

**[Reminiscences by Rachel Minerva (Owsley) Barton
(Mrs. Isaac Barton)]**

[table of contents of addenda p. 131, index p. 146]

["^" denotes a symbol Rachel used when she inserted additional text above a line; this transcription uses a second ^ to indicate the end of each of her insertions. Although she did not always use a ^ symbol, we have encased some of Rachel's above-the-line insertions with a pair of ^ symbols for clarity.]

First Page

September 17/90 [1890]

I intend to write a few incidences=
=dence of my dear fathers ^Thomas Owsley,s^ life
The first thing I remember ^his telling about was^
~~his talking about~~ his mother [Rachel (Johnson) Owsley]
whipping him for stoping on
the bank of some river to play
in the white sand as his ~~father~~
parent,s were moveing from
East Tennessee to Indianna. He
spoke of It at our house not
very long before he died saying
I tell you she gave ^It^ to me hard
he was but five (or maby a little
more than five years old then).
He said I didnt think anything
I thought It was a pretty place
to play but she made me smart
for It.

I dont know how
long they lived In Indianna
before His father [John Owsley III] went Into General
Harrison,s army but it must
have been more than a year
for his brother Bennett was born
on the road as they were moveing
out, and his brother Bansom [Ransom]
was born after his father was
killed in the battle of Tippacanoe
My father went to live with an
uncle but his grandfather ^(John^ Owsley)) [John Owsley II]
came after the family to move them
back to Tennessee. my father allway,s
regretted going back, as his uncle offered
to do well by him. He said what
made him decide to go was that he
loved to ride so well & he thought he
would have a long ride

Second page

One day while he was at this
uncle,s he started to go to his mother,s
after he had crossed the field and
went a little ways into the woods
he saw a large bear lying by a
log. He ran back too the house &
got his uncle to come with him
& kill the bear when his uncle
shot the bear It rear^r^ed up & hollowed
& the bear seemed to my father
to say O Lord O Lord He said it
made the hair raise on his head
for a little time but it fell over
dead prety soon and they got It
to the house and had bear meet
to eat for a while
My father said it was never hard
for him to get up of a morning
he said his grandfather never had
to call him a second time
his Grandfather Owsley after he
moved the family back to Tennessee
took him (my father) & his sister
Nathenie and raised them until they
were grown & My Uncle Marquis
Cook (that married Nathenie Owsley)
said of my father,s Grandfather
He said Old John Owsley was a
~~my~~ mighty good old man. my
husband [*Isaac Barton*] ask him did you know
him ~~ye~~ Certainly I did I courted &
married my wife their
My Greatgrandfather (Mr John Owsley) lived
to be one hundred and four years old [*he lived to 88*]
How I wish I knew more about him

Page 3rd

My Dear children & grandchildren

As we havent a photograph of my dear old father I thought I would write a few of the Incidents of his life as I remember hearing him tell of them I wrote two pages 5 (five) years ago which I will put with this

To day is the 28th day of November 1895 Thanksgiving day Well that is enough explanation

When He was a boy of fifteen he and his grandfather [*John Owsley II*] were 6 miles from home chopping wood he was taken very sick and his grandfather told him he had better go ~~home~~ home he started but was very sick he came to a branch that there was no way to cross but by waiding It he waided in to the cold water It was in ⁱⁿ the first of ^{of} March the water was waist deep & the watter was very cold

When he came out of the water he commenced breaking out with the measel,s he hurried on home and his grandma [*Charity (Barton) Owsley*] helped him get in bed very soon after he got in bed his grandfather came, After he started his grandfather got uneasy about him and hurried on after him but didnt over take him until he got home. My father often told us that his grandfather could chop the butt end of a log before he (my father) could chop the Top end off, hurry as he might They were both good chopper,s I think It run in the family to love to work in wood. When my father was quite a young man he was going through the wood,s, he came to a small cabbn as he was passing It, he heard some one inside groaning as If in great pain He stepped to the door & said madam can I do any thing for you (the woman was lying before the fire on the floor) O dear young sir If you only would go after the midwife [^]lady Dr[^] she told him that her husband was a way at work she told my father that the midwife lived three miles up the river (It was about dark then) the woman told him to untie the canoe & row up the river, she told him the turn,s in the river, he found

Fourth page

his way all right and brought the midwife to the sick woman. He said she was very very thankful to him for his kindness to her. He said there was only the light of the stars to guide him in that strange way up the river through thick woods.

I think the next thing I will relate is about a dream my father had that came true just as he dreamed it. He & several men were helping a man build and load a flat boat. And after all was completed they tied the boat up to something my father didn't think was very secure but they left the boat that way, anyhow. They all laid down in camp to sleep. I suppose I ought to have told you that it had been raining very hard all night anyhow long before day light they were all awake and my father told his dream. He dreamed that the boat had gotten loose loose or & that he and the owner of the boat got in the little canoe that they had and struck out after the boat. And that the owner of the boat pulled against him. He couldn't make him understand that he was pulling against him. My father kept telling him how he ought to do but he was so excited he wouldn't understand. He dreamed that he kept telling the owner if he didn't quit pulling against him that the boat would be whirled into the eddy and be sunk (all this he told before they got up). Well it all transpired just as my father had dreamed it. My father said he never worked so hard in his life. He had to pull the boat and all the owner could pull too. He ^{^said^} If the

Fifth page

boat had gotten into the eddy It would
have been lost sucked under and sunk.

~~he wh~~

But he finally got It to the shore
he said there wasn't a dry thread on
him and that his boots were full of
sweat up to the top of them
What made him work so hard to save
the man's boat was that he would have
lost all his wages for helping to build
the boat and loading It

Well while I am thinking of boats I
will tell of an incident that took place
since I can remember

At the time of the great Natchez Storm in 1839 or 40

(that you have read about in history) [*Great Natchez Tornado of 1840*]

My father and several of his friends landed

their flat boats about thirty miles

above that city The wind blew very

hard, and threw Mr Tilford's [*William H. Tilford*] ^I knew him well^ boat
against a snag and knocked a hole in

It My father took in the situation at
once & hurried to the boat & jerked up

The gang plank & wrapped a quilt
around It & pushed it down on the

outside of the boat and held it

in place until the carpenters could
stop the leak (He set the men to pumping

as hard as they could) My father used to
tell about It And tell how Mr

Tilford on the shore was holding his hands
up and praying O lord have mercy

on my soul repeating It over & over

I once told my father that the lord inspired

him in answer to Mr T prayer to

know what to do Mr Tilford was

a near neighbor of ours In Harrodsburg [*Harrodsburg, Monroe County*] in
Indiana

Fift Sixth page

My father would take a flat boat
loaded with produse to New Orleans every
spring for many years. He would walk
all back. ^he said he always tried to get to a good old *[written down left margin]*
quaker,s to stay all night he The good old quaker was sure to take his
horses And take my father a half days journey he riding one ~~&~~ horse &
father the other.^ he lived in East Tennessee

In Clabourn *[Claiborne]* County until I was al
most one year old He then moved to
Indianaa Monroe County

He lived their until I was about eleven ^ he moved to Lawrence County lived
there 3 years^

year,s old. He then bought mill
property *[the Searing Mill]* in Park *[Parke]* County Ind.

A very sickly place we were all
very sick there and allmost everyone ^else^
was sick, Part of the time one of
us was hardly able to give the others
a drink of water, only we had too
I mean the one that was the least
sick would do for the rest

In writing about our sickness that
first fall that we lived in Park Co.

A funny little incident come,s into
my mind My father had been very
sick allmost at death,s door, the Dr,s had
given him up to die, he lay speechless for
for many hour,s But he finally
rallied and got well except that
the fever fell in his ankle which had
f been sprained a few years before
he wasnt able to walk without a
crutch for many years.

The Incident was This There had come
a strange man/(a loafer we called them
then, a tramp we call them now)

Too our house. We lived
in part of Mr Serrings *[James Searing]* house he
was the man my father bought
the mill place of Mr Serrings got

[this page continues on document page 9]

Sixth page This ought to have been
written on page six, but I omitted It
I, think It was the last
trip father made to New
Orlean,s In a flat boat
 That he was taken very
sick His work hands got
scared fearing they would
get sick And left him alone
In his boat he was their
alone for several day,s very
sick finally their was
a good old negro man came
into his boat & found him
in a very bad condition
The negro hastened home to
his master & told about father
being so sick, The master was a
Dr & came to see him he
told father that he thought he
could cure him my father
said to the Doctor I wish you

hope you can for I have
three little motherless children
That I want to get back to
take care of The Doctor
went Back, & his wife came with
him and brought father
a bowl of soup They
then took father to their
own house and took care
of him until he was able
to travl home The Dr and
his good wife wouldnt
make any charge But
father got the negro man
to take enough flour out
of his (fathers) boat to last
them a year When he
came back he could hardly
walk he was so weak he came
home in a steam boat that time
he lived in Ind- then. brother *[William Owsley]*
& I lived with our aunt Betsy Boriff *[Elizabeth (Butcher) Boruff of Monroe
County, Indiana]* and
sister *[Mary Ann (Owsley) Chambers]* lived with Dr Narville *[Dr. Ralph Graves
Norvell]* in Springville *[in Lawrence County, Indiana]*

seventh page

tired of him and took him by
the collar of his old coat and shoved
him out of the door and gave him a
kick (He the tramp resisting all the
time) just as Mr Serring,s let him
go My father raised on his elbow
and called loud to Mr Serring
sayind dont shoot him dont shoot
him Serring,s and laught to see the
tramp run he run with all the
strength he had. We all thought
It so funny that father would think
of saying (or hollowing) that after the
tramp when he was just getting
a little better. (I cant write it near as
funny as it was)

As my father was moveing to Ind.. In
company with several families of relative,s
a farmer bantered him to trade horse,s with
him The horse was a very prety little horse
fat And slick so my father traded horse,s
with him (the farmer threw in the bridle
At night when father undid the throat=
=latch the horse went too the feed trough ^He put his teeth a gainst and^
made a sound like Oak Oak father called
him a lyer and said it was a beach trough
The horse was a stump sucker
that was the reason the farmer threw in the
bridle as long as their was something tight arou
=nd his neck he wouldent make that noise
Well next morning early father started back to
swap back But the farmer told him If
he wanted to rue he might rue And be
d----med But to exchange he wouldent
so father had to make the best he could of a bad
bargain and go on and overtake the waggon,s

eight page

January 1st 1896 (New years day)

The next thing I will write
down is that my father and
mother [*Charity (Butcher) Owsley*] moved to Monroe Co Indiana

In the year Thirty one ~~& 2~~ The year the
deep snow fell They arrived late
in the fall and the winter set in
earley my parents had to live in a
half faced camp That winter, cold
as it was He used to tell of how
they had to do He would go three miles
to work for Mr Flora (I remember seeing
him often) father often told how he had
to waid in the deep snow to gather corn
for Mr Flora he said the snow wou
=ld thaw a little in the warm

part of the day & got his ~~kn~~
knees wet and as it began to freeze
again towards night he would have
to rub his knees vigorously for a
while they would hurt him so bad
the snow was almost knee deep
on a level He would get one
peck, (one fourth) of a bushel of
corn for his days work. he
said he was glad to get that much
The country was new and provision
scarce He said He thought the
best cabbage he ever ate was those
that stayed out in the garden
all winter in, or under, the snow
he said that he brought eight
work horses out with him he
said that he would get up before
day cut trees down for the horses
to brows on While he was gone
to his work At night Old
blue Buck (a very large horse)

ninth page

would come up to the camp
fire (And ask in horse language)
to be harnessed up to haul big
log,s to build a big fire & then
he old blue Buck would stand
by the fire all night He was a fine large horse my father said

I well remember the first
cabin they built My mother died
in it Although my father had
a nice five room frame house
allmost ready to move into when my
mother died My father sawed the
weather boarding with a Whip saw
I remember seeing him sawing with
It They had a scaffle And the big
log on that & a long saw
something like a cross cut saw
only longer one man on the ground
The other on the scaffle A very
hard way to make lumber
I had to mind a gap in the fence
while my father and uncle, Ransom (Owsley
would haul the stone for the big
double chimney They got out very
large lime stone rock for the
chimney the stone mason dressed
the front of the fire place,s in figures
very prety The Mantle boards was
carved and the wood work finished
with beading they called it then
molding we call It They had
everything in plenty when my mother
died lots of cattle horses hogs & sheep geese
& chickens Wheat corn & oats They were
very hard working folks poor father he
would burn brush and work by the light
many many nights I have known him too

tenth page

(This that I am about to tell
ought to have been written
just after What was written about
old blue Buck)
It is about Their first cow
I am allmost certain that It was
the first Spring after they moved
to Ind- that they bought a good
cow Well some time in the sum=
=mer or fall The cow disapeared
They hunted and hunted for her but
dident find her for several days
They finally Did find her dead
she had gone into a clearing
(a place w^h^ere they cut a round the trees
to make them die)
A large limb of a tree had fallen
on her and killed her ~~my father said~~
my ^father^said when he came in In the evening
he found my mother crying my
sister & I crying the calf a bawling
the pig squeling for milk he
often told us children about It and
said He would have given the best
horse he had for a cow The tears
would allway,s come in his eyes when
he would tell us of that time
I suppose mother cryed in sympathy
with the young thing,s that were crying
for milk The calf was a heiffer
calf & we kept a cow of that stock
in the family until after our Mary [*Mary (Barton) Wells*]
was married, we gave her the last one
of that breed & It died once father
sold the last heiffer calf when my sis
=ter was a little girl she cried so about
It that he went strait off and bought
the heiffer back & allway,s kept one after
=ward Those were Trying times for the
young parents

eleventh page

A few years after father moved to
Ind he was chopping one afternoon &
the weather turned sudenly very cold
so cold that he thought he couldnt stand
It to chop any longer so he carried in
lots of wood for mother And then star
=ted to walk about 16 miles to buy some
sheep that he had heard of He said he never
had seen it so cold that he couldnt keep
warm walking But the wind was so cold
that It allmost took his breath he would
turn his back to it and run a while that
way He took his course through the woods
night over took him Their wasent any house
to be found for a long way long after
night fall he came to a little cabbin he
ask to stay the rest of the night The man
gave a reluctant consent he went in &
found the man his wife & three or four
little children hovering a round a very
poor fire made of white oak limbs It was
so cold & the wind blew so hard that the
fire did very little good. father tried
to get the man to go out and cut a rail
but the man wouldnt after a while
my father went out and got a little some
=thing but it didnt warm the house any
They put father in a shed on some straw
to sleep He said he didnt sleep any but just
laid their & shivered and shook till morning
he was disapointed in getting the sheep too so I
guess he must have felt badly about It

He never could bear to see green
white oak limbs put on a fireplace
after that night

Another time he had to do an errand

Twelvth page

It had been raining & had turned very cold he came to a river that There wasent any way to cross only on the thin ice so he got two fence rails & laid down on them and -inched himself over on them. he said the ice didnt seem thicker ~~that~~ than a case knife blade. he said when he got to the middle of the river the ice would bend under him but he wasent affraid for it was so cold & freezeing so hard that the ice would be tough The man that lived on the bank of the river wanted him to stay all night with him, but he wan=ted to go on that night. on his returne next day he could walk very easily on the ice

My father wasent a member of any church but friendly to those that w^e^re he allways had preaching in his house Even after we moved to this state He was rather parcial to the Babtist As his uncle William Owsley was a Babtist preacher This uncle was my father,s father,s brother he came to visit my father And all his relations that lived in this county during the civil war He & my father came together to see us They stayed all night with us next morning we invited him (as our custom allways was) to pray with us he made an excellent prayer he seemed to realize that It would be the last time he would pray with us & It was father made a visit after that ^& wrote to him once after his return & in a few years he died^ but I never saw him again

page thirteen

I remember that fathers uncle William
Owsley that I have just been writing about
made my father a visit of some days
before my mother died I was quite
small then I think the reason I remember
him is that he wore a broad brimed
nearly white ^silk^ hat with a long nap (or plush on it)
He was tall & strait & rather large He was
the only one of my father,s uncles that I
ever saw I knew all my fathers br
=others & one sister the only own sister he had
her name was Nathenie, she was the eldest
my father ^Thomas^ next Noble ^Bennett^ Ransom ~~Bennett~~
my fathers mother [*Rachel Johnson*] married a second time
to a Mr Milton Bruer [*or Brewer*] fathers mother
had one daughter & four sons by her
first husband Mr John Owsley [*John Owsley III*] my fathers
father And one son and four daughters
by her last husband That allw
=ay,s seemed to me a rather strange
thing to happen fathers half brother
Mr Enos Bruer was a babtist preacher
Their mother was a very neat & tidy
house keeper so one of my aunts told me
she said she could darn so neatly that
you could hardly find the place
that had been a hole she was
a schotish lady I saw some of her
sewing ~~wish~~ which was very nicely done

fourteenth page

The sewing that I saw was on a dress
that she sent me by my uncle Ransom
Owsley, my parents gave me her name
Rachel [*Rachel Johnson*]; so I suppose that was why she
sent me the dress ready made I
remember my uncl told me it was a
dress that my grand-mother,s daughter Loucinda [*Brewer*]
had grown to large to wear It was a pale
blue callico fine and thick, yes and I saw
some of her weaving a vest she had woven
& made for my father before he was grown
and a pair of white cotton socks (with
a twisted ~~stich~~ stitch something like the ladys
knit on the backs of thair mitten,s)
That she knit, for my father,s wedding
sock,s They with many other thing were all=
=ways kept in Their old Chest And are
all gone Wright here I will Tell you
about the leather pocket, that was made
in Old England, The pocket That the Little
deed,s was brought over in, To America by
the first Owsley that came over to America
his name was Thomas according to what
the geneology say,s My father often
and often told us that that big leather
envelope was the one that our Ancesters
brought Their deeds to America In
We are sorry that it is gone And the old

15th

pocket Book[^]with the[^] Continental scrip [^]that father,s Grandfather rec as pay
in the Revolutionary War[^] (or as we would call it

paper money In it) And a pocket ~~book~~ book

That was fathers great great grand-fathers

And two white Marsailse Vest,s (or jackets)

That belonged to the great or great great

Grand-father (All lost) sister married

Mr John Chambers and she took the

chest and after she died Mr Chambers moved

to (Mo.) And all trace of them is gone

My father I think was a little a bove medi=^{um}

~~with~~ height strait and active until he got lame

he was allway,s courteous & gentle manly in

his maners, he never charged anyone for a me=^{al},s

vituals no difference who they were

sometimes people would come and stay a

long time And he would sometimes re=^{mark}

to us children (I couldent sponge

my way) but at the table he would treat

them like they were his chosen friends

He was allways helping the poor sometimes

we children would say You will never

get one cent of that money back, he wou=^{ld}

say no I expect not, but some boddy has

got to help the poor devels along And so

he would help, them often And often

The words on his Tomb stone are (The poor

ever had a friend in him)

And so they did I have known him

sixteenth page

many times to fill a two bushel sack ^{^with} with meal[^] and
take it to some poor family

You children know that he owned a mill [*second mill on Six Mile Creek, Pike
County, Illinois*]

and ground corn for people

Well uncl Frank Dunaven told me he
used to go their to mill and find my father
doing the work of three men

That is he would attend to putting the corn
in the hopper and put the meal in sacks
and make the fire,s in the furncice And attend
to the engine (And uncl Frank would
say & He a one leged man) He allway,s
told It as If he was proud to know him

I once expressed the wish to aunt Rette
Berry [*Arretta Jessup (Wells) Berry*] That father would rent or sell out
and board in some place, and not work
so hard she said to me he is far too
industerous for that he wouldnt be happy
dear old father he was allways good to me far
better than I deserved that he should be.

Allway,s ~~went~~ when We would go to see him he would
work on until knight then he would go to
the stable and saddle his horse and go to town
and get something extry to eat go in the night
after doing his days work He would ride
up to our house (between 12 an 15 miles) in
the night to see me If he heard that I
was sick If I was much sick, I would

seventeenth page

be sure that my father would come as soon
as he heard that I was sick If I was
just weak and ailing he would buy some
whiskey and go to the wood,s himself and
dig roots and get bark and make me
some bitter,s to strengthen me And
he so lame too He never thought of
his own ease If he could do anything
for any one that was sick I well
remember his kindness to my mother while
she was sick He was a young man
then and full of ambition to get along
but he stoped all to wait on his wife And
I honor him for It In His Young
day,s In fact until he was past middle
life he allway,s wore very nice clothe,s nice
broad cloth he once bought a peice of brown
broadcloth and had himself a coat made which
cost him forty dollar the buttons on It cost
seven dollars gold finish ^very^prety It was the fashon
then to have bright buttons on coats & vests
He allway,s wore those tall silk hats we
call them stove pipe hats now
sometime after mother died he got a new
w^h^ite or cream coulored hat with a broad
band of crape a round it
I tell you this to let you see how people change
in their dress In old age He was very dressey and
allways brushed his clothing carefully when he was going any where

eighteenth page

I told you in another place about my father buying a mill It was run by water power And had bur,s ~~that is~~ to grind corn & wheat he bought wheat & ground quantities of flour and hauled it to Ter^rehaute & sold it and corn meal too, he would cut and haul logs & saw lumber & haul it to Terrehaute & sell it too, he bought a carding machine (The best one I ever saw) And got all the wool he could card by running the machine night and day He kept from five to fifteen workhands employed the two years that he owned the *[Searing]* Mill property And sister & I had to cook for them he made a good deal of money at that place, before he sold it The mill was in Parke Co Ind- on Rackcoon Creek *[Raccoon]* a very sickly place He came to this County (Pike Co, Ill,s) In the fall of 1847 he bought another mill *[the Chandler Mill, on Six Mile Creek]* corn & wheat bur^rs and an upwright saw to saw lumber Their was a little old carding machine in the mill house wh^en he bought it But he brought his nearly New double carding machine and had both just ready to begin carding and we heard of folks that intended to bring wool to get it carded the next day after the mill was burned the mill was burned The first day (or night) of May the following spring he wasent at home

nineteenth page

When the [Chandler] mill burned. when father came home He looked sorrowfully at the ^ruins^ and said to me I've lost many drop,s of sweat for what lies their in ashe,s He never said much about It afterward,s but Just commenced looking for another place to move too. He bought What you all know as the James Berry place one hundred & sixty Acre,s of heavily timbered land [also on Six Mile Creek] and built a log cabbin on It and moved his household things to it then he commenced getting the old engine and boiler out of the creek (very hard work) loading them on wagon,s and getting them in running order but by patient work he succeeded in the business that He undertook he only built a shed over the engine & boiler, and carriage way for the circular saw to be under cover for a year or two but he built a large mill house and Added a grist mill and carding machine and Furniture shop & a lath saw to make lath [lath] to plaster onto and a scroll saw to saw out the head boards of bedstead,s He made considerable money with the timber that was on the land He also made coffins for sale Mr Park Hoggen told me since we lived here that my father was the first

twentieth page

man in This county that kept ready
made coffin,s for sale (I didnt know
that before) but of course Mr Hoggen
knows Our old cherry bookcase and
square stand table was made of lumber
that my father cut the trees into saw
=log length,s. And sawed it, and stacked
It up to se^a^son (that is to dry out) Your
pa gave five dollar,s for the stand table
I dont remember what the bookcase cost
My brotherinlaw [*John Chambers*] run the furniture shop
He kept my father buying tools, so many
that I dont think they made much
by adding the furniture shop to the business

I think I will tell you here that
we didnt have a bit of flour or me=
=al in the house at the time the Mill
burned we had some shorts that we
made some buiscuits of, for breakfast
father went to Rockport [*in Pike County, Illinois*] the next day and
bought flour and meal, poor old father
I can see him now as he went about doing
all he could to get an other start
The first time I went to see him and
brother & sister he was building the top
of the chimney out he would have to get
down and carry the rock up onto the sca=
=ffle then the mortar then he would
lay the stone in place it was slow

twenty first page

work but he was singing a hymn
while he worked I remember the
words it commenced with, (It was) saw
Ye my savior (repeating) saw Ye my
savior and god

O he died on calvare, to a tone for you & me
And to purchase our pardon with blood

A very old hymn with a very sweet
tune at least It has allways seemed so
to me since that day

At dinner that day he passed the bread
as we w^ere about through eating their was
quite a large piece left on the plate
he said we hadent eaten much he said
Your mother & me would have eaten
as much as all that I remember
what he said as well as if spoken to day
he hardly ever spoke of our mother
I think it was because it was the first
time that I had gone to see him That
made him think of his Young day,s
when he and his young wife sat at their
table together My mother,s name was

Charrity Butcher his second wife,s name
was Nancy Roseberry [*Nancy (Chambers) Roseberry*] ^she lived just 3 weeks 3
days & 3 hours after they were married^ his third wifes name

was Nancy Ann Judah, his fourth wifes
name was Feby Pheby Stuart [*Phoebe Stewart*] she was
my half sister [*Fannie (Owsley) Shultz*] Fanny,s mother

Twenty second page

When father was a Young man he was helping to drive a large drove of hog,s from East Tenn-----To Georgia It was winter and the water courses was frozen over with a thin sheet of Ice The hog,s wouldnt want to go onto the ice so father would waid in and pull them through thus going all day with wet feet & leg,s In consequence of that exposure he took a terrible tooth ache he bore it as long as he could He then decided to have it pulled out he inquired and found that their was a Piscopalian preacher that pulled teeth not far out of his way so he went It was on the sabath day so the preacher refused to pull the tooth But the preachers wife scolded her husband so he decided to take the tooth out but while he was getting ready the tooth burst in four peaces father said It seemed to him like it made as loud a noise as a pistol shot, the preacher took the peaces out for him father used to tell what all the preacher,s wife said to her husband she told him he was a prety christian to let a poor boy suffer that way # when he could help It by just pulling a tooth and lots more but I don't remember clearly

My father only got to go to school six week,s week,s
 yet he was never at a loos about spelling
 a word and could write a plain & prety
 hand he allways kept his books himself
 I remember seeing old Mr Prebble teaching
 him Arrithmetic He could Add up his ac-
 count,s and make thing,s plain so any one could
 understand Old Mr Prebble was the first
 teacher that sister & I went to s^c^hool too
 He was a fat lazy Old man He boarded with
 us. One evening after we came from school
 bro, William ask him Who was coming down the
 hill, then he ask him If he knew where he
 found a knife he had in his hand To
 all of the questions Mr Prebbe answered no
 brother straitened up & looked him in the face
 & said What do you know then sister
 lead little brother a way
 I think it was that winter that my
 father sent me to Mr Finley,s [*Rufus Finley*] on an er-
 =rand Mr F--- was a tanner, in crossing the
 tan yard I saw & picked up a little sim
 =blin such as they used to spin like a top
 [*Rufus Finley ran a tan yard just outside of Harrodsburg in Monroe County,*
Indiana]
 When I got home my father ask me If
 any one gave me the simblin, I told no sir
 He told me to take it right back & tell
 them I had stolen it O dear how that
 did hurt my feelings, to think that I had

twenty fourth page

stolen anything. I took it back crying all
the way their & back The good old grandma
& the young Mrs Finley wanted me to keep
the simblin, but I would as soon have taken
hold of fire, as to have taken the little simblin
It was a good lesson one I never forgot
I think my father did exactly right, hard
as it was for me then
I remember seeing my father and several other
~~Men~~ men lay off the little town of Harroug
Harrodsbourgh [*Harrodsburg, Monroe County, Indiana*] And soon after It was
layed
off There was Two stores started and a black
smith shop father boarded two men while
they were building one of the stores their names
was Mr Joe, Glass, & Mr ^joe^ Crenshaw [*Joseph Cranshaw*]
I think the Tan Yard was started some time
before It was quite a little ways from the Town
We children (some cousins & play mates) used to
go to the Tan Yard to see them grind the
bark They would break the bark on the edge of
a big hopper & a horse would go round & round
& grind the bark fine Then that would
be spread between the hides ^In great boxes or vats as they were calles^ after
they had
the hair & flesh scraped of clean The
water was brought in trough,s from a high
hill not far off. You Young folks
dont know ^how^ much work it takes to get the leather
ready to make your shoes I guess they have a
much quicker process now to make leather

twenty fifth page

My father,s brother, Noble Owsley
was a very strong man he was heavy set
broad chested and broad sho^u^ldered
I ^have heard^ much about his strength one of my Aunts
told of his being at a barn raising in
~~Putman~~ Putnum County Ind, She said there
was three or four men lifting at
a beam I suppose one at a time, well
they couldnt move It my Uncle told them
to all stand on the log they did so and He
took his foot And gave the log a toss
with all the men on It I have heard
the older member,s of the family tell of his
takeing a forty gallon barrel of whiskey
up at arms length and bringing it up
and drinking out of the bung hole
my Uncle Marquis Cook told me not long
ago of his seeing him take a forty gallon
barrel of peach brandy out of the back end
of a wagon on his shoulders and Carry It
quite a ways and also Carry It over some sti
=les (steps to cross the fence) Then get the barrel
down onto the poarch himself Uncle
Marquis was a truthful man, He also told
me that day, of Uncle Noble Carrying
fourteen bushels of wheat across some
thing, that made a walk into a mill
He then carried it up the mill stairs

February 18th 1896

The with in is about the strength~~th~~
of my father,s brother Noble Owsley

While uncle Noble was at our house
The time I have Just been telling you
about He told of his uncle William
Owsley trying to whip him He said
every lick his Uncle would strike him
he would jump on a hill of corn and
mash the corn down he said the corn
was begining to Joint ~~so every hill~~
so every lick cost his Uncle a hill
of corn I don't remember how they
came out My uncle Noble married
Naomi Cook Uncle Marquis Cook married
Nathene Owsley (they swaped sisters)

Twenty sixth page

Uncle Noble,s son Christain, said about the mo^s^t he ever saw his father lift was a large barrel of molasses he said his father Just took one hand at the bottom of the barrel and one at the top and set the barrel on the counter in a store After he was a tollerable old man I saw him carry a large sawed oak log I think It must have been ten by twelve inches thick ^and about nine or ten feet long^ he carried It like It wasent one bit heavy for him to carry He carried it quite a little way, he was starting to build a springhouse for my brother. And this was soon after he had been sick at our house for two or three weeks

I just now ask Your father [*Isaac Barton*] what It was that he saw Uncle Noble do He said he saw him lift a stick of tim^b^er with one hand that four men couldent lift with hand spikes They tryed & tryed to lift it but couldent, one day there was two men trying to lift a stick of timber with hand spikes And couldent Uncle Noble just put his foot under It and lifted It around

Your father boarded with him in Rockport & he ^my uncle^ would take him under the arm at arms length and lift him up and bump his head against the top of the door Now this is truth your pa used to tell me about It in [*written up right margin*] the time of It & I believe all that I have told about his strength

When my father was a small boy he went to visit an Uncle He and his cousin Hale as he called her, (Mahala I suppose her name really was) was playing in the wood yard his cousin had the axe and was striking on a log (or hacking) on the log my father would put his foot on the log and jerk it back when hale would make a lick finally my father told her not to strike any more for he wouldnt take his foot away any more, but she wouldnt stop but kept on hacking she cut his big toe off she ran to the house yelling an accident an accident at every jump his Aunt came out with a hand full of sugar & a rag picked up the end of his toe fitted it together & the toe grew back he had to walk three miles the next day to go home He used to tell of the scene when he came to where hale ran to the house yelling an accident an accident he always laugh he said hale did it on purpose Another time this same hale got her foot over her head (as she had seen the boy,s do) but she couldnt get it back Uncle Bennet and father used to tell us children about it & laugh until the tear,s would come in their eyes imagineing how she looked rolling over the corn field trying to get her foot off of her neck

My father was very kind a good
to his dumb animals. He used
to say It was every mans duty to take
care of the poor dumb creatures that
belonged to him. It allways seemed
to hurt him to see cattle wandering
around and bawling for something
to eat He used to be indignant at
old Mr Ator for not taking care
of his stock

Some time after Mary & Richard [*Mary (Barton) Wells and James Richard
Wells*]

were married father was taken
quite sick He was alone for several
days no one came to see him for
so long That he could stand It
no longer so he got up an cralled ^on his hands & knees. He was too sick to
walk^

to the stable to untie his horse and
let It out to get water & put feed
in the trough for his horse to eat
The stable was quite a distance from
the house Richard & Mary heard
about his being sick and alone and
went up to see him they wanted
him to let them take him home
with them but he wouldent go They
did all they could and went back home
to little Pearle [*Pearle Wells, son of Richard and Mary*] who was sick at the time

I dont know how they got word about
his being sick and a lone but some
way they heard about It and went
up their to see him I came across
the letter that Mary wrote to me
about It Just a few days ago
It was cold weather at the time
Dear father he had many hard pulls
to get along in the world

March 9th/96

In January 1853 My father saddled his horse one afternoon And went to Mr Hugh Mc,Caff^rey,s to see If he could borrow some money of him
It was about seven mile,s to his house He stayed until after supper and started home Their had been snow on the ground and it had part^ly melted and frozen into Ice As he was coming down the Rowley Hill his horse fell And broke his hip or thigh bone split it he thought It was between ten and eleven oclock in the night when his horse fell on the ice It was a cold windy night he thought he would try to drag himself near enough to Mr Rowley,s to make them hear him hollow he tryed but could not stand the pain He called as loud as he could but had little hope of makeing any one hear him He said his only hope of his life was the thought of the Rowley boys getting up at four oclock in the morning He said he would try to keep from fre^ezing until then

But the lord caused a Young girl to hear him hollow Miss Emily Miller heard him and got up and listened and

waked her father up, and he went out & listened and thought it must be hunters he was about to go to bed again, but his daughter Insisted on his going to see w^h^at was the mater so he went to Mr Rowley,s and got one of the boys up to go with him And found my father lay lying on the Ice and badly hurt They then went back to the house and got the other two young men up and got a strong sheet and got him on It and carried him to Mr Rowleys where they took care of him untill next morning They came after my husband to come after him he could hardly bear to be moved his hip and leg hurt him so badly ^It was his well leg that was hurt^ He had to ly in bed for about 5 or 6 weeks My husband & I were keeping house for him that winter

It was while my father was in bed that time that our little Mary made her lementation,s (Thus) My money is gone My beads is lost, my dress is burnt up, and aint got hardly anything any how, father called her to him & pittied her & told her he would get her a new dress as soon as he got well enough to go to Town tears of sympathy came in his eyes while Mary was whining her troubles

when he got well enough he bought
ten Yards of dress goods for me to
make up for my self and children
we had three children then
Daniel Barton your pa,s brother was
working at father,s that winter
my brother William was nearly grown
so you see I had enough to do
To wash & iron & mend and make and
cook and wash dishes and all, for all
of us besides the folks that allways
made it a point to come Just at
meal time

March 16th 1896

one of the first things that I can remember is seeing my father make a casque to hold lard in He brought the material in the house he made It of Linn [*linden*] staves very white wood he made it small at the top and large at the bottom He brought the shaving horse in the house too to shave the stave,s & hoop,s he made the flat hoop locked together They didnt have anything to fasten hoops together in those days but the hoop its self

I think the reason I remember It so well is that sister & I having such a good time playing with the prety white shaving,s Their was a bright fire I think father worked by firelight

We allways kept our lard in that lard stant, (or casque) until we moved to this State we left It in the smoke house then It was soaked full of grease and black on the out side but the lard allways kept sweet in it my fathers grand-father was a copper by trade he made my mother a set of cedar ware from a keelar to a half gallon piggen I remember seeing them all great large pails and smaller ones I must tell

of the smart deed I did to one of the small
pails It was to try to boil shugar water
in It At least I was told that I did
It, I well remember seeing the pail ^with one side burned out of it at the
bottom^ in
the loft of the old house

December 3rd, 1895

some of My Children have wanted
me to write down a ghost story that
father used to tell I will try but I
wish very much that we had taken it down
as he told it The Ghost was father,s grand-
father,s ~~second~~ second cousin. Who was murdered
for his money by three of his ~~neibors~~ neighbors
Well the house that the murdered man had
lived in was haunted no one could live
in it Their was a tavern keeper ^that came in possession of the house^ ~~owned~~
the
house but he couldnt live in it on account
of the Ghost (Old Mr Red cap)
Their was a preacher traveling and came
to this tavern to stay all night
But the tavern pkeeper told him
he couldnt keep him he had
all his room,s full the preacher
was very sorry & didnt want to
go any further that night The Tavern keeper
told him that their was a haunted house
just a little way from their that he could
stay in If he wasnt afraid too he told
the landlord If he would give him a few
candel,s he would stay in the haunted house
he went And seated himself at a table with
his bible for company After a little while
he heard some one walking about he took
his candle and went in search, as soon ^as^ he would
come to where (Mr red cap) was he would say
what and you,r here Mr red cap, & Mr red cap
would vanish out of his sight then he would
go back to his room and in a little while he would
hear the ghost walking a bout in another
part of the house he would go and find him
and say what and your are hear Mr Red
cap and he would vanish again (he called
him Mr Red cap because he wore a red cap)

Finally Mr Red cap came and stood
 before him in the room he had taken
 for the night And the preacher said
 to him What In The name of the
 father and the son and the holy
 Ghost bring,s Thy sperrit here
 Mr Red cap said I thank you
 for making It posible for me to
 speak He said some year,s ago (nameing
 the number) (but I have forgotten the number)
 I was murdered by three of my neighbor,s
 for my money but they only got thirty three and
 a fourth cts they took up my kitchen floor &
 burried me their And first of all I want
 you to take up my bones and
 give them christian burrial
 Just as he said he was murdered
 for his money, he hit the mantle
 with his hand ^and^ a great lot of money
 fell to the floor, ^and told him in what part of his garden he would find more
 money in a pot^ he told the preacher
 that he wanted him to take the money and
 pay himself for his trouble And to go to
 a certain part of the country and arrest his
 murderder,s And bring them to justice The
 preacher Ask him How he would prove
 their guilt he said they will confess
 (he ^Mr red cap^ told him that one of them was dead)
 but to bring the other two to justice. And
 If they do not confess I will appear
 before the judgement bar myself
 to bear witness against Them~~re~~ The
 preacher took officer,s and found his murderers
 and they acknolageded to their crime & was
 hung so Mr Red cap rested in peace
 The preacher dug his bones up & gave them
 christian burrial Very poorly told
 R M Barton

These are the names of the
children of Barnabus and
Maglena [*Magdalena (Moser/Mosier)*] Butcher-my mother,s
Parents - and of who they
married.

*[suggestions for corrected names of spouses are based on transcribers'
research, but not definitive]*

Jacob married Rebecca [*Williams*]
Richard married Matilda Williams
Soloman married Katie [*Stephens*]
Daniel married Connie Carnes [*Conney Anderson*]
Elizabeth married Samuel Boriff [*Boruff*]
Charity married Thomas Owsley
David married Mary Flora [*Sarah Ann "Sally" Flora*]
Levi married Anna [*Anna Tatum*]
Sally [*Sarah*] married Enoch Smallwood
Mary married George Flora
John married Lucinda Kinsor [*Treacy Kinser*]

Rachel Minerva (Owsley) Barton

one 1 I Pittsfield Ill.
March 9th 1914

My children have wante me
to write something of my life
Well I was born # in East
Tennessee Clabourn County
On Clynch river Powels Valley [*Clinch River, Powell's Valley*]
In the year 1830

My parents names were
Thomas Owsley & (Charity But
=cher) Owsley I was there sec
=cond child They moved from
Tennessee to Monroe County In-
=diana When I was less than
one year old. He bought a farm
of 80 acre,s of my grand-father [*Barnabus*]
Butcher and lived on it until a
year after my mother died ^I was six years old when she died^ He
then bought a farm in Laurence
Co Ind Then we moved to
Park County Ind Where I be
came accuainted with your father
Mr Isaac Barton We kept company

for about two years We inten-
 -ded to be married in Ind But
 my father had bought a large
 mill property In this (Pike Co) Ill
 so he wanted us to come out here
 Pike Co Ill) & we were married on Feb 15
 1848 By Harden Gooen [*Hardin Goodin*] He was a
 preacher & Justice of the Peace
 to We stayed at father,s until
 the mill burned, May first
 Then father moved away we lived
 on there In the late fall your
 father worked for Jackson
 Shaw [*George Jackson Shaw*] helping him build the
 Tom Odion [*Thomas Odiorne*] house (The Tryon house) [*Edwin C. Tryon*]
 above Rockport
 He would go Monday morn-
 -ing & come back Satur-day ^night^
 I would stay alone All
 the week. Thats the time
 He walked both going & coming over

It was nine miles to Rockport where
he worked. I wonder how many
young married men would walk
that far to work now The wa-
=ges he recieved was one dollar
& a half a day he worked half
the day and half the night
When he worked for Carley Marsh [*Charley/Charles Marsh*]
Orlando Marsh,s father. He worked
there a while before we moved
to Rockport Well I find I
have made a muddle of this
telling of the above. Well
When your father worked
for Jackson Shaw He only
worked in the day time

3

the big white cat would jump up
in my lap & purr & purr I did
=ent have the courage to make him
get down until I would get ready
to go to bed Then I would untie
my apron & ease him on to the
hearth by the fire I never petted
him so I thought it strange that
he would get in my lap it seemed
like he wanted to be company for
me One year after that your
father run a saw mill for
Charley Marsh in Rockport so
we moved there for the winter
lived in with Isaac Betts Each
of us did there own cooking
We parted good friends for
a wonder Two families in one
house Dont do very well as a
usual thing

4

In the fall of 1850 your father
rode horse-back (The horse was my
fathers)

To Kentucky He only ix=
-pected to be gone four weeks
But didnt get back until 8
weeks had passed he Dident write
but once that was soon after
he got to his people in Indian
He said he expected to get the
business fixed up so he could
start home Allmost every day
& he put off writing from
day to day The family that
he left in the house, to stay
with me, moved to Rockport
after a week or 2 left me alone
with little daughter Mary
& she was sick After a few
weeks. Old Mr Hedgeses
& his large family moved in a little ^house near me^

in a little house near where I
 lived. It was on fathers land to
 The big one that I lived ^in^ was his
 also That was one long long
 time to me. That was the time
 your father # crossed the Illinois
 river on the ice when the
 water was nearly a foot
 ^deep^ on the ice # To get home. It
 was eleven oclock ^at night^ when he got
 home Maby you think I
 wasent glad to see him but
 I was sure glad Well he bought
 The eighty acre,s of land South of
 of fathers where we lived. & we
 moved on it the next spring
 Then After a year or two he sold
 It to Jackson Shaw He ^Shaw^ paid
 for it in 20 dollar gold pieces
 Shaw didnt like it for a home

6

So your father bought it back
He made fifty dollars clear on it

That was the gold I had the
care of that I have often
told you about, ist being so
heavey One Sunday we
started to visit friends &
your father hid the money in
a hollow tree until we
came back in the evening

We found it all right when
we returned Walked & caried
the baby (Thomas [*William Thomas*]) Mary wal
=ked As I think about it now
I wonder why we went it was
all of two miles & hot we-
=ather too We went about a
half mile further after we got
there to church They were going
so we went too To keep them

7

from staying at home on our
account

The fall after your papa bou-
=ght the place back from Mr J
Shaw we moved on it and
he bought ten heifer calvs
(We allways owned a cow)

And that winter we felt so
sorry for my father & brother
that we sold the nice young
calves & moved down to keep
house for them Your father
worked by the month & I work
=ed for my board mine and
my childrens board
We took our cow to, And father
fed her for her milk

I have allways regreted
that move, more than
any move we ever made

It was sympathy for there
 hard way of getting along #
 They would have to work hard
 then cook there own meals after
 they quit work # It was hard
 on both of them Your father
 run the carding machine 2
 Summer,s For my father
 The last summer he run it
 we lived on the John
 Oneal [*O'Neal/O'Neale*] place about half
 mile from the mill ~~place~~
 where he worked That was after
 father married Mrs Steward, My
 half sister Fannies (mother)
 Your papa ate his dinner with
 them he came home at night
 ate his breakfast early then
 went to work That was in 1856
 then he bought The Dutch Creek

9

farm of one hundred & sixty
acres of heavily timbered
land. a good farm
We had plenty around us &
to use

To go back to the time we
owned the calves I made ten
shirts for my father & brother
for one of them It was one
of the old stock of cows the father
had had so long so I wanted it bad
That breed of cows had double
teats on one side & that little calf
was that way to, I have allways
been sorry I lost it. once my
father sold a young heifer & sister
cried so he went & bought it
back after that he allway
kept the heifers They were
very good milk cows ~~milk~~ too

I think I will tell about The buildings I have seen burned on this page. The first one was My fathers Mill [*Chandler Mill on Six Mile Creek*] It was burned on the night of May first 1848 Then a dwelling house in Rockport That we lived in The roof burned so there was a hole about six foot big. Then the packing house men put it out. Your father & I was very glad I suffered in my mind lots as I thought we would have to pay for the house It would have taken All we had to pay for it We didnt have to pay anything. ~~Then~~ I left Mary a sleep on the bed my knees were so weak that It seemed to me I never could climb the steps to get the 2 buckets of water up you see we carried water from the sny a up a bank They were long &

Steep steps We moved back to my fathers saved
~~The~~ farm on six mile creek the next
 day Then in February 1860 our
 home burned, a big ^one room^ log house that was
 on the North side of Dutch Creek
 my brother saved the small room
 from being burned. I remember
 what he said. Ike thire is no use
 letting this part burn Your pa
 said If you can save it I wish
 you would brother said hand
 me an axe he chopped off the
 part that was burning &
 it was saved It was 12 by 12 ^[illegible] one^
 feet square It was built of
 small young Linn trees splitt
 in two & the spaces between chinked
 & then daubed with earth Then thin plank
 nailed on the spaces inside It was quite
 cofortable & cosy I pasted news
 papers on it and felt prety fine
 Your papa built it himself

The next one was our home on Dutch creek The one ^all^ you children remmber except Clyde He was just six months old the day the house burned He crawled across the sitting room for the first time that day It rained & turned cool, so he couldnt be put down again for quite a little time They finished planting corn that day too That was prety early to be through planting corn We had quite a lot of Keep sake,s burned, lost a lot of moneys worth, besides the home

We lived in the wagon & buggy sheds And granery All Summer while the new house was being built The new house of ten roomes was finished off with moulding & hard finish on the p^l^astering There were

Transoms & they were frosted &
 some of the rooms were grained
 It was quite a nice and pretty house
 by far the finest house in the neighborhood
 I never worked harder or slept
 better than I did that summer

We lived in the new house ten years then sold
 to Thomas Carrol [*Thomas Corrill*] of Summer
 = hill Taking a house & three
 acres of land in part pay
 we moved to S.H. In March, 1880.

Well we sold out there and
 moved here [*Pittsfield*] in the year 1890

Well I have gotten a way ahead
 of my story I will go back
 now to the night of May 1 1871 The
 night of the fire The first I knew of
 it, your pa said The house is a fire
 jump up I did But I kept my
 baby [*Clyde*] in my arms that time

I carried the square stand
table with the little Gient
sewing machine on it, out
with the baby on one arm Then
papa said for me to take care
of Fred & Annie As they wanted
to go back in the house & go to bed
So I had to take care of the three
children Della was 9 years old she
went a half mile through the
woods after Mr Butler to come
& help. she went barefoot over
the gravel she only had a
calico night gown on & it was
a chilly night Mrs Butler
made her go to bed until day
We cooked our breakfast on one
corner of the coals of the log
house Or what had been the
house. It was built of linn trees
sawed just so thick an old lady
friend said she never saw a nicer (over

wall Then it was weather
boarded & painted & plastered
It had a good fire place and
it was all built substancially
And was a good home for us
Della and Charley [*Charles Edward*] & Fred & Annie
& Clyde were born in this house
The children were all good and help
=ed all they could that summer
especially Della she was so pacient
and good. She was old for her years
Mr Sam Taylor called her grand-
-ma because she was so atten-
-tive to the little ones she took
care of Annie & Clyde so good I
had most of the house work & cook
-ing to do We had 21 to eat meals some
of the time The boys & I milked
five cows all that summer
& there were lots & lots of other
things to do such as washing irning
churning & the care of the children

When your father (Mr Isaac Barton) was quite a small boy he coaxed his brother Henry to let him go hunting with him. His brother told him if he would be very quiet he could go. They soon found a young deer. They were very still for quite a while. At last your pa could stand it no longer. He touched him & ask why he didnt shoot the deer. He pointed to a limb of a big tree, dont you see that panther. They waited a little longer & the panther killed the young deer & Henry shot the panther.

One) The flax grew about March 20, 1914
three feet high

I think I will try to tell you
How Flax was grown & made into cloth
They prepared the ground like they
would for a lettuce bed Then sow
-ed the seed broadcast Then hauled
a brush over it to cover the seed
It would soon come up so green & pretty
It was a pretty crop. When it was
in bloom it would be covered with
such lovely blue blossoms. Then
when it began to get ripe it would
get yellow then golden # Then
They would pull it & spread it
out on the ground real strate
Then take it up & take a small
wisp of it, & bind in small bundles
carry or haul to a dry shed stack
it with the seed in the middle
The root ends out Then after it got
real dry they would turn the seed
ends together and thrash the seed
out with a flail Then it was taken


to a pasture where the grass was short
& spread out evenly to rot the the inner or
the woody part After it would break
up easily by us rubbing it with our
hands we would gather it in bundles
again Then let it dry thourily Then
build a scaffold & make a fire & spr
=ead the f^l^ax over the fire so the woody
part would be easily broken. There
was allways a big strong man
in the neighborhood to get to brake
the flax & crap hackel it This, is
take the seed ends off, He would
take a wisp of the coarse suff wind
it around his hand & get the seed
ends off (a very hard job) After
that we would have to swingle or scutch
as some called it, The way we did
this was with a large swingling
blade made of hard smoothe wood
They made the top ends of boards real
smothe & drove them into the ground

3

(The blade was a little like a big
butcher knife only longer)

to schutch the flax on. We young ones
would hit our hands often as we tried
to learn. The older ones would work
fast at the schutching w^h^ile we
would be striking our hands trying
to learn. Then after it was scutched
a man would have to hackel it again
on a co^a^rse hackel Then it would
to hackeled again on a fine one Hackeled
& hackeled Then it was ready to spin
on a little wheel The tow would
be carefully saved. The coarse to be
used for ropes or strings The fine
for cloth They made their own
ropes and cords of the tow Some of them
had a kind of machine to twist it
The rope I mean We young ones
were taught to spin on the tow
some times the thread would
be very uneven This then
would weave into cloth for meal
bags or coarse Towels Now I will

4

try to tell how much work it was to
get it into cloth ready to wear or use
in other ways, such as sewing thread
& knitting thread & table cloths &
counterpanes towels  [undecipherable] After it was
spun & reeled into hanks of 4 cuts
to the hank, a hundred & forty threads
the cut, As it was called That means
a string between the cuts so it could
be divided They would have to
twist the hank tight, Then boil ^& boil^ in
lie or sometimes, strong wood ashes
Then beat & beat with heave battling
stick Then boil & boil again and
beat again When finally it was
soft enough to weave or sew with
or knit. If it was to be for the
warp or (web) They would have
to make a kettle of corne meal
gruel for a sizeing and boil in that
& jerk the hanks while they
were drying out of this starch

Then they would beat the hanks lightly & spool it dry They would have to hold the thread with a piece of coth between this thread & thire fingers or the rough sizeing would take the skin off of there hand After it was all spooled it would have to be war =ped Then taken off in a chain "like" shape If it was many yards this chain would be long Then it would have to be wound on a big beam. It would take three persons to do this Then each thread wou =ld have to be taken seperately & # handed to the weaver or one who knew how to put it through the gears. (or harness). Then the weaver would have a very thin hook & would take 2 threads at a time & draw the threads though the sleigh (or reed) Then ~~there~~

[added at top of page, upside down]
 This part could be done by a ten year old so could the filling of the quills That is filling or wooff *[woof]*

all the webb was comed down &
 tied on a bar The bar was fast to
 the cloth beam, & after a few
 more adjustments They
 were ready to begin to
 weave The one,s that I re-
 member the plainest about all
 this work was my Aunt Betsy
 Boriff [*Boruff*] (mothers sister) And her daugh-
 =tar,s Sally & Connie, my brother
 & I stayed there one summer. I
 saw my father prepare one crop
 of flax ready to be spun & helped
 what I could. There wasent
 very many that could spin good
 enough to make sewing thread
 They would exchange work to get
 the best spiners to spin the sewing
 thread They would dye it any
 color they wanted it Very
 poorly told by your mother
 Rachel Minerva (Owsley) Barton

3

When I was about eleven years
old my father had me get up
in the stable loft & pick out some
nubbins to feed the cattle And
when I handed it, The bushel
basket of corn I lost my bal-
=ance & came down too, he gave
me a little push and kept me
from falling on the rail
that he was standing on
that made me fall on a
dead sheep that was in the
stable door When he lifted
me up I said O pap I'm killed
But I wasent hurt atal only
jared a little, & scard a gre-
=at deal so the dead sheep
saved me from getting hurt

Pittsfield Illinois
March 2[0?] 1914

My dear ones You all know
that your father could see
how to do things, the easiest
way But this writing may
be interesting to some of my
decendents I am sure I would be
glad to know something more
about my grand & great grand
parents so I am puting a few
Incidents of your fathers & my
life in writing for them

Your father was a mecanic
in his nature, he could do allmost
any kind of work. It was easy
for him to see how to mend a
broken thing The boys would
come to the house ^when any thing broke^ And say where
is the mecanic # They were sure
of his ability to fix what ever
it was that needed mending
over

[sideways writing in left margin]
was only occasionally They would address him
with respect
& say where
is pa

He braided and sewed together
straw braid & made Thomas a
hat he said he made his own
when he was a boy
He made a last & made little
Arretta [*Sarah Arretta*] a pair of what he call
=ed clap down shoes That
is the uppers & soles sewed
together on the outside
He made them out of grown
=hog leather that we tanned
ourselves They wore very
well to I made my babys
little cloth shoes They kept
their feet warm fully as
well or better than leather ones
would have. any how we made
every edge cut & accumulated
enough to live on in our old
age For which I am thankful

In September 1852 There was a clock pedler came to our house on Saturday afternoon. He wanted to sell us a clock he wanted 25 dollars for it your papa didnt want to pay that much for a clock. Fini^al^ly he told your papa if he would let him stay until Monday morning he could have the clock for eighteen dollars He had two horses to be fed so That is the way we bought our first clock

Your father had the money to pay for the clock You children may think we wasent proud to have a clock So you see that I helped a little too The pedler & your father went to the creek on Sunday afternoon & took a swim

Pittsfield Illinois
March 23rd 1914

When Thomas was a baby your
papa got some wild grass sod bro
=ken we carried the children out
to the field spread some old
thing down put the baby
on it and left Mary with it
& your papa took an old axe
and cut a place in the sod &
I droped the corn in when he
took his axe out then he would
step on it & press on it And it was
planted & laid by planted every
third layer, or row. It was
hard walking over the rough
ground It made good feed
for cattle We had to work hard
& do without many things so
we could get a little start to
make something Your papa
choped cord wood ^for Mr Craig^ only got fifty

2

cts a cord for cutting & splitting
He cut the tops of the trees
or the down timber as they
called it
He allways managed to work out
through harvest It wasent
hard work for him. He
said he would just as leave
cradle (That is) it wasent
any harder for him to cut
wheat than it was for
him to plow corn
He could stand streight & swing
the cradle or mowing sythe
He had a knack at it no one
else ever had (That I ever saw)
I have seen men try but they
couldent get his easy swing
I think he allways had mon
=ey in his pocket sometimes

4

There wouldnt be but a few cents
but some

He was a good business man, # once
when I was fretting about need-
-ing something & kind of scolding
before my father, he spoke up
and said Ike is a good provider

I knew he was but sometimes I
had to waite a longer time than
I wanted to wait

And by his management & my
saveing we had twenty one thou-
-sand when we bought this
place And my part of my
fathers estate was twenty sev-
-en hundred 70 dollars

1

Pittsfield, Ill
March 25 1914

My own dear children maby it will be of interest to you to hear about the houses we have lived in The first one was the east end of a house that father bought of Mr Chandler [*Silas A. Chandler*] at the (mill place) My father left us in it when he moved 5 miles further down the six mile creek

There were stair steps between the rooms with a door on each side they then run on up to the upper rooms four big rooms & an out side kitchen before the summer was over we moved to the west end of the house a large room & Mary was born in that room We lived in that house off & on until we moved to the little house just before Thomas was born He was bo^rⁿ in the little house We moved from there

2

to the farm your father bought
of Mitcheal Craig [*Mitchel C. Craig*] John was
born in that house. Though
we moved several times between
once we moved to a little new house
one day stayed allnight & came
back to the same house next day

The contract fell through
& we came back glad & thank
=ful we were out of the mus-
quitoes We didnt sleep any I
kept the muquitoes off of Mary
all night (We lived in Rockport
one winter or part of it)

In the year 1855 your papa bought
The John Oneal place a half mile
from the mill & about the same
distance from Mr Berrys This
was a prety place a large
lawn & large trees & fine

3

blue grass sod your papa dug &
walled in a cellar or spring house
house with a frame smoke house
built over it built a stone
box to set the crocks of milk &
buter in It was fine There were
large shade trees over it all
Little Sarah Arretta was born
in this house It was a large
hewed log house Painted with
lime. We built a frame kitch
-en on to it & bought a set of chairs
our first set. It was in this
house that little Arretta walk
=ed across a big room before
she was eight month,s old
She walked a few steps
before she was seven months
old She was a small ^and^ sprightly
little one I was very much surprised

4

when she turned from the
cradle (The one that is here now)
& walked a few steps she
kept on walking alone after
that She never crawled She
lacked from the 1st of May until
August the 16 of being four years
old when she died, she was a dear
little child The first to leave us
for the better world. We sold
that place to James Rowley
Then bought The Dutch Creek place
160 Acres of land my father
bought it and your papa bought
of him It was heavily timbered
your pa leased most of it out to
get it cleared. There was an old
house on the place & he moved
it & we moved into it in Dec-
1856 It was cold & only a small

cook stove to cook & keep warm by
I was ailing that winter, too something
the matter with my somache & bow
=els It was the next spring that
Thomas and John would take there
pin fish hooks & catch some small
fish & clean them And in^s^ist on
me eating them They were good
& I have allways thought of those
dear little boys geting them
for me. & that they started me
to get my health again. dear
little fingers they were small to
do all they did. It was in
this house that Frank [*Perry Franklin*] was born
In the year 1858. Della & Charley
& Fred and Annie & Clyde Edwin
were born in the sawed
log house that was burned
when Clyde was six months
old

one

Pittsfield, Illinois
March 31st 1914

My dear ones I will try to tell you
how I had to do to get my sewing done
I would do the facing of the pants
(Trousers) (Harold [*grandson Harold Dwight Barton*] was taught to call
them when he was in the
Navy) In the day time you
Know that the pants were lined
through out with white muslin
(common domestic) The pants
were usually of heavy woolen
stuff Janes or casanet I made
my fathers & brothers for a long
time Well I sew where the while &
dark joined in the day time then at night I wou
=ld sew the long seames The
black thread on the white
lining And sew by a little
fire light a part of the time
we didnt even have old grease
to burn in our bent piece of

two

tin that your papa coddled
up for a make shift lamp, After
a year or 2 we learned that to render
old butter out it would burn
in a lamp We allways had
a candle or two in the house
to light quick if any of us
got sick in the night. we were
very careful of them only
let them burn when we actually
needed them Your papa was
sick after the mill burned had
Old Dr Comstock of Pittsfield to
Doctor him. he came several times
he had to pay the Dr bill That
hindered some And maby we did
=ent know how to get along very
well I was but a little past
seventeen when we were married
The pity of it to marry so young

three

The first bees we ever had
I spun wool rolls to pay for them
I dont remmber what became of
them The next bees we had
Zadoc ^Good-win^ gave your papa. He came to
tell your papa on Sunday morning
& they went up on the hill &
got them in a hive (or stand)

It seemed like those bees would
allways do their swarming
on sunday I called them Sun
=day bees We kept some of those
bees for years & I think the last
of them were sold when Thomas
quit farming on the bottom

We had honey ^to eat^ the year
round I would tell folks that
that was my pie & cake It
was easier to get

1 Pittsfield Illinois
 April 4, 1914

My dear ones I will try to tell you
How The house we lived in In Rock-
-port took fire. Well there was a
franklin stove in the sitting
room. when we moved in the
house & occasionally we would
have a little fire in it. So ^as^ we was
intending to move the next day we
were out of wood & I went up on
the hill side & picked up some tra
=sh to burn In the stove Their was a piece of
an old basket & when I put it
on it made quite a blaze. We
we didnt know the roof was burn
=ing until a small boy came to
the door & told us Well it
was caused by the stove pipe
not being long enough to reach
the flue. The stove was like
a little fire place Your papa &

2

I were sitting by the stove chat
=ting when we were told of the
fire & I ran for water. Then
the men from the slaughter house
came & made quick work putting
the fire out

Rockport at that time was
quite a buissness place Had a
large flouring (or grist mill)
a saw mill, 2 stores a flat boat
& cooper shop & other things
Yes & a furniture shop, They made
furniture & sold it & had it
hauled to Towns to sell They
had side bords on the wagon with
this kind of places cut in the plank



This was to haul
bed steads to places to be sold
you children remember the old
shop Mr Jonas Clark owned it last
I think

3

you children know that your
father had the office of consta-
-ble Well he would have to take
long rides sometimes it would
be late when he would get home.
In the early fall he would have
to cut & carry corn & fodder from
the field across the creek quite a
ways from the house. sometimes
I would get it for him to feed his
horse I remember once he was real
tired And I had the feed ready
for the horse and he was pleased
And thanked me in words
you know he wasent demenstra
-tive at all ever, so I felt repaid
For a number of years your father
would be chosen on the jury & to
save hotell bills he would ride
[?] here & come home at night
To Pittsfield of mornings

This is the fortieth page That I have writen since march 9 of the incidents of my life besides several letters I will tell of a hot summer day a year or so after we moved on Dutch creek Well The children Mary Thomas & John & Aretta went to play on the opposite side of the creek. It was bright sunshine but there had been a heavy rain at the head of the creek & the water came rushing down to the children on the other side I dont remember whether your papa heard me call or how it was anyway he came just in time to help get the children over he took the baby & Mary, Thomas And was going across on the foot log The water was several

2

inches on the log so I took John
up and started to cross just a
bove the foot log when I got
in to about the middle I step
=ed into a hole & fell to my knees
& would have been drawn un
=der the log if your papa hadent
caught me by the shoulder and
helped me up The water was knee
deep or more I think. I kept hold
of John but he let go of your
papas knife w^h^ich he had in his hand
& lost it. My clothing was all
wet except a little spot of the
crown of my sunbonnet about
as big as my hand We were all
very glad & thankful it was
no worse then a wetting
Very poorly told but I am [illegible]
The weather is cool & cloudy today
6th 1914 R.M. Barton

3 I want Bessie [*granddaughter Elizabeth "Bess" Wells*] to read this

I will try to tell what a half
face camp was That my parents
lived in The winter of the deep
snow The snow was about 2
feet deep It came early that year
Well it was 2 post in front one at each end
set in the ground Then long sap
=plings laid on the posts the posts
would have a fork or notch to
put the big end of the pole on
then one in front Then more
poles (They ran back quite a
ways) Then they were covered
with clapboards The sides
were built up with logs & then
They put the bed a way back un
=der the roof & slept in them It
wasent pleasant when the wind
blew the fire & smoke in. This
is where old blue Buck would

4

come up and ask in horse talk to
be hitched up & haul big logs
that would last all night Then
he would stand by the fire

Father would get up long before
day light & cut beach & elm trees
down so his eight horses could
eat the tender ends. & the bark
off of them I dont know why
he brought so many horses
with him from Tennessee other
winters When the snow was
not so deep, It surely wouldnt
have been so bad for any of
them

April 8 1914

It was four degrees below freezing
This morning at ten o'clock (cold)

Well my daughter Della wants
me to tell how much lace I knit
from February first, To Sep first
It was 38 yard The first I knit
I sewed it on a towel for Sister
Guiley [*Sarah E. (Berry) Guiley*] a birthday present Feb
seventeenth 1913 I will give
a list of the names of the folks
That I gave ^towels^ to Della(2) & [*granddaughter*] Stella [*Barton*](2) Mrs
Dutton(2) Bessie Wells(1) Clydes wife [*2nd wife Ella (Leonard)*](1),
Nellie Tucker(1) Ethel Shultz [*granddaughter Ethel (Wells) Shultz*](1) Florence
Foote(1) Miss Colvin(1) Mrs
H.D. Smith(1), Mary Wells 1 each towel took
a yard of the lace & had fringe on them too
Well Della wants me to write
down How quick I knit & sewed
The lace on her counterpane made
the fringe & sewed it on to the
lace too Well I did it in seven-
teen days. It took ten yards
for it I was in my 83rd year at
that. Now what do you think R.M. Barton

[written up lefthand margin]

I made ten yards for another counterpane too.(later)

2 April 8 1914

This page goes with first page

My great-grand father John Ows-
=ley [*John Owsley II*] lived to be one hundred & four
years old [*he lived to 88*]. My Uncle Marcus
Cook said "Old John Owsley was
a mighty good old man let me
tell you". My husband said "why
Did you know him" & he said "yes
most certainly I did I courted &
married my wife there" My
Great grand mothers name was
Charity Barton. My grand father
name was Barnabus Butcher (& Magdalena
Butcher ^was his wife^ These last names were my mothers
parents They all lived in Clabourn
County Ten^n^essee & were good citizens
I am thankful to know

(1) II

My children I will try to tell you
about my school days I didnt get to go
to school hardly any. My father signed
for us to 2 terms six months each
but we had no mother to insist on
our going & any little thing would keep
us at home Part of the time We had
to go a mile & half Through the deep
snow The snow would get in our
shoes & get icy on our stockings
The first school I went to my father
And the neighbours built not far
from our house, It was a hewed
log house & painted with lime This
was the house that old Mr Pribble
Taught in. The man that my brother
ask him What he did know, then af
ter asking him several questions.
He certainly didnt know much (I
left this winter out) About all I
learned at this school was my letters
I am not sure that I learned b
& d apart It was hard work for me
to learn After I did get anything

(2)

learned it staid with me pretty
well I can repeat a hymn that
I learned to recite at a last day
exercise at school. It commences
“The spacious firmament on high, with
all the blue etherial sky” [The Spacious Firmament on High, *by Joseph Addison*]

The pupils would study out loud
when they were getting their lessons
The last school I went to was a
silent school except getting our
spelling lessons We would try how
loud we could spell The writ-
ing desk ^{^[written up left margin]} & one pane of glass The full length of the
desk[^] or one plank was the
full length of the room It
was 4 or 5 feet from the floor
The bench we had to clime up on
to write was a split log bench
Dear old log benches & school
houses They seem very dear
to me They were the only kind
I ever went to school in And
I am proud to own it Those pupils
made good citizens Any how I think
They did, one school I went

Three
(3)

to, It was in the Spring of the year
We had to go 3 miles through the
^thick^ woods That was when brother
& I staid at my Aunt Betsy
Boriff,s My sister had a bright mind
& a ready speech, she was a consu^m^ptive
I think they are allmost allways bright
I was tim^m^id and bashful Thought
every one could do things better
than I could, so I would not try
to read a loud hardly ever &
I made a poor out at it, when I did
try. I think it was when John
was a baby That I read that every
one ought to read a sentence every
day so I began to try to read a
a little, once in a while I didnt
do but very little writing until
my son Frank went to the Cincinnati
Medical Collage, In Cincinatti Ohio
I made short work of it then
until about the time we moved
here In the year of 1890. I had to
write to my loved ones, so I do a lot of
writing now. If my hand didnt shake
so I could do better

April 10th/14

When my mother was sick with
consumption Her brothers and
sister,s and others of her friends would
come in & sit until bed time, & sing
hymns I remember one evening I
was sitting huddled up close to the
chimney jam on the hearth as
little children used to do When
my uncle David Butcher sung
Come Thou Fount of every blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy praise
Streams of Mercy, never ceasing,
calls for songs of loudest praise,
Teach me some melodious sonnet
sung by flaming touns above:
Praise the mount I'm fixed upon it
mount of thy redeeming love [*Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing, by Robert
Robinson*]
And this hymn has allways effected
me to tears ever since as it did
then & does to this day
I think It's a good thing to be sof
=tened to tears sometimes
my Uncle David Butcher was a very
hansom man He was my mothers
brother he married Mary Flora [*research indicates she was Sarah Ann Flora*]

1

Pittsfield Illinois
Apr 11, 1914

Tomorrow will be Easter Sun-day
It makes me Think back to when you
children were small your papa so
often would have all of us go to the woods
with him to see the little flowers
easter blossoms & some times boy bri
-ches & johnny jump up,s We would
wander around for an hour or 2
I think he loved the woods in his
young days

I think I will tell of the
day your papa Della & I came
to Pittsfield to look at some houses to [illegible]
We three rode in the little buggy
& he hitched the horse & we
walked quite a little way North
to look at a place, he had heard was
for sale Well every few minutes
I would exclaim da^d^dy its no
use to go any further out this
way, I would rather live in
Summerhill as out here & I
would stop to say it again &
he would say o well lets go
& see it any how so I would go

on a little way Then say Its
 no use to go on, I would rather
 live where we are, than out here
 Well we went on I got as far as
 the yard He went in the house
 & looked at it but I didnt, I
 balked I think he didnt like
 it himself That was in the
 fall of 1890 The year we bought
 & moved here to this place, Twenty
 three years ago the fourth day
 of last December

This is a pretty place, Jake
 Strauss said when we bought
 here he said, There is no nicer
 place in the county than that
 Its substancially built of good
 material Finished off with
 moulding & decorated with Plas-
 terparis deccorations in the cen-
 ters of the cealings of three
 rooms & in the hall and a mold-
 =ing of plaster parris around
 the ^hall and^ 2 front rooms down stairs
 Maby that isent what builders call [illegible]
[written up right margin] decorations

3

I wish we had a Photo of all
the houses we have lived in
There would be a contrast But
I am glad that I have a pretty
place to live in, In my old age
Its a large brick 11 large rooms besides
The upper & lower Halls & bath room &
store room & Tank room & such large
closets. The holes in the flues
for the stove pipes to be put in are
all the same distance from the
floor on the lower floor. And
the same on the upper floors

My dear ones there are a few more things that I want to write down. One is we allways had white table cloths on to eat off of. I feel glad to look back and see a white table cloth on the table for my children to eat off of. Another is your papa allways wore white shirts. Fine white ones for Sunday wear, Mrs Rupert use to say that your father wore the whitest shirt of any one in Rockport. Mrs Fesler told me this. I allways took a delight in keeping his fine shirts done up nice & if I do tell about it they were done up good. I was in practice as my father allways wore white shirts & we had to wash for hired men too so you see we were not brought up in idleness (Far from it)

4

My Sister & I took it week about
doing the house work The other would
spin and make beds sweep There
was two Citty gents that run the
carding machine one Summer
Well one of them had the thickest
bleached muslin shirst with
fine thick linen bussoms &
they would be very hard
to wash on acount of the grease
that would get on off of
the carding machine
Well we had to wash & iron
those shirts too We prided
ourselves on being good at
doing things nice so we
worked hard we were young
too I was sixteen Sister 15
months older so you see
we didnt have much time
to get into mischeif We had
prety clothes & lots of thing
other girls didnt have
such as a good horse bridle
& saddle & a nice home
& plenty around us
in fact in prosperous cir
cumstances and plenty too

I want to say on this page
 that my husband always bought
 good books When Frank was a
 baby he bought the cottage
 Bible Its a very instructive
 book has the thoughts of good
 schollars And good men
 He had ~~Isaac~~ I and R M Barton
 put on the Back of it in gold
 letters They are there now
 About the same time & of the
 same man (Henry Hoskins) He
 was John Hoskins brother of
 New Hartford Ill.
 He bought The Great West
 And The travels of the most
 celebrated travelers of the
 world (or in all parts of the
 world) & allegories a re-
 =ligeous book (And a book The
 danger in the dark [*Danger in the Dark: A Tale of Intrigue and Priestcraft, by*
Isaac Kelso]) Tells
 of old Preast Dupin quite
 an interesting Book. It was
 the first Novel that I ever
 read and I paid for it with a

6

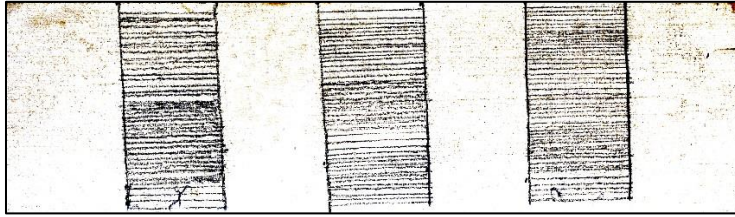
nerveous head ache
I was sick with the ~~m~~
mumps I thought I was too
sick to work so I took the time
to read. Silly thing that I was.
I didnt get over having nervous
head ache for years Every time
I would work harder than
usual I would suffer it I
feel sure That it was the exciting
story that caused the trouble
Though the mumps were bad
I suffered for 3 week with them
Frank was only 3 week old when
my husband took down with
the mumps & then the children
then me. How my jaws did
hurt Well I guess that all I can
write about your papa harvest
=ing all day with his heavy [illegible]
overcoat on This was in the
year eighteen & fifty two
He cut wheat at old Mikey
McCanna,s an Irishman but
good to pay for work

First Page

Pittsfield Illinois
April 23rd 1914

My mothers, mother,s maiden name
was Magdalena Keck. *[it was Moser/Mosier]*
Mr Marvel Mattison Nash one
of my mothers cousins, came to see
us while we lived on the Dutch
creek farm He was a fine appear
=ing young man a Collage Grad
uate. He was from East Tennessee
He said his mother,s mother & my mothers
mother *[in left margin]* #^were sisters^ & there names were Keck
He said they were people of good
judgment & well thought of In
the comunity in which they lived
He came to our house during the civil
war. He said we only need to look
into our own hearts to find the
cause of the war he said it
was preudice that lay at
the bottom of it, all

2



[written vertically inside drawing]

This was
cloth plane
cloth

April 27/14

When I was a small girl I saw at
my grand father & grand mother Butchers
home, home woven cloth (something
like the above marks) (1) Well
what I want to tell is that they
wove & made curtains & covered
the log walls with this cloth
The cloth was woven of flax (2)
When it would get soiled or yell
ow with smoke they would take
them all down & wash & iron
them (the curtains) (I mean) They
would shine, the flax threads you
^know would^ glissens when it is ironed pretty
They were the clean Dutch and
I am proud to have come from
that kind of stock "clean" Now
my children read of the work it took
to get the Flax ready to weave into
cloth then think of covering a big
room walls, with it (American Tapestry)

You children may wonder why I write this down well partly because I want to, & partly because I never saw the walls of houses covered with cloth at any other house so I think I may feel a little proud of my kindred

My grand father [*Butcher*] always kept count of his grandchildren & great grandchildren I remember seeing my grand Mother spin flax on her little wheel & seeing her milk a blue teated cow

My dear ones I find
I have left out some of
Those spaces between the
fine lines were plain
cloth. The fine lines
were the filling ~~No~~
~~chain (or warp as it was~~
~~called)~~
They (my mothers)
people spun wove &
made them & made little
loops of cloth to hang
the curtains by
They had short wood
-en pegs all around
the walls to hang
them on There wasent hardly
any nails to be had in those days

& several cousins Pittsfield III
Apr 28th 1914

My dears I will go back to when
I was a young girl & lived at my
uncle Samuel and Aunt Betsy Bor-
=iff,s [*Boruff*] brother and I had to walk
3 miles to school It was in the
early Spring & sometimes we
would get lazy & thought the
road very long
We took our dinners in what
was called a redicule (a bag)
We took corn bread & they put
the butter on the bread while
the bread was hot & it melted
& run through & such a gom as
it made just as greasy a gresy cou
=ld be. It seemes to me now like
a very queer way to do. They
were nice clean people too But
(some things are queer) While
my brother & I stayed at my
uncle,s and Aunts our sister stayed
at my fathers old friend,s Dr [*Dr. Ralph Graves Norvell*] &
Mrs Narville [*Amanda (Woodward) Norvell*] in Spring ville

The embroidre pattern was something like
This



My effort is poor

My sister loved to take care of
children The Dr had several so
they wated her to stay with them
while my father took his trip
to New Orleans. Mrs Narville
was very good to my sister and
taught to embroider on bobinet
& book muslin The muslin was
cut out & just the stitches &
bobinet left # She made sister
such a prety pink calico dress she
wore it to make brother & I a visit
she came horse back Came Sunday
morning & went back Sunday af
ternoon She had to ride 12 or 15 miles
She was brave & could find her
way any where she wanted to
go That was the time father
was so sick At New Orleans
I have writen it down about
his sickness in The Owsley book
which seemes to be out of place
very pooly writen & told by R.M. Barton
Thats all

More about flax ~~Flax~~ & other things

I want my children to realize
how much work our parents
& grand parents had to do to take[?]
there families comfortable. Just
think of having to card & spin
& weave flax & cotten & wool to
make all the clothing & bed clo
=thing and meal bags and in fact
allmost all the cloth that was
used in a household They [illegible]
In fact people didnt think of
siting down Idle of evenings
with out work of some kind
in there hands to do Old people
said The rolls was easier to spin
at night because the sheep
were still I think perhaps the
rolls were easier to draw out into
nicer thread at night because
the doors would be closed &

draft to come on the rolls I have
seen wool carded into rolls and
bats to go into quilts. They carded
tow sometimes for the same pur
-pouse When they carded the
cotten They laid it on a cloth
& then spun it, It couldent
be packed away like wool rolls
They prepared all the yarn &
ctton yarn & linin thread for
all the stocking for all the big
families of those days sometimes
the boys would learn to knit
My father said his grand mother [*Charity (Barton) Owsley*]
would fill each ones shoe at nig
=ht with cotton & they would
have to pick the seed out of it
before they could go to bed He said
I tell you I would get seepy
you know he was brought up

by his grand-parents [*John Owsley II and Charity (Barton) Owsley*] His father
[*John Owsley III*] having been killed In the Bat
-tle of Tipacanoë His grand-
mother was an Irish woman And
her name was Charity Barton
My fathers sister told me about
What her maiden name was
The last time I saw her
My Aunts name was Nathenie
Cook She was my father,s
only sister. She had one son
& ten girls. ten girls, ten girls.
The son died in ifancy
of course my Aunts name was
Nathenia Owsley (I mean
her maiden name was Owsley)

Please return *[two words at top, in another person's handwriting]*

Pittsfield Illinois

May 7th 1914

[written upside down in another person's handwriting]

**I wish I could tell you how much we have enjoyed
this and how eager we all are for more. It is very fine sure.**

My dear ones I think I will try
to tell you about the first home
That I can remember It was
built of logs hewed off on the
inside so it was flat on the inside
The floor was white ash split
in half Then the split side [illegible]
[illegible] very smooth & even &
the under side of the ends was
cut off to about 2 inches thick
Then they were laid on big
log sleepers which had been
hewed streight The edges were
sawed so the puncheon fit-
-ted allmost as smoothly as
a tounge & groved plank floor
The white ash kept so clean &
prety when it was scoured They
had a little square hole near
the hearth under the floor

where they kept sweet & Irish
potatoes in winter They had
2 short puncheon,s to take up
when they wanted things

The chimney was first built
up something like a small
house knotched at the corners
Then it was laid with big
lime stone rocks The hearth had
such a prety flat stone at
one corner It was allways
so bright when my mother
washed it off she would take
new clap boards & build a
path on her clean floor for
us children to walk on while
The floor was drying The
door was open all most
allways in the daytime
The house & chimney was daub

3rd

=ed with clay mortar with a little straw mixed in it. The flue (or top part of the chimney was built of small split sticks plastered on the inside & outside

The window was closed with one piece of poplar log father hewed it out so it was solid no glass in any of the cabbins in those days. The piece that closed it was 2 by 2½ it was fited with exactness so neat # The door split pieces the length of the door and my father shaved the board very smooth with a dra-
-wing knife he made one edge thin thin Kind of what we call feather =edged The edges was lapt one over the other The hinges was of wood The door was fastened together with wooden pegs Not a nail

[inserted at top, upside down]

I will try to make a mark like it was It was all in one piece & something like this



Those little ends would go in the sockets

in the construction of the house
all put together with wooden pegs
My father kept a lot of pegs, of as
=sorted sises over the fire place
in the loft To be dried out ^seasoned^ when
he needed them I came very near
forgetting the roof It was of clap bo
=ards laid on to poles loose Then
other poles put on to hold the boa
-rds in place There would be 4 inch
pieces between the poles that held the
board in place to keep them from
sliping together Father built a
wide poarch on the front of
his cabbin It had a split log
floor too. Not many years ago I wan
=ted to go back to my child hood home *[in Monroe County]*
Just to put my hands on the ground
that my father & mother had
walked on People said I would

[continued from bottom of page and upside down at top of page]
be so disapointed But I wanted to go
And I want to go yet It has been seventy
years this month since I last
saw it We were moveing to Park Co Ind
my father & step mother *[Nancy Ann Judah]* my sister & brother

May 7, 1914

In the Summer of 1856 your
papa worked in a carding machine
& told me if I would wash &
prepare a lot of refuse wool he
would card it & I carried it
home & made it ready and he
carded it & I spun it and we
had it woven into what we
called lincy [*linsey*] (That is cotton one
way & wool the other) Besides I
spun & doubled and twisted
a lot of it for stocking yarn
It wore real well. There is a
half of a blanket here yet
we use it to iron on Have for
years ([?]lyings [*possibly* Plyings] is what that
kind of wool was called)

Pittsfield III
June 16, 1914

My dear children & grand children
I want to tell you about when
the new house [*in Dutch Creek, 1871*] was being
built The boss work man
and several of the other
workmen was trying to get
the stair railing together They
could not get it to fit at all
Your father saw in a very
little time how to put the
pieces together The work men
had puzzled over it for quite
a long time. I tell you this that
you may look back & see your
papa was a machanic He could
see how a thing could be done
as quickly as anyone I ever knew
The railing was made of coffee nut
wood and was such prety grane the
wood was very hard, It was all

ready made ready to put
together before they got it
It was such a pretty
curve, light in
color I mean the wood
was light in color

The stair steps were
grained to harmonize with
the railing It was
a very pretty hall
we had a silver door
bell in the front door
No one else in our nei-
ghbour hood had one
so I suppose we felt
pretty grand with our
lace curtains & all

Some of the curtains are
in use yet after all these
forty odd years -&
written by Mrs
Isaac Barton, when
eighty three & a half
years old

our new house was
one & one half mile North
of Rockport And was
2 storries high nine
foot ceiling on the first
floor & eight up stairs

Had one hundred and
sixty acres in the fir
=st piece we bought

Then he [*Isaac Barton*] bought some
hill land I think
another 160 anyhow
we were fairly well
to do with plenty

[The following four paragraphs were absent from what remains of Rachel's original writing but were found in a 1982 re-typed version of a 1914 edited version of her writing. See page 142 for explanation of various edited transcriptions.]

When we moved from Parke County, Indiana, to Pike County, Illinois, I rode a pretty white horse all the way across the state, or nearly so. Ballie was his name. Sister rode a pretty brown horse with a long mane and tail. We both had side-saddles and the remnants of mine are here yet.

After we had been married more than a year, and while we were living at Six Mile Creek, your father went to my father's. While he was there it rained so that the creek got so high he had to come through the woods on the opposite side of the creek from our home. He came near enough to call to me to make a good big fire, as he would swim over. He hid his gun in Uncle Marcus Cook's empty house until he could get it the next day. Then he tied his clothes on to his head and swam across. It was early spring and the water was cold. He could swim splendidly; once I saw him turn over and over in Dutch Creek when the creek was full.

He used to tell us about swimming the Cumberland River when he was a boy. He would swim across, get two sprouts about the same size and length, then string them full of sweet apples, take the little ends between his teeth, a string on each side, and swim back; so you see he was ingenious even when he was a small boy. He wore a flax linen shirt, - not another thing -. He could remember his first pair of pants, children did not wear shoes then, so he would set his traps and go to them bare foot in the snow. His mother would let him have her sieve to catch snow birds with in the yard, by tying a string to the trigger and pulling when the birds got under.

Your father loved to skate, and used to go on the Rockport mill pond with Gill Shaw and Jim Rupert and others. I think I never knew anyone who enjoyed sleigh riding as he did. He would take his sleigh and hitch up and go as far as Stockland to church at night, and sometimes to New Hartford.

A short sketch of the life of Thomas Owsley, written by C.S. Garrigus, from memory of events which transpired under my personal observation.

In the year of 1844, Mr Owsley bought what was then known as the Searing Mill on Big Raccoon Creek, Park County Indiana, and about three miles from my home. I had a good opportunity to judge of the man for I worked for him and boarded with him, which gave me a good opportunity of knowing him. I not only lived with him there but when he moved west and settled in Pike Co. Ill., I accompanied him and just here, I will write the incidents, accidents and some of the hardships of that trip. In the summer of 1847 he sold his Indiana mill and bought the Chandler Mill on Six Mile Creek, nine miles west of Pittsfield Pike Co. Ill. In the early days of October, he started to move to his new home and as he not only moved his own family and goods, including some machinery, but he also took with him the household effects and large family of his brother, Ransom. It took five wagons heavily loaded, to haul the goods and the two families, two of which were drawn

by oxen, and I had the exalted position as driver of one of the ox teams. Mr Owsley, soon after starting, saw that my team was too heavily loaded for so long a trip and he bought another yoke of oxen. He bought them in a milk-sick section of country, just east of Clinton Ind., and unfortunately, the near or lead ox had had that terrible disease which always unfits man or beast ever after having had an attack of it, for labor. On the morning of the second day Mr Owsley left us and returned to the place from whence he had started, to complete some unsettled business and we started west. Before night of that day my new leader gave out and I had to unyoke him and it took me until nine o'clock to get him to Scott's Tavern, ten miles west of Paris [*Edgar County, Illinois*] where we stopped, about forty miles from where we had started. The next morning I started back to report to Mr. Owsley (walked). He was delayed in getting his business arranged and we did not start west until the 11th of December. We left Father's house [*most likely Jephtha Garrigus*] in an open two horse wagon and it rained on us for two days, most of the time quite hard. The second night there

was quite a freeze, such as to make travelling slow. We arrived in Paris late in the evening of the third day and after stopping for a short time to do some trading, we started to make the ten miles to Scott's Tavern where I had left the wagon and one yoke of oxen. It had been growing cold very rapidly all the afternoon and when we left Paris for our ten mile trip across the prairie, without a tree and not more than one or two houses on the whole distance. At that time there was but little improvement in Illinois east of the Illinois River. In travelling that ten miles, we had to cross a great many sloughs, and the recent rains had filled them so that in many places the water was more than belly deep to the horses. The much wagoning to the West at that time had cut up the roads and at these sloughs and low places the road was impassable at the regular crossings. So I was often compelled to drive a quarter of a mile or more out of the direct line in order to cross with out miring down. There was no moon and but a dim starlight which rendered it rather difficult for a stranger to follow the

road. Mr Owsley at the time and for a few years before and for many years after, was badly crippled with a fever sore on his right ankle and leg. I doubt if any man ever suffered as he did with that limb. I think he could with less complaint, undergo more punishment and pain than any man I ever saw. But at times he suffered such excruciating pain from his leg that the tears would flow in a stream down his cheeks, and yet he rarely ever complained and never stopped for it. But did the work of two or three men, going on his crutches for many years. He was in this condition when we made the above trip. We had but few wraps in the wagon, so few that no other man living except Tom Owsley could have made that trip of ten miles as cold as it was, not being able to take the least exercise, and not have frozen to death. One thing that may have had a tendency to, in a measure, kept him and me from freezing, on that awful trip, was we had a barrel of peach brandy in the wagon and drank freely of that. It was eleven o'clock when we got to Scott's Tavern.

I got Mr. Owsley to the fire as soon as possible and then I went to the barn and cared for the team. They were sheeted with ice from their ears to their heels. When I had thoroughly groomed them and given all the attention necessary for their comfort, I went to the house and found Mr Owsley quite comfortable as he had gotten pretty well thawed out. By this time they had on the table for us a steaming hot and elegant supper and, with the reader's permission I will say just here, we did full justice to that supper for we had eaten nothing since five o'clock that morning. We soon went to bed and we forgot our troubles and suffering in a short time. At from one to two o'clock, the weather moderated and snow began to fall. For that night and then next day, the following night and the next day up to noon, it snowed very hard and snowed continuously. When the storm ceased, all small buildings and fences were completely snowed under. About noon I hitched up the two teams and we started on our long and dismal journey, Mr Owsley driving the horse team and I the ox team.

We had gone but a short distance when in passing over a place that was frozen but little, my wagon being heavily loaded, broke through the crust and the team could not pull it out. We had discovered that a lady farmer who lived about two miles distant, had a yoke of oxen for sale. I saddled one of the horses for Mr Owsley to ride and we went to Mrs ___'s place, and we bought the oxen and we were well pleased in being so fortunate. We felt we would have no further trouble. But our happiness was of very short duration as I will soon relate. I put the invalid ox on the lead and had no trouble in pulling out. It was then almost night, we drove a short distance and put up for the night at Housel's Tavern, having traveled but little more than two miles. We spent a very uncomfortable night, the table was poorly furnished with food that was not at all inviting. The beds were unusually poor and the cover was uncomfortably light, we came near freezing. We started next morning at five o'clock, we traveled about five miles when we came to Big Ambrow River [*Embarras River*], which was spanned by a bridge, twenty feet above the water, of the worst construction

possible. The bannisters were at least seven feet above the floor and hence, not of the least protection whatever. The stream was frozen, except in the center; the mush ice was running and made quite a noise grating against the solid ice on either side. This frightened the off leader and he crowded his mate over to near the edge of the bridge. I had noticed that the leader was becoming weak and was showing some disposition to stop, and as there was no snow on the bridge, I suppose he thought it would be a good place to lie down to rest. He laid down, but instead of resting on the bridge, he fell overboard. He went over so easy that the bow did not pull out and he hung by the neck and was dead in a few minutes. The chain caught in a notch, formed by one plank of the floor projecting beyond the next one, which had a tendency to cramp it, but the death struggles of the invalid ox caused the chain to slip, so, soon his mate was dragged over after him. But as he went over suddenly, his bow pulled out and he fell on the ice, twenty feet below. As he went down I jumped over the chain and took hold of the tongue to try to keep the near hind ox

(Gaily) from being pulled off by the weight and struggles of the one hanging by the neck. But my efforts were of no avail, for he too, soon followed the second one over. As he went off, his bow, a very heavy one struck the edge of the bridge and I had the presence of mind and jerked the iron key out and it was well I did, for had he gone over slowly, almost surely, the bow would have hung him sufficiently, at least to have dragged his mate and the wagon after him and that would have been a heavy loss to Mr Owsley as the wagon had in it a very fine new double carding machine. Just a short time before this accident occurred, Mr Owsley had left and drove on so that he could get into a house and warm, a thing he was compelled to do several times a day as it was that or freeze, for he could take no exercise and it was terrible cold, and cold through out that whole winter. When this occurred, Mr Owsley was near a mile ^away^ and the only axe we had was in his wagon. I and two gentlemen, who were on the bridge at the time, hollered as loud as we could. He heard us and drove back as fast as the horses could run. I got the axe and

cut the dead ox down and Mr Owsley sold the two for \$15.00, had paid \$47.50 for them in October. I put Gailey under the yoke and we drove four miles further and put up for the night. The next day we made fourteen miles. The next morning I traded the two horsewagon and harness for a yoke of oxen and Mr Owsley rode the balance of the trip on horseback which was much ^{^more^} comfortable for him, except that at times his leg gave him great pain caused from the cold and from hanging down. We made the first tracks across the state through that snow which was two feet deep where it was neither drifted nor blown away. And for miles, in some low places, it was from three to four feet deep. Our only guide for keeping in the road was a tall weed, called resin, and it grew from six to eight feet high and could be seen all over the prairies of the West. In the road there was none and the course of the road could be seen for miles. Some forty miles before we got to the end of our journey, the snow gave out - not that it had melted away for I don't think the thermometer had been as much as twenty degrees above zero since the snow

had fallen. But we simply came to where no snow had fallen. The oxen having traveled so far in the snow, it softened their feet so that when they had traveled one half day on the frozen ground, you could track them by the blood, their feet being literally worn out and if they were stopped for only half a minute, every one of them would lie down and it was almost impossible to get them up again. We passed through Pittsfield about seven o'clock. Went out to the County Poor Farm and left the team as it was quite dark and we did not think we could make the trip down that creek road, which was a very bad road at that time. We had started on the 11th of the month and our journey ended at eleven o'clock of the night of the 24th and I will here claim that it would be impossible for any two human beings to undergo, for thirteen days and nights, more hardships and cold than we did and live. Especially do I make this assertion as regards to Mr Owsley. As for me, I was young and full of vigor. But think of it! a cripple on crutches, and not in very robust health at the time, that he should pass thro' such an ordeal and live, would seem just simply impossible. And I will

say it as a fact, he went through it all with not one murmur of complaint. It was Saturday night when we arrived at the end of our journey. On Monday morning Mr Owsley went to business, not seeming to feel the need of rest but went to work laying out his plans for his future operations. The property he had bought consisted of a mill for grinding grain and a saw mill (an old style sash or up and down saw). At a heavy expense he had just built and started a distillery and had made but twelve barrels of whiskey when, on the first night of May 1848, the whole place burned and was a total loss. The only thing saved from the flames was an empty half bushel measure. There was quite a lot of grain in the mill. Mr Owsley was absent at the time, Having bought the place and spent quite a large sum of money on it, beside the expense of moving to it and having bought a large lot of hogs to be fed on the slops from the distillery, and at the time of the fire he was considerably in debt. Now think of it! a cripple on crutches, not in the best of health, forty-one years old, a family to care for, one hundred head of hogs to fatten, several yoke

of oxen and other stock to feed. He must buy the feed, was burned out, had no money, had not been in the country but a few months. The people had not learned as they learned soon afterwards that Tom Owsley's debts and promises to pay were worth just 100 cents on the dollar. Just here I will say there is not now, nor ever has been, nor ever will be another man on this earth except Tom Owsley, that would not have given up. Did he? No, not a bit of it and I don't believe any person ever heard him complain of his misfortunes. Soon after the fire he went down the creek a few miles and bought 160 acres of heavily timbered land and bought in Missouri a second hand circular saw mill, moved it over to his new place and made an effort to run it with his oxen, but he soon learned that that was impracticable. He then went up on the Illinois River and bought an old steam boat boiler, brought it and his engine down from the burned mill. T.J. Rossey, a machinist, and I fitted them up and attached his mill to them. We started and when Mr Owsley saw that it run well and

that he would be able to saw lumber, he was very much pleased. He soon afterwards attached a corn mill and later on, built and run a furniture factory. He was a great chopper, could wield an axe as well or better than any man I ever saw. He burned wood for making steam and cut most of the wood. When at home if he was not running the mill, he would be chopping wood and saw logs. Many, many times have I seen him stand on his crutches and chop all day, when it would be raining or snowing quite hard. I have seen him chop in the rain when he would have a severe shake of ague almost every day. I have seen him many times after a hard day's work, eat his supper, get on his horse and go to Pittsfield 14 miles distant and return the same night. The first sound that would be heard in the morning would be his axe and he did not lag in his habits of industry but kept on working as long as he lived and worked harder, labored under more difficulties, suffered more pain and made less complaint,

than any man that ever lived. Now I may have been a little tedious in writing this sketch of Mr. Owsley, but my object has been to show to his friends and relatives, the true habits of one of the best and most industrious men that has lived in this or any other age. He was an honest man, he was a good citizen, he was a kind and affectionate husband and father, last but not least, he was an uncompromising Democrat. Dedicated to his daughter, Mrs Rachel Barton—
copied from the original by her grand daughter Ethel Wells Shultz
Sept. 7th 1908 Pittsfield Ill.

TABLE OF CONTENTS OF ADDENDA

1914 List of Isaac and Rachel Barton's Descendants	132
Photos of Rachel	139
About the Originals	140
Various Versions of Rachel's <i>Reminiscences</i>	142
Index.....	146

Isaac Barton and Rachel Minerva Barton Family

[This list of descendants (as of 1914) was included in the 1914 and 1982 transcriptions, but not in Rachel's originals.]

I S A A C B A R T O N - Born June 7, 1825: : Died Jan. 5, 1908.

Married-Feb. 15, 1848.

R A C H E L M I N E R V A O W S L E Y - Born Dec. 17, 1830: : *[Died Apr. 15, 1916]*

Children-

Mary Maria - Born Jan. 10, 1849: :

William Thomas - Born March 5, 1851: : Died Aug. 8, 1903.

John Anderson - Born Nov. 20, 1852: :

Sarah Arretta - Born Aug. 17, 1855: : Died Apr. 30, 1859.

Perry Franklin - Born March 13, 1858: :

Infant, 1 day old, died Aug. 10, 1860.

Della Rosetta - Born Oct. 21, 1861: :

Charles Edward - Born Nov. 23, 1863: : Died Jun. 7, 1864.

Fred - Born May 26, 1865: :

Annie - Born May 6, 1868: : Died Feb. 27, 1895.

Clyde Edwin - Born Nov. 1, 1870: :

Mary Maria Barton-

Married - Dec. 28, 1871-

James Richard Wells - Born Dec. 29, 1846: :

Children:

Perle - Born Oct. 27, 1872: : Died March 27, 1876.

Ethel - Born July 18, 1874: :

Elizabeth ["Bess"] - Born May 20, 1877: :

Ethel Wells-

Married - Oct. 15, 1895-

Joseph Cecil Shultz - Born May 23, 1873: :

Children:

Cecil Elizabeth - Born May 28, 1897: :

William Thomas Barton-

Married (1st) Jennie Myers, Apr. 16, 1877; Born Dec. 9, 1858; Died Nov. 28, 1880.

Children-

Mark - Born Feb. 11, 1878: : Died Aug. 8, 1883.

Charlie - Born Sept. 1, 1880: : Died Apr. 14, 1890.

Married (2nd) Evaline Webster, Aug. 8, 1882; Born Oct. 26, 1860: :

Children-

Isaac Earl - Born Oct. 12, 1883: : Died

Gladys - Born Sept. 2, 1885: :

Henry Glen [*sic*] - Born Aug. 10, 1887: :

Henry Glen Barton-

Married - Jan. 21, 1908-

Mary Becker - Born Nov. 29, 1883: :

John Anderson Barton-

Married - Sept. 21, 1876-

Almira Hays - Born Mar. 9, 1857: :

Children-

Mary - Born Mar. 3, 1878: :

Triples - Born Feb. 16, 1881: : Died within a few days.

Jay - Born Dec. 4, 1889: :

Mary Barton-

Married-

John [*sic*] Shastid - Born Jan. 20, 1870: :

Perry Franklin Barton-

Married - March 16, 1882-

Elizabeth Jane Wells - Born Apr. 27, 1858: :

Children-

Roy Franklin - Born Feb. 25, 1883: :

Herbert Wells - Born Feb. 9, 1887: :

James Richard - Dec. 24, 1888: :

Harold Dwight - Born Jan. 8, 1893: :

Robert Paul - Born Dec. 31, 1895: :

Rachel Katharine [*sic*] - Born Jan. 9, 1900: :

Mabel Grace - Born May 13, 1901: :

Roy Franklin Barton-

Married - May 17, 1906-

Edna Isabell Rippin - Born Apr. 17, 1883: :

Children-

Harold Dello - Born Oct. 23, 1908: :

Fred Barton-

Married - (1st) Aug. 14, 1889-

Mrs. Sarah Louise Von Rogers Burris - Born-Jan. 1, 1859: : Died Apr. 13, 1898.

Children-

Stella Joy - Born Sept. 7, 1890: :

Isaac Truman - Born Apr. 23, 1893: : Died Jan. 6, 1911.

Married (2nd) March 23, 1899-

Nancy Anna Huffman - Born Dec. 25, 1866: :

Children-

Ralph Fred - Born Nov. 20, 1903: :

Annie Barton-

Married - Sept. 6 1892-

Jon S. Shastid - Born Jan. 20, 1870: :

Clyde Edwin Barton-

Married - Apr. 30, 1894-

Elizabeth Stokes Morris - Born Jun. 20, 1850: : Died May 14, 1911.

**Rachel Minerva
(Owsley) Barton**



above: 1885
left: ca. 1898



ABOUT THE ORIGINALS

While on a visit to my parents' house in Glendale, California, in about 1979, I came across some old hand written papers as I was going through an old family cedar chest. Not having the time to read all the pages thoroughly, I glanced through them and read enough to know that they had been written by my great-great grandmother in the 1890s and 1914. I saw just enough to know I wanted a chance to sit down with the papers and completely read through them. I put the pages back in the cedar chest, thinking I would have time to read more on a future visit.

When I returned months later, I went to the cedar chest to find the papers, but they were not where I had left them. Nobody seemed to know just where they had been moved. For years I wondered where they went; I was determined that I would some day find those pages and read them.

In 1982 I was visiting one of my grandfather's sisters, my Great Aunt Kate (Barton) Olson in Santa Rosa, California, and she showed me a notebook she recently had been sent by a nephew of hers, John Barton. The pages in it had been printed on a word processor...they contained what I recognized to be the same stories that had been on those hand written papers in the cedar chest. A beginning page read: "Manuscripts were originally typed by Harold Dwight Barton, Mdn USN (a grandson) - Sept. 1911 and 1912, and by James R. Barton, Sr. (a grandson) - summer 1914." The typed pages were then prepared on an Apple II+ computer using an Easywriter word processor program by John W. Barton (a great-grandson) in the fall and winter of 1981 and 1982 in Bend, Oregon.

The papers I had seen at my parents' were evidently the originals from which the first typed pages were copied. I was able to get my own copy of the notebook that John Barton compiled, so I was able to read the papers completely...but the originals were still missing. Not until the summer of 1989 did I find them. My parents had offered to give me the contents of the cedar chest. So, the next time I visited them, I boxed up everything in the chest and brought the contents home to Eureka, California, and waited until August, when my sister Cheryl came to visit with me. Together we went through the boxes. At the bottom of one box inside another were the papers I had seen about ten years earlier.

The stories on these papers were indeed the same as those in John Barton's notebook. I believe there are about two pages of originals missing, but 129 still exist. The originals are in fair shape, some have stains and the ones written in later years are all in pencil and harder to read, but most are legible. The handwritten originals are now archivally stored in Eureka, California.

Donna R. (Barton) Eitel
1992



Rachel's original handwritten papers remained in an archival box in my closet, untouched for 30 years. In 2021, I decided it was time to search for a safer and more permanent home for them. The Midwest Genealogy Center in the Mid-Continent Public Library in Independence, Missouri graciously agreed to provide a repository for these original papers, where they will be properly archived. To avoid any shipping mishaps, I plan to travel to Missouri this September to hand-deliver the original pages to the Midwest Genealogy Center.

I completed the task of creating high quality scans of each of Rachel's original pages in early 2022. This was made possible by the Cal Poly Humboldt Library Special Collections & Archives in Arcata, California.

The questions about where these papers were for the approximately 65 years between 1914 to the late 1970s or how they came to be in my father's possession will probably never be answered. What we do know is that they are soon going to be stored safely, and that digital versions will be made available online through the Mid-Continent Public Library for all to access.

Donna (Barton) Eitel
June 2023, Eureka, California

VARIOUS VERSIONS OF *REMINISCENCES*

In late 1847, Rachel Minerva Owsley (1830-1916) moved with her widowed father Thomas Owsley, her siblings, her fiancé Isaac Barton, her uncle Ransom Owsley and his large family, and others from Parke County, Indiana to Pike County, Illinois. She and Isaac married in February of 1848, raised their family and lived the remainder of their lives in Pike County, where they are buried. In late 1890, Rachel, Isaac, and their unmarried daughter Della moved to the town of Pittsfield (in Pike County), into a magnificent Civil War-era brick home that still stands today in 2023. A few months prior to this move, Rachel began writing what descendants refer to as her “Reminiscences.” Throughout the 1890s she wrote down stories from her father’s life, of her childhood, and of events when her own children were growing up. These papers were written for her children and grandchildren.

A grandson of Rachel’s, Harold Dwight Barton, came to stay with her for a period in 1911, and while there he typed up the pages she had written during the 1890s. Later, during the early months of 1914, Rachel wrote more pages, and in the summer of that year another grandson (James Richard “Dick” Barton, older brother of Harold) spent time visiting her and typing out the latter 1914 pages. Dick then merged his typed papers with Harold’s earlier ones and distributed a few copies of this combined version to relatives. When they typed their transcriptions, Harold and Dick both made corrections and adjustments to Rachel’s spelling and grammar. A list of Rachel and Isaac’s descendants was also included with Dick’s 1914 typed version, and it is assumed that Rachel assisted with its compilation.

It was from this 1911/1914 typed (and “corrected”) rendition that Dick’s son John Barton transcribed a new copy on a computer in 1982. He printed out a few copies and distributed them to family members.

In 1989, Rachel’s original handwritten papers were discovered within what had been the contents of great-grandson Roy Barton Jr.’s cedar chest in Southern California. After putting them back into chronological order, seven sets of photo copies were made of the originals in 1992. Roy’s daughters, Donna and Cheryl, put together seven booklets of these copies and distributed them to family. The original papers were then put into an archival box and stored in Donna’s closet in Eureka, California.

The Owsley Family Historical Society featured several selected stories from Rachel’s papers in their *Newsletter* in different installments from September 1992 to December 1996. They were transcribed by then-president Ronny Bodine, using one of the seven 1992 booklets.

By 2021, John’s computer version was inaccessible because the computer and program used were obsolete. His daughter Joy (Barton) Hyer painstakingly typed up a new version of Rachel’s *Reminiscences*, but this time verbatim, transcribing from one of the seven booklets. An index and informational addenda, completed in 2023, were added to this version.

Joy's verbatim transcription and the 2022 scanned images of the originals will be added to the online digital archive of the Mid-Continent Public Library in late 2023.



Each adaptation of Rachel's papers includes notes written by the person who compiled it. Transcriptions of those notes follow.



[By James Richard "Dick" Barton, included with his 1914 typed version:]

In Conclusion
by
J. R. Barton

The period of development carried on by the pioneers has passed forever; but in that age when from earliest infancy to gray but vigorous old age, life was spent in unrelenting conflict with the opponents of civilization, spent in the open, close to Nature, in the fresh air and sunshine, there was stored up in our heroic ancestors that fund of relentless energy, rugged health and vitality that has enabled their descendants to make a record of national achievement unparalleled in the world's history. May we, the heirs of this priceless legacy, not only render a good account of our stewardship, but remembering the original cost in nerve and blood, bequeath undiminished and unimpaired to our descendants this birth-right of our fathers.

~~~~~

The pleasant task is done; the summer's association with the one who wrote the reminiscences of the foregoing pages is nearly past, but it will always remain a real and very pleasant memory.

In her eighty-fourth year she still has the quickness of movement, vigor and activity of youth, and has yet full use and control of an unusually active mind, as the preceding incidents written by hand upon the few dates indicated give evidence. Her hair is hardly colored with gray, and to me there is no indication that she carries a weight of years greater in any degree than she bore ten years ago. Honor to the indomitable will and energy that have never failed from log camp to mansion, that still fail not with greater than four-score years.

Honor and gratitude to the daughter whose loving care and devotion are not nor shall be surpassed in untold thousands of lives. We may well be proud of the ancient and high-born lineage of our race, of its modern achievement; but to me there is greater cause for pride in a relationship to this one in whose life is exemplified the truly greatest meaning of aristocracy, - "Aristos", the Best:

“Howe’er it be, it seems to me,  
‘Tis only noble to be good.  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.”

*[from Lady Clara Vere de Vere, by Alfred, Lord Tennyson]*



*[By John W. Barton, included with his 1982 transcription of the 1914 typed version:]*

Manuscripts were originally typed by:

Harold Dwight Barton, Mdn U S N  
(a grandson),  
Sept 1911 & 1912,

and by:

James R. Barton Sr  
(a grandson)  
Summer 1914.

This copy was prepared on an Apple II+ computer using an Easywriter word processor. Some editing of apparent typographical errors was done. Every effort was made to preserve the original syntax.

Prepared by:

John W Barton  
(a great-grandson)  
Fall and Winter, 1981 & 1982.  
Bend, Oregon



*[By Donna (Barton) Eitel and Cheryl Barton-Petrie, included with the seven 1992 booklets of copies of the original handwritten papers:]*

THIS BOOK contains photo copies of hand written originals by Rachel Minerva (Owsley) Barton recording anecdotes of her time.

This project is the result of a joint effort of two sisters, two of Rachel’s great-great granddaughters.



The pages were compiled and copied by Donna Renee (Barton) Eitel. The calligraphy and binding was done by Cheryl Lynne Barton-Klyver [*now Barton-Petrie*]



[By great-great-granddaughters Joy (Barton) Hyer, Donna (Barton) Eitel, and Cheryl Barton-Petrie, included with their 2021-2023 verbatim transcription and index:]

Our collaboration on this multifaceted project to scan, transcribe, and index Rachel's writings has been a delightful and enriching journey to another era. As Joy worked to type the transcription, her contagious inquisitiveness encouraged us to research and learn about terms, places, and people Rachel mentions. Our numerous rounds of proofreading resulted in becoming more deeply immersed in her stories, sparking a renewed and stronger admiration of our ancestors and how they courageously faced their overwhelming challenges.

It was Donna and Joy's discovery in 2021 that we both wanted to create a verbatim transcription of Rachel's *Reminiscences* which led to this joint venture. We agreed Joy would type the transcription and Donna would research how best to scan the originals and have them placed in an archive. As the project progressed, Donna asked her sister Cheryl to contribute her proofreading and interpretive skills. Our efforts thus became a collaboration of three of Rachel's great-great-granddaughters.

We feel privileged to honor Rachel with this project. The three of us believe she would be overwhelmingly pleased if she knew the significant value that her many descendants have placed on her writings and of the pleasure and learning they have derived from them.

Joy, Donna, and Cheryl  
2023

## INDEX

---

Maiden names are shown in parentheses.

---

### A

Anderson, Conney - see Butcher, Conney  
(Anderson)

Ator, Mr...31

### B

Barton, Almira (Hays)..135

Barton, Annie - see Shastid, Annie (Barton)

Barton, Arretta - see Barton, Sarah Arretta  
"Arretta"

Barton, Charity - see Owsley, Charity (Barton)

Barton, Charles "Charlie" ..134

Barton, Charles Edward "Charley" ..56, 75, 132

Barton, Clyde Edwin..53, 54, 56, 75, 86, 132, 138

Barton, Daniel..35

Barton, Della..55, 56, 75, 86, 92, 132, 142

Barton, Edna Isabell (Rippin)..136

Barton, Elizabeth Jane (Wells)..136

Barton, Elizabeth (Stokes) Morris..138

Barton, Ella M. (Leonard)..86

Barton, Evaline (Webster)..134

Barton, Frank - see Barton, Perry Franklin "Frank"

Barton, Fred..55, 56, 75, 132, 137

Barton, Gladys Charlotte..134

Barton, Harold Dello..136

Barton, Harold Dwight..76, 136, 140, 142, 144

Barton, Henry..57

Barton, Henry Glenn..134

Barton, Herbert Wells..136

Barton, Infant [unnamed]..132

Barton, Isaac "Ike", "your father", "your  
pa/papa", "my husband" ..2, 29, 41-49, 51, 52, 54,  
55, 57, 65-70, 72-74, 77-79, 81-83, 92, 95, 97, 98,  
112, 113, 115, 116, 132, 142

Barton, Isaac Earl..134

Barton, Isaac Truman..137

Barton, James Richard "Dick", Sr...136, 140, 142-  
144

Barton, Jay..135

Barton, Jennie (Myers)..134

Barton, John Anderson..72, 75, 82, 83, 90, 132,  
135

Barton, John W...140, 142, 144

Barton, Katherine Rachel "Kate" - see Olson,  
Katherine Rachel "Kate" (Barton)

Barton, Mabel Grace..136

Barton, Mark..134

Barton, Mary - see Shastid, Mary (Barton)

Barton, Mary (Becker)..134

Barton, Mary Maria - see Wells, Mary Maria  
(Barton)

Barton, Nancy Anna (Huffman)..137

Barton, Perry Franklin "Frank" ..75, 90, 97, 98, 132, 136

Barton, Rachel Katherine/Katharine - see Olson, Katherine Rachel "Kate" (Barton)

Barton, Rachel Minerva (Owsley), "Mrs. Isaac Barton" ..25, 41, 42, 97, 130, 132, 139, 141-145

Barton, Ralph Fred..137

Barton, Robert Paul..136

Barton, Roy Franklin..136

Barton, Roy Franklin, Jr...142

Barton, Sarah Arretta "Arretta" ..66, 73, 82, 132

Barton, Sarah Louise (Rogers) Burris..137

Barton, Stella Joy..86, 137

Barton, Thomas - see Barton, William Thomas "Thomas"

Barton, Triplets..135

Barton, William Thomas "Thomas" ..47, 66, 68, 71, 75, 78, 82, 132, 134

Barton-Klyver, Cheryl - see Barton-Petrie, Cheryl (Barton)

Barton-Petrie, Cheryl (Barton)..140, 142, 144, 145

Battle of Tippecanoe..1, 107

Becker, Mary - see Barton, Mary (Becker)

Berry, Arretta Jessup (Wells)..18

Berry, James..21, 72

Betts, Isaac..44

Big Raccoon Creek, Parke County, Indiana..20, 117

Bodine, Ronny..142

bookcase, cherry..22

Boruff, Betsy - see Boruff, Elizabeth "Betsy" (Butcher)

Boruff, Connie..63

Boruff, Elizabeth "Betsy" (Butcher)..8, 40, 63, 90, 103

Boruff, "Sally" - see Boruff, Sarah "Sally"

Boruff, Samuel..40, 103

Boruff, Sarah "Sally" ..63

Brewer/Bruer, Enos..15

Brewer/Bruer, Lucinda..16

Brewer/Bruer, Milton..15

Brewer/Bruer, Rachel (Johnson) Owsley..1, 15, 16

Butcher, Anna (Tatum)..40

Butcher, Barnabus, "Grandfather Butcher" ..40, 41, 87, 100, 101

Butcher, Charity - see Owsley, Charity (Butcher)

Butcher, Conney (Anderson)..40

Butcher, Daniel..40

Butcher, David..40, 91

Butcher, Elizabeth "Betsy" - see Boruff, Elizabeth "Betsy" (Butcher)

- Butcher, Jacob..40
- Butcher, John..40
- Butcher, Katie (Stephens)..40
- Butcher, Levi..40
- Butcher, Magdalena (Moser/Mosier),  
"Grandmother Butcher"..40, 87, 99, 100
- Butcher, Mary - see Flora, Mary (Butcher)
- Butcher, Matilda (Williams)..40
- Butcher, Rebecca (Williams)..40
- Butcher, Richard..40
- Butcher, Sarah Ann "Sally" (Flora)..40, 91
- Butcher, Sarah "Sally" - see Smallwood, Sarah  
"Sally" (Butcher)
- Butcher, Solomon..40
- Butcher, Treacy (Kinser)..40
- Butler, Mr. and Mrs...55
- C**
- Cal Poly Humboldt, Arcata, California..141
- carding machine..20, 21, 49, 96, 112, 124
- Chambers, John..17, 22
- Chambers, Mary Ann (Owsley), "Sister", "my  
sister"..8, 12, 17, 20, 22, 25, 36, 50, 90, 96, 103,  
104, 116
- Chambers, Nancy - see Owsley, Nancy (Chambers)  
Roseberry
- Chandler Mill, Six Mile Creek, Pike County, Illinois  
- see Mills, Thomas Owsley's
- Chandler, Silas A. (see also Chandler Mill)..71
- Cincinnati Medical College..90
- Civil War..14, 99
- Claiborne County, Tennessee..6, 41, 87
- Clark, Jonas..80
- Clinch River, Claiborne County, Tennessee..41
- Clinton, Vermillion County, Indiana..118
- coffins..21
- Colvin, Miss..86
- Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing*, by Robert  
Robinson..91
- Comstock, Dr...77
- Cook, Marquis/Marcus..2, 27, 28, 87, 116
- Cook, Naomi - see Owsley, Naomi (Cook)
- Cook, Nathenie/Nathanie "Nettie"/"Nethy"  
(Owsley)..2, 15, 28, 107
- Corrill, Thomas..54
- Cottage Bible*..97
- Craig, Mitchel C...72
- Craig, Mr...68
- Cranshaw, Joseph "Joe" ..26
- Cumberland River..116
- D**
- Danger in the Dark: A Tale of Intrigue and  
Priestcraft*, by Isaac Kelso..97

distillery..127

Dunaven, Frank..18

Dutch Creek, Pike County, Illinois..49, 52, 53, 74,  
82, 99, 113, 116

Dutton, Mrs...86

## E

Eitel, Donna R. (Barton)..140-142, 144, 145

Embarras River "Big Ambrow River", Illinois..122

## F

Fesler, Mrs...95

Finley, Rufus..25

flax..100, 101, 105, 116

flax: made into cloth..58

Flora, George..40

Flora, Mary (Butcher)..40

Flora, Mr...10

Flora, Sarah Ann "Sally" - see Butcher, Sarah Ann  
"Sally" (Flora)

Foote, Florence..86

furniture shop/factory, Thomas Owsley's..21, 22,  
129

## G

Garrigus, C. S...117

Garrigus, Jeptha..118

Glass, Joe..26

Goodin, Hardin..42

Goodwin, Zadok/Zadoc..78

Great Natchez Tornado of 1840..5

grist mill..21, 80

Guiley, Sarah E. (Berry)..86

## H

Hale, cousin..30

Harrison, General William Henry..1

Harrodsburg, Monroe County, Indiana..5, 25, 26

Hays, Almira - see Barton, Almira (Hays)

Hedgeses, Mr...45

Hoggen, Park..21, 22

Hoskins, Henry..97

Hoskins, John..97

Huffman, Nancy Anna - see Barton, Nancy Anna  
(Huffman)

Hyer, Joy (Barton)..142, 143, 145

## J

Johnson, Rachel - see Brewer/Bruer, Rachel  
(Johnson) Owsley

Judah, Nancy Ann - see Owsley, Nancy Ann  
(Judah)

## K

Kinser, Treacy - see Butcher, Treacy (Kinser)

## L

*Lady Clara Vere de Vere*, by Alfred, Lord  
Tennyson..144

Lawrence County, Indiana..6, 8, 41

Leonard, Ella - see Barton, Ella M. (Leonard)

linden/linn wood..36, 52, 55

## **M**

Marsh, Charles "Charley"..43, 44

Marsh, Charles Orlando "Orlando"..43

McCaffrey, Hugh..33

McCanna, Mikey..98

Midwest Genealogy Center in the Mid-Continent  
Public Library, Independence, Missouri..141, 143

Mills, Thomas Owsley's:

Chandler Mill, Six Mile Creek, Pike County,  
Illinois..20, 21, 42, 51, 71, 117, 127

Searing Mill on Big Raccoon Creek (now  
Bridgeton), Parke County, Indiana..6, 20,  
117

second mill on Six Mile Creek, Pike County,  
Illinois..18, 21, 128, 129

Miller, Miss Emily..33

Monroe County, Indiana..5, 6, 10, 26, 41, 111

Moser/Mosier, Magdalena - see Butcher,  
Magdalena (Moser/Mosier)

Myers, Jennie - see Barton, Jennie (Myers)

## **N**

Nash, Marvel M...99

New Orleans, Louisiana..6, 7, 104

Norvell, Amanda (Woodward)..103, 104

Norvell, Dr. Ralph Graves..8, 103

## **O**

Odiorne, Thomas - see Odiorne, Tom house

Odiorne, Tom house "Tom Odion house"..42

Olson, Katherine Rachel "Kate" (Barton)..136, 140

O'Neal/O'Neale, John..49, 72

Owsley, Bennett..1, 15, 30

Owsley, Charity (Barton)..3, 87, 106, 107

Owsley, Charity (Butcher), "my mother"..10-12,  
15, 19, 23, 40, 41, 84, 91, 109, 111

Owsley, Christian..29

Owsley Family Historical Society "OFHS"..142

Owsley, Fannie/Fanny - see Shultz, Fannie/Fanny  
(Owsley)

Owsley, John II, "Father's grandfather", "his  
Grandfather Owsley"..1-3, 17, 36, 87, 107

Owsley, John III..1, 15, 107

Owsley, Mary Ann - see Chambers, Mary Ann  
(Owsley)

Owsley, Nancy Ann (Judah)..23, 111

Owsley, Nancy (Chambers) Roseberry...23

Owsley, Naomi (Cook)..28

Owsley, Nathanie - see Cook, Nathanie/Nathenie  
"Nettie"/"Nethy" (Owsley)

Owsley, Noble..15, 27-29

Owsley, Phoebe (maiden unknown) Stewart..23,  
49

Owsley, Rachel (Johnson) - see Brewer/Bruer, Rachel (Johnson) Owsley

Owsley, Rachel Minerva - see Barton, Rachel Minerva (Owsley)

Owsley, Ransom..1, 11, 15, 16, 117, 142

Owsley, Thomas "Tom", "Father", "my father" ..1-26, 30-36, 40-42, 46, 48-52, 63, 64, 70, 71, 74, 76, 84, 85, 88, 95, 103, 104, 106, 107, 110, 111, 116-118, 120-122, 124-130, 142

Owsley, William [Rachel's great-uncle]..14, 15, 28

Owsley, William, "Brother", "my brother" ..8, 22, 25, 29, 35, 48, 50, 52, 63, 76, 88, 90, 103, 104, 111

## **P**

Paris, Edgar County, Illinois..118, 119

Parke County, Indiana..6, 20, 41, 111, 116, 117, 142

Pike County, Illinois..20, 22, 42, 116, 117, 142

Pittsfield, Pike County, Illinois..54, 77, 81, 92, 117, 126, 129, 142

Powell's Valley, Claiborne County, Tennessee..41

Prebble, Mr...25, 88

## **R**

Red Cap, Mr...38

Rippin, Edna Isabell - see Barton, Edna Isabell (Rippin)

Rockport, Pike County, Illinois..22, 29, 42-45, 51, 72, 80, 95, 115, 116

Rogers, Sarah Louise - see Barton, Sarah Louise (Rogers) Burris

Roseberry, Nancy (Chambers) - see Owsley, Nancy (Chambers) Roseberry

Rossey, T. J...128

Rowley boys..33, 34

Rowley Hill..33

Rowley, James..74

Rowley, Mr...33, 34

Rupert, James D. "Jim" ..116

Rupert, Mrs...95

## **S**

Scott's Tavern, Edgar County, Illinois..118-120

Searing, James..6, 9

Searing Mill, Bridgeton, Parke County, Indiana - see Mills, Thomas Owsley's - see also Searing, James

Shastid, Annie (Barton)..55, 56, 75, 132, 138

Shastid, Jon Shepard..135, 138

Shastid, Mary (Barton)..135

Shaw, George Jackson "Jackson" ..42, 43, 46, 48

Shaw, Gilbert J. "Gil"/"Gill" ..116

Shultz, Cecil Elizabeth..133

Shultz, Ethel (Wells)..86, 130, 133

Shultz, Fannie/Fanny (Owsley)..23, 49

Shultz, Joseph Cecil..133

Six Mile Creek, Pike County, Illinois..20, 21, 51, 52, 71, 116, 117

Six Mile Creek, Thomas Owsley's second mill on -  
see Mills, Thomas Owsley's

Smallwood, Enoch..40

Smallwood, Sarah "Sally" (Butcher)..40

Smith, Mrs. H. D...86

*The Spacious Firmament on High*, by Joseph  
Addison..89

Springville, Lawrence County, Indiana..8, 103

Stephens, Katie - see Butcher, Katie (Stephens)

Stewart, Phoebe - see Owsley, Phoebe (maiden  
unk) Stewart

Stockland, Pike County, Illinois..116

Stokes, Elizabeth - see Barton, Elizabeth (Stokes)  
Morris

Strauss, Jake..93

Summer Hill, Pike County, Illinois..54, 92

## T

table, square stand..22, 55

Tatum, Anna - see Butcher, Anna (Tatum)

Taylor, Samuel "Sam"..56

Terre Haute, Vigo County, Indiana..20

Tilford, William H...5

Tryon, Edwin C. - see Tryon house

Tryon house..42

Tucker, Nellie..86

## W

Webster, Evaline - see Barton, Evaline (Webster)

Wells, Bess/Bessie - see Wells, Elizabeth Jane  
"Bess/Bessie"

Wells, Elizabeth Jane - see Barton, Elizabeth Jane  
(Wells)

Wells, Elizabeth Jane "Bess/Bessie" ..84, 86, 133

Wells, Ethel - see Shultz, Ethel (Wells)

Wells, James Richard "Richard" ..31, 133

Wells, Mary Maria (Barton)..12, 31, 32, 34, 45, 47,  
51, 68, 71, 72, 82, 86, 132, 133

Wells, Pearle..31, 133

Williams, Matilda - see Butcher, Matilda  
(Williams)

Williams, Rebecca - see Butcher, Rebecca  
(Williams)