

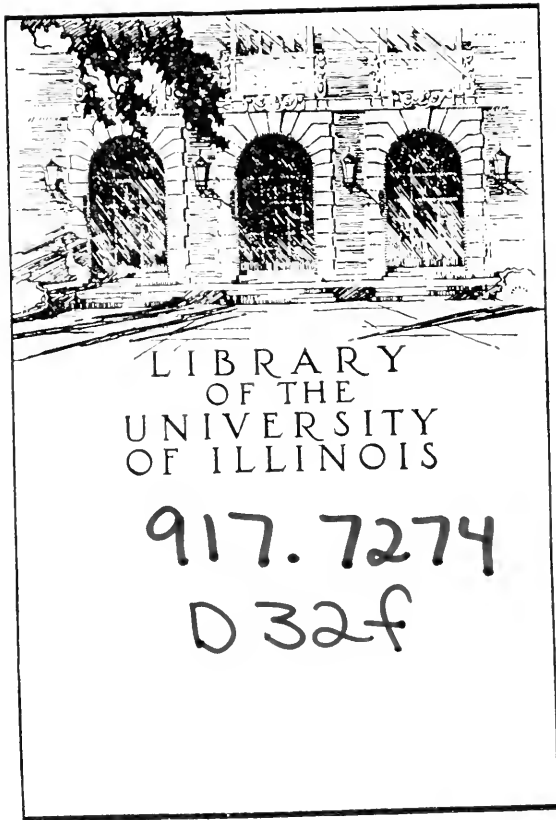
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DAVISON, JOHN W.

FORT WAYNE  
IN 1838

(1859/1953)



ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY





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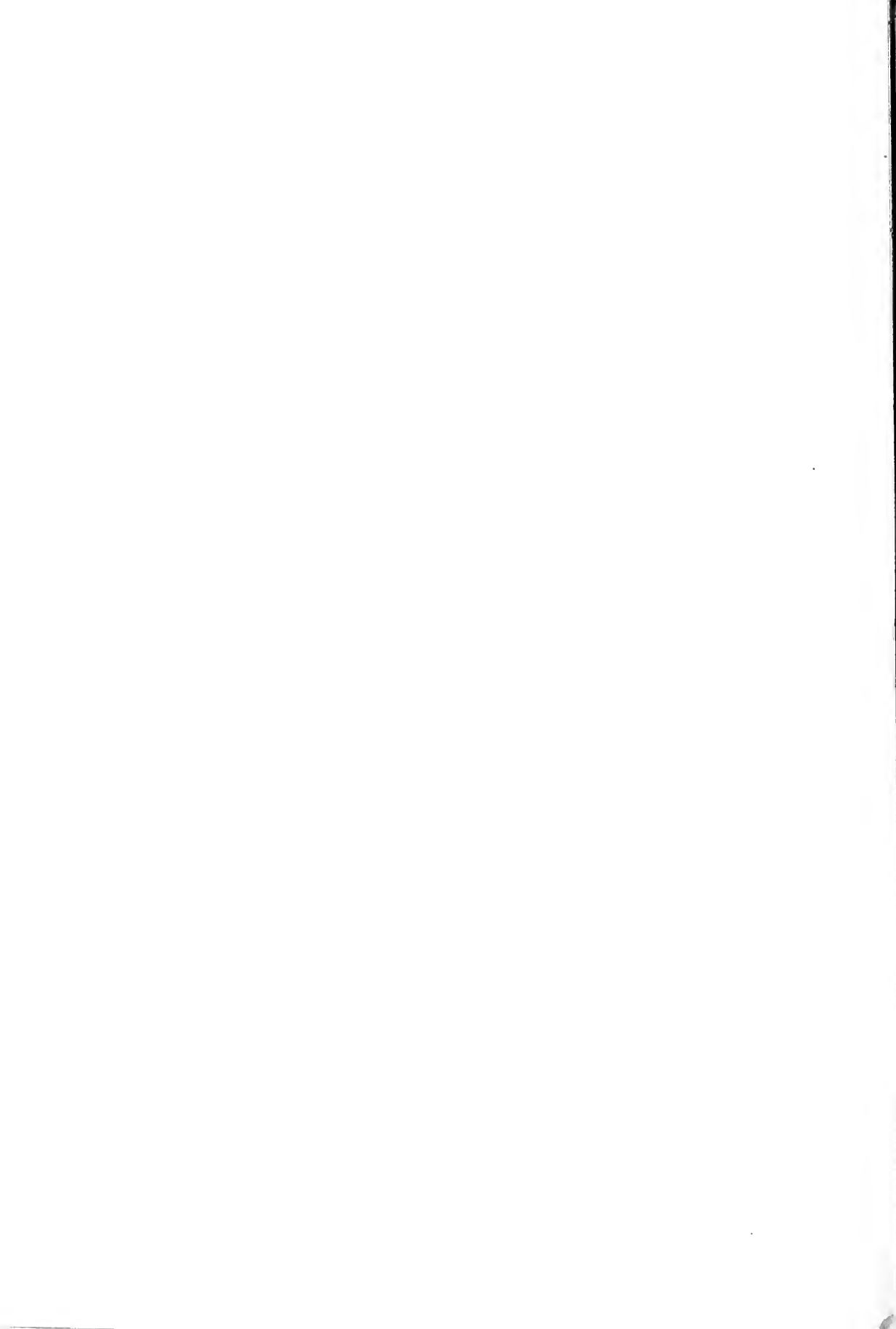
Item	Quantity	Unit	Price	Total
Bricks	1000	per 1000	1.00	1000.00
Plaster	1000	per 1000	1.00	1000.00
Roofing	1000	per 1000	1.00	1000.00
Windows	1000	per 1000	1.00	1000.00
Doors	1000	per 1000	1.00	1000.00
Paint	1000	per 1000	1.00	1000.00
Iron	1000	per 1000	1.00	1000.00
Stone	1000	per 1000	1.00	1000.00
Wood	1000	per 1000	1.00	1000.00
Other	1000	per 1000	1.00	1000.00
<b>Total</b>				<b>10000.00</b>

1870  
 No. 10  
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FORT WAYNE IN 1838

John W. Dawson





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Foreword

The following sketches are the product of the pen of John W. Dawson and were written about eighteen months before President Lincoln appointed the author to the governorship of the Territory of Utah. These writings seem to be the most comprehensive extant descriptions of Fort Wayne during the decade of 1830-1840. Mr. Dawson was possessed of keen powers of observation, a strong sense of local pride, and a flair for the perpetuation of local history. The text is as published more than ninety-three years ago, except that the editorial staff of the Public Library of Fort Wayne and Allen County has reconciled the punctuation and spelling with current practice.



Whatever relates to the early history of the place of long residence is of much interest, and more, if time has thrown the period of early incidents far into the past, or if the march of improvement has removed nearly every vestige of early appearance. For this purpose we shall, for a few days, change the "bill of fare" which we ordinarily set before our readers, and go back twenty-two years, and after noticing a few places on the road most generally then traveled to and from Fort Wayne, give a bird's-eye view of this place as it appeared in March and during the summer of 1838, hoping to thereby induce others, whose history goes back of that period, to give some of their recollections.

About the first of March, 1838, the writer for the first time leaving home in Dearborn County, Indiana, was mounted on horse and turned face northward for Fort Wayne, then one of the outposts, and which was reached only after long and tedious journeyings. But it so happened that the ground was frozen, and on it laid a deep and well-packed snow, the depth of which continued to increase as we each day neared the city of our destination, and which we reached on sleds, sleighs, and jumpers, and on horse over the Piqua Road to Fort Wayne.

Omitting incidents till we left Piqua [Ohio], we note Laramie, or Furrow's, at the second crossing of the stream of that name--a place of note, known in early Indian treaties as Laramie's Store, where was a blockhouse--and being a noted place it was used to designate boundaries. Here the Furrow family lived and kept tavern, and one of the girls having married a Defrees, he took up his residence there as a merchant trader; we presume more with Indians than others. This tavern was considered prime, as it was, but perhaps its consequence was derived from the extraordinary beauty which nature gave to the young ladies of the house. The place is now

called Berlin. From this point seven or eight miles through woods which told of centuries gone by, with scarcely a white man to break the native silence, we reached a distinguished German colony founded by a Catholic priest named Charloe. The place was in a swamp and looked discouraging to almost everyone. The road was built on round logs above the level of the few houses which composed the place. The inhabitants all wore wooden shoes, and it did seem that Germany had "come over." But by industry and frugality it has been made a large town, and the region around there to groan with wealth. Hawthorn's was the next place of note. "Old Johnny Hawthorn's" as it was called, was kept by a wild but hospitable man--we think an Irishman--who followed teaming for many years between the settlements and Fort Wayne. He yet survives--as we hear--enjoying the fruits of early industry.

We reached St. Mary's [Ohio], late tonight and took quarters at the best hotel. Here it was announced that a traveler had arrived whose business, of course, was to be inquired into. The gentleman for the task was Col. Pickering, one of St. Mary's best men; and from him we learned much of the country--the habits and customs, the towns en route to Fort Wayne--and of the people of Fort Wayne. The evening was most agreeable, though we pumped one another. The next day's ride was to push across a country celebrated for its wildness, and looking endless. But on we pushed, and those who have been rejoiced by a like thing, may well imagine our joy when we heard the bark of a dog as we approached the cabin of the hospitable widow Wise, yet remembered by many of our pioneer citizens, five miles this side of St. Mary's. Here we felt like lingering for yet we were in the confines of civilization, but go on we must, as it looked cowardly to stop without having business, and our waistcoat not betokening over 9:00 a. m. On we started, entered the "Nine Mile Swamp," the

place where so many had toiled and waded, swam, given out, broken down, --eaten up with mosquitoes, harassed with wolves, &c., &c., --but we were disappointed, for we were on a bridge of ice which made that part of the road the best of the route. It ended at what is now Neptune [Ohio], where were kept a hotel and whisky shop in one log cabin, and where we were served a plain dinner of corn bread, venison and mast fed pork with a relish which the Rockhill House could not now give; and among a band of wagoners whose talk, while it gave us but little refinement, gave us ample knowledge of the road, the country, and the few places where we had to stop ahead. We soon parted company with them, and yet regretted it for it was better than none, and then they were kind. Woods were still ahead, and in a moment we were amid the forest trees in the narrow track readying for the next stopping place--Ruel Roebuck's --where the weary traveler always found a home, and which is still remembered by many as a bright green place in that then desert waste. It was reached, and rude as it was, it did seem that an unpretentious man might find happiness there; and so strong were first impressions that though many years have gone by, we have never passed it without renewal of early feelings.

The point of note next ahead was Shane's Prairie, at the east side of which was the residence and hotel of Judge Hayes, an early settler and a very plain yet hospitable man, at the sight of whose red frame house and large tavern sign, our young heart leaped for joy. We were then in what was called by Fort Wayners "The Settlement," but which up to this day needs settling generally by a more enterprising people. Crossing the prairie about four miles wide was Shanesville [Ohio], a small village on the south bank of the St. Mary's, forty miles from Fort Wayne, and which was an early noted crossing, deriving its name from Anthony Shane, a French Indian of much good

sense and great hospitality and honesty, and very friendly to the whites, who have lived there on a large tract of land to him reserved by treaty.

This village was the trading place of that region and contested the trade with Willshire [Ohio]. Capt. R., prior to 1819, built a mill. This town reached, it appeared venerable and yet quite a place of business comparatively. The old brick tavern on the north side of the river, then kept by Amos Compton, betokened the nearest approach to civilization and refinement that we had seen since we had left St. Mary's, and yet to think of it as improvement is made now, excites a smile. But they were old times.

Johnson's was another place three miles this side of Willshire, where the traveler always found rest and comfort except when the crowd was too great, which often occurred. Here night was drawing apace, and we hurried on towards Fort Wayne, intending to reach Monmouth [Indiana], a town then of note, where we expected to be tonsorized (sic) in style and "to make our toilet" out of a few dry goods which distended our dusty portmanteaus; but night overtaking us six miles short of Monmouth, we quartered on a man named Smith, a few miles northeast of Decatur, then just laid off in the woods. Here we were crowded by other travelers; and though the hostess did the best she could, it was emphatically trying but easily endured by a hearty young man. Hunger was partially satisfied by an emigrant family who saw our modesty and wants. Having retired, we were perplexed to think that we must delay for breakfast the next morning, but we were resolved to avoid it by seizing the occasion of the departure of the emigrants and hurry on to Monmouth, where we hoped to enjoy a rich breakfast and "fix up" preparatory to making our debut in the long-looked-for Fort Wayne. But in that hope we were disappointed, for the town consisted of two or three

rude one-story log buildings, far enough apart to have a small field between them. We hove to and tied our horses to a stump, knocked at the door and called for breakfast, and to our surprise we found the tenants yet in bed, and modesty made us stand sentinel on the outside, while the girls yawned, crawled out, came to a perpendicular, and dressed. It was a long time to wait for such a purpose, for young man as we were, and far from "the girls we left behind us," we had a great anxiety to see the ladies of Monmouth. But here was disappointment, for when we entered, greasy hands, tangled hair, and unwashed eyes met us vis a vis, and though hungered as we were, we lost appetite, and took occasion to escape their presence with an excuse to look after our faithful horse, which we found eating corn out of a large sugar kettle. Here was a pretty kettle of fish, and what to do was the question. We, however, concluded to decline breakfast and push on. So sending a tow-headed urchin into the cabin for our baggage, who brought it, and received pay for horse food, we departed tired, dirty, and hungry and minus our best vest which had been there slipped out; and with no hopes of food till we should tie up in the refined town of Fort Wayne.

In our next we shall give a glance at Fort Wayne as it was in March, 1838.

DAWSON'S FORT WAYNE DAILY TIMES, April 17, 1860.

In some recollections which we penned on the seventeenth, we brought ourself as far along the Piqua Road as Monmouth, Adams County, in March, 1838, where we left off with a promise of a *résumé* of the subject, to bring ourself into this city, and

then give a bird's-eye-view appearance of the place at that our first visit, from which time we made it a home.

About March 6, 1838, as we neared the town of Fort Wayne and rounded the turn of the Piqua Road at a rise in the ground about 160 rods south of the present crossing at the Union Railroad Depot, we beheld the steeple of the old brick Court House, which stood on the spot where now is dug the foundation of a new and spacious one on the Public Square. Our feelings were delightful; friends were to be greeted, and we were to enter on the highway of life, and do for ourself, though early in our eighteenth year and with only ten dollars and a horse to begin with, yet, better than all, a thorough English rudimental education.

We could not see the town, but a few fields near-by, the state of the roads, the spire, were evidences of a settlement. Indeed, the town was not visible until we reached the high ground at the curve in the Piqua Road just west of Allen Hamilton's present residence, and in front of the residence of the late Col. Spencer, a few rods to the south of where the Catholic Cathedral now stands. There was nothing seen except the old and unfinished Catholic Church, and parsonage hard by, which stood where the Cathedral is, and which is yet standing near-by, a relic of the past and in whose walls is some of the munificence of Francis Comparet and John B. Bourie, both long since deceased and who, though Frenchmen, were as pure patriots as the city ever afforded. The latter we knew intimately for many years, a candid friend, a hospitable and enterprising citizen. Looking to the right of Calhoun Street from the Catholic Church, we could see a large plat of ground, just laid off by Judge Hanna, the scrub oak of which then had been but recently a large quantity and just cut down, leaving multitudes of stumps so thick as to make horseback riding unsafe through the



plat. The first house to the left was what Dr. C. S. Smith now lives in, occupied then by Zenas Henderson, but in two or three days thereafter was the residence of Col. Spencer, who with R. J. Dawson, both now deceased, had purchased it. Just south the residence of Capt. Robert Brackenridge, now also deceased, and in which he lived from and including that year until he died in May, 1859. The whole space north and to the left of Col. Spencer's new home was a field with a fence standing around it but just for the first time turned into a commons, and leaving Col. S.'s residence far out in the country. The first house on the east side of Calhoun Street was a low black frame, exactly north and on the corner across Wayne Street from where the Mayer House now stands. The first on the west was a like frame just opposite and next to where Sully's Store now stands, and no house between either of these and the respective corners north. On the southeast corner of Berry and Calhoun Streets, stood a low frame occupied by a Frenchwoman, Mrs. Minnie, and west across the street where Lessman's Grocery just burned down, stood a large two-story log house occupied by J. P. Hedges. Where the Recorder's Office now is, southwest corner of the Public Square, was the County Jail, a small insecure structure enclosed with a high board fence and a jailer's house attached in which Joseph Berkley, sheriff, lived. At the northeast corner of the Public Square lived Col. Spencer on a leasehold and in a pretty good frame house, attached to which was his Receiver's Office, he then being Receiver of Public Moneys at this place; but this house Col. S. in a few days vacated and removed to his country residence above alluded to, and his old house was at once turned into a tavern and kept by Amos Compton from Willshire. To the right of the Public Square, on the lot now occupied by Reed's Livery Stable and that north of it now owned by the Odd Fellows, were two old frame buildings both ten-

anted, and at the old well (now lately honored with a pump) was the old-fashioned well sweep used to draw water from the earth, and it then gave as pure a beverage as now.

On the corner of Berry and Calhoun, where stands Miller's brick, was a row of shed-roofed yellow shanties occupying 51 1/2 feet on Calhoun and 170 feet on Berry. These were built by Henry Work, now of Plymouth, Ind., and rented to obscure families, who often made the neighborhood offensive by their quarrels and uncleanness. Among these we are reminded of Johnny McDougal, bachelor tailor, who (as we write April 17, 1860) is passing our window, riding a poor strawberry roan horse using a looped rope for a bridle, and himself too dry to die by disease, and bearing the marks of time and hard fare in the wilds of Jefferson Township where he lives an honest man, and one descended from wealth and much respectability and refinement. Alas, poor Johnny--so much for not having a wife. Be this a warning for others. May his honesty be practiced. On the southeast corner of Main and Calhoun, where Waggoner's Drug Store is now, stood a low frame used then as a blacksmith shop by Philip C. Cook, now of Washington Township; at the alley south side, where Kiser's Store stands, was a butcher shop kept by Peter Kiser, then as now a plain blunt man but of much liberality; across the alley was a blacksmith shop kept by Louis Wolke, now Major Wolke. On the corner of Columbia and Calhoun where Moehring's Store is, stood a low frame in which was a large grocery kept by Benjamin Smith (now deceased); next and east of it was a low log house in which Tom Moore the barber kept. Alas, poor Tom! a good-hearted Irish unfortunate and great lover of whisky, which he never ceased to love though it killed him at last. Where Jacob's Shoe Store is now, stood the same building and in it Taylor, Freeman & Co. kept a very large dry goods store;

the firm was composed of Philo Taylor (now deceased), Saml. C. Freeman, and Royal W. Taylor (the latter still surviving). On the corner where Reed's Drug Store is, stood a two-story brick store, the best in the place, in which Capt. John B. Bourie and John Peltier kept a large store. To the west of this were some small frames; and where Grey's Leather Store is, stood a large frame lately before occupied by Col. Hugh Hanna, now of Wabash, Ind.; and to the west Hill and Orbison's Warehouse is, stood the Masonic Hall, a two-story brick, in which was kept the SENTINEL office, and in which lived a family or two. Opposite stood as now stands, the old brick, then a tavern called the Franklin House, kept by Mills and Taylor; to the west a leather shop belonging to the Tannery then carried on by Paige & Fry. To the east stood the present frame occupied as a part of the American House, then the residence of Francis Compart; to the east of this stood a cabinet shop. Between the S. W. corner of Calhoun and Columbia and where Evan's corner is, were no buildings except an old frame where the SENTINEL office is, the lower story used as a warehouse and the upper for a summer schoolroom, and in which we spent a term that summer under Mr. A. Campbell and Alex McJunkin.

Passing east along Columbia St. on the N. E. corner where Townley's block is, stood the old brick Mansion House, then kept as a hotel by Col. J. H. McMaken (now deceased); a frame next and east, and where Sharp's Hatter Shop is, stood a little frame building kept either (we think) by Iafin & Webster as a grocery, or by Carrer and Porter as a hat shop. East of this stood a large brick covering the front ground now occupied by Meyer and Brother's Drug Store, Falk's Liquor Store, and Lauforty's Clothing Store; this was occupied by James Post, an old citizen, and was long known and still remembered and called "The Post House." Across the alley east was

a frame store occupied by John E. Hill & Co., and in which the County Recorder's Office was kept, and where now A.D. Brandrill keeps store; on the next lot, standing a few feet back from the street, was a low frame in which the Post Office was kept for many years by Capt. Henry Rudisill; and as forming a part of that venerable spot, we associate the name of Capt. Oliver Fairfield, whose industry and accommodation were proverbial among all our people. Next and adjoining was another low frame in which Dr. Huxford kept an excellent drug store. On the east of this were some inferior buildings among which were several groceries, one kept by Oliver & Ainsworth, and near the corner and near where Freeman's Store is, stood a business house, a store owned by Hamilton, Taber & Co.--the firm being Allen Hamilton, Cyrus Taber, and Thomas Hamilton. On the corner opposite and east was erected Barnett & Hanna's block, known afterwards as the "Time's Building" (recently burned), the most spacious house then in all the northwest. In the little old brick now standing east of the new block lived W. H. Combs, A ttorney at Law. A small tin shop was kept next by Lewis & Marsh, and then a drug store on the spot where Cotherell's Saloon is. The proprietor of this store was Dr. Lewis Beecher (now dead), a learned medical practitioner, a blunt man but carrying a big heart which never grew obdurate. His widow and family yet survive him. On the next lot east was a low frame in which Lyman G. Bellamy (deceased) kept a shoe store. Where Colerick's Hall stands, was a frame where Stapleford kept store. Next east was a log house, once the residence of Gen. Jonathan McCarthy, but then occupied by John Jamison as a clock shop. Near this on the east G. F. Wright and John B. Dubois kept a dry goods store, and on the corner Barnett & Hanna (perhaps Barnett and Sinclear). Across Barr St. on the east corner was Wines and Farrand, who kept store in a log house

then and before called the Suttentfield House. Passing up to where the Canal Basin is now, was a boat yard kept by James W. Deneal, and among the noted men who worked there was Capt. John Whitaker, now Governor of Oregon; and we imagine him now in the boat yard sawing on his old fiddle, the "Arkansan Traveler." On the west side of Columbia, close to the Canal, then being dug, was a dwelling occupied by J. W. Deneal. Crossing to the southwest corner of Columbia and Lafayette, we found the beginning of a row of low shanties which extended west to the east corner of Barr, where was a log house in which Lane & Stevens kept store, and where Hedekin's Store now is. The shanties were poor, indeed, and in most of them lived a hard crowd. In one of them Michael Hedekin kept a grocery and provision store, and in another was kept the Canal Land Office, M. F. Barber, Clerk. On the southeast corner of Columbia and Barr was the Washington Hall, the distinguished hotel of all the north, then kept by Samuel Sowers, and kept well, too. It was at these corners where the principal business was then done, and where it continued for many years.

Passing west we found a row of frame shanties in which were tailor shops, whisky shops, &c., and back of where Mongeot's brick is now, was the old "Ballroom"; to reach it was not a pleasant task in the night. It stood alone, and when the company had reached it, it answered a most excellent purpose. Next to and east of the Wells Building (which lately burned down and which was then being built), stood a low store-room in which Thos. Pritchard kept a grocery. Pritchard was an Englishman of refinement and benevolence and is now a princely merchant of Portland, Oregon. The Wells Building was that year put up and was a most capacious affair and as well-kept as capacious. A ballroom was prepared in the upper story thereof, which at once supplanted the old one. This house was called "Sallon," a name which at that time

and at that place attained use in the town of Fort Wayne, the proprietors of which were Thomas J. Lewis & John Embry (deceased). Across the alley to the west stood a small office in which Lucien P. Ferry had a law office, and next stood a large frame, the property of Hon. C. W. Ewing (now deceased). This was marked by being shaded by a very large apple tree which stood on its east side. This building was burned in August, 1845 and with it our law library and effects, and by the fire the apple tree was killed. In the building lately burned down, and west of that now owned by Mr. Waggoner, S. & W. S. Edsall kept a large dry goods store, and on the next lot stood the log house recently burned down, which W. G. Ewing occupied as a residence; and on the corner west stood a large frame store recently occupied by D. Lunceford as a saddler's shop, but then as a store and kept by Madison Sweetzer.

On the opposite corner west was a low frame in which Anthony Lintz lived and kept a small shoe store. West of this were some groceries, and a shop carried on by "T. Hoagland, Draper & Tailor" (as the sign read). Next to it and where Maier's new brick and Nachtreib's Hat Shop stand, was kept a billiard room and grocery by F. D. Lasselle. From that west to the alley was first the trading house of Francis Comparet, generally overrun with Indians, and a small law office occupied by Thos. Johnson, Attorney. Back of Comparet's store was his fur room, where in the summer, 1838, Indian "Bob" stabbed Black Rackoon's Squaw (wife).

Next this and between that and the alley was a low brick, at the time spoken of (March, 1838), used as the rooms of the State Bank Branch. Across the alley was a bake shop kept by Daniel McGinnes, and next west a large frame in which Dr. Lewis G. Thompson, and O. W. Jefferds kept a drug store, and which was afterwards burned down. Dr. T. deceased in 18-, one of the most lamented men. He was our friend,

and we would here testify of him, did time allow or the occasion justify. His residence then stood back of the drug store in a small brick. Some other buildings, but unimportant stood between that and the southeast corner of Calhoun and Columbia Streets; and on this street it was that the magistrate dealt out justice and from whence the phrase "Columbia Street Courts" is derived.

On the north side of the Canal where the Gas Works are, stood a brewery owned and carried on by George Fallc, a French-German, whose beer got a reputation from the peculiar manner in which old George set the fermentation to work. This, however, was hearsay, but it was often told and never denied. Let those who drank his beer tell the rest. Hereabout, and along the Canal bank east to where Rudisill's Woolen Factory now stands, were many log cabins, mostly occupied by French people, and indeed, it was no unimportant part of the town as it was "at the Landing," which was where the south end of the St. Mary's bridge strikes the shore. Here in the spring of the year were arriving and unloading cargoes of whisky, flour, bacon, potatoes, &c., shipped from St. Mary's, and which had been hauled there from Dayton, Piqua, and other places. We do not think that any arrivals took place after that spring by river. Following up the north side of the Canal were a few houses located along the bank of the slough through which now is discharged the water which propels the City Mills. If we remembered aright, Henry Sharp lived about where he does, north of Townley's block, and Captain John B. Bourie at the north end of the Calhoun Street Bridge, where Dr. Brooks now lives. These, we believe, constituted all who lived thereabout and the names of whom we now remember.

The main road north led out of Calhoun St. and crossed the St. Mary's River on the only bridge then in the County; a part of the trestlework may be now seen in the

river at that spot. This was owned by a company, was a toll bridge, and was kept by an Americanized Irishman, John Simonton, long since dead. A few rods beyond the bridge the road divided; the Mongoquinong (now Lima) Road led to the right crossing Spy Run southwest of Rudisill's mill and intersected the other road at the mill. The Goshen (or Wolf Lake) Road, bearing to the northwest, crossed the Feeder at Hinton's, where the present bridge is, at which place a hospitable Englishman named Hinton kept the "Bull's Head Inn," taking its name from the picture of a bull's head on his huge signboard--an idea doubtless conceived in the "old country."

The Maumee River was crossed at a rocky ford just below the junction of the two rivers; the going-in place is now plainly seen from the bridge, being indentations in the west bank. The going-out place is under the east end of the bridge, and is now entirely obscured by the action of the water. In this connection, it is well to say that the ford is now covered up by the raise caused by a milldam one mile below, which then did not obstruct the crossing.

Coming now back to town--we found on the corner of Calhoun and Main the yellow frame building seen yet back of Mergel's Beer Shop, and then owned and occupied by F. D. Lasselle. The next south was a cabinet shop built in 1838 by Gardner Wilcox, and which stands on the same spot lately occupied by Louis Peltier as a coffin shop. On the west end of the same lot, facing the alley, was a large carpenter and joiner shop occupied by Henry Williams and Eli Q. Davis. Mr. Williams is now the senior member of the firm of Williams & Huestis. On the spot where we now write and where our present office is, stood a nice frame house--then the residence of John E. Hill. Across and south of the alley were the remains of a building, which had then but recently been burned, presenting the same appearance that it does now. It was



on this lot that Col. Spencer in 1839 began to build the American House, afterwards the Spencer House, which he finished in 1840. South of the American House lot stood a frame house owned and occupied by Capt. Wm. Stewart, since torn away and a splendid brick erected in its stead. Next south was a frame house occupied as a residence and bakery by one Joshua Housman, a German; and then "Works Row" before described.

Turning the corner at now Miller's, we go to the west along Berry Street, and at that day might have been seen a large carpenter shop owned by John Rinehart, where Dr. Daily's residence is; and then across the street a little east an old frame occupied by James Barnett, "Uncle Jimmy," who was as hospitable and honest a man as the county afforded, and whose swearword "by Hedge's Molly"---was the nearest we ever knew him to come to profanity. A few years afterwards he built west of the alley a few feet from his old place and afterwards ended a long life therein. The next thing of note west was Shawnee Run, which is now barely visible on the west side of Harrison Street to the west of the Berry Street Methodist Church, and which is now confined to a ditch through town and through which but little water now passes---owing to a ditch which is opened south of the Free School House at the southwest side of the city. This ditch discharges itself into a small run to the southeast of the Graveyard. Shawnee Run was once quite a branch or creek, full of deep holes, and from which large fish were taken before the year of which we write, and even then some were known to be taken therefrom. This "Run" crosses under Main Street on the east side of Harrison and under Columbia Street south of the canal basin and discharges under the basin through a culvert and into the St. Mary's just above the new iron bridge on the Lima Road. West of Shawnee Run on Berry Street we recollect but two houses;

one was owned and occupied by Benjamin Smith and stood near where P. Hoagland now lives, and the other by Dr. Lewis Beecher just across the street south and amid the hazel brush. The traveled road left Berry Street immediately on the west of Shawnee Run and bore southwest along the high ground or bank of the Run through a vast thicket, leaving where the new Free School House is to the right, about which place commenced a race track, which ended at where the south side of the Graveyard is. This road in the spring of the year afforded a most pleasant walk; and we recollect often meeting innocent lovers, hand in hand measuring the distance out, and we suspect, sighing that it were so short between town and what was then considered out of town. Along this road from where the Free School House is, and including a large scope up about the Round House, and from that to and including the Graveyard and part of what is now Hanna's Addition west of the Bluffton Plank Road, was a pigeon roost in the fall of that year. The noise of the pigeons each night sounding like the approach of a violent storm, and the frequent report of musketry of sportsmen gave one strange feelings. Our friend Jno. Hamilton will recollect this.

All west of the old plat was then called "Ewingtown." Near the present residence of W. S. Edsall on Main Street stood the frame of an unenclosed building called the Methodist Church, which (for want of funds) was not completed; and from its great distance out of town, it was deemed an ineligible site. Hon. William Rockhill had a small residence just opposite his present residence on the south bank of the Canal, and all south and west of that was a cultivated field--that is, so much as is Rockhill's Addition. The old frame house on the south bank of the Canal, just west of the foot-bridge west of Taylor's Warehouse, belonged then as now to the Ewing family, and a little to the southeast thereof and in the commons stood the paling which enclosed the

grave of Col. Alexander Ewing, the father of W. G. Ewing, G. W. Ewing, and Charles W. Ewing.

Resuming Fort Wayne as it was in 1838, we bring the reader back to the S. E. corner of Calhoun and Berry, and proceed eastward.

The first house on the corner, we said, was occupied by a Frenchwoman--the next then is the next now--and was then occupied by Moses Yearian, the town gunsmith. John Majors lived then as he does now, next east, in a state of celibacy and as one of the unsophisticated members of the "Bachelor Club." The house next and east was on the west corner of Clinton. The lot is now owned by the Baptist Church. The widow of Abner Gerrard, who yet survives, lived in a log house on this corner. On the opposite corner also stood a log house which was afterwards removed to give place to the First Presbyterian Church. The next stands yet and was occupied by Mrs. Brown, a Frenchwoman, well-remembered by many. The next was a small frame on the lot now noted by a large willow tree. On this spot lived Robert Hood, a man as well known as any in this region at that time. In his nature were combined good sense and hospitality and as large a vein of dry humor as ever we saw in one man. The anecdotes concerning him and his eccentricities are most numerous, and when told by one qualified to do it, never fail to call out a hearty laugh.

Next to Squire Hood lived then, where he lives now, Jacob G. Bowser. On Market Square, where the new market house is, stood the old frame which now stands to the south on the square. Major Edsall lived on the second lot east, where D. H. Colerick now lives, and next where he lives now was Capt. O. Fairfield. Then came the First Presbyterian Church--now the Lutheran--of which Rev. A. T. Rankin was the pastor. In the basement of this church was kept a select school by Rev. W. W.

Steevens (now Squire Steevens) and Alexander McJunkin, now deceased, in which school we spent the spring months of that year. East of this stood the present residence of N. B. Freeman, then occupied by Rev. Hoover, a Lutheran minister. To the east of this stood the hotel now called the Kirme House--then the Dahman House--just before rendered celebrated for having been the scene of a serious conflict between the Irish then laboring on the Canal and the Germans who held a dance there on a certain occasion. In this conflict, one German was killed and Dahman had his nose nearly severed from his face, the mark of which he carried to the grave. The only house as we now remember, which stood east of this, was one about where John Burt now lives, on the east end of Wayne Street, then occupied by Wm. L. Moon--a location which was considered "clear out of town."

Going back west, on the north side of Berry Street, the first building we found was exactly north of the Presbyterian--now Lutheran--Church, which was made of logs from the old fort, and raised to the square of the second story, and which was finished early that spring by Daniel Reid, who had just removed here from Richmond, Ind., and taken charge of the Register's Office under appointment of President Van Buren. This house is now the residence of Benj. Saunders, Esq., then a clerk for his uncle, Thos. Pritchard, to whom we before referred. Between that and the alley west, were two small frames, and across the alley lived, in the house now occupied by Rev. Ruthrauf, Henry Cooper, Esq., Att'y at Law--a self-made man, a profound lawyer, a good citizen and an honest man--our friend, whose memory we cherish, and with whom we for several years traveled this judicial circuit in the practice of the law. He was finally the victim of intemperance and died as such, yet universally beloved.

West of Mr. Cooper's, in a red house now on the third lot east of the N. E. corner of Berry and Barr, lived John B. Dubois--now called "the Old Squire"--then a magistrate and a merchant. On the opposite corner west lived Judge Hanna, in the finest house in all the region about, which house is now standing at the west end of the same lot--a specimen of the palatial grandeur of other days. That square, or rather that part now occupied by Miller's board yard, was a willow swamp, standing deep under the water the whole year, and totally impassible except when frozen over. Indeed, fish were found in it and wild ducks made it a frequent resort, and a few years before the period of which we write, it was so deep as to float canoes, and two deer were killed therein by fire-hunters. It originally discharged across south of where the P. O. is now, and out very near the S. E. corner of Columbia and Calhoun and into Shawnee Run, about where Columbia Street crosses that Run. Allen Hamilton lived then in a large frame just across the street north from the present branch of the Bank of the State--then the branch of the State Bank which was that spring completed and occupied. Hugh McCulloch, cashier, and M. W. Hubbell, teller.

Benjamin H. Tower and Johnson Miller then carried on a cabinet shop in the frame stand where John M. Miller's large factory is--in the same building which now stands to the west of the factory. East on the next lot lived L. G. Bellamy, and beside him, on the east, where the large apple trees may now be seen, in a little old log house lived Judith Shores, a woman whose character suffered by her own momentary rashness for awhile, and yet whose last years were spent in loving and serving God. She died at an advanced age, in peace and in the full hopes of a blissful immortality. On the corner next in the old yellow frame still standing, lived Stearns Fisher (then engineer-in-chief of the W. & E. Canal, and now of Wabash County, Ind.) a most

practical engineer. On the opposite corner north was a little, low log house. Thomas Johnson, Esq., now deceased, lived in the old frame which still stands on the third lot from the corner on the north side, and the large locust trees in front of which are those which Mr. J. brought from LaGrange County in 1836, and which were then so small that he tied them on the pad of his saddle and brought them home. On the spot where Mr. Hedekin now lives, was the old "Council House." Where Henry Baker now lives, southwest corner of Main and Lafayette, was a shop, we think built by John Brown, blacksmith. That which is now the "Old Fort House," on the northeast corner, was then the late residence of Capt. Robert Brackenridge. Between that and the "Old Fort" was a solitary small frame occupied by a family, name now forgotten, and then the Old Fort, or rather one building of which, tenanted by some Irish family. The pickets were mostly taken up; the lines were, however, visible, and the old well then in use. The flagstaff stood in the center, but it was broken off about half way up. The canal was then being dug at that point and eastward, and when the season for labor began, hundreds of Irishmen and horses and carts could be seen at one view.

Nothing of great interest transpired that year, except the breaking of the aqueduct over the St. Mary's where the stone mills are, caused by a flood, and the rebuilding of the same; and the trial of Asa Crapo for killing a man at Bull Rapids, a now forgotten town on the Maumee, about sixteen miles east of Fort Wayne.

The social aspect of the place was good. It did not fall to the lot of any western town to be favored with a better society, although much evil prevailed, owing to the unscrupulousness resulting from Indian trading, rum drinking, etc. Society was a mixture of French, Indians, and Americans, with but a single Negro--Burrell Reed--a bootblack, a factotum whose usefulness was generally appreciated, whose goodness

of heart was proverbial, and whose laugh was loud as young artillery. And not withstanding this mixture, it was a most agreeable place to live in, for true hospitality was a marked feature in society, and which, we are proud to say, has its living representatives still here to distinguish the place.

Such is but a rough sketch of Fort Wayne as it appeared twenty-two years ago. And as we close, we draw the curtain over it, and present the same place as it is now--a city of 15,000 inhabitants, the center of a large trade, the emporium of business in northern Indiana--with roads diverging in every direction; with the W. & E. Canal connecting the waters of St. Lawrence with those of the Mississippi; with two railways complete, the one uniting by Iron the Mississippi River with Lake Erie, and the other the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela with Lake Michigan, and they in turn linking in, and forming a part of a web of railways which increases our commerce, facilitates our agriculture, and tends to strengthen the bonds of this Union. Look upon that picture and then upon this.

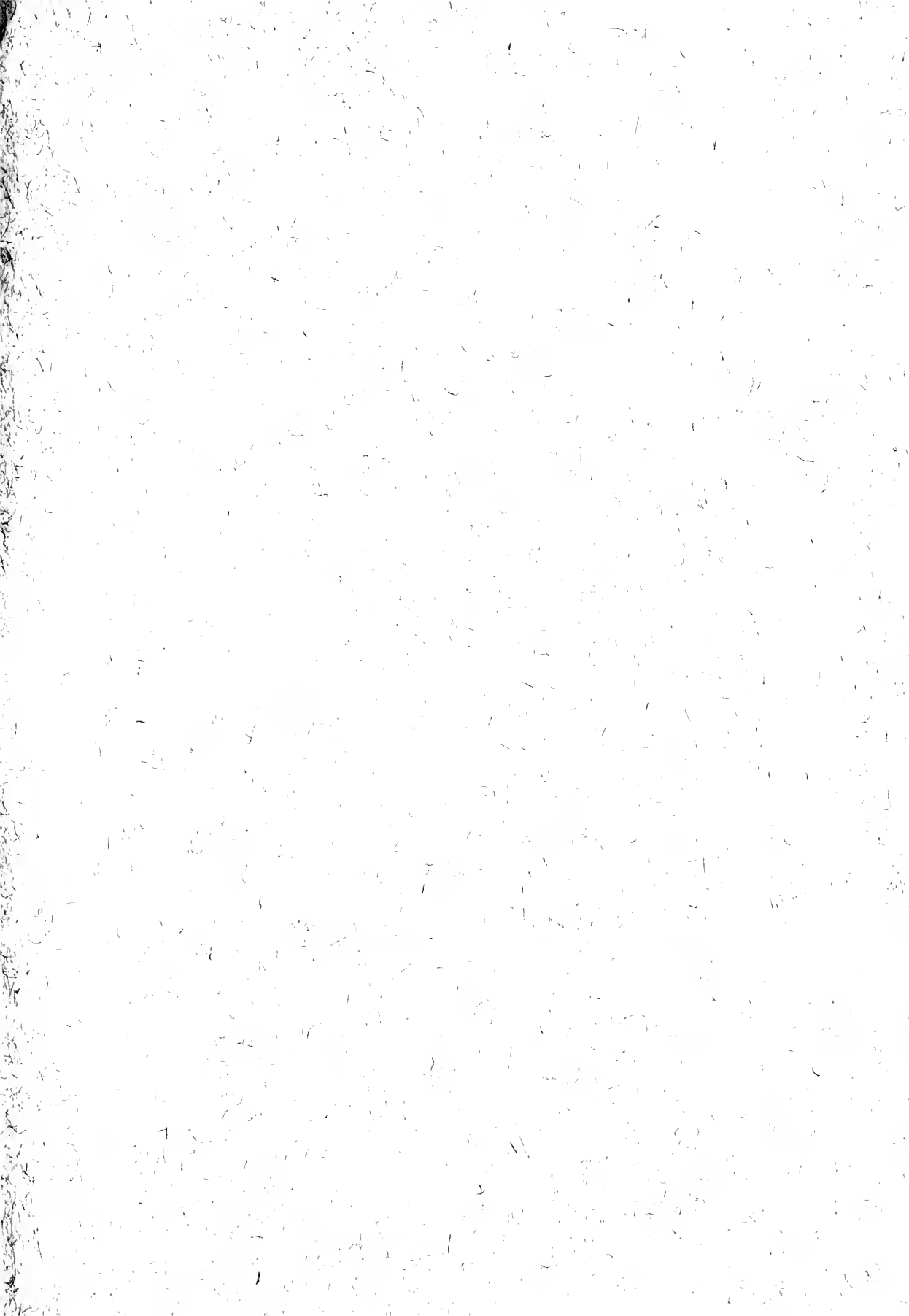
DAWSON'S DAILY TIMES, April 18-21, 1860.





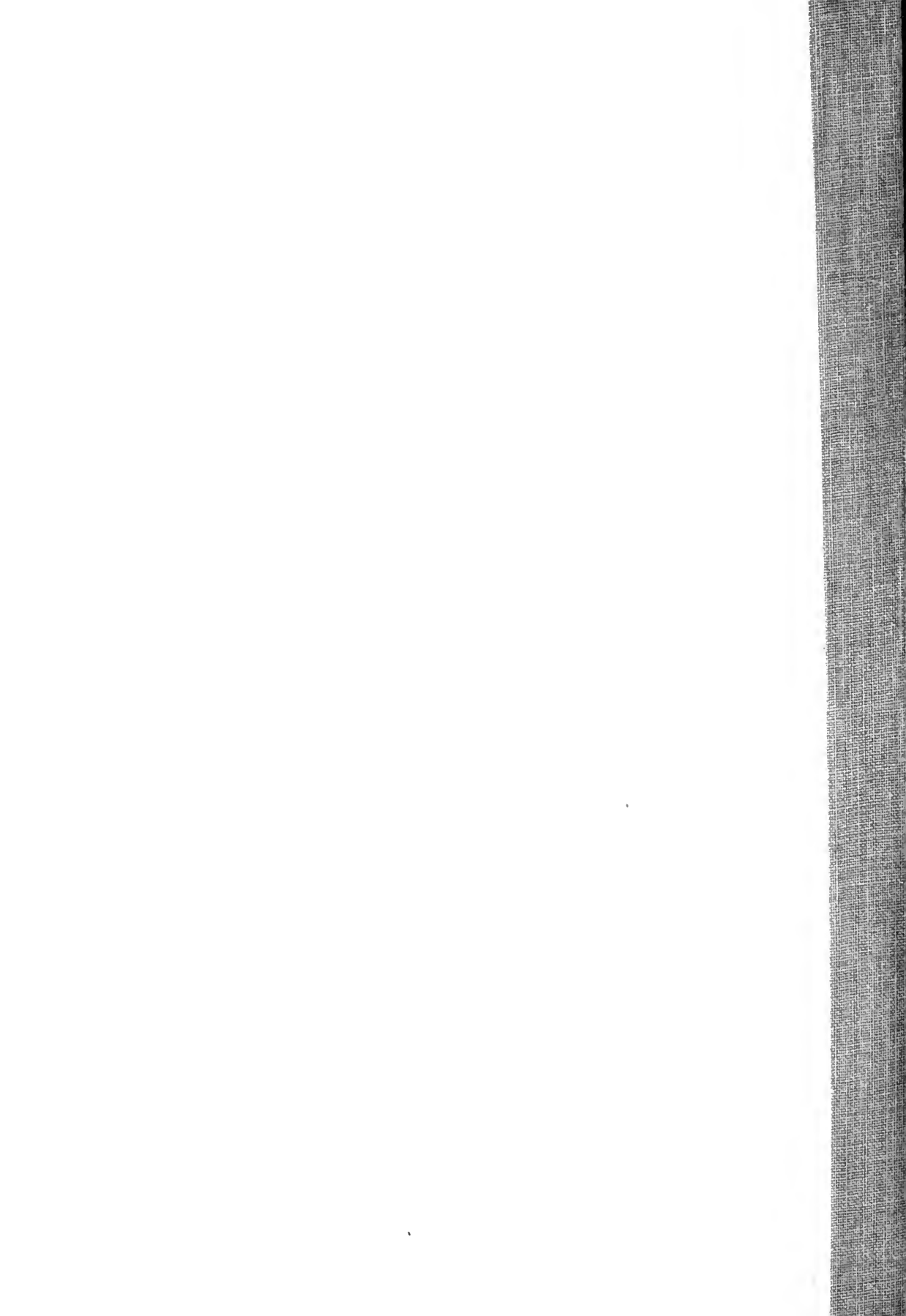






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