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THE PIONEERS OF MORGAN  
COUNTY

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## INTRODUCTION

These Memoirs were written during the decade preceding 1908. The writer was a man of wide acquaintance and keen discernment. The breadth of his sympathies and interests is abundantly shown throughout the sketches. He was, above all, a pioneer, but not one of that class that soured on the world when it realized the "good old times" were gone forever. For this reason his comments on pioneer conditions are all the more valuable. Few men have had better opportunities for observation than the writer. In 1823, the year of his birth, the New Purchase, of which Morgan county is a part, was on the very frontier. Whetzel's Trace was cut in 1818, but wild Indians roamed over the whole wilderness of what is now Morgan till after 1820. In 1832, at the age of nine, young Major came with his father to the neighborhood of Martinsville and there on a farm he continued to live till 1911, a period of eighty years. He saw the county grow, helped in its development, walking shoulder to shoulder with the four generations of men and women who transformed it from a wilderness to one of the most beautiful valleys of the State. The writer occasionally refreshed his memory by a reference to the records, but in the main he relied on his memory, which was marvelously clear. His wife did the writing, or, as she modestly puts it, the copying. She occasionally visited the State Library to verify certain facts or dates. It would be interesting to know how much of the fine literary style that runs evenly through the sketches is due to Mrs. Major's copying. The work furnished employment through many a long winter evening, and there is ample honor for two. So far as the editor knows, it is the finest tribute in existence to the Hoosier pioneers. No other county has so good an account of its settlers. When after the centuries every material vestige of their existence shall have disappeared, their descendants will be grateful for this, their most enduring monument.

L. E.

*Indiana University, September 20, 1915.*

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# THE PIONEERS OF MORGAN COUNTY

## I.

### THE FIRST SETTLERS.

#### §1. EARLY TIMES AND EARLY SETTLERS.

When the geographical lines were run and the descriptions given, it was found that Morgan county contained about 450 square miles, or 288,000 acres, which, if parceled out equally, would have given 3,600 families an 80-acre farm each.

Statesmen ought to have known that homes rooted in the ground of a republican form of government gave the best assurance of its permanent existence. This they did not know, or knowing did not care, or caring could not help; for, instead of discouraging land speculation, they have greatly promoted it from the start to finish by Congressional enactments.

In 1788, Congress sold in the Northwest Territory six million acres of land to speculators, for a price not exceeding 66  $\frac{2}{3}$  cents per acre. In the case of John Cleves Symmes, the real cost was not more than 10 cents per acre; while at the same time, Congress would not sell to an actual settler less than 640 acres at \$2 per acre. The above transactions consisted of one and one-half million acres to the "Ohio Company," three and one-half million acres to the "Scioto Company," and one million acres to John Cleves Symmes. This sale was in the State of Ohio and included the ground on which Cincinnati now stands and was then nowhere surpassed in value as wild land.

We have called attention to the above business transaction of Congress to show that from the beginning that

august body has often been "sidetracked" by the lender and seemed to have forgotten the borrower of money. It is interesting to study the arguments of the average Congressman for the wholesale squandering of the public domain and playing it into the jaws of "land sharks." They said: "Small buyers are poor men, and poor men want credit. If we sell to them, in place of revenue, we will, by such a system, gain debtors. Men who can make cash payments must be rich, or, at least, 'well-to-do.' For the 'well-to-do' a section is none too large. For the rich a township (twenty-three thousand and forty acres) is none too much." Poor men, it was argued, "cannot expect to buy of the government; they must have credit and must go to the speculator. Poor men, if allowed, will pick the best tracts here and there and will deprive the speculator from locating his land all together."

We cannot pursue this line of argument without experiencing supreme contempt for the men who made it. It was as yet but five years since the close of the war for independence, in which war, as is always the case, there were fifty poor men to one rich man, and tens of thousands of them to one millionaire. Poor men who marched and countermarched, weary and footsore, half naked and half fed; men whose wives and children were left under the providence of God to eke out a bare, hard living; poor men who stood like a stone wall between the rich in property and British confiscation, and between their necks and a British halter. The poor man was most certainly entitled to an opportunity to secure a little home in the public domain he had helped to win from the British crown.

But Congress was slow to recognize his rights in the matter, and not until William Henry Harrison was sent as a delegate from the Northwest Territory to Congress was he placed on anything like an equal footing with the "land-

grabbers." Mr. Harrison showed the injustice to the real settler by such enactments and secured such amendments to the law as would enable the settler to purchase from the government one-half section. The law was finally so amended as to allow the purchase of forty acres.

The love of speculation seems inherent in the minds of men, and there has been no greater field for its operation than land sales in new districts and in and about towns and cities. As the lands of a new country were first offered to the highest bidder at the land office of a given district, commonly called the land sales, there was often lively bidding. Here again the man of small means was at a disadvantage. After all his trouble and privation in building his cabin, clearing his ground, and moving to his intended new home, he might lose it on the day of sale for lack of a few dollars, for the speculator was there in person or by proxy, and did not scruple to turn down and out any "camperdown" who stood in the way of his plans.

Father James Parks, the well-remembered centenarian, so often seen in Martinsville near the close of his life, related an instance that happened in Lawrence county, where a "shark" named Bullsleit [Bulleit] attended the sales and, having plenty of money, over-reached a whole settlement, bought all the land and compelled the settlers to move on, which they did, Mr. Parks being among the number. Coming to Monroe county, they again began the arduous task of building other cabins and clearing other grounds, which they were more fortunate in retaining as permanent homes.

Fortunately, our county was never "exploited" by land speculators. It appears that from 80 to 160 acres was as much as most men were able to buy at the start, though many men added several more acres to their farms before they "went the way of all the earth."

It appears that the Cutler Brothers once owned a large

tract of land at Martinsville and north of it, running as far up the river as Cox's High Rock Mills.

The first suit in the Morgan Circuit Court, 1822, was Cutler vs. Cox, in chancery. This probably grew out of a land transaction. Whether they bought at the land sales or of private parties, or entered at government prices, is not known to the writer. They were men of more than ordinary enterprise. They bought at Martinsville the largest assortment of goods (value \$1,000) that appeared at any one time before the year 1825. They donated forty acres of land for the county seat, and were largely instrumental in establishing it on the present site. They helped in the county organization and were among the first county officers. The first court was held in Jacob Cutler's house in Martinsville on the 25th day of March, 1822.

William Fair, himself a very early settler and who was well acquainted with the Cutlers, told the writer that they were about to get into serious trouble, the nature of which he did not reveal, and they quietly closed up their business affairs, disposed of all their lands and moved away.

The next owners of these lands were Sammy Elliott and his son, Jacob Elliott, Larkin Reynolds, Thomas and James Clark, Thomas Hendricks (father of the late Thompson Hendricks), and the two brothers, Joel and William Wilson. In 1832 these men owned the land between the town border north, and the south line of Sec. 16, T. 12, R. 1 E. The above named Clarks must not be confounded with the name of John Clark, who bought the Tommy Clark farm and moved to it in 1836.

## §2. SETTLERS OF 1821-1822.

In these sketches we write of the men and women who gave character and standing to our county in its earliest development, who left their impress for good on the next generation, who stood in the front rank of the army of progress in educational and church work in the moral and spiritual elevation of the rising generation—men of whom we may say, "They builded better than they knew," even though they well knew how to build, of whom and their sons and daughters we write in general terms, accounting them all well worthy to be remembered by every true and loyal son and daughter of the commonwealth.

We would that their names were written on a granite shaft instead of this perishable page, that the men and women in time to come—when this Republic will far surpass all that has yet been dreamed of its future greatness—might, at least, read the names of those who first came to make their dreary little cabin homes in the green wilderness of Morgan county.

As we write many of the names almost entirely from memory and at an age when this faculty oftentimes shows unmistakable signs of decay, we trust the indulgent and interested reader will supply our lack, by calling to mind the names of those we have forgotten or never knew. It is practically impossible, at this late date, to give all the names of those who took part in the first settlement of the county or to do full justice to those who, from time to time, were sedulously engaged in the moral, spiritual, and intellectual advancement of the community at large—principally at their own expense; for in those days teachers, preachers, and moralists were usually the poorest paid of all the professionals. For fifteen years the schools were paid by private subscription; term, sixty-five days, at \$1.25

per scholar; with an average of about twenty-five scholars. Payments were often made in "truck and turnover."

Local preachers were treated to a Sunday dinner by some liberal brother and sister and that squared the account to date.

Itinerants received from \$100 to \$300 per annum. But the power behind the great "White Throne" of truth and light was, and still is, the Christian life lived out every day at home as well as abroad. Christianity is life in the highest, truest sense, and nothing else is. Preachers may talk long and loud and bang the bindings off their Bibles, the laity may possess more zeal than knowledge, and sound may, in many instances, take the place of sense, but only the steady, constant firing from the battery of faith, hope, and love can drive the rank and file out of the enemy's entrenchments. If it be true that love laughs at locksmiths, so does Satan at empty professions.

A first settlement is somewhat like a net cast into the sea,—it catches alike the good, bad, and indifferent. The bad may soon be weeded out, but the indifferent, like the tares, grow with the wheat. However, there is generally enough salt in every settlement to save it from utter putrefaction.

We call attention to the names—nothing else—of the families who were "homed" in the county prior to the last day of December, 1822. And here we acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. Blanchard for many tabulated statements found in his history of the county.

Township 12 N., R. 2 W., was surveyed in 1816 by William Harris, and was therefore the first land measured by a surveyor's chain and compass in the county. This land had been ceded by the Indians prior to that year; but this township was resurveyed by Thomas Brown in 1819, who also made the original survey of five other townships

the same year. John Milroy surveyed three others, making nine townships surveyed in 1819.

In 1820, three townships were surveyed by B. Bentley and one by Stephen Collett. Charles Beeler was the first county surveyor, but William Hadley did most of the surveying for fifteen or more years.

The exact date of the arrival of the first settlers cannot be given, though it was probably in 1818. Ten or fifteen families came in 1819 and many more in 1820. All who came prior to the 4th day of September, 1820, and indeed many who came after that date were "squatters," not owning the land on which they lived until they had taken out preemption papers under the Ordinance of 1787, and later Congressional enactments granting and modifying the right.

It is estimated that fifty or sixty families were living in the county on New Year's day, 1821. On the 4th of September, 1820, the lands of the county were formally thrown on the market for the first time. Those who had come in previously hastened to the land office at Brookville and entered the claims they had squatted on, or preempted. And many others, who had not been in the county, came in the search of homes.

The following persons entered lands after the 4th of September, 1820, in township 11 N., R. 1 E.: Philip Hodges, Joseph Townsend, George Matthews, Benjamin Freeland, Benjamin Hoffman, John Case, Jacob Cutler, Jacob Lafever, John Gray, Joshua Taylor, Joshua Gray, Thomas Jenkins, Chester Holbrook, Jacob Case, John Reed, Nancy Smith, Isaac Hollingsworth, and Presley Buckner.

Those who entered land the same year in township 12 N., R. 1 E., were John Butterfield, David Matlock, Enoch and Benjamin McCarty, Jonathan Lyon, Martin McCoy, Samuel Elliott, Jonathan Williams, Devault Koons, John

Conner, Andrew Maymore, Larkin Reynolds, Thomas Jenkins, Joel Ferguson, Reuben Most, and John Graves.

Francis Brock, William Ballard, Thomas Lee, Charles Vertreese, James Hadley, Eli Hadley, William Rooker, Charles Reynolds, Josiah Drury, and Benjamin Barns entered land at the same time in township 12 N., R. 1 E. William Pounds located in township 14 N., R. 1 E.

In township 11 N., R. 1 W., James K. Hamilton, John Burnett, Samuel Newall, Fred Burkhart, Daniel Stout, John Kennedy, Rice Stroud, Isom Stroud, Anthony Vernon, Presley Buckner, and Thomas Hodges entered at the same time, 1820.

The above fifty-four persons were the only ones who entered lands in the county in that year.

Perhaps there is no date in the county's history that can show so large a per cent. of owners of their homes as on the 31st day of December, 1822; but there were still thousands of acres of vacant lands, many tracts of which were as good as those that had been entered, and immigration continued to flow into the county for several years at a rapid rate. Marvelous have been the changes since the first settler pulled in and unloaded his household goods (if he had any) in Morgan county.

The following persons entered land in 1821: Samuel Scott, James Clark, Jacob Cutler, Thomas Hadley, Henry H. Hobbs, Charles Reynolds, George Matthews, Jonathan Lyon, W. W. Drew, Elisha Hamden, Thomas Irons, James Stott, Jonathan Williams, John Hodges, John Butterfield, James L. Ridds, Edward Irons, David Allen, Jacob Chase, John Marker, Edward Jones, Jacob Case, Joseph Henshaw, Abner Cox, David Matlock, Thomas Dee, Joseph Frazier, William McDowel, Samuel Jones, Thomas Beeler, John Leavill, Jesse McCoy, Christopher Ladd, Joseph Bennet, Samuel Blair, David Price, Joseph



Sims, John Hamilton, John Barnes, George A. Beeler, Joseph Beeler, Benjamin Mills, Robert Stafford, William Gregory (father of twenty-nine children), Cyrus Whetzel (first settler), Jesse Tull, Henry Rout, John Paul, Thomas Ingles, Joseph Bennet, Thomas Gardner, William Goodwin, James Burch, Ezekiel Slaughter, John McMahan, Jacob B. Reyman, John W. Reyman, Christopher Hager, Thomas and Benjamin Cary, George Moon, Samuel Dodds, Joseph Tomlinson, Eli Hadley, Abner Cox, James Curl, and John Sells, all of whom located east of the second principal meridian; and David Fahn, Hiram Stroud, Thomas Hodges, Philip Hodges (the first to enter land in the county), Wiley Williams, Abner Alexander, Samuel Goss, William Anderson, Joseph Ribble, James McKinney, Thomas Thompson, and Reuben F. Allen, on the west side of the meridian.

The following entered land in the year 1822: Allen Gray, John Gray, Alexander Rowland, Isaac Gray, William Townsend, Josiah Townsend, Presley Buckner, James Reynolds, John Cutler, Joshua Carter, Benjamin Cuthbert, Martin McDaniel, Isaiah Drury, William Bales, Elias Hadley, Jehu Carter, Moses Anderson, William McCracken, B. F. Beeson, John A. Bray, Jesse Overman, Charles Vertreese, Jacob Jessup, Andrew Clark, Richard Day, William Ballard, Stewart Reynolds, Eli Mills, Isaac Price, John and Enoch Summers, Charles Ketchum, George Crutchfield, John Martin, Levi Plummer, David E. Allen, Benjamin Mills, Hiram Matthews, Abner Cox, William Landers, Thomas Ballard, Harris Bray, John Kennedy, Abraham Stroud, Fred Burkhart, John Buckner, and John Mannan; all locating east of the meridian line except the five last named.

§3. THE FIRST COUPLE MARRIED IN MORGAN COUNTY,  
THE FIRST PHYSICIAN, AND OTHER INTERESTING  
REMINISCENCES.

Of those who came early to make homes in Morgan county but few remain to tell the stories of the "back-woods." Some few sketches have been written and published in the county papers by early settlers, such as Hiram T. Craig and others, which if preserved would be valuable to the historian if we should ever have one.

For several years past at the Old Settlers' meeting aged men and women have given their experiences in the wilderness, much of which would be interesting to those who may live in the closing years of the next century, if not now. The thought of trying to put on record the savings and doings of the "old folks" was urged by the late F. P. A. Phelps at one of these meetings at Martinsville, five or six years ago. But, as usual, "what is everybody's business is nobody's business" came strictly to pass in this case, and so nothing has been done that is known to the writer to rescue from eternal oblivion the heroic struggles of the first settlers of this county.

If it should chance that any reader of this scrap should feel so much interest in the subject as would induce him or her to lend a helping hand by writing to the undersigned, giving names, dates, characteristics, and incidents of the early life of the first settlers, they would confer a great favor; or, if preferred, send short sketches directly to the county papers.

The prime object should be to pay a modest tribute of respect to the memories of the pioneers who, with brave hearts and mighty arms, built the first cabin homes in our county and blazed the way to a higher civilization.

Whether this higher civilization has yet contributed

much, if anything, to the solid worth of human life, is an open question. Is the sum total of human enjoyment greater now than then? Has our moral and religious worth kept pace with our moneyed and intellectual worth? If not, why not?

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

In 1884 Charles Blanchard edited and published something of a history of Morgan, Monroe, and Brown counties, together with some biographical sketches. It is more valuable for its collection of county records than anything else. In the matter of biographies it is quite meager as regards the first settlers. It appears that if an "old-timer" did not subscribe for the coming book (\$10) his name was left out, while men not thirty-five years of age were given the usual puff. As to our old Spartan mothers, they were conveniently forgotten.

Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Blanchard is to be praised more for what he did than blamed for what he did not do. Indeed, as he says in his preface, he could and would have done much better if people who knew had not been so reticent. They seemed to wish to be subsidized for imparting the needed information. Then again, they of the same family often disagreed as to dates and the manner of spelling names. The truth is, the old settler was a history maker more than a history writer. Fortunately we are not left entirely to guess as to how they did, for often they rehearsed to the newcomer their trials and troubles in the first years of settlement. This has been transmitted from sire to son, and, if not good history, it is pretty sound tradition and more worthy of belief than the story of Romulus and Remus and their stepmother wolf.

When a man and his wife resolved to emigrate to cen-

tral Indiana in so early a day as 1820, they took into consideration what their surroundings would be. They knew they were to be a long way from the base of supplies until they could coax the earth to yield up her fruits. Settlements advanced somewhat like armies move, with pickets and pioneers some distance ahead of the main body, drawing supplies from the nearest settlements already formed.

Monroe and Owen counties were three or four years in advance of our county in the matter of organization. This fact proved a blessing to our first settlers, as they were greatly strengthened by the help of their near neighbors for the first year or two of settlement. In those early times it was often the case that the men of the family would come in the month of March, select and clear a piece of ground and build a cabin, cultivate some corn and vegetables, and then return and move the family in the latter part of the summer or fall. An instance of this kind was told the writer by the late Elijah Koons, son of Devault Koons, while at his house, which stood on the very spot of ground that he (Elijah) and his father cleared and planted in the spring of 1820. This was in Sec. 16, T. 12, R. 1 E., known in the early days as "the old sixteenth," the land of corn and "punkins," squirrels and paroquets.

Devault Koons with his large family moved to this cabin in due time and became one among the first settlers in the south part of Washington township. In like manner came Cyrus Whetzel, who is supposed to be the very first settler in the county. He and his father, Jacob Whetzel, cut a trace following an old Indian trail from the Whitewater river to the bluffs on White river in the summer of 1818. They selected ground for a home below the present site of Waverly; and the next March young Cyrus and a young man whose name is unfortunately lost, returned and built a cabin, cleared five or more acres of land in the river

bottom and planted it in corn. The following fall the elder Whetzel and family came through the wilderness for many miles and safely reached the new home, where he passed the remainder of his life in hunting, fishing, and roaming the unbroken forest.

In the winter of 1820-'21, the blue smoke of many a "stick and clay" chimney shot up through the tree tops, while husband and wife sat looking at the blazing logs below, thinking of the "Old Kentucky home" where in childhood they had romped and played around the old hearthstone and did not have a care that could outlive a good night's sleep; thought, too, of the time they became lovers and the difficulties they experienced in keeping in that dreadful "current that never runs smooth"; and of the promise, the "first kiss," the wedding day—and then they looked down at three little responsibilities who had already arrived and were amusing themselves by poking sticks into the fire, and the reverie was broken.

Most of the early settlers were from the Southern States, North Carolina and Kentucky furnishing probably two-thirds of those who came in 1820-'22. Our winters being much longer, colder, and more changeable than those of the South, the newcomers must have experienced great inconvenience and privation. But they came to stay and make homes, and were not deterred by wintry winds, nor by the arduous task of clearing away the heavy forest that everywhere hung over their cabin homes. Hope, the eternal mainspring to action, sustained and cheered them on day by day.

Some great government events were happening about the time of our county's settlement. The independence of the South American states had been acknowledged. The Missouri Compromise was passed, Spain had ceded Florida to the United States, and the Monroe Doctrine was asserted.

Alabama and Missouri had just been admitted into the Union, but above and beyond all was the recent demonstration of the successful navigation of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and tributaries by steamers. This gave an assured outlet for all the surplus productions of corn, wheat, and pork that could be produced in the Ohio Valley. Up to this time a flatboatman had to walk back from New Orleans through the wilderness at the risk of having his scalp taken by an Indian and his body decay by the way-side. But now he could board a steamer at the "Crescent City" on Monday and land in the "Queen City" on Sunday, a distance of 1,800 miles. The old "keelboat" and "setting poles" were left to rot on the shores of those mighty waters, while the waves of passing steamers have continually lashed their banks from that time until now. When steamboat navigation was an assured success the Middle West was the most desirable new country in the United States. With its rivers and rivulets, its bubbling springs, its dense forests of the greatest variety of timber, its deep and fertile soil, its stone quarries and mines of coal, it presented attractions to the earnest homeseekers seldom equalled and never surpassed.

Indiana was near the center of the Middle West, and our county was near the center of the State; and so it is, a concise history of the toils and turmoils, privations, distress, and hardships of our old settlers, would be the history in general of central Indiana in its first settlements.

But let us go back to some of the first things which were done, and name those who were in authority in that day when Morgan county took her stand with others of the "Indiana family."

Jonathan Jennings was governor and commissioned the first county officers. As before stated, the preponderance of evidence points to Cyrus Whetzel as the first settler.

Phillip Hodges was undoubtedly the first owner of real estate in the county. The land office must have been at Brookville, eighty-five miles due east of Martinsville, to which place he had to make his way as best he could, through an unbroken wilderness. He bought two eighty-acre tracts of land, lying about two miles east of Martinsville. Colonel John Vawter was salesman and, when the government patent was given to Mr. Hodges, Colonel Vawter said: "Mr. Hodges, you are the first owner of land in Morgan county." Benjamin Cuthbert built and operated the first watermill in the county on the present site of the Brooklyn mills. Reuben Claypool is credited with preaching the first sermon. This was in Brown township at the residence of a Mr. Martin. Mr. Claypool was probably a Methodist. Some say that Peter Monical is entitled to this honor. There is no doubt that Mr. Monical was among the very first preachers in the county, as he was an early settler.

Reuben Claypool and Martha Russell were the first couple married in the county. William W. Wick was judge of the first court (1822), and Jacob Cutler and John Gray were associated judges. Benjamin Cutler was the first sheriff (January 16, 1822); George H. Beeler was the first clerk of the circuit court; also first recorder (May 22, 1822); James Shields was first county treasurer, and Charles Beeler was first surveyor.

The first justices of the peace were Larkin Reynolds, Samuel Reed, James Burris, and Hiram Matthews; one for each of the four townships, viz., Washington, Monroe, Ray, and Harrison. The justices at that time composed the board to do county business. They held their first meeting in June, 1822, at the home of Jacob Cutler, where they proceeded to divide the county into the aforesaid townships.

We have stated in a former sketch that the first suit at law was Jacob Cutler vs. John W. Cox; but the first suit for divorce was Rachel Morrison vs. Thomas Morrison, September term, 1823. Calvin Fletcher was the first prosecutor. Most of the aforesaid items of "first things" are taken from Blanchard's History, which he probably gleaned from the county records. Benjamin Bull was the first resident lawyer of Martinsville, John Eccolds, the second.

Dr. John Sims was the first regularly educated physician who practiced medicine in the county. He located in Martinsville about 1823. James Cuning taught the first school in Martinsville in the summer of 1822. Abraham Stipp, now living at Centerton, was one of his scholars, and distinctly remembers one incident that happened during the term. There were some boys and girls from fifteen to eighteen years of age, who began making love to each other by writing love notes back and forth. Mr. Cuning peremptorily forbade any further advances by the young men; but in a day or two, being willing victims to that dreadful disease, "puppy love," they were writing again to the girls. Then the teacher got on the warpath and told them plainly they should leave school or take a "thrashing." They concluded to let him "thrash" as they could not afford to lose the opportunity to learn how to "read, write, and cipher," which most of them could not do when school began. After everything had been "thrashed out" but the love, quiet reigned and the work of education went on. The house in which this school was taught stood northeast of the square. It had been an old round log stable, but was thoroughly cleaned and improved for its new use.

There is reason to believe that schools and churches began work earlier in Brown and Monroe townships than in



the south part of the county. The Friends, who largely composed the early settlements, as well as the Methodists, gave more attention to school and church work than their southern neighbors.

So rapidly does time send all our names into oblivion, excepting a very few, so thoroughly are we forgotten in the whirl of the activities of life; so completely are sub-lunary things blotted out, that of all those who helped to grub the public square and lay it out and plat the town—even those who donated the land it stands on—not one is remembered to-day by the citizens of the “Mineral Springs City.” There are a few descendants of Joshua Taylor, and perhaps of John Gray and Samuel Scott among us, but not one of Jacob Cutler or Joel Ferguson that the writer is aware of. The five men donated the 155 acres of land which was in the original plat.

But where are the descendants of Conner, Reynolds, Jenkins, Case, Mast, Rowland, and Chester Holbrook? Some of the above named men owned land in the sections of the county seat; the others nearby. But their names disappeared more than sixty-five years ago from among the citizens of Martinsville.

#### §4. PIONEER FAMILIES.

It was no uncommon thing to find a large family of children among the first settlers. If the husband and wife were of fairly robust health and lived past middle life, from six to ten children usually encircled the hearthstone, and it was no uncommon thing to find families numbering as high as fifteen. If there was anything more than another that the pioneers rejoiced in it was a family of good, strong boys and girls,—good boys and girls, mind you; for parents then were as sensitive about flat failures

as they are to-day. They knew as well as we do that much more depends on the quality than the quantity of the increase of population. The present generation has learned very much that was unknown to the pioneer; some of which is well worth knowing as it relates to hygiene and reproduction. "Other some" would better be unlearned, but there are few people who can learn to unlearn. And so it is, habits, desires, and society "fads" are stronger than the strong-minded. To-day, among those who make any pretensions to paternity, the average number of children to the family may run from two to four; others there are, endeavoring to cheat nature out of the whole crop.

Whatever other faults and failures the pioneers had (and doubtless they had many), failure to be fruitful and multiply could not be reckoned among them. At the present rate of diminution, we shall soon be on a level with France, with her two children to the married pair among the *bon tons*, leaving the sustaining of the population to the poorer and less prepared classes, who have always borne more than their share of this natural burden. There is no good reason why a husband and wife should bring into existence more children than they can reasonably hope to care for; and, if we are to have the survival of the fittest, there is still less reason why strong and healthful husbands and wives should bring in none at all. It will be good for the world when the time comes—if ever it does—that none but the true and brave, the honest and good, will be engaged in this cooperative industry; and, when public opinion will be so formed and ripened as to reduce the procreation of paupers, criminals, and imbeciles to the minimum number.

Among those in our county who have stood pre-eminently at the head of large families, was William Gregory, a remarkably vigorous and energetic pioneer, who was

born in Pittsylvania county, Virginia, February 8, 1776. His father's name was also William, and his mother's maiden name, Sally Graves, both natives of Virginia. When but a boy, young William's parents moved to Washington county, Tennessee. Soon after their arrival his mother died. About two years after this sad event, his father married again, and soon after moved to North Carolina where he passed the remainder of his days as a local Methodist preacher. He died at the age of seventy years.

The subject of our sketch was first married in North Carolina, March 25, 1795, to Miss Nancy Laws. In 1806 he moved to Kentucky where he remained until February, 1811, when he came to Harrison county, this State (then a Territory), and settled near Corydon. Here his wife died, May 15, 1814. To them had been born eleven children between July 19, 1786, and May 16, 1814, ten of whom were living at the time of the mother's death, which occurred within thirty minutes after the birth of the eleventh child. Their names and dates of birth were as follows: James, February 9, 1796; John, July 1, 1798; Beverly, June 11, 1800; Katy, April 24, 1802; Thomas, April 1, 1804; Daniel, May 5, 1806; Susan, March 29, 1808; the eighth was stillborn; Nathan, March 22, 1810; Levi, January 22, 1812, and Nancy, May 14, 1814. Shortly after the death of his first wife, Mr. Gregory was married, September 1, 1814, to Mrs. Lucy Moffet, a young widow with three small children, and be it said to his credit that he cared for them as tenderly as for his own. This second wife in due time added eleven more children to this already large family, as follows: Wiley, October 9, 1815; Dennis and Robert, September 13, 1817; David, May 12, 1819; Fanny, April 17, 1821; twins stillborn in 1823; Hiram, June 14, 1825; Grant, February 1, 1827; Milton W., April

7, 1829; and Eliza D., December 15, 1831. Many old citizens will remember John Moffet, the tanner, who for many years lived in and near Martinsville; also, Mrs. Grant Stafford, his sister, Mr. Stafford's first wife. These were Mr. Gregory's step-children. Grant Stafford's second wife was Miss Fanny Gregory, half-sister to his first wife. After Mr. Stafford's death, she became the wife of the late John W. Ferguson. The exact date of Mr. Gregory's coming to our county is not given, but it was early in the twenties. They first settled on the east side of White Lick on the road from Lyon's mills to Mooresville, where he engaged in milling and farming until 1832, when he purchased a farm in the northwest corner of Greene township on the road leading from Martinsville to Indianapolis. This farm is now owned by attorney C. G. Renner, of Martinsville. Here, for eight or ten years, Mr. Gregory added merchandising to his farming.

On the 17th day of May, 1835, his second wife died. Eighteen of his twenty-two children were then living. In August of the same year he made another matrimonial venture. This was with Mrs. Polly Lang, widow of James Lang, a very early settler. She had five daughters and three sons living, all grown, excepting the youngest son. This match proved to be ill-sorted and brought plenty of trouble, not only to the principal parties, but to their children as well, who all felt more or less aggrieved at the unpleasantness. After much court maneuvering, a divorce was obtained and peace was restored "all along the line." The truth was, there was no congeniality between them. They were both stern and unyielding. She was a thoroughbred Calvinist, and he an "overflowing" Methodist. In those days soda and acid would not effervesce much quicker than "free grace" and "unconditional election" when thrown together. But Mr. Gregory was "foreor-

dained" to be a patriarch, as the sequel shows, for after his divorce from "Aunt Polly," he married, September 28, 1840, Mrs. Naomi Scott, who had two children. She was the daughter of John and Susan Jackson, and sister of James Jackson, elder of the Christian church at Martinsville, and clerk of the Morgan Circuit Court during the forties. With her he passed the remaining years of his life, adding six more children to his remarkably large family. William G. was born July 11, 1841; Wallace, December 18, 1842; Marion, December 6, 1843; Scott, September 20, 1847; Edgar, June 22, 1849; and Mary, March 19, 1851.

The panic of 1840 dealt Mr. Gregory a hard blow. He was then in his sixty-sixth year, a time in life when most men are ready to "throw up the sponge." But he was not a man to "sulk in his tent," or "strike his colors" as long as there was a foot of tenable ground on the battlefield.

He gathered up the fragments of his estate in 1843 and moved to Iowa, then a Territory, and settled about twenty-two miles northwest of Burlington. Having served in General Harrison's army in the War of 1812, he received a land warrant, which he laid on eighty acres of prairie land adjoining his homestead. He held an enormous sod-plow, dragged by five yoke of oxen, until the last foot of sod was turned up to the sun for the first time. Here Mr. Gregory found more "snakes in the grass" than he had encountered hitherto in all the ups and downs of his eventful life. His son Milton, at that time a lad of fifteen, and principal driver, says, "When a rattlesnake got tangled in the grass about the cutter, the plow was allowed to hold itself until a quietus was put upon the rattler." When finishing a land, as the grassy strip grew narrower with each furrow, the snakes would crawl out of the grass and over the plowed land trying to escape; but he became so

expert with his ox-whip that he could clip the head off one nearly every snap of the lash. One day he "lynched" seventeen of "the little prairie devils" without judge or jury, and it was no great day for snakes either.

Here upon the broad prairie of the West he made his last home. Far, far away from where he gave the first infant wail; far from the scenes of childhood and first love, with his children scattered far and wide—some dead, some in childhood, some busy with the concerns of life; himself well worn with the toils, cares, and sorrows of a mortal existence. His journey from the cradle to the grave came to an end September 25, 1858, in his eighty-third year.

Mr. Gregory had lived in six different States, had been four times married, was the father of twenty-nine children and step-father of thirteen. His first child was born in 1798 and the last one in 1851. Thus, for the time of fifty-three years, his ears had been accustomed to the wails of babies and the racket of wideawake children. He was a large, strong man, rather stern in manner and full of energy. A man of good business tact, always providing well for his family, large as it continued to be for more than forty years. His posterity is scattered far and wide, a respectable and respected people, many of whom have passed their lives in Morgan county. Two of his children are well known residents of Martinsville—Milton W. Gregory, to whom we are indebted for many of the items in this sketch, and Mrs. William Edwards. At the time of Mr. Gregory's first marriage, people had not been educated to believe that "marriage is a failure." When the characteristics of manly men and womanly women are so changed or obliterated through luxury and false ideas of life,—when home is the last place they wish to be, and the least cared for, and when women would rather tend lap

dogs than lap babies, when both parents desire nothing higher than to dress, flirt, and have a good time,—then it must be conceded, marriage is a failure, man a fraud, and woman a cheat. Whether or not marriage is a success or failure, depends upon who is married more than on any of the external circumstances of life.

One of our near neighbors in 1832 was Solomon Collins. He was the head of one of nine families of that name who came from Tennessee at the earliest period of our settlement. Several of them lived near the mouths of Sycamore and Highland creeks. "Old Sol," as he was called, then lived in the river bottom, about three miles north of Martinsville, and was a fair specimen of a backwoods Tennessean. He was no bookworm—knew not a letter or figure in the books—much less was he a dude or a "gentleman of leisure." He was a good neighbor to good neighbors, but woe to him who undertook to tread upon the toes of "Old Sol." During the summer of 1832, he, with the help of his daughter "Jinse," the best farmhand in the household, cultivated a field of corn on the bottom lands. They had worked hard—that is, Jinse had—and a fine crop was the result.

Down on the bottom ground near Cox's (High Rock) mills, lived old Tommy Clark and his son Jim. They were full of "crookedness." Among other annoying things, they kept breachy horses and cattle that, like an invading army, were always foraging in every direction. As one settler said, "It took a fence horse-high, bull-strong, and pig-tight to beat Old Tom." In the fall, Clark's horses and cows held daily picnics in "Old Sol's" corn field. When this came to his ears, and a personal investigation proved the report true, the air nearby seemed to turn blue, for Mr. Collins was not a regular church attendant, neither

had he learned to curb his temper or bridle his tongue; but he could keep his own counsel.

He was at that time the owner of seven dogs. Now, one or two dogs can live on the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table, but seven dogs are too many boarders under the table of a poor man; so the dogs were in poor condition, and very much lacking in snap and vim. Collins killed a beef and began putting his dogs in training for the fray. He said "nine days wus all he wanted to put 'Bull' and 'Caesar' in good workin' order." He told one of the neighbors that "if them cows git into my corn ag'in, old Tom Clark won't hev head nor tail on 'em." A peace-loving neighbor informed Clark of what was coming, and averted a calamity to the cows, as well as a lawsuit; for Clark took in the situation and kept his trespassing animals at home.

It is a true saying that "bad fences make breachy animals and bad neighbors." A good farmer does not like to see his own animals in his wheat or corn, much less to see other people's stock trespassing on his lands. The best farmers among the early settlers made and kept up good fences, and consequently, had but little breachy stock. But many communities had those among them who were careless as to where their domestic animals roamed, knowing full well that they would breach any common fence. Nay more, they were known to pass by, seeing their horses in a neighbor's field and never offering to remove them, and if remonstrated with, would reply, tantalizingly, by saying, "Build up your fences." It took Indiana fifty years to learn that it is the duty of every man to fence against his own stock. There are those who yet think that they ought to be permitted by law to forage the unfenced lands and public highways. The Legislature wrestled many sessions with the fence question, all to no



purpose; for many members who wished to be returned were afraid of those voters who wanted to keep the State as a sort of a big ranch. They finally passed an act defining a "lawful fence," over, or through which, if an animal went, the owner was liable for damages. Two fence viewers were to be elected for each township. Nobody wanted this thankless office, and the people ridiculed it by electing the longest and shortest men in the township—the one to view the height, and the other the cracks of the fence.

Miss Jinsey Collins was the strongest woman in the county. She was about medium height, weighing 130 pounds. It was said that she could shoulder three bushels of wheat, standing in a half-bushel. She could swing an ax like a logger, and was a good hand in a clearing. She could ride as wild a horse as the average man. In winter time she was usually attired in linsey-woolsey, with a red bandana tied about her head. She had dark brown eyes and hair, with complexion to match, and was more useful than showy. She moved away with her father's family, and we lost all trace of her.

One Christmas Sol brought home two jugs of whisky, one of which he suspended with a rope from the joist to a height to meet the mouths of the smaller children; the other jug was set on a shelf for his private use, and for visiting neighbors. Many kinsfolk and friends dropped in to see Sol on that day and were feasted on pork, venison, and wild turkey, together with corn bread, hominy, and dried pumpkin, all plentifully interspersed and leveled off with stew, sling, and eggnog. It was a merry Christmas at Old Sol's house, long to be remembered by the participants. Even the "seven sons of thunder," as he called his dogs, were not forgotten, but had an additional allowance, besides the ordinary share of crumbs; for next to his fam-

ily, Sol's affections went out to his dogs and gun, and if you wished to carry a broken nose, you only had to kick one of his "seven thunders" unlawfully.

People of to-day can have but a faint idea of the tie that bound men and dogs in the days of howling wolves, snuffing bears, and purring panthers. Sol's dogs were his body-guard by day and his sentinels by night. Daniel in the lion's den was safer than a stranger would have been prowling around Mr. Collins's domicile after nightfall.

Back among the Collins ancestors there must have been some one who greatly admired Hebrew names, for of the nine heads of families, eight of their baptismal names were strictly Hebrew, David coming in for four of them, to-wit: "Cracker-Neck" Dave, "Ticky" Dave, "Cackling" Dave, and "Bucket" Dave. Next came "Old Sol," of whom we have already made mention; "Punkin" Sol, perhaps so named because of his partiality for pumpkin pies and all other forms of this unclassified edible. Then Hiram and Isaiah, dubbed "Old Hi" and "Old Zair." Even Pompey's name may have been Jeremiah or Ezekiel, but we always heard him called Pompey. Only two of the nine pairs of old folks stayed to have their bones buried on the old camping ground. They were Hiram and David L. ("Cracker-Neck"). Hiram owned a small farm near the mouth of Highland creek, where he and his wife lived to old age, having brought up five sons and five daughters to full age. Their last days were embittered by neighborhood broils. Wyatt Carpenter and family frequently came in collision with Collins and family. But the greatest battle of the neighborhood was between the Collins and Overton families—near relatives. The war spirit had been hovering over them for some time. Their farms joined, and one day something about a partition fence or a watergap brought them face to face. The skirmishing began by

firing red-hot words into the ears of each other. There was no one to pour oil on the troubled waters, or the water-gap. Both parties were ready for the encounter, and from words it came to blows. Fists, clubs, teeth, and claws went into action on the double-quick, and for a few minutes it seemed that there would be business for the doctors and coffins to be sent for. Fortunately no one was killed; but, when the smoke of battle lifted, it was found that Anderson Collins had been severely punished and his father cut in the thigh with a knife.

From the battlefield this feud was transferred to the courthouse, where the crossfiring from the witness stand was equal to that on the skirmish line. Time alone, which blots out everything, could quell this neighborhood quarrel. Some died, some moved away, and others forgave, but it was years before peace was fully restored. The other family to remain was "Cracker-Neck" Dave's. He purchased a little farm on Sycamore creek, where he continued to reside until the end of life. He and his family were quiet, good citizens, and well respected by their neighbors. Several of his descendants are still living in Clay township.

When the bear tracks were fading away, the herds of deer scattered, and the flocks of wild turkeys growing wilder and scarcer; when churches and schoolhouses began to spring up in the woods, and the little copper stills to die out, then "Old Sol" turned wistful eyes westward, as to the "land of promise." About the year 1836 he gathered up his goods and started for a new country—a country not yet unduly civilized—a country where he could chase bruin with his "seven thunders" every day in the week, Sunday not excepted. The last we heard of this backwoods child of the chase, he was in his ninetieth year, hale and strong for his age. He could no longer join

in the hunt for bear or deer, but had to content himself with a seat in the chimney corner and while away the time with pipe and tobacco. My informant said his chances were good for rounding out one hundred years. His wife and most of his children had "shuffled off this mortal coil," and the old hunter seemed to be sad and lonely. Like Othello, his "occupation was gone."

Pompey was a nondescript. You might travel to and fro for half an age and never find his match. He was not an "all-round crook" but, physically considered, an "all-round tough." As Fowler once said of Henry Ward Beecher, he was "a splendid animal." He walked to Martinsville one Christmas day when the snow was falling on warmly dressed people, clad in nothing but a coonskin cap, and tow-linen shirt and breeches, while his feet were as bare as at birth. He could snap his finger at Jack Frost in midwinter, and walk about, seemingly as comfortable as the average man in boots. His diet was corn bread and wild hog, and his drink, whisky. The truth is he was somewhat careless about his menu and personal appearance. But he was the "very soul of honor," as he understood the term; for when Bill Jones at a shooting match said something about a hog thief, which Pompey thought was a reflection on himself, he proposed to vindicate his honor by pounding Jones into sausage meat. But Jones headed him off by landing his rifle on Pompey's head. The gun-barrel left the stock in Jones's hands, and together with Pompey fell to the ground. The blood was spinning out of his left ear in a fearful stream, and he was supposed to be killed. However, he was only "dummed"; for in a short time he was on his feet, and wanted to go gunning after Jones, but the peacemakers interposed their goodly offices and prevented further bloodshed.

Pompey had a "hog ranch" somewhere between Cox's

mills and Lamb's creek. He did not exactly own, but exercised a sort of supervision over it, looking after his neighbors' as well as his own swine herd. In those days people had ear marks for their hogs; slits, swallow-forks, underbits and upperbits, slopes, holes, smooth crops and half crops. Pompey's brand was a smooth crop of both ears. He was greatly annoyed by some neighbors who were always trying to pry into his business. He usually marketed his hogs at the Martinsville porkhouse; and sometimes the hair was scalded, and again it would be singed off. The ears had been frozen off. He once built a corn crib; but like Ward McAllister's head, never had anything in it.

Had Pompey lived at the present time and been so disposed, he could have been a noted prize fighter or football player. He had the one great qualification—a thick skull.

"Here I close my narrative—  
I tremble as I show it,  
Lest perchance that 'all-round tough'  
Should ever catch the poet."

#### §5. THE VENERABLE WILLIAM PARKER AND WIFE, OF MORGAN.

Will the citizens of Indiana ever forget or cease to take an interest in those unique characters, the pioneers? Will they assign them an unmarked grave? Will they leave their page in history unwritten and their heroism unsung because they, as a class, were a plain, unlettered people?

While the State is building monuments to statesmen and military heroes its people are forgetting the men and women who made statesmanship possible—they who

with one hand held back the forest savage and wild beast while with the other they "cleared the road" along the line of which "the course of empire takes its way." We seem to forget that the men and boys who "wore the blue" and cemented the Union with their blood caught their inspiration from those brave old men and women, fathers and grandfathers and mothers, who said, "Boys, we hate to see you go. It almost breaks our hearts. We are old and broken down; hardly see how we can do without you, but go and lend the helping hand, and we will work on, in pain and sorrow though it will be, and send your supplies. It is all we can do now. Yes, go, and God's blessing go with you, for if it must be so we would rather part with you for this life than see that flag trailed in the dust, for we are for the Union first, last, and all the time."

• This was and is the sentiment of the Indiana pioneers. Leastwise it was so with those with whom the writer had acquaintance during those dark and dreary days of death. I ask, shall they be forgotten in our memorial services, giving them nothing but an ephemeral obituary notice? Or shall we plant a rough-hewed shaft of the Indiana quarries—fit companion of our grand Soldiers' Monument, and let them go hand in hand along the ages to come to perpetuate the memory of the soldier and his inspiration, the pioneer, as well?

It is quite refreshing in passing through those thin and wasted Indiana forests to see some sturdy old oak, which has been rocked by the storms of four or five centuries and escaped the tornadoes and thunderbolts of years, and the more murderous saw and ax (for we have become a sort of forest vandal, and the "ax is laid at the root of every tree" that will bring four or five dollars). It is good to look at one of those old forest giants and

to think of the events which have taken place since the falling of the acorn from which it grew. It is also interesting to see and talk with some such old people as are sketched in this column, who began life in the very first year of this century, and, for anything we know, may live to its close, for they are quite strong for people in the ninetieth year.

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We have here in Morgan county a very remarkable couple of pioneers in several respects. There is only fourteen days' difference in their ages. They have been married sixty-six years and have been apart only three consecutive days and two nights since their marriage. There were born to them twenty-six children (single births), thirteen girls and thirteen boys. Seven of these lived to adult age; the others all died in infancy. Only three of the twenty-six are living, two sons and one daughter. Three sons went into the army. One was captured near Vicksburg and died in a Rebel prison. One died in the Union Hospital at Nashville. The other one came home and died of consumption not long afterward. The old father and mother are quite sad when speaking of the deaths of their sons, particularly of the one who was made a prisoner, for, like Benjamin, he was the youngest, the one who was to have been the staff of their old age.

William Parker was born within sixteen miles of Fayetteville, North Carolina, on the 16th day of October, 1800. Mrs. Parker, whose maiden name was Delilah Ray, was born in Crab Orchard, Kentucky, the 1st of November, 1800. Mr. Parker came to Indiana in 1819, stopping near Madison a short time.

Miss Ray came with her parents to Indiana in 1822. She became acquainted with Mr. Parker the same year. The acquaintance ripened into love, and on Christmas Day, 1823, they were married. They have been well and

truly married ever since, and have never regarded married life a failure, that the writer is aware of. There are those who would do well to study this man and wife, that they might learn the art of keeping married, as well as the art of getting married.

Mr. Parker in early life was tall and slender, as he is now; a tough, wiry man, with the powers of endurance to sustain him at hard work from dawn to dark. He was a great axman, and cleared year after year acres of land in the White river bottoms. He is of light complexion and sanguine temperament, and always has the courage of his convictions, though a man of peace and unusual prudence. He never was given to profane or vulgar language or intemperate habits. He and his wife have been members of the Christian church since 1845, and their toils and trials have but increased their faith. He has resided in this county the last sixty-four years, excepting six months, and at his present home thirty-four years. Until the thirty-third year of his life he was poor indeed. But fortune favored him at this time, and the toils of himself and wife were well rewarded the next twenty years. He is now, and has for years been in very comfortable circumstances. Mr. Parker never went into debt, never had a suit in court, or held office in church or State. He is what the world calls a peculiar man. His strictness and regular habits were not always well pleasing to his neighbors.

Mrs. Parker is a brunette, and in her younger days was accounted very handsome; a fine form of medium height, with soft brown eyes and hair. She is quite lively now at ninety, and can laugh heartily at a good joke. She enjoys the company of old acquaintances and likes to talk of the good old days before the spinning wheel and loom gave place to the organ and piano. She



retains all her faculties and is wonderfully bright ; even memory, the first to forsake us in age, still abides with Aunt Lilah. She does much of the housework (for those old folks live to themselves) with her own hands, and the day we were there last she was piecing quilt blocks, while Mr. Parker was out feeding the pigs.

Their son, Moses Parker, and his estimable wife and family live just across the highway and see attentively to any wants they may have. They are very patient and kind to the old folks. The thoughtful reader will ask, "What has contributed most to their length of days?" We would say probably, most of all, it is regular habits. Next, the complete acquiescence in the providences of God. They have had their full share of trouble, but they have borne it all in the faith and belief that all will be well in the end.

They live in the plain, old-fashioned manner of the pioneers of sixty years ago. Their wants are few, and, with these satisfied, they are content. The old lady is particularly free from fret and worry. They both talk very sensibly of the time when the race will be ended—"only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown," and their greatest concern seems to be for the one who shall be left. When I see or think of this couple, whom I have known for fifty-seven years, who were born to toil and hardships, who were deprived of an education, and hence of the solace of good books—so good in declining years for those who love to read—I am reminded of the words, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Yes, and heaven too, we hope, after the earth.

The reader will not be surprised to learn that this old couple have never been aboard the cars. The steamer, railway train, telegraph, telephone, electric light and

motor, cotton gin and spinning jenny, power looms, reaping machines, sewing machines, etc., have all been born since our old friends first saw the light. Twenty-two presidential elections have been held and twenty-five States have been added to the Union since their birth, and the population has increased from five millions to sixty millions. They have lived through a decade of mechanical improvements such as the world never saw before, and have seen the Western wilds transformed into happy homes for millions.

#### §6. THE MATTHEWS AND DRURY NEIGHBORHOOD.

Long before Centerton was dreamed of, even while Indianapolis was yet in embryo, and the State capital was at Corydon, while as yet a beautiful green wilderness stretched far away from the Whitewater river to the Wabash, dotted here and there with the lowly cabin home of some brave pioneer, while the footprints of the Pottawatomies and Miamis were yet in the sand and the stealthy panther and howling wolf hunted the speckled fawn, there came to this fertile valley, stretching along the north bank of White river, from the mouth of White Lick to Sycamore creek, the following named men with their wives and children, some from Ohio, some from Virginia, some from North Carolina, and others from Tennessee and Kentucky:

George Matthews is supposed to be the first man to build his cabin in this settlement. It stood one-fourth of a mile northeast of Centerton. He hailed from North Carolina, but of the date of his birth or death we know nothing. He was a man of strongly marked character and sterling worth, standing in the front rank of Indiana pioneers. He left six sons and two daughters, to whom

he bequeathed some property and a good name. His sons bore a conspicuous part in the development of this settlement and in bringing it up to the highest level it has ever attained. Close on the heels of Mr. Matthews, almost while he was cutting his cabin logs, came Isaiah Drury, of Ohio; Alexander Cox, of Pennsylvania; John Stipp, of Virginia; and Samuel Scott, of Kentucky. Their domiciles were in the river bottom, south of Centerton, excepting that of Mr. Drury, whose farm was in the direction of White Lick. Down in the pocket of the settlement, beginning at the mouth of Sycamore, and coming up the river, were Daniel Reeves, Kester Jones, Benjamin Stafford, Elijah Lang and sons, Dabney Gooch, Andrew Paul, Gabriel Paul, Jesse Gooch, and John Robb. These all tilled their own soil, drank water out of their own "moss-covered buckets," and heard the rain patter on their own housetops, in the year of 1836. Afterward, in the '40's, the homesteads still increased as the sons and daughters were married. Three of the Matthews brothers, Calvin, Alfred, and James, were owners of good farms. Michael, Benjamin, and Abraham Stipp, the sons of John Stipp, lived under their own "vine and fig tree." So did John and David B. Scott; and William, John, and Charles Cox, sons of Alexander Cox; and William Hardwick, son-in-law of Mr. Cox. Mr. Drury sold his farm about 1834, and moved farther west. The only unimproved land in this settlement in 1840 was two eighty-acre tracts lying on the east of the road from the bridge to Centerton. This belonged to one Colonel Lyons.

Frederick Barnard, father of Dr. and Sylvanus Barnard, bought this land, which formed the nucleus of the present unsurpassed farm of Sylvanus Barnard. In the '40's there were about twenty-two farmers in this

neighborhood who owned, lived on, and cultivated their own farms; did most of their own work, owed but few debts, ate their own bread and butter, and attended to their own business. They were not scholars, but many of them were readers, familiar with the history of their country. They started schools at an early day and kept pace with the progressive developments of that institution. They were not religious in the sense that the orthodox understand that term. Many of them leaned to Universalism in theory and some were skeptical. They listened to the preacher respectfully, and would take him home with them and feed him on "the fat of the land," of which they had an abundance, and entertain him most hospitably.

That was about as far as they would go religiously. As a wag said: "The New Lights and Methodists were too 'hell-fiery,' and the Baptists too 'whang-doodley' to convert the community." Notwithstanding all this, these neighbors lived peaceably with each other, having very little use for Squire John Robb, other than to fill out deeds, take acknowledgements, and join the brides and grooms in marriage. The men joined hand in hand to reap and bind when harvest came, and to raise houses and barns, roll logs, turn boats, and husk corn by moonlight. The women folks had wool-pickings, flax-hackelings, quilting bees and peach parings, and made apple and pumpkin butter in abundance.

After the first few years of settlement—wherein they knew what it was to be in need of even the most common wants of life—by dint of industry and caretaking, these men and women made that neighborhood fairly flow with milk and honey, buckwheat cakes and maple molasses, to say nothing of the corn dodgers and pork sausages in due season. Soon the old log cabins were

replaced by neat hewed-log houses with shingle roofs, brick chimneys, and plank floors, whereon during the long winter evenings they "tripped the light fantastic toe" to the merry mystic charms of Uncle Ap Matthews's fiddle.

The old settlers of this neighborhood always believed they were cheated out of the county seat. They affirmed that there was undue influence brought to bear on the commissioners by the landowners of the Cutler site. They showed the commissioners that they were much nearer the geographical center of the county than was the Cutler place; that more than half of the new settlers were on their side of the river; that they were at the mouth of White Lick, then one of the best mill streams in the State, and that Cutler and Gray could not better them at a single point. Nevertheless they were beaten, and no language could express their indignation. Once or twice since then northern citizens of the county have tried to move the county seat to Centerton, but failed. It seems that the soil of this beautiful valley is not suited to the growth of towns and cities.

Early in the '40's Samuel Moore built a warehouse on the north bank of the river, a little below the north abutment of the Barnard bridge. It was for the purpose of storing sacked corn, wheat, flour, and pork products to be shipped on flatboats to New Orleans. Mr. Moore was then doing the largest business of his life, and the farmers of whom we have been writing were producing more corn and hogs and surplus farm products than ever grew in that valley before or since. Mr. Moore intended to establish a packing house here, but for some cause deferred it from time to time. Meanwhile John Scott, who owned the farm and ferry at this place, conceived the idea of platting a town nearby. He

selected the northeast corner of his farm, which was about sixty rods north and a little east of the bridge. Three other farms cornered there and went to share in this enterprise. The neighborhood was greatly elated at the prospect of a town, porkhouse and boat-landing. A conference was called to select a name for this little newcomer, and after many proposals and due consideration it was christened Rockingham. Four or five lots were sold and three houses built, and for a little while there was a tailor shop and also a blacksmith shop located here. The tailor died and the smith moved away, but just when Rockingham died it is hard to find out, as no records are kept of dead towns. It was probably on the first day of January, 1847, when the first great flood in White river on which the eyes of white men had ever gazed, stood three feet on its floors. From this flood dates the diminution and downfall of the forty-acre homesteaders of the Centerton neighborhood. For twenty-five years many of them had lived on or near the banks of this beautiful waterway without ever dreaming of its capability for mischief. They had paddled their canoes over its placid bosom many a time, angling for the black bass, or hunting the pike and salmon with a "gig" on still, bright mornings during Indian summer when they could see the pebbles on the bottom in water fifteen feet deep. During the warm months they had swum, dived, splashed, and played in it, times unnumbered. True, they expected the spring rains to fill her banks to the brim, and ever and anon a tide came in June which drowned the corn on the low bottoms, but it remained for the warring elements of the last three days of December, 1846, to sweep the White river bottoms from end to end with destruction. The river behaved like an insane elephant who, having

snapped his chains, proceeds to hurl the dens and cages right and left and stampede the whole menagerie. Daylight broke that gloomy morn only to reveal to the eye the sickening sight of an unbroken sheet of water extending from hill to hill, blackened with driftwood, rails, and cornstalks which the maddened currents were piling up "house high" against the resisting trees.

The roar was like the "waters coming down at Lodore." Long before daylight signals of distress came from those who had failed, or could not get to the hills the evening before. They blew their dinner-horns, rang cowbells, shouted at the tops of their voices, and fired their rifles to gain the attention of those "on shore." So sudden and swift was the rise of the river in the evening that many canoes were lost to their owners, which more and more complicated affairs. Others only saved their canoes by wading and swimming to them at dark and bringing them into the bayous. By 10 o'clock at night the hogs and sheep were scattered, and many were drowning. On and on, higher and higher came the waters until they reached the doorsteps, then to the floors, finally putting out the fires in the chimneys. That was the most awful and terrible New Year's eve ever experienced in Morgan county. For thirty miles by the meanderings of the river there was a sheet of water that would have averaged a mile in width, busily engaged in drowning sheep, hogs, and cattle, and sweeping away fencing and outhouses. Fortunately few or no human lives were lost; but men living on the lowlands were discouraged, and some of them sold out immediately. Others followed suit in course of time; so almost imperceptibly the inhabitants on the banks of the river slowly disappeared; their little farms were absorbed by the large landowner who

could choose his residence in the town or city, or on the second bottom lands where the tide has never yet come to his dwelling place.

The social equality and neighborly relations of this community sixty years ago were not surpassed anywhere in the county. Nobody was rich, none very poor, and there was not a beggar or a pauper within its borders. Steadily, but surely, since that day has the chasm between poverty and riches widened and deepened. Judged by the standards under which we live at all times, these men and women have graded as first class. The status of the neighborhood was foreshadowed by the personalities of its members. We spoke of the sterling character of George Matthews, the first to lay an ax at the root of a tree in this settlement. Then Isaiah Drury, who took great interest in county affairs and was school commissioner in 1832, and who built the first brick house on the road from Martinsville to Mooresville. Alexander Cox was an excellent farmer, and the descendants of his five sons and two daughters, remaining in this county, are perhaps more numerous than any others. John Stipp, of Virginia, on his road West, stopped long enough at Mad river, Ohio, to build mills and lose money, then he came to this county, where his ship swung to anchor the remainder of his days. He was a man of indomitable courage and energy and never tiring industry, a friend to his friends and a foe worthy of the steel of an antagonist. His sons were Peter, who never lived here, Michael, Martin, Benjamin, John A., and Abraham, and his daughters were Mrs. William Wall, Mrs. John Rudicell, and Miss Eliza. John A., Michael, and Eliza were never married. Abraham Stipp is probably the oldest early settler in Clay township, and among the last survivors of those who



first came to this neighborhood. His son, Kelly Stipp, who owns the Michael Stipp farm, is the only descendant of the old settlers who owns a foot of land belonging to their ancestors, excepting town lots in Centerton.

Low down in the pocket lived Kester and William Jones. They sold out and left the county about 1834. Daniel Reeves owned a part of what is now the Bradford farm and sand mine. Mr. Reeves was a most estimable citizen, quiet and genial in his manners and habits, and beloved by his neighbors. He sold out soon after the flood and moved out of the county, leaving his daughter, Mrs. William Parker, and her children to represent him in the old settlement. He was a Kentuckian.

Elijah Lang, who was probably the oldest of all the old settlers, owned and lived on eighty acres of land situated in the southeast corner of the Bradford and Campbell farm. His house stood on the bank of the river. Near the close of his life he was greatly afflicted in his feet and legs. His suffering at times was dreadful, the worms taking possession of his limbs before their time. Mr. Lang was a great backwoods novelist. His stories were not written, but delivered orally. Each succeeding edition was enlivened with some new incident, in which he appeared the hero. He died just before the great "washout." His children, or most of them, sold out their possessions and moved to Iowa, where they prospered reasonably well. They were members of church and much respected. Mr. Lang was also a Kentuckian.

It remains also to write something of the boys and young men who came with their parents, or alone, to this settlement, and who loved, wooed, and wedded the girls of their choice—unless the other fellows got them,

as sometimes happened, whereupon they turned to a second choice, which often proved as good or better than the first one. They were not to be cheated out of matrimonial bliss because of a choice between Rose and Lily.

Among the younger men was Benjamin Stafford, who was born in Ohio in 1810 and came to this county in 1820. His first marriage, in 1830, was to Miss Ruth Gifford, who died young, leaving him with one child, a daughter, who in time became the wife of Martin Wall and died several years ago, leaving two sons, Charles and Noah. His next marriage was to Margaret Price, by whom he had eight children. After her death he married a Miss Sloan. No children were born to them. His fourth wife was Mrs. Susan Fry, a young widow with five sons. She added seven more to his family, making in all, sixteen children and five step-children. These all lived to adult age.

Mr. Stafford lived low down in the pocket when the tide of '47 came sweeping along, leaving him little else than a house, barn, and bare ground. He sold his bottom farm and bought one on Sycamore, where he lived to the close of his life in independent circumstances and in the enjoyment of his Bible, which, according to his own statement, he had read through many times, although he did not learn to read until his fortieth year. He was a Methodist and Republican. His life closed about his eightieth year.

The Gooch brothers, Philip, John, William, Dabney, and Jesse, lived near the brickyard. John died in 1836, leaving a widow (Delilah Lang) and two little boys. Philip and William moved west. Dabney and Jesse owned farms near the brickyards, but Dabney lost most of his property after the war for the Union, and Jesse

sold his farm and moved to Illinois. In his younger days "Dab," as he was called, was a dear lover of amusements, particularly of dancing parties. There was usually a good supply of these in his neighborhood, to which he was always welcome, for he could "heel tap and toe" anything from a jig to a cotillion. But it was as a flatboatman that he took first honors, for he was equally at home in a boat or on it. He was a small, wiry man, knit together with the best of sinews, and could make a sweep oar quiver like a pike's tail. He made many trips on flats for Dr. John Sims. Once the Doctor took him from Baton Rouge out to a big sugar plantation to see an old schoolmate of the Doctor's, who had wandered South and married a rich young widow possessed of a large plantation well stocked with negroes and sugar kettles. Evidently he had struck a bonanza, for his wife was a real Southern gem—educated, refined, and overflowing with genuine hospitality. But she could not keep her eyes off "Dab," for she had never seen anything to match him. Although seated in the magnificent parlor with carpets and mirrors and bric-a-brac, "Dab" was nothing daunted but took a lively part in the conversation between the two doctors and the hostess. He had permitted his great shock of hair and enormous whiskers to have a steady growth for months, and his keen blue eyes looked out from under his shaggy brows like the eyes of a lynx.

It was growing late in the evening and Dr. Sims spoke of returning to his boats, but his friend insisted on his staying all night with him. The good wife, seeing her opportunity to get rid of "Dab" said, "O, yes, stay, and this gentleman can take the skiff back and report, and come for you in the morning." It was so arranged, and after Mr. Gooch was gone and the conversation

renewed, the lady asked Sims where on earth he had found "that fellow?" He replied, "Why, up in Indiana. There it is hard to find any other sort. I brought him that you might see a real, live Hoosier." After a moment's reflection, she said, "Doctor, do you think they can ever be civilized?" "Civilized, why they are already civilized. You folks down here shoot, stab, and kill ten men to our one, and yet you claim to be the most civil and gallant people in the States." "Well," said she, "I shall never forget the looks of a live Hoosier."

Late in life Mr. Gooch married a widow with four or five children. Sometime in the '60's the cholera was communicated to his family by a relative returning from the West, and his wife and one child died. With the weight of years came many sorrows, not the least of them being a demented mind. He lived to near his eightieth year. The Gooches were from Kentucky.

Adjoining neighbors to the Gooches were the Paul brothers, Gabriel and Andrew. Gabriel moved away at an early date on account of a tragedy in which his son was the principal actor. Several neighboring boys had congregated on Sunday and were playing on the ice, when young Paul and a boy named Collins got into an altercation. Paul stabbed Collins to death. The murderer was spirited away that night and was never afterward heard from by the public. It was an unprovoked assault, and young Paul has the distinction of being the youngest murderer who ever lived in the county.

North of the brickyard lived Squire John Robb, the principal scribe of the neighborhood in its earliest days. He served at various times as justice of the peace, school director, and school teacher, besides administrator of several estates. He was an intelligent man of high

character, and a soldier in the latest Indian wars. He lived to an old age, having brought up a large family of sprightly boys and girls.

Squire John B. Maxwell also served in a like capacity for many years. He was an honest, conscientious officer of high standing and the head of a first-class family of children, some of whom became teachers. He lived to a ripe old age.

Michael Stipp was king of bachelors. Gossiping women and noisy, crying children grated on his nerves like the notes of a calliope. He had profound respect for the staid, sensible wife and mother, but for the snivelling, dawdling sort he had not the least admiration. He relegated them to men of blunt sensibilities. In dress he was plain, neat, and cleanly. He was slow to follow the changes in fashion. He did not believe with Beau Brummel that "starch makes the man," for once when a new washerwoman, unacquainted with his peculiarities, "did up his shirt" with starch, he threshed it over the back of a chair until it was as limber as a tent cloth. He was among the best farmers and stock feeders in his neighborhood, and decidedly the best economist. For more than fifty years he had lived on and owned the same farm. His note was at all times as good as the bank, and his word was never disputed. He was near an octogenarian when life closed.

The brothers, John and David B. Scott, lived near the bridge, where John owned and ran a ferryboat seventy years ago, the first ferryboat established between Martinsville and Mooresville, and operated with sweep oars and setting poles. Early in the '50's they sold their lands and moved to Appanoose county, Iowa, where they continued farming and stock raising. David took a drove of army horses to St. Louis during the Civil

War, where he sickened and died, leaving a wife and six sons, some of whom became prominent in county affairs.

William Hardwick owned and conducted one of the prettiest little farms in this community. In 1835 he married Elizabeth Cox, daughter of Alexander Cox, and soon after moved to this farm, where he and his most estimable wife reared a family of five or six children who took rank among the first families. Here he and his wife lived to a good old age, revered by their children and much esteemed by their neighbors.

William Cox was the foremost carpenter and cabinet-maker in the county in 1832. There were none better then, few better now. Specimens of his work can still be seen in houses built sixty years ago, and you cannot slip a hair in the joints of the panel doors to-day. His wife—Aunt Eliza, as she was usually called—was among the best beloved women in the world. They raised a large family, most of whom fell victims at an early age to that common destroyer, consumption. The old folks closed out their long and useful lives at Centerton.

George Matthews, Jr.—called “Doc”—youngest of the sons of “grandfather” Matthews, was an adept in many things. He was millwright, carpenter, and veterinary surgeon; also a singing school leader, after the old style, with good colloquial gifts. He was a migratory bird, and in his flight visited England, where he made some reputation as a “horse doctor.” He and his wife returned to their native land, where, after they had passed the meridian of life, and seen much sunshine and many shadows, they departed in peace.

Judge Hiram Matthews, although not a resident of this neighborhood in after life, had made it his playground when a boy. Fifty years ago no man in Morgan

county was more generally known or more highly respected than Judge Matthews. He was a pillar of the commonwealth.

Since writing the first part of this sketch I received a letter from P. A. Brady, attorney of Greenup, Illinois, saying that his mother, Mrs. Sidney Brady, now living in Janesville, Illinois, is the youngest and only living one of the nine children born to Adelpia and George Matthews. She will be eighty years old January 13, 1900.

John A. Stipp, the village schoolmaster, was grievously tormented with rheumatism from his boyhood days. For many long years he suffered night and day with this painful disease. He resolved to make the most of it. He procured a copy each of Webster's speller and small dictionary, Pike's arithmetic, and Kirkham's grammar, and with the little start got in the subscription schools of that time he proceeded to qualify himself for teaching, and for several years was engaged in the profession in his own and adjoining neighborhoods. He was equally good in the "single rule of three" or the double rule of "rods." He was a schoolmaster who was master of the school.

He was by nature genial and sunny; and though the child of affliction, yet he was ever patient and resigned, getting more out of life than others more highly favored. He departed this life at the age of three score and ten, "sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust."

Many others could be named who are equally worthy of remembrance as connected with this settlement, but they belong to a later period of time—a period not included in these sketches.

## §7. THE OLD SETTLERS AT HOME.

It appears from the land office records and other circumstances that about one hundred and seventy families—a population of some eight or nine hundred—passed the winter of 1822-'23 in our county.

You may now and then still find one of that number living. We know of two, who, if they live until the coming spring, will have passed eighty years of their lives in this county. They are William Williams and his brother John, sons of Jonathan Williams, a Tennessean and a soldier of the War of 1812, who married at the close of that war, and, with his bride, started to Indiana, packed on two ponies which were the proceeds of his army service. He arrived in Orange county, where he bartered his wedding suit for corn meal and bacon, and set up housekeeping in a little log cabin, in the primitive style, with a "continental" bedstead, some three-legged stools, slab table, pots, pans, and pewter plates.

How does this compare with the modern manner of beginning housekeeping—provided the young people have not already decided that it is in "better taste" to take rooms and board at a hotel? Mr. Williams and wife were not the only well-mated pair that started in the wilderness with little more than willing hands, brave hearts, and a nerve that would not down, and ended life with an abundance of the good things of this world. Philip Hodges, William N. Cunningham, Ephraim Goss, Robert Smith, and scores of others who came here at an early day, started like Mr. Williams with less than a cartload of household goods.

They rightly belong to the first class of pioneers. These men chopped and hewed, grubbed and rolled,



plowed and hoed, with their own hands. If a stranger had walked into a clearing or a corn field, in that day, he could not have told, from anything he saw, which was the employer and which was the employed. All were dressed alike in homespun clothes; all alike sweaty and sooty. We talk boastingly of the present "horny-handed" granger.

The place to have found him at his best—a pure thoroughbred, without the taint of "lily-finger" on him—was in Morgan county in 1830, and several years before and after. Nor were these men alone or single-handed in their struggles for supremacy over the wilderness. They were nobly seconded by their wives and daughters, than whom no better or purer have lived since the days of Lucretia of Rome. Women can be pure and good, and not renowned or learned, and such they were. Doubtless their great-granddaughters of to-day would regard them as very plain, and awkward in "society," quite ignorant, and possibly they might be ashamed to introduce them to their friends. Let the "grands" walk back in imagination seventy years and take a seat at the little spinning wheel and attempt to spin a thread from the distaff, or stand up and pull out a roll from the spindle of the big wheel, or warp a piece for the loom and throw the shuttle and trip the treadles to weave a yard of cloth, and they will find where awkwardness begins. But there is no need of such handcraft now. The great-grandmothers, if living, would be done with that hard and tedious toil. A more excellent way has been shown us. But at that time the best educated women were the women who knew what was best worth knowing, and would do what was best worth doing. We are inclined to think this is the highest standard ever raised—the only true idea of education.

What of it, if a man carries a dozen languages—dead and alive—in his head and is himself a deadbeat? He is as “sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.” There is such a thing as a “learned fool,” but we are almost certain there was no such thing in our first settlement. Fools there were, no doubt, but not of the educated, artificial kind. God, who oftentimes “works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform,” never makes the mistake of taking a colony of “dudes” and “dudesses,” clad in “purple and fine linen,” to drive out the wolf and subdue the wilderness for the habitation of man; but He takes stalwart men and womanly women—rough diamonds they may be—learned or otherwise, rude or polite, but who have the powers of endurance and the determination to win in the strife. Such, for the most part, were those who first came to our county in search of homes which they expected to carve out of a wilderness hitherto the abode of wild beasts and red men. The red men with their wives and little ones, had for the last time been bought off or driven from the soil of Indiana. That fearful struggle between “civilized” barbarian and savage barbarian has terminated in favor of the former.

The Indian had his choice to be thrust through with ball and bayonet or “take up his bed and walk.” The question of right was settled by the question of might. No longer did the dreams of Kentucky’s “dark and bloody ground” disturb the midnight slumber of the old settler; he reposed as quietly in his little cabin home, miles from his neighbors, as did the babe in its sugar-trough cradle. This was a great gain over all former attempts at frontier settlements westward from the Atlantic seaboard. In our county “Old Glory” never waved over a bloody battlefield. The roar of cannon, the rattle of rifles, the yells of the charges, and the

shouts of victories, these rock-ribbed hills and fertile valleys never heard. "But peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." Yea, more: "Peace is heaven, war is hell." Let us be done with wars. Our hands are clean of the blood of mobs or lynchings; murders and manslaughters we have had too many. Some escaped arrest, others broke jail and fled. Most of them had fair trials, while none were sentenced for life, or to be hanged. There have been at least five premeditated murders in the county, for which, if the perpetrators had received the sentence of the law, their last business on earth would have been "pulling hemp." The victims were a stranger, near the Old Bluffs, John Terrell and James Carter, of Washington township, and William Robe and Washington Brown, of Greene township. There have been about twenty manslaughters or homicides. Considering that the average population of the county for seventy-eight years would be as much as three thousand souls, this may not be so bad a showing.

We are an intelligent and educated people to-day, who will compare favorably with the best; but while our boys and young men attend church with a flask of whisky in one hip pocket and a revolver in the other, we should not boast of our advancement in morals and manners, or in temperance and church work. There is still plenty of room for ministers and missionaries, at home as well as abroad. Morality and Bible spirituality have not kept pace with intellectuality and the material development of the county, since the beginning in the memorable winter of 1822-'23.

## II.

## PIONEER HOME LIFE.

## §8. MARRIAGE AND HOUSEKEEPING THEN AND NOW.

Families go before housekeeping, and marriage goes before families, and the principal incentives to marriage are much the same in all the ages. So long as men and women are in existence, they will marry; or, if not, one of two things will happen—the race will become extinct or brutality will reign supreme.

Some strenuous efforts have been made by feather-headed philosophers to establish a free-love system—a sort of fast and loose plan of playing at honeymoon—but the consequences and complications which naturally followed soon brought it into disrepute, for such a system was no better than that of the common barbarians. The solemn vows of marriage, that are of God's ordering, will never be improved by philosophers nor legislatures. Under certain circumstances they who marry do well, and they who marry not do better. "Let every man have his own wife and let every woman have her own husband," and let them strive earnestly and honestly to make their homes and their home associations things to be more desired than "palaces and pleasures through which we may roam," for amusement only.

But as we started out to write how people married and made homes and "got on" in the world fifty or sixty years ago, we will stop moralizing. After four or five years of settlement the conditions favoring marriage were much better than they are to-day. The common wants of life, which fully satisfied common people, were ready for the hands of the industrious,

wise, and prudent. The luxuries of life were yet far out of sight, and the magnificent was not even dreamed of. No false fads were then rattling in the brains of housekeepers. There was no dissatisfaction with the imperative duties of home life. Indeed home was as a general rule altogether the best place to be. People were generally contented with such things as they had or could readily obtain. There was much less class distinction than to-day and a pure democracy shed its benign influence over all.

These conditions made it easy for young married folks to begin housekeeping at once. The girl wife didn't demand or expect the boy husband to be in possession, or even in sight of his thousand dollar salary, before marriage. It was said in these days that they "married for love and worked for riches." That may have been, because love was much more plentiful than riches. It is better to grow lovely, than to grow rich; for they that will be rich fall into divers temptations. Anyway, they were so deeply in love in those backwoods, and so blissfully ignorant of what was to come, that they never thought of that much coveted thing denominated a dollar, which, nowadays, is continually ringing in some people's thoughts, especially when "matchmaking." True the fathers and mothers wished to be assured that the prospective son-in-law would be able to care for his family, in an honest and manly manner; for they would rather bestow a daughter on a man without money, than on money without a man. If we say here that the happiness, well-being, and home life enjoyment of a half-hundred years ago, was as good or better than to-day, the answer may be: "You were an optimist then,—you are a pessimist now." Old folks always think they did "beat all the world" when they were

young, and that the world is going to the bad, as sure as they are going to their "setting sun." We plead not guilty to this soft impeachment. We are still optimistic, and believe that goodness must prevail; and that the world is slowly coming to know what is best worth knowing, and when it gets properly educated, it will do what is best worth doing; and that is to make and maintain reasonably good homes,—lovely homes, "Sweet homes," where books, birds, and joyful little folks do most congregate; and where souls are filled with the "milk of human kindness," and character building is founded on the "Rock of Ages." However, just now there is a class that has voted home a "bore," housekeeping a nuisance, and servants a fraud. They get married, get disappointed, get discouraged, get "broke up," get mad, get divorced, and get "walloped" all through life, because they don't know how to get married and how to stay so. Society is somewhat to blame for this state of affairs. Many young people of to-day wish to marry; they love perhaps as ardently as young folks ever loved, but their affection is diluted with society fads. Married people of moderate means can no more meet the demands of modern society, especially in our towns and cities, with its balls, card parties, receptions, theaters, Saratogas, Long Branches, and Hot Springs, and at the same time give such attention to the affairs of home life as will assure reasonable success, than a Christian can serve God and Mammon. Self-sacrifice is the wellspring of sweet home. They who will brook no self-denial had better keep their necks out of the marriage halter. A family cannot be at home attending strictly to domestic affairs, and attend to fourteen society calls per week. But there are other causes which are helping to trouble the matri-

monial sea that were unknown to the old hoosieroon or his children.

Few or none of those obstacles stood in the way of the lads and lasses of "ye olden time." They married young, sixteen or seventeen for the girls, nineteen to twenty-one for the boys. Shakespeare says, "They are married best who die married young." Shakespeare was a very intelligent man, but got tangled in love, of the theatrical "persuasion," which warped his judgment.

True the boys and girls, especially the girls, used to sing at play parties:

"I am too young, I am not fit,  
I cannot leave my mamma yet."

But surely they did not believe it, for some of these selfsame singers married at fourteen and fifteen, and clung to their husbands as faithful and true as Ruth clung to Boaz. They went to housekeeping in earnest. Everything was plain, and many things very unhandy compared with our modern equipments for housework; for instance: one log house, ten by twenty, chinked and daubed with mud, roofed with clapboards and weight poles, puncheon floor, no carpets or rugs, stick and clay chimney, lug pole and pot trample; no cook-stove or range, safe, or refrigerator; one bed, by and by a trundle bed for the "little after whiles," a set of chairs, no rocker, one chest or trunk, a corner cupboard, some pots, pans and delftware, a piggin and gourd, a bucket and sugar kettle, a cow, sow and pigs, eleven hens, and one rooster. This constituted a first-class "set up" in our boyhood days in the county of Morgan, State of Indiana. Into this rude home the bride and groom went, in good faith, to work like beavers, believing in their ability to succeed, Providence willing,

which they most generally did. They had neither clock nor watch, nor friction matches. If they let the fire go out at any time, they must trot to a near neighbor and borrow, or strike fire with flint and steel. They had no washing machines or wringers, clothespins or clotheslines. They hung the clothes on a peeled pole, where they often became the sport of frolicsome winds. There were no sewing machines in those days. If they had a well, they drew the water with the house bucket tied to the end of a grapevine attached to the well-sweep, and not with the "moss-covered bucket that hung in the well." In short, they had nothing a modern housewife would respect, except the live stock and poultry. As to modes of amusement, there were few. There were no pianos or organs, guitars or mandolins, neither melodeons nor accordians. The home music was made upon the jew's-harp and "fiddle." The church choir sang the doxology in soprano. The boys usually went whistling to the plow, and the girls sang merrily at their work.

According to statistics, it's a wonder that half the wives did not go crazy, for it is asserted that more farmers' wives go insane than those of any other class, all because they are so hard worked, poorly paid, and little amused. Be that as it may, we cannot call to mind a half-dozen such cases in twenty years after the first settlement of the county, and surely no equal number of wives have been more isolated, lonely, harder worked, or less amused, than those of whom we have been writing, and their mothers before them.

The enterprising men and women were sustained in their arduous task by the perpetual hope of seeing the day when they would be as well, or better, "fixed up" than the old folks at home in Kentucky or Ohio. And



so they took joyfully the knotting of their hands and the soiling of their complexions, which was indispensable in order to gain the result sought. From them, principally, have sprung the people who have dotted the country all over with churches, schools, villages, towns, and cities, and threaded it with railroads, gravel roads, electric lines, telegraph and telephone lines. Yet the great working classes are not as contented, as happy, as they were in the days when our fathers and mothers ate their frugal meals off of slab tables and slept "the sleep of the just" upon a "continental" bed.

### §9. WOOING AND WEDDING.

Wooing for a wife is a very interesting phase of human life. It lost none of its charms when carried on in the backwoods in times now almost forgotten. The children of the old settlers knew little and cared less about flirtations. One Saratoga belle of to-day can out-flirt as many old-time girls as it would take to stock up a camp meeting. Nor were the boys much in the habit of trifling with the affections of the girls, for their "big brothers," of whom they usually had a supply, were morally certain to have a reckoning with the culprit. However, there was a good deal of courting that did not materialize. Some unforeseen contingency would arise to hinder the promise or cancel it after it was made. But, as a rule, all earnestly begun courtships ended in marriage.

Sometimes the fathers and mothers, or at least one of them, filed objections to the company-keeping of their son or daughter. Sometimes the exceptions were well taken; at other times, they were not. If the girl were fatally in love, the old folks were likely to be cir-

cumvented. The case would turn out something like the following:

About four miles east of Martinsville there lived in an early day, a good neighbor whom we will call B—R— for short. He was the proud father of four or five daughters, who were so handsome and charming in their teens that most of them had lovers at fifteen.

But the stern father forbade the girls receiving company, and no young man was allowed to make love to his daughters. He had determined there should be no billing and cooing about his premises. He succeeded about as well as fathers usually did in such cases, especially in the backwoods. In due time the boys stole his girls like they did his watermelons, as fast as they got ripe. The boys may have read of the old Romans, who stole the Sabine women, yet it is not good form to steal a wife. As a general rule, it is better to get peaceable possession.

There were some very embarrassing circumstances attending courtship in those early days. There were no parlors, drawing or reception rooms,—just one big inconvertible sitting room, parlor, dining room, bedroom and kitchen, all in one.

Sunday night was the usually accepted time when "Willie went a-wooing." Saturday night was "niggers'" night and, therefore, not in good taste.

If it was winter time, there would be a glowing log fire in the old stick and clay chimney, with its clay jambs and back wall. If in summer, the fireplace would be filled with the green boughs of elm or wild cherry.

A tallow candle or greasy lamp would cast a faint, sickly ray on the nervous swain as he shifted first one leg, then the other, over his knee and tried to keep up a running conversation with the family group. If the

girl happened to be the oldest of the family, there was the additional annoyance of several urchins, winking, blinking, and tittering until they grew tired and were ordered to bed. Then there was a short respite for the young man, who proceeded to turn a "searchlight" on the old folks. Although there was no one authorized to send them into retirement, it was well understood that if they were friendly to the beau they would avail themselves of the earliest opportunity to vacate the hearthstone and leave the way clear for the "commencement exercises" of the evening. But if they wished to show their disapproval of the young man's attentions they would stay up and sulk until a late hour. Sometimes when the girl did not wish any further annoyance, or was after another beau, she would get "pap" and mother to "sit him out" until midnight. This was a polite way of informing him that "his room was better than his company."

Sometimes it so happened that the girl had "two strings to her bow," or, properly speaking, two beaux on the string. This complicated things very much, especially if they both happened to call on the same evening to engage her company for some party or other amusement. This situation usually brought on the crisis, and one or the other had to go. Unless she could satisfactorily explain her position, she would thereafter be released from the double duty of playing belle to two beaux. There were few things the boys dreaded more than the "sack," or to be "cut out" by the other fellow. A prudent girl generally avoided making a "scene" when it became necessary to be relieved of a suitor's company; sometimes, however, she gave the "mitten" in such a decided way as to fairly carry the young man off his feet. This was only done after re-

peated attempts on the young man's part to intrude his attentions.

A very common way of beginning the ticklish business of courting was to "sidle up" to a girl on the road home from church, singing school, or quilting party, and ask, "May I have the pleasure of seeing you safe home?" Of course neither the young man nor any one else thought her to be in any particular danger from wild beasts or ghosts. If he were a bashful boy, just getting entangled in the masterful meshes of love, he would talk but little more until they reached "daddy's" gate, when he would say, "Now Sally Ann, don't tell anybody I 'beaved' you home," to which she would respond, "I won't, Tom, for I'm as 'shamed of it as you are."

As there were no buggies in those days, the modern mode of courting on wheels was unknown. But love-making on horseback or on foot was almost as good, though not nearly so pleasant as the buggy way.

To know how to help a lady on and off a horse was accounted quite an accomplishment. Now and then a young man—being a little flurried, or "out of his head"—would lead the horse up to the stump or block with the "gee" side next the girl, and when she would modestly inform him that he had better "swap sides" with the horse, he looked for all the world like he had let a whole bevy of birds go at once.

Courtship was long or short according to the seeming necessity of the case. If the lovers were young when they were first smitten, the "set to" might last two or three years, but usually in the case of young widowers it was cut down to two or three months. The longest courtship we ever knew lasted seventeen years and did not then "materialize." The shortest was about

three weeks. How much shorter we do not know—he was a widower. Something has been said about “pursuit being better than possession.” That holds good in a fox chase, but not in courtship.

A modern writer of much notoriety says, “All women and girls love the romantic.” If so, the bride of old must have fully realized all her expectations on her wedding day. She was usually very young compared to the brides of to-day, bashful, innocent, inexperienced, and unsophisticated; she knew nothing whatever of the “ways that are dark and tricks that are vain,” which of late have honeycombed very fashionable society. She surely would appear very plain beside her modern sisters, yet, weighed in an even balance, she would not be found wanting in those qualities that go to make a faithful wife.

Among the festivities of the backwoods none were more enjoyable than those of the wedding and “infare” days. Barring some unpleasantness arising from fancied slights or neglects in the matter of invitations, all went merrily. As there were no bridal tours to be undertaken over the mud and corduroy roads further than the groom’s home, and as they had not learned to swap sunlight for gas and electricity, and as the bride and groom were not ashamed to be seen in daylight, the ceremony was performed at noonday, after which congratulations were showered in abundance, followed by the old-fashioned country dinner. The table fairly reeled under the weight of roast beef, pork, and turkey, stacks of cakes, pies, and crullers, with corn and wheat bread, butter, and home-made molasses—all plentifully interspersed with cabbage, beans, potatoes, and baked custard, pickles, catsup, and peppersauce.

As the whole affair was informal at the table, a roar-

ing conversation was carried on, with shafts of wit—dull and sharp—shot at the bride and groom. Of course there was the “king’s fool,” or the fool without the king—a “smarty” who usually joked in the key of D flat, for it is not possible to say startling things all the while.

Sometimes where the families were well-to-do and had two or more rooms, if dancing was permissible, there would be a “hop” at night, lasting until the “wee sma’ hours ayant the twal.” The bride and groom would be excused about midnight and retire. But they would be visited at regular intervals from then until morning, each time served with appropriate lunch. This custom, however, was not universal. The dancing and feasting were continued at the infair, and the gayeties prolonged through the second day and night.

I knew a young woman who said she danced all night at a wedding and the infair, then went home and slept sixteen hours, when her mother became alarmed and broke up her “nap.” This time it was “No sleep till two morns when youth and beauty meet.”

In the matter of dress, the bride and groom then, as now, put on their best “bib and tucker.” We have seen brides sixty years ago as neatly and becomingly dressed as we see them to-day. They were not decked in diamonds nor were their dresses made “en train,” but they were universally robed in white cambric or swiss lawn, with cotton hose, and kid slippers ornamented with silver buckles.

The laced jacket had quite a tight hold on the girls. A small, tapering waist was thought to be a “thing of beauty,” but it never was, nor can it be a joy to the one who wears it with the use of a “block and tackle.” Why should men have ever been such fools about a “wasp waist”? We believe such waists are indicative

of the mind that can submit to such torture for the sake of fashion.

There was one bit of the bride's adorning we were glad to see laid aside years ago—that was the grandmotherly looking bobinet cap. While that artificial headgear set off the elderly ladies in good style, it had no business on the head of a bride of sixteen, whose wealth of natural curls hung over neck and shoulders in such rich profusion as to command the admiration of all—even of a confounded old bachelor. I use this word in its true sense; for all men who were never married and never wished to be, are “confounded” somewhere. Neither was the bridegroom indifferent as to the conventional wedding suit. First he would go to the store and buy four yards of English broadcloth, six quarters wide, for which he paid seven dollars per yard; then the trimmings consisted of silk linings, buckram, silk velvet for the collar, silk thread, silk twist, and one and a half dozen highly polished brass buttons. With this he would go to his merchant tailor, who sometimes was a month behind with his customers. If the groom was in a hurry to get married, he would have to possess his soul in patience; if a widower, he would visit his tailor and prospective wife twice a week, and would be out of his head most of the time until after the wedding. The whole cost of a wedding suit—not including the invisible garments—was from forty-five to fifty dollars. As farm wages were not more than thirteen dollars per month, it took a young man about four months to earn his wedding suit. Of course, there were many less expensive wedding outfits, wherein the parties did as well, and enjoyed life as much as their more pretentious neighbors.

## §10. CORN FIELDS.

Our early settlers, upon their arrival, if it was in the spring season, being equipped with a horse or two and maybe a wagon, together with ax, maul, and wedge, mattock, and hoe, the jumping shovel plow, gun and shot pouch, and a small supply of salt, meal, a little bacon, and a few gallons of whisky, proceeded to select an arable piece of ground handy to water and easily cleared, upon which they built a small cabin or a "half-faced camp." The horses were hobbled and belled and turned loose long enough each day to browse on the twigs of the newly fallen timber in the clearing, and later on, as the season progressed, they were pastured on the luxurious peavine which everywhere grew in abundance. This was the finest and best wild grass that ever grew in Morgan county, but so sensitive to the tread of civilization that not a spear of it remains to perpetuate its memory. Like ginseng, spignet, and their fiery neighbor, the nettle, it would rather die than be trodden under the feet of men and animals.

The clearing was immediately begun in good earnest, with the view of planting by the 10th or 15th of May. This was as late in the season, at that time, as a man could plant with the expectation that his corn would miss the early frosts of autumn. In 1832 much more than half of the corn in the White river bottoms was frostbitten; and in 1833 corn planted as late as the 15th of May was likewise ruined by frost. Indeed, some began to despair of being able to mature corn at all. Two reasons may be assigned for this drawback. One was that the seed corn came mostly from the South, where a much longer season had been extended



for its maturity. The other reason was the newness of the ground and its wonderful fertility, which kept the stalks green and growing for a much longer time than now.

Much trouble and travel were experienced in getting good seed corn. Men went from here to Haw Patch, in Bartholomew county, in order to secure the best grain. Later on men came from Hendricks county to Martinsville for seed. But in a few years this trouble ceased and the "fathers" found themselves in one of the best corn counties in the State.

The most common way in those days was to clear new ground of all trees eighteen inches in diameter and under, leaving all those of larger dimensions standing. Of course all fallen timber, rotten or sound, must be gotten rid of in some way; either heaped and burned, or hauled off the clearing. The standing trees were girdled or burned. Such trees as walnut, hickory, elm, and some others, if cut to the dark wood, would never again put forth a bud; but beech, sugar, hackberry, and ash, had to be severely burned all around with brush or they would shade the corn. But the hardest work of all was "grubbing." On all the rich lands, particularly along the river and creek bottoms, the pawpaw, spicewood, grape vines, and leatherwood grew in such magnificent abundance as to strike terror to the heart of a lazy man when he thought of the pounds of sweat that would be required to oust these "understrappers."

Sometimes a few acres would be "cut smack smooth." That is, everything from the "grubs" to the tallest trees was cut down. This way of clearing required an immense amount of chopping. The price was about \$5.00 per acre for making it ready for rolling, and an average chopper would make about 25 cents per day.

After the first year or two of settlement, the ordinary way was to "deaden" all of the useless timber two or three years in advance of the clearing. This was the best of all the ways for reducing a heavy forest and bringing the land into cultivation.

It often happened that a well-to-do neighbor with plenty of land, would lease to his less fortunate neighbor from twenty to forty acres for a term of years—say from three to six—on condition that he should build a house and stable thereon, and clear and fence the described tract in a certain specified manner. Those leases gave rise to much controversy and litigation and neighborhood unpleasantness, for the reason that the lessee, if he chose to do so, could take many privileges not warranted by the contract. But all fields, except the smooth cleared, were to be gone over each succeeding spring for several years, as the dead timber was falling ever and anon throughout the year, and by springtime there would be another log-rolling where one had occurred the year before. Men often helped each other roll logs from twelve to sixteen days in the busy time of spring work. But these second and subsequent clearings were lighter every way than the first. The fallen trees could be "niggered" instead of being chopped in rolling lengths, and the logs were much lighter and usually burned easily. But the picking of chunks was a tedious and back-breaking business, as all the boys and some of the women and girls of that day would tell you, if they were living. Sometimes after the corn was planted a windstorm would hurl the dead timber all over the field and cause a week's work to be done to put it in such condition as would enable the tenant to plow it. In 1836 a storm passed over one

of my father's fields of twenty-five acres after the corn was planted, and blew down thirty-seven trees.

Let us return to a little corn field in Morgan county, made ready for plowing seventy-five years ago. It cannot help being rooty and stumpy, be it ever so well grubbed and shrubbed. It has been cleared "in the green," and beneath the surface of the ground the roots are woven together in such a friendly manner as to shame man's untoward selfishness; unlike us, they have dwelt together in unity for years. The long, slender elm roots formed the chain; white and blue ash and hackberry, beech, and sugar tree were woven in as filling, with spicewood and pawpaw for napping.

But what of the plowman who has the task of pulverizing this young corn field? He sees never a bit of poetry in this groundwork of nature. He almost wishes all the world had been prairie. If he is a Southerner, he will use the jumping-shovel plow and will jump as many roots as possible; if an Eastern man or "Yankee," he will have the old bar-share with a point as long as a garfish's nose, and which will be fast in the roots half the time and outkick a "sore-headed" politician.

For once the "Yankee" was outwitted by his plodding brother, for the ground, both by nature and grace, was exceedingly mellow, and the "jumper" would stir the surface with much more ease to man and horse than the "bar-share" plow. After the ground had been plowed as well as might be, it was furrowed out in rows about four feet wide, the corn was dropped by hand and covered with a hoe. So far, so good. But there arose another bother. The squirrels and birds began to pull and dig it up as soon as it peeped through the ground, and in numbers they were almost like the

sands on the seashore; so that the planter had to rise at early dawn, and, armed with dog and gun, horse-fiddle and scarecrow, he "shooed" and shouted till hoarse to save his "plant." But after four days, the grain being decayed and the sprout toughened, these pests left off their depredations and returned not again to molest the farmer until roasting-ear time, when they had a second inning, reinforced by the coons and bears. The squirrels and birds stole by day, the coons and bears by night, and so they kept the first settler anxious until his corn was safely cribbed out of their reach.

#### §11. ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT OF EARLY FARMING.

Life in a wilderness is two-sided. It certainly is not all sunshine, neither is it all shadow, though plentifully shaded. The old settlers planted no shade trees, not even in the dooryard, but clipped off everything that grew in the forest, not allowing the friendly little sugar tree to lend its beneficent shade against the midsummer sun.

As between the men and women on the frontier of a settlement, the men had the advantage every way, especially in the matter of diversions. True, the "bread-winners," as the schoolgirl said of the pilgrims, "had the bangenest time in the world" to keep the corndodgers going, with mills five to ten miles distant. We heard a Mr. Harryman say, at one of the Mooresville meetings, that he once went thirty miles to mill; and several old men present nodded their heads as much as to say, so did we.

And the roads in those days—why, they were nothing but horse-paths winding hither and thither to avoid old logs, ravines, and other obstacles. It might not be

safe to trust the modern young man to walk a narrow path at all, and especially to walk it thirty miles. But I suppose those old "mill boys" greatly enjoyed the poet's song of

"Sweet is the bread that toil hath won,  
And sweet the sleep it brings,"

when they came home with a sack of meal from the far-away "corn cracker." Corn bread was, as a general rule, the best bread to be had on a frontier settlement like ours, for the following reasons: It was as many as seven years after the beginning of wheat culture before anything like a good grade of grain was produced. Straw you could raise in abundance, but rust and smut so shriveled the grain that it was of little use. Besides all this, there were a few years in which several fields produced nothing but "sick wheat." An instance was related to the writer by Mrs. Sarah Stipp Rudicell verifying this statement. Her husband, Mr. John Rudicell, sowed a piece of wheat in the valley near the present site of Centerton about the year 1828. This wheat, seemingly, matured nicely, with a good-sized berry. Mr. Rudicell carefully harvested it and the family greatly rejoiced at the prospect of wheat bread for the next year. But lo! the very first bread baked from that flour turned every stomach topsyturvy as with an emetic. The whole crop was a loss, save for seed, for which it was as good as any wheat. Nothing will eat of "sick wheat" more than once; even hogs, whose stomachs are proof against arsenic, never give it a second trial. Like milk sickness, the cause lies hidden in profound mystery. There was a little pink color on the end of the grain; this was all the difference seen between the good and the bad wheat. The effects of "sick wheat" and milk sickness on the

animal body were widely different. In an hour or two after the stomach was relieved of the bread, the person was all right. Not so with the milk sickness. Not one in ten ever fully recovered from a virulent attack, though many might live for several years.

At this time there were no smut mills or other machinery for cleaning wheat, not even a fan mill. It was ground as it came to its turn in the mill, just as you took it there. It was often trodden out under the feet of horses on a dirt floor, and the chaff blown out by means of two men holding a quilt or sheet, which supplied the fanning power, while the third man let the wheat and chaff down through a large wooden riddle. The first millstones were niggerheads, picked up wherever they came handy. And so it was: between the horses' heels, niggerheads, and dirt floor, he who ate most wheat bread had the most "sand in his gizzard." Not so with the corn bread. When a crop of good white "hackberry" corn thoroughly ripened it was a joy forever in a hoe cake, johnnycake, mush or corndodger, and equally good for hominy and fritters. It was carefully picked and shelled by hand, and had none of the flavoring of the aforesaid wheat. None but highly cultivated (?) people ate wheat bread in those days. But long since the tide has set in in favor of wheat. Now it is smutted and polished, rolled and bolted, and makes the best "white bread" the world has ever seen, while corn, though still "king," has been given a back seat by the millers, who persist, as a rule, in dumping it in the sheller just as it comes from the farm wagons. They may tell us their machinery thoroughly cleanses the corn, however dirty it may be, but no machinery can substitute sound for rotten corn.

But in those days the mills rapidly multiplied; the

roads grew better "by neglect," the grains, both corn and wheat, were better matured, the distance to mill shortened, so the task of keeping "bread for the eater and seed for the sower" grew lighter as such succeeding year rolled by. This was good for our fathers, but our mothers must still mix the dough and bake the hoe-cakes and dodgers as of yore.

"Man's work is from sun to sun,  
But woman's work is never done."

Never done in the beginning of a new settlement, where, to the ordinary cooking and washing of dishes, pots, pans, and washing and ironing clothes, were added picking geese, shearing sheep, making soap and punkin' butter, washing and picking wool—which was even more burry than the worst flock of "church sheep" you ever beheld—carding and spinning, reeling and coloring, warping and weaving webs for beds and tables and cloth for wearing apparel. To this was added cutting, fitting and sewing garments, knitting socks and stockings, patching and darning, day by day, year after year. Then, too, there was the baby, a periodical visitation of every eighteen months or two years, to be dressed and undressed, nursed and cared for as the case demanded. They milked the cows, churned the butter and made the cheese, tended the garden and looked after the pink and senna, rue and wormwood, saffron and sage, and, for the pure love of it, planted rows of marigolds, pretty-by-nights, touch-me-nots, cocks-combs and bachelor's-buttons, and the inevitable morning-glory, which climbed over the windows and around the doorways.

But where did they get time to do all this work? At home, most assuredly. The wife and mother of that

day abounded in staying qualities. She was, indeed, the mainstay of the family, notwithstanding the more pretentious boastings of the "lords of creation."

In the busy months of spring and summer the men plied the ax and mattock, the plow and hoe, and were much of the time at home; but after this they roamed the forests at their own sweet wills. If time hung heavy on their hands, or they happened to have a fit of the "blue devils," they chased the fleet-footed deer or angled for the saucy black bass that was looking for a blue shiner.

If the exhilaration of fishing and hunting in those days, when the woods were teeming with wild animals and the rivers rippling with fish, would not recuperate the lost energies of a backwoodsman, he must needs be sent back to the old homestead to die in peace and be gathered to his fathers.

There was little offered in the way of amusement or recreation for the pioneer wife. Devotion to family interests made her life one unceasing round of toil and self-sacrifice. If, when overworked, when worried and all worn out, she complained of her hard, monotonous life, she had in her husband a veritable Job's comforter, like Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zopher, except there was only one of him. He proceeded to comfort her with these words: "You know, Patsy Jane, that the Bible says somewhere, I can't tell just where, but I know it is there, for I read it once myself, and have never forgot it, because it struck me as such a proper thing to be in the Bible, that the man was made first, and the woman was made for the man, and not the man for the woman, and after they both fell down in Eden it was said to her: 'Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.' And there are other scriptures, such



as: 'What can't be cured must be endured,' or words to that effect." Having delivered himself of this masterly speech, Bildad subsided and Patsy Jane went on with her work, not always convinced, however, of the truth or justice of her husband's logic, but acquiescing for the sake of domestic peace.

## §12. SICKNESS AND SORROW.

Not least among the many drawbacks that beset the homes of the early settlers was the periodical ill growing out of malaria. This subtle poison to human blood was as invisible as the little devils in rum. It was lurking in all the low, moist, rich lands throughout the country, particularly in old deadenings, where the forest trees were rotting, and where the sun, for the first time in centuries, was kissing the dewdrops on the ground. It is somewhat remarkable that in all the animal kingdom the human family alone is susceptible to its deadly effects.

The old saurians bathing in it from year to year grew fat and sleek and to an enormous size, while one single summer and fall season was sufficient to transform a strong man or woman into the semblance of a tallow-faced ghost and take all the elasticity out of their steps and luster out of their eyes. Many men chose the higher and thinner lands for their homes, instead of the rich river and creek bottoms, preferring short corps to long spells of sickness. Even then they did not entirely escape the ravages of miasma, though its most deadly effects were in the lowlands. Sickness usually began in July, sometimes as early as wheat harvest. This was unfortunate, as many men were compelled to work when they ought to have been in bed, but they could

not see their corps go to waste without making a heroic effort to save them.

Hot weather with copious showers of rain the last of July brought us face to face with cholera morbus, diarrhœa, flux, and various forms of fever, all born of and nourished by miasma. One would have bilious fever, another remittent fever, still another intermittent fever, while a fourth would have ague—a sort of miniature earthquake—in the chimney corner. This last form generally came late in the season and was not thought to be dangerous, though to one unaccustomed to the sight it looked as if the patient would be dead in an hour after the shake began. Last of all came the “dumb chills,” which were harder to cast out than the dumb devils of old.

The very early settlers had to combat these diseases with such remedies as were at hand and with such knowledge as actual experience could impart. The home remedies for chills consisted mainly of tonics made of a decoction of dogwood, wild cherry bark, and boneset. If this did but little good, it was thought to do no harm. Home-made cataplasms and mustard drafts were freely used. In addition to the above-mentioned remedies, the more thoughtful mothers cultivated many medical herbs in their gardens from which they prepared remedies for both old and young. With the exception of the periodical return of malarial fever, they were usually healthy; indeed, so far as can now be known, there was no great difference in the number of deaths per capita before and after the coming of the regular physicians.

April and May were the healthiest months of the year; August and September being the most sickly ones. Lung fever, as pneumonia was then called, was

quite common in winter, but in a milder form than it now appears. Deaths from consumption were more numerous then than now, but deaths from apoplexy and heart disease were almost unknown, while insanity and suicide were seldom heard of. As all children and most men and women went barefooted in summer, and as stubs more and more abounded, stumped toes and stone bruises caused continued wail during the warm season, while toothache and sore eyes kept it up the year around. Ever and anon a leg or an arm was broken, or a foot cut with a chopping ax.

But these last-mentioned were considered among the lesser ills, and not of much importance when compared with a severe attack of bilious fever, the most dreadful of all. There was plenty of rheumatism and liver complaint, but neither gout nor typhoid fever. At times "ague cakes" would form in men's sides as big as a corn-dodger, and as a natural result would take all the "wind" out of the owners of the cakes. These "cookies" were formed by chronic ague. Dropsy often followed and carried the sufferer to the grave.

About 1823 the doctors came to the rescue, greatly to the relief of the people, for, say what we may, we all want the doctor when any of our family or friends gets seriously ill. We may gainsay his practice, grumble at his charges, but nevertheless we take his pills, bear the ills, pay the bills—that is, some do—and say no more about it. Our first doctors belonged to the school of allopathy. As there were no drug stores for many years, each doctor kept his own medicines and compounded his own prescriptions. The condition of the roads was such that traveling was mostly done on horseback, and so the doctors rode far and near, day and night, through heat and cold, rain or shine, to see

poor and rich, good and bad, all sharing alike their care and attention. They forded rivers and creeks when they were dangerously deep. They slept and ate "catch as catch can," and during the more sickly season slept, if at all, in their saddles. The doctor's horse, saddle, and "pill bags" were as well known to the public as the doctor himself, and many an anxious heart leaped for joy when the watcher cried, "The doctor's coming!"

Of the three professions, law, medicine, and the ministry, that of medicine in the early days imposed decidedly the greatest wear and tear of mind and body. Not one among the first doctors lived to old age, while many of the other professions passed their three score and ten years. But what about medical practice sixty years ago and that of to-day? I need say nothing about the present mode of treating fevers further than to contrast it with the old-time method. As before mentioned, bilious fever in its most malignant form was the most to be dreaded. A strong man in a few days would be completely prostrated. So sick would he be that he could not take a morsel of food, even a drink of cold water turned against him, while the fever was cremating him.

The scientific treatment was decidedly heroic, and none but a heroic constitution could beat both the disease and the remedy. The first thing prescribed was a dose of calomel and jalap, or, as Dr. Murdock, of Brookville, called it, "gallop and trot." If it did not respond in due time, a bottle or less of castor oil was sent after it, much like boys send ferrets after rabbits in the winter time, and with similar results. Then, when the fever was at "high noon" next day, the patient was bled in the arm to the tune of a bowlful of blood. By this time he or she was about exhausted. If the stomach

was still rebellious, it was covered with a "fly blister," five or seven inches. When the blister had fully ripened the "bubbles" were carefully punctured and cabbage leaves or a cataplasm applied to soothe the burn. While all this was going on, if the blister happened to inflame, which it often did, and the patient had a poetic imagination, he or she would have some flashlight views of Dante's *Inferno*. Sometimes another and somewhat different attack was made on this "buffalo biliousness" by administering a dose of tartar emetic—pure and unalloyed—followed by copious drinks of warm water, to prepare the stomach for action. In about five minutes the battle began and, with repeated doses of warm water, lasted until everything took the back track from the bottom of the stomach upward, chyle, bile, and decayed vegetation. Then our good mothers, who usually attended us in our dire extremities, gave us corn gruel, which reversed the order of things, so that in about an hour and a half the battle was over and the results, in most cases, satisfactory. In either case, for twenty-four hours the patient was denied that which he craved most of all—a cup of cold water. Ah! then, what visions of bubbling springs and rippling rills, of moss-covered buckets and flowing fountains came into the mind during the rolling away of those twenty-four hours. We had no clocks or watches then, and it seemed in truth that Joshua had again commanded the sun to stand still. But after a while it slowly went down and we were glad to see the shades of evening coming on. All the night long, in our dreams, we saw wherewith to quench our thirst, but dreams are unreal and deceptive, and, waking, we found that we were mocked; no fountains near, and the edict was still in full force. Then we listened to the wings of the bats, the cater-

wauling of the cats, the jeering of the owls and the nighthawks, and the monotonous quarrels of the katydids. But all things which ought to come do come to those who patiently wait. Morning dawned, the noon hour came, and with it the privilege of quenching our thirst, which, strange to say, was much less than twelve hours before.

About the year 1826, as we were told, sorrow reigned supreme in many a cabin home. In August of that year flux prevailed as an epidemic. Children as a class were much the greater sufferers. The Angel of Death crossed many a threshold and claimed one, two, and sometimes three from the same family circle. Little green graves were seen here and there in the lonely forest, moistened with the tears of sorrowing fathers and mothers, with only the mockingbirds and orioles to sing their funeral dirge. When death came in those early days of the settlement the family oftentimes longed to lay the lifeless form of the departed one in the old churchyard, where slept their friends and kindred. But that was in Virginia, Kentucky, or Carolina, and there was no speedy transportation; so a lonely spot was selected on one's own farm and dedicated to that sacred use. Hence, so many scattering graves are seen as we go through the country, many of them unkept and unfenced. Many a form, lovely in life, beautiful in death, lies sleeping in those lonely spots:

"Where willows sorrowing weep,  
And hawthorne encircle the grave."

But are not their names safely kept in the book of the recording angel?

In 1845 erysipelas scoured the country. It broke out in January and continued for five or six weeks. In some

families the suffering was dreadful. In one household in our neighborhood a mother and grown daughter died the same day, while a third member of the family was not expected to live. This one, however, recovered, but in a family of eight only two escaped the disease. This was the family of John Garret, who then lived about nine miles north of Martinsville, and some of his descendants are in this city. Many other families were great sufferers from this epidemic. As the disease was contagious, it was with some reluctance that people exposed themselves in their attendance upon the sick. However, the sick were not allowed to suffer for lack of good nursing. The pioneers had a courage and fellow-feeling for those in distress that was truly commendable. They were neither cowardly nor reckless in such cases, but, barring smallpox, no red rag ever came between them and their duty to the suffering, for in those days the people never heard of the terrible bacilli. Now that we are blessed with so many scientific discoveries, selfishness and microbes "doth make cowards of us all." In 1849 the cholera made its appearance in and around Martinsville. It did not appear to have been transported, but its presence was probably due to local causes. For two or three weeks in May and early June the weather was very hot, with plentiful showers of rain attended with very little lightning or currents of air. Wet, sultry air was the condition, and diarrhoea prevailed to an alarming extent. During this time I met Dr. B. F. Barnard on his way to visit some country patients, and in the course of our conversation he remarked, "If there were any cholera in the country, I would say I have several cases in the incipient stages." Four days later the doctor died of cholera, and in a short time two of his children, his father, and a nephew

who was reading medicine with him also died, while his brother, Sylvanus Barnard, had a narrow escape. This created the greatest panic we ever witnessed in our county. Dr. Barnard was a young and highly respected physician, with a host of friends and patrons who were greatly shocked at his untimely death. He had fine social qualities which endeared him to the community in which he practiced; was a splendid nurse, often remaining with a patient who was lingering between life and death. Perhaps it is not too much to say that no man in our county was ever so greatly missed, by sudden death, as Dr. Barnard. The people generally were greatly alarmed, and it was reported that a widow living in town died with no one present but her little children. Cholera prescriptions everywhere abounded and preventives were freely administered. It was on the 18th of June that the first case was reported, and by the 28th the worst was over. However, sickness was prevalent the rest of the summer and fall, due to flux, dysentery, and fevers. The people gladly welcomed the early frost which is one sure antidote for malaria. The removal of the forests, the ditching and tiling of wet lands, the continued tillage of the soil, together with a better knowledge of the laws of health, and, in general, a more moderate and temperate mode of living, have greatly lessened the sufferings of the people from miasma. The present generation is comparatively free from the distressing ailments of the first settlers. Aside from this, they have the help of the most scientific and best physicians that the world can produce. Instead of having to drink a pint of dogwood syrup or boneset tea (which is enough to upset the stomach of an ostrich), we now have the remedies nicely concealed in a capsule, which one may swallow as easily as a cherry seed.



Blessed be that Indiana man who invented the capsule! He should have a place beside him "who invented sleep."

§13. ECHOES FROM THE WOODS: HUNTING STORIES.

This fall, 1902, a day or two after the laws of Indiana turned the shotgun brigade loose, I looked out north and saw six men and three dogs hunting the quails that had been left over from the previous day's slaughter. Each man was armed with a breech-loading, double-barreled shotgun, with plenty of shells for all day; but alas! no quails were to be found, nor have we seen or heard one since. There were not more than two or three flocks hatched on the farm during the summer, and of these not one is left to tell the story of their destruction. Anti-prohibitionists are fond of quoting, "Prohibition does not prohibit." Here is a case where "protection" does not protect.

The quail family is practically exterminated, and the bird-dog and the shotgun are the prime causes. When nothing but the muzzle-loading rifle was the implement of death, the birds greatly multiplied; so much so that twenty-five years after the first settlement, one would not walk over a farm an hour without finding a flock of quails. At that time they were seldom shot. They were only taken with traps in the winter season. About the year 1850 the net was introduced, but the net and trap could never have so completely annihilated these birds as the dogs and guns have done. The sensible thing for the sporting fraternity to do would be to cork their shotguns for ten years and make their dogs into sausage meat. (The sausage could be fed to the crows.) After that time, traps only should be used. Of course, this

would be a little hard on the "city sports," but they would still have the theater, the opera, the clubhouse, and other places of amusement, questionable and unquestionable. They certainly have no rightful claim on our farm birds. It might be a good thing to get the Legislature to fix a \$5 tax on each shotgun, and send it along with the dog tax to the school fund; then we could increase the teachers' salaries. Perhaps, though, we would better see a good lawyer first and learn if such an act would be constitutional—the Legislature might not know about that.

But I did not start out to write about the present game law and the up-to-date hunters; but, seeing them trying to slip up on a bird or rabbit with eyes and ears wide open, finger on trigger, muzzle down, brought to mind the hunting days of old, when there were hunters "to the manor born," and deer and turkeys much more numerous than are rabbits and quails to-day.

But the old-time hunters, like those of the present day, had no "quittin' sense." I suppose they would have killed and skinned all the deer in Morgan county in one day if they could, and have sold the hides and horns to Samuel Moore the next day. (Mr. Moore once sent three wagonloads of bucks' horns to Louisville, Kentucky.)

As to the plentifulness of the larger game in this and adjoining counties at the beginning of the settlement by the white men, there can be little more than mere conjecture. Some placed the estimate as high as fifty deer to the square mile. This may not be too high, for William Fair, so long known about Martinsville, told the writer that one morning soon after he arrived here from North Carolina in 1825, he was walking along Skinner's Ridge, two miles northeast of town, and look-

ing down the head of the ravine, he saw fourteen deer leisurely feeding on the peavine. As he had no gun he passed on, leaving them to the peaceful enjoyment of their morning's repast.

As this was five years after the coming of the white man and hunting had been the special employment of the squatter, the original number of these animals was probably greater than the above estimate. But counting four hundred square miles as the basis for our county, there must have been here in 1819 twenty thousand of these timid animals. This may at first seem startling, but there is nothing unreasonable in it after all things are considered.

First, as to the food question. Every old settler will tell you that the peavine of this country was most admirably adapted to the wants of the deer. Upon this they fed from early spring until the hard frosts in the fall.

For winter food, they had to depend on the oak and beech mast. When this failed, as it sometimes did, or when there came deep snows of long continuance with heavy crusts, then the deer ate bark, moss, and twigs. Of course, by spring time, they were often in very poor condition.

In the second place, this county was not a hunting ground for the Indians; at least there was no evidence of it at that time, and this fact would naturally diminish their destruction.

Panthers, wolves, and wildcats preyed upon the deer, and it seems marvelous that enough fawns escaped their teeth and claws to keep up the number supposed to exist in the uninhabited forests. But the deer family is almost as prolific as the sheep family, many does raising two fawns at a time. Every one knows how fruitful is a

flock of sheep, and when fifty of them spread over a mile square of land, they do not seem very thick—one for a little more than thirteen acres of ground.

Next in importance was the wild turkey; and in numbers they were many times greater than the deer—probably five to one, or a hundred thousand for the county. In April, when the mornings were clear and balmy, the gobblers were heard in almost every direction, and many of them were called up by the hunters and shot. The fall and early winter was the best time to hunt both the turkey and deer, as they were then unusually fat. Sometimes the turkeys grew to an enormous size. The writer's father, in the fall of 1833, killed a gobbler that weighed twenty-eight pounds, his head measuring ten inches. He was shot with a small squirrel rifle—flintlock—at the distance of one hundred and fifty steps to the root of the tree on which he perched, after flying from a hilltop about a half-mile across the river valley. He was so fat and fell so far that his breast was burst for five or six inches in length. It was wonderful that a bird of such weight could so long sustain itself on the wing. From the time it left the shell the life of the turkey was in constant danger from the rapacity of wolves, wildcats, foxes, and panthers; besides these, there were the hawks and eagles watching for it. The marvel is that they accumulated in such numbers.

Besides hunting the turkey with the rifle, there was another way of taking them. A place would be chosen which they most frequented; a pen built of small poles, ten or twelve feet square, four feet high, and covered with the same material. It would admit of as much light as possible. Then a trench would be dug in the ground across the pen and out under one of the side walls to a

distance of eight or ten feet. Then the trench, beginning inside at the wall, would be securely covered over with a slab for about four feet, leaving the remainder uncovered and the bottom sloped up to the surface so the turkeys could walk up to the level of the pen inside. The trench was likewise sloped to the surface of the ground outside of the pen. When completed, shelled corn was strewn on the bottom of the trench from end to end and inside of the pen. Corn was also scattered outside, about the end of the trench. If the turkeys followed in the trench, still picking up the grains of corn, until they passed the slab and were once entirely within the pen, they would get bewildered and run round and round trying to go through the cracks of the pen, and would never find their way back through the trench. Often five or six would get in at once, sometimes a pen full. There were stirring times in those pens when men went to take out the game.

There was once a boy by the name of Truman Higgs who by himself tried to "land" a pen full of old gobblers. They battered him with their wings and, in their fright, unwittingly scratched him with their feet until he was glad to crawl back through the trench and seek reinforcements.

Whether or not there were ever many elks in this county, we cannot say. We never saw a man who claimed to have killed one, but we heard of him; however, there is conclusive evidence that, at some time in the past, not very remote, some of these noble animals had ranged our forests. Their horns have been found everywhere, and particularly along the banks and sand-bars of White river. The last and most perfect brace of antlers we ever saw was taken out of White river by Otis Davee while fishing about a mile above the Barnard

bridge. They still were joined to the skull and in a state of good preservation, although they had been buried three or four feet below water for perhaps hundreds of years. The last we saw of them they were in the *Republican* office at Martinsville.

Now we turn back to wolves, panthers, wildcats, and bears, which claimed the attention of not only the professional hunter, but all other men, and women, too, for the very sight of a panther or howl of a wolf terrified a timid woman.

Of the above named animals, the wolf was not only the most numerous, but decidedly the worst enemy of the old settler. His love for lamb, mutton, and pig meat, his keen scent, agility, and adroitness, made him a howling success as a marauder. Everybody made war on the wolf and his annihilation was accomplished, not so much with the rifle—for he was seldom seen in the daytime—as with wolf pens and steel traps. Alone, the wolf was cowardly; but in gangs they were daring and dangerous. They multiplied much faster than the panther or bear, but many of the young ones perished with hunger during their first winter. This was not the case with cub bears; in midwinter they could live for some time in a good den without food. Panthers were never very numerous in Indiana forests, but wildcats were nearly as plentiful as raccoons at the very beginning of the settlements. There were enough of the common brown bears to give the hunters and their dogs something to be remembered more than the amusement of the chase.

The gray fox and gray squirrel were the only kinds seen for fifteen years; after that time the red fox and red squirrel began to appear and have taken the places of the former. Opossums were quite plentiful and harm-

less except when visiting henroosts, and afforded fine sport for the boys, who with their dogs hunted them at night. The polecat or skunk, and the groundhog still hold their own as to numbers. Like the poor they will always be with us. The raccoon is occasionally found, but is fast disappearing from sight.

There were many otters, and a few beavers, the former remaining along White river for many years. The mink is still found along the creeks and river banks. The mink, red fox, skunk, muskrat, and coon are about all that are left for the trapper.

There was a time in central Indiana when the gray squirrel and wild pigeon surpassed in numbers all animated things. The flight of the latter, back and forth, east and west, for days at a time, was so great as to fairly astound the beholder. As far as the eye could see until it touched the horizon, a cloud of these birds was on the wing for an hour or more each day; and the sight and sound by night of a pigeon roost was one never to be forgotten. The branches of the trees were so full of the birds, the limbs were constantly cracking, breaking, and falling to the ground. Men and boys killed them with clubs by the hundreds, from off the underbrush. But it was unsafe to walk under a roost after nightfall. Where all these obtained food, or how far they went for it each day, was a question often asked but never satisfactorily answered.

Among the little quadrupeds given a home in the Indiana forests, none were more numerous than the gray squirrel. Supposing five squirrels to each acre, this would give thirty-two hundred per section, or one million two hundred eighty thousand squirrels that were skipping over the tree tops in 1818, the year that Cyrus Whetzel first set foot in Morgan county. The reason

for this overwhelming number was their natural protection from their enemies. They were brought forth in cozy little nests made in hollow branches of trees, of which there was always a plentiful supply. The mother generally chose a home with a door just big enough for her admittance, thus securing her young from the ravages of birds of prey, and providing a good warm bed safe from the stormy weather of March and April, the time when they came in numbers ranging from four to seven. The young squirrels usually came out of their nests about the time the buds started on the hickory trees, upon which they fed for a time. Aside from the destruction wrought by man, the squirrel was, in a good degree, secure. Neither the wolf nor panther could often catch the little animal, and as to the bear, he was not "in it." Wildcats and foxes may have caught some few squirrels, but they could never have diminished the number to any perceptible degree. Here, as in the case of the quail, man has been the destroyer; just the rifle, with which he was very skillful, shooting a squirrel's head off four out of five shots, at a distance of forty yards. Then came the shotgun, with which he has compassed the complete destruction of the gray squirrel, the most graceful, nimble, and amusing little forester in the world.

The woods now seem lonely to one who rambled through them seventy years ago, when the bark of the squirrel and the voice of birds were heard on every hand, nor will such scenes ever come again to the eye of men. If every man was swept off the earth to-day as by the flood of old, five hundred years would not give back what he has taken or destroyed in the last hundred years in the way of forests and forest birds and animals. Gigantic oaks, poplars, and black walnuts,



aristocrats of the forest, have fallen by the saw and ax and their bodies are scattered to the four winds. To-day there is not in Morgan county a first class walnut tree standing within ten miles of a railroad.

A great change has come over our county, and for that matter all over central Indiana, in the last eighty years. To get even a faint view of things as they appeared to the first settlers, let us in our imagination go hunting with them.

There were then about fifty-four families in the county, and every family had at least one hunter—good, bad, or indifferent; for be it remembered that all men were not successful hunters of wild animals any more than successful hunters of fortunes. Hunting was a trade that had to be learned, and some men could never learn it; they could not even get within gunshot of a deer or turkey. The game would see them first and flee away. Others there were who, when in sight of a deer, became so nervous they could not hit a barn door with a rifle ball. These were said to be afflicted with "buck ague," and they soon gave up the chase to their more successful neighbors who often shared with them the spoils of the day, for the followers of Boone were usually generous hearted.

If there was any one thing more than another that concerned the pioneer hunter, it was his gun, ammunition, and deer dog. He was very sparing of powder and lead, and did not waste much of these on small game. The guns were flintlock and single-trigger prior to 1820. Later the double-trigger, and about 1837 the cap lock came into use. But the hunters were slow to adopt any new-fangled thing in hunting. Some used the United States musket, others the yager, both loaded with an ounce ball and three buckshot. There was also

the smoothbore rifle, loaded with a single bullet. The foremost hunters used the rifle of large caliber. The complications of the flintlock and double-trigger often got them out of repair, and in wet weather they made "long fire," sputtering around like a damp firecracker, causing the game to be missed. This sometimes provoked fiery words from the hunter.

A man walking the streets of Martinsville to-day dressed and accoutered as was Berry Jones the day he killed an old she-bear and her two cubs about two miles south of town would inaugurate a first-class sensation. He was arrayed in a blue hunting shirt or wamus, fringed all around and fastened with a belt. There was a scabbard in which was stuck a bloody butcher knife. His feet were shod with Indian moccasins and his head covered with a coonskin cap with the tail hanging down his back, shot-pouch and powder-horn slung over one shoulder and old "Long Tom," his trusty rifle, on the other, while he fairly danced a jig as he rehearsed his battle with the bears. Mr. Jones had one qualification of a President of the United States—he could eat bear's paws of his own killing.

There were many other hunters than Jones, notably "Uncle" George Baker, of Baker township. He was a very early settler and a Baptist preacher, who sometimes illustrated a point in his sermon by an incident of a bear fight. Zachariah Devec, an early settler in Madison township, had many bear skins to his credit.

A very lively bear hunt once took place on and around Senator Grant Stafford's farm. Early in roasting-ear time he discovered that a goodly sized young bear had "turned in" and was "hogging off" his corn in a field next to the river bank. There being plenty of water both for drinking and bathing purposes, young

bruin concluded to board awhile with the Senator. Mr. Stafford intended to keep the affair a secret, but one day a neighbor saw the bear and forthwith began to organize a hunt. He came to Mr. Stafford almost out of breath and said, "I bet you can't tell what I saw down in your corn field, a bit ago." "No! Was it a ghost?" queried Mr. Stafford. "Narry a ghost," said the man, "but the biggest black bear I ever saw; and I'm out after the Koons boys and their dogs and some other fellers, and we will have more fun with that bear than you ever—" "Hold on there," said Mr. Stafford. "That's my pet bear; mine by right of discovery, for I spied him in the field about the first of August, and now we must let him get as fat as a hog, which he will if we don't frighten him away, and then we will get together with our dogs and guns and have all the fun and frolic that can be worked out of a bear hunt, besides the hide and hair oil, and fresh meat." The saying pleased the man and for a time he left the bear go in peace.

The news that a bear was camping down in Stafford's field worried the women and children no little, but there was really no danger so long as he was not molested by men and dogs. As a rule, a bear, like a wild hog, fights only in defense of his life, and then he fights to kill. No animal in North America is more tenacious of life or fights more stubbornly when once thoroughly aroused. In due time the hunt came off. The neighbor men with their guns and dogs—most of them ferocious curs—met together for the fray. It was fully expected that the dogs would make the bear climb a tree, and then the men would shoot him full of holes and end the sport. But his bearship exercised his own right to select his own battlefield and remained on the ground where

he could use his teeth and claws, his only weapon of defense. He soon silenced the dogs, for toward the close of the struggle there was only one dog that would venture near him—the smallest of the pack. One slap of a bear's paw will send a cur dog over the ropes every time, and he will never come to the scratch again. The bulldog fares even worse, for if he dares fasten his teeth in the bear, he will be picked up and bitten through and through like a rat. He cannot shake a bear loose like he can a coon, and his grit is of no use in a bear fight.

We do not know all the particulars of this hunt, how many were engaged in it or just how it ended, but during the day the bear crossed and recrossed the river five times while the men and dogs were after him. Certain it is that while there may have been lots of fun for the hunters, there was none for the dogs and bear. A little reflection here will show us that man himself is as big a coward as the most cowardly dog in any pack. Not a man in that crowd would have gone near that bear armed with nothing but his fists. We can all be brave when armed to the teeth and we have good backing.

Here follow two more bear stories which the writer heard from one who grew up on the frontiers of Indiana and who was a good deer and turkey hunter, but never killed a bear. One night he and three other small boys, with a corresponding number of dogs, went on a coon hunt. They started around a corn field expecting to surprise a coon, for it was roasting-ear time. Suddenly the dogs began barking, and then followed a great rush toward the adjoining woods. At the fence there seemed to be a desperate fight going on for a short time. They, supposing it to be a wolf, yelled at "Bull" and "Ring"

to "shake him, boys," meantime running toward the dogs as fast as they could through the brush and over the logs and ditches. They reached the scene of action in time to see something going up a tree, and it "weren't a coon, nuther." They had often seen bears on the ground in daytime, but they had never before seen one "treed." The bear had selected a big hackberry tree and climbed to the fork of it, about thirty feet from the ground. He seemed "awful big" to the boys, and the longer they looked at him the larger he grew in their imaginations.

They immediately held a council of war and decided that two of them would go to the nearest house and get a man with a gun to come and shoot the bear. The other two boys and the dogs were to stay and keep the animal on his perch until the man came. As the night was dark, they were provided with hickory bark torch-lights. Every man and boy in those days knew how to make and carry a torch, and as the forest was full of shellbark hickory trees, it was easy to keep the torches bright and lively.

Soon after the two boys started on the hunt of the man and gun, the bear grew dissatisfied with his elevated position and began to whine. The boys said, "Guess he got tired of bein' 'scroocht up' in the fork of the big hackberry." They thought they could surely keep him from coming down by kindling a fire at the roots of the tree. But this brought on the crisis, for as soon as the fire began to burn the bear determined to put himself on a level with boys and dogs; so down he tumbled into the burning brush, scattering firebrands, coals, and ashes in every direction. The dogs rallied and showed fight. They closed in on the bear, and for a minute there was a fearful struggle, the boys shouting

encouragement to the dogs while keeping themselves at a safe distance. Reinforcements were now coming, and all at once they heard in the direction of the bear what in those days they called a "hellabalu." They surmised what was up and hurried at breakneck speed toward the battleground. By the time they got there "all was quiet on the Potomac,"—the bear was gone. One dog was dead, two were wounded and the other one refused to follow up the retreating enemy. This was a case where

"He that fights and runs away  
May live to fight another day."

One of the social customs of the pioneers was the evening call. That came in vogue after the cabin homes began to cluster. A mile or two was not considered too far to go and sit till bedtime. They usually came about dusk, bringing two or three of the smaller children, including the baby, took tea and talked. Winter was the best of the seasons for this kind of neighborly enjoyment, and, as no cards were sent, you would not know when the visitors were coming until they were on the doorstep. They usually chose a pleasant evening for the call. It was on such occasions as these that we heard hunting and other stories.

Brookville, Indiana, is noted as having been, at one time, the home of many prominent men of the State. Some were born there, others came from Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina. The most prominent were Noble, McCarty, Johns and St. John, Colescott, Goodwin, Eads, and Wallace Powers, the great sculptor, Drs. Davis, Dexter, and Murdock. These and many others settled in this little "niggerhead" village as early as 1814 or soon after the War of 1812

ended and before the State was admitted into the Union.

Many of the young, and some of the middle-aged men were extremely fond of hunting wild animals, and sowing wild oats by way of giving vent to a surplus of animal spirits and overflowing energy.

Near the close of the eighteenth century a fearful tornado passed over the southwest corner of Franklin county, "cutting a swath" nearly half a mile in width through the forest across the headwaters of Laughery creek, and near where the town of Oldenburg now stands. The destruction of the large trees was complete, many of them having been wrenched out of the ground, leaving cavities that remained visible for years, while the hickory trees were twisted like withes, with their tops lying in every direction. An undergrowth soon followed, equal to a South American jungle, and became the finest hiding place for panthers, bears, wolves, and wildcats within a radius of twenty miles. In the summertime the copperheads, rattlesnakes, vipers, and lizards came in for their share of the hunter's attention.

Notwithstanding their numerous destroyers, the woods were alive with deer, turkeys, pheasants, and squirrels, making a veritable hunters' paradise, where to-day there is the seat of learning of a great church; and where once in the stilly evening naught was heard but the howl of the wolf, now ascends the voice of prayer and praise.

The hunters of Brookville soon found out where to spend their spare time in the exhilarating chase, and the after-feast of venison. They built near the "hurricane" a half-faced camp, such as was common in the old time near sugar orchards. The front was an open space wherein they made log fires of length and breadth to

correspond with the temperature of the weather. When very cold, the fire looked like a burning log heap in a clearing. In the back part of the camp they erected a continental bedstead, long enough for eight or ten men to sleep on. Back of this they had a large trough in which to pack the venison hams. The deer skins were hung up about the camp. Some one usually stayed near the camp during the day, but not always, as there was little danger of wolves coming in broad daylight, to steal the dressed turkeys and deer hams; but they would come near of dark, drizzly nights and make the welkin ring with their hungry howls.

The camp equipage was conveyed on pack horses, as there was nothing but a blazed trail for the last half of the distance. A part of the trail was through what was called the "flat-woods," in which the hunters, despite their superior knowledge, sometimes got lost, and spent anything but a comfortable night. Those coming and going with the pack horses were ever on the alert and seldom lost their way by wandering round and round, as did the hunters.

One morning after the falling of a "skift" of snow, Mr. Kidd and my father started from camp together. After they had gone about a quarter of a mile, they came across a bear track. As the snowfall had somewhat obscured the tracks, they were not certain whether the bear had gone by the last night or the night before. Mr. Kidd said, "While I am not hunting a bear fight this morning, I will follow the tracks awhile, as they are going in the direction I intended to hunt for deer." About a half-hour after they separated, my father heard the report of Mr. Kidd's gun, and before its roar had ceased rolling over the hills and hollows Kidd yelled with all his might, "Here! Here! come quick!" Suppos-



ing he had accidentally shot himself, my father answered back and started on the run as fast as his legs would take him. When he came in sight, Kidd was walking around and brandishing his belt knife. There was considerable blood on the left side of his face which caused father to believe more firmly that an accident had happened to him. But his fears were soon dispelled when Kidd pointed to the bear and told how it occurred. He said: "I was walking carefully along looking for deer and thinking very little about the bear until I was about ten steps from a fallen tree top which had fallen when the leaves were green. The leaves were still thick on the dead branches and other leaves had blown in on them and made a good shelter for the bear, who had stopped in out of the storm. As quick as a flash she came from under the brush and raised up on her hind legs. I never, in all my life, felt that I was so near death's door. I fired away at her—I hardly know how. I don't believe I took any certain aim, but fortune favored me as you see."

On examination they found that the ounce ball had broken her neck and a buckshot had killed one of the cubs. Mr. Kidd tried to save the other cub by penning it up in a hollow tree until evening; but it got out during the day and perished in the snow. When Mr. Kidd fired at the bear, the old yager being heavily loaded, came back at him and knocked a large patch of skin off his cheek bone, and that was how his face came to be so bloody. However, he never felt the kick or knew his face was bleeding until told.

There was a bear that roamed the "hurricane" and baffled the whole fraternity of Brookville hunters, with three friendly Indians as reinforcements. They named him "Bigfoot," after the Indian that Adam Poe fought

with and killed. The bear had lost two toes off of one hind foot, supposed to have been done by a wolf trap, but he did not seem to miss them when in a "boxing bout." Men and dogs had oftentimes made war on him, but he never lost a battle. No matter what time in the day he was aroused, he never stopped running until dark, unless it was to "box" the dogs. While the chase was going on there was little chance for a shot at him. He was never seen to climb a tree. He either could not or would not. He looked to be twice as large as a common bear. One day while Mr. Cory was hunting deer, he accidentally came across this bear, digging a hole in the ground. He crept up to within sixty yards of him and had a fair chance for a dead shot at him.

Mr. Cory was usually of steady nerve and a close shot at a turkey or deer, but he admitted that the sight of that noted bear and his good opportunity to get the biggest honor in the camp, "got him out of his head," and he forgot to set the trigger. He had a splendid bead on bruin and pulled the trigger just as the bear straightened up and looked around as if he "smelt a rat." "Old Chance" did not answer the call and Mr. Cory knew in a moment what was the matter; then in his hurry to set the trigger, the gun went off, and the bullet struck a tree about six feet above the bear's back. Bigfoot "left the diggin's" before the smoke had cleared away, and Mr. Cory realized that "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." A short time after this three friendly Indians planned a campaign against Bigfoot. There was a good tracking snow on the ground and the weather was cloudy and damp—a fine condition for the fray.

They started the bear before noon with eleven dogs in pursuit. Most of them had been in bear fights before and had learned to keep out of the clutches of a mad

bear, but a few were beginners and had to suffer the consequences of their inexperience. Bigfoot's tactics kept him in the "hurricane" all the time and he could never be driven out either by men or dogs. He did not care how many of the latter were set on him, for he soon killed or "weaned" all the foolhardy ones without being very much worried. He kept the Indians on the go through the brush and green briars, until they were worn out, never getting anything better than a long shot and "brushy chance" at him.

At nightfall they called off the dogs—or all that were left—and went into camp, determined to renew the attack the next morning. That night the Indians divided their rations with the dogs, but none of them had enough to eat. They could have easily killed a deer during the day but were so determined on killing Bigfoot that they neglected to provide for themselves. Next morning they again started in pursuit. The bear traveled quite a long distance, round and round in the worst thickets and briar patches in the "hurricane," so it was late in the forenoon of the second day before they again started in on his tracks. The Indians now determined to shoot at every sight of him, whether at a long or short distance.

They emptied their guns several times that day in the hope of at least an accidental hit. All to no purpose; the bear seemed as lively and capable of battle the evening of the second day as he did the morning of the first, while the Indians and their dogs were completely exhausted. Bigfoot's powers of endurance and his tactics—keeping in the brush and briars, and on the run, constantly—made him more than a match for three Indians, three guns and eleven dogs. Whatever became of this noted bear was not known to the hunters of Brookville.

They estimated that in the day's engagement between Bigfoot and the Indians and dogs, the bear had made steps enough to have traveled one hundred miles, without stopping to eat.

The hunters of Laughery creek had many incidents which they loved to relate on the long winter evenings. Mr. Kidd, the man who killed the she-bear and cub, was a very stylish old bachelor. He wore every day ruffled shirts, cassimere pants, and a beaver hat, although by trade he was a brickmason and plasterer. As soon as the day's work was done he threw off the mason's apron, and put on his best apparel.

In those days when the hunters killed a deer, they only stopped the chase long enough to get the carcass and hang it on a bent sapling, where it might remain several days until the chase was ended. Then they would gather in the products of the hunt, take off the hides and salt the hams in a big trough. They usually took a horse and lizzard—a sled made of the fork of a sapling—to haul the game in. It was never good hunting when very cold, but that was the best time to gather in the spoils. Kidd had killed a deer where they could not go with a lizzard. He got one of the hunters to go with him, saying he could carry it to camp on "Old Roany," if he could help him load it. Roany had hauled many deer into camp in his time, and did not mind it so long as the deer rode on a lizzard, but seriously objected to having it on his back. Kidd was a good horseman. He had ridden many "quarter horses" at breakneck speed, and "allowed as how no old scrub could floor him." He ordered his comrade to climb the sapling and, when he rode under the deer and got ready, for him to cut the carcass loose. The deer's legs were frozen as stiff as a hoe handle, and when it came down in Kidd's arms, one

hind foot went into his pants pocket. Then the old horse began to jump, and kept it up until the deer's leg went to the bottom hem of Kidd's trouser leg. Old Roany now determined to get rid of the whole pack. The beaver hat went first into a bunch of briars; then the man on it, and last of all came the frozen deer on top of the man and beaver. The old horse ran about fifty steps, halted, and looked back as though half sorry for what had happened. Kidd's hat looked like it had been playing with the household pet,—the pup. His cassimeres were completely wrecked and had to be pinned together until he reached camp. One of his ankles was sprained and his "shooting eye" bunged up. His comrade hung the deer back on the sapling, got old Roany quieted, put Kidd on him and took him to camp for repairs.

One winter the hunters hired a young fellow named Sam (I forget his full name) to keep camp. One day they followed a gang of deer that ran in toward the settlements. After killing some of them, and taking their bearings, they found themselves much nearer home than they were to the camp. Then they decided to go home and return to camp in the morning. Sam had prepared a good supper, and waited patiently for the boarders to come in. Being hungry, he straddled a stool and ate his supper, while the wolves and owls began their enchantments, as was their custom about dusk. Sam fired his old musket several times, thinking the boys were lost and that the report of the gun would point them to camp. Tired with waiting he built a big fire, rolled himself in the blankets and tried to sleep.

Some time between midnight and day, as he supposed, a young, unsophisticated wildcat passing by, smelled the savory supper, and particularly the venison hams in the big trough, and jumped up on the trough and began

helping himself to the contents. Then a "catastrophe" took place. Sam being suddenly awakened by the cat chewing venison, threw the cover off and sprang into a sitting posture, with his back to the cat. In an instant puss landed squarely on his shoulders. Sam had an impediment of speech and the most that could be gathered from him was that the sudden shock of battle had about paralyzed him, so that he did nothing but squall while the cat did all the fighting. It was all over in a few seconds, for the cat was probably as badly scared as Sam, and left as soon as it saw a way of escape. The back of Sam's neck was harrowed over both ways. There was no more sleep in his eyes for the remainder of the night, and at early dawn he made tracks toward home. He met the boys returning to camp, but nothing could induce him to return with them. The romance of camp life was all scratched out of him.

As the settlements were being extended from Brookville toward the "hurricane," an old man named Spangler—a hunter, trapper, and squatter—built a cabin on the outskirts, two or three miles beyond the border line of the settlement. He lived all alone, with the exception of his old horse and a dog or two. One night, soon after he moved in, he heard something jump on his cabin and walk around over it, shaking the ribs and weight poles under its feet, and then as suddenly jump down on the ground. Spangler was born in a camp and, like General Pike, was rocked in a sugar trough. He was used to war's alarms and never took council of his fears, for he had none. His old horse was not so. He broke his halter, gave some fearful snorts, and "vamoosed the ranch." Spangler rightly guessed it was a panther. He saw it gallop off one night while the moon was shining. As it came too often to be agreeable, Spangler had some

boys and dogs to lie in wait for it and give it battle. They kept the dogs in the house, but the panther did not appear. Next night, while alone, the panther came and had his usual walk over the roof. The boys and an extra force of dogs stayed several nights in the cabin, but the panther never came when they were there. However, as soon as they were gone, he paid his accustomed visit to Mr. Spangler. What he and every one else wanted to know was, what the panther was after. He never touched anything about the place, and how did he know when Mr. Spangler had visitors so as not to intrude?

Some time after this, Mr. Elmore was hunting his hogs that had strayed from his home in search of the mast. Peeping across a hollow, he saw something lying stretched full length on the sunny side of a log. After looking closely, he was astonished to discover that it was a panther basking in the sunshine. The situation gave him a touch of "buck ague," but he determined to make the most of it. Steadying his nerve he drew a bead and sent the fatal shot into the panther's head. For a minute or two it floundered like a fish out of water, and then all was over. A panther ten feet four inches from tip to tip lay dead at Mr. Elmore's feet. This was supposed to be the beast that made a footstool of Spangler's cabin.

## III.

## PIONEER SOCIETY.

## §14. RELIGION.

Among the very first evangelists in the county were the itinerant ministers of the Methodist Episcopal church, and the best results of their missions came to them first in Brown township. They had organized two or three societies in this township as early as 1823, one of which, the White Lick Methodist Episcopal Church, was the most prominent religious society in the county for several years.

Almost at the same time the Friends organized their first church in the same township. This society has the distinction of being the nucleus of that great movement of the Friends which resulted in the Plainfield Yearly Meetings, and which are to that church what the General Conference is to the Methodist church or the National Conventions are to the Christian church. At no other assembly in the United States do the Friends have so many distinguished men and women as annually congregate at Plainfield, Indiana.

What were called the Two-Seed Baptists had, in an early day, a church east of Martinsville, not far from the present Centennial Church. There was quite a number of influential citizens in that community who held nominally to that form of belief.

The Newlights were also early in the field and at one time had a considerable following, but for some cause they left no permanent organization. We well remember two preachers of that denomination—Lonsford and Roderick. They sang and prayed in our home with an



uncle, a young man, dying of consumption. Lonsford was far above the average itinerant of his day, and Roderick was a man full of the Christ spirit and human kindness.

There were scattered here and there some Universalists, of whom we shall have something to say further on. There were no Roman Catholics until the time of their organization on Indian creek. The Presbyterians, Christians, and Missionary Baptists had few, if any, churches prior to 1836 or 1837. The Presbyterians and many other people had the pleasure of hearing Henry Ward Beecher at Waverly in 1840. This is about the time Mr. Beecher preached at Indianapolis and was so short of money that he could not take a letter out of the post-office for a week. The United Brethren and Protestant Methodists came in about this date. There were also skeptics, and here and there an avowed infidel or agnostic, but there is reason for believing that a large per cent. of early settlers believed in the divinity of Christ and the Bible as God's revelation to man, although they were much puzzled with creeds and dogmas.

There was wide difference in the manner of conducting divine service and evangelizing between the Friends and Methodist brethren. The former were almost entirely divested of formality or prearrangement. They never sang in church—hence they never had any trouble with the choir. It was not known then who would pray, preach, or talk until the time came and the spirit moved some brother or sister. The sisters were as likely to be moved as the brethren and had the same privileges in all the services. There was a middle wall, or partition, in the house, and the men sat on one side and the women on the other. The partition was not so high as

to interfere with hearing the speaker. It was the custom of all churches in these days to seat the men and women separately in the meeting house. The indiscriminate seating of the sexes together is a modern innovation. None but the Friends built a partition through the audience room. A Friends' meeting on Lord's day might, possibly, be silent throughout, ending with the customary handshaking. As the children of the Friends have a birthright in their church, there was but little effort made in an early day at evangelization. While this society was once quite informal during public worship, it was very formal in dress and dialect. The men wore broad-brimmed hats and cutaway coats,—derisively called "shad-bellies," and the color of their clothes was usually drab. The women also were quite uniform in their dress, the dove color prevailing. The Friends were early at work for day and Sunday schools, as well as for temperance societies. In politics they were mostly Whigs. In 1840 there were but two Democratic votes cast in Monroe township. But, as they were anti-slavery to a man, they became Republicans in 1856. There is a good reason for believing that they owned several shares in the "Underground Railroad" of the '50's. Although they were noncombatant in principle, several of their young men entered the army and fought like heroes for the preservation of the Union. But the old-time rules and regulations of this society have greatly changed during the last half-century. They have had a division and much fretful discussion about manners and customs, resulting in suits in Cæsar's courts to determine rights to church property. The progressive wing has adopted music at home and in church, and also many other things to the disgust of the staid, conservative element.

But in church as in state, as well as in religious thought and Christian philosophy, art, and literature, nothing can stop or stay the onward march of mind in a government of free institutions such as ours. No marvel then that silent services have been supplanted by praise and song, and that the spirit moves the speakers at the appointed time, without let or hindrance.

The contrast between the Newlights and Methodists in their class and revival meetings a half-century past, and the serious and almost severe manner of the Friends, was so striking as to have puzzled a barbarian to know whether or not they were all worshipping the same God. At that time it might have been said, "Both have gone to extremes; they had better adopt a middle method." But the sequel has shown that the former knew what they were about, for their numbers and influence increased tenfold more than the latter. Besides this, the people then were more susceptible to religious impressions than they are to-day.

The Friends concerned themselves mostly about home work, while the itinerant went, as it were, everywhere, proclaiming the gospel of free grace. A Methodist minister did not wait for an invitation to some new place, but went, all accoutered with horse, saddle, and saddlebags—the latter containing Bible, hymnbook, a discipline, religious tracts, and a few clothes. As there were no church houses in out-of-the-way places, he preached in private houses, or, during the summer season, in the woods, or any place where he could get a hearing; and you generally heard him if you got within a quarter of a mile, after he became warmed up with his subject. He did not mince matters or choose very soft words and phrases, but struck out right and left, and rained blows on the heads of devils and bad men like

fire and brimstone on Gomorrah. People in those days, before the book and newspaper age, would go a long distance to hear an orator, be he preacher or politician, especially if he had something to say and knew how to say it. This fact gave both classes a prominence before the public they do not now possess; for we have the cream of their very best thought in print before our eyes every day; losing, however, the manner and magnetism of the man or woman as it may be. The clergy of those days were comparatively unlearned so far as English literature goes. A few read nothing much but the Bible, with which book, however, they were astonishingly familiar. Perhaps they could make more correct, offhand quotations than the college trained brethren of to-day.

Fifty years ago there was all over this country a reign of religious prejudice altogether unreasonable and well-nigh unbelievable; and while there is still more of this blindness than can answer any good purpose, we are truly glad to note a marked improvement in the fraternal feeling between religious denominations. Why should brothers in Christ be at enmity any more than are brothers in an earthly family? If my brother wants to wear his trousers inside his bootlegs, or his waistcoat wrong side out, let him wear them so. I'll not disown him on that account. "In essentials unity; in non-essentials liberty; in all things charity." Men of different denominations would kindly assist each other in building their plain, old-fashioned meeting houses, but they would seldom lend them to those of a different faith for religious purposes. If a revival seemed to be growing into large proportions in one church, another would start a meeting to counteract its influence.

The religious exercises of the Methodists and New-

lights were exactly the opposite of those of the Friends. When it was announced that there would be "a meetin' here to-night," the brethren and sisters failed not to be in attendance, in order to hold up the hands of the preacher. Nor did they have to wait for the arrival of the preacher to start a song or lead in prayer; for the members could nearly all sing, and pray in public, and shout till the welkin would ring. They sang with the spirit, if not always with the understanding, and prayed as vehemently as Elijah the prophet; and whoever heard of the spirit not moving an itinerant when the appointed time came to pray or preach? When a big revival got well under way there was not so much sermonizing done as exhorting. Sinners were cordially invited to the altar, where prayer, singing, and exhortation went on for hours. Sometimes there was what the ministers called a "wonderful outpouring of the spirit" and many would profess conversion. There were some eccentric preachers in those days whose words and ways would astonish a Methodist audience of to-day, especially the elite of our towns and cities. Rev. William C. Smith, a minister and citizen of Martinsville for many years, relates the following incidents in his book, *Indiana Miscellany*. He says: "On one occasion at a camp-meeting, while a prayer-meeting was being conducted in the altar, many persons were seeking salvation and many souls were being converted, the preacher's stand was crowded with the proud and haughty who stood looking on. Among them and at the front of the stand was a young woman very gaily attired, who was making sport in a very derisive manner of the exercises. Mr. Gibson was on his knees in the altar with his face toward the stand, earnestly engaged in laboring with the penitents. Looking up he saw the young woman laugh-

ing and making sport. He suddenly exclaimed in great earnestness, 'My God! Knock that young woman down,' repeating it three times, when, as if pierced by a rifle ball, the young woman fell in the altar. Mr. Gibson turned to a lady who was kneeling near him and tapping her on the shoulder said, 'Sister, that is what I call taking them between the lug and the horn.' The young woman after a long and hard struggle was powerfully converted." Brother Smith says: "His (Gibson's) education was limited, but sufficient for his station in life and the people to whom he ministered in their wilderness homes."

Another instance is given, that of the Rev. John Strange,\* one of the first preachers in Indiana. "He possessed what Rev. Mr. Taylor, in his *Model Preacher*, calls 'surprise power,' in a very high degree. Sometimes when portraying the torments of those shut up in the prison-house of hell, and describing the wicked, as in crowds they urged their way down to blackness and darkness, the sinners in the congregation would scream out for mercy. Seizing on the occasion Mr. Strange would exclaim in his inimitable way, 'A center shot, my Lord; load and fire again.' The backwoods hunters knew well how to apply such expressions. On one occasion when he was preaching on Sunday at a camp-meeting, the tide of feeling rising higher and higher, he took one of his wonderful flights of eloquence which lifted the congregation, and a general shout arose. Hearing the great shout which rolled up from the enclosure of tents, a crowd of persons who had been wan-

\*Born in Virginia, November 15, 1789. Came to Indiana as a circuit rider in 1824 on the Brookville circuit. He made his home in Madison. He died in Indianapolis December 2, 1832, while yet a young man, worn out with hard work. For a good account of his life see J. C. Smith, *Early Methodism in Indiana*, 23-51.

dering about on the outside of the encampment came rushing in through an opening in the row of tents and down the center aisle toward the stand. Seeing the coming throng, Mr. Strange stopped short, raised himself to his full height, and standing on his tiptoes, threw his right hand forward, pointing with his index finger directly toward the crowd, and then exclaimed in a voice which seemed to startle the people from their seats, 'Here they come now, my Lord; shoot them as they come.' At once scores of loud 'amens' rolled up from the congregation. Instantly as if stricken by lightning the whole crowd of sinners, who were pressing down the center aisle, dropped upon seats and upon the ground. From that moment he held the congregation at his will until the close of the sermon."

Mr. Strange probably preached in Brown township about the year 1830, as at that time he was presiding elder of the Indianapolis district.

In that city on the 2nd day of December, 1833, he laid down his arms and sword, and put on his crown. The membership in Indiana were in great sorrow when they heard that "John Strange is dead." His whole life had been unreservedly given to the Master's work. He reserved nothing; food and raiment was all he wanted. His favorite hymn was:

"No foot of land do I possess,  
No cottage in the wilderness,  
A poor wayfaring man.  
I lodge awhile in tents below,  
And gladly wander to and fro  
Till I my Canaan gain."

An admiring friend once made him a deed to a quarter section of wild land. He kept it awhile and then re-

turned it with many thanks, saying it bothered him, as he could not conscientiously sing his favorite song, "No foot of land do I possess."

It is not too much to say that no class of men and women ever entered the western wilderness who made greater sacrifices for the Protestant religion than the Methodist itinerants and their faithful wives. Some of the circuits were so large and the roads so bad, and it took so long to make the round trip, that the youngest child would almost forget how the father looked when he left home, and fail to recognize him on his return.

About 1835 the settlers in the center and southern part of the county began to take some interest in school and church affairs. Heretofore they had been too negligent of these potent helps to civilization and good government. There could scarcely be found a school or church building in the county south of Brooklyn as late as 1836, sixteen years after first settlement, while often the rambler would stumble on a little "one-horse" still, turning out ten or fifteen gallons of copperhead whisky per day. These little moonshiners were running without let or hindrance, in the bright light of both sun and the sunlight of the age, for the people thought them quite innocent and useful institutions—more so, it would seem, than schools—and government had not yet learned to pull revenue out of a "jugsucker" at the rate of one dollar a gallon, as it does to-day. But when churches and schools began to move in, the stills began to move out, or rather to die out. For the stills it was a matter of "the survival of the fittest," and the "fittest" have gone to Terre Haute, Peoria, Chicago, Kansas City, and other like places where there is for them a more congenial atmosphere and larger profits.

It has been observed that when people change from



or begin to change their views about religion, the transition is rapid and masterful. The greatest sinner becomes the most roaring saint. Communities that were dead while they yet lived, became lively corpses when touched with the fire of a religious revival. Revivals are curious studies; they cannot always be started at will, nor can the number of those who will be moved by them be determined beforehand; neither can one tell how long they will continue. Sometimes they greatly exceed all expectations; often they fall much below what was hoped for. Certainly it can never be told how many will fall away, and be like the sow returning to her wallowing in the mire.

As the conditions throughout the county began to ripen for religious work, and as the various denominations set up different standards of belief for membership and fellowship, there began to be an earnest inquiry about what was gospel and what was not. There had long been a great many things held out for people to believe and do, that the gospel said nothing about; hence there arose a multitude of fireside debates and debaters. These became so numerous and enthusiastic that men had to be called off from debating at log-rollings, house-raisings, and boat-turnings, so that the work could go on. The women did better at their "quilting bees," for they could "line off," stitch, and talk at the same time, and carry on a general "floutation" as well. Not so with the log-roller; he could not do a good day's work and at the same time talk enough to prove to the average man that "there are infants in hell not a span long." Men and women carried their Bibles and New Testaments with them when at their daily work, and at odd times searched for those scriptures which seemed to prove the truth of their respective

dogmas. The pages of the book were well worn where those passages occurred. For instance: The Disciples (derisively called Campbellites) would have such passages as the 2d chapter of Acts, Philip and the eunuch, and Paul and the Philippine jailer, about worn threadbare, while the 9th chapter of Romans would look almost as new as when it left the printing press.

The Predestinarian had become so familiar with Romans 9th that he could read it backward as well as forward, particularly about Isaac and Rebecca's twins; but he was pretty nearly a stranger to Peter at Pentecost; and so as to Philip and the Ethiopian nobleman—that thing occurred in an out-of-the-way place, and in a somewhat hurried manner, anyway he could view it.

Meanwhile the Universalist had to have a thumb paper over, "Who will have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth," "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive," "God is love," and so on.

The Methodist had a leaf or two turned down at "The rich man died also, and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments." "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." These and many other passages of like import he vigorously poked under the nose of the Universalist. The Baptists had some stakes driven along on "Jordan's stormy banks," which they tied to when the waves began to roll high.

So it was, we became a great backwoods debating club, and the combat waxed warmer by reason of two or three large debates held in the old courthouse at Martinsville in the '40's. Rev. Erasmus Manford,\* of

\*He edited a Universalist paper, *The Christian Teacher*, in Terre Haute. Such a debate is described by Rev. James Mathes in the *Christian Record*.

Terre Haute, the foremost man of the west in the Universalist ranks, met and engaged in a theological contest with Rev. James Scott, of Crooked Creek, this county, a local Methodist minister. We have forgotten the wording of the propositions, but one of them embraced the final holiness and happiness of all mankind, which was affirmed by Mr. Manford. The other referred to the endless punishment of the unrepentant wicked, Mr. Scott affirming.\* Each debater laid claim to an immense amount of learning and for anything the audience knew they might have possessed it; for ninety-eight per cent. of the hearers did not know Greek or Hebrew from Kickapoo or Choctaw.

When the moderators were chosen and everything arranged, an invocation was made to the Heavenly Father, to the end that the truth or falsity of these mighty problems might appear clear to all men. Then the debaters stood up to answer to their brethren for the confidence reposed in them as champions to *their* respective parties.

Mr. Manford was the more skillful debater of the two, having had much more practice than Mr. Scott. He was a cool, self-possessed man, who would not allow the hot shot of his brimstone antagonist to set fire to his magazine.

Mr. Scott was less fortunate in temperament. He was nervous and irritable and, when pinched and goaded in argument, had a way of reaching down and pulling at the leg of his pantaloons as though he was about to wade into something or somebody. They crossed over into fields of Greek and Hebrew literature and dug up the roots of some words about which they had much disputing. Hades, Gehenna, and Hell were given an

\*Rev. Mr. Scott also carried on a debate with J. M. Mathes, of Bloomington, on Baptism.

airing never before heard of in Martinsville. At the close of the three-days' debate, Manford painted a hell for Scott and his brethren to look at. Being a man of fine imagination and possessed of telling words, the picture was a marvel of ingenuity. Then he flung into it all the human race that orthodoxy excluded from Heaven. By this time he had his audience sizzling hot, himself the coolest looking man in it. Scott retaliated by sending Judas to Heaven before his Lord, and by carrying all liars and lechers, seducers and murderers, to Abraham's bosom, all bedeviled and unrepentant as they were. He said it was quite unpleasant enough to live with them here for a little while, but if they were to be safely ensconced in Heaven for all eternity, no decent man or woman would wish to go there. Mr. Manford said his opponent entirely misunderstood the whole matter. He said, "Christ came into this world to save sinners, and he was morally sure to do so in his own good time and way; and that Mr. Scott need not fret himself about heavenly society, for all would be purified by the offering of Christ, made once for all." As the debate went on, we began to grow religious and the more religious some people become the madder they get. The Universalists were on one side, while the other denominations made common cause against them, for the time being. The latter were not altogether pleased with Mr. Scott's efforts. His own brethren did regard him as a very strong man.

The Universalists were somewhat jubilant at the close of the discussion, and proceeded to organize a church with about twelve members. We have forgotten their names, with the exception of Copes and May, a firm of shoemakers then working in Martinsville. But after the excitement of that time had died out, the

organization dwindled away, and no effort was afterward made to form another.

The Methodists followed the debate with one of their characteristic revivals, at which their denominational neighbors were conspicuously absent. The altar was crowded night after night with seekers, asking for the prayers of the brethren, whose petitions went up continuously in their behalf. "A powerful outpouring of the spirit" seemed to manifest itself and many professed religion. At the conclusion a long list of probationers was filed away for future reference and for the class leader. At the end of the six-months' probation or trial, as it was then called, there was a very perceptible shrinkage in numbers at the class meetings. The temptations to former habits and amusements which were forbidden in the *Discipline*, were too great for their self-denial. They had played "Old Sister Phebe," sung comic songs, and in some cases danced "weevily wheat" and the "hugging eight." They had most wilfully listened to the enchanting music of the violin, which was not at all commendable; for in those days, it was thought by many that more devils lurked in catgut and horsehair than Luther ever dreamed of. The Baptists, Presbyterians, and Christians were all in accord with the Methodists in denouncing "fiddling" and dancing and "gumsucking" parties. But how to keep the "lambs" from cultivating their heels was a problem the elders could not solve—neither have they yet solved it. It is to them what squaring the circle is to the mathematicians—a vexatious problem.

Other religious discussions were held, notably among them, one by Elder James M. Mathes and Rev. Mr. Scott. The propositions embraced creeds, disciplines, and confessions of faith, other than the Bible. The

respective tenets or fundamentals of the M. E. and Christian churches were much in evidence during this debate. While it must be admitted that public discussions or joint debates, either political or religious, do not contribute much to piety or patriotism, they serve to stimulate the intelligent hearers to a deeper and more earnest research after truth.

But at the time of which we write, in the '40's, both political and religious prejudices were at white heat, and to "convince a man against his will was to leave him of the same opinion still." There are some minds that mature so early in life and are so tenacious of their own beliefs and opinions, they never learn anything new, and consequently are the bitter partisans in politics and bigots and fanatics in religion.

But the light then beginning to dawn on the Christian world, in regard to the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man, has done much to lessen the asperities that greatly hid and hindered the one above all other blessings, namely: The love that flows from heart to heart and sends joy and good will into every life. Creeds and confessions we still may cherish, but more and more will the pure word of God crowd everything out of our hearts that mars the beauty of souls sanctified by the word of truth, and the indwelling of the Comforter.

### §15. A SUMMER SCHOOL.

The first school ever taught on the road from Martinsville to Scott's ferry—now Barnard's bridge—was during the summer of 1833, sixty-nine years ago. The teachers, employers, and all the scholars, excepting the writer and one or two others, have been laid in their

graves. The log cabin in which the school was taught stood by the wayside in the valley, about two and a half miles north of the I. & V. depot, and was owned by Joel Wilson, father-in-law of the late John Nutter. The employers were Joel Wilson, William Wilson, Thomas Hendricks, Samuel Elliott, John W. Cox, Frederick Fry, William A. Major, Polly Lang, Mary Record, Micajah Jackson, and Solomon Collins.

I do not think that Jackson or Collins ever sent any scholars to the school. Mr. Cox and Mr. Fry lived west of the river, and their children while attending school had to be "canoed" over morning and evening.

The tuition was one dollar and a quarter per scholar for the term of sixty days. Usually there were about twenty-five pupils in attendance, making \$31.25 salary for the teacher, or about fifty cents per day, provided the subscriptions were fully paid, which was seldom the case.

There was an article of agreement drawn and subscribed to by the teacher and patrons, and in those days the teacher agreed to teach reading, writing, and arithmetic—the three R's—and begin at 7 o'clock a. m. and teach until 6 o'clock p. m., with an hour or so of intermission at noon. The people in those days required the school teacher to work as many hours per day as the farmer or mechanic.

The employers of the teacher were greatly more influenced by the handwriting of the agreement than by any other indication of his qualifications, hence he took great care how the contract was drawn up. The next best recommendation was ability to spell off-hand every word in Webster's spelling book, and to make and mend quill pens for writing purposes. They also insisted on the strictest discipline, and scholars

were put under teacher's rules from the time they left home until their return, and often a refractory scholar received punishment at both ends of the line. The teacher read his rules the first morning of school and repeated them until the scholars were supposed to understand them. On going to and from school there was to be no playing or loitering on the road, no whooping or yelling, no quarreling, no fighting or swearing, and on meeting persons the boys were to take off their hats and bow civilly, while the girls were to "make their manners" by curtseying. This was also to be done on entering and departing from the schoolhouse. During "books" no scholar was permitted to step out of the door without asking leave of the teacher.

There was a little board by the doorway, suspended on a string, with the word "in" on one side and "out" on the other. I think these were the first two words I learned to spell and understand the meaning of thoroughly. Some teachers allowed two scholars to go out together; others, only one at a time. There was no recess in the old-time schools, between morning and noon, or noon and evening, and, as the children were riding a four-legged slab for five hours at a time, without a back to rest their spines, the reader may imagine how many times a day the teacher was asked for "leave of absence" for a few minutes.

There were but two books uniformly found in a pioneer school—Webster's Spelling Book and Pike's Arithmetic. The A, B, C scholars had some kind of primer, or letters pasted on a board. Those who were learning to read made use of such books as were found in their homes. Some brought the Bible, others a school book entitled the "English Reader," while "Thaddeus of Warsaw," "Charlotte Temple," "History



of the United States," "Life of Benjamin Franklin," "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Robinson Crusoe" were to be found lying around upon the benches of the old-time schoolhouse. But the readers mostly used were History of the United States and the English Reader.

After a protracted stay in the speller, my first reading was done in a book entitled "The American Preceptor," and my first lesson given me Friday evening to be conned and recited the following Monday morning was, "The Character of Demosthenes." I will never forget that eventful time, for if I failed to read it passably well I would be put back in the "speller" for an indefinite period. I worked hard Friday night till bedtime and Saturday and Sunday as well. Monday morning came, and, with many anxious doubts and fears, I set out for school. I stumbled through my lesson, after a manner, and to my great delight the teacher let me go on. This book was a collection of essays written by such authors as Pope, Dryden, Addison, and Samuel Johnson, with poetical selections from Shakespeare, Byron, and others.

We generally recited four times per day. Small lessons—a half page—were usually given beginners. No confusion arose because of the diversity of reading books, for every scholar "said the lesson" by himself or herself. There were no class arrangements then as now. When the class system was being introduced it met with stern opposition from many of the "fathers," and, when they finally accepted it, it was with the understanding that the number in a class should be restricted to two.

The whole school stood up and spelled at noon and the last thing before dismissal for the day. When a scholar spelled to the "head," most teachers sent him or her to the foot, giving a ticket for each headmark. Others

allowed them to stand "head" the remainder of the week.

"Silent schools" were unknown until as late as 1835. There was as much debate over the aforesaid schools as over the class system, and both came into use about the same time. The change from the "loud" to the "silent" school struck the scholars very forcibly. The latter way of conducting a school, compared with the former, seemed like a funeral, and for a time the scholars begged permission to study the spelling lesson aloud.

It was an almost universal custom to give a "task," Friday evening, to each scholar. This was to be committed and recited Monday morning. It might be the multiplication table or some rule in arithmetic. Sometimes a column of abbreviations were given, or a stanza or more of poetry—anything that came into the teacher's mind that would keep the children busy seven days in the week, as if sitting on a slat ten hours per day for five days was not sufficient schooling for one week. I do not remember, if I ever knew, why this school was taught in the summer, for, as a general rule, winter time was chosen for school work. A good reason, too, for this, as the larger boys and girls, especially the boys, could be much better spared from work during the winter months than in spring and summer.

The cabin, as before stated, belonged to Joel Wilson, and was built and occupied by him in 1827. At that time the settlement was strung along with cabins near the wood located in the valley and running nearly parallel with what is now the I. & V. railroad for three miles north of Martinsville.

The first settlers chose the highest spots of ground in the valley on which to erect their domiciles, and were

seriously interrupted with high tides for twenty-seven years, but the 1st day of January, 1847, the valley of White river was covered with a foaming tide from hill to hill. After this the cabins began to disappear from the low bottom lands.

This cabin was about 18x18 feet and had been fitted up for a schoolhouse in the old provincial style, with slab benches for seats, and a boat-plank pinned to the wall for a writing desk. The horizontal windows were "glassed" with greased paper, the floor made of puncheons, and the door of clapboards. There was a stick-and-clay chimney, but we had little use for that during the summer. The walls and corners were ornamented by the wasps and mud-daubers, that had "improved each shining hour" in building and "beautifying" their homes, while the spiders had opened their "parlor doors" to the unsuspecting fly. Great walnuts and stately elms lent their beneficent shade to our playground, while the feathered songsters—many of them now being gone from sight and sound—seemed to vie with each other in bird melody.

While the average schoolboy would as willingly rob a bird's nest as listen to its twitter, yet he could not help being charmed by the bird life around this cabin during the spring and summer. At that time the variety of birds was so great that they never became monotonous. While the Baltimore oriole was rendering a solo, a flock of Carolina paroquets would shoot by like arrows, each screaming at the top of its voice, "Skeete, skeete, skeete!" The bluejays, robins, woodpeckers, yellowhammers, and blackbirds were never out of sight or hearing, while the sound of the big woodcock could be heard in every direction, thumping the old logs and stumps in order to find a "dear, delicious

worm." The pewee, bluebird, wren, and phoebe birds were all in tune, while the catbird and brown thrush were mocking and making fun of their less gifted neighbors. The gentle voice of the cooing dove was in striking contrast to the scream of the bald eagle. To all these, ever and anon was heard a sound as of distant thunder. It was the male pheasant, perched on an old, mossy log, bringing his wings down with such rapidity as to resemble thunder. Late in the evening, at the close of a long summer day, came the swamp robin with his plaintive song. He is a very modest bird and shy, and loves to dwell in lonely places and shuns even bird society. He is among the sweetest of the bird singers and warbles his tender lays until the coming of the whippoorwill.

So we had music from morning till night and from dusk till dawn. And as if Nature would never tire of furnishing amusements, there was the gray squirrel almost always in sight, with his tail artistically curled over his back, eating nuts and "playing base" in the tree tops. Sometimes wild turkeys would pass by, or the dogs would chase a deer from the hills to the river bank, where the deer would plunge in and swim down stream a half mile or more, coming out on the same side of the stream, thus eluding his pursuers.

What great university now can boast of such environments as this little log cabin schoolhouse in the wild woods?

The teacher's name was Groves. Never heard him called anything but Mr. Groves. Every one spoke respectfully of the teacher. He was the most conspicuous man in the neighborhood during his short stay. I do not know from whence Mr. Groves came nor whither he went. He was fat, fair, and seemingly about

fifty years old; was smooth-shaven, blue-eyed, and bald-headed, but neither "rich nor bad."

When he first came among us he had just taken to himself a bride. She was a girl of eighteen summers, though not a "summer girl." She was Mr. Groves's "darling," and no slave of a young man. Her name was Mary Ann, and Mr. Groves never tired of pronouncing it; indeed, he had it as pat as the multiplication table. She was his good angel, sent to comfort him in his declining years. They kept house in a little log cabin about an eighth of a mile from the schoolhouse on the road to the ferry. Besides her domestic duties, Mary Ann cultivated the morning-glories, marigolds, and pretty-by-nights, and made the "Old Cabin Home" a dear little domicile. We passed near to it every time we went to this school and remember yet how it looked. Mr. Groves had one accomplishment—he could sing; and after returning from dinner (he always dined with Mary Ann) he sang hymns until "books." He was not exactly an oriole, but he certainly did excel a blackbird. Sometimes about the middle of the afternoon he would spread his bandana over the top of his head to baffle the flies and mosquitoes, while he sought "tired nature's sweet restorer."

One Friday afternoon while the class was spelling for head, there was, from some cause, an unusual number of words missed. This seemed to anger the teacher and he declared that if there were no better spelling lesson Monday noon, he would begin at head and whip to the foot of the class. But, by the time appointed, he had thawed out and the class had been more attentive to the spelling lesson, so a storm was averted.

Much has been written and more said about the cruelties of the old-time schoolmaster. Dr. Eggleston

has written many funny things about the "Hoosier Schoolmaster"; but, looking back seventy-three years, we are convinced that he was not the "walloper" or ignoramus that many persons have supposed him to be.

As in the army, so in school, discipline is mostly maintained by punishment or the fear of it. The rod was made for the fool's back, in school or out of it.

Perhaps if boys and young men were given to understand now, as then, that every sin and transgression would receive a "just recompense of reward," and that speedily, the columns of newspapers would not be so darkened with the reports of murders, rapes, and assassinations.

We believe a little more "hemp" and fewer flowers presented to cold-blooded murderers would greatly improve the moral status of the present generation. Let Judas go to his own place, and the corpses of the Ananiases and Sapphiras be conveyed to the cemeteries. We indulge in no sickly sentimentalisms.

The pioneer pedagogue was a law-and-order man. If he did not know much about science and philosophy, the fine arts, or higher criticism, he knew that obedience to law was the basis of good government, and he was for obedience.

It is now more than sixty years since the youngest of the scholars of this school were nearing their majority. The late William Cox, ex-marshal of Martinsville, was one of the number. Mr. Cox was long and favorably known as one of the foremost flatboat steersmen that ever pointed a broadhorn toward New Orleans. He was watchful, deliberate, determined, and fearless and a most companionable comrade. He would have made a good captain or colonel for the army.

Nelly Lang, then a little miss, afterward married Asa

Koons at sixteen years of age. They were as handsome a couple as ever stood before the marriage altar. Their parents were the very first settlers in the north end of Washington township. A few years after their marriage, they moved to Iowa, where, soon after, Mr. Koons died. In course of time Mrs. Koons became the wife of George Gillaspy, who was a State officer and politician of considerable note.

Mrs. Gillaspy's sister, Betsy Lang, who was accounted the most bashful girl in school, was joined in marriage with James Deaton, a boy reared on Sycamore creek, and who was equally as bashful as his bride. Shortly after this event they also removed to Iowa, settling near Des Moines, where fortune so smiled on them that in 1870 they were taxed on seventy thousand dollars' worth of property.

Another very fortunate girl was Harriet Cox, sister of ex-Marshal Cox, and Mrs. Martha J. Clapper. Miss Cox subsequently attended school at the Bloomington Academy, where she became acquainted with Aquilla Jones and afterward became his wife.

Mr. Jones, like Mr. Gillaspy, was twice elected to State office and his children are prominent citizens of the State capital, where Mr. and Mrs. Jones resided many years before their death. Mrs. Jones in her girlhood days was one of the most popular young ladies in the vicinity of Martinsville.

Sarah Wilson, another notable little girl of that day, was the daughter of the proprietor of the school cabin. She became the wife of the late John Nutter, when about eighteen years of age. In his prime Mr. Nutter stood in the front rank of Morgan county farmers. As "working bees," Uncle John and Aunt Sarah Nutter have seldom been equalled; and, perhaps, never surpassed in the county.

Mr. Nutter was a farmer who farmed exclusively and bought no gold bricks or Chicago margins. His common sense was of more value to him than university economics or political economy. He was an industrious and honest man whose example ought to teach the present young farmer a lesson worth having. Mrs. Nutter lived to be mistress of the playground of our little school and two thousand more acres of ground, with a good bank account, and not a dollar in debt at the time of her death.

Thompson Hendricks was also a prominent scholar in this summer school. He was the son of Thomas Hendricks, who was a very early settler in the neighborhood. Like Mr. Nutter, he was a born farmer, and of the first quality of the calling. He became owner of his father's homestead, cleared it of all indebtedness and built an elegant residence with modern conveniences. In the year 1844, Miss Mary Jane Evans became his wife and proved a helpmate who helped. Like Mrs. Nutter, she would not be outdone by her husband. They made a complete success.

Here ends a glimpse of the first school taught in that district of country, by one who was there—is still here, standing like a lone tree upon a broad plain—his comrades all gone.

## §16. POLITICS.

From the earliest settlement of our county until the presidential election of 1824, there was little or no strife for party candidates. "Is he honest; is he qualified?" was the test generally applied to all men who sought places of public trust; nor were the electors often mistaken in their choice of an officer in those early days.



The county's business was usually honestly and faithfully done, whether the incumbent was a Whig or Democrat.

No honester records were ever made on the office books of Morgan county than were made by such men as George A. Phelps, H. R. Stephens, Jefferson J. Graham, William H. Craig, Jonathan Williams, Jonathan Hunt, James Jackson, Scott W. Young, James Crawford, Philip Hodges, Uriah Ballard, Hiram T. Craig, William Hadley, Hiram Matthews, and others whose names are still household words for fair dealing, both private and public.

As there were no political conventions in those days, the candidates usually rode through the county on horseback to learn what their chances were for election. If they were favorably impressed by their interviews with the people, they would announce their candidacy; otherwise they would quietly withdraw from the field. Sometimes the many friends of a suitable man would get consent to announce his name as a candidate. So it oftentimes happened that early in the campaign many candidates were in the race, but usually they kept dropping out until only three or four, possibly only two, remained to finish the race.

As the elections of State and county officers for some thirty years occurred annually on the first Monday in August, and for township officers the first Monday in April, it will be seen the political pot was kept boiling, or at least lukewarm most of the year round. As there were no party organs for more than thirty years in the county, to "cuss and discuss" political differences, the matter of electioneering became doubly interesting. So much so that this business became a sort of trade or profession in which some men showed great proficiency

while others were sadly lacking in those qualities which made a good vote-catcher.

To illustrate this: One day during harvest time, my father's men were cradling oats by the wayside, when there came riding by one of the candidates for sheriff. He was a Whig and "hickory Quaker" from the northern part of the county. His opponent was a very pronounced Jackson man, and so were our boys. The Jacksonian was stiff and quite dignified in manner, though he was quite capable and honest, and had paid his compliments to the voters, but had not impressed them very favorably. But the Whig got off his horse, tied him to a swinging limb, jumped the fence and took the boys by their sweaty hands and gave them a hearty shake. The day was hot and the boys were shading themselves.

The candidate meantime was talking farming as though to the manor born, which may have been, for anything we know. The boys began to guy him; remarking he looked more like a book farmer than the Simon-pure article. Nothing daunted, he threw off his coat and vest, picked up first one cradle, then the other. Swinging them through the air to make sure of the best, then taking the "rifle," whetted a keen edge on the old four-foot blade and struck in at a lively gait. One of the men started after him but to no purpose; the candidate fairly distanced him, doing his work in a neat and farmlike manner. Whether he was an all-round planter or not we know not. But he was a good mixer and was elected. His name was Jonathan Hunt, and one of the then (sixty years ago) young men who crossed the "dead line" and helped to do it, was the late Jackson Record, who afterward became one of the foremost local politicians in this county.

Not until the presidential election of 1824, as it seems, were party lines strictly drawn in this county. Adams, Clay, Jackson, and Crawford were in that memorable campaign. No one received a majority of the electoral vote, the choice of a President fell to the House of Representatives, and when Clay's following went to Adams, securing his election, that, together with Clay's seat in the cabinet, aroused a warmth of feeling for General Jackson that subsequently landed him triumphantly in the presidential chair in 1828 and also in 1832.

Thereafter, from 1824 to 1852, the election campaign of our county was strictly conducted on the lines dividing the Whigs and Democrats, with the chances favoring the Democrats by a small majority. But 1852 saw the last of the Whigs. They were hopelessly divided on the slavery question, the party went to pieces, and in 1856 the Republican party, to some extent, took its place, but on a very different basis. The strength of Clay and Jackson in this county was nearly equal from 1828 to 1838.

The mutilation of the early records, which occurred when an attempt was made to burn the courthouse in 1876, leaves us in doubt about many things, and particularly so about election returns.

About the year 1834 there was a very spirited race for Congress in this district between General Jake Lowe, of Monroe county, and George L. Kinnard, of Marion county. General Lowe was an early settler of Monroe county, and his widowed mother a wealthy and respected lady of Bloomington. Mr. Kinnard was a young lawyer of about twenty-eight years of age, a lover of politics, a ready debater with a fund of anecdotes and witticisms, which in joint discussion he used

with telling effect. They debated once in Martinsville, to the great delight of the electors, who had come from far and near to hear what was going on in the greatest "stripling" government yet known to man. As both candidates were Democrats and had supported General Jackson for the presidency, strictly party questions were ignored. The Whigs for some reason, probably the hopelessness of electing, had no candidates, so they were free to "choose between two evils," as they expressed it. Many voted for Kinnard, who was triumphantly elected by a large majority.

It is sad to note here the sudden and untimely death of this gifted young man, who probably would have been one of Indiana's brightest lights, if life had continued to middle age. On his way to take his well-earned seat in Congress, he happened to be on the ill-fated steamboat "Moselle" [Flora] when she was blown to splinters by the bursting of one of her boilers, in front of the city of Cincinnati. This was the saddest and most thorough destruction of a river steamer that ever occurred on the Western waters. Saddest because hundreds of Cincinnati's best citizens were aboard this new and magnificent boat on her trial trip from Pittsburgh, where she was built, to New Orleans.

So forceful was the explosion that fragments of human bodies were found in the streets of the city on the housetops. For a minute or so, the river was covered with the wreckage of the boat and the dead, dying, and drowning passengers. Scores of the passengers were never more seen or heard of; and among them was George L. Kinnard, of whom not a shred was ever identified.\*

\*Mr. Kinnard was standing for re-election at this time. He was editor of the *Indiana Gazette*, Indianapolis, before he entered Congress in 1833. The name of the boat on which he lost his life was the "Flora."

General Lowe, who never mingled much more with politicians, passed the remainder of his life at his Monroe county home, practicing law occasionally. He lived to an old age, but, strange to say, was almost forgotten away from home. The last time we saw him, he was sitting on the counter of Parks & Hite's general store in the frame house that stood on the corner where the Toner Brothers are doing business to-day. He had grown very fleshy, was somewhat carelessly dressed, and looked as though he had bid the world wag on and leave him alone.

In some respects the presidential campaign of 1840 was very remarkable. It was the first time the great West, now called the Middle West, came to the front with a presidential candidate in the person of General William Henry Harrison. He had several things to recommend him as a suitable man for this high position, as well as an available candidate. He had long been identified with the interests of the Northwest Territory as delegate, Governor, and Secretary. He had been an officer in the regular army, and was given the command of Hull's army, after the cowardly surrender of that officer. He had fought the Indians under General Wayne, and as commander-in-chief, fought and won the Battle of Tippecanoe, the only great battle ever fought in Indiana. It is a fact, so says a Washington correspondent, that William Henry Harrison was a candidate of the anti-Masons against Van Buren the first time he ran for the presidency in 1836, and that this was the only election in which the electors voted for five candidates, these being in the order of their strength, Martin Van Buren, William Henry Harrison, Hugh L. White, Daniel Webster, and W. P. Magnum.

Notwithstanding Harrison's defeat by Van Buren in

1836, the Whigs still thought they saw in him a standard bearer with which to defeat the Jackson Democrats in 1840. Mr. Van Buren was Jackson's choice as his successor. He is said to have been one of the shrewdest and best educated politicians of his day, and that he and his following brought to Washington the New York methods of managing party politics which have been so generally adopted in the great cities by the crafty politicians. He was before the public either as an officer or as a candidate for thirty-five years, and at the beginning of his career was quite successful. His last candidacy was on the Free-Soil ticket in 1848, when he drew enough votes from General Lewis Cass to compass his defeat. He belonged to the Barnburner faction of the party; but political cards are uncertain things with which to play, and the flags of a party, triumphantly floating in the breezes to-day, may be trailing in the dust to-morrow.

For twelve years the Democratic party, under the leadership of Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren, had held sway, but Van Buren's administration got caught in the panic of 1837, and this helped to turn the tide.

General Harrison's nomination by the Whigs did not inspire so much enthusiasm as might have been expected, until some foolish politician of the East, like Blaine's Burchard, characterized him as an "old, slovenly farmer who lived somewhere out west in a log cabin, drank hard cider and sold coonskins," and who, if elected, would look like a "bound boy at a frolic" in the White House. The Whigs and their allies turned this sneering to good account. They went everywhere shouting at the tops of their voices: "Hurrah! Hurrah! for Harrison and Tyler, a nice log cabin and a barrel of

hard cider." It was the first time in the history of Morgan county that great delegations—"terrible as an army with banners"—came rolling into Martinsville, through dust almost thick enough to stifle a cyclone, in big wagons with eight or ten horses or five or six yoke of oxen hitched to them, and loaded with canoes decorated with flags and banners and filled with the prettiest and sweetest young girls that ever turned a spinning wheel, swished a dishrag, or made a track in Hoosier dust—up to that date, mind you—all singing campaign songs.

The leading Democrats looked amazed at this innovation and "poohed" and "puttered." "What," asked they, "has this fleeting flummery, this tomfoolery, to do with the tariff, bank distribution, sub-treasury, and slavery, all burning questions of the day. Do you think I would let a daughter of mine be 'canoeed' over the county as a target for lewd eyes and unseemly remarks? No, I don't believe any modest or decent g—." "Hold on there, dad! You may touch off a magazine." They are not half done yet. They are going to build a cabin on the north side of the public square (about where the Shamrock now sells tanglefoot to the unwary) and when they have finished it they will decorate it with coonskins, have a pet coon tied up on one corner and a barrel of hard cider inside the door. And if you will look farther east on this "dead-line" you will see a barrel of pure, home-made whisky sitting in the dog fennel with its head caved in and plenty of tincups anchored to it, while men and boys are buzzing around it like bees on clover blossoms. It was a gala day of the long ago in Martinsville when free speech and free whisky kept free-for-all fights going till nightfall.

Tobe King, of Brown township, had made a pretty little log cabin about two inches square and pinned it

on his hat. A belligerent Democrat of Greene township desired to "pulverize" it. Tobe objected, and they came together like two tom cats. The scrap lasted about fifteen seconds, after which Sam was taken to the shop for repairs. Tobe flapped his wings and crowed like a game cock, keeping his cabin in sight of the next fellow who wanted a black eye.

But now let us go back to this cabin, built fifty-nine years ago, and hear Mr. Fell, the lame tailor—the second tailor to locate in Martinsville. He was the little cripple who married Miss Nancy Bull, the daughter of Lawyer Bull. She was a buxom lass of seventeen summers and sixteen winters—the finest specimen of physical form and feature in the town. Mr. Fell had neither health, wealth, nor robust manhood, but was filled to overflowing with wit and good humor. Perhaps it was wit that won the lady's heart. He was a well-finished Yankee, as full of resources as a street corner medicine man. A platform was improvised on a corner of the cabin opposite the big raccoon. Fell mounted it, accompanied by Mr. Holt, the town fiddler, and of the firm of Holt & Cash, wheat fan peddlers. Holt was a Democrat, and some men of that persuasion, plagued with "some godliness," said if it was their case they would not play second fiddle to that "blarsted Yankee." But Holt thought differently and played for Fell and played well. Fell sang a number of comic and campaign songs to the delight of the Whig rabble, and the disgust of the disgruntled Democrats. Curious, is it not, what so pleases one, so displeases another? Here is a specimen verse or two of that roaring campaign, which somehow got pigeonholed in one corner of my mind and remains there to the present time.

I could not forget it if I would, though perhaps it is



hardly worth the writing except to be compared with modern campaigns:

"Come all ye log cabin boys,  
We're gwine to have a raisin';  
We have a job on hand,  
And I think it will be plaisin'.  
We'll turn out and build  
'Old Tip' a new cabin,  
And finish it off with  
The chinkin' and the daubin'.

"For the haulin' of the logs,  
We'll call on Pennsylvany,  
For the Conestoga horses  
Can pull as well as any.  
The Yankee and York State  
And all of the others,  
Will come and help us lift  
Like so many brothers.

"On the fourth day of March,  
'Old Tip' will enter in it;  
And then little 'Marty'  
Will have for to shin it;  
Hurrah! Hurrah! for  
Harrison and Tyler!  
A nice log cabin and  
A barrel of hard cider!"

At the big rally in Martinsville in 1840, young Henry S. Lane was chief orator, if I rightly remember. Perry M. Blankenship was nominated by the Whigs for representative in the State Legislature, and during this campaign acquired considerable prominence as a public

speaker. John Eccles, the second lawyer to locate in Martinsville, and who had represented the county in 1839, was renominated by the Democrats in opposition to Blankenship. Both candidates were nervous and easily excited, and when in debate threw off a number of political sparks, which, like the little meteors, went out almost immediately. As the majority favoring the Democrats had always been small, the Whigs thought to gain the victory by introducing new methods. They brought to their mass meetings some of the best speakers in the State—real “spellbinders” like young Lane, who afterward became governor and senator. But the Democrats felt assured that no amount of show-wagons, all accoutred as they were with pretty girls, ribbons, and furbelows, could chip off of that granite party enough votes to bring about a defeat.

But a hundred votes in a county is not a big majority, and it kept the Democracy busy against men like Dr. John Sims, H. R. Stevens, Grant Stafford, James Crawford, Algernon S. Griggs, Robert Hamilton, James C. Henderson, Hiram Matthews, Hiram T. Craig, Job Hastings, William A. Major, A. B. Conduitt, and other “wheelhorses” who swore—if they ever swore at all—by Clay and Webster, because, as they thought, they could swear by no greater men. On the other hand the Democratic party had achieved victory after victory under the leadership of Dr. Francis A. Matheny, John Eccles, Patterson B. McCoy, Jefferson J. Graham, Jonathan Williams, John W. Cox, William Landers, Parminter M. Parks, the Stouts, Duckworths, Rattsess, Rinkers, Adamsses, Townsends, Hoffmans, Langs, and Robertsses. These all lived and moved and had their political being in the Jackson party, and for its success were at any time willing to make all needful sacrifices. If the

Whigs adored Clay, the Democrats worshipped the "Hero of New Orleans." Some of these old "war horses" had fought in Jackson's army, and it was not healthy to say anything derogatory of "Old Hickory" within arm's length of them. They liked anybody that the general liked, and the general liked Mr. Van Buren. But Jackson could not lend him his military record, and Van Buren had none of his own. So it was, the Whigs had the inside track with General Harrison, the "Hero of Tippecanoe." He never was so brilliant and dashing a commander as General Jackson, but his victory at Tippecanoe was, for them, the best thing in sight, and they worked it for all it was worth, especially in Indiana. The Stipps, Scotts, Matthews, Squires, John Robb, and old "Billy" Lloyd, of what is now the Center-ton neighborhood, with many others, planned a rally that was to overtop all former proceedings. Old Billy Lloyd invited it to the Drury farm, which was then under his management. A nice location was selected in the woods, and the old logs and underbrush were swept off to make room for an old-time barbecue, where sheep, oxen, and pigs were served to the hungry multitude; overdone or underdone, just as the guests might desire. Great long trenches were dug in the earth, like those used for burying the dead on the battlefield. These were filled with hard, dry wood, which was allowed to burn into coals, resembling somewhat our notions of the "bottomless pit." Handspikes were thrust through the quarters of beef and hung over the coals, where they were kept turning and burning until they were thought to be done. But it was only the thought, not the beef, that was done. The sheep and pig meat was fairly well roasted, also the roasting ears and potatoes. Lloyd's watermelons were eaten raw, just as they came

out of the patch; and they all came out on that day. The good wives and daughters of the "outdoing" Whigs, knowing that it was not good for man to feed on meat alone, prepared stacks of crullers, loaves of wheat bread, and, above all, pyramids of good, old-fashioned "light corn pone," which to this day makes the mouth of an old pioneer water when he thinks of it as mother baked it sixty years ago—light and white within its brown crust—"sweet, juicy, and well tasted." But farewell, "ponie," for you have been supplanted by the "shotgun wadding" of the modern bakeshop.

#### THE BARBECUE.

To fully understand an old-fashioned Fourth of July barbecue, it would be best to see one. A long, rough board table was made by driving stakes in the ground a foot or more deep, leaving them about waist high. A crosspiece was nailed on top of the stakes and running boards were laid lengthwise on the table, which was sometimes one hundred or two hundred yards long, and three or four feet wide. Upon this at the noon hour the feast was spread. The meats were cut in chunks and bits and laid on plates, so long as the plates lasted, but there were never half enough of these to go round. So large quantities of food had to be laid on the bare boards. So with the bread, cakes, crullers, roasting ears, and potatoes. Pies and preserves were not much in evidence, as they did not very well bear transportation; especially pumpkin pie, which was then the leading member of the "American abomination" that so disturbs the modern dietitian. While the table was being loaded, ropes were stretched around it and guards set to watch the "jackals and hyenas" who were stand-

ing hard by, ready to pounce upon it at the first opportunity. Some men and women are born polite, some acquire politeness, and a few have good manners thrust upon them. But about one-fourth of the young men then and now, act on such public occasions as barbecues and basket dinners, as if they were graduates of a high-toned pigsty.

No sooner does the bugle call, and the ropes fall than they are on the run for a choice stand, crowding back the women and children like a war hog at a slop trough, yea, more so. The hog has the better manners; for when he is full he goes away peacefully, while these rowdies, after filling their capacious maws with best things in reach, begin throwing meat and bread at each other. The most pitiful thing about all this is, that the boys think now, as they did then, that such conduct is exceedingly smart. But that cannot be, for "want of decency is want of sense."

A man's sin is no surer to find him out, than for the inevitable fly to find the location of a barbecue. It may be by instinct, or a laudable ambition to do his country honor by his presence at these patriotic meetings, we know not which, but he is always there, and Mrs. Fly and all the little ones are also present to help save the country and the victuals. But a fly was no more welcome at the big dinners of ye olden time than a British Tory would have been. Boys and girls were stationed at regular intervals, with brush fans in their hands, ordering the flies to move on; and so the battle between flies and fans continued until young arms grew weary or the flies, like a mob, congregated at some other place.

There appeared at this rally, "Old Tip," the largest and handsomest canoe that ever floated on White river between Waverly and Gosport, forty-two feet long,

three and one-half feet wide, twenty inches deep, and neatly painted red, white, and blue, with the name in large letters on either side. This canoe was placed on a big wagon, and hauled on the ground, all aflutter with bunting and pretty girls, as was the order during the campaign. The shout that went reverberating through the forest as the canoe came in sight was such as never before nor since has been heard near the sleepy little town of Centerton. The horses became nearly unmanageable from the "Hip! hip! hurrahs," and the din of the kettledrums. Not much attention was paid to the speakers that day.

The August election had gone Whig, county and State, and the election of General Harrison was seemingly assured. The Whigs, who had been jolly drunk on "glory" ever since the first Monday in August, gave this day up to feasting, drinking, and cheap hilarity. This was the last big rally they had in the county in 1840.

The November election resulted in the choice of a large majority of Harrison electors. It was a signal triumph for the Whig party. They had battled for twelve years for a United States Bank, and at last had won it, as they thought; but one month after the inauguration of President Harrison death removed him from all sublunary things. John Tyler was inaugurated and served the remainder of the term. He was to the Whigs what Andrew Johnson was to the Republicans, an antagonizer through and through. It was a glorious campaign victory, but an inglorious administration, and left the Whigs in bad form for the contest of 1844. Nevertheless they went into it with Henry Clay as standard bearer, shouting like troops storming a battery. The shadows of the Mexican war were coming in sight.

The Whigs were opposed to it. A favorite expression among the Democrats of that time was, "I am in favor of this war and the one to come." Strange as it may seem, no antiwar party has ever yet won a presidential election.

Polk of Tennessee, a man not widely known, eclipsed Clay of Kentucky, a man of more than national reputation. "Hurrah for Polk and annexation" was the Democratic slogan; while the Whigs sang:

"Polk root juice is mighty bad and bitter,  
If the Locofocos take it, 'twill kill the whole litter."

They took it, and not a mother's son of them died of it. Polk brought on the war, and the Whigs helped to fight it to a finish. Clay's favorite son, Henry Clay, Jr., volunteered in this war and was made a colonel. The end came in the famous encounter of Buena Vista, when the three colonels, McKee, Clay, and Yell, fell in one charge. Clay deeply mourned the untimely loss of this son. The country, without regard to party, paid a well-earned tribute of praise to General Taylor and the brave boys who won on that bloody field.

The people of Morgan county have ever been watchful of their political rights, and faithful in the discharge of their public duties. They have differed in a most radical way as to what was right, and honorable, and practicable; but it was an honest difference backed up by the courage of their convictions.

The most amusing and mysterious campaign was in 1854, when the Knownothings pulled the wool over the eyes of both parties, and waked them up the day after the election, to show them that they did not know where they were "at." The most complete and exhaustive

campaign was in 1860, and the most dangerous one in 1862.

### §17. ELECTION DAY.

For thirty years the voters of our county looked forward with much anxiety to the first Monday in August of each year, as it was the day fixed by law for the election of State and county officers in Indiana and many other States. Although there was a voting precinct in each township, for the convenience of the old and infirm, an elector could vote at any precinct he chose within the border of the county. This privilege brought from one-half to two-thirds of the voters to Martinsville on election day. If the day promised to be good, and not too hot, sunrise found the voters of the out-townships on the road to the county seat, some in wagons, some on foot, but mostly on horseback, for as yet buggies, phaetons, carriages, and road wagons, as well as good roads, were in the far away "good time coming." The men were smoothly shaven from chin to ears and robed in their Sunday clothes, consisting principally of yellow factory shirts and linen jeans breeches, home-knit "galluses" and cowhide shoes of the tan-colored "persuasion." In color, at least, they were in style, though perhaps unaware of it at the time. However, it is true that coming events still continue to cast their shadows before. The home-made straw hat, fashioned by the deft fingers of the good wife, sister, or daughter, was much in evidence. Many chip hats were worn, and now and then some ambitious youth sported a genuine Panama.

By 9 o'clock in the morning Martinsville was buzzing and humming like bees in swarming time. The citizens were obscured and ignored for the time being. The sheriff and constable were supposed to keep order, but they let school keep itself on election day. What could they do



with a thousand sons of Columbia, all chock-full of the spirit of '76 and wringing wet with sweat? Nothing at all. Many of these could not do anything with themselves by 4 o'clock p. m., and were pulled into the shade to await the return of their senses. Old King Alcohol paralyzed many a chap on every returning first Monday in August. However, the "blowers and strikers" managed to get these "babes and sucklings" to vote "before or after taking," whichever they could.

The east end of the courthouse was the storm center. Here from one hundred to two hundred men could be found standing around or lying in the dog fennel, talking, laughing, gesticulating good-humoredly or half-mad as circumstances might direct. The busiest men in the county, on that day, were on the election board at the county seat. From 6 a. m. until 6 p. m. they had to work like beavers, with only fifteen or twenty minutes recess at noon for lunch. If they determined to "count out" before adjournment, as was usual, they were on the job until 1 or 2 o'clock a. m. Much less restriction was thrown around the ballot box then than now. The board might be composed altogether of one party, though usually through courtesy two of the five members were selected from the minority party. Notwithstanding all this, there is good reason for believing that elections were much more honestly conducted then than later on. I was thirty years old before I even heard of any serious charges being preferred against an election board in Morgan county. True, there were individuals offering to vote who knew that they were not eligible, and sometimes they succeeded. They or some friend would swear the ballot through in spite of the board. Except here and there some ambitious youth, who desired to be born before his time, there was not much irregularity. Not until 1858 were the people startled by the misconduct of

an election board. This was in the case of John L. Knox, candidate for treasurer, who was surprised at the smallness of his vote in Monroe township. He contested the election of his opponent, and in prosecuting his suit, as well as we now remember, forty or fifty eligible voters of Monroe township were put on the witness stand, and they swore that they had voted for John L. Knox, whereas the tally sheets showed differently. About half as many from Clay township testified to having done the same thing. This astonishing fact caused the attorneys for the defense to withdraw from the contest, and Mr. Knox took his office.

It is a sad comment on republican institutions, that with our intelligence, our Christianity, and our high civilization, we should be compelled from year to year to coop up our election boards, line off a track with ropes fifty to a hundred feet long, for the voter to walk through, set guards on every side, padlock the mouths of the board and poke the voter into a box, in order to insure a free ballot and fair count. Every man who wilfully and maliciously defrauds an election, strikes directly and forcibly at the free institutions and good government, is the foe of human rights and is proper stuff out of which to make an anarchist. The life of a democratic or republican government can only be perpetuated by honest elections. When bribery, perjury, fraud, and duplicity come in at the door, democracy goes out at the window or people's necks go under the iron heels of tyrants. The ballot box will yet prove to be an iron cable or a rope of sand to the American republic. It is in our power to make it a cable, with each strand of double strength. Will we do it?

The old fathers were strong party men; oftentimes in needy circumstances, not worth buying as is sometimes said, but an attempt to buy their ballots would have been resented with fiery indignation, supplemented by a kick.

Men did not stand around in those days, saying as they do now in a half-jocular, half-earnest way, "We are going to vote for the man who has the money." The only approach to undue influence was in the practice of "treating." This was carried on to a scandalous degree, and led to grewsome disorder. From noon till night fisticuffs were freely indulged, and the fighting was fast and furious, but not to kill. While the rules of the Marquis of Queensbury were not strictly observed, if the "under dog" cried "'nough," the top cur was jerked off in a jiffy. Deadly weapons were seldom or never used in these combats. This ruling, which was generally accepted, gave strong men a great advantage over the weaker ones; but the battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift. What was called foul play was often shown when one of the combatants was short of friends. Many of the pending fights were fixed for election day, when the principals could have their seconds hard by. The stray pen was often used as the arena in which the battles were fought.

After having their heads shaven and soaped, the combatants stripped to the waist, tied their suspenders around their bodies and walked into the ring, while the crowd stood around the pen from four to six deep, to see the fight. Sometimes, just at this juncture, the friends of the fighters brought about a reconciliation and averted the battle; after which the belligerents washed off the soap, and put on everything as before, excepting their hair, while the crowd dispersed to reassemble at the courthouse. Here the polling booth resembled the ticket wagon on a show day. Men were poking their tickets under the nose of the inspector, faster than their names could be written. Ever and anon there was a dispute between the challengers, which, however, seldom resulted in violence. By a sort of common consent, no fighting was to be permitted near the polls.

Sometimes when the throng was so great that the voters were hindering rather than helping the election to a finish by 6 p. m. and giving every one a chance to vote, a sham fight would begin. This started the crowd on the run from the courthouse and gave the board time to breathe.

Tickets could be had anywhere for the asking. They were usually printed with the names of the party candidates in full. As there was likely to be more or less scratching, pasters were supplied for the use of the scratcher, or he could scratch the regular candidate and write his name above the erasure. Some men wrote the entire ticket with a pen, and would vote half a sheet of paper. Many will remember the late Robert Townsend, who sometimes voted in this way: Splitting a long stick, inserting the ballot in the split, and hoisting it in the window over the heads of the bystanders. Mr. Townsend was of a family of very early settlers, Simon-pure Democrats, warranted neither to "rip, ravel, nor wear out." Parties might change routes, go up or down, but the original Townsend never failed to plump a Democratic ticket in the ballot box on the first Monday in August. There were, in those old times, as there are now, floaters, sometimes called "ciphers," but it is noted that even ciphers count in times of elections if they can be placed on the right side of the right figures. The shrewdest local electioneers were engaged to watch these annual floppers, and turn them over into their respective camps. It was generally seen in the forenoon which party was capturing the largest number of the doubtfuls. But the greatest merriment was late in the day when "the last of the Mamalukes" were running the gauntlet arm in arm with the buttonholers.

As the respective parties gained a point they hissed and laughed like ganders at a goose fight. Let it not be understood from the foregoing sketch that any considerable

number of the old-time voters were drunken or disorderly. Such was not the case. Ten or fifteen rowdies, in the absence of a good police force, can keep an uproar going among a thousand civil men.

Remove the restrictions brought to bear upon the present election day, turn the saloons loose, let men vote anywhere and everywhere, dismiss the police, let the men carry concealed weapons, appoint the day in August, and you can duplicate the most disorderly election day in Morgan county for the first thirty years, and have one hundred per cent. of crime left over. That there was less suspicion of treachery then than now is shown by the fact that there were few, if any, contested election cases prior to the Knox case.

Grant Stafford was elected State senator in the '40's, over John W. Cox, by only two votes. Every precinct in the senatorial district was examined and recounted, to make sure of the right. Mr. Stafford was certified elected, and took his seat, the Democrats acquiescing. If such a case were to occur now, it would insure a long and bitter contest, for the dominant parties have little faith in each other's electoral honesty. They are like the old negro woman who was asked by her mistress to leave the Methodist church and unite with the Christian, and whose answer was: "Lors, missus, we knows too much about one anuddah to lib in de same church."

The headquarters of the Democrats were established at the Parks & Hite corner, while the Whigs, and later on the Republicans, met near the store of the firm of J. M. & S. M. Mitchell on the opposite side of the square. These two firms stood for many years as typical representatives of the dominant parties. Great changes occurred in the personnel of the parties from 1856 to 1861. After the Dred Scott decision, many Democrats left their party on account of their antislavery sentiments; while several Whigs took their places, for the opposite reason.

A still greater change took place in 1861, when hostilities began between the slave and antislave States. Then hundreds of what were called "war Democrats" espoused the war for the Union, and helped fight it through on the line of policy adopted by the Lincoln administration. This naturally placed them in the ranks of the Republican party, and assured it a greater or less majority from then till now.

### §18. COUNTERFEITERS.

Fifty or sixty years ago no class of criminals was harder to convict under the criminal law than counterfeiters and horse thieves. Strange as it may appear, they nearly always had shrewd counselors who knew all the loopholes in the "Code Criminal," through which they could slip the scheming rascals who prowled about the country and lived off the earnings of honest people. No hole in the criminal practice of law is half so smoothly worn as "you shall give the benefit of the doubt to the prisoner." Almost every jury has its "doubting Thomas," who often hangs the jury, while in strict justice the jury ought to hang him. While Jonathan W. Gordon was a member of the House of Representatives we once heard him in private conversation say: "If they will let me frame a law and change the criminal practice of the courts, I can catch and convict nine-tenths of the criminals, who always keep the commonwealth in an uproar; under the present practice I can clear four-fifths of them."

Mr. Gordon's opinion is well worth considering, for he was during his life one of the foremost criminal lawyers in the State. But in all probability we will continue to have beggars in rags and rascals in robes as long as time lasts, for neither the law of life and love embodied in the Sermon on the Mount, though proclaimed for hundreds of years,

nor the "red-eyed laws" of men, which know neither mercy nor forgiveness, have as yet cut off the annual crop of rascals and raganuffins.

In the spring of 1837, when work began on the canal, there appeared to be an unusual amount of counterfeit money in circulation. Indeed there had been more or less of it in circulation almost from the beginning of the settlements. The Mexican dollar, which then constituted the larger part of our coin, was made the stool pigeon of these financial foxes. Suspicion rested on certain individuals, but such proof as was required in the courts was lacking. Perhaps no gang of wrongdoers ever in the county were more subtle in their movements than the counterfeiter. They could discount the horse thieves and forgers in covering up their tracks. Everybody knew the animal was here, but could not trace him to his den. Honest men became indignant at this outrage on the character of the county and determined to ferret out the perpetrators. The more they worked at detection the more they became surprised and dumfounded at finding reputable citizens under a cloud. They discovered enough to convince them that there was an organized band of rogues in their midst, and, though no very large amount of counterfeiting was done here, yet there were plenty of distributors along the line in this county. They also found some dies and other counterfeiting implements not very far from Martinsville.

Not all engaged in this business were then known, nor will they ever be, for no convictions according to law were ever had, although summary chastisement was administered to two or three men with good results as the sequel will show. The strongest suspicion rested on a man named Prince, who claimed to be a resident of Missouri. He had visited this county several times since its settlement began. Just what business he had here was not clear to the "fer-

rets," as he had neither family nor relatives in the county. He never appeared to be doing anything but standing around or sauntering about like a gentleman of wealth and leisure. He was perfectly civil, genteel, and well-behaved; wore good clothes, neatly fitting, was polite and unusually intelligent in conversation. He was about sixty years old and "as mild mannered a man as ever cut a throat or scuttled a ship." He was fairly good looking, straight as an Indian, with hair white as wool. A writ was sworn out for his arrest, and William H. Craig, who was sheriff, began looking for him, but evidently some one had advised the accused of the situation and he was on his guard. He secreted himself in the west end of Clay township, among the thickets on Sycamore creek, about a mile north of what is now Bradford's sand mine. Meantime several citizens offered to assist in searching for him, among whom were Dow Cunningham, Robert Hamilton, Charles Butler, Anderson McCoy, Job Hastings, William A. Major, and several others, numbering in all ten or fifteen of the most substantial citizens. Dow Cunningham was a born detective, and therefore was chosen as captain. After several days' successful "mixing" he located the wily Missourian. It was in midsummer, and in order to avoid discovery they chose the last half of the night. They were all regularly ordered as a posse by the sheriff and armed with rifles, for Prince was not a man to trifle with. At break of day they had completely surrounded him. He happened to see the first man who came over a point overlooking his hiding place. Immediately he stepped behind a tree with his trusty rifle in his hand and his finger on the trigger. At this moment a signal was given by the leader to close in. Prince now realized the fact that there were a number of men in search of him, and he thought to save himself by flight. He paid no attention to the order to halt, but ran down a steep



ravine at full speed. Anderson McCoy shot at him, and just at this juncture he caught his foot in a forked stick and fell to the ground. Half a dozen men shouted, "He is shot," but the next minute he was on his feet running up the other side of the hollow. Just as he had nearly reached the top of the ridge he met Job Hastings, a man about his own age, who was as resolute as a tiger. Hastings shouted, "Halt or I will burn a hole through you in one second." By this time there were shouts all around. Prince took in the situation and stood still, panting like a horse from his running. His eyes flashed fire and he gnashed his teeth in rage as Hastings took his gun from his hands. The sheriff then took him to Martinsville and lodged him in jail. Prince employed half the legal talent of the county, which consisted of Attorney John Eccles, and the State engaged the other half, Benjamin Bull. These were supposed to possess the entire legal lore of the county at that time. Eccles was an old, nervous, fussy man who, when not asleep or talking to other people, was talking to himself. Perhaps his reason for so doing was that he liked to converse with a man from whom he could learn something. Bull was old enough to have a wife and eight children. He was dark, swarthy, and slender, with wit enough to fret a half-dozen men like Eccles. The case was tried before Squire Ellis, an honest old man of the English type, who usually could not see a point until it was nearly out of sight.

In those good old days circuit court convened but once in six months, and then only sat two weeks. Prince had no inclination to boarding with the jailor until his time might come, for he felt sure the State would fail to find sufficient evidence to commit him for trial in the higher court, so he demanded an immediate hearing before the justice. Sure enough, not a witness was found who could or would swear that he had known Prince either to pass or

possess a single counterfeit coin. Here the Regulators were foiled. They believed the witnesses kept back the truth and soon found there was nothing for them before the law, so they consulted together and determined for the time being to be a law unto themselves.

They managed to keep Prince in town until nightfall, which was a good time for the accomplishment of their purpose, when they escorted him westward toward the riverside, where, after tying him to a bush, they read to him the law lately passed in the interest of moral honesty and good citizenship. They also gave him "forty stripes save one" with very pointed instructions immediately to move on and out of the county of Morgan. This he most willingly did, to the peace of the county if not to the dignity of the State.

There was a man whom we will call "C" for short, who took quite an active part in the defence and who loudly denounced those who whipped the old fox. He had played "polly fox" to Prince while he lay in his den on Sycamore, by carrying him fried chicken, eggs, and other goodies. One night soon after the Prince episode the Regulators put a quietus on him by clothing him in a striped evening suit something like Prince wore. For a time there was considerable murmuring in low tones about the "whip crackers," and a feeble effort was made at prosecuting the "mob," but it all soon died out. Prince was never afterward seen in the county and "C" shortly moved away. While no doubt men have from time to time been passing counterfeit money in this county from then till now, it is certain that the first gang was thoroughly demoralized by the whip. So far as remembered, this was the first and only case of whitecapping in the county at an early day, except an attempt to lynch an old man by the name of Marlowe, who lived four miles north of Martinsville, and which

resulted in the untimely death of a young man named Redman, who received a fatal blow from an ax in the hands of Marlowe. Marlowe was acquitted, as he was defending his own domicile. Redman was buried in the woods, and many times in our boyhood days we passed his lonely grave still covered with the traditional "long pen" of a pioneer tomb.

### §19. SHOWS.

Not least of the gala days of old was show day. It stirred the people from top to bottom. Both young and old were caught in the whirl. Among the amusements awarded the old settler, the show came first. It was the grandest, most exhilarating of all the past times. From the posting of the bills, on and up to the first glimpse of the "pole wagon," the show was all the talk. "Are you going to the show?" was in and out of almost every mouth, and the answer was, "If papa pleases and I can get the quarter, I am going."

Mamma might demur, but she was usually overruled, and put her time in overlooking the scanty wardrobe, for if the children must go, her motherly pride prompted her to show them in their best. Good soul as she was, she would put in two or three weeks washing, ironing, mending, remodeling, and trigging out a half-dozen bairns for the show, meantime denying herself of many little things which, before the show came, she intended to get with her pin-money; and then, if any one had to stay home on show day, it was mamma. Well! Well! there never was anybody as good as a good mother anyway; no, nor never will be. Papa is a good thing of the kind, but he is not of the kind that mamma is, at least not on show day. He seems to be made of sterner stuff and has to be bombarded sometimes with importunity, like the unjust judge of Holy Writ,

before he will surrender. But he usually has to strike his colors on show day. But the day of the old wagon show is gone forever, and with it the children's delight of hanging on the fence or drawbars and viewing the train as it went by, sometimes at early dawn, sometimes before day. They could at least see the camels and the big elephant and hear the animals growl. And then the dens and pretty painted wagons and well-harnessed horses were things well worth looking at by young eyes that seldom saw anything so grand in the backwoods. But one must have roamed around the streets of Martinsville fifty or sixty years ago to have got a show crowd of folks photographed on his mind that fades not away.

At an early hour they began coming from far and near to the county seat. A right motley crowd were they, of all ages, from three months to three score and ten years. Some came in wagons propelled by the fleet-footed ox; a large number came in two-horse wagons. A more select class was on horseback. Among the latter were lads and lassies in no small number who were experiencing a double portion of bliss—the show and the inexpressible enjoyment of making and using love aright, at the same time. Full many a well-matched pair were caught in the meshes on show day. Cupid was almost as busy as the ticket agent, darting his arrows here and there, “And full many an arrow at random sent,” hit a mark that “the archer never meant.” And there was the “foot brigade,” not to be despised, either for numbers or for enthusiasm. Some of them came six or seven miles. Some men and their wives carried their babies in their arms for the distance of four miles. And I will not undertake to say how many babies there were who were carried otherwise.

When a show struck Martinsville in the bygone days, when it was a limp little hamlet, overrun with jimson weeds

and dog fennel, law and order took to the woods and remained there until the dawn of the next day. The peace officers then consisted of a constable or two and a justice of the peace, who were almost as powerless as a police force. Drunks and disorderlies and obscene conduct were disgusting in the extreme. Fist fights were common. One of the saddest sights was to see a wife and mother and little children meet the husband on the ground after he had been engaged in a "scrap," and had his eyes nearly gouged out, his mouth smashed, his clothes all bloody and covered with dirt. I was walking across the public square one day during one of these carnivals when I met "Jim" Kelley leading his little boy, who was but eight years old. Kelley had, a few minutes before, been struck above his right eye with a brickbat which had cut a fearful gash in his scalp. The blood was running down over his face and bosom and some of it was falling on the little boy, who was looking up in his father's face and crying piteously, "O! papa, let's go home; let's go home; I don't want to go in the show; let's go home." But Kelley paid no attention to the wails of the little fellow, and kept hunting for Billy Wilson, whom he accused of "shying the brick." On these occasions the town was literally trodden under the feet of men and beasts. Here full many a stalk of dog fennel fell beneath a maiden's foot, to waste its fragrance on the show day air. The smell of dog fennel reminds me of a show to this day.

The sidewalks and alleys, as well as the public square, were covered with horses and wagons; and the hitching of horses continued out on every road to the woods, where it ended with swinging limbs—the best hitch racks in the world for the "pull-back" horses. There were few side shows in that day. The only one I remember contained wax figures of Napoleon, Josephine, Hortense, and Eugene. They were looked on with something of the awe of great-

ness. Napoleon's wonderful achievements were fresh in the minds of the middle-aged people of that day, and the average American's sympathies were with Napoleon in his wars with the crowned heads of Europe. The President and Congress of that day would no more have thought of sending a delegation to Britain to honor and witness the coronation than of burning the Constitution of the United States. It must be, surely, that John B. and B. Jonathan are much more in love with each other now than they were then. So mote it be. It will not hurt anybody.

The show auctioneer was a real quantity, with his razors, lather boxes and brushes, and castile shaving soap (there were no whiskers nor mustaches allowed to grow on Indiana soil in those days and every man was his own barber), together with his "Cheap John" jewelry and patent pills and nerve and bone liniment, needles, and pins, ribbons and hair oil, cinnamon drops, and cloves.

With all of these and a tongue that could wag two hours without resting, this poll parrot kept the groundlings roaring with his witticisms, while he gathered their "bits" and "picayunes" in a manner that fairly made them hold their breath when they came to their senses. Many a money purse went back home that day as empty as a fopdoodle's head. But who can measure young people's joys, emotions, sentiments, and love of romance on show day, with a money bag? Not I.

It appears that the first exhibition of wild animals in Martinsville was in 1832, nine years after its establishment as the county seat. About all that is known of this wandering menagerie is that it got here some way now unknown to the oldest inhabitant, paid a five-dollar show license, and proceeded to roar the lion, make the leopards jump over the broomstick, lead the elephant around the ring, and ride the pony with a monkey, to the inexpressible delight of the boys and girls then and there present.

Now, be it understood that all people in a show, for a certain purpose, are of the same age, from a graybeard to a spring baby. The pious and prudent may inveigh against the show or circus, but that enchanter looks them in the face, whether on the road or in the ring, as long as it is in sight. In shows all are juvenile again, with eyes and ears wide open. This was an animal show, with no circus performer, barring the monkey.

The children of the pioneers had seen bears, panthers, wolves and wolverines, wildcats and catamounts, dead and alive, but their eyes had never beheld the lion, tiger, leopard, or ponderous elephant, and for hundreds of children born in Morgan county this was the first sight they ever got of those tropical animals.

Allow me to digress long enough to mention a lion which was exhibited in Brookville, Indiana, about 1828, that created a sensation much above the average king. He was in all probability the first and greatest lion ever shown in the State. He was about twenty-five years old. It required six horses to haul the den from place to place. He was the only animal of importance in the show. But the most wonderful thing about this beast, aside from his enormous size, was his power of roaring and the readiness with which he obeyed his keeper when commanded to shake the heavens and earth with his voice. Children screamed, men stopped their ears, women fainted, while window glass was cracked in nearby houses. The curious thing about this roaring episode was that the keeper could command him at will, something seldom attained by a lion tamer.

This was not a roaring farce, as some may think, but a roaring fact which the Brookville people often referred to when talking about the king of beasts. But leaving the big lion, which was almost the whole menagerie, we come back to Martinsville, for by this time, 1833, showmen had

learned where to stick their posters and gather a crop of bits and picayunes.

Benedict & Eldred appeared this year with a moderate circus and a striped clown, paid a five-dollar license fee for their ring work and carried off a little more money than they had brought with them. But 1834 was the great show year of early times. First came J. D. Fogg, April 17, who paid ten dollars license. I do not know why the authorities charged Fogg ten dollars, unless it was to discourage circus performances, which in that day were thought to be immoral, especially when lady equestrians participated in the whirl. This show would have been frostbitten but for the kindness of the weather. We feel sure it found plenty of mud and dirt and high waters.

July 17, Miller & Company came along with a menagerie alone, and paid five dollars license fee. About an average number of people was said to be at the show. After that, August 11, came S. Butler & Co. with a mixed concern. Again the license was five dollars. Although the people of Martinsville and vicinity were always "kind and condescending" to shows and desirous of encouraging all educational institutions, they felt that they had seen about as many gymnastics and zoological specimens as were profitable in one year. Mr. Butler, however, got enough money to keep from being stranded in middle Indiana.

In 1835 came the Bailey Company circus and menagerie combined. It being the only exhibition that summer, it gathered a goodly lot of plums and scattered plenty of juvenile delight among the boys and girls and had some left for the children of larger growth. It went on its way to other plum orchards, notably Bloomington, then the Athens of Indiana.

In 1836, Frost, Husted & Company appeared on the dog fennel with an up-to-date circus. They also had a kangaroo,



an ostrich, and some tropical birds, for the old folks to look at. At this date the scribe, then a lad of thirteen, "began to take notice a little," and scraped together a quarter of a dollar to buy a ticket. Considering the backwoods, bad roads, and endless obstacles, the company gave the people the worth of their money. The horses were fine animals and richly caparisoned; the performers were no less gorgeously attired and the acting up-to-date for that day, while the string band has seldom been excelled in Martinsville.

At the close a beautiful girl and young man played "The Shepherd and Shepherdess." And I suppose about one hundred and fifty men and boys, more or less, fell in love with that girl in fifteen minutes, but not one of them ever saw her again after she rode out of the ring.

From the year 1836, shows appeared once or twice a year with great regularity, usually in midsummer. It required a great amount of animal strength, both of men and horses, to move a hippodrome through Indiana fifty or sixty years ago. The roads were muddy, stumpy, crooked, and sidling, with steep grading, while the fording places of the creeks and rivers were always bad for heavy loads. As to bridges, they were out of the question in the early days of settlement. The distance traveled each day, Sunday excepted, for the whole summer was from twenty to twenty-five miles.

Only the best of horses could have endured the hardships. Many new horses were bought during the run of the season. As soon as a caravan arrived, the blacksmith's hammer began to ring, for there were breaks to be mended and horseshoes to be adjusted and tightened up.

So it was, if a show driver of the backwoods, of good descriptive powers, had kept a complete diary of his work, it would be better reading than a dime novel. About fifty years ago there was a large menagerie and circus that

started early in the morning from Martinsville to go to Danville, Hendricks county. It had to ford the river about a quarter of a mile above where the I. & V. railroad bridge now stands. The bottom of the ford was soft near the north bank and the water rather deep.

We knew what was coming and were up betimes to see the dens and the big Roman chariot. Directly it came in sight, with the band comfortably seated inside of the showy vehicle. Several dens had been hauled over, but when the big chariot got about two-thirds of the way across, eight big horses tugging at it, it stuck in the sand. The driver made two or three unsuccessful efforts to start it. Every wagoner knows how difficult it is to start eight horses together in a hard pull. Meantime Old Hannibal, ten feet four inches high and strong in proportion, came up. After allowing him to splash the water awhile, his keeper, taking in the situation, took him by the ear and directed him to the rear of the chariot. When the driver tightened his reins and cracked his whip, Hannibal quietly boosted the band wagon out of the quicksands and away went the horses in a canter for Danville.

When I heard that Hannibal had gone insane, killed his keeper and himself would have to be killed, I thought of the thousand of times ten thousand had looked upon him, of the thousands of miles he had traveled in a land far away from his native home, of the many things he had done, and of the wonderful power and sagacity he possessed. He was indeed worthy to bear the name of the greatest commander who ever crossed swords with the Romans.

But the old-fashioned show on wagon wheels, pulling itself together at every county seat after a twenty-five mile haul through mud and dust, is like the bar-shear plow, the reap hook and flail, a thing of the past.

The Barnums, Baileys, Sellses and others have completely revolutionized the show business, and for order, precision, swiftness of movement, and overriding obstacles, they can give pointers to the best organized armaments in the world, to say nothing of economy. The rapidity with which they unload the caravan from the train, get in procession, hoist canvas, cook and eat meals, perform afternoon and evening, fold their tents and leave, is the modern wonder of business skill.

But the great shows of modern times afford no greater delight than the exhibitions of old, when the swains of the woods led their sweethearts, hand in hand, round and round, hour after hour, talking soft nonsense and regaling them on gingerbread and Billy Harvey's spruce beer. There was no lager beer in those days, nor were there any lunch counters and restaurants. The show people generally ate all there was at the tavern, and "barked for more." So the boys had to resort to "Hoosier bread" and sweet beer, cider not having got here as yet, and lemonade was as far away as the Ohio river. No show in those days came fully up to public expectation without Uncle Billy Hale and gingerbread. This inoffensive old man seemed to get more solid comfort to the square inch out of gingerbread than any person we ever knew.

About fifteen minutes before the show opened, the storm center was at the ticket wagon. Here men and boys jostled and jammed each other like pigs at a swill trough. Some of this scuffling looked like a modern game of football. Young men stationed their "best girls" a little way off to wait until they could get tickets, and each fellow wanted his tickets first. They hindered rather than helped each other.

The "snollygoster" from "Big Injun Creek," who had carried water for the thirsty camels and elephants until

he was "powerful hot" in order to get a ticket, and was not recognized by the ticket man, was madder than a yellow hornet and "jist wanted that cuss out of that wagon long enough to start a graveyard with him."

But the man was too busy taking in money to consider the proposition. After the rush for the ticket wagon had subsided, the "goster" got his ticket and in he went like a nursing calf through drawbars, and none laughed longer nor louder than the "Snolly" from "Big Injun." Such was a show sixty years ago.

## IV.

## PIONEER COMMERCE OF MORGAN COUNTY.

## §20. EXPORTS AND TRANSPORTATION.

The first products for transportation in the county were furs, skins, and ginseng. On the river and large creeks, beavers, otters, and minks were numerous, while the black bear, deer, coon, panther, and wildcat ranged everywhere. There were plenty of wolves, but their skins were of little value.

A beaver skin was worth from \$5 to \$8, and an otter skin about half that sum. It took a skillful trapper to capture one of these animals. A green hand would not catch a beaver in three months. The trap must be completely secreted, and the scent of the human hand and foot removed from the trap, and a "patent bait" so arranged as to decoy the animal into it before any reward need be looked for. Even after they were trapped they would, sometimes, cut their foot off and escape the hands of the trapper.

The smaller furred animals, such as coons, foxes, minks, and wildcats fell an easy prey to the common hunter and trapper. The panther was a very shy animal, seldom if ever caught in a trap. He was usually shot by the hunter after being rallied by dogs. The deer were most sought for of the wild animals, because they furnished both food and raiment. If you could now sit down to such a savory pot of young venison as regaled the hungry stomach of a first settler, you would pity those city fellows who make so much ado over a "mess of pottage" made of an old, worn-out buck, shot in Wisconsin a fortnight before, and hauled a thousand miles in a freight car.

But the deer skins had a commercial value aside from their use for moccasins and buckskin breeches, which made a reliable part of the wardrobe of the men folks until something better could be provided.

The pioneers of Morgan county could not "fill the buckskin bag full of gold," but did better by filling them full of the pedal extremities of stalwart boys.

The surplus of deer skins was carefully packed and sold to the fur traders, together with all the other furs. Bear skins were used for covering old saddles, and, as housing for harness, and sometimes they were used for bed covering in cold weather.

Of all the animals roaming the forest, none were wilder or more difficult to capture than the American black bear. If aroused in the morning he would usually run all day, unless the hunter was lucky enough to give him a dead shot. When brought to bay by dogs, he was decidedly the most formidable antagonist of the woods. No number of dogs were ever known to take a full grown bear without the help of a man and gun.

"Sang," beeswax, furs, skins, feathers, and a few other commodities of light weight, could be hauled over the roads to the Ohio river at Madison, Lawrenceburg, or Louisville, where they found a ready market with fair prices, the wagons meantime returning laden with merchandise for the storekeeper. But when corn and hogs, the staple products of the county, arose above the home demand, other modes of transportation besides horses and wagons would naturally be sought after.

White river, though crooked and turbulent and abounding in snags, drifts, and abrupt cut-offs, was destined to be the great thoroughfare for Morgan county produce, and to convey on its restless bosom many thousands of dollars' worth of pork, corn, wheat, flour, mess beef, and lumber on their

way to the Southern markets—generally to the city of New Orleans, a city then of 150,000 inhabitants and one of the best markets in the United States. The distance from Martinsville to New Orleans is computed at 1,800 miles by water.

The rivers are all crooked, and none more so than White river. A trip to the Crescent City and return was usually made in about six weeks, though there were one or two trips made in less than four weeks. These short trips were made by running day and night after reaching the Ohio river. There were instances where the cables were never tied between the mouth of the Wabash and the landing at the City. At other times the winds were so high that the boats were drifted ashore and tied up for a day or two at a time. At the time of year (March and April) when the boats were on their voyage, they often encountered thunderstorms and fearful winds, which made it rather uncomfortable for a nervous boatman. Boats and crews were known to be sent to the bottom together by such warring of the elements, though the number was small considering the apparent danger, and none were lost in this manner from our county.

The greatest danger to the life of a flatboatman came from the sudden change that was made from the wintry winds of the North to the hot, sultry air of the South, which was brim full of malaria almost the entire year. This cause, together with the change of diet from the good and wholesome table comforts of home to the miserable makeshifts of an ordinary boatman as cook (who, heretofore, had never so much as baked a biscuit or made a cup of coffee), imposed such new and crude duties upon a decent stomach and bowels as to cause a stubborn rebellion all along the line. Not only so, but many thoughtless boatmen drank freely of the water of the Mississippi river, without so

much as attempting to settle or purify it, as should have been done. Indeed, I have heard some say, in a jocular way, that they had swallowed enough Mississippi water to form a sand bar within them. But these were men whose vital systems were so perfect that none of the above causes gave them any serious trouble. There were others who died the first trip.

That which was called the "Mississippi complaint" corresponded very nearly to the "camp diarrhœa" of the army, and when once fastened on a boatman was sure to give him trouble after, as well as before he returned home. Not many boatmen were drowned, though they were often knocked overboard, or accidentally fell in the water, and strange to say, some few men became boatmen who had never learned to swim. But the mode of transportation for heavy commodities from our county had other perils than those common to the boatmen.

The boat itself was liable to meet a snag, cleverly hidden beneath the waves in some sharp bend of the river, which would bore a hole in the bottom as large as a man's body, and sink her to the roof in thirty minutes. Many an enterprising pioneer has seen the little all of property he had go to the bottom of White river in this way, and turned from the wreck with a sad heart, and bent his steps homeward to meet and tell his young wife that all was lost. A little more than a half-mile north of where I write this sketch, there lies buried in the bottom of an old bed of the river, now entirely out of sight, the remains of a "stoved boat" which has been there more than fifty years. If in a thousand years to come there should be an excavation there, the question of the people would be: "How came this old hulk here and to what use did the inhabitants put it in the time out of mind?" The river in one of its characteristic freaks made a cut-off and has moved north half



a mile, and within a hundred years people will be cultivating corn above the deck of that old flatboat.

In a sharp bend in the northwest quarter, section 16, T. 12, R. 1 E., two boats were stove in more than sixty years ago. A little later one was sunk about a mile above these, and one a short distance below High Rock. Just how many boats were built and loaded in Morgan county from first to last, or how many were sunk and the cargoes lost to the owners, will never be known, as no records can be found which throw much light on the subject. Nothing more than approximation to the number is attainable. An old Indiana Gazetteer in speaking of our county enterprises gives the number as twenty boats per annum, when we were at our best. I think that number too high.

#### §21. FLATBOATS AND BOATING.

Mr. Cutler at this time was operating an all-round backwoods store at Martinsville, representing a capital stock of about one thousand dollars, which was decidedly the largest establishment in the county. As money in those days was about as scarce as moral honesty in a modern grain pit or gambler's den, Mr. Cutler must have bartered much of his goods for such commodities as corn and bacon, which, no doubt, gave rise to the flatboat enterprise that afterward grew to such large dimensions.

And again, we may be allowed to suppose that the first boats were comparatively small, perhaps fifty feet long and twelve feet wide, with a depth of two feet and capacity of 75,000 pounds of freight; whereas in the last years of boating many boats were built one hundred feet long, twenty feet wide, with a depth of three and one-half feet, and capacity of 400,000 pounds. The general average was not far from sixty by sixteen feet, with a freight bearing capacity of 170,000 pounds.

It was a law of compensation that the larger the boat the cheaper the freight. Furthermore, it was soon learned that lard, bacon, and bulk pork were the most profitable products to ship from Morgan county. Although considerable quantities of corn, wheat, flour, and lumber were shipped in an early day, not much of it was done toward the last. The reason is obvious enough, when a thousand pounds of the pork products would bring \$50 in New Orleans, while the same weight in corn would in no case bring more than \$8 or \$10. Morgan county was always, practically, the head of navigation on White river, and more so after the building of the feeder dam at Waverly.

True it was, in 1824, a little stern-wheel steamboat, firing with fence rails and driftwood, penetrated the wilderness by the meandering of the river as far as Indianapolis, but she had to "crawfish" back as far as main White river before she could "about face." This settled the question of steamboat navigation, and left it all one way with the "flats," and that was down stream. Thus we could export by the "flats," but we had to import by wagons over the dirt roads from the Ohio river. From 1840 to 1853 was the golden era of flatboats. During that period Morgan county stood third in the State for the production of corn and hogs. Farming was then pre-eminently the business of this county. No succeeding epoch ever proved more satisfactory to our enterprising farmers than this one.

The hog cholera, afterward so destructive to this branch of our industries, had not yet made its appearance. The hog, like King George's colonies, "grew by neglect." Never was there a time when there was so small a loss by death among hogs. The price fluctuated somewhat and at times was extremely low, owing principally to money panics and not to over-production. The annual market for fat hogs was between the 25th of November and the last half of

January. There were no summer packing houses then, and consequently no summer market. But there were always buyers for stock hogs throughout the year. Farmers with plenty of corn stocked up by breeding and buying all the year round, and hence it was no uncommon thing to find a large farmer on the river bottom fattening from two hundred to four hundred hogs. Smaller farmers and renters would feed anywhere from one to one hundred.

The time for fattening began about the first of September, by fencing off and turning on the corn in the field, at the rate of one hundred hogs to every five acres. Some men with large numbers of hogs fed them on the fields all the way through, while others finished up by gathering the corn and feeding near the "water-gap," enclosing the hogs in a small lot. Small porkhouses were located in various places, but the best equipped establishments were at Martinsville. Some winters as many as three or four thousand hogs were packed, the packers having made preparations in summer and fall months.

Large quantities of salt had to be wagoned from Madison. The cooperware was made in the cooper-shops near by. Lard and pork barrels cost about one dollar each, and lard kegs, fifty cents. They were made by hand from start to finish and were two-thirds bound in hickory and oak hoops. The cooper worked all summer at "blocking" the barrels, and last of all, hooping them in time for use. They were air-tight.

Flatboating—that is, running the boats on the waters—became a trade, or, more properly speaking, a profession. Although based on scientific principles, it was largely a matter of practice. Nowhere did the adage that "practice makes perfect" apply better than to a steersman, who, time and again, ran around the bars and bends and through the cut-offs of the several rivers leading from Waverly to the

Crescent City. A man might have studied flatboat navigation and "river navigators" until his hair turned gray, he might have been able to name and describe every island, cut-off, and shoot laid down in the books for pilots, and yet, without boat practice, he would have been as helpless as a sea captain without rudder or compass. There were steersmen in those days who made so many trips that they knew the way to the gulf as well as the average man knows the way to Indianapolis. Nothing but dense fog bewildered them and in that case one man knew as much about navigation as another, for often when the fog cleared they found the boat going stern foremost. A fog was a real element of danger, not only that boats were liable to drift ashore against falling-in banks, or run ashore on sand bars, but they were in danger of colliding with steamboats, which would send them to the bottom suddenly and unexpectedly. The ordinary headlight, used to warn steamers, availed little or nothing in a thick fog. A good tide was one receding after overflowing the banks. A boat ran much better on a falling than a rising current. When the waters were high and running swiftly into the bayous she wanted to "smell the banks" too much. Boats starting in February were sometimes frozen up before reaching the large rivers, and the crews would have to wait for a thaw-out. This condition of things was very annoying to the crew who had expected to return home early enough to engage in the spring work.

The magnitude of flatboating will be better understood by the following estimates which, I think, are within the bounds of reason. Counting an average of fifteen boats per annum from 1829 to 1853, we have a total of 345 for the twenty-three years.

There were not less than 4,500,000 feet of lumber used in constructing these boats, three-fourths of which were of the finest poplar trees that grew near White river. This

lumber was worth at least \$10 per thousand feet, or \$45,000; 345 boats at a cost of \$240 per boat, \$82,800. The cargoes, estimated at \$4,000 each, \$1,380,000.

It required at least sixty men per annum to run these boats to New Orleans, at a cost of \$2,700 per year, total \$62,000. The total amount of freight shipped was not less than 27,000 tons. If we take the cost of the boats and of the hands from the gross receipts, we will have left \$1,325,000, to which may be added the sales of the boats at the city at an average of \$40 per boat, \$13,000, making in round numbers, a grand total of \$1,248,000 brought into the county during this time through this system of transportation. This was, perhaps, a greater sum of money than came in from all other sources. A large per cent. of the returns was brought back in gold and silver. New Orleans bank paper, while perfectly good at home, was not current so far north as Indiana in that early day. Some men purchased drafts on Louisville or Cincinnati, while others went to the exchange office and bought gold and silver at the rate of three-eighths of one per cent. Large quantities of Mexican dollars found their way to our county through this channel of trade.

A novel way of bringing back hard money was by secret-ing it in the bottom of old lumber barrels, filling in on top of it with the trumpery which belonged to the flatboat, such as pots, pans, and tools, cables and checkropes. Each deck passenger on a steamer was allowed one barrel as baggage. Most returning boatmen came on deck, the fare being from \$2 to \$2.50 without meals, while the charges for cabin passengers were from \$15 to \$20. The accommodations in the cabins of first-class steamboats were equal to the best hotels; but a "bow hand" who received only \$35 for the round trip could not afford to pay cabin passage, hence he came on "boiler deck." He cooked his own meals, or

bought them as he saw fit. The steamer furnished a few old cooking stoves for the use of deck passengers, who employed these by turns in making coffee and frying meat, this being about all the use made of them.

Passage on deck of a New Orleans steamer fifty-four years ago showed the dark side of humanity in the most brilliant light we ever saw it. The trained gambler, the sneak thief and robber, the moderate drinker and the drunkard, the lecher and the "scarlet" woman, the "soiled dove" and the blackguard, were coming on board and getting off at every town and city where the boat landed. Gambling never ceased day nor night; and the roar of profanity was almost as regular as the rattle of the machinery. The towns and cities literally swarmed with saloons and dancehouses. Natchez "under the hill," exceeded them all, until a tornado blew the houses into fragments. It was at this place, an old boatman told me, a dead man was dragged out of a dance house one night and laid on the sidewalk, while the revelry went on at white heat as though nothing unusual had occurred. In truth, it was no strange thing to see dead men. Many, of course, died from natural causes while others were cut to pieces with bowie knives.

The spring and early summer of 1833 was a fearful time to visit the South, and particularly so for our boatmen. The cholera had reached New Orleans in the summer of 1832 and, though held in check for a time by the mild frost of a southern winter, broke out in the spring of 1833 with seemingly renewed energy. Men died like flies. Steamboats landed on the shores of the "Father of Waters" every three or four hours to bury the dead, whose shroud was the everyday clothing and whose coffin was a pine box. Quick and shallow they dug the graves and short was the funeral service. They who buried the dead to-day were, themselves, buried to-morrow. It was a time to try men's

nerves. Doubtless many invited the "angel of death" through fear alone. Our boatmen went through this fiery ordeal with comparatively small loss. Silas Drury, whose father's family lived near what is now known as Centerton, was stricken with cholera near Bloomington on his return home. The symptoms were present when he got off the steamer at Leavenworth. The whole town was in a panic. A runner was sent to tell his parents, who arrived at Drury's late in the evening. The mother insisted on going, although the journey had to be made on horseback. Her riding horse was hurriedly saddled and, in company with one or two of the family, she started a little before sundown and rode the twenty-eight miles in the night and in about five hours. She found her son at the very gate of death, but her coming seemed to be the turning point for him. She stayed by his bedside until all danger was passed and then returned home rejoicing although very much fatigued by the excitement and constant watching, as well as the hard riding. In due time young Drury came home. No spread of the disease followed this case, and the citizens of Bloomington were greatly rejoiced at their escape from the impending danger.

The following is a list of the names of those engaged in boating, either as owners and shippers, or as builders, steersmen, and bow hands. As we write entirely from memory we may have forgotten some names, and others there may have been from near Waverly and Gosport with whom we were not acquainted. The names are given in the order of the dates, if we had them, and somewhat in proportion to the business done. First, was Jacob Cutler, who sent two or three boats and then moved away. Dr. John Sims, of Martinsville, who from 1830 to 1843, the time of his death, was extensively engaged in farming and merchandising, sent many boats, sometimes going himself and at

other times sending a supercargo, or, as we would now say, a superintendent. William H. Craig, also a merchant, was for many years engaged in this business, sometimes alone and again as senior partner of the firms of Craig & Major, Craig & Hunt, and Craig & Sparks. James Cunningham, father of the late N. T. Cunningham, was engaged in shipping for a time. Jonathan Williams sent one boat about the year 1845; also a Mr. Greer, who died at Vicksburg. But the most extensive and successful owners and shippers from this county were the firms of J. M. & S. M. Mitchell and Parks & Hite. It has been estimated that these two firms sent as many as thirty-two boats to New Orleans between the years 1843 and 1853. At first their porkhouses were built in Martinsville, and when the tide and time came for loading the boats the product had to be hauled about a mile to the river, sometimes through mud half hub deep. To obviate this cost and delay, each of the firms built a porkhouse on the bank of the river, where they continued the business until the railroads were built and summer packing introduced, after which it was no longer profitable to ship on flatboats.

Samuel Moore, the founder and first merchant of Mooresville, was at one time extensively engaged in pork packing and flatboating. His boats were usually built at Waverly. Mr. Free, the Waverly miller, and John W. Cox, of the mills at High Rock, sent loads of flour and lumber to the Sunny South. Many more men were, probably, thus engaged in an early day, but their names have been forgotten. Following are the names of the pioneers who ran the first broadhorns from here to the "Gulf City": John Scott, George W. Olds, Samuel Scott, David B. Scott, Calvin Matthews, Alfred Matthews, James Matthews, George ("Doc") Matthews, Simeon Ely, John Rudicell, Paul Cox, Mile Drury, and Alfred Lyons. Most of the above named



were steersmen. John Scott was regarded as the most skillful steersman, and Andrew Wampler among the best on the big rivers. The following went as bow hands, sometimes as steersmen: Silas Drury, B. F. Stipp, Jonathan Lyons, John Cox, David Ely, Philip Gooch, William Gooch, John Gooch, Jesse Gooch, Dabney Gooch, Moses T. Lang, Tobias Peak, Kester Jones, William Jones, Gabe Paul, James Kitchen, Andrew Stafford, William Wall, Samuel Ray, and Thomas Ray. Most of the above named belonged to Clay township, many of them living in what is now known as the Centerton neighborhood. This was a great locality for boatmen. Jackson Record, at a later date, made many trips from this place, both as a boy and steersman.

Jacob Lee, the Cutlers, James Clark, Frank Dobson, William Fair, Dow Cunningham, Garret Cunningham, Moses Taylor, Lewis Coffey, Richard Nutter, J. Mason Worthington, and Gideon Lewis were the old-time boatmen in the vicinity of Martinsville, and most of them became steersmen. Later on the following names were added to the "marine" service: John Nutter, Clem Nutter, Thomas Nutter, Henry Sims, Samuel Graham, John Moffit, Thompson Hendricks, William Cox (our late marshal), James Cox, Relsey Wilson, John Eakin, Robert B. Major, John Bowser, William B. Taylor, Joseph Taylor, Andrew J. Wampler, Franklin Teague, Solomon Teague, Charles Parker, Ephraim Haase, James Coffey, Joseph Fry, Green Nutter, Robert Lanphere, William Tackett, Robert Berge, Joseph Elder, George W. Warner, Colonel Jeff K. Scott, and John Vincent. We think Allen Watkins and, also, the Crawford brothers, made a trip or two. We remember but a few who came from Waverly other than Jacob Peyton and Richard Lee. The latter was crushed to death while hewing a set of "gunnels" (gunwales) in 1854.

William and Robert Worthington, brothers-in-law of

Samuel Moore, made several trips. John Housan, of Mooresville, died on the return trip in 1844; so also did Lewis Coffey and John Martin. Later on Joseph Fry and Robert Lanphere died; one before reaching home, the other soon after.

Almost all of the above mentioned were men of large families, for in those halcyon days maids and bachelors were in the minority. On the eve of the departure of a boat the wives and children of the crew assembled on the bank for the farewell word; and when the good-bye kiss was given, the tears started in the eye of many a husband and father only to be suppressed by a strong will power.

Not so with the wives and children, who often gave full vent to their emotions and cried piteously as the cable was being cut and the bow of the boat was turned for the Crescent City, while their ears were greeted by the sound of the bugle horn as it reverberated over forest and field, playing the sad, sweet notes of "Old Quebec." And still they stood, listening to the rattling feet, the creaking oars and the shouts of the steersmen to "ease on the left, double on the right," until all was out of sight and hearing but not out of mind. Slowly they turned their faces toward their cabin homes, and again took up the day's work that ever returns to the good wife and mother and to which would now be added the husband's share until his return, which would be in about six weeks—Providence willing—when again there would be the joyous greetings and love and happiness unfeigned would reign in the log cabin homes, now past and gone forever.

Perhaps we have dwelt longer on boats and boatmen than is consistent with these sketches, but it seemed desirable in some way to perpetuate the names of these industrious, brave, and self-sacrificing men, who, sixty years ago, readily laid hold of the best means for transportation of the staple

productions of this county and literally began the work of making "the wilderness blossom as the rose."

But "Othello's occupation is gone." Steam and electricity have been tamed and most successfully harnessed to the chariot wheels of transportation, and the ox-cart and sled, lizard and flatboat have gone with the sickle and flail—all hidden away in the dim recollections of the past, while new men and new women, with new inventions, new ideas of life, new wants, a new literature, new politics, and sometimes a new religion or no religion at all, have come upon life's stage to play and be played until they too, fill their page in the world's history and pass away.

## §22. THE OLD CANAL.

Each succeeding generation of men, barring war, pestilence, and famine, has about the same amount of the ups and downs of life, for "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

Sixty years ago the people of Morgan county were greatly elated over the seemingly certain construction of a canal along the valley of White river, on the east side, which would be a thorough outlet for the surplus products of the country, both north and south. Their expectations went up like a Roman candle and came down like an avalanche. So certain were some men of the ultimate success of all kinds of business upon the completion of the canal, that as soon as the survey was made they were ready to buy everything in sight, particularly real estate. They bought largely on credit, made good by what they were thought to be worth. They ultimately found to their sorrow that a man can load himself with more debts in one year than he can unload in thirty years.

The internal improvement system which was then being

developed in some of the Eastern States, particularly New York, began to buzz in the minds of our Indiana statesmen; and it is probably known by this time (if we read the papers) that about all the knowledge of political economy worth having belongs to these classes [statesmen] and their greatest desire is to serve (?) the common herd of mankind with the cream of their latest discoveries. In those days there were annual sessions of the Legislature, and we elected our representatives once a year. The stumps swarmed with orators, especially along the proposed lines of improvement. The more famous orators—and there were scores of them—honored many stumps in the early summer of 1835, dispensing knowledge to the farmers and workaday people, telling them of the prodigious quantities of butter and cream, poultry and eggs, that would be consumed by the men employed on these public improvements, and that money would creep into their pockets like flies into a sugar bowl. Some of the more sanguine said: "It is only necessary for the farmers' wives to raise an additional hen and chickens in order to pay the interest on the bonds, until the railroads and canals are completed and in operation, when the rents and profits will more than meet the demands." Ever and anon there was an old "hayseed" who mixed a deal of common sense with delightful nonsense and who shook his head as he said: "No doubt you are the people, and wisdom will die with you." But the more wise and hopeful ones looked at him with a strange commingling of pity and disgust. It seemed so strange that any one could be found to oppose "the development of our resources." These wonderful words are always used to padlock the mouths of the opposition. So "hayseed" shut up like an oyster shell and abided his time, which came in 1839. The members of the Legislature of 1835 felt warranted, by the trend of public opinion, to proceed

and lay out the proposed improvements, which they did in a way that was generally acceptable to the different sections of the State.

They proposed three railroads and three canals as follows: A railroad from Richmond to Terre Haute via Indianapolis, one from Madison to Indianapolis, and one from New Albany to Michigan City; a canal from Connersville down the White river to connect with the Miami Canal; the Wabash and Evansville Canal, and the Indiana Central Canal.\* The whole length of the thoroughfares was something near 750 miles. If the State could have completed the work according to the original plan it would have been a grand success. As it turned out, it was a miserable failure. We say miserable because it added greatly to the panic through which the people were driven in 1840, and besides saddled a debt of ten million dollars upon the State which virtually made her a repudiator for thirty years.

The cause of this financial disaster is easily shown from the fact that the State had no money of her own, but had plenty of undeveloped resources which would induce capitalists to loan their money; but when they saw about ten millions of their funds expended and not a single railroad or canal finished or earning a dollar, and also saw the storm cloud of a panic hovering nearby, they began to "hedge" and would not buy another bond. So all was lost excepting what the State got back after a time by dickering with private corporations, who took up the work where the State left off. Two of the roads, the Terre Haute and Richmond, and the Madison and Indianapolis, were finished in a short time, and for several years were the best paying railroads ever in the State. The canals were never fully completed and about everything invested in them was lost.

\*The writer is not accurate here. See the law itself, in *Laws of Indiana*, 1835, ch. 2; *Internal Improvements in Early Indiana*, in *Ind. Hist. Soc. Pub.*, Vol. V, No. 1.

The history of this gigantic movement, based as it was altogether on paper, though quite an interesting study for borrowers and lenders of money, has nothing much to do with this sketch, further than to show our connection with the Indiana Central Canal, the southern division of which began at Indianapolis and was to have extended down White river to Newberry, in Green county, where it would have been connected with the Wabash and Evansville Canal.

Early in the spring of 1837 an engineering party started from Indianapolis to locate this division of the State's great enterprise. This work was intrusted to a couple of young men from York State by the names of Bonham and Wheeler. They were college graduates and fully equipped for work, having served under experienced engineers in the East, where the canal system was at its best. They had the requisite number of men, such as flagmen, bushwhackers, stake drivers, chain carriers, a tent keeper and cook, and a master of the commissary department. In short, they had whatever they wanted and paid good prices for provisions. They ate much more cream and butter, eggs and fried chicken than did the Irishmen who followed them with pick and shovel. They also attended the frolics and play parties along the line, greatly to the disgust of the "rural roosters" whose sweethearts' heads, if not their hearts, were turned topsy-turvy at the sight of their well-fitting store clothes, rings, and watch chains.

But the young men were rather prudent and never held out any inducements beyond the evening's entertainments. Other amusements there were, such as fishing and hunting, for there was yet quite a supply of wild game of the larger variety, which to the average young man was very enticing. The crack of the rifle and the rap of the paddle against the sides of the canoe were often heard in those days, on Sunday, for if there was a law against Sabbath desecration

there were no police to enforce it. As yet "the sound of the church-going bell these valleys and rocks never heard," but there were men who did "smile when the Sabbath appeared," and spent it in chasing deer and spearing fish.

The surveying party dragged its slow length along the valley, through weeds and woods plentifully interspersed with copperhead and rattlesnakes, nettles and mosquitoes. Whether or not the whole line was finished [surveyed] we do not know. We never saw anything more of the engineers after they passed beyond Martinsville.

Meanwhile times began to be lively at Port Royal, or The Bluffs, as it was sometimes called, which was the banner town of the county. It contained a tavern, blacksmith, wagon, shoemaker, and hatter shops, also a store and "dog-gery" [saloon]. There were about 150 inhabitants, some of whom wore "store clothes" and talked politics. The lawyers, legislators, and judges stopped off to stay all night or take a drink while going to and fro on business at the State capital. But after work began on the canal and feeder dam, and Waverly was lined up, everything leaned toward that center of gravity and left the Port to starve and dry up and go the way of Babylon and Nineveh.

The contractors came in due time with a small army of Irishmen with their carts and wheelbarrows, picks and spades. Shanties were hurriedly improvised near the line of work where beds and board were furnished the sons of Erin, with three "jiggers" of whisky per day. The whisky was intended to browbeat the malaria that was always lurking in the river bottoms, particularly in the summer and fall months. On Sundays the dose was doubled to make doubly sure the antidote, as it had long been known that malaria renewed the fight about once in seven days. Salve was kept hard by for the heads that were "peeled" during the hours of recreation. Shillalahs could usually be had

for the cutting on either bank of the canal, while Irish wit lent enchantment to the work. At Waverly the Irish brawn made the dirt fly out of muck ditch and canal, while the woodwork which was to take the place of masonry for the time being in the great feeder and locks, aqueducts and bridges was given to live Hoosiers, who knew how to swing the ax and broadax to perfection, while an Irishman was as awkward with these instruments as a woman. Farmers along the line were called in with their huge teams of three and four yokes of oxen to haul out the trees and grubbed stumps, preparatory to excavation. Every tree and stump for the width of one hundred feet was grubbed out and the muck ditches cut on both sides before the digging could begin. The roar of axes and the shouts of the teamsters fairly made the welkin ring, while the bosses were busy directing and urging on the rather slow movements on the running boards. More or less work was done in our county for a distance of nine miles. Some sections were nearly completed so far as the earthwork was concerned; and thousands of feet of large hewn timbers were strewn along the line for bridges, locks, and aqueducts, while many more thousands were left lying in the woods to rot after the work ceased.

Engineers looked after the work and made estimates once a month upon which the contractors drew their pay and "precedent" to pay off their hands. The pay was about 50 cents per day for unskilled labor and from \$1.00 to \$1.50 for the more skillful. Work continued until some time in 1839. The last section worked on in this county was under contract to a Mr. Schofield, and ended four miles north of Martinsville.

When the State could no longer borrow funds the contractors "threw up the sponge," and paid the men, if they had money—otherwise not. Everything was in chaos and



swearing went on until the atmosphere was as blue as the people. Our hopes were unceremoniously buried without the aid of a brass band. Then "hayseed" came forward and opening his mouth again, said: "Verily, ye are the people and wisdom will die with you."

### §23. MILLS AND MILLWRIGHTS.

As mills for grinding grain and sawing lumber are absolute necessities to civilized people, the early settlers set about erecting them as soon as possible. In the very beginning there may have been a few corn mills propelled by horse power. We are inclined to believe there was one of this kind which stood about three miles east of Martinsville on the road to Morgantown, but we have forgotten the name of the owner. It had been abandoned before the year 1832.

Morgan county was well supplied with mill streams in those early days. Besides White river, which was a never failing source of water power, there was White Lick creek, accounted one of the best mill streams in the State, on which, fifty years ago, there were no less than five grist-mills, besides a few sawmills. Among the names of owners of mills in the early times were those of Colonel Lyons and sons, Harrison, Alfred, and Jonathan, who bought out Cuthbert at what is now Brooklyn, and proceeded to remodel the whole concern and make it an up-to-date mill, to which the old Colonel added a tanyard, distillery, and country store.

Taking it all in all, about the year 1833 Lyons's mill was one of the best business points in the county. James S. Kelly, then a young man, superintended the business affairs of the Colonel, and with the money earned at the place set up for himself and afterward became one of the prominent business men in that part of the county.

Samuel Moore, for whom Mooresville was named, owned a mill about a half-mile west of the village, which was remodeled and operated about the year 1846 by George W. Olds, who was one among the best millwrights and mechanics in the county. Coming from Mooresville to Brooklyn, when on the bridge spanning White Lick, if one will look west, at a distance of a fourth of a mile one will see the remains of Moon's old millhouse. This is the last remnant of the numerous water mills of the county, which prepared meal and flour for the hungry souls a half century ago. Between this mill and Brooklyn there were two other mills owned respectively by Moss and Sutliff and, at a later date, one of them was owned and remodeled by Mr. Paddock.

Passing from White Lick to Sycamore creek, we find that Daniel McDaniel, father of the late Ira McDaniel, many years ago built a mill on the little stream some three miles south of Monrovia. Coming on down this wet weather stream fifty years ago, we would find John Albertson's sawmill and corn-cracker, built originally by George W. Olds. This mill stood about three miles west of Centerton. Still farther toward the mouth of this creek, on what is now the Bradford farm, Mr. Olds built, about the year 1840, a sawmill and corn mill, which afterward was operated by William Wall. And now we must tell you of Daniel Reeves's little mill. It stood forty rods east of the last named. On Mr. Bradford's farm, then owned by Reeves, there is a fine spring of large dimensions. Mr. Reeves conveyed water from this spring through hollow logs and other contrivances, for a distance of four hundred yards to a bluff bank, where he turned it on a little overshot wheel. This mill was short-lived, for we often passed by its seat more than sixty years ago, and nothing much remained then but the ditch and the little "nig-

gerhead" mill stones, which were eighteen or twenty inches in diameter.

About the year 1837 William Story built a saw and gristmill on Burnett's creek, a short distance above where the bridge now spans the stream on the road between Martinsville and Gosport. It did not prove to be a profitable investment. However, Mr. Story kept it running for several years. Mr. Story was a native of Ireland and one of the most intellectual men who ever came to Morgan county. He had the best private library in the county and was thoroughly acquainted with it. There are few men now living among us whose minds are so well stored with the facts of history as was his. He died many years ago, leaving a wife, a daughter, and two sons.

There are many citizens still living who remember the Wilson mill, which was situated on Indian creek some two miles south of Martinsville. This mill was originally built by William Wilson, father of the late William W. Wilson, and maternal grandfather of Isaac and Robert Nutter. Mr. Wilson was a native of South Carolina, who, in company with numerous relatives, came to Indiana about the year 1816 and settled first near Brooklyn; thence he moved to Ripley county. From this fact he was called "Ripley Bill," to distinguish him from his cousins, "Cuffy Bill" and "Jockey Bill." He afterward received the title of "Hero Bill" because of his many adventures, both successful and otherwise. William Wilson (Hero Bill) came to this county about the year 1828 and purchased land around the proposed mill seat and at once proceeded to erect the mill which for so long a time went by his name. This was for forty years the most convenient and accommodating mill south of Martinsville. Mr. Wilson was a man brimful of energy and

resources, proposing to overcome all obstacles by persistent effort. This doubtless gave rise to the epithet "Hero." As a wagoner, he stood at the "head of his class." He was a good judge of horses and kept a fine team for many years. When on the road with his team he made it a rule to clean off the mud and rub every horse thoroughly dry before he went to bed. He was a first-class pioneer and lent a helping hand to the bread-winners of the long ago.

Mr. Stratton had a mill on Sycamore creek, near Monrovia, which did a good business for several years. There was also a mill at the old camp-meeting ground, but the owner's name is not remembered, and one at the Dewees farm. These mills were all running in the '40's, making six on Sycamore, five on White Lick, one on Burnett's creek and one on Indian creek. There may have been others of which we knew nothing in our youthful days.

We now turn to the river mills to which the people went during the summer months when the waters ran low in the little mill streams; for, no matter how dry the season might be, the river was a never-failing source of power.

John W. Cox, who moved from Ohio to this county in 1823, built the first river mill about two and one-half miles north and a little west of Martinsville. The reader will please pardon me if I linger too long around this historic mill yard, once so full of life and energy, now nothing but a dreary little corn field. Once the hum of machinery was heard from Monday morning till Saturday night, and in the dry summer months never ceased, day or night. People came from near and far, waited all night and two days for their turn, putting in their time fishing, for nothing pleased a "highlander" better than to drop his baited hook into deep water and wait

for a "bite." Sometimes there was nothing to do but wait, as the bass seemed to have gone on a picnic excursion.

It was here for many years that house and barn patterns were sawed out; here, also, was sawed the lumber for flatboats each returning year from 1830 to 1856. Here, too, the greatest boatyard in the county was established. Boats one hundred feet long by twenty feet wide were built and turned in the basin above the dam.

These boats were used for freighting pork, corn, and wheat to the city of New Orleans. They had a capacity of 400,000 pounds each and were manned by nine men. In the fall season you could hear the sledge and hammer of the boat builders for a distance of two miles. There was not a place in Morgan county that excelled this one in useful industry during the palmy days of these mills. Mill property often changed owners. Mr. Cox, however, held his property until 1848. Soon after the death of his wife and the marriage of all his children he sold his mills to his son, James, and son-in-law, George W. Clapper, and went in company with the late Andrew Wampler to California in search of gold. They went by sea, doubling Cape Horn, and after a long and tedious voyage arrived at San Francisco, where Mr. Cox soon after died, having taken sick on board the ship. Mr. Wampler returned overland and passed the remainder of his life in Martinsville.

Clapper & Cox made a most excellent firm. James Cox, both by nature and grace, was a born miller, while Mr. Clapper was equally gifted in the management of mill property. We are inclined to think that when the property passed into this firm's hands, it was encumbered for about all it was worth; but they proceeded to put everything in trim, and carefully "watched the corners."

They soon had a large run of custom, both for the grist and sawmills. They kept a splendid log team of oxen, which was in those days a very useful adjunct to a sawmill. Timber trees, cut on the road leading to Greencastle, could be had almost for the asking. The times were more propitious for the boys than they had been for the father. He had passed through the panic of 1840 which had sent the bills of many business men and farmers to protest; but from 1848 to 1868 was a period of unparalleled prosperity in this county, and the firm of Clapper & Cox, at the time of its dissolution, could count \$18,000 each, saved up during its existence. This was the only real prosperous period in the history of those mills. At the dissolution of the partnership, the property passed to James Cox and William J. Sparks. They erected a large woolen mill in addition to the other mills. This added still more to the business stir about High Rock, as the mills were called. Soon after everything was in running order and doing a large business, the buildings accidentally got on fire and were utterly consumed. This was the third time that fire had swept away these historic mills.

The last effort to re-establish the mill business at this place was by Charlie Smith, son-in-law of Mr. Sparks. He rebuilt the gristmills at a large expense; but neither the man nor the machinery met the demands of the people. Trade had turned elsewhere and High Rock, as then known, dwindled away, died, and was shrouded in a mortgage.

I passed by this place one evening last summer, as the sun was gradually sinking behind the western hills and the evening shadows were growing longer. Silence reigned supreme. I thought of the long ago, and of those with whom I so often met and touched hands at

the old mill at High Rock, and of the enduring friendship of the owners which began more than half a century ago and continues to this day, never marred, never dimmed.

I thought of Father and Mother Cox, and of the time, 1823, when they pitched their tent in the wilderness; of their three interesting daughters—Mary Ann, who married Mat Graham; Harriet, the wife of the late Aquilla Jones, of Indianapolis; Martha Jane, the youngest, wife of George W. Clapper, and the only one of the daughters now living. I thought, too, of the sons, William and James—William, the boatman, and later in life our efficient town marshal, now dead; and James, one of the most popular millers in the State, and perhaps as good a fisherman as Peter. But nine-tenths of those who contributed to the busy scenes of life around this interesting spot of earth, lie mouldering in their graves. Some in far-away States, and some in nearby country graveyards, beneath briers and brambles, where the mocking bird greets the early dawn with his cheerful chirp. A few—just a few—sleep beneath marble shafts pointing toward the stars. All, alike, are in the “windowless chamber of the dead,” but none in a place more lonely and silent than the old millyard at High Rock.

The second mill built on the river in this county was by Joshua Evilsizer and was located not very far from the iron bridge near Paragon. It passed from Evilsizer to Ambrose Burkhart in an early day, who operated it a few years and sold out to a Mr. Pumphrey, who, we think, was its last owner. It probably went out of business about the year 1850. It was in the recoiling waves below the dam of this mill, one cold winter day, that the sad drowning of Leander S. Lankford and a man named Crocket occurred in the presence of half a dozen or more men who were unable to rescue them. They were cross-

ing the river above the dam, when by some mismanagement, they let the canoe drift over it and were caught in the surging waves below. A small boy, son of Crocket, clung to the canoe and was saved. This accident happened as many as fifty years ago.

Mr. Lankford was one of the best esteemed citizens of Lamb's Bottom, and his sudden taking off cast a gloom over the entire neighborhood.

Not very far below this mill, just in the edge of our county, was Mr. Myers's mill, completed and put in running order at a later date than the Evilsizer mill. This mill became noted for the wrecking of flatboats on its dam, there being no less than five boats more or less damaged within three days' time, while on their way to New Orleans. Some of the cargoes were worth \$6,000. The summer before these disasters occurred Myers raised the height of the dam from one to two feet and this, together with an unusually low tide, caused the boats to hang on the dam long enough to pull apart at the splicing. As cargoes were insured against accident, considerable litigation followed. The shippers had recourse on the insurance company and the insurance company in turn tried to recover off of Myers. The point raised by the insurance company was that White river, having been declared a navigable stream by Congressional enactment, no man had a right to place such an obstruction as a mill dam across it. But Mr. Myers's whole property would not meet one-half the loss caused by the wrecking of the boats. This mill, like all the water-power mills, ceased to be profitable and became dead property many years ago.

The Waverly mills were the outgrowth of the feeder dam and lock, built at that place in 1836 for the Central Canal, which was a part of the internal improvement



system adopted by Indiana in those days, by which the State squandered ten million dollars. But the dam and lock afforded a splendid mill power that was leased by the State to Cornelius Free, who, in 1837, proceeded to build and equip one of the finest flour mills in the commonwealth of Indiana.

The house was four and one-half stories high and of sufficient size for the equipment of four runs of mill-stones. To this was added a sawmill, a carding machine, and finally, a spinning jenny. People came to these mills from every direction, especially in the summer and fall months. An adequate idea is given of the business done here when we refer to a remark of Mrs. McKenzie, daughter of Cyrus Whetzel, that she had seen no less than one hundred wagons a day come to and go from these mills. At this place many flatboats were laden with flour, kiln-dried meal, and sawed lumber to be taken to New Orleans or the "coasts" this side of that city.

Cornelius Free was a man of towering energy and full of resources. For a time he was the leading man of Waverly, a typical business pioneer, brushing away all obstacles and developing the resources of the county to a marvelous degree. This splendid property, after changing owners a few times, went the way of all its predecessors. The dam wore out, the lock rotted, and the steam engine with its wonderful improvements stepped in and the old water wheel stepped out, never again to appear as a "motor" in Morgan county.

We have mentioned seventeen water mills—thirteen on the creeks and four on the river—that served the people well fifty years ago. To these must be added two horse mills mentioned by the Madison township correspondent of the *Mooresville Guide*. I am also indebted to my old friend, Milton W. Gregory, for the knowledge of

the horse mill east of Martinsville belonging to Benjamin Roberts in a very early day. Also the Elijah Dawson mill on Clear creek, which stood about forty rods east of Stine's mill. Mr. Gregory says it was the rule at the Roberts mill for the customer to furnish the horse and do the driving while grinding the grist. This was, probably, the rule of all horse mills. The contrast between building a mill to-day and one sixty years ago is indeed striking. Then all the work was done by hand at the carpenter's bench.

Everything was made and put together at the mill yard, excepting the mill spindles and a few journals and boxes and iron bands. It is probable that the buckets in the water wheels were, at first, made of wood by hand, as were the mouldboards of the Cary plow. A little later on, a cast iron bucket came in use. All the frame timbers, from the mill sills to the rafters above 4x4 inches were hewed in the woods and drawn to the mill yard by strong teams of oxen, and framed with old-fashioned tools. Sometimes the posts were thirty feet high, and a mill raising was a tedious and dangerous business. There was no block and tackle to facilitate the work and render it safe. Everything was done by "main strength and awkwardness," of which a plentiful supply was found with the sixty or seventy men in waiting. It was an exciting scene to look at seventy men pushing up a millhouse bent fifty feet long and thirty feet high and see the watchful eye of him who was chosen to manage the props and spar poles. What if a spar were to snap, or a prop slip out and let this mass of timber fall on the men? Yet there were but few accidents on such occasions, owing to the watchfulness of the foreman and the precautions taken to insure the safety of the lifters. There were giants in those days, whose sinews were like

coiled wires and whose backs were springs of steel. The modern athlete may be a better trained, all-round man, but the old "log roller" would have put his nose to the ground every time they "hitched" under a handspike. The pioneer was a lifter who will never again be duplicated. In those days all men, everywhere, considered it their duty to help raise mills; and went, day after day, far and near, to do so, asking nothing in return but their dinner.

Of the typical millwrights in those days we may mention Velorous Butterfield, late of Brooklyn, son of John Butterfield, who settled in Clay township in 1820; George W. Olds, son of Jared Olds, who came to the county about the same date, and Van R. W. H. H. King, long and favorably known as a minister of the Christian church, for be it known to all men now living that the pioneer local preacher could do anything any other man could do. He was often the foremost man at a log-rolling, house-raising or boat-turning. Many of them were carpenters, cabinetmakers, blacksmiths, as well as farmers. They worked all the week as other men, using the evenings and spare moments as best they could for preparation. It was sometimes "poor preach," always poor pay.

The business of the whole country has become so revolutionized that to write the plain truth will seem like fiction to our young people. The miller, like the ferryman, had the price of his work fixed by law. The miller was allowed one-eighth bushel for grinding, but was not allowed to give preference to any customer in regard to the time of grinding his grist. Each grist was to be ground in the order it came in. The miller was not bound to fan it through a wheat fan, though sometimes it was so dirty he did so. There were no smut

mills fifty years ago, and between the dirt and the poor mill work there was much bad flour. The corn meal was cleaner and superior to the meal of to-day. Hail to the hoecake of the pioneer; it has never been excelled. With the improvement in mill machinery, the hungry world is treated to the whitest and best wheat flour that ever went through a bolting cloth. But the millers have it all much their own way. They grind no more by grists, though we do not think the law compelling them to do so has been repealed. They swap you flour for wheat, but are like the darkey's trap—"sot to kotch de coon goin' or comin'." They fix the grade and price of your wheat, and the price of your flour, "bofe for you, Dinah, now take your choice." A few years ago we sold some good wheat to a miller for 60 cents per bushel. With the last load we sent the request to exchange flour for wheat. He sent us one hundred pounds of flour for four bushels of wheat—twenty-five pounds of flour for sixty pounds of wheat, whereas a bushel of good wheat used to return us forty pounds of flour and ten pounds of bran, after paying the toll. There are now but few exceptions to this rule that we are aware of. Not long ago we sold wheat at 90 cents per bushel and were charged \$3.60 per hundred for flour at the same elevator.

Wheat may go down with a thud, like "Soap bubble" Leiter, but flour is slow to take the hint that a slight curtsy to the public would be in good form.

## V.

THE LAW-MAKERS: SHORT BIOGRAPHIES OF  
THE SENATORS AND REPRESENTATIVES  
OF MORGAN COUNTY.

Since our last article, we have endeavored to collect the names of those who, from the time of the county organization to the present, have represented us as senators and representatives in the General Assembly of Indiana. We have not attempted to draw the line where the old settlers stop and the new ones begin—we do not know where to locate it. It is like the overlapping of two centuries. Neither can we claim always to be correct as to dates or incidents, because some of the Journals of the House of Representatives have been lost or mislaid. Perhaps this happened when the archives were moved from Corydon to Indianapolis. But we think enough of correct information on the subject of representation can be found in these sketches to be of interest to the many readers of the county papers, and especially to the descendants of those who, from time to time, have been honored with seats in the General Assembly of our State. We have grouped the members of the Houses together according to their respective terms of representation.

This senatorial district, from 1822 to 1826, was composed of the counties of Sullivan, Vigo, Parke, Montgomery, Vermillion, Clay, Owen, Putnam, Greene, Hendricks, and Morgan, and the senator was John M. Coleman. Of Mr. Coleman we know nothing personally. He was not a Morgan county man. Indeed, it was several years before this county had a senator chosen from among her own citizens.

At this time Greene, Owen, and Morgan counties were grouped together for a representative, and Hugh Barnes, Eli Dickson, and Daniel Harris were chosen in the order written. Of these we know no more than of Senator Coleman, but feel certain that they did not reside in this county.

THOMAS J. MATLOCK.

In 1826 Morgan and Hendricks, and all the country north of Hendricks to the Wabash river, formed a district, and Thomas J. Matlock was representative. Mr. Matlock was probably a Hendricks county man, as a large and influential family of that name lived in Hendricks county sixty years ago, and one, David Matlock, entered land in Clay township, this county, in 1820-'21, but we do not know that he ever made his home there.

JAMES B. GREGORY.

In 1826 the counties of Decatur, Shelby, Johnson, and Morgan formed a district, and James B. Gregory was senator. In 1829 the district was Shelby, Johnson, and Morgan, but in 1830 Decatur was again added, Mr. Gregory continuing senator until 1831. James B. Gregory was a son of William Gregory, the patriarch of whom we wrote in a former sketch. There is no record of the Lower House for 1828.

DR. CURTIS GOSS HUSSEY.

In 1827 the counties of Morgan and Hendricks were represented by Dr. Curtis Goss Hussey, and he seems to have been the first citizen of Morgan county chosen as representative. Dr. Hussey added to the practice of medicine, merchandising, pork packing and flatboating.

He resided for a time in Mooresville, then in Gosport, afterward going to Pittsburgh, where he amassed a fortune and lived to a ripe old age.

ALEXANDER WORTH.

In 1830 Alexander Worth represented Morgan and Hendricks, and the strip running north to the Wabash river. Mr. Worth came from Washington county where he had been a clerk in Booth & Newby's store, and where he had acquired a good knowledge of the mercantile business. He located in Mooresville about the year 1826, where he bought a large stock of goods for those early times. He also built and operated a woolen factory, which was of great benefit to the people. He was engaged in pork packing about the year 1840. In this venture he lost considerable money. He was a useful man to the community and a prominent member of the Methodist Episcopal church. In politics he was a Whig.

JOHN W. COX.

In 1831-'32 Morgan county for the first time was represented singly, John W. Cox being chosen. Mr. Cox was born in Pennsylvania, moved first to Ohio, in 1823 to this county, where he built mills on White river at what is called High Rock, but for many years known as Cox's mills. Mr. Cox was something of a politician as well as millwright; a pronounced Democrat who always took an interest in elections. In 1846, immediately after the call of President Polk for volunteers, a company was organized in Martinsville for the Mexican War. John W. Cox was chosen captain, but so rapidly was volunteering going on in the State that the company did not get in, although tendered within thirty days after the call.

In 1850, a few years after the death of his wife, Mr. Cox sold his property to his son James, and his son-in-law, G. W. Clapper, and went by way of Cape Horn to California to seek a fortune in the gold fields. He died soon after landing in San Francisco. He was an honest and respected man; in religion, a Universalist. He served two terms in the Legislature.

LEVI JESSUP.

In 1831-'32 our county was joined to Hendricks and Boone, and Levi Jessup was senator. Mr. Jessup was probably from Hendricks county, where the Jessups have been prominent citizens for many years.

LEWIS MASTIN.

Lewis Mastin was senator from this district in 1833-'34. Of him we know no more than of Jessup.

GRANT STAFFORD.

Grant Stafford was our representative for 1833-'34, and our senator from 1836 to '40. Mr. Stafford was born in Ohio in the year 1803, and came to Morgan county in 1821 or 1822. According to the best information given, he taught the first school in Brown township. He was twice married, his wives being half-sisters. He was the father of ten or eleven children. He was a successful stock dealer, and owned one of the best farms in the county. He held other important trusts and offices, besides being representative and senator. He was appointed to fill the unexpired term of Treasurer Roberts, after the death of Mr. Roberts in 1852. In those days the collector and treasurer visited different parts of the county in the discharge of his duties. On one of these



trips an accident occurred which came near ending his career. White river, which formed the north boundary of his farm, was bankfull, and as Mr. Stafford was crossing it, the ferryboat, by some mishap, began sinking. When the water reached the saddleskirts, his famous saddle mare stepped out of the boat in water ten feet deep. As she went out Mr. Stafford grabbed at her mane and both went to the bottom in an instant. But the mare popped up like a cork and started for the bank in gallant style, Mr. Stafford clinging to her mane. His son Wiley started to swim ashore, but seeing the saddlebags, which contained valuable papers, floating off, turned and swam after them and brought them to shore. Manuel, another son, pulled himself to the bank by the ferry rope. After all were safe on terra firma, though wet, muddy, and shivering with cold, Mr. Stafford patted his mare on the neck and said, "Now nothing but grim death shall ever separate you from me." And so it was. Nothing would have induced him to part with the plucky little mare that had saved his life.

Mr. Stafford was a Whig, and at one election succeeded by just two votes—his opponent being John W. Cox. He suddenly died about the year 1853, leaving a good estate to his wife and children. He and wife were members of the Christian church, and first-class pioneers, whose farm and abiding place was in the extreme northeast corner of Washington township.

WILLIAM H. CRAIG.

Our representative in 1835 was William H. Craig. The Craig brothers were among the first settlers in the county. William H. was elected sheriff in 1830, and again in 1837. He resided in and near Martinsville, and was a merchant, farmer, stock dealer, pork packer, and

flatboatman as well as politician. Mr. Craig was by nature an intellectual man. He had a common-school education, which he very much improved by historical reading. He was what some people call peculiar. He cared little for amusements. I never saw him with a gun, a fishing-rod, or a pointer dog; never knew him to read a novel, or go to a play-party or a "shindig." Yet he very much enjoyed a social chat in the company of friends. He was correct and punctual in his business, reducing everything of importance to writing, and carrying his high hat full of memoranda. He was almost painfully correct in his manner of speech.

He was four times married. His first wife was Miss Whitaker, who died in a year or two, leaving a little daughter, who, at an early age, became the wife of the late Clement C. Nutter. His second wife was Miss Gray, who also died in early life, leaving two small children. The third wife was Miss Burton, who at her death left three little ones. The fourth wife was Mrs. Isabelle Clark, a widow with six children. In due time three more were added to the foregoing group, making nine of his own, among whom there was but one son, James Craig.

There was a period in Mr. Craig's life, principally through his own action, when his feet well-nigh slipped from under him. He was greatly embarrassed with debts; however, through heroic efforts he overcame all losses and crosses, and died in 1862, leaving a good property to his fourth wife and all his children. He was a Kentuckian, a Whig and, later on, a Republican, a member of the Christian church and the Sons of Temperance, to whom he owed much for the recovery of his once lost position.

## HIRAM MATTHEWS.

In 1836 Hiram Matthews represented Morgan county. He came from North Carolina about the year 1820. He was in at the county's organization and was one of the four justices of the peace elected in the beginning and commissioned by Governor Jennings, May 22, 1822. From this time on Mr. Matthews was associated with the county and township affairs almost to the day of his death. As executor and administrator he settled many estates and was often guardian. He was a man to be fully trusted at all times, under all conditions. He was of a sedate turn of mind, generally keeping his own counsel. He made agriculture his principal business, and his farm three miles south of Mooresville is still known as the "Judge Matthews Place." He was twice married and brought up a family greatly respected. He was a Whig, a Republican, and a valuable citizen. He lived to the ripe age of eighty-three years.

## DR. JOHN SIMS.

In the year 1837, Dr. John Sims was elected to the Lower House of the General Assembly, having prior to that time served as county treasurer. He was an honest and efficient officer. Dr. Sims was not a politician; the bent of his mind was in another direction. Up to his time no man in our county had a more checkered career than he. He was from New Jersey, where he had acquired a good education and received a medical diploma. If not the very first, he was among the first educated physicians to practice in this county. He came to Martinsville in 1823 and at once stepped into a good practice. The same year he began to keep tavern; also a general store, on a small scale, to which he added a larger stock

of goods each succeeding year. He soon had a tanyard going, then bought the Graham yard and ran both of them.

In 1829, he was in partnership with a Mr. Drake in the mercantile business, but he soon cut loose from him, preferring both to steer and paddle his own canoe. At that time, he was also buying land and farming on a large scale. He owned most of the ground from the west border of the town to White river, on which he produced large quantities of corn, oats, and hay, feeding it to hogs, cattle, and mules, with good profit. He also had a porkhouse, and bought and packed thousands of hogs, sending the produce in flatboats to New Orleans.

The boom of '36-'37, born of the Internal Improvement System, caused him to branch out still farther, so that when the crash came and lowered property values 50 per cent. his assets were not half equal to his liabilities. He tried to stem the tide by borrowing money. His credit had always been good and his business transactions straight, consequently he had plenty of good indorsers who believed in his ability to weather the storm if reasonable time were given. But in March, 1843, he suddenly sickened and died, leaving his business in a chaotic state. At the time of his death his son Henry was on the way to New Orleans with a boatload of pork. As there were judgments in court hanging over him, it was said that he in some way transferred the boat and lading to his son to prevent levying on the cargo. When his son returned, he refused to turn over any part of the proceeds.

Dr. H. R. Stevens, Grant Stafford, William A. Major, and Jonathan Williams, four of the heaviest indorsers in the bank, were appointed administrators. They brought suit against Henry for the value of the load of pork, but were finally beaten, and, it was said, the estate

lost \$5,000. The estate went into court in 1843 and lingered there for ten years before final settlement. The inventory is the largest on record in the Morgan circuit or probate courts. After ten years of grinding between the upper and nether millstones of courts, lawyers, and litigants, a 28 per cent. dividend was declared and the books closed.

Dr. Sims came to Martinsville with little more than his good young wife and three small children. He had no bad habits, was industrious and frugal, and soon came to be one of the leading men of the south half of the county. Near the close of his life he and his wife became members of the Christian church. Politically he was a Whig, though politics with him was a matter of secondary consideration.

His wife, Mrs. Ann Sims, lived many years after the death of her husband, highly esteemed and well beloved by all who became familiarly acquainted with her. Two of their children, Calvin F., and Mrs. Sylvanus Barnard, are still living in Martinsville, where they were born. Others of their descendants are in the Far West. The doctor and his faithful wife sleep side by side in Hill Dale Cemetery.

#### JONATHAN WILLIAMS.

In 1838 Jonathan Williams, Sr., was elected to the Lower House. Here is an instance of two large and influential farmers of different political parties, and whose farms joined, holding seats in the General Assembly at the same time, Mr. Stafford as senator and Mr. Williams as representative.

Mr. Williams came to the county in 1820 and was a prominent man from the beginning. He was appointed to fill a vacancy on the board of commissioners in 1822,

was elected sheriff in 1834 and again in 1836. He also had the mail and stage route from Indianapolis to Bloomington during the thirties. He was a man of determined will, backed by great energy; a successful farmer and stock raiser, and a good log-roller in the woods, or in politics.

He was born in Tennessee, February 17, 1795, and died September 15, 1845, in the prime of life, leaving a wife and eight children, with a large and well-stocked farm, free of incumbrance.

He was a soldier under General Jackson, and gloried in the election and re-election of that famous old "war horse." Only two of his children are now living—William and John—and they have resided in the county continuously for eighty years.

#### JOHN ECCLES.

John Eccles, who represented the people of Morgan county in 1839, was a lawyer. He was the second attorney to locate in Martinsville, and the first to gain a seat in the Legislature. He was among the first to stump the county in the interest of elections. He was the State's attorney for one or two terms in the thirties, but was not a very great terror to the evil-doers, inasmuch as most of his indictments were quashed and but few convictions were had during his official career. He did better in the justice's court, where he had no one but Benjamin Bull, the other local lawyer, to contend with.

Mr. Eccles and his two sons-in-law, Drs. Huff and Matheny, came to Martinsville from Nashville, Brown county, but were originally from Kentucky. Mr. Eccles moved away early in the forties, leaving the impression that he was as honest and sincere as he knew how to be.

In this he stood at the head of his profession. He was a Methodist and Democrat—a thing common in those days, but rare enough now.

PERRY M. BLANKENSHIP.

Our representative in 1840 was Perry M. Blankenship, who sprang into notoriety that year when the Whigs were looking for a mouthpiece to stand as the candidate of the party. They were fortunate in their selection, for young Blankenship proved to be a good expounder of "Whiggery," a ready speaker and debater, and a fairly good "mixer," as it is called to-day. He was a charter member and elder of the Christian church at Martinsville, and here he began his career as a public speaker, his first effort being made in old Brother McNaught's dwelling house one hot summer afternoon at 4 o'clock. He was not a little embarrassed, for news of the appointment went throughout the neighborhood, about three miles north of Martinsville, and filled the old log cabin from wall to wall with men, women, and crying babies, curious—all but the babies—to hear what "this young babbler" would say. His effort was not a success and none present felt it more keenly than himself; but the four years intervening between this and his nomination had wrought a marvelous change in his ability as a speaker.

Elder Blankenship was somewhat handicapped because many people expressed the opinion that ministers had better be fenced in their pulpits and not allowed to trail their ecclesiastical robes in the slime-pit of politics where mud-slingers had free tickets. But Elder Blankenship was not a man to take fright at bogies. He was ambitious and went in to win, and whatever he did he did

with all his might. He was a man of whom it might truly be said: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." He was frank and open at all times and harbored no secrets.

A man of his makeup cannot be neutral in anything, even if he wishes to be; hence, as the slavery question became more and more intensified, he became more interested in national affairs and took part, though not as a candidate, in almost every campaign so long as his health permitted. Perhaps his most notable speech was made on the public square in 1856, in answer to Colonel May, who was stumping the State for Buchanan.

It was in August and he was in his shirt sleeves, all dirty and begrimed with sawmill grease and road dust, for he had just driven an ox team and heavily laden wagon from Paragon, where he then lived and owned a sawmill. He went to the speaker's stand in time to hear most of the Colonel's speech, but not, I think, with the intention of replying. There were several new-fledged Republicans present, and when Colonel May concluded they began to yell for Blankenship. He leaned his long-handled ox whip and lash against a shade tree and mounted the box in hot haste, all accoutered, as it were, in his unbleached cotton shirt and linen jeans trousers; and from the way he fired into the Colonel, one would judge that he was heavier loaded than his ox wagon. I will not say who got the worst of it in that war of words, but could, if I would, tell who got mad first and stayed mad the longest.

When the Civil War began and President Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers, Blankenship attended the first or second meeting in Martinsville and made one of his characteristic war speeches for the encouragement



of enlistment, and this he frequently did until the close of hostilities.

One forenoon in August, 1861, he came riding into town at the head of a procession of about thirty wagons and forty or fifty horsemen, mostly from Ray township, the object being to raise a company of volunteers "on the double quick." He was commissioned major of the Seventy-ninth Regiment, but did not serve long in that capacity.

After the war was over he engaged in the real estate business at Indianapolis. His first venture proved profitable enough, being on a small scale and before the bubble burst. His second deal proved most disastrous, involving him hopelessly in debt, against which he struggled until the close of his life.

He was born in Jennings county, Indiana, December 6, 1811. His parents died while he was quite young, and he was apprenticed to John B. New, father of John C. New, to learn the trade of cabinetmaker. His first marriage, which was to Miss Boner, occurred when he was nineteen years of age and his bride, seventeen. Soon after this event he came to Martinsville, where his wife died in 1843, leaving him with three small children. His second marriage was to Miss Basheba Hodges, daughter of the late Philip Hodges. To them were born eight or nine children most of whom continue to reside in the county—notably, Quincy A. Blankenship, our representative in 1897-'99.

Mr. Blankenship was cabinetmaker, minister, contractor and builder, sawmill man, farmer, and stock feeder. In the '40's he was the best known minister and revivalist of the Christian church in the county. He died at his old home in Paragon, March 11, 1880, surrounded by wife and children. He sweetly sleeps beneath the gran-

ite shaft erected to his memory in Hill Dale Cemetery. The Perry M. Blankenship Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, was named in honor of this distinguished "old settler."

#### PARMINTER M. PARKS.

Parminter M. Parks followed Grant Stafford as senator in 1841, and was twice re-elected, serving six consecutive years. The Democratic party of Morgan has had few men the equal and none the superior of Mr. Parks as a pillar of democracy. His popularity as a politician did not lie in his ability as an orator, though he was an average good "stumper" for his time, but in his personality. He made and kept friends wherever he went, seemingly without effort. He was a prudent man and studied men and things in their relation to each other to a degree that enabled him to form a correct judgment. He was seldom deceived and never more than once by the same individual. His success as a business man has never been surpassed in Martinsville.

It was as a merchant and trader that he appeared at his best, and this was undoubtedly his calling. He was swung into politics by the party because he was a proper man, and not that he desired to engage in statecraft. He came to Martinsville in 1835 with not more than a thousand dollars in capital and began merchandizing. A great commercial crash was just a little ahead of him, but not yet in sight of the shrewdest trader. His first deal in pork was, I think, to the amount of \$800 worth of hams, bought of William A. Major in 1836. This venture lost him some money but he perhaps gained an equivalent in experience. He was one of the few men in Morgan county doing much business in 1840, whose credit stood at par during the whole storm and whose

obligations were promptly met. From this time on to the close of his life his financial success was all that ought to be desired.

In company with his brother-in-law, Milton Hite, he combined pork packing, farming, and flatboating with their general store business, handling thousands of dollars' worth of goods every year. In 1860 they established the first bank in the county, with \$50,000 capital, under the Indiana banking law. Mr. Parks was president and James Deakin cashier. In 1865 this was merged in the present First National Bank, with Mr. Parks, president; M. Hite, vice-president, and H. Satterwhite, cashier. As a business man Mr. Parks was well known beyond the confines of his own county. He was a prominent man in the State, and his advice was often sought by those in official position on questions of State finance. Besides being State senator, he held at various times positions of trust and honor. In politics he was a conservative Democrat, supporting Mr. Douglas in 1860. As he was opposed to secession, he stood by the administration in its endeavor to perpetuate the Union, but he never affiliated with the Republican party for party purposes.

Mr. Parks was born in North Carolina in 1807, and was a son of the late James Parks, who walked about the streets of Martinsville after he had passed his one hundredth birthday. James Parks came to Indiana in 1814, and to Monroe county in 1816, where young Parks remained until he came to Martinsville. At about the age of twenty-two years, Parminter M. Parks was joined in marriage to Miss Lucinda Hite, sister of Milton Hite, Sr. To them were born nine children, seven of whom lived to adult age. Four are yet living and are residents of the city of their birth. Mr. Parks was a lover of music, and soon after his arrival in Martins-

ville was engaged, Sunday afternoons, in leading an old-fashioned singing school in the old courthouse, using the Missouri Harmony as a textbook. He bought for his daughter Marietta (now Mrs. Simpson) the first piano ever shipped to Martinsville, and, I think, the first in the county.

Mr. Parks and wife were members of the Christian church, Mrs. Parks becoming a member soon after its organization and taking great interest in the discussions that took place at that time between the so-called "Campbellites" and their opponents. She was an unusually intellectual woman and soon became thoroughly conversant with the arguments used by the "Reformation," and hurled them at the heads of the heresy hunters of Martinsville, with the nicest precision. Mr. Parks was one of the most substantial members of the organization, a regular attendant, and liberal contributor. His interest in and love for the cause was shown in his bequest of \$5,000 to the church, the interest of which was to be used in payment of ministerial salaries. But in 1870 the church wrangled itself into great disorder over the choice of a pastor, and the Parks heirs, supposing the church had gone to pieces, brought suit in court to set aside so much of their father's will as related to this endowment. The church refused or neglected to set up any defense against this proceeding, and judgment went by default.

As a man of business affairs, Mr. Parks was second to none, and of the prominent and influential men of the county, from the beginning of its settlement to the time of his death, he stood among the foremost.

His death occurred July 24, 1867, in the sixtieth year of his age. He and his wife lie side by side in Hill Dale Cemetery, beneath the marble angel that points to the "beautiful beyond."

## DR. FRANCIS A. MATHENY.

Dr. Francis A. Matheny was elected representative in 1841, '42, and '43. He was in partnership with his brother-in-law, Dr. Huff, in the practice of medicine, and this was the first medical firm in Martinsville. Dr. Huff may be remembered by the very old citizens of the town as the "blue doctor." He had been an epileptic and had taken such heroic treatment that it turned his complexion almost as blue as an indigo bag. He confined himself mostly to office work, while Matheny did a large practice, riding near and far. Dr. Matheny was no respecter of persons, but treated the high and low, rich and poor to the best of his ability, and seemed to take no thought about the payment of bills. He early won his fame as a physician by treating Mrs. Delilah Parker, a patient who had been given up to die by Dr. Sims. At that time Mr. and Mrs. Parker were very poor people, not at all prepared to nurse the sick after modern methods. Indeed, nobody was. They, with their four children, lived in a round log cabin, in the midst of a tract of river bottom land where, on account of the thickness of weeds and underbrush, the sunlight seldom touched the ground; where malaria and mosquitoes flourished like a pestilence at noonday. Under these conditions, Mrs. Parker was stricken down in midsummer with a complication of diseases. Dr. Sims made a few visits and then gave up in disgust. Matheny took the case and visited the patient once during each twenty-four hours for about two weeks. By this time she showed signs of improvement and finally recovered her health, and lived sixty summers after this fiery trial, dying at the age of ninety-five years.

Dr. Matheny was an aggressive Democrat, who

walked into the political arena with considerable coolness and cudgeled the old Whigs with antibank arguments and taunted them with President Tyler's veto, until they wished him "in Halifax," where old settlers were wont to send all their troubles. The Whigs pronounced him a "blatherskite," but the people pronounced him their representative for three consecutive terms, after which he moved from Martinsville, we know not where, but surely not to Halifax. He was a member of the Methodist church, an honest, blunt, straightforward man—something of a diamond-in-the-rough type.

ALEXANDER B. CONDUITT.

Alexander B. Conduitt followed Dr. Matheny as representative, being elected in 1844 as a Whig, and in 1848 he was chosen senator; again in 1856 he was honored with a seat in the Lower House. He is the oldest living representative of Morgan county, it being now nearly fifty-seven years since his first election. If we rightly remember, he was never beaten for any office for which he was nominated. Though some of his majorities were quite small, he always managed to win.

Mr. Conduitt was born in Bedford, Kentucky, October 6, 1818, and came with his father and family late in the '30's to Indiana, finally settling in or near Danville, Hendricks county, where the father soon after died, leaving the wife with six small children, Alexander being the oldest. The mother was so prostrated with sorrow and grief at the sudden and mysterious death of her husband that the care of the family in the matter of providing devolved principally upon the oldest son. But few people nowadays can appreciate the situation of a mother left in the wilderness with a houseful of little children, to beat off the wolf as best she can until they get self-sustaining.

Mr. Conduitt started in life as an errand boy for Samuel Moore, of Mooresville, with nothing more than his own willing hands, a level head, and a suit of plain clothes. But it is a matter of history that a large per cent. of the most successful men and women in literature, law, journalism, merchandising, and so on, have thus started. Our subject was no exception to this rule. He soon won the confidence and esteem of his employer and was taken in as a partner in the mercantile business in the then thriving town of Mooresville. Pork packing, flatboating, and farming were soon added, and he was as busy as a bee from this time on, until age bade him call a halt. "The spirit is yet willing, but the flesh is weak."

In 1838 he was joined in marriage to Miss Melissa Hardwick, daughter of the late John Hardwick, who was a very early settler and also a Kentuckian. The newly married couple soon moved to a fine farm one mile east of Mooresville, where they continued to live until after their nine children were born.

In 1860 Mr. Conduitt moved to Indianapolis, where he enlarged his business and was very successful. His business partners at various times were Moore, Reagan, Tarkington, Landers, and O. R. Dougherty.

Like most Kentucky and Hoosier boys of the long ago, Mr. Conduitt had to pick up his education in bits—here a little and there a little—sometimes in the old, cold, windowless, log schoolhouse for sixty days in mid-winter, with a teacher endowed with plenty of good muscle and with little else. But he pressed into service good books, tallow dips, and hickory bark, and, so far as he could, made amends for the lack of trained teachers and star lecturers.

In his prime he was among the best informed men in

the State on trade and finance. As a speaker he was more logical than persuasive, seldom indulging in anecdote or story. One incident in his life shows he never forgot his sorrow-stricken mother. It was in the days when there were few easy conveyances for travel in Indiana—when every one went in a wagon—when everything for a general store had to be hauled from the Ohio river. He fitted up a wagon so as to make the trip as comfortable as possible, and took his mother back to Bedford, Kentucky, on a visit, to see if the trip and the visiting old friends and scenes of childhood would not wear off some of the gloom. He returned by way of Madison, bringing such dry goods as he could conveniently pack in the wagon.

Mrs. Conduitt, who was a most estimable wife and mother, and a veritable helpmate to her husband, passed to her rest and her reward a few years ago. The venerable husband and children can never forget the one who so faithfully “guided the house” for many years in that common-sense way of the good wives and mothers of the West.

Mr. Conduitt at present is not in good health, but as the shades of the evening of life are pressing nearer each succeeding day, he can look back through a long, industrious life, well spent in close connection with those who transformed Morgan county from a rich, undeveloped spot of earth into a beautiful habitation for man.

#### ISAAC W. TACKITT.

Isaac W. Tackitt was elected by the Democrats in 1845, and was again elected in 1854, in connection with the Know-Nothings, and afterward affiliated with the Republican party, having changed his politics during the great upheaval of the slavery question in the early fifties.



He was born in Allegheny county, Virginia, in 1807; came to this county as early as 1840, settling in Harrison township, where he followed farming as the principal business; was also a cabinetmaker and joiner, as well as something of a lawyer, which stood him well in hand, as he was often guardian, executor, administrator, and justice of the peace.

He was fond of politics, an intelligent, broad-minded, and useful citizen, who earned and kept the respect of his neighbors to the close of life. His death occurred in 1863, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

Mr. Tackitt was twice married and the father of eleven children, of whom only three are living.

OLIVER R. DOUGHERTY.

Oliver R. Dougherty represented our county in 1846-'47. He was a Whig in politics and afterward a conservative Republican. He was born in Marion county, this State, in an early time of the settlement of central Indiana, his parents being among the first settlers and perhaps from the State of Ohio. Of his early life and school days we know but little; however, of this we are assured that while a resident of Indianapolis he read law with the firm of Wick & Barber. He came to Martinsville about 1842 and immediately began the practice of his profession, but soon took a position as deputy with James Jackson, clerk of the circuit court. Here is an instance of a Democrat appointing a Whig, and so faithful was Mr. Dougherty in his deputy service that he received the nomination by the Whigs and was elected as the successor of Mr. Jackson. His whole official record was without spot or blemish. As attorney and advocate he stood high, was very attentive to his trusts, and moderate in his charges.

Part of the time he resided in Martinsville he engaged in farming and merchandising. In or about 1870 he moved to Indianapolis, where he became for a time a partner of Alexander B. Conduitt in the wholesale grocery business. Here in 1872 his estimable wife died. Before marriage she was Miss Katherine Sims, daughter of Dr. John Sims, of Martinsville. To them were born four or five children, one of whom, Claude, a very bright boy of twelve years, was accidentally drowned while bathing in White river. This sad calamity cast a gloom over the family that was not dispelled for years.

He married for his second wife Miss Pope, of Franklin, a teacher in the city schools. To them were born three children. The family now all reside near Pasadena, California, where Mr. Dougherty owns good property. Although nearing life's setting sun, we are glad to learn that he still takes a lively interest in the moral and intellectual progress of humanity.

ALFRED M. DELEVAN.

Of Alfred M. Delevan, who was representative in 1848-'49, a senator in 1850-'52, we know little more than that he came from the State of New York to Indiana about 1840, and settled on a farm in Adams township, where he soon became known as a man of considerable intelligence. He had all the thrift and energy of a well-trained New Englander. He was a carpenter by trade and a minister in the Christian church. He took a lively interest in public affairs and made a clean canvass on the Democratic ticket. He was married and had an excellent wife and children. About 1855 he sold his Adams township farm and moved to Missouri, where soon after he died. The world is always bettered by the life of such a man as Alfred M. Delevan.

WILLIAM P. HAMMOND.

William P. Hammond, elected to the Lower House in 1850, was born and brought up in Brookville, Indiana. When quite young he married a Miss Woster, whose father was considered wealthy for that day. Mr. Hammond acquired a good education; this was supplemented by reading law. About 1848 he came to Martinsville, and in the firm name of Woster & Hammond, set up a general store on the corner of what is now the Cunningham block, in the old frame house then owned by William Shearer. In connection with his other business he practiced law. But the results were not satisfactory, at least not to Mr. Woster. The goods were removed and the unpaid accounts put into the hands of James Cunningham for collection.

Mr. Hammond was something of an orator, and this, perhaps, more than any other qualification, won his nomination and election by the Whig party. His stay in the county was quite short for a representative of the people.

ENOCH S. TABOR.

Enoch S. Tabor was the first representative elected under the New Constitution as it was then, 1852, called. Under the old constitution representatives were elected every year, on the first Monday in August, and senators every third year, but after the adoption of the new constitution the time was extended to two years for representative and four for senator, the session beginning Thursday after the first Monday in January. Hence we have had only half as many assemblymen under the new as under the old constitution.

The time, also, for the election was changed from the first Monday in August to the second Tuesday in Octo-

ber. Mr. Tabor was, as is seen, a member of one of the most important Legislatures ever convened in the State, there being much new legislation required to fit us to the conditions of the new organic law. We may pause here long enough to show how groundless were the fears of even the wisest and bravest men, and how race prejudices can lead them astray from the law of inalienable right. That convention, which was rightly esteemed as wise, just, and honorable a body of men as had ever assembled in the State, deemed it imperative to incorporate the thirteenth article prohibiting negroes and mulattoes from coming into the State and imposing fines from \$10 to \$500 on all persons employing, harboring, or otherwise encouraging them to seek homes in Indiana, and making it the duty of the Legislature to enact laws that would leave the black man completely at the mercy of the white man. If a black man of Indiana married a black woman coming into the State after the adoption of this constitution, he was heavily fined and imprisoned; if he could not or would not pay his fine, the marriage was declared void.

In that day the negro was a great bogie—the negro equality and amalgamation being greatly feared. Yet it remains true that the greatest harvests of “amalgamation” were reaped when slavery was at its zenith; and as for negro equality, it is as far away, both North and South, as it was when the Thirteenth Article was adopted. It is a law of the human mind to stigmatize, slander, and abuse those whom we have injured. A man “must be born again” before he willingly rights a wrong he has committed against another; and so must a nation.

Mr. Tabor was one of Morgan county’s most respectable representatives. As a speaker he was dignified and courteous, but earnest and combative. He was a fairly good

debater and kept his opponent on the lookout. Long before and at the time of his election he was a Whig, but when that party "bit the dust" he walked henceforth with the Democrats. In sentiment he was proslavery; in religion, Calvinistic; a minister of no mean ability in the Two-Seed Baptist church. He farmed for a living and preached without remuneration. He began his ministry quite young and continued it to the close of his life.

He was born in Mead county, Kentucky, May 10, 1807. His ancestors were Irish and German. He was four times married and father of eight children, five of whom are living. To Mrs. William Radford we are indebted for the family record and other items in this sketch. She is a daughter of his first wife, Miss Sarah F. Dugan, to whom he was married October 16, 1834. He came to Morgan county in August, 1849, where he continued to reside until his death, which occurred at Martinsville, September 9, 1878. He was an honest, sincere, and conscientious man who had, at all times, the courage of his convictions.

#### ALGERNON SIDNEY GRIGGS.

Algernon Sidney Griggs became our State senator in 1854 and joint representative in 1868. The political cauldron at that time was a seething hodgepodge. The South was measurably united in the interest of slavery and its extension into the Territories, while the antislavery people, notably in the North, were divided.

The Abolitionists were for knocking the shackles off the slaves at once and forever. But this following was so small that little hope of success was entertained by the most enthusiastic partisan. Their leaders were the ablest and most stormy advocates this country has ever produced. Next came the Emancipationists and Colonizationists, with the Liberian scheme. They would buy and ship the negroes

to Liberia—that miniature Tophet from whence no traveler returns, or very few of them, and to which the negro would not go if he could, preferring to “endure the ills he had to ‘sailing’ to those he knew not of.”

The largest number of antislavery men fell in with the idea of the Free Soil party. “No more slave States” was the slogan of this organization, and it caught the ear of many a voter who responded with his ballot in 1856. Meantime, the old Whig party was shriveling up like the barren fig tree. The attempt to “carry water on both shoulders” did not prove a success, so far as slavery was concerned. Even that great light and pillar of the Whig party, Henry Clay, could no longer compromise the difference between the North and the South. The slave owners had snapped a ring in the Democratic party’s nose and rendered it quite docile for a time. Foreign immigration had been pouring in at a great rate for ten years, and it was noticeable that a large per cent. of foreigners voted the Democratic ticket, particularly the Irish, who, on election days, were said to yell: “Oorah for Martin O’Brien, the first; three jiggers of whisky and a dollar a day for wages, and no more hangin’ for st’alin’.” For the most part, they were as ignorant of the demands of free institutions and good citizenship as they were of astronomy.

This state of affairs provoked a good deal of comment, especially when they were led to the polls and voted by party manipulators as soon as the ink was dry on their naturalization papers. This, with the general upheaval of the politics of the times, led probably to the organization of the American party, commonly called the Know-Nothing party. There were Know-Nothing lodges in which their campaign plans were matured, and they moved with such celerity along the line of battle that the staid old Whigs and staying Democrats were unhorsed in the first onset.

They gained a complete victory in 1854. But this movement was like the seeds which fell upon the stony places where they had not much earth, and when the sun was up they were scorched. No secret political order will bear the sunlight of an intelligent republic. While it is true that hundreds of Whigs and Democrats in this county had a flirtation with Miss Know-Nothing in 1854, yet the glory went glimmering in the next campaign.

Judge Griggs had been a Whig prior to 1853. The American party was principally merged into the new Republican party in 1856. The Judge, though not a candidate at this election, took a lively part in the canvass, stumping the county for Colonel Fremont and the whole Republican ticket. From this time on to the close of his life he was a stalwart Republican.

Judge Griggs was born in Baltimore, Maryland, September 22, 1815. He was left an orphan at the tender age of four years. He was quite young when he came to Indiana. He was a graduate of Hanover College and well read in law when he came to Martinsville in 1837, where he immediately began the practice of his profession, which he continued so long as he remained with us. He held many positions of trust besides senator and joint representative. He was judge of the probate court in the forties.

Later, when the Civil War broke out, he became actively engaged in the enlistment of troops for the Union army, and made many ringing speeches for the boys in blue.

In 1844, he was joined in marriage to Miss Phœbe Hutchinson, of Plymouth, Jennings county, Indiana. To them were born eight children, four of whom are now living, Mrs. Kate McBride, Mrs. Viola Grubbs, Mrs. Ida Parks, and Mrs. Phoebe Smith, the others dying in infancy. He was a Royal Arch Mason and a member of the Methodist church. He was a man of polished manners, and his

domestic and social qualities were of a high order. He was a good conversationalist, as well as a fluent public speaker.

After the death of his most estimable wife in 1873, he made Washington City his home, where he closed his earthly life December 17, 1887. His remains were brought back to the old home and placed by the side of his companion. "They softly lie and sweetly sleep" in Hill Dale Cemetery.

#### CYRUS WHETZEL.

Cyrus Whetzel was elected to the House of Representatives in 1858. He was the most distinguished pioneer of Morgan county and probably the foremost backwoodsman of the General Assembly of Indiana in this or any other session.

He was born in Ohio county, Virginia, December 1, 1800. At eight years of age his father moved to Boone county, Kentucky. In 1811 the family came to Franklin county, Indiana, and settled on the Whitewater river, where the beautiful and picturesque little village of Laurel now stands.

Here the family remained until 1818, when the father, who was of a roving disposition, concluded to go to Old Vincennes and for that reason went to Chief Anderson, of the Delaware Indians, at their village where the city of Anderson now stands, and got permission to cut a trace from the Whitewater to White river. The route was due west across the counties of Rush, Shelby, and Johnson, and the distance on a straight line about sixty miles. This was the first line marked out for travel by a white man from the border settlement of the east to central Indiana and was for a long time known as "Whetzel's trace." It would be interesting and instructive to know how young



Cyrus and his father performed this arduous task while as yet the Indians and ravenous wild beasts held undisputed sway in the unbroken forest.

When the elder Whetzel arrived at the Bluffs of White river and cast his eyes whither he would, he was so charmed with the many advantages, present and prospective, that the Vincennes project was abandoned altogether, and he set about staking off sixty acres of land in the valley a few rods below where Waverly is built. Here Cyrus Whetzel worked and won and remained during life.

After the pathway had been blazed and the party had returned home, preparations were made for returning to White river camp early in the spring. Cyrus, his father, and a young man whose name is forgotten, traveled the narrow path again in the spring of 1819, bringing such things as were absolutely necessary for starting a home in the very heart of a wilderness. They built a primitive cabin and began clearing ground for corn and a truck patch, and in due time the corn and vegetables were planted. The season was propitious, and in the fall there was enough provision assured to warrant the moving of the family to the new home. The elder Whetzel went back to his White-water home in April, where he remained until fall, when he brought his family to this county for permanent residence. Young Cyrus, then eighteen years old, passed the summer previous to the coming of his father's family, with a Delaware Indian and his faithful dog.

He established the first ferry across White river in the southern part of the county, in 1827, and owned and operated it until 1862, when he sold it to George Shaffer. He turned his attention to farming rather than to hunting, as was the custom of his forefathers. At the age of fifty years he was in possession of one of the best farms in Harrison township, with a good dwelling and a large, commo-

dious barn. At his hospitable home many a weary traveler enjoyed a good rest as he was going to and from the State capital. Mr. Whetzel had good social qualities, and these, together with his almost inexhaustible fund of backwoods lore, made him a welcome guest wherever he went. Near the close of life he often appeared in the circuit courtroom at Martinsville, where he found amusement in the tangled witnesses, the tilts of the lawyers, and the "sitting down" of the court upon some young scion of Blackstone.

Bending under the weight of years, which had been made heavier by the hardships of pioneer life, he passed away December 16, 1871, his wife and most of his children preceding him to the grave. They rest in the old country graveyard near Waverly.

Though not a church member, he was a liberal contributor to, and a well-wisher of the church in all branches of its work. He was a conservative Republican from 1856 to the close of life.

#### JOHN W. FERGUSON.

John W. Ferguson was elected to represent the people of Morgan county in the State Legislature in 1860. The campaign of this year was the most intensely earnest and exciting political contest that had ever occurred up to that date. At least four-fifths of the people were radical and deadly in earnest. The days of compromising the question growing out of slavery had passed, never to return.

All parties were well organized and equipped with telling speakers. Perhaps it was the most intellectual battle ever fought for free institutions in the world's history. I mean in the Free States, not in the South; for there free speech was but a dream. There it took a man like Cassius M. Clay, with an armful of revolvers and a gizzard full of sand, to give full expression to his views. There, the hot-headed

ruffians who prowled around the speaker's stand had to be overawed or shot. It was not so here in Morgan county. We had free speech, and plenty of it. Political padlocks and dog collars were not much in evidence yet with us. We have heard something of late years about campaigns of education for the purpose of teaching people how to coin money and what to coin it of; how to spread on the tariff, to expand commerce, to beat trusts and combines over the head with a fly-brush, and "damn civil service with faint praise." Not so in 1860. The money question was hardly referred to in the platform, or from the speaker's stand. The question was: "Shall we be a pure democracy or a slave oligarchy?" The Republicans of that day would have brooked the very devil to have held their places in the Declaration of Independence.

We have the opinion that the voters of 1860 were the best informed men on the main issue, pro and con, that ever went to the polls before or since; for a continued discussion had been kept up for five years by the papers and the people, in season and out of season. Such men as Davis, Tombs, and Benjamin, of the South, and Sumner, Phillips, and Greeley, of the North, had sounded the keynotes of the coming campaign for four years, and their respective followers took up the arguments and hurled them at each other like prize fighters.

Mr. Ferguson was chosen by the Republicans as their standard bearer, and made a determined canvass, personally. He had considerable experience in politics before he came to this county, having been chosen by the citizens of Greene county to represent them. Whether he was a Republican then we do not know, but we do know that Greene county was reliably Democratic at that time. We are inclined to think, however, he was Republican from the beginning. He was a minister in the Christian church in

early life, and his first appearance in this county was in that capacity. He was three times married. His first wife was Miss Stone, sister to Judge Stone of Greene county. To them were born three sons and four daughters. Some time after her death he became acquainted with Mrs. Frances Stafford, widow of Senator Grant Stafford. The acquaintance resulted in their marriage about the year 1854. They had four children. The second wife died about 1877. He subsequently married a lady of Indianapolis.

Soon after his second marriage he moved to this county and engaged very extensively in farming and stock feeding. Late in the '50's, having an enormous corn crop growing, he arranged to feed about five hundred hogs. In August he went to Monroe and adjoining counties to buy the stock hogs, and with them came that indescribable pest, hog cholera, the first to appear in the vicinity of Martinsville. For a time it was no unusual thing for him to find twenty dead hogs in a day. The loss was appalling and paved the way to his financial ruin, as it afterward did to many other big farmers. Many a man with less will power would have utterly despaired. Not so with Elder Ferguson. He redoubled his efforts and manfully fought against adversity to the last. "Prosperity begets friends; adversity tries them." Sometimes when weighed in a balance they are found wanting. This was his experience.

About 1880 he gathered up the fragments of his property and moved to Kansas. After shifting his base a few times, he finally landed in Wichita, where at one time he owned property valued at \$17,000. It was probably somewhat encumbered, as that was the way they generally did business in the Far West at that date. The property depreciated and slipped away and left him penniless and all broken down in health. From this last stroke he never recovered, but died about three years ago almost an object of charity. He

was about eighty years of age when the welcome summons came. The people of Centerton and Brooklyn will remember John W. Ferguson as a very live man, working night and day for the Union army, making speeches for enlistments and thundering anathemas against secession, throwing in Sunday sermons gratuitously to level up spiritual things. He was a patriotic and respected citizen, an honest man, a good neighbor, faithful husband, and almost too indulgent a father.

DR. JARVIS J. JOHNSON.

Dr. Jarvis J. Johnson was elected representative in 1862. He undoubtedly represented the good people of Morgan county during the most critical period of the State's history. The session of 1863 was stormy beyond comparison. The administration had been handicapped; and, taken altogether, the Union army had been beaten oftener than it had won.

The blood already spilled was horrible to contemplate, to say nothing of the enormous debt piled up and the treasure lost. The antiwar party of the Legislature was in the ascendant, and led by such men as Brown and Packard, maintained a formidable opposition to Governor Morton, who had already sent thousands of troops to the front, and was fast making Indiana a banner State in the war for the Union. After wrangling away half the time of the session and doing nothing, not even making the necessary appropriations for the benevolent institutions, and interest on the State's debts, the "anti-warriors" undertook to tie up, hand and foot, the great War Governor of Indiana, by passing a bill relieving him of the command of all the military forces of the State, and placing it in the hands of the minor State officers—a thing wholly without precedent or reason. This was the last straw that "broke the camel's back."

D. C. Branham left forthwith, taking with him seventeen other members to his home in North Madison, where they stayed the remainder of the session, thus breaking quorum and leaving things much the same as if there had been no Legislature.

Dr. Johnson, who had always been a very active Democrat and influential man in the party, suddenly called a halt, when the Charleston battery opened fire on Fort Sumter, declaring he was for the Union, right or wrong, first, last, and all the time, and he showed his faith by his works, for he took an active part in organizing Company G, Twenty-seventh Indiana Regiment, the company being mostly made up of Jackson township boys. He was appointed captain of the company and soon after their arrival at Indianapolis was appointed surgeon of the regiment. In August, 1861, he was captured by the Confederates near Winchester, Virginia, during General Banks's retreat. After his release, and while in Richmond, he became possessed of the skeleton of one of the famous John Brown's sons, which he shipped to Martinsville and kept in his office; but when the Brown relatives began to search for it, he willingly returned it to them. He was in touch with Governor Morton and kept him informed of all the great movements of the opposition in this county until that notable day at Indianapolis, in the fall of 1863, when they threw up the sponge and their revolvers down in Pogue's Run and "cut out" for a safe retreat like a scared coyote, never more to "poke sticks" at Governor Morton. War Democrats, like Dr. Johnson and thousands of others, turned the tide in Indiana and saved the State from a baptism of blood.

After his election to the office of county clerk he moved from Morgantown to Martinsville, where he resided at the time of his death. He was born on a farm near Bedford, Indiana, on the 4th day of March, 1828—the day General

Jackson was inaugurated President, first term. He chose the medical profession as a calling, and after a good common-school education and a course of reading, he attended the medical school of Louisville, Kentucky, where he soon became a popular student and was graduated with honors. In the spring of 1849 he located in Morgantown, this county, where he began what proved to be a very successful practice of his profession which he continued through life.

March 29, 1851, he was joined in marriage to Miss Catharine Griffitt. To them were born four daughters and three sons—one daughter and one son dying in infancy. The third and youngest son, Jarvis J. Johnson, Jr., who recently died at Martinsville, had chosen his father's profession and for a time was connected with the Home Lawn sanitarium. The other son, Goldsmith Johnson, and Mrs. J. G. Bain and Mrs. J. P. Baldwin, reside in Martinsville, while the youngest daughter, Mrs. Harry Askew, and husband, reside on a farm near Bedford, where the father was born.

In 1887 the doctor's first wife died, and, in 1894, he was joined in marriage to Miss Jennie Moran. She and their daughter Helen are also survivors.

Dr. Johnson was a good business man, attending strictly to the minutiae of things; hence he was the most successful pension agent in the city, and pension examiner for eighteen years.

At one time, he was associated with Lanbough in the Antimorphine institute. Dr. Holman and also Dr. Andrew J. Marshall were once his partners in practice. He was an attentive reader and a good thinker, with a mind well stored with practical knowledge. He was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic and of the M. E. church, and a regular attendant when health permitted.

## FRANKLIN LANDERS.

Franklin Landers was elected senator for the counties of Morgan and Johnson in 1860. He was a lover of politics in the best meaning of the word, from his boyhood days. He was nominated and elected by a large majority by the Douglass wing of the Democratic party in that memorable contest, and while a senator dissented from the views of such antiwar Democrats as Brown and Packard. He favored the prosecution of the war for the preservation of the Union, and upon all questions tending to establish the supremacy of the United States his voice was in the affirmation. He was a candidate for presidential elector on the McClellan ticket in 1864.

In 1874 he was elected to Congress, where he took a lively interest in the financial questions which were engrossing so much of the attention of the people at that date.

In 1875 the Greenback party nominated him for Governor of Indiana, but the Democratic convention, before which his name was presented for endorsement, finding the contest between Mr. Landers and Congressman Holman to be so warm as to preclude the possibility of harmony, the names of both were withdrawn and a compromise effected upon James D. Williams. Over his protest, his many ardent friends in 1876 nominated him again for Congress, and, though defeated, he ran ahead of his ticket some eight hundred votes. In 1880 he led the Democratic hosts as their candidate for Governor, but the majority of the voters at this election were found with the opposing party.

Mr. Landers at his best stood very near the head of the list of the largest farmers and live stock dealers in Indiana. He owned several fine farms, well stocked with cattle and mules, and kept a personal supervision over all, to which he added merchandizing and pork-packing at Indianapolis. He accumulated property rapidly and was liberal in gifts



and donations for the benevolences and church work which was going on all around him in the '60's. One of his first movements was to buy a large farm upon which Brooklyn now stands and plat it for that pretty little village—one of the most beautiful in the county—and stipulating in the titles that no ground should ever be used for saloon purposes, and the people have earnestly striven to carry out Mr. Landers's wishes.

He was born in Madison township, this county, March 22, 1825. His father, William Landers, was a pioneer of pioneers. Born in Virginia in 1789, he came when a child with his parents to Kentucky. In 1820 he settled in Madison township, where he became the owner of a large farm. He was also a man of affairs, having been county commissioner, associate judge, and justice of the peace. He was twice married and father of fourteen children, Franklin being the second born of the second wife. William Landers died December 10, 1851.

The Landers family have been prominent citizens of Morgan and Marion counties for eighty years. The subject of our sketch moved to Indianapolis in 1864, where he continued to reside until his death. He had been twice married. His first wife was Miss Mary Shufflebarger, by whom he had six children, and who died in 1864. In 1865 he was married to Mrs. Martha Conduitt, by whom he had five children.

Mr. Landers was blessed with one of the most perfect physical organizations to be found, never having been indisposed a day in his long life until his recent fatal illness. This fact enabled him to perform an immense amount of physical and mental labor, and contributed no little to his useful career. The world is the better for the example of such a noble life.

## COLONEL SAMUEL P. OYLER.

Colonel Oyler, of Franklin, won the senatorial honors of Morgan and Johnson counties in 1864. He was Mr. Landers's competitor in 1860. But the heavy Democratic majority of that day in Johnson county could not be overcome by the Republican party. The time intervening between 1860 and 1864, in consequence of the war and the questions growing out of it, had so changed public opinion that the Republican nominee was easily elected. The dark clouds that continually hung over the administration and Republican party during 1862 and '63 were lifted, and victory was perching on the banners of the Union army along the line. The fighting for a twelve-month had been fast and furious, and the terrific blood-letting at Gettysburg demonstrated that the finish must needs be on Confederate soil. Gunboats and batteries commanded the Mississippi river, while a close blockade was kept along the seaboard.

Sherman was "marching through Georgia," while Grant was pushing Lee to the wall. It began to look like the god of war, if there be such a god, sure enough was on the side of the heavy battalions. The resources of the Confederates were growing less and less each day, with the wear and tear of their army, while the North lacked much of being exhausted. Indeed, we were just learning how to make guns, mold bullets, and fight, when the end came, but we were glad to quit this bloody work when we could honorably do so.

Mr. Oyler went into the army at an early date and won his way up to the office of colonel, but a bodily infirmity compelled him to resign, after which he returned to Franklin and resumed the practice of law. He never lost his interest in the war and questions growing out of it. He was a good advocate, both on the stump and at the bar.

He was an influential member of the senate. Like Mr.

Landers, he was a home-made man of substantial qualities. He was a house plasterer by trade and was at one time a Universalist preacher. He was an Odd Fellow of the highest degree, to which fraternity he was very much attached until his death in 1898. He was married in early life, but no children were born to the union. The Colonel will long be remembered as one of the leading politicians and barristers of Franklin.

#### EZRA A. OLLEMAN.

Ezra A. Olleman was elected joint representative for Johnson and Morgan counties in 1864. He was a citizen of Madison township, this county, and a man of affairs from the time of his coming into the State until the infirmities of age and disease rendered active life impossible.

He was born in Kentucky in 1828. His father died when Ezra was fourteen years of age, and soon after he came to Indiana and for a time was employed as a "tame" cowboy, to drive cattle from Indianapolis to the Atlantic seaboard; sometimes to New York and Baltimore. His wages were six dollars a month.

He next apprenticed himself to a cabinetmaker in Cincinnati for three years. Soon after this he came to Mooresville, where he set up a cabinet shop of his own. About three years later he sold his shop and furniture and invested the proceeds in a general store at Waverly. Not far from this time he was joined in marriage to Miss Amanda Kelly, daughter of James S. Kelly, who in his day was one of the foremost business men of the county.

Mr. Olleman became possessed of one of the finest farms in Madison township and was greatly interested in high farming and stock breeding. For a time he was principal editor of the *Indiana Farmer*, and, in company with James Buchanan, established *The Sun*, the first paper in the West

edited in the interest of the Greenback party. He was the first chairman of the State Central Committee of the National Greenback party, and also chairman of the executive committee.

In the spring of 1863 he enlisted in Company D, Seventieth Indiana Volunteer Infantry, but was soon discharged for physical disability. He was elected as a stalwart Republican and continued to support that party until the financial questions became acute over the retention of the greenback system of currency. It was then he espoused the cause of the National Greenback party.

He and his wife passed away about two years ago, leaving five children to mourn the sorrow which came to the parents in their last days.

#### NOAH J. MAJOR.

Noah J. Major was elected to represent Morgan county in 1864, as a Republican. At this election Governor Morton and the whole ticket received a majority of 540 votes in this county, the largest majority ever polled by any party before or since. He was again elected as an Independent Republican in 1870, and as a Greenbacker in 1878, by nominal majorities. This ended his official career.

He was born in Brookville, Indiana, August 14, 1823. His father, William A. Major, came to Martinsville with his family in the fall of 1832, and bought and improved a large farm three and a half miles north of this city, where he died in 1847. The son owned and remained on part of the old homestead forty-eight years. For the last twenty years he has operated Elmwood Farm, five miles northeast of town. He has been a farmer and stock feeder for fifty-seven consecutive years. He has been thrice married and is the father of six children, only two of whom are now living. His first wife was Miss Hannah Hastings,

to whom he was married in 1844. In little more than one year she suddenly died, leaving an infant son a few days old, who followed the mother in nine months. In 1846 he was joined in marriage to Miss Mary E. Rudicell. To them were born five children, one dying in childhood. The mother departed this life in 1872. November 4, 1875, he wedded Mrs. Margaret A. Piercy, widow of the late Joseph W. Piercy.

He has been a member of the Christian church fifty-nine years and an elder in the same forty-nine years. He has been a total abstainer from tobacco and strong drink—a legal Prohibitionist—for eighteen years.

He graduated from an old log schoolhouse, under one of Eggleston's "Hoosier schoolmasters." This was supplemented by a five months' course under Professor Edmonson, in the old County Seminary.

His political hobby is: "Make laws so it will be easy to do right and hard to do wrong."

JOHN E. GREER.

Captain John E. Greer was elected representative by the Republicans in 1866. The nomination took place in William Hardwick's barn, near Centerton. In August, 1862, the President called for 300,000 more volunteers, and Captain Greer raised about thirty-five men, who were assigned to the Fifth Cavalry. After the war he returned to his home in Green township and resumed farming and stock feeding. He was a stalwart Republican and trustworthy member of the Legislature of 1867.

Captain Greer was born in Scott county, Kentucky, December 10, 1827, and came with his parents to this county in 1838. In 1848 he married Miss Mahala Petre, of Decatur county. To this union were born eleven children, eight of whom are living and reside in Kansas. Captain

Greer moved to Kansas in 1880, where he engaged principally in buying and shipping mules to the South. He died suddenly at Independence, Kansas, January 17, 1896. His wife survives him.

The Greers are of Irish descent and seem to be endowed with the military spirit, as several of their ancestors served in the Revolutionary War as well as in the War of 1812. Most of the older Greers settled in Ohio, but John A. Greer, father of Captain Greer, settled in Kentucky. In 1842, four years after he came to this county, he started with a flatboat, laden with farm products, to New Orleans, but when nearing Vickburg he died and was buried on the bank of the Mississippi river. Grant Stafford was appointed administrator of the estate and some time elapsed before the settlement was completed.

#### JAMES V. MITCHELL.

James V. Mitchell was elected to the House of Representatives in 1868, as a Republican. Before and up to 1860, he was a Democrat. He worked and voted for Senator Douglass for President in the memorable struggle of 1860. But, when the war was actually begun, he readily allied himself with the Lincoln administration and Republican party. He continued his support of that party until the session of 1869, when the question of the Fifteenth Amendment came before the House for adoption or rejection. He spoke and voted against adoption, and was, we think, the only Republican who did so. Of course, after this, that party gave him his passport, and he returned to his first love, for which he has worked in his own way ever since. Mr. Mitchell's political career would seem to indicate that he possesses an element of independence quite a good way above the average, and has the courage of his convictions.

In 1871 he was elected by the Legislature trustee of the

Wabash and Erie Canal. He is a native of this county, having been born in Martinsville, October 15, 1842. His father, James M. Mitchell, came to Martinsville early in the thirties and began the mercantile business; he was soon associated with his brother, Samuel Moore Mitchell, under the firm name of J. M. & S. M. Mitchell. They sold goods, farmed, packed pork and boated it to New Orleans for nearly thirty-five years, and at the dissolution of partnership in 1867 each had made a handsome fortune.

Giles Mitchell, the grandfather of James V., came to southern Indiana in 1810, and to Martinsville in 1832. He was a bricklayer by trade and built the first brick courthouse in our town.

After going through the schools of Martinsville, the subject of this sketch became a student and graduate of Indiana University at Bloomington, after which he began the study of law with Barbour & Howland. Later on he formed a partnership with Alfred Ennis and afterward with James B. Cox. He still practices his profession, to which he adds farming and stock breeding. Mr. Mitchell is a dear lover of a fine horse.

He has been thrice married. First to Miss Addie Draper, in 1863, who died in San Jose, California, in 1869, leaving two children—May Pearl, now Mrs. Warrington, of Cincinnati, and Richard Draper, who resides in our city. April, 1871, he wedded his second wife, Mrs. Lawson, of Cincinnati, who died suddenly. He was united to Mrs. Alice Newby, widow of the late John S. Newby and daughter of John Thornburgh, of Mooresville, June 1, 1898. Mr. Mitchell is domestic by nature and a model husband. He has also been exceedingly fortunate in his choice of help-mates. They were of that class of women who truly make and maintain a "sweet home."

## EBENEZER HENDERSON.

In 1868 Ebenezer Henderson was chosen joint senator for the counties of Johnson and Morgan, and probably has had the largest experience in politics of any citizen in Morgan county.

In 1856, John L. Knox was elected county treasurer, and re-elected in 1858. Mr. Knox was an honest and very popular member of the Democratic party, but his qualifications, taken altogether, were hardly equal to the responsibilities of that office, which has proved to be the Waterloo of so many incumbents.

Mr. Henderson was chosen deputy, although but twenty-three years of age, and so well did he manage the office that in 1860 he received the nomination of his party for that office, and was the only man elected on the Democratic ticket. His majority was twenty-five, while some of the Republican candidates received a majority of three hundred. He took an active part in the election contest of 1858. When it finally appeared that Mr. Knox had been counted out by the irregularities of the election boards of Clay and Monroe townships, Knox owed much to Henderson for winning the case.

While in the Senate during the session of 1871, he became the author of the fee and salary bill which passed the General Assembly at that time, but which was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. It embodies the same principles as does the present law. That is, it fixed fees and salaries according to population. The constitution has been so amended as to make this permissible.

In 1874 Mr. Henderson was elected State Auditor and re-elected in 1876. During those campaigns he was most of the time "in the saddle," and left nothing undone that would contribute to the success of his party. Perhaps the Democratic party in Indiana was never more healthy or



better organized than when he was chairman of the State Central Committee, to which position he was chosen in 1884 and again in 1886. In 1887 he was appointed deputy commissioner of internal revenue, which office he held until the close of President Cleveland's first term. He has always been a farmer as well as a politician, sometimes on a large scale.

In 1873, he, in company with T. H. Parks and W. R. Harrison, built and equipped the largest and most up-to-date porkhouse ever in or near Martinsville. It stood on the ground now occupied by the woodenware factory. It had a capacity of several hundred hogs per day. It was a good thing for the farmers nearby—much better than for the owners, as the sequel proved. They ran it for about ten seasons, during the winter only, when the weather was cold enough to freeze the ground of nights. The winter of 1882-'83 was one of the warmest ever experienced in this climate. There were thirty days and nights, mostly in January, that the ground never froze. During this period the company and others had nine thousand hogs in the pens, mud deep to their knees. They bought and fed hundreds of bushels of corn that were a total loss, as the hogs were continually shrinking in weight. Much of the meat that they packed that winter was damaged, and had to be sold at a reduced price. And to cap the climax of ill luck, the price kept on the down grade to the end.

The summer packing houses in the large cities soon put an end to the smaller concerns in the country towns, and Henderson, Parks & Co. closed up their house in 1883, and that ended pork-packing in Martinsville.

In 1888 Mr. Henderson established the Home Lawn Sanitarium, with which he did considerable business until 1893, when it accidentally burned. He immediately set about rebuilding, and soon had the second adventure going ;

but it did not prove to be profitable, and he closed out all his holdings in Martinsville and returned to the farm where he was born, and which his father purchased in 1831, when as yet it was but a wilderness. Excepting the four years when he was State Auditor, during which time he resided in Indianapolis, he has made his home in and near Martinsville. Years ago he erected the fine residence which now forms part of the Home Lawn Sanitarium.

Mr. Henderson was born June 2, 1833. His parents, James C. Henderson and Mary Piercy Henderson, were natives of Shelby county, Kentucky, and were married in July, 1831. They came to Morgan county the following fall, where James Henderson entered eighty acres of land about four miles northeast of Martinsville. Here he built the pioneer cabin and began clearing land and farming. So successful was he that at the time of his death, January 8, 1867, he owned 360 acres of land. The mother died in Martinsville, October, 1879, at the home of her only son and child.

Ebenezer Henderson attended the common country schools until he was eighteen years of age, when he entered the Indiana University, where he took a two years' course in the scientific department. Returning home he assisted his father in farming and stock feeding. In 1856 he was married to Miss Anna C. Hunt, daughter of Jonathan Hunt, ex-sheriff of Morgan county, and merchant, pork packer, and boatman to New Orleans. To this union were born seven children: Frances (Mrs. Parks), Ella (Mrs. Dr. Cook), William, Magdaline (Mrs. Piercy), June, Howard, and Courtland. All are living but Mrs. Cook and the youngest daughter, June.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson have always been equal to the responsibilities and requirements of the positions in life which they have occupied, and have accommodated them-

selves to the varied fortunes and misfortunes of the affairs of this life. They are genial, social, and sensible; at all times showing themselves true neighbors and faithful friends.

#### JAMES MAXWELL.

Following Mr. Henderson as senator was James Maxwell. He was not so much given to politics as his immediate predecessor. But he has always been in line and sympathy with the Democratic party. He has seldom been a candidate. The nominations have sought him much oftener than he the nominations, but when named by the party for an office, he was not slothful in the business of the campaign. He served with diligence and credit the senatorial term for which he was chosen. But Mr. Maxwell is much more of a farmer than a politician. He and his wife own about seven hundred acres of fine land several miles southwest of Martinsville, and a commodious residence in town. They have a goodly hold on terra firma and know how to hold it. Mr. Maxwell was born in this county, the 27th of February, 1839, and is the son of John and Catherine Maxwell, natives of Ireland. The grandfather of James J. was an Englishman, who emigrated first to Ireland and thence to America in 1805, settling first in Germantown, New York. About 1813 he moved to Lebanon, Ohio, thence to Dearborn county, Indiana, and finally to Morgan county, where death came to him and his wanderings ceased. He was by trade a weaver, and that was his lifelong business. His family consisted of seven children: Robert, James, William, Henry, Nancy, Ellen, and John.

John Maxwell, the father of our subject, was born in County Down, Ireland, July 24, 1805, and was married in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1837, to Catherine Graham, who was born in 1812. After marriage, Mr. Maxwell located in

Lawrenceburg, Indiana, and in 1838 he finally located in Washington township, this county, where he died, February, 1872. He was the owner of a good little farm at the time of his death. His family was as follows: Susan, Jane, Susanna, John, Robert F., Catherine, and James J. The mother survived the father several years.

Senator Maxwell attended the common schools until he was eighteen or twenty years of age, then he went to school in Cincinnati. February 14, 1866, he was joined in wedlock to Miss Cynthia A. Hodges, daughter of John and Lucy Hodges, pioneer settlers in the southwest corner of this county. To them were born eight children, five of whom are living. They are bright, intelligent, educated children, of whom the parents may justly be proud. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell are members of the Christian church and highly esteemed citizens.

#### DR. HARVEY SATTERWHITE.

Dr. Harvey Satterwhite was elected representative of Morgan county in 1872. This was a year for heaping honors on Martinsville, for, besides Dr. Satterwhite, William S. Sherley and James J. Maxwell were chosen—Mr. Sherley being elected joint representative of Morgan and Johnson counties, and Mr. Maxwell, senator.

Dr. Satterwhite hails from the commonwealth of Kentucky—the land of beautiful women, fine horses, and hot-headed revolvers. He was born on a farm near Bedford, Trimble county, January 15, 1832. His ancestors were Virginians.

He came to Indiana in November, 1846, locating for a time in Johnson county. After studying dentistry in Franklin he changed his location to Martinsville, coming here in February, 1856. He continued the dental business five or six years—"a workman that needeth not be ashamed." At

that time gold was principally used for plates, and a full set of teeth cost one hundred dollars. Dr. Satterwhite became a banker at the time of the organization of the First National Bank of our city, owning stock in it as well as in an Indianapolis bank several years later. He was in the banking business about thirty-two years. He is a man of fine business qualities, and at various times has held official positions on the town boards of education and corporation, and his books are remarkably free from errors.

Some time in the '70's he had a little experience in chasing a couple of bank debtors, who cut the biggest figure of the kind ever noted in this county. Presley Buckner, son of John Buckner, one of the most respected and substantial old settlers in the south part of Washington township, had been dealing in live stock, using the names of his father and father-in-law as endorsers. Young Buckner had borne a good name, and was counted one of the rising farmers and stock dealers in the south part of the county. He had associated his brother-in-law, William Wiley Baker, in business, and the two made a lively brace of traders. Buckner had been a heavy borrower at the First National Bank, keeping his father and father-in-law on the bills as endorsers. The old gentlemen had become somewhat neglectful about endorsing, having all confidence in the boys' honesty. Finally Buckner and Baker bought a large drove of horses and mules, some on time, and of men with whom they had heretofore honorably dealt and who had no suspicion of what was coming. They had borrowed heavily in bank and from private individuals. Bidding their families good-bye, they started South with the mules and horses.

Sufficient time elapsed for their return, but no word was heard from them; even their wives did not know where they were. Considerable excitement prevailed and people

began to conjecture as to the fate of "Pres" Buckner and "Bill-Wile" Baker. Some thought they had been foully dealt with, as it would likely be known that they had money about them. Others hinted that they were engaged in some "self-sharpening" speculation, and would turn up all right. However, their long absence and profound silence were omens of no good and finally it became apparent that they had absconded, leaving their wives as much dumfounded as their creditors. The most remarkable thing about this heartlessness was that Baker's wife was Buckner's sister. So far as known there had never been any trouble or domestic infelicity in either family. Why they should have so cruelly deserted their wives no one can tell.

Meantime Dr. Satterwhite got an inkling of their whereabouts and started after them. He located them in Texas and caused their arrest, but by reason of some technicality of law—a loophole worn slick by rogues—they were released, and before proper papers could be prepared they again "skipped." The Doctor gave up the chase as a bad job on Texas soil, and returned home. Whatever became of these two evil-doers is not known to the writer.

In politics, Dr. Satterwhite is and has long been a straight Republican. He attended the extra as well as the regular session of 1873, acquitting himself acceptably to his party and with honor to himself.

His first wife was Miss Sarah Ellen Thomas, daughter of Isaac Thomas, who for many years conducted the principal hotel in Martinsville. She died, leaving no children. He was married the second time to Miss Harriet E. Stevens, of Lebanon, Ohio, who has been a helpmate in the highest sense. They have one daughter, Mrs. Frank Rudy, now living in Ohio.

Dr. and Mrs. Satterwhite own two or three good farms, besides the home residence and other property in Martins-

ville, and notwithstanding the reverses which they met a few years ago when an Indianapolis bank collapsed, are in comfortable circumstances. In religious belief they are Methodists.

Dr. Satterwhite has been long identified with the business interests of Martinsville, and has contributed largely to its growth into a city of beautiful homes and health resorts.

WILLIAM S. SHERLEY.

As before stated, William Sherley was elected joint representative in 1872. Always taking part in elections, and often giving much time to campaigning, and while an earnest and conservative Democrat, through all the ups and downs of that party he has not been much of an office-seeker, preferring the remunerative certainty of the law practice to the whimsical nature of politics. He is self-respecting and dignified, whether in court or the Legislature, and commands the respect of those whom he addresses. As an attorney he is diligent and painstaking as well as successful. He is a safe counselor, often saving his client much cost and vexation when he sees he has no case, by advising him to compromise. He has been more or less engaged in farming and stock feeding for several years, but has made the practice of law a specialty, and is still a prominent member of the Martinsville bar.

Mr. Sherley was born on a farm in Oldham county, Kentucky, September 6, 1836. He worked on the farm and attended the country schools as was the custom in those days, completing his education at Lagrange College in Lagrange, the county seat of Oldham. After his college course he attended the law school at Louisville, Kentucky, where he graduated in March, 1858. He was county surveyor of Oldham for two years.

Being now well equipped for his life's work, he deter-

mined to try his fortune among live Hoosiers, and selected Martinsville as the beginning point. He arrived here in November, 1858, finding about seven hundred inhabitants. He soon found plenty of lawsuits, present and prospective. In time he formed a law partnership with G. M. Overstreet, a good lawyer of our neighboring city, Franklin, and thus glided smoothly into a permanent practice. His next partner was W. R. Harrison, of our city. This firm began in 1862 and continued until 1874, doing a very large per cent. of the practice of Morgan and adjoining counties. Succeeding Attorney Harrison as partner was Judge John C. Robinson, of Spencer, from 1874 to 1876. From this date until the fall of 1895 he was practically alone. At that time he and our present judge, M. H. Parks, formed a partnership which continued until Judge Parks took the bench, November, 1900.

Mr. Sherley has been twice married. His first wife was Miss Martha J. Meginnis, of Bloomington, Indiana, to whom he was married November 28, 1861. She was a daughter of Rev. William Meginnis, a prominent minister in the M. E. church and a member of the Indiana conference. Mrs. Sherley died November 20, 1867, leaving two daughters, Anna (Mrs. Howard Prewitt), and Margaret. January 14, 1869, he wedded Miss Sarah N. Conduitt, daughter of Hon. A. B. Conduitt, of Indianapolis. To them were born four children—Mabel (Mrs. J. W. Rose), Bernice, Georgia (Mrs. Ed Kriner), and Richard.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherley have been fortunate and reasonably successful in the affairs of life, but in nothing more so than the training and education of their children. The Sherley home is a model of parental training and filial devotion—a home that will never be forgotten by those who first saw the light therein.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherley have a valuable farm joining our



city border and a handsome residence on North Jefferson street, where the "old folks," in all probability, will be at home to their many friends until life's labors are over. They are members of the Methodist Episcopal church and highly esteemed citizens.

DR. JOHN KENNEDY.

The Republicans in 1874 nominated and elected Dr. John Kennedy to represent Morgan county. Although not a professional politician, the Doctor enjoyed the canvass and his seat in the House very much. During the session he offered six bills, five of which were passed, and, as we suppose, remain on the statute book yet. He is to the manor born a Morgan county Hoosier, coming into Jefferson township on the 30th day of September, 1833. He was the second born to Luke C. and Jane (Blackford) Kennedy, who were natives of Kentucky, and of Irish, German, and Welsh descent. The father came to Lamb's Bottom with his young wife, October, 1830, where he entered eighty acres of land which formed the nucleus of the old Kennedy homestead of 220 acres, whereon the parents closed out their useful lives, the mother in 1850 and the father several years later.

The Doctor's great-grandfather was a Revolutionary soldier. He was twice married and the father of ten sons. Peter Kennedy, grandfather of our subject, was born in 1769. When twelve years of age he was stolen by the Indians, and remained nine years a captive, then escaped and returned to his parents in Hardin county, Kentucky. He was afterward employed by the government as a sentinel on the Kentucky frontier. He was the father of seven children, Luke C. being the fourth.

Our representative began the activities of life on his father's farm, as soon as he could wield a hoe and hold

a plow. He attended the winter schools a good part of the term of sixty-five days, until nineteen years of age, when, in 1852, he made a trip to New Orleans as a bow-hand on one of J. M. & S. M. Mitchell's flatboats, which was steered by the late William Cox, ex-marshal of Martinsville. This was the twenty-ninth trip down the river for that veteran boatman. As the Doctor remembers, there were ten boats from Martinsville that spring, five for the Mitchell firm and five belonging to Parks & Hite. Of the men composing the crews at that date, only a few are remaining. He remembers Mike Haase and Oliver J. Glessner, as yet being among the living—Haase afterward being a surveyor, and Glessner a judge of the circuit court. When those guides of the old broadhorns meet there is a genuine greeting, and immediately a recital of incidents and accidents begins and lasts until parting hands are shaken.

The winter following this trip the Doctor taught school in his home neighborhood. In 1854 he attended the summer term of the Belleville Academy, in Hendricks county, and the following winter taught school in Ray township. In 1855 he attended the summer term of the Edinburg high school, then under the management of Professor J. R. Woodfill, and was retained as assistant teacher for one or two terms. Following this he taught a winter school in the Drake schoolhouse west of Edinburg. In 1856 he began the study of medicine under Dr. Clark, of the above town.

Some time after this he returned to his father's farm in consequence of ill health, where by sensible work and careful diet he soon regained his health. At this time he was learning how to grow strong and how to keep so, and putting in all spare time in studying his chosen profession. He next taught in Sangamon county, Illinois, because the

wages were better there, teaching two terms of five months each, returning and working on the farm during summer.

The Doctor knows all about farm work, having begun it when it was a hand-over-hand business, from hoeing corn and potatoes, mowing grass, and cradling wheat, to rolling logs and plowing new ground with oxen. He says he could cradle four acres of wheat or five of oats in a day. This was an acre or an acre and a half above the average man. In the early spring of 1859 he decided to quit teaching, although he had been quite successful, particularly in mathematics, for which he has a fine faculty and great liking. In this branch, if so minded, he could have reached the top. His early training by Professor David Anderson, an Irishman, and one of the best mathematicians in the United States, was of much advantage to him in his teaching.

At this date he returned to Gosport, and, with Dr. H. S. Osgood, continued the study of medicine. Following this, he attended a course of lectures at the Eclectic Medical Institute, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

In June, 1860, he began practice in Paragon, within cannonshot of the old homestead wherein he was born, nursed, fondled, and spanked into boyhood, and then taught to rough it into manhood; all of which was no mean part of his solid education. His large practice and success entitles him to front rank among the first physicians of the county. He still loves and clings closely to his practice, and fires pills and potions at microbes as of old.

In April, 1862, he married Angeline, daughter of Richard and Matilda Farr Laughlin, of Owen county. They have had ten children, five yet living: T. C. Kennedy, a teacher by profession; Mrs. W. W. Washburn, of Goodland, Indiana, whose husband is a stockholder and manager of the Western Telephone Company of that city; W. E. Kennedy

is a dentist of Indianapolis, with a branch office at Paragon; Frank Kennedy is in the senior class at the Indiana Medical College, and John, the youngest, is in the Paragon high school. Dr. and Mrs. Kennedy are members of the Christian church, of which he is an elder. Few families have contributed more, or as much, to the moral and intellectual advancement of Paragon and vicinity as the Kennedys. Their motto seems to be, "No excellence without labor."

JUDGE G. W. GRUBBS.

In the year 1876 Major Grubbs was chosen representative of Morgan county, and in 1878 was elected to the Senate, thus serving six consecutive years in the General Assembly of Indiana. Morgan county has seldom been honored in the Legislature with a brighter or abler member than the Major. His known ability as a lawyer brought him to the mind of the Speaker as a most suitable member for chairman of the judiciary committee, to which he was appointed, and served with marked ability. The same honor was conferred on him in the Senate, and at the close of his senatorial term he was justly recognized as one of the foremost members of that branch of the Legislature.

Although a strong partisan and decidedly positive, he never forgets to be manly and mannerly, and respectful to an opponent. His election to the Legislature for six years, and seat on the judge's bench for eight years, with increased majorities at each re-election, attest the high esteem in which he is held by his constituency.

His military record is equally marked by his advancement from the ranks to that of major. He was born in Franklin, Indiana, September 26, 1842. He was the second son of Richard L. and Louisa (Armstrong) Grubbs. His ancestors came from Pennsylvania. His grandfather Arm-

strong was a soldier in the War of 1812. It was the Major's good fortune to have been born in a town of superior schools at the time of his school age. It was his good sense that prompted him to take the tide at its flood and secure a good education. After going through the common school training, he entered Franklin College, from which he graduated in June, 1861. He was principal of the Franklin Academy one year. In July, 1861, he entered the military service, enlisting in Company I, Seventieth Indiana Volunteers, and was soon promoted to second lieutenant. In June, 1863, he was promoted to first lieutenant and assigned to command of Company F, same regiment. His next promotion was to assistant adjutant general on the staff of General Benjamin Harrison, commanding the First Brigade, Third Division of Twentieth Army Corps in the Atlanta campaign. He was in all the battles in which his regiment took part.

In November, 1864, he was commissioned major and assigned to command the Forty-second United States (colored) Infantry, stationed at Chattanooga. He was in the Nashville campaign and for a time commander at Huntsville and Decatur, Alabama. He was mustered out of service March 12, 1866.

What memories come to him as he calls to mind the inevitable scenes of those four years and eight months of army life! The monotony of army diet, the humdrum of the drill, the weariness of "masterly inactivity," the petty jealousies of the high and low, the camp snarls—all these were bravely borne by the true soldier and are no small part of the hardships which he must needs undergo. Besides, there was the long, swift march toward the bloody field, where military honor and glory are to be won or lost and where many a brave and generous boy is made to give up his life, with thoughts homeward speeding as on wings

of light, while the heart is emptying out his body's blood. Perhaps his last thought is, what will mother do when she hears of this?

What of those who are detailed to gather up the wounded and bury the dead? What sickening sights are presented to view! The horse and his rider are overthrown and mingle with the debris of a silenced battery, while blood and iron, for the moment, are amalgamated. When will it be that

"To plowshares men shall beat their swords,  
To pruning hooks, their spears"?

Never, no never, until the golden rule bears universal sway.

But now let us go back thirty-five years to the time Major Grubbs came home, and, after a short rest and happy greetings of friends and relatives, he entered the law office of Porter, Harrison & Fishback, of Indianapolis, than which a stronger firm could not have been found in Indiana. Here he applied himself with his usual industry to the study of law. Next he entered the Indianapolis Law School from which he graduated. In May, 1868, he came to Martinsville, where he began practice. He has been associated with the following attorneys under the firm names of Griggs & Grubbs; McNutt, Montgomery & Grubbs; Grubbs & Montgomery; and Grubbs & Parks.

In addition to his career in the Legislature, he was presidential elector of the Seventh Congressional District in 1872, and his bridal trip was interrupted by a call to Indianapolis to cast his vote for General Grant. He was also a delegate to the Republican convention that nominated General Grant, and also a delegate to the convention that nominated General Hayes. He was the Republican nominee for Congress in 1884, but was defeated by Colonel C. C. Matson. In 1888 he was elected judge of the Fif-

teenth Judicial District, and re-elected in 1896 by a largely increased majority.

November 28, 1872, he was married to Miss Viola Griggs, daughter of Judge Algernon S. Griggs, and twin sister of Mrs. Judge Parks. To them have been born four children: George Earl, who at the time of his death was a promising young attorney; Donald Roy, now married and in business in Indianapolis; Daisy I., the loving daughter and companion of her invalid mother, and Sidney D., who is yet in school.

Judge Grubbs and his excellent wife have for many years been prominent members of the Methodist church, and the judge has been Sunday school superintendent for fifteen years. He takes a high interest in the things that tend to the moral, spiritual, and intellectual elevation of the people. He is loyal to his country's flag, honorable in his business relations, and a devoted, faithful husband and father. The friends of Judge and Mrs. Grubbs are always sure of a welcome at their pleasant home, 610 East Washington street.

#### CAPTAIN DAVID WILSON.

In 1880 Captain Wilson was accorded the honor of representative from Morgan county, which office he filled acceptably to his constituents during the session of 1881. He was chairman of the committee on fees and salaries.

He was born in North Carolina, December 10, 1835, but at an early date of the settlement of Monroe township, his parents came from his native State and located in or near Monrovia. Here young Wilson grew into manhood, attending the common schools in winter and working in summer at whatever was to be done.

He was one among the very first men in the county to join the Union army in the war between the States, having

enlisted on the 19th of April, 1861, six days after the firing on Fort Sumter by the Confederates. He enlisted first in the three-months' service, and afterward in the Eleventh Indiana Regiment where he served three years.

He saw plenty of hard service, having participated in the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson. He was also in the battle of Shiloh, the siege of Vicksburg, and with General Banks in the Gulf campaign. The regiment re-enlisted as veterans in 1864, served in General Sheridan's division, and was afterward on duty at Fort Henry. This regiment was on duty in Georgia at the time Jefferson Davis was captured.

Captain Wilson was slightly wounded at Cedar Creek. He was mustered out with the rank of captain in 1865. Returning home he again began the pursuits of civil life. Always taking great interest in the public questions of each returning campaign, he soon became a leader of the Republican party in Monroe township. He served three years as school trustee, and, as before stated, was nominated by his party and elected in 1880 by a majority of 310 votes. Meantime he had given considerable attention to the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1870.

In 1888 he was elected clerk of the Morgan circuit court, and served acceptably for four years. At the close of his term he took up his residence in Martinsville for the remainder of his life.

August 8, 1867, he was united in marriage to Miss Samantha Johnson, daughter of Gideon Johnson, one of the founders of Monrovia and for many years the leading merchant, farmer, and stock feeder in Monroe township. To them were born two children. The surviving one, Otis G., is living in Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Soon after Captain Wilson's retirement from public life and its harassing cares, and while looking forward to "This



is the end of earth, I am content," he received a paralytic stroke which almost obliterated his memory. He lingered a few months, soothed and sustained by his faithful wife, until the summons came to go from this to the next stage of existence.

Captain and Mrs. Wilson were communicants in the Methodist Episcopal church, and held in high esteem by their many friends and acquaintances.

GEORGE A. ADAMS.

Mr. Adams was first elected to the House of Representatives in the fall of 1882, and re-elected in 1884, and again elected in 1888. He was a prominent member of this branch of the General Assembly from the beginning of his first term to the close of his last term. He was appointed on several committees and spoken of as good timber for Speaker by several Republican members.

He was born on a farm about two miles north of Morgantown, this county, June 4, 1849. His father, Jacob Adams, moved the following March to the farm adjoining town, where young Adams spent his boyhood days, as most country boys do, in working, hunting, playing, and "hardening their meat."

As usual in such cases, he began his education in the common school of the village, afterward becoming a student in the Martinsville high school, where he was soon noted for his close application and good morals, and bid fair to make a man of mark. He next attended Indiana University with the view of qualifying for the practice of law. Here he spent two years, graduating from the Law School in 1872.

He was principal of the Morgantown high school one year, after which, in April, 1873, he began the practice of his profession in Martinsville and has ever since made law and politics a specialty.

The law firm of Adams & Newby, while it remained, did a full share of the legal practice in this judicial district. Mr. Adams was one among the leading young attorneys of his day, and, being fearless and free in speech, his sailing was not always smooth over legal seas; however, his success in both law and politics is well-known.

He moved to Lincoln, Nebraska, October 22, 1889, and immediately began the practice of his profession, in which he is well established both in the city and judicial district. He is also prominent in political meetings as chairman of conventions and committees, and has lost none of the interest he has always taken in the success of the Republican party, even though he is a dweller in Colonel Bryan's State. He is a stalwart Indiana Republican with a Nebraska finish.

Mr. Adams comes of good, solid stock. The Adamses of Jackson township were among the first to let sunlight into the dense forests. They were choppers and log-rollers, grubbers and rail-splitters. The women were true helpmates for their pioneer husbands and fathers. They could hum the wheel, crack the reel, dart the shuttle, and bang the loom from dawn till dark, and then get supper by torchlight. You might as well have looked for a telephone office in Jackson township fifty years ago, as for lily fingers and diamond rings on the hands of an Adams. They were record breakers at the pioneer work of that day.

The elder Adamses were Kentuckians, and of Irish and German descent. In religion they were Baptists; in politics, Jackson Democrats until the war, when Jacob Adams, Sr., father of George A., allied himself with the Republicans, and, for his fidelity to the party, was rewarded with the office of county treasurer two terms, being elected in 1862 and re-elected in 1864. His official career was without a blot.

December 28, 1876, Mr. Adams was married to Miss

Mattie Bennett, of Brazil, Clay county. She had been for some time a very efficient teacher in the primary department of our city schools, and it was here that Mr. Adams formed her acquaintance. To them were born two children, the elder, deceased, and Roy B., now a bright, intelligent student at Lincoln University.

Mr. Adams is a member of the Masonic order, and also of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity. He and his estimable wife are active and influential members of the Methodist Episcopal church and prominent in social circles. Mr. Adams has remembered the home and friends of his early years by a liberal contribution to the church at Morgantown, which has been recently remodeled.

ALFRED W. SCOTT.

Our representative in the session of 1887 was A. W. Scott. With the exception of W. P. Hammond, his was the shortest stay in the county of any of our assemblymen. He was born in Fayette county, Indiana, on the 8th of November, 1856, and was raised on a farm near Connersville.

After the ordinary course in the country schools, he for a time attended the Spiceland Academy. He next studied law at Indianapolis, afterward taking a four-years' course at Indiana University, graduating with honor in 1881. The same year he came to Martinsville and began the practice of law, his partner for a time being the late F. P. A. Phelps. In 1882 he was deputy prosecuting attorney for this district. His ability as a speaker, as well as his affability, polished manners, and stalwart Republicanism, won for him his nomination by the Republicans in 1886 for a seat in the House of Representatives. He was elected by the usual majority of the party, and was a distinguished-looking as well as an intelligent member of the General Assembly of 1887. He was an honor to the party that chose him to represent its principles.

While attending the University at Bloomington he made the acquaintance of Miss Alice Long, of Columbus, Indiana, who was also a student in the same institution. Their marriage followed later, and was a well-ordered and happy union. With unmeasured devotion to each other, the cares and burdens of life were made lighter, while hope pointed to the realization of their fondest and most ambitious desires.

About the year 1889, Mr. Scott moved to Lincoln, Nebraska, where he was for some time associated with George A. Adams in the law practice. Here he made hosts of friends and was winning his way to success, when in the summer of 1899 his wife was taken seriously ill and after weeks of intense suffering, passed away. Mr. Scott, who was somewhat given to despondency, and who was much worn by incessant watching at the bedside of his suffering wife, was completely unnerved by his irreparable loss, for Mrs. Scott had always been his stay and counselor in all the affairs of life. After her death he was shrouded in gloom from morning till night, and worse still, from night till morning, so that sleep, "tired nature's sweet restorer," did not come to his relief.

From the death of his wife to his own decease he seemed to take little interest in business affairs, but to be dead to all things terrestrial. July 18, 1901, he was found in an unconscious condition in his office in the Burr Block, Lincoln. Physicians were called, but too late, and Mr. Scott died in a few moments. One child survives, an intelligent and interesting son, who inherits, if nothing else, a good name.

ELDER W. H. BROWN.

Next came William Harvey Brown, of Adams township, who carried off the honors in 1890. He was elected to the

House of Representatives by the usual Republican majority and served acceptably in the session of 1891. He was an industrious and painstaking member, especially so on the lines of moral and economical reform. He soon had the esteem and confidence of the members with whom he was associated in committee work.

But it appears that his life was not to be spent on the stump, but in the pulpit, a place much better suited to his social and genial nature than the warring elements of politics. Our subject comes of good ancestors on both sides of the house. The Brown and Trowbridge families were in at the very first settlement of Owen county on its eastern border and near Alaska, Morgan county.

Elder John Brown, the father of William H., owned land in both counties seventy years ago, and was as good an all-round pioneer as ever swung an ax, cracked a whip, or preached a sermon. Like "Ossawatimie Brown," he opposed slavery, but not in an unlawful way, as did the hero of Harper's Ferry; but when the Civil War broke out he loaned four sons to the Union army, and was much interested in that struggle to its close.

About the year 1850 he and John H. Phillips, of Hall, and Butler K. Smith, of Indianapolis, were employed as county evangelists by the thirteen Christian churches of this county. It was then we became acquainted with Elder John Brown, and heard him relate some of his experiences as a first settler in the woods of Owen and Morgan counties.

As is well known, all merchandise was then hauled from some point on the Ohio river to the interior settlements in Indiana. Elder Brown was a thorough, trained wagoner; he loved a good horse above all domestic animals, and had owned scores of them. He told me he once owned and drove a five-horse team consisting of a mother and four of her colts, the mother being the best fifth leader

he ever cracked a whip over. She was of the celebrated Cherokee stock of horses.

Elder Brown was a man of affairs, taking special interest in the common school system which was inaugurated long after the days he could have been benefited by it. He stood for positive Christianity, morals, and good citizenship.

William H. Brown was born on a farm near Alaska, this county, September 14, 1855. He is the oldest of three sons born to John Hume and Malinda Trowbridge Brown. His mother died August, 1860. His father enlisted in the army in July, 1862, and died in the service the following December.

To one who looks at an orphan of only seven years from a human standpoint, it seems a calamity; to Him who notes the fall of a sparrow it is an opportunity. The Good Shepherd keeps watch over his lambs, as well as the more mature ones of his flock.

We lose sight of this little Brown boy for almost ten years, when in 1871 he appears in view as a hand employed on a farm near Paragon. Here he spent three summers guiding the plow, driving the planter and harvester, the last one on Mr. Samuel Smith's farm. Mr. Smith was so well pleased with the skill and fidelity of the young granger that at the close of his summer's work, when he handed him his wages, \$75, he also gave him a silver watch in evidence of his respect and good will.

In the fall of 1875 he taught school in Harrison township, Owen county. Keeping a close watch over his earnings and living economically, he was enabled to continue his studies, first in the Spencer schools, then at Valparaiso, and finishing up at the State Normal, Terre Haute. He is, in the best sense of the phrase, a self-made man, self-reliant, self-examining, and self-educated, for the reason

that he earned with his own hands the money wherewith he paid his own way through the above schools.

Elder Brown entered the ministry of the Christian church some twelve years ago. He is a strong pastor, but a more excellent evangelist. We quote from the *Greencastle Banner* a report from Fillmore, Indiana, at the close of his ministry there: "The work of God in all this part of the country has been nobly fostered and blest by his timely ministry. His natural ability, together with his untiring zeal and love for his work, has won for him an honorable place among the ministers and churches of western Indiana, and none rejoice at his success more than the brethren and citizens of Fillmore. He has touched all sides of our life, the social, the business, the educational, as well as the moral and religious."

During his stay with the Fillmore church, one hundred and ninety-four persons were added to the congregation. At the time when the thoughts of young men are turned to love, his were centered on Miss Lucella Bourn, the charming daughter of Henry Bourn, a leading farmer of Adams township. They were married August 19, 1879. Mrs. Brown has been a true helpmate, and Elder Brown frankly acknowledges that much of his financial, educational, and ministerial success is due to her indomitable will and physical endurance. They now have four children, and live in their own beautiful suburban home at Greencastle.

In politics Elder Brown was a staid Republican until 1896, when, "learning the way of the Lord more perfectly," he espoused the principles of the Prohibition party—a political sect everywhere spoken against.

## JAMES F. COX.

In 1886, when the Democrats of the senatorial district composed of Johnson, Brown, and Morgan counties, were looking for suitable timber for nomination, they centered on James F. Cox, of Martinsville, who was then practicing law in company with James V. Mitchell. As Mr. Cox was "looking a little out" for the lightning, he was not seriously hurt; and as the district was Democratic beyond doubt he had an easy walk over his opponent. Notwithstanding all this he worked like a beaver for the whole ticket. He was one of the boys who became a politician before he was a voter. Indeed, the whole family liked to work for "Uncle Sam," his brothers having held county offices at different periods of time.

In the political uproar of his party in 1872, he cast his first vote for Horace Greeley, and is exceedingly proud of it. He came before the Democratic convention as a candidate for prosecuting attorney of the Fifteenth Circuit. But after being nominated over three prominent competitors of this county, he was defeated by a meager vote by a coalition of Greene and Owen counties, the latter receiving the judge and the former the prosecutor. In 1878 he was made deputy prosecuting attorney for this county, in which capacity he served eighteen months.

After leaving Martinsville he located in Columbus, Indiana, where he continues to practice his profession and indulge his love for politics. In 1900 he was elected to the House of Representatives by the voters of Bartholomew county.

James F. Cox was born in Monroe county, this State, May 15, 1852, and is the son of Rev. J. Bridgeman and Martha (Mosier) Cox. Rev. Mr. Cox was a minister of the Baptist church. James F. was reared on a farm, attended the country schools, and when fifteen years old



began his own support, dividing his time between labor and school. At nineteen he became a teacher, and attended the Indiana University three years, after which he taught during the winter and studied law in summer.

In 1878 he matriculated in the law department of the University of Michigan, whence he graduated in 1880, and returned to this county and resumed the practice of law.

August 1, 1877, he was joined in marriage with Mattie E. Armstrong, daughter of Robert Armstrong, of Brown county, a sensible and estimable young lady. Her death occurred unexpectedly February 14, 1880, leaving one child, Leon J.

His second marriage was to Miss Lilly Tarleton, of Maysville, Kentucky, who is quite well known and has many friends in Martinsville.

#### WILLIAM DAVISON BAIN.

Following W. H. Brown comes Will D. Bain, our representative in the session of 1893. Mr. Bain had not aspired to this honor. He had steadily declined to allow his name to go before the convention up to the morning of the assembling, when, pressed by several friends, he finally yielded to their wishes. In the election that followed, his strength was shown by his receiving the largest vote for any candidate on the local Republican ticket at that (1892) election.

This was one of the years that the frost came too late to bite the Democrats, and they harvested a good crop of offices in both State and nation. As they had a full, working majority in both branches of the Assembly, Mr. Bain says that he had nothing much to do other than answer roll call, help kill bad bills, tear foolscap paper, sit with elevated feet, look dignified, and draw his per diem. He was appointed on the committees on labor and reformatory insti-

tutions; however, he did not see any of the former legislators while visiting the aforesaid reformatories.

Something happened while he was in the political arena that has always puzzled Mr. Bain. That was in 1894, when a Republican convention turned him down and Adam Howe up. Howe may know how it was done, as he afterward had a bite from the same "dorg"; but Mr. Bain cherishes none other than the kindest feelings toward Mr. Howe. Political conventions feed on tricks and partake of the nature of their food.

William D. Bain is a pure-blooded Scotchman. His father, Donald Bain, and his uncle, John Bain, left Scotland and came to America about the year 1839. They kept moving westward from the seaboard, until they came to Jefferson township, this county, where in 1841 they located and remained to the close of life. They were farmers and men of solid worth, bringing with them the Scotch thrift, industry, and love of books. Their descendants are remarkable for education and general intelligence.

Three or four of the sons were soldiers in the Union army. At the present time, there can be found among the Bains a lawyer and postmaster, an ex-postmaster and editor, an ex-auditor, as well as representative. The other side of the house is equally well equipped, some of the granddaughters ranking high as teachers.

The subject of our sketch, like the Republican party, was born in 1856, not in a convention, however, but in Jefferson township, Morgan county, Indiana—as great a place to come to light in as the Highlands of Scotland.

He is the youngest of a family of seven children, all of whom are living except the oldest, who died in youth. One sister is living in Owen county, this State, and one is near Bolivar, Missouri; the other members of the family reside near the old homestead. His mother died in 1864, and his father in 1896.

Mr. Bain was brought up on a farm, and has been a farmer all his life. But he is much more than a granger. He ranks as a first-class teacher. After attending the district schools during the winter months until the age of nineteen, he borrowed the needful funds and entered the Valparaiso Normal School, completing the commercial and teachers' courses.

He has taught in district schools for several years, and as principal of the Hynsdale and Centerton graded schools made an enviable record as instructor. He helped organize the Morgan County Teachers' Association, wrote its constitution, and served as its first secretary and afterward as president.

He is a member of the I. O. O. F. and has represented the local in the Grand Lodge. In faith he is a Presbyterian, though not a member of church. He is modest and unassuming, reticent and observing, keen-eyed but close-lipped. He has no wife to sew on buttons, arrange ties, or darn socks. He still clings to the delusion of single blessedness.

#### WILLIAM E. McCORD.

In 1894 William E. McCord was elected joint senator for the counties of Johnson and Morgan. He has held steadily to the principles of the Republican party from the time of his majority until the present, and while giving liberally of his time and means for the promotion of its interests and the election of its candidates, has not cared much for the loaves and fishes so much longed for by the empty stomachs of "jack-pot" politicians.

The senatorial honor with its per diem is about all the sop he has had, so far as we remember. His course in the two sessions, 1895 and 1897, was dignified and acceptable to his party. He was industrious and felt the responsi-

bility of his position, and was regularly in his seat. The district which he represented has generally been Democratic, and his election indicates a vigorous canvass and popularity on his part. Mr. McCord was a good speaker, presenting his views with clearness, and seldom indulging in anecdotes or witticism.

He was born in Centerville, Wayne county, Indiana, March 21, 1850. His father, Rev. Elam McCord, was joined in marriage to Miss Jane Freeland, whose father, in 1822, entered a large tract of land in the river bottom, a little southwest of Martinsville. This tract was long known as the Freeland farm. It was afterward owned by Dr. Sims. We are not certain that Mr. Freeland ever lived on it, as he disposed of it in an early day. The Freelands were first-class pioneers.

Rev. Elam McCord came to Martinsville in 1840, and remained until 1847. He organized the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in this place, and became its pastor and elder, and was the first resident pastor ever in Martinsville. Among the charter members were Isaac D. and Mrs. Sheppard, James Maxwell and wife, Robert Hamilton, Mrs. Frances Wilsbn, widow of "Hero Bill" Wilson, and Mrs. Ann Williams, a widow, of Clear Creek. These and others among the most substantial citizens formed the nucleus of the present Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

During Rev. Elam McCord's pastorate the members built the old brick house recently pulled down to give place to the new Baptist church now in process of erection. While in those early days it did not take as long to build a church as it did to build a temple, yet it was long enough to be a weariness to the flesh, and solicitors made several round trips before they could rightly sing "Since I can read my title clear."

In his boyhood young McCord changed localities several

times. He came with the family from Centerville to Bainbridge, Putnam county, and from there to Gosport, Owen county, and next to Clayton, Hendricks county. Between these moves he was kept in the common schools, and at eighteen years of age entered Indiana University, from which he graduated with honor in 1872. After leaving college he obtained employment as teacher in the schools of Marion, Indiana, where he remained one year. In April, 1873, he came to Martinsville, where he read law in the office of Harrison & Sherley, then attended the law school of the State University, graduating in 1876. Being now fully equipped for practice, he returned to our city, where he has been anchored ever since. At first he formed a law partnership with William R. Harrison, one of the foremost lawyers of the State. This firm had a large practice for ten years, since which Mr. McCord has been practically alone in his profession. He has also, at various times, been engaged in farming and stock breeding.

In October, 1883, he chose as his wife Miss Mary Callis, and time has but confirmed the wisdom of his choice. She is the youngest daughter of E. W. and Ellen (Orner) Callis, natives of New Jersey.

Mr. Callis came to Martinsville in 1855, and bought of T. J. Worth the *Morgan County Gazette* and converted it into the organ of the Republican party, in whose interest it was run until 1870. Probably no man in Morgan county exerted a greater influence in recruiting soldiers for the Union army, and staying their hands and hearts in the darkest days of the struggle, than Edwin W. Callis, of the *Gazette*. The old numbers of this paper, from 1861 to 1865, abound in calls and demands for war meetings, speeches, and reports, and with brilliant paragraphs, that, taken altogether, will be found to contain the real history of Morgan county during the war between the States.

Mr. and Mrs. McCord have a well-ordered and happy home. Two bright little boys gladden their lives and furnish relaxation and recreation for the father after a hard day's work in the courtroom, amidst the discordant elements of suits at law, and the vexations of "wicked witnesses and crooked lawyers." They are prominent and influential members of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and regular attendants at its services. Mrs. McCord is an enthusiastic and brilliant member of the Martinsville Woman's Club, a first-class literary institution.

#### ADAM HOWE.

In 1894, in the middle of Cleveland's administration, Adam Howe came to the front in local politics. He had always taken part in political discussions, private and public, but was not a seeker for official honors or profits.

As his views were always against the single standard, against the demonetizing of silver, and in favor of the greenback currency, he could never be a "stalwart" member of either of the dominant parties who, time and again as policy seemed to dictate, have nursed, fondled, and spanked the "rag baby," according to the mood they were in. Mr. Cleveland, an honest man, who would have all honest debts paid in "honest money," and Mr. Pierpont Morgan, another stickler for honest business transactions, "had a time." The President found a lean and leaky treasury bequeathed to him by the outgoing administration, which he desired to replenish with gold. As fast as he filled it, Mr. Morgan emptied it with "rag babies." Here is an object lesson worthy of all consideration. The thing would be funny if it were not quite so humiliating. One corporation playing a game of finance with the President and Congress, and "skunking" them to a finish, ought to bring a "maiden blush" on Uncle Sam's phiz. If Adam

Howe had been President he would have loaded J. Pierpont to the guards with coin without discrimination, and "trumped" his trick. This is exactly what any President would have done thirty years ago. But the real question with the President was that of expediency and not of law. Many things are lawful which are not expedient, and this may have been one of them.

Adam Howe was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, in 1835. His parents emigrated to Kentucky in 1842, with a family of seven children. They remained in that State until 1845, at which time they moved to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. After two years' stay in the Smoky City, they returned to Kentucky, arriving in Covington about the middle of June, 1847. The cholera was raging on the big river at that time, and in July both his parents died of it, and, as well as we remember, two of the children were also victims.

The family being thus shattered by that great destroyer of human life, young Howe, then a lad of thirteen years, shipped as cabin boy on board a steamer then plying the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Here he learned much he would never have learned elsewhere. In 1850 he apprenticed himself three years to learn the blacksmith's trade, after which he roamed awhile as a journeyman, working in various shops in the towns and cities to perfect his knowledge of the trade. He came to Martinsville in 1856, when he immediately began work at his trade and where the roar of his bellows and ring of his hammer have been heard for forty-five years.

In 1860, the Democrats among other things declaring in favor of annexing Cuba, upon such terms as would be honorable to all parties, he supported the Douglass wing of that party. From that time on he has acted independently of all parties, with an eye single to the currency

question. In 1864 he supported the Republicans because they strongly favored the greenbacks, which the Democrats denounced as "Lincoln money." In 1868 the Republican platform seemed indifferent on the currency question, while the Democrats were getting quite friendly with the treasury notes, 10-40's and so on, as being good enough for everybody. He voted the Democratic ticket. In 1872 the Greeley platform declared in favor of specie resumption. He voted for General Grant. In 1873 somebody slipped a paragraph into a sort of omnibus bill which demonetized silver. The Republicans were blamed for this act, but they protested a dovelike innocence for a time. Then Mr. Howe arose and flew over into the Greenback camp and supported Peter Cooper. In 1880 he thought the difference between the two parties was the difference between "tweedledum and tweedledee," so he voted for Tweedle D. In 1884 he again joined hands with the Republicans, and continued to support the party until 1896, when, after much wrangling and loss of sleep, the National Republican Convention adopted Mr. Cleveland's gold plank in its platform. When the Republican county convention met in 1896, Mr. Howe withdrew his name, and proceeded to stump the county in favor of William J. Bryan and "16 to 1."

Mr. Howe was nominated and elected by the Morgan county Republicans in 1894. He was a fearless, honest, and candid member of the session of 1895. He created some friction by his opposition to the bill to redistrict the State for senators and representatives. Although a layman, he contended such an act would be unconstitutional and he was thoroughly vindicated by the subsequent decision of the Supreme Court.

Mr. Howe has the distinction of being the only blacksmith that ever represented Morgan county. He can hammer iron as well as a political opponent. As between the



drones and working bees, he is for the workers, and knows full well what it costs to earn a hundred dollars with hammer and tongs. He has studied the vexed question of capital and labor, but he is not likely to solve it before the undertaker is called in.

He regards the country as far greater than any party, and a party far greater than any man in it, and only to be used as a means to an end. He regards loyalty to convictions as the pillar of patriotism, and political grafters as the jackals of politics.

September 11, 1860, he was united in marriage to Miss Leah Saylor, daughter of Harrison Saylor, who has been a faithful wife and mother, and a true helpmate. She comes from pioneer stock, her grandfather, Alexander Cox, having bought a farm and moved into the Centerton neighborhood in 1824.

Mr. and Mrs. Howe are possessed of good social qualities and have many friends who wish for them the best that earth can give, a happy and peaceful old age.

#### Q. A. BLANKENSHIP.

Quincy Adams Blankenship was nominated and elected by the Republicans of Morgan county in 1896 and re-elected in 1898. In 1840 his father, P. M. Blankenship, was elected representative by the Whig party. This is the only instance of father and son being chosen as assemblymen for this county during the seventy-eight years of its organization. Many changes had occurred between the election of the father and son, and the Whig party had gone to seed wrestling with the slavery question.

The Know-Nothings had only a mushroom existence, while the Democratic, the most aged and venerable of parties, had a furious attack of "yellow jaundice" early in the sixties, and seemed almost "tuckered out" for twenty

or thirty years. From the central time of the Civil War to 1884 the Republican party dominated national politics with a will which would not be balked. Its unmeasured success in prosecuting the war to an honorable close brought to its support a very large per cent. of the surviving soldiers of the North, who have steadily supported it without question ever since.

Quincy A. Blankenship was nourished on Whig milk in the beginning, but finished up on strong Republican meat. He was born in Paragon, Morgan county, Indiana, November 15, 1851, and is the third son of Perry M. and Basheba Hodges Blankenship. He had eight brothers and sisters and two half-brothers and one half-sister.

The Hodgeses and Blankenships have been conspicuous citizens of Lamb's Bottom for many years. Philip Hodges and wife were among the foremost pioneers in this county. Philip Hodges was not only the first land owner in the county, but was the first in the New Purchase, as it was then called. He and his estimable wife (whose maiden name was Gross) lived to a ripe old age and were greatly honored and highly respected by all who were thoroughly acquainted with them.

Young Blankenship was brought up in an industrial atmosphere. His ancestors were not only a workaday people, on the farm and in the shops or sawmill, but were keenly alive to the educational, moral, and religious development of the best that is in man. Indiana has made rapid strides in these particulars in late years by means of the common schools, the churches, and the higher institutions of learning.

The subject of our sketch passed his boy life on his father's farm. I imagine he was a clever boy at planning, especially how he might get the other fellow to hoe the potatoes, not that he had so much aversion to work, for he

is by his very makeup very industrious, but that he might have more time to play, which most lively boys prefer to do.

After the schools in Paragon he attended the high school at Martinsville for a time and then entered the Northwestern Christian University, now Butler College. In 1879 he entered the county clerk's office as deputy during Henry Hodges's term. He remained in this office about four years, reading law meanwhile, and was admitted to the bar in February, 1883.

In 1874 he began farming near the village of his birth, and has ever since been closely identified with the interests of the agricultural class of our citizens. He has fed and marketed large numbers of hogs and cattle, from his own fertile fields of Lamb's Bottom, a valley unsurpassed for its richness and beauty.

But Mr. Blankenship is much more than a farmer and stock raiser. He is very much alive to public questions and the consequent political maneuvers they engender.

As between the taxpayer and the taxeater, he is for the payer. This tender sentiment brought him, while in the Legislature, in collision with some of the blind pigs of his own party who desired a law enabling them to "milk the cows" three times a day. The "third house" is like a horse leech, always crying, "Give, give." It insists that the salaries are too low, while the taxpayers are wondering why there are from three to sixteen candidates for nomination where the nomination is equal to election.

In the session of 1897 Mr. Blankenship was chairman of the committee on claims. He set his face as flint against exorbitant charges and trumped-up claims against the State. He was quite ready to allow just and reasonable claims. But this committee is often puzzled to find out the whole truth concerning an old claim, and sometimes it acts very much like we do when a tramp claims a square meal. We

know we do not owe it to him, but we all allow it in order to be rid of him.

During this session there was a bill the purport of which was to allow county offices to retain certain fees. It was not strictly a party measure, but politically the majority would have been held responsible for its passage. As we remember, neither the Governor nor the Speaker was in favor of it, but on counting noses it appeared almost certain that it would pass, if its friends could get it to a vote before final adjournment. Those opposed could only compass its defeat by parliamentary tactics. This job was given into the hands of Mr. Blankenship. The result was no vote on the bill could be had in time to submit it to the Governor. After this the cold shoulder was turned to him by several of his own party. Nevertheless, he was nominated and re-elected in 1898.

He was appointed chairman of the committee of ways and means in the House of 1899. The most interesting measure of this session was a bill to reform the doing of county and township business. He took an active part in support of this bill and was again on the winning side.

While in the Legislature he became acquainted with many Republican politicians of different localities in the State. On the floor of the House he was soon an observed member and gave that august body to know that he was not a silent partner of the firm.

When the woman's suffrage committee was looking for a member who would offer their petition, they were told to go to Quincy A. Blankenship, of Morgan; that like John Quincy Adams, for whom he was named, he firmly believed in the right of petition, though the petitioners were sure of nothing but empty honor. When the petition was offered there was a general call for Blankenship. He arose, and after recognition said, in part: "Mr. Speaker—There has

not arisen before this House so great a question as woman suffrage. Ought they to have the right to help choose citizens to make laws, and citizens to administer laws, or not? Ought Suffrage to be based on sex or sense? What should be the qualifications of a voter—brawn or brain? Is Bob Fitzsimmons a better elector, in the true sense, than May Wright Sewall would be? Is taxation without representation any more righteous now than it was in '76?

"Mr. Speaker, there are members on this floor whose wives are their superiors—morally, religiously, intellectually, and politically. I am one of them, and you would be another if you were not a fearful old bachelor [the Speaker *pro tem.* was unmarried]. I occasionally see a medieval mossback who is dreadfully afraid of a woman. He wishes her to keep strictly in her 'spear,' washing dishes and babies' faces, and the dirty linen of dirtier men. Poor man! I pity him. He is a laggard born too late; small loss if he had not been born at all.

"We are told that suffrage will degrade our women, drag them down to the beastly level of the ward bummer. Not so. The reverse would happen. At the polls men would be respectful and decent for once in their lives. Why do we allow our wives and daughters to attend political rallies if it is degrading? Instead, their very presence has a refining and elevating influence on the meeting. It is only when men and men only stalk together, that they go to the lowest level; only in the stag dance they lose all manners. No, sir; when the time comes, if it ever does, when civil rights and equal suffrage bear sway, our citizens will move on a higher plane than ever before. Equal and exact rights to all women as well as to all men, is the righteousness that will exalt the nation."

I am by no means certain that I have quoted Mr. Blankenship *verbatim*, but if not, I am sure he has the grace to

wink at my ignorance. At the close of his second term he received the appointment of assistant collector of internal revenue for the Sixth District of Indiana. He attended the Philadelphia convention and worked with a will for Governor Roosevelt's nomination. He is a thorough Republican—could not be anything else—but he fights shy of ring rulers and kicks dog collars to the four winds.

April 17, 1883, he was joined in marriage to Miss Fannie Miller, a very estimable young lady of Martinsville. She is an earnest worker in the W. C. T. U. organization. She is a helpmate who helps, and her liege lord has to hustle to keep up. They have an only child, Gail, of whom they are justly proud. They have a neat and commodious home in Martinsville in which are stored and for ready use their sweetest joys.

JOSEPH J. MOORE.

Our joint senator in 1890, for the district composed of Johnson, Morgan, and Brown counties, was Joseph J. Moore, a native of Johnson county, who was born in Union township, April 29, 1831.

His parents, who were from Ohio, located in this township at an early date of its settlement. The subject of our sketch has experienced the marvelous development of a "babe of the woods" climbing into the senatorial chair. He tells me that he went fifty-four days to school in the primitive log schoolhouse and one term at Franklin College; the balance of his education he superintended himself. He is another self-made man, and it appears that he has turned out a good job.

He resides in Trafalgar, and is a very successful merchant, farmer, stock dealer, and miller. He is familiar with all the modern improvements of farm implements and the modern modes of living. He keeps in the procession

and, if not in the "band wagon," is better still in one of his own. He is a rail-splitter but never split his party. He is a steady going Democrat whose motto is, "The greatest good to the greatest number."

While in the Senate he bent his energies in favor of good roadways. The statute that now provides, "That when any community shall construct a gravel road one mile long, acceptable to the board of county commissioners, the same shall be kept in repair as are the free gravel roads of the county," was one of his favorite measures.

He was chairman of the joint standing committee on the State Library, and member of the committees on roads, on public printing, on rights and privileges, and on legislative apportionment.

November 23, 1856, he was joined in marriage with Miss Ermena Forsyth, an estimable young lady whose parents were also very noted and influential pioneers of Johnson county. They are blessed with two children, F. F. Moore, who resides in Indianapolis and is engaged in the practice of law, and Mrs. Alice French, who is quite an artist and was educated in Boston. She is well known in art circles.

Mr. Moore is a member of the Masonic order. Although not a church member, he is a liberal contributor and quite friendly to all church and Sunday school work, himself having taught in the Sunday schools of the village. Mrs. Moore is a member of the Baptist church.

By a long life of neighborly kindness and usefulness Mr. and Mrs. Moore command the love and respect of their many friends and acquaintances.

FREDERICK A. JOSS.

When we were divorced from Johnson and married to Marion county for senatorial representatives, Frederick Augustus Joss floated to the top and was nominated and elected by the Republican party in 1898.

He is a citizen of the capital, a young, enthusiastic stalwart, who had the honor in the Senate of putting in nomination Albert J. Beveridge—the fleet-footed orator of Indiana—for United States senator. After the election of Charles A. Bookwalter to the mayoralty of Indianapolis, Mr. Joss was made city attorney, which position he now holds. He is a lover of politics and a useful member of the Republican organization, and has a bright future before him.

He was born in Centerville, State of Michigan, May 5, 1867. His father, John C. Joss, was a manufacturer at one time and was clerk of St. Joseph county, Michigan, for sixteen years. He was born in Antwerp, Belgium, of German parents, who were forced to leave there for political reasons. He came to this country just before the Civil War. He served four years in the Union army and was promoted to captain. He lost his left leg on the third day of the Battle of the Wilderness. He was killed in a railroad accident at Niles, Michigan, the point where he left the cars upon coming to America before the war. The mother of Senator Joss was Mary Moore Merrell, of New York State.

Senator Joss received his early education in the common schools and high school of Centerville, the Ann Arbor high school, and the preparatory department of the University of Michigan. He entered the university in 1885.

After spending a year in a mining venture in Canada, Mr. Joss came to Frankfort, this State, and read law with the Hon. S. O. Bayless. He practiced law in Frankfort until July 12, 1892. On an offer of employment by his present law partner, Ovid B. Jameson, he came to Indianapolis. In January, 1895, the present law partnership of Jameson & Joss was formed.

In 1891 Mr. Joss was married to Miss Mary Q. Hub-



bard, of Wheeling, West Virginia. They have two children, Mary Hubbard and Luciana Hubbard Joss. Mr. Joss is a member of the Dutch Reformed Church of America.

GABRIEL M. OVERSTREET.

In 1882 the Republican party of the senatorial district of Morgan and Johnson counties found a popular and efficient candidate in the person of Gabriel Monroe Overstreet, of our neighboring city, Franklin. Although there was a Democratic majority against him, he was elected, and served with marked ability in the sessions of 1883 and 1885.

Mr. Overstreet was never much of a politician. He was once elected prosecutor by the Democrats, but during the heat of the discussion of the slavery question he became a Republican and has steadily adhered to the politics of that party ever since. During the Civil War he shouldered his musket and marched with the One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Regiment, Indiana Volunteers. The study and practice of law has been his life's work. In this he has been pre-eminently successful. The law firm of Overstreet & Hunter, of Franklin, has been one of the most remarkable in the State. For ability and business it has seldom been surpassed, and for continuance, never equalled. It was formed on the 21st day of February, 1849, and continued until the death of Mr. Hunter more than forty-two years afterward. Nature had given to these men the qualities of mind and heart out of which lasting friendships are made.

Mr. Overstreet is of good English stock. His ancestors, probably, first settled in Virginia and about the first of the nineteenth century moved to Kentucky, where the subject of our sketch was born, May 21, 1819.

In 1834, his father, Samuel Overstreet, moved from Oldham county, Kentucky, to Johnson county, this State, where

he purchased land near Franklin and proceeded to carve out a home in the green woods of Indiana. Here Gabriel, a lad of fifteen years, took the first lessons in a backwoods education, such as chopping and rolling logs, grubbing and picking brush, plowing and hoeing corn around stumps, and stumping toes against unforeseen obstacles. So it was he learned how to grow strong and how to keep so.

At about twenty years of age his father, who was a well-to-do farmer, gave each of his children a portion. Gabriel took his \$600 and used it in obtaining an education that would fit him for a profession. His bringing up, to this date, differed little from that of other boys who worked nine months in the year and went to school the remaining three, until they had attained their majority. He spent the first year in the Franklin Labor Institute, preparatory to his entering Indiana University, where he took a four-years' course and received his bachelor's degree in 1844.

It may be well here to note how much more an Indiana student of fifty years ago got out of a dollar than a Princeton or Yale student gets out of it to-day. One of the "smart set" would now spend \$600 in six weeks and account to his father that he had practiced the most rigid economy. The moral is, "A fool and his money are soon parted."

But it must be admitted that \$600 is not a large sum to carry a student through college, even in Mr. Overstreet's school days. On one occasion at the end of a term when the books were balanced he had just twenty-five cents left. He then walked from Bloomington to Franklin, forty miles, without his dinner.

During the vacation he worked at anything he found to do. One time he took the job of clearing ground and earned \$50. But success usually crowns the level-headed worker wherever found, and Mr. Overstreet's life demonstrates it.

In November, 1849, he was united in marriage to Miss Sarah L. Morgan, daughter of Rev. Lewis Morgan. To them were born seven children, all living to adult age. His son, the Hon. Jesse Overstreet, is the present representative in Congress of the Seventh District of Indiana.

In religious faith Mr. Overstreet is a Presbyterian, and was a ruling elder in that church for many years.

For many of the items contained in this paper I am indebted to the "Bench and Bar of Indiana," by Judge Banta.

J. M. BISHOP.

With this paper we now close our sketches of the members of the General Assembly of the State of Indiana who were elected as senators and representatives of Morgan county, beginning with John M. Coleman and Eli Dixon, elected in 1822, and ending with Hon. J. M. Bishop, chosen in 1900. Mr. Bishop has the distinction of being the last member elected in the nineteenth century.

He is a lifelong Republican, having begun making speeches as early as 1876 in the interest of the principles of that party. He has steadily held to his political integrity during all the ups and downs through which that organization has passed since his advent into the political arena. As far as we know, this is the only official position that has been awarded to him by his party.

Mr. Bishop was born in Hamilton county, Indiana, May 31, 1850, and is one of eight children born to Joseph and Nancy (Chew) Bishop. His parents were Virginians, of English descent, and closed their lives in Mooresville, Indiana. Mr. Bishop's faithfulness and kindness in the evening of their lives, and to the close, will ever remain the brightest pages of his history. He is a lawyer and attends to much of the legal business of his native town and its vicinity. He is a prominent member of the Methodist Episcopal

church, and a highly respected citizen of Mooresville, which has been his home for a quarter of a century. Like Mr. Bain he has never been married. They are the only bachelors among the fifty-three names in these sketches.

#### POLITICAL SUMMARY.

Perhaps we can not close these sketches more profitably than by recapitulating.

For nine years after the county organization we were joined to several other counties for representation in the General Assembly.

From 1822 to 1831, the names of the senators were John M. Coleman, James B. Gregory, Levi Jessup, and Lewis Mastin; and the representatives were Hugh Barns, Eli Dixon, Daniel Harris, Thomas J. Matlock, Dr. Hussey, and Alex Worth. The two last named were citizens of Mooresville at the time of their election.

Under the old constitution the elections were held once a year, on the first Monday in August for representatives and every third year for senators. The Legislature met once every year—generally in the fall season—until 1852, when the present constitution was adopted, changing the election to once in two years.

The date and order of their election from 1831 is as follows:

John W. Cox, R., 1831-'32; Grant Stafford, W., 1833-'34, senator, 1836-'40; W. H. Craig, R., 1835; Hiram Matthews, R., 1836; Dr. John Sims, R., 1837; Jonathan Williams, R., 1838; John Eccles, R., 1839; Perry M. Blankenship, R., 1840; P. M. Parks, D., 1841-'47; Dr. Francis A. Matheny, R., 1841-'42-'43; A. B. Conduitt, R., 1844, senator, 1848-'56; Isaac W. Tackitt, R., 1845-'54; Oliver R. Dougherty, R., 1846-'47; Alfred M. Delevan, R., 1848-'49, senator, 1850; William P. Hammond, R., 1850; Enos S. Taber, R., 1852;

Algernon S. Griggs, senator, 1854, joint representative, 1868; Cyrus Whetzel, R., 1858; John W. Ferguson, R., 1860; Dr. Jarvis J. Johnson, R., 1862; Franklin Landers, joint senator, 1860; Colonel Samuel P. Oyler, joint senator, 1864; Ezra A. Olleman, joint representative, 1864; Noah J. Major, R., 1864-'70-'78; Captain John E. Greer, R., 1866; James V. Mitchell, R., 1868; Ebenezer Henderson, joint senator, 1868; James J. Maxwell, joint senator, 1872; Dr. Harvey Satterwhite, R., 1872; William S. Sherley, joint representative, 1872; Dr. John Kennedy, R., 1874; Major George W. Grubbs, R., 1876, senator, 1878; Captain David Wilson, R., 1880; Gabriel M. Overstreet, joint senator, 1882; James F. Cox, joint senator, 1886; George A. Adams, R., 1882-'84-'88; Alfred W. Scott, R., 1886; William Harvey Brown, R., 1890; William Davison Bain, R., 1892; Joseph J. Moore, joint senator, 1890; Adam Howe, R., 1894; Quincy Adams Blankenship, R., 1896-'98; William E. McCord, joint senator, 1894; F. A. Joss, joint senator, 1898; and J. M. Bishop, R., 1900.

From the beginning until 1854 the voters were divided into Whigs and Democrats, and the party lines were strictly drawn from 1828 to the last named date. The Democrats were Cox, Williams, Eccles, Parks, Matheny, Delevan, and Tackitt. The Whigs were Stafford, Matthews, Sims, Craig, Blankenship, Conduitt, Taber, Hammond, Dougherty, and Griggs. After the Republican organization, Craig, Blankenship, Matthews, Dougherty, and Griggs espoused the Republican cause, while Taber and Conduitt affiliated with the Democrats.

Of the last named forty-three members, sixteen were of the Methodist Episcopal church, twelve of the Christian church, three Presbyterians, three Universalists, one Baptist and one member of the Dutch Reformed Church. There were five doctors, fourteen lawyers, one miller, one black-

smith, one pastor and evangelist, four ministers, six farmers who followed no other business, and sixteen who connected farming with merchandising and other callings. The general character of the foregoing fifty-three men would compare favorably with that of any delegation sent to the State capital during the eighty years past since the county's organization.

We cannot yet lay claim to the birth and education of any great man, as men count greatness, but he may now be going to school or soon will be going, and when the supreme hour comes, he may arise and flash a story or a poem across Indiana's literary horizon as bright as a comet's tail. Or he may develop into a Tall Sycamore of the Wabash, or a later Albert Jeremiah spellbinder. He is bound to come.

NOTE.

The writer has had the honor of the personal acquaintance of almost all of the members of the Legislature elected from this county during the last seventy years, and is glad to pay this tribute of respect to their patriotism and moral worth and preserve their names a while longer from inevitable forgetfulness.