

REMINISCENCES OF PUTNAM COUNTY PIONEERS  
(retyped from copied text)

JOHN WILCOX

Born in Madison County, Ohio, March 12th, 1825, came with my parents to Perry township, Putnam county, Ohio in the spring of 1827

In the early spring of A.D. 1827, my parents, Joel Wilcox and Sarah (Williams) Wilcox, together with Stephen Kingery and John Kingery moved from Madison county, Ohio, to Putnam county, via Wapakoneta, Forts Amanda and Jennings, on the south side of the Auglaize River, by what was then termed "the old Wayne trace," the only road in or through the county. Father settled in Perry township on the Blanchard River, on the fractional part of section 11, on the south side of the river and three miles from its junction with the Auglaize, while Stephen Kingery settled on the same section north of the river and John Kingery on the Auglaize. At that time John Ridenour and Demit Mackerel and their families were the "new comers," (Wilcox and Kingery), the only white inhabitants on the Blanchard below the Hall settlement, where the town of Gilboa now stands. My parents (after house cleaning) moved temporarily into a bark covered Indian camp (or wigwam) with open front into which had been stored the previous year a quantity of sugar troughs, made of elm bark, there being a large grove of sugar trees in the vicinity. They purposed building a cabin after clearing ground and planting their spring crop. While thus engaged and before planting was done father's horses ran away toward their old home in Madison county. Going in pursuit, father left mother in care of sister Mary and myself, the only children they then had. Having gone as far as Logan county he found his horses taken up as strays, satisfying the "taker up" of ownership, paying expenses, etc. he started homeward, but a succession of hard rains since his absence had swollen the streams to overflowing, necessitating him to swim on horseback.

At this junction let us reflectively turn our attention to the open wigwam where the pioneer wife had been left in charge of the babes in the woods, with the winds playing requiem with the swagging boughs of the forest, and where prowling wolves, panthers and bears roamed without, having as her only guard the faithful watchdog, "Bounce." "The rains descended and the floods came." One night mother heard the fire quenching by the rising water and on arising from the bed (spread upon clapboards and placed in horizontal poles held by forks driven in the ground), put the fire in a pot and placed it upon a stool (pioneer chair) and returned to bed to await the coming daylight, which revealed only a sea of water as far as she could behold through the thickly standing forest. She took her ax and pot of fire (matches then being unknown) and started in the direction of higher grounds; wading through water a distance of a quarter of a mile, she came to dry land and built a fire, (where the first orchard was planted in the subsequent year, the trees being purchased of John Chapman - "Johnny Appleseeds" - who was peddling in a boat from his nursery near Ft. Findlay) the fire once kindled she returned to the wigwam and carried her children out to it, the weather

being chilly. She then began to congratulate herself upon her safe exit from the water; but soon she saw that she was about to be again surrounded and fled the second time to higher ground, to where the cabin was afterwards built. Here Demit Mackerel, with his canoe and who was in search of her, came to her relief, and in the evening of the same day father returned, only too glad to find his little family in safety. The January flood of 1830 was the highest ever known to white settlers, the river appeared to seek its level with the neighboring swamps as tributaries, Hog Creek on a "high" united its waters with the Blanchard at Prairie Run. When it was at its highest and the earth saturated with water, making it all mud and slush, the weather being quite warm for the season, suddenly changed to extreme cold and the almost boundless sea of water was frozen to a glare of ice to the depth of an inch and a half. Cattle lying down at night were frozen to the ground before morning and the legs of some were frozen to the knees. Father lost several in this way. On this glare of ice hundreds of deer were killed by wolves, they being headed off of the dry ridges upon which they had sought shelter, and once on the smooth ice they became an easy prey to the ravenous beasts. They became so voracious from their carnival of venison that the ensuing spring they frequently attacked young or weak cattle, such as milch cows that happened to get stuck in the mud or strayed from home in the woods with their calves. Thomas McClish happening to be in the woods one day had his attention called to the bawling of a cow near by, and going in the direction saw the poor creature toiling homeward with two large wolves gnawing at her bag, having nearly eaten it off when driven away. But to return to the ice: The river coming to a stand soon began to fall rapidly, and there was heard a continual cracking of falling ice, leaving a portion on the trees, which thawing away afterwards left a ring or mark around the bark, the thickness of the ice. Those rings were for many years visible and were called "high water marks." In 1834 the year of the "July flood," (there being no mast by reason of frost), the bears were ravenous upon swine, killing them in great numbers. Hogs could be heard squealing by day and night from the attacks of bruin. The following year, A.D. 1835, will be remembered as a year of great want and destitution by reason of the flood of the previous year; the farming at that time being confined to the river bottoms, which were overflowed, consequently but little old corn was in the country and people sought it where it might be had. My father and Silas McClish and a few others had a small quantity, and turned none away empty who applied while it lasted. Some went to the Maumee valley, which had suffered from the same inundation, and but little could be had anywhere in reach, so there was rest for the hand-mills. Flour was for sale at Piqua and Dayton at \$16 per barrel. There were but few who had the means to procure it at any price in money; some could and did procure it and packed it home on their shoulders or on horseback, and thus saved their families from suffering if not from starving; but one case of actual starvation is said to have occurred in the county, philanthropy saved many; some subsisted on Bran boiled with greens. The want of proper food and nourishment caused a great amount of sickness. Conspicuous among the physicians who came to the county that year was Dr. C.T. Pomeroy, who rendered efficient service then and since, for which he will be kindly remembered for generations to come.

I will now return to the year 1829 and speak of some of the deeds of the "Tawas." Henry Wing, who had settled on the Blanchard four miles below "Tawatown,"

being from home one day a party of Tawas went to his cabin and frightened his wife so terribly that she fled to my father's eight miles below, where she arrived, through a wild and trackless forest, and halloed "over" about ten o'clock that night. Responding promptly father with his canoe, soon brought her into our domicile where she, between sighs and sobs, told her story of grievances. Lighting a torch father went to the rescue of her little children, whom she had left hid away like young partridges at the approach of a hawk. On arriving at the late scene of fright he found Wing had returned, the Indians gone and the concealed "partridges" out from their covert and all right.

The Tawas being envious of my father's skill in hunting, an Indian came to his cabin, and learning that he was absent, went to the river bank to where the "fine hunting" canoe was drawn up on the shore and shot a hole through the "blind", a threat to deter from fire hunting; the next day the Indian returned accompanied by another Indian and finding father still absent, jumped into father's canoe and paddled down stream, notwithstanding the protestations of my mother. Father returning unexpectedly and being informed of the circumstances, just as the Indians were out of sight, ran across to the river bank and headed the "red-skins", and boldly wading in, seized the canoe in which lay a fine silver-mounted rifle, thus he dexterously snatched and without a word being spoken waded out and returned home. The Indians soon put in an appearance with the canoe, for which they wanted their gun in exchange; father would not let them have it until they promised that they would not molest him nor his property again, and further, that they would never fire-hunt within four miles of him, which pledge they kept.

Being in the woods on a snowy day, the bushes all draped with hanging snow and being attracted by the near approach of dogs baying on the track of some animal, I halted but a moment when a huge bear, with open mouth and tongue protruding, came rushing from the thicket and came near running over me; I thought my time had come, that the bears were after me, when suddenly, two Wyandottes on their ponies appeared on the trail, and being told that the bear was just out of sight, yelled to encourage the dogs which soon treed it up a large oak, where they shot it, to the great satisfaction of a badly scared boy.

My father being a successful farmer and a skillful hunter, his cribs and granaries were generally well filled with corn, and his larder with wild game and wild honey. Fine bolted flour was a rarity in those times, but by the power of "elbow grease" the hand mills furnished Johnny cake or buckwheat, which with an abundance of honey and maple sugar, venison and bear meat, to say nothing of the dairy and spicewood teas made passable subsistence. We generally went to mill by canoe to Brunersburg during high water times until mills were built nearer, the grater and hand-mill supplying us with bread the balance of the year. Our marketing, except porkers and fat steers which were driven on foot, was done at Defiance by perogue down the Blanchard and Auglaize in the spring time, and consisted of grain, strained honey, maple sugar, furs and peltries, which was exchanged for salt, merchandise and cash.

Father was Captain of the first militia company organized in Putnam county, and McClish's was the only school district then organized in the county which was at the mouth of the Blanchard on the Auglaize - my first in attendance, with Silas McClish as the first teacher and F.C. Fitch the second. James Sims, Christian Prowant, John Ezer,

Wm. S. Lemaster and others coming in as neighbors we soon had a Blanchard school district organized, and built a log cabin school house with all the late improvements - stick chimney, greased paper for windows, puncheon floor and split benches - Isaca Fowler being employed as a teacher in the Wilcox neighborhood.

My parents and family, except the writer of this reminiscence and his sister Mary, moved overland to Oregon in 1847, and taking measles on their way, which relapsing turned to camp fever, resulted in the death of father and mother; mother died at the Cascade Falls, September 18th, 1847, her remains were conveyed to Fort Vancouver where father died, November 10th of the same year, their bodies were laid side by side in the cemetery at Fort Vancouver, brother Loami dying shortly after was buried at the same place.

Jemima Hopkins and myself were married Nov. 9th 1843, and settled in Greensburg township. Moved to Mercer county, Ohio, in 1849, where we engaged in farming and school teaching till 1854, when we moved to Wapello county, Iowa, and resumed the same pursuits until the war of 1861, when I enlisted in the Union army and served through every grade from private up to Major. After the war was over I was appointed postmaster at Eddyville, Iowa, in 1869. by reason of wounds, hardships and exposures of the late service I became paralyzed in 1878, and not being able to longer do business or serve the public I resigned in 1879, and now in the evening of life I have returned to the land of my childhood to note the changes, renew the acquaintances and associations of life's early morning.

## PREFACE

The journal of John Wilcox was written in a large black ledger by John Wilcox, who was born in Ohio, lived for a time in Iowa and served in both the 7th Iowa Infantry and Cavalry, and returned to Ohio where he died. It was passed on to his daughter, Sarah Wilcox Brower, who in turn passed it on to her daughter, Laura, and is now in the possession of Wilcox's great grandson, Gilson Prescott Wright of Oxford, Ohio. Wilcox's great great granddaughter, Barbara Louise Wright Blair, is the typist of this journal, and now resides in Dallas, Texas.

Most of the spelling and punctuation which was peculiar to the times, has been left as it was originally in the journal. This, I believe, adds to the authenticity.. The journal, as it now appears in type, is as close to the original as can be possible.

Wilcox's daughter, Sarah Brower, also added a personal memo and much family data, which has been included in this typing. Her style of writing is entertaining and instructive and adds to the overall picture of the Wilcox family and the times in which they lived.

There are various poems and articles which appear to have been pasted in the journal by Wilcox himself, and these have also been included. The sort of poems and particular articles which he deemed important enough to paste in his journal help to understand what kind of personality the man himself had.

The article about Yam Hill which describes the Oregon territory in 1846, might possibly be presumed to be one of the deciding factors in the move of Wilcox's parents to Oregon, where they both died in 1847.

John Wilcox was poetic, political minded, religious, humanitarian, soldier, family man, witty, brave, intelligent, literate, moral, patriotic, sensitive and diplomatic. he had the fore-sightedness to put down on paper his thoughts for future generations to read.

Sarah Wilcox Brower's writing was completely obscured by newspaper articles which someone had pasted over the manuscript. The typist of this journal first copied all these lengthy articles before steaming them off Sarah's manuscript. These articles were: eight obituaries of Charles F. Wilcox, four obituaries of Col. O.J. Hopkins, an article about how Frank Wilcox's being elected Grand Master of the chapter of Michigan Masons, the wedding of Rev. Manfred C. Wright and Orpha Smith, a legal notice pertaining to the will of Wilcox, a legal notice for petition of real estate in Putnam County by one of Wilcox's relatives, an article about Hon. C.G. Wright and the State National Reform Convention, a notice of the John Wilcox G.A.R. Post Memorial Day Exercises, a very lengthy article about the Annual Drill of High School Cadets, mentioning only once the graduation of John Wilcox, Leslie Burlingame, two obituaries of Leonard Knox, an article about G.E. Burlingame, another grandson, concerning a

meeting of detectives somewhere, a letter from Amy Hopkins to Manfred Wright from Sydney, Australia, and various notes about John Wilcox, all of which were repetitious.

I have not included these above mentioned articles, since they have no direct bearing on the meaning and historical value of the Journal, and were all added much after the death of John Wilcox.

it is my hope that every reader of this journal will find it as fascinating as I have. It has given me an entirely new interest in history and also my ancestry. This journal may not perhaps, bring out anything startlingly new in regards to history, but merely adds another man's views on his surroundings and happenings of his times

Barbara Wright Blair

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## FAMILY RECORDS

### ARRIVALS

John Wilcox born March 12, 1825  
Jemima Hopkins born February 9, 1825  
Formally & ceremoniously married Nov. 9, 1843

Sarah Eliza Wilcox born Sunday, Sept. 22, 1844  
Almon H. Wilcox born Friday, Nov. 27, 1846  
Elmira Jane Wilcox born Saturday, Dec. 16, 1848  
Martha Elizabeth Wilcox born Thursday, Dec. 26, 1850  
Frank Pomeroy Wilcox born Wednesday July 5, 1854  
John Fremont Wilcox born Friday, Dec. 19, 1856  
Peter Knox Wilcox born Saturday, April 30, 1859  
Clarie Emma Wilcox born Friday, July 3, 1863

### DEPARTURES

Almon H. Wilcox departed Nov. 10, 1859  
Clarie Emma Wilcox departed March 8, 1864  
John Fremont Wilcox departed July 3, 1892

Jemima H. Wilcox, died Feb. 16th 1871 at Ottawa, Ohio, aged 46 years, 7 days.

John Wilcox died June 3rd at Dayton, Ohio, 1881, aged 56 years, 2 months.

### COPARTNERSHIPS

Staley Brower & Sarah E. Wilcox, legally & formally united as husband and wife April 18, 1867

### DEPARTURES

Elmira Jane Wilcox Wright, died May 29, 1900 at Ft. Wayne, Ind. Buried in Lindenwood Cem.

### FOREBEARS

My grandparents while young & prior to the Revolutionary war, migrated from Scotland (England) to Connecticut, where my father was born June 10, 1800. My mother was born April 18th 1800.

My grandfather, Joel Wilcox, died when I was a child, a Revolutionary cripple & pensioner. My grandmother Wilcox died shortly after of cancer in the breast - her maiden name was Elizabeth Cowen.

My grandfather, Richard Williams, was also a Revolutionary Soldier & lived to the advanced age of over one hundred years. My grandmother Williams died a few years subsequent to her marriage - her maiden name was Mary McCartney.

My parents died on the overland route to Oregon in 1847 - my mother (Sarah Wilcox) died at the Cascade Falls Oct. 18, 1847 & was conveyed down the Columbia River to Ft. Vancouver where my father died November 10th, 1847



both were buried side by side in the cemetery near the Fort 0 there, peace to their ashes and sweet be their rest.

I was born in Madison County, Ohio & was reared in Putnam.

My sister Mary was the oldest of the family. I was the next in the family order, then came Loami, Elmira, George W., Clarisa, William, Hannah, Emeline, Edmund & Edward B. Hannah & Edmund died in infancy, Loami died at 19 of brain fever. Elmira Chatfield died in childbirth the others still survive at this date, Feb. 8, 1868 & live in Oregon except my sister Mary and myself - she lives in Indiana & I in Iowa.

## DIARY OF JOHN WILCOX

### MEDITATIONS

I was yesterday evening pensively strolling across one of our beautiful Iowa prairies enameled with flowers of almost every hue which filled the atmosphere with the rich aroma of their sweet fragrances until I almost unconsciously found myself sitting on the banks of a crystal brook, musing upon the vegetation and magnificent scenery of surrounding nature. Design and beauty were depicted in every object, and rich lessons of instruction emanating from every page of the book of nature. Aerial songsters were perched on boughs amidst the thick green foliage of the trees, and warbling, sang sweet melodious stanzas of praise to the Great Author & Originator of the Universe. But amid all those smiling beauties of creation and harmony, we are admonished that we are passing away. Nature's beautiful green drapery will soon fade and decompose beneath the rigid frosts of approaching autumn, and the bleak wind and storms of stern winter. So with ourselves, "from dust we are, and unto dust we must return." The spring of youth soon passes, and the summer of mature manhood will soon give place to the Autumn of life, and terminate in the icy embrace of the winter of death.

The rippling brook, as its passing bubbles are carried outward down the stream to the fathom less ocean, tells us in language not to be mistaken, that we too, are swiftly gliding down the stream of time, and will soon be precipitated down the roaring, raging cataract of death, into the bottomless ocean of eternity.

The beautiful plain that lies extended to the western horizon tinged with the golden beams of the setting sun, vividly portrays to our mind, the blessed hope that when we shall have passed the sorrows and difficulties, as well as the disappointments and inconsistencies of this life.

We shall Sear away on \_\_\_\_ face  
and bask in the sunshine of ineffable day  
Where beauty and blossoms never fade  
and fields are eternally fair,  
In that bliss clime, love never, no never dies.  
There friends shall meet again who have loved.  
Our embraces will be sweet  
When we each other greet  
When we meet to part no more;

John Wilcox  
Written June 1855

VOLUNTEER TOASTS GIVEN BY JOHN WILCOX AT A 4TH OF JULY  
CELEBRATION NEAR CHILLICOTHE, IOWA IN 1800

1st:: Next to God is Liberty! - Long may her banner waive (wave) "o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

2nd: Free schools, intelligence and virtue, the palladium of our free institutions, - May they be extended and perpetuated.

3rd: Our Country - the hope of the world, and the dread of tyrants! - In this hour of her peril may she be sustained by strong patriotic arms, and nerved by Omnipotent Power till the foul stain of the sweat and blood of human chattels be wiped from every star of her Glorious Old Flag.

4th: The Devil, - the first secessionist, and the arch potentate of slavery, aristocracy and human oppression - May this iron heel be ground to powder, ignited by the torch of freedom, and his dominion exploded.

5th: Laurels for patriots, hemp for traitors, but contempt and everlasting ignominy for cowardly whiners who are too unprincipled to be either.

John Wilcox

## THE REBELLION

The present rebellion, when we take into consideration its magnitude, its fiendish malignity, and the real object - its ambitious leaders expected to achieve by it; has been the most wicked, unnatural and inhuman that has ever blackened the pages of any civilized Nation's history. Its origin and prime cause is reducible, only to cause and effect - the cause being "the sum of all villainy", the effect - Treason of the blackest dye. Should Government, in wiping out the rebellion, by under the necessity of \_\_\_ the cause, the effect will forever cease and subsequent generations will only revert to "the (now) peculiar institution" and a system of barbarism. Calhoun's "nullification" was only a sham - he was prompted by the same cause that prompted Davis and Floyd: the peering eyes of Jackson saw it, and prophesied for the future as by inspiration. From Jackson to Lincoln, the dark storm clouds of treason have been drifting aftward the southern skies. The administration of "Old Buck" (the imbecile \_\_\_ Executive) was the time for traitors to strike at the strong roots of the old tree of liberty as the awful storm was seen cumulating and sweeping on, increasing in violence as the fierce whirlwind preceding the terrible hurricane. The first thunderbolt burst over the ramparts of Sumpter; then, as if Omnipotence made "the clouds his pavilion" and the winds his fiery steeds, we heard the rumbling chariot wheels of the Great God of battles" in the north. In his martial trend followed mighty legions of freemen-patriots, with streaming "starry banners" and glistening bayonets. Hear! - as the two antagonisms meet, the clashing of steel and thunder of artillery shakes the continent like a tornado. Patriots and traitors grapple in mortal combat and welter in one common gore. The nation stands aghast in painful suspense at the dark pail overshadowing their once "bright and happy land", while right and constitutional liberty is being asserted to the Union cemented by the blood of our fathers - spare us a rehearsal of the slain of their noblest sons in its defense. The conflict rages fierce like the mighty billows of the ocean, but the "old ship of state", though the breakers dash across her prow, still rides the waves with Lincoln at the helm and God the ruler of the storm. Thank heaven the surging waves of treason are already being pressed back; the dark lowering clouds are being dispersed by a brave and loyal people, under the guidance of Omnipotence and the Competent executive - Already do we see the rays of the sun of liberty glittering through the falling mist of the fast declining storm, reflecting the bow of peace and promise - Soon will the full blazing sun with all his effulgent beams, burst in glory upon our long beclouded land, and only appear the more beautiful for having been veiled (veiled) so long.

## THE GRANDEUR OF THE WAR

When we consider the grandeur and the power of this war for the maintenance of the best Government under Heaven, the revolutionary war, and all others anterior or subsequent to it, sink into comparative insignificance - it is the most superlatively grand, ever enacted in the great drama of the world's history.

## IT'S TRAGIC ACTORS

The tragic actors upon the stage have & will display every conceivable character imaginable to human nature or to human thought

## GREAT MEN DEVELOPED

In all time great events developed great men. The corruption's and persecutions of the Catholic Church developed a Wesley, the revolution of "76" developed a Washington, and the rebellion of 61 & 2 has developed a Lincoln, with numerous constellations that shall forever glitter in our National sky & stand as beacon lights to a progressive world in freedom and the rights of man.

John Wilcox

*Written in camp near Boonville, Miss. June 9th 1862*

## SLAVERY

From the time slavery and human oppression have been, not only sanctioned, but authorized by National, civil, and occeleastical law. But of all the fiendish oppressions from which human nature recoils, American Slavery is the worst. It chattelized human beings and makes of each southern planter, a petty tyrant over an indefinite number of men, women and children. It prohibits the sacred right of matrimony. It prohibits intellectual and scientific acquirements, and lastly it legally severs the dearest ties that bind human beings on earth.

Statesmen declare "the Declaration of American Independence, to be a "self evident lie" and repudiate the acts and opinions of the founders of the Republic. The supreme court has decided slavery National, and the bachelor potentate of the Nineteenth Century, is enforcing that decision by riveting the chains upon the American people against the popular will - who has not heard their clanking on the plains of Kansas? He is now trying to purchase Cuba; and his manses are filibustering for the acquisition of Central America; all for the purpose of extending the blighting curse of slavery, and strengthening and bolstering the old rotten, corrupt and defunct Democratic party. Not only is the damnable curse tolerated & promulgated by National and civil law, but even the American Tract society and a number of the most prominent orthodox churches virtually pander to and endorse slavery. Some one or two, have passed resolutions that "slavery is no bar to Christian fellowship", Slaveocrat clergymen, professing sanction from High Heaven, preach that, the law gives "amid the smoke and thunderings upon Mount Sinai, is more virulent than the Slave codes of South Carolina and Alabama. In justification of this they quote from Leviticus 25: 45,46, Colossians 3:22, Hebrew 13:17, Romans 13th and a few other texts. From Exodus 21:21 they even try to justify themselves in killing unruly, refractory negroes, and today while we write, the fiery faggots have scarcely died out, that tortured two human beings at the stake, in the presence of thousands of spectators - both white & black, and reader, they were not "heathens" - O! no, they were "white men" and American citizens, living "in a Christian land" - under the full blaze of the gospel light and liberty of the nineteenth century in the land of the free and the home of the brave. But for what were these two human beings burned alive? - I answer for asserting that they were MEN and for claiming their God given freedom. Righteousness exalteth a Nation but sin is a reproach to any people.

The spacious Gulf of Mexico rolls his tide,  
And throughing fleets of various nations ride,  
The fertile isles their rich luxuriance pours  
And southern dainties crown the eastern shores,  
But weep, humanity, the black disgrace  
And spread thy blushes o'er oppressions face,  
Ye sons of mirth, your bowls, your richest food,  
Is mingled with paternal tears and blood,  
Still groans the slave beneath his master's rod,  
But nature, wronged, appeals to nature's God.

The sun frowns angry at the inhuman sight,  
The stars, offended, redden in the night,  
In southern skies, dread horror gathers round,  
And wakening vengeance murmurs under ground.  
O'er all the gulf and darkening vapors rise,  
And the black clouds sail awful round the skies,  
From heaven to earth swift thunder-bolts are hurl'd  
And war's dread demon shakes the astonished world.  
The rich plantation lies a barren waste,  
And all the works of slavery are defaced.  
Ye tyrants, own the devastation just;  
'Tis for your wrongs the fertile earth is cursed.  
When justice shall the mind inspire,  
And fill each breast with patriotic fire,  
Nor North, nor South, shall then confine  
The gen'eous flame that dignifies the mind.  
O'er all the earth shall freedom's banner wave,  
The tyrant blast, and liberate the slave.  
Plenty and peace shall spread from pole to pole,  
Till earth's grand family possesses one soul.

John Wilcox

Originally prose & parody on verse, written June 1856 for the Eddyville "Commercial"

## DAUGHTERS OF ABRAHAM STAND FROM UNDER

Mr. Editor: I was present at a Democratic meeting held at the Rock School house in Columbus township last Friday evening, and had the gratification of hearing a political speech, (or sermon), delivered by the Rev. Doctor Gaston of Cuba, Monroe County, Iowa. He completely raised the cap and exhibited the unsophisticated Democracy, in its quintessence. When you conceive of a panorama of all the sinks of filth and corruption, with all the loathsome boasts and monsters, that prowl upon God's Free Earth, then you have only a vague idea of the actual discourse. He endeavored to prove by the Bible that slavery was not only tolerated, but actually commanded by a Divine injunction from Heaven, regardless of color, and that men should not be punished for killing his slave, for he was his money. He even tried to pervert the golden rule and precepts of Christ and bend them to \_\_\_ "the sum of all villainy". He said that it was no sin for a man to increase his human chattels from his own loins, and that polygamy was right, to prove this he said that "Abraham - the father of the righteous, had two wives, one of whom was a slave", and that "if the father could go to heaven, having two wives, his children could go to heaven polygamists, as well as the father". That he - Gaston - was a son of Abraham, etc.

He said that the Republican's were a set of perjured villains - that their platform taught Negro equality - that they were pledged to free the negroes and turn them foot-loose, on perfect equality with themselves - that the Methodist clergy and the Republican party was the instigators of the difficulties in Texas, that they had bought thirty bottles of strychnine to poison the wells of Democrats, and that if the general conference had passed the proposed slavery clause, he - Gaston - would have left the church. After making a few false quotations from the speeches of Wade, Curtis and others, and a general tirade of Clay Dean Bilingate (?) upon humanity and reason, he "vamoosed", and will doubtless make his advent upon the stump to the civilians of some other locality.

If the above is not exact language, I vouch for its truth in substance and can substantiate it by a multitude of good witnesses

Sept. 1856 John Wilcox

How beautiful is summer. In the ruddy light of early morning, while soft and balmy zephyrs steal over the flowers, and the bright gleaming of the sparkling rills, as they gladly ripple by with their bubbles glistening in the sunbeams like silver and diamonds; 'tis then we love to stray across beautiful savannas - landscapes of prairie and woodland, draped in robes