

The salt works and the employees houses stood between the river and canal at this point where it was quite wide. The water was pumped up and emptied into two great pans, about 20 feet long and 12 feet wide, where it was boiled and refined to a condition of rough white salt. "Uncle John" had his own cooper shop there and made his barrels, and then took the salt down To Pittsburg on his flat boat. The "works" stood on the west side of the river, and behind them a great bluff rose to considerable height. It was wooded at most places, and Uncle John had a coal mine of his own there to get fuel to carry on the "works". UP on top of this bluff it was level, and there, Uncle John's foster-father had a large handsome farm, with a fine big residence. While she was there, Grandmother had no playmates, except for a Maggie Horton, a Methodist minister's daughter, who used to come to the works, get the canoe there and paddle grandmother across the wide river to some fine big woods on the opposite shore. This Maggie Horton was a good canoeist, and went everywhere on the water. Finally Uncle John, when he learned what the two girls were doing, put a stop to this rather dangerous kind of amusement.

When Grandmother was at Uncle John Stern's, President Harrison died, and his body was taken west to Ohio to be interred. Uncle John had them all get up early one morning to see the boat ~~pass on the canal~~ that bore the body of the president. It was a large boat, drawn by three big horses. On the front deck, the casket, a great, black mettalic one, lay in state, while a body of blue-coated soldiers, with full arms and uniform patrolled the boat. The weight of the casket was so great, that it bore the front of the otherwise unloaded boat down into the water. This was an impressive spectacle that grandmother never forgot.

When the men wanted to go fishing, which was very good in the river, they put a great basket, with bread in it, into the canal. In a short time the minnows flocked to the bread in dozens, and a quick lift secured all the bait necessary for fishing. They also went gigging at night in long flat boats. Then one man rowed and poled the boat about while the other stood in the prow with a great flaming torch, made of several sticks of split pitch pine, which flared up brightly, and wielded his long handled, pronged spear with the other arm. Many a fine mess of big fresh fish did these parties bring home to the house and salt works. Finally, after a pleasant summer, grandmother rode home again. This time she did not get so homesick, and enjoyed her trip greatly. This was in 1841. Pres. Harrison died in April of that year. A little later the Mormons migrated to the far West, and Texas, having secured her independence from Mexico, was admitted to the United States. This is of course to be found in our histories, but it seems more real, when told to one, by person who has lived thru those times.