

Distributed by New London Chamber of Commerce
HISTORY OF RALLS COUNTY AND NEW LONDON MISSOURI
(Date Unknown)

This is a brief history of Ralls County, stating but a few of the colorful events that took place in the early organization of Ralls County. The information for this history was gained from various sources, and has been rewritten for present day readers.

The county known as Ralls was once in the province of "Louisiana" out of which this county, the state, and in fact, many states and territories have been carved. This tract of land embraces an area of more than a million square miles.

It is believed that the first settlement of the white people was made during the first part of the 18th century, at or near, St. Genevieve. In 1763, France ceded Louisiana to Spain, but Spain did not assume control until 1769. St. Louis was laid out by Pierre Laclède Liguist in 1764.

On the 14th day of December 1818, the counties of Lincoln and Pike were formed. Lincoln had the same area as it now has, and Pike extended north indefinitely and east to Howard County. In the territorial legislature, Pike County had two representatives, Colonel Johnson and Daniel Ralls. Soon after the meeting of the legislature, Daniel Ralls was taken sick and grew worse until October 20th, when he died.

On the sixteenth of November begins the history of Ralls County as a definite portion of the State of Missouri. On the sixteenth of November an act was passed forming from the northern part of Pike County, a new county, which was to be named after Daniel Ralls.

At the time that Ralls County was formed it was a county of magnificent portions, having an area larger than several states. It comprises the territory now forming Audrain, Monroe, Marion, Shelby, Lewis, Clark, Knox, Scotland and the east side of Randolph, Macon, Adair, and Schuyler counties. Marion County was taken from the northern part of Ralls in 1826. Randolph, Monroe and Adair were taken from the county of Ralls a bit later, and so it was not until the year 1836 that Ralls achieved its present shape and limits.

The first men to set foot in what is now Ralls County were Doctor Saugrain and Louis Bouvet, two Frenchmen who came from New Orleans. With their crew they came down the Mississippi River to the mouth of Salt River, to what is now the present site of New London. At this point the two men separated, and Doctor Saugrain went to Saverton while Bouvet went to Spaulding. Bouvet established a fort at Spaulding, and there he manufactured salt.

The pioneers remained happy and prosperous until the year 1812, when due to British influence upon the Indians, the Indians became enemies of the settlers. This led to the war of 1812. After this brutal war only one other siege of fighting was experienced. This battle was fought on Spencer Creek, south of New London. The last battle was at Cincinnati in the southwest part of Ralls County. After this battle the Indians left Ralls County and moved farther west.

On November 16, 1820, Ralls County was formed, and commissioners were appointed to locate the county seat. In 1822 the first court house of Ralls County was completed. This structure was about twenty-four feet in length, and eighteen feet wide. It was located in the western part of town, on the second block west of the present location. The building was two stories high; the upper story was the court room, and the lower story was the jail.

The next court house was built in 1835, but was torn down in 1858 because it was declared unsafe.

In 1858 the present court house was built of cut stone which was quarried only a short distance from New London, and was fitted by hand. The cost of this project was \$18,000.

In 1935, because of inadequate space, a new addition was made to the old structure, using W.P.A. labor, and now the building adequately houses all county offices. In addition, four Federal agencies have been added: the County Extension Service, the Social Security Office, the Farmers Home Administration, and the Soil Conservation Service.

As the front of the old court house is one of the very few examples of true Grecian architecture in the Middle West, it was chosen as the model for the Missouri Building at both the New York and the San Francisco Worlds Fairs, in 1939. It is considered today as one of the most handsome old court houses in the state and will be standing for years to come.

Ralls County has one of the largest cement plants in the world, located at Ilasco on the Mississippi River.

The county, which consists of 313,000 acres of land, is divided into seven townships: Center, Jasper, Saline, Salt River, Spencer, Saverton, and Clay. New London is the largest town in the county. New London was originally founded by William Jamison, who came upon the site while prospecting for rich and fertile elm land. Jamison was a government surveyor and at the time he came through New London, he planned to settle around the now famous public spring. On May 6, 1819, he made his plans materialize by laying out the small town of New London.

His married sister, Elizabeth and her husband, Robert Jeffries also came to New London and here their daughter Nancy was born on August 7, 1818. She was the first white person born in Ralls County and she was born in the first house of any description in New London. The house was located on the small rise just above the public spring. The place is now owned by Dr. William McFarland. The original house was a rough log cabin with a dirt floor, and of course, no modern facilities such as lights or gas.

New London at one time was the capital of Northeast Missouri. It is older than the State of Missouri itself.

In 1833 the founder of New London died during the dreaded cholera epidemic. He was buried in the old cemetery in what is now block 25. However, in 1840 the officers of New London declared it illegal to bury bodies in that block, and the cemetery was moved north one block to land owned by Mr. T. Barkley.

In 1836, according to the Wetmore Gazetteer of Missouri, New London consisted of one court house, four grocery stores, one church, one tavern, one clerk's office and one jail. The population was 836 in 1880 but had increased to 942 by 1910.

New London's first school was established in 1865. It was a crude affair, having only two rooms downstairs and two rooms upstairs. There was no taxation to support the school, and each student was expected to pay a fee. The present school building, which is now in use, is only a modernized and redecorated addition of the first building.

New London today is a modern little town. Social life is of the old-time sort with homes in which latchstring hang out and larders are well filled. A simple refined neighborly practice prevails. Quiet and peaceful, but alert, the people go about their daily toil with smiles and confidence. It is a place where folks have time for courtesy and friendly intercourse. New London is not isolated; buses bound for Saint Louis and all the large cities stop eight times daily.

New London now has forty-four places of business and three factories. The Rural Electric Cooperative for this district is located here also.

The Rural Electric Cooperative has purchased four and one-half (4-1/2) acres of ground one-half mile south west of New London on Highway 19. A large warehouse has been built on this ground and money has been appropriated for a seventy-five thousand dollar (\$75,000.00) office building which is to be built in the near future on the same grounds.

New London has a very progressive bank with a civic minded President, Lillard Williams. They have over one million dollars on deposit at the bank.

There is a weekly newspaper, The Ralls County Record, which has been in operation since 1865. The paper did not operate during the last war because the editor, J. P. Fisher, was called to the service.

The social activities in the city are numerous. We have an active Chamber of Commerce, a Kiwanis Club, and several women's clubs. Our four churches, the Christian, Baptist, Catholic, and Methodist, are well attended.

We have one of the most modern theaters in the country which has recently installed all new equipment. This theater operates seven nights a week.

Our Post Office is very conveniently located in the business district of the city.

Of the three factories in operation in the city, the first to begin operation was the P. D. Bait Co. They began operations in 1945. It is owned by Paul R. Davis and Paul D. Owens, both fellows being ardent fishermen. They did some experimenting with different kinds of Cat Fish bait. They finally made a formula of their own and it was so successful that they started making it in a small way. In the last few years they have increased the bait in quantity and are shipping it to many states in the Union.

In January of 1946 the Hays Potato Chip Company was started by Mr. & Mrs. Harry Hays. At the time the factory was started, Mr. Hays was out of work and thought that he had a good formula for making potato chips. They started out in a one room building, a small stove, and a potato peeler that was home-made. The chips were so good that the business now occupies a much larger building and makes deliveries over a territory of one hundred and fifty miles.

In 1946 the citizens of New London took upon themselves the task of building a factory building so that we might add a new industry to the city. There was about \$10,000.00 raised; then work was started on the building. The funds were insufficient so they consulted the local banker. The money was secured from the bank and five of the citizens of New London. The factory was soon completed and the task of getting someone to occupy it began. At the beginning of the project a garment company of St. Louis said that they would like to have the building. But upon completion the garment company decided that they did not want it. Three months later the building was rented to another garment company. Due to the war it was impossible for them to get the cloth that was needed and they never reached full -production. The building was again vacant until October 1949. At that time the building was rented to The Cerf Bros. Bag Company of St. Louis. Operation started in November. The company now has about 25 people working and plan to take on more. The city has been greatly benefitted in having this company as it has furnished employment to many people. Mr. E. W. Cerf, the owner, and Mr. Jerry Michaleson, the manager, are very nice people and we are happy to have them in our midst.

Perry Enterprise, March 1, 1906
New London

The following historical sketch was penned by the clever pen of Mrs. J.T. Seaton, and was read by her at the meeting Entre Nouns Club on last Friday at the regular meeting with Mrs. J.A. Clark. The article is an excellent one-matter of history of our "Capitol City", beneficial and interesting to the public. The members of the club, (twenty-four in number) will, as a part of their literary program for the next six months compile historical reminiscences of the different towns and townships of our county, and at each meeting read papers similar to Mrs. Seaton's sketch, which no doubt will be interesting and profitable to the club members, and we in turn hope to be able to get permission from each writer to reproduce their articles, so the public in general may be enlightened and benefited thereby. We certainly will appreciate the favor if we can get the ladies consent to publish their articles.

The early part of the century which has just passed the people of the states along the Atlantic began to feel themselves cramped and in need of more room, greater opportunities. There were large, exceedingly large families, there were Negroes for all, and there was need for larger field. So the same westward movement that had peopled those states and that characterized the American people of today kept swelling and the emigrants kept pouring into Missouri's borders. Following the law of emigration along parallel lines and navigable streams the great states of Virginia and Kentucky poured their surplus, their restless population into this state. Some came by way of the Ohio and up the Mississippi, but far more came in the prairie schooner wagons, with families, man servants, maid servants, household goods and household gods. What is now New London was then situated at cross roads and was laid out in 1819 by Wm. Jameson. At first there was no town at all, only a few houses built close together for protection, but through here ran the stagecoach, the public road from the Iowa line to St. Louis. Relays of fresh horses were needed along the line at certain points. At this cross roads was a convenient point so a livery stable was started. When the stage coach came within hearing distance the driver would blow a long horn which was a signal for the four fresh horses to be made ready. We can imagine what an event this was for the inhabitants since the stage brought their mail and news from the outside world. As early as 1840 there was a stage each day except Sunday, three from the north and three from the south. The post office was situated near the stable which was near what is now called the Fisher Hotel.

New London was laid out before Hannibal. It and Troy and Palmyra are the oldest towns in this part of the state. As early as 1810, a man by the name of Foreman had established a grist mill on Salt River about one mile north-east of the site of New London.

Later this was enlarged by a Mr. Matson, a flour mill added and it became the best in north east Mo. Ralls Co., was first a part of Pike and the representative to the legislature at St. Louis was Daniel Ralls from New London who was made famous by the decisive vote cast from his death bed for Benton. When a partition of counties was made by the same legislature this one was made for Ralls. Its first representative was Dr. Caldwell in the legislature of 1825. About 1837 "Sandy" Jones a Christian preacher held a revival, among 13 charter members were Mrs. Lonisa Mayhall, Major Geo C. Hayes and wife. Mrs. Mayhall was the first person baptized in Salt River, the ceremony taking place at the ford near the present bridge to Hannibal in 1837. The son of Mrs. Mayhall, Geo E. Mayhall is the oldest native born New Londoner now living in that town. This church organization went down and a meeting was held later on under Levan in which a hundred were converted and baptized. The first church was used by blacks and whites alike. At the rear was a door four or five feet from the ground with steps leading up to it. This

door was used by the Negroes, the other being locked when they had their own meeting. On one of these occasions Mr. Men Mayhall and Dave Young, then mischievous boys carried off these steps while the Negroes were "getting religion". When meeting was over we can imagine the terror of the poor superstitious Negroes when they plunged howling into the darkness.

The Baptist church was established after the war, the Catholic in 1874 by Father Fitzgerald, the Methodist within the last 15 years. The present Christian church built in 1887 stands on the site of the old one. The first court house of logs stood about two blocks west of the present one, with the log jail nearby. The jail was two stories high and curiously enough the top part was used as a school room. Mr. Sam K. Caldwell was one of the first teachers. The log court house was replaced by a brick building at the present situation and a jail was built of log with iron inside and out, and a surrounding wall of brick. The Schools were private and of course no regular building was necessary till later times when a two room brick house was constructed north of the present Christian church. Still later a four room brick was built where the present school house is. At first it was a private academy under Prof. Laughlin, but later it was bought and converted into a public school. It was torn away in recent years and the present building constructed. The early history of New London with its neighboring farms is the same as the history of all the other frontier towns of that day. A series of stories of woman's pluck and mans determination, of bravery and hardships beyond our understanding. But of such is the kingdom of success. Our grandfathers and grandmothers rode or walked through the woods which some adventurous spirit had blazed. They fought the elements, the Indian, the wild beasts of the forest that civilization might claim her own and success crowned their labors and they left to their children a splendid heritage of a conquered land but more splendid still the spirit of the conqueror.

New London, July 23, 1919

SOME NEW - LONDON HISTORY

By Judge Benton B. Megown

Just now and for some time past there has been quite a move on to obtain history of the pioneer life and old landmarks of this part of the state. A commendable move, indeed. We have been too careless and thoughtless about the memories of those men and women who in the twilight age are of our country dared to penetrate the unknown and trackless forests and pitch their tents of civilization on the banks of the limpid streams or beside the sparkling springs, about which lived some of the most savage Indians then extant. What prompted them, what their motives were in this settling or what manner of citizens they were. I care not. For that move made it possible for this generation to have the perfect fruition and consummate privileges of living in this land of sunshine and plenty.

Those sturdy men of the axe and the handle have long since passed away and in the years that have come and gone have been all but forgotten. Now we are glad to know that they are coming to their and the many counties and cities whose first colonists played the venturesome part in the great game of Pioneering and settling this country are not altogether oblivious of their beloved forbears and are now paying a tardy homage to their memories by preserving every scrap of history and photographing every old landmark to be found.

Of all the adroit and dauntless pioneers who first visited and steeled upon the sod of Northeast Mo, William Jameson was the greatest human Of them all of whom I will give a short sketch. The most interesting of our old landmarks is the old hotel building, around which is centered so much of the early history of this section, situated on Main St., on the "Red Ball Route" and "Pershing Way" which pass through this city. This building was erected in 1829, was especially erected to accommodate the great masses of immigrants that were then flowing into the new state. It was first known as the "Caldwell Tavern", later as the "Purdom Tavern" and still later as the "Smith Hotel". In its early history it was considered the finest hotel this side of St. Charles, MO.

The bits of history are not fiction, but real history, largely taken from the "History of Ralls Co.", written in the seventies and yet in manuscript form.

William Jameson, the founder of the city of New London, MO, should have his name written high upon the obelisk of fame. He probably was the greatest frontiersman who ever crossed the "Father of Waters", not expecting Meriwether Lewis, of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. None of his contemporaries who penetrated the dense forests of the unknown regions lying on the sunset side of the Mississippi River had such abounding success as did Jameson. He first landed on the site where New London now stands in the month of May 1800, the year following the landing of James Freemore DeLauriere at the saline, three miles northwest of New London, where he had steeled to make commercial salt. DeLauriere had experienced great difficulty and received barbarous treatment at the hands of the Saukee and Fox Indians, two ferocious tribes then inhabiting his section of the country. On one occasion losing all of his concomitants and barely making his escape from death fiendish scalping by a desperate and reckless race of twelve miles.

But Mr. Jameson, who was familiar with their lingo and could make himself well understood to them, entered their camp in the attitude of a friend and peace maker rather than as an enemy. He maintained that a man, even in his uncivilized station, could not very long be driven. Said he "There is but one way to handle the Indians." I think I know and he surely did.

Just watch the game. Play your hand the faster. Beat him at his own game (deceit), but always have him believe that he is getting a little the best of you. Be constantly giving him something that he likes. Remember the big and fancy pipe for the sachem and the fancy beads and laces for the squaw and always make them feel that you are giving them as a friend. They are not so bad.

Under these tactics Jameson entered this and traded with the Indians, brought family after family into the new country and under his direction and surveillance they constantly commingled with the tribes without a single skirmish.

He came from St. Louis by way of water, using a medium bateau with four oarsman coming up the Mississippi River, until he reached the mouth of Salt River, then know as Auhaha (laughing waters). He ascended Auhaha until he reached the mouth of what is now known as Organ Ferry Branch, about one mile east of New London. When reaching this point the evening shades were rapidly gathering and with his tired companions he disembarked for a nights rest. When morning came his awaking eyes beheld the gorgeous sunrise on the Auhaha, he caught the fragrance of nature's flowers and beheld the beauty of the landscape about him. He concluded that before going father he would sally forth into this beautiful land so that he might see more of its virginity.

He came up the creek to its source, then turned in a northern direction and after walking about one-half mile came to a big spring which is located in the northwestern part of New London, "The Old Public Spring", known to all people who ever resided in or visited our little city, especially if the season was dry. After looking over the land, observing its three rolling elevation, neither hilly nor flat, but about right for drainage purposes, Jameson had a great vision. On this sight he thought he saw the metropolis of the great and glorious empire lying to the west of the states. As London, England was to the east, so should New London, its namesake be to the west. Some dream. He was a man of irrefutable and untiring tendencies and continued thus until he obtained a ripe old age. He made many trips to St. Louis to induce people into his new found Utopia. Maintaining always that all this fertile region needed, with its mild climate, abundance of timber and water and particularly its numerous saline, was to locate the people, have them inhabit and cultivate its soil and it was destined to be the greatest country the sun ever shone upon, A veritable land "of milk and honey". It is said that he never made a trip, a above or on a trading expedition that he did not persuade some and often a colony, to return with him. Finally, after eighteen years of labor, trading and manipulating, he thought he had a sufficient number of citizens in his colony to incorporate it into a village. So on the 30th of May 1819, New London was formally laid out as a village. On the 16th day of November, 1820 the legislature spoke Ralls Co. into existence and appointed a commission to locate the county seat. Then the battle began and a battle royal it was. New London, Hannibal, Palmyra, LaBastian, Saverton and Spalding Springs were the contestants. The committees representing the different villages presented their argument with much vehemence. Just before the committee met, Mr. Jameson, never forgetful of anything that was advantageous to his cause, conveyed to New London the plot of ground from which said spring belches forth its crystal water. They pointed out to the legislative committee what that spring, with its refreshing every flowing and abundant water, would mean to any town to which great crowds would be drawn. The committee from New London also amplified upon the high and rolling ground of the town, which would be free from all miasmatic condition so exceedingly dangerous to citizens of a new country.

But it is said that it was the “Old Spring”, with its ever bubbling and refreshing waters, that won for New London the county seat of Ralls Co., then a county of magnificent proportions, reaching north to the Iowa line.

The first homicide in Northeast MO which attracted state wide attention was committed at the front door of the above named tavern. It perhaps would not be amiss to prelude this narrative by relating the history of the case which led to the murder. In the year 1828 Charles B. Rouse, a brilliant and accomplished young attorney, landed in New London, MO, locating for the practice of his profession. It was said of him that he was a young man of extraordinary acumen, holding his own with the best of the older counselors and in those early and trying times of the young state, when litigation was rampant, clients came to him galore. The name of no attorney appears more on the court records as counsel for the plaintiff or defendant than does the name of Charles B. Rouse.

For several years before Mr. Rouse came to New London there had been feud and feud. On one side were arrayed the Purdom, Boarman, Matson, Porter, Tracy, et al families; on the other, the Caldwell, Gentry, Jones, Wright, Cleaver, et al families. Both sides represented quite a bit of wealth and social standing. Among the latter were men who were prominent in both county and state politics.

On one occasion Mr. Rouse, for a client, brought suit on an old account against John Alexander Boarman, William B. Purdom and Col. Dick Matson. Col. Dick Matson was at that time operating the first grist mill built this side of St. Charles MO. The amount sued for was trivial, being on \$4.86 ½. Judgement was obtained, execution issued and debt collected. This was a great surprise to these judgement debtors. But they found in this man Rouse a virile personality, who never stopped short of duty, as he saw it. But a fatal and sad suit it was for Rouse.

Soon thereafter, on the same day, Mr. Purdom met the wife of Mr. Rouse on the corner of Fifty and Main St.. Addressing her, he then began to abuse her husband. This was too much for the young KY bride and with all the acumen and sarcasm which she possessed goaded by an ill will previously engendered, she processed to verbally flay her assailant. Then he in a rage deliberately spat in her face and walked away. She immediately conveyed the insult to her husband. A few hours thereafter Mr. Rouse was walking along the street and heard the footfall of some one behind him. Turning, he observed Mr. Purdom following him. In the twinkle of an eye Rouse rushed at him like an enraged gladiator of old, jerked his pistol from his pocket and shot him to death. Walking up to the body that had limply fallen and strange to say, at the same spot where his wife had been so grossly insulted, standing over him while his life was rapidly ebbing, Rouse said; “You dog, you will not spit into the face of another lady”. He walked over to the court house and gave himself up to the sheriff. He was indicted and tried for murder in the first degree. He took his refuge in the unwritten law of the age, maintaining that when any man so completely lost all trace of gallantry and chivalry he should be thus treated. The argument of his counsel was certainly effective, as a jury of his fellow-peers summarily acquitted him and he was discharged.

Thus homicide and acquittal only served to intensify the feud feeling. The virulence of the friends of Mr. Purdom was greatly inflamed, which engendered the rancor and malice of the opposing faction. But from the moment of Mr. Rouse’s acquittal the plot was laid and well and deeply laid, to do away with the daring young attorney.

In the course of a few months the intense feeling and excitement had apparently disappeared. Then it was a strange and mysterious character appeared on the scene. No one

seemed to know him, nor could obtain from whence he came or whither he was going. All that could be gotten from him was that his name was Sam Samuels, the court records recognized him as Samuel Samuels, alias Samuel Earles. But his mission was soon to be ascertained.

On Sunday morning, Dec. 6, 1829 at the Caldwell Tavern, Charles B. Rouse was mysteriously murdered. He had just finished eating his breakfast and had walked to and was standing in the front of the tavern picking his teeth. The villain who committed the atrocious deed had secreted himself in an old warehouse situated diagonally across the street about fifty yards from the tavern, then owned by John Alexander Boarman and through a hole in the side facing the tavern, apparently made for the purpose, he fired the fatal shot that forever stilled the tongue and stayed the energy of Charles B. Rouse. That he was an expert marksman was evidence by the shot. The bullet entered the body of the deceased just below the left nipple, passing through the heart and body breaking the wrist of a Mr. Saunders who was standing near Rouse. Rouse fell limply to the floor, never uttered a word and died a few moments later. After the extreme excitement, had to an extent, subsided the people noticed that "Old Sams" as he had been dubbed by the citizens, was made conspicuous by his absence. Where was he? He had not been seen since the tragedy.

Immediately after the act he stealthily made his way to and concealed himself in a cave located a few hundred yards from the Matson Mill situated on Salt River, about one mile northeast of New London.

Stephen Cleaver, who had seen services in the war of 1812, had been a member of Missouri's first constitution convention and was one of the most adroit citizens of this section of the state at the time and who was no friend of Col. Matson's. He was apprehensive that Matson was concealing Samuels, as he had the most feasible place in which to do so. A close surveillance was kept over the house of Col. Matson, but no clue could be obtained.

Ten days or two weeks after the murder Col. Matson and his goo wife, who lived near the mill, made a trip to Hannibal. Mr. Cleaver, having acquired this information, informed Dadney Jones, who just taken his seat as sheriff of the county and these two, with David Rice, who had been deputized proceeded to Mr. Matson's place. Their object was not so much to visit the place and search for "Old Sams" it was to get close to Uncle Moze, an old slave who lived with Mr. Matson. They felt that if they could get to Moze they would as certain the whereabouts of their man.

The night following the tragedy a snow fell and it turned very cold weather. This snow proved to be the silent argent which betrayed the hiding place of the villain, for when they reached the place they observed the tracks of a woman leading to the cave. Rice entered the cavern with a torch in one hand and a gun in the other, but after a thorough search could find no trace of the man. The next move was to interview Moze. It was decided that Mr. Cleaver was liked by Moze better than others and he was the one to go.

Cleaver was a man who never half prepared and on this occasion he had taken with him the proper "credentials," to get close to Moze. Leaving the part at the mouth of the cave he went to the home of Col. Matson and proceeded to get close to Moze by having him partake liberally of the "credentials." But not a word could he extract from him. But he stayed with him and the old slave imbibed more freely. Then it was that he observed that Moze was feeling very hilarious and was getting in good shape to divulge something. Mr. Cleaver began with argue Moze that "Old Sams" had been in the cave and Mrs. Matson had carried him food, but that they had searched it and been unable to find him, that he had evidently left, that he wanted to know where he had gone, that he (Moze) could tell a friend that much and that Matson and his bunch would

never know anything about it. By this time Moze had gotten quite loquacious and extremely confidential with his visitor and friend, who had brought him such delight “credentials.” And Moze said: “Masre Cleaver, maybe you hain’t looked high enough in “dat dere cave.” Enough had been said. Mr. Cleaver returned to the cave, told his associates what he had gotten from Moze. The three entered the cave and after going, but short distance in diligent search they found the old man lying on a large rock, under which Mr. Rice had passed when making his first exploration. He was summarily arrested, brought to New London and placed in jail under a heavy guard. He was indicted, duly arraigned and a change of venue taken and cause sent to Boone Co. for trial. When the case was called for trial at Columbia the man, who in the parlance of the street would be called a hobo, was represented by the ablest legal talent to be had in MO. Hon. Thomas I. Anderson, the greatest criminal lawyer in Northeast MO, John B. Gordon, Austin A. King, who afterward was governor of the state, William Van Arsdell and Ben F. Robertson were there to answer for the defendant. Ralls Co. was represented by Robert W. Wells, States Attorney. After a long drawn out legal battle, lasting more than two years, as shown by 3rd MO report (Houck) at page 42, the verdict in the first degree was confirmed by the supreme court and Samuels, on the 12th day of December, 1831, paid the last and dreaded penalty with his life.

Col. Dick Matson, John Alexander Boorman and Thomas A. Purdom, who had been jointly indicted with Samuels were acquitted a few months after the murder before a Ralls Co. Jury.

Back in the seventies this old hotel fell in the wake in which all of the antiquated structures must needs full. A new and more modern structure had been erected and drew from at its public patronage. And for high into forty years it has been unused, except for rooming and dwelling purpose. But from its long sleep it has been brought forth into newness of life. The old hardwood floors hand hewn and greased, have been removed and up to date ones put in their place. The old oaken bucket at the deep well has been replaced with a modern iron pump and waterworks will be installed. A modern steam heating plant will take the place of the old fireplace, both upstairs and down stairs, some of which were of sufficient size to contain a yule log of the capacity of a full week’s burning, from which flashed forth beams of light and warm waves of heat that were so delightful to souls of that day. J. M. Merry is the proprietor and no doubt receive his share of the patronage of the tourists passing through New London, who will be more than delighted to have the privilege of sitting in the same room in which Senator Thomas Hart Benton sat and informed his constituency upon matters and things of national importance.

ANOTHER SPANISH GRANT AND THE FOUNDING OF NEW LONDON:

Another Spanish concession that was to play a very important part in the settlement and development of the great northwest, was grant No. 1753, of 800 arpens issued to William Jamison; for at this point was the nucleus of civilization for a number of years. Concerning this survey I shall herewith give an article on William Jamison heretofore written by me. viz: as follows:

William Jamison, the founder of the City of New London, Missouri, should have his name written high upon the obelisk of fame. He probably was the greatest frontiersman who ever crossed the Father of Waters," not excepting Meriwether Lewis, of the Lewis and Clark expedition. None of his contemporaries who penetrated the dense forests of the unknown regions lying on the sunset side of the Mississippi River had such abounding success as did Jamison. He first landed on the sight where New London now stands in the later part of 1799 or first part of 1800, again in May, 1800 - the year following the landing of James Fremon Delauriere at the saline, three miles northwest of New London, where he had settled and made salt. Delauriere had experienced great difficulty and received barbarous treatment at the hands of the Saukee and Fox Indians, two ferocious tribes then inhabiting this section of the country, on one occasion losing all of his workers and barely making his escape from death and fiendish scalping by a desperate and reckless race on horseback for ten miles. Mr. Jamison, who was familiar with the lingo of the Indians could make himself understood to them, he entered their camp in the attitude of a friend and peace maker rather than an enemy or spy. He maintained that a man, even in his uncivilized state, could not very long be driven. Said he: "There is but one way to handle the Indian. I think I know him (and he surely did). Just watch game. Play your hand the faster, beat him at his own game (deceit), but always have him believing that he is getting a little the best of you. Constantly give him something he likes. Remember the big and fancy pipe for the sachem, and the fancy beads and laces for the squaw, and always make them feel that you are giving them as a friend. Then they are not so bad." Under these tactics Jamison entered this land, traded with the Indians, brought family after family into the new country, and under his direction and surveillance they constantly mingled and traded with the tribes without a single skirmish.

Jamison's First Trip Into This Section.

He came from St. Louis by way of water, using a medium bateau'With four oarsmen, coming up the Mississippi River until he reached the mouth of Salt River, then known Auhaha (the broken Indian word for laughing Waters). He ascended the Auhaha until he reached the mouth of what is now known as Organ Ferry Branch, about one mile east of New London. When reaching this point the evening shades were rapidly gathering, and with his tired companions he disembarked for a night's rest; When morning came his awaking eyes beheld the gorgeous sunrise on the Auhaha; he caught ell the fragrance of nature's flowers, and beheld the majestic elms and oaks an about him, and the landscape in general. He, like many, if not all of the explorers at that time, was looking for a saline. He concluded, however, before going further he would sally forth into this beautiful land, that he might see more of its virginity.

LANDING ON THE SITE WHERE 'FEW LONDON SITS.

He come up the creek, which is now known as Organ Ferry Branch, to its source, then turning in a northern direction, walking about one- half mile he came to the big spring which is located in the northwestern part of New London. "The Old Public Spring," known to all who ever resided in or visited our little city, especially if the season was dry. After looking over the land, observing its three rolling elevations, neither hilly nor flat, but about right for drainage purposes, something very requisite in that age for a settlement, Jamison had a great vision. On this site he thought he saw the metropolis of the great and glorious empire lying to the west

of the States. As London, England was to the east, so should New London, its namesake, to be the west. A great dream. However, he was in earnest, in making New London a great city. Being a man of indefatigable and untiring tendencies and determination he continued his work until a ripe old age. No other man in pioneer days succeeded in bringing as many people into this section of the State as did Mr. Jamison. I am constrained to consider him the greatest frontiersman that ever crossed the "Father of Waters," not excepting Meriwether Lewis, of the Lewis and Clark:expedition as aforesaid.

OTHER CONFLICTS WITH THE INDIANS.

We have an account of a conflict that took place somewhere along Spencer Creek, in the summer of 1810. According to the best information we were able to obtain from Mr. Tison and others, a small bend of Pottawatomie Indians supposed to have been eight, under the leadership of the war-chief, Nessontinaineg, had committed sundry depredations on the white settlers at Loutra Island, in what is now Montgomery County, and had stolen and made off with their horses, a very much prized animal at that time, and a species of property which the Indians immensely craved. The theft occasioned great excitement among the inhabitants of the settlement, and recapture and retribution were resolved by them. A company of some five or six men was summarily organized, consisting of Capt. Stephen Cole, William Temple Cole, Abram Patton, Nicholas Gooch, James Murdock, and I have heard that. a man by the name of Brown was also in the pursuit. Two of the company, who either had faster horses or started sooner, was about to overtake the marauding band, they not knowing the number of the whites in pursuit, thinking that they might be captured, cast their packs into a thicket through which they had ridden, and made their escape into a dense forest. The packs discarded were picked up by the running band, and consisted of buffalo robes, deer hides and some partly tanned leather, all of which had been stolen from the whites. The pursuit was halted by night coming on, they went into camp, intending to attack the red-skins before daylight