would get something and knew what it would be, but would not tell him. He took two slates, washed them well, and gave them to me to wipe, after which he placed a piece of clean porcelain between the slats, then put two stout rubber bands around the slates and leaving the slates in my hands all the time, Mr. Campbell then walked the floor for ten or twelve minutes, telling me of what he saw, which I recognized as my guide. He then told me to open the slates and see what I had. Upon doing so I found a beautiful bunch of pansies painted in oil on the porcelain plate, and one side was covered with writing, and on the other slate was the dim outlines of the face and bust of my guide, and also, of an Indian, whom I learned, in a very singular manner a few days afterward, was a Shawnee Indian who gave the name of Fast Dog.

A few nights after obtaining the picture of pansies I again attended a materializing seance. My guide, Pansy, came in fine form and talked with me, and spoke at once in the most joyous manner of the picture of pansies, and re-

quested me to keep it always. It required several weeks' time to dry the oil of which this picture was made.

At a dark circle in San Francisco on the night of March 4, 1894, the spirit of my brother, John, came and told me of a serious difficulty I had recently had with some men in Texas, saying the treatment I received was the greatest outrage he ever saw, and that he was so indignant that he felt he could almost burst the bonds of the spirit world, and that he and other spirit friends, who were present, were all that saved me. No mortal, except myself, within more than two thousand miles, knew anything about this matter. The outrage was fully as bad as my brother indicated. If this message was not from the spirit world from whence did it come, and how did it get there?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN COMES INTO MY LIFE.

In the early part of 1896 I had a sitting with a clairvoyant medium in Houston, Texas. She was a total stranger to me. I was not pleased with her, as she was a coarse, common, vainglorious woman, who was not fully developed as a medium. Near the close of the reading she said, "Abe Lincoln belongs to your band." I was so much disgusted with this presumptuous remark that I made no answer. It is so common for half-developed mediums to claim communion with spirits of illustrious persons that it is simply disgusting. I left that medium with a very poor opinion of her. Some months afterward I took a treatment of my head for sun pains, given by Mrs. Esther Dye, a very reputable healing medium of Los Angeles, California. During the treatment she spoke of the presence of the spirit of a noted public man. I asked for his name, but she said he declined to give it. I insisted on knowing the name of visitor and named a number of departed statesmen, but none were recognized. Finally, I named Judge David Davis, with whom I had been well ac-

quainted. The medium answered, "No, it is greater than he. It is Lincoln." This statement made some impression on me but I could not imagine why the spirit of Mr. Lincoln should come to me. I had seen him several times in his earth life, but was not acquainted with him. The next time that I heard from him was at a materializing seance in San Francisco on the night of September 17, 1897. Five other persons were present. The conditions were excellent. Spirit friends came to all present. My boy Parker, who died in infancy in 1876, came to me, gave his name and convinced me of his identity. He was grown to manhood. I embraced him in my arms and he sent a most loving message to his mother. Next came my uncle Thomas H. West, who, while in earth life, had been a very strict Presbyterian, and intensely bitter against Spiritualism, and strongly set against everything except his own faith. When he announced his name I felt amused at his coming to such a place, and I at once asked him, "Uncle Tom, have you got adjusted to the conditions over there?" His answer was very characteristic of the man. Instead of answering yes or no, he said, "I found I had a great deal to unlearn over here." Then came to me the full form of Abraham Lincoln, as natural as he ever appeared in the earth life. He grasped my hand with a firm grip and hearty shake and held it during his visit of seven or eight minutes. His was a wonderful hand. I never saw one just like it—very large, rough and raw boned. I thanked him for coming to me, and expressed my surprise at his coming to so obscure a person as I, especially, as I had been politically opposed to him in his earth life. He promptly answered: "That don't count over here, but it affords me pleasure to come to any one who is laboring for the upbuilding of humanity as you are." Then he spoke of being cut off in the midst of his work and others had to finish it. Then of the general conditions of the country, saying that money had too much influence in our government. Then he spoke of the

conditions in Europe, saying the troubles would continue there until their kingdoms and empires would topple over like blocks of wood and republics be established in their stead. He closed by expressing his warmest sympathy for Cuba. This was seven months before the beginning of the war with Spain. Since that time Mr. Lincoln seems to have come closely into my life. Possibly this has resulted from his intimate friendship with my beautiful guide of whom he speaks in the highest terms.

On July 28, 1900, I had the rare good luck of enjoying a private etherializing seance in Los Angeles, California. It was the only seance of that kind I ever saw. Etherialization is a very rare phase of mediumship, and it is the finest of all phases. The seance lasted about two hours, and it was grand. The spirits came in etherialized form, as they are in spirit life. I could see the full form but it looked like a shadow that you could see through, but they could talk better than when in materialized form. My guide came and talked very finely. My boy Charles, while in the earth life, had learned to play the French harp beautifully. While waiting for some one to come I heard the sweet notes of a French harp faintly sounding in the far distance. Then it ceased, then commenced nearer, and louder; then stopped again. Then it came nearer and in the most angelic strains played "Home Sweet Home," the piece he had so often played for me when, weary and tired out I had gone into my home and asked the dear boy to play me some music. He always cheerfully complied with my requests on such occasions, no matter what he had on hand. I am not ashamed to say that I wept with delight when those sweet notes burst upon me. It was the most exquisite touch of heaven I have ever enjoyed. When he got through playing he came nearer and in full view and gave me a grand talk. Holding out his arm there appeared suspended from it, a bright star and crescent. Pointing to them with the other hand he said, "Papa, remember these are my

symbols. The star represents love and the crescent represents unfoldment."

Last of all came the full etheralized form of Abraham Lincoln, who gave me a splendid talk. This was at the time when the Boxer rebellion in China was at its height, and it was the general belief that the American and other legations in Pekin had all been murdered. I asked Mr. Lincoln if our people in China were yet alive. He answered, "I think they are, at least they have not yet arrived in the spirit world." In a few days after this, rumors began to arrive that the legations were safe. During this conversation with Mr. Lincoln I asked him who inspired me to write the verses at the sea shore at Santa Monica, a short time before. He said that my guide inspired me to write them and that they were very good, and then spoke very highly of her and concluded by saying that she was not only my guide but his guide as well. This statement rather paralyzed me, and before I could get an explanation he was gone. For several weeks I was much puzzled over Mr. Lincoln's statement. Others who came were my sister Mary, Theodore Parker and Alan El Hassen.

On the 23d of August, following, I had a private materializing seance in Oakland, California. My guide came and made me a long visit at this seance, sitting by my side, and talking on various subjects. Among others were the merits of a portrait of hers in my seance room at my home in LeRoy, Illinois. She told me the exact cost of the picture. In speaking of the color of her eyes in the picture I told her the eyes were dark. She quickly replied, "They are hazle," which is strictly correct. Then I asked her what Mr. Lincoln meant when he said she was his guide as well as mine. Then she, with her forefinger, drew a circle saying, as she did so, "We have circles in the spirit world and circles within circles, and it so happens that I am the center of one of those circles and Mr. Lincoln is a member of that circle, and that is what he meant when he said I was his guide."

I have since learned from others that she was one of Mr. Lincoln's teachers in spirit life. From what I have learned of her, she is well worthy to be the spirit teacher of anyone fresh from the earth life.

Two days previous to the etherializing seance above referred to, I was sitting alone on the seashore at Santa Monica, California, and watching the waves in their ceaseless action. Soon I felt impressed to write something. I had no paper with me, but wrote the following verses on the margin of a newspaper I had bought that morning.

I know nothing about poetry, its rules or measures. I don't know that these verses have any resemblance to poetry, but I give them just as they came to me :

WORDS OF THE WAVES.

Oh, what are the wild waves saying,
And what do they say today,
As swiftly they come rolling to the shore
To be broken and dashed into spray?

They tell of the woundrous power of force
That comes from the throne of God;
They tell of the ceaseless efforts of man
To rise to higher planes than ever he trod.

They tell of his hopes on their crested tops,
And his defeats in their ebbing sway;
They tell of his courage in coming again
To be baffled and beaten in sore dismay.

They tell of the constant struggle of mind,
To fathom the depths of the unknown land;
They tell of the mighty work of life,
Ebbing and flowing o'er shifting sand.

They tell of eternity's endless work,
Where activity, to the soul, is rest;
They tell of man's labors here below,
And his duties in the realms of the blest.

—S. H. WEST.

Seashore, Santa Monica, Calif., July 26, 1900.

On August 26, 1900, I had a spirit photograph taken in San Francisco. I had made a persistent effort for that purpose for a week. Each time I got a number of forms and faces with my photograph, but they were all entire strangers to me and I would not have them on any terms. The last time I sat for the photo I felt a strong magnetic current in my brain and told the operator that we were getting something good that time, that I felt the impression very strong. He told me to come back next day to see the proof. That night I saw my guide at a materializing seance. She gave me a good talk and told me she had given me her photograph that day, that was just like her picture. The picture referred to was her spirit portrait hanging in my seance room in my home in LeRoy, Illinois.

At eleven o'clock next day I went to the artist's and saw the proof of my photograph with the photo of my guide standing as close to my side as if she was part of me, and it was a perfect copy of her portrait in my home, 2,500 miles away.

This photographer is now said to be a fraud. He may be in all else, but in this one instance, I know his work was genuine. I know it from the vibrations I felt when the photo was being taken, and from my guide's description of the photo before I saw the proof. No better tests could be desired on any subject. My guide's portrait at my home was taken in Chicago on the 29th of June previous.

On February 3, 1901, I went from my place at Deer Park, Texas, to Galveston to see the ruins of the wrecked city. At noon I ate very heartily of salt water trout with lemon juice. Started back to Deer Park at 2 p. m. At depot I met Mrs. Adams, sister-in-law to Mr. Adams, landlord of my hotel at Deer Park. She had been visiting in Houston and started back to Deer Park that morning, and got on the wrong train and was carried to Galveston, where she waited for the afternoon train on the road that passed through Deer Park. We

got along very comfortably until within about ten miles of my place, when I felt a little sick. Then in an instant became totally unconscious; in fact dead, as I was afterward told by very reliable persons. My physician told me afterward that the fish and lemon juice formed an acid that stopped the circulation of the blood instantly. There were not more than a dozen passengers in the car, all of whom were strangers to me, except Mrs. Adams. She said my head drooped over and she made repeated efforts to arouse me, but failed; then she gave the alarm and called for help. The passengers rushed to her assistance and by vigorous rubbing and application of stimulants finally aroused a reaction and I regained consciousness, though desperately sick. Captain Adair, of Houston, afterwards told me he had seen many dead men, but never a deader one than I was. The first thing that I knew when I revived, was a man with a bottle of whisky, which he was trying to pour down my throat. There were no passengers sitting very near me. If Mrs. Adams had not been with me it is quite probable that I would not have received any attention until too late. Some time afterwards my guide told me, through a trance medium, that she saw what was coming and tried to impress me not to eat the fish, but my system was in such a sluggish condition she could not reach me, but that Mrs. Adams was a sensitive and she impressed her to take the wrong road for the purpose of saving my life. When wonderful escapes are made, people generally say it was providential. As a matter of fact these things are brought about by our spirit friends and not by providence of God.

We all have spirit friends who try to help us, though not always able to do so. If orthodox religion is true God is not always able to help us. He seems unable to help us when a ship goes down with all on board or a train is wrecked and scores of lives are lost, the good and bad together. Lightning strikes churches oftener than it does whiskey saloons. I think there is some mistake about the reputed providence of God. It

was not God, but spirit friends, that impressed J. W. Riggs, of Bloomington, Illinois, with the presentiment of danger on the steamer Columbia, on retiring on the fatal night when that ship sank off the coast of California. These impressions of danger are often felt, though not generally because the conditions do not permit your spirit friends to get near enough to you, as was my case in Texas.

On the 9th of February, had a fine reading with Mrs. Watts, at Houston. Talked with my boy Charles, Pansy and Mr. Lincoln. March 9 had trumpet seance in Bloomington, Illinois. Splendid talk with Charles, Pansy, mother, father, brother John and Dr. Darrah. Grand talks. April 27, trumpet seance in Bloomington, Illinois. Grand talk with Charles, mother, father, brother John, Pansy, Dr. Darrah and Abraham Lincoln. May 2, fine trumpet seance in LeRoy. In all these and many others my friends would talk as plain, intelligent and connectedly as if they had been in the earth life.

On the 18th of July, 1901, I had the first trumpet seance in my own home, an account of which was published in the Bloomington *Pantagraph*, as follows:

Editor Pantagraph:—An ounce of truth that can be fully verified by proof beyond all doubt is worth more than a mountain of faith, creeds, dogmas and theories that cannot be established by positive evidence.

A few weeks ago, at a private trumpet seance in Bloomington, I had fine talks with a number of spirit friends who spoke to me freely and plainly through the trumpet. Among the number was my son, Charles, who departed this life more than three years ago. He requested me to get the medium to go to my house and hold a seance there, as he said he wanted to have a family reunion in his own, dear old home. I made the necessary arrangements and the medium came and held a seance in my house on the night of the 18th of July, last. She brought no apparatus, except an aluminum trumpet. The seance was held in my parlor, with no possible chance for any trickery. It was the room in which my boy was born, and from which his spirit took its departure, and in which hangs his portrait, lately completed, and the fine portrait of my guide taken by spirit power one year ago. Those present were the medium, my wife, myself, sons, Henry C., Lawrence J., daughter Luella, and Dr. Horn, of Arrowsmith. My other children could not be present.

Dr. Horn is my family physician and had attended my boy through all his long affliction. A wonderful degree of attachment grew up between the doctor and my boy during this time and that was the reason I invited the doctor to be present. He had no knowledge of or experience in Spiritualism, but came out of respect for the memory of the boy. The medium and my wife sat together with their hands connected during the entire seance. The rest of us were arranged in a semi-circle around a small table, upon which was placed the trumpet. I put out the light. Soon my wife said, "Our dear boy was caressing her head and face." In a few minutes he took up the trumpet and gave us a beautiful talk, expressing his great happiness in being able to meet us in his old home. I then talked to him about his picture. He said he was much pleased with it. Then I told him to take the trumpet and go to his picture. Immediately his voice came from the place where the picture was hanging saying, "I am here, papa." Then he told his mother that this matter was now fixed with her. That heretofore she had doubts, "But now, dear mamma, you know this is real, is true and that your dear boy can come and talk with you. You will doubt no more."

Referring to frauds he said, "If you had a counterfeit dollar that is no reason why you should throw away all your good dollars." Then he went to his brothers and sisters, addressing each one by name, and speaking words of love to each. Then he went to his old friend, Dr. Horn, and said, "Howd'y do, doctor? I am so glad you came. I am very glad to see you." Then he told the doctor, with exact precision, the incidents of the doctor's last visit to him, while he was suffering most terrible agony, and of his appeal to the doctor for help, and that he could see from the doctor's countenance what it all meant. This was the first time that we ever knew that Charles had any knowledge of his impending fate, as we had studiously kept the true state of his danger from him. His interview with the doctor in the seance was extremely interesting. Then came my guide with a beautiful light, as she always does in dark seances. She came right up to me and answered some questions I asked by signs which I understood. I then requested her to take her light to her picture, which she did. Afterwards she took the trumpet and gave a fine talk, during which I asked her who it was that impressed me not to go to California on the tourist sleeper that was wrecked, and burnt the week before in Missouri. She answered, "Why, don't you know?" I answered, "Yes, of course I do. But I ask you for a test for those present who don't know." Then she said she impressed me not to go.

In explanation of this, will say on the 8th of July, I was in Arrow-smith and tried to telephone Mr. Burns of the C. & A., at Bloomington, to reserve me a berth in the tourist sleeper in the Epworth League excursion next day, but the telephone was out of order and I couldn't engage the berth, but started home with the intention of telephoning Mr. Burns from home, but on the road home a strange change came over my

feelings. I was impressed not to go, and I didn't go. I knew where the impression came from, but did not know what it meant until I read of the destruction of that car and most of its passengers. My guide told me eight years before that she would prevent me from going on trains that would be wrecked. During the seance my brother John came and talked in a loud voice, and told me that if I had gone on that train I would have been killed. My father, mother and sister also came and talked beautifully, going to each member of the family and calling them by name. They all seemed to enjoy the meeting as much as we did. Then came my old friend, Dr. A. T. Darrah, and spoke a few pleasant words. I then said, "Dr Darrah, allow me to introduce to you Dr. Horn, who is our family physician." They both spoke, Dr. Darrah saying, "Howd'y do, doctor. I did not know you in the earth life but I am glad to meet you." I then said, "Dr. Darrah, give Dr. Horn your opinion of the ailment coming on my wife's face."

In explanation of this will say that this ailment is in the form of a red spot that has been coming for several months and which we fear will develop into a cancer. Dr. Horn had examined it several times. Dr. Darrah then immediately began to give his opinion of the case. They discussed it fully and intelligently as if they had both been in the flesh and both agreed the case was not sufficiently developed to justify active treatment at present. Dr. Darrah then said to me that Dr. Horn fully understands the case. Many other friends came and we had a glorious meeting. Dr. Horn's father and two brothers came and gave him fine talks. Afterward he got a fine Masonic test which he said was strictly correct. The doctor was thunderstruck with amazement at what he saw and heard and received impressions which time nor eternity can ever erase.

Just before the close of the seance Charles told me he wanted a seance the next morning with his mother and I alone. We held it from eight to nine o'clock next morning. This meeting was beautiful and sublime. Nothing on this side of the eternal gates of heaven can surpass it. Would to God that every sorrowing parent whose heart has been torn by the loss of their loved ones could have such a meeting with those they had been told have gone to the bourne from which no traveler ever returns. It is a mistake, they can and under proper conditions, do return. And I thank God for it. Just before the close of the morning seance our boy took a full blown American beauty rose and placed it in his mother's hair, saying he impressed me to bring that rose instead of one not fully opened that the medium wanted to bring, because the open one could be pressed, and he wanted his mother to press it and keep it for him. Then he said, Luella (his sister), is very anxious to be in here. He then called her in a very loud voice, telling her to come to the door as he wanted to talk to her. She came up to the door, which was tightly closed, and he, in a loud voice, that could have been heard in every room on the lower floor, if the doors had been open, addressed a few loving words to her, and then said, "Goodbye, Luella." At this meeting our

other boy, who died in infancy, came and talked beautifully. His mother told him he talked much better than he could when in earth life. He answered, "Why, mamma, I was only a baby then." And all this and much more happened in the quiet privacy of our own home and where no wires, no springs or tricks could gain an entrance. But you say if we can get such things, why can they not come to all? They can, to most persons, if you make right conditions. You make the conditions mostly yourself and get nothing satisfactory, then blame the medium. The line of communication between the two worlds is delicate and sensitive beyond the power of man to conceive. You go to a medium or a circle through curiosity, believing the whole thing is a fraud, and you are going to prove it. That frame of mind breaks the line of communication and your friends cannot reach you. If they succeed in giving their name you repulse them by doubting their identity and demanding some rude test that breaks the line and you get nothing. Treat your spirit friends with the tenderness, love and confidence they are justly entitled to, and you will get better results. However, I have a very intelligent friend who made long, earnest and honest efforts to get communication from the spirit world but he failed entirely and gave up the effort. In this case there was something lacking in his make-up that was necessary to enable his spirit friends to reach him. We are all deficient in some points. I can not learn music or painting, but my lack of faculty in these lines does not prove that there are no such things as music and painting.

S. H. WEST.

I got permission from Dr. Horn to use his name in the above narrative before I wrote it. He told me some months afterwards that some of his friends made it so hot for him that he was compelled to deny the account. The doctor was a fine man and my son Charles held him in very high estimation until he denied the story. At a trumpet seance in my house afterwards Charles came and expressed much indignation at the doctor's action, saying the doctor was a coward. My spirit friends have but little regard for anyone who is ashamed to own the truth.

On February 20, 1902, held a trance seance with Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley, in my own house in LeRoy, Illinois. The medium, while in a trance, gave me a beautiful message. Then I asked my guide to explain to me her relation with Abraham Lincoln. The medium was then silent a couple of minutes, sinking into a deeper trance. Then my guide seemed

to have perfect control of the medium and gave me the most beautiful address I ever heard. It related entirely to the influences of the spirit forces upon Abraham Lincoln, from the time of his birth up through all the stages of his life to his death, entrance and reception in the spirit world. The recital was sublime. I greatly regretted that I had no stenographer present to take it down. Twice since then I have had Mrs. Cooley stopping with me and had a stenographer present and tried to get my guide repeat the Lincoln narrative, but neither time could I get a word on this subject. No, you cannot control these things. The conditions do not often repeat themselves. At one of these seances where I failed to get the Lincoln message I received a wonderful message, which I will give in full later on, in its proper place.

On 24th and 25th of February, 1903, I had beautiful talks with Pansy, Charles, and Mr. Lincoln, through a trance medium in Houston, Texas. Mr. Lincoln requested me to write and publish my views on the negro problem, and told me the papers to have the article published in, and said when I felt the impression to write it would be so strong that I would know where it came from.

In building my new dwelling house in LeRoy, Illinois, I built a beautiful seance room in it, which is used only for spiritual uses. I built it under the advice and direction of my guide, and once or twice consulted Mr. Lincoln about it. At one of the last mentioned seances I asked Mr. Lincoln if he could make any suggestions about ornamenting the walls of my seance room. He answered, "Your guide is the queen of that bower and her picture alone should ornament its walls." I replied, "I have her portrait there already." He said, "Yes, I know that, but she had to take on the earth conditions to give you that picture. It shows her as a mortal. You can now get one that will show her as a spirit, in full standing stature, with an uplifted hand.

On March 28, 1903, dedicated seance room in new house with a trumpet seance by Mrs. S. E. Pemberton, the best trumpet medium that I know. Splendid manifestations. Pansy, Charles, mother, father, Parker, brother John, wife's mother, Dr. Darrah, Abraham Lincoln and others came and gave fine talks.

On 29th and 30th held very fine seances. Mr. Lincoln and my guide both expressed themselves as highly pleased, as did all others, with my beautiful seance room. Since then Mr. Lincoln only comes to my private family seances. When Mrs. Pemberton is in the State, I have her come to my house once a month. We hold a seance at night to which I usually invite about a dozen investigators. I pay all expenses, so the seance is free to all who are invited. To these seances Judge David Davis is a frequent visitor. He seems to enjoy them very much. He takes much interest in my youngest daughter, who is mediumistic, and gives most excellent advice about her treatment.

Early the next morning after the night seance we hold our private family seance to which no one is admitted except the family and the medium. Mr. Lincoln never fails to come to these seances. He says that it affords him great pleasure to come to them, because they are just like the seances he used to have in the White House, and that if he had heeded the advice the spirits gave him he would not have been killed, because they warned him not to go to the theater. On one occasion Mr. Lincoln told me he wanted me to call my seance room the Angels' Rest, because they were all so fond of coming there. He treats my wife with much respect. At one time, after talking some time to me he turned to my wife and said, "Howd'y do, Mrs. West." She returned the salutation and then she said she was very glad to have him come, then said, "Mr. Lincoln, I was down at Springfield a few weeks ago, at the fair and visited your old home and saw all your old relics, even the old settee they said you used to do your court-

ing on." At this he laughed quite heartily and said, "Yes, they have some relics there; some of them are genuine and some are not. They even say they have one of my old rails there, but I don't know whether it is so or not. You know it has been a long time since I made rails and I am of the opinion they have all decayed." In this manner Mr. Lincoln talks as natural, free and easy as if he was present in the mortal form.

At one of my private seances, after talking to me, he said, "Mr. West, my old time law partner, William H. Hernden, wants to make a little visit to your seance." I told him it would afford me much pleasure to receive a visit from Mr. Hernden. Thereupon, Mr. Lincoln introduced Mr. Hernden, with whom I had a pleasant chat. Then the voice of a feeble old woman was heard in the trumpet, and gave the name of Nancy Hanks. At this the medium started in surprise, saying, "Who in the world is Nancy Hanks?" I told her she was Lincoln's mother. The old lady then said she was anxious to visit the place her son was so fond of coming to. However, these things are produced, they are as real and natural as life, and intensely interesting.

It was nearly six months after Mr. Lincoln requested me, in Houston, Texas, to write and publish my views on the negro problem before I felt an impression to do so. One morning in August I started out to get my scythe to mow my yard. Before I got to the scythe a very strong impression came on me to write on the negro subject. It was so strong that I stopped, turned back, went into my library and wrote the article on the negro nation as heretofore given. It was published in the Bloomington, Illinois, *Pantagraph*. I sent a copy to the *Progressive Thinker*, of Chicago, as Mr. Lincoln had requested. As the subject was entirely different from anything discussed in the *Thinker*, I doubted very much whether it would be published in that paper. Soon afterward I had a private seance with a writing medium, with the fol-

lowing result. I went into a room all alone and wrote this question:

Dear Mr. Lincoln:—Will the article you inspired me to write a few days ago be published by the paper it has been sent to and if so, will it do good?
S. H. WEST.

I folded this question, and one to my guide, on another subject, and placed them with several sheets of blank paper into an envelope, sealed them up securely and went into another room, and gave the envelope to the medium. She placed it between two slates and put a rubber band around them, handed the slates to me; I laid them on the table where they remained for ten or fifteen minutes. I sat at the table and the medium was some distance back from it. During the interval we talked on different subjects. Finally the medium said, "Open the slates and see what you have got." I did so, and found one of the blank sheets I had placed in the envelope covered on both sides with the following, written in ink:

My Dear Friend and Co-worker:—Always glad to make my presence known to you and through you spread the light and truth. My friend, you may not as yet be able to realize it, but you are doing a grand noble work and the sentiments you have been inspired to write, though a little early in the progress of thought, will be accepted. There will be a little delay in the publication of your article but it will be given space. The editor has not yet been able to digest its entire meaning but he is spiritual and I shall be able to reach him in his acceptance. Do not, for any reason, grow discouraged in your honest efforts. The season of ripening the fruit may be slow but it will surely come. I will stand close by you to direct and sustain you in the great grand cause of truth and light.

A. LINCOLN.

Mr. Lincoln's signature to the above letter is as perfect as any he ever wrote in the earth life. The article alluded to was published in due time in the *Progressive Thinker*, whose circulation extends around the globe. All writings I get from spirit friends are couched in different style from that of mortals, but all other communications I receive from them are perfectly natural. The question that I enclosed to my guide at the same time I addressed Mr. Lincoln, was as follows:

Dear Pansy:—Will my cousin in California, to whom I introduced you at seance in San Francisco, succeed in getting her rights in her brother's estate?
S. H. WEST.

In explanation of above question will say that my cousin, Mrs. M. E. Sell, an aged lady of Berkeley, California, had an only brother, who had recently died in St. Louis, leaving a large estate, but no family. He willed one-half of his property to another sister and one-half to the Presbyterian church, cutting Mrs. Sell out entirely, though he directed that his body should be buried in her cemetery lot in St. Louis. Mrs. Sell sent me a power of attorney and requested me to see after her interests. I employed a firm of lawyers in LeRoy, Ill. One of them went to St. Louis and employed a very able firm of four lawyers to assist in the case. A year or two before that I attended, with Mrs. Sell, a materializing seance in San Francisco, where my guide came in full form and after talking with her some time, I called up my cousin and introduced her to my guide, with whom she had a pleasant talk. The answer to my question to my guide covered more than three pages written in ink, and embraced other subjects, as follows:

Dear Medium:—I am here with our many other loved ones to greet you today and to thank you for all your kindly thoughts and the conditions you offer for us to come to you. I am well pleased with my picture as it hangs upon the seance room wall, but Mr. Lincoln urges me to ask you to let me cast my real spiritual reflection in full figure upon a canvass as I am looking from my spirit home over space to you in your earthly abode. It would be my greatest pleasure and in return for Mr. Lincoln's unselfishness, I feel to plead for his opportunity to transmit his spiritual likeness, that, while after the counterpart of his earthly looks is so much superior in reflection, that it would surely cast brilliant inspiration upon all who gaze upon it. My dear medium, all these beautiful productions transmitted by the higher adept spiritual influences bear with themselves a power to aid you in the grand noble work, and this is why I urge you in this way today. There is no time like the present. "Procrastination is indeed the thief of time." Yes, your cousin will be able to obtain in part her rights in her brother's estate, but there will be some difficulty in settling it. It will be fought desperately; however, with the right counsel she can sustain her cause. The time is not far distant, now, when most wonderful results shall be obtained in the home. All your loved ones are so joyous and thank you so much for your kindly efforts

in assistance, for your confidence and trust. Now, my dear friend, you talk the picture question with the medium, and we will see what can be done in arrangements.

Your ever loyal one in guidance and love,

PANSY.

The above was written on the 17th of August, 1903. The St. Louis law suit had just been commenced. After some two years' struggle the case was compromised and my cousin received about \$30,000 clear of all costs, and neither one of her six able lawyers can give today a more correct answer to my question than was given by my guide before any mortal could tell how the case would terminate.

The picture she referred to was the one Mr. Lincoln told me about in Houston, Texas, six months before. I had talked the matter over several times with my guide at my trumpet seances in my own home during the summer. At first she would not consent, saying she was satisfied with the picture I had, and she didn't think I ought to spend any more money that way. But about the third time the subject was discussed in my home seance she said that to please Mr. Lincoln she would consent for the picture to be taken. I had no thought about the picture when I wrote the question about my cousin's law suit. But it seems the conditions were then favorable and she was then anxious to have the work done. At that meeting I obtained a picture of my guide, made in broad daylight, without the touch of mortal hand, pencil or brush, that is a beautiful and rare work of art. It is four by six feet, showing her in a standing attitude in the midst of clouds, with her right hand pointing to higher planes and with her left waving a gentle benediction to the world. In several respects it is not strictly correct and don't do her justice, but it is a grand work.

After this picture was finished, she again urged me to have Mr. Lincoln's picture taken. She described how it would look, with a white robe on. She explained that this work was not being done by the spirit artist of the mediums in whose house we were, but said they have art institutes in the spirit world

and she had found an artist who belonged to the same order she did and she had brought him with her and he was doing the work. I finally agreed to have Mr. Lincoln's picture taken, and it was done, all but one arm, in one hour and twenty minutes. They are both splendid works. I saw the whole process and was nearer them than any one else. I have a standing offer, published several times, of one thousand dollars to anyone who can duplicate either one of them in like manner. No mortal can duplicate them, not even the mediums through whom they were obtained, except by the aid of my guide and her artist. My guide, in her quaint way, in her answer, correctly predicted the effect of having those pictures in my seance room. They are greatly admired. Mr. Lincoln and my guide are both much pleased with them. Mr. Lincoln said they were both finer than anything in the fine art building at the World's Fair at St. Louis. These letters and pictures were obtained under as strict test conditions as can be had in any line of investigation.

The phraseology of my guide's letter is peculiar, but it conveys her ideas very correctly. In all her talks with me through the trumpet or in materialized form she talks in the usual phraseology of well educated modern mortals. At an early period of our acquaintance I asked her how she learned to talk English. She answered that she learned it from my people in spirit life. She is advanced much above them, but comes down and mingles with them. No one, except mediums, can understand the close ties that exist between mediums and their guides. My guide exhibits all the affection for me that my mother could feel. And I appreciate it beyond the power of expression, and think myself the luckiest of mortals to have two such guides as she and Mr. Lincoln.

I have also a piece of lace in my possession that was materialized at the house of Mrs. A. Rush, in Los Angeles, and presented by her to me some eighteen years ago, which is as fine as spider webs. I took it to the World's Fair, at Chicago,

and could find nothing to compare with it. I took it to the St. Louis World's Fair and carried it in my hand among the finest goods in that fair and offered one hundred dollars to anyone that would show me anything like it. I have had, for years, a standing offer of one thousand dollars for any mortal who can duplicate it. But no one dares to try to take my premiums for the lace or my pictures of Lincoln and Pansy.

For several years after Mr. Lincoln came into my life I refrained from using his name in connection with Spiritualism, thinking it would cause much ridicule. Then I asked his permission to use his name and he answered promptly, "Yes, you can use my name in any manner you see fit."

Some years ago I attended a lecture in Houston, Texas, given by a noted medium. She was talented, educated, polished and inspirational. Her lecture was a fine treat. I was so well pleased with it that, before I left the hall, I engaged a private reading with her for the next day.

Next day, at four p. m., we held the reading. It was a failure. I tried in vain to get in communication with my friends on the other side. I was anxious to talk with my guide and Mr. Lincoln, but could not get either one of them. Finally the medium said Mr. Lincoln is in Europe today; however, some spirits came and talked with me who had never come to me before. At the close the medium charged me just double the sum she had stipulated before we began. She was brilliant, but not honest. She is now on the other side.

In four hours after that reading I went to a materializing seance held by a poor, frail, obscure woman, who was not strong either in body or mind. Soon Mr. Lincoln came in materialized form and told me the reason he could not come to me that afternoon was that he could not work through that medium's magnetism. After that my guide Pansy came well developed, and among other things gave me the same reason for not coming in the afternoon that Mr. Lincoln had given.

While she was talking there stood by her side a curious looking bundle. It looked like a sack of rags. I said to her: "Pansy, what is that standing by you?" She said: "That is Charles. He tried to materialize but couldn't build up, but wait awhile and he will come better." After she finished talking she and the bundle retired. In a few minutes the full form of my son, Charles, came to the front of the cabinet. He advanced two or three steps very cautiously, then retired. Then came again stronger, and walked with great caution, as if he was on a narrow and dangerous pathway, to the middle of the room; then again retired into the cabinet. Then, in a few moments, he came the third time in the most superb form I ever saw. A white mantle hung in a graceful manner from his shoulders to his knees, from there his legs and feet were bare. He was now fearless and confident, and while modest, had the bearing and appearance of a royal prince of the celestial realms. He could not speak but came up to me and touched my arm. All present said he was the grandest figure they had ever seen. We sometimes get wonderful results from very obscure sources.

The messages I receive from my guide are all pure and elevating. Her mind does not run on worldly business, but she will talk with me on such subjects when I ask her to do so. Her advice is always clear and remarkable for sound, practical common sense. She is opposed to all my outside speculations except my property near Exeter, California, and says that is all right. I confess that her judgment about most of my outside business is better than mine. Her talks to me through the trumpet about those things are heartily endorsed by my wife.

It was my intention to publish my biographical sketches alone and then publish a pamphlet on Spiritualism. At one of my seances I asked my guide about it. She at once answered, "By all means put it all in one book. The two should go together." She gave such good reasons for it that I

changed my plan, and that is the reason it is all included in one book. I am now satisfied she was right. She highly approved of my donation of a timber reserve to McLean county. It affords her much pleasure to see me do any good act.

SPIRIT HELP IN SICKNESS.

The spiritual philosophy is the most beautiful one known to mortals. It is in strict accord with common sense and reason, and founded on actual knowledge obtained through phenomena.

Phenomena are the foundation of Spiritualism. Without it we would only have faith, and be no better off than the Christian world. I am a phenomena hunter. I was in full possession of the philosophy for twenty years before I ever met a Spiritualist or knew what they taught. It came to me spontaneously.

During the past few months I have had an experience that proves the great benefit we sometimes derive from our dear ones on the other side. On the 17th of June, 1904, I was suddenly stricken with a terrible malady. Two able physicians worked with me nearly all day, but could give no relief. We all knew that unless relief could be quickly obtained death would ensue in a short time. In this emergency I ordered a surgical operation, which gave temporary relief. The next day I was unconscious and one of my physicians gave out the word that I would not survive the following night. My children and other friends were sent for. Newspaper reporters wrote my obituary and all gave me up. Instead of passing out my consciousness returned but my suffering was intense and blood poison ensued. For days and nights I prayed earnestly for death but it came not. I then sent for Mrs. Baker, a clairvoyant friend, who came and got in communication with my beautiful guide, Pansy, who sent me the following message:

We don't want you over here yet. You have much work to do in the earth life, and we want you to stay and finish it before you come to us. Your spirit friends are doing all in their power to help you.

I gradually improved and in nine weeks dismissed my physicians. They said it was big luck. Church people said it was providential. I told them all it was the work of my spirit band.

When I was sufficiently recovered I had Mrs. Pemberton, the trumpet medium, of Peoria, to resume her monthly seances in my home. The first was held on the 22d of September. It was the happiest meeting I ever enjoyed. My spirit friends were delighted at my recovery. My boy Charles was the first to come and talk. He told me the exact words that my guide sent me by Mrs. Baker, and then said that no earthly power could have saved me except by the aid of spirit friends. This was fully confirmed by my guide and other spirit friends. She said she was with me all the time and trying to give me strength. I introduced one of my physicians, who was present, to my guide. She thanked him most cordially for all he had done for me and told him she was there all the time and impressed him to do the right thing at the right time, and then told him she would help him in every way she could in the future.

Mrs. Pemberton held another seance in my house on October 27. There were twelve in the circle. The results were very fine. When my son Charles came I asked him to tell his mother what he did the week before in the National Spiritualist Convention at St. Louis. He then told her how he controlled me and impressed me to give ten dollars in his name to the cause on the third night of the convention. In explanation will say that some years ago I made my will in which I willed my home farm to my son Charles. After he passed over, while yet a boy, I willed it to another child. When he controlled me in the St. Louis convention he used these words: "Papa, the inheritance you intended for me I can never pos-



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

sess, but please give ten dollars of it, in my name, to this cause." From the manner in which he recited this incident to his mother it is evident he is proud of his act. It is needless to say that his mother is more than proud. She expressed the hope that he could keep up his good work.

I took with me to St. Louis a photograph of a very fine spirit portrait of Mr. Lincoln, which hangs in my seance room. I gave it to Mrs. Longley for the headquarters at Washington City. Mr. Lincoln scarcely ever comes to my evening circles, but nearly always comes to my little morning family circles. He says he is very fond of that kind of circles, and that they are the same kind of meetings he used to have in his home. He came to us at our private circle last Friday morning and gave a beautiful talk. Said he attended the convention at St. Louis and was delighted with its work and wished that all the people could know of the grand and noble spirit and work of that convention. He said that he stood by my side when I presented his photograph to Mrs. Longley, and that its presence in the headquarters will accomplish good.

I now have Mr. Lincoln's full permission to insert his picture in this book.

Mr. Lincoln says it affords him pleasure to come to anyone through whom he can work. As a sample of the work he inspires me to do I refer to the following article published in the Bloomington, Illinois, *Pantagraph*, in August, 1903:

Editor Pantagraph:—A generation has passed since the negro was placed on an equality before the law, with the whites. Instead of approaching nearer together, the gap between the whites and negroes is wider today than it was forty years ago. Why this increasing divergence? While slavery existed there was a strong feeling of sympathy in the north for the negro. When he was freed and placed on a legal equality with the white man, this sympathy gradually faded away, and the negro left to stand on his real merits, like all other races.

Under these conditions the lack of affinity between the two races becomes more evident every day. The feeling of antipathy against the negro is stronger in the north today than it is in the south. No intelligent

close observer of passing events can fail to realize that we can never form a homogenous nation of whites and negroes.

An unwritten law has governed this country ever since the first settlements at Jamestown and Plymouth Rock. That law is that white men shall rule America. This law has been rigidly enforced against the Indian, the negro and the Chinaman. Right or wrong, this sentiment is as strong today as ever before, and is growing stronger. When Chinese labor seemed to be in the way of white labor, Dennis Kearney and his sand-lotters in San Francisco raised the cry "The Chinese must go," and kept it up until Chinese immigration was prohibited. When negro labor shall seem to be in the way of white labor, the negro will be pressed to the wall. The condition is growing worse, and the people are asking the question, "What can be done?"

Our great statesmen seem to be unable to even suggest a remedy. And now, oh, my countrymen, there comes before me a beautiful vision. I see a vast stretch of country, an immense valley with a mighty river flowing through it, with broad, rich, alluvial plains on either side, stretching far away to the foothills and slopes that extend on and up to the summit of vast mountain ranges to the north, the west and the south of the great valley. The scene is grand and sublimely beautiful. I see, away up near the crest of those lofty mountain ranges, little springs of water breaking out and trickling down the mountain sides in small rivulets; and, as they descend they unite with other little streamlets and finally creeks and other streams are formed until they reach the valley in rivers, and when all are united they form the grand central river that rolls on with irresistible force to the great ocean beyond. The vision is typical of the solution of the negro problem.

Every incident of trouble between the races, riots, lynching, hanging and burning, are the little springs that are forming streamlets of public opinion that will increase in volume and force as the years go by. In due time these little streamlets will be united into a mighty river of public opinion of both the white and the black races that will be irresistible. When that time comes all will realize the fitness of the great change that will solve the vexed negro problem.

And now the scene changes on to another branch. I see that the enforcement of the Monroe doctrine, which now means that all foreign powers must keep hands off of all American territory while we will take anything that may come in our reach, in either hemisphere, will lead to serious trouble in South American affairs. In these troubles we will find it necessary, in order to avoid a great war with European powers, to take possession of extensive regions in South America and pay their obligations in Europe. In some such manner we will become owners of a large region in the Amazon valley. In due time, when the little rivulets of public opinion become concentrated in the mighty river above referred

to, our government will give the negroes homesteads in, and free transportation to, that country. And the bulk of them will go and establish a new nation, under the protection of our government. Most persons think this is an impossibility; most people don't know what impossibility means. One million of Europeans will come to our shores this year. When the time comes we can transport the negroes as fast as they need to go. In my vision I can see the ships that will carry them to their new homes. They appear to be of large size, built of steel, painted white, and I can see no smokestacks or masts on them. This means that neither steam nor wind power will then be used for propelling vessels.

The powers that control the destiny of races and nations are now inspiring Booker T. Washington in his noble efforts to prepare his race for the great change that awaits them. The place of the negro laborer in the south will be fully supplied by other races, even before he can get away.

The great movement of the negro race will commence by or before the year 1930. I hope that some of the younger people will make a note of these forecasts, and watch the incidents that will gradually lead to their fulfillment.

S. H. WEST.

August 14, 1903.

THE REASONS WHY.

But why should the spirit of Abraham Lincoln come to so obscure a person as I, and especially to one who was opposed to him in the most trying part of his life? Let him answer: I mentioned this matter to him at one of my private family seances. He answered: "Yes, there was a time when if you could have heard me express my opinion of your kind of politics it would have sounded very harsh to you, but there are no politics or creeds in the spirit world, and it is a pleasure to me to use you in presenting some of my views to the people." This is pure Lincolnism. Look at the man. While president he had enemies everywhere; some of them in his own cabinet; but how kindly he used them in carrying on his great work. He seemed to have no ill-feeling against anyone. The large branch of his party that assembled in Cleveland early in 1864, and nominated Fremont for president, was as much opposed to Lincoln as I ever was. And yet, he was animated by a feeling of "malice toward none, and charity for all." And he

is the same Abraham Lincoln on the other shore he was in this life. He comes to me simply because my peculiar magnetism makes it easy for him to reach me. Close associations in the earth life has nothing to do with the case.

Some years ago at a dark seance in San Francisco, a spirit came to me and gave the name of Augustus Hazle. This was the name of a man I had been well acquainted with for many years. He told me he had thought, when in the earth life, that I was crazy on the subject of Spiritualism, but found on arriving in spirit life that I was right, and what I had said on that subject had been a great benefit to him in the new life, and said he had come to thank me for it. I had just arrived in the city and no one at the seance had ever seen or heard of either Mr. Hazle or myself.

At a trumpet seance at the house of my son, a spirit came to me and gave the name of Joe Nye. This was an old friend of mine who had died a year or two before. I asked him how he found conditions on that side. He said they were very fine, but entirely different from what he expected. I said, "Joe, do you remember how the boys over at Arrowsmith used to make fun of what I said about Spiritualism?" He answered, "Yes, and I was one of them. I thought you was away off. Now I know you was right and we didn't know anything about it, and I have come tonight to apologize to you for what I said about you."

These messages from the spirits of Augustus Hazle and Joe Nye more than overbalance all the scoffs and sneers of a thousand ignorant mortals who never saw an angel, nor talked to one or heard one talk or knows to a certainty that the soul really exists after the death of the body.

On April 3, 1905, an old friend, J. T. Crumbaugh, an ardent Spiritualist, with whom I had been acquainted for fifty-four years, departed this life. Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley was sent for to officiate at his funeral. She arrived the even-

ing before the funeral and put up at my house. The next morning I sent for a stenographer to write a message that I expected to get through Mrs. Cooley. This expected message was not related in any manner with my departed friend, but it was a message from the spirit of a Kickapoo Indian chief in relation to the old Indian fort near my home farm, in whose history I had taken great interest. And I was also desirous of having Pansy repeat her message relating to spirit influence on the life of Abraham Lincoln, as before referred to. The medium, stenographer and myself repaired to my seance room, where, after a time, the medium passed into a trance, and gave a beautiful communication from her control, but not a word from the Indian chief or from Pansy about Mr. Lincoln, but to my great surprise there came the following message from the spirit of my departed friend, J. T. Crumbaugh, whose body had not yet been buried:

MESSAGE FROM SPIRIT OF J. T. CRUMBAUGH.

Good morning, my friends. Just wait awhile. Don't rush me, this is my first speech, and you know I never was much of a speech maker. This medium's guide says that both health and disease are contagious and so our impressions are caught, and you caught my impression this morning for I stood by your bedside before you had awakened. I had been throwing my thoughts upon you for I knew this instrument was in your home. You caught the impression and acted upon it and I thank you very much for it has given Thomas Crumbaugh an opportunity to speak before the body has been disposed of. First, I thought I would like to have Lib (his wife) here but I guess it is all right that you arranged things just as they are. I am afraid she would have thought me pretty slow.

I want nothing but pure Spiritualism spoken of at my funeral and I want the people to know that in experiencing the change I met with no disappointment, but everything is already pointing to my advantage. I am a pretty big man yet but not nearly as heavy as I was this time last week. I get around with ease and I actually breathe as you folks do and it seems I breathe in through the entire body, every portion of it is a lung and I am light and easy. You didn't say in your telegram who had come to the other side of life, but this medium didn't hesitate in coming when it had the name of her old friend's house on it, but when she got on the car, and she had to move rapidly to make the train after she got the

news, she sat and wondered who had passed on. I didn't keep her waiting long, for I appeared to her and told her that I, Thomas, had come. Poor Lib's mind was so strongly upon me that I took her spirit with me and she spoke to Mrs. Cooley, "I stood by him to the last," and she did, and you all know it. So we were both together, although one was still fastened to the flesh and one was free. Well, I suppose it made it easy for her to go with me because her mind was so strongly upon Mrs. Cooley and wishing she could be there with her. And I want you to tell all the friends that I consider this a great privilege, and this is one of the advantages of knowing something about the other world before you step over the threshold. Do you think I would have known enough to direct my thoughts in the right direction, or to control this medium? Remember, it is not the guide now, it is my own self that is doing the talking. How I wish I could do this at my funeral. The guide smiles and says, "You will be given all the privilege that you can desire, but you will not find the conditions there as you do this morning. New-born spirits, like other people, taking up new conditions, find things better for them and the opportunity of expressing themselves better, when the eyes of the curious are not upon them.

I want to thank all who gave me a kind thought and I feel, as I stand here, I can truthfully say that they are all giving me a kind thought. I have been close around and so far I haven't heard any of the people giving me hard names. I have made myself known at home but I have more in store for them after a little while. I want you to say to my friend, Wesley Owen, that I have a good deal of confidence in him, remember that. I want him to know it and I want him to look after things for me and help Lib. He knows more about my affairs than anyone, I guess, outside of Lib. You know a great deal about them, Mr. West, but I don't anticipate any trouble over material state of affairs and I am not going to worry. I know poor Lib will be lonely and she will miss me very much, and you just tell her, in one way, a burden has been lifted from her, that I was just wearing her out and now I want her to have a rest and I will come to her and we will be about as much together as ever.

I want to tell you a little about how I felt when I got out. If you feel just like you have been in a room that was dark and all of the air excluded and you wasn't able to reach the door and yet knew that if you did reach the door you would find it barred, and while sitting there thinking of this terrible hemmed-in condition, an opening suddenly appeared over your head and a streak of light crept into the darkness, you would feel there was some deliverance at hand and your eyes would naturally turn toward that light and the opening and as you gazed upon it, to your astonishment and joy you found it steadily enlarging and there came a breath of air, pure and sweet, in upon you, you would feel like raising your hands high above your head and reaching toward that open-

ing—that is the way I felt. It is something drawing me on and up and finally I forgot all about the dark and barred room, and floated, floated, I don't know where, but I was floating out, it seemed, far away and above everything. I knew I was leaving the housetops and the tall trees and yet, I was willing that they should be all left and I went on. If one could imagine themselves a wingless bird floating out in space, perhaps that would convey an idea to your mind as to how I felt. After a little while I was conscious of a force before and behind me. It seemed as though there was a space about twenty-five feet each way that this force was held in. I don't know why it was, but at first I couldn't look ahead when I discovered this feeling, but I looked back and noticed I was in a wave, a cloud. It was dark, almost a brown color with kind of a greenish hue to it, and as I looked back, I noticed white faces behind me, their hands propelling me. or motioning me on. Their faces appeared to me the faces of human beings. I don't know any of them. Not a face that I had ever seen, and yet they all looked like the faces of good people. It seemed I was compelled to look ahead and there, through this cloud I was wrapped in, were myriads of heads looking toward me and beckoning me to come on. As I looked at this there were faces, most of them, that were my own people and all friends and some that I was a boy with, and yet they were as natural to me as the day I saw them last, and everyone of those faces was the face of some dead friend. They seemed to motion faster. I wanted to reach them, but they kept their distance, floating out and on as though they were drawing me; seemingly as though they didn't want me to catch up with them, lest I would stop my onward movement, so I went on with an anxious feeling, anxious to catch up with them. At last, the cloud of vapor disappeared, the dark hue was gone, and gradually brightness came in its stead, and it was all so bright and in a little while I found myself with those people. They were in front and behind me, and I was in the center. They welcomed me and they spoke kind words to me and everything seemed so easily understood that our thoughts flashed toward each other and were understood without any effort or explanation. Well, I do not know how long this lasted, oh, I should judge about a quarter of an hour of your time, maybe a half an hour, but I am sure I shook hands with at least a hundred people in that time and received greetings from as many times that. Then they all left me and I was alone. Not a face or a soul visible. I don't understand yet how such a rapid change could have taken place, but it did. Alone! Alone! Not a soul near me. Not a voice or sound of any kind. You can be alone here and hear the birds sing just as I heard it a moment ago and you know and feel there is something around, if you can't see them, but it was not like that to me. Absolutely alone! Thomas Crumbaugh stood with himself alone. I presume it was the first time in all his life.

As I stood there wondering what it meant I was in the center of what appeared to me as mirrors, great large ones, and the air itself

seemed to be one immense mirror of circular form and I stood there in the center and every way I turned I saw myself in all the stages of my earthly life, from a child to the present moment. After awhile, I was impelled to move from the center up near one of these mirrors and as I neared it an opening appeared for me and I passed through only to find myself right before the mirrors I had just left, the backs of which were not polished as bright as the fronts and yet I could see the shadow of myself in them, and here in the center of this mirror I saw my new self. I looked, I studied, I was perplexed. I couldn't understand it but something answered, not from without but from within, I feel like I could call it a voiceless voice, if such a thing could be, telling me that what I had just gazed upon was the possibilities in store for my future growth and development, and if that which I have seen happens to me I will be the happiest spirit in the kingdom of the soul world. Well, I never was a man to brag much on myself, and I will not explain all of this this time, but I will work and look forward to becoming the fine man in spirit that I saw in the mirror of my life. All at once these mirrors disappeared and I saw a lawn stretched out before me and I was impelled to walk upon it and I walked possibly fifty or sixty yards when, in the distance, I saw a house, and the nearer I came to the house, the stronger the impression was to enter and the voice within said, "Thomas, this is your home." I was about twenty feet from this house I should judge, when a young man appeared before me. He didn't come through the door of the house, did not seem to be on the walk but appeared before me and reached out his hand and said, "Father," and kissed me. Man, strong that I seemed and all that I have passed through on the earth plane, made to feel that I was brave to face trials and things of that kind, and I thought I was strong, but there was something in that touch of that hand and that kiss that seemed to turn the strong man into almost a child. I threw my arms around his neck, and he embraced me, and I stood, great big fellow that I was, and wept upon the shoulder of my darling boy. He called me father, and no one will ever know the sensation that passed through my being when I heard that word spoken. Oh, it meant volumes to me. My boy! I have often felt that I would have given a fortune to have heard him call me "Father, father," but I never thought that I would experience what I did in that great moment. He led me into the house. I wanted to ask him questions. It seemed a thousand came to my mind at once, but he raised his hand and said, "Father, rest and have your peace. You know it not, but you have rested on your home-coming for there is a spell between the time you say you felt the opening above your head and the time you first noticed the people behind you, that you were asleep." I rested and at last I felt a sensation drawing me to earth. I did not know where but I found it was to earth and I returned. Oh, how different was the scene that I saw. Poor Lib was grieving and yet trying to be so brave. I saw at once that the position of the body had changed and you had it all cared for. I

went around my house as familiarly as I always did, but I didn't care to look upon that body any more, yet I did, for I came the next time and saw that they had incased it in a coffin. It looked better to me and seemed like the expression of the face had changed and it didn't look quite so bad to me as I thought it did. It looked like it might have been my old self fallen asleep and about as natural as one would expect to see a sleeping man to look when you couldn't see the expression of the eyes. But I would give the world today if I could take up that old body and put this body in its place while the funeral was going on. I would like for them to see how the spirit body looked, instead of the natural body. I will be there, my friends, and if I can influence anyone I will do it. But I will not do anything to trouble the peace of that hour for it is going to be peaceful, rest assured. It is going to be a grand funeral and I want this instrument, I say I want, I would change that and say I would be pleased to have this medium in my house and talk with my wife a few moments before the funeral takes place. I want her presence in my house for it will help create that peaceful condition which I see will prevail.

I can't stay longer; the medium stands here not more than a foot away from me, and the guide says he will have to ask you to withdraw your influence for the present. You may be sure we will come at another time, but our desire is to always aid those whom we can.

(He was asked if this article should be read at the funeral.)

I will leave that to you. It matters not to me.

(Don't you think it would have a good effect?)

Yes, on some and on others not, but you know I never cared what others said about Spiritualism. I let them know I was a Spiritualist. I didn't care so I am perfectly indifferent in this regard. Good-bye.

The funeral was held at 2 P. M. on that day, the 5th of April, at the Methodist church, in LeRoy. This was the largest church in the town and it was crowded. Mrs. Cooley delivered the main address, which was beautiful. Then I read most of the above message over, and in full view of the dead body of my old friend. This was the first Spiritualist funeral ever held in LeRoy. Most of the persons present were Methodists and other orthodox Christians. They were shocked and indignant almost beyond expression at my outrageous sacrilegious act in claiming to have and reading a message from the spirit of the dead body then before us. It was an unheard of thing, and well might it excite surprise. Luckily the sten-

ographer was a Methodist of the most strict, straight and devoted order. I think our Methodist friends will never be willing to have another Spiritualist funeral in their church. But why all this bitter intolerance towards Spiritualism, when all know that Spiritualism is the foundation of all religions?

In July, 1905, I had a private materializing seance in Los Angeles. My mother and my guide Pansy were the only spirits that came to me. The seance was splendid. My guide remained with me about three quarters of an hour, repairing to the cabinet two or three times to renew her strength. Among other things, she talked to me on subjects unknown to any other mortal. On returning home I told my wife of the incidents of this most remarkable meeting. One of the incidents was beyond my wife's belief, and she said that was a trick of the medium. I said to her, "Wait until our next seance here in our own home and we will see." Some time afterwards Mrs. Pemberton, our trumpet medium, came to my house and held her regular seance. At the private family seance next morning my guide Pansy came and talked with me about our fine meeting in Los Angeles. I told her my wife could not believe my account of how she (Pansy) had taken my handkerchief from my pocket before I went to the seance and returned it while in the seance. And then I asked her to please explain to my wife how this thing could be and was done. Her explanation was fully satisfactory to my wife. Now note this point. In July, my guide came to me in materialized form in Los Angeles, nearly twenty-five hundred miles from my home. In September following she came to a trumpet seance in my home in LeRoy, Illinois, and talked to me as intelligently about our materializing meeting in Los Angeles as any mortal could have done. The two mediums through whom those seances were held were not acquainted and had never had any correspondence. I know of no stronger proof of the truth of anything on earth than the above test. I have a number of similar ones. My guide tells we through the

trumpet, in my own home, that she can come to me through that materializing medium better than through any other medium in the world, though she condemns some of the acts of that medium. Now, it should be kept in mind that the gift of mediumship is no more dependent on the morality or honesty of the medium than are the gifts of poetry and oratory dependent on honesty and sobriety. Some time ago, I asked my guide, through Mrs. Cooley, why spirits sometimes used dishonest mediums. She answered, "If you were on a desert and very thirsty and should find some water in an old dirty bucket, you would at once quench your thirst, and not wait for the silver pitcher." The eloquence of America's greatest orator is not denied on account of his intemperate habits.

On the 5th of August, 1905, I had a private materializing seance in San Francisco. Spirits of my mother, son Charles, sisters Mary and Lucinda and guide Pansy came and gave fine talks. Pansy remained half an hour.

GRATITUDE OF INDIAN SPIRITS.

For more than fifty years I have taken a strong interest in everything pertaining to the old Kickapoo Indian fort and town site near my home farm. I was the first one to call the attention of historians to this subject, and was chiefly instrumental in securing the erection of a granite marker or monument on the site of the old fort. This was erected on the 29th of November, 1905. This day had been agreed on for the workmen to come from Bloomington to put up the monument. Up to this date the weather had been mild and pleasant, but the morning of the 29th opened with a terrific blizzard from the northwest, and the roads were extremely rough. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather and my age, I felt strongly impressed to go. My wife begged me not to go, saying if I went I would go to my death, but the impression to go was irresistible and I went. The workmen and I were all that were present. The site of the fort is high and sloping

toward the west, and the blizzard was very severe, yet I stayed with the work until it was completed. Then the workmen asked me to ride with them, but a strange fascination held me to the spot, and I remained all alone for some time. My mind ran back and seemed to get in rapport with the spirits of the people who lived there in the distant past, and I heard, by impression, the words, "Wausaneta, head chief of Kickapoo Indians when the fort was built." I then returned home, seven and one-half miles distant, and arrived at dusk, and experienced no ill effects from the trip. Soon afterward, at a private seance in my own house, the old chief came and gave me a very interesting talk. He said that he made me go that cold morning, because he knew of the great interest I had taken in his people and he wanted to get in touch with me and knew the trip would not hurt me, and said his people were all there with me when I was alone in that storm. He said he lived to the age of seventy-five years, and was buried just north of the fort. I have seen many graves at that spot. I then asked him why they buried their dead in a sitting posture. He said: "Because we thought the dead could better resist the approach of the evil spirit in that position than they could if lying down."

Some time after that at a private seance with a trance medium, a thousand miles from home, the spirit of my son Charles came and said:

Papa, you don't know how much good you have done with those Indians. They are in a band to themselves here, and some of them have continued to feel unfriendly towards the whites to such an extent that when spirit missionaries were sent to them some of them would turn their backs to the missionaries, but your kindness to them has made a great change in them, and they now receive our missionaries in a friendly manner. The old chief says that you was the first pale face that tried to save a history of their place, and they feel very grateful to you for all you have done for them. And now, papa, the old chief is coming to you. He now stands before you. He takes the feathers from his head and throws them on the ground. He breaks his bow and arrows and casts them aside, and he takes the handle out of his tomahawk and

lays it down, and now, Oh, papa, he takes his heart in his hands and lays it in your lap. You have captured those people and they are your fast friends. They will do everything in their power to strengthen you and help you in every possible way.

In January, 1906, at a private family seance in my own home held a day or two before starting to California, my guide came and gave me a beautiful talk through the trumpet. She talked freely about my coming trip. I asked her if we could have, during the trip, another meeting like the one we had on my last trip. She said, "Yes, I will arrange for that kind of a meeting."

I started to California on the 20th of January and arrived in due time, and went to different parts of the State, but had no opportunity, or even a prospect of the promised meeting until on the 1st of March. I accidently saw a notice of a materializing seance to be held at two P. M. that day. I attended that seance and found it fairly good. Among other spirits who appeared was my guide. I asked her when we could have our private meeting. She said, "Tonight." I told her the medium told me she was going out that night. She said, "Yes, she is, but is coming back. You come at nine o'clock and we will have our meeting."

After the seance was over I told the medium what my guide said and she agreed to the arrangement. I went at nine o'clock for the private seance, and it was a phenomenal success. My guide was the only spirit that appeared. She remained for more than an hour, and it was a most delightful visit. I have not heard or read of anything like it in modern times. And after my return home my guide talked with me about this meeting, through the trumpet in my own home.

At one of those materializing seances in Los Angeles, my son Charles materialized. I went up to him and shook hands with him. He said to me, "It is too bad, papa, that you couldn't find the medium. She is holding a seance tonight out on Oxford street, but never mind, we will soon have a meet-

ing at home." In explanation of this will say that I had been diligently searching for a certain medium for a week, but could not find her, and afterward learned that she did hold a seance that night on Oxford street, which is several miles out in the suburbs of Los Angeles. At the first trumpet seance in my own home, after my return from California, my son Charles was the first to come. He spoke out in a loud, distinct voice, "Howd'y do, papa." I answered, "How are you, my dear boy? Where did we last meet?" Without a moment's hesitation he at once answered, "Los Angeles," and then talked about that meeting.

When I moved to LeRoy, I left my home farm in charge of my son, Lawrence Jay. He used for his bedroom the room that my son Charles was born and died in. A traveling farm hand stopped there one evening to stay over night. Jay was not at home and his housekeeper let the young man sleep in Jay's bed. The next morning he was much excited and told strange stories about the room being haunted, and all about what the ghosts did, and said he would never sleep in that room again. A short time afterward I had a trumpet seance at my home, and Jay came to it. My son Charles came and talked finely, as he always does. Jay said to him, "Charley, who was it that frightened that fellow so badly that was sleeping in my bedroom?" Charles answered very promptly, "I did. Why, that fellow makes fun of us and calls us spooks and ghosts, and nobody who talks that way shall sleep in my room. If he ever tries it again I will make it so hot for him that he will get no sleep that night." While talking Charles seemed much amused and laughed heartily. When Jay spoke of its being his room Charles disputed Jay's ownership, and finally appealed to me to decide the dispute, saying, "Isn't it my room, papa?" I replied, "Charles, you was born and died in that room and have the first claim to it, but Jay now uses it and so I decide that you and he are partners in that room." This seemed entirely satisfactory to Charles.

Now, it appears from this incident that there may be such a thing as a haunted house. The world has heard of such things through all ages. I believe I have already told of Charles' skill in playing the French harp. On the first of July, 1898, which was about three and a half months after his death, I was in the high mountains in the extreme northwest corner of Montana and felt impressed to write the following:

THE SILENT HARP.

The harp that through our happy home
The soul of music shed
Now lies as mute in our stricken home
As if the soul of music were dead.

The lips of him who pressed its keys,
And filled our home with joy and light,
In the stillness of the grave are closed,
And hidden from our mortal sight.

Their notes of sweetness we'll hear no more
'Till we meet his spirit on the other shore;
There in realms of bliss we'll happy be
With our noble boy forevermore.

Bright spirit of our immortal child,
Sound the notes of celestial joy
And illumine the pathway from earth to heaven
Where dwells our darling boy.

My wife keeps, with much care, the little harp, with other relics of our dear boy. At our trumpet seances she often puts the harp on the table in the center of the circle, and Charles sometimes talks about it, and has several times picked it up and tried to play on it, but he soon grows weak and it falls to the table. The first time he succeeded in sounding several notes I said, "Why, Charles, I will now have to change my verses about your silent harp." He quickly answered, "Oh, no, papa, don't change it, but write some more."

These things may seem foolish to others, but to me they are more precious than would be a mountain of gold.

On March 26, 1907, I was robbed by pickpockets on a crowded street car on Market street, San Francisco. At a trumpet seance in my home in LeRoy, Illinois, on the 21st of June following, my spirit son Parker told me all about the robbery, and repeated every word I said and what I did on that occasion.

BEAUTIFUL TOKENS.

As related in my biography, I was taken to a hospital at Fresno City, California, on the 5th day of December, 1907, suffering with a malady that carried me to the verge of death. At the end of five weeks I had improved some, but there seemed to be but little prospect that I would be able to leave for months.

At one o'clock A. M. on the 11th day of January, 1908, the cause of my malady was relieved. Within one hour of that time my guide made her presence known in a beautiful manner.

For several years, in times past, I was favored with occasional clairvoyant views that were beautiful beyond description, but that gift faded away some years ago, but on the night above mentioned my guide first showed me her bright, sparkling little bunch of jewels that I had often seen before, and then other signs and tokens that were uncommonly brilliant. I felt her presence, and knew that she rejoiced at my deliverance.

The blessings that have attended me from that day to this, the 12th day of March following, are wonderful.

I have now given some fair samples of the many beautiful tests and proofs of immortality that I have received for the past twenty years. But I have only given a part. I could add much more that is wonderful, but I think I have said all that is necessary to prove that we can and do hold communion

with our loved ones on the other shore; but as I was about to close, Mr. Lincoln impresses me to say that I owe it to my beautiful guide to give some more facts about her. In response to which I will say that in all things pertaining to her earth work she is the most reticent and modest being I ever saw. As before said, I am, in many respects, as well acquainted with her as I am with any member of my family, yet I cannot get her to talk about herself or her work while in the earth life. I have had to resort to other means for information on that line, and I have left no stone unturned in my researches. I have obtained most of my information from other spirit, and from trance and clairvoyants mediums.

It is very seldom that I fail, when having a reading with a good medium of the above phases, no matter how far from home, or how much of a stranger they may be, to get a fine description of my guide. And their descriptions all agree as to her purity and noble work. I have received beautiful messages about her from Aristides the Just, and from Xerxes, the old Persian monarch. Abraham Lincoln speaks in high terms of her qualities. My own people on the spirit side hold her in the highest esteem. My son Charles says that she was the first to meet and greet him when he passed to spirit life, and that she was like a mother to him.

From these various sources I have gathered the following facts: The earth name of my guide was Zelda. She was born in Athens, Greece, 451 B. C. She was of an excellent family and reared with all the advantages pertaining to one of her rank. That was at the time when Greece attained its highest greatness. She was pure, fair, beautiful and bright. Instead of spending her spare time in the idle frivolities of the age, she spent it in doing good, visiting the poor, needy and sick. If in passing along the street she found some poor wretch lying in the gutter she would stop, inquire into the case and take measures for his relief. No hut or hovel in all

the city was too low or degraded for her to visit and try to relieve the inmates. She was so well and favorably known that she could visit even the thieves' quarter without being insulted or rudely treated. Sometimes when visiting hovels of misery the wretched inmates would say: "Oh, beautiful lady, what has brought you to such a place as this?" She would answer: "I have come to help you." They would reply: "Such delicate hands as yours cannot help us." But the noble girl would reply: "I will help you and what I cannot do with my hands I will get others to do." And thus this angelic mortal spent her time in doing good to others until she was about twenty-two years old, when she visited a poor sick woman and child who had the plague. She contracted the disease and quickly passed to spirit life, 429 B. C. Being cut off in her youth, her earth work was only fairly begun and she continued it from the other side, even to the present day. But she tells me her earth work is nearly done, when she will pass to higher spheres.

She spent her time in doing good to others, the noblest work known to mortals or angels. But why should this pure, bright, beautiful angel select me as her medium? I was just ready to refer this question to other authorities when she came with her gentle influence and said, by impressions:

Tell them the line of communication between guides and mediums is not based on kinship or close earthly associations, but it depends on magnetic affinity, something like the transmitting and receiving instruments of the wireless telegraph. In accordance with this natural law I can reach you more easily than any other mortal, and there is the further attraction that you have the courage of your convictions and cannot be intimidated from proclaiming the truth by all the powers of earth, and Mr. Lincoln's reasons are the same.

With such friends as she and Abraham Lincoln why should I be ashamed or afraid to proclaim the truth as it is revealed to me?

S. H. WEST.

LeRoy, Ill., March 12th, 1908.