

Creek, now called Reid's Creek, climbed the steep hillside back of the Harry Reid barn and came to the Reid Cemetery where found many grave markers for early Liberty families scattered on the hillside. This is now a cow pasture and in very poor condition and even the Reids no longer bury their dead there. The Randolph County Historical Society should take this as a project to confine the area of the graves and protect it from the animals. This is an historical burial ground and I have inventoried it.

The families I found represented in this cemetery were the Reids, the Walters, the Wagners, the Youngs, Moses Clendenin, Hamiltons, Beauvais, Wm. Crittenden, Caroline Scudamore, first wife of my great Uncle Godwin Scudamore, who married as his second wife, my great Aunt Mary Clendenin, daughter of Harvey Clendenin.

Mr. Tuthill's grave Marker had the following inscription:

Silas P. Tuthill, died Feb. 15, 1881, aged 69 years

Desdamona, wife of S.P. Tuthill, died Jan. 30, 1881

You will note that this couple died fifteen days apart.

Miss Lulu Kelly related that on one Fourth of July, she attended a picnic at the Tuthill Spring and it began to rain and the picnickers took shelter in the closed factory. She remembered that there were two rooms full of new chairs which had not been sold since the elder Tuthill's death.

Silas P. Tuthill's children were Wallace, Cordelia, Alice, all mentioned in the 1850 Census report and later children were Ella E., who married Peter Wagner, the druggist and their family were Ruby, Pearl (who married Bernard Cohen of Chester), Eustice and George Wagner. Charles Eldridge Tuthill, who was a teacher in Rockwood in 1878 was born January 5, 1854. Alice Tuthill married William Young October 25, 1866, moved to California and their children were Orrie E., Willard and Charles.

At one time in Mr. Tuthill's life, he was bitten by a 'mad' dog and because people did not know about rabies. Mr. Tuthill would, each summer, shut himself up in his chair shop for fear he would develop the symptoms and harm his family.

In 1880, Rockwood had three physicians- Dr. William Vance, Dr Joel C. Barber and Dr. Moses Walter Clendenin. On page 25 in this article, is the marriage return for Dr. William Vance, age 76 years to a young widow, Hanah Haskins Porter, age 26 years, in 1881.

The general merchant was G. W. Walters and the general merchants with drug stores were Ben Richard, P.J. Wagner and W. G. Harry & Son.

The postmaster was W. C. Harry and he was also the Justice of the Peace.

The Lawyer was John Preston Mann.

The Blacksmith was Robert Emery and Son.

The wagon maker was John Reid

The carpenter was G. W. Hooker.

A machinery agent was Ben Richards, the store owner.

The dressmakers were Mrs J. Reid and Miss Francis Jefferies

A restaurant was run by John Frazier.

A tailor was a Mr. Zivney, a refugee from the South during the Civil War. The Reids of Rockwood descend from a Mr. Reid who came from England. This grandfather was drowned in the Mississippi River as he took a boat load of furs from Liberty to Chester. The current swamped the boat and Jim Reid who was with him was thrown out and the older Reid tried to rescue him, but his coat was too heavy and caused him to drown. Mr. Harry DaRosa was the son of John DaRosa Reid and Tirzah Ellen Hill, A church was organized in Liberty in the year 1843 by the Rev. C. C. Riggs. The congregation usually occupied the school house. Later, a brick church building was erected but burned March 27, 1940. Later the present church was built. Today, an active Presbyterian congregation.

The famous race between the boats Natchez and the Robert E. Lee passed up the Mississippi River, passing Rockwood at night and the inhabitants of the town watched as the sparks flew from the smoke stacks, one boat slightly ahead of the other.

Along State Route 3, about a mile from the Randolph-Jackson County Line, three ledges of rock crop out, each a different formation--sandstone, limestone, and soapstone. The soapstone was supposed to be best for chimneys. Sammy Cleland and his brother built most of the chimneys and fireplaces in the area. They were stonemasons from Ireland. At the building of Eads Bridge at St. Louis, Missouri, limestone from these bluffs had the necessary qualities and special stone cutters were sent to get stone from these ledges and shipped by barges up the Mississippi to St. Louis and used in the piers of the Eads Bridge. The bluffs above Liberty had many interesting formation and one high point was called "The Pinnacle" and young couples climbed the steep Bluffs on many afternoons to enjoy the view over the Mississippi River into Missouri and up and down the river. (I managed to make the climb myself and the view was beautiful.) Another promontory north of the town was called the "Upper Pinnacle" but was not as high or as popular as the South Pinnacle.

At one time, there were twenty-one young persons who left Rockwood on Monday morning to teach in the area rural schools. They hired professors to come into the town each summer and teach normal school courses so that they could obtain teaching certificates teaching certificates. There was no Normal or Southern Illinois University at that date. At the University's seventy-fifth celebration, I saw the registration of my Aunt Emily Mann, in the first summer school course. My Mother, Mary Alice Mann and her sisters, Emily, Nancy and Sara Mann all taught in the schools of Randolph and Jackson counties. Sara Clendenin Mann went on to teach all over the United

States as a foreign english teacher and could converse with them and their families in their language. She spent the last ten and one-half years of her life in Three Springs Lodge, Chester dying in 1961. Another of these teachers was Wellington Wilcox and I will close with a poem about 'The Pinnacle' and written by Mr. Wilcox.

A SUNSET AT ROCKWOOD

Lo, the evening sun was sinking

In the far off golden west,

And the dancing sunbeams glancing

O'er the Mississippi's breast

When I climbed the rocks and standing

On the Pinnacle's high crown

Saw the ruddy sunlight shining

O'er the vale and hill and town.

Gleaming for among the ridges

Meads and fields with growing store

Shown with golden hues, while forest

Deepened on Missouri's shore

O'er the sandy bar were rambling

In the evening's crimson blaze

Rockwood's happy sons and daughters

Shrouded in that rosy haze.

On the balmy air of evening

From the dwelling just below

Gently rose the notes of music

Softly, Sweetly did they flow

Past the Isle far down the river

Sounded back a whistle clear
And away up v the winding
Came Another steamer near.
Year by year has come and fleeted
Since I stood upon that crest

Times have changed and friends departed
Still, fond Mem'ries throb the brest
With the lovely scenes of childhood
Woven through me ever more
Echoes chiming back from dreamland
Bearing treasures from its shore.

s/ Wellington Wilcox.

Bibliography:

Montague's History of 1859
Brink's History of 1875
Conversations with Alice Mann Bilderback
Conversations with Miss Lulu Kelly
Harvey Clendenin's letter to Samuel Barber, 1837
W. D. Harry's newprint from Canon City, Colorado
Tales of the Valley. by Cora Brown Rolla
Inventory of the Reid Cemetery, Rockwood, Illinois
Nancy Clendenin Mann's letters to her husband during Civil War.
Wellington Wilcox poem, with permission of daughter, Miss Anna Wilcox