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Early travelers to Fort  
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EARLY TRAVELERS TO FORT WAYNE

Prepared by the staff of the  
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## FOREWORD

The letter written by Captain James Riley in 1819 and the journal kept by Thomas Scattergood Teas in 1821 are among the rather scanty source materials describing the Fort Wayne area on the eve of white settlement. The conditions related began to change immediately thereafter; within a quarter of a century, the land had been settled and the Wabash-Erie Canal completed; much of the timber had been destroyed, and a considerable portion of the arable land cultivated. These eyewitnesses were among the last to see the virgin land. Essentially, their reports are reprinted as published, except that the staff of the Public Library of Fort Wayne and Allen County has reconciled grammar, punctuation, and spelling with current practice.



## LETTER FROM CAPTAIN JAMES RILEY

Fort Wayne, Indiana, November 24, 1819

Having concluded my surveys for this season, I wished to view the country between the St. Mary's and the Miami [Maumee] rivers, in order to examine for myself the practicability of uniting the Wabash with the Miami so as to render intercourse by water safe and easy between the Ohio and Lake Erie through the channel. I set out yesterday from Shane's Crossing on the St. Mary's and, traveling through a district of good land on or near the right bank of that river for forty miles, reached this place early in the evening; and early this morning I set off to look at the junction of the St. Joseph and the St. Mary's, which two streams form the Miami River.

The St. Joseph River, rising in the Michigan Territory, runs southwesterly about two hundred miles, receiving in its course several tributary streams. The St. Mary's, rising in Shelby County, Ohio, runs northwesterly more than two hundred miles (including its meanderings). Forming a junction from nearly opposite points, the rivers turn suddenly south and assume the name of Miami of the Lakes, or, as pronounced by the French, Maumee. Then, turning gradually round again, these congregated waters flow off in a northeast direction about two hundred miles, following the course of the river to the southwest end of Lake Erie.

Fort Wayne stands on a bluff just below the junction and on the right bank of the Miami. Its situation is admirable and was chosen by a general in whom were united the greatest personal courage and intrepidity. He

possessed the most consummate prudence and skill in conducting and supporting amidst forests and morasses an army, which was separated from the inhabited parts of the country by a dreary, extensive wilderness, and which was surrounded on all sides by hosts of savage enemies, who were flushed by a recent and great victory over the unfortunate General St. Clair.

General Wayne created resources as he went along, baffling the skill and cunning of his enemy with astonishing industry and activity. He cut roads and marched his troops to the important points, which he seized. With an unerring military eye and profound judgment, he selected and fortified only such posts as would inevitably secure his conquests and afford the surest protection to his army and our extensive frontier settlements. At every step in this country's progress, every unprejudiced mind will more and more admire the movements and achievements of the army conducted by this veteran, truly wise, and great general.

By Wayne's occupation of Fort Wayne, communication between Lake Erie and the Ohio River, through the channel of the Maumee and the Wabash (the shortest and most direct water route from Buffalo to the Mississippi River), was cut off or completely commanded.

The Wabash River, rising in Ohio, runs north past Fort Recovery and enters Indiana about ten miles from that post. Continuing its course northwestwardly, it approaches Fort Wayne within eighteen miles. Then it turns more to the southwest, running diagonally across the state of Indiana and receiving in its course numerous important tributary streams, until it reaches the line that separates Indiana from Illinois in latitude 40°

north. Thence, meandering into Illinois and back into Indiana in a southerly direction, the Wabash River discharges its waters into the Ohio River.

The Little River rises in an elevated swamp prairie six miles south of Fort Wayne and joins the Wabash eighteen miles from thence. Thus, in high stages of the water, a portage of only six miles carries merchandise from the head of the Maumee into the navigable waters of the Wabash, and vice versa; floating with the current, the goods may either supply the interior wants of the country or proceed to New Orleans or Lake Erie.

Through a part of the above-mentioned swamp, which is very extensive, a six-mile canal might very easily be cut, uniting the Wabash to the St. Mary's a little above the junction. And from what I saw and learned from others, it is my opinion that the swamp might afford water sufficient for purposes of canal navigation.

By the treaties of 1817 and 1818 (mentioned in a former letter), lands in the state of Indiana, comprising four to six million acres (lying principally on the left bank of the Wabash and extending from the new line northwest of Fort Wayne and south and west to former purchases), were ceded to the United States.

These lands are charmingly situated with regard to climate. Their soil is mostly of the very first quality. The country is well-watered and well-timbered and, lying on and near the Wabash, enjoys immense advantages. Emigrants from the northern and eastern states to this section of the country, as well as to the new purchase in Ohio, will find it to their interest and their comfort to go to Buffalo and up the lake to Fort Meigs,

twenty-eight miles within the Maumee Bay, and from thence up the river to the mouth of the Auglaize, or to Fort Wayne, and so on to their place of destination. Early in the spring of the year is the best time for emigration that way, as the streams are then full; and settlers will find an easy and sure navigation even in the Maumee's present unimproved state.

The country around Fort Wayne is very fertile. The situation is commanding and healthful, and here will rise a town, which must become an immense depot of great importance.

The fort is now only a small stockade; no troops are stationed here; and fewer than thirty dwelling houses, occupied by French and American families, form the whole settlement. But as soon as the land shall be surveyed and offered for sale, inhabitants will pour from all quarters into this future thoroughfare between New York and the Mississippi and Missouri rivers.

The unlooked-for progress of the New York Grand Canal, by which the countries bordering on the Great Lakes are to be bound by the strongest of all ties, interest, to the Atlantic States, electrifies the citizens of this country, who now behold themselves transported, as it were, with their rich possessions near the ocean; and already they bless the Canal's proprietors and supporters.

Captain James Riley

JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO FORT WAYNE AND THE ADJACENT  
COUNTRY IN THE YEAR 1821

by

Thomas Scattergood Teas

The author of this journal was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in 1796. He was well-educated for his day and studied both German and French. He early developed an inclination to see the country and study nature at first hand. In his twentieth year, he traveled on foot from Philadelphia to Delaware Water Gap. He continued his tramp to New York City, which he described as vastly inferior to Philadelphia in buildings and public spirit in general.

His next tramp was to Indiana by way of Niagara Falls, and the next year he traveled on foot from Philadelphia to Indiana by way of Pittsburgh. "Brother Charles" Teas, mentioned at the beginning of this journal, lived eight miles north of Richmond, Indiana.

July 9, 1821

I set off from my brother Charles's house completely equipped for a journey in the wilderness with three days' provisions. I crossed the west fork of the Whitewater, here about two yards wide, and came on fourteen miles to the edge of the settlement. I entered the wilderness at half-past

twelve o'clock. I passed several dry channels of creeks, but not one running stream till I reached the Mississinewa River. This stream is about three yards wide here and very shallow; it flows about west. Soon after crossing it, I discovered a clearing; and finding a settler there, I put up with him. Distance, thirty miles; course, due north. Here I was regaled with cold, sour Indian bread and milk.

July 10, 1821

After passing the principal part of the night in continual warfare with myriad fleas, I was compelled to retreat from the field, or rather bed of battle, about two hours before daybreak and got a little sleep in a chair.

A little before sunrise, it began to rain and continued pouring down till seven o'clock, when, having taken breakfast of the same delicate fare which constituted my supper and having paid fifty cents for what my host was pleased to call my "entertainment," I departed, not much prepossessed in favor of the life of a frontier settler.

The rain made it very unpleasant traveling--the soil being very mellow, the mud was ankle-deep--and the dripping bushes soon wet me above the middle. The mosquitoes and gnats were as numerous here as along the seashore and were very troublesome. About eight o'clock the sun shone out--hardly ever more welcome to me.

I arrived at the Wabash at 5:00 p. m. This is a beautiful river, about seven yards wide, flowing west-northwest. Here I halted to rest; and, by sitting in the smoke of a fire, I made out to keep off the mosquitoes at the





risk of suffocation. The remains of Indian hunting camps are numerous along the road. Deer are the principal game found here. There are also plenty of wolves.

After resting, I came on till sunset and was looking out for a convenient place to encamp when I discovered an opening ahead and soon entered on a beautiful prairie overgrown with high grass and terminated by thick woods. At the distance of about half a mile, I saw a cabin and, on reaching it, was received with kindness.

This prairie is about forty miles long and from one-fourth mile to fifteen miles wide. Its long grass, waving in the wind, bears some resemblance to the waves of the sea in a light breeze. As on most other prairies, the water on it is bad; and fevers and agues must be the companions of those who settle on it. The man at whose house I stopped has four of his family sick.

He dug a well thirty-six feet deep in hopes of procuring good water, but failed. The water is the most curious I ever saw. It is a pale blue color, is strongly impregnated with sulphur, and has the smell of burned gunpowder. He told me that it curdles milk almost instantaneously. Course, to the Wabash due north, thence north-northwest; distance, thirty miles.

July 11, 1821

I came on through flat, level country, abounding in hickory swamps, to the St. Mary's River, where I arrived at five o'clock. This is a handsome river, flowing about northwest with a slow current; it is about twenty-

five yards wide; the road runs nearly parallel with it. Three miles farther is the house of Robert Douglas, where I stopped. Course, northwest; distance, fifteen miles. There was formerly an Indian village here; the ruins of eight of the cabins are still visible. Douglas is building a raft of logs to float down to Fort Wayne; and as he will be ready to start tomorrow, I accepted his invitation to accompany him.

July 12, 1821

While we were at breakfast, a Miami Indian and his family, consisting of his wife and one small child, came to the house. They were on their way up the river. Douglas held a broken conversation with them in the few words he knew of their language. I addressed the Indian in English and French, but he shook his head. They breakfasted with us; and, after breakfast, we all went down to the river.

The Indian had left his canoe near our raft. The canoe was made of hickory bark, stripped from a log in one piece, about ten feet long; the ends were sewed up with filaments of bark, and the sides were stiffened with ribs of wood sewed in the same manner. I was told that the Indians could make a canoe in a couple of hours.

Since the raft was not entirely finished, we set to work; and, by twelve o'clock, we were ready to get under way. The crew consisted of Douglas, two men, and me. We proceeded slowly for about half a mile, the river being low; then Douglas sent the canoe (or longboat) ahead to reconnoiter. The report was that, in consequence of the low stage of water,

it would be impossible for us to continue.

There was no alternative but to wait for a rise of the river; so we came to, secured the raft to the shore (much to my satisfaction, as I had anticipated a tedious passage), and returned to the house. After taking in a supply of jerked venison, I set off about two o'clock. About six miles farther, I passed the remains of a large Indian hunting camp.

About sunset, having found a convenient place to encamp and having collected materials for my fire, I found that I had lost my tinderbox. This was a serious loss, for though I had tinder and flints, I had no steel; and to lie down without a fire would have been almost certain death on account of the wolves. The only chance of safety was to climb a tree.

While I was looking for a convenient one, I heard the report of a gun at some distance, and, soon after, two more shots. Supposing that the sounds proceeded from a hunting party of Indians, I pushed through the woods as rapidly as I could and, in about a quarter of a mile, came to a clearing. Three or four young Indians were standing near the cabin and talking. As soon as they saw me, one of them gave a shout and went into the cabin.

Presently thereafter, an elderly man came out and, on my accosting him in French (which he spoke very fluently), he welcomed me to his house with such a friendly air that I was soon at ease. I told him of the loss of my tinderbox and of the predicament I was in when I heard the firing. He said that it was his young men who had been out hunting, and he congratulated me on the escape I had made. His name is La Fontaine; he is of



French descent and belongs to the Miami tribe.

He has begun farming on a regular plan, after the manner of the white men. He has been here only since March and has erected a comfortable log cabin with an adjoining bark cabin; he has cleared six acres and planted very fine-looking corn. He has deadened about thirty acres more. His house is pleasantly situated on the west bank of the St. Mary's. His family consists of his wife, her sister, and a little boy about eight years old whom he has adopted, having no children of his own. The young men whom I saw are hired to assist him in farming.

Our supper was served in a curious style. The table was set with a tin bucket of young hyson tea in which a proper proportion of sugar and milk were mixed, a tin basin of fried venison, another of butter, a third of wheat cakes, two tin cups, and two knives. My host apologized for the want of forks; they were not yet accustomed to using them. The provisions were excellent. After spending a very agreeable evening with him, I retired to sleep on a deerskin with a blanket covering. Distance today, twelve miles; course, northwest.

La Fontaine informed me that the Miami tribe numbers at present eighteen hundred souls, and that the total is nearly stationary, as there are about as many killed in drunken quarrels as are born. Thirty have been killed in quarrels with one another since the first of last May. Their pension is \$18,400.00, which is equally divided among men, women, and children. They receive this annuity at Fort Wayne, but only a small part of it is taken from there; the principal part is expended for whisky.

The laws of the United States for preventing the introduction of liquors among the Indians, though very severe, are ineffectual. The evidence of an Indian (even if he would give it) for the detection of smugglers of whisky will not be accepted legally; and the country is as yet such a wilderness that the chances of detection are few. A person might remain in the woods for a year within five or six miles of Fort Wayne without being discovered by any white settler.

It has been the custom of traders to bring whisky in kegs and to hide it in the woods about half a mile from the fort a short time previous to the time of paying the annuity. When the Indians come to the fort, the traders inform those young men in whom they can confide that there is whisky to be had at those places. These Indians inform their comrades; and as soon as they receive their money, they go off in droves to the appointed places, where they frequently buy liquor at two dollars a pint till their money is gone. Then they pawn their blankets, guns, bracelets, and other trinkets, till they are sometimes reduced to a state of nudity. In this manner, the unprincipled traders evade the laws with impunity and render abortive all the efforts of the friends of civilization.

July 13, 1821

After breakfasting with my hospitable host, I took leave of him and proceeded on my journey. Four miles from his house, I came to the home of Richardville, the principal chief of the Miamis. He has a very handsome farm and lives in quite a genteel style. He was gone to Detroit; and, since

neither his wife nor children spoke any language that I could understand, I made but short stay there. I passed several Indian cabins and entered on a large prairie which extended as far as I could see; I crossed the St. Mary's and soon after arrived at Fort Wayne. Distance, nine miles; course, due west.

The settlement at this place consisted of about thirty log cabins and two tolerably decent frame houses. It is situated on the Miami [Maumee] of Lake Erie at the junction of the St. Joseph and the St. Mary's. The inhabitants are nearly all French Canadians.

The fort stands at the lower end of the village and is composed of hewn-log buildings about thirty-five feet high; the intervals between them are filled up with a double row of pickets, twenty feet high. It is about sixty yards square. There is no garrison kept here, and the barracks are occupied by the Indian agent, the Baptist missionary, and some private families.

There is a school for the Indian children in the fort, under the auspices of the Baptist Society. It is conducted on the Lancasterian system; the teacher's name is Montgomery. On my arrival, as the school was the principal object of curiosity, I waited on the missionary, whose name is McCoy, and requested him to accompany me to it, which favor he granted; and during my stay in Fort Wayne, he treated me with an attention as unexpected as it was gratifying. There are about forty scholars. It is pleasing to see the order in which the school is kept and the delight that the scholars seem to take in their studies.

There were two boys of the Potawatomi tribe who had been only two





weeks at school and who were spelling words of four letters. As soon as they begin to learn their letters, they are furnished with slates and form letters in imitation of printed type. About half the scholars were writing, and many of them write a very good hand. Their improvement is such as to remove all doubts as to their capacity. After spending a very agreeable afternoon here, I returned to the tavern.

There are considerable numbers of Indians here of the Potawatomi, Shawnee, Miami, Ottawa, and Delaware tribes. Notwithstanding the efforts of the Indian agent to prevent the traders from selling whisky to them, the whites still contrive to do it; I have seen as many as fifty of the Indians drunk during my short stay here.

They assemble in groups of ten or twelve, men and women promiscuously; they squat on the ground and pass the canteen rapidly round and sing, whoop, and hallo, all laughing and talking at once, with the most horrible contortions of the countenance. They reminded me of Milton's demons. It is not uncommon to see one entirely naked except for a strip of clothing a foot broad about his middle.

This evening, six deserters, who had been sent to Green Bay and discharged after serving their time, arrived here. They were miserable-looking fellows. One of them came to the tavern and offered to barter a roll of tobacco for whisky, but he was refused. They took up their quarters for the night in an empty cabin.

July 14, 1821

I spent the day in rambling through the woods round the town. I took care to procure a steel. There is a United States Reserve six miles square surrounding the town; and the settlers are squatters, who pay no tax nor rent and are liable to be ordered off at a minute's warning. The village before the late war was much larger than it is at present. The Indians destroyed all the houses except two; these were near the fort and were burned, by order of the commandant, to prevent the Indians from setting fire to them when the wind should set towards the fort and cause it to burn.

Beyond the United States Reserve, there are a number of reserves belonging to the Indians. The soil in the whole tract between here and the Whitewater is very rich, and there is a rank growth of underwood. Ginseng grows in abundance in the woods; and, in the bottoms along the St. Mary's, there is a great deal of sarsaparilla. There is much less beech timber here than farther south; the principal timbers are oak (white, black, and red) and hickory; there is no poplar. The other woods are the same as those along the Ohio, excepting the sycamore, of which I saw none.

This part of the country possesses great commercial advantages and, when it becomes settled, will be a place of great business. The Grand Canal from New York to Buffalo will open a watercourse to the sea; and it is contemplated to cut a canal from the St. Joseph to the Little River, a branch of the Wabash. The distance is seven and one-half miles; and the whole distance is through a prairie, so that the expense of cutting a canal will be trifling; and then there will be a watercourse to either New York or

New Orleans.

The only disadvantage that I observed in this country (which, however, is a great one) is the scarcity of water. There is not, at this time, a single running stream between here and the Whitewater, except the three rivers I mentioned. This inconvenience, however, will be less felt by those who settle along the rivers.

I have never known what it was to suffer for water till I took this journey; the only water I could get was from wagon ruts which the rain had filled; and as it had not rained for several weeks, most were dry. This water was generally covered with a green scum or was full of mosquitoes; but necessity compelled me to drink it.

The mosquitoes are another great pest. I never saw them thicker along the seashore than they are in the woods; and it is impossible to stop for rest without kindling a fire and sitting in the smoke of it, and risking strangulation.

The St. Mary's is navigable for pirogues about one hundred sixty miles from Fort Wayne. The fort is about fifteen miles west of the Ohio line in Randolph County. This is a fine country for raising stock. In the river bottoms, the grass grows very luxuriantly; and, in the woods, there is an abundance of herbage of one kind or another so that cattle will keep fat without feeding at home. There are some cattle here as fine-looking as I ever saw.

July 15, 1821

I set off for Wapakoneta [Ohio], came twenty-four miles in a southeasterly course and, finding a settler, stopped at his house.

July 16, 1821

I came on through a region of oak trees to the St. Mary's River and crossed it at Shane's Ferry. Anthony Shane is an Indian, who keeps a tavern here. He has a fine farm and has laid out a town here called Shanesville; there are three houses built and one more begun. From here the country is settled about six miles.

Soon after leaving Shane's, I entered a beautiful prairie, thinly timbered with black and red oak scattered in groves over its whole extent. It is entirely clear of brush and is covered with long grass; the surface is not quite level, but gently undulating; and, upon the whole, it is the most beautiful land I ever saw. It extends from the St. Mary's River about ten miles. I came four miles from Shanesville to the house of Dennison. Distance, twenty miles; course, southeast.

July 17, 1821

I came three miles to Twelve-Mile Creek, crossed it, and entered the forest again. The principal timber here is beech. I missed the Wapakoneta Trace and came to Fort St. Mary's at the head of canoe navigation on that river. There has been no garrison kept here for several years; the fort has gone to decay, and a blockhouse is the principal vestige of it

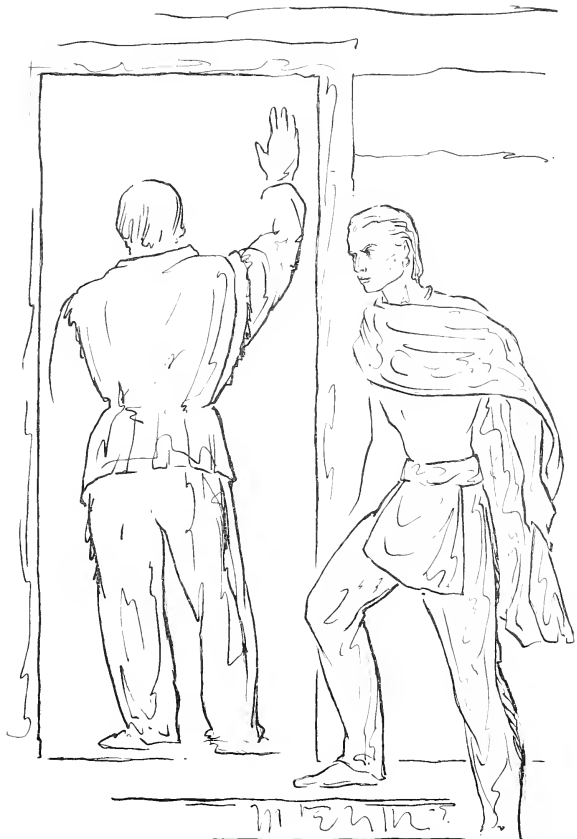
remaining. Near the fort is the tumulus of an Indian; a wall covered with bark is raised round it with saplings about three feet high. I crossed the St. Mary's here and soon after struck an Indian trail which I supposed led to Wapakoneta.

After traveling along it about ten miles, I came to Pasheta's town, an Indian village of six or seven cabins on the Auglaize River. I found an Indian who could speak a little English and received directions for Wapakoneta from him. I crossed the Auglaize and, two miles farther, came in sight of the town.

The Indians are thickly settled in this part of the country; they are Shawnees. I passed four more graves covered like the first. I came to the house of Robert Broderick, United States blacksmith, and was very hospitably received.

The Indians here are about five hundred in number, and receive three thousand dollars per annum. This year they requested the pensions in goods; accordingly, it was forwarded last week in blankets, calicoes, broadcloths, and such items. This evening Captain Logan and his son came to Broderick's shop to have a chain mended. The son, whose name is "Walk by the side of the Water," was the most perfect model of masculine beauty that I ever saw. He was very tastefully dressed in a costume not unlike that of a Scotch Highlander. His father is a fat butcher-looking man.

After they had gone, I remarked to Mr. Broderick that I thought the young man was very beautiful. He replied that if I had seen the Indian about three weeks before, with his clothes sprinkled with the blood of a man whom



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he had murdered, I might have thought differently. The young man had been commissioned by his father, who is one of the chiefs, to kill an Indian who had murdered another a few days before; and he, armed with a long knife, went in quest of the murderer. They met in the street, and "Walk" informed the culprit that he had come to kill him, which information was in no wise agreeable to the latter. He attempted to make his escape, but the executioner soon overtook him and stabbed him in the neck; he fell and was soon dispatched. "Walk" then came to Broderick's shop and showed him the knife which was dripping with blood and gave him a full account of the murder with as much apparent concern as though he had been killing a cat. Distance today, twenty-seven miles; course, southeast to Fort St. Mary's, thence due east.

July 18, 1821

I took a walk through the town. It is tolerably large, and extends nearly a mile in a scattered fashion. There are several French traders here. The Society of Friends has erected a gristmill and sawmill on the Auglaize at this place and employs a person to attend them. A school is to be opened next September.

Just as we were sitting down to breakfast, a company of surveyors, accompanied by General Beasley, arrived. They took breakfast with us; and, after breakfast, I took leave of Broderick and returned to Fort St. Mary's, and thence to Dennison's house. Distance, twenty-seven miles.



July 19, 1821

I came to Shanesville. Captain Shane showed me a plat of the town. It is handsomely laid out, the streets, six perches [rods] wide, cross each other at right angles and intersect with alleys two perches wide. The lots on Main and Market streets sell for sixty dollars; they are a quarter of an acre each. He also showed me a copy of an act of Congress granting him half a section of land (where he is settled) in consideration of his "valuable and honorable services during the late war." He commanded a company of Shawnees.

From here I took a blazed path leading to Captain Riley's house; but, as it was a new trail and little-traveled, I soon lost it and determined to follow the course of the river--a determination I soon had ample cause to repent. The river bottoms, in general, were from one hundred to three hundred yards wide; they were covered with grass from five to eight feet high, so matted together that it was extremely difficult to force my way through it.

On the high grounds back of the river, the nettles grew about as high as my shoulders and stung me almost beyond the power of endurance; and, besides the nettles, the vines and prickly bushes formed a thicket that at any other time I would have thought impenetrable.

In order to get along here, I had to crawl on my hands and knees and fairly push myself through them. Wearied with this way of getting along at the rate of a quarter of a mile per hour, I took to the river and waded along its banks till they became so steep that the water came up to my armpits,

and then took to the long grass, nettles, and thickets again. Soon after, I crossed a fallen tree that I recollected having crossed about an hour before.

By this time I had wandered in so many different directions that I was completely bewildered. It was about an hour before sunset, but the sun appeared to be in the east. I corrected that error with my compass; but, owing to the difficulties of the ground, I could not carry it in my hand. At the last I could not tell whether I was ascending or descending the riverbanks. I now began to entertain serious fears of not being able to reach any house; and the alternative was death in this execrable wilderness, as I had no provisions nor means of procuring them. The only living animals I saw were numerous deer in the long grass.

About sunset, as I was looking for a place to encamp, being almost worn down with fatigue and bleeding with scratches from briars, I discovered the path! None but those who have been in a similar condition can form an idea of the joy I felt at being thus rescued from the most horrible death. As I knew that it would soon be too dark to see the path, I forgot my weariness and pushed on as rapidly as the faintness of the tracks would allow; after going about two and one-half miles, I saw Captain Riley's clearing and, a little after dusk, arrived at his house.

He received me very kindly; and, when I told him the course I had come, he expressed great surprise that I should have reached his house at all. I spent a very agreeable evening with the captain and his family. Distance today, eighteen miles; course, north, south, east, and west.



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July 20, 1821

After breakfast, I set off and came along as dim a road as the one I lost yesterday. But having had good cause to take more heed to my steps, I kept to the trail for about eight miles; and I arrived at the house of Thomas Robinson on the Wabash prairie. Here I struck the Richmond Road. I came about nine miles below the Wabash and encamped. Distance, twenty-five miles.

July 21, 1821

I came to the Mississinewa at ten o'clock in the morning. A few miles below the river, I took Connor's Trace by mistake and came on six miles before I had discovered my error; but as the trace bore about south-southwest, I concluded to go on. This road leads to Greenville. I reached a settlement before dark. Distance, thirty miles.

July 22, 1821

I came on about thirty miles and arrived at my brother Charles's home at four o'clock and thus ended my journey. I had traveled two hundred eighty-seven miles and had spent two weeks very agreeably.

Harlow Lindley, ed., INDIANA AS SEEN BY EARLY TRAVELERS (Indianapolis: Indiana Historical Commission, 1916), pp. 246-55.















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