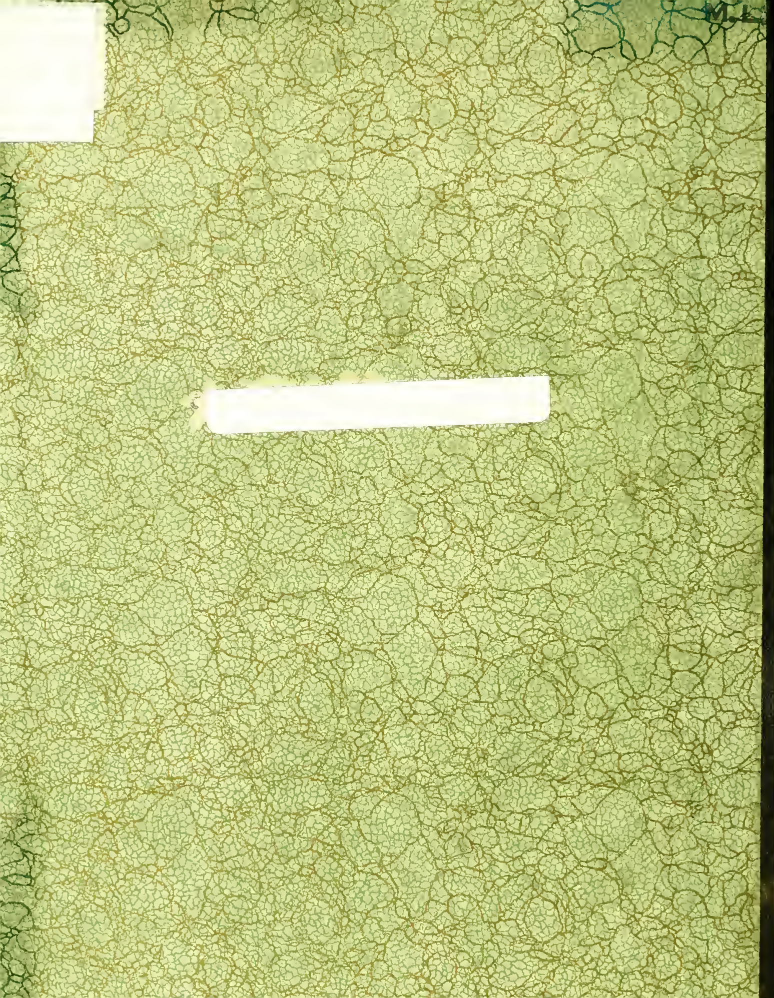

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HISTORY

OF THE

CITY OF EVANSVILLE

AND

VANDERBURG COUNTY

INDIANA

By FRANK M. GILBERT

Volume I

ILLUSTRATED

CHICAGO
THE PIONEER PUBLISHING COMPANY
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FRANK M. GILBERT

HISTORY OF
VANDERBURG COUNTY

CHAPTER I.

THE PIONEER SETTLERS—THE GAME ON WHICH THEY LIVED—THE BUFFALO AND WHY IT IS ON THE STATE SEAL—THE FIVE TRIBES OF INDIANS AND WHERE THEY LIVED—THE FIRST DEEDS TO THIS SECTION—HUNTING GAME—EARLY TRAPS—WAYS OF HUNTING GAME—TRICKS OF DEER—PASSING OF THE BUFFALO—FOX HUNTING—WILD BEES—WILD HOGS—BEARS.

In all histories of Evansville that are extant it seems to be assumed that Hugh McGary came from some point in Kentucky in a canoe, and landed at the old Elm Tree which stood near the foot of what is now Division street and first saw the site of the Evansville of today.

This is an error. He may have come over from Kentucky to the site of this city as is the general belief, but it can be shown that this was not his first visit to the place but that he came down to the river here after a visit to Vincennes.

Indiana was once a very paradise for game. But while the big seal of the state has a cut of a buffalo, it cannot be shown that buffaloes ever stayed here in any great numbers.

This was a "wood" country and the buffalo is not a wood animal. Again, while the buffalo likes small streams such as exist in the great western prairies where the animal roamed at one time in countless thousands, it does not like marshes, such as existed above White river or clear up to Vincennes, nor great streams like the Ohio river. Neither would it stand the overflows from southern Indiana streams. But deer and turkeys and smaller game could be found anywhere and the Indians in this section were deer hunters.

Strangly enough, many people suppose that the Indians belong to one family, just as do thè Chinese or Japanese, but they are as different in their habits, characteristics, looks and languages as can be imagined.

In this part of the country there were five separate or distinct tribes, the Shawnees, Miamis, Piaukeshaws, Wyandotts and Delawares. Perhaps the most powerful band was the Shawnees, but their territory lay rather below here along the river and the town of Shawnee, Illinois, derives its name from them.

The "pocket" in which lies Vanderburg County was claimed by the Miamis. As stated, the Shawnees, while they hunted here, began their claim at the Wabash river, which in the early days was spelled "Ouabache."

What the Miamis claimed was the entire tract between Detroit and the headwaters of the Scioto river, thence to its mouth. From there they took in the entire Ohio river to the mouth of the Wabash and from there up to Chicago. So there is no question as to who claimed to be the original owners of Evansville. But the claim made in 1795 was not valid, for twenty years before that time one Louis Viviat, a French trader, held a meeting with several chiefs and sachems of the Piaukeshaw nation, at Post Saint Vincent (which is now the city of Vincennes).

Among those with whom he dealt were "The Black Fly," "The Musquito," "Little Beaver," "Tobacco" and "Tobac Jr."

The records show that he got a deed from eleven chiefs and it shows just what blankets, ribbons, vermilion, fusils, buckhorn handle knives, brass kettles, gun flints (10,000), "two pounds of lead," and all sorts of silver arm bands, "ear-bobs," wrist bands, whole moons, half moons, etc., etc., he gave. He also put in three horses. Many of the trinkets given in exchange to the Indians for this land have been found from time to time in mounds in the Wabash valley, and more likely are a portion of the purchase price of the virgin wilderness by the first white men to locate in the valley.

What concerns us is the part that applies to our present site, which is thus described: "That tract or parcel of land situated, lying and being on both sides of the Ouabache river beginning at the mouth of White river where it empties into the Ouabache river (about twelve leagues below Post Saint Vincent), thence down Ouabache river by several courses thereof, until it empties into the Ohio river, being from the said White river to the Ohio river fifty-three leagues in length, with forty leagues in length or breadth on each side, and thirty leagues in width or breadth on the west side of the Ouabache river aforesaid."

So Louis Viviat was the first owner and all (?) he got for his blankets, beads, etc., were 37,497,600 acres of the finest land on which the sun ever shone. This of course covers the two tracts he got that day.

Viviat's company held this claim for many years and tried as late as 1810 to have it confirmed but Congress refused. (There were no scoundrel lobyists in Washington in those days or Viviat would have gotten the land and probably a pension for having "rescued" that much soil from the Indians.)

The Piaukeshaws did not recognize any claim by the Miamis, and in 1768 gave a Vanderburg, Gibson, Posey, Pike, Spencer and a part of Perry Counties to the Delaware and their right to do this was acknowledged by the Miamis in the treaty of 1804 (5th article). Their title was further relinquished on February 5th, 1805.

On the 14th of the same month a treaty was formally proclaimed with the Delaware tribe by Gen. W. H. Harrison, who was then Governor of the state, and thus the red man relinquished his claim forever.

This land was placed on sale at Vincennes and little places, widely scattered, were soon cleared up.

In 1835 I stood under the trees under which this treaty was made.

In all stories regarding the Indians there is much of tradition and there is much which has no real basis.

The Indians of Indiana were never such bloodthirsty devils as the Comanches and the native tribes of the great West.

Long after the treaty they still continued to hunt in this section, but about all the harm they did was to steal. Some day the public will know all about the "noble Indian." There may have been some noble ones in those days, but they were few and some day the white people will understand that there are some races that live only for the day. For tomorrow they care nothing. Start the uneducated savage with a fortune and he would lose it as soon as possible, just as would the average shiftless negro. And so these savages roamed at will through a country where game was so plenty that it was a nuisance and, if they had plenty to eat and any kind of a place to sleep, they were content.

Uncle Sam has saved the Indian from many evils which afflicted him in the old days. The red man knows little of the actual terrors of starvation which came to him at not infrequent intervals when he got his living from the game of the forest or the prairie. He isn't constantly involved in marauding warfare and he isn't liable at almost any moment of his existence to be captured and killed to the music of the tomtoms as he was in the good old days.

But after all the government has substituted new terrors for old. All of the western states have game laws which are enforced more or less strictly against white people but they are enforced with great rigor against the Indian. We have cooped the red man up in his reservation, and like many other wild things he can't stand the confinement. In the old days there was little, if any, tuberculosis among the Indians. Today the shadow of consumption hangs darkly over the untamed tribes of the West.

Of course we know that the Indian has been more or less a sufferer, always, since he was driven to the far west.

There may be some good Indian agents, but they are few and far between. Naturally these places fall to politicians and I have personally seen men who were supposed to outline Indian policies, who knew as little about real Indians and their ways and wants as a child. They were the kind of

men who had been raised in cities, and any woodsman could take them out of a deer camp and lose them, hopelessly, in five minutes. They would not ven know what "chuck" to take for a day's fish two miles out of town and couldn't tell a two year old steer from a ten year old wood-ox, if their horns were both long. Yet they drew their $10 per day and all expenses, and "conducted" (?) Indian affairs. What chance would they have with a sharp agent on a Reservation? They would simply swallow whatever he had to say.

It would hardly be right to neglect a mention of the game of this section.

Pigeon Creek, and Pigeon Township were named for the countless millions of wild pigeons that located each year in this section and raised their young. I myself saw the last of the great flocks when I was a little boy. I stood where now is Sunset Park, with my father, and saw them darken the sky flying over. Later, when I could hold a gun I killed them in the woods along the present Washington Avenue. I killed wild ducks in a slough this side of there and wild turkeys just off the Green river road to the right of the Fair Grounds, and my first deer, killed when I was twelve, was at the mouth of Green river.

If it was so plenty in my young days, think what it must have been when Hugh McGary settled here.

The rifle was as much a part of the household goods in his days as is the stove or range today. It furnished the meat. Hogs and cattle were few and too precious to be killed.

Most of the rifles were flint lock, for this was before the day of the percussion cap. They were all small bore; in fact, they sometimes called them "pea" or squirrel rifles and many will wonder why this size was used. Simply because lead was almost a luxury. Speaking again of what I have seen in the early day, I've seen the man who won fifth prize at a rifle shooting match (the lead in the tree) digging for dear life for the little pellets, no matter how deeply embedded, and he got them all; for to miss a tree in those days would be almost a crime.

An old hunter one day handed me a squirrel. It was shot through the neck and its body was untouched. When I thanked him and asked him why he gave it to me he said: "Do you think I'd take a squirrel home to my old woman that wasn't shot in the eye? She'd think I was gittin old and losin' my sight."

There were wonderful shots in those days and wonderful woodsmen. To them the woods were an open book. A leaf turned here, or a little scrape there, all meant something. And they could imitate anything from the bleat of a deer to the yelp of a turkey and could get behind a log, and with their hats on the leaves, imitate the fighting of two gobblers so naturally that a flock, especially when led by pugnacious gobblers, would come right up to them.

Green river, that cold and clear stream, was literally alive with black bass, as was Wabash below us, while the enormous "Ohio river cats" sometimes ran over 100 pounds each.

All this section was alive with what went by the term "varmints"—bear, wild cats, weasels, 'coons, 'possoms, otters, mink—the pest of the first poultrymen—foxes, skunks and squirrels.

The owners of the little farms or "clearings" had a hard time, for they had to watch day and night to keep their crops from being eaten.

And the dogs. No family felt safe without them. No pedigree was theirs. They were just sturdy pioneer dogs, taught to hate an Indian or suspect any stranger who was not made welcome at once. Ready to tackle a bear or worry it till their masters came up; chase a fox or mink; "tree" a 'coon or wild cat, or "trail" a crippled deer. They were all sorts, sizes and shapes, but they were true as steel.

Just as the Indians always relied on their dogs to give warning of the approach of a foe or stranger, so did the pioneers.

Reverting to the scarcity of bullets, all sorts of ways of taking game without the wasting of lead were in vogue. There were "dead falls" with the old figure 4 trap, for everything from a bear down to a 'coon. Of course it took skill to put them in the right place, but this was a part of the hunter's lore.

But the most common thing was the turkey trap, and these were used in this section and especially over in Kentucky as late as the sixties.

A turkey trap was simply a low covered pen, leading into which was a shallow trench. After the pen was built, it was allowed to lie idle till the leaves on the saplings faded and the traveling bands of turkeys grew accustomed to seeing it. Soon the pioneer would begin to scatter a little corn through the woods, always leaving the most of it near the trench. The trench extended into the pen, and just over it and close to the front wall was an old board.

When, by the "sign" the owner could see that the turkeys were coming regularly, he would sprinkle a lot in the trench and a pile just inside the pen. The unsuspecting turkeys would keep pecking and pushing past each other to get at the big pile and, once past the old board, they were caught, for they never thought of going out the way them came. It was not unusual to get twenty at a time.

The "trench" was also used. This was simply a trench wide enough for the turkeys to jump into, and the corn, after the "tolling" corn was scattered in the woods, was all in a straight line along the bottom. The hunter went before day to his post which was behind some big bush in a direct line with the trench and waited for the victims to come. As soon as they were feeding well he gave a low whistle and when the flock raised their heads he shot off the head of the nearest big gobbler taking chances on hitting several more with the same bullet. As many as eight turkeys have been killed by one bullet in this manner.

Of course for quail and rabbits the old square trap made out of hickory splints, fastened together with bark and set with a nubbin of corn on a figure four, was used.

The bear trap was a huge affair—an enormous log, raised up and set so that it could fall only in a certain place, and to get to the bait the bear must step exactly into position. In setting these, the skill of the hunter was again called into play. The world wagged then just as it does now. Some hunters were very "lucky" because they used their brains and were not afraid of toil and exposure to all kinds of weather, and their traps were set and watched as they should be. Others were "unlucky" simply because they liked a big fireplace too well. There were hardy pioneers in those days and some less hardy just as one finds them today in the "pioneers of industry."

In every work regarding the settlement of southern Indiana, much space is given to Indian murders and hunting. But it is a fact that after going carefully over all the old stories I cannot find an account of a single Indian atrocity that occurred at or near Evansville. All the old works are full of them, but the nearest crimes of which any record is given were near Vincennes, or Rockport (only one happening there) or along the Wabash in White County.

But of hunting tales there is a great store. I doubt if there are today in Evansville twenty men who understand how to "pick up a sign" or "still hunt," for that is the way our ancestors hunted.

It was only after the introduction of the long eared Virginia and North and South Carolina hounds that driving deer began. As I state elsewhere, cur dogs were the only kind known here in the early days. Many of the younger generation, however, love to read old hunting stories and this will reach the eyes of many who will never see a wild deer or wild turkey. "Hounding" deer and "driving" deer are synonymous. The hunter goes out with his hounds securely tied until he reaches a well known feeding place or a deer crossing, i. e., a place where they cross little lakes or creeks. The hounds are then released and the hunter stands quietly and listens When they strike a trail that is fresh, they at once "give tongue," i. e., begin to bark and follow it rapidly. The hunter listens till he gets the general direction and then hurries to some favorite crossing spot and waits for the deer to come running past him. All he has to do is to allow for the speed of the deer and kill it, for it usually passes within thirty yards of him.

A deer can play ahead of the hounds all day, or "back track" by a "side jump," and by this I mean that it will jump stiff legged as far as possible to one side and quietly sneak off a little way. Then when the dogs have passed it will jump back into its own trail and go back the way it came.

A wily old buck can be driven by hounds every day for weeks, and never even allow them to catch sight of him.

When he gets tired of playing with them he will go to some body of water and wade around the edge till he makes one great leap into the woods

far away from where he left his trail. Many think that the deer leaves a distinct scent with its hoofs. It does after a fashion, but the strong scent is left by two tufts of hair that grow just inside each hind leg at the knee. Deer can keep out of almost any danger from brutes.

Years ago Dr. Bacon, hunting over the country just across the Wabash and back of the camp owned now by a party of our citizens—a territory where I killed big game as late as 1878—saw, while under cover of a thicket, two deer, a large buck with spreading antlers, and a doe in full flight before two dogs, in the woods that formed part of the forest of the Hickling and Finch farms, not far from the now Charles Finch's home. The doe was accompanied by a very young fawn, which appeared quite exhausted and ready to drop. The mother deer, doubtless well aware of this, slackened her pace and presently stopped close to some thick bramble bushes. The doctor's sympathy went out to the much scared and nearly heart-broken mother.

He determined to save her fawn, even should he have to pay for the sacrificed dogs, if necessary. He fixed his gun and got ready for action. She remained some time there with lowered head as if awaiting the onset of her pursuers. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike her and with a butt of the head she tossed her fawn right in the middle of the thicket. Then first advancing as if to make sure it was well hidden—the buck had now got out of sight—she soon set off by rapid bounds in front of the dogs. The latter barking close upon her heels, she made a sudden bend to the west and thus drew them far from the spot where the incident occurred.

The howling of the dogs became fainter and fainter, the valiant animal having doubtless led them several miles away into the marshes of the Rose pond, where the dogs lost their scent, and it was learned later that they returned to their owner's home in an exhausted condition, while the intelligent mother doubtless returned to the bushes to find the little fawn that she had so closely hidden and placed in safety.

But why is it that Mother Nature, having given the creatures of the wild the power and the instinct to ward off danger from their natural foes, has always left some habit which man learns and of which he takes advantage? Often while seated on some old log in the deep woods I have thought of this and wondered. Even the boy, killing his first squirrel which has seen him plainly and gone around the tree on him, knows that he has only to throw a chunk into the bushes on the other side of the tree and the squirrel will forget him and dart back from the new danger.

But to return to still hunting, the only sport. The man who "hounds" is to me only a butcher. The still hunter matches his ears, his eyesight and his knowledge of woodcraft against that of the deer. He goes out in the early morning, after a heavy dew or rain, for if the leaves are dry he might as well stay at home. Arriving at a good place he stands still and listens and looks. He is not misled by the jumping of a squirrel on a tree,

or the alighting of a bird on a bush. He is looking for a brown patch that moves at intervals.

Soon he locates one and looking to see that it is the twitching ear of a deer, he sinks slowly to the ground till he looks over the lay of the land. A city man might look a year at the exact place and never see it, but the eye of the old-time hunter was wonderful.

Now here is where Nature made her mistake in the deer. As long as it is browsing on the ground, nothing moves but its lips. Its tail is down and the ears are laid back. But, just before it intends raising its head to look for danger, it wiggles its tail. After looking around on every side it wiggles it again just before it puts down its head. Thus the hunter has a sure barometer. His settling and watching is to be certain to know when the deer is feeding and when looking.

As soon as this is done he rises, and while the head is down he glides rapidly from tree to tree. This is called "stalking." At the first wiggle of the tail he stands like a statue no matter if in an open place, for the deer fears only moving objects, and as long as he stands quiet takes him for an old stump.

Soon he is in range, and if a good shot holds at the "edge of the white" just behind the shoulder. This sends the bullet through the heart. Again Nature helps him. If the deer bounds off with its tail high in the air, he has made a clean miss, but if the tail is clumped down, he has only to follow the bloody trail and he will find a dead deer.

Strangely, the bullet invariably cuts out a little round patch of skin and hair, which drops. To show how true this is I may be excused for relating a little incident.

While hid in a thicket watching for turkeys a big doe ran past. I heard her snort and run before I saw her and figured just where she would pass. I had a clean shot and saw her tail go down and clump and knew I had her. So I sat and waited for my partner who was to meet me if I shot. Soon he came up with, "How did you miss that big doe?" "I didn't," I replied. "Why," said he, "I saw her go across that prairie head-like a race horse." "Did you notice her tail?" "No, I was too far off." "Well, let me convince you then," and I rose from the log for the first time, for it is always well to keep quiet after a shot. (Another deer may come along, as happened one day when I shot a doe and without ever moving except to throw in another shell got a fine buck that was trailing her. If I had moved he would have run back long before I even saw him.)

But to return. I first showed him where all of a sudden all her feet fairly dug into the earth. That was when she was hit. Then we hunted till we found the patch. We found the deer in the brush just across the prairie, stone dead. The bullet broke a rib, cut a V out of her heart down low and smashed a rib on the other side. It fell out all mushroomed, when we hung her up and drew her. I held a fraction too low, and that was, why she was able to run.

It is useless to speak of shooting deer at the salt licks. No hunter who had any self-respect would do it, for it would stamp him as a man too lazy or not smart enough to still hunt. To kill at a "lick" the hunter simply made a place in a tree where he could stretch comfortably and wait for the deer to come to lick at the salt earth. There is no telling how many have been killed at the old salt well in Cooks Park. I saw a fine buck near there in 1858, but I think it had strayed over from the Wabash country. I had only quail shot in a single barrelled gun and could not have killed it, so did not shoot.

In mentioning the fact that the buffalo did not stay in great quantities in the state of Indiana, it must not be assumed that great bands of them were not seen at various times, and the fact that the early settlers never went far west from where they decided to locate led them to believe that the buffaloes they saw made this their home, but this is not a fact and for the reasons that I have given. They could not exist in the northern part of the state, for that would be out of their latitude but they passed through Southern Indiana without doubt and in great quantities. A recent writer in treating of the old days of Indiana, speaks of a buffalo trace. This is a misnomer. There is no such thing as a buffalo trace. I was west during the last days of the buffalo and was daily with men who had hunted them for years and never heard the word trace used. In fact, it was always the word trail. They would speak of the Mexican trail or Santa Fe trail and the Texas trail, but each and every one was the same. And again he speaks of a beaten path wide enough for a wagon road. It is with no wish to criticise him that I must correct him in this. A buffalo trail consists of a great number of little paths no wider than the ordinary cattle would make. These diverge and converge in and out. Sometimes they wandered out into the prairie as if starting in some different direction, but they soon turned back into the old trail. There is nothing I ever saw as peculiar as one of these big trails. Just this side of Fort Morgan, Kansas, was one of the largest trails in the west. It was dotted on every side with buffalo wallows and as far as the eye could reach these green spots in the prairie could be seen. They were of course on both sides of the trail as the buffalo, when wanting to make a wallow, always wandered out from the main trail. Although no buffaloes had passed there for several years, the prairie dirt was so beaten down that when I tried it with my knife, it was almost like picking stone.

To return to the wallows. The writer to whom I refer speaks of them and gives their appearance as the reason for the plentifulness of buffaloes in the early days and mentions some of them as the "mud-holes." In these wallows which existed in the west for years after the buffalo were all gone, the grass was very green and much stronger than anywhere else and as they are soon to be a thing of the past and will never be seen by coming generations, having gone out of existence with the wiping out of the buffaloes, a description will be interesting.

In hot weather, buffaloes suffered very much from the heat and also from the flies and gnats. This country formerly was full of these pests and so plentiful were they that deer have been known to come near the fires where settlers were clearing their ground, and stand in the smoke to rid themselves of these pests. In fact, it was no unusual thing when a farmer wanted venison, to step out to one side of his burning log heaps and watch for a good fat doe to come up. In spite of the thick hide of the buffalo, they suffered from these insects and these wallows are the result of their attempt to defend themselves from them. As a herd would be going along, a big buffalo bull would spy a little green spot possibly near the bank of some stream and his instinct would tell him that there was water underneath. Naturally one would ask "Why didn't they go into the water to rid themselves of the flies and gnats?" but it was not water they wanted, as will be seen. The big bull would go to this little spot perhaps not larger than a foot across, and dropping on his knees, would commence goring the sides with his short but very strong horns, working himself round and around as a hog would. As he made his hole, the water would come in and he would keep digging and digging until he had the hole almost twice as large as himself and then he would wallow in it exactly as a common hog does in a mud hole and when he came out his whole hide would be covered with a mass of mud which would soon dry and which made his skin impervious to insects. All this time the rest of the herd would stand around and if the spot was at all swampy, other wallows would be made but the second bull in the herd, and by this I mean the one nearest in strength to the one which was always the leader, would step right into the original wallow and take his bath in turn. There was no chivalry in this matter at all. The buffaloes measured everything by strength. The bulls took their turns and the poor cows had to wait and often a whole afternoon or almost a day would be spent by these animals in plastering themselves with the mud and they would then go along their trail in a direction which their instinct had always marked out before. At times these trails turned away to the salt licks but they were always from east to west and the buffaloes that passed through here were always on their road to that great west in which they naturally found their proper surroundings. Mr. Wilson in his well-written book on Dubois County, says that in that county the presence of the buffalo was only transient, that he was seen going or coming and then not later than 1808. He also says that toward the close of the 18th century, a very cold winter, which continued several months, froze all vegetables, starved the animals and the herds never regained their loss. I think this bears out my idea that buffaloes only used this state and only the southern part of it, for a passage way and the trails which crossed the river at Louisville and at Big Bone lake and the Blue lakes in Kentucky, were simply on their road to the far west. My only reason for giving so much space to this is that the buffalo is and will always continue on the state seal and as it is now wiped out of existence by merci-

less skin hunters, anything pertaining to the animal which once roamed this continent in countless millions may be interesting to the reader of the present day.

To this day when wild game and "varmints" are almost unknown in this section, there are still many who love fox hunting and enjoy it on every occasion. At the little town of Poseyville, and near there, are many good hounds and during the proper season fox hunting is a regular thing but they are very scarce now and this is one reason why Posey County is so full of good poultry, for of all enemies of chickens, with the exception of perhaps the weasel, there is no such enemy as the fox. In the old days everybody had among their dogs, a few good hounds. Nearly all of these were brought from North to South Carolina by the pioneer settlers. They could run anything and seemed to know by instinct whether it was foxes that were wanted or deer. But as a rule, each neighborhood had two or three dogs that were trained to hunt foxes alone. It was no unusual thing for a little party to get together and arrange for a fox hunt and certain dogs would be selected and the rest tied up. It was no trouble to start a fox almost anywhere, for the country was alive with them and once started, the wildest kind of fun began. As labor was very scarce, most of the fences which were made of rails, were very low. Just high enough to keep out stock; and the hunters had no trouble in the excitement of the chase in jumping their horses right over them, but if they came to a high fence they immediately tore down one section and went through, never stopping to put it back in place and no farmer ever complained at this, for he might do the same thing for a neighbor on the very next day. But so much of this was done that at last the farmers joined together and even the fox hunters with them, and the trespass law was enacted. It will be news to many to know that this was what first started it. The fox has been known to go 20 miles during one night. Of course not in the same direction, but circling or "doubling" as they called it. In those days, the treasurers of the various counties paid 50c. each for all fox scalps that had both ears attached, that were brought to the court house. The majority of the foxes were red, but there were a few grey foxes in this country and their hides were of much greater value than the red. The old fox hunters claimed that a common fox could make a mile in two minutes and 20 seconds and a fox hound in two minutes and 40 seconds. This would seem to make the hunt a very long one, but it was simply a case of condition. The fox might have been jumped up just after having eaten a hearty supper on some stolen pullet or wild duck, while the hound in the old days was always so lean that every rib showed. After the trespass law went into effect and to save time and trouble the farmers built fences which were called "horse high, pig tight and bull strong." These were of course the very best rail fences that could be made. But each farmer had to make his own for his little settlement was sometimes miles away from that of the nearest neighbor. As we look today over some of these beautiful farming lands,

rolling for miles, the only fence along the road and sometimes not even there, because the stock law is rigidly enforced, it is hard to realize how these little farms used to look when every little squared spot had to have a high fence around it.

WILD BEES.

It can easily be understood that where sugar was almost an unknown quantity, and was only brought in as a rule by the hardy men who flat-boated to New Orleans, who brought back "brown sugar," a sugar-house molasses, wild honey was one of the housewife's treasures.

There are many who claim that wild bees did not appear till after the advent of the first settlers here. This is all folly for, no matter what else they brought, no settler ever brought with him a "bee gum," (so called from the fact that they usually used hollow gum stumps, sawed off for the hives of their tame bees). Yet the tame bee loves to roam, and I do not doubt that thousands of bee trees along Green River owe their colonies to little bands of tame bees that started from the big bee house on the Weeler farm near its mouth.

Bee hunting required a keen eye. Many were found by the hunter who happened to see a bee as it passed by. Its home flight, to the hive, was always a straight one, and he would follow as far as possible and then getting on the shady side, watch for another, and take up its flight and so on till he reached the tree that held the store. If he started out with bee hunting in view he simply took a little honey or molasses, or anything sweet, and after placing it in a good open spot, would wait till a bee came. He would then take up the flight as before explained.

His first thing was to put his mark on the tree, and that mark was sacred, just as would be the mark of his cattle or hogs, for men were honest in those days. A marked tree was usually held at one dollar and the finder often sold without the trouble of ever looking up the quantity or quality of the honey contained in it. Of course the finder of a tree soon decided whether or not the colony was strong. If few bees were flying, it was a young colony and he left it till next year. But one could never tell. In my young days I helped fell a big bee tree that contained an enormous colony, but it was so old that the hollow or crack was filled with old comb, and we didn't get enough good honey out of it to pay for the long work of cutting. In fact I think we traded all we got to an old colored auntie for a good meal, and it was one to remember—chicken, sweet potatoes and hoe cake, but cooked as only those old slave women could cook.

WILD HOGS.

Southern Indiana was a very paradise for wild hogs and soon after Evansville was settled the woods back of here were full of them. Those who know how prolific the hog is can easily understand that when an old

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sow "went wild," in other words strayed so often that she did not care to come home and had her litters in the dense woods, there was soon plenty of wild pork. One can hardly believe that this country was once so full of nuts or "mast." There were so many nuts that all the animals that loved them and all the wild hogs could hardly make an impression on them and untold millions of bushels went to waste every year. Of course the original founder (or founders) of each drove was marked with the mark of her owner, and the drove stayed on their range near the home place, but they were as wild as any wild animal. Every farmer had his mark, which was duly registered on the books of the county after this fashion:

John Jones. Slit in right ear.

Wm. Jones. Slit in left ear. Crop on right.

Wm. Wilson. Crop on right, underbit on left.

Thos. Perkins. Crop on right, and underbit on same.

John White. Cattle. Crop on right. Crop on left.

" " Hogs. Same, and tail cut off.

These marks were generally respected, as I have said. It is not so long ago that when pork was brought into this city, the question would be asked, "What is it? Corn fed or mast fed?" But the settlers only turned to pork after the bears were all gone. While pork is called a "sweet" meat, it is not to be compared to that of the bear. Bear meat was more easily kept, needed less salt and when cured was regarded superior to the best corn-fed pork. Bear oil was also much richer than hog's lard.

The undergrowth was so dense that about the only time a farmer could kill his wild hogs was after a good tracking snow. Then he would take his sons who were large enough to handle a gun or help in any way, and his cur dogs and start out and soon track down a drove.

The best shoats were then killed but there was constant danger from the old boars. These old fellows with their great tusks that would rip open a dog, or slash a man's leg, were always to be feared. They were the most vicious animals that roamed the woods for all wild animals would sneak away when they had a chance, but the boars would come right into the open to fight. They really knew no fear as many a man can testify. I once had a narrow escape from one. He was in a "bed," hid by tangled vines that grew all around the upturned roots of an enormous tree that had blown down. I had slipped noiselessly up and was just thinking "what a good place for a bear," when I heard a slight rustle. I had two heavy deer loads and both hammers cocked, and whirled around just as I heard a heavy animal rush out. All I could see was a great black body, and I took a snap shot, not ten feet away, at where I knew the head must be.

I heard a fall and a continued struggling, but I slipped in another shell and waited till all was quiet. Then I gave the "call" yell for my hunting partner, and he came to me and we took our big hunting knives and cautiously went into the tangled mass. It was an enormous black boar with not an ear mark on him, and the whole load had gone right into his neck,

one of the buckshot having broken it. When I saw that wicked head and those great tusks I realized what an escape I had had, for if I had missed him or had not hit him in the right place, he would have cut me to pieces.

Another time I was still hunting and saw a drove coming. I stood very still hoping they would pass by, but they saw me and started slowly forward. Some good Samaritan had sawed a tree high up—probably to get past some bad knots near the base, and I blessed him as I made a run for it and quickly clambered up. Here I stayed for fully two hours, while the herd walked around and around that stump champing their teeth till great clots of foam hung from their mouths. And what made me hot was that even the young ones only a third grown were just as bad as the old ones. Someone will say, "Why didn't you shoot?" The answer is, "Because I didn't want to stay on that stump all night."

One shot and one squealing hog and the rest would have spent the night and perhaps all next day trying to get at me. When they finally, finding me so still, trailed off, I made a bee line for camp, only too glad to get away.

But these wild hogs were of great value in ridding this country of rattlesnakes. While a deer would kill any rattlesnake that it found coiled up, by jumping into its coil and spreading its four feet like a flash, thus cutting it to pieces, the hogs would keep after them all the time. Any kind of a snake was fair prey for the hogs, and they were immune from poison. Many a hunter has seen fights between wild hogs and rattlesnakes in which the latter always fell victims and were eaten up by the victors.

But wild hog was never considered a very satisfying dish by our pioneers. At various times the younger wild hogs were caught by the dogs and brought to the clearings where they were penned up and fed corn in order to try to do away with the "wild" taste of the meat. But most of these attempts were unsuccessful. The young porkers seemed to have inherited a natural wildness and would gnaw at their frail pens till they got out. Many of them would actually refuse food, or take so little that they would never grow fat. The old term razor-back applied to these wild hogs. There are many of them in the woods of the south to this day.

BEARS.

How often have we heard that old old story told to the children "and a big bear came and ate him up." As other game has been spoken of so freely, the bear—not a ferocious wild beast, but a good article of food—ought to have his share.

Out west they have the grizzly, silver-tip and cinnamon bear, but in this country the only bear was the black bear. Black and glossy in winter when his fur was in condition, and a dirty brown in summer.

He was one of the most inoffensive of animals. Give him wild honey, roasting ears and plenty of berries and he would never go near a settlement. When hungry in winter he might carry off a shoat or a lamb, or, if

he found a small child alone in the woods, he might take it, not knowing what it was.

Give him a chance and he would slink into the undergrowth and paddle away as fast as possible. Even when wounded, he would still try to get away. A crippled bear was not as bad as a crippled deer, for there are two instances of where bucks have been hit, and ran awhile and then came back to fight. Near Newberg one jumped into the road and gored two oxen in a wagon very badly, and though there were three men in the wagon they could not beat it off till it had done much damage.

A hunter shot another buck this side of Newburg and hitched his horse while he followed it on foot. It circled back and attacked the horse cutting it so badly in the abdomen that it had to be killed. So much for deer.

But the only time to beware of a bear was when an old she bear's cubs were hurt. She might be with two cubs, and she would try to get away, and if the hunter killed one, she would leave with the other. But let one be only crippled and begin to "squall" and she would come back ready to fight to the death.

So in stealing cubs, if only one was taken, the old bear did not seem to know the difference, but if both were stolen she would follow up the scent till she found them and be just as ready to fight for them.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST PIONEER—PIERRE BROUILLETTE WAS SIMPLY A TRADER—THE ADVENT OF HUGH M'GARY—HOW HE HAPPENED TO LOCATE—THE HOOSIER TONGUE—HOW THE FIRST HOMES WERE BUILT—PRIMITIVE UTENSILS—OUR PIONEER MOTHERS—PIONEER CITIZENS—GETTING SALT—EARLY THRESHING AND CORN GRINDING—WORK WITHOUT NAILS—FIRST HARNESS AND BRIDLES.

While Hugh McGary was without doubt the first man to settle on the site of the city of Evansville, he was not the first one who really located here for a time.

But the first man was a wanderer and he went where trade was the best. History tells us that at least ten years before McGary decided to build his cabin, one Pierre Brouillette came down from "the falls," now known as Louisville, Ky., and tied up at the bank of Pigeon Creek.

At this time the Shawnees were camping here, trapping and fishing, and they occupied the land from the creek clear up to the present Boulevard. This, with the exception of a few gullies, was a perfectly level plateau. At that time Pigeon Creek was a small river and Sweezer pond quite a lake. (In after years Mrs. Sweezer, a widow, used to run a ferry at the mouth of the creek.)

Learning that the Shawnees not only had plenty of pelts, but could get them almost as fast as they needed them, Brouillette decided to locate here, and for four years he ran the first store. He carried in stock almost nothing except old flint-lock guns, cheap blankets, beads, tobacco and whiskey, and of this latter he sold great quantities.

As it is known that the partially civilized Indian of today will almost barter his soul for whiskey, some idea may be had of the profits of this shrewd trader. But as Brouilette never built a house or located any land, but lived on his boat during his residence here, he is not entitled to any honor in the history of Evansville.

A writer who tried to trace up his wanderings says of him:

"Peddling out fire-water to the Shawnees of this day was an avocation which required level judgment and when they became troublesome, extremely quick action.

"For about four years Brouillette carried on his business with the Indians. From time to time demand for his goods made it necessary for him to go to Louisville to replenish his stock. He would then dispose of the

furs which he had accumulated during the interim. In those days of limited transportation facilities a trip to Louisville was no small undertaking and required three or four days of travel. Brouillette usually made his journey on horseback, leading several other animals heavily laden with the results of his trading. On the return trip the horses would be still more heavily loaded. It is related of him that he often carried several kegs of whiskey on horseback, one balancing the other on either side and the whole secured by a stout strap.

"Sometimes his red-skinned friends required his supplies with greater celerity than the tedious trip to Louisville permitted. Then he would hurry to Vincennes and return quickly with enough goods to supply the pressing demands of the moment. On one of these trips Brouillette met General Washington Johnson, a prominent figure of that day and he gave Johnson such an enticing account of his business inevestment that Johnson was induced to make the journey southward for the purpose of viewing the conditions.

"When he visited Brouillette he found the lands in that part of the country had just been surveyed and were coming into the market. The surveyors had completed their work in the territory now comprising Vanberburg county in the fall of 1806 and upon his return to Vincennes, Mr. Johnson promptly secured title to the tract which seemed to be the prospective seat of industry in the new section of country. Whether he contemplated the inauguration of a town on the Ohio is not known and if so it is not known why he failed to take steps in that direction or to locate other tracts of land contiguous to the purchase he made in 1807.

"Some years afterward, Mr. Johnson told a friend that he had missed a rare opportunity for a paying investment when Evansville came into being at a point less than a mile from the old Brouillette boat landing.

"The exact time when Brouillette left his trading post at the mouth of Pigeon Creek is not known. The advent of the surveying corps appears to have broken up the Shawnee village and although at periods far apart portions of the tribe appeared in the vicinity there was not enough of an Indian settlement to make the bartering profitable. Pierre Brouillette went away. Whither, no one seemed to know. He had relatives at Vincennes, but inquiry among them at a much later date failed to bring to light any information concerning his history or his wanderings."

Reverting to McGary, I am able to give the following facts: He was of Irish and not Scotch parentage. If he had been Scotch, he would have spelled his name MacGary. He first lived in Kentucky where he fought Indians side by side with Boone, Todd, Trigg, Harlan, Estill, Logan and the other brave fighters of the Dark and Bloody Ground.

He went to Post Saint Vincent to the treaty, and, starting back with his brothers to his Kentucky home, he took the old Indian trail which came through what is now known as Stringtown. This brought him through the dense woods to what is now the foot of Main street. His destination was

"The Red Banks" (Henderson, Ky.). He was so much impressed with Indiana that he came back and settled in Gibson county, but, still thinking of the great Ohio River and its possibilities, he moved here and built his first house.

It is but just to say, that a log house had been built here some years before at the mouth of Pigeon Creek, but the most diligent search fails to show who built it. It consisted of only one room, the logs were not even smoothed by the axe, and the roof was held on by poles, as saplings were called. It stood many years and was finally washed away in a spring flood.

McGary, however, had an eye to something better, and his house, while only one story, consisted of two rooms and a hall between; in other words it was a double log cabin.

The average city bred reader can have no idea of the primitiveness of the tools used in the early architecture of Evansville.

Only three were needed—an axe, an augur and a cross-cut saw. And even the latter was a sort of luxury, and in many cases several families combined and traded enough pelts to purchase a saw, which was used in turn by the joint owners. As a matter of fact many houses were built with only an axe and an augur. The augur was straight and had a long and very strong handle. As a rule the logs were put into the house "in the rough" i. e. without any attempt to smooth them, but those who had any pride hewed their logs smooth on one side or both, and if they had a saw they sawed the ends so as to make smooth corners. But the poor fellow who had no saw, or no neighbor from whom he could borrow, simply left the corners rough.

The logs of McGary's house were smoothed inside and out, and notched so that they set in nicely. The gaps between the logs were filled with dried grass and mud. This was called "chinking," and to say that a man lived in a cabin that "wasn't even chinked," was to pronounce him a lazy kind of fellow, for mud and grass were plenty.

The roof was of slabs, laid much as shingles are, and held in place by long poles, which in turn were held by stones at each end. At the end of each room was an enormous chimney, large enough for a half-grown child to stand in. This was built on the outside and made of split sticks plastered inside and out and between each layer with mud. In fact the chimney was really of mud and the sticks held it in place. These chimneys soon hardened, and it is wonderful how they lasted. Many a time in hunting I have run across these old cabins with their chimneys almost as good as the day they were built. The only doors in the building faced each other across the open hall.

There were only two windows in the house, one in the front of each cabin and they were only as large as the space cut out of two logs. There was no glass but there were very strong shutters which fastened by bars

And how did the doors work? Who has not heard the expression "the latch string is out." But how many of my readers ever stopped to think how the expression originated?

Inside each door was a heavy wooden latch which fitted into a slot. Just above the latch was an augur hole, and through it a deer skin thong fastened to it, could be hung outside. If it hung outside it meant "Come in and welcome," but if the door was shut and the thong pulled inside, it behooved the visitor to tell very plainly who he was before he could hope to enter.

In each corner of the sleeping room were the beds. These were made by driving saplings into augur holes in the wall and fastening them at the corner with hickory withes. Across the poles slabs were laid and pegged down and on them were home made mattresses of dried grass, or filled with the feathers of wild geese and ducks.

Sheets were rare, but quilts were plenty, and were a source of great pride to the pioneer women. If they were alive today they would be horrified to see the scraps of ribbons, old dresses, etc., that the average housekeeper throws into the fire as useless. To them they would be rare treasures, to be brought out with pride at the first "quiltin' bee" for they kept every little faded scrap, from the men's pants to the little girls' worn-out calico dresses, and all were worked into quilts of gorgeous patterns.

Sometimes when the family was large, a sort of loft of strong poles was built, and the children and sometimes "the stranger within the gates" retired by way of a light ladder.

It would be wrong to leave this subject without telling of the ways of the first Indiana mothers.

Their household implements were few. Their brooms were made by shaving down a hickory pole with a knife or axe, and then pulling down the little strips in a bunch and fastening them with the ever-ready hickory withe. Their cooking utensils were an iron pot which hung on a "crane" in the big fire place, and a "spider." This latter was a simple heavy frying pan or skillet with a heavy iron lid, on which coals could be heaped.

I myself have eaten many a time when deer hunting where the entire meal was cooked in the "spider." First the coffee was browned in it, then the game was broiled, and after that was set aside, the spider was quickly cleaned and the corn pone or "warm white bread" was hastily baked in it.

The children were always expected to wait; in fact there were hardly ever dishes enough to go around.

I have read many alleged accounts of how the old hoosiers talked. Some of them took the form of stories, but they were rarely true to life. They had a language all their own, though many idioms they brought with them from the Kentucky country, and I will try to give a few examples which I know are reliable for in my youth my happiest days were spent with these old settlers and their descendants.

If a rider or driver came up to the horse-block, his usual announcement was "hello, the house." This brought all the dogs to the front, and the lady of the house would come to the door, and if she knew the visitor, would say "light and come in." This of course meant "alight" or "get down," but "light" was considered the very acme of politeness.

In the meantime she brought a chair or stool and after carefully dusting it with her apron (for it would be bad form indeed not to show this mark of respect) she placed it before the fire.

Of course the conversation was limited. There were no topics save the poor little details of their small clearings.

Strange to say, the average mother always told with pride how "bad" her child was, and if the visitor was shrewd he always said that he "allowed" her little Billy was the "wust young 'un in the settlement"—with the accent on "ment."

And then the proud mother would say "I allow to git me a bresh (piece of brushwood) some day and jist lay it on him till he squalls like a painter (panther).

Nobody "knew" or "supposed" anything; they "allowed."

No modest woman ever spoke of a muscular man as "strong." To her such a term would mean that he gave out an effluvia. Oh, no, he was "stout." A creek was a "crick." A man might "kill" a bear or some wild animal, but he "hung up" a deer. "Up yanways" meant up the road, or up in some other direction.

Marks of a stray horse or wild animal were "sign." A "deer scrape" was where a buck had rubbed its "velvet" on small bushes, and a "turkey scrape" was where wild turkeys had scratched.

One could "tree" a coon or "shine" a deer at night. A possum that pretended to be dead "sulled."

To "pull yer weasel-skin" meant take out your pocket book. A midwife was a "granny." To say that a young man was "ficety," meant that he put on airs. There was never interest on a note; it was "intrust." A spotted cow or hog was "pieded."

There were no pants, trousers or pantaloons; men wore "britches" and "gallusses" (suspenders). Tobacco simply twisted was "long green," while plug tobacco was "store terbacker."

One did not chew; he "chawed." A "log rollin" was when the neighbors all gathered to roll up the logs on a clearing into pyramids so that they might easily burn. A "house raisin" was when they came to help the young settler roll up his house timbers into place, and a "house warmin" was where all came bringing some little thing from their scanty store to start the young couple to housekeeping.

A strange thing was the use of the word "critter" and "brute." A man bought a "horse critter," or saw a stray "cow brute." A child was given a small branch of wood at the table and told to "mind" the flies. An "eavesdrapper" was the meanest of creatures. A man who was thinking deeply,

Evansville's First Lot Sale

(From original handbill in possession of Sebastian Henrich)

EVANSVILLE

THE sale of Lots in the Town of Evansville, will take place on Wednesday and Thursday the 27th and 28th of May next, when purchasers can have a credit of 6 & 12 Months, by giving Bond with approved security, & on Friday the 29th of May, the building of a public Jail, in the said town will be let to the lowest bidder.

This town is so well known as a place of Landing and deposit for the western part of the State of Indiana, that any particular description of the place is deemed unnecessary. Suffice it to say, that this town has lately been established as the permanent seat of Justice of Vanderburgh County, and certainly holds out a fairer prospect to become a considerable Commercial town, than any other in the western part of the State.—Merchants, Mechanicks and men of enterprize are particularly invited to come and judge for themselves.

DANL. MILLER, *Agent for Vanderburgh County.*

April 28th, 1818.

Printed at the Office of the Western Sun—Vincennes.

was "progikin." To feel a little sick, was to feel "daunchy." The word "puny" was also in general use and simply meant that a man or woman couldn't work all day like a horse.

The above is only a specimen of what was known as the backwoods tongue. Of course the cultivated men who came here from the east did not use it, but I am speaking of the natives.

Oh! those pioneer mothers! No feeble pen can ever give them their due meed of praise. They were the mothers of real men. No work too hard, no privation too great. If the men were away, they did not hesitate to take the axe and chop their own wood. In clearing up the land they worked side by side with their sturdy husbands and sons.

Their charity was great. No thought of self ever entered their hearts. Let it be known that a neighbor was sick and a walk of miles through the trackless woods to help minister to the afflicted was no task to them.

And to them the ties of blood meant something. Let a man be of their "kin" and the whole world might turn against him, yet they would be true. They would forgive any deed, and set themselves as a shield between him and his enemies.

Their modesty was as great as their goodness. No man dared to tell a "risque" story when the "women folks" were around. Tales that pass current in fashionable drawing rooms today, would be met by a burst of virtuous indignation by the women of the olden time. And yet their ideas were strange. A mother would nurse her babe before a dozen men and think nothing of it, yet she would draw down her poor dress till not even her shoes were exposed.

Hers was the true hospitality. Let a lost stranger come at any hour of the night and she would only too gladly leave her warm bed to get him "a bite to eat" and a good cup of coffee. To do less would be to break a law handed down by her ancestors. And in the morning, long ere day, she would be up and ready with a hot breakfast, so that he might lose no time. If he offered to pay, she would spurn it and say "I reckon you'd a done the same for me or my old man." And when her neighbors came, to let them go without a meal was something unknown to her and her methods. Every poor dish was brought out and her little store of sweetmeats was ravished, but when she said, after the last touch, "draw up yer cheers and help yourselves. We aint got much, but sech as it is, you're mighty welcome," she meant it. Yes, from the bottom of her great, generous heart, and not to have done ample justice to the meal would have hurt her deeply.

On her shoulders fell all of the household work. Each little piece of all worn out garments would be carefully cut into strips and the ends sewed together. Then when large enough to make a "carpet ball" it was carefully stowed away pending the time when she could have made a little carpet or rug to put upon the barren floor.

She it was who took the big pumpkins and cut them as one cuts a watermelon, into round slices, and when a pole was run throug them (for who could afford twine) they were fastened by little strips of deer hide up along the rafters. The red peppers were strung and fastened up. The nuts of various kinds were strewn on the loft floor and the sassafras roots were gathered in season and carefully put away. She and her little ones gathered the wild grapes, and the papaws and persimmons, and the first May apples.

To her the dense woods were full of treasures, even to the slippery elm bark. And if one were sick, she alone knew how to take nature's own primitive roots and herbs and concoct healing and soothing medicines.

She believed her husband to be the best man living; her children the sweetest and best ever born, and her "kin" incapable of doing wrong. She was good and sweet and true. God bless her memory.

An item in a recent issue of the Courier goes to show how closely the pioneer mother stayed at home.

It was not that their minds were not bright and active, but it was simply their way of living. To them their own hearthstones were the sweetest places on earth, and just so "the folks kept well" and there was plenty to eat, plenty of warmth, and a near neighbor to drop in to chat while they both sat knitting (for to be idle was a crime) they cared little for the doings of the great outside world. And who shall say they were not the happier for it?

The *Courier* says:

"Although she had lived within 20 miles of Evansville for 71 years, Mrs. F. M. Stallings, Posey County, yesterday visited Evansville for the first time and among other things had her first sight of a street car and an automobile. There were many other things, too, that she witnessed for the first time, such things as were never to be seen in the vicinity of their little farm in the adjacent county.

"Mr. and Mrs. Stallings were here yesterday paying their respects to their daughter, Mrs. George W. Hunter, Eighth and Locust streets, and left in the afternoon for a few days' visit with a son in Eckerty, Crawford County.

"Mr. Stallings had not been in Evansville since 1866 and the tremendous strides the city had taken filled him with wonder.

"Sitting near a window in her daughter's home, Mrs. Stallings saw a street car whizz by on Eighth street. She figuratively rubbed her eyes to see if she was awake and then looking saw it far up the avenue. 'How does the thing run?' she asked her daughter. 'It has no horses pulling it nor anyone pushing it?' An auto moving by brought even greater expressions of astonishment from the elderly lady. 'What won't they do next!' was her only means of venting her wonder.

"The couple will stop off here the middle of next week on their way home and Mr. and Mrs. Hunter are planning an educational trip through

the city for their benefit. Moving picture shows, the large manufacturing plants and other results of the last century's inventive genius will be introduced to them."

The *Courier* also speaks of two other old citizens:

"Thomas Scantlin of this city, the oldest man in Vanderburg county and probably the only surviving person who carried an advertisement in the first edition of the *Courier*, published in 1845, will before the summer passes celebrate his 96th birthday. Nearly 90 of these 96 years have been spent in Evansville and there is probably no man in this city who is able to recall so much of the early history of Evansville as Mr. Stantlin.

"When barely six years of age he came here in about 1820, the limits of the village extended only from Sycamore to Walnut and from Water to Third streets. His present residence at 512 Upper Third street he built in 1841. At 34 Sycamore street he constructed the first three-story building in the city. It was a brick business house and still stands.

"Mr. Scantlin was present at the beginning of the construction of the old Wabash & Erie canal, when General Robert M. Evans turned the first shovel of dirt. The ceremonies were followed by a banquet and dance.

"In 1836 he became engaged in the tin business and it was the advertisement of this enterprise that appeared in the *Courier* of 1845. Mr. Scantlin was married in 1840 to Ellen Jane Parvin, the niece of General Evans, after whom the city was named.

"Captain P. G. O'Riley, who arrived here in 1843, embarked in the first wharfboat business in Evansville which under his guiding influence grew to be the largest enterprise of its kind between Pittsburg and New Orleans.

"During the twenty years of his residence here, Captain O'Riley was known the length of the river for his philanthropies. He erected the first hospital where contagious diseases were treated and personally met the expenses of the institution until the community awakening to the burden he was carrying, took it from his shoulders.

"Captain O'Riley was one of the first promoters of the old Wabash & Erie canal, which was completed in 1853. The first boat upon its waters was called in his honor. 'The P. G. O'Riley.' In 1863 he left Evansville for New Orleans to engage in the commission business. His trip to that city was made upon the first steamboat to reach New Orleans after the fall of Vicksburg.

"New Orleans was visited by an epidemic of yellow fever in 1873 and Captain O'Riley fell a victim to the dread disease."

One of the great necessities of the early day was salt. Without it no pioneer family could hope to get along.

There are people now living here who remember Cook's Park as the salt well. In the early days a spring existed near the bank of the creek at the northwest corner of the park. For years this water was boiled and produced a fair article of salt, but as it failed to produce enough for the

needs of all it was dug deeper and somehow the vein was spoiled, the water becoming brackish.

After that the settlers used to go in little bands to the Saline banks near Shawneetown, which had long been used by the Indians. They would boil out their salt and bring it home in sacks on their shoulders or on what few horses were owned here.

At that time the only wagon owned here belonged to Adam Fickas, who lived above the site of this city near Newburg, which first went by the name of Sprinklesburg. He was always ready to lend this to his neighbors, till a man named Hayden began to make yearly trips here with a trading boat. Corn and coon skins were a legal tender so to speak.

Corn was worth twenty-five cents per bushel delivered at the boat and coon skins twenty-five cents each.

And, by the way, it was many a year before coon skins ceased to be an important factor in trading.

My father settled here in 1850, and many a time I've seen the little Green River boats bring him cargoes made up almost entirely of these skins. And even in those days of cheap pelts, a mink skin was worth two to three dollars and an otter skin much more.

All wheat that was raised in the early days was threshed out by horses. The shocks were cut and laid on the ground in a circle and the horses walked over them, around and around. Of course they were laid on very hard ground, so that the grains would not sink in. It is wonderful how clean they kept. After the shocks were well threshed, the straw was pulled away, and what chaff was left was fanned off by wild turkey wings and tails. I have seen this done myself on the farm of David Weller, Sr., back of Henderson, where I used to hunt when a boy. The corn was shelled by hand, and there was a rude crusher near Newburg which was patronized by people here before Anthony built his mill on Pigeon Creek, out on the Stringtown road. (This was afterwards the old Negley mill. I have often fished at the dam when a boy, but the mill at that time, though afterwards rebuilt by another party, had fallen into decay.)

Still there were those who could hardly afford to pay a miller's toll and they crushed their corn by fastening an iron wedge to a limber pole and banging the wedge up and down in a hollow in a stone that would hold little more than two ears of corn at a time. This was almost as primitive as the old Indian way.

Perhaps the question may be asked if our pioneers had no nails, with very little iron and no blacksmith's shops, how did they perform their agricultural duties. In the first place, the plow used in those days was all in one piece. The plowshare, point and bar. It was fastened by one bolt through the plowsheath to the top of the beam and that was the only piece of iron about the plow. But this primitive plow cost far more in those days than the very best plow of the present. The moldboard was of the best hardwood usually white oak. Best oak was also used. This mold-

board was dressed down to the proper shape and then put in the corner of the big fireplace to dry and after being thoroughly dry, could be polished as smooth as any of the steel plows of today. The harrows were made entirely of wood. They used either slippery elm or iron wood for the A harrow, sloping the side pieces out one end and fastening them at the apex with a peg. A cross piece was then placed about the middle of the harrow and also fastened with pegs. The universal auger then came into play and holes were made, into which pegs were driven for the pins of the harrow. They were made of dry hickory and it is astonishing how long they would last. They used both single and double trees in those days but instead of iron to hold the harness everything was fastened with hickory withes. These trees were not expected to last more than one season, but it took only a short time to make them. The horse collars were of course made of corn shucks, fastened together with leather thongs and the roll of the collar was made by sewing on another layer of corn shucks, so that the hames would fit tight. They also made collars of raw hide, cutting them in the proper shape the same as the modern collar, sewing up the edges and filling them with deer hair, bear's hair or any material of that kind. They also made a combination by pounding up ash timber very fine and mixing it with deer hair and this was really a better material for a filler than the excelsior that is used today. All bridles were made of raw hide. They used for a bit, a hickory withe, fastening a ring to each end and for the balance of the bridle this bit was then covered with raw hide, so that the horse could not chew it. The Indians use that bit at the present and as the Indians had no horses until the advent of civilization, they of course got this idea from old pioneers. Hames were made out of roots, the maker selecting roots that would conform to the shape of a horse's shoulder. The holes for the hames were burned through with an iron rod and fastened by leather thugs. There were no hame hooks such as we attach tugs to at the present day, but in their stead two very strong pieces of raw hide passed through burned holes in the hames. The wagons were of course very primitive and made wheels were unknown. The fore wheels were usually made by sawing circular boards from black gum. The four-inch hole was made in the middle for the axles. They used a hickory withe in holes burned at the end of the axles. These wagons were generally too heavy for horses and oxen was generally used for them. The ox yoke was also made without a particle of iron. The bows were passed up through burned holes in the yoke and held up by withes and the very large ring through which the wagon tongue passed was also made of very strong hickory. Of course a great deal of grease was put on these axles to make them run easily, but they made so much noise that the approach of a wagon could sometimes be told nearly a mile away. Pitch forks were simple saplings with the bark peeled off and the ends pointed. Sometimes the antlers of a deer were driven through burned holes and securely fastened and used instead of forked saplings. Rakes were of course of wood, with the ends

of deer horns for the teeth. The spade was made of hickory properly seasoned and was fully polished and even oiled and lasted a long time. Of course every one owned a sled. Clumsily made but good not only in winter but in the early spring and late fall, when the ground was moist and it is remarkable to know how easily these crude vehicles would run when once they were worn smooth.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY EVANSVILLE—THE FIRST STAGE COACH—FIRST STORES AND PROFESSIONAL MEN—ITS APPEARANCE IN 1820—EARLY TRANSPORTATION—THE OLD STAGES—FLATBOATING—HOW THE PRODUCE WAS SOLD.

EARLY EVANSVILLE.

It was a gala day for Evansville when the first stage coach to enter the village jolted over the rough road which led through the main thoroughfare of the town and drew up in front of this two-story log house, the tavern of Ansel Wood. The arrival of the mail with its news of the outside world was an event of importance to the community and was sufficient justification for every one to leave their work to welcome with hearty handshakes and eager questions each passenger as he stepped from the vehicle

Willis Howe, one of the pioneer settlers of Gibson county, who for more than fifty years lived in the immediate vicinity of Evansville, rode into town from Princeton, Ind., on the first stage coach to traverse the highway between Vincennes and Evansville having charge of the United States mail on the trip. Some time before his death, Mr. Howe described the appearance of Main street as he saw it when he entered the village that day, riding on the driver's seat, holding the reins while the jehu in charge of the outfit, announced to the eager inhabitants the advent of a mail stage within the precincts of the city, by blowing lustily upon a squeaky old stage horn.

"The street or road," Mr. Howe says, "was pretty well chopped through the timber to a point about three blocks northeast of the court house, then a new brick building, and for two or three blocks the newly made stumps stood so thickly over the surface that only a meandering wagon way marked the line of travel into the town. From Pigeon creek to the village the roadway was indicated by a succession of notched trees, but travelers obeyed their own sweet will by driving wherever there was sufficient opening between the timber for the passage of a wagon and enough soil above the nearly continuous frog pond to make manifest that the timber annually grew out of the earth. Arrived in town the stage coach halted in front of the tavern of Ansel Wood, a two-story log house located between Second and Third streets, half a square from the court house, almost in front of the frame dwelling of Captain Newman that seemed to be the most pretentious edifice in Evansville. Nearly all the population of the town appeared to

have turned out to greet the advent of the stage coach which had been expected and was an occasion of great local importance."

"In front of the tavern," said Mr. Howe, "there were at least two large stumps that had been especially cared for, having iron rings at the top and were utilized by the frequenters of the house for hitching posts."

Later on I will speak of the old stage lines. I knew the drivers of many of them and would often ride out a few miles with them and walk back.

Mr. Tall Clark has celebrated his golden wedding since this work was begun. He came from England in 1851.

When he was twenty-one years old, in 1859, he became a member of the old Evansville fire department. He was stationed at the fire house that stood where the post office is now. When there was a fire the big bell was rung and all of the citizens ran to the hose house and went with the firemen to the fire where they formed a bucket brigade. Mr. Clark saw the pump wagons come into use. The handles were worked by two firemen and only a small stream was thrown.

Mr. Clark became a stage coach driver, driving the stage coach which ran between Evansville and Mt. Vernon. There were no Indians and bears in these parts in those times but nevertheless, the life of a stage coach driver was extremely fascinating. Time after time Mr. Clark was compelled to drive miles out of the direct route to avoid murderous bands of robbers who intended to waylay the coach and hold up the passengers and the United States mail that was carried by the coach. Many times Mr. Clark shot deer from the top of the coach.

The first real store started in Evansville was run by Wm. McKnitt in a small house built by Hugh McGary. He was the father of Mrs. James Steele, who for many years ran a planing mill here. Mrs. McKnitt was a sister of Benoni Stinson, who had a farm below town in 1812.

The second store was opened by a Frenchman, who shortly sold out to a Mr. Armstrong. He in turn sold out to the Lewis Bros., who for many years were identified with this city. Many remember Mrs. Octavia Lewis. It is sad to think that of this old family, and of the two brothers, the only living descendent is Dr. H. A. Lewis, who married Miss Mary Gardner.

At these stores litle money ever passed over the counter. Coon skins were almost a legal tender, the price being twenty-five cents for "winter fur" while a "summer coon" was of little value and had no fixed price. Bear skins, wolf skins and wood were regular articles of barter. And this was in 1812, yet so many were the wild animals in this section that I saw store keepers as late as 1856 bring down fur out of Green River and with not one cent of money buy a stock of groceries from the late Samuel E. Gilbert, who established the first exclusively wholesale grocery here in 1850.

BLANKENBURG SCHOOL BUILDING

The first attorney to come to this city was Amos Clark, who located in 1814. Daniel Warner, appointed by James Monroe, was the first postmaster in 1819.

In 1820 it was decided to elect a board of Town Trustees and the following were successful: John M. Dunham, Dan F. Goldsmith, Prestley Prichett, Wm. Mills, Jr., and Jno. A. Chandler, the founder of the Chandler family. James A. Boiss was secretary and Alanson Warner treasurer.

By this time Evansville had become recognized as a town with a future and the rich country back of the river was gradually taken up and cleared into small farms. General Evans in 1824 brought many good farmers from New Harmony and artisans who begun to settle here had their hands full making tools. Of course steam power was almost unknown and wind or water power was used, but it may be said that the early privation was over. It was in 1820 that Jno. S. Hopkins, a beloved and respected citizen for many long years, first came here as a school boy. Many years ago he sent east for an artist and had a picture of this city painted as it looked when he first saw it.

He simply sketched the outlines from memory and then had them painted in, as he stood over the work. This picture is in possession of his son, and gladly would this work produce it, but Mr. Hopkins has refused to allow it to be copied, to so many, that he was obliged to refuse the writer—an old schoolmate.

Mr. Hopkins however gladly gave a history of this place as he had gleaned it from his father, as follows:

"In 1820 the town extended on the river front from Oak street to Division street and ran back from the river only three or four squares. In fact the buildings off Water, Main and First streets were few in number.

"On the river side of Water street at the crossing of Oak street stood a two-story white frame residence which was for many years the home of Robert Barnes. It was built by Elisha Harrison, an early resident, and one of the contractors who built the first court house. In its day the Harrison residence was a frequent meeting place of the elite of the city's society.

"Jay Moorehouse, a prominent citizen of the time, and a Whig politician of considerable note, resided on the west corner of First and Cherry streets. His daughter, Maria Moorehouse, was the belle of the city. On the opposite corner, across First street, stood a commodious one-story frame dwelling, which was the property of Dr. Richardson, one of the early physicians of the town. William Caldwell, otherwise called "Old Partner," lived in this house.

"A two-story frame house, the home of Asaph Chandler, the father of William H. and John J. Chandler, who were well known to all old residents as among the most progressive citizens, stood on the upper corner of Water and Chestnut streets. The north corner of Chestnut and Second streets was occupied by a substantial two-story structure, the home of the grandfather

of Colonel Jackson McClain, for many years an honored citizen of Henderson, Ky.

"Just above the corner of Walnut and Riverside avenue, where the residence of the late Mrs. Mary Stephens now stands, there was a one-story house with a porch in front. It was known as the ferry house and here hung a bell upon a strong upright pole. For many years the ringing of this bell served to call the ferryman from his home on the Kentucky side. The house was built by Benjamin Jefferson, an early resident, partly in a ravine, so that the rear part was erected upon pilings before the spot was filled in.

"Fronting on Water street between Walnut and Locust, was located the home of John Zimmerman, Evansville's third postmaster and later county clerk of Vanderburg County. Adjoining this was a very small one-story building, where a Mr. Crockwell kept a bakery. On the next lot below, still fronting on Water street was the home of James W. Jones, one of McGary's colleagues in the original booming of the site.

"At the upper corner of Locust and Water streets stood a two-story building, built by Elisha Harrison, in which a store and tavern was kept. When Edward Hopkins came to Evansville in 1820 he became the proprietor of this establishment. After Mr. Hopkins the place was continued as a tavern by John O'Connor. Where the St. George is now located stood a large one-story dwelling with long porches facing on both streets. In 1820 it was the residence of Amos Clark, one of the able lawyers of the period, but he afterward disposed of the property to John Shanklin. One of the oldest structures in the town stood at the corner of Locust and Water streets, a log house occupied by the firm of Jones & Harrison, who were later succeeded by Shanklin & Moffitt, and they still later by Shanklin & Johnson. Where the Orpheum theater now stands, stood a two-story log house with a frame addition in the rear, (towards the river) wherein Alfred O. Warner kept tavern. Major Alanson Warner succeeded his brother and the log tavern gave way to a two-story brick hotel called the Mansion house. This was the first brick hotel in the town.

"On the present location of the First National Bank building, Main and First streets, stood the residence of Dr. Seaman and on the next lot toward the Warner tavern, there was a two-story building known as the 'Warner Den' where the dissolute young men of the village congregated for a hand at cards and from the nightly carousals there the place received its undesirable name. The blacksmith shop of Colonel Seth Fairchild stood on the corner of Third and Locust streets and in the same block ornamenting the crest of a small hill stood a two-story frame dwelling built by William R. McGary and occupied by Captain James Newman and family. It was one of the most aristocratic homes in the city and was the scene of much princely hospitality. Later on when Captain Newman was elected sheriff, defeating Jay Moorehouse, a crowd of the victor's friends got out a cannon and several pieces of a brass band with the view of showing the cap-

tain their appreciation. He took them all into the house and seated them at the best spread the city would admit in those early days.

"The structures below Main street in the early days were of even more business importance than those above. At the corner of Main and Water streets there was a two-story building where William and James Lewis kept a miscellaneous store, dealing in about all the ware, solid and liquid, sold in Evansville in that period. It was the principal store of the town for a number of years. On Main street near where the Old National bank building now stands was the warehouse of Colonel Hugh McGary, a place of real importance in the pioneer days. Here the Hon. Isaac Blackford held the first court in Vanderburg County with William Wagnon and John McCray serving as associate judges. In the same rooms the county commissioners held their sessions. Traveling ministers making their regular rounds held church in the old warehouse when it was convenient. Later the firm of Bement & Viele opened a wholesale grocery in the warehouse, doing a thriving business there for many years.

"At a still later date the old structure was moved to Sycamore street between Fourth and Fifth streets, where it was utilized for a long time by John Garisk for pork packing.

"The first jail erected in Vanderburg County stood on the north corner of the public square at the intersection of Main and Third streets. The contract for its erection was let to Hugh McGary in 1818. It was built of white oak timber one foot square, double thickness, the logs being bolted together with iron rods. These timbers stood upright and extended into the ground three feet below the lower floor. It was twelve feet square in the clear.

"The historic log house of Hugh McGary was situated on Water street on the second lot below Main street. It was the first house built in the town, was constructed of hewn logs and was 38x18 feet in dimensions. A two-story frame building, the property of Andrew Graham, occupied the location near the corner of Sycamore and Second. This property afterward passed into the possession of the Catholic church and upon it the first church of that denomination was erected. The Grand opera house now stands on this site.

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"Where Division street runs down to the river, stood a grove of elm trees. When the wharf was graded, these trees with one exception were cut down. Many years later the famous old elm, for it was under this tree that many old citizens believe that Hugh McGary drew up his canoe when he first stepped on the Indiana side of the Ohio River, withered away and died. A young tree of the same variety was planted in its stead and it stands there today surrounded by an iron fence, a growing monument to the founder of the city."

Mr. Hopkins however does not hold to this belief. In his father's sketch the elm tree shows as a small sapling growing at the foot of a ravine,

and I am so sure that the elder Hopkins was right that I have elsewhere stated that this old tradition is simply a mistake, like many others.

As this work is intended to be absolutely correct in every little detail, the statements regarding this tree have been made exhaustive.

EARLY TRANSPORTATION.

With its mighty river, its fleets of boats and great railroad lines of the present, to say nothing of its interurban lines in every direction, it is hard to realize how primitive were the ways of transportation in the early days. There were only two markets near here, Vincennes and Louisville, and the country was supplied with small household goods by peddlers. These men carried an endless variety of small goods and took in exchange anything they could send east. There were also pack-peddlers who carried their goods on their backs and they, not being able to "barter," got about all of the change that had crept into the new country.

Many men who were prominent lights in the business world in later years got their first start in peddling. Such men as Asa Bement, Reuben Hart and Willard Carpenter began in this small way.

The heavy articles such as nails, axes, blacksmiths' tools and iron all had to come from Pittsburg and generally came down in flatboats. Cloth, wearing apparel and cutlery came from Baltimore and Philadelphia, being first hauled over the mountains to Pittsburg and then floated down. Calico was thirty cents per yard and most of the women made their dress cloth in their own looms. She who had a real calico dress was the silk dress woman of today.

But as I shall speak of boating later, it is best to tell of the means of transportation that took the place of the railroads of today. The animals in most general use were oxen and for these reasons: they were cheaper, were more easily kept and were better for breaking up new ground—and of this latter much had to be done. All new ground was full of roots and a good horse would soon wear out with the ceaseless pounding of the plow against them. But the ox being slower would simply stop till the impediment was cut out. Again, they were better for going through the new roads, many of which were merely blazed trails, with a road full of deep ruts going through them. People of the present can hardly understand how these roads "wore out." Each time that a wagon wheel struck a stump, it would push the other wheel over and a rut would wear. Then after a rain these ruts would fill with water and soften so that what was called a "chuck-hole" would appear. When these got too numerous the next man would go around them, thus making a new road, and soon there would be half a dozen along one trail. Of course all farmers were expected to "work" the roads each spring, but they did this in a haphazard way.

It soon became necessary for Evansville to branch out. It was rapidly becoming the center of a growing country and was even then the second

town in the state, and it was then that the first regular stage lines were started.

In the early '30s a band of Englishmen came here from Chattevis, and among them was Joseph Setchell. He went into the livery business on a small scale with Alanson Warner and their stable was on Locust street, just back of where the St. George now stands. Soon he branched out and opened a stable on Division street between First and Second and here he began to send out stage lines. The first one was to New Harmony and next to Mt. Vernon but the Boonville stage was run as a rule by settlers in either Boonville or Newburg. Setchell had the first team of four white horses ever seen here, and had them docked, but used them mostly in his livery business. The old stable burned and he formed a partnership with the late Edward Bowles and built a fine stable where the Vickery building now stands opposite the Custom House. Long after the E. & T. H. was built and long before the days of the L. & N. these stages took the place of railroads. Setchell often drove himself as did Mr. Bowles—who by the way taught me to handle the tandem lines. These stages were the Concord stage differing from the western stages in many respects. Of course on some of the old ones the body hung by straps, but they soon gave way to springs.

These stages carried not only passengers but great loads of stuff in the "boots" at the back. Even in my day I have seen them come in with the boot and the body of the stage completely packed with furs.

They carried the mail, and one small pouch was more than enough. People did not write much in those days, and in the little settlements, if a man got a letter, he generally stood with it in his hands for a time while his neighbors stood around with sympathy in their faces, for he always feared that it contained "bad news." And this was usually the case. People had no gossip to send and a letter generally was a notice of some death. In the summer it was the custom to use two horses, but in winter and the early spring it was hard to pull through with four good horses, for the wheels sometimes sunk into the chuck holes, until the axles dragged.

Among the old time stage drivers the only one now living is "Uncle Billy Green" of Vincennes, who celebrated his ninety-eight birthday on the seventeenth of April, 1910. As was his regular custom he had a birthday cake, with a candle on it for every year of his life. He has splendid health and there is every indication that he will live to pass the century mark. He not only walks regularly five blocks once a week alone and unassisted, but reads his daily paper without glasses and attends to chores about the house. It is nothing uncommon to see him in the horse lot at the rear of his home hitching up a horse to a mail wagon, he having had the contract for transferring the mails to and from the union station and post office for years, or throwing down hay out of the hay mow. He likes to work and insists that he be allowed to do so, and does not let a day go by in which he does not see that his horses are well cared for. He claims

to be as yet a young man and his one ambition is to live to be 100 years of age. His only ailment seems to be a slight deafness in one ear. He was dangerously ill when a man of thirty years of age, and since then has had but few doctor bills to pay.

In February, 1831, Mr. Green emigrated to Vincennes purchasing his ticket at Liverpool, England, he being a native of England, paying fifty dollars for his transportation. Five weeks after starting he landed in New York. He remained in New York city but a short time, going from there by water and stage to Evansville. With William Bates, who had accompanied him to this country, he walked from Evansville to a point about ten miles distant to visit a friend of his family who had come to this country several years before. After a short visit with his friend he returned to Evansville where he accepted a position as stage driver with an Evansville liveryman, Joseph Setchell.

In the fall of 1831 he made his first visit to Vincennes, in company with the late Samuel Emison and Captain Fellows, who had been to New Orleans on a trading expedition. For three years following he drove a stage between Vincennes and Evansville and has many thrilling stories which he sometimes is induced to tell to his friends. At the end of three years' residence in Vincennes he entered into partnership with others doing a stage business in that section of the country. Some of his stages went to Evansville, some to Louisville, some to Terre Haute and some to Danville. Vincennes being one of the oldest cities was a post office center and mail was opened there and distributed over the different routes. It is told that he was the most successful in the carrying of mail and that the government always had a safe contract with his firm.

In the early years of his residence there Vincennes was a great trading point. He states that previous to the time to the building of the railroads it was an every day occurrence in the summer and fall to see twenty-five flat boats loaded with grain, lumber and other articles for Memphis, New Orleans and other ports on the Mississippi. The stage route between Lafayette and Evansville passed through Vincennes and brought him much business. Vincennes at the time was larger than either Evansville or Terre Haute.

Mr. Green has really been in the service of the Government, over sixty-five years, as he still has a mail contract. In a recent interview as to his early life in Vincennes he said: "I carried mail between Vincennes and Danville at one time and the year contract was $4,500. This route was established by me. Evansville when I first went there had but five brick houses. In those days the Wabash was extensively used. I have seen as many a fifty boats pass down on the way from Lafayette. I have bought thousands of bushels of corn at ten cents a bushel."

Mr. Green is only a little older than Mr. Thos. Scantlin of this city, but Mr. Scantlin came here in 1820, while Uncle Billy Green did not leave England until 1831. There are many living here who will remember Mar-

tin Cash as one of the oldest and most steady drivers for Mr. Joe Setchell. Of the Setchell family there is, I think, only one descendent living, a granddaughter in Cincinnati.

FLATBOATING.

The carrying of passengers and mail, and the traffic of goods by peddling wagons was as naught compared to the great business done by flatboating on the Ohio in the early days. As the country kept improving it was an easy matter for the traders and store keepers to acquire great quantities of corn, pork, lard, venison and even eggs and poultry and there was always a ready market for all these things in the south and the old-time flatboat offered the cheapest and most easy way of transportation. Most of the boats were built above here or up the smaller rivers and this city cannot be said to have been a building point. Even the boats that floated salt from the Kanawha river to Cincinnati, which were simply open boats were made over and roofed. Many of the best men we had, such as Gen. Joseph Lane, Barney Cody, Wm. Elliott, Tom Stinson, Wm. Onyett and others were experienced flatboatmen. And they were the pioneer pilots and knew the river as well as the men made famous by the late Mark Twain. It was said of Jake Walliver, with whom I made a trip, that he could sleep twenty-four hours or "stay below" for that length of time and come on deck and take a look around on the darkest of nights and tell exactly where we were and how soon we would have to work the "gonger."

Great fleets of these boats went down together, ready for mutual help, but it was found always that one boat with a single crew could be handled better than two boats, lashed together, with a double crew.

There were some few boats made with a regular bow or stern, and carefully built, but these were smaller than the others and lighter as it was expected that they would be poled and "cordelled" back.

Cordelling consisted in sending a long rope ahead and then pulling the boat up. Then going ahead again. It can easily be imagined that this labor when half the time the men were in it the water was most strenuous.

The easy way was to pin the old boats together with pegs, though later some nails and spikes were used in the bottom, and then sell the boats down on the Sugar Coast. There are thousands of bins, stables, gins, etc., in the south today, the foundation timbers of which came out of the old Indiana flatboats.

A boat could always be sold for about what it cost to build it, for Northern wood was always in demand. It was no easy task to build a really good boat, though hundreds made by unskilled hands, clumsily put together and looking very frail annually went down and thanks to good weather and a safe pilot, reached their destination safely. It must be remembered that the awful snags of those days always pointed down stream and if a flat boat had a good solid bottom it glided over them.

To build boat a good straight poplar was generally selected, from which to make the gunwales or "gunnels" as they were called. These must be say sixty to eighty feet long, and as straight as possible. The sides of the poplar, thus cut down were hewed straight, with a common ax or broadax, and then it was split and again hewed, until the two gunwales matched as nearly as possible. A slope up was hewed at each end, in order to do away with a perfectly flat bow or stern. These were then dragged as near the river or creek as possible. Into these two gunwales, great girders were cut in and fastened with wooden pegs, as were also smaller girders to hold the floor. The boats were 15 to 18 feet wide. The bottoms were of very heavy lumber as they had to stand all sorts of wear and tear in their rough voyages. Sometimes in the ice and over sand and gravel bars and old snags. Hemp was used for calking and regular iron chisel made for that purpose being used, though sometimes when the boat was very primitive, chisels of very hard wood were used. After the calking a thin floor was laid to hold it in place and also add to the strength of the bottom. Of course all this time the boat was inverted, and after it was hand spiked and rolled into the river, mud and dirt were put on one edge to sink that side while the other was raised up by a line thrown over a tree and drawn by oxen. After the boat was righted, the sides, also of heavy stuff were built on and then roofed. There were no windows but only one door at each end. There was a little platform at each end, simply for security. The cook room and bunks, which were merely wooden pens, so to speak, were in the bow, so that the crew when called up suddenly, could be near the "gonger" which was the main oar and the most used. A steering oar was of little use when a boat was simply moving with the current or by the slow action of the side sweeps but it was the gonger that called for "three thumps" on deck the most often. These oars were of big limbs with a natural curve in them. They were the gonger in front, the side sweeps, one on each side and the steering oar. On the end of each of these limbs, a heavy broad plank was pegged and so nicely were they adjusted, that, clumsy as they were, a boy could move them.

These boats could hold an enormous lot of produce. The bottom being flat it was hard to get them low down in the water with any ordinary load. The pump was a crude aflair and was worked with a springy sapling which, bent over, would do half the work by springing back into place. This was always carefully watched and it was a crime for any "watch" to go off duty without first pumping out. The watches were four hours on and four off and one can figure that a man's sleep was pretty badly broken, but it was easy when one got used to it.

Flatboating was not without its dangers. The Pittsburg coal flatboatmen were a rough set and there were men at various places along the Ohio who would rob any boat that came along. One gang at Cave-in-Rock just below the mouth of the Wabash, levied toll for quite a time. Of course they got little except produce which they sold again. Their method was

OLD STONE HOUSE, EVANSVILLE

to go up stream and lie in wait for the boats, row out to them and under some pretense get aboard and with guns force the men to row over to the Illinois side where they would tie up the boat and force the crew to help them take the stuff out on the banks. At one time the Indians near Shawneetown used to work the same scheme, but after a few ruffians and Indians were quietly knocked out of their canoes by the unerring rifles of the flatboatmen the thing stopped. As may be understood, a loaded flatboat was a regular fort. It was hard for a bullet to penetrate the sides of those old boats and when it did it became spent in the corn or bacon. Even with good boats, well loaded and past the primary difficulties of the trip the work of these old pioneers was hard.

The Mississippi with its treacherous currents, its shifting bars, caving banks and fallen trees was full of dangers. Sometimes in the great bends, the three thumps, which meant "all on deck" were given, and the crew would work for hours, pulling away from the "point" which invariably marked the end of the bend and it was only by the greatest work that the boat was kept from being dashed on it. It would seem to an outsider that it was an easy job to get out on the "broad bosom of the Ohio" in the center, and float idly down. Those who have noted the ice pile up on the city wharf and the work of some big tow-boat trying to swing its barges around the bend in front of the city, can understand how it is in the rapid Mississippi river.

Sometimes great storms would come up and then it was that the pilot showed that he was also a weather prophet. Long ere it burst he would be peering ahead at both shores trying to find a good lee point, or a big drift pile behind which he could swing in his boat. When near the shore a head line was rapidly sent out and made fast to some big tree and the boat eased down by letting the rope slip gradually till there was no danger of a break. Then the stern line would be put out and all made safe.

The way of buying and selling the corn if a boat took a full corn load was rather funny. The corn was bought by the owner of the boat or his agent before the boat reached the sellers landing. It was always in rail cribs, as near the water as possible, in order to make a short "carry."

To take it aboard a barrel was arranged with a handle on each side, and with two men to a barrel, both filling it was fast work. The owner and the man in charge of the loading simply kept tally of the barrels until it was decided to weigh a few. Remember this was when it was being bought. It may have been mental telepathy, but somehow all the men knew about what time a pair would be stopped with the curt order "weigh that barrel." It was then that the lower part of the barrel was filled with corn all stuck in so as to leave as many spaces as possible but the top would be piled up so high that the corn would almost topple off. It was just such a barrel as this that the owner would select to be weighed, as of course this barrel and two others would make the "estimated" weight by which all the others were guaged. Then it was, that probably the next twenty-five or fifty bar-

rels would go out "fixed." If there were any very green hands they would be told to go and do something else, leaving at least two or three of the old experts to fix the barrels, till the two others were weighed. I once saw one of these "experts" when told to stop with his barrel, turn so suddenly that he twisted one of his partners' hands loose (by accident [?]) and the barrel dropped into the river. He knew the barrel was not fixed well enough to be weighed and would also show by its difference in weight from the former barrel, that something was wrong.

Naturally when the boat sold out, down on the sugar coast, the tactics were completely reversed. The barrels to be weighed were deftly filled so as to show the very heaviest weight, and after that the great point was to make the load show as many barrels as possible, but they were all based on the weight of the heavy barrels. So it will be seen there are tricks in all trades, even in flatboating.

The fare on the boats was the very simplest. Bacon, corn bread, potatoes and onions, sometimes we had molasses or sorghum. The cook had the easiest job, as he was not supposed to come on deck, except in times of grave danger.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST BOOM—ITS FAILURE—THE CRISIS OF 1837—MR. CLARK'S LETTERS —CENSUS OF 1838—INFLUX OF NEW BLOOD—INCREASED TO 4,000 POPULATION—BECAME A GREAT SHIPPING POINT—THE FIRST WHARF—THE CANAL AND ITS FAILURE.

Evansville has been a city of booms, but most of those of the past have been spasmodic. The present one seems to be a fixture and the universal feeling seems to be that it will never stop until this becomes one of the great cities of the West.

In the year 1836 there were about fifteen buildings of all kinds on Water street. On First street there were some twenty-six, Main street was poorly built up. The Mitchell family owned the corner where the Richmond Hotel stands, and across the street was Lewis Bros. store, which had a large warehouse in the rear. In this the first court was held. This warehouse was also utilized for the first balls ever held here.

Across Main street was another warehouse belonging to Mitchell and in the rear on the corner was the Kazar House. On the west side was an old frame in which Wm. and Crawford Bell kept a drug store. Then came the old two story brick on the corner of Main and First, which was first used as a store by Sherwood & Reilly, then by John Shanklin and then by Shanklin & Reilly. This building stood many years and was torn down when the Merchants National Bank was built. Across the street where the up town office of the L. & N. now stands, was a log cabin and on the alley, where the Tribune formerly existed, (now the B. & B. Laundry) was another cabin.

Above Second on the east side of Main were some small frames and in one of them that pioneer James Scantlin had a tin shop. The old court house stood at Main and Third, when the Hartz cigar store stands, but court was held up stairs. It was on a sort of public square and where the second court house (on the Eichel Block property) stood was an old pond, where people watered their cattle. Above Fourth was a frame on one side and Henson's brick on the other. The ground was all cut up with sloughs and gullies in every direction. I have seen wild ducks in a pond which lay in front of the old Willard Carpenter home. No one tried to keep back the water and at every rise, both the river and Pigeon creek backed up as they chose. The first graveyard was between Third and Fourth streets, two blocks below Main. It was uncared for and the deaths were so few,

that each time there was a funeral a way had to be cut in through the thicket. The second graveyard will be remembered by many. It laid just a block above the Canal street school on Mulberry street.

At this time the entire real and personal property owned in Evansville was $863,675 and the total assessment was $3,266.66½. At this time the Board of Trustees. etc., was as follows: President, Robert M. Evans; Trustees, James Lockhard, Wm. Walker, Edward Hopkins, Abraham B. Coleman, John Douglass, Thomas F. Stockwell and Francis Amory. Joseph Bowles, Clerk. James Cawson, Treasurer. John S. Hopkins, Collector and Amos Clark, City Attorney.

At this time just when the little town seemed to be ready to grow, came the awful panic of 1837, and from that time until 1844, Evansville, instead of increasing, gradually went back. The store keepers had to mortgage to secure Eastern creditors and land that had been bought on time, or partial payments was allowed to lapse to the original owners. Many who prior to that time had had faith in the future of the city moved away. Among them was Amos Clark, who seems to have been a splendid lawyer.

As to his ability there is no doubt and it is to be regretted that he was forced to leave here through financial stress. But there were others who soon came and their names and deeds are graven in the history of Evansville.

The town lessened in population and wealth and also in its commercial importance. Some struggled against the calamity for a time and either went into bankruptcy or turned their possessions over to their creditors and went elsewhere to start anew. Col. Dobyns of Tennessee, married Clarissa, a daughter of Hugh McGary and thus became possessed of certain property interests in and about Evansville, which were entrusted to the management of Mr. Clark. The condition of the times preceding and following the financial panic of 1837 is shown by the personal letters which passed between the gentlemen at that time, from which some extracts are here made.

Mr. Clark wrote to Col. Dobyns January 20th, 1837, as follows:

"Dear Sir:—I have been applied to repeatedly for leases upon land adjoining town, but have not yet given any, and think it best not to offer the land for sale. The favorable termination of the canal renders the land extremely valuable. I have no doubt but if it were laid out in lots it might, a considerable portion of it, sell from one to two thousand dollars per acre. The canal terminates in a large basin at the end of the street which leads out from the public square, and by opening a street to the Princeton road following the course of the street which divides the Lower enlargement from the original plat, will render this land of incalculable value. Laughlin has done nothing concerning the six acres on which the old steam mill stood. That piece is now worth not less than $20,000—our railroad, I have no doubt, will be commenced this year. The canal on this end of the line is under contract and the work is progressing."

The conditions changed soon afterward. On February 21st, 1838, Mr. Clark wrote: "As to the money, there is none in my hands or anybody's else in this part of the country. It is an article now more difficult to obtain than I ever knew it." He proceeded to tell of the failures, assignments, taking of mortgages and judgments to secure claims and pictured the greatest financial distress. Again June 6th, 1838, he said: "As to the getting money out of Walker, it is out of the question at present. It is impossible now to collect money except by sueing, and under existing circumstances, I would hardly advise that course." More than two years after, on July 2nd, he wrote, "I tried every means in my power to raise some money for you, but it was out of the question. In fact, there is no cash here. Town is dead and his estate is not settled. Goodsell is doing all he can and will get through. Walker is worth money, but has got none, and says this week he expects to be protested in bank. As for myself, I shall recover judgmens next term against some of the best men in the place sufficient to pay all I owe, and am determined to close my business as soon as the law will let me, so there is no use suing me." With an account of foreclosures, ejectments, etc., he portrayed greater distress than prevailed two and a half years earlier. The following letter is presented in full:

EVANSVILLE, 4th, March, 1840.

"Dear Sir:—I have not heard from you this winter, except Mr. Goodsell told me on my return from Harrisburgh, where I attended as a delegate to the National convention, that he had received a letter from you. It will be advisable for you to be here at our court, by all means. The New Yorkers have brought their suit now for the land in an action of ejectment, of which I am this moment apprised, and it renders it still more necessary for you to be here. I have another reason why I want you to come. I have a good little steamboat exactly calculated for your trade which I want to sell you. She sold last summer at $3,500, and an additional $500.00 was laid out on her. I will let you take her at a fair price and take claims here and property for her. By this means you will get your pay and have it under your control. She is a sound good boat and will carry, I suppose, sixty or seventy tons. As to any money being now collected, or for years to come, it is out of the question. Our legislature has passed a most extraordinary law with a view to relieve the people, by which it will be next to impossible to collect debts, and have taken away one term of our court. Our public works are stopped, the state is bankrupt and half of the people in it. Produce is low and falling, and what is to be done God only knows. I returned last night from a trip far up the Wabash and found times harder there than here, if possible. Property here can not be sold at any price, and I am well satisfied I can make you a trade in this steamboat that will be much better to you than to have your concerns lying as they now do. You will, of course, be here as soon as a letter could reach me, if not, write immediately. Yours truly,

"AMOS CLARK."

In 1838 the census showed a population in Evansville of 1,228 represented as follows: White males, 567; white females, 621; colored males, 24; colored females, 16. In 1840 the population of the county was 6,250 and the town 2,121. In the last year, the mercantile interests of Evansville were represented by the following individuals and firms:

Shanklin & Johnson, Rowley & Sherwood, Henry D. Allis, John Mitchell, John M. Stockwell & Co., Burbank & Co., Jones & Royston, Jerome B. Lawphear, John R. Wilcox, F. C. Gwathney, Alexander Price, S. W. Townsend, Edward Hopkins, John H. Maghee, William Caldwell, Fred Wetsell, Martin Schovel, A. B. Carpenter & Co., Charles L. Rhomann, C. M. Griffith, Robert Barnes, Thomas Gedney, Charles Folmen, Bittrolff & Geissler, Joseph Raim, P. Wise & Co., G. A. Meyers, G. Venneman & Co., J. E. Wood, B. Jacobs & Co., Daniel Wolsey, John Greek, Edward Jewell, W. & C. Bell, Decker & Kramer, L. & P. Hornbrook, A. M. Klein, C. Newburgher & Co., T. G. Thurston, Peter Vaughn, John S. Hopkins, A. Laughlin, J. Farquher, G. W. Miller, Harrison & Walker, C. D. Bourne, C. Levy & Co., and J. W. Tileston & Son.

While these hard times were going on, the brilliant and spirited campaign of 1840 was fought and William Henry Harrison was triumphantly elected. The stirring scenes of that campaign can never be forgotten by those who witnessed them, and they form an interesting chapter in our national history.

About 1842 wise legislation and private thrift and economy brought back a fair degree of prosperity and the country began to recover from the results of the panic. Evansville shared in the improved conditions of affairs, but her revival was more largely due to favorable causes of a local nature. Faith in the future of the town, however, was not firmly fixed until about 1845. In the time of the distress attending the business stagnation, in November, 1842, the town was swept by the most destructive fire that thus far had ever occurred in its limits. All the houses fronting on the east side of Main street, between First and Second, were destroyed. There were no fire engines in those days and the citizens were compelled to carry water in buckets from a cistern located in the yard of the old State Bank, and had great difficulty in controlling the flames.

The work on the northern portion of the Wabash and Erie canal had been pushed forward as much as possible. It was completed to Lafayette in 1841, in which year a second grant of land was made by the general government. The sagacious and far-seeing men of that day held tenaciously to the idea that Evansville's location was exceptionally favorable for the building of a great city and they set about industriously to work a realization of their hopes. The state debt was honorably compromised, but there was no possibility of inducing the legislature to undertake anew the scheme of internal improvement, and the national congress was again looked to for aid. Hon. Conrad Baker, Gen. Joseph Lane, Hon. William Brown Butler, Willard Carpenter and other prominent men did their part in effecting an

honorable settlement of the state debts and in securing favorable legislation by congress. In 1845 the third grant of lands for the construction of the canal was made. It included one-half of all unsold lands in the Vincennes land district. The completion of the canal became, in this way, assured, and the anticipation of the benefits to be derived from its successful workings strengthened confidence in future growth, and gave an impetus to business such as it had never felt before.

Evansville became an El Dorado to which men of all classes flocked to better their conditions. Speculators visited the town, examined its advantages and prospects, pushed on across the prairies to Chicago or went by steamer to St. Louis, investigated those places and returned to Evansville as the land of greater promise. Life, hope and energy were infused into every branch of business. The surrounding lands far to the interior had by this time passed from the possession of the government into the hands of individuals, and the agriculturist seeking a new home was forced to induce some earlier settler to part with some of his holdings. Values of real estate in town and country rapidly advanced. New farms were fast brought into cultivation, forests fell before the axe of progress, and because of the productiveness of the soil, which had garnered in its pores, the accumulating richness of ages, vast quantities of farm products found their way into the markets of Evansville. Merchants buying produce and shipping it southward and furnishing supplies of tea, coffee, sugar, spices and manufactured goods to the farmers multiplied and the volume of business transacted increased so rapidly as to occasion wonder and amazement. Long lines of wagons from points as far inward as Vincennes, Lafayette and Terre Haute, came to Evansville to effect these exchanges. Magnificent steamers daily landed at the wharf and lay for hours discharging and receiving freight. The levee as soon as it was constructed, in 1848, and prior to that time the river bank in front of the city from end to end, was stacked with produce of all kinds. This was the commencement of Evansville's career as a great commercial city. Her favorable position for handling the products of a large and productive region, recognized for years and indeed from the first looked forward to as a source of greatness only awaiting development, was now yielding the rich fruits so long anticipated.

Men of large attainments, broad experience and dauntless energy were coming from lands beyond the sea, England, Ireland and especially Germany and from distant states, to engage in mercantile or professional pursuits in this thriving place. Skilled artisans and manufacturing laborers were also seeking here a home. The descendants of the earlier pioneers in various parts of the country, of strong character and sterling worth, in the vigor of youth, left the farms of their fathers and came to the town, to enter upon broader fields of usefulness than the old homesteads promised. In its proportions, its advantages and its importance, Evansville soon became a city.

On the 29th day of January, 1847, the governor of Indiana approved an act of the State legislature, granting to the citizens of the town of Evansville, a city charter. Its mayor, the members of the first council and its officers chosen at an election held on the first Monday in April, 1847, were all men of distinction and recognized ability. Hon. James G. Jones, a distinguished lawyer and citizen, was selected as mayor. In the council, which met for the first time on April 12, 1847, there were L. L. Laycock, first ward; Silas Stephens, second ward; Willard Carpenter, third ward; C. M. Griffith, fourth ward; L. Howes, fifth ward; John Hewson, sixth ward. The first officers of the city were: John J. Chandler, clerk; William Bell, assessor, collector and marshal; Samuel Orr, treasurer; James E. Blythe, attorney and Wm. M. Walker, surveyor. At the time of its charter as a city, the area covered by its corporate authority was about 280 acres. It had 4,000 souls within its limits; the valuation of its real estate, was $901,324; and the amount of taxes assessed on this valuation was $3,319.47, a sum adequate for the needs of the young city, though insignificant when compared with the annual expenses of today.

Up to this period, notwithstanding Evansville had become the most important shipping point between Louisville and the mouth of the Ohio, a distance of 400 miles, very little wharf improvements had been made, other than the cutting of roads through the high and almost perpendicular banks to the landing places. But the constantly growing commerce and increased shipping interests made it necessary to construct a wharf commensurate, with the extensive business which was being established; and in March, 1848, the city entered into a contract with John Mitchell, Marcus Sherwood and Moses Ross, to grade the river bank and complete a wharf having a frontage on five squares, a length of nearly 2,000 feet. This was considered a great and important step forward, in the commercial history of a place now dignified with municipal proportions and recognized by the important appellation of a city.

About the first real step taken in the way of progress by the little city, was the building of a canal, the Wabash & Erie. Many assumed that this canal was first talked of by Evansville along about the early '40s, but as a matter of fact, Congress first took up the idea in 1824, when it made a donation of public lands to the state of Indiana, for the purpose of building a canal from the Wabash river to the Maumee. As with many other matters of that kind, Congress, as it does in these days, allowed the matter to drag on until the year 1827, when it made another grant consisting of each alternate section of the public lands within five miles of the proposed line of the canal. This grant was accepted by the state.

The idea was to begin on the Wabash near Lafayette and continue up the bank of that river to the mouth of Little river. Thence across that stream to its source. Thence to the junction of the St. Joseph's and St. Mary's at Ft. Wayne. From Ft. Wayne it descended to the town of Maumee. It was estimated that this would cost $9,000 per mile, but the esti-

A MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL BUILDING

mate was too low. There was more legislation until the year 1831, when another plan was proposed to the north by way of Terre Haute. Finally still another proposition was put forward, the construction of the Central canal, to strike this and come thence along the Wabash to Evansville. During all these years a great deal of time was wasted and so much money had been spent in making roads, clearing streams, etc., that the state became heavily in debt. In order to settle with its creditors who held its bonds, and to complete the Wabash & Evansville canal, the acts of 1846 and 1847 were passed. The people of Evansville had almost given up all hope of ever being assisted by the canal system, which seemed to provide for the upper part of the state alone, but at this time they took fresh heart and realizing that with the canal Evansville would be the great outlet for the immense quantities of grain and produce of all kinds that came from the rich country above it, and feeling that it was the only natural outlet to the South, they can be excused for feeling that their first great step in the way of progression had begun.

To make the great terminal at Evansville it was necessary to have a wide and deep basin and this part of the canal was always, during its existence, called the basin, from which loaded boats, as they came, could discharge their cargo. To do this the old graveyard between 3rd and 5th below Sycamore street, of which I have already spoken, was cleared away and a large basin was excavated. On the west side of this basin was a large dock which, by the way, was a favorite fishing place for many of our old citizens. A stock company, composed of enterprising business men of Evansville, was formed for the purpose of building canal boats and the best of workmen were brought here from the East. The first boat built by the company was called the Rowley and the second boat, the Evansville. All this time the canal was nothing but a huge ditch and one can imagine with what anxiety the people waited for the arrival of the water to fill it. When the news came that the water was actually coming, all the people of the city rushed to the banks and there was a day of great rejoicing. The first run of the boats was made as far as White river. There was much rivalry as to who would gain the honor of taking out the first boat. It was finally decided that Mason Newman, a very popular citizen, should lead off, so mounted on a mule, he had the honor of being the first one to start canal transportation from Evansville. A friend of the writer who says Mr. Newman on that occasion declared that he would not have swapped his place on the deck of that mule for a seat in the presidential chair. The canal-boat stock company was made up of the best and most substantial citizens of the little town. The first trip up the canal was quite eventful. The boats took no freight of course, as all freight came from above. But they kept open house and all the people were invited. Many took their guns and fishing tackle and indulged in a regular picnic and so plentiful was the game in the new country, through which this canal ran, that they brought back quite a lot of deer and bear, to say nothing of smaller game.

It was a sad thing for the little city that its first step along the lines of cheap transportation should prove such a failure. In those days the building of a railroad, even of the cheap kind which they had in those days, was looked on as an affair of great enormitude. Little did they think, those good old citizens, that in a few brief years this entire section of the country would be traversed by a perfect network of railroads. It was the old question of "getting there first." The average owner of produce was in a hurry to get his stuff to market and those of us who remember the speed of the old canal boats, with their mule power, can readily imagine that as soon as the railroads began operating, the canal was compelled to take a back seat. Those who were far-seeing, readily made up their minds that the canal could only be of short existence and even in those days it was said that some day a railroad would run along its bed. This is the case, as the present Straight Line runs along it. This canal property neither in this section or in the north, ever paid one penny to the projectors. Of course all of them had bonds, but they had no real value. About the only thing that interested any one was to get hold of the lands that had been deeded by the state and in many cases these were bought for a mere song and today they are some of the finest farming lands in the world. Many of these sales were spurious and the titles were very vague and this led to endless litigations. As late as the year 1871 Mr. John Shanklin, one of our best citizens, brought suit to recover a tract that he had donated to the canal under certain provisions. This suit was lost, as was also the suit of Mr. Collett of Terre Haute, who for many years thought to gain a large body of this land. In order to locate this canal thoroughly, it might be stated that it came in a straight line from the north past what was known as Hulls hill and turned abruptly just above the Mulberry street schoolhouse. From thence it went down fifth street to the basin upon which a part of the new court house now stands, then making another turn and ending at the bank of Pigeon Creek, for it was here that the holders proposed to get rid of all overflow if necessary. One by one the old canal boats ceased being used and were left at various points along the canal or broken up and their timbers used in the construction of flat boats and other boats to be used in the Ohio river, until finally nothing remained except a few old wrecks. Water in the canal remained from 1838 to 1859 when, as per legal report, "the same ceased to be used as a canal and was wholly abandoned for that purpose." As there was no more water feed from the sources of the canal, it soon began to dry up and became a series of mud holes. Below Main street especially was this the case, and it was finally decided by the citizens to fill it up and turn it into a street. Really, the old canal was of no use to any one. At the corner of Locust and the canal, the first mill stood, and was built by Igleheart, and the water to run their mill was taken from the canal. At the corner of Main a livery stable used the water for washing buggies and for their stock. In the lower part of the city a brewery used the water and all along the line the people watered

their stock, so that really these few were the only ones who suffered in the least from the filling up of the canal. While the canal story is a sad one, there were many pleasant features about it. It seems that in the old days the winters were more severe and during the winter season there was hardly a time that there was not skating along the canal. I have seen it lined with people almost everywhere within the city limits while those of the boys who lived in the lower part of the city and went to what was then the Canal street schoolhouse, always skated up and back instead of walking. Again, the fishing was always good. There were many skiffs in it. It was so shallow that there was no danger, so that the young people of that day who are now in the sere and yellow leaf, will always have a warm spot in their memories for the old canal.

CHAPTER V.

AS SEEN BY A WOMAN—THE WAY CHILDREN WERE BROUGHT UP—EARLY SOCIETY—PURSUED BY WOLVES—HOW THEY RODE—NO SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS—HOW THEY COURTED—THE SIMPLE COSTUMES—THE OLD SHAWLS.

AS SEEN BY A WOMAN.

There is living today in Evansville, a woman who is a great-grandmother and who has reached, perhaps, more than the usual years allotted man, but still she retains marks of the beauty which made her one of the most admired belles of Evansville of the early day. It was the great fortune of the writer to call on her during the progress of this work and to find her in a reminiscent mood. She was born very near the city and with due respect for her sex I will not say just when, but it was many years ago and her father was one of the first in every enterprise connected with the early history of Evansville. She said: "When I was a little girl we lived almost in a wilderness and I grew up as did most country girls, for we were all country girls in those days. My mother expected my sisters and myself to do our full share of all the household work and we did so willingly, for we knew no better; for, in those days, children were taught to take up the burdens of the household early in life. The greatest trouble was, as I remember it, that in those days there were two old adages which were always in use. One was, 'Spare the rod and spoil the child' and the other, 'Children should be seen and not heard,' and I remember well that when my mother's friends called on her, we children were not debarred from sitting in the room, but we were not supposed to take any part whatever in the conversation, so that the questions which are asked by children of the present day and the answering of which causes them such an early insight into so many things were never asked by us. What little information we got was through listening and there was where another adage comes in, 'Little pitchers have big ears.' My father lived about three miles from Evansville and conducted a mill and we children often played around it. In fact, we sometimes watched the grinding, while he was busy about other duties and sometimes chatted with the bashful neighbor boys who came to the mill and while they were not at all prepossessing, they simply did for the girls to practise on. The average youth who came to mill in those days was a raw-boned youngster, barefooted and with the old-time hickory shirt and blue jeans pants, the remnants of some kind of

a hat, if he wore any at all and the hair in those days was always cut in about the same way. The mother of the household would fit a bowl on top of the youngsters head and take a pair of big shears, often those that were used in shearing the sheep, and she would cut squarely around the edge of the bowl, carefully clipping close to the skin, all the hair that was beneath it. You can easily imagine what they looked like and to me they were more like what we call top-knot chickens than anything else, for no mother ever thought of cutting the hair on top. Just so that it was cut away from the neck and the back of his head, she considered her duty done. If you are going to write a book, you surely ought to have a picture of one of those lank country boys just as he looked after his hair had been freshly cut.

"It is astonishing how well the girls knew how to take care of themselves. Many of them could shoot a rifle nearly as well as their fathers and brothers. Fear of firearms was unknown because in every house, no matter how humble or no matter how good, the first thing that one saw on entering was the trusty rifle hanging from the fireplace with the ammunition sack by its side, and probably hanging on the antlers of a big buck. The men all shot so true that there were no such things as accidents, so that the girls grew up with an absolute freedom from any fear of any kind of a firearm. Many a pioneer mother could protect her house at any time from the few tramps who happened through the country and any of her older girls could do the same. Many of the girls were fine swimmers and often little crowds would come to our house and we would swim in the creek wearing loose wrappers, for we had no bathing suits in those days. I can say this, that such was the inborn politeness of these young country boys, that one of them would have sooner cut off his right hand, than to go anywhere near the part of the creek where the girls were bathing. The rules were very strict in those days and very rarely broken. Of couse every girl could ride. That was a part of her education. But cross-saddle riding was unknown, as it was understood by all women that it was a very unladylike thing, and the more so because all the Indian squaws rode astride their ponies and no white woman ever allowed herself to imitate any of their ways. We all took our hands at quilting, spinning, and of course the cooking, and the very highest praise that could be given a young girl in those days was that she was a dutiful daughter and one of the best cooks and housekeepers in the neighborhood. Young girls in these days were almost all musical. At the time of which I speak there was not a single piano in the neighborhood and only one that was owned in Evansville proper. A mandolin had never been made. Nobody but negroes played the banjos and to the best of my knowledge there was not a guitar, so the only music was with our voices and the only time that we were assisted was when we sang with the old melodeon at the little church on the hill.

"All around our house were dense woods and while the Indians had all gone except an occasional straggler who was perfectly harmless, there

were still some wolves left and at times they became very bold. I want to tell you of one incident when I was probably more frightened than ever before in my life.

"My older sister and myself were going to a neighbor's on an errand and we rode, of course, both on the same horse and with no saddle. I think we had a blanket possibly tied with a rope, but I know that in those days there were not three side saddles in this whole section of country. The women simply threw one leg over the horn of a man's saddle after shortening the stirrup to the proper length. With us it was a case of 'have to learn.' We had to ride that way or walk and walking barefooted was not nearly as nice as going horseback. On this particular day we were riding along a country path when we heard a noise behind us and two cows came dashing madly along the road, pursued by two large gray wolves, while in the brush along the side of the path we could see quite a number of others. The cows were perfectly maddened with fright and they swept by us, frightening the horse so that he backed into some brush on the other side of the road. My sister clung to the reins and I clung to her and we succeeded in keeping our seats but the horse was so frightened by the smell of the wolves, that he started as hard as he could go, directly after the gang and in spite of my sister's pulling, she could not stop him until he ran to the farm house to which we were going. Naturally we began to yell as soon as we got near the house and the owner came out with his gun. We quickly told him what had happened and described the cows and he said at once that they were his and quickly saddling his horse, he started in the direction in which they had gone. We found when he came back, for we waited for him, being afraid to go home, that he had found the cows, but they had both been pulled down by the wolves and were half eaten up when he got there. This was right along the bank of Pigeon creek, not very far from where the Oak Hill Cemetery road crosses it. We knew then and I know now, that the presence of the cows was all that saved us, for if the wolves had struck the scent of the horse, they would have got him, or he in his frantic efforts to escape would have thrown my sister and myself and I would not be here today to tell this story. This is an actual occurrence and it produced such an effect on me that even in years after, when I had grown up and was married, I sometimes woke at night in a perfect fright. I am glad to say that of such troubles, there were very few. We could often hear the wolves but they were cowardly brutes and never seemed to have the courage to attack a man or woman, except during a very severe winter but woe to the unlucky calf or sheep that strayed out into the woods.

"The oxen were generally able to take care of themselves. Where a little band of cows, steers and oxen were together, they would form in a circle at the first approach of the wolves and fight them off with their horns and such was their instinct, that while I never saw it myself, my

father told me that he had often seen the old oxen and the cows push the young steers into the center of the ring, thus keeping them out of danger."

The writer knows that she was correct in this, for the same method was always pursued in the days of the buflalo. The yearlings and the cows always going into the center of a ring while the old bulls fought off the wolves with their horns. No danger ever happened to their heads or necks, and it was only when one of the circle slipped out of position that a strong wolf would dash in and catching it by the hind legs, would "ham-string" it. This means cutting the tendon of the hind leg so that the animal could not stand. Of course an animal hurt in this way would fall a prey later to the wolves, who hung on the verge of the large herds on the lookout for any cripples or young buffalo, who trailed behind the main herd.

Continuing her story the lady said, "You doubtless can tell all about the early days and you know about how the pioneers existed and how the girls used to dress and the country frolics, as they were called, and the balls and dances in town. After I married and my husband was in business here, of course we removed to the little place. Even in those days it was considered one of the most hospitable places of its size anywhere in the country. There were no distinctions in those days. I have lived here long enough to see Evansville divided into social circles of various kinds and I regret to say that I have lived to see money made the medium by which one's standing in society is judged. In other words, I have seen those who by birth, education and instinct, were fitted to shine in the very best society, if that term may be used, pushed to one side and looked down on by those of far grosser intellect, who by some lucky stroke of fortune or by means which would not be considered highly honorable, have acquired great sums of money and seem to have absorbed the idea that they are better than their neighbors.

"In the olden days we were none of us rich. We all had plenty. That is the majority of us and if our neighbors had not as much, we helped them, but there was a bond of sympathy beween us all, that the people of the present day and age do not seem to understand. If the poor needed help we helped them and if they knew anything of morals or manners, they were gladly received at all the hospitable old homes. I may have some foolish ideas, but I cannot see why a man or his family who once had plenty of this world's goods and had lost it, often through no fault of their own, should not be just as good and be as well thought of, after losing their money, as when they had it. Riches do not last through many generations and many of the descendants of the families who would have been called wealthy in the olden days, have very little today. Yet the stock is just as good as ever and they are just as much entitled to every social distinction. I did not intend to moralize when I began to talk to you of the olden times, but these ideas have crept into my head as I sit and think of the careers of those I have known during my long residence here and of whom there are so few left today. I think perhaps, returning to our social enjoyments,

that the most pleasant days in Evansville were just before the war. There was never a time that there were not Kentucky girls visiting here, for we were great neighbors with our friends across the Ohio, while girl-visiting between here and Vincennes was a regular thing, so that there were, at every party, plenty of strangers who soon learned to know hospitable Evansville and who always came back whenever the chance presented itself. We girls thought nothing of little trips to the neighboring towns where we were equally well-treated. But when the war came, it changed everything for a time. No one can ever make me believe that conditions have ever been the same since that time. Of course this is now a great city where all sorts of polite social amenities are rather rigidly observed.

"We hear little now of the straw rides, the nutting parties and the May parties, which were always a feature and never neglected and which filled my girlhood days. We were taught to believe that there was nothing wrong in them at all and yet conditions have changed in other ways. In the olden times if a young man had come to call on a young lady and had taken her out strolling by herself or had sat with her alone in the parlor, darkened to the usual shade now observed, the whole neighborhood would have held up its hands in holy horror. In those days when a young man called on a girl, either one or both parents remained in the room, during the winter. In summer they sat on the porches and one of them was always present. Very often both parents were present. There was no chance for that interchanging of sweet nothings which is so common today. While I do not go out much of an evening, I know that it is considered the proper thing for a young couple to sit for instance in the dark corner of a porch. My father would have quickly ordered off the place, any young man who would ever attempt such an undignified thing with my sisters or myself. It was only after a young couple had become engaged and the news was well known in the neighborhood, that they were permitted to go anywhere together. Some member of the family always accompanied them. I do not know whether this change has made matters better or worse. There is an old saying that love will find a way and to the best of my recollection, our young men of the olden times could sit in a room full of people with their sweethearts and look so much love that it was hardly necessary to say anything. The girls always understood. The girl who did not was not a true daughter of Mother Eve. My granddaughters have often told me of "Old Folks" parties and Tacky parties and have explained to me just what they are. We had nothing of that kind when I was a girl and for the simplest of reasons. What would be considered an old folk's costume at the present time, was just about what we wore then. Our mothers always managed to have a best dress, as did each one of the girls, although the best dresses of the girls were usually simple white muslins with a ribbon or two. If any of us wore a band of lace it was from a cherished hoard that our mothers had put by in the old hair trunks, and which were only brought out on festal occa-

sions. There are today in some of our old families, pieces of lace work which are more than a century old. These have been worn by great-great-grandmothers down to the present, for even at this day when everything must be new and must come from either Paris or from some high-priced professional dressmaker, a bit of that old lace always looks well to the girl who possesses it, and she considers herself lucky. But not all of us had laces and often our best dress for the greatest state occasion was a simple white muslin with a little bow at the neck, a ribbon in the hair or wild flowers, and a broad belt of ribbon, for the leather belt was absolutely unknown. To have worn a belt of that kind in those days would have stamped a girl as being 'mannish.' Only a man ever wore belts and to go a little further into details, while I am telling you of the old Evansville girls, it will not shock you to tell you that colored hose were unknown. Plain white stockings were the only thing we knew to match these dresses, of course. In the winter we wore wool stockings of a delicate hue, but the girl who attended a dance or frolic, even if there were heavy drifts of snow, was always supposed to wear the thinnest white stockings she could possibly obtain and very low shoes.

"Among other things that are hoarded today in Evansville are the old shawls that the pioneer woman wore only on state occasions. These of course were of silk and heavily fringed and were all made either in England or France. Many of our mothers brought shawls from England when they came over and afterwards they could be traded for by those who happened to be in New York, Baltimore or Philadelphia, for in those days these were about the only points through which goods were imported, except Charleston, South Carolina. Many of these relics came from North and South Carolina, for quite a number of our people can trace their descent to the pioneers who came from these two states. Sometimes they came from New Orleans and I remember the trousseau of one wealthy lady who came here to live in 1850 but who died here shortly afterwards, that was a marvel of silks and old laces. It is unfortunate that these did not go into the proper hands at her death. But as I was here living in Evansville at the time she died, I know that neither those nor her jewels went where they belonged.

It has been a pleasure to me to talk to you about the old days and after all, it seems but a short time since I was a girl and this country was almost the wilderness I have described. I know only too well that my span of life is nearly over and this fact comes home to me most poignantly when I close my eyes and think how few of the old girls of Evansville are still living. I have few theories about either the next life or the spirit world, but I often catch myself thinking that if there is such a thing as the spirit life and my father and mother can see what is going on today, how strange it must be to them to realize that the little country settlement in which they lived and reared their children, has grown into the great pushing city of today, with what I am sure are the very greatest of opportunities before it."

CHAPTER VI.

HUGH M'GARY—HE WAS THE ACTUAL FOUNDER—HIS PURCHASE OF THE ORIGINAL GROUND—STARTING OF THE FERRY—HIS STORE AND THE FIRST POST-OFFICE—GENERAL EVANS COMES—INCORPORATION OF THE TOWN—M'GARY'S TROUBLE—WHY HE LEFT HERE.

The deed to Hugh McGary for the ground on which stands the city of Evansville was made by the government to him in 1812, and, though as stated, other pioneers were scattered around this section, to him and to him only belongs the credit of founding it. And to him belongs the credit of keeping it here after it was first founded, for it came near being wiped off the map.

He saw the great advantages in her location. He had confidence from the start and was the kind of man who never turned back when once he made up his mind. Various descriptions of him have been given and the consensus of them is about as follows. He was of medium height, but very strongly built, and very active. He was not a man of much education, but belonged rather to the middle class as far as booklearning was concerned. But in the rough and tumble class, ready for a game of skill, a contest of muscle or a downright fight, he was easily a leader.

Still he was a shrewd man and one who acquired education from observation, as witness the facts that he filled admirably the position of associate judge of Warrick County.

He was known as a fighter and this did not apply to his fists alone; he was ready to fight for anything he believed was right. He was of dark, almost swarthy complexion, with piercing black eyes, set wide apart. He married "Polly" Anthony, a daughter of the man who built the first mill on Pigeon Creek.

In this connection it may not be out of place to insert a recently published account of his career. The writer says:

"It is said that the history of a nation is but the biography of its great men and what is true of the larger governmental unit, the nation, may be equally so of the smaller unit, the city. The early history of Evansville is indeed the epitome of the activities of this one man, Colonel Hugh McGary, founder of a village which has become a commercial and manufacturing metropolis, the abode of more than 80,000 people."

Speaking of the return trip to Evansville after having come down the old Indian Trail, and thence crossed to his Kentucky home, he says:

"Hugh McGary, and his three brothers, Jesse, Harrison and William, all sturdy pioneers, filled with adventurous spirit, put their Kentucky home behind them, crossed the Ohio and sought a new abode in the wilderness of the new Indiana territory. They landed at the foot of what is now Division street and drew their canoe up under the "old elm tree" which stood on the spot now marked by a young tree of the same variety, planted in recent years to commemorate the landing place of the founder of Evansville.

"Perhaps the pioneer as he stood beneath the branches of the elm saw a vision of the city's future. Who can deny him the prophetic eye? Who can say that as he stood there he did not see in his mind's eye the picture of the city's greatness, her tall buildings, busy factories and bustling streets?

"He pushed on, however, into Warrick county, but remained there only a few months, returning to the place where he landed. Now began the long and tiresome battle to establish the town which his brain had conceived.

"March 27, 1812, Colonel McGary purchased from the federal government much of the land which is now covered by the city of Evansville. He was not the first white man to settle here but those who had come before had lacked his hardihood, his indomitable spirit and had been driven back across the Ohio by the Indians, who inhabited the region. McGary was one of the rough and ready type of the new West.. The qualities which gained him prominence among the men with whom he associated himself were not the accomplishments and pleasing manners which attract attention in polite society. He had no extraordinary ability. Indeed, as the settlement grew up around him there were many who, intellectually, towered head and shoulders above him. He did, however, possess that which is infinitely of more value to the settler of a savage country, the essential attributes of the pioneer. Strength, the inherent strength of his Kentucky forests; fearlessness, such as is found in men who dare blaze their own trails through the interminable wilderness; a sense of justice, which restrained him from encroaching upon the rights of others and a pugnacious Irish disposition which boded ill for those who encroached upon his own, were the dominant traits of this man's character.

"McGary was known far and wide as a "fighter," a dangerous man to rouse and in those days when a man's life from day to day depended upon his ability to defend it alike from savage man and savage beast, this reputation was rather creditable than otherwise.

"The pioneer at first merely established a ferry over the Ohio river, known for miles about as McGary's ferry. In 1813 the legislature passed the act which resulted in the formation of Warrick county. This included all the territory now composing Spencer, Warrick, Vanderburg and Posey counties. The same year a commission was appointed to choose a site for a county seat and they were directed to meet at the mill of Jonathan Anthony, McGary's father-in-law. McGary's land was far from being the

center of the county but he was shrewd in placing before the commissioners the advantages of his site and by the donation of 100 acres of land to the county secured a favorable report from them and the choice of his place for the location of the seat. June 14, 1814, it was ordered by the county court that the agent of the county proceed to lay the city off into lots.

"The embryonic city was named in honor of General Robert M. Evans, a distinguished soldier and citizen of Gibson county, who had up to this time, in no way identified himself with the place. General Evans and Colonel McGary had previously been friends and neighbors and the Colonel was quick to realize the General's worth and the advantages to be gained through the weight of his name and influence. McGary doubtless took this means of enlisting his support and interest in the welfare of the town.

"For a few short months everything took on a rosy hue. McGary's ambition seemed realized, all there was left for him to do was to sit down and watch the fulfillment of his dream. Three months passed in peace, and, then, the legislature meeting once more, decided upon the formation of Posey county in the southwestern corner of the territory. This so altered Warrick county as to place Evansville at one extremity of the river border, still more than fifty miles long. Because of this the legislature passed a law providing for the removal of the county seat from Evansville to a point thirteen miles to the eastward. The town established by the provision of the act was called Darlington and after a brief, uneventful career, passed out of existence, its decadence being due to the removal of the seat of justice of Warrick county to the town of Boonville.

"At the time when the legislature took the county seat from Evansville it passed a law providing that those who had risked money in lots in Evansville were authorized to cancel the deeds and collect the money paid for them. By this act the town was practically legislated out of existence. Stagnation set in, everything sank into decay. With each passing day the outlook grew blacker and blacker. McGary alone was undaunted and when the situation presented the most discouraging view, he was busying his brain to find some means of avoiding complete disaster.

"He secured a license to open a trading store and made his home the meeting place of every class of men. He played politics with a shrewd and confident hand and about this time was appointed to the associate judgeship of Warrick county. This was long before the day when it was necessary for an aspirant for judiciary honors to spend years in preparation. To dispense justice in McGary's time the sole requisites were fair play, fearlessness and integrity. He possessed all of these and his record on the bench was no mean one.

"On July 27, 1817, Hugh McGary, General Evans and James W. Jones, also a resident of the settlement, laid out what is now known as the original town of Evansville, reaching from Third to Water street and from Chestnut to Division street. The block crossed by Third and Main streets

was reserved as a public square. There were 144 lots in the town. On January 7, 1818, a law was passed by the legislature, creating Vanderburg county and naming Evansville as the county seat. Now McGary could see the beginning of the realization of his dream. His next effort was to have a postoffice established here and when it was, he was appointed postmaster. Mails were received at irregular intervals by stage from Vincennes."

General Evans first served under General William Henry Harrison and fought with him at the battle of Tippecanoe. He and Harrison were always the warmest of friends. About the year 1826 he settled at New Harmony and kept a hotel, but he had confidence in this city and moved back here in 1828, buying a half interest in McGary's holdings. He took Main street for a sort of dividing line and laid out the city above it, known as the "Original Plan" of Evansville. History states that in 1827 General Evans had one son Camillus and a lovely daughter Miss Julia. When I came here there were four grandsons, De Witt, Bob, Paul and Perry. I stood over the dead bodies of Paul and Bob the night they killed each other at the old Appolo Halle. De Witt was drowned and though I went to school with Perry I never knew what became of him.

The Evans homestead was on a little mound on the banks of the old canal, what is now Fifth street. There were great trees around it, the original growth of the forest. General Evans was a great friend of James W. Jones and of McGary and the three re-platted the town in 1817. Just before the county of Vanderburg was taken off Warrick County Evans and McGary then oflered to donate one hundred lots and $500 in cash if the legislature would "establish a permanent seat of justice in Vanderburg County at Evansville."

The daughter of General Evans was married to Judge Silas Stevens. The only son was Camillus, who was drowned. I know the history of the first marriage and divorce of Paul Evans and know why he quarreled with his mother, then married again and went south, and also why he and Bob quarreled, but as it has never been published there is no good in dragging out a family skeleton. Mrs. Saleta Evans in her last years tried to do all the good she could and has left a monument to her memory. "Let the dead past bury its dead."

During all this time a few settlers had been coming in and new cabins were being built. Hugh McGary essayed a frame house and the first court was held in one end of it, his family goods being moved into his store for the time being. The first election was held in August, 1818, and the following town trustees were elected: Hugh McGary, Isaac Fairchild, Everton Kinnerly, Alfred O. Warner and Francis J. Bentley. Hugh McGary was elected president and Elisha Harrison secretary and lister (assessor), John Connor treasurer. The collector and town marshal was Alphonse Fairchild. The first levy was twenty cents on the dollar and the great sum of $191.28 was collected. Think how little our forefathers had. At this time there was just one public building, an iron or tavern kept by Ansel Wood.

It was known as the Bull's Head in after years and it remained long after I came here.

The work done by McGary did not prevent the family from furnishing material for a criminal calendar after the courts of justice were organized. Jesse, the eldest brother, served as the object of the first serious prosecution in the county. He was indicted for assault and battery with intent to murder. Later he was let out on bail furnished by his brothers Hugh and William, but once out of custody he became so violent and defiant that the brothers withdrew the bail and Jesse was again taken in charge by the sheriff. There was no jail or safe place where he could be lodged, so he was chained to a hickory stump in the rear of the sheriff's house. Like his brother Hugh in later years he was acquitted but was too proud to live in the community which had witnessed his humiliation. He soon left and was not again heard from. The cases of the two brothers, so nearly parallel in every particular, form an interesting chapter in Evansville early history.

March 1, 1819, it was unanimously voted by the twenty-nine voting citizens of the town to incorporate. Hugh McGary's name appears among the incorporators. In the home of Alfred O. Warner March 8, 1819, twenty-three men voted to elect a board of five trustees. One would hesitate to accuse such honorable men as our early founders of corrupt politics but for some reason or other several of the candidates received twenty-four votes, when there were only twenty-three men voting. Isaac Fairchild, Francis J. Bentley and Everton Kennerly received twenty-four votes. Hugh McGary was chosen president and Elisha Harrison secretary of the board, and ceived one. Records do not show why three men received twenty-four votes, nor if Mr. Warner voted for himself. An unbiased person might believe that politics were played in much the same manner one century ago as they are now. Bentley refused to serve, so Warner got the place. McGary was chosen president and Elisha Harrison secretary of the board, and Alphus Fairchild collector and marshal. The first tax levy was twenty cents on each $100.

From the time he had completed his term as associate justice of the county court, McGary had kept a tavern. His building was along the river front and was made of hewn logs, a story and a half high and thirty-eight feet long by eighteen feet wide. It was first used as a store but later converted into a tavern and it was here that the first postoffice was located. About the time of the first election the population of the village was about 100 and it was growing rapidly. From 1820 to 1828, witnessed a period of depression nation wide. This caused the village to remain practically still during these years. McGary through all this time continued to remain the "first" citizen of the community. His tavern had something of the character of a club. All the prominent people met there and discussed the events and gossip of the day.

In 1827 and 1828 prosperity began to return, carrying in its trail rapidly increasing population for Evansville.

The year 1832 came and brought with it his deepest humiliation. By a trick of fortune, McGary was repaid with ingratitude for services which merited the highest reward. He was arrested for horse theft, tried and acquitted by a court of justice but driven to seek a new home by the idle gossip of his enemies.

Thus the man to whose aggressiveness and wonderful force of character Evansville owes its founding turned his back on life's work, left the city for which he had given so much of the labor of his mature years and closed his days away from the habitation he loved.

It was in the year of 1832 that Mark Wheeler appeared before Squire Jacobs of Scott township and swore out a warrant charging McGary with appropriating one of his horses.

In those days horse stealing was a crime fully as serious as murder and of the two, punishment was generally more certain to follow the first than the second named offense. In the "Circuit Rider," Edward Eggleston says, "It is a singular tribute to the value of a horse, that among barbarous and half civilized people, horse stealing has ever been accounted a crime more atrocious than homicide. In such communities to steal a man's horse is the greatest of larcenies—is to rob him of the stepping stone to civilization."

A warrant was issued for McGary and the duty of serving it fell to the constable, Samuel Hooker. He well knew McGary's reputation as a "fighter" and anticipating a desperate resistance took five men, heavily armed, with him in search of the supposed culprit. The martial host found him peacefully astride the stolen horse, waiting to welcome them as friends. He surrendered without a murmur and returned with his captors and was arraigned before the bar of justice.

His defense was simple. He claimed to have purchased the animal from a man named Wasson who subsequently ran away and could not be found. The act established Wasson's guilt in the minds of most of the community and resulted in the acquittal of McGary.

McGary had some enemies, as every man of action must have and these never daring to fight him openly, satisfied their vindictive natures by libeling him at every turn. For a time he bore up proudly against all the taunts they hurled upon him. Rough though this man's exterior was, it covered a heart as tender as a woman's, and it bled when he saw men who were formerly his dearest friends turn coldly from him. Telling his friends he was going on a business trip, he mounted his horse and facing to the southward, rode away into the wilderness, never again to be heard of by those who had fought and worked, side by side with him in the effort to make Evansville the city it was destined to be.

So runs the general impression, but as the result of exhaustive search I am certain that Hugh McGary simply went back to Kentucky and took to farming, and after an honored life died peacefully among the friends and relatives of his young manhood. It is but natural that he would not send

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST FARMS AND HOW OBTAINED—HOW THIS PART OF THE STATE WAS DIVIDED—THE TWO FIRST BUYERS—DECREASE IN VALUE OF LANDS—WHAT THE PIONEERS WORE—THEIR RIFLES—HOW CLOTHES WERE MADE—HOW THE WOMEN WORKED—WORK AND FUN—MY OWN REMEMBRANCES—"WHISKY ROW"—THE OLD TIME FIRST STREET—OTHER LOCALITIES—FIREMEN'S DAY—KNIGHT ERRANTRY, ETC.

In these days where vast tracts of lands which are the property of the United States Government, are thrown open to the public on certain days as has been the case with Oklahoma and other places, people are inclined to assume that the same general condition existed when the country around Evansville was settled. This, however, was not the case. The first settlers were compelled to buy their lands and were not presented with them by a benevolent government as has been so often the case since that time. Naturally all the lands in this neighborhood were assumed to belong to the Indians. Whether or not they had any real right to them is not for us to judge, but the government which has at all times treated the Indian with more consideration perhaps than he justly merits, was willing to accept the ownership of the Indians as a fact, and purchased land of them. But the fact remains that they were real purchases and not what is known as "squatter" possessions. It was not until 1804 that a treaty was made with the Indians by which lands within the borders of what is now Vanderburg County, were made accessible to the white settler. Individual pioneers gradually possessed the lands and individual effort developed the country. No colonies were laid here by peculiar religious, political or economic ideas for a field of experiment; nor did the wealthy seek large grants of land to be improved as great estates and peopled by a class willing to surrender a portion of their independence and manhood. Many settlers were driven back from the land of their choice, by the unfriendliness of the Indians but with undaunted zeal and characteristic courage they returned repeatedly until they were allowed to remain in peace. The treaty extinguishing the title of the aborigines to lands in Vanderburg and adjoining counties was made at Vincennes, August 18th and 27th, 1804. From the general government the title passed to individuals by purchase. To this rule there were but two exceptions in the state. The French grants near Vincennes, were confirmed, and given the descendants of the early settlers there, and the grounds near the falls of the Ohio river, made by the state of Virginia

to the regiment of Gen. Geo. Rogers Clark, for their valiant services in Indian campaigns during the Revolutionary War. In all parts of the country lands owned by the general government were surveyed and sold under one general system. In the surveys, meridian lines were first established, running due north from arbitrarily fixed and interchanging points. Base lines intersecting these were made to run due east and west. The first principle meridian runs due north from the mouth of the Maumee river and is, in fact, the east line of the state. The second meridian line, the one from which surveys were made in Vanderburg County, is 89 miles west of the first and runs due north from Little Blue river. The only base line running over the state crossed it from east and west in latitude 38° to 30″, leaving the Ohio river 25 miles above Louisville and striking the Wabash four miles about the mouth of White river. Congressional townships are six miles square and are divided into 36 sections of 640 acres each. They are numbered north and south from the base line, and east and west from the meridian lines, in ranges. In Vanderburg County, therefore, all congressional townships are south and all ranges are west. Fractional sections are those intersected by streams or confirmed grants. A section contains sometimes more or less than the established number of acres—640. In every land district there was a land office, where all the public lands were sold. A register, and receiver appointed by the president and confirmed by the senate were the officers in charge. For the lands in this part of the state the office was at Vincennes. From 1816 to 1819 the price of lands was $2 per acre of which one-fourth was required to be paid in hand and the balance in three equal annual payments and a year of grace after the last installment became due, being allowed before the forfeiture was executed. If paid at the end of four years, interest was required. About this time owing to the increase of immigration, following the state's admission to the Union, lands rose rapidly in price so that vast quantities were purchased of the government by paying only the entrance money or 50c. per acre. The scarcity of money and the wildness of the county rendered it impossible for buyers to meet their obligations. About 1818 congress commenced passing laws to relieve against forfeitures by extending the time of payment requiring interest, however, for the delay. Similar laws were enacted in 1819 and 1820. By the next year, 1821, the debt to the United States for public lands was beyond the control of legislation, because of its large amount and the numbers from whom it was due and the impossibility of paying it. Congress then released all interest, then about one-third of the whole debt, allowed lands entered to be relinquished and part payments thereon to be applied to pay in full for other lands and required all lands thereto to be sold for cash in hand and fixed the price at $1.25 per acre. The immediate effect of this legislation was to reduce the value of the lands already purchased and paid for, in about the same proportion. The large amount of lands thrown into market by the government would have done this alone without the reduction of price but the

result to land owners was still more disastrous, when only three-fifths of former prices were demanded.

On May 19, 1807, John W. Johnston entered all the fractional section 25, township 6, south range 11 west, being that part of the present city of Evansville which lies about and below the mouth of Pigeon creek. On the same day William Anthony entered fractional sections 1 and 12, township 8 south, range 11 west, in the township of Union, opposite the city of Henderson. These were the first entries made within the present limits of the county of Vanderburg. John W. Johnston, a native of Virginia, located in Vincennes in the year 1793 and remained there continuously in the active practice of law until his death, which occurred October 26, 1833. He was one of the most prominent members of the bar during his day, was called by his fellow citizens to fill many offices of trust and profit under the territorial government of the legislature from his county and made the first compilation of the laws of the territory. He never became a resident of Vanderburg County. William Anthony was a sturdy pioneer of the rougher sort, known in the early days of the new west, yet with those pure ringing qualities of genuine manhood which made his influence felt in molding the events of his day. He was the progenitor of the well-known Anthony family in Union township and for many years lived on the land entered in 1807, farming and operating the widely-known Anthony ferry.

I feel that I have not properly described the weapon that was used by the old pioneers. It was always a rifle, as shot guns were only used by old men whose sight was bad or by boys. The rifle of the hunter was always made to order. The selection of the size of the bullet was left to him and very often the fore arm extended the entire length of the barrel. Some of these old rifles were six feet long, it being a delusion in those days that the longer the barrel the more true the bullet would carry. These guns were flint locks, that is the hammer of the gun struck a flint, thereby discharging a spark on to the powder in the breech of the gun, for this was before the day of percussion caps. As a rule not more than two out of three attempts to fire one of these guns were effective, as unless the hammer struck the flint exactly right, there would be a "flash in the pan" and while the hunter was "picking his flint" before trying again, the game would get out of the way. In the breech of the old-fashioned rifle was a cavity which was closed with a brass or iron lid on a hinge, and in this way a piece of tallow to grease the patching which was a thin cloth three-quarters of an inch in diameter. This cloth was usually strung on little strings so as to be easily gotten and carried in the shot pouch which was a part of the hunter's outfit. The powder was gauged in the "primer" which was made out of the end of a deer horn. The piece of deer horn was hollowed out and was continually tested until it was made large enough to make the measure or necessary amount of powder to cause the rifle to do its best shooting and in the meantime of course, the bullets used in testing were all fired into a tree where they could be dug out again. The

hunter took a bullet and greasing a piece of the patch, placed it at the muzzle of the rifle and then drove it home with a long ramrod. The greased cloth prevented the ball from fouling in the rifle groove. The shot pouch was always dressed buckskin with the hair out, to shed water and this, with the powder horn, which was made out of the cow's horn with the ends stopped up with wood, made a complete outfit. I believe I have stated elsewhere that the man who did not shoot off-hand without a rest was looked on as a kind of weak brother.

I have also spoken of the dress of the pioneer people but did not go into detail and will therefore quote from an old pioneer now passed to the beyond, who in a book published many years ago, told of this matter:

"The head dress of the pioneer for the male sex was either a coonskin cap or a home-made wool hat. The feet were covered with moccasins made of deer skins. Shoes were worn by most of the pioneers of this county except in summer, when old and young, male and female, went bare-footed. The blue lindsey hunting shirt was almost universally worn by men and boys. Pantaloons were made at a very early day of deer skin and lindsey, but to the settlers of this county cotton and jeans early became most common. Women's dresses were simple, substantial and well made. As a rule, settlers raised their own flax, cotton and wool and made their own garments. Good weavers were then the accomplished young ladies and the spinning wheel filled the little cabin with sweet music, as it sang its song of thrift and industry. They raised their cotton, picked it, carded it, wove it and then wore it. At the proper season the flax brake was brought into use and the product was "hackled" and spun into skein. The wood card was then prepared for the filling and with different kinds of bark various colors were given to the raw material and made it ready for the loom, which, with its shuttle flying noisily back and forth, soon brought out its yards of lindsey striped and beautiful. The head dress of the women was a simple cotton handkerchief or sun bonnet. They were not ashamed to walk a mile or two to church on Sunday, carrying their shoes and stockings in their hands until within a few yards of the place of worship when they would put them on their feet. Indeed, at early meetings it was quite common for nine-tenths of the people, male or female, to be bare-footed. These modes of dress long prevailed in the country settlements, varied of course, a mite, by those who came from beyond the seas, but in the town of Evansville the merchants who carried a rather large and complete stock of goods, encouraged the cultivation of what they considered higher tastes in the matter of dress."

Pioneer social gatherings usually had in view two objects—work and sport. The log rollings, house and barn raisings, wood choppings, corn huskings, bean pickings, wool pickings, quiltings, and apple parings, while attended with much labor were replete with enjoyment. During the early settlement of this county the occasions of amusement were preceded by work; every good time was earned. No man undertook to roll his logs

alone. All joined together and went from place to place rolling. All houses were raised by neighborly hands. When the crops were gathered, the corn was put in a long pile and neighbors were invited in to husk it, usually after night. Log rollings and huskings were followed by a dance from which the young people got their greatest enjoyment. In the huskings both sexes took part, the huskers being divided into two parties, each with a leader. The lucky finder of a red ear reaped a rich harvest of kisses from those of the other sex, the rules governing the quantity of such rewards varying in different sections.

Besides the more violent sports in which the men sought diversion, it might be interesting and instructive to mention others of a different character. Among them the quilting party, where the good women of the neighborhood came together with kind hearts and willing hands, and after enjoying some hours of work and conversation, they departed leaving permanent and valuable results of their toil. There were few distinctions of birth, or wealth, or circumstances. All alike were simple in their dress and habits and no exacting demands were made by social forms. At the quilting nimble fingers plied industriously until the work was done, and then songs were sung, games played and dancing indulged in. Indeed, the merriment was coextensive with the jovial hands of the young folks assembled. Spelling matches and debating societies furnished amusement which some considered of a higher sort. Here the training of the intellect was the paramount ostensible object. Boys and girls not belonging to the same family often came riding one horse. The young folks were generally paired and to bring about this natural selection was perhaps as worthy an object as these intellectual entertainments could have been.

The early days of Vanderburg County were not unlike those about which the pens of Eggleston and Riley, with felicity and beauty, have told the world and few have lived to note the principal changes and improvements made since the early settlers, men of iron hearts and iron nerves, pitched their tents on these fertile lands now nearly a century ago.

Hundreds of pages of this work could be filled up with stories of how the changes of Evansville have been noted by the many old citizens who from time to time have published the history of their experiences. However, the same general history applies to almost everything. And in taking up the changes of which I am personally cognizant, I will try and treat of only such portions of the city as are so well known as to be understood by all readers. It was in 1850 that I reached Evansville but I soon went East and did not return until 1853. At that time I lived in a two-story brick house, next to the Vickory building. Next door to the east lived William Aikman and on the corner Samuel Orr, a citizen whom this city will ever honor. Towards Main street was a vacant common, then a German saloon kept by a man named Schwartz and on the corner where now stands the Gas and Electric Light Company building, was a little one-story grocery kept by the father of Mr. Sebastian Henrich. In those days there was

nothing unusual in having a saloon in the back part of the grocery, but this place was always orderly and well conducted and here it was that such congenial souls as Mr. Hewson, Joseph Setchell and his old English friends were in the habit of taking their toddies. Reaching toward Third street from the Henrich grocery was a row of small houses. Across where now stands the Vendome was a blacksmith shop, while just on the alley was the residence of a Mr. O'Brien. Where the Waverly building now stands was the home of the Catholic priest and on the corner of Second what was known as the Sisters' Home, and between that and the alley was the first Catholic church ever built in Evansville. This stood up high with a school room underneath. This property was all bought by Mr. Charles Viele in after years and by him donated and sold to the Business Men's Association when that body was first organized. Just across the alley was the gunsmith shop of J. G. Mathesie. Next to it was a little one-story frame occupied by T. McTernan, one of the first Justices of the Peace, and next where the restaurant now stands was a one-story frame saloon kept by a man called Dublin Tricks. It was in the back room of this saloon that the first sparring ever done in the city of Evansville was pulled off. Dublin Tricks gained this name from the skill with which he was supposed to handle the gloves. His companion was a man who went by the name of the Flying Dutchman. There was hardly a boxer in Evansville in those days. I saw many a hotly contested battle through a peep hole in a back window to which I slipped up the alley from our house and being caught one day by "Tricks" who happened to be in a good humor, he told me to come in and watch them box and it was here that I obtained my first knowledge of the manly art. Across from where I lived was a large marble yard, then a little place in which lived the Nugent family which was afterwards sold to Mr. Schellhase, a young German carpenter who came here with his wife and it was in this little cottage that the ball players were born. Small cottages extended to the alley and then came the residence on the corner of Sycamore and Second of Dr. Carlstedt, founder of the Carlstedt family which was so well known in this city. Next to him lived a German family and in the next house, the father of Ex-Chief of Police Brennecke. It was in this little building that most of the Brennecke children were born. On the alley was the residence of Philip Hornbrock, one of the most jovial of the old pioneers, who at that time kept a boat store on Water street. Proceeding to the corner one found the old Lewis building, a double brick, which sat back from the walk. The entire place is now taken up by the Boetticher Kellogg Company. In the corner of this building was the jewelry store of Billy Axe, a cripple, but a most jovial little fellow with a splendid education and very much liked and admired by all who knew him. In the other end of the building was the millinery store of Madam Hahn, a French woman who was probably the first stylish milliner ever known here. Afterwards the millinery business was taken up by Mrs. Hastings who was located on Main near the Citizens' National Bank. Below the millinery

store was a vacant lot and then a row of dilapidated cottages occupied mostly by Germans. Then back in the yard a one-story boarding house with a sign, "Boarding by Degan," while next to it on the corner stood the building which was afterwards transformed into the Brunning coffee house. Going further down past the magnificent store of J. Gans were nothing but small frames and in one of these Mr. Emerich, who was known by his friends as Butch Emerich, kept a butcher shop. On the extreme corner near Division street was the old Scriber residence, peculiarly built, the second story being smaller than the first. This was owned by Mr. Scriber who was one of the first foundry men in Evansville. He lived many years and his daughter became the wife of Mr. Herman Engel. Across from the Bruning coffee house was the Commercial hotel, kept by John O'Meara, the father of Jimmy O'Meara, who still lives here. Next to that was Mozart hall, the first place of amusement in Evansville. Then clear to the corner were little frame buildings on a sort of a hill. They gave place to a fine store which was put up by Carpenters White and Baker just after the war. The old frame building stood high on a kind of a hill and was reached by rickety stairs. Back of this was a brick owned by Thomas Scantlin and occupied by Baer & Small in the liquor business. This was Mr. David Baer, who afterwards for years conducted a trunk business and who was so much loved not only by his Jewish friends, but by every man who had the honor of being acquainted with him. Then came another brick building in which Samuel E. Gilbert conducted a grocery business and on the corner was the Orr iron store of Samuel Orr. Next to it going down Water, was the grocery store of Mathew Dalzell, who lived here many long years. Then came a row of small frame houses in one of which Messrs. Brose and Jenner resided. These were two pioneer Germans who came here early and whose decendants are still here. On the corner of Water and Vine was the large store of Allis & Howes, who for many years did an enormous business. Between this and what is known now as the St. Cloud, was the eye sore of Evansville, "Whisky Row." This was a succession of small saloons in which the rankest kinds of poison were dealt out to the river men who all seemed to drift there. These saloons extended up Vine street and one of them was occupied by Anthony Kelly, who was really too good a man to be in that business. The old St. Cloud was one of the first hotels built here after the days of the old log hotels and in it my mother died while my father was on a trip to New Orleans. From the St. Cloud down, there were various little houses until the Blue Warehouse, formerly quite a landmark, was reached. It had been used for the storing of produce in the early days but had fallen into disuse and about the last use made of it before it was torn down was that of a corn bin. Going further down were nothing but little shanties and on a little knoll was the house of Mother Link, an old German lady who had a great love for pets. Her place was full of pigeons. They nested in her two little rooms, under the house, and so large was her flock that it used to be said by the boys

that she was afraid to hang up a market basket anywhere for fear of pigeons building in it before she had a chance to go to market again. She had dogs, cats and all sorts of pets but they all seemed to live happily together and in those early days all sick people sent to old Mrs. Link for squabs and she never refused them. Across the creek was a garden which I scarcely remember. As the pronunciation comes back to me it was Pfalzer garden, but probably it should not be spelled that way. It was a tough resort and its usual record was a few dances, a few drinks and a general fight. It had a most unsavory reputation and was only frequented by the toughs of what was then known as Lamasco. Strange to say, the Lamasco tough always insisted in wearing a pair of pants very much like the style now in vogue. He wore a very short coat, and pants the larger the better, coming to a very small circle around his boots. He wore a slouch hat pulled down over his ears but contrary to the present young fellow who tries to look tough, his hair was cut short instead of being allowed to hang into his eyes as is supposed by some of the kids of the present age to be the mark of a very tough man. Some day these kids will learn that this style of hair cutting went out of existence fifteen years ago.

Coming back up town we strike the Pavilion hotel at the corner of Sycamore and Water. This was kept by Col. Drew and his estimable wife, a motherly-souled woman, whose pies were known all over this section of the country. Col. Drew belonged to the little church on the hill where now stands the Strouse Annex. He played the flute while his son, Cy Drew, who lived here so many years and married Miss Maggie Goslee, played the melodeon. Mr. Cy Drew seemed to be born with music in his soul and even as a boy was a fine performer. The Pavilion in those days was known as the exclusive hotel and many young brides and grooms lived there before going to house-keeping. Further up was the old Canal bank in a two-story brick. This was presided over by H. G. Wheeler, president. He was also at the head of the public school system here and scholars who had reached the last stage and were in danger of being expelled, were always sent to him as the court of last resort. Mr. Wheeler seemed to have very keen judgment as to the nature of boys and gave many a wild boy a chance to do better. It is through his judgment that many of them afterwards turned into the very best citizens. On the south side of Main and Water was the Mitchell block, beginning where the Richmond hotel stands and extending to the alley. At that time no one ever seemed to think that business would go beyond the Canal or Fifth street. In their wildest dreams this was never anticipated, for they all thought that business would be centralized and remain close to the river. Messrs. Warren (the late Geo. W. Warren) and Carrington, an old settler, had a music and piano store and now no one would ever think of going into that part of the city for anything of this kind. Further up towards where the City National Bank now stands were more frame buildings in one of which the first book store in

Evansville was kept by an Englishman named J. D. Dobell. There were many rumors about Mr. Dobell, as to his being a son of some high Englishman. He dressed well but confined himself to corduroy and velveteen, while his wife dressed as did the other English women of that day, or for that matter, of this day, and he seemed to have a great deal of money, bought a beautiful place on String Town road and up to the time of his death, so secretive was he that no one ever knew why he selected Evansville as the point in which to live. I merely speak of this to show how many different styles of people went to make up our town. Further up Water was the old store of Robert Barnes. The old brick which still stands, has braved the storms of all these years. In this old building David J. Mackey, E. A. Cooke, E. D. Ballinger and others were taught their first business lessons. The old Green river house next to it is another building of antiquity.

Coming around towards First, the home of Francis Link stood on the hill, which was on the back part of the lot where the Orpheum Theatre now stands. Across the street on the same side was the handsome residence of John Shanklin, and next to it the residence of Dr. Morgan, one of the pioneer physicians who lived here at the same time as Dr. Bray, whose old family residence is next to the Chandler block. Above the Morgan home was the residence of Mr. James Laughlin who came here from Pittsburg, quite a wealthy man. This old home was the scene of much hospitality and will never be forgotten by old citizens. His wife, Mrs. Madeline Laughlin, was a charming hostess and at times was assisted by her sister, formerly Mrs. John Hurley and now Mrs. Bement. Back toward the river on the opposite side of the street was a little box of a tin-shop in which James Scantlin, also a pioneer, conducted his business, while facing the river where are now the residences of Mrs. Stevens, Mr. Edward Sonntag, Mrs. Scantlin and Mr. Cy Scantlin, were a row of little one-story frame houses with a porch extending along the entire front. It was in front of these first houses that the old ferry bell stood. It was held in place by huge rocks at the base and it was here that the ringing of the bell brought over the ferrymen who lived on the opposite side. On the upper corner was a vacant lot, which was afterwards utilized by Mr. J. D. Carmody when he first went into the greenhouse business. The next corner above was vacant, the house that had been on it having fallen down, although the old brick smoke-house remained for some years. This was a part of the Chandler estate and in the division of the property it fell to Mrs. Louise Peelar who sold it to Mr. Richard Dawes. The frame house above it was occupied for years by Mr. Henry Wheeler and the home on the corner now known as the Beltz home was built by C. R. Dement and afterwards sold to Samuel E. Gilbert. Before this Mr. Charles Viele had built his beautiful home on the corner across the street and back of it was the old John Ingle property which, through some mistake of the surveyor, extended out into First street. This building was finally condemned by

the city and torn down and the residence of Hon. Alex. Gilchrist now stands on its site. In all this time Sunset park had been neglected. The old Barnes residence which still stands had been built but no attempt had been made to care for the back yard and at each succeeding rise in the river, the logs would wash almost to the back door. The next house above it was the beautiful Morgan home still one of the best built houses in Evansville. This was put up by John Stockwell who afterwards sold it to Mr. Crane. Near this was a two-story frame which had been moved from the lower part of the city and next to it was the saw mill which resisted for many years the efforts of the citizens to have it condemned. This was known as the Ahlering mill and the home in which Judge Foster now lives and which is said to contain the best lumber in the city of Evansville, is filled with lumber sawed in this old mill. Next to it, where I live at present, was the Oakley home. James Oakley came here long before the war and built this house about the year 1850. He brought his slaves with him from Tennessee and at the rear of the house was what was known as the negro quarters. This had the great open fireplaces in which the old colored aunty loved so well to cook. This made the house so long and was of so little use in these days, that it was torn down. Above this, reaching to where stands the handsome residence of W. H. McCurdy was a row of old shacks belonging to the Amory estate. Mr. Amory lived in the corner house but after he went back east the property was almost uncared for until it was finally ordered torn down by the chief of the fire department. Some of these buildings were directly on the street and were on a sort of hill, being approached by rickety steps. They became infested with a low class of negroes and their tearing down was hailed with delight by the whole neighborhood. Diagonally across was the brick house built by Charles Wells of the old firm of Wells, Kellogg & Company. There seems to have been another mistake on the part of the surveyor, for this building set out into the street and there was much question afterwards as to whether the house should be torn down and the street widened to conform with its width below, or whether the people should accept a narrow street reaching from the Wells corner to the Boulevard, and this was finally decided upon as the best way out of the trouble. All through this period it was nothing unusual for the river to come up every spring and flood that entire part of the city and it was not until the Boulevard was built that this state of affairs was averted. Where the building erected by Mr. Will Sonntag now stands and also the buildings on the corner, was an old lumber pile which for many years was an eye sore. This was finally bought by Mr. M. J. Bray who cleared it and it is now filled with beautiful homes. An old slough cut across this part of the city and to the best of my recollection it took in where now stands the old Kellogg home, now occupied by Mr. Maley, Haynie's drug store and most of the street lying southwest of that. It laid on the south side of Washington avenue which was then Blackford's grove. Just by Blackford's grove on what is now Washington avenue was

what was known as Orr's meadow, belonging to Mr. Samuel Orr, and it was here that I used to go morning and evening with the family cow. I have spoken elsewhere of killing wild pigeons on Washington avenue and ducks this side of there, and my remembrance of this is due to the fact that I took the cow there, as, living at that time below Main street, I had little business in the upper part of the city.

Coming down Fourth street through this part of the city there was very little to interest one. The houses were mostly small and badly scattered. At the corner of Chestnut and Fourth was an old building which I believe still stands. A block further the original market began, the first market house ever put up in Evansville. This was a one-story building and the part lying between Locust and Walnut was devoted exclusively to butchers. Above that the market wagons, that is the wagons of the farmers in this section, were driven up. But differently from now, the wagons were backed up to a center aisle or passageway, and one could do the marketing by passing along the center from as far up as Chestnut street down to Locust, but it seemed to be the way with every one to buy the meat first and then go on, stopping at the various stands to get vegetables, etc. In those days dressed poultry was almost unheard of. One bought chickens alive. These farmers who kept the upper part of the market were nine-tenths of them Germans, and some of them came from so far out in the country that they would drive in the night before, and, leaving their produce covered with quilts, etc., would make little fires, cook their meals along Fourth street and then sleep under the wagons until daylight. As is the case now, the early bird caught the worm, and the one first on the spot caught the best of everything. This was long before the days when those keeping family groceries sold vegetables, and such a thing as a grocer coming to market for anything except vegetables for his own family was unknown. It will be remembered that even in late years an attempt was made to stop the grocers from forestalling the market. Even in those days there was a regular hour at which the market opened. This hour was announced by the market master in a loud voice, and before that time no butcher dared sell a steak or any countryman dare to sell any produce of any kind. In later years the matter has been reversed, and the wagons are backed up to the walks on either side of the market space, so that people going along the walks can purchase their goods, whereas before they took the aisle down the center. I have referred to the large building owned by the Single Center Spring Company. This was built for a tobacco warehouse during the canal times for at that time and for some years afterwards Evansville bid fair to be a great tobacco center. Out Locust street there were but few houses. Across from the big tobacco warehouse was the Igleheart mill and then coming down the square we reached Main street which was spanned by a wooden bridge on one side of which stood De Gaormo's livery stable. About where the old Marlett hall stands at Main and Fourth there was a little one-story frame, occupied by a man named Spaulding. I have

never forgotten this place, as he had a most unique way of dressing his show windows; a way that I have never seen practiced by any other men. He would take a piece of paper and cut it into a shape of half a diamond, paste it against the front glass, leaving a little space in the center. Into this he would pour a little sugar, tea, coffee, rice and other articles of that kind, so that one stopping to look at the window could see samples of everything he had to sell. Chandler block, in which this work is being written, was then unknown. On the corner where Saunder's Transfer Company is now located, was a two-story frame in which a widow, Mrs. Haff, kept a little store. One of her daughters was a remarkably beautiful woman and was one of the first teachers in the public school. At that time or soon afterwards, Mr. John Jay Chandler, father of Jack Chandler, built the house now occupied by Ed. Morris in the rear of the Saunder's Transfer Company, and soon decided to build Chandler Block, which, in its early day, was considered one of the finest pieces of architecture in the city. Back on Second street, where the beautiful Masonic building stands, was a row of cottages and in one of these lived Charles Martin, who by some means, was called Charles Fox. He was one of the first policemen and detectives in the city. It is thought that the name Fox was given him on account of his ability to ferret out crimes in those early days. He was succeeded by Ed. Morris, a man with only one eye, who was quite a character in his day. He was a brave and fearless officer and served for many years. It was where A. L. Swanson Electric Supply Company now stands that Mr. Adank opened the second ice cream saloon ever started here. The first one was opened by two Italians whose names I have forforgotten, in a small frame building where now stands the House of Crane. These Italians remained only a short time and not long enough to make much impression on our people, but Mr. Adank, through the merits of his goods, soon became quite a caterer. Of course in those days a woman who had her trained waitresses who could take charge of an entertainment, was a thing entirely unknown. The hostess at all little social gatherings staid in the parlor, of course, but it was safe to say that her nearest family relatives were hard at work in the kitchen seeing that everything went right, and ready to announce the big supper which was always a part of those entertainments. I remember that Mr. Adank introduced a great many novelties here. In the first place, his ices and cakes were of the very best material but it was in decoration, that is, in early day decoration, that he excelled. I remember that his greatest work of art was what he called his Orange Pyramid. This was made by peeling oranges and separating the slices. When a sufficient number had been separated to form a pyramid, say three feet high, they were taken out doors, generally to a cold porch for they could not be manufactured in a warm room. Here the first foundation row of orange slices were placed around an enormous dish, with the points turned up and some kind of a very sticky syrup was quickly sprinkled around them with a small broom. This cooled rapidly in the open air

and then the next layer was put on top with the points turned up and so on until the top of the pyramid was reached. This of course was kept out doors until the very last moment, for the reason that on being taken into a room, the syrup very quickly became soft and the pyramid fell of its own weight, so that almost the first duty of the hostess was to see that the pyramid was demolished as soon as the guests were seated.

Coming down the canal, reaching Sycamore street, we came to another bridge and on the left side of it was the old Union brewery. This was an old landmark and one of the first breweries ever started here, but yet for some reason it was not successful. The building was amply large. It stood on the bank of the canal where water was easily obtained, but the output was never large. I do not remember who the owners were, but I do remember that it was where nearly everyone went for yeast. This could be had on certain days, and great strings of boys and girls could be seen going there to get the family yeast. I have a vague recollection that this yeast had something to do with buckwheat cakes but it is so long ago that I have forgotten.

Speaking of the Union brewery, I wish to recall the most ludicrous instance that ever happened in the history of the city. After the old German who had failed in making a success of this plant had sold it, the building was occupied for quite a time by a low class of white people, many of them almost refugees, until it became such a public nuisance that the town board ordered it cleaned out. About this time the Evansville Medical Society, which was then in its infancy, agreed with the city to look over the old building and put it into good shape, provided they might be allowed to use it, rent free. The contract was made and while no particular changes were made as to the exterior, several new rooms were built on the inside and an era of dissection which has probably never been surpassed in this city, began. While no one has ever charged that graves were robbed to furnish specimens for the numerous young students that flocked there, yet it is a fact as it was atferwards found out that the crop of "stiffs," as they termed them, was always exceedingly large. A rumor soon got out in the neighborhood and people began to shun the old building, but this had no effect on the students and the older doctors, who found that the secluded place was a good place in which to practice. The crop of disintegrated bones soon became so large that getting rid of them became a matter of much moment. Finally it was decided to bury them in the cellar.

About this time the war having sprung up, and having few buildings which could be utilized as hospitals, the city was called on and asked to donate the use of this college for a hospital. Prior to their using it for this purpose, the city being full of negroes who had come across the river, quite a quantity of them were housed there. It is hard to remember the exact condition of affairs but it seems that some of these negroes went into the cellar for firewood perhaps and came across these bones. It is a matter of record that the exodus of the scared coons, male and female, large

and small, of this building was worse than a stampede or a herd of Texas cattle. The gruesome story of the finding of these bones spread among all the negroes who were then here, and it soon became a fact that after dark one might walk through any portion of Evansville and never meet a negro, it being understood among them that any coon caught out after six o'clock would be taken by the medical students and worked on in this hospital.

It is a little late to tell this story, but there are today hundreds and hundreds of people in this city who when they read this story will remember how easy it was to drive off a colored man from a place where he was not wanted, by simply saying "medical student."

Coming out Sycamore the old house in which the Cook Brewery Company started was a landmark. The old firm was Cook and Rice and was a very small affair, but the beer they made was first-class and plenty good for our citizens until Cincinnati for a time made desperate struggles to introduce Cincinnati beer and for some reason it was supposed to be better than the home material. But there were brains and business sagacity behind the old Cook and Rice concern, as can be seen by the enormous F. W. Cook Brewery plant of today, a firm that sends its goods almost all over the world and the beer of which has no superior anywhere. It is hard to believe that in these few years, for they seem few, that little two-story brick could be transformed into the present enormous plant. Down the canal on the right side coming down was the pottery of A. & L. Uhl. This was a small plant operated by horse power. It stood a little below the level of the canal. The business soon grew to such proportions that the concern moved out on Main street, where the Uhl brothers built houses side by side and those who have noticed that these houses do not stand parallel with the street proper, can understand that it was because as in many other instances, the streets were not properly laid out in those days. Out near the beautiful residential part of the town where are the Heilman homestead, Mr. Boetticher's, Mrs. Reis's and others, was nothing but commons, the house of Henry D. Allis which some time ago was ordered torn down, being the only one in that neighborhood. This house was considered almost out of town and I remember that when a dance was given by the daughters of the house, it was looked upon as quite a distance to travel to get there. Fulton avenue was then not up to its level. From Fulton avenue reaching clear to Cook's park, there was an enormous gully which it then seemed would be an impossible task to fill up. West of the gully was nothing but pasture ground fenced up with the old rail fences. Pigeon creek was crossed by an old-fashioned covered bridge and the water at that time was clear as crystal and the fishing just above the bridge was splendid. The next bridge above was at the Stringtown road and this was just below the old Negley mill, possibly the second mill ever built in this section and which even then had fallen into decay. In after years a new dam was built and the fall utilized and a new mill put up, modern in all of its appointments and far different from the old Negley mill, to which the old pioneers used

to go on horseback or in ox wagons and sometimes have to camp out over night and wait until their corn could be ground. Out Stringtown road on the crest of the hill was the pioneer residence of Judge Silas Stevens, one of the first settlers. This house remained for many long years and when a young man I often passed it. It seemed to stand the ravages of time perhaps better than any house in that section. Those who see the Evansville of the present day with its beautiful level, can hardly realize how much filling has been done. At the time the first street car company was organized, we were able to announce to the world that we had a city whose level was so perfect that a street car could be driven within its entire boundaries without ever striking an ascent or descent and this is correct, for the natural level of Evansville is better than any other city of America, except those built on prairie lands. But in the old days the Ohio river and Pigeon creek went on rampages and cut gullies as they chose. The great hollow of which I have spoken at the corner of Fulton avenue near Cook's park was cut through by waste water which cut across from Garvin's park and over great strips of land where are now the ball park and that section of the country all of which water took the most direct way of geting to Pigeon creek and thence into the Ohio.

Reverting to the Boulevard, the city has to thank Captain Alf. H. Edwards, long deceased, for the work he did in showing how easily a Boulevard could do away with all danger of flooding the upper part of the city. It will be remember that a great gully had formed near the house occupied by Mr. Will Foster and that it reached clear across below Mr. Charles Hartmetz's residence and up to the high ground of what is now Second street. As late as 30 years ago this gulley was still there and was crossed on Parrett street by a long bridge which was made of the gunwales of old flatboats which had been transformed into a bridge. It will be noted that the south side of upper Second street is being rapidly filled up and as soon as the filling of the upper part of Sunset park is completed, thousands of loads of dirt will go on to the low lands which lie back of the houses which are now on the above named street. This will raise that entire tract to the level of the Boulevard and it will be only a short time until it will be platted and lots meet a ready sale, for the reason that the view is a beautiful one and that on most summer evenings a lovely breeze plays over the rich cornfields that lie between the Boulevard and the river.

One of the old land marks was the saloon and house of Captain Elles on Second street near where the Appolic garden existed. This was a meeting place for the first military organization ever started in Evansville. The members of this company were all Germans, and nearly all had served in the German army before emigrating to this country. They held their meetings once a week and for some strange reason did not announce them in the only paper here, but on the evening of the meeting a drummer who had also served in the army would go over the principal street beating a snare drum and using certain calls which at that time I did not understand,

but it probably means a call for them to meet on that night. The uniform of this company was gorgeous and about once a year they would have a horseback parade but I remember well that many of the members were not good riders and this added to the fact that good saddle horses were very rare in Evansville, made the parade rather ludicrous at times. There may have been another military organization in the city at that time, but if so, I do not remember it and I am certain that it did not meet with the regularity of our German friends.

Speaking of parades, although the fire department will be taken up later on, I cannot help telling of the great gala day in Evansville, which was Fireman's day. As stated elsewhere, there were two engines in Evansville, at that time, the Neptune and the Young America, though another non-describable one, dignified by the name of Little Sis was kept in the same engine house with the Neptune. This was a little hand engine that could be worked by four men and it put out many fires where the big engines would have been almost useless. This was even before the day when there were any fire cisterns in Evansville, though afterwards they were built in great numbers, and the engines had to rely on water supply from the cisterns of the houses near where the fire occurred. In many cases it was impossible to get the larger engines so that their suction hose could be used. It used to be the boast of the wild spirits who always claimed the Little Sis as their own, that they could run her into any front gate and into any back yard in Evansville, so whenever there was a fire, about the first thing we saw was the falling of the front fence and in would come the Little Sis right to the cistern in the back yard, the suction hose would be put down and four husky citizens would be throwing a stream about as large as a garden hose before the other two engines got into commission. But to return to Fireman's day. On that day every fireman wore a red shirt, a pair of black pants and a helmet. The proper tie was a loose black cravat and they certainly made a fine looking body of men. The engines would be decorated with flowers and sometimes there would be a procession of school children and after marching through the streets all would repair to the big dock at the basin of the canal. Here the engines would be placed in position and throwing water for a prize was indulged in. It was not what engine could throw the farthest but what engine could throw the highest and the one that threw the highest stream and kept it there for a stated length of time won the prize, which was usually a silver cup. One can easily imagine how hard these husky fellows worked. Not for one instant were these brakes allowed to stop but the moment one husky fireman showed any signs of becoming short-winded, another jumped into his place immediately and so on until it was finally decided who had won the prize.

As horse shows, automobile races, etc., hold the limelight now, I will speak of about the only other festival that we had in those days. This was the tournament at the fair grounds. The old figure eight track was used

GOVERNOR SCHOOL BUILDING
(Colored.)

and rings were placed on poles that extended over the track. A certain number of knights entered to compete and they used just such lances as did Sir Galahad and Ivanhoe and other of our old friends. The point was to pierce the greatest number of rings and retain them on the lances. The lucky man was then presented with a wreath of flowers which he at once carried to the grand stand and presented to his sweetheart. She was then known for the rest of the day as Queen of Love and Beauty. It can be imagined that there was a great deal of rivalry and a great deal of quiet practice for this event, as knight-errantry has come to us by heredity and there is always something fetching about anything of this kind. If I am not mistaken, Billy Baker, a son of Governor Conrad Baker won the first wreath for his lady love and I think Miss Lister was the recipient. I remember further that Billy was such a prime favorite on account of his jovial disposition and his big heart and the hail-fellow-well-met way in which he approached every one, that even his most bitter enemies forgave him for winning the prize. We had also sleigh frolics in these old days where a big wagon was put onto uncouth rudders and Joe Setchell's four-horse team of big grays were always called into requisition. The town people used to make little excursions to the hospitable country homes near here, where, no matter whether they were expected or not, smoking suppers were soon ready for those who came. It was at this time, also, that masquerading parties came into vogue but never in the public hall that the city possessed. They were always given at private houses exclusively and for several winters were quite the rage.

CHAPTER VIII.

EARLY SPORTS AND PASTIMES—CRACK SHOTS—THE BOONES—TOM JACK HUDSPETH—EARLY DIET—WHY WOMEN WERE HEALTHY—A VISITING DRESS—"HOME-MADE" CLOTHING—DRESS COLORS—SHOES—EARLY ILLUMINATION—OUR GRANDMOTHERS' COMBS—OLD-TIME BOYS—THEIR CLOTHING—STRANGE WAYS—THE DIFFERENT "TIMES"—FRUIT AND WATERMELONS—THEIR GAMES.

Though the first denizens of this section were hard workers, both men and women, they had their sports and pastimes. Their lives were spent almost entirely in the open air, for to find a door closed even in the coldest weather was an almost unheard of thing. The old remark, "burn your face while your back freezes," grew from those who sat in front of the big open fireplaces with the big "back logs" that lasted for days.

About the only time the men had for sport was at the log-rollings, house raisings, and at elections and political meetings. The two great games were "raslin" (wrestling) and jumping.

Nothing did they know of "strangle-holds," "half-Nelsons," "flying falls," etc. A man won when he threw the other, landed on top and held him down.

Of course everybody jumped, or ran, and most of them could run like deer. A game called "quates" (quoits) was in great favor after there were a few horses in the settlement, though every shoe was valuable to nail over the cabin door.

Of course the game above all others was shooting, but none could afford to shoot at a mark and waste precious powder and lead, so a prize of a sheep, calf or full grown cow or steer would be put up. There were always five prizes: 1st, hide and taller; 2nd, hind quarters; 3rd, fore quarters; 4th, head and legs; 5th, lead in the tree.

So closely matched were some of the grand shots of the olden time that they would put bullet after bullet into the same hole and would have to shoot off ties after dark. In this case the mark was put at the foot of the tree, and a small fire made to show it plainly. Then, one hundred yards back a log was rolled up and a fire built by its side, so that the marksmen could see their rifle sights. I have seen this shooting off after dark many a time in Warrick County, the home of some of the best hunters that ever lived, for many of them were direct descendants of the Boones of Kentucky and seemed born to the woods.

Just a little story to show how strong heredity is. I was quail shooting in an old field above Boonville, when a slight snow was on the ground. Glancing to my left I saw a hunter coming rapidly along with his eyes bent to the ground and, as he came nearer, I recognized one of the steady merchants of Boonville. As he glanced up while shaking hands, I could see that his eyes were all ablaze and his nostrils quivering just as do those of a hunting dog in which the hunting instinct comes down through generations. Said he, "See that turkey trail? I saw her in the flats, but she was out of range. It's a nice hen and I'm going to trail her down." "But," said I, "it's nearly dark now. Let's go back to town." "Back nothing," replied he, "I'm going to trail her till dark and she'll tree and I'll wait till I can see my sights and I'll get her if I have to wait till just before daylight."

That man was Joe Hudspeth, who recently died, loved and respected by every one who knew him. He was one of the fairest, squarest men that ever lived, and if his conscience told him a certain thing was right he would stick to it, no matter what happened. Now see where heredity comes in. His grandmother was Susanna Boon, a sister of Col. Ratliff Boon.

As the Boons and their descendants are so closely connected with the early history of this city, perhaps another instance of the force of heredity may not be out of place.

Among the pioneers who came West from Virginia and South Carolina was Thomas Jackson Hudspeth, who married Susanna, the sister of Col. Boon. He was a man of rugged exterior, brave and fearless but a God-fearing man.

His oldest son was Thomas Jackson Hudspeth, Jr., who for many years was sheriff of Warrick County. He was known as "Tom Jack" all over that country and loved and feared alike. He was not a large man but had broad shoulders and a very strong back. His jaws were very square and his eye was as piercing as a hawk's. He died at the age of seventy-two with every tooth in his jaws as perfect as the day it first grew. In all that country his dare-devil courage made him the very best man for sheriff, when whisky was so plenty and all sorts of men who found it best to leave the East were crowding into the new West.

In all his career he was never shot, though he would walk right up to a rifle or revolver and such was his grit and so absolutely was he devoid of any knowledge of what fear meant that no one dared to shoot at him. Any desperado knew that if he did not kill "Tom Jack" instantly the latter would wrest his gun from him, and though mortally wounded, beat out his brains with it before he died himself. And yet he loved little children and flowers and everything that was lovely in nature.

Old citizens have told me that after he refused to serve longer as sheriff he was the best "peace" officer the little town ever saw.

On Saturday afternoons, after the usual horse-trading, etc., many of the farmers would get drunk and of course some pair who could not agree,

or had an old grudge, would get to fighting. Soon the friends of the first contestant would begin to "take sides" and then a "free for all" would get into progress. At such a time it was only necessary for some cool-headed man to yell, "Look out, men, Tom Jack is comin'," and all fighting would stop instantly, for he had taught them several lessons.

His store stood at the corner of the Public Square and just as soon as the curses and yells that indicated a fight reached his ears he would grab an ax handle, wagon spoke, or anything that came handy and run out bareheaded. The very thickest place in the fight was the place his soul cried for, and using both fists, boots and whatever weapon he had, he would leave a string of bloody heads and noses in his wake.

By the time he got to the center the fight was all over every time, and then he would tell them that if anybody still wanted to fight he could whip him "quicker'n hell could scorch a feather."

So much for heredity. "Tom Jack" came by his nerve honestly.

In all writings regarding the Boons, the name of Simon Girty creeps in and there are many who infer that he operated in this section, but this is wrong. He was a vile rengade white man, only a little removed from a brute. No matter what drove him from his original haunts there was no excuse for the atrocities he committed. He was worse and far more treacherous than the Indians. He first appeared over in Kentucky in August, 1782, with a band of Indians, some 500 in number, who had formerly lived on this side of the river. He tried to kill off the settlers at Bryant's Station but was repelled by McGary, Daniel Boone and Col. Hart, of Lexington, aided by the settlers in that region. It is said that he was finally stabbed to death by another renegade. Be that as it may, so long as the history of this section exists his name will be execrated. It was just after the above fight that McGary went to Vincennes and then came back down the old Indian trail to the foot of Main street.

Regarding these most primitive times the question may be asked "how did they live when this was only a wilderness?" I have tried to tell how plentiful the game was but neglected to refer to the first bread. When the first little clearings were made (and this was often done by two men, one working and the other keeping guard with a rifle) corn and pumpkins were the only things planted, but, while waiting for the ripening of the little crops, some substitute for bread had to be made for they could not live on a constant diet of jerked venison and bear meat.

They often roasted the white-oak acorns and ate them with their meat. Then they would gather wild rice and wild barley and mix it with the roasted acorns and these made "ash cakes." When the corn was ripe it was pounded and mixed with bears' grease.

This diet and the constant living in the open air made the very strongest of men and women. Dyspepsia or any kind of stomach trouble was almost unknown. The young people matured early and married early. A boy of 17 was expected to do a man's work on the clearing, or in hunting or

scouting and he was expected to marry early, and with the help of his parents and neighbors build a little cabin, clear up a piece of land and become a citizen. All had large families. What else could be expected. The wives of the present, leading artificial lives, heated by artificial heat so to speak, laced up and bundled up at every change of the weather, are nothing like the women of the early day. They dressed loosely, the vise-like corset was unknown and their bodies were free as nature intended. They drew in great breaths of the pure air into lungs that were never cramped. They could go to a puncheon floor dance and dance all night and be up before the sun and work all next day and never feel it.

Possibly it would be a surprising sight to see one of these pioneer women walk down the old Indian trail just now. Her head bare, a sort of jacket of tanned deer skin or "lindsey," a skirt of deer skin, and leggings and moccasins of the same. She might, if tasty, wear a neat little mink skin cap on her luxuriant hair and carry an Indian pouch. But the chances are she would be carrying a rosy-cheeked baby with half a dozen other fat and healthy children at her heels and probably not one in the lot ever took more medicine than a little catnip tea or a few doses of sarsaparilla tea each spring. And that woman would tumble the children into a canoe, give the baby to the eldest to hold and after telling them to sit still and not "spill out" pick up a paddle and strike right across this broad Ohio to see her "kin" over at Red Banks. And she would get there too and think nothing of the trip. So much for fresh air, loose clothes and daily exercise.

Doubtless some lady readers will turn up their noses at this and say "Oh, they were stronger in those days." Not a bit, gentle reader. Unless you have by heredity a frail constitution, you could be as strong as any of the pioneer women—if you only breathed Gods' air as they did, cared as little for the dictates of fashion as they did and exercised as they did—but you don't.

I have spoken of the clothing that was worn by the settlers but neglected to say just how it was made and from what, but it was almost a necessity for each neighborhood to have at least one or two farmers who raised both flax or cotton. It is a fact that in the early days cotton was very successfully raised in southern Indiana, and why it is not the case at present, is something I don't understand, for I am positive that the winters grow milder each year. The very fact that there is so little skating and so little sleighing that I can remember that for one term of five years, my sleigh was never taken out of the hay loft, would go to show that this must be the case. So why is it that cotton is not produced today; and yet one can take a trip over the entire country near here and never see one little patch of it. Flax was what was used to form what was called the jean or the leading thread in the loom, where all the fabrics were made in the early days. It was very easily raised and gathered when ripe and tied into bundls and allowed to become brittle. The bundles were then opened and the flax was spread on the ground and left in the sun and rain until

the stem was so brittle as to break away from the flax proper. It was then taken to the flax brake and so thoroughly broken that the wood part fell through and out of the way, leaving the flax fiber. They then used what was called the scutching board and a knife. It was laid on this board and the knife drawn over it, until nothing was left but the fiber which was then ready to be put on the old spinning wheel and spun into thread. There are a few of these old spinning wheels now in Evansville and they are put away among the treasures of the people who own them, but over in Kentucky and southern Illinois, there are thousands of them in use today, in the little settlements in the mountains and in the sparsely settled districts. The art of making this thread was indeed quite an art. What was called the distaff was fastened into the arm of a small wheel that stood about two feet away from the wheel bench proper. This distaff was made of a small dogwood bush, using the part where four small forks grew together. The bush was cut some two feet below the fork. The ends of the flax were gathered around the middle stem and the flax wrapped around it ready for the spinning. The big wheel was run with the foot on the treadle and both hands had to be used in separating the flax so that it would run into an even thread. This thread was very strong, much stronger than one would naturally suppose and the fact that the old jeans would stand wonderful wear and tear bears out this statement. The next machine was the reel. The thread went around this and was run into pieces all of the same length and these were made into what was called the hank. This was taken off and twisted so as to keep it from becoming tangled and it was then put away ready for the winding spool. The first cotton came with the settlers who came here from North and South Carolina and from Tennessee. They brought the cotton seed with them. The colors of the cloth were about as follows:

The brown was made from the bark of walnut trees and the hulls of walnut and these youngsters who hull walnuts even in these days, know what a stain the latter makes. Sometimes a little copperas was mixed with maple bark, but copperas was hard to get in those days. But it was not long until indigo and madder began to be brought here and in fact I have helped store away many a box of indigo and huge hogsheads of madder that came to Evansville in the original packages in which it was put up in the far-off land where it was grown. In the very early days, most dyes of this kind came up the river from New Orleans, being taken in ships to that port. Logwood was also used and the depth of the color was gauged by the quantity put into the dye. I might add that there were several tanyards established in this county very early. They were primitive, of course, but tan bark cost very little to make, so that there was quite a profit in the business. The shoemaker who made these hides into shoes went from house to house with his tools and worked during the entire year, but the work which he did in the summer was carefully put away until winter, as children and a great many women did not wear shoes at all, though some

of the latter wore moccasins, as did the men, but every man liked to have good serviceable pair of cow-hide boots as they were called. A woman buying a dress in those days, asked for a six-yard pattern. That was considered enough. There were no hooks and eyes, whatever, as they had not been introduced and buttons or draw strings took their place. How easy it is now to step into our halls on a dark night and by simply touching a little button, light the whole house by electricity or any hall or a room that you may desire, and then think what it was to get a light in the old days. Of course the great open fire-place furnished the light in the winter time, but during the summer when the cooking was done out doors very often to keep from heating the house, light at night became a very necessary thing. It was many a day after Evansville was founded, before even a tallow candle made its appearance, for there was no cotton wick which did not appear until later and there were no tinsmiths who could make candle moulds. What was used was simply a tin or brass plate if one could be obtained with the end turned up so as to form a sort of bowl. This was nailed to the wall. In it was placed a piece of almost any kind of cloth and then it was filled with tallow or grease of any kind. The flame came out from the end. Of course this light was barely better than none at all, yet many a school boy who wished to acquire knowledge, put in his evenings studying by a light of this kind, as all through the day he was expected to work. As civilization progressed, people began to want candles and candle wick usually sold in hanks or in balls. Then the tinsmith was called on to make a mould. This consisted of a series of tubes just large enough to make the old tallow candle which was nearly twice as large as the sperm candle of today. The wick was put into each of the tubes and pulled through the end and then the mould was filled with melted tallow and the mould set out to cool. When cool they were taken out and the rough ends at the bottom cut off and they were ready for use. But so primitive were these lights, that the candle had to be continually snuffed and many a family now has a pair of these old candle snuffers put safely away. I know of one pair in the city which is said to be over a hundred years old.

But if the good housewife was deficient in the matter of trains and jewelry and other articles of adornment, she was never without a good comb and it would seem that combs were about the earliest articles of adornment ever brought here. The pioneer women got them in Virginia and the Carolinas from whence most of them came and must have brought a bountiful supply, but even when these failed, it was very easy for the husband to make some kind of a horn comb for his wife. With a sharp knife he was able to cut out some very pretty patterns. Be that as it may, every pioneer mother had her comb and as the daughters grew up, they also had them; and one other thing. The daughters of the family always seemed to have beads and it was almost a rarity to find any young girl from the age of 10 up who did not wear a string of beads. There were

not Indian beads, but real glass beads which had probably been made in the east. Whether they got them through trading with the Indians who always were willing to trade their furs for them at the stores, is not known, but they were probably brought by the pioneer mothers when they came west to settle, and the peculiar thing was that they claimed that the beads were a prevention for certain kinds of sickness. In fact, I have often heard this stated in backwood families where I have been, but I do not remember just what sickness it was that they claimed to keep away. Another idea was that a girl's ears must always be pierced when she was young. Even if she had no ear rings, or had no expectations of getting any for years, they were pierced and either a small bone from a deer's leg or a piece of thread was passed through and kept there until the orifice was made and my recollection is that it was claimed that if the ears were pierced there would never be any danger of the girl having sore eyes.

Of course the old time boys have all grown into manhood, many of them into old manhood and of the young fellows that I used to play with, many of them go on Sunday afternoons and play with their little grand-children, and this certaintly covers a long stretch of years.

It was formerly believed and perhaps as much in Evansville as in any town in the country, that all boys were bad. This was not the case. The boys were not any worse than the boys of the present day but they were not hampered by all the restrictions which are now thrown around the children of almost the entire community.

For instance now, the average boy is well and comfortably dressed, he does not go barefooted except in extreme warm weather and he knows what it is to not only wear a collar and tie, but to have his hair brushed and his face clean. He even attempts to put on a little style at times and is very particular as to whether tan shoes or black shoes are the most becoming. He also pays more particular attention to the exact way in which his hair must be worn. I regret very much to say that there are many hundreds of boys in Evansville who are following a style which has long been obsolete in the East or in fact, any civilized part of the United States, in that they persist in pulling a great mop of greasy hair out on their foreheads or parting their hair in the middle and pasting it down so as to nearly cover their eyes as possible. If they would take the trouble to look at the fashion plates or any photographs taken recently of young men in the East, they would see that this style of hair dressing has long been out of date. Yet they persist in wearing these mops and tilting their hats either on the back of their heads or over on one side, all of which shows much absolute ignorance, as eating with one's knife or chewing with ones lips open. This was particularly called to my mind the other day by noting the cover page of the Popular magazine which pictured the seats filled with spectators at a great ball game. The great majority or in fact, 99 per cent of those whose faces were shown, wore their hats straight on the top of their heads and their hair did not show at all. But in the lot, were three or four

of these greasy-fronted boys with caps stuck on the back of their heads and the make-up of their faces showed that they were bad characters. In fact, their low brows, high cheek bones, protruding ears, and cruel mouths, showed that they were descended from the very lowest grade of parents. Here was where heredity had set its mark again.

But to drop the present day boy and get back to the old-time boy, he was a husky little fellow and as stated, cared very little what he wore, just so he did not transgress the laws of common decency. His one suspender which held up his short pants, was often held in place by a nail or thorn, while his straw hat was usually of the style now worn by farmers. Part of the time he wore his hat but generally he carried it in his hand or left it in some convenient lumber pile until ready to go home, as he considered it a useless article of apparel. An undershirt was unknown to him. A common "Hickory" shirt sometimes with a collar but usually without, was good enough for him and the rest of his attire consisted of his one pair of pants and generally they were colored either blue or walnut color by his mother.

He was not a bad little fellow at heart but he was up to all sorts of tricks and ten times as full of life as the boy of the present day, for he lived almost entirely in the open air. There was no bird's nest safe if his eagle eye ever saw the parent bird go to it. The few pigeons that were kept here then were supposed to be fair prey for him, and a boy who could most successfully sneak into a dovice and get away with the most pigeons was the king among his fellows. Of course all fruit trees belonged to him. The only point was that he must be smart enough to get the fruit without being caught and the early town people always expected that a certain percent of all their fruit and grapes and their strawberries, etc., would be taken by the small boy. This was as much a matter of fact, as the charging up of the profit and loss account of the merchant.

These boys went in bands. They often made little excursions into the country when the roasting ears were ripe and the first corn fields gave them a splendid meal. They would build a fire in the woods and really the roasting ears cooked in the ashes were not bad to take. In wild cherry time every tree in the neighborhood was known as were also all the walnut trees and especially the pecan trees. They also gathered the papaw and the early May apple. In fact, anything that tasted good he went for, and it is strange in these days when parents are stricken with terror on learning that a child has actually eaten part of a green apple, to think back and remember that those youngsters would eat the very greenest of apples, green peaches, wild grapes or in fact, anything that did not set their teeth on edge, and a case of cholera morbus was almost unknown. This is something I have never been able to undersand, yet it is a fact as can be proven by everyone who lived here in the olden times. But the great feast days of the Evansville boys were when watermelons were ripe. They had melons every day. Other people might consider them luxuries, though

good melons could be bought for 5c a piece and musk melons (for the cantaloupe was not very well known then) at two for 5c. But the boys never cared for them. Nobody grows them now.

But to return, the others may have considered them luxuries, but the boys had them every day, and thought nothing of it. There were two schemes that were worked. One was called the "Store" scheme and the other the "running" scheme. The first one was worked about as follows:

A gang of boys would lay their plans and go down below Pigeon creek past the old covered bridge, through which the great Posey county watermelons used to come in open wagons, for many farmers could not afford canvas tops. They would hide in the woods alongside the road and wait for the approach of a wagon. When one was discovered, the best dressed and best talking boy in the lot would step boldly out into the center of the road and the following conversation would occur:

"Mister, do you want to sell that load of melons?"

"Yes, my boy, they are for sale."

"How much do you ask for them?"

"Well, I don't know. I couldn't tell until I knew whether I could sell a few or the whole wagon load."

"Well," the boy would say, "my father keeps a store on the corner of Fourth and Main streets and he sent me down to engage the first load of fine watermelons that came along. He wants a whole load and if you will sell them right, I will get up on the seat with you and show you right where to drive them."

"All right, son, you are the one I have been looking for. I will go right to your father's store and I will sell this load to him right."

So up would jump the boy and he would at once begin entertaining the farmer with all sorts of interesting stories about Evansville. In the meantime, ever and anon, he would cast an eye to the rear to see that his companions were doing their share of the work. This consisted in slipping up to the back of the wagon while the farmer was deeply interested, and slipping a big melon over the tail board. This was quickly hidden in the weeds at the side of the road and several weeds bent down to mark the place. Others would be taken, until a signal would be given to the boy who was doing the talking and then he would make some excuse and suddenly jump down from the seat and take off through the woods as hard as he could go. Of course the farmer would wonder what was the matter with the boy, but having heard or seen nothing he would only find that a number of his best melons were gone when he made his actual sale at some store up town.

The other scheme was worked as follows: Several boys would go boldly up to a wagon and commence thumping the melons and would be roughly ordered away by the farmer who could see at once that there were no possible purchasers among them. The fastest runner of the boys would then slip to the back of the wagon and in plain sight of the farmer

pick up a medium sized melon, which he could easily carry, and run off with it. All the other boys would yell, "Stealing melons, Stealing melons. Stop thief." The mad farmer would then try to hand the reins to one of the boys while he chased after the runaway. At any rate, nine times out of ten he would tear around the corner, hoping to catch the thief and the minute he passed it, each one of the others who were in the scheme would gobble a fine melon and run up some convenient alley from whence they would all go to a meeting place which had been arranged and enjoy a regular feast. Of course when the farmer neared the running boy he would drop the melon and climb over the nearest fence and escape by devious ways of which the farmer knew nothing.

Another scheme was worked in the evening. A boy would go to the front door of the house where he was unknown and rap boldly and ask if Mr. Somebody lived there. He would attract the attention of the whole house by stating that his mother was sick and he wanted to get this Mr. So and So who was her brother, and between his sobs and questions, would hold the attention of the family, while his comrades jumped over the back fence and got away with as many grapes as they could carry.

The strange thing is that they considered this perfectly legitimate. A boy of the olden times imagined that those things were grown for his benefit and he really did not think it dishonest to take them. In fact, it was considered an honor among the boys to be an expert and their parents of course never heard of their escapades.

During the swimming season the old time boy was happy. To go in at nine in the morning and stay until noon and slip in for dinner with his hair dry and then slip out and spend the whole afternoon in the water, was nothing to him. Early in the season his back was the color of a pair of tan shoes from constant exposure to the sun. They were the most intrepid of swimmers. They thought nothing of gathering at a steam boat lying at the wharf and then with a sudden dash running up on to the boiler deck, back on the hurricane decks to the top of the big side wheels from which they would dive into the river. At that time there was a deep channel directly in front of the city and there was no danger of their striking their heads. Such a thing as walking out from land was a thing unheard of. He wanted something exciting. It is strange, too, that while I know that parents loved their children in those days, there was no such care taken of them as there is now. A mother's worry over a short absence of her son was something unknown. It was presumed that children knew how to take care of themselves. If a boy left his home after breakfast and did not show up during the entire day, provided there was no wood to chop or kindling to split, no one in the family thought anything about it. If somebody asked the mother where little Bill was, she would reply that he had gone off somewhere that day with a lot of boys but would be back for supper all right and if he did not get there in time to eat, he could just go to bed without it, for she did not intend to cook any hot supper for a

boy that could not get home in time for his meals and that was about the only thought she ever gave it.

Each section of the town had its squad of boys who were held together by some sort of a bond of sympathy, probably brought about by living in the same neighborhood. Where there were say 20 boys living on two or three blocks, they banded together and were great friends, though they had their occasional fights to see who should be leader, for each crowd had its one leading spirit. For instance, a crowd living on First or Second streets would have nothing to do with a crowd living on Seventh or Eighth. They had no interest in common, never went swimming or nutting together and never played together.

The "times" of the boys came as regularly as did the seasons. All of a sudden it would be top time and every boy who could manage to get hold of a top had one. I can remember when a top for sale in a store was a thing unknown, as was the painted or dyed top of any color, unless some boy's father or some relative happened to be a painter. There was one old German fellow who made the tops for the entire town and he did it with a simple turning lathe. Most of them were made of very straight hickory wood and were quite heavy and for points he filed off the heads of screws which he set in. The great game with the boys was "Bull ring" in which some adventurous spirit who had a good top would be the first one to spin his. After it was once spinning in the ring it was a mark for every other boy owned a top. The great desire of each one was hit the top hard enough to split it. So there would be at times a dozen tops all spinning in the ring. When a top rolled out of the ring when it "died" as the saying was, the owner could wind it up and "plug" any top that he saw, no matter how close it was to the edge of the ring. But if the top "died" and failed to roll out of the ring, it staid there until it was knocked out by the tops of some of the others. Then all of a sudden some fine morning, marble time would come, and boys would be seen down on their knees on every sidewalk, for there were few even brick sidewalks in those days. The old game was played with what was known as "taws" and "curbs," and a ring in the center in which each contestant placed his marbles. In playing "keeps" there were usually four contestants each one placing a marble in a ring in a straight line between taws and curbs and they "lagged," that is, they shot close to the "taw duck" which was the first marble in the ring, nearest the point from which they all shot. The one who lagged nearest a "taw duck" had the first shot and if he were a good player, he could win the marbles of the other three without allowing them any shot at all. The winner of the last marble in the ring had what was called the "goes," which entitled him to the first shot in the next game. So while one boy might win three marbles while by a lucky shot another would win only one, yet by getting the last shot he would have the first shot in the new game. Everybody played "keeps." It was a light form of gambling but did not seem to hurt any of them.

Then suddenly hoop time would come on and the boy with the iron hoop was a king among his fellows, for these hoops were generally bought in the shape of rods of iron at the old store of the Orr Iron Company at the corner of Water and Sycamore and taken to the blacksmith's shop of John Griess where the new Vendome hotel now stands, where they were welded together. Nobody thought of a stick with which to hit the hoops in those days. They were worked with an iron "sculler." That is a short piece of iron with a hook at one end and the hoops were driven by being pushed along by this "sculler." They could be run for squares and handled very deftly by these boys.

The little girls of course had barrel hoops which they drove with pieces of broom sticks as has been the custom from time immemorial, only I must say that the little Evansville girls did not look like these pictures that we see in the Sunday school books of the little girl driving her hoop. She did not wear her hair all done up in ribbons nor did she wear any panties that came down over her shoe tops. If she had, the girls would have thrown mud at her. She dressed as did the boys, in as few garments as possible and her hair was generally plaited and tied up with a shoe string or was shingled. In fact most of the girls in the old times had their hair shingled just as the boys did, because their mothers claimed that they had so much to do around the house, that they could not forever be combing the kinks out of the hair.

Kite time used to come and wonderful were the displays of the boys' handiwork in this direction. Some of them were born artists and some knew how to make a beautiful kite with light sticks and with such perfect proportions that it would always fly, while other poor fellows some of them, seemed to think that the very heaviest sticks were the best, because they would not break, and therefore weighted down their kites so that they could only be kept up by continuous running. But as a boy thought nothing of a run of a few blocks in those days, he had as much fun as anybody and the more dust he kicked up, the better, for be it remembered that in those days, Evansville possessed only one sprinkling wagon, or rather a barrel with a piece of leather hose and a sieve-like piece of sheet iron through which the water came. This was driven over Main street, which was deemed the most worthy of being kept watered.

The favorite kite was the old three-stick kite and I can remember when the first bow kite ever seen in Evansville was sent up. It was made by Mr. William R. Baker, who has been spoken of as such a great cornet player, and who was also leader of the Crescent City band. He made a splendid bow kite and sent it up from the top of a high building and fastened it and much was the wonderment of the boys and men of Evansville for such a kite had never been seen in the Heavens before.

But the greatest game of all was "Hum Bum" or "Old Man." This game was a great favorite in the upper part of the city and was played like the old game of hide and seek. All the players scattered out, leaving one

at what was called "base," which was generally one of the big trees (that is in speaking of this particular crowd) at the side of the residence of John Ingle. The crowd scattered out over a territory of two to three squares and carefully hid themselves until time was up, when the base man could begin to hunt for them. After that it was a race to the base. If the hidden boy got out of his hiding place and beat the searcher back, he won, but if the searcher even saw him and called his correct name and then beat him to the base, he lost. This particular crowd were about the wildest in the city and went over roofs and fences like cats. The fences such as would frighten the boys of the present day, but were nothing to them. They would crawl under the most diminutive front steps, crawl under huge piles of hay in hay lofts and were up to every trick that was known to the game. Robert, Heber and David Ingle, the latter now a prosperous grand-father, were the most active of the Ingle boys. Then there were Fotsy Hopkins, Skinner Hopkins, Mush Tenney, poor Bootsie Caldwell, Boots Wilcox, Alf Hughes, Billy Bell, Mort Blythe, Ferd, Eugene and Les Iglehart, Jim Goslee, and a lot of these boys who were ring leaders in that crowd. I never heard of a single accident that befell any of them. But it would be hard to tell how many fences were broken and yards and trees devastated by this crowd. There was a younger generation that grew up afterwards in the same neighborhood, but things had become more civilized and they paid more respect to property rights than did the old timers whom I have mentioned.

CHAPTER IX.

EARLY LOUNGING PLACES—WHERE THE OLD CITIZENS USED TO MEET AND TALK—THE OLD RESTAURANTS, CIGAR STORES, AND BILLIARD ROOMS—THE START OF THE LOTTIE—THE FIRST BRASS BANDS—THE COMING OF GEO. W. WARREN—WARREN'S BAND—WM. R. BAKER—HOW THE BANDS STARTED—SUNSET PARK—OLD TIME AMUSEMENTS—THE FIRST THEATRE—EARLY MINSTRELS—THE QUILTING BEE AND THE SEWING SOCIETY—AMATEUR SHOWS—THE CHURCHES WAKE UP—TWO AMATEUR OPERA COMPANIES—THE SECOND PERFORMANCE—OLD MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—PRESENT PLACES.

Evansville is a sociable city and always has been. In these days when we have our beautiful Elks' home, the Crsecent club, the Press club, the fine hotels and the various similar clubs, each with their attractive little homes, billiard and pool rooms scattered all over the city, the Y. M. C. A. which has done so much for the youth of Evansville, the German singing societies, the splendid quarters of Prof. Doerter and others too numerous to mention, there is every opportunity for a young man who happens to have no sweetheart to go and enjoy his evenings in good company and where his morals will be uncontaminated. But back in the old days these places were few and far between. With the exception of the Masons and the Odd Fellows, there were hardly any benevolent or fraternal organizations and they met only once every two weeks. Therefore the young man as well as those of more mature years, were confined of an evening, after work was over, to a very few spots. One of these was the old Pavilion hotel which afterwards was known as the American house, and here in the office the genial Col. Drew was always ready to entertain his friends. Near him was the boat store of Philip Hornbrook, one of the quaintest humorists who ever lived here. It was here that the old river men and trappers would flock of an evening and the fund of anecdote was inexhaustible. Up Main street the cigar store of the late Herman Fendrich, the father of Mr. John Fendrich, was always filled after supper. Here again was the cheerful stove in the winter and it seemed to be a regular meeting place for many of our old staid citizens. Just this side of the Citizens' National Bank Sam Grammer opened a restaurant with a billiard room in the second floor. This was about the first affair of the kind started in Evansville and great crowds of young men could be seen there every night. Later on Mr. Prescott, a brother of Mr. Fred Prescott, who for many years was with the late

William Schellhorn, opened a fine billiard room in the building on the alley between First and Main streets, now occupied by the Catholic book store, and this place for a long time was nightly crowded with young men. About the first club started was the Diamond Club, the remaining members of which are all old gray-headed men. It had rooms in Chandler block and was considered quite the thing in those days. In fact, if a young man came here and was taken up by the Diamond club, that was all that was necessary. His social future was assured. The Germans built a hall called the Turner hall where Marsh & Scantlin bakery now stands, and it was there that they met nightly to drink their beer and sing the songs of the Fatherland. There was also a place near the E. & T. H. depot, the name of which I have forgotten. But it was at this place that all the railroad men congregated when they were off duty at night. There were quite a number of Englishmen among them and there are many who will remember old Polly Hopkins, as he was called, who was a great bird hunter in his day. Down below the creek they all went to the Belle View beer garden which was kept up for many years, while those who cared to go still further out, went to Kron's Vineyard up to the Babytown hill. When the new opera house was built, where the Orpheum now stands, Jim Hicks opened a nice bililard room, which was also quite a resort for many years, until it was eclipsed by the St. George billiard room, which formerly occupied the entire space under the dining room, the bar being back next to the alley. Many big matches were played here and of course the rotunda of the hotel, from the very time of the building of the place, was also a great place to sit in the evening and meet one's friends. About this same time Simon Kohn opened a large place where the Acme hotel now stands. He had a fountain in the center and the place was quite popular for many years. A very popular place was the Apollo Garden, which was opened by John Albecker some thirty-five years ago. This was at first an open garden and was afterwards roofed and turned into a variety show and it was a good one. Mr. Albecker bought out his partner, Mr. Seiffer, and for a number of years made money very fast. But after he gave it up, it was many years before a variety show again became a money maker in Evansville. In fact, what is known as the vaudeville show of today and which is perhaps the most popular show in America, is simply an outgrowth of the old-time variety shows. It was on the old Apollo stage that such men as Hugh Fay, who afterwards showed all over this country, and Charles Gardner, who also put on a play of his own for many years, made their first appearances and it was at this show that the great Pauline Markham, who years before had set New York wild at the time of the advent of the "Black Crook" on Broadway, gave one of her farewell performances. It was hard to realize that the very fleshy, passe woman who appeared there was once the dashing Pauline Markam on whom thousands of dollars' worth of flowers were thrown away in New York city. Here it was that McIntyre and Heath once performed, and many others who are now

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shining lights in the vaudeville profession. Another quiet little place where the boys used to congregate, was the cigar store which stood where is now the rear part of the Good Clothes Shop at Main and Second streets. This was kept by James S. Goslee, who afterwards became interested in mines.

Another place was what afterward became the Tribune building and is known as the B. & B. Laundry, the cigar store which was run by Billy Stockwell, a brother of Mr. Charles Stockwell who is now in the cigar business here. One of the old restaurants was kept by Peter Burke and while one would naturally assume from the name that he was an Irishman, this was not a fact. He was a German born. I can remember that when I was a mere child he had the reputation of being able to turn out the best restaurant meals in Evansville. I do not remember where he kept at that time, but later on his place was where John Byrnes' barber shop stands now, next to the Acme hotel. It was here that I remember my old friend, Gus Glesige, as a mere boy, and Joe Burke, whom everyone knows, as a youngster. This was a favorite lounging place of an evening and in those days it was a peculiar fact that ladies hardly ever visited a restaurant. Their meals were either cooked at home or they went directly to a hotel and to see a lady sitting in any restaurant in Evansville in the early days would create more or less talk. This probably arose from the fact that most of them had bars connected with them and in such a manner that they were not as perfectly screened as at present. The Lottie, which was started by Joseph Myers, commonly known as Joe Boots, was also a great resort. But in those days it was never frequented by ladies. He built up a magnificent trade there and the building was greatly improved until it is now a strictly first-class European hotel. But I can well remember when all the business was conducted in only one room on the alley. It was here that Mr. Rudolph Geiss served so many years, though I remember him first as a bright-eyed little boy who first began working for Mr. Hicks in the first opera house and billiard room. The place of Captain Ellis on Third street just this side of the old Apollo theatre, and long before the latter was thought of, was a great resort for the German people and there was always music and singing every night, except on drill nights when Captain Ellis looked on everything else as a secondary consideration.

Evansville was always a musical city and this can be well proved when it is stated that she had a brass band as early as the year 1837. During that year an organization known as The Evansville Band was formed. Floyd Bullock, an old citizen, who lived here a great many years, played the bass drum. Geo. W. Amory who owned much real estate, played the B flat clarinet, William Feleston, the trombone, T. N. Stinson, the bass drum and Charles Tileston, the tenor. The music of course was not up to the standard of the present day, but they were all good musicians by instinct and the band remained in existence until 1846, some changes of course having taken place. In 1850 William R. Baker came here and was the first man in Evansville to play an E-flat cornet. He was locomotive engineer

for the E. & T. H. and from 1853 to 1857 he used to come off the train and without stopping to even wash up, met with the band boys and played until 11 o'clock and then go home. Prof. George Warren, one of the greatest musicians this section of the country ever knew, lived at that time, in New Harmony, but he thought a great deal of the Evansville boys and frequently came over to play with them. W. R. Baker gave up railroading and went into partnership with Samuel E. Gilbert in the wholesale grocery business. He was one of the most tireless workers ever known and spent every moment of his spare time in writing down band music, for in those days the notes were not printed at all but were written by the pen. Personally when a boy I have even seen Mr. Baker go without his dinner, simply to get ahead on band music. At 12 o'clock he would get his little band books together and retiring to some secluded part of the store, he would get behind a pile of boxes where he would not be interrupted and work like a trooper until one o'clock, when he was supposed to be on duty again. I never saw any instrument that he could not play. He soon went on the road for S. E. Gilbert & Co., and was soon one of the best salesmen that ever lived in this city. He seemed to have a line of customers whom nobody could get away from him and it was not until long years afterwards when I became a man and took my turn over the road, that I found that Mr. Baker held a great portion of his trade through being able to play the violin so sweetly. When he would get to a little country town everybody looked for an evening of music and of course he played in the stores where he sold goods and he was shrewd enough to generally get his order before playing, giving as a reason, that he could play a great deal better when his work was all done. He remained with the store for a good many years and kept up his music until close to the time of his death. Just after the war began Professor Warren organized the 15th regiment band. This consisted of 24 members and many like Charles Tileston and George M. Gates, had belonged to the old band. They went out for some reason in 1862 and then the famous Warren's Crescent City band was incorporated. This band made a wonderful reputation and won numerous prizes whenever it came into competition with other bands. I played the snare drum in this band for a time, but was afterwards superseded by John Messick, who went into the army and his place was taken by a tall German boy, John Kauffer. At this time I was the drum major of a sheepskin band, under the auspices of the Evansville Rifles and being at their call, had to give up my place in the band. I remember how badly I wanted to go to the war with them, but my father was so forcible in his objection, that I stayed home especially as he told me in a decided way that the war was all right but it did not need any boys and if ever I ran away and joined the army, I never need darken his door again. This was about enough for me.

James Farrow, who lived here for so many years, was bass drummer in the Crescent City band and afterwards Lewis Sihler, whose ability to pound the drum was never doubted. The late Nicholas Elles was a mem-

ber of this band and also Mr. Heeger, who took the base tuba at the time George M. Gates left the city. John Reimer who still lives here, was a consistent member of this band and a hard worker. Theodore Pfafflin, who removed to Indianapolis was another and James T. Cox, who died in 1896 from sunstroke, was a cornet player. He was not, however, a charter member of the band.

Otto Pfafflin played the second E-flat and Ed. Gordon, who was accidentally killed on a street car, played the first B cornet. There are many who will remember the old firm of Warren and Connyngton, which was just back of the Richmond hotel, that on the summer evenings Prof. George Warren and Ed. Gordon would go to the roof of their building and play most beautifully. People would gather in crowds at the foot of Water street just to hear them, for they were both marvelous musicians. The late Theo. W. Venneman was also in this band and Philip Klein played the first alto for years. John Scantlin, who died many years ago, played the bass horn and Walter Ruhe, who was also a traveling man for S. E. Gilbert & Co., played the tuba horn. As Prof. Warren's little son grew up, he naturally took to the snare drum and played for years with this band and another fine musician who was not among the charter members was Prof. William Buck, formerly in the jewelry business in a part of what is now the City National Bank. He was also a band leader. During the absences of Prof. Warren and William R. Baker he played the E-flat cornet. In 1868 he organized a new band, called the Helicon because they used the Helicon instruments which had just come on to the market. He was a most genial gentleman and a great musician who was much loved by all who knew him. He afterwards moved to Rockport where he died. This was the original band of the city of Evansville, and though its membership has gradually changed, it is still the old band and probably will always be known as such. There have been various other bands started since then. A number of young men in 1895 organized what was known as Haynies cornet band and in 1896 the F. W. Cook military band was organized, with Mr. Gus Bohrer, a splendid musician, as leader. Strouse' High Art band was organized early in 1896 and for years delighted audiences with its free concerts from the balcony of Strouse Brothers store on Main street. To the bands of Evansville which so kindly gave their aid, much of the success of Sunset park is due. The building of the band stand which formerly stood near the old Sycamore tree, was a matter of small moment but the beautiful music rendered by these bands who so kindly volunteered their services was what drew the immense crowds from all parts of the city and caused the city of Evansville people to finally realize what a river park meant.

In the early days when Evansville really had no public hall of any kind and no place of gathering except the court room, naturally there were never any socials and the amusements were few and far between. They consisted of little social parties held at the various houses that were large

enough to accommodate a gathering of any size, but for many long years, nothing in the way of music or amateur theatricals was attempted. It was only after the advent of a great many of the German population who had been used to these things in their native land, that an attempt was made to build a theatre. Subscriptions were gotten up and aided by a great many of the American citizens, the Germans built what was known as the Mozart hall, which stood directly on First street where the Ichenhauser's queensware house now stands. It was a two-story brick with rooms upstairs in which the family of the keeper of the hall resided and also several rooms which were used by the few German actors and actresses who came here from time to time. The building did not extend to the alley and the stage was a very small one, but sufficient for all purposes of that day. The seats were chairs which could be moved to make room for dancing and the first public dances given in Evansville were at this place. The Germans at that time had a sort of dramatic society and gave entertainments from time to time and later on, finding the quarters too small, built the old Turner hall which was on the grounds occupied by the Marsh & Scantlin bakery. Mr. M. A. Lawrence, who was the first marble-yard man who located here, built Marble hall which stands just across from the old National Bank and this was used also for performances, though the stage was even smaller than that of Mozart hall. It was badly arranged and was on the third floor and was never a very popular building. At the time that the little church on the hill, the first church building in Evansville, was torn down, what is known as the congregation of Walnut Street Presbyterian church used this hall for their services while the new church was being built. It was also used for the first performances ever given by home talent here, a minstrel organization gotten up by Sile Weed, a painter who was quite a good negro performer and who got his company together here and gave several exhibitions before going on the road. At about this same time the Commercial hall just across from the Eichel block was built and this was the most popular place in the town, though one had to ascend to the third story to reach it. There was no stage here, it being nothing but a platform, and whoever occupied it was compelled to make wings, etc., out of canvas to hide the sides of the stage from the audience. There was also a little gallery at the read end. This hall afterwards became one of the popular dancing halls of Evansville, although the room known as Warren's hall, which was the third floor over the L. & N. offices down town, was also very popular. The first outside company who visited Evansville was known as Buckley's serenaders, an English company who were touring this country and had wandered to the little town. They gave a very good performance but when their clog dancers came on they were compelled to stop dancing as the stage was so flimsy that the boards kept giving under their feet. One can imagine how crude were the stages of that day. I also remember a company who came here and produced what was known as the Marble statue. This was the first exhibition of a female in a com-

plete suit of fleshings that had ever appeared and many of the people of the place were outspoken in their denunciations of so vile a performance, but the descendants of the same people look today on double rows in the pony ballet and think nothing of it. This shows how tastes change as we become educated.

But I am getting away from my subject. One great social affair was the quilting bee and another the corn husking. At the quilting bee the neighbors all gathered at the house of some lady and assisted her in making a quilt. This afterwards changed into a sewing society to which all the ladies belonged and which met every week at the house of one of the members to do sewing for the poor. Of course the husking bees were held at the big farmhouses when, as was the case in town, there was always a bountiful supper with sometimes dancing. At these husking bees the married people and the young folks all joined together and if a married lady succeeded in getting a red ear, the fact that she wore a wedding ring could cut no ice, for she was expected to be kissed just the same as the young girls and I never heard of any instance to which any objection was made either by the lady or her husband. In those days these things were expected and again this shows how tastes change. Young girls in those days thought nothing of taking their beaus' arms in daylight, and holding hands. I believe both of these things are considered wrong just at present. It was about the year 1854 that the Evansville people began to look for some kind of new social entertainment and decided to get up a series of masquerades and these were quite in vogue for several years. There were quite a number of larger concerts held at the various halls, especially at Crescent City hall. There were good voices here in those days but quite a lack of musical instruments, such a thing as an orchestra being absolutely unknown. I can remember when there were hardly a dozen pianos in the city of Evansville but people had melodeons. About the beginning of the war a military drama was given at the Turner hall and was so successful that it was repeated several times. Bob McGrew was one of the leading spirits. When the war first broke out the Indianapolis Zouaves were located here and gave a series of entertainments at Marble hall, and at the same place were the first puppets ever shown in Evansville. The show pictured various battles with soldiers and even puppet horses and then changed to sea scenes where miniature battleships of that day and the monitors were shown. I remember that the capture of the Merrimac was one of the chief attractions of the show. During the war there was an attempt made to start an American theatre. The company was made up of some residents and some outside talent, who gave such plays as East Lynne, etc., at the Mozart hall. Afterwards there was a stock company at the Metropolitan theatre at First and Main streets and such old actresses as Lola Montez, Fannie B. Price, Molly Williams who was assisted by Felix Vincent, a great comedian of that day, all appeared. After Mr. Golden and his wife, the much-loved Bella Golden, opened the theatre, a

regular performance was given each night all through the season. The company was small but all members were capable of doubling up. The French Spy was one of their chief plays and was produced here many times. What is now Grace church gave a performance in the Metropolitan theatre at which the McDougall brothers, two young men who had come here from Canada, took a leading part, and I think that this was my first ap-appearance on any stage. I did what was known as the horizontal bar brother act with the late Mr. Wallis Glover in the first part and played Distaffena, a young woman decorated with much false blond hair, in the second part. These affairs occurred before any one thought of building an opera house. It was finally decided that Evansville was large enough to have an opera house suitable to its size. The ground was purchased at the corner of First and Locust streets and the building, which in those days was first-class, was put up. Its opening was quite an event for the city and all the shows that were put on there were very successful. The Germans gave many entertainments there when they found their own hall was not large enough and there were two musical and dramatic societies founded —the Lyric and the Ideals. These two organizations contained some very fine talent. In fact, there were voices in them which could have made their mark on the operatic stage. They did not hesitate to produce the very best of opera and operettas of the day, and played the Grand Duchess and operas of that class. The first real home-talent amateur concert, as it might be called, was that of Queen Esther, which was given at the opera house by the choir of Walnut Street church. Miss Lizzie Shanklin, Mrs. C. K. Drew, Mrs. Blythe Hynes, Mrs. Jenny McGinnis and others who possessed remarkably good voices, took part in this. Shortly after this Grace church produced the Ten Virgins in which some of the most beautiful girls in Evansville took part. It was in the early '70s that a number of young men decided to produce the burlesque of Romeo and Juliet, a play with no women in it. There were really only two women, Juliet supposed to be 16 years of age but 40 years old in wisdom, and her nurse, a quaint old creature who got in everybody's way. Mr. Ford Dodd, one of our prominent young men, took the nurse at first and afterwards this was played by Dr. Charles Archer, who made quite a hit with it. Juliet was played by the writer. Whether or not the caste was a good one, they had the satisfaction of sending a check for $1,000 to the yellow fever sufferers of Memphis, which was the result of one night's performance. This old play was kept up for several years. Whenever the boys wanted some fun they would produce this play and they never played it twice the same way. It was in this that the Honorable Charles G. Covert first showed his ability as a comedian and he was one of the best ever seen here. In fact, I never saw him in a part that he did not take well. Miss Mary Linck, whose reputation is well known both in this country and in Europe, made her first appearance at this old opera house and though given but a few lines, she scored such a success that the papers the next day spoke in glowing terms

of her work and predicted a great future for her. All through these days the various churches found that the people were more ready to go to entertainments than to church socials and gave all sorts of musical and dramatic entertainments. Grace church gave "An Evening with Mother Goose" in which Mr. George Clifford had a star part. In 1879 the church gave "Mrs. Jarvis Wax Works" at Evans hall to a crowded house. It was in 1882 that "Fun in a Country School" was first produced. It was written in the Argus office and while there are today several books called "The Deestrict School," etc., they are nothing like the original "Fun in a Country School." It was in this that Mr. Ed Dillon, a bright newspaper man, Mr. A. J. Miller, a natural comedian, Charles F. Worthington and others made their first hits. This little play was rendered no less than fifteen times in Evansville for different charities or for benevolent orders and it was always played to a packed house. There were so many in the audience in those days who remembered the old school days when Evansville was a little town, that the thing appealed to them. The part of the teacher was simply a reprodutcion of the way Daddy Knight used to teach school and even the make-up of the teacher's face was an exact reproduction of that highly-esteemed but much-feared educator. St. Paul's church put on a beautiful piece of work at the Grand. Little Lord Fauntleroy was arranged from the original book. The staging for this production was the most beautiful ever seen here, as many of the most artistic homes in Evansville furnished the furniture for the setting and for the garden scene the most beautiful women in Evansville, decked in their most gorgeous array, took part. It is an admitted fact that in real stage finish this production exceeded anything ever given in Evansville. Master Paul and Miss Evelyn McNeeley were the heavenly twins and little Lord Fauntleroy was taken by Miss Josephine Foster, now Mrs. Clarence Leich. It was in this play that the friends of Mrs. Clarence Hinkle realized what strong dramatic talent she possessed.

The Jewish citizens got up the Progress club and while it was originally for the male members of Jewish society, it gave many very handsome entertainments. Many of these were given in their own hall, which occupied the third floor of the Eichel block, but they also appeared at the Grand. Their performances were always first-class and at various times they employed professional actors to instruct and also to assist them in staging their plays. A beautiful affair was the Bazaar of Nations given at Evans hall by St. Paul's church. At this all the different nations were represented in various booths, while at the same time the musical performances were given. Floradora, as put on by a number of young people at Evans hall, was also a beautiful production and I believe that out of the original eight who took part, only one old bachelor remains, the rest being happily married. During all this time the German element were doing their share in the way of amateur theatricals, etc. Prof. Waltz put on the operatic Incognito in German at the old opera house and in this Mrs. Ame Morgan

Viele took the part of leading soprano and sang it in the German language. She also appeared with the Liedercranz at the same opera house. Prior to this time, however, the Germans played the Czar and the Carpenter and were very successful in their rendition of it. I think the second performance, however, that was ever given here was in 1860, when an amateur concert was given in the old Commercial hall. This was just after the war broke out and the programme was chiefly of war songs and Miss Kate Glover made the hit of the evening by singing "Brave Boys Were They." All during the war there were little performances of various kinds gotten up by charitable people as there was always some need for help and chiefly by the wounded soldiers who were in the first old hospital which was the building now occupied by the John Hubbard Seed Company. While the government did all in its power to help these poor fellows, there were many delicacies that reached them, that were the result of these little performances given by kind-hearted citizens. The Evansville of today has vastly improved. There is talent galore of every description and chiefly in the musical line and with its numerous fine places of amusement and the numberless young people who are adepts both in music and in acting, it is possible for almost any church or benevolent society, or in fact, a little group of friends, to get up an amateur performance and get one on very short notice, but I have spoken of the old-time days before even grease paint was invented and when the art of making up was known only to a favorite few. There was not a solitary piano in Evansville until the year 1836 and even in 1850 there were only about two melodeons. I think at that time there were two citizens who played the flute but it was almost an unknown instrument here. They both were Eastern men. There was also one bass viol but of other musical instruments there were none except the fiddles, which were numerous in all sections of the country. This first piano which was brought to Evansville belonged to Miss Wilson, who afterwards married Mr. William Reilly, an old citizen. In speaking of this first instrument, Mrs. Reilly was fond of telling of the sensation it created. It was an odd looking affair with six legs and of course, as compared with the piano of the present day, lacked much in tone but the woodwork was simply marvelous, as viewed at the present. It was made in 1829 in Albany, New York. Mrs. Reilly stated that the farmers came in from miles around to see this strange instrument and after hearing her play on it, would vigorously lick their lips as if it was something too good to say anything about. This piano, if the family would part with it, would bring an enormous price and, as a furniture dealer remarked, "If that piano were exhibited in Tiffany's window on Broadway, it would not remain there one day before it was sold."

Evansville now has four first-class places of amusement. They are all located in the center of the city, convenient to the street cars and traction lines. Naturally the Grand which is the most handsome building in the lot, will always be considered by our people, as the place for high-class attrac-

tions. It would be hard to forget the triumphs that occurred in this beautiful opera house in the days when it was first built, and until such a day comes when the city is so large that an immense opera house will be needed, the Grand will always have its warm friends. And when it was built, it was considered by some of the best critics in the country, to be as perfect an opera house of its size as had ever been built in America. The accoustics are very perfect. The lower house is short enough to bring the audience well up to the stage, while the family circle and the balcony are well arranged. Exits are good and the stage very large and well supplied, not only with scenery but with electric appliances of every kind, so that it is absolutely competent to handle any attraction of no matter what magnitude, that may come to Evansville. The new Majestic on 5th street near the terminal of the dummy line, and the Wells Bijou on 3rd street, were built more with a regard to furnish nice houses for cheap attractions which might be run daily, than with any regard to architectural beauty or perhaps internal beauty of finish, though they both have very nicely finished interiors.

The Orpheum which stands where the old first opera house was put up on First and Locust, has been given over to a cheaper class of entertainment of late and film shows have been in great favor for the last year. The trouble with this house lies in the stage. There is not sufficient room on the stage floor for star dressing rooms, neither are there upper star rooms and underneath the stage, the rooms are not what they might be. Still for the companies which have played there, the accommodations have been amply sufficient. It is highly probable that this theatre will continue to be run for the benefit of the masses who cannot afford high-priced attractions. Any one who has seen the enormous crowds which often fill the street in front of an evening, can gain some idea of how popular the little theatre is.

During the summer months it has become quite a thing among our people to take the street railway rides not only to get the evening breeze, but to visit some place of amusement of a medium priced rate, where the evening can be spent. Oak Summit park has taken the lead in furnishing amusement of this class, and though the stage is not a large one it is sufficient for vaudeville purposes. There is never any intent on the part of the management to put on very large companies. In fact, their idea seems to have been to give first-class vaudeville entertainments and in this they are estimating the public correctly, for this class of entertainment is taking a great hold on the people in the large cities. If the patronage increases as it bids fair to do, the company has ample means to erect either a much larger building or extend it and change it in other respects and build a large and commodious stage, on which attractions of a high order can be placed.

CHAPTER X.

OLD TIME BALL GAMES—TOWN BALL—HOW THE STAID MERCHANTS PLAYED—THE FIRST SEMI-PRO TEAM—FIRST REAL TEAM—AN OLD BATTERY—OLD FIGHTERS—BAD MEN AND BRAVE MEN—COOL NERVE—ENOUGH MEANT ENOUGH—MILK SICKNESS, THE TERROR OF THE PIONEERS—A VERITABLE POISON FROM WHICH THERE WAS NO ESCAPE.

OLD TIME BALL GAMES.

(By F. M. Gilbert.)

We of the present generation, understand thoroughly what a hold the great National game of base ball has upon the American people. While we are not all fans in the strict sense of the word, it is hard to find any one in these days, who is not more or less posted on the game. And even when they have no knowledge of any of the points of the game, their civic pride, in these days of the hot contests between various cities, makes them watch the papers eagerly to see what strides the home team is making. There are many who even watch the records of the great teams of the United States and are able to give from memory, the standing of the same.

There are some, however, who care nothing for it but this would hold good regarding any game, for they are generally those whose duties prevent them from taking time to either take part in or even witness any contest of skill or dexterity, but to one who sits in a newspaper office and hears the incessant ringing of the 'phone after every game, and the universal query, "What was the score?" it appeals with a great deal of force, and the tired reporter often hangs up the hook with muttered words to himself and wonders if there is anybody in he city of Evansville who is not interested in base ball. Again the crowds which flock to witness the different games here, when the contest becomes close, are greater than those which could be gotten together to hear the greatest speaker in the world. If the greatest speaker in the United States were to come here any day and be thoroughly advertised as to the delivery of a speech, and on the same by way of example, the Evansvilles and the Terre Hautes should be playing a deciding game, it is a safe venture that there would be three times as many voters at the ball park as at the speaking. And it is a fact known to very few, that away back in the early history of Evansville, ball was the most popular game. But it was then called town ball. On every Saturday at 12 o'clock the great majority of the wholesale and retail houses

closed their doors and the merchants would go to a large vacant common which now is filled up by Chandler Avenue, Blackford Avenue and Mulberry street, there to engage in a game of town ball. Among the best players of that time were John Wymond, who for many years was in the paper business here, William E. Hollingsworth, Thomas J. Hollingsworth, Edward E. Law, Dr. I. Haas, the late Wiley Little, Samuel E. Gilbert, Henry Dodge, Billy Caldwell, Billy Baker, John S. Hopkins and a number of others who were the leading men of Evansville in those days. The players used a large rubber ball, solid and almost the same size as the league ball now in use. To catch the ball on the bounce or after it had hit the ground the first time, was considered perfectly fair. This would be a joke at present. There was only one base or home plate where the batter stood. There was only one batter of course and no catcher and the game was simply like batting flies for practice at any league park, with this exception. Whenever the fielder (and they were all fielders except the man who stood at the bat,) caught the ball either before it struck the ground or before it struck the ground the second time, he marched in, took his place at the bat and tossing up his own ball (for there were no pitchers), knocked it as far as he could. The great point of skill was in knocking the ball so that it would not bounce. In other words, in knocking grounders or in knocking it as far as he could, so that the fielders could not catch it on the bounce from where they were stationed. I remember that my father, the late Samuel E. Gilbert, took a great interest in the game and would as soon have missed the Sunday morning choir as he could his Saturday afternoon ball game and he imagined that he was a great catcher, but one day he got directly under a high fly which slipped through his hands and struck him exactly on the bridge of the nose and for two weeks he had about the worst pair of black eyes ever seen in the city of Evansville. This club played for several years and even after base ball had gotten a start some of these old timers imagined that the new game would be equally as simple as the old one. So on a certain afternoon a lot of the old merchants, all of whom had been town ball players, challenged the clerks for a game. This was pie for the clerks, but the old timers did not know it. We all went to the park and I suppose through having a relative in the game, I was selected as pitcher and used nothing but a plain drop ball, but there was not one of those old timers who hit any closer than about one foot from it, and they actually had the nerve to order me from the plate on the grounds that I was not playing fair. When their turn came to pitch, what we did to those straight balls was good and plenty. I do not remember the score, but I do remember that that was the last time the old timers ever challenged any of the younger generation. They seemed to realize that things had changed since their day. It was in the '50s that Charlie Wentz a dashing young college graduate from the east, came here and was appointed agent of the Adams Express Company, which was then in Chandler block where the barber shop now is. He was the first one to introduce the

regular game of base ball in this city and was assisted by the late Emerson B. Morgan, also an eastern man, and George Bartlett, the young member of the firm of John H. Bartlett & Co., who were in the dry goods business here.

This was in the year 1866. I do not remember just where they first played but it was on the open grounds and a huge back stop of boards was put up just behind the catcher. The game at that time was new, even in the east and the rules far different from what they are at the present. The pitcher had a great deal better show as did the batter and such scores as two to one or even 10 to 5 were unheard of. They generally ran between the 20's and the 50's.

It was in 1882 that Evansville first had a regular semi-professional ball team and the first grounds were at Bedford park which was the ground this side of the tri-state fair grounds. A professional pitcher and catcher, Messrs. Hungler and Strueve were engaged. Among the players were Ed. Heberer who played center field, Sham Scheurer, who afterwards joined professional ranks, Al Vogel and Arth Saunders, who was then and is today, the best pitcher ever turned out in this section of the country. These grounds were never laid out very well and the grand stand was a frail affair, which, during an exciting game one afternoon, fell down. It was crowded with people and the entire supports gave way with one crash but so closely were the people packed that the only accident was the breaking of the ankle of one of the spectators. It was always a great wonder that many were not killed but the stand seemed to sink down towards the earth instead of breaking apart and this accounted for the lack of serious accidents. In 1883 and 1884 a new park was used at the corner of Maryland streets and the Belt railroad. Here we had a professional team managed by Billy Harrington, and Ollie Beard, who afterwards became a great player, and Lem Sowders, Red Bittman and Decker, who afterwards became a great catcher, all played with this team. Decker was the inventor of the first big mitt ever used by a catcher, and made a fortune out of it. He afterwards played in several big eastern teams. Walton Goldsby played left field and the great Sam Thompson who became such a star, played center field. Dan O'Leary, the pedestrian, afterwards became manager of the team and their club house was in the brick building which stood back of a beautiful front yard between Jacob Meyer's saloon and the E. B. A. building on Second street. This house was built originally by a Mr. Fatman, who came here from the east in the great tobacco days and was sold by him to George P. Hudspeth, the father of Mrs. Edwin Walker and Mrs. Mina Laughlin, who at that time was a very wealthy man and who engaged in the tobacco business and the wholesale dry goods business after his removal to this city.

This club of which I have just spoken was composed of crack ball players. They did not belong to any league but they beat the great Union Pacific team, went to Louisville and St. Louis and beat their teams and

then to Cincinnati, where they beat the crack Cincinnati team which at that time was supposed to be the best team in the west. Since that time Evansville has been represented in the Southern, the Three I and the Central leagues. One of our old managers was Phil Reccius of Louisville, who played third base for several seasons here. Among the managers have been Ollie Beard, Al Schellhase, who developed into a magnificent ball player and held high positions all through the east, until through an accident he lost his eye, Tom News, Jimmie Ryan, Punch Knoll, a home product, Walton Goldsby and Stallings, who is now with the New England Highlanders. It is a matter of fact that Arth Saunders who now resides here, pitched the first curved ball ever pitched in Evansville. It was an invention of his own. When he felt like pitching there was no team that ever had any show against him. He had what they called a Floater. He would throw a couple of very swift balls and then releasing his thumb hold, would send a floater with the same arm action that he used on the others, but this ball was very deceptive and the batter would strike at it before it reached him. Saunders and Schellhase had golden opportunities. They were in demand everywhere. A southern gentleman who happened to see them pitch in Evansville and was completely thunderstruck with their battery work, was in Selma a few weeks afterwards when Selma and some other southern cities were in the midst of a hot contest. He told some of the magnates of the Selma team of the wonderful battery of boys that he saw in Evansville, Indiana, and told them that if they could secure them, they could wipe out any team in the south. They at once wired Saunders for terms and as I happen to know this incident, here it is.

Schellhase was a furniture turner by trade and was hard at work turning out bed posts, when Arth went down to see him. When Arth showed him the telegram, his eyes nearly popped out of his head and he said, "Now here is a chance for us but we musn't ask too much."

"About what do you think would be right?" asked Saunders.

"About $25 a month apiece," replied Al.

At this Saunders sneered and said, "If they want us bad enough to wire for us, we might as well just ask for $100 for the two and be done with it."

Al could not agree with him for this seemed like an enormous sum for those days and urged him to wire back that they would work for $50 and then said to Saunders, "If they refuse to give that, ask $40. That is mighty good wages."

Saunders agreed to this but came down town and wired, "Terms $100 a month and all expenses."

They were accepted like a flash. The boys went down there and Selma not only beat her rival but every other team in the south that they could get to go against them. After that this battery was in great demand but Saunders had decided not to take up ball playing as a business, so the

partnership dissolved and Al went east where he made quite a record as noted above.

In 1879 the Argus team was started. They were all young men and were supposed to represent the Argus newspaper. There were two pitchers Min Saunders, brother of Arth Saunders, and Dick Quimbeck, who lived in Lamasco and who had wonderful speed but pitched a straight ball. Frank Schneider played first base. The late Joe Steele who was then a slim youngster, played center field, while Ed. McNeely was catcher. This little team won quite a number of victories and one day beat the professional Vincennes team, getting $90 for their afternoon's work which was considered quite a fortune by the boys, who were none of them afflicted with too much riches. Ed. McNeely and Jack Chandler in their younger days were two as good little ball players as could be found anywhere. They were both good hitters and when it came to fielding there were few professionals who could beat them. Another good ball player was Jimmy Best, and Phil Veatch was also a good one before he took on flesh. Dick Stickenbaum was a hard hitter and his favorite stunt was to turn a back somersault out in the field every time one of our boys made a good play. The Haas boys were all good players and seemed to inherit this from their father. The older brother of Punch Knoll was a good player and these boys inherited their love for athletics from their father, who often practiced on the horizontal bar with me when I was a youngster. As it is now, the city has many amateur teams, many of which are capable of making good scores and every little while this city turns out a professional who if he does not make good here, gets a good position in some other club. Jack Law was a fine ball player and a good hitter and made quite a reputation in the south. Of course all are familiar with our team of last year which won the pennant and also know of the present team and this article was written more to give a record of those who in the past upheld the prestige of Evansville as a great ball town.

Of course every little village or small town has had its bad men. This does not necessarily mean that these bad men were always bullies, though often it is the case that the two go together. Back in the old days when the power of the police was not as thoroughly recognized as it is at present, we had quite a number of men who were continually getting into brawls of one kind or another and who seemed to glory in trying to make reputations of being bad men whom no one could handle. I think today there is only one man living of the crowd I have in mind, and he has settled down to a staid and sober citizen, so I will not mention his name at all.

About the first one was Dublin Tricks, of whose place I have spoken. He was a prize-fighter but not an aggressive one and on the whole a quiet kind of a man who never sought trouble. Then we had the Flying Dutchman, who lasted only a short time and then went away. For many years we had an old Englishman whom they called Tailor Billy, who was quite a boxer and had a habit of getting drunk at every opportunity and then

telling everybody what a bad man he was. But it was after the war that the real fighters began to make themselves felt. There was a man named Watson who ran on the river and who had a habit of knocking down every inoffensive negro he met. He was certainly a hard hitter but among white men not particularly aggressive. Then there was Johnny McLain, who was afterwards a policeman, who was supposed to be a man who would fight at the drop of the hat but I always sized him up as a man with a yellow streak and never did think he would stay in fast company. One-armed George was another and Harry Porter still another and when this crowd got together there was always trouble, until one time a stranger blew in by the name of Gassy Jack, who proved himself such a good rough-and-tumble fighter that when he got drunk and went into a barroom the crowd escaped through doors or windows or anything that was handy. He was champion here for some time until the redoubtable Jim Mulligan took the field. Jim was an Irishman who got drunk whenever he could and seemed to be made out of iron, for it took from three to four policemen to arrest him and when he reached the station he was always battered up until he was a sight to behold, but it never seemed to hurt him, for in a few days he would be out again looking for fresh trouble.

For some little time Jim held the limelight until finally his heart was broken and, as a great many had been reading Jeff's "My Story of My Life," I fail to see why something of this kind might not be of interest to the people of Evansville, as it brings in Tommy Coogan, who is still alive and doing well at the ripe age of sixty-two. Coogan came here from Liverpool, a quiet Englishman and a little fellow, and by chance happened to get down into what is called Whisky Row, where the redoubtable Mulligan was making one of his regular speeches about being able to whip his weight in wildcats, etc. Some one approached Coogan, asked him where he was from and he replied, "From Liverpool, England." The conversation went on as follows:

"They have a great many fighters over there, don't they?"

"Yes," said Thomas, "they fight over there for fun."

"Have you ever fought any?"

"Yes, I have had quite a few fights."

"How do you fight over there?"

"Why, the old England prize fighters use their fists."

"Do you think you could lick that Irishman who is making all that talk at the end of the bar?"

"Yes, I think I can lick him. He doesn't look bad to me."

So the windup of the matter was that they matched Tommy to fight Mulligan in two or three days, not giving him any time to train before the time, though they always thought he kept in pretty good condition. The party of the knowing ones took the barge and went up to a point just above the city and anchored and the contestants shook hands and began. Mulligan was simply a child in Coogan's hands. Coogan was an expert boxer

and before the end of the first round had Mulligan's eyes all out of shape and his face battered up and he then proceeded to polish him off at his leisure and whipped him with hardly a scratch to himself. Of course Evansville felt proud over its new-found champion and Louisville decided to send down its champion, who came and his career was about as long as that of Mr. Mulligan, but after this second victory Coogan gave it out very decidedly that he was not a professional prize fighter and did not propose to fight anybody, and stopped then and there. But the fight with Coogan broke Mulligan's heart and he left this city never to return.

There were some bad men in Lamasco for a time but they kept their fights between themselves and rarely came to the upper part of the city to fight anybody. Again, their style was not very much liked, for they had the very bad habit of allowing several men to jump on one poor fellow and kick him to pieces. Everybody who likes a fight likes fairness and the Lamasco style in those days was certainly not very fair. Mr. D. Evans, the oldest grandson of Gen. Robert M. Evans, was a brave and fearless man, who was rather quiet and got into very little trouble, but I never heard of his having been whipped by anybody. There was also a young man named Newman who was very well able to take care of himself, and I remember a fight between him and a very heavy-set negro named Gover, in which Gover gave him a most beautiful licking. Hen. Scriber was another good one. But bringing this matter along a little bit nearer the present, my esteemed old friend, Billy Bedford, who refused to tell his age a few months ago, was about as handy a specimen with his fists as ever I saw. He came by it honestly, for his father, Pap Bedford, was a fearless man and loved fighting next to his horses. One thing may be said that most of the fights of the bad men were conducted with their fists. Very little cutting or shooting was done. In fact, the tragedy in Mozart hall, when the Evans boys killed each other, was about the only one I remember where pistols were used.

Let it again be understood that not all the brave men were bad men. In those early days a man had to depend to a great extent on his own physical powers. The trouble was that nearly every one drank, and under the influence of the strong liquor of those days hot words came up and free fights, which are almost unknown in these days, often took place right in the public square or on the best streets. Among the old timers were Matt and Lundy Burns, two brothers, who were both splendid fighters. Lundy was killed by a knife thrust in a fight. Wash Beck was also quite a fighter. John S. Gavitt, or Smith Gavitt, as he was called, while not a man who sought a fight, was known to have absolutely cold-blooded nerve of the highest order and would go right up against a pistol. Lute Smith and Wal Smith were two other prominent men who were handy with their fists, while Paul Evans, spoken of above, though a small man, was a man of great nerve. Ted Simpson was quite a fighter and I think was killed by being hit over the head by a crazy man whom he was trying to care for.

DELAWARE SCHOOL BUILDING

John B. Stinson was another man of nerve, as was also Jim Patton, who lost an eye in one of his fights and was interested with Charlie Fox, who at one time was city marshal here. Billy Payne was another fighter of the olden times. Another very quiet man, but one who could take care of himself, was John Gilman, who came here in 1828 and made the first hats ever made in the city of Evansville. There was a colored man named Ab Bishop, who lived to a good old age here, who was well able to take care of himself but his tastes ran more to fighting chickens and fighting dogs, and I think the first game chickens ever handled here were fought by Bishop, who heeled on one side, and Mr. Gavitt, who heeled for the other, and the latter was quite an expert. It should be remembered that it was considered all right to race horses or fight chickens, or play cards in those days, just so one was not a member of a church. If he had professed religion at the mourners' bench, of course he was supposed to drop everything of that kind. But until that time a chicken or dog fight or a free-for-all fight was supposed to be all right.

NEGRO HAD A LESSON.

I have spoken of a young negro named George Gover. He was born free and was the son of Aunt Sally Gover, who washed for many of the early families here and was almost a second Jack Johnson, except in size. He dearly loved to fight and could hold his own and I once saw him hit on the head with a brick which bounced off without seeming to do him any perceptible damage. But the trouble was that he got spoiled and began to think that it was his duty to cow and abuse every white boy he met, until the other boys decided that it was time to call him down or there would be no getting along with him. So with their usual shrewdness the young fellows arranged a plot. They were all down on Water street when one said, "Let's go up on the sand bar and get some turtle eggs," (for in those days the river was full of soft shell turtles which laid their eggs on all the bars, and thousands of them were gathered every season by the Evansville people, who merely took the track of the old turtle as she went by night to lay her eggs and followed it up until where the tracks turned, and, digging at this point, they found the eggs a short distance below the surface of the sand which hatched them by its heat).

Gover spoke up at once and said he was going, too, but the others told him that he had not been asked and that they did not want him and were going up there with their own crowd, but Gover got up and boldly declared that if anybody went, he would go and he would show them whether they could leave him out or not. So he took his seat in the boat and the white young men rowed up to a sand bar which was about opposite where the new water works now stand. They hunted eggs for a while and then someone proposed swimming and all disrobed. As soon as Gover got into the water his clothes were hastily searched and his knife and whatever he

had in the pockets buried out of sight in the sand and then the whole crowd jumped on him. He could have whipped any one or possibly any two, but with young fellows all over him, hanging to his legs and arms, and others hitting him with their fists, for no weapon was used at all, he was soon so badly battered up that he was glad to yell "enough." Then the boys made him promise to turn over a new leaf, which he did. After that there never was a more polite young fellow. He had had his lesson just when he deserved it.

But for cool nerve, about the best example ever seen here was shown by John Ingle, Jr., who was the grandfather of quite a number of the Ingle boys and was one of the first men interested in the E. & T. H. railroad. He was a lawyer by profession and a very small man and sparely built. In fact, I doubt if he weighed more than 120 lbs., but he was very quick on his feet and was a very fearless man. There was an election here held at the old market place and as usual a barrel of whiskey was put up on a box, the head knocked in and tin cups placed all around, for in those days to drink a tin cup full of whiskey was not considered out of the way. The average drinker of today who pours a tablespoonful of whiskey into a glass and then waters it and thinks he has a drink, would shudder at the sight of these old timers filling a tin cup to the brim and drinking it down without a drop of water on the side. Of course with so much stimulants free to all, elections in those days meant a tolerable peaceful morning but a continuous fight all the afternoon and many of the better citizens had tried to break up this habit of placing out the free whiskey but were always voted down by the rougher element who took it for granted that elections, whiskey and free fights always went together. On this particular day Mr. Ingle went about noon himself to the old market and looking into the barrel and seeing that it was only about half empty, he suddenly put his shoulder against it and tipped it over before any one there thought of interfering and before it could be tilted back, of course every drop was wasted. Mr. Ingle jumped back, as a great cry arose to lynch him, beat him, etc., but he stood with his back up against the building and dared any man to lay hands on him. It is very probable that these rough men took it for granted that he had a perfect arsenal of fire arms on him, but the fact is, as demonstrated afterwards, that Mr. Ingle had only a small pocket knife. It was a case of good cool nerve. This one deed had such an effect on the minds of the public, that free whiskey opened to all in a barrel, was never put out in Evansville afterwards. There were sometimes free-for-all fights among the early firemen. Each company had its one best man who was always ready to fight the best man in any other company, but as a rule they had so much to do at the fires, that the fighting spirit had little chance to crop out and though there were occasional ructions, they were really few and far between. There were also many fights at the first horse races.

All these things occurred, of course, before we had a police force and with only one town marshal to protect the whole city, it can easily be seen that even the very bravest man who could be put in that position, would have his hands more than full in trying to stop a fight where from a dozen to 20 men were all engaged in pounding each other. But after all, the fighting was not so bad and for the simple reason that in those days men did not seem to hold grudges against each other. Nowadays if a man has a spite against another, he seeks to do him up in a business way or he is inclined to tell preposterous tales behind his back and the aggrieved one may go on for years, knowing nothing about it. But in those days when two men had a quarrel, they simply fought it out until one yelled "enough" and not one blow would be struck after that. In fact, there are some still living who know that the man who would srike a prostrate foe after he had once cried "enough" would be liable to be whipped immediately by half a dozen men standing around. After the vanquished got up, he generally shook hands with his victor and then went for a drink and that was the end of it and some of the firmest of friendships of the olden times were cemented in just such a way. Really, I think I can close this chapter by saying that it was not so bad after all.

As has been stated, sickness of a serious nature, was almost unknown to the old pioneers and the primitive stock of drugs and the knowledge of herbs possessed by the pioneer mothers were amply able to cope with almost any sickness that arose, but the one disease most feared by everyone was milk sickness. In fact, a joke was extant for many years that no family would admit that this disease existed in their vicinity but was always to be found in the next county. It was in the very early years of the settlement of this section, that this disease appeared in its worst stages. Several young towns and settlements were almost depopulated and there were very few individuals in this section who escaped with only one or more serious attacks. Of course what we now know as chills and fever existed in those days and possibly to a greater extent than at present, for its existence is attributed to decaying vegetation and the malaria in the air and as this whole country was full of low places there was naturally much more malaria than at present. Milk sickness got its name from the fact that those affected attributed their attacks to the use of the milk of cows which had contracted it. No one seems to have ever found out just what caused this disease, but it was from some grass or herb which grew in the land which never had been tilled, for it is a fact that after the country was opened up and the soil all cultivated, it disappeared almost entirely. Many thought it was the noxious weed which grew in deep woods where the sun could never penetrate and the fact that cattle that grazed in cleared fields never took the disease, would make this appear correct.

But in the very early days no farmer could afford to fence in a pasture, let alone clear one, and he was content to let his cattle graze in the deep woods which were rich with canebrakes in winter and wild pea-vine in sum-

mer. The range was so excellent that cattle were always fat. So prevalent did this disease become at times, that farmers would lose their entire herds, saving only the hides, for even when an animal died, the hide was promptly secured, as it was the most valuable part about it.

A well-known physician in writing of this disease says, "The disease produced by this poison occurred originally in the Herbivora—as the ox, horse, sheep, etc., but was transmitted to the carniverous animals and birds which had fed upon the flesh of other animals dead from the disease, as the dog and the vulture. The flesh and milk of diseased animals were capable, when eaten, of imparting the disease; the cow, through her milk, poisoned her calf or poisoned the people who drank of the milk or ate of the butter made from the milk.

"When the poison had once been introduced into the system it had the power of self propagation and of imparting the same intensely poisonous properties from one animal to another, and was capable of perpetuating the disease in a continuous chain of animals as one should eat the flesh of another. Thus each pound of flesh of a dog which had been poisoned by a pound of flesh of the cow, would poison the vulture and so on through a long chain of animals, the last pound of flesh partaken of being as poisonous as that taken from the animal first affected. There is no known mineral or vegetable principle which, when taken into the system, can thus multiply itself and perpetuate its poisonous principle. The disease in man derived its name from the well established fact that it was produced by drinking the milk, or eating the flesh or the butter or cheese made from the milk of cows or other animals which had become poisoned in consequence of frequenting certain limited ranges or uncultivated pastures.

"It was called 'milk sickness.' Through its annual destruction of large numbers of domestic animals and its fatality among early settlers, it was one of the most prominent enemies to the prosperity of the pioneers. In the beginning the symptoms were not well marked, so that the milk and flesh of really diseased animals might be inadvertently eaten under the supposition that the animal was in good health. Their most attractive and healthy looking condition, even their extreme fatness, did not give the complete assurance of their exemption of this disease. In this state they were often found to be sick, suffering from a loss of appetite and energy, with their eyes red and watery they would stagger, tremble, fall down in convulsions and die. Sheep, when seized with a paroxysm of the 'trembles' would stagger as if trying to free themselves from the grasp of some terrible enemy, and would soon surrender and fall down, uttering the most plaintive bleating as if suffering intensely painful distress.

"The farmer had a test for the healthfulness of the beef cattle, just off the wild range, that may have been designated the 'fatigue' test. I have often seen the test applied. It consisted of placing the animals in a field or lot, and boys, with coats and hats off, were directed to chase them around and urge them to their greatest speed. If, after a long chase the cattle did

not evince signs of muscular weakness, stagger, tremble, or fall down, they were pronounced healthy, and were at once slaughtered and their flesh was eaten with the utmost security against the disease."

In the primitive days, when it was claimed that men were more honest than they are now, it was not always an easy matter to determine just in what particular neighborhood the poisonous principle was located. The story has been current for fifty years that travelers, or land-buyers seeking homes in the west, found it very difficult to catch up with the place where it had its habitation; that in answer to the question whether the neighborhood was troubled with it, they invariably received the assurance that the disease did not exist there, but "over at Jones five miles ahead it was bad." Farmers then appeared to be as ready to suppress the existence of the disease near them as commercial men and newspapers are nowadays to suppress epidemic or contagious disease in the great marts of business.

The disease was known in North Carolina more than one hundred years ago, and as emigration flowed westward it was found to exist in Tennessee, Kentucky, and has prevailed in these states, as well as in Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Alabama, Virginia and perhaps several western states other than these mentioned. There are no statistics accessible from which we may learn the fatality of this subtle poison in man and beast.

The late Dr. M. J. Bray, one of the oldest inhabitants, as truthful and honorable as he was aged, stated that at an early day in the history of the city of Evansville, when much of the present site was occupied by mature forests, he could walk from the present center of business to the present suburbs, a distance of two miles, on the bones of animals which had died from "trembles." Another states that an entire family, a wife, seven children and two grandparents, were swept away in a single season by this scourge. The history of a single case will be sufficient to illustrate the fact that the greatest physical strength, when brought into the unequal combat, was powerless to resist the fatal effects of this terrible and deadly malady. I witnessed when a boy the sufferings and death of a neighbor from this poison. His muscular strength was greater than that of ordinary men. Though not apparently a large man, his frame was compact, his form symmetrical, his muscles were firm and unusually developed, and his power seemed phenomenal. His strength was particularly manifested in athletic contests, and at log-rollings where a hand spike, sufficient to resist the strength of an ordinary man, was like a brittle broom stick when tested by his power. In his struggles with the disease he was extremely restless, so that no ordinary effort could restrain him in bed. He would roll off onto the floor and roll back and forth from one side of the room to the other. The struggle was terrible to behold but the physical giant, Jack Bowman, was forced to yield to the overpowering enemy. Any attempt on the part of a man not fully recovered from an attack, to walk or run fast would induce a paroxysm of trembling attended by great muscular prostration and debility. He would be compelled to sit down and rest or fall down. Active

physical exertion stimulated by excitement would immediately endanger life. Judge Asa Iglehart said that his father, who lived on a public road, had a dog that was sick with trembles. A neighbor passed along the road with a dog following him. The sick dog did not see the other until it had passed some distance beyond the house. The old habit of chasing every dog that came in sight of the farm had become second nature, and so he started off at his greatest speed, but, before catching up with the strange dog, he was seen to fall down, tremble as with a convulsion and before the owner could walk to where he fell, he was dead.

Esquire Ben Stinson says that when a lad he was walking on the Henderson road, some five miles from this city, and met a neighbor on horseback. After passing him he looked down the road and saw the neighbor's dog following him. He hid himself behind a tree for the purpose of jumping out and frightening the dog in order to see him run. When the dog was opposite he sprang out and said "boo." Instead of running the dog fell in his tracks, gave a few kicks, and was dead. Mingled guilt and fear prevented him, until he was a man grown, from mentioning the injury he believed he had done his neighbor. Dogs which had eaten of poisoned flesh became, in a few days, so stiff and helpless that they could not get over a three-rail fence and were utterly unfit to chase game or to drive stock from the fields. Oxen could endure but little travel or work. Horses once affected, though looking well, were worthless for work or travel, and traders could not speed them back and forth to exhibit their superior gaits, but were forced to trade them standing.

If a man started to ride to a neighbor's a few miles away, his horse was liable to give out on the road and leave him to walk home. Such is briefly the history of the "pioneers' enemy," "Milk Sickness."

CHAPTER XI.

PIONEER WEDDINGS—THEIR CRUDENESS—HUMBLE START IN LIFE—THE WEDDING DANCE AFTER THE FEAST—HOW THEY STARTED FOR HOME—HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF—CHANGES IN PLOWS—THE FATHER OF THE PLOW INDUSTRY, "FATHER URIL"—THE INCREASE OF THE VULCAN WORKS—WHAT MR. BLOUNT HAS DONE AND MY TRIBUTE TO A MAN WHO DESERVES IT—STEAMBOATS OF THE OLD TIME—RISE AND FALL—THEIR GREAT FUTURE—HAPPY TIMES ON BOATS—THE WITCHERY OF NIGHT.

The fashionable wedding of today is indeed a matter of great note and also a matter of strenuous anxiety on the part of the contracting parties and their relatives for perhaps weeks and even months before the auspicious event occurs. The bride perhaps spends months in getting ready a trousseau to befit the occasion, while the groom spends his time in so perfecting his business as to assure himself of enough ready cash for their honeymoon trip, and the furnishing of a house, etc., after the wedding is over. It is also a matter of great import to the immediate friends of both families, as the wedding presents of the present day are no trifle. Before the ceremony it is customary to have rehearsals at the church in order that the ceremony may be absolutely perfect in every detail. The attendants, though having no real interest in the affair, save for the playing of their particular parts, are also put to great expense in the way of proper and appropriate costumes for the occasion. Of course the above has reference only to weddings in what is termed "high class society," and while those in Evansville are not to be compared to the gorgeous display of the 400 in the east, where each woman seems to feel it her duty to show by her dress and her jewelry how much money her husband is quoted at having, they still form only a very small part in the aggregate number of weddings that occur. There are many among the people of moderate and even humble means, where there is no attempt at display, yet even in these cases the bride and groom usually have plenty on which to marry. They are nearly always able to have their own home or to arrange for a nice living with relatives and the most humble have warm-hearted friends who are only too glad, out of their own small stores, to furnish them with all the needful things of this life. Now mark the contrast with the early day. In those days they married young. Many marriages were consummated when neither groom or bride possessed one solitary cent in actual money. In fact, the groom owned absolutely nothing except the clothes on his back and his

trusty rifle and possibly a dog or two. The bride on her part, had nothing but the homespun dress which she wore and possibly one other for state occasions. Had money been necessary to pay the fee for the license, it would have been hard to raise even that. The young people did not ask or expect much. If the groom was a good hunter and could handle an axe, he could furnish his bride with all that was necessary, for the bride had been carefully raised by her mother and was a good girl and a good daughter and that was all the groom asked. He had no thought of any dowry. When it became known that the young people had "sot" the day, the news was soon sent over the entire neighborhood by way of mouth. No one ever thought of sending an invitation in writing, but it was supposed naturally that every one who heard of the wedding was expected. There were no social lines or distinctions of any kind. Men and women were all alike and if their characters were good, that was all that was asked by any one. The wedding indeed was a case where "the latch key string hung out." On the day of the wedding the groom and his best friends would gather at his father's home. Sometimes as many as a dozen were in this party and the two who owned the best horses were selected to "run for the bottle." The race began half a mile from the home of the bride and a bottle of corn whiskey was given to the young man who first reached the door. He then turned and riding at top speed, took the bottle back to the little knot of friends where each one took a drink. This may seem strange to the people of the present who see so much of the bad effects of hard drinking, but it must be remembered that the pioneers were simple in their drinking as they were in other things and again their hardy frames could resist liquor which would quickly cause one of the young dudes of today to collapse. These races were for blood and there is a case which happened in Pike county where a young man who was running for the bottle, was instantly killed. The horse shied at something and threw him against a tree which fractured his skull.

After taking this first drink as etiquette demanded, the party of young men rode slowly to the home of the bride. The point was to reach the house as near noon as possible, it being a breach of etiquette to get there too early. Every settlement had within its limits some one who could solemnize a wedding, though the county seat was often 50 miles away. As soon as the ceremony was over the wedding feast began and it was a feast indeed, for the appetites of those days were in exact ratio with everything else—harmless. The dinner was usually served on a long table, made with rough planks and was sometimes 100 feet long. This, in view of the festival occasion, was always covered with linen cloth that had been laid on the bushes in the garden for many weeks, to bleach as white as possible. At other times our ancestors ate from the bare boards or from puncheon benches but at a wedding—never. This cloth was always made by the bride alone. Of course every dish in the entire neighborhood had been sent in long before as the most wealthy pioneer rarely

owned more than enough dishes for his little family. Most of the plates were pewter, as were also the spoons, for this was even before the days of the blue and white dishes of our grandmothers. When the pewter spoons gave out, horn and wooden spoons were used. The feast was plain but plenty. There were all sorts of meats. A steer was generally killed and in addition to beef there was venison, bear's meat, wild turkey and squirrels. The bread was only one kind. The old hoe cake or johnnie cake, as it was sometimes called, made from meal pounded in a mortar and baked on a hoe or johnnie-cake board. There was an abundance of wild turkey and they could be found almost anywhere. After the dinner was over and a general hand-shaking had been indulged in, together with heartfelt wishes for good luck, and these wishes came from the hearts of these dear old souls, the older people all started for home but the young ones made their preparations for a dance, which was never over until it was daylight. The dances were of course primitive and as I had found no record in any books of reference, as to how these dances were conducted, I will give an exact description of how the figures were called, as years ago in the towns of Egypt, Illinois, where the people still observe the primitive customs which were in vogue in Evansville in the '20s. I have attended many a dance of that kind and know whereof I speak. The fiddler, for they had no violinists in those days, or two of them, if the settlement was wealthy enough to own two, took their places on a raised platform in one corner. They kept time with their feet and often the music of their feet was louder than that of the fiddle. The fiddler who would fail to beat time with his foot at a dance, would never be expected to serve at a second one. The "calls" were as follows:

Balansay all.
Swing corners.
Swing partners.
Ladies change.
Sides the same.
First four forward and back.
Four hands round and back to places.
Sides the same.
Ladies change.
All hands round and close to center.

Balansay all.
Swing corners.
Swing partners.
First lady to the right, gent to the left.
Three hands 'round.
Both balance next couple.
Four hands 'round.

Same to the sides.
Three hands 'round.
All balance and swing corners.
Swing partners.

First lady to the right and swing.
Gent follow and swing.
Same to the next and 'round.
Second lady follow, gent the same.
Third lady, same, fourth lady same.
All jine hands and close to center.
Once more, once more.
Swing the one you love the best and back to places.
Grand right and left.
Seats.

It can be seen by the above that the figures are very easy to learn and "balansay all" seemed to be the favorite call. The boys would "rare" back and execute a kind of shuffle, while the girls would spread out their homespun dresses and some of them were far superior to the boys. In every little settlement there was always one young man and one young lady who could out-shuffle all the rest and whenever it came the turn for the gentleman to balance to the next lady and these two dancers met in the center of the floor, the fiddler would throw his whole soul into his instrument and hold these two in the center while both the fiddler and the others in the seats would indulge in such encouraging remarks as "Lay her down Sallie, lay her down. Don't let Bill get you on that step, Sallie." "Rare back Bill. Side swing Bill and turkey shuffle. Don't give in Sallie, you can beat Bill. Don't give in," and so on until the pair were nearly exhausted, when the gentleman would pass to the left and the lady to the right as the case might be, and begin to balance the two other couples. It would seem from the above statements that there was a sort of wildness about these dances, but such was not the case. No more respect to the gentler sex could be shown at the greatest function of the present day and while the young pioneer might swing his partner with a great deal of force, it was only because he was strong and full of the rich blood of young manhood and did not really realize his own strength. If the waltz of the present day in which a lady in accordance with common rules, rests her head on the shoulder of the partner, while he clasps her closely around the waist, had been attempted in those days, the dance would have been broken up and the fathers and mothers of the pair who had been guilty of such absolutely astounding actions, would have admonished them then and there. So much for the changes and styles of dancing. And just to show that history repeats itself, here is a recent article from the daily press:

"It's coming back, yes sir, it's coming back—the crossroad dance of twenty-five years ago is coming back and the old fiddle with its sweet strains of music is coming back too—bet yer boots both of 'em are coming back. The numerous selections squeaked by the old fiddle also are coming back—'Mohawk,' 'The Girl I left Behind Me,' 'Who Hit Aunt Jane,' 'Arkansas Traveler,' 'Hades Am Floatin', de River Am Risin'' and dozens of others just like 'em are coming back. Ain't that going some? Listen to the dance caller of twenty-five years ago:

"Eight hands up, circle to left,
Single file back, balance all,
Right hands cross, left hand back,
Do-si-do, next couple up.

"Eight hands up, circle to left,
Balance all, swing your partners,
First couple lead to the right
Circle four, lady round lady,
Gent round gent, gent round lady,
Lady round gent, balance to next.

"Eight hands up, circle to left,
Everybody swing, first couple out,
Circle four, both hands cross, birds,
In the center, birds hop out, crows
Hop in, swing, balance all, swing,
Next couple out.

"The fiddle or violin is fast coming back into favor in southern Indiana according to a statistical report, and this means that the crossroad dance is coming back, too. The crossroad dance used to be a great social factor in rural communities, in fact, down in Wabash township the fiddle and open air dances are still in vogue. It is refreshing to learn that Wabash township will no longer hold a monopoly on this grand and glorious feature of the old social life. Older citizens can readily recall the time when the fiddle occupied as conspicuous a place in the home as the telephone, organ, piano, or phonograph does today. It was an article that shared the affection and care of each member of the family. If it was an instrument that had been handed down from generation to generation, its value in the eyes of those who knew its past history was doubly enhanced.

"It's coming back, yes sir, it's coming back, and won't the pioneers of southern Indiana have cause to rejoice? Fetch that fiddle, child, and clear the room—

"Eight hands, up, circle to left,
Single file back, balance all,
Right hands cross, left hand back,
Do-si-do, next couple up."

The honeymoon was unknown and as soon as the dance was over and breakfast taken, the young husband started home with his bride. If he was fortunate enough to own a horse, he led him to the horse block and she, after putting a rough skirt over her lindsey woolsey dress, mounted the horse block and jumped on the horse's back behind her husband's saddle, if he had one. Very often his saddle was only a piece of deer hide roughly fastened on. Sometimes the mother of the bride furnished what was known as a pillion, which was merely like the sofa cushion of the present day and on this the bride sat and with her arms closely clasping her husband's waist, they started off for their home, which was nearly always one of the little cabins described elsewhere in this work. There was no throwing of rice or old shoes. Nobody, not even the most wealthy had any rice to throw away for such foolishness, and as for shoes, one pair was all that anybody ever was known to own. As for the bride, she had no Saratoga traveling trunk. All she could take with her she could easily carry in one hand, in a deer-skin bag. Of course the quilts and utensils for household use, had been carried to the new home by the young friends of the couple. Everything was in readiness for the noonday meal. Even a pile of nicely chopped fire wood would be provided by the young groom's friends and possibly a piece of venison or game of some kind would be found hanging up all ready for their first meal. It would be perhaps proper to say, "and they lived happy forever after," and it is a fact that this could be said more truly than it can be of many weddings of the present day, where marriage is so often made a matter of convenience or of joining two estates. In the old days there was nothing but true love and when a man and woman married they seemed to feel that it was their duty to stand by each other through every one of the toils and privations that closed so thickly around the histories of these early settlers.

Away back in the early days of Evansville near the old canal stood a modest little blacksmith's shop. The blacksmith was a veteran of the Revolutionary war, a tall grizzled old man, but who, when occasion required, could make a snare drum almost talk, for he had been a drummer in Washington's army. This was Mr. James Urie, often spoken of as Father Urie. As a child I can remember that no parade of any kind was considered perfect unless Father Urie was the drummer. Those who are used to the snare drum of the present day, a very shallow brass cylinder, the heads of which are quickly tightened by turning a few thumb screws, can hardly imagine the old snare drum such as I played when drummer for the Evansville Rifles and such as Father Urie used. It was made of oak and was about six times as large as the snare drum now used. The cords

were all hemp rope on which were placed what was called the "ears" which were pieces of leather to be pushed down on the cords to tighten the heads. This leather, as soon as it dried, would slip up, so that very often a drummer would have to moisten his drum cords with saliva and then push down the ears hoping that they would stick until he had a chance during a lull in the music to tighten them up again. Even in the early days of the war this drum was used but it soon gave way to the brass or copper drum of the present day. Special note is made of this, because there are so many of the very oldest citizens who can remember Uncle Jim Urie and how he could make that old drum talk. He was the pioneer of the plow industry in Southern Indiana. His first shop was on the road between Boonville and Newburgh where he did general blacksmithing and wagon repairing but he was in Evansville very often and always at any meeting of any consequence. But in 1860 he moved his family to this city and brought with him his three sons, John, Charles and James. They opened a small shop at the corner of 8th and Division streets and remained there until he changed to the modest shop on Main street. Mr. Urie was a natural mechanic and could turn out such good plows that they soon made a reputation wherever they were used. He found that he had more than he could do. In 1865 he invented a great improvement on the plow that he had been making and had it patented and in 1866 he established a plow factory at the corner of 5th and Vine streets, taking in as a partner, Lewis Ruffner, who was in the commission business on Water street. Mr. Urie and his sons made the plows, while Ruffner sold them, but for some reason the business failed. A few years later Mr. Urie secured shop room with Roelker, Blount & Co.'s factory and they furnished the capital and took up the making of plows. In 1870 when the firm dissolved, Mr. Henry F. Blount took the old Urie plow department as part of his share and built the Blount Plow Works with O. F. Jacobi as his business manager. Two of Urie's sons stayed with Mr. Roelker and continued to make plows until that firm failed about 1893. In the meantime the old gentleman invented still another plow and he was taken into partnership by Mr. Blount and the work still went on at Main street, between 5th and 6th. In 1874 Mr. Blount bought Urie's patent and the latter left the company and Mr. Blount then erected the present plant of the Blount Plow Works, one of the most successful and best-conducted establishments in the city of Evansville. Mr. Urie afterwards patented still another plow and secured shop room with the Heilman Machine Co., at the time when the cotton mill was removed from there to its present site. Mr. Urie manufactured plows on a small scale but lacked capital which was advanced to him by the late William Heilman, who was always ready to help any hard-working man.

The Vulcan Chilled plow which now has such a reputation, is the outgrowth of this last invention of Mr. Urie's. It is a pity that this good old man who did so much in the way of making the plows of Evansville known in every section of the country, should have spent the last of his life away

from home, but he went to Kansas where he died, five years after leaving here.

The number of plows turned out here each year by the different works in Evansville would be almost beyond belief and each one is an advertisement in itself. For years the only rivals of Evansville have been Rock Island, Davenport, Moline and South Bend. But Evansville beats them all so much in point of location, that it will be but a short time until she takes her trade away from them. It is said among farmers and it is believed by all manufacturers, that the old wooden handle will soon be a thing of the past and it is thought its place will be taken by light steel. A light steel handle is equally as strong and can soon be made at a cost very little more than wood. Here again is where Evansville will excel her competitors. She can buy steel and have it shipped here much cheaper than any of them. She can also get her plows to the market more cheaply than any of them. To make good plows the very best of steel must naturally be used. Here again is where that greatest of all blessings, the Ohio river, comes in. The best steel known in this country is made in Pittsburg and with the nine or ten-foot stretch of water between Pittsburg and Evansville, all the products of the former city can be landed at our doors at a rate so much cheaper than any railroad transportation that there is hardly any comparison between them.

Going still further, we can get a rate to Evansville on steel shipments from the Lake Superior district, exactly the same as the rate to South Bend. Now add to this the fact that we have quoted several times that Evansville lies almost in the exact center of the United States and it certainly will be very easy to show that no competitor now or ever, can hope to compete with Evansville with her beautiful modern well-built plows, the outgrowth of the poor little home-made plows of the early pioneer mentioned. To hear Major Rozencranz tell of th ealmost inexhaustible demand for the Vulcan Plow is like a fairy tale, and to me to whom good old Father Urie first taught the mysteries of the "long roll" and the "double drag," it is highly interesting.

While on the subject of plows, I would like to give a beautiful example of how any industry can be carried along and the best of feeling maintained between employer and employees during a long period of years. Mr. Henry F. Blount, who, while a citizen of Washington, D. C., and living in a magnificent home there, is still in one respect a citizen of Evansville, having great interests here, is an example of what kindness and thoughtfulness will do when directed towards the welfare of his men. As is well known, he is the head of the great Blount Plow Works situated on Main street, where the street cars turn west around the building. As noted before, he was at one time in partnership with Mr. Urie but afterwards started the Blount Plow Works on a grand scale at its present location. At the end of his first year's business, which had proved very satisfactory, he decided to give an informal dinner to all employees and every man from

the first bookkeeper down to the most humble driver was invited. The affair went off so pleasantly, enlivened by speeches by Mr. Blount and his associates in the offices and by the workers, that before the dinner broke up, it was decided to give another one at the same date on the next year. This pleasant custom has been kept up during all these long years and no matter what pressure of business Mr. Blount has in the East, he gives up everything to always be here to meet his men.

So great and well known have these functions become, that they are eagerly looked forward to each year and the speeches that are made at these gatherings are often reproduced in full in the daily papers. Mr. Blount remembers each man with some little present and they in turn always remember him. It is to this feeling of mutual good-fellowship between employer and employees that no strike has ever occurred at these works. The men are happy and well-paid and the most perfect machinery to protect them is always introduced by Mr. Blount and they look on him as a friend and not as an employer, while he claims on his part, that he has the best set of working men in the city of Evansville.

It is a great pity that the city has not more employers like Mr. Blount. He has always been ready to see and commend good workmanship on the part of his men, has always been ready to greet them with a pleasant word and this is far from being the case in many large institutions. In some of them the employer seems to grudge every cent that is paid out to his men no matter how small their wages may be. He often attempts to drive them as an overseer would drive his slaves and this is not the way to get the best work out of men, no matter in what line they may be employed. Any man will work harder and better and will put in odd hours, if necessary, to help along an employer who appreciates him, while on the other hand, when a man feels that he is paid for exactly so many hours of work, that he is never given credit for trying to save anything for the institution, that he is simply, in fact, a part of the machinery, he is apt to give just as much to his employer as is exactly necessary and not one minute more. In fact, he is the kind of a man who would naturally throw down an unfinished piece of work when the whistle blew. Again his feelings towards his employer are never kindly. He knows in his heart that if his employer dared cut down his daily wage he would gladly do it, no matter if he knew how close the wolf was to his door and how hard it was with his salary to make both ends meet. This is human nature and no one can blame these poor fellows for feeling as they do.

While the average scale of wages in Evansville is equal to that of other cities of the same size, it is safe to say that none of the ordinary workmen are being overpaid.

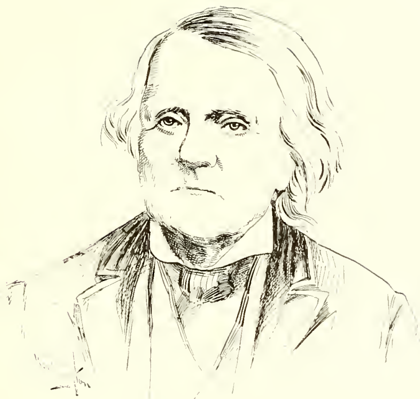
Reverting to Mr. Blount's case, I do not think that there has ever been any question as to wages at his plant. He knows what his men are worth to him and they know their own worth and there has never been any con-

flict of opinion. They go on hand in hand. As Mr. Blount makes money, so do his men.

As stated before, it would be a good thing if all the heads of great manufacturing institutions in Evansville would work on the same plan as does Mr. Blount. There is no desire on my part to place his plant above any other, but I only speak of things as I know them, having been present at several of these yearly gatherings and having seen every evidence of good feelings that exists.

STEAMBOATS.

The steamboat is at best a transitory thing. One year it may be owned by a company on a certain river and employed as a packet between cities, while the next year it may be hundreds of miles away in an entirely different part and owned by other men. Therefore an absolutely correct account of Evansville's steamboats would be hard to give. The first steamboats known to the Ohio Valley were introduced in 1811. They were built at Pittsburg but were for the southern trade from New Orleans up the sugar coast and as high as Natchez and Memphis. One of the first boats was the New Orleans, owned by Nich. J. Roosevelt, a grandfather of ex-president Roosevelt. She passed here after being detained at "the Falls," as Louisville was called long before the memory of the first citizen. In 1814 the Comet and Vesuvius also went down but remained in the southern trade. The Enterprise was about the first boat to pass here regularly. But she only made two trips from New Orleans to Louisville. These boats were all double-decked and with side wheels. The prosperous times in steamboating were between 1835 and 1876, before railroads became so plentiful. They offered then about the only means of travel between the north and the south. During this time, boats were operated from Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Louisville, to Memphis, New Orleans and St. Louis. The passenger traffic was very great and many of these boats were perfect palaces. The Princess was 365 feet in length, and cost $365,000. The fastest boat of those times was the Shotwell, which ran between New Orleans and Louisville. During the very early days of the wholesale business in Evansville, a number of little boats ran up Green river. One was the Lou Eaves, named for a sister of Mrs. W. B. Hinkle Another was the Molly Funk, and ran by a grizzly old man named Funk, who called the boat in honor of his wife. Another was the Southern Queen, a non-describable craft, which I think was a ferry, made over into a steamboat. These little boats did quite a business along Green river and were only superseded when the tobacco traffic of the Green river country grew so great that larger steamers were needed. During the war steamboats received a severe blow. The very finest boats were pressed into service by either the federal or confederate governments. Some were sheathed on the side and boiler plate was riveted thereon and they were thus transformed into gunboats. Many old soldiers will remember them as the Mos-



JUDGE WILLIAM OLMSTEAD

One of the early judges. His double log cabin on Pigeon Creek was a hospitable home.

quito fleet. Most of the boats that were used were stern wheelers, as it was impossible to make good gunboats out of the big side wheel palaces. It became perilous to pilot boats anywhere along the lower Ohio or Mississippi river. The pilot had no means of knowing what forces were near him and so was liable to be shot at his post at any moment by soldiers from one side or the other and for quite a time not a boat came into this port in which the pilot house was not protected. To do this, sections of the old tubular boilers were used, one side of a boiler being on each side of the pilot, giving him barely room to manage his wheel. But these model shields were absolutely impervious to bullets and the only danger was from a shot in front. But at best, piloting was hazardous and most of the boats gave up their trade and were tied up along the river and at the end of the war were only unsightly wrecks of what were once beautiful vessels. There was a line of packets at one time from Evansville up the Wabash river and they went as far up as Lefayette but as the Wabash became almost impassable, this line was given up. The Tennessee River Packet Company sprung up after the war and opened up an entirely new territory. Captain Allen J. Duncan was the pioneer in this trade. His first boat was the Sam. Orr, afterwards the Rapidan, Florence Lee, Silver Cloud, Red Cloud, Fawn, Clyde and John Gilbert. This line had a magnificent business for years, and was virtually ruined by St. Louis merchants who put in boats and made freight rates so low as to drive the Evansville boats out of the field. One of the best lines was known as the Evansville, Paducah and Cairo. The first boat in this line was the Charlie Bowen, brought here by Captain Dexter from Pittsburg, who later brought the Quickstep, a beautiful little boat, and then the city of Evansville. Afterwards we had the Arkansas Belle, Pat Clebourne, and Idlewild, which latter boat was managed by Captain Grammer, who afterwards, before his death, became a great railroad traffic man. These boats in this line, while not as large as some others, were superb. Their cabins were models of taste and neatness and the table of the finest and many a weary drummer was only too glad to vary his trip with a short ride on one of these boats in order to get at least one good meal, after the bacon and corn bread on which he had been living. There was also a Cumberland river line which was built up by Captain Tom Ryman. This began in 1870 and met with the same fate as the others. The Nashville and Paducah merchants combined against the Evansville merchants, put in boats, and there was the same old reduction in prices which soon drove out the Evansville boats.

There were great contests in speed in the old days. The race between the Robert E. Lee and the Natchez will go down through history. It was from New Orleans to St. Louis, 1240 miles. The Lee made it in three days, eighteen hours and twenty-six minutes, several hours in advance of the Natchez. Afterwards the beautiful steamer, J. M. White, was built, and it was said by old river men, that she could have beaten either one, but her owners never cared to speed her. Considering the number of boats

that plied around Evansville and passed her, the disasters were few. About the greatest one was the blowing up of the great steamer Missouri which blew up at the mouth of Green river and floated down to the sand bar across from the present water works. She took afire and hardly a passenger was saved, over 100 lives being lost. Great numbers of people went up there from this city to see her, and in fact, there was an excursion boat which made many trips to allow people to witness this wreck. This occurred in September, 1861. Those who look at the wharfboats and the steamboats of the present day, can have no conception of what constituted steamboating in those great days before the advent of so many railroads. I have seen the wharf from Locust street to clear past Division absolutely blocked with all kinds of freight. There would be hundreds of bales of cotton from the southern boats to go north, hundreds of hogsheads of tobacco brought in from various points in Kentucky and from some of the counties above Evansville, hundreds of coops of live poultry waiting to be shipped south, and flour, furniture and thousands of parcels of groceries and dry goods, and in fact hundreds of packages of every description of goods. I have seen as many as six boats side by side lying at the wharf, having to cross five of them to interview the officials of the sixth or outside boat. The Guiding Star, the Charles Morgan, and boats of that class and the enormous freight boats like the U. P. Schenk, which were almost like enormous barges, fitted out with machinery, with the steamboat proper built on top of them. So heavy was the traffic that many of these boats were unable, even with their carrying capacity, to handle the freight and took with them model barges one on each side, which were filled with freight before they got out of the Ohio river. I have seen wharf boatmen begging empty steamboats and barges to take on freight here, yet they were refused because the entire room had all been wired for by Mt. Vernon, Shawneetown and Cairo. The lamented Mark Twain, who himself was a pilot in the old days, in his book, "Life on the Mississippi," gives a faithful description of many of these boats and they are not at all exaggerated. To many it seems sad to think that the era of successful steamboating has almost passed away, but who can tell what the future may be, when the Panama Canal is finished. It may be that there will be no more luxurious passenger steamers, because it is speedier to travel in Pullmans, but no railroads, no matter how great their systems, will ever properly handle the traffic, so we may look for enormous bages built with the utmost skill, capable of carrying enormous loads, propelled by steamboats with a great volume of horse power which can make New Orleans the great distributing point that it was during the early day. And before dismissing steamboats, for the present, some chronicle should be made of the delightful times that were had when the Evansville and Cairo Packet line was in existence. The great object of the officers of these boats seemed to be to make their passengers feel perfectly at home. No sooner had the bell rang to loose the cable than card tables were brought out in the main

cabin, while in the ladies' cabin the strains of music from beautiful pianos filled the air. Nobody objected to card playing in those days, and in fact, the blue, white and red chips were considered almost a part of the cabin outfit. These games, of course, were generally among the traveling men and passengers and were for small amounts and simply to kill time, but to the welfare and happiness of the lady passengers, the efforts of the captain and his always good-looking clerks were attracted and it is a fact that those clerks of the early day were selected because of their ability to entertain. A gruff impolite clerk had no business on any steamboat and soon found himself out of a job. But a good-looking young fellow, who knew how to talk and sing a song, dance anything and do his clerical work besides, was always certain of a big salary. On these boats, the dancing began almost as soon as the supper tables were cleared away. The waiters employed were always musicians and while they could not be called cultivated artists, the music they made was of the most exhilarating kind and was plenty good for those days. But it was at the little towns down the river that the most fun was had. Let it be known, that the packet would be compelled to stay for several hours at Mt. Vernon, Shawneetown and almost any of these points, and the minute the boat landed to take on freight people would be waiting for it and when the boat landed in at the big wharf boats, they would be found filled with bevies of lovely young girls and their attending cavaliers. In those days, we all knew each other along the river and belles from any one of the little towns along the Ohio were always known in Evansville, just as were our belles known in these smaller places, as little visits then were not the affairs of state that they are nowdays. In fact, it was not unusual for a young lady to take only a small satchel and get on a boat to make a little trip of a day or two to visit some girl friend on the river. When the crowd already on the boat received the addition of those who had waited at the wharf boats, the long cabins would be completely filled with dancers. In some cases it has been found that the boats' cabins were not long enough and especially at Shawneetown, where all were transferred to the big Millspaugh wharf-boat where there was room for all. Those were rare days for the young people. Most of the boats were side wheelers, and the deck back of the wheel house was always supposed to be the exclusive property of spooning couples and no young man without some gushing belle on his arm ever dared venture back, for if he did, a sudden pushing of chairs and the dead silence which would ensue would soon make him realize that he was entirely out of place. Thinking back I can safely say that many a staid business man and stately matron of today will read these lines and think of the joyousness of those old times as I have described them and perhaps remember the night on which they were pushing their chairs as closely together as possible and were rudely interrupted. Even the pilots did their part toward entertaining and while most of them have now gone to meet Mark Twain, there are still a few left. Their duty was to enter-

tain the crowds who always visited the pilot house and hundreds of ladies along the river who have now reached mature years, will remember how they used to be allowed to steer the boat under the guidance of these same good old pilots. A trip on the railroad seated in a Pullman car, with every comfort close at hand, may be all right, but it does not have the witchery of those old nights on the river where the moonbeams shone on the waters and the soft and gentle river breeze fanned the brow, and eyes looked love to eyes that looked love again.

CHAPTER XII.

BEGINS TO GROW—THE PASSING OF LAMASCO—HARD TIMES—THE BIG ROLLING MILL—THE CUSTOM HOUSE—THE ST. GEORGE HOTEL AND THE BIG DANCE—THE FIRST BOOMERS, HEIDELBACH AND ELSAS—A BUILDING BOOM—THE 1880 CENSUS—BORING FOR GAS—THE WONDERFUL LUMBER MARKET, THE GREATEST IN THE WORLD—WHAT WE PRODUCE—THE BIG RAFTS—THE PIONEER LUMBER KING—PLANTING FOR THE FUTURE—THE WONDERFUL FURNITURE TRADE—THE BIG CONSOLIDATION.

In the early history of the city of Evansville, the name Lamasco appears in many places. For years no one residing in the upper part of the city ever spoke of going to the west end. Nor did they use any term indicating the geographical location of that part of the city which lay below Division street. Speaking of going to that locality the common expression was, "I am going down to Lamasco." Many who have come in recent years will wonder from what source this locality derived this strange name, which sounds so much like the Indian name, Chicago, for instance. But the name was from a combination of the names of four of the early founders of the lower part of the city. A tract was laid out by four men, John and William Law, Mr. Macall and Mr. Scott, and the name was made by taking the first letters of Law and Macall and the first three of Scott, thus making a name which certainly was out of the ordinary. Their tract took in all that part of the city lying between Division street and Pigeon creek. It was on Second avenue at the corner of Pennsylvania that the two story frame house of Judge John Law stood for many years. The place is now torn down and in its stead is a factory. But for long years it was the great gathering place for all the democratic politicians of this part of the state and in fact the judge received visitors who stood high in democratic circles from almost all parts of the country. He had on the corner a small law office which he called his den. His home was presided over by his most estimable wife, the lady loved and honored by every one who knew her. Her hospitality was boundless and in dispensing it she was assisted by her two bright daughters, Anna and Carrie. The former married a man in Terre Haute, while the younger became the wife of David J. Mackey. Messrs. Macall and Scott moved away from here but the judge remained here until his death. The beautiful annex in the rear of Grace Presbyterian church, is a monument given by Mrs. Mackey to commemorate the memory of her parents. Mr. Edward E. Law of upper First street is

the only living member of this family, which in its day was the most prominent in Evansville. It was in 1857 that Lamasco was annexed to Evansville. Up to that time they had existed as separate municipalities, but their business and social interests had long been as one and the union of the two and the doing away with any dividing line added materially to the prosperity of both. Some years after the annexation there was a move made on the part of quite a number of citizens, and vigorously endorsed by the Shanklin Brothers of the Courier to change the name of Evansville to Lamasco. The claim they made was in many respects a very just one, that is that the entire United States was filled with little villes and they quoted Stewartsville, Owensville, Spotsville, Boonville, Lynnville, Taylorville and other little places of like size, as indicating that the termination "ville" simply meant village and regarding Evansville, all who did not know her and her size, would class her, naturally, with the rest, as a sort of "Evans Village." Messrs. Geo. and Gilbert Shanklin wrote very many forcible editorials on this subject and they were convincing to the great majority of our people. The only argument against it was put forth by the merchants and manufacturers who claimed that this would cause them the outlay of an immense amount of money, as all their stationery would have to be changed and that people all over the country would not know what had become of the city of Evansville. In opposition to this the Shanklin brothers stated and very justly, that there were at that time, five different Evansvilles in the confines of the United States and that mail was continuously being sent to Evansville, Illinois, and Evansville in other states, which should come to Evansville, Indiana, and that when it became known that the very ordinary name of Evansville had become changed to such a striking name as Lamasco, which stood in a class by itself, other papers in the United States would make more or less mention of it and the fact that the increase in Evansville made it necessary to take off the village part, would be the greatest advertisement that any city could possibly get. With the business which would accrue from its free advertising, it would repay a thousand times over, any little loss in stationery, etc. Looking back now, it would seem that to simply change a few signs, print a few new books and after using up the stationery on hand, buy new stationery with the proper heading, was not such a terrible task after all. It is probably a fact that the old fogy spirit, at one time such a marked part of Evansville, had a great deal to do in preventing the change. Most of the old fogies are dead and gone and the city has received such an infusion of new blood, that it has practically changed. As it is now, it is probably too late to ever take up this matter again. Evansville today is known north, east, west and south and her progress has made such strides that she will soon be numbered not only among the great cities of the west, but among the great cities of the United States. About the only consolation left to those who worked so hard and so conscientiously for this change of name is the fact that our sister cities of Louisville and Nashville still retain the ville

and will probably never attempt any change in name. This city was made a port of entry in 1856. At that time most of the stuff that came in was from other cities, but manufacturing soon took such rapid strides in the way of progress, that nearly everything neded in this line could bear the imprint, "Made in Evansville." In speaking of the various decades in the history of Evansville, it might be said that the second decade ended in 1867. The war which was so blighting to all her industries at first, proved afterwards to be of great good. A writer says, speaking of the situation, "The south found itself as the result of four years of civil war, entirely prostrated, without industry, without tools, without money, credit or crops. Deprived of legal self-government and to a great extent, of political privileges. The flowers of its youth were in hospitals or dead upon the bloody storm rent battlefields. With society disorganized and starvation imminent or actually present." The first efforts of these people to lift themselves up from this gloomy condition were opposed by great obstacles. For two years the cotton and corn crops were almost failures and one great difficulty was experienced in making satisfactory arrangements for the employment of labor. The south had no manufacturing establishments and were therefore compelled to buy even its breadstuffs and clothing, and of course its mechanical and agricultural tools in northern America. This she had always been accustomed to do and while it is a fact afterwards demonstrated that the south, all this time, was one vast bed of mineral resources so needed, no attempt had ever been made to utilize this great source of wealth. The heavy duties placed on all imported articles during the war, forced home manufacturers to take advantage of the situation, for no foreign country could hope to compete with our home manufactures. Before leaving that great subject of the employment of labor, which worked such ruin to the south for two years, it is well for this work to take some note, based on facts that are absolutely known to the author. After the negroes were freed throughout the entire south, they seemed to think that freedom meant no more work. Even the steadiest and best of them caught the fever and the south was literally alive with dissolute lazy and shiftless negroes, who finding that they could not go to old master or old mistress when they wanted something to eat, were forced to get it in any manner they could. I have every respect for an honest hard-working colored man and absolutely no respect for a worthless nigger. There were a few of the good ones, who, be it said, to their credit, staid on the old plantations and tried by every means in their power to help their really starving former owners. But unfortunately, of this class there were only a few and now for the worst blot of all. A blot which can never be erased from the history of American politics. The south was overrun with a horde of disreputable, lazy and trifling scoundrels picked up from the very dregs of political bummery and forced on these poor and already long-suffering people. They went under the name of carpet baggers. I saw men in the south holding positions who should have been in cells in jails. Their villainous counte-

nances were enough to send them to any penitentiary in the country and why the great republican party, which has always held in its ranks so many great and good men, should ever make the mistake of selecting a gang of scoundrels such as these carpet baggers, and force them on the south to represent the republican party, is something I could never understand. If this very plain statement should hurt the sensitive feelings of any gentleman, he has only to remember that the writer stands good for any remark that he makes in this work and further, the negroes, if let alone, would have done far better. The negro, taken as a race, is full of affection as a rule, and if let alone the affection for their old owners, who invariably treated them with kindness, would have caused them to have staid and worked, but these unscrupulous scoundrels, let loose by the north, seemed to imagine that a part of their political duties was not only to oppress the white as much as possible, insult them at every opportunity, but to also stir up the negroes into the most violent antipathy against their native south. The first years of the second depression which affected the city of Evansville was the year 1867, for it was during this year that the National Bankrupt act was put in force. This brought not only great financial embarrassment, but a wide-spread distress. People feared to trust each other, as all over the country men who really had no occasion to take up the bankrupt act and who, if they had put their shoulders to the wheel, could have retrieved any business losses, took occasion of this very easy manner of paying off all debts and bankrupted. While there were no large failures in this city, there was hardly a merchant or manufacturer who had been sending goods away from here, who did not suffer from bankruptcies of this kind by the merchants in the smaller towns. There were many well-known cases where unscrupulous dealers simply robbed the Evansville men of their goods. One fact is worthy of comment and that is that the credit of very few of our local men was at all impaired. Our business men, even in those days, were substantial men. They were liberal in their dealings with their customers and were enterprising, but none of them ever allowed their business to get beyond their capital or their ability to control it and it is also remarkable that there was no decline in real estate values. This has marked Evansville during all its history and while at times her people have grumbled at taxation on needed street improvements, there has never been a time when good real estate was thrown on the market at bargain counter prices and from now on it is safe to say that real estate prices will ever be on the increase. The rental value of buildings declined during this period of depression, as did wages and the prices of building materials. In fact, the improvements on property decreased in value but the real property itself, never. From time to time every one predicted a change for the better but their hopes were not realized. The greatest crash came in the year 1873, when there were failures on every side and a period of disaster began. It is unfortunate that just prior to this time, a large number of improvements had been put under way. A large rolling mill, which would have

given work to many hands, was allowed to go to decay almost before a single rail was made. The greatest hopes were based on the success of this enterprise, for it was hoped that constant work at this establishment, which was a huge one, would result in the bringing of thousands of tons of magnificent iron ore which was then along the Tennessee river. And when we look back and see the developments that have occurred in that region since that date and how such places as Birmingham and the great iron mines on Tennessee river have prospered, we can see what Evansville lost from the failure of this enterprise. The holders of stock in this rolling mill were among our most conservative citizens and they are not in any way to be blamed for the failure of this enterprise. It was the natural depression which caused it. It was at this time that congress appropriated the money for the beautiful postoffice and custom house which is on the square fronting on Second, between Sycamore and Vine. Before the erection of this building, the lot was covered with small and unsightly cottages, while at the west was the remains of what was known as the Young America Engine house. Work did not begin on this building at once and when it was finally taken up, a wise move was made in the selection of the late Mr. James H. McNeeley, one of the proprietors of the Journal, as supervisor of construction. A strange feature is that, in nearly every case where a building is erected by the United States, there is always a shortage at the end. Whether this is probably due to graft or mistaken estimates, or other sources, it is not the province of this work to say, but the fact to which I refer, is that at the completion of the entire building, with every detail according to specifications, Mr. McNeeley was able to turn back to the treasury, a part of the money which was originally appropriated. At this same time the St. George hotel was built. Where it now stands was the large old mansion of John Shanklin, one of the pioneers of the city, who came here from Ireland and whose advent has been previously mentioned. The old house stood well back in the beautiful yard and for many years had been one of the landmarks. It also was one of the old homes where hospitality was one of the prime features, and some few still live, who can remember when Mr. and Mrs. Shanklin and their most talented daughter, now Mrs. Gen. John M. Harlan, entertained in this old house. Evansville had long felt the need of a first-class hotel, modern in all its appointments. In fact, for many years whenever there was a gathering of any kind, either political, civil or otherwise, it was found impossible to entertain all the city's guests and the private dwellings of our people were called into use to house these visitors. The largest hotel prior to that time, was the old Sherwood house which was torn down to make room for the magnificent building of the Elks' Home, which is admitted by all to be one of the most striking pieces of architecture in this country, and one of which any city might well be proud. The St. George was built by David J. Mackey and the late Gus Lemcke, who served here for several years and finally left this city for Indianapolis, where he died, leaving a large fortune. The hotel was

run by Mr. Lemcke for quite a number of years, as the many other plants in which Mr. Mackey was interested, took his entire time. Many will remember the opening of this hotel, and as it occurred just at this time, it may be well to give a few matters of detail regarding its opening. The word had gone all over the little towns and the surrounding country, regarding the great ball which was to be given to celebrate the inauguration of this new hotel and it is safe to say that there was not a belle within the radius of many miles, who was not busy upon her costume for many weeks prior to this occasion. The eventful night came and the new hotel which in those days was far ahead of anything that had been anticipated by the community, was ablaze with light. A committee of the best citizens, accompanied by their wives, welcomed the people. The hotel was beautifully adorned with plants, etc., while in the large dining room the band of Henry Hart, a colored man who at that time was considered by our people to be the very king of music, was screened behind potted plants at the back end. The dance began at nine o'clock and lasted until daylight. Even to this day the remembrance of that eventful time still lingers in the hearts of many who are now content to sit quietly and watch the young people trip the light fantastic. The cost of the St. George was some $200,000. At this same time the street improvements, wharf improvements and some sidewalk improvements were taken up. This was far before the day of asphalt streets of artificial sidewalks. Prior to that time there had been very little done towards making better streets, save the tearing up of the planks on Main sreet, which gave it the name of Plank Road. Vitrified brick was also either unknown or an untried quantity here and to fill up the holes in the streets and produce a level surface which would not be affected by the rains or winter weather, contracts were made with a firm owning a large bank of gravel at Paducah, Kentucky. Main street was the first street improved and after being rolled, it certainly presented a beautiful appearance and our people thought that they had solved the matter of perfect streets for all time to come. But it was soon found that even this gravel, held as it was in place by a kind of clay, gave way during continued bad weather and was soon full of the original ruts with which the people were trying to do away. They then tried filling these places with clear gravel but this also was a failure and for many years what might be called street improvements in Evansville, consisted in driving wagons around and putting loose gravel into these holes. About this time there seemed to be a change for the better in the affairs of the city. The depression had seemed to pass away and the desire to improve seemed to have taken possession of many of our people. Real estate still continued, as has been noted above, at a steady price, and always seemed to be based on actual value which improved gradually as the city grew. There has been little speculation, so to speak, in real estate in Evansville, since the early day, and by this is meant that there were few real estate boomers as the term goes, who were able to acquire a large holding of real estate at a

low price, from people who felt compelled to sell, and sell at a feverish price, which is generally the result of a well-handled boom. About the only large tract which passed into strange hands, was what is known still as the Heidlebach and Elsas enlargement. This tract of land lying southeast of Main street and extending from where the Southern road now runs, to a point some quarter of a mile this side of Garvin's park. When this place was bought by these two investors who lived in Cincinnati, Ohio, there was nothing on it except the large cornfield to which reference is made in the article regarding the first fairs of Evansville. This tract was quite large. In fact, the deal was so large that many conservative citizens predicted that it would be a great many years before anything would ever be realized by these men who had made the investment. Yet it is a fact that many years ago, the last block was sold and for a good percentage of profit, and the confines of the city have extended so far beyond it, that it cannot now be even called a suburban plat. Speaking further of real estate, the next attempt was to build a suburban addition between this Heidlebach and Elsas enlargement, and Garvin's park. This was a private affair gotten up by several of our citizens and they, Mr. Mackey and the late William Heilman, who was one of the most clear-headed citizens who ever resided in Evansville, used their efforts to push the sale. It was not a success and to this day there is quite a lot of vacant land on Main street, this side of the enlargement and the park. Why this should be it is impossible to understand and while this work is being written, negotiations are going on between the city and Mr. Thomas E. Garvin, owner of this park, by which the former may acquire this beautiful tract of land, and when once known that this consummation is reached, the park will be beautified and remain forever a public park free to all citizens. It will be only a short time until every lot in the vicinity will be built upon. The confidence of our people in the future of this city never was more stronger shown than by the fact that this depression, as above mentioned, was hardly over before an era of building began, which was enormous for those days. The building season of that year will never be forgotten. Before it was one-third over every contractor and architect had more than he could possibly do and building material could not be manufactured fast enough to supply the steady demands. While in these days the amount may not seem large, the fact that over $2,500,000 was spent during that one season, will give some idea of the extent of improvement. Much of this success is due to the newspapers which at that time were of great assistance, not only in keeping up the courage of our citizens and by continually getting out special editions which they sent to every part of the country from which they thought manufacturers could be brought and it is due to the fact that they sent these out just at a time when so many people who had suffered from he depression of other cities, knew hardly what to do, that many factories, as well as business men and many artisans were brought to this city. It might also be said that the

population began to increase rapidly at that time, and not only the population but the wealth of the population. It is well known that a city may grow very fast in point of population, but that the new citizens who may enroll themselves among her people, may be the hand-to-mouth kind who fluctuate from one point of the country to another and whose advent to any city does not mean very much. In this case, however, the greater percentage, possibly eighty-five per cent of the people who came here, were thrifty Germans who knew what it was to live plainly, work hard and save up, always laying up something for a rainy day, and it is to this fact and this spirit among the people, so truly demonstrated by these Germans, that Evansville today has, in proportion to her size, more first-class banks than any city in the United States. A still greater fact is, that never in the history of Evansville from the time of the starting of the old Canal bank on Water street, has there been a single bank failure. And it is extremely pleasant to be able to chronicle such a striking fact as this. To give one example, the People's Savings Bank, which is now one of the strongest financial institutions in the country, which has unlimited capital behind it, started as a small bank, operated chiefly by Germans. In fact, there were only two foreign people in the directory. This bank was intended to meet the demands of the working men, the small merchants, women who were making their own livelihood and classes of that kind. It was the first bank in Evansville to receive small deposits and when its announcement was made, it was astonishing to note how quickly a large clientele of deposits was secured. Its business increased so rapidly that it became cramped for space and erected one of the most beautiful buildings on Main street. The various banks of Evansville will be treated of elsewhere in this work but it is only right to give credit to this splendidly conducted bank, for its wonderful success. In 1880 the census takers gave this city a population of about 30,000, but it was always claimed by every one who was at all posted on the ratio of a census taken in connection with the number of children in the city schools and the names in the directory, should have made it 40,000. At that time the assessed valuation of property was about $20,000,000. It was also at this time that the stores were doing their great volume of business. It is estimated that wholesale groceries sold nearly $4,000,000 per year, dry goods and notion houses, $3,000,000, hardware, $2,000,000, boots and shoes, $2,000,000, glass and queensware, $350,000. The great strides made by Evansville since that date have been in manufacturing, the work being done by utilizing the great wealth of forests and fields and the mines into implements and articles of general use and it is a fact perhaps unknown to all that today Evansville has the reputation of having more different varieties of manufacturing industries than any city in America. In fact, there is hardly anything on which a stamp could not be put, "Made in Evansville." Today its chief thing is manufacturing. Our manufacturers are sending their goods to all parts of the world. Even as far back as the date above

mentioned, it was estimated that $3,500,000 were invested in manufacturing plants. The most of these were small and such has been the wonderful growth since that time that the change is almost like a dream. Evansville is the largest hardwood lumber market in the world and will be for some time. Naturally the time will come when the vast forests which have contributed their wealth of timber, will all be gone. Even Green river, which for years was lined with dense forests which were supposed to be almost inexhaustible in the way of furnishing lumber, is beginning to show what the ruthless axe has done. But it must be remembered that science is continually coming to the aid of nature and that it is also universally believed that concrete houses will soon take the place of those built of any other kind of material. When they come into general use, a part of the great demand on these forests will be withdrawn, so that no fear need be felt that there will be any great shortage in lumber supplies for a great many years to come. In one other respect Evansville, which seems to have been blessed in every way, was fortunate in having near it, the kind of material used in brick making and while all over the United States there are untold thousands of places that have been compelled to send away for their brick, and in some cases pay enormous freight rates, in Evansville it was only necessary to go almost anywhere on the outskirts of the city and start a brickyard. In fact, several years ago, it was almost impossible to drive out any country road for any distance without several of these yards being seen. Especially was this the case near the tri-state fair grounds. In any part of the land near there, the very best of brick clay could be found. At one time when the demand for paving bricks was so great in this country, a movement was started to manufacture them here on a large scale, but for some reason the Evansville brick did not compare as favorably with some others as was expected and this industry has never been considered one of the chief ones. Statistics given in 1885 showed that there were under the city two veins of coal which were reached by ten different shafts and that within a radius of 30 miles there were sixty shafts in operation. At that time Evansville began to advertise "The cheapest fuel on earth. Coal 50c. per ton." The fact that there was so much coal near here and the added fact that the cost of production was only what the labor cost, made our people content to accept what nature had provided and there never has been in this city that feverish anxiety regarding natural gas, which has permeated so many other portions of the state. As it is today, there are untold millions of feet of gas and untold thousands of gallons of oil that could be piped into this city at any time our people deem it necessary. Many years ago a little company of citizens determined to bore for gas or oil more as an exepriment than anything else and selected a spot near the bank of Pigeon creek. After many reverses, they struck, instead of gas or oil, a vast stream of salt water. This water was what formed what is known as the old Salt Pool. Finding it impossible to get through this vein, all attempt to bore through was given up. The machinery was sold and

the buildings allowed to go to decay. The vein was afterwards transferred through pipes to a point up the hill and this is today known as Mineral Spring Pool, although most people still use the old name of Salt Pool. This land, it is claimed, will be utilized by the Big Four railroad but it is to be hoped that the pool can still be kept up. The bathing is far superior to ocean bathing, for in the case of the latter, there is generally a surf and at all times, either sand, gravel or shells, while at the pool one can take a genuine salt plunge as good, if not superior to one in the ocean and at the same time do away with all danger of cutting the feet. While it will never be a fashionable resort, there are thousands of our citizens who enjoy it every summer. While speaking of the natural resources of Evansville and before taking up her further progress, it is well to state that Evansville is in the midst of what is known and recognized as the corn belt; that is, the belt in which the best corn in the United States is grown. Also three-fifths of all the tobacco grown in the United States is produced within a circle about Evansville extending over 100 miles. While it was known as a tobacco market, ten thousand hogsheads were sold here each year. As is well known, however, the tobacco interests have been transferred elsewhere but their place has been taken by other products of equal value.

"The greatest hardwood lumber market in the world."

Years ago when the first little pamphlet, telling about the advantages of Evansville was issued to the world, this line appeared. There were many of our own citizens who imagined that it must be either a misprint or a claim which could not be substantiated by actual facts, yet at that time and today the statement holds absolutely good. Evansville is not only the greatest hardwood lumber market in this section, but in the entire world. Figures cannot lie, and the fact has been proven over and over that Evansville leads all competitors. It was the knowledge of the wonderful lumber resources of Evansville that caused foreign capital to come in here from time to time as was the case of the Hermann Manufacturing Company and others. The great reason for the fact that Evansville holds this position can readily be seen by any one who will simply study geography. In no other place in America is there a city situated on a great river such as is the Ohio where her geographical location shows that so large a portion of the soil adjacent to her was what was known as solid woods. Looking at the map one will see that as far as Louisville, Kentucky, both sides of the Ohio river were simply masses of dense forests. In Indiana this extends close to the middle of the state. In Kentucky they took in almost the entire state and through this part of Kentucky ran Green river, a very deep stream, and its tributaries, Pond river and Barren river. Any one who hunted in Kentucky in the old days will remember what was known as the Barren river flats, a vast strip of country almost uninhabited, which overflowed every year and which was filled with untold millions of natural forest trees of all varieties. The walunt, the pecan, hickory, ash and oak

were found in vast quantities and these Kentucky forests extended not only to the mouth of Green river, but far down towards the point just across from the city, covering all the land which has now been cleared up and has been overflowed of recent years, when the river encroached on the land at the cut-off. Around Leavenworth, Indiana, and reaching clear back from that point, were immense forests and from the river there were various little creeks which penetrated so far up into the state that during the high water season, logs could be floated out into the Ohio. Great flatboats had been built in the old days, away up almost at the source of these creeks and built when there was hardly enough water in them to cover the bottom but the builders well knew that with the first overflow there would be no difficulty in getting flat boats or barges of any size into the Ohio. Then take Pigeon creek. Most of us imagine that it runs back into the Ohio river just above the little own of Newburgh (and a portion of it does), but it must be remembered that even this small body of water has many ramifications and in the old days, extended into almost every section of the country north of Evansville and this side of White river. Above us were White river and Patoka river, both capable of floating logs and below lay the Big and Little Wabash, from the mouths of which it was not a hard task to bring up rafts with tow boats, though the great majority of lumber that came to Evansville was simply floated down from the streams above, and of recent years turned into the bank by the use of the little tow boats of which several are kept in constant commission. Years ago, and before the demand for lumber was so great, it was no unusual thing to see the entire bank of the river from clear above the city down below the mouth of Pigeon creek, completely lined with thousands and thousands of saw logs. Of course a small place was left for the wharf and for the landing of steamboats but all other spots were utilized for the logs. Any old citizen has seen them in great layers extending from the very highest point reached by a freshet clear down the bank to the river and then fresh rafts in the river itself. The same was true of Pigeon creek. The entire bank of Sweezer pond and the creek itself were simply one mass of logs. Many have seen them lying in long strings where the L. & N. yards now stand. North of Franklin street where the Armstrong Furniture Company did an enormous business, every gully was full of logs. They were pushed up during the high water as far as they could go and were then left on the bank and sometimes were untouched for several years. The same is true of the E. Q. Smith's Chair Factory section, which has lately been taken by the city. All of us have seen even the mouth of the sewer at Oak street filled with logs, while all over the bank which is now filled up, were the long strings fastened together by the original strips just as they came from the waters above. But to see logs one should go to Green river where for several miles the entire river and banks have been full of them, leaving only a little passage through which boats could come down from Spotsville. Above Spotsville it was the same. Between Spotsville

and the next lock above, the log rafts were always in long strings as no lumberman ever wished to get his raft short enough to get it through the locks, but preferred to take it over the dam while the water was high. Fifty years ago logs were so plentiful as to be almost in the way and is there any old citizen who does not remember the great swimming places when everybody above Division street went to the upper saw logs and those below went to the lower saw logs, where at each place were plenty of spring boards and where young and old enjoyed themselves. During the afternoons great crowds would go up above the city where the old water works were built. The place is now the upper part of Sunset park and here they found a good current and splendid pure water, as the water from Green river found its way past there. Of course after dark the entire bank from the wharf boat up, was alive with bathers and from points all over, laughter could be heard until midnight. There were few accidents then and it is hard to tell why, except that there was always such a crowd that if a boy was in any danger there were always sturdy swimmers to go to his rescue and in those days a boy had to learn. If he was caught standing around and shivering, afraid to go in, he would be quickly pushed in while the pusher would deem it his duty to see that no harm befell him. In this way everyone of the youngsters somehow knew how to swim at an early age and this perhaps is the reason for so few accidents.

The experience of the early loggers was a great deal like that of the flat-boat men. The most of them who came here were a rough lot of backwoodsmen from up in the Lost, Barren and Pond river regions—great hunters, great lovers of whiskey and thorough backwoodsmen. To make their log rafts, they did exactly as did the old pioneers when they built their houses. No nails or iron of any kind was used on the entire raft, except perhaps a dozen or so in the little lean-to shanty which was always to be found just in the center of the middle tier of all big rafts. These rafts were made as follows:

After the logs had been floated into the main river from the little pond and creeks, a log would be held and an auger hole bored in the top near each end. Over this would pass a strip which was a very tough branch split directly in the center and a hole would be bored in this and a wooden peg driven right through into the log. The upper part of the raft was always fastened to some tree and the raft held in place by the current, while the lower logs in turn were floated down and joined together. After the raft was deemed long enough, a gouging oar similar to the one used on flat boats was put at each end. This in turn worked on a wooden peg. At one end of the raft, generally on the corner of the outside string, a lot of mud and clay would be fixed. This would be taken from the bank and beaten down until it made a hard flat surface similar to the hearth of the old country fire places, and holes were made in a log into which forked sticks were driven and over this hearth hung a kettle on which all the cooking was done. In the center of the little tier was a little lean-to shack.

THIRD AVENUE SCHOOL BUILDING
(Colored.)

I have seen them where they did not even use boards nor did they take the trouble to get straw on which to lie but like the primitive backwoodsman they built it with rough side logs and then gathered leaves for their beds. The entire outfit of the average raftsman consisted of one blanket and an extra pair of coarse and very heavy boots, as sometimes their feet were wet during the entire day but often times the young fellows who were making their first start, had only one pair of boots and dried out at night as best they could. And somehow the universal fiddle used to nearly always be found on a raft and where two or three rafts would get together before entering the Ohio, there would be stag dances sometimes out on the bank and sometimes on the logs. These men, while not the equals of the raftsmen of Minnesota and the upper pine country, who could stand on a log and roll them beneath their feet and still keep their footing, yet still were expert loggers and with the spike and pole, they could stand on a log and take it almost anywhere they chose. The first mill here was the old Ahlering saw mill which stood where the residence of Mr. Walter M. Schmitt now stands. This existed there for many years and at one time did an enormous business. I think that the name of Pioneer Lumber King of Evansville rightly belongs to the late John A. Reitz, who came here in 1836. At the time of his arrival, he had only a very small amount of money but he was full of energy and industry and having had exeprience in the flouring mills of his father in Germany, he naturally drifted into machinery and worked for a Mr. Olmstead who had the saw mill on Pigeon creek, just where it is crossed by the Stringtown road. In 1845 he went into partnership with Judge Stephens and built a mill at the mouth of Pigeon creek. This mill was very successful from the start and did a fine business until 1855 when it was burned down. He immediately rebuilt and again in 1873 tore down the old mill and put up a third modern building. It is said that in the ten years from 1883 to 1893 he turned out more hardwood lumber than any one sawmill in the United States. He used a double shift of hands and six days of the week the mill was run for 22 hours out of the 24. The two hours were allowed to go over the machinery, etc. While he made money in a great many ways, it is well known to most of our people that his saw mill was the real source of his wealth. So great did the demand for lumber become, that many others entered into it and just after Honorable John J. Kleiner was elected to Congress, he entered into partnership with Mr. Pat Raleigh, the only son of one of our oldest citizens and they built a splendid and most modern mill just below the other saw mills which were near the mouth of Pigeon creek. They put in the very best machinery that could possibly be gotten but there seemed to be some trouble about the handling of their logs. Possibly the very swift current just in front of their place made it impossible to hold the rafts there, but at any rate, the mill was dismantled. To give an idea of the many who have seen the great advantages in the lumber business in Evansville, the following list will be interesting:

The Federal Stave and Lumber Company, in the Waverly building, the Indiana Tie Company in the Furniture Exchange building, the Mossman Lumber Company in the Waverly building, Anderson & Veatch, on 8th street, the Cottage Building Company on 8th street, the Evansville Lumber Company on Delaware street, the Evansville Planing Mill Company, also on Delaware, the Fullerton & Powell Lumber Company on East Virginia, the Great Helfrich Lumber and Mfg. Company on West Franklin, the McFerson & Foster on the Belt Railroad, the MacLaren Lumber Company on Division street, the Henry Maley Lumber Company on Greenriver Road, the Maley & Wertz Lumber Company on Columbia, the Mechanics' Planing Company on Main, the New York Dimension and Supply Company at Florida and Devon, the big T. E. Rechtin Lumber Company on Seventh street, the Clement Reitz Sons Company on Seventh avenue, John A. Reitz and Sons Company on Seventh avenue, Schnute-Holtmann Company on East Illinois street, Shultze, Waltman & Company on Ninth avenue, Thompson, Thayer & McGowan Lumber Company, East Columbia, Young & Cutsinger, on Morgan avenue, and the Wolflin & Luhring Lumber Company at Division and Morton streets. All of these firms deal more or less in lumber and they handle everything from lathes to the very heaviest of bridge timber. In fact, a man can come to Evansville from anywhere in the United States and get almost anything he wants in the way of wood, from toothpicks to the very heaviest piece of section timber, and not only that, but he can get what he needs in almost any variety of timber, and this is where Evansville excels. We hear of the vast lumber yards of Chicago, "The Lumber District," so to speak, but there we see only Michigan pine and lumber of that kind. We go to a southern lumber yard and we find the southern pine and much of it now useless, because the immense pine trees of the south have nearly all been "Turpentined," as they call it. That is, the vitality of the tree has been entirely sapped through the use of the sap for the making of turpentine and the lumber left in the tree of this kind, lasts only a very short time. In other sections of the south is nothing but spruce and woods of that kind, while Memphis, which is striving so hard at present to become a great lumber center, is compelled to rely on her portion of the wood that can be gotten from the state of Missouri. Naturally St. Louis will claim the greater portion of this, as her own right, so that the future of Memphis as a great lumber center is very precarious. While on this subject, it is pleasing to know that in this very section of the country where lumber has always been so plentiful, men of forethought have seen that through the wonderful demand caused by the rapid growth of the west, natural lumber will soon become very scarce and with an eye to the future, thousands of acres of land which is not of high fertility, have been turned into forest preserves. That is, they have been planted with trees of the variety most necessary to make good building material and if there should be a scarcity in this vicinity for a few years, it will not be so long until the new crop will be ready to take the place of

our old forests. Much has been said of the criminal waste of our trees in this very section, but this waste could not be helped. I have seen in clearings, where a farmer would open up a home, millions of feet of magnificent timber burned up to get it out of the way. So little did our foretathers care for the trees, that in building their rail fences, they often used walnut, because it split nicely. Think of the value of these walnut rails today. Years ago, when Eastern manufacturers were willing to pay almost any price for walnut, because it was used so much in veneering, thousands of walnut stumps were pulled up by stump pullers and in some cases, dug out by the roots and shipped on cars direct to New York city. Even if the pioneers had realized what the value of lumber would become in the future, they still should have been compelled to have used it, for this was long before the days of barb-wire fences and there were no stones in this country as there are all through New England and there was absolutely no way to build fences except with this timber, and of course the best grade timber which split the most easily was invariably selected, and of course he could not allow these great logs and branches to lie on the ground, so the only thing to do was to burn them up, and this was done as rapidly as possible. In this clearing up, even the small roots had to be gotten out of the way and they, with the smaller limbs and the "bresh," as they called it, were piled in huge piles of which the main branch of the tree formed the base and were set on fire. In thousands of cases that came under my own observation, the magnificent forest trees were so thick that only a portion of them could be cut down and the others were girdled and allowed to stand. Of course in the spring after the girdling, the tree died and the branches fell one by one, but it is astonishing how long some of these old trunks have stood, for to this day in any except the very oldest farms which have been worked for many long years, they can be seen still standing like grim sentinels over the graves of their destroyed brethren.

Very naturally after leaving the subject of lumber, comes furniture. One of its greatest productions and as a furniture market, Evansville is very rapidly encroaching on her reputation as a hardwood lumber market. Of recent years the business has grown to enormous proportions and whereas it was only a short time ago that Grand Rapids and possibly one or two other cities were spoken of as furniture markets, all eyes are turning now to Evansville, and carload lots are being sent from here to every part of the country. The building of what is known as the Furniture Exchange was a great step forward and it has been of inestimable benefit to the furniture men in general as it gave them a beautiful place in which to show their various makes.

Going way back, it is a peculiar fact that the first furniture maker was the man who founded Evansville—Col. Hugh McGary. He had no tools but an axe, but he is said to have been quite an artist and with his axe blade sharpened until it was almost as keen as a razor he could shave down the wood until it made quite a finished appearance. After fitting out his

own house, his neighbors began to call on him to make furniture for them and while it was crude, it was said to be very substantial. His first tables were made by taking the broad logs, splitting them and then shaving them as smooth as possible with his axe. There was no sandpaper in those days and no way of setting in the legs except through the ever-ready augur hole and the legs of the tables were made by driving in pegs of timber which had already been smoothed by the axe. As a last finishing process, he took the flat pieces of sandstone which could be found at Pigeon creek at the Falls, and rubbed down the tops of his tables with this. These sandstones were so soft that they rapidly adapted themselves to rough surfaces and became smooth and were sometimes used in place of flat irons by the pioneer mothers. Again they were used for sharpening knives, so that a good piece of sandstone was a valuable asset in any pioneer family. The first real furniture factory in Evansville was established in 1836 by the Poalk Brothers. It was on the ground where the Morgan residence next to the St. George now stands. It is wonderful to see what beautiful work could be turned out even in those days, for Mr. James Scantlin of upper 3rd street has two pieces made in 1836. One is a bureau and the other a sideboard and they are as perfect today as when they were turned out many years ago. The first successors of the Poalk Brothers were the Armstrongs who for many years were known as the furniture men of Evansville. They established various factories and for a long time owned one just to the right of the bridge over Pigeon creek on Franklin street. They started with small beginnings but made money very fast and soon needed up-town offices, so that just after Samuel E. Gilbert retired from business, they rented from him the property known as the Gilbert Block, which consisted of three stores. To accommodate them, arches were opened between the cellars and all four of the floors, so that their furniture could be moved easily from one part to another and here they remained for many years, paying $9,000 per year rent until, wishing to strike out still further, they prevailed on Mr. D. J. Mackey to build them a building for furniture only and the house now occupied by the Ichenhauser plant was the result. The large open front and the fine light in this building together with the system of arrangement, is different from that of any other building in the city, with a view to giving the Armstrong's a better chance to display their work. For some years there were three of the brothers here, but two removed from the city and Mr. Uel Armstrong bought the old Barnes property at the head of Sunset park and resided there for many years, finally retiring from business and selling out to Mr. Puster, who at that time became about the only furniture man of note in Evansville. It was some years before a number of enterprising men began to see the wonderful possibility for furniture manufacturing in this place but soon factories began to spring up everywhere. The furniture exchange was opened only a year ago and has 60,000 square feet of space. It has attracted great attention everywhere and has been one of the best advertisements ever put out by the city. It

grew out of a meeting of the furniture manufacturers and the prime mover in the matter was Ben Bosse, of the Big Six Carloading Association. He was aided by A. F. Karges of the Karges Furniture Company, H. H. Schu of the Crescent Furniture Company, H. J. Rusche of the Specialty Furniture Company, Edward Ploeter of the Bosse Furniture Company and the Evansville Metal Bed Company. It is said by those in a position to know, that the business has increased far beyond their expectations since this place was opened. Travelers have been here from all over the United States and even from foreign countries. There have been many new buyers who had never been here and who had never heard of Evansville as a furniture market until this building was put up. One of the merchants connected with it was asked where Evansville furniture was sold and he replied, "All over the world." It is a fact that there is not a state in the Union where Evansville furniture has not been sold of late. It has been sent to Mexico, Canada, Porta Rica, Panama, Cuba, the Philippines, and also to many countries in Europe. There is even now a representative of Evansville who is in South America, showing the different lines that are represented in this building. There is no reason why Evansville should not have great South American trade. The only competition that this city recognizes at all, is that of Grand Rapids, and with the saving in freight between here and that city, it will be but a short time until Grand Rapids will take second place. No one in the south or in the South American countries or in Cuba would think of sending to Grand Rapids and paying the difference in freight, when the same or better furniture can be sent direct from Evansville with a great saving in freight. Panama is taking quite a place and it is stated that six cars during one month have been sent to that place for distribution. As a matter of note, Evansville furniture is now used by the royal family in England. About one year ago, the late King Edward sent a representative to the United States to buy furniture for his London Palace and this representative visited the various markets in this country in search of what he needed. We had no Evansville exchange at that time, but fortunately the city had a large exhibit in St. Louis and the representative bought quite a lot of Evansville-made goods while there. It is claimed by our furniture men that practically every piece of furniture needed in a home is made right here in Evansville. One need not send away for anything and as to upholstering, that also can be done here, perhaps more cheaply than in any place in the United States. Mention has been made before, of the immense trade that will be brought to Evansville through the opening of the Panama canal and this applies practically to the furniture business, for when the Ohio river has the right stage, boats can be loaded right at this port for all points of the world. The furniture men all see this and realize what a great thing it will be. It is hard to tell just how much furniture is turned out at present, but $4,000,000 a year would be a very low estimate and with such increase as we had of late, it will be but a short time until $10,000,000 worth will be sent out yearly. We have the

credit here for originating the mixed carload system. A buyer who lacks the means to buy a car of each line of goods that he needs in stock, can go to the exchange and buy a mixed lot, using one car which can be packed with chairs, beds, tables or bedroom suites just as he needs them to sort it. He thus gets a rate on a car and saves a great deal in his freight. This fact has been made a great point by the traveling man and merchants who heretofore have been compelled to pay full freight rates because they could not possibly use a carload at at time, are very much pleased with this new idea which gives them a chance to stock up in all other lines at the same time and at carload rates. At present, the president of the exchange is Mr. A. F. Karges, the vice president, H. J. Rusche, the secretary, H. H. Schu, and the treasurer, Ben Bosse, of the Big Six Carloading Association. They also serve as directors and are assisted by W. A. Koch and Edward Ploeger. They have also an Association of which the following are the officers: President, Eli D. Miller, folding bed manufacturer; vice president, H. J. Rosenberger; secretary and treasurer, Charles D. Gilbert. The directors are the same as those mentioned above.

The upper part of the building and a portion of the front is used for offices. The furniture manufacturers say that in spite of the fact that lumber is said to be getting scarce, they have no trouble in getting all they want. They are heavy buyers and fine judges of lumber and know just exactly from whom to purchase their lumber. One of the association recently bought 3,000,000 feet of one concern. Of course they buy as much as possible from home dealers, but they also buy in Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky and Tennessee. This southern lumber has to be shipped here by river as the freight rate by rail would be too much. Their buying in big lots keeps them in such a position that they never have to close down on account of a scarcity in any certain wood or grade of lumber. They also claim that the Big Four Railroad will be a great help in putting their goods into places with which they have heretofore been unable to compete.

The following is a list of exhibitors at the Furniture Exchange building, with the various lines they carry:

Karges Furniture Company, chamber suits, wardrobes, chiffoniers and chiffon robes; Specialty Furniture Company, chamber suits, chiffoniers and odd dressers; Bosse Furniture Company, kitchen cabinets, wardrobes and kitchen safes; Evansville Desk Company, roll-top and flat-top office desks; United States Furniture Company, upright and mantel folding beds; Buchner Chair Company, chairs and rockers; Evansville Bookcase and Table Company, extension tables; The Metal Furniture Company, iron and brass beds and springs; Schelosky Table Company, extension tables; Star Furniture Company, chairs, tables and kitchen cabinets; Marstall Furniture Company, wardrobes; Chair Makers' Union, cane and splint seat chairs and rockers; Crescent Furniture Company, sideboards, buffets, china cabinets and chamber suits; Globe Furniture Company, chamber suits, sideboards and odd beds; Evansville Metal Bed Company, iron and brass beds and springs;

Stolz-Schmitt Furniture Company, chamber suits, chiffoniers, hall trees, dressing tables; Bockstege Furniture Company, parlor, library and extension tables; Indiana Furniture Company, beds, safes, tables, wardrobes and kitchen cabinets; World Furniture Company, folding beds, buffets, hall trees, china closets and bookcases; Crown Chair Company, cane and wood seat chairs and rockers; Eli D. Miller & Co., upright and mantel folding beds; Evansville Mattress and Couch Company, davenports, couches, springs and cots; Evansville Trunk Company, trunks, hand satchels, etc.; Troy Chair Company, cane and splint seat chairs and rockers; Hobenstein-Hartmetz Company, music cabinets; Becker Wagon Works; Henderson Desk Company, roll-top and flat-top office desks; Southern Stove Works, the Leader line; Indiana Stove Works, makers of the Darling line; Crescent Stove Works, manufacturers of the Crescent line; Evansville Stove Works, manufacturers of the Evansville Model line, and the Advance Stove Works.

Manager Gilbert of the Exchange building says the number of visitors and buyers at the Exchange increases daily and that he believes this is going to be one of the best years the manufacturers of furniture and stoves have had in a long time. Inquiries and orders are both on the increase and trade has opened up nicely since the first of March. The local factories are running on full time and in some of the departments night shifts are being worked.

Since the beginning of this work a consolidation has been made which will make Evansville the greatest furniture market in the world.

The Globe, World and Bosse Furniture manufacturing companies, comprising four distinct plants, one of which is under course of erection, were merged into the Globe-Bosse-World Furniture Company with a capitalization of $600,000, all subscribed and paid into the treasury. The merger is the result of a plan devised by Benjamin Bosse, who has been the leading spirit in the furniture making plants affected by the combine. The merger gives Evansville the largest single furniture manufacturing company in the world, the second largest being that at Sheboygan, Wis.

The new corporation elected Benjamin Bosse, president; Albert F. Karges, vice president; C. M. Frisse, secretary, and E. W. Ploeger, treasurer. These officers and the following constitute the directorship; John W. Boehne, Fred Bockstege, H. J. Karges, H. F. Reichmann and Henry F. Bosse.

The capital stock of the original Globe, World and Bosse plants was $400,000. Additions to old factories and the erection of a new one have justified a 50 per cent increase in the capital stock.

The new combine will have a pay roll of $250,000 annually, will employ 600 men and manufacture goods worth more than $1,000,000 each year.

Economy of management and the saving of duplication in manufacture will be desirable results to be obtained by the combine. The factories included in the merger have all been built within ten years.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FIRST STREET CARS—THEIR SIMPLICITY—HORSES GIVE WAY TO MULES, THEN TO ELECTRICITY—ASPHALT FROM TRINIDAD PITCH LAKE—THE WHOLESALE TRADE—HOW IT PROSPERED DURING THE WAR—OLD TIME DRUMMERS—DECLINE OF JOBBING TRADE—HOW WE COLLECTED DEBTS—OLD COUNTY FAIRS AND HORSES—GOLDSMITH MAID AND JUDGE FULLERTON—THE FIGURE EIGHT TRACK—THE BIG FAIR GROUND—THE HOOSIER.

THE FIRST STREET CARS.

In the year 1867 the people of Evansville decided that the place had taken on enough airs to begin the construction of a street car line and the officials immediately corresponded with capitalists in the east who had made a business of things of this kind with a view of inducing them to locate a line here. Several of our local capitalists were inclined to go in with them but four citizens took all the stock and it was but a short time until Main street, which was then entirely unimproved, was all torn up and rails were being put down. Up to that time Main street was of course the popular street of travel and it was decided that the one route which would at once commence to do a land office business, ought to extend from the top of the levee to the E. & T. H. depot at 8th and Main. This, they decided, would do away with omnibus, hacks, etc., and the traveler coming from the south and wishing to go north, and, vice versa, his brother coming down from Chicago going to the south, would find a speedy means of transit and at the time this Main street track was laid down, there was little or no talk about a line in any other part of the city. The work was done very speedily and it was soon announced in the papers that on a certain afternoon the street cars would begin running, (and for some reason while the people of the east spoke of these early cars as horse cars, we only knew then as street cars in Evansville). Promptly on time the car was loaded at the top of the levee and the one horse was attached to it and started to pull it but was unable to do so, so the crowd disembarked and very genially pushed it up to First and Main, when they went on their way rejoicing. It was found soon afterwards that this one block from Water to First could well be left out and the track was torn up and it is a fact that for a great many years and not until the lines were run into the hills below the city, this was the only real grade in the entire city of Evansville. And where is there another city of this size of which the same could be said? Cars that

are now going by the name of dinky cars, a few of which still remain in possession of the company as mementoes, were well patronized and while our people were used to exercise and cared very little for such a small thing as a walk of 8 blocks, they patronized the cars for the novelty of the thing. For a long time the single horse was used in the cars, when it was decided that mules were better propositions than horses, as they were sturdy little fellows and could stop and start without pulling themselves all to pieces as a horse did. About the next move was to get up a cross city line and as Cook's park was then the chief attraction in the suburbs, it was decided to run the line to that point and as there was a lot of cheap ground across from the park, it was utilized for the street car stables. About this time Mr. C. R. Bement was the chief holder of the stock and I think eventually controlled the most of it. This first line to Cook's Park ran along a raised road on one side of which was a hugh gully and near Fulton Avenue on the right-hand side going out, was another. In fact, that whole portion of town was cut up by hugh gullys which had been made by the overflow of water coming into Pigeon creek so that if an old pioneer could see that country today, he would hardly recognize it. Shortly after this there was a demand for car lines in all directions and one of the next to be built was a line to Oak Hill Cemetery. The first superintendent of the carlines here was a Mr. Wieland, a man from the east. He was succeeded by William Dean and he in turn by Billy Bahr, who was at the head of a great many changes and improvements. Then came Thomas Gist, also a practical street car man and then Mr. Herbert D. Moran, who represented a line of entirely new stockholders. They had plenty of money behind them and on the 15th of September, 1892, the first electric car was run. These, of course, would not compare to the cars of today, but it is due to the company to say that they have kept up with the march of improvement, have introduced better cars as fast as they were made and have today a very creditable outfit. After Mr. Moran retired, R. Smith became superintendent and then Mr. Fletcher M. Durbin, who holds the position at present. The company now has 36 miles of city lines and 31 miles of interurban lines. Many of these lines which reach out into these neighborhoods, do not pay anything on the investment but as new factories come in and these waste places will be settled, the travel will become more extensive and the street car company will begin to reap its reward.

It was in 1888 that the first electric railroad in the United States was put in operation at Richmond, Indiana. Electricity as a motor was then only in the early stages and it seemed as if everyone connected with the advance of electricity was determined to keep his knowledge profoundly a secret and all outsiders were excluded. Those who dealt in electrical motors had little to say about them but seemed to attempt to make their business mysterious. But many street railroad companies looked forward to storage battery cars as the only substitute for the horse car. Storage batteries had not proven a success and had been abandoned in several

places. It will be remembered that almost the first forward step in this part of the country in the way of getting rid of horse or mule power was taken up by Chicago with her cable lines and when it was found that they could be operated successfully, street car men seemed to feel that there was no need of their going further, but in Evansville no one thought of ever putting in a cable line. The street car men waited until the fact had been demonstrated that the trolley line was the only practicable method of running a car and though their first cars were more or less crude, it was not long until they had as good cars as could be built anywhere in this country. There has been some little trouble in Evansville as to the weight of the rails used and as to just what rights regarding the streets the railroad companies have and there have been many arguments on this question. However, these have been amicably adjusted, yet it is a fact well known to many citizens that when new streets have been put down the street car company has come very far from paying its proper proportion of the expenses. The asphalt on Walnut street is a very good case to which to refer. Where a double track exists the sum charged up to the property owners on Walnut street for the improving of the street was nothing more or less than outrageous, but the average citizen knew that all his time spent in kicking was wasted. Verily, the ways of asphalt are hard to understand. I know a whole lot about the matter, but what's the use of putting it in this book? Trinidad Pitch Lake Asphalt! Oh, ye suckers!

THE WHOLESALE TRADE.

Today many of us wonder how it is that Evansville, with all of its natural advantages, has not grown faster, and it is indeed a strange fact, with its beautiful level country around it, its beds of coal, its mighty river, its geographical position, its climate, its hospitable people. There is everything to recommend and I will now say that as far ago as the year 1850 these natural advantages appealed to at least one man. Mr. Samuel E. Gilbert had been in business in Mobile, Alabama, and having had a severe attack of yellow fever, was told by his physicians that he could not live longer in the South. He was then in the mercantile business for which he seemed well fitted and at once decided that he would move to the North and locate. At that time the little city of Madison was being boomed and he had heard of it from friends in the South and, leaving his business, he took his wife and son and taking a steamer started to Madison to look over the situation. At that time he had heard of Louisville, Kentucky, but had never heard of the name of Evansville, Indiana. When the boat reached this point, the captain told him that they would be delayed for some three hours, putting on freight, and told him that he might look over the little place, as it was getting to be quite a shipping point. Mr. Gilbert came up Main street and walked around the village and noticed the lay of the land, talked to some of the people and was very much impressed. He then returned to the boat

and proceeded to Madison, Indiana. This latter place was somewhat in advance of Evansville in the way of culture and other things, but he noted that back of it were rows of hills and saw that there was no chance for a city to extend its limits in any direction without going up these hills, which of course meant that it would never be a great wholesale or manufacturing city, but simply a city of homes. He also decided that it was too near Louisville and Cincinnati to ever hope to compete with these two places as a wholesale center. With the little city of Evansville still in his mind, he came back, hired a buggy of Joe Setchell, one of the old livery men, and drove out back through the country roads in every direction and when he returned, he said to Mr. Setchell, as he delivered his team, "You have a chance for a great city here and I am going to come here to locate, although I never heard of the place until last week." He brought his wife and son down from Madison, rented a building from Thomas Scantlin on Sycamore street just back of the Orr Iron Store and started the first exclusively wholesale grocery in Evansville. At that time there were two other firms, Bement & Viele and Heiman Bros. Both of these firms were in the grocery business, but had retail counters in connection. Mr. Gilbert decided that a good wholesale business could be worked up in this territory and taking a horse he went into Kentucky, up through the Green river country and succeeded in selling quite a lot of goods. He told the merchants in that country that if they had no money they could send down hides, furs, beeswax, tallow, or, in fact, anything that would sell, and they could get everything they wanted from him in the grocery line. Soon after that he engaged the late William H. Rust, who for many years was one of the old landmarks about the city and he was the second drummer to ever go out of Evansville. About that time Captain Frank P. Carson began to travel for the old Preston firm. This firm was at first Keen & Preston, but afterward the partnership was dissolved and they occupied separate stores. It soon began to be demonstrated that quite a large scope of country would buy goods from Evansville, if merchants were properly approached, and new wholesale houses began to spring up, so that by the time the war began the wholesale trade of Evansville was simply wonderful. There was keen competition in every line of business, whereas at the present there are some lines which have almost a monopoly, but in those days there were keen business rivals in every branch. A great amount of money was made by these wholesale men, who had the foresight to see that the war would create a great advance in prices, and many of them used every cent they could raise and used their credit to its greatest extent to purchase goods. At this time Samuel E. Gilbert, before mentioned, built a large brick warehouse in the rear of his residence on Second street, and packed it full with all sorts of articles that he knew would rise in price. He obtained a great deal of money through his marriage to his first wife and through this reason was enabled to lay in this very large stock. When the war came on the wholesale business was making rapid strides and the

only drawback the merchant had arose from the fact that they could not send goods to the South as fast as they were ordered, for a line of gunboats were soon along the Ohio river and to be allowed to ship goods even to our close neighbors in Kentucky, it was necessary to get a permit from a provost marshal on one of these boats. It is a matter of history that in those days there was more or less favoritism. Firms who had come here from Kentucky and Tennessee and were as loyal citizens as any were not allowed to send out goods to fill their orders in many cases, while merchants who had come from the districts in the East had no trouble in getting their permits. At times there was usually a gunboat in front of Evansville but at times it would leave for other points and when it came back and anchored, there would be a perfect fleet of skiffs taking the representatives of these wholesale houses out to the gunboats to get these permits. When the war closed no city in the United States reaped more benefit than those in this section. If course Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis, being larger, sold more goods, but Evansville got her full share. The South, after its four years of dire struggle, was almost in poverty and in many parts whole districts had barely the common necessities of life and they naturally turned to the North to get aid, and the position that Evansville held as the gateway to the South, so to speak, worked much to her advantage. Again, some of our best citizens had come from the southern states and located with us, so that there was a bond of sympathy which also had its effect. For several years after the war the trade kept growing. It was found that the houses were totally insufficient to accommodate the business and what is known as the wholesale district sprung up. The first block below Sycamore street was built by Samuel E. Gilbert and was known for many years as Gilbert's block. It was partially destroyed by fire some years ago. While D. J. Mackey was in the height of his prosperity, and leading member of the firm of Mackey Nisbet Company, he built their present building and also the magnificent building now occupied by the Hinkle Nisbet Company and Leich Drug Co. and others, while across the street Geo. S. Sonntag, Cyprian Preston andothers built up until the square between Sycamore and Vine on First was a complete row on both sides of handsome buildings. In those days it was not an unusual sight to see the sidewalks completely covered and piled with goods reaching clear out into the middle of the street, so that there was barely room for two drays to pass each other and a great majority of these goods went South. It is a strange fact, but nevertheless true, that even in those days the country north of Evansville never seemed to care to patronize it in any way or shape. The merchants in that section all brought in some other city if possible. They seemed determined that not one cent of their money should ever reach Evansville. No one knows why this should be the case, but it was probably a case of envy. After the country north of here became cut up by a network of railroads and dummy lines, they began to throw their trade here, but with all due respect to them, it was only because

they thought that they could save the freight and not from any great desire to help this city along. It is hard to tell just what factor produced the change in the wholesale business in Evansville. Possibly the inability of the merchants to compete with the enormous capital of the concerns in Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis, for it must be remembered that as fast as new lines of railroads were opened up and even ran to the doors of Evansville the drummers from these larger cities came in swarms and even sold their goods right in our own city. The gala day of wholesaling in Evansville was when we had packet lines up every stream near here. Green river, Cumberland river and the Tennessee river brought great quantities of goods. But just how much of this trade has been profit is something I cannot explain, for the reason given above. I only predict that the Evansville of the future will not be a great wholesaling Evansville, but a manufacturing Evansville. But by this I do not mean that the wholesale trade will ever grow less than it is at present. In fact, as little places spring up around us on the different traction lines, the trade will increase and the natural increase in population in the Pocket of the State of Indiana will also aid. Much has been said about the drummer as he was called in the old days, or the commercial traveler, as he insists on being called at present. But one thing certain, the commercial traveler knows nothing at all of the hardships and trials of the early drummer. In this connection I am again compelled to speak personally. For nine long years my home was in the saddle, except for a few months during the summer. I served in the saddle longer and more continuously than any cavalry man in the late war. At that time there were two railroads in this part of the country, the E. & T. H., which came into Evansville, and the I. C., which ran into Cairo. All through southern Illinois and north Kentucky, where now a man can go in any direction by rail, not a railroad had been even suggested. I have gotten into the saddle at the stable here in Evansville, started out to make a thirty or sixty day trip without ever seeing anything except wagons and horse-back riders. The grocery drummer carried his samples as follows: In a pair of saddlebags one side was full with several packages of coffee, sugar, syrup, tobacco, sometimes cigars, smoking tobacco, rice and what were known as the greatest staples in the grocery trade. In the other side he carried a few white collars, a change of underwear, socks and a few handkerchiefs. At the back of his saddle was a complete suit of rainproof clothes. Leggings, coat with no outside pockets (for they would catch the rain), and a rubber cap, to go over the back of the neck, giving the rider only a small V shaped place from which to note where he was going. He was supopsed to lay out his trip ahead, figuring just how long it would take him to ride from one town to another, how long it would take him to transact his business in each town and this list was left at the store, though there were no telegraph facilities or mail facilities enough to do any good. But the firm wanted to know where he was and more especially to check him up and see how much time he wasted. My house did not allow me to

stop for any kind of weather. I was supposed to make my trip every day, rain, shine or snow, and I have gone to out-of-the-way places like Harrisburg, Illinois, from the bottoms, with my horse breaking the ice at every step and crossing the bridges where I could not see them at all, but only got over through knowing their exact location. At one time while in a sulky which I used in summer, I was overtaken by a flood in what are known as Skillet Fork bottoms and had to swim the horse and sulky across the deep slough, trusting to luck that the horse would stop, while I crossed myself on a fallen tree some distance beyond. At another time I was caught by the freezing of Little and Big Wabash rivers and left my horse at New Haven, Illinois, crossed both rivers on very thin ice and walked into Mount Vernon, Indiana, and came up on the Mount Vernon stage. Thus I had to hustle to get home. At that time there were no express offices. The country was full of soldiers' pay checks and these passed current everywhere. These could be sent with almost perfect safety by mail, but bills and the gold and silver had to be carried by the drummers. In my case I used a very heavy buckskin belt and at one time had in as much as $10,000 on my person, part of it being in gold. I could only say that when I got home it was very easy to see where the belt went around my body. It had almost worn through. But the house did not accept any excuses from drummers in those days. We got good salaries but we earned them and we got probably profits one hundred percent greater than they are today. In these days all traveling men are honest. In those days, I am sorry to say, that there were some black sheep. The allurement of the poker table was too much for the morals of a great many and many looked on the wine when it was red and people thought no less of a drummer when he played poker and took an extra drink. This is an actual fact, and I am not exaggerating. In fact, any of the old merchants who are still living and will tell the truth about the wholesale days of Evansville, will tell you that when a country merchant came here to buy goods, there was always some drummer who traveled in his section whose duty it was to take him out and give him a good time. Sometimes a firm would send out a traveling man and suddenly all letters from him would cease and, owing to the unsettled conditions of the country, it would be very hard to locate him. In such a case it was necessary for the house to send out another man to follow him up right over his route, check up his collections, find how much he was indebted to the house and then find him. I remember being sent on one of these chases. In those days when we had a hard debt we took anything rather than go to law and get nothing, and my firm became the possessor of a little fox-eared mule about fifty years old for a bad debt. We lost track of a drummer who disappeared on the Tennessee river route. I took this mule, shaved his mane and tail, got on a Tennessee river boat, got off at Satillo, traded off the mule for a horse, and went to East Port, Mississippi, sold the horse and saddle, got a man to drive me to Iuka and there I found the relatives of the missing man. By this time I knew exactly how

much he was indebted to the firm, and also found that he had been drinking and, thoroughly disgusted with himself and the world in general, had gone to Texas. His old father and brothers were as nice men as I ever met. They at once made the claim good and I took the next boat and came home.

These are merely little drummer experiences to which all have their bearing on the wholesale trade of which I have been speaking.

COUNTY FAIRS AND HORSES.

Who dosn't love to see a beautiful horse? Even in these days when the automobile seems fair to be the vehicle of the future, the horse is still loved by those who owned him, drove him and knew all his good qualities before the automobile was invented. But this work is the history of the past and not supposed to be a prediction as to the future of the horse. But as he has existed in Evansville and at the old county fairs, he certainly deserves a place. It is unfortunate that at the present day it has been fully demonstrated that neither Evansville nor Vanderburg county will support a first-class fair. The history of the tri-state fair company which has so bravely tried to surmount so many difficulties, is conclusive proof of this fact. In the early days Henderson had its fairs even before Evansville, and the writer remembers when in the riding ring, which was a great feature in those days, when so many rode horse-back, Mr. Jacob Hunnel, who long ago passed away, rode a magnificent black horse belonging to Mr. Smith Gavitt at the Henderson fair and carried away a lovely silver cup from some of the best riders in the world. It is a fact that the Henderson fair company have met perhaps with greater success than any fair company ever attempted in Evansville. The same may be said of the New Harmony fair which for years has been a fixture. Even in the old days when the fairs at Evansville were yearly experiments, so to speak, New Harmony always had her fairs and the young people of Evansville always looked forward to the New Harmony fair dances with a great deal of excitement. And in fact at these same dances, almost half of the dancers were from the city of Evansville. The New Harmony fair has kept up to this day and seems to be a fixture.

Reverting to horses, what is now known as Main street was formerly the Plank road. That is, it was made of heavy planks securely fastened and braced and it offered a good chance for speeding horses to show what they could be. At that time John Smith Gavitt owned the best horses in Evansville. He was sheriff of the county and possibly ought to have been arrested for fast riding as there was little driving in those days, for I have often seen him start his fast horse at First and Main and go up the street as hard as the horse could go.

The first race track ever known here was to the left of Main street, beyond 5th. This was especially for running horses and was only a little

over 200 yards in length. The first track on which there was ever any driving was around the corn field which was in the very center of what is now the Heidlebach and Elsas enlargement. This track was made and kept up by those interested in horse flesh, and as late as the day when Captain Dexter came here with the steamer Quick Step and brought a bob-tailed pony, it was used by every one who had a good horse. John Stratton, an old English jokey owned several horses and drove for Captain Billy Brown, who was well-known in the old days for his love of horses.

The first fair, and by this I mean the fair in which the women of Evansville had a chance to show their handiwork, was given in the old American house, which was located on 4th street between Locust and Walnut. Here they brought their preserves and jellys, their home-made quilts, their cakes and the good old pies our mothers made and also crude specimens of fancy work, painting, and shell and bead work and the rivalry was very keen. Here also the farmers of the county showed their enormous pumpkins and great ears of corn, together with sweet and Irish potatoes and all manner of vegetables. There was no poultry show connected with it, for in those days there was nothing any better than the good dominick hen. There were no pigeons either as a pigeon worth more than 15 to 25c would have been called a rarity. Back of this market house where the Single Center Spring Company have their enormous building was quite a fruit tree grove and in it the farmers hitched their wagons. The first fair was a grand success. Aside from the natural heart-burnings of the ladies who each thought that her specimen was the best, it was decided by those interested that the next year a fair on larger scales be attempted. So a tract was laid off for a county fair and a small race meeting on the Stringtown road just this side of Pigeon creek, and for several years the fairs were given there and each one was self-supporting. The track was only ¼ of a mile in circumference, so as each horse had to go around four times to make his mile, and the track records were nothing like those of the present day. Philip Hornbrook, a most respected citizen and one whose descendants are still living here, was the president and A. D. Chute was the secretary. The trouble with this place was that to attend the fair, one had to go either by foot or in a vehicle so the company decided to build a new ground directly on the track of the E. & T. H. road. They therefore purchased a grove on the right side of the track going up, but cut many of the trees and made a figure eight track. They also put up cheap buildings in which to show the various exhibits. It was soon found that the figure eight track, while being just the thing for showing stock, could not well be used for racing horses, so more ground was obtained and a half-mile track made. It was decided to open the new track in a blaze of glory, so they got Goldsmith Maid, the greatest race mare of her day and Judge Fullerton, the next best trotter of that time, to go against each other. This race meeting was extensively advertised and that day lived long in the annals of Evansville. There were people here

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from all over the southern part of the state and from Illinois and Kentucky. Many came in their covered wagons and camped outside of the grounds and cooked their own meals, just to see this race. The record was much lower than present records, of course, but our people had a chance to see the two best horses in the United States at that day. Soon after there were a number of good horses owned in Evansville and surrounding towns and they competed on this track. There was Logan, owned by Kentucky people, Shakspere owned by Tom Denny of Boonville, Uncle Sam owned by Pete Gordner of Boonville and Tom Roach, owned by Tom Britton and Russell Bement. Also a gray mare, Katie Fish, owned by Geo. H. Fish, Lady Alice, owned by Van Riper. This mare afterwards passed into the possession of William Forth, who at that time was well off, owning a half interest in a splendid stable and also a half interest in the great horse, Tom Adams. Another great horse was bred by Mr. William Akin, who is still a good judge of horse flesh and sold by him at a good long price. About this time Mr. John Henry Morgan owned some high class thorough-bred runners and he had many contests with our Kentucky friends from Henderson and Owensboro. Mr. Morgan has also the credit of introducing what were known as the Morgan Blacks, medium sized well-muscled horses which he obtained somewhere in the east. The old stallion which was the head of his string, lived for a great many years and I am sorry to say passed his last days in a milk wagon. He still retained all the fire and high head action of his youth and I believe that Mr. Morgan, seeing him one day and realizing to what he had fallen, not having known that he was to be driven, bought him back and had him humanely killed.

Isaac Keen had a beautiful bay mare that he bought in Baltimore which won many prizes here. Tom Britton afterwards owned Red Hoosier and Mr. H. D. Allis, a beautiful black mare. Smith Gavitt, who was one of the greatest lovers of horses ever known here and a most intrepid rider, for he feared no living horse, lost his life in the Union army and with him died a noble horseman. After the days of Red Hoosier, Shakspere and Lady Alice, I fear the company lost heart, for several years it did not attempt to get up any more fairs. William Forth, however, turned out a great pacer, Rowdy Boy and the gray mare, Belle Lee, one of the most beautiful specimens of horse flesh ever seen anywhere. About this time the Diamond Club composed of young men, most of whom are now old merchants and professional men, owned several good horses and drove four-in-hands and tandem teams. Years afterwards the desire to get up a fair that would do credit to the growing city of Evansville again became prevalent and out of this idea grew the tri-state fair association. It started off most auspiciously. There were good entries for the track, stalls for live stock were well filled, and also the stalls for the merchants to display their stocks, and the stock in the company was easily worth par or more,

for it seemed that this was to become one of the great fixtures of Evansville.

The track was admitted by all who saw it, to be one of the best ever made in the United States. In fact many old horsemen claimed that it was the fastest track in America. This grew out of the fact that most eastern tracks were of sand or gravel, while this track was made out of hard clay which was gotten from the pond in the center of the fair ground and which was rolled until it became very hard and was still springy enough for good speed. The first few fairs were attended by great numbers of people, but by degrees the interest seemed to wane, until holders of stock began to place less and less value upon it. The buildings went to decay and nothing was kept up except the enormous grand stand to which an addition had been made during the palmy days of the administration. It is to be regretted that this great institution should have been allowed to go down but a similar fate has met most of the fair grounds all over the country. At this writing the ground is said to be for sale and so rapidly has the city built up in the direction of the fair grounds, that it is safe to assume that none of those who have kept their stock will lose anything. If, as projected, a magnificent building will be put up on the lower market space, it is safe to assume that the horse show, always a fascinating event, will take the place of the old fair. So much pressure is being brought to bear to effect the building of this auditorium, as it will probably be called, that there seems to be little doubt but that it will soon be built.

Although the automobile seems to be the vehicle of the future, it may be for years so high in price as to be beyond the pocket book of the men who can afford to keep a good horse and as our brethren across the river retain their love for horses, it is safe to say that Evansville, for some time, will contain many fine horses. It is many a long year since Mother Shipton prophesied "carriages without horses shall go" and it will probably be many years before the horse will go.

In 1830 the word Hoosiers became known as meaning Indiana people. In 1883 the New Year's address, published by the Indianapolis Journal, contained a poem written by John Findley of Richmond, Indiana. The poem was entitled "The Hoosier's Nest." The word Hoosier evidently was intended to convey the meaning of uncouth, crude and uncultivated people who lived in Indiana and the "smart set" who lived in the other parts of the United States wanted to construe the word to express odium of our people. When you take into consideration the advanced steps taken by the people of Indiana in educational matters, it only reflects on the ignorance of the people who tried to cast odium. Every Indianian today accepts the word "Hoosier" and feels proud of it. When a man from Indiana would go to California and was asked where he was from, he would reply, "I am a hoosier from Posey county, Hooppole township."

Much of this slang was started by the Pittsburg coal boatmen. Hooppole township came to be used in this way:

In the early boating days of this country, Mt. Vernon was a head center for the gathering of flatboat crews. At one time a large coat fleet had landed at that point from Pittsburg and a number of boatmen had gone up into the town and filled up on fighting whisky. They soon raised a disturbance and started in to clean out the town. At that time there were some large cooper shops along the river edge which employed some 25 or 30 coopers. As the boatmen and citizens were having a battle, these coopers, with a stout hooppole each went to the aid of the citizens and whipped these boatmen with the hooppoles and they remembered this for many a long day afterwards. Hence the name Hooppole township, Posey county.

CHAPTER XIV.

SLAVERY DAYS—THE UNDERGROUND—CONDITION OF SLAVES—THE TRICKS OF THE SLAVE THIEVES—SEVERAL STOLEN NEAR HERE—THE NEGRO QUESTION HANDLED WITHOUT GLOVES—HE BELONGS ON THE FARM AND NOT IN TOWN—A LITTLE EDUCATION OFTEN MAKES HIM A FOOL.

SLAVERY DAYS.

Now that the war has been over so long that nearly everyone has forgotten it except the few unforgiving ones who imagine that true bravery consists in hitting a man after he is down, and during the period of his actual lifetime, a little information regarding Indiana in the early day will come as a sort of a surprise. It will be news to many who imagine that Indiana, which lay north of Mason's and Dixon's line, which was supposed to divide the poor down-trodden slave of the south from the paradise of the north, was virtually at one time, a slave state. By that is meant that slaves could be owned here in Indiana and nobody attach any particular importance to them. Just across the river slavery existed of course, and it was no unusual thing to see slaves come across, transact business here and go back to Kentucky, perfectly contented, for at that time there had never been any agitation nor had the negro been educated by fool politicians to believe that his real place was in the halls of congress or in the presidential chair or at the head of some large manufacturing industry in the north. In fact, they were well contented with their lot. The writer in his youth mixed with many of them over in Kentucky. They were a careless happy race, with plenty to eat, good houses, and with no longing for any lot other than the one they then held. For many years before Gen. Clark captured what was known as the Northwest territory of which Indiana was a part, the French inhabitants of Vincennes and stations as far north as Detroit held slaves and dealt in them. Many of these traders made annual trips to New Orleans and brought back male and female slaves. At the time Vincennes was captured in 1779 there were at least 200 slaves there. When William Henry Harrison was made governor there were supposed to be some 500 in the territory, and is it not strange that William Henry Harrison, the pioneer father of the other Harrisons that are known throughout this country as republicans of the purest type, was from Virginia and favored slavery? The first judges appointed were owners of slaves. Judge Vanderburg was a slave owner at the time he was probate judge of Knox county.

It will be remembered that in another place this book speaks of slaves having been brought here from Tennessee by James Oakley, who lived on Riverside Avenue, but it is a matter of record that in his will he made no mention of them as being articles of property, having given them their freedom when he came across the river. But they stayed with him until the household was broken up. In 1806 an important case came up regarding the emancipation of a negro and his wife who had been brought from Kentucky and held without the formalities of the indenture laws of which I will speak later on. The judges heard the case and decided that the men who claimed them could hold them in this state provided they could prove that they were slaves. Two negroes who built a cabin on the Wabash river were kidnaped by a Frenchman and carried to New Orleans and sold into slavery. It is probable that they were originally slaves as at that time there were very few free negroes. A convention was called at Vincennes late in 1802 to decide on repealing article six of the ordinance of 1787 which prohibited the holding of slaves in all the territory which was then called the Northwest territory. The people agreed that this ordinance should be suspended. Mr. Randolph of the great Randolph family of Virginia, who was chairman of the committee, took a broad view of matters and one which an average southerner would not be expected to take. He said in effect, "The rapidly increasing population of this section of country is sufficient evidence to your committee that the labor of slaves is not necessary to evoke the growth of the south. Slave labor is the dearest that can be employed," and by this he meant what has often been a mooted question; that is whether or not it was not cheaper to hire white labor at an honest recompense than to own slaves, to be compelled to feed them, house them, clothe them and take care of them in sickness and in health. He stated that slave labor was only advantageous in the southern part of the United States. As against the importation of slave labor into Indiana, "At no distant day the state of Indiana will find ample remuneration for this temporary privation of labor." Meetings were held all over the state in 1802 and a petition was sent to congress to repeal the sixth article of the ordinance of 1787. About this time a great deal of juggling was done, but the general opinion of the citizens of southern Indiana was to the effect that they did not wish Indiana to become a slave state in any such term. The proportion of the anti-slavery people was so much greater than the slavery element that the latter saw that something must be done in order that they might still continue to get the work out of their slaves. So a most obnoxious indenture law was passed in 1807. This gave the people of the Indiana territory a right to bring in negroes or mulattoes over the age of 15 and who owed service as slaves in any of the states or territories of the United States, or for any citizens of the states or territories of the United States who had purchased the same, to bring them into Indiana. But they must within 30 days go before the clerk of the Court of Common Pleas of any county and in the presence of said clerk, agree with the slaves upon a certain term of

years during which the said slave should serve his or her owner or possessor. This was entered in a book or record and was a great deal like bonding. It went on to say that if any negro or mullatto refused to serve, he or she could be removed within 60 days to any place which the former desired. Again, if a person neglected to take advantage of this section and get the article of indenture on the record, they forfeited all claim and right to the service of the negro or mulatto. Each owner was required to register the name of each negro or mulatto and if they wished to remove the same from one county to another they were compelled to register the name of each on the books of record in the county to which they removed them. If they failed to do this they were fined $50. The duty of the clerk of the Court of Common Pleas was to demand and receive the bond of the African, the security being $500, payable to the governor or his successor in office, the condition being that after the term of service mentioned in the indenture had expired the slave could not become a charge on the county. Another section was that no person could take or carry out of this territory or aid in doing the same any person or persons owing or having owed service for labor. The owner of such person or persons previously obtained before any judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the county, should pay when convicted, $1000, 1-3 to the county and 2-3 to be used by the person taken or carried away. For each register of the above kind, the clerk received 75c.

The children born in this territory to parents of color who owed service or labor by indenture were compelled to serve the master or mistress of such parents, the male until the age of thirty and the female until the age of twenty-eight. The first laws for the indenture of slaves, it will be seen, were made by the Board of Control of Indiana, the governor and free federal judges in 1803. They provided that "Persons coming into the territory under contract to serve a stated period at any kind of labor, shall serve that term." This contract could be assigned by getting consent of the slaves. In 1805 another attempt was made to establish slavery in Indiana and an act for the importation of negroes and mulattoes was passed. It provided that any slaveholder in the United States could bring in slaves over fifteen years old, and within thirty days after coming enter into an agreement with such slaves before the clerk of the Court of Common Pleas as to the number of years such slaves would serve their master. If the slaves should refuse to agree, the master had sixty days in which to send them to a slave state. The laws of 1807 were the same as those of 1805, but these laws had a valid standing as they were in direct opposition to the laws passed by the Congress of the United States for the government of the Northwest Territory. But notwithstanding this, these indenture negroes were compelled to serve for the time specified and in many cases were taken out of this state and into a slave state where they were sold into slavery for life.

A writer says: "Unfortunately all the clear-cut laws prohibiting slavery in Indiana did not have much force with those entrusted with the administration of the laws. There was no secret about holding slaves." But in 1820 it seems that very few had been brought in, for the entire census of the state of Indiana showed only one hundred and ninety slaves. In Vanderburg County there were only ten and there were twenty-four counties in the state in which no slavery existed. It is sad to state that many negroes who were emancipated by their owners were kidnapped and sold into slavery in the South. An unfortunate fact was that the negro of that day could neither read nor write and often he was brought into the North and told that after residing here he would then have to sign a paper which was an emancipation paper and he would be a free negro forever. But he didn't realize that the paper he was signing made him about as much of a slave as before it was signed. Here is specimen of how it was done.

The papers would read something like this:

"On the first day of October, 1813, I, John Brown, have this day set free my slave, Thomas Jones, and I hereby make and acknowledge the emancipation paper for his complete freedom. The said Thomas Jones, for the privilege of being known as a free man has agreed to indenture his services to me for a period of thirty years from this date.

"John Brown."

"I, Thomas Jones, do hereby accept the emancipation papers for which I sincerely thank my former master and do cheerfully agree to indenture myself to the said John Brown as per the above agreement.

"Thomas Jones."

"X—My own mark."

This gave the party of the first part absolute control of the negro and if his working ability failed to come up to what he expected, it was no unusual thing to hear of his being suddenly kidnapped and sold into slavery somewhere down South.

Here is another taken from the records on September 26, 1813:

"I, Noah Freedman, of Indiana, on this date, do hereby emancipate my slave, Mary Ann, to enjoy all the rights of freedom that a negro and an uneducated woman can. It affords me great satisfaction to testify that she has been a most faithful and obedient servant. This paper and freedom to be in force and effect after the 26th day of September, 1830. Until that time she has indentured her services to me and my family.

"Noah Freedman."

"I, Mary Ann, the former servant of the master, agree to accept my emancipation papers and do agree to faithfully work for my mistress until the 30th day of September, 1833.

"Mary Ann."

"X—My mark.
"Witness—Jason Brown."

But here was the worst hypocrite of all and this is also taken from the records:

"This is to certify that I, James Hartwell, of my own free will and accord, do this day emancipate and give freedom to a negro slave named Charles Hope, brought by me from North Carolina. In making these papers I want to bear testimony to the painstaking and careful way he has done his work and that he is a quiet and most obedient servant and is always very easily managed. For these good qualities it affords me great pleasure to be able to give him his rightly earned freedom. For some necessary expenses that have to be incurred before he can leave the home he has so long lived at and for the love he has for me and my family, he hereby agrees to indenture his services to me for twenty-nine years from the 18th of October, 1809, which is the date of this agreement.

"James Hartwell."

"I, Charles Hope, do hereby acknowledge my thanks to my master for the kindness he has shown me in setting me free and I cheerfully accept the conditions in my freedom papers and agree to serve the time specified or until death. "Charles Hope."
"X—His mark."

Following the records, it shows that this hypocrite who at least might have saved himself the trouble of writing a lot of rot which in reality meant nothing but a splendid certificate in case he wanted to sell him, actually did sell him to a neighbor on the 18th day of the next November, for four head of horses, ten head of cattle, one hundred acres of land and a promissory note of $300. One can easily imagine that this negro must have been a remarkably good and able man. The next year this negro went with his master down the Wabash river on a pretended trip to Illinois but was carried further south and sold into slavery for life. Mention has been made elsewhere of the attachment of some of the slaves for their former masters and mistresses. This was exemplified many times after the slaves were given their freedom. The old house servants, who had grown up to know their masters and mistresses, loved them and refused to leave them. It was the field hands and the negro of the lower order who threw down everything, even leaving their implements in the fields and the stock unfed and gathered up their scanty stores and fled to the North.

In 1854 Col. J. B. Cockrain was visiting in an old settlement in southern Indiana. It became known to one of the young ladies that he was collecting data for a book about the state, the subject of slavery coming up. She informed him that the family had always kept the emancipation and indenture papers of old Tom, who was their slave, and said that she thought it would be interesting. She said that he might copy the papers provided he would not use their names, and they are as follows:

"May 26, 1815.

"To All Whom It May Concern:

"This is to certify that this day I have set free and by these presents do give emancipation papers to my faithful servant, Thomas Agneu, and from this date he shall be known as a free man. Given under my hand and seal.

"(Thomas Trueman.)

"Witness—(Joseph Forth.)"

"This is to certify that I have this day received my emancipation papers from my former master but as I do not know any other home but the one I have always loved and lived at, I do hereby indenture myself to him, Thomas Trueman, for thirty years from this date, he agreeing to feed and clothe me during that time.

"Thomas Agneu."

"X—His mark."

The story told by the young lady was as follows:

"Just before the state of Indiana was admitted into the Union, my father moved here from a slave state and brought with him Thomas, who was born on the estate. He had no thought that there would ever be any trouble about him, as Tom was as much of a fixture as anything else pertaining to the house, but a friend one day told him that parties were preparing to bring habeas corpus and emancipate him. The only thing my father could do was to emancipate him and have him indenture his time after he was a free man. This was done, as shown above, and Tom kept faithfully at work. This was twenty years before I was born. The good, faithful old slave worked with my father nearly twenty-seven years after the indenture was made, when my father died. Tom kept on working with my brother the same as before. On settling up the estate, we found that my father was more in debt than we had supposed and that there would be little left. A cousin of my father, who still lived in a slave state, held a mortgage on our farm. He was a regular Shylock and demanded the last cent, which would take everything, farm and all, at a forced sale. He, however, told my mother that if Tom would go home with him and work for him as long as he lived he would release the mortgage. This my mother would not consent to, as Tom had less than two years of his term to put in, and he was so faithful that she would not listen to any idea of a separation. Tom learned of the condition of things, as we never had any secrets from him, and he had actually agreed to go and give up his life's service for the family he loved so well. He would not consent to anything but that he must go and save the farm and family from want. The agreement was made, the mortgage was cancelled and Tom went to the home of his new master, now a slave in fact. Shortly after this my mother's uncle died and left her several thousand dollars. This made us independent and my mother's first thoughts were of Tom. She went South to hunt for him and found him working faithfully. She went to his mas-

ter, told him that she wanted to take Tom back with her and that she was prepared to pay him in full for his mortgage. This he refused, saying that Tom was priceless and that no money would buy him. She tried in every way to have him agree to let Tom go with her but he would not give in. Tom cried and told my mother not to mind, that he had only a short time to live, and was already feeling that old age was creeping on and that he would soon be in another country where no trouble could come. My mother was a woman full of nerve and she determined to get Tom if it could possibly be done. She was advised to go to Evansville and see a lawyer by the name of Conrad Baker."—This was our beloved Conrad Baker who served afterwards as governor of Indiana and who lived in the house now occupied by Mrs. Maggie Gray.—"My mother explained to him the whole situation and showed him where the proper evidence could be found. She also gave him the emancipation and indenture papers. Mr. Baker told her that there was no doubt about Tom being legally a free man and if he could only be gotten into a free state there would be no legal trouble. But it was found that this could not be done, so proceedings were brought in the county where Tom was held, to liberate him. The proper affidavits were made and the court decided that as he had indentured himself for thirty years and had worked over that time, he was now free. He came back to Indiana with my mother and lived with our family during the rest of his life, and when he died we gave him a royal funeral, feeling that we had lost our best friend and one of nature's noblemen."

After Col. Baker had been elected governor he wrote to Col. Cockrain and stated that in his whole law practice he had never handled a case which gave him as much satisfaction as the liberation of old Tom.

Such negroes as old Tom were a credit to the race. He loved the family that raised him. Many of us have known just such negroes and have loved them, as I did my old black mammy Eliza. My mother gave all her slaves their freedom, but to them it was no boon. In an old box is a poor little ring that dear mammy Eliza bought with her little savings and put on my baby fingers. I have had many a gift but none that came more from a true loving heart than this.

In the old days, stealing a horse was considered an awful crime and as in the countries in the far west now, a horse thief was in luck if he escaped hanging to the nearest tree when he was found with the stolen goods on him. Yet, for some reason, it was not considered very much of a crime to steal a slave and take him back south, and for several years prior to 1850 the country was full of fellows from the south devoid of all honesty who considered it a smart trick to capture a slave on any kind of a pretext and sell him into slavery. They were aided a great deal by the law which was passed in 1850 which gave slaveholders or those aiding them, the power to organize a posse at any point in the United States to aid them in this work, and made it the duty of the police and peace officers of the United States to aid them at all times in running down alleged

slaves and this also imposed heavy fines and penalties on any one who would refuse to assist. This was repugnant to a great many persons as Indiana never was intended to be a slave state and the greater number of people who had helped to make this town up to that time, were Eastern, people who were imbued with abolitionistic ideas. There was at that time an anti-slavery league in the east and very many wise and shrewd eastern men were in the organization. They had a detective system and a spy system to help those who were assisting runaway slaves to reach Canada. To be honest, they really had no more right to do this under the law than the southern men had to take back slaves under the law, but I give this to show what the general feeling was at that time. For the last few years before the Civil war, a runaway slave was easily captured in Indiana. There was a perfect system of spies who were firmly against slavery yet who never failed to proclaim themselves as being very deeply in favor of the slave system and through this they they were enabled to get into the good graces of all the southern slave-drivers who came into this region. These latter were often seen passing through the country and of course they were not really entitled to the name of southerners. They may have been born south, but they were of the Simon Legree type, a creature who has been shown up so often in Uncle Tom's Cabin. It will be remembered that Simon Legree was a down-east Yankee of the lowest type and so were these men who pretended to be southern gentlemen, but they had absolutely no right whatever to the name. I class them in the same category with the carpet baggers who were sent south by northern politicians just after the war or as plain horse thieves. They were all of the same type and it would have been a blessing to the country if they could have all been hung together. These slave hunters had their hand bills at every crossing. Many of us remember the old cut of the negro with a bundle carried at the end of a stick on his back. I have seen hundreds of them, and underneath, a description of some alleged runaway and the amount of reward that would be paid for his recovery. These anti-slave spies were able to counteract nearly all the efforts of the slave hunters. They would get information as to the negroes who were being sought after and at once put their friends on their guard and the negro would disappear.

One instance will show how things sometimes worked. An old negro had three sons, 15, 12, 10 years of age respectively. She was keeping them near here until she could send them to Liberia. The boys were good workers and had been here about two years. The old man, their father, was a free man and had married a slave and bought her freedom. One evening just as work for the day was closing two men rode up to the front of the house of the farmer for whom the boys were working and said they wanted to see them. They told him they had a description of three colored boys who were born in South Carolina and were slaves and they had called on him to get his assistance in turning them over to their rightful owners. Of course these two men had been posted by some confederate in the neigh-

borhood who had given a thorough description of the boys, as the description they furnished, tallied exactly. The farmer went into the house for a moment and then came back on the porch with his big bear gun in his hands. The men at once commenced to tell him that they did not want any trouble. He said there would be no trouble at all, but he just wanted to show them what kind of a machine he kept around the house to protect the boys so that they could sleep well and be able to do their work the next day. Said he, "These three boys are asleep out there," pointing to a little room in the yard, "and I don't want them disturbed. You cannot have them, fugitive law or any other law and I want to say that I have fits of anger that come on me once in a while and I feel one coming on right now, and" cocking his gun, "the best you can do is to git out of range of this gun. I don't want to hut you, but I am not responsible when these fits come on." They didn't stop to parley but went out and got on their horses and started down the road. When about 75 yards away the old farmer let that bear gun go and for years afterwards he would go into spasms of laughter when he told of what a noise the old gun made and how those fellows lay down on their horses' necks and yelled as they went through the woods. The funny thing was that the next year the farmer ran for the legislature and the confederate of these two men who had posted them, was one of his bitterest enemies. Of course this was because he had been deprived of the boys and he went all through the country telling what a bloodthirsty man the old farmer was and said he could prove that he did not think anything more of the life of a man than he did of a bear. Finally he got so bold about it, that the old farmer one day met him in a crowd and told him that as he had been telling about half of the story he might just as well finish it up and he then and there made him tell the whole thing and the medling fellow was laughed out of the town.

One negro was kidnaped at our little town of Princeton. He was a free man who had been given his freedom for saving his master's life in South Carolina. A maniac there had become desperate and had been kept in confinement in the best place they had but with a maniac's cunning he had escaped and was wandering over the country. Seeing this slave's owner at work in the field he crept up behind him and pinched his arms, threw him to the ground and was just starting to cut the man's throat when the negro ran up with a common garden hoe and felled him to the ground, killing him instantly. His master said, "Rube, from this day on you are a free man and I will make out your free papers at once." The papers were made out giving a full history of the reason and this was all recorded on the record books of the county in South Carolina where he lived. To make it certain that no one would ever disturb Rube, he had the history of the case engraved on a gold plate and had it attached to a chain that went around his neck so that if he should be stopped at any time he had only to show this to escape being molested. By some means Rube was captured, taken south and sold and it was in 1832 that he was again seen by a Mr.

Bayard who was getting cotton out of the river for a boat which he was running to New Orleans. At one landing where the planters were delivering from the sheds, a negro who was rolling the bales aboard, as he came back, stopped at Mr. Bayard's side and whispered quickly, "Don't you know me? I am Rube, who hunted with you in Indiana. Don't let anyone know." Bayard knew him in a moment and his first thought was to help him. So he told him to roll a few bales behind the cabin stairs. Rube told him that his master was on the bank and it would not do for them to be seen talking together but whispered to him that there was a woodyard a few miles below and he would be there when the boat landed for wood late that night. Rube met them at the woodyard and was immediately taken into the hold where he was kept during the entire trip and during the return trip, until they reached one of the military posts on the Arkansas river where Mr. Bayard told the whole story to the commander who agreed to take Rube home and send him back to South Carolina, which he did. The story of his being stolen then leaked out. It seems that Rube started for Evansville and on the road met two men with a wagon. They invited him to take a seat and Rube, who was very fond of showing his medal, told them his whole history. They told him that if he would cook for them they would take him home as they were going to stay in Evansville a few days and then go over to Tennessee and in a few days would be just a few miles from his old home in South Carolina. The poor negro being ignorant of geography, believed them. They did stay in this city for a short time and treated him very kindly but as soon as they got into Tennessee they went right over to Memphis and sold him, claiming that he was their slave whom they had owned since childhood. There seemed to have been quite a number of these negro stealers who made their headquarters around Princeton, as there are several cases on record where they succeeded in getting in their dirty work. In one case two men went to the cabin of two negro men both free, who had lived near Princeton for two years, one of whom could read and write. It is not known exactly how they were captured but the next heard of them they were rolling cotton on the levee at New Orleans.

Dr. Adams of Petersburg, tells of a barber who came to Petersburg and opened a shop. One of these negro hunters soon got a perfect description of him and suddenly a stranger appeared on the scene who produced a hand bill that gave an absolutely perfect description of the barber and which also showed that a reward of $200 was offered for his capture, it being claimed that he had run away from Tennessee three years before. They actually arrested him and were ready to start south with him, when Dr. Adams brought some kind of legal proceedings to gain a little time. He then sent a runner to Vincennes and got Robert LaPlante of the old LaPlante family of that city who build the first hotel there and which will be remembered by many people. Mr. LaPlante swore that the negro was born in a small house in his father's yard in Vincennes and that the

mother and father had worked for his parents up to the time the barber was nearly grown. There was no use in the stranger trying to combat such testimony, and it is strange to say no offer was made to arrest him and he was allowed to go free.

One of the most villainous schemes ever worked was one in which a father of Honorable Frank B. Posey took quite a part in breaking up. He was assisted by a minister, Rev. Hopkins. There were several free negroes living not far from Rockport and they had been working on the Wabash and Erie canal. They were strong healthy fellows and just the kind who would bring a big price in the south. It is needless to go into particulars, but there were three men all well-armed who got hold of the negroes and got them into a wagon and started south with them. Dr. Posey and Rev. Hopkins trailed them up but found that they were too strong for them, so stopped to talk with them, and while they were talking with them Dr. Posey took one of the lynch pins out of the wagon and stuck it in his pocket. This was a very serious thing in those days as the only way that the thieves could get along was to use wooden pegs which kept breaking and wearing off. This made their progress very slow and Dr. Posey and Rev. Hopkins were enabled to get ahead of them with some friends whom they had induced to assist them. They stopped them before they got to the river and bringing their guns to bear, soon had at least one of them pretty badly frightened. He started to tell the truth and was reminded by one of the other thieves that he had better remember his oath. At this he suddenly became mute just as the Italian Black Handers do in these days and Posey saw that the only way to get the truth was to separate him from the others. This was soon done and when once by himself he told the whole story. It showed that a hotel keeper who lived in Washington, Indiana, had gotten up the whole scheme and had sent for these men to go and steal these negroes and was to reap quite a share of the benefit.

The rescuing party was so strong that they took the thieves, tied them up and stripped them and then had the negroes give each of them 25 lashes apiece on their bare backs with hickory sticks and it is safe to say that the negroes came pretty nearly getting even right there. When the whipping was over they were untied and then gave 10 lashes each of the two men from Evansville who claimed that they had been merely hired to take charge of the wagon but as it was positively known to them at the time, what was going on, it was thought this admonition might be a good thing.

After the whipping was over, the rescuing party formed in line with their guns ready and pointed out the road leading to Evansville and told the party to "git" and it is needless to say that they "got." The rescuing party kept the express and team to pay them for the trouble to which they had been put and it is needless to say that no one ever came after them. The revolvers and rifle found were given to the negroes as it was decided that they had gone through enough torture to be entitled to them.

The funny thing about it was that some time afterwards it was heard that the parties who had been whipped arrived home and told a wonderful tale about how they had met a band of horse thieves who not only whipped them but took their team away from them.

This was about the best plan of rescue that was ever pulled off near here and Dr. Posey always said that its success was due to Rev. Hopkins whose keen mind had worked up the plot.

Just one more story.

In 1852 a large man riding a horse covered with lather rode into Princeton, Indiana. Tied to his saddle were a large whip and several pairs of handcuffs, while a brace of heavy revolvers was belted around his waist. He tied his horse to the rack at the public square and hurriedly posted up a notice of three runaway negroes, offering a reward of $500 for their capture. After this he had his horse put away and inquired for the best tavern. He then asked if anybody in Princeton would be willing to help him in getting three of his slaves who had run away, and he soon found two windy gentlemen who boasted of how successful they had been in capturing runaway negroes. They made a deal with him and the reward was to be divided betwen them if they would get three more men so as to make a strong party who could defy any rescue. The three men needed were soon gotten and their raid was planned.

It seems that they were after three negroes who were farming in Patoka bottoms. To reach them they would have to cross a certain little bridge and it was agreed that they would wait until a little before daylight so that none of the farmers would be up and then make the raid and hurry back with the negroes.

But several good men of Princeton had no difficulty in finding out the plans. Some time before, they had become so incensed at these slave-hunting bullies, who came heavily armed, pretending to be very bad men, etc., that they determined to give the next visitor a lesson and they had eight heavy bombs made by Kratz and Heilman, who had a machine shop in this city. Each of these bombs contained three pounds of powder with a screw attachment into which a time fuse could be put. They figured very nicely and slipped along the bank and laid their bombs and then hid until the proper time to light them.

Fortunately everything turned out just right, for the party had just gotten on to the bridge when they went off. These men told their friends afterwards in secret that such a Fourth of July celebration had never occurred in that country before. They said that each one of the bombs made a noise like a cannon and that long before the last one went off nothing could be heard except some horses going at full speed back to Princeton. The leader who posed as such a fire-eater was never seen and the men who helped him and who, up to that time, had been among the most obnoxious citizens of the little town, got such a lesson that they

changed to fairly good men. At any rate, they were never known to take part again in running off any negroes.

The strangest thing that ever happened in these perilous instances was where two men came from the South and obtained the services of a drunken kind of a fellow, and a hostler in a livery stable. The drunken fellow owned a large white bulldog, which he delighted in fighting and the hostler laid claim to a Newfoundland dog. By some means they had found while wandering through the woods a kind of nest at the foot of a large tree. Around it were pieces of bones and two pieces of corn bread, and they at once decided that runaway negroes had been hiding there at night and making the place their bed, coming out during the daytime to get such meals as they could until they could work their way further North. These two worthies kept the secret to themselves until a few days afterwards when they got in with two slave hunters. It seems that these slave hunters had heard of three negroes who were hiding in that section and took it for granted that they had found the very place to locate them. They decided to surround the bed that night and capture them and hurry them back to Evansville and across the river. At the proper time they surrounded the spot but heard no noise of any kind. The hostler had imbibed enough whisky to make him bold so he decided to rush in and stir out the negroes. But in going in he disturbed an enormous wild sow with a litter of pigs. His Newfoundland dog crept up and grabbed one of the pigs which immediately commenced to squeal, while the bull dog went for the sow, who added her squealings to the rest. At that time the country was full of wild hogs of whose ferocity I have spoken in another place. It seemed but a moment before the woods were full of them, coming from all directions. Several enormous boars attacked the dogs, ripping them open and killing them almost instantly. Another cut the legs of the hostler all to pieces while another went for the drunken fellow and tore his side until he was a cripple for life, while still another whirling around, attacked the horse of one of the slave hunters and tore his hind legs and threw off the rider which he at once attacked. In desperation the other slave hunter ran his horse alongside and his companion jumped on behind him and they escaped and while they were chasing the horse, the crippled man managed to get into a small tree and out of immediate danger. The horse had to be killed. It was such things as this incident that stopped the influx of the slave hunters into this country.

In the early days of Evansville, Judge A. L. Robinson was well known as the greatest abolitionist here. There may have been others who felt as strongly as he did, but he was the most outspoken in his belief. It was always hinted that he knew a great deal about what was known as the Underground Railway. I might mention several others, but as these things are all past and gone and the negroes will never again be in slavery, I do not think it best to take up too much space with this matter. I have only given these incidents because there are today so many people here who

CHESTNUT SCHOOL BUILDING

have no idea that such a state of affairs ever existed in Evansville and its immediate vicinity.

Having treated of slavery days and realizing that a large proportion of the population of Evansville is colored, it would be hardly right to leave the subject without some remarks on the condition of the negro in this city at the present day.

In my youth there were about six negro families in Evansville, and as I remember them, they were hard-working honorable people and esteemed by everyone. Who does not remember the dear old Aunty who for so many years was a consistent member of one of our best churches and who could be seen every Sunday in her pew. Others might stay away for one excuse or another, but she—never. One of the first restaurants of Evansville was conducted by a negro and it was then the Lottie of Evansville. In another family were some fine musicians who were called on to furnish music at almost every social affair. It was after the war that the colored population of Evansville began to increase so fast. Negroes came in hordes from every part of the south. Their great idea was that their only hope of not being put back into slavery was to get into a free state and when we think of how uneducated they were and what little chance they had to know anything of the great affairs of life, who can blame them? I realize that in taking up the question of the colored man, I am handling a subject on which many of the greatest writers in this country refuse to say anything. It must be remembered that for years these colored people did not even have to do their own thinking. Their masters thought for them. They were simply expected to work and they had no thought for the morrow, because they always knew that their meals and a place to sleep were assured. To take the race bred under these conditions for years and throw them on its own resources was indeed a stupendous undertaking and a mantle of charity ought to be thrown over a great many of their faults and failings during the war and just after the war. But at the present day, and I intend to call things by their right names, there is no excuse for the ignorant, shiftless nigger, for how many years has elapsed since the war and how much has been done to educate these people? If many of them are still uncouth, uneducated and shiftless, it must be attributed to the fact that they have no desire whatever to help themselves. The best men in their race have been for years trying to elevate them but where they stubbornly refuse to be elevated their sins should fall on their own heads. Some may say that they spring from a race which by heredity gives them instincts far different from the instincts of the white man. Yet this rule could not be applied to them as a race for in our own race are bloodthirsty wretches who every day of their lives disgrace the name of white man. Then take it in lower Europe today and look at the scum sent from the lowest cess pools of vice and ignorance of the races of that country and we have the Blackhand and Camorra, so that after all, all races are much like. The trouble with the negroes in Evansville is, and by this I mean the great

majority, that they do not reach out their hands and take the gifts that are offered them. Their preachers may preach to them, their best men may lecture to them, their teachers may try to instruct them and yet they are satisfied to live happy-go-lucky existences or to become puffed up with what they know, and imagine that they are not only the equal to the white man but in some cases, are superior. And this fault I have seen in a great many of the younger generation who have received education. Education has not helped them but has spoiled them. It has made them feel that they were too good to work—but enough of this.

The chief position of the negro in Evansville today seems to be to act as a factor in politics. Of course a great majority of them belong to the republican party as is quite natural. There are some who vote with the democrats and the trouble is that the leaders of both parties look on them as mere pieces of barter and sale, the only trouble being that none of the leaders are willing to state that "once bought they stay bought." It is no doubt a fact that negroes at every election receive money from both sides and no one knows how they vote. But it is a crying shame that elections in Evansville cannot be carried on without them and by this I mean without their being bought. The man who says that these colored folks are not bought simply stultifies himself. Every man in Evansville who knows anything at all, knows that the man who makes this statement lies and knows he is lying when he makes the statement and also knows that the other fellow knows he is lying. This may be rather plain, but it is nevertheless true. Only a few days ago a colored man whom I respect and esteem as I do a great many of their race whom I have known for years, and whose good qualities have always appealed to me, said about as follows:

"I don't think that I will ever vote in Evansville again. An honest negro never gets any credit for being honest. If he goes and votes for any party, the assumption is that he has been bought. The only credit he ever gets is from his own conscience and I doubt if that pays him enough for the time and trouble it takes to go to the poles and be harrassed by endless questions every time he wants to cast his ballot. The trouble with my people," he continued, "is that they are like a lot of sheep. They can be huddled together and under the influence of some spellbinder they go and vote blindly for any man who happens to be on the party's slate. They never stop to think whether the right men are on the slate or not and in this respect they are exactly as they were in the slavery days. They follow the will of their masters and seem to have no brains of their own. As for me, I am disgusted with the situation and, as I said, I don't think I will ever cast another vote here no matter how long I stay here."

For a time in Evansville the negroes were scattered all over the city. Unfortunately many of them were poor, even those who worked hard and faithfully from one year's end to another and they were not able to pay rent for decent cottages and therefore lived in all sorts of tumble-down structures. As these structures were condemned and tore down they were

forced to move still further out. As things exist now, a greater population of the negro population resides in what is known as Baptist Town in the 7th ward, though at various places on the outer streets there are neat little homes well cared for that belong to negro men, where they live clean moral lives and have the respect of their neighbors. One of the greatest evils with which we are confronted at the present, is the horde of little negroes who are growing up. They seem to have reverted and are lazy, idle, expert thieves and natural born liars. I have seen hundreds and hundreds of cases where it seemed impossible for them to tell the truth about anything. They refuse to go to school, wear clothes that ought to put them back in the forests of Africa, prowl through alleys committing all sorts of evils and when they are caught, immediately proceed to shed tears and draw on their well-worn stock of ready lies. The average policeman does not believe one story one of these little fellows tells and in this he is right. Just how to combat this evil I do not know, but this city would be a great deal better off if quite a number of these youthful savages were set outside of its limits forever. They are not the children of respectful and self-respecting parents. They are the offspring of the worthless niggers.

Of late the race question seems to have come up stronger than ever. In a speech made recently by one of the best posted men in the east he took the ground that the question would settle itself by the dying out of the negro just as has been the case with the Indians. All thinking men know that the hording of negroes in big cities means just what this man says. The negro's only hope is in agriculture. He can be a good farmer—though shiftless as a rule and he can never, with but few exceptions, be anything else. The case of J. J. Groves of Kansas, shows this plainly. Nearly every one who rides on the Union Pacific or Rock Island trains west of Kansas City has noticed a big brick house just north of the railroad tracks about half a mile east of Edwardsville, Kan. The house sits back from the roadway and up on the side of the bluffs. There are no trees to hide it, and the house is visible for several miles before one reaches Edwardsville from the east. Coming from the west the bluffs hide the big home until the train is almost even with it.

That house of twenty-two rooms cost $22,000 and it is owned by a negro, probably the richest in Kansas and one of the richest in the country. He has made it all in Kansas. None of his neighbors know how wealthy J. J. Groves really is. Groves probably knows but does not tell. He owns 523 acres of Kaw Valley land, every acre worth at least $150 and some of it worth nearly double that amount. Within a few days he has refused $30,000 for one 120 acre tract, not including any houses. This price was a valuation of $250 an acre for this tract, and Groves would not sell at that figure. The land pays good interest on a much higher valuation than that.

J. J. Groves was born in slavery in Green county, Ky., in 1859. Of course he never realized the trials of the slaves, as his people had been released from this when he was four years of age. But his former master was a good one and Groves stayed with him until he was twenty years old. Then he came to Kansas. This twenty-year old negro boy landed in Kansas City with just seventy-five cents in his pockets. He walked into what is now Armourdale. This part of Kansas City, Kan., was then farm lands. J. T. Williamson was a farmer there and Groves went to work for him.

At the beginning of the second spring Groves and Williamson made a deal whereby Groves was to work for Williamson at forty cents a day, but he should have some time of his own. Williamson lent him a team, seed and let him rent ten acres of ground. Three acres were planted to sweet potatoes, three to watermelons and the rest to Irish potatoes. Groves was married that year. Both man and wife worked hard and in two years they had saved enough from their share of the crops of the ten acres to buy a team of mules and a ramshackle old wagon. Then they moved to west of Edwardsville and rented sixty acres of land. In three years' time Groves and his wife cleared $2,200 from that sixty acres of land, and then they made the first payment on eighty acres of Kaw Valley land, which they still own, it being a part of their 523 acre holdings in Wyandotte county. As they made a surplus they invested it in other Kaw Valley lands, and later they bought 1,600 acres of Grove county wheat land. The Groves' farms in Wyandotte county included 602 acres until a short time ago, when an eighty acre tract was sold.

On the Groves estate in addition to the big brick house there are seven farm houses for hired help, one orchard of seven thousand trees, 220 acres of Irish potatoes, fifty acres of cabbage and other crops. All the farmhouses are large and comfortable. The big brick house is one of the finest farmhouses in the state. It is finished in solid oak, with oak doors with the panels inlaid with birch and ebony. The floors are all oak and maple. The walls are stenciled. The house is wired for electricity and piped for gas, and has hot and cold water in all the sleeping rooms. The plans were drawn by a Kansas City architect and the house embodies all the latest ideas for comfort and rich finish. Groves explained to the architect the size of the house he wanted and the finish. The architect drew plans that suited Groves and was told to go ahead. When the final cost came Groves paid the $22,000 cheerfully, as he knew he had a home that equalled, if it did not exceed, any other farmhouse in Kansas for size and splendor of finish.

In addition to this land holdings of 2,100 acres, Groves owns some property in Kansas City, stocks in industrial concerns and some public and private corporation bonds. Also he carries a large daily balance in several Kansas City banks.

The above is the story of what J. J. Groves, born in slavery, has done in thirty years. Groves employs nearly all negroes on his farms and he is

interested in getting members of his race back to the soil and away from the cities.

"The negro does not get much encouragement in the cities," said Groves. "There are worthless negroes, and many white people judge our race by these. But there are lots of honest and industrious colored people, too, but the conditions in the cities are such that they are not encouraged, and these are judged by the bad negroes. The negroes ought to get out of the cities. The farm is the place for them. I keep urging my friends to get out of the towns and go to the farms, and more and more are doing it. The race never will progress much in the cities, but it will go forward in the country, where its members are away from the evil influences of city life and the glamour and show.

"There is no race prejudice on the farm. A bushel of corn raised by a negro is worth just as much as a bushel of the same grade raised by a white man. The soil is there, and it is just as easy for the negro to get his living from it as it is for the white man. But it takes work. The negro can make more money with the same amount of work on the farm than he can in town, and he will be happier and better for it.

"When I go to Kansas City I talk to the negroes there and urge them to get out on the farms. I tell them they cannot afford to raise their children in town. When a white boy gets out of school in the summer time he always finds a job. There are plenty of jobs in town for white boys, but there are very few for the black boys. During the summer the little negro boys loaf around the streets, they get bad habits and they grow up to be lazy and shiftless. There is always work to be done on the farm and there are no streets to play in and no bad companions to play with, and the negro boys and girls raised on the farm do not become lazy and worthless.

"But when I talk this way to my people in the cities they say:—'I haven't any money to get started on the farm. I get a dollar or two a day here and it keeps us, but that is all.' That is the same sort of story you hear from lazy white men, who are always telling about how they would get along if they had the money to start with, instead of quitting loafing around, whittling sticks and getting out and making some money.

"Any negro who wants to can get out on the farm. All he needs to do is to make the change. Go anywhere in this country and get out in the country. There is plenty to do. He can find work easily. Let him work awhile. If he shows to the farmer and to the neighbors that he is industrious and honest and wants to do something for himself the way will be easy for him. He will have no trouble renting a little piece of land.

"The farmers will lend him their teams and tools and advance the seed and take their pay when the crop is harvested. I know a dozen of negroes who have done and are doing this. They do not find trouble. It takes only a year or two for a negro's share of the crops to be sufficient for him to buy his teams and tools and a little later he can buy a little land

of his own. All the capital any negro needs to get a start on the farm is his hands, a willingness to work and a determination to be honest."

If the negro would get out of town, give up his idea of making a living with an old ramshackle wagon and a half-starved horse or mule, it would be better for him. The Humane Societies all over the land are rapidly doing a good work in putting him out of business. He can't expect to feed his family and feed his horse on a few loads per day, picked up by chance. On every side are chances for him on the big farms, but he won't work if he can help it. He prefers to be his own boss, though he lives in a shanty and half the time hasn't enough to eat. I am speaking of course, of the race, as a race and not of the few hard-working ones.

CHAPTER XV.

COURT HOUSES AND JAILS—CRUDENESS OF THE FIRST ATTEMPTS—TWO NEW COURT HOUSES—HUME REDMON'S DEATH—SITE OF THE PRESENT COURT HOUSE—THE JAILS—SOME OF THE INMATES—A NEGRO FIEND AND A JACK-LEG LAWYER—THE FIRST RAILROADS—SLICK WORK—RAILROAD WIND—P. D. & E. SHOPS—THE SMOOTH-TONGUED VENNER.

COURT HOUSES AND JAILS.

As stated elsewhere, the first court house in Vanderburg County was a portion of the two-story frame building of Hugh McGary. To give the exact location, it stood about forty feet from Main street and twenty-five feet from Water street, fronting on Main, the view from the front being up the river. At this time the house was entirely surrounded by a growth of large trees. The downstairs was composed of the usual two rooms, divided by a hall and in the second story Mr. McGary resided with his family. This has a great deal to do with the early history of Vanderburg County, for it was in 1819 that it was decided to incorporate the village and there were twenty-nine votes in favor of it and none against it. Lots that had been donated to the county were offered for sale in order that some adequate county buildings might be erected, as it was imposing on the good nature of McGary to use his residence for a court room. A number of lots were sold which amounted to a little over $4,000. On the 15th of February, 1819, it was decided to locate a court house in the center of Main street at Third. This was afterwards altered to the south quarter of the public square, which occupied the four-quarter blocks on Main and Third streets. In June the square was cleaned up, but nothing further was done until 1820 when a pound, or, as called in those days, "stray pen," was erected which was made of white oak posts and rails and was about one hundred feet square. On the west quarter was a market house, which was torn down long before the writer came here. The new brick court house which was finally built, was on the south quarter block and was the first brick house in the town. It was very heavy looking, with heavy walls, strongly timbered and with a stone foundation three feet thick. It was thirty-four by forty-six feet in size and two stories high and was painted brown. At that time it was considered a very imposing building. There were five windows on each side and two in each end, while the door or main entrance was in the end fronting on Main street. The lower floor

was all brick. The contract was given Elisha Harrison and Daniel F. Goldsmith. They took the contract in April, 1819, and delivered over the building in May, 1820. At that time there was no money in the treasury and the building was paid for by orders which drew interest and as some of them were not taken up by the county for more than ten years, the cost was much increased. Strange as it may seem, a part of this building is still standing. There have been changes in the front of it, but the old bricks are still there and they lack only about ten years of being a century old. This speaks well for the quality of the bricks turned out in those days. Mr. James Newman up to 1837 kept the county records in his house, but at that time a fire-proof brick office was built eighteen by thirty feet large, just south of the court house. Again in 1833 a few changes were made in the court house and it was painted a deep green, but the county grew so fast and its business increased to such an extent that in 1852 a contract was let to James Roquet, one of whose sons still lives here, to build a new court house, jail and jailer's residence. This was to occupy the north corner of Main and Third. The contract was that it was to be finished by March 1, 1854, but there were many delays. The cost price was to be $14,000. Just before its completion, Christmas Eve, 1855, a fire began in the lumber yard of Robert Fergus, northeast of the court house, which destroyed the building. Some of the offices had been partially occupied and the records had been removed to them and were nearly all saved. In a year afterwards a contract to rebuild was let to Frank B. Allen for about the same price. This was completed in 1857 and will be remembered by many of our citizens. It was a two-story brick building in good style and crowned with a dome. The main entrance was through a portico supported by heavy Grecian columns. There was a corridor on either side in which were the offices of the auditor, clerk, sheriff, recorder and treasurer. The second floor was for the court room, commissioners' room, the jury room and the judge's office. Just next to it was the sheriff's residence with the jail in the rear. Many will remember when the late Gus Lemcke was elected sheriff and resided here with his family. This court house stood for many long years and in it were tried cases some of which, I am sorry to say, are still on the docket. At no time was it a greater center of attraction than on the day that two negroes were hanged to the lamp-posts just at the corner of Main and Third, or the night when Hume Redmon, the blood-thirsty brute and murderer, who murdered his young wife at Mount Vernon, was taken from the jail and killed just around the corner on Sycamore street, after which his lifeless body was thrown into the corridor, where it lay for several hours and where no man, with a spark of manhood in him, no matter how much sympathy he might have in his disposition, would pollute his hands by touching this debased hound. In fact, men who walked past him could hardly resist the temptation to kick his senseless body. As this may give an idea of what bad men were in the old times, a short history of this fiend may not be out of place.

He was born and raised in Posey County and was a cowardly brute by instinct. He was the kind of a man who continually posed as a bad man who wanted to kill somebody, though I have always believed that he was a most arrant coward, and if he had not so completely hypnotized the people of Mount Vernon most any man might have knocked him down and he would have never offered to fight. I make this assertion because I have always found that brutes who abuse women always show the white feather when they meet a real man. This Redmon had been a drinking, carousing loafer around Mount Vernon but had moved to a little farm a few miles from town. He never attempted to till it, because he was too lazy to work. How he lived no one ever knew, unless he terrorized his neighbors into giving him food. By frightening the father and brothers of an unsophisticated young girl, a daughter of a neighbor, he forced her to marry him and he immediately began a series of fiendish abuses. He would pinch her, burn her flesh and tortured her in every way and then when he wanted to go to town to go on one of his regular drunks, during which some one else always paid for his whisky, he would place her hands under a window sash, force the sash down and nail it tightly at the top, thus compelling this poor young thing to sit there, no matter what the weather might be, until he got good and ready to come back. He terrorized her, it seems, by telling her that if she ever complained he would kill her first and then all of her relatives. Finally, after a drunk of greater proportions than usual, he went home and, unfastening the window, began to abuse her. It seems that the poor young thing must have thought that she would be better off dead than alive and must have said something that angered him, for he pulled the nails from her fingers, choked her to death, left her there and went back to Mount Vernon. Some one found her and at last the Posey County people got a little courage into their hearts and arrested the fiend and he was put into a Mount Vernon jail.

Safely jailed where he could not intimidate, a mob soon formed and the cry, "Take him to the cabin and burn him," was taken up all over Mount Vernon. The sheriff spirted him away to this city but it soon became known that he was in the Evansville jail. Word was sent to the police here that a mob was coming from Mount Vernon to take him out, and the entire force was called out to repel them. At that time Geo. W. Newman was the chief of police. About midnight the mob came, in buggies and on horseback and began to form around the public square. At this time some fool turned in a fire alarm which sent the engines rushing in every direction. Men with sledge hammers broke in the jail door and though the sheriff tried to do his duty, I question very much whether he did not breathe a sigh of relief when the door broke in and they hurried to Redmon's cell, for he was too good a man to have a wretch of that kind even in a cell near his own family. Redmon was quickly hurried to a waiting buggy. The buggy started down Third and turned the corner of Sycamore. In it were two men and between them this cowardly murderer. An engine came tearing

down Sycamore, frightened the horse and turned the buggy over, and the wretch at once tried to escape but one of the sledge hammers was quickly brought down on his skull and he dropped a corpse. He was then dragged by the heels to the court house and left in a position which I described at first. Unfortunately, during the excitement and while the mob had turned away from the court house, shots were fired by the police and one young man the only son of a widow, who had done nothing save come with the others, was killed. No one has ever known who fired that shot, but it was uncalled for. If the police had stood at the door to keep the mob back and face them, man to man, it would have been different, but to fire at the back of a fleeing man, one who has not broken the law, is something not recognized in the presene police code. I believe that one or two others were hit but not killed. At any rate, this one boy was worth ten thousand wretches like the brute who met his deah at Sycamore and Third.

The building was again completed in 1857 and as the business kept increasing, it soon became thoroughly understood by the people that something must be done in the way of building a better court house and there were many who had the business discernment to see that if we attempted one at all, it would be well to erect a building which would last for all time to come and our present court house is the result. There have been many who have criticised the amount of money spent for this court house and also the choice of location, but it should be remembered that the old court house only occupied a quarter of a block and that it was almost impossible to buy more ground near it, and that also the building must be utilized until the new one was completed. The chief criticism regarding the location of the new court house was regarding the fact that it was built on what is known as "made ground," a portion of its structure being directly over the canal basin, but those who remember the old basin and its exact location, will testify that very little of the actual weight of the new building rests on what was the basin and also that the deep part of the excavation of the basin was on the west side. As is generally known, there has been slight settling in this building at times and there are those who predict that at some time there will be a gradual sinking of the entire structure, but they should remember that almost every building of any size in Evansville has settled.

Leaving the old days for a moment and coming back to the present, there are many who wonder why the foundations of buildings of any size in Evansville are so carefully built. This is because the soil under the main part of this city is of a sandy nature. There are many who will remember that the beautiful four-story 140-foot long queensware building on First street, built just after the war, suddenly sank one Sunday afternoon, the main portion of the building pitching forward into First street. Up to that time there had not been a crack in the building and no one has ever been able to account for this, yet only half a block below this stands the old Carpenter building which was used when the war broke out as a hospital, and though cracked in many places, has stood the test of time

ever since and is now occupied by Mr. John Hubbard as a seed store. A decision to build a new court house was reached in 1886. In 1887 the Union block, on one corner of which the old Union brewery once stood, bounded by 4th and 5th, and Vine and Division, was bought. In September of the same year, a contract for the new court house was let to Charles Pearce for $379,450, The jail and sheriff's residence and the fixtures and furnishing and other things reached in the end $650,000. The new court house was completed and opened for business in February, 1891. It was in 1869 that a criminal court was instituted in this county. This was in an old building that stood next to the Lottie hotel. It was a church when I came here and I remember that when but a boy I sat in one of the old seats and heard one of the old style exhorters preach and he so filled my young mind with the tortures of hell and the burning and the utter damnation of the souls of men, women, children and even babies, that to me he seemed like some monster, and I was so frightened that my father took me away before waiting for the final termination of the services. This goes to show that religion as everything else, has changed. One of these old time exhorters whose chief aim in life was to look sour, never smile, claim that it was by fasting and continued sourness and absolute lack of the milk of human kindness, that a man could get to heaven, could not get a salary of 10c in these days. That kind of religion has been superseded by some thing broader and founded more on the teachings of the Great Master.

After this a superior court was created as an aid to the criminal court. This was in the year 1877. This building was used until the new court house was completed. The postoffice at that time was in the lower part of this same building which was one of the old landmarks. I think that the late A. T. Whittelsey was the last postmaster who occupied this building.

JAILS.

On May 11, 1818, the plans were laid for the first jail in Vanderburg County. It was built on the public square a little back from the street. It was 12 feet in the clear, had double walls of oak, one foot apart, and filled with timber set on end and reaching three feet below the floor in the ground. The logs were notched at the ends so as to interlock, as that was the style of the times. The lower floor was double and the timbers crossed each other and passed through the inner wall abutting against the upright oak timbers. The second floor and ceiling was of heavy oak. The stairs were against the outside of the building and one led to the dungeon 4 by 12 in size, with two small iron-grated windows and this was the place for the vilest law offenders. The other room was for debtors and had 12 by 15 inch windows. This was a little larger than the dungeon. This jail was built by Hugh McGary at the cost of $875. It was sold September, 1829, for $19.37½. After that they kept their culprits at some tavern and secured them with a ball and chain and set some one to watch over them.

On September 26th, a contract was let for a new jail to be built on the same site. It took two months to finish it and it cost $350. It was two stories high, 18 by 32 feet in size, had a stone foundation, floors of hewn timber covered with plank, double walls with stone between in the lower story. The upper story had a single wall. When James Roquet built the court house, and completed it in 1855, he also built a jail which was used for nearly 40 years, that is, up to the time the present jail was occupied, which was in 1891. This structure was completed in 1855. It was of stone, two stories high, had sixteen cells and a capacity for 40 prisoners. A sheriff's residence was built at the same time on 3rd street. It was built of brick just in front of the jail. The sheriff's residence and jail of the present stand on Fourth street opposite the court house.

The following are some of the cases that came up:

At the second term of the circuit court held in May, 1818, the first cause for murder came up. Jesse McGary was a rough backwoodsman living in what is now Scott township. He was charged with killing his wife Catharine. He entered a plea of "not guilty" and they postponed his trial. His bond was fixed at $10,000. At the March term 1819 he was tried before a jury and found "not guilty." The acquittal was secured on a singular plea. McGary and his wife had had some trouble of some sort and one day as Catharine was entering the cabin door, Jesse shot her through the heart with his rifle. On trial he declared that he had shot at the dog not knowing his wife was at that moment about to enter the house and that he had accidentally killed her instead of the dog.

An interesting scene was the suit of chancery or equity, brought by Joseph M. McDowell, et al. vs. John J. Audubon, et al. The subsequent career of the principal respondent in the suit caused greater interest to attach to the case than would perhaps otherwise belong to it. This Audubon afterwards became the celebrated ornithologist. He was a Frenchman but had, previous to the suit, established a steam saw mill at Henderson, Kentucky, and failed in the enterprise. Later he moved to Louisville. McDowell charged in his complaint, that Audubon and others had sold some land 569 acres in fractional sections 2 and 3, township 7 south, range 11 west—to the plaintiffs for $300. Jacob Gall had effected the sale. It was charged that Audubon's interest in the tract was obtained surreptitiously and fraudulently. Audubon answered that Gall had signed portions of the land to him previous to the sale to secure or indemnify him against loss of money loaned Gall. The case was finally determined in the October term 1822. The decision went adverse to the complainants and they were also forced to pay the costs of the suit.

But the first judicial execution was the hanging of John Harvey for the murder of a man named Casey near the old McDowell farm in Union township. The trial was heard before Judges Goodlet, McGary and Olmstead, by a jury whose names were Joseph Wilson, Joseph McCallister, Samuel Henyon, Elisha Durphey, Lewis Williams, John Fickas, Henry

James, Elijah Walters, Ben Barker and Robert Gibson. After a brief deliberation the jury returned the verdict of guilty. The motion for a new trial was denied. A motion to arrest judgment was overruled and on June 7, 1823, he was sentenced to be hung on the 27th of the same month. Near the center of the west quarter the gallows was erected. The militia under Gen. Robert M. Evans and Col. Hugh McGary was on the grounds, four abreast, in the form of a hollow square around the gallows. When Sheriff R. N. Warner shook the hands of the condemned man in eternal goodbye, the officer cried openly. The trap was sprung and after the body was cut down the soldiers marched away. The dead criminal was buried near the foot of the gallows. Years afterward when excavating for a building, the bones were dug up and afterwards wired by Dr. Isaac Hutchinson. Some doubted his intentional guilt, as it was said there was a woman back of it all. In those days the ability to fight was looked on as an evidence of perfect manhood. The average man did not seek to influence any one by soft words, but doubled up his fists and gave him to understand that fists were the most persuasive arguments, so it is not a matter of surprise that many of the very best men in the little town were indicted in that very court house. Hugh McGary was indicted for obtaining money under false pretenses. A preacher was fined 1c for being mixed up in some shady legal transaction. There were indictments for extortion, taking up horses without leave, practicing medicine without license, disturbing religious meetings, gambling and betting, for in those days it was illegal to bet. In 1836 John Evans and Mr. Goodsell bet $500 on an electoral vote of Indiana, Evans betting that Gen. Harrison would get the vote. Evans was fined 1c and Goodsell $30.52. Just why he was fined so much more than Evans was probably one of the political transactions of the day. Dr. William Trafton, who stood very high as a physician was arrested for claiming two colored women and four children who were set free in Mississippi on the death of their master.

There have only been two legal executions in this county. The last one was in 1871, one Ben Sawyer, a big negro who hung for the murder of his wife on the steamer Thomas, as she lay at the wharf just below Vine street. Ben was a black brute and his wife had left him and refused to go back and live with him. She was ironing in the wash room of the Thomas and he slipped up behind her and beat her head almost to a pulp with a flat iron. The trial only lasted two days and on Friday, the 26th of May, he was executed in the jail yard by the sheriff. In this connection as a matter of ancedote it might be well to refer to another hanging that should have taken place in this county, not so many years ago. A poor little German child was killed in a field on the Mt. Vernon road. The circumstances were particularly atrocious.

In the working up of the case, the detective and police found where a negro had been seen near the field, where the brutal murder occurred. He had been traced to a buggy, and had ridden to Mt. Vernon with a man.

In Mt. Vernon he had changed his bloody clothes and had then crossed the river and gone into hiding somewhere near a small Kentucky town. He was arrested but through the work of a jackleg lawyer was never brought back here. It was generally understood at that time by people who looked below the surface, that it was a matter in which politics cut quite a figure. At any rate, this negro who, without a doubt, was guilty, was saved by this lawyer and if the latter can ever make his peace with his God, let it be hoped that it may come before his death. As it is, it was one of the most outrageous perversions of justice that ever occurred in this neighborhood. The negro should have been brought here and hung. Of all those who remember the case, not one out of 100 ever had the least doubt as to who committed this deed, and it was the common comment that at the same time that when the negro suffered his penalty on the gallows the jackleg lawyer should have been given a coat of tar and feathers and run out of the state he had disgraced forever.

THE RAILROADS.

Almost as sad as the history of the canal is a portion of the history of the early railroads of Evansville. By this is meant the various roads that came into the city for a time after the E. & T. H. railroad was built. The history of almost all railroads in the west at that time was the same. They were built not with much idea of helping the country, as the smooth tongued orators stated, but with a view of making easy money for the promoters. In their desire to get these roads through and at the same time make large sums of money for themselves, these men stopped at nothing. No promise was too great for them to make. No assertion of possibility or probability of the railroad was too great. The plan was worked about as follows:

Backed by a small amount of Eastern capital, certain oily tongued individuals would be sent to go over a country through which their backers in the east imagined a railroad could be run. These parties then made quite a display of surveying implements and would first map out a prospective route. Then a member would go to each little town while the others took in the farmers along the line and they all told about the same story. The object was to make the town think and the farmers think that the only way for any absolute progress in the future would be to run that railroad through. Thus they got the farmers to donate Rights of Way through their lands and by smooth work and possibly by the judicious outlay of a little money, they prevailed on each town on the route to give a certain amount. Then they would go to work, not with any thought of making anything of the great Trunk Line about which they had done so much talking, but with the sole idea of getting down some kind of a road which would be equipped with any sort of locomotives and cars to run for a short time. They knew full well that the road would never pay expenses, not for one single day. Even though they drew into their rings conserv-

ative business men who were supposed to have some voice in matters, everything was manipulated in the East and whenever the East decided that it was time for the road to break up and go into the hands of a receiver, it was quickly done. These receivers, it is needless to say, had full instructions from those higher up. It is probable that many citizens know the story of several receiverships in Evansville and how one receiver who gained his position through political influence, drew $12,000 salary each year, but was never here but once during each twelve months, and probably knew as little about the real condition of the road as any boy who could be picked up on the streets. However, he drew his salary all the same. This matter might be dwelt on more fully but there is no desire on the part of this work to open up old sores. The railroads then built have passed into the hands of other parties as was intended from the beginning and Evansville is left with an enormous debt to pay for something she never received. As this matter will be taken up later on, it will be dismissed for the present.

In the year 1835 an improved bill was introduced which provided for the building of a railroad running northward from Evansville, but it was not until 1837 that its success was looked for. The country was in such a bad condition financially that no one hoped that the money could be raised to build a railroad and it was more than ten years before anything more was done. Evansville had been growing in the meantime and had a city charter and was already looked on as one of the coming cities of the state of Indiana. Her citizens saw that a railroad to bring in the rich supplies from the northern country was an absolute necessity and even at that time they hoped for the same great connection with the lakes that had been hoped for at the time the canal was built. Laws had been passed by which local aid might be granted the road through the votes of the people. In March, 1849, the county commissioners ordered an election for April 12th, to decide upon the feeling of the people on the question of subscribing for stocks amounting to $100,000 in the Evansville & Indianapolis Railroad Company. The proposition carried 624 votes for it and 288 against it. In June of the same year the county auditor was ordered to subscribe for 500 shares at once and 1,500 shares more after the Railroad company was fully organized. The county treasury was at that time low, and the treasurer was ordered to negotiate for a four months note for $1,020.50, running four months at the Evansville Branch bank. The proceeds to go to subscription payments, the ratio being $2 on each 500 shares. In August, 1849, James T. Walker was authorized to vote the 500 shares of stock. The directors were Samuel Hall, James Bosswell, of Princeton, James Lockheart, John Ingle, Jr., John S. Hopkins, James E. Jones, John Hewson, Samuel Orr, and Michael E. Jones, of this city. At the next election Mr. Walker voted as proxy 2,000 shares, and the only change was that the name of Mr. Boswell was dropped from the roll of Directors and that of Willard Carpenter substituted. To pay the balance due on subscription,

the county issued $99,000 in 6 per cent bonds in December, 1849, which were delivered to Samuel Hall, president of the railroad, in return for a certificate for 200 shares of stock. The bonds were of small average valuation and the interest was payable in Evansville. This interfered with their sale in the East and later these very inartistic bonds were exchanged for beautiful new ones in large dimensions for coupons payable in New York, and while this did not increase their value, they certainly looked more like real bonds. It is a strange fact that even in those days a beautifully executed bond, glittering with gold leaf and done in fine type, though of really small intrinsic value, would more easily attract a purchaser than an absolutely good bond done in a western printing office. In June, 1854, the county auditor was authorized to issue certificates in payment of taxes levied in 1850-51 and '53 to each tax payer. These were presented at the office and scrip was issued for them. When a sufficient amount of these was accumulated, say $50 worth, that amount of railroad stock was issued to the tax payer who thus became part owner of the road. The railroad company, however, soon found that the people were getting too much stock and transactions of this kind were very suddenly stopped. Vanderburg county held this stock for many years, drawing dividends on the same. In 1875 Philip Decker offered to buy the shares owned by the county and the sale was actually made to Mr. Decker through Arnold Schraeder, $36,000 being the amount of the purchase money. Judge Richardson, however, of the circuit court, secured an injunction and prevented the sale. In June following, Messrs. Decker, Shrader, W. R. McKeen, of Terre Haute, and John E. Martin, returned the stock and received their money back and on June 30, 1881, the stock being offered at public auction by the auditor, it was sold to David J. Mackey for $150,000. The city of Evansville as well as the county of Vanderburg helped in the building of this railroad by subscribing for $100,000 of its stock and this went with the other to D. J. Mackey for $150,000. The road was finally finished and put in operation in 1853. First it was called the Evansville and Indianapolis, after that the Evansville and Crawfordsville, which latter name was then changed to Evansville and Terre Haute. Samuel Hall of course was the first president. He was an absolutely honest and honorable man and in every way fitted for the position. His successor was John Ingle, Jr., one of the most able men of this city. He was a lawyer by profession, full of energy and a good thinker and a man well capable of conducting the affairs of a railroad. He was president of the road until shortly before his death at which time Mr. John E. Martin became president and also held that position for many a year. Mr. Martin introduced many improvements and under his able management the road rapidly increased in value. His connection ceased only when D. J. Mackey took control. Mr. Mackey's management of this road was wonderful. In every detail his hand could be seen. He was an incessant worker and is said, knew every foot of the road bed by heart, having walked over it from this city to Terre Haute

ELKS' HOME, EVANSVILLE

many times. He was a man of boundless ambition and his greatest ambition was to make the E. & T. H. a part of a Grand Trunk line from Chicago to Evansville, thus making Evansville the often called "Gateway to the South." For some years there was a struggle between Terre Haute and Evansville for the location of the shops, but they were located here and will always remain here. It is impossible today to fix a valuation on this railroad. While it does not always appear among the quoted stocks in New York, it is known as one of the best and most ably managed roads in the west. Its business will never decrease and with the opening of the Panama Canal and the naturally increasing traffic on the Ohio, no one can tell what its possibilities may be. The above road was scarcely completed and its northern terminal fixed upon, before there was an agitation to build a road from this city direct to Indianapolis. It would in some respects be a rival to the E. & T. H. but only for a short distance and it was estimated that there was room enough for both. The prime mover in this new road was Willard Carpenter who spent several years of very hard work in trying to get it through. Mr. Carpenter had been one of the prime movers in the building of the E. & T. H. and had taken more stock than any other two men in the county, but his object had always been to run the road up the White river valley to Indianapolis. He always claimed that this was the only proper thing to do. So in 1853 he resigned as director and with Ex-Senator E. H. Smith made an agreement to build a road from Evansville to Indianapolis to be known as the Straight Line. Some $900,000 was procured along the line. Mr. Carpenter himself subscribed $65,000 and grading progressed rapidly for fifty-five miles, at which time Mr. Carpenter went to Europe to purchase the rails. It was at this time that he first found that he was surrounded by enemies who had gotten up a pamphlet containing misrepresentations which was distributed among the banks and the rail makers in London, Paris and Wales. So well was this work done that his plans were completely prostrated. He finally called on Vorse, Perkins & Co., who had houses both in London and in New York, and after much negotiations made a contract with that firm. His agreement was to pay $12,000 in mortgage bonds per mile on the road, $200,000 worth of real estate bonds and $100,0000 of Evansville city bonds, which the city had subscribed but had not delivered to him. All other bonds he had with him and they were to be handed over in July to the New York house of Vorse Perkins & Co. Mr. Carpenter wrote to Mr. Henry D. Allis, urging him to call the city council together and deliver the $100,000 of bonds to Vorse Perkins & Co. in New York, but the enemies of the road were now at work in his own city and the council refused. Mr. Carpenter then offered to secure them by mortgaging all his real estate in both the city and county (which was very extensive) to indemnify them, so that cars might be running over the first fifty-five miles to the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad crossing before December, 1859, but council made a mistake by refusing to do this. Of course certain pressure was brought to bear upon them, but as to

that, this work has nothing to say. The fact remains that their work caused the failure of the Straight Line railroad and it was one of the greatest detriments that could have happened to the city of Evansville. Of course the road has virtually been built since this, but it was at this council meeting that the big mistake was made. The bed to this old road of course still remained grown up with trees and undergrowth of every kind, until R. G. Hervy of Terre Haute got hold of the old franchise and induced the city by popular vote to grant aid to the amount of $300,000. This money, however, was never paid, as the road was not constructed as promised. But the city's promise hung over it as a debt for many years and it was at length compromised by an agreement on the city's part, to pay $196,000. Bonds were issued for this amount. Mr. Hervy did not complete the road though this construction was well under way when he sold all his interests to D. J. Mackey. Mr. Mackey paid Hervy's debts for grading. Under Mr. Mackey's management, however, it was completed and is now one of the important factors in the railroad system of Evansville. In 1879 a company known as the Local Trade Company undertook to construct a system of roads in Evansville and as the name would intimate, the idea was to built roads which would bring in all the trade of the surrounding neighborhood of this city. The first president was a lawyer, Robert E. Hill. It first asked for $100,000, then withdrew the petition and asked for $150,000. The people refused to grant this but subsequently they voted to give the road $65,000 if it should be completed by January, 1881. The road was not completed and these bonds were destroyed and it is a great misfortune that the city was not able to destroy certain other bonds at the same time. This Local Trade Company then submitted another proposition by which it undertook to construct the Peoria, Decatur & Evansville road. They asked $100,000 for this. This proposition did not meet with popular approval. The Peoria, Decatur & Evansville later on asked the city to subscribe for $125,000 of its stock, agreeing to construct its road and maintain its shops in this city. The amount was voted and bonds were issued for 1,250 shares of the stock May 1, 1880. Many will remember the great line of talk that was made about the wonderful amount of business that these shops would bring to Evansville. This formed the topic of many a speech and the only trouble is that too many people took these speeches as they were given and not for what they were worth, for it was soon found that though a sort of building was erected for the shops, there had never been any intention to carry the work on in this city. These bonds were taken up in 1881. The stock was sold for $125,000, and the P. D. & E. road became a part of the Mackey system. The lines owned and operated by the great L. & N. Railroad Company formed a very important part of the system of Evansville railroads and while at present every one appreciates the great help that this road has been to this city, it may be well to go back to their connections with the road and state a few facts.

In 1870 the city and county respectively, subscribed for $150,000 city and $120,000 county of stock in the Evansville, Cincinnati and Paducah railroad company. These amounts were afterwards doubled, on the consolidation of that road with the Evansville and Southern Illinois to the St. Louis and Southwestern Railroad Companies. In 1873 these consolidated lines got the name of the St. Louis and Southwestern Railroad Company, delivered its stock certificates to the city and county and received bonds in payment therefor. The city in the meantime had also subscribed for $300,000 worth of stock of the Evansville, Henderson and Nashville railroad company, had paid $500,000 in cash, and had delivered bonds for the remainder of the amount. By the consolidation of these various lines which connected Evansville with the southwest, the name of Evansville, the city that had given far more than what her share should have been, was completely wiped out. This met with righteous indignation on the part of many citizens and it will be remembered that Hiram E. Reed called a public meeting and told the people a few things about what had been done and how they had been done. At that time Gen. Winslow was president of the road, and when he learned that steps had been taken to prevent the delivery of the bonds, he offered to compromise by agreeing that the road should be advertised on all its cars at all its stations and in all its advertising matter, as the St. Louis, Evansville and Nashville Railroad Company. Having gotten hold of the bonds, it is needless to say that it was only a short time until the rain or something else completely wiped out the name of Evansville. Another thing, while it may not have been a matter of black and white, it was absolutely understood when the people voted to aid the road, that the company was to build and maintain its shops in this city. The paper was lost and I only wish I could give the name of the man who helped lose it. And in the record of the contract. strange enough, there was no reference to the shops, so the road located its shops at Mt. Vernon, Illinois. Winslow then consolidated the west and southern divisions of the line in 1872. His claim was that it would lessen the cost of operation and now for figures. There were no flies on Winslow.

When this consolidation was accomplished, the Western division was bonded for $1,500,000 and the southern division for $1,100,000 and the stock and the road of which the city of Evansville held $600,000 worth, was worth the paper it was written on and no more. So much for smooth railroad work. In 1874 it passed, of course, as was usual in those days, into the hands of a receiver and so bought up the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company. The bonds which we are paying for today and which our children will continue to pay off, are the result of just such manipulations as the above, aided by the smooth-tongued C. H. Venner, mention of whom will appear later .on. In 1885 the L. & N. built a splendid steel bridge at Henderson. It is needless to say that though this road bears the southern name, and is supposed to be the connecting link between two

southern cities and the name of Evansville does not appear, it has a warm place in the hearts of every true citizen, for it never promised anything which it did not do. Its immense shops at Howell virtually built up that beautiful suburban city, while its splended passenger station and freight yards completed but a short time ago, show only too well that although Evansville is not on their cars, it cuts an important figure with their management. Another road was the Lake Erie, Evansville and Southwestern, which was designed to connect with northern and western cities, but its means were small and after building the road as far as Boonville, it was compelled for some time to stop, they being unable to build any further. It passed into the hands of a receiver and became the property of the Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis, called the Air Line. The road was so extended that at Huntingburg it connects directly with the main line from Louisville to St. Louis. This line runs over a country of magnificent mineral resources. Along it are immense amounts of the very best stone for ballast material for making lime, etc., while underneath it, for almost its entire distance, are vast beds of coal. Even if it does no local business, there is enough freight of this nature to keep its entire rolling stock busy during all the whole year. The Ohio Valley road runs from Evansville to Nashville, Tennessee, by way of Princeton and Hopkinsville, Kentucky, and comes through a very fine agricultural country. It also brings much trade to the wholesale merchants of Evansville. It has always been well managed and while not as important a road as some others, is a valuable acquisition to the city. The belt line is a road that runs around the entire city and connecting all the roads and running switches into great manufacturing plants and thereby making itself a most important adjunct to progress. In 1873 the Evansville and Louisville narrow gauge railroad company asked for $225,000 from the county but the petition was withdrawn and in 1874 the Evansville, Jackson and New Orleans railroad company asked for $300,000. For this an election was ordered but the order was afterwards rescinded. In 1875 the Henderson Mining and Transportation company asked for $200,000 to aid in building a road to begin at the river bank just opposite the city and run to Henderson. This was to be a Gap road, but while much was talked of at the time, nothing was done regarding it. In 1875 the Evansville and Newburgh Narrow Gauge asked for $22,000 but the proposition did not carry at the polls. Glancing at the above figures one will note how many demands have been made to start different roads and what vast amounts of money this city and county have been asked to give. Some of these propositions were all right but others were all wrong. No progressive man doubts but that railroads in every direction are a good thing, especially in this era of progress, but there are many conservative people who fail to see just why our already sorely taxed citizens should be compelled to pay so much for individual enterprises that could in no way ever return them a penny except in the way of a natural growth that comes to any city. And in conclusion, out

of all the vast sums given by Evansville and Vanderburg County to these various roads, the only ones from which any money results were ever attained, were from the sale of the stock of the E. & T. H. and the P. D. & E. In 1888 $60,000 was voted to the Evansville Suburban and Newburgh road to aid in construtcing a dummy line from this city to Newburgh. This was a good investment. The little line has been of incalculable value to our city and its success has done much to encourage the other traction lines which are now coming in from every direction. Not so long ago there was a great deal of talk about an alleged railroad which was to come direct from Chicago to the city of Evansville, coming in where it pleased, putting up a great granite wall in the river with coal docks adjacent, building stations just where it pleased, in the rear of some of the handsomest homes of Evansville, and in fact, possibly coming down through Sunset Park and back again by Riverside avenue, through its center if it so pleased. This, however, proved to be one of the roads, the chief asset of which consisted of talk, and while some people allowed this to agitate them, the majority of the people paid little heed to what the road had to say through its agent here. In fact, its chief advocate being a rather conservative sort of a man, seemed to have as little to say as possible. Be that as it may, whoever was behind this road, soon found that a roadbed built as suggested was almost an impossibility and would meet with the same fate as did the outer wall of the water works and also found, that while they claimed that a railroad has absolute right to condemn any property, over which it saw fit to locate its right of way anywhere it chose, there were some good people who had been in this town perhaps longer than the projectors of the road who had an idea that they also had some rights and if these two rights clashed together, the railroad would be the sufferer. The matter now seems to be dead. While it was being discussed, it was generally referred to as "the railroad on paper." Just at present all eyes are turned to the Big Four which is coming into the city across Sweezer's pond. Work on this road is being pushed as rapidly as thorough engineering and unlimited wealth can make it go. Its entrance will be quite an event for our city, as the ramifications of this great system are so great that they take in an enormous amount of territory.

Before leaving the subject of railroads, it might be as well to explain a little further about the bonds which now constitute such a great part of the debt of Evansville. Along in the year 1887 the different newspapers and very probably some of the city officials began to get letters from parties hitherto unknown in the East, asking about the situation of the railroad debt owed by the city of Evansville. It was suggested that the city, which had repudiated its debt could never expect to prosper, and that if the citizens as a whole would decide to become honest and pay its debts, certain amends might be made and the once fair name of the city, now stained with dishonor, might be restored to it. About this time several of the papers took up the matter and probably being misled, as were many

others, suggested that this was the only honorable thing to do. This was a most unfortunate movement on the part of the press and it would seem, looking at it from the light of latter years, that none of the papers took pains to see exactly how this aforesaid debt happened to be settled on to Evansville. Be that as it may, it was not long until a gentleman from Boston, who pronounced it Baston, appeared on the scene. His name was Clarence Venner. He wore good clothes in the very extreme of fashion, stopped at the St. George in the very best suite of rooms, spent money freely, and had one of the most oily and effective tongues that had ever been sprung upon this devoted public. He first saw the press, then very probably the councilmen and then still more probably, several leading and influential citizens, who like himself, were good talkers, and to each and all he told the story of the poor widows and orphans in the East who had bought these bonds and were now starving because they were unable to raise any money on them. According to his story, the city of "Baston" was almost made up of these weeping widows and fatherless orphans. He also suggested that aside from all that, that to prosper we must be honest. His friends finally brought together a public meeting in the old court room which stood where the Lottie barber shop now stands. At this meeting Mr. Venner appeared and told the story about the bonds which he pronounced "Bahnds" and at the end of his pitiful story there was not a dry eye in the house, except the eyes belonging to certain parties with whom Mr. Venner had had various confidential talks. This is history about which there is absolutely no doubt. After this first meeting there were several others and as a result of the pitiful tales of Mr. Venner, there were more and more people who began to sorrow for the poor widows and finally the said Venner decided that the trap was about ready to be sprung. How well he sprung it, the officials who are now trying to pay off this enormous debt, know only too well. It is not the object of this work to give the why and wherefore of any of the deeds of the citizens of Evansville, but it is only regrets that for the sake of this fair city whose beauties it is now trying to give to the public, that the city officials did not demand from Mr. Venner the list of those widows and orphans. It is a safe proposition that neither a widow or an orphan owned one cent of Evansville paper. This paper, suposed to be valueless, was in the hands of ecrtain eastern brokers and any business man knows well enough that long ere he started to Evansville, Mr. Venner knew exactly the amount for which these bonds could be bought. And it must have been a very small one, and he knew therefore, that his profit could only be determined by the amount of money above the stated price that his smooth tongue could work out of the people of Evansville. He went away from here perfectly happy, and the last the writer heard of him he had succeeded in marrying a very rich widow in Russia. Whether he was over there in the interests of widows in "Baston" no one knows, but it is safe to say that the same good talk that he made here in Evansville brought him a home and a rich wife.

CHAPTER XVI.

EARLY FIRE ENGINES—THE POLITICAL SYSTEM—ADVENT OF METROPOLITAN SYSTEM—FIRE HORSES AND HOW THEY ARE TRAINED—NEEDS OF THE DEPARTMENT—OLD-TIME OFFICIALS—THE AUTO WILL TAKE THE PLACE OF THE HORSE—PUBLIC PARKS—THE FIRST ATTEMPTS—HOW SUNSET PARK HAS GROWN—"MODESTY FORBIDS"—COOK'S PARK—CHANCES FOR THE FUTURE.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Evansville has always been proud of her magnificent fire department and very justly so, for in the early days the efficiency of the fire department grew more rapidly perhaps than that of any other undertaking. In fact, when at one time the assets of the city of Evansville were a matter of question, it was said that her fire department was the only real asset that she had. Yet at that time there were few hose houses and very few horses. In another place this work has treated of the days when the Neptune, the Young America and the Little Sis were the only engines here. Shortly after this period, the city purchased a larger hand-power engine, known as the Washington and if I remember rightly, Mr. George Wolflin was in charge of this. It was many years afterward before the first steam engine was bought and as at that time we had no water works whatever, the water had to be taken from fire cisterns which were rapidly built in all parts of the city and more especially on and near Main street. These cisterns were kept up for a great many years and I can remember that at times when the pressure from the water works was not sufficient, it was no uncommon thing for a steam engine to be run up over one of these fire cisterns and the water used from it. About the first man who was ever known as a natural fire chief was Mr. William E. Hollingsworth, who at that time was in the queensware business with his brother. Almost every man has some particular thing for which he seems peculiarly adapted and Mr. Hollingsworth's fort was in fighting fires. He was a man with a cool head who never lost it at any time and under any circumstances. He did not go crazy and raise up the town yelling his orders at the men so rapidly that they could scarcely understand him, but on his arrival at the fire, seemed to take in the situation at once. After that his commands were given in a quiet tone and always produced good results. For many years the city tried to induce him to accept the position of fire chief, but this he invariably refused to accept, stating that he was only a private citizen and while willing to do

his duty, he did not wish to feel that he must at any time and at all times be ready to meet an emergency. He, however, stated to the committee who waited on him, that he was at all times ready to do his part. In those days the firemen were volunteers and it was not until later years that the city established a regular fire department, bought its own horses and paid fit salaries to its men in all the departments.

To deviate for a moment, after the system of a paid fire department was in vogue, it naturally got into politics much to the regret of every one who had the real good of the city at heart, and for a time places on the fire department were simply used as a reward for peanut politicians who thus were enabled to surround themselves with ward-heelers. As is very natural, the fire department in those days was not what it should have been. Men were chosen not for their ability as fire fighters but for their ability to round up voters on election day and almost any man with a good political pull could hold his place on the department, no matter how often he broke the most rigid rules. The citizens soon became convinced that this state of affairs could not continue, and a metropolitan fire department was begun. According to the terms on which this was passed, a man who held his position must have proved himself worthy, he must obey all rules, never appear on duty in an intoxicated condition, never sleep on duty except on his watch-off and at all times be ready to answer an alarm. But it soon became understood that the Metropolitan name simply meant that either party could claim control and that the places should be divided equally or as nearly as possibe between the two big parties. In this connection the police department was brought into play and it was always understood that if the chief of the fire department was a democrat, the chief of the police department must naturally be a republican and vice versa. It is needless to say that each party took every advantage that they could and after a change in election, all sorts of charges would be brought up against members of the force who happened to be on the losing side and they were soon gotten out of the way and firemen whose political acumen led them to say very little were put in their places. It was always found necessary to pass an ordinance making it a misdemeanor for either a fireman or patrolman to do any work at the polls but there was nothing said about sending these henchmen out ahead of an election to do what necessary talking had to be done and "layoffs" were a regular thing for many a day before the election. At the present day things are getting into good shape and there is very little electioneering done. But this is only for the reason that each party is afraid to trust the other and each is afraid to establish any kind of a precedent. After the water works was built, the necessity for steam engines seemed to diminish and for a time they were stationed in the various houses and no attention paid to them. If they got out of repair, they were allowed to remain in that condition, as it was thought that the water works were amply sufficient to quell any fire that might start in this city. However, when two big fires which occurred close

together, it showed that when a heavy strain was put on the water works they were absolutely incompetent to throw streams that would be of any real benefit and the old engines were ordered to be overhauled and put in first-class condition. This was a step in the right direction and one very much needed, as shortly after the steam engines had again been put into commission, there was an awful fire and without the aid of them, there is no telling how much damage might have been done.

Again speaking of old times, when the first three engines that I have named were in commission, what was known as the Bucket Brigade, was always on hand and the women and children then assisted in getting water from their cisterns to the scene of the fire. As many have never seen these, I will describe it. Some two strong, active men jerked off the cistern top and the water was rapidly raised by buckets to which ropes were attached. These were emptied into other buckets and the second buckets passed from hand to hand. It was found that much time could be saved in this manner and much more speed gained than if a man took a bucket and ran from the cistern to the burning house. At the same time this gave the women a chance to help and they could easily pass buckets where their skirts would have impeded them had they tried to run. The great fire of 1842 was what caused our citizens to first decide on purchasing an engine, but they didn't get one until 1847. This first engine was called the Union and the name was afterwards changed to Lamasco when it was moved to the lower part of the city. After the introduction of fire engines, this old machine was sold to the town of Tell City and is believed to be doing service there today. In 1852 there were five engines and the first real head, before Col. Hollingsworth began to take charge, was Joseph Turner. There was no rank of riches in the fire department. The best young men of what were then considered wealthy families, worked side by side with the sons of the very poorest and on their parades they all turned out together, with their red shirts, black pants and helmets. It was not until 1864 that the first steam engine was introduced and in 1867 the hand engines were all sold. When the first steam engine was purchased by the city, the mayor was supposed to be chief of the fire department, but at that time Mayor Baker was in the chair and was physically unfit to serve, so he appointed Philip Klein, a strong husky German, who was then at the head of the little police force of the city. The policemen, by the way, were expected to serve whenever there was a fire. This primitive method continued until the water works were constructed in 1871. Then the old engines were sold and were replaced by a new one, also called the Lamasco at that time William E. Hollingsworth finally consented to become chief and was paid a regular salary. After him came Thomas Hopkins and Ben Neihaus, then William Bedford, Jr. The city then became democratic and Thomas Bullen was appointed chief. Then in 1887 when it became republican again, Philip Klein went back into his old position. Mr. Klein, although he probably attended very few fires, still manages to get to them when he

can and all citizens should remember that for a quarter of a century he served well and faithfully and there is no man who can question his ability. Charles Becker was also fire chief just after and he retained this position for some years but he was an excitable man and hardly one to take command of a good force during a large fire. It was not until 1888 that a regular pay system began, for prior to that time part of the force worked under what was called the runner's system. In other words, they could attend to their various duties in any part of the city just so they reported when the fire alarm was sounded. There were ten hose houses at that time and as stated, there were three engines which were stowed away. They also at that time had two chemicals, one hook and ladder wagon and truck, six hose reels and two hose wagons and twenty-six well-trained horses Along about that time came the great fire of the Armstrong Furniture Company and the Reitz lumber yard which occurred in August and in the November following the fire which caused the great "burnt district" as it was called, which was an eye-sore on First street, between Sycamore and Vine, until Mr. Mackey, who was then in the full tide of power, rebuilt it. This big fire burned the old National Hall which had been built on the site of John O'Meara's Commercial House and every building clear up to the Clement, White & Baker building, which still stands on the corner of Sycamore and First. There was a little three-story brick occupied as a tobacco house which escaped fire and next to it stands the one vacant lot which is left to mark that most disastrous calamity to the city. The Leich drug store and the Hinkle and Mackey & Nisbet stores would certainly be a credit to any city in the country and it is fortunate that they were built up at the time, or possibly they would still be in the condition of the vacant lot standing next to the Gilbert Block, just across the street. It may possibly be a matter of information to a great many to know exactly how fire horses are trained. In the first place, those who have seen our beautiful fire horses have doubtless wondered how it was that such beautiful specimens of horse flesh were picked up. They are not picked up, but each horse is the result of a great deal of care and a great deal of trying out. To begin with, each one must be of a certain height, must weight about so much and must be absolutely sound in wind and legs. Let a horse be ever so good looking and let him have any kind of a blemish, and he is at once turned down, for the work of the fast runs on the brick and asphalt streets is so trying, that only the very best specimens of horse flesh can stand the work without giving down within a very few years. The fact that we have horses that have been in the department for ten, twelve and fifteen years, and which still are perfect specimens, show how much care is used in their selection. Sometimes trips of hundreds of miles are made to look at certain horses, word of which has been brought to the chief, as he is always on the lookout for horses to replace those that are injured. When the horse to be tried is brought here, he is first inspected thoroughly. Among the firemen are many expert horsemen who can detect at once any blemishes. If the

horse passes the inspection as to looks and weight, he is hitched with a mate, some old fire horse, to a heavily loaded hose wagon and then driven very rapidly, the point being to find in what condition his wind is, for the wind of a fire horse must always be absolutely perfect. If after a short run he shows any token of what is called short wind, or any defect in his lungs, he is at once turned down, but if he is found to be all right, though perhaps "soft," as it is called, through having been worked in the country and not in the city, he is put through a number of these runs day by day until he hardens up and gets his wind. This is almost the same rule that is followed by a prize fighter when preparing for a long fight, for the horse, like the prize fighter, must be prepared to go through a great deal of very strenuous work before he is pronounced competent. Those who have stood at the door of an engine house and have noticed how at the tap of the gong the ropes drop, and the horses run directly under their collars ready to be hitched up, wonder how it is done. The "green" horse is always in the next stall to an old well-trained horse. The first time the gong is sounded a fireman who is standing close, runs rapidly with him to his place, while another one switches him in the rear. He is thus taught that the sound of that gong means that he must run out of the stall or get a whipping. Of course the horse is never hurt, as firemen take the best care of their horses of any men in the world. This lesson is repeated day by day until the horse thoroughly understands what is expected of him and so proficient do they become that they will even run their necks under the collars and stand ready for the harness to drop on them. This dropping of the harness is done by a man who climbs up on the engine. He jerks a cord and the harness drops directly over the horses and as there are no buckles on which time may be wasted, but simply a series of snaps, little time is wasted. But even this takes a quick eye and a steady hand as one very serious accident occurred only a few years ago, when a fireman forgot to fasten the snap of the inner side of the bit of one of thehorses in a double team. Of course the driver took it for granted that everything was all right and started out and made his turn and then with full speed, started to make another turn, when he saw at once that he had no control over the horses at all. One of them was thrown down and badly hurt and a portion of the engine was wrecked and it is very fortunate that some of the firemen were not hurt, or even killed. This only goes to show how careful these firemen must be about every little detail.

It will be remembered that I have spoken of changing the department from a simple paid department to one working under the Metropolitan police and fire arrangement. In 1889 Edward Grill, who had gone into the army at the age of 15 as a quartermaster sergeant and had served well and faithfully, was appointed chief at the same time U. S. Grant, who is the present chief of the fire department, entered the service as a captain. Edward Grill served until 1895 during which time they had the apparatus last mentioned. In 1895 William Schlavick was appointed, being promoted

from the ranks. His conduct and his ability as a fireman of rapid and good judgment, caused him this promotion which was quite a good one. At that time the city had ten hose houses and two chemicals. It might be stated that at present the city has only one chemical, as it was decided to drop the other after the new combination hose wagons were put in. In 1897 Charles S. Woods was appointed chief and served until 1901. There was no increase in the complement of engines, trucks, chemicals or hose houses. In 1901 Sydnor R. Carter was apointed chief and served until 1903. At this time there was still no change, but in 1903 James L. Dunlevy, a democrat, was appointed and he served for seven years, going out of office in 1910. In the meantime, two new hose houses had been built, one of the chemicals had been dropped, two combination wagons had been added, two trucks which had been in commission for same time were still retained, and the five fire engines had been put in complete order. In fact, two of these engines were new engines and the others had been sent back to the factory and had been completely remodeled so that the city today has five first-class engines.

The writer took occasion to have a long talk with the present fire chief, Mr. U. S. Grant, who has served 21 years in the department. He has held the four positions, of private, captain, assistant chief and chief, and it is indeed a worthy record for any one man to hold. But as I stated in this same article, men today hold their positions in this department by virtue of their ability and nothing else. A man might attempt to get on the fire department and might be a wonderful aid to whatever administration happened to be in power, but if he failed in his duty when called upon, he would last only a short time. In fact, on either fire or police department of the greater city of Evansville today, workers and not sitters are what are wanted. Chief Grant has several ideas of which he spoke to the writer. One is that there is no necessity for an outlay of money on any more hose houses at present, but that what the city needs are automobile hose wagons and chemicals combined. He has visited several cities and has seen the rapidity with which fires can be reached with means of this kind, and now that the automobile is being so generally used in almost every line of business, and not only by the man who uses it for his own pleasure but for the business man who uses it for fast and heavy work, it may be only a short time until the fire horse which so long has been the pride of Evansville may be relegated to the past and all of the fire work will be done by automobiles.

Again speaking of the fire horses, and the writer must admit that he always had a warm place in his heart for them, for surely they are the most intelligent and lovable animals and are the pets of the whole department, mention might be made of old Turk who was in the department for many years and died at the age of 21. Many of our old citizens will remember the big parade in which the department took part, and how old Turk walked along in his regular place and seemed to enjoy it as much as

any one who took part. There was also a gray horse which served quite well and faithfully. Since Chief Grant took charge, he has gone carefully over all the stock and found that while the majority of the horses are in good condition, there are many whose legs have given down and are unable to make the long runs. As to their spirit and will power, many of these grand old horses would go until they dropped, but the work on the streets is awful on any horse, as is well known to any man who loves a horse, and he has decided to dispose of quite a number. He has already taken out five which, though unfit for fast runs of the fire department, are amply able to do good work and they have been sent to the country where they are likely to live many a long year, and on the soft ground and with no fast work they will suffer no pain whatever in their legs. This is as it should be, and he deserves credit for this step that he has taken, for what man with any humanity in his heart, can see an old and faithful servant sold to eke out a miserable existence in some old wagon, taken away from the good feed and good treatment that he has always had, and compelled to end his life half-starved and beaten and abused. It is very probable that Chief Grant will apply for a change in the aerial trucks. As it now stands, the smaller one is virtually a light ladder wagon of very little use, while the heavy one is as much too heavy as the other is too light. Again, they are both behind the times and not up with the modern improved trucks, which are now in vogue in all the large cities. His idea is to outfit this department until it will be on a par with that of the cities of its size and larger, all over the country. Again, this larger ladder has to be raised by hand and it sometimes takes as long as two minutes to get it into position and two minutes at a hot fire means a great deal. There is a compressed air ladder now made which will fill the bill and also one made with a spring which can be manipulated by one man and either of these or both are what the fire department now needs.

At this writing the department consists of 80 firemen and 47 horses. Chief Grant thinks that it would be desirable to have a few more men, but in view of the present condition of the city treasury, he does not hope to get them just at present. He claims, however, that there should be one more man at each of the hose houses, as at the present time there are only four at the single houses, and with a lay-off it virtually causes only three men to be on duty four days during the week. If any more new hose houses are built and the city continues to progress, these changes can probably be made without any trouble.

LAND SHARKS.

It must not be assumed that the first settlers who came here were able to get absolute control of their little farms without some trouble. There seems to be an impression that in the early days of southern Indiana, the land had belonged to the Indians and had ben transferred for a song to

settlers and then by some means had passed into the hands of the government and that all the government cared for was to get the land settled up. Many of the old pioneers believed this and consequently they would pick out some spot that struck their fancy and immediately proceed to erect an humble cabin and to clear up and for several years would think nothing of the rights of ownership, but speak of it as their farm and really believed that it belonged to them, when as a matter of fact, they had not paid out a cent for it. They came here before the land had even been surveyed, but it was understood among themselves even with their small knowledge of law, that whenever the land was surveyed and had to be paid for, they would stand by each other and protect each other, and the man who would seek by underhand means to take away a little settlement from another, was looked on as being little better than a horse thief. There were mean men, however, in those days just as there are today, who would not stop to take any advantage they could over their neighbors, and these fellows were generally blessed with enough education to be able to get the better of the more ignorant ones. There was one case where a man had picked out a nice little place, in the northern part of Vanderburg County and had made substantial improvements. After the land was surveyed he went to Vincennes to make the proper payment for it and to get the last $50, had sent his wife on a long trip to an uncle who had loaned to the couple. When he got to Vincennes he found that a neighbor that lived only two miles away, had slipped into Vincennes ahead of him and had bought the land, making a claim that the first party had not complied with the law, etc. The man returned home and told the sad news to his wife and to several of his neighbors and they did not hesitate to go to the fellow who had bought the land and tell him that he might take the land if he wanted it away from the poor fellow, but if he did that each time one of them passed the place they would stop and give him, the mean fellow, a good thrashing. At first he took it as a joke and hugged his mean soul over the smooth trick he had played, but he met with quite a surprise. He was very mean and his neighbors all despised him and the surprise was that in a day or two one of these neighbors rode up calmly, hitched his horse to the fence, walked up to the mean fellow who attempted to shake hands with him and turned and gave him a most beautiful thrashing, blackened both of his eyes and blooded his nose in good shape. He then informed him that he thought one of the neighbors would be along the next day and he might as well get in shape for him. It only took this one thrashing to settle this fellow. He went to Vincennes, squared up things and the original man got the farm.

Another case was where two men each wanted a 40-acre tract that lay between them. One of them only had 40 acres while the other had a good farm of 160 acres. The man with the good farm got to Vincennes and had the necessary papers made out and acquired the 40 acres. The second man hurried to Vincennes and met the first one on the road. The first one

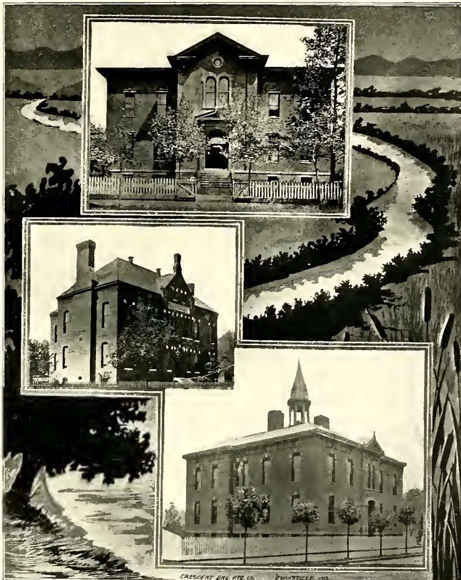
showed that he was not a bad fellow at heart, for after talking the matter over amicably he let him have the 40 acres and loaned him the money to go and buy another 40 acres which lay adjoining his and which he got at a very low price. Thus each had a good farm and became the best oi friends. Their children inter-married and today their descendants are among some of our best citizens.

In another place the land speculation of 1832 has been mentioned where an eastern syndicate got hold of a great body of land for a song. They imagined that they could send their representatives out here and proceed to take whatever land they wanted. They sent spies to examine into the lay of the land but they were soon spied by the farmers who in their turn sent their spies out. Finally a syndicate sent a number of men who were to go to work and take the legal steps and take possession. In the meantime, the farmers had put up a beautiful scheme and had dressed up as Indians with war paint and all the necessry things to make a first-class warrior. When the little band of land agents got to a certain place they were surprised to see Indians coming from every direction with blood curdling war whoops. The spy that the farmers had fixed immediately began to yell that they were all going to be murdered, and lying down on his horse, started off at a dead run. The blood thirsty Indians followed them, shooting blank cartridges and still running after them until they threw such a scare into them that it was said afterwards that some of them ran clear into Terre Haute. Unfortunately this trick was not known except to the farmers who took part and news of an awful bloodthirsty Indian raid soon spread all over the country. The governor at Indianapolis called out the militia and soon word was sent all over the state to repair old forts and build new block houses, and a perfect reign of terror existed for a while, but as the Indians completely vanished from sight, the scare soon died out and became a thing of the past.

There was one little funny incident. A farmer who was out in the woods and who had a wife and seven children saw these Indians and at once lit out for home where he rapidly told his wife to get the children and light out, as there were a thousand Indians coming there and they would not only kill and scalp them both, but all of the children. But his wife had been raised on the Kentucky side of the Ohio and was well used to false alarms about Indians, so when her husband brought the horse and cart to the door to tumble in the children and what things they could hastily get together, she simply asked him to leave the gun and the ammunition with her and that she did not propose to give up her home for any Indian that ever lived and that the first one she saw prowling around there would get a bullet right through the head. The husband, however, still had a yellow streak and bid her an affectionate good-bye, telling her that he would never see her again alive, and that if it was not for the children he would stay and fight with her. He immediately left and was gone for two days, during

which it is needless to say that he never saw or heard of an Indian. He then started back home and the story goes that he found his wife sitting by a little spinning wheel busy making thread, while with one foot she was rocking the baby which was sound asleep. Looking around the house the brave man saw a fine fat gobbler all dressed and ready for roasting and on the wall hung a big coon skin. He said, "Mandy, what in thunderation have you been using my powder for?" "Never mind, Ebenizer, there is plenty left. If you hear of an Indian crossing the Mississippi you won't need it, because next time you will go clear out of the country."

To show further the bravery of the women of those days, down close to the Ohio river near here, lived a very quiet and inoffensive man who had a wife and two children. It is supposed that a party of men wanted to get hold of his little farm, for he surely had never done anything to injure anybody and did not know that he had an enemy on earth. One morning he found a bundle of switches at the door. This meant, in the old times, "Get out or you will be whipped." But he paid no attention to it and a few days afterwards he found another bundle and with it a crude note, telling him that he had better leave, as they did not want him there. He hardly knew what to do, so as the notice spoke of him only and gave him a certain time to leave, he was very badly worried. But his wife said that the best thing for him to do was to go back to his old home in Ohio and she would stay there, as certainly no man in that section would be low and mean enough to attach a defenseless woman. As soon as he reached his home he sent his wife's sister to live with her. The day before the time limit and after the husband had been some time in Ohio, still another bundle of switches was found at the door and a note threatening to switch and tar and feather the two women if they did not leave by a certain time. They decided, however, to make a fight for it. They had a large and vicious dog that they kept in the house at night and they loaded up a big musket with slugs and kept it on the table and fastened the door. When the last night came that had been stated in the notice, a loud knock was heard. The women told whoever was there to get away, saying that if they came into the house that they would regret it. There were seven or eight men in the party and they took a heavy rail and soon broke in the door. When it fell, the woman was there with the musket and as the men tried to rush in, it was discharged right in their faces. There were loud cries of pain and two men were seen carried away and soon the clatter of horses' feet was heard on the road and there was no more trouble. The strange thing was that two very prominent men were missing out of the section and the word was given out that they had gone down the river to live, for they never returned. The man came back from Ohio and was never again molested. He raised a large family of children who were as good and honest as their parents and today the descendants of this very couple who were so threatened, own a great amount of territory near where the affair occurred.



BAKER SCHOOL BUILDINGS

OUR POLICE SYSTEM.

If Evansville is proud of her fire department, she is no less proud of her police, for in no city in this country is there a more thorough system by which each man on the force understands fully his duty and knows that he must perform that duty or he will be brought before the Board of Safety on charges and no matter what the standing or political pull, he will be released at once, and in the detective department this city has been particularly blessed and it is a fact disputed by none, that among the worst criminals in the United States today, the word has always been passed around, "Keep away from Evansville. It is a bad place to go and do any dirt. They 'pinch' you there, before you have a chance to do anything." This is not strange when we take into consideration the fact that the detective force especially, and a great majority of the policemen, have been selected from men who have grown up in Evansville, knows every shady character and his reputation and also can detect any stranger who comes here and at the least suspicious action on his part, quietly look into his history and, if necessary, arrest him on some trivial charge and hold him until they can get into connection with larger cities. There is case after case where desperate criminals have come to Evansville, taking it for a "jay" town in their way of speaking and only to find themselves suddenly behind the bars.

Again, escapes have been very few. In fact, they can be counted on one's finger ends, and many hardened criminals are now serving time as the result of his having taken Evansville as an easy mark. Of course this situation is the result of long care and forethought on the part of those who have managed the force. The introduction of the Bertillon system was a great step in the right direction and it is now used on every criminal who is deemed to be of sufficient importance to merit a measurement. By way of introduction I give the following brief anecdote:

Some years ago a series of small crimes were committed in the lower part of the city. They were not of sufficient magnitude to lead the officers to suppose that the men operating were anything but what might be termed minor criminals, but by some chance a conversation between three men was heard and they were arrested just after robbing the till of a bar room. They were brought to headquarters and the examination showed that one of them had about as fiendish a countenance as ever was put on a human being. I was with the present chief, Geo. L. Covey, when he went to the cell door to interview this man and it was astonishing to notice how very sleepy he was. He could barely find time to answer the most trivial questions, but was continually stretching and yawning and treated the matter of questioning as something that was depriving him of his natural sleep. Mr. Covey asked him what made him so particular with his sleep and he stated that he had walked down the railroad from Vincennes the night before. Asked where he had slept the night before, he said that he had no

money and had slept at the Vincennes police station. Covey soon had him all tangled up in a mass of lies, as the man had plenty of money in his possession and his shoes did not show that he had made any long tramps. These things of course did not escape Covey's keen eye.

The next man in the party was a bald-headed, very heavily built little German who at once could not understand anything. He absolutely did not know a word of English, did not know the other men, had never seen them before, etc., etc. Covey, knowing that he was one of the three who had been talking in English, set him down as liar No. 2.

The third man was an Irishman who gave Mr. Covey a most beautiful line of talk. He was a plumber by trade and had come to Evansville seeking work and of course had never seen either of the other two men. For some reason it was decided that a pretty high-class gang had been captured and it was decided to take their photographs and add them to the Bertillon measurement. The late Tom Hutchins was to take the villianous looking fellow down to the photograph gallery. No sooner was he placed in the chair than he began to put his face into all kinds of shapes. He jumped out of the chair and rolled with Hutchins on the floor. Hutchins and his assistant knew at once that he was a dangerous character or he would not object to such a little thing as a photograph. Finally he was forced back into the chair where he drew up his face again and when Hutchins put his hand over his face to smooth it out, he bit at his fingers and then and there Hutchins did exactly the right thing. He banged that villian about four times just as hard as he could, right in the face and then grabbing him by the ears he held him right in position until the photograph was taken. If looks could have killed Hutchins he would have died right there.

Finally they got him back to police headquarters, he vowing all along that he would get even. Of all the criminals that I have ever seen, I never saw such a face as this man had. They were removed to the county jail and in the meantime the wires were put in motion and it was found that they belonged to a desperate gang of burglars. The hero of the photograph was the worst of the gang and was suspected of having killed several men. They were placed in a county jail and by some means, managed to escape, though the Irishman who had been shot when they were captured, up to the very last had limped as if it was almost impossible to place his foot on the ground, but it seems it was no trouble for him to crawl up through some disarranged plumbing and thence on to the county jail roof and thence down a pipe to the ground. Although there was snow on the ground and they were traced a short distance out on the String Town road, they disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed them up. Telegrams were sent in every direction but they were shrewd enough to get away and were never heard of again, until after a series of desperate burglaries in Cincinnati, where two men were shot and they proved to be the Irishman and the Dutchman, but of the ring leader nothing has ever been heard. He probably met his just deserts long ago.

This is about the only important escape that ever occurred and it must be remembered that it occurred after the police had turned the arrested parties over to the county. Another incident:

During a circus here several years ago, a well-known gentleman of the city was robbed of a beautiful diamond stud while coming down town on a street car. He did not see the man who took it and therefore could give no description at all. But so strong was the net thrown out that in a few hours every hangeron of the circus was in its meshes and on the promise to the crowd that there would be prosecution if the stud was returned at once, it was forthcoming. In almost any other city it would have been gone forever. Our police have case after case o fthis kind to their credit. Give them any kind of a clue and they seem to be able to follow it right up and nab the suspected ones. I do not claim that they are any smarter than the police of any other city, but they simply have some means of quickly arriving at conclusions and then they never stop until they make their record. Until the city charter was given and for many years after that time, there was really no police force here. We had a city marshal and constables who served under him and they were supposed to afford ample protection. From 1857 to 1863 Ed Martin, sometimes called one-eyed Ed, on account of the loss of one eye, was city marshal, and a good one. He was a keen reader of human nature and absolutely fearless, and discharged his duties well. In 1863 two policemen were appointed—Philip Klein, who served so long in different departments, and Geo. Bates, and later on four others were added to the force. But still there was no chief of police, as the mayor acted as such. He had no regular beat lay-outs but elected these forces to take in certain parts of the city night after night. In 1865 when Mr. Klein had been elected wharfmaster he was called on by the mayor and council to act as police captain and the force was increased to sixteen men. At this time occurred the hanging of the two negroes to the court house lamp, of which mention is made in the other part of this book and on that night there was a perfect era of riots in the city and inoffensive colored people were chased out of their homes and took refuge, most of them, in the hills below the city. It was never known whether both of these men were guilty or not. It had been claimed that one of them was not really a participant in the heinous crime committed but he was in bad company and suffered for it. In 1867 Philip Klein was elected marshal but still retained his position as police captain. In 1868 Ed. Martin succeeded him and he in turn was succeeded in 1869 by Christian Wunderlich. By this time the city had grown and it was decided that a better system of police service must be gotten up. This matter was entrusted to the council. They made Philip Klein again chief and increased the force to twenty-two men. The city soon went democratic and Henry Harris became chief. After him came a republican, Mr. Roesner, and his place was filled by Joseph Aft. This crude system was kept up until 1884 when the Metropolitan police system was adopted. This provides for the appointment of three police com-

missioners who are supposed to appoint the policemen in equal numbers from the two political parties, thus making the force as nearly even as possible. The first commissioners were Dr. M. Muhlhausen, Edward E. Law and Gus Lemke. After Alex. Foster and Edward Goeke were appointed, with F. Dough Martin, a negro, as secretary. Under the Metropolitan system Frank Pritchett was the first police chief appointed. After him Geo. W. Newitt. Up to that time the force consisted of forty men, and the captains were Charles Wunderlich and Frederick Brennecke. Mr. Brennecke has served on the department twenty-two years and nine months. Mr. Pritchett was again appointed chief during the Akin administration and resigned in favor of King Cobbs, who served for two years while the democrats were in power. Fred Heuke was chief and Geo. L. Covey who had been on the force in one capacity or another for twenty-six years. After him Fred H. Brennecke became chief, he having been chief of detectives during the Hawkin's administration. Mr. Covey was first appointed chief in 1892 under Hawkin and served under him and Mayor Covert. He is at present in his old position of chief which he fills in a splendid manner. It can be said to Mr. Covey's credit that he is a man who has absolute control of himself at all times. He never loses his temper and while examining an arrested man his tone is always the same. No matter how violent the man may become, or what he may say, he meets the same quiet questioning by the chief. Since Chief Covey has taken hold, there has been a change in what is known as "pulling the boxes." For some time one of the rules was that the boxes on a man's beat must be pulled each hour, thus showing that he was wide awake and on duty, but Chief Covey took a common sense view of this matter and made a change. In conversation with him he said, "These boxes are always at the extreme ends of a patrolman's beat and where he is expected to pull them both each hour, it means that he will naturally take the shortest route between the two and pull them, so as to gain the reputation for promptness and reliability. This very naturally leaves the rest of his beat unguarded and it is a fact that those who wished to commit crime and knew of these usual visits of the patrolmen, could easily watch him and see when he was starting on his regular trip and then commit their depredations in a part of the beat that he left unguarded. As it is now, the boxes are only pulled three times before 11 o'clock and after that only at such times as the officer happens to pass the boxes." The chief trusts to the fact that if a patrolman so far forgets himself as to neglect the duty, it will soon be found out anyhow and he will be brought up before the Board of Safety and discharged and he deems it better to take these chances than to force the men to make their regular pulls as heretofore. There are at present eighty-one men on the force. For some years Mrs. Mary Roberts has been police matron. Under her care come all the women who are arrested and her record is indeed a splendid one. She is, if anything, too good hearted for the position, but she tempers kindness with justice and having been in the position for many long

years, is a great help to the officers. It is safe to say that no matter what political changes may come, Mrs. Roberts can hold this position as long as she chooses.

As with the firemen, the police have pension and at present they have some $8,000 surplus which is put out at interest. This is a splendid idea and will be a great help to many an officer when old age comes on him and he finds himself no longer able to walk his beat. Some of the men on the forces have been there for many years and a peculiar fact is that they are not a rough kind of men, but the men who exercise judgment. The merit of the policeman is not gauged by the number of arrests that he makes in these days. There is such a thing as a useless arrest which is simply a hampering of the wheels of justice. Back in the old days before the police recognized that good judgment and a little mercy were sometimes a good thing, some of the policemen were inclined to imagine that they wore crowns and never hesitated to show them. A case comes to my mind. One night there was a party of about six young men, who were walking together and two of them got into a friendly skuffle. There was not a bit of bad blood between them. They were just active young fellows who felt like wrestling, and across from the Acme hotel they proceeded to see which one could throw the other. One of them succeeded and they had gotten up and shaken hands and were freshening up their clothes, when up came a superanuated policeman who really had no business on the force and who wanted to know what was the matter. He was told that there was nothing the matter at all, when he replied that he seen skuffling and he wanted to know what it was about. The entire party tried to pacify him and told him that there had been no blood shed and the dignity of the city had not been outraged. He was about pacified when up came a superior officer who had been in the army a short time and imagined that he put down the rebellion and had the big head so badly that there was hardly a hat in the department large enough to fit him. He at once got into action and wanted to know why somebody was not arrested. He was told the same story as the other one, but would not listen to anything and remarked, "For two cents I would arrest the whole d—— crowd." A gentlemen who had never been arrested in his life and was an upright honorable young man in every sense of the word, put his hand on the policeman's shoulder and said, "You cannot arrest anybody here, for no one has done anything." At this the Dutchman flew clear off the handle and said, "Well, I will just arrest you. You come along with me," and snatched at the gentleman's arm. Indignantly the gentleman jerked up and said, "You have no right to pull me along like a common criminal. I will walk to headquarters with you." Once there word was sent to the mayor who immediately replied, "Turn them all loose and let them appear in the morning." And now to show you how strangely things worked in those days, the very officious officer, the Dutchman and another patrolman who had not been seen there at all, all swore that the inoffensive man who had taken no part in the matter at

all, had the first man up against the fence choking, etc., etc., and that his yells for help had brought him to the scene. When the judge who happened to be Judge Menifee, asked the gentleman what he had to say for himself, he simply remarked, "Just put me down for whatever you see fit. I would not waste time telling my story against such liars as you have here. That Dutchman and these two others." Of course the superior officer at once tried to fly into a rage again, but he was called down by the mayor. He lasted about two months and the next seen of him he was driving a wagon of some kind. So much for pomposity. It is a bad thing at times. Another thing about the force is that through the efforts of some of the officers, they are well-drilled and can execute many very beautiful and complicated maneuvers and there is hardly a parade of any kind in the city for which they are not called on to take part, and they always reflect credit on themselves.

PUBLIC PARKS.

Within a very few years, Evansville will be known as the City of Parks. Steps are being taken in the right direction to make this name a matter of absolute correctness. While it is to be regretted that for so many long years our people seemed to fail to understand how necessary parks were to a city, it is all the more pleasant to know now, that the pressure that has been continually brought to bear on the public by men who looked ahead beyond the present day, is producing results. Soon there will be plenty of breathing spots in every direction. Today the most important park in the city is Sunset park, which offers almost unlimited possibilities. Many remember it as a little straggling piece of the river bank with an old sycamore tree, the roots of which extended over the top of the bank, with a lot of fishing boats and other boats full of the lowest class of people, with posts driven into the ground where coal barges and steamboats fastened as they pleased and when they even made fast to the old sycamore if they cared. The easiest way to realize how much has been done is to notice where the old sycamore now stands, clear this side of the center of the park. How hard it is to realize that all that solid earth extending from the street to the river has been filled in load by load with the refuse of the city ash heaps and the soil caused by the making of streets placed on top!

The first agitation on the subject of changing this into a park began in 1879. It was afterwards taken up by the editor of the Evening Tribune. A petition was circulated and a band stand was built and two rival bands agreed to play there on separate nights. It was after these bands began, that thousands of people commenced going to the park on band evenings, and the public at last woke up and seemed to realize that here was a lovely spot being fast washed away, simply because they were either too ignorant or too lazy to take care of it. The subject of making a park soon began to take root. Friends of the park that were interested, went before the council, men paid money out of their own pockets to drivers to get them

to dump over the bank, but even then the city, which yearly threw away thousands of dollars for foolish positions to men who put in about an hour a day of actual work, could not see its way clear to hire even one man to place the dirt in position as it was hauled there. Time after time those interested in the movement almost lost heart. It seemed as if we had city officials who cared absolutely nothing for the appearance of the city, but the change came at last and by the aid of one most estimable lady who possessed both money and influence, a new lease on life was taken. It soon became a common thing for the council in letting out contracts for street improving, to use the excess dirt to be hauled to Sunset park. Prior to that time, this dirt was claimed by the city or the teamsters and the man who really owned the dirt—that is the man in front of whose property it lay—had very little to say, and it had been given away to anybody who wanted it. The condition of affairs was very lax, and it was when this movement began that the friends of the park put in their best work. They would go to a man who had, say 100 feet frontage on a street to be improved, and ask him for the dirt, if he did not care for it. Invariably he would donate it. Then they would ask him to give them the power to state where he wished the dirt hauled, and of course it was hauled to Sunset park. From that time to the present, the city has always kept men there to place all ashes and refuse of that kind in certain places while the broken brick and stone taken from walks and streets that had been condemned, were all placed on the outside so that gradually a strong sea wall is being built. It was thought at one time that James A. Hemenway would see to it that a stone sea wall was built but like many other political promises, this was a promise for the time being and never fulfilled. The chances are now that the government which has appropriated so much for locks and dams, will never build a sea wall and if any is built, it will have to be done by the city.

With the tearing down of the old water works and the purchase of the old E. Q. Smith dwelling, a great new park was added to the old one. This reaches to Chandler avenue. Both at this point, and this side of the water works, the city owns still more property and the proposition now seems to be to build a boulevard and open up a road reaching along a sea wall from the foot of Locust street clear to the water works. While this is being written, the subject of tearing down the old Barnes property is being considered by the council. If the building is modernized and painted white with great porches extending around three sides, it can be made very beautiful, but if any attempt is made to leave it in its present condition with sundry repairs, the park would be far better off with the building torn down and taken away. In that case, there would be an uninterrupted view from Chandler to Locust street. The subject of trees in this park was quite a vital one. At first a large number of Carolina poplars were planted but it was found that while they were of very rapid growth and soon made a beautiful shade all over the park proper, in a very strong windstorm they

were liable to be snapped off, sometimes close to the ground and sometimes in the very center of the tree. To provide for the future and at the same time give plenty of shade during the present, a large number of very strong young trees of slow growth but able to stand any kind of a storm, were interspersed all over the park. This was the work and forethought of Mr. W. H. McCurdy. Nearly all of these trees are now living and as fast as they die, they are replaced, so that for all time to come we may look for delightful shade in the now modernized Sunset park. It was understood that just in the rear of where the E. Q. Smith residence stood, there is to be an artificial lake. This is eminently proper, for it could be made a perfect garden of lilies and would add much to the beauty of the park. There is a space further up which might be utilized in the same way.

The oldest park in the city is Cook's park which has been referred to in another part of this book. It was formerly the old Salt well, not being dignified by the name of park. Many years ago it was purchased by Hon. Fred W. Cook, who at once put up a beautiful club house and theater and transformed it into quite a modern affair. He also had an artificial lake built. The place today is beautiful, as it contains the old trees that were there when Evansville was first founded. The ground is rolling and it is indeed a beautiful spot. Whether it will be retained as a park or sold to make room for growing Evansville is unknown, but it seems to be an accepted fact that as a money investment, it has never been a profitable one.

Another park in the lower part of the city is the Franklin Street park, which reaches from Franklin to Illinois and from Wabash to 10th avenue. This was formerly the unsightly resting place of great stacks of lumber. For some time there seemed to be a doubt as to whom the land really belonged, but that was finally settled and it is now filled with beautiful trees and is a delightful rest for the toilers of the West End during the summer months.

John Law park is where the first brick school house in Lamasco stood. It was in the middle of an open common, as nearly as I remember, but after it was acquired by the city, the building was torn down and it was named in honor of Judge John Law, one of our pioneer statesmen, whose residence was very near it. It runs from Fulton avenue to Fourth avenue and from Franklin to Michigan street.

A most beautiful park is Bayard park, running from Igleheart avenue to Powell avenue and from Kentucky avenue to Bedford avenue. This was a gift to the city from that most estimable lady, Mrs. Mattie Bayard, and it will remain forever as a monument to one of the best women who ever claimed Evansville as her home. The trees in this park are also the old original growth which stood there when the writer was a boy. There has been no particular attempt to beautify this park in the matter of flowers, but the trees are enough to make it beautiful forever.

Fourth street park is a little park on Fourth street between Cherry and Oak. When the town was laid out, it was arranged that this should be a continuation of the market space but it was never used for that purpose, as the ground between Chestnut street and Locust was fully ample for all demands. This little park was planted with trees and a fountain placed in the center but through city neglect it was allowed to go down. Hoodlum boys took delight in destroying the best trees in it, stopping up the fountain and indulging in all sorts of acts of that kind. It was almost impossible to have them arrested for this vandalism and I am happy to say that there were some citizens who were not afraid to take the law into their own hands, and many a young hoodlum found himself caught by the collar and soundly thrashed by some one who lived near there and the word was given to him that if he did not like it, he had better go home and tell his father and get his father to come back with him, when he would also receive what the boy did not get, if necessary, and to the best of my recollection, no father ever came. Afterwards the ruined trees were reset and the park, while of small extent, is really a beautiful little place. Almost the same history can be given of the Seventh street park, a little spot that by some means was left out when the city was laid off. It is on Seventh street between Walnut and Chestnut. At one time the custodian of this park, who was a custodian only in name, (as he had no police power), stated to the writer that they had no hope of ever making it a park because the boys were too bad, but he afterwards was elected to the position of councilman and as he lived there by the park, there was a very sudden stopping of hoodlumism around that part and it has since been constantly improving.

Mesker's park, a beautiful spot capable of great possibilties, lies on St. Joseph avenue, one mile north of West Maryland street. This was presented to the city by Geo. L. Mesker. It will not be long until the city will take hold of this and transform it into a beautiful spot. Oak Summit park lies just across from it and is the property of the Street Railway Company. It was during the administration of Mr. Herbert D. Moran that he saw that what people needed during the summer was a chance to get on the cars and ride to some stopping place on the hills where they could breathe good, cool evening air for a time and be amused before returning to the heat of the city for the night. To him is due the credit for the purchase of this beautiful spot which will be constantly improved. It is a valuable piece of property and will grow more and more valuable with every year.

The only other park is the West Heights Cave park which is on the New Harmony road, three-quarters of a mile north of West Maryland street. This belongs to private parties and they are gradually improving it and its location is everything that could be desired.

But the one park which is now a matter of great discussion is what is known as Garvin's Grove. This place of some sixty acres, lies at the end of Main street. In fact, Main street terminates at the park. For many years this has been the property of Honorable Thomas E. Garvin, one of

our oldest citizens. At various times in the past he has offered to sell this park to the city but has never been able to secure what he deemed the proper price for it. Some 15 years ago it was offered at $1,000 per acre and there was some talk of buying it, but it died out. Just at present there seems to be a deal on between Mr. Garvin and the city but whether or not it will materialize remains to be seen. There are many beautiful trees in this park and about the only objection to it is that the back part is flooded during high water by Pigeon creek, but this could be remedied by building a wall and filling up the low places where necessary. The land thus taken out would leave what might be turned into a large artificial lake. All over the country these lakes are being made in parks that have existed for years and there certainly could be no objection to a large one at this point. Where the government is so willing to stock lakes at all times with game fish there would be no trouble in filling it soon with thousands of black bass and it would be a splendid fishing resort for those who like to fish a day or two of a season but cannot afford to take long trips away. If thought best, a small sum could be charged each one who fished and this could go to the keeping up of the park and it would be astonishing to the city fathers, to see how willingly hundreds of our population would be willing to pay for a little enjoyment.

Another park is now being talked of but it lies across the river. This, however, would not prevent it from being used by our public, as from what has been learned, the intent of the proprietors of the new White City is to run a large ferry boat between our wharf and the point. Our people could thus not only enjoy the fresh air of the park, but a delightful ride on one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. It should be remembered that it will not be long until a uniform stage of water will exist in the river in front of Evansville and it will then be more appreciated by our citizens than it has ever been in the past, as so many have been afraid of the treacherous currents and the sandbars that are continually forming.

Parks are the great breathing places for the toilers. The citizen who has accumulated wealth can have his own beautiful yard or a shady back yard kept scrupulously clean, where he and his family can go at any time, but the poor toiler too often has to spend his hot summer evenings trying to get a breath of air in front of his home, which may be only one of a long line of tenament cottages. Let the man of wealth go down from his front porch or walk out of his front yard and sit for a little while at the edge of an asphalt street on a brick or artificial stone sidewalk and feel the hot, evil-smelling air rise up into his face and he can then realize what it means to these poor people to have plenty of parks.

As stated in the beginning of this chapter, it seemed to take a long time for Evansville to wake up on the park question, but now that most of the old fogies who opposed anything of this kind, have either gone to their reward or are too old to make speeches, it is safe to say that the progressive citizens of Evansville will see to it that we have plenty of breathing spots for the poor.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HOSPITABLE CITY—SO KNOWN EVEN IN THE LONG AGO—HALF NORTH AND HALF SOUTH AND REALLY A SOUTHERN CITY—OPEN ARMS AND OPEN HEARTS—NO ISOLATION HERE—VIEWS OF MISS RUNCIE—MY ANGEL MOTHER.

A HOSPITABLE CITY.

From the time that Evansville became a town of any size it has always been noted for and has been quoted as being one of the most hospitable cities in the United States. The very early settlers were really from southern states, as Virginia and North Carolina seemed to have been the birthplaces of their progenitors. Then came some from Tennessee and while I do not claim that the fact that they came from the south had very much effect at that time, I think that they were a more warm-hearted people taken as a whole, than if they had all come from the cold New England states, which at that time had hardly gotten over early puritanism. Be this as it may, it is a fact that the stranger was always welcomed in Evansville with open arms. As the years passed on, it became more and more spoken of all over the country as the place where the stranger was made to feel perfectly at home, as soon as he or she reached here. Along in the '50s and '60s, when social affairs began to be common, Evansville was visited by a great many strangers and they were at once taken up and treated with so much courtesy that it became an old saying, "If you visit Evansville once, you will always want to go back again."

In the early days of the social clubs it was the rule adhered to most strictly by every one of the male members, that no visiting young lady should ever fail to have company to attend anything that might be going on. In fact, these things were fully arranged some time before the affair would come off. It was no unusual thing for a young lady to receive several invitations to any one affair. She was never forgotten and if the affair was a dance, the young men vied with each other in seeing that her card was filled first. The home girls could wait and such was their idea of perfect hospitality that they would willingly become wallflowers for the time being, in order that some stranger might receive proper attention. It was the same way with the older people. There was no hesitation in making calls. Let it be known that a family were good people, and by this I do not mean that it was necessary for them to be rich, and they were speedily called on by all the neighbors and entertained in such a manner as

to soon make them feel perfectly at home. This was not done for effect or with the feeling that anything might be gained by it. It was just the outpouring of the genial hospitality of Evansville people, which seemed born in them. It is no more than right to dwell on this subject, because the old citizens prided themselves so greatly on the fact that Evansville richly deserved the good name that had been bestowed upon it.

Just before and after the war we received a large influx of southern people. They brought with them the good old idea of southern hospitality which had been imbued in them and had been a part of their social education. After the war there were many traveling men, fine manly young fellows, who came here and at once became a part of our society. So many old families have come here that through inter-marriage and through their taking such an active part in our local affairs, Evansville today can almost be called a Southern city. With no desire to single out any particular ones, I might speak of Judge Azro Dyer and Dr. C. P. Bacon, who both came from Kentucky and who have been very prominent here in many ways. W. F. Nisbet and Fred and E. G. Ragon, at one time among the very best of our wholesale merchants, were from Kentucky. The late A. G. Torian and W. W. Ireland and Mr. Dickey of the old firm of Ragon, Dickey & Carson, and Captain Carson himself, though many supposed him to be a northern man. Dr. P. Y. McCoy is a native Kentuckian, while Mr. Wiley D. Hinkle and his brother, who formerly resided here, came from Tennessee. Judge Wood was from Alabama. And who does not remember the genial Mathew Lyon, whom everybody called "Matt" Lyon, one of the most polished and genial men who was ever in business in Evansville. His son-in-law, Mr. J. R. Furgeson, came from Mississippi. Rev. W. J. Darby is from Tennessee, while Geo. L. Dixon, Dr. Geo. P. Cosby and the late Dr. Rose were from our sister state of Kentucky. Kentucky also sent three young men who each made names here. They were three brothers—Dr. A. M. Owen, Dr. John E. Owen, and Frank A. Owen, who I now believe lives in the south. Dr. Ed. Linthicum is a native Kentuckian and N. M. Booth, the father of telegraphy in Evansville, also came from that state. Mr. John Hubbard, who for so many years has been in the seed business here, is a native Kentuckian, as was Mr. E. C. Roach who lost his life in the Belmont catastrophe. Henry D. Posey, who while a farmer by profession, has many interests here, is also from our sister state. D. C. Givens, one of the very brightest lawyers in Evansville, is from Tennessee and Col. "Billie" Thomas, who every body knows and loves for his great kind heart, is a native Virginian. D. Machen and Chit Lyon, who at one time composed one of the most pushing firms in Evansville, were both from Kentucky. And the genial and dashing Col. Bob Martin, who for years was in the tobacco business here, was a southerner, and what was my surprise on having a little talk with Mr. Harry Ogden, a leading banker, to find that his father, Billy Ogden, was one of my oldtime drummer friends with whom I had made many a trip. Most of these whom I have men-

tioned came here in the early day, and their sons and daughters have married and inter-married with out people and it is but just to say that there could be no union between the people of southern Indiana and those of Kentucky that would not produce descendants to whom the word hospitality means so much.

It is well for our citizens to recognize that Evansville's reputation in this particular is one of her great assets. We hear so often of those who leave here, on whom fortune seems not to smile, who go to seek something better in other cities. But they invariably return and this is so much the case that it is a matter of common knowledge to everybody. Those who come back into the fold usually say, "I don't like such and such a place. The people are cold. I could not get acquainted with anybody so I have come back where I know the people care something about me and I am going to stay here the rest of my life even if I don't make as much money." Many people have moved away from Evansville for the time being, but it is safe to say that 90 per cent of them returned here to live. In fact, those who have not returned were nearly all of the transitory class whose business takes them into various parts of the United States, such as is the case of railroad men and who therefore really have no place that might be called home. And to the credit of Evansville let it be said that there is very little of what is termed "shoddyism" here. There is no Blue Book and while there are social distinctions, any man or woman who comes here with an untainted name, will be received by good people no matter whether they have means or not. It is a fact that in a great many places it is possible for a family to live for years next to another, neither having anything to do with the other. The argument is sometimes used that this is a nice way to live because no one prys into your affairs. However, it would strike the average person, especially one bred in this section of the country, as a very lonesome way of getting along. It is this fact noted above, that has been so often quoted by the people who move away from here and then come back. People naturally love society. A family cooped up by themselves in a house soon grow weary of the monotonous life they must lead, and the desire to have a little knot of friends is almost universal. All over Evansville are clubs of one kind or another which people of various tastes attend, and where they meet those of similar tastes. In fact, hardly any city of the size of Evansville has so many clubs of this kind and they range from little card clubs where evenings are devoted to cards and other enjoyments, up to the meetings where topics of great depth are discussed and where an attendance is almost an education. And it is this wide range of clubs and societies, among which latter might be mentioned societies that belong to almost every church, that make it possible for strangers to come here and in a very few days feel as if they were among friends.

Miss Anna Runcie, who is one of the best society editresses in the West, contributed a paper on this subject to the Courier recently. She says: "Evansville society has passed through many phases of development

since its primitive state in 1845, yet in all its essential elements it is still marked by the same distinctive features as at that early period.

"Crude and unformed as was the social organism of that day, yet it was then as now imbued with the true spirit of hospitality which regards society as the social enjoyment of one's friends, rather than the mere business of returning social obligations, into which much of social life elsewhere has degenerated.

"Many have been the transformations of Evansville social life since that early date in 1836 when the first formal written invitation was sent out by an Evansville hostess, whose frequent entertainments have since become a part of its valued traditions.

"One of these invitations, yellow with age, an interesting memento of that time, has been preserved in the family of the lady by whom it was received, Miss Mary Willson, afterwards Mrs. William Reilly.

" It was an evening party that inaugurated in Evansville the elusive something called society, for the day of the 'social function' and the afternoon tea were as yet far distant, and a social affair without the presence of gentlemen was unthought of.

" 'There were always plenty of men in those days,' said a granddame of today, Mrs. Crawford Bell, who as Miss Mary Negley had been a belle and beauty of that early time. 'We should not have thought it a party at all, where there were no men,' she said with fine scorn for those one-sided afternoon teas where men are not expected. 'If we had been invited to an affair where men were omitted we should not have cared to go, for what society could there be worth the name with only women?'

"Did you dance in those days?" was asked.

" 'Of course we danced,' she quickly replied. 'We always danced. Our parents did not always approve, when they were of the stricter sort, but there was little else for young people to do in the way of entertainment. Cards were not played then in a social way as they are now and everyone in society could dance, so everyone did dance.'

"Popular places for dancing in those days, it is said, were the old Exchange Hotel on First and Vine streets, and Marble hall, still standing on Main street between Water and First, and there and elsewhere dancing in season and out of season was the popular pastime whenever young people came together.

"It was at the Exchange Hotel, the earliest Evansville hostelry, that there took place the famous Carpenter ball, given by Hon. Willard Carpenter to celebrate the projected building of the Straight Line railroad.

"This fashionable event of the time was illuminated, we are told, with the pale light of tallow candles; gas or even coal oil as an illuminant being as yet undreamed of.

"However, the ball ranked as the most brilliant social event that had as yet taken place in the embryo city of Evansville and was attended by everybody of any social pretensions whatever.

"Another favorite meeting place of society in early days was the old Sherwood house, built at an early date by Marcus Sherwood and occupying the present site of the Elks' club. In the parlors of this old time hotel it was the custom to hold many of the social affairs of the period, among them the church socials which were somewhat new in church and social lines in those days, and where strangers coming to the city to reside usually received their introduction to the social circles of the town.

"The fashionable center of the city at that time was below Main street, on First, Second and Water streets as far down as Division, where the early homes of many of the present day families of the upper part of the city were first located.

"On the present site of the Mackey-Nisbet building was located the homestead of Edward Hopkins, one of the prominent citizens of the early Evansville and great-grandfather of the younger members of the Hopkins, Viele and Babcock families of today.

"The Hopkins home was a popular social center for the young people of the time and around it were located the homes of other well known families in the social life of the primitive Evansville, the Lewises, Carpenters, Ladds, Wheelers, Armstrongs, the Griffith home at the corner of Second and Sycamore, occupying the present site of the Waverly building, the former Samuel Orr residence still standing at the corner of Second and Vine streets, the residence of Dr. Bray in Upper First street near Locust, built nearly seventy years ago, which was the scene of many hospitalities and is still occupied by members of the family.

"At the fine old Shanklin homestead, which occupied the present site of the St. George hotel, a notable wedding in 1856 claimed the attention of Evansville society when Miss Malvina French, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Shanklin, pioneer residents of Evansville, became the bride of Mr. John Maynard Harlan, then a young attorney of Frankfort, Ky., but widely known later as Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

"Six bridesmaids and as many groomsmen composed the wedding group which was arranged as a tableau affair in rainbow effects, the gowns of the bridesmaids being each of a complementary tint. Among the bridesmaids from this city were Miss Ella Lister, now Mrs. Wymond of Chicago; Miss Mattie Orr, the late Mrs. Samuel Bayard, and Miss Lizzie McCutcheon of Pittsburg, now Mrs. James M. Shanklin; Miss Laura Harlan of Frankfort, Ky., the sister of the groom; Miss Charlotte French of Cincinnati, and Miss Mary Jones. Among the groomsmen were Mr. James M. Shanklin, Mr. William Harlan, the groom's brother; Mr. Osborn Reilly, a popular society man of the time, and others.

"Among the earliest homes above Main street to become prominent as the scene of frequent entertainment was that of John H. Maghee, later occupied by his brother, Gillison Maghee, at the corner of Chestnut and Third streets. The house had been erected by Rev. Mr. Barnes for a school about

1837, and there later taught Professor Myron Safford, whose wife and her sisters, the Misses Morton, were sisters of the ex-Vice-President Levi P. Morton of New York.

"The former Maghee house remodeled which is now the residence of Dr. J. R. Mitchell, was occupied by members of the Maghee family until a decade or more ago.

"As occupied successively by the brothers John and Gillison Maghee, prominent Evansville merchants, it was throughout its entire existence the scene of noted and lavish hospitalities even before the date of that first written invitation sent out which read, 'Mr. and Mrs. Maghee request the pleasure of Miss Willson's company on Tuesday evening, January fourth.'

"It will be noted that Evansville society even at this early date had settled the matter of social precedence so long a vexed question even in New York between Mrs. Astor and Mrs. William Astor, as leaders of the 400, with or without the prefix William, to distinguish it. The Evansville card bears simply Mr. and Mrs. Maghee, Mr. John Maghee having been the elder brother.

"In the Evansville of an early day no less than in later times, weddings were preeminent as social events and claimed the interest of the entire community.

"A brilliant wedding of 1845 recalled by one of those who was a leading figure in the ceremony was the marriage of the beautiful Miss Mary Negley, the youngest of the eight daughters of David Negley, a prominent citizen of the early Evansville, to Mr. Crawford Bell, also a leading business man of the town.

"The wedding, which was a fashionable event of the time, took place at the Negley homestead which with the Negley flouring and saw mills, widely known throughout this section, were at that time situated on Pigeon creek.

"The primitive condition of the city lighting of the period was responsible for a change in the date of the wedding which had been set for early in June. Shortly after the plans for the ceremony had been arranged some member of the family in consulting the almanac discovered that the date chosen fell in the dark of the moon. That a change of date was at once found necessary may be readily imagined as without the light of Luna none could venture abroad after nightfall, unless he carried a lantern.

"So, instead of the June bridal that had been planned a date was chosen when the moon was at the full to light the wedding guests on their way. And so it was that the 12th of May was the wedding day.

"Of the wedding company of that May day in 1847, few remain to grace the Evansville of 1910, but among them is the stately and gracious presence of the May bride herself, now in her eighty-sixth year. Hon. Thomas E. Garvin is probably the only one remaining of all that assembly of wedding guests.

COLUMBIA SCHOOL BUILDING

"Included among the attendants of the couple was the bride's sister, Miss Lucy Negley, afterward Mrs. Rudd, with Mr. Brown Butler, Dr. Stockwell and Judge Battelle, popular figures in the society of the time. The house erected later by Mr. Crawford Bell for their home is now the Charles Babcock residence in South First street.

"Primitive as may have been the social life of the Evansville of 1840, dullness at least had no part in it, and there was no lack of novelty and romantic adventure.

"The dead level of monotony and the ceaseless search of the present for some new pastime had not yet begun. Then all was new, and by its very newness furnished entertainment for the participants.

"The brave spirits and sturdy stock of the farther east, which had furnished the flower of its human product to people the wilds of southern Indiana, provided abundant variety for their own diversion without searching farther.

"Full of romance and romantic incident in the social traditions of the period of 1845 is the name and career of a brilliant and beautiful Evansville belle of the period, Miss Nellie Nevins Warner, the daughter of Mrs. Alanson Warner by a former marriage and adopted daughter of Major Warner. Prominent in many lines in the Evansville of early days, as sometime proprietor of the Mansion house, a well known hotel then occupying the site of the present Orpheum theater, and as owner of the stage coach lines, then the only means of travel in this section, Major Alanson Warner was a man of undoubted importance in the community.

"The old Warner home, now almost a century old, with the keystone arch over its colonial entrance, which was a distinguishing feature of but four other buildings of the time in the city, is still a dignified and substantial residence, the home of Mrs. Edgar Garvin in Walnut street.

"Built with walls nearly two feet in thickness, it was intended, it is said, for defense against earthquakes as well as hostile enemies, but instead it became the citadel of romance as the home of the beautiful Nellie Warner, by whose lovers innumerable it was besieged from her earliest girlhood until her flight from it with her chosen husband, Guilford Eggleston, on the eve of what had been planned as her wedding day to another.

"At the wharf waited the other lover, an eastern man, who was met, on his arrival by steamer from Pittsburg, with a note telling of the marriage of his fiancee to his rival.

"From the Warner house which had been in readiness for the wedding festivities was banished even the name of her who was to have been the central figure. The trosseau prepared by her mother with lavish care was never worn.

"Not till years after and in widow's weeds did Nellie Warner Eggleston return to her girlhood home.

"At a later time after strenuous years she was again a bride—the wife of one of Indiana's wealthiest men, Mr. Culbertson of New Albany, over

whose home she presided with that queenly grace for which her beauty and accomplishments had so perfectly fitted her.

"To the Warner mansion also in this period came a visitor destined to fill a leading part in Evansville social life when in 1847 Miss Cornelia Morris of New York, afterward Mrs. Thomas E. Garvin, came to visit her cousin, Miss Nellie Warner.

"As the culmination of the romance begun during this visit was the marriage of Miss Morris to Mr. Garvin at her home in Penn Yan, New York, in 1849, the Warner house where they first met, being purchased many years after by Mr. Garvin and presented to his son, Edgar Garvin.

"The Garvin homestead in South First street where Mr. and Mrs. Garvin took up their residence soon after its erection in 1860 has been during the years since a leading factor in the social life of the city and the scene of many notable functions.

"Prominent also as a leading figure and gracious hostess in the social life of the early forties was Miss Louisa Garvin, the sister of Hon. Thomas E. Garvin, who coming to this city in 1841 with the family of her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Baker, became in 1846 the wife of Dr. Isaac Casselberry, a prominent physician of the time, the wedding taking place at her home in Gettysburg, Pa.

"After residing for a time at the new home then recently erected by Governor Baker in Upper First street, now the residence of Mrs. James Gray, Dr. and Mrs. Casselberry built the residence adjoining the Garvin homestead which was the center of a brilliant social life for many years.

"Adjoining the Warner homestead in Walnut street in the Evansville of that day was the residence occupied for a time by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Viele, who during this period inaugurated a regime of elegant entertaining which was continued after their removal to their spacious home in Riverside avenue, then the handsomest in the city and where they were each season host and hostess for the most beautiful entertainments.

"Mr. and Mrs. Viele were also among the earliest of Evansville's European tourists, making several successive journeys abroad from which they returned laden with treasures of art for the adornment of their handsome home. A world tour, the first to be made by Evansville residents, concluded their foreign travel.

"Prominent also in the Evansville society of that time were two charming and accomplished sisters, Miss Margaret and Miss Elizabeth Grant, who coming from their Kentucky home to visit their sister, Mrs. Paul Clifford, then with her family residing here, became at once by their beauty, wit and attractiveness leading figures in the social life of the day.

"Afterward as the wives of two of Evansville's prominent citizens, Mr. Henry Morgan and Mr. George L. Sonntag, they were among the most notable of Evansville hostesses whose homes in Riverside avenue and Upper First street (the Sonntag residence having been the one occupied later

by Mrs. Samuel Bayard) having been leading centers of the social life of the city.

"Clarinda and Mary Mitchell were familiar names among the young society of that day, the Mitchell home at the corner of Water and Main streets being a favorite resort of the young circles of the time. Mr. Mitchell, head of the house, was president of the Old State bank. The family was one of wealth and importance in the town. One of the Misses Mitchell, who later became Mrs. Farnsley, is remembered by many as a visitor here in later years.

"The families of Hallock, Scantlin, Stevens and Pushee, which were identified with the same locality and prominent in social life are represented in the Evansville of today.

"The Hughes, Ingle and Babcock families were leading factors in Evansville social life from an early period.

"The beautiful sisters of Mrs. William Hughes, the Misses Isabella and Agnes Davidson of Madison, Ind., who had been frequent visitors here, became the wives of Mr. John Ingle, Jr., the first president of the E. & T. H. railroad, and Mr. Elisha Babcock, also a well known citizen, their families being prominently represented in present day Evansville life.

"Of social distinction in the early Evansville was the Foster family, Mrs. Foster, the widow of Judge Matthew Foster, and mother of Hon. John W. Foster, of Washington, D. C., having been a distinguished figure of that period and gracing the Evansville of a later day until recent years. Her home in earlier years was the old Kaiser residence on the site of the present City National bank at the corner of First and Main. Hon. John W. Foster and Mrs. Foster, prominent in Evansville social life, have since leaving this city been of international fame in diplomatic circles in Washington and European capitals.

"To the Evansville of that time also came, soon after their arrival in this country, a family since closely identified with its social and professional life, when in 1849 Mrs. Thomas Runcie with her daughter, Miss Anne and four stalwart sons located in this city and vicinity.

"Three of the young men of the Runcie family—Doctors Elias, Thomas and John, and the fourth, Rev. James Runcie, as a clergyman of the Episcopal church, have since been prominently known in the professional life of Evansville and elsewhere.

"Evansville then as now was noted for the beauty of its women, to whom the soft airs of Southern Indiana seemed to impart a distinctive charm. 'The most beautiful woman in Evansville in 1855,' is the inscription written on a photograph of Mrs. Isaac Keen, seen recently in an album of the period belonging to an Evansville family. Mrs. Keen, now of Buffalo, New York, was before her marriage, Miss Mary McCallister and related to the Terry family, also of the old residents.

"Gracing the social life of the city of that period to which she came from New York as a bride in 1842, was Mrs. Oliver Ladd, later Mrs. R.

S. Tenney, whose beauty and charm of personality are recalled by many of that day, and was retained in a marked degree almost to the recent close of her long life.

"The family of Judge John Law held a prominent place in the social life of the early city, the homestead having been located in what was known at that time as Lamasco, at the corner of First avenue and Franklin street.

"Miss Caroline Law, afterward Mrs. David J. Mackey, was a decided favorite in the young social circle of the day, and was one of the prominent hostesses, entertaining much at her home at the St. George hotel.

"Among Evansville's beautiful women and gracious hostesses of the day was Miss Mary Howser, later Mrs. Henry Babcock, whose residence in Riverside avenue has for half a century been the home of cordial hospitality.

"Among Evansville women of the period none enjoyed a wider popularity than Miss Christine Hooker, who, coming from Buffalo, New York, in the early fifties, to teach in the city schools then recently opened under the direction of Mr. H. Q. Wheeler, with her sister, Miss Hough, afterward conducted with great success a young ladies' seminary, which was for many years the fashionable finishing school of Evansville girls.

"Of magnetic and exceptional personality, Miss Hooker's friendships were lifelong and it has also been said of her by her former pupils that she was the first woman in Evansville capable of managing a boy's school, so thoroughly did she understand the boy nature.

"Prominent in the social life of the Evansville of the fifties and later was the family of William E. French and the Stockwell family, whose hospitalities were unbounded, the old French homestead occupied by the family until recent years having been located in outer Locust street.

"Among those still remaining in the Evansville of today who enjoyed a decided popularity in the social life of that period is Mrs. Juliett Eldridge, whose home as Mrs. Charles Wells, located on the site of the present Levy residence in Riverside avenue, was a favorite resort of the society of the time.

"The various branches of the Walker family—the families of Mr. James Walker, Dr. George and Dr. John T. Walker were leading figures in the social and professional life of the city, as their descendants are of the present time.

"The Linck family were of early prominence, the homestead being at the corner of Locust and First, where the Orpheum now stands.

"Among other leading figures in the Evansville of the time were the Chandler family, still represented in the city of today, the Dodge, Caldwell and DePuy families, whose residences on Upper First and Second were occupied by them for more than half a century, the Sweetser home being on the site of the former DePuy residence.

"The Haaff and Sharp families were among leading Evansville residents of the time, none of whom is now living in the city, although several col-

lateral branches are represented here. The Rathbone family, once early residents, are now represented by their splendid benefaction, 'The Rathbone Home.' Evansville now as then distinguished for the esprit and charm of its social life, no less than the warmth of its hospitality, still retains, although a city of perhaps seventy thousand, the characteristics which gave it distinctive attractiveness at that early period."

[NOTE—And can I be blamed if for a moment my heart goes out to the memory of my angel mother, for so many of the dear good women mentioned above were with her when she died here, a stranger in a strange land. She was Cordelia Frances Manson of Mobile, when my father met her, married her and brought her here to Evansville. The wings of the Death Angel wafted away her last breath and that of my little brother almost at the same time.

My father was in New Orleans at the time and I was left here alone, but these warm-hearted ones cared for the little stranger. They have all gone to their reward, but to me their graves are as sacred as that of one I had just learned to call "Mother."—ED.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FOURTH OF JULY—SHOOTING THE ANVIL—PARADES AND BARBECUES—DECLINE OF THE ODIOUS FIRECRACKER—BANKS OF EVANSVILLE—THE OLD CANAL BANK—NEVER A FAILURE HERE—THE NEWSPAPERS—THE EARLY PRESSES—THE JOURNAL AND ITS FORTUNES—THE COURIER—OTHER PAPERS.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

It must not be forgotten that of all the days in the year in the olden times, the day beside which Christmas and New Years faded, was the 4th of July. Until long after the Civil War, this was considered the one great day of the year and at every county seat in southern Indiana, arrangements were always made for a gathering of all the residents. The day generally opened with the firing of the blacksmith's anvils for there was not a cannon in this entire section, nor were there any shot guns in any number and of course the old rifle with its sharp crack did not make noise enough to suit the rising generation. Firecrackers were an unknown quantity and did not appear for many years after this country was settled, when they were imported from China. The first ones were looked on with a great deal of curiosity and their price was so high that the average boy could not invest in them. In fact, the boy in those days had little to do with the noise part, so the old blacksmith's anvil came into play. The hole in the anvil was filled with powder which was touched off generally by the blacksmith himself with a long red-hot iron bar. The custom was to fire one salute for every state then in the Union and it must be remembered that there were very few at that time. After the salute there was always a procession in which everyone took part. After the war of 1812 the veterans always appeared in these processions, but the citizens in general would either walk or drive with their wives in the buggies and wagons in those days and make a circuit of the little town of Evansville. Of course the militia companies always took part in those parades. From the time this country was first settled up to the time Indiana adopted her second constitution, there were militia laws which called for musters and that is why there were so many military titles in the old days. People imagine that these titles grew out of the war of 1776 but this was not so, for the great majority of the generals, colonels, majors and captains, gained their

titles through serving with the militia. Of course in a small town the company was always small but it had to have its officers all the same. The uniforms were not according to regulation, as the government could not afford to outfit these militia companies so they were allowed to follow their own free will, and a uniform was about as follows: A blue coat made of the usual homespun blue jeans cut with a high collar, a swallow tail and with stripes of common red tape across the breast. There were always two rows of brass buttons that were made of any kind of tinseled brass that could be gotten. The belts were of homespun jeans or buckskin and a long sword (and of these, there were never any two alike) an enormous three-cornered hat and a waving plume completed the outfit. Of course moccasins were worn on the feet. Still these brawny pioneers did not look at all badly and as a great majority of them were splendid riders, they compared very favorably with the broadcloth-covered officers who sometimes turn out at the present day and imagine that the way to ride a horse is to use a very short stirrup and stick their feet out at right angles from their shoulders and bob up and down as much as possible, while riding. I have seen some of these alleged officers in Evansville that would make one of these old pioneers turn over in his grave.

The procession always wound up at the spit where the 4th of July celebration barbecue was served. A 4th of July celebration without a barbecue free to all, was something unknown. The expenses were very light. Some farmer would come in with a deer and another with a sheep and another perhaps with a bear or a couple of shoats and there was always meat enough for all provided by them. If there seemed to be any scarcity, the people would chip in and buy a steer which would be roasted almost whole. The side dishes were white and Irish potatoes and corn bread. There was some cider too in those days, but as a rule, whisky was about as cheap as cider and a great many of the German pioneers made wines of different kinds and it is a fact that where there were such unlimited sources for drinking such a thing as a drunken man on 4th of July was almost unknown. It is a fact that when the average drinker knows that he can get liquor by simply taking it, he cares little for it, or less than if he has to pay for it or acquire it by some underhanded means. However, the eating never began until after the orations of the day. The first thing of course, was the reading of the Declaration of Independence and for this some rising young orator whose voice was very often far better than his knowledge of rhetoric, was chosen. After that came a 4th of July speech which was generally along the lines of the Declaration, for, heaven be thanked, we had no politics in those days to discuss. These speeches were generally made by politicians, for the politician has been with us always and while it was considered a breach of courtesy for any orator to refer to either political party, he generally was glad to be allowed to make this speech in order to show his party what he would be able to do when the next campaign began. Then came the dinner to which they did full justice. Dyspepsia and a thousand

other diseases which we love to discuss in these days were unknown. Almost anybody could sit down and eat a good meal at any time in the day and not talk about it for hours afterwards. In the afternoon the children played games and the glee clubs which were a part of every little place, sang patriotic songs and young and old took part in various games of the day. There were no tops to spin, no bicycle races and an appearance of an automobile would have frightened the whole crowd off the grounds, but many of the young men had marbles and strange to say they generally pronounced this word marvels. Some were "bought" marbles but very few of them, and the majority of them were made by themselves out of stones which they smoothed until they became round. The game now where a boy drops to one knee and shoots, was unknown, the only game being bullpen and the young men shot their marbles standing. Even the old men never gave up this game, for it was a great test for the eye and also for the strength of the knuckle to be able to plump the center duck out of the bull ring. By five o'clock everybody was ready to go home and the grounds were soon cleared up and the great day that came but once a year, was over. These affairs were very primitive but it is a question if there was not as much real enjoyment in those days as there is in the 4th of July of the present age. The 4th of July at present has become almost a nuisance. Firecrackers, toy pistols and fireworks brought such havoc in later days, that they have been virtually stopped in every city where the administration had any sense. There is such a thing as running good things into the ground and that is what was certainly done with the firecracker which originated as a little thing no larger around than a lead pencil and with a harmless kind of crack, and developed into the great giant cracker which was not only dangerous but enough to destroy the nerves of all sensible people who were near them when they were discharged. These abominations got into the hands of fool young men whose addlepated sense of humor was such that they thought it was a great joke to explode them near nervous women. It is perhaps unfortunate that the youth of today has lost a sense of respect for that splendid document, the Declaration of Independence, and that he should no longer care to hear a 4th of July oration, no matter what merit it may have. But this loss of interest is due to the fact that both political parties have for years used the Declaration of Independence and the 4th of July oration to further their own selfish ends and when the average youth hears either one of them started, he is apt to say, "Oh, give us a rest," and walk away—and who can blame him.

Mr. Percy Carroll, a trenchant writer who is always up-to-date, says regarding celebrating the Fourth: "Fourth of July celebrations, like many other things in this most interesting period of the world's development, are undergoing a change. At present they are chaotic, and in many places practically non-existent.

"Everywhere July 4 is a holiday. Business ceases and a day of relief from the treadmill of labor is proclaimed. In some places there are formal

celebrations, but by no means so many as there used to be. There was a time, not long ago, when every community had its Fourth of July exercises, and no one would think of omitting them any more than he would consider omitting Christmas gift-giving.

"The decline of the Fourth of July celebration is not due to loss of patriotism. Never in the history of the nation have the fires of patriotism burned so brightly on the altars of the people as they do today. But Independence Day celebrations have gone out of vogue because they degenerated into tiresome and terrible occasions, when more lives were sacrificed to the customs of the day than were lost in the War for Independence.

"To many, Fourth of July was not Fourth of July without noise, and the more noise there was the better the day. The small boy had his part in this and usually gets blamed for all of it; but he is entitled to a better hearing than he has had on this subject.

"To many others, Fourth of July has been a day for getting drunk. Independence and the birth of liberty on a continent where it should shine as a beacon light to humanity the world over were deemed properly celebrated by numerous potations that drenched the soul in mists of maudlin and stupid exhilaration.

"It is not strange that the old ways of celebrating the Fourth have gone out of fashion, and that communities and states are making laws against them. The time is come when new methods of celebrating the nation's birthday are needed, and be sure that they will be evolved out of the need of them.

"Massachusetts having abolished by law every implement of boisterous celebration except the baby firecrackers that strive in vain to make the day hideous, Boston has devised a new scheme of celebration, or rather a return to one of the prettiest features of the old way of celebrating.

"On the Fourth of July of this year the Declaration of Independence will be read to the assembled people from the balcony of the state house.

"Reading the Declaration of Independence used to be the prime feature of the day. The noise and tumult that came to be associated with the Fourth, however, distracted attention from it so much that it was generally dropped, long ago.

"Now that the general idea seems to be to abolish the noisy Fourth and to try to replace it by something pleasant and seemly, maybe it will be possible to get a hearing for the Declaration of Independence.

"And now that the American people are taking a new start toward ultimate democracy, it will be a very good thing indeed to refresh our memories by a reading of that immortal document."

BANKS OF EVANSVILLE.

The first bank of which the writer has any remembrance was what was known as the Canal bank. This was in a brick building on Water street, or about where the Bayard store now stands. The head of the bank was Hor-

atio Q. Wheeler, an eastern man who was at the same time, the head of the school system of Evansville. The bank was a very small affair but was absolutely safe. But this, however, was not the first bank established in Evansville. In 1834 the Old State Bank of Indiana was organized, with a capital of $80,000. The first meeting of the board of directors was November 11, 1834, and the members were Robert Stockwell, John Shanklin, Marcus Sherwood, William Lewis, William Owens, Robert Barnes, Joseph Elliot, James Cawson, Mr. North and John Mitchell. It will be seen from this list of names that the citizens of the very best standing in those days were among the officers of this board. John Mitchell was elected president and John Edwards cashier. After Mr. Mitchell's death, Mr. Samuel Orr was elected president. In 1843 the capital of the bank was increased to $150,000, of which $73,000 was owned by the state. In 1847 Geo. W. Rathbone became cashier. He held his position for ten years, when the bank was changed to the "Branch of the bank of the state of Indiana." This new bank had a board of directors, among whom were some new names, all of equally as good standing, namely: G. W. Rathbone, Robert Perry, H. Q. Wheeler, R. R. Roberts and Geo. Foster. Mr. Rathbone was chosen president and Samuel Bayard cashier. Immediately after the war the bank was reorganized as the Evansville National Bank, with a capital of $300,000 which was soon raised to $800,000. Mr. W. J. Lowry "Uncle Billy," who had come here from Mt. Vernon was elected president and R. R. Roberts cashier. After that Mr. Rathbone was again chosen president, Mr. Samuel Bayard vice president and V. M. Watkins cashier. About this time Mr. Rathbone moved to New York and Mr. Bayard filled the position of president while Captain John Gilbert became vice president. The charter of this bank which was to run 20 years expired in 1885, when it became the Old National Bank, Samuel Bayard, president, John Gilbert vice president, Henry Reis, Samuel Bayard, D. J. Mackey, William Heilman, R. K. Dunkerson, Henry F. Blount, William M. Akin, Edward G. Ragon and John Gilbert, directors. The surplus of the bank then was $250,000. Its deposits were nearly $100,000. This stock has always paid large dividends and is always quoted high in the market. In fact, there has been very little if any of the stock for sale. The bank, and it is hard to keep from calling it the Old Bank, was built in 1836, and is a most massive structure. In 1889 it was thoroughly gone over and some changes made in the interior. Mr. Bayard was identified with this bank for nearly half a century and no one has ever questioned his sound judgment and his great executive skill and at the same time, his untarnished honor. Those who did not know Mr. Samuel Bayard could not realize that under a somewhat cold and reserved exterior, he possessed one of the warmest of hearts. At the bank where the handling of large amounts was a daily matter, where quick decisions were necessary and where a thorough knowledge of men and matters were a part of the business, his entire mind was absorbed in his work, but when at 3 o'clock the doors closed and Mr. Bayard went to

his home, then the real man showed itself. No more pleasant, no more well-informed or no more entertaining a companion could be found anywhere.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

In 1850 there was organized what was known as the Evansville Insurance Company. It had a capital of $250,000 and obtained a charter which gave it all insurance and banking privileges. The old Canal bank had been conducted under the Free Banking Law of Indiana, but in 1863 it was incorporated as the First National Bank of Evansville. Shortly afterwards the original capital was increased to $500,000. It made money from the very beginning. Its first board was composed of Mr. Maghee, Robert Barnes, Charles Viele, John S. Hopkins, John Ingle, Jr., Dr. M. J. Bray and S. M. Archer. H. Q. Wheeler was made president and William T. Page cashier. It is sad to state that not one of these men is now living, every one of them having passed to his reward. In 1865 James H. Cutler was appointed cashier and in 1868 John S. Hopkins became president. Charles Viele was president in 1879 and was succeeded in 1893 by Francis J. Rice. At that time James H. Cutler was vice president, Henry L. Cook cashier, and John H. Dippel assistant cashier. The directors had changed to F. J. Reitz, Thomas E. Garvin, James H. Cutler, Geo. B. Mesker, Madison J. Bray, John Ingle, C. F. Jacobi, A. J. Klein and David Kronenberger. The name of the bank now is the City National. Francis J. Reitz is president, C. B. Enlow, cashier. Mr. Dipple still holds the place of assistant cashier. Its capital is $350,000 and its surplus and undivided profits, $300,000.

THE CITIZENS' NATIONAL BANK.

This bank succeeded the banking house of W. G. Lowry & Co., and began business at 121 Upper First street, with a capital of $175,000. Its first officers were R. C. Slaughter, president; S. P. Gillett, cashier; R. C. Slaughter, John J. Roach, Leroy Swormstedt, Geo. P. Hudspeth, Samuel Vickory, F. W. Cook, J. H. McNeeley, Fred Lukenheimer and S. P. Gillett, as directors. Mr. Slaughter resigned in 1883 and was succeeded by Mathew Henning. S. P. Gillett succeeded Mr. Henning in 1884. In 1876 J. W. Walker and J. S. Buchanan were added to the board of directors, and in 1877 they were succeeded by Charles Kellogg and A. C. Tanner. In 1879 Dr. C. P. Bacon became a member of the board. In 1883 W. M. Akin and L. Lowenthal were added. In 1891 the death of A. C. Tanner brought about the election of Judge Azro Dyer in his place. It has always been the boast, perhaps the greatest boast, of the business men of Evansville, that during the entire history of the city there has never been a bank failure and the nearest approach to one occurred in connection with the bank above noted, only a short time ago. This bank never broke nor was it in any danger of breaking, but investigation into its books showed that it had made

some what might have been called bad loans, but at the same time the capital was never impaired and there never was the slightest need for its depositors to feel any doubt but that they would receive back every cent which they had paid in. But all over this country it has been the same. Let one whisper that any bank is in a critical condition, and timid depositors go like a flock of sheep, to draw out what they have in. This was exemplified some years ago in the case of the People's Savings Bank, one of the soundest institutions that ever existed in the city of Evansville. Some idiot started a report that the bank was in bad shape and the sidewalks were soon crowded with people desiring to draw out their small means, for the People's Savings Bank had been noted for the large number of its small depositors. There was never a minute that the bank could not pay dollar for dollar and the Evening Tribune, in a strongly written article, criticised the people for being so foolish and made the assertion boldly that no one would lose a cent from the People's Savings Bank. It is needless to say that the bank kept paying right on, and the only trouble was that the timid ones who were in such a rush to draw out their money simply threw away an enormous amount of interest which they would otherwise have collected. The fact of the matter is that this scare was one of the best things that ever happened to the bank.

The officers of the Citizen's National Bank now are: Allen Gray, president; J. C. Johnson, vice president; Dr. C. P. Bacon, vice president; Frank Fuchs, cashier; F. W. Cook, H. E. Bacon, F. W. Lauenstein, Samuel Vickory, Charles W. Cook, W. W. Gray, directors; with a capital of $300,000. It will be seen by the above that this is a very strong directorate both financially and in point of business acumen and it is safe to say, that so long as this bank may exist there will never be another flurry of any kind regarding its affairs.

The founding of the German National Bank was different from the others. It purchased a charter of the East Chester National Bank of New Jersey and congress gave the officials permission to transfer the bank and change the name to the German National Bank of Evansville. The capital stock was $250,000 and they had permission to increase this to $500,000. Samuel Orr was selected as president, John A. Reitz vice president and Philip C. Decker, who is now one of the oldest bankers in the city, was cashier. The directors were Samuel Orr, John A. Reitz, Samuel Bayard, James Kerth, Edward Boetticher, Charles Schultz, Theo. McFerson and Philip C. Decker. Mr. Orr died in 1883 and was succeeded by Mr. Reitz and Mr. Philip C. Decker became vice president. The charter of this company expired in the year 1890 and it was reorganized as the German Bank, with a capital of $400,000. Mr. Reitz died in 1892 and Philip C. Decker was elected president and R. K. Dunkerson vice president. A year afterwards Joseph Brentano succeeded H. L. Cook as cashier. This bank first started on First street but afterwards obtained control of the building once known as the Crescent City Hall at the corner of 3rd and Main, in

which they now have pleasant quarters. It has been very successful and as will be seen from its officials, they were all men who understood the banking business in all its details.

PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK.

This bank, which is said now to have the largest cash surplus of any bank in Evansville, was founded in 1870. The projectors of this bank realized that with the large manufacturing element in this city, which employed the services of so many men, a bank that would receive small deposits from these men, as they were able to save from their wages, would be extremely successful. The first officers were: John M. Shackleford, president; John D. Roach, secretary and treasurer; J. M. Shackleford, Eccles G. Van Riper, M. Muhlhausen, John Laval, James Steele, Fred Lunkenheimer, Christian Hedderich, James W. Lauer, trustees.

After Mr. Roach died Dr. John Laval became secretary and treasurer. He in turn resigned in 1880, and Fred Lunkenheimer was elected to fill the vacancy. He was succeeded by Major Jesse Walker who served only three years and then died. In 1888 Col. John Rheinlander became president and served for many years. Michael Schaefer was cashier of the bank from 1880 till the time of his death. About this time James T. Walker and D. Edwin Walker became interested in the bank and have since been prominent in the management.

To show from what small beginnings a large business may grow, the bank only had two depositors on the first day that it opened. One deposited $2 and the other $1. It would be hard to say how many depositors it now has. It has grown wonderfully and in another part of this work mention is made of the beautiful building which they have erected on the site of the old one. The bank at present has the following officials: Dr. Muhlhausen, president; Frank Schwegman, cashier; and L. H. Legler, secretary.

THE BANK OF COMMERCE.

In July, 1890, this bank was started in the west corner of the B. M. A. building. E. P. Huston was president, F. W. Cook cashier and A. W. Emery assistant cashier. The board of directors were William Heilman, F. W. Cook, E. R. Huston, Robert Huston, Samuel Bayard, E. G. Ragon, E. B. Morgan and J. E. Igleheart. It was incorporated with a capital of $100,000. This was afterward increased to $250,000. The Bank of Commerce was not as successful as some of the others. The death of Mr. Heilman had its effect, and also the financial embarrassment of two of the other members and stockholders and it later liquidated.

THE MERCANTILE TRUST AND SAVINGS COMPANY.

The Mercantile Trust and Savings company, which is remodeling its home at the corner of Second and Sycamore streets, in the Waverly building, is the third bank to occupy that corner. The original institution was

the Bank of Commerce. Five years ago the Mercantile National was started and corollary to it the Mercantile Trust and Savings was established.

Last July the directors of the two institutions decided to merge, the change wiping out the charter of the Mercantile National. The depositors of this latter institution have been paid off, and the stockholders are now being settled with. Within a few weeks the liquidation of the national bank will have been completed.

The Trust and Savings Company, with deposits of over $500,000, and ably officered by Charles Finley Smith as president, William Warren vice president, and W. Ed. Clarke as secretary, is one of the most progressive banking institutions in the city. It is closely allied with the development of the Public Service Steam Heating and Electric Company. The directors of the Trust and Savings Company are Charles Finley Smith, William Warren, H. J. Karges, Charles Scholz, Clarence Schutz, H. C. Murphy, W. A. Koch, W. E. Stinson, R. Mannheimer, H. C. Kleymeyer, B. F. Persons.

THE WEST SIDE BANK.

The West Side bank was established November 10, 1902, in order to meet the growing demand of the pushing merchants of that part of the city, who often lacked time to come up town and leave their business before the closing of the banks at three o'clock. Again, the lower part of the city had increased so much in the way of capital that some of the best citizens of that part of Evansville decided that a good bank would be a fine speculative investment. It was commodious quarters without very much attempt at fine architecture, but as regards its financial standing there is absolutely no doubt. The board at present is:

Ben Bosse, president, J. W. Varner, vice president, H. J. Reichman, cashier, and A. A. Klein, assistant cashier, W. A. Rosenberger, assistant cashier. The directors are: Geo. Bockstaege, Ben Bosse, J. C. Fischer, Geo. W. Folz, Wiillam Haynes, Thomas Macer, Frank Lahoff, August Rosenberger, Dr. Geo. W. Varner.

It will be noted that these gentlemen represent the most progressive element of the West End.

THE AMERICAN TRUST AND SAVINGS.

The American Trust and Savings company was incorporated December 1st, 1904. The directors erected a beautiful building at the corner of Main and Sixth streets. The business of this institution is varied. Not only do they do a fine banking business but they handle estates, act as trustees, and handle loans of all kinds. They also have a safety deposit department connected with it and are equipped with everything that goes to make up an up-to-date banking institution. The board are: Marcus Sonntag, president,

Walter J. Lewis, vice president, Walter H. Karsch, secretary, and the directors are: W. H. McCurdy, Wilbur Erskine, W. W. Lewis, Christian Kanzler, Clifford Shopbell, August Rosenberger, Geo. L. Torian, Marcus S. Sonntag, and Walter Lewis.

This building cost nearly $100,000 and has one of the handsomest fronts in the city.

FARMERS' AND CITIZENS' BANK OF HOWELL.

This bank in our progressive suburb was organized in 1906, to meet the wants of the merchants of Howell, as well as many farmers residing in the territory near there. In point of capital this would not be called a large institution but it is of sufficient size to do the business necessary to the section in which it is located. A glance at the list of officials will convince one that its business will be done on a most conservative basis. Dr. D. A. Cox is president, and Henry E. Drier, treasurer. The directors are E. G. Thomas, L. Rollet, A. A. Kamp, J. J. Thompson, R. S. Worst and Charles Joyce.

THE EXCHANGE BANK.

The Exchange Bank is a substantial bank of not very large capital but it really does not need it in the line of business which it pursues, although it does a general banking business in connection with real estate loans, of the settlement of estates, acting as trustees for estates, etc. The officials are: Joe Bailey, president; William J. Rogers, vice president; Vernon Sullenger, cashier; directors, F. C. Gore, Joe Bailey, W. J. Rogers and F. A. Larkin.

It is with pride that this work refers to the above list of well-conducted banking institutions. Probably no city of the size of Evansville has more of such institutions in ratio to its population and they are a wonderful aid to the community, for in a city so rapidly growing, almost every man of any push and energy is compelled to go to the banks at times. There are many who do not seem to realize of what the business of banking consists and a little anecdote may possibly enlighten them.

Some years ago a man who was possessed of a great deal of real estate had never failed to pay an honest debt in his life and stood high in the community in every respect, found it necessary to go to one of the banks for some ready money to aid him in an investment he was making. He went to a certain bank and approached the president with fear and trembling. He had his hat in his hands and his air was that of a man going to be executed. He was ushered into the private office of the president who very kindly said, "Well, what can I do for you?" The first party began by saying that he had come asking a very great favor, that he did not know whether it could be granted or not but if it could be it would be the greatest favor ever done him in his life. He went on to say that he referred to all the citizens who had known him as to whether or not he was an honest

man and he needed some money, and he had gotten about this far, when much to his surprise, the president slapped him on the back and said, "Now look here. You sit down in that chair and tell me how much you want. That is all we want to know. You have gotten the wrong idea about banks. Our business is to loan money and not keep it tied up in the vault and whenever as good a man as you are comes here to borrow money, he is the one who is doing the favor and not us." He continued, "Now don't ever be afraid to go to the bank. People imagine sometimes that banks do not want to loan money because a great many questions are asked when a man comes to borrow. But this is only a matter of business. Whenever we find that a customer is all right he can borrow just as far as he can put up collateral to secure us on our investment. If we simply took in money and stowed it away in our vault and never loaned it, it would be a very short time until this bank would have to close up. It is the interest that we make in our loans that keeps all the wheels greased, pays my salary and the salary of all the men whom you see working here, so dont' be afraid to come back and see us again."

The man drew a long sigh of relief, got his money and meeting a friend said, "Why, I was scared to death when I went to the bank for money but I guess it was because I had never been there before. They are the nicest fellows I ever met and if I had just staid there a little longer I could have borrowed every cent they had."

THE NEWSPAPERS.

Who can imagine a town, even a small one, without its paper? It is in the morning that we pick up our dailies and read of events occurring all over the entire world or in the evening sit after a day's work and read what has happened in the last 24 hours preceding. It is really hard to imagine what must have been the state of affairs when the only newspaper was from mouth to mouth and when events that would startle the whole world and are now flashed over the telegraph wires in a few moments, only became known months after they happened and even when the newspapers in this city began, their crudity was in great contrast with the papers of the present. Within my recollection, we had hand presses and what were known as flat-bed presses. The hand presses were as the name indicates, turned by hand, just as they grind sausages, while the flat-bed presses were really not so very much better as regarded speed and in those early days an editor was not only expected to write his own matter, but he must be a typesetter and know how to make up his forms, read his own proof, put his form on the old press bed and then get off his edition as best he could. He must even know how to make his own rollers, a thing that is done now by factories who make a business of turning them out, and they are shipped ready-made of any size and any hardness and to work on any and all kinds of presses. The Journal and Courier had flat-bed presses of the old kind,

EVANSVILLE PRESS CLUB

as did the Evansville Demokrat. The Tribune, before I bought it, had become quite high-toned and actually owned a double cylinder Hoe press. This press was held together by so many wires and pieces of rope and belts that it was hard to tell where the press needed repairs. To actually run off an edition without stopping for repairs was an unknown quantity. Today everything is changed.

A perfect press turns out papers from a huge roll of paper, cuts the copies, folds them and pushes them nicely into little boxes, so that one can simply push the lever which starts the press and he has nothing to do save take out the papers ready for delivery. It may be said to the credit of Evansville, that it early realized the necessity of a newspaper, for the Evansville Gazette was published in 1821. Its proprietors were Gen. Elisha Harrison and William Monroe. Gen. Harrison had great ability and energy and was a self-taught man. He held many places of trust and was much esteemed for his manly qualities. He was the kind of a man who stamped his personality on everyone with which he had any connection. His partner, Mr. Monroe, was simply a practical printer. He knew how to set type in a machinelike manner and that was all. When the hard times came in 1824, the Gazette passed out of existence and for ten years no paper nearer than Vincenes was published in this entire part of the state. At that time an Eastern man, William Town, came here and announced his intention of starting a weekly paper. Of course he was met with open arms by the citizens and what encouragement they could give him they freely extended. Mr. Town was a well educated man and in order to eke out a livelihood he taught a grammar school in the old Presbyterian church at night, while he was preparing his printing office on Main street. In March, 1834, he got out his first issue and his leading item was a long account of the Buck Horn tavern. This gained its name from its sign—an enormous deer or buck horn nailed to the top of a post which stood in front of the cabin. Mr. Town called his paper the Evansville Journal and the name has never been changed up to the present time, although the word "News" has been added during the last years. The Journal was, of course, a Whig paper, as there was no Republican party in those days and it paid very little attention to politics, its every aim being to assist in developing this part of the country. If the papers of the present day would only follow the example of this primitive sheet, how much better off the people and the country would be. Mr. Town died but a year after coming here in 1839. His paper was bought by William H. and John J. Chandler, who were both highly capable men and of great influence. When they took charge of the paper they changed the name to the Evansville Journal and Vanderburg Advertiser, but this was entirely too heavy a head for the size of the sheet and they soon dropped the latter part. The greatest improvement in the paper was in its appearance. As William H. Chandler was a practical printer, the old copies of the paper show that in make-up and general appearance the appearance of the paper imroved wonderfully in its very first issue. Mr.

John J. Chandler, through the pressure of legal business, was compelled to give up his connection with the paper and sold his interest to his brother. In 1846 the latter started a Tri-weekly Journal and in 1848 the Daily Journal. Mr. Chandler did the manifold duties of editor, news department and a great deal of the mechanical work. It is said that he used to go to the office at four o'clock in the morning and remain until midnight, so that it is no wonder he succeeded even in such a small field. He was from Vermont originally and his father died from that strange disease, "milk sickness." He had worked at Nashville on the Republican of that city as foreman of the book department and had saved up $2,000. It was with this money that he started in the newspaper business here. He was appointed postmaster in 1848 and at once sold the Journal to Gen. Add H. Sanders. He held the office during the term of President Pierce and shortly afterwards he was almost completely disabled by rheumatism and was compelled to retire from active life in 1862. He published the first city directory in Evansville. Gen. Sanders owned the Journal for six years. He was an accomplished journalist of the old school and the paper became very popular. His editorials were to the point and, being a naturally witty man who abounded in humor, his local paragraphs were very engaging. He turned his attention to the city department and made of that all that could be made of it. In those days the owner of the paper was supposed to write a few editorials and allow the city department to be made up of anything that happened to come in. Gen. Sanders was also a Whig and advocated the principles of that party until the campaign of 1852. He opposed vigorously the democratic party in 1884, and put his paper into the know-nothing line. The history of the know-nothing party is that it existed for a short time and it is very hard to tell of just what its principles consisted. Two years afterward he supported Millard Fillmore for the presidency, as a representative of the American party. But while the contest was at its height he sold the paper to F. Y. Carlile, a thorough scholar of great literary attainments. He was a ready and careful writer, while his sarcasm was particularly effective. He made the mistake of discussing too many scientific, financial and economic questions and, to put it plainly, his ideas were ahead of the ideas of his readers. In politics he was not at all effective and the paper did not progress as was expected, so he decided to associate himself with practical printers, and it was this decision that made F. M. Thayer and John H. McNeely partners in the Journal. They took hold in 1858 and controlled both the financial and the mechanical departments. At this time the Journal was published at the corner of Main and Water streets, in the old Lewis building upstairs. The entire work was done on two hand presses and it is said that the weekly pay roll covering everything was only about $60. It can thus be imagined that the two mechanics did most of the work. Very shortly they put in a steam engine and power press and also decided to put in a job press and a lot of new job type. They were just getting into shape when a fire wiped out the building and

destroyed their office completely. The paper suspended, however, only for one day. In 1858 the proprietors of the Journal very wisely decided that it was not necessary for a paper to be published on Main street, and if they got out a readable paper it made no difference where the mechanical paper was done, so they purchased a lot where now stands the sugar house of the Bement Grocery Company at Locust and Water streets. It was at first a two-story frame, fifty feet deep, with a basement fitted out for a press room. In 1865 they began the erection of a better building and in 1867 they had a most complete plant, a commodious three-story brick, with a fine jobbing department and everything necessary to turn out not only first-class newspapers but all kinds of book and job printing. At this time Mr. Thayer took charge of the editorial department, long before Mr. Carlile had sold his interest to James H. McNeely. Mr. Carlile had advocated the election the election of Gen. Hovey on what was known as the anti-Nebraska issue, one of the old-time political issues of the day. Those who remember old papers will note that even in those days the chief aim of the two parties of the country was to find "issues" on which to fight. Possibly the general public who read the news in those days believe that these issues were of great importance and not simply vehicles to be used to fight over, so that the big men of one party or the other could get into office and draw a fat salary. In these days the people are better educated and when the average politician fires away and talks, the people take his speech for exactly what it is worth. It is a great pity, in the mind of the writer, that the people have not known this all along. With the retirement of Mr. Carlile the two proprietors, who were republicans by instinct, determined to cast their fortunes with this new political organization and the position of the paper has never changed from that day. When Abraham Lincoln was nominated at Chicago the Journal was one of his warmest supporters and throughout that campaign it fought boldy for his election. At that time Vanderburg County went republican and much of this is due to the good work done by the Journal. After the election of Mr. Lincoln, James H. McNeeley was appointed postmaster and Mr. Thayer took entire charge of the editorial department and conducted it for more than twenty years. All through the war the Journal was never changed in its loyalty. It again supported Mr. Lincoln in 1864. In 1866 Col. John W. Foster bought the interest of James H. McNeely and at once began to show his wonderful ability in the editorial department and shortly afterward Edward Tabor who had been with the office for many years, was also taken in as a partner and with a position of business manager. Col. Foster was appointed postmaster by Gen. Grant in 1872 and sold his interest in the office to Mr. Claude G. DeBruler, a young but able editor. Mr. Thayer shortly afterwards moved to the West and Mr. Tabor died, and the paper was thus left to the ownership of John H. McNeely and Mr. DeBruler. Mr. James H. McNeely purchased Mr. DeBruler's interest and again assumed control

of the editorial rooms. A stock company was formed shortly afterwards but the controlling interests were owned by the McNeely family.

At the time the opera house was burned down the plant of the Journal was destroyed. Mr. E. T. McNeely, who had displayed ability in the managing of the Journal, again showed his business sagacity and secured the large building on Main between Fifth and Sixth, which was known then as the Roelker building. There were many who said that the Journal had moved clear out of town, but it has been proven that Mr. McNeely knew exactly what he was doing and it was only a short time until Main street rapidly built up and his location became a most valuable one. The large building gave ample room for all his needs, while he was able to rent other portions of the building for a price that made his own occupancy cost very little. Recently the Journal has suffered through another fire, and a contract has been made by which a beautiful building will be built, just around the corner on Fifth street. This will have every modern improvement and will be one of the handsomest newspaper offices in the state. A few years ago Mr. McNeely decided that a good bright evening paper was a necessity in Evansville and began the publication of the Evening News. Prior to that time he had acquired the machinery of the Tribune office and was in a position to turn out a very speedy afternoon paper. In a short time the afternoon issue became so popular that it was decided to drop the morning edition and the name of the old Journal, which for so many years has been the standby of the republican party here, was hyphenated, and the Journal-News was the result. The paper is doing a fine business and bids fair to always continue to be a fine investment. In this connection I cannot help from paying due tribute to Mr. McNeely. Having been in the business so many years, I know the great burden that he took upon his shoulders when he first attempted to take the Journal out of the rut into which it seemed to have fallen. With the greatest industry and very close application to business and with a thorough knowledge of political affairs, he rapidly built up the decaying paper into the strong and sturdy Journal-News of today. To him is due almost the entire credit for this change.

It must be conceded that the Courier is today the most perfect specimen of a wide-awake modern newspaper in this section of the country. It is ably edited in every department. It is backed by unlimited capital, has an immense circulation and is one of the best paying pieces of property in the city and this only shows what energy and a thorough knowledge of the business and, more than all, the ability to keep up with the times and know what people want and expect, can do for a newspaper. But the early life of the Courier was a hard one. Time and again unsucessful attempts were made to keep up a democratic paper that should be the organ of the Pocket. But each time it failed. The paper was originally started in 1839 under the name of the Southwestern Sentinel. Its editor was Jacob Page Chapman. As to his ability, he had it in plenty and as can be shown from the fact that he afterwards became one of the proprietors and was for many

years managing editor of the Indianapolis Sentinel. The paper went out of existence in 1840 when Martin Van Buren was defeated. Until 1848 there was no democratic paper here, when Mr. A. C. Huntington began the publication of the Vanderburg Democrat. It was a lively paper and soon had a widespread weekly circulation. But in 1850 it lost its prestige and went out of existence, and simply because of a division between the local political leaders of that party. How often does history repeat itself! These same divisions which existed then have always existed and exist today, and the innumerable defeats which the democratic party has had in this city and county can be attributed to this and nothing else. This book not being partial in any sense, can treat of these matters from an outside standpoint and it takes these facts from history, and it can hardly be blamed for saying that just so long as these factions continue to exist the party will never gain a victory. In fact, it is a matter of common knowledge that republicans, no matter how hard they fight before elections, always get together at that time and vote the ticket, while the cliques in the democratic party seem to feel that the game of politics is best played by knifing each other, and this is a sad, sad mistake. Mr. Ben Stinson was the next one to unfurl the standard of democracy and established the Evansville Advertiser with Col. C. W. Hutchen as the first editor. He soon sold out to Col. C. K. Drew and Calvin Frary who, being republicans, at once changed its name to the Republican and then transferred it to Clark and McDonald, who ran it for about one year. They then sold out to William B. Baker, who allowed it to die again in 1851. In 1852 Charles P. Baymiller and J. W. Brewer started the publication of the tri-weekly called the "Times," but after the election this in turn stopped publication for want of support. In 1852 Captain John B. Hall purchased the office of the Independent Pocket, a neutral paper, and he conducted it during the know-nothing times. The influence of the paper extended widely under his management, as he was a forceful writer and he compelled the respect of his most violent political adversaries. Six years after, the paper was sold to A. T. Whittlesey. He conducted it for a year and then sold it to Captain Nathan Willard and S. S. Whitehead. When the Civil war broke out, Captain Willard joined the Federal army and the newspaper suspended publication and was never revived. John H. Scott, in the summer of 1862, published a small weekly paper called the Gazette, but is soon got out of politics and was conducted as an independent paer, and finally as an advertising sheet.

But in 1862 the democrats elected their entire ticket in Vanderburg County and before another general election the leaders of the party began to feel encouraged to start a daily paper, run on strictly democratic lines. There was a German paper here called the Volksblatt which was purchased and Robert S. Sproule was engaged as editor. This paper was called the Evansville Times. Mr. Sproule knew all the leading politicians of the state and had a thorough knowledge of the National political affairs. He was aided by Ben Stinson, who was a splendid business manager and J. P. May-

nard. But in spite of all, the paper went down and died in 1864, leaving the party with a printing office but no paper. It was during the following winter that Mr. Geo. W. Shanklin took hold of the plant and for a few weeks conducted a sprightly little sheet called The Evansville Dispatch. Its last appearance was a lead-bordered edition, after the murder of Abraham Lincoln. In 1865 the democrats again took hold of the office which had been held by five trustees for the benefit of the original subscribers. This was turned over to Alfred Kierolf, William Holeman, J. B. Cabins and H. H. Hose. The trustees were Hon. John A. Reitz, Judge William F. Parrott, Hon. Thomas E. Garvin, Hon. Charles Denby and Richard Raleigh. The parties to whom the paper was sold were four practical printers, and they did their work so thoroughly that they were able to pay back the subscribers for stock and purchased the paper themselves. Soon Mr. Holeman was left the sole proprietor. He retained Robert A. Sproule and the paper took on a new lease of life, but it had contracted debts which it could not pay and a sale of the plant was made to Geo. W. Shanklin. Mr. Pickett of Kentucky came over to do the editorial work. He was a splendid writer and had a vast fund of information. While he was in control, Mr. John Gilbert Shanklin returned from Europe where he had been, and at once took hold with his brother in the management. In 1869 Messrs. C. and F. Lauenstein, who owned the Evansville Democrat, bought the Courier and under their management it soon became a valuable property. They took it in for $6,000 and in less than five years it sold for three hundred per cent profit. They put Col. A. T. Whittlesey in charge and he continued with the paper until 1872, but he disagreed with the proprietors on the question of politics and severed his connection with the paper and in 1873 it was sold to S. D. Terry & Co., who in 1874 transferred it to the Shanklin Brothers. In December, 1876, it passed into the possession of Mr. John S. Reilly, a most competent and capable manager, who conducted the paper for many years. Hon. John G. Shanklin was elected in 1878, secretary of state, receiving the largest majority ever known to be given any candidate up to that time for that office and for two years he resided in Indianapolis. Later Mr. Geo. W. Shanklin resided in Washington and was correspondent for the Cincinnati News, but notwithstanding their other business, they virtually controlled the columns of the Courier for many years. Even in those days the paper had many political triumphs. It had the honor of nominating President Cleveland as its choice for the presidential nomination in 1884 and after his inauguration, it always endorsed his administration, even while such papers as the Indianapolis Sentinel and others were opposing him along the same lines to which I referred before and it was the first of the leading papers of the country to name him for a second term. It has always been known that the late John Gilbert Shanklin was entitled to the very highest recognition from President Cleveland and it is said that he refused several very flattering offers. Finally he went to Washington for a conference with the president and it is said that political enemies who had been stung by his

vigorous editorials, stabbed him in the back and prevented him from receiving the position of minister to England. This of course is only hearsay, but there are many facts which go to prove that something of this kind must have been the case.

Again the Courier had long years of vicissitudes and nothing but the indomitable pluck and the business acumen of Mr. J. S. Reilly kept it from going to the wall. While there may be many newspaper men of equal ability as managers, I am compelled to say that I never met the equal of Mr. Reilly. How he did it, I do not know, but I do know that to him is due all the credit for keeping the paper on its feet. Mr. S. Luck of Kentucky purchased an interest in the paper and for a time put new life into it, but the paper still seemed to be unsuccessful and it was finally sold to its present proprietors, Mr. Henry C. Murphy, P. P. Carroll and Howard Roosa. When they purchased the paper, it was being run at the Keller printing establishment on Locust street, but they soon moved into a splendid building on Main street, which was purchased by them and at once began a series of innovations which startled the staid old city to its very depths. They were the first to donate for everything. They inaugurated all sorts of prizes, among which were tours to Europe for successful candidates for popularity. They gave entertainments for the poor and in fact, have been the prime movers in everything of that kind ever since its present owners took hold.

I would indeed feel this article incomplete, if I failed to pay a tribute to the memory of those two loving friends who first guided my steps along the paths of journalism, John G. and G. W. Shanklin.

Both sleep a dreamless sleep, but so long as The Courier shall be known, their names will be linked with it.

Given different environment, and their names would have been inscribed on the roll of fame side by side with the greatest editors of their day, but Evansville, a city that for years was wont to decry any home product, never gave them due appreciation.

Purse-proud money grabbers had little use for them. They could not use them. They were not good politicians for they had too much innate manhood to descend to the foul and dirty tactics of the "shrewd politician" of today.

But as finished writers and deep thinkers they had few equals. They were masters of both clean out argument and satire, but their styles were different. George wielded the great broadsword, while Gil fancied the delicate rapier.

They did not look on their paper as a money-making machine, but as a medium through which to make their birthplace one of the greatest cities in the west. The Courier was their pet, their pride, their all, and their greatest desire was to see it one of the great papers of the country. But all too early came their summons; their hands are stilled, their mentality at rest forever. How sad to think, that in the clouds that roll between the pulsing

present and the Great Unknown, there is not some little rift through which their souls may see the fulfillment of their dreams.

As an example of what push will do, the present proprietors when they assumed the management, found a circulation of 4,500. After taking off all the delinquent and unpaid subscribers, there was left as a basis of circulation, about 2,500. Their present circulation is 18,016 and by this I mean its paid circulation. Surely the management should be congratulated on this wonderful progress. In 1891 there was a split in the republican party in this city and it seemed impossible for the leaders of the two factions to get together, strange as it may seem. The first thought of one faction was that they needed a good live organ to give their views on a political question of the day and for this purpose quite a number of them banded together to start one. They offered the Evening Tribune a large sum for its plant, but this was refused, as the paper was making money fast and its proprietor loved the business and saw no reason for stopping it, as it was stipulated that if he sold, he was not to start any other paper in this city for a term of years. Finally they bought an entirely new outfit and a first-class one in every respect and began the publication of the Evansville Standard. It was started in the Vickery block, the lower part being used for a business office and a press room and type setting department, while the upper part was used for the editorial offices. It started as a morning paper, but after a year's trial, it was decided to put it into an afternoon paper. The first editor was John T. McEnnis, a splendid writer and a thorough newspaper man in every sense of the word. He remained with the paper until it was put into the afternoon field, when he was succeeded by Edward B. Bell, also a most finished writer. The paper, however, lost money from the start and in the fall of 1893 it was sold to Col. Frank B. Posey and the late Andrew J. Clark, who published it in conjunction with John J. Newman, who owned the Germania, an afternoon German paper. Later both of these publications were sold to other newspapers and the outfit was scattered among them. Of all the German democratic papers in Indiana, there was not one better known than the Evansville Democrat. It was established in 1864, by Mr. Peter Maier, who conducted it until 1866 and then returned to his own profession. In 1867 Messrs. C. and F. Lauenstein purchased it and for six years conducted it with great ability. It made money from the very start and had great influence, not only in the large German population of this city, but all over the county, the farmers of which are mostly Germans. The elder brother was a physician by profession and in 1873 he sold his interest to the late Fred Lauenstein and left the city of Evansville for a three-years' tour of Germany, the land of his birth. Mr. F. Lauenstein at once enlarged and improved his paper, moved into quarters at No. 306 upper Second street, which is now occupied by the rear of Strouse Brothers store, but which was then next to the Courier, which stood on the alley corner. In 1876 Dr. Lauenstein returned from Europe and again went in with his brother, and conducted the publication of the Democrat until his death. In

1883 and 1884 Herman Determan and Hans Scheller both had interests in the paper, but they sold the same to Mr. Lauenstein who continued it until death, under the name of F. Lauenstein & Co. His son was educated in the business and aside from that, received a splendid education abroad, so that at the death of his father, he was able to take entire charge of the paper, which he has conducted in a most able manner ever since.

Among other papers published here were the Post, a German paper and the Bulletin, which was established by Charles F. Gould, an untiring worker and a caustic writer. Unfortunately he lacked the capital to purchase a paper commensurate with his ability, but for many years he published the Bulletin, which was known as being liberal on all questions. For a time he was assisted by his daughter, a young woman of great ability and whose poetic pieces were so good that they were published in many of the leading papers of the country. At the death of Mr. Gould the paper passed into the hands of legal heirs and his son conducted it under the name of the Star Bulletin.

The Y. M. C. A. published a paper called the Advance, which was for the promotion of the association and it had a circulation of about 1,000. Mr. Geo. E. Clark, during the good days of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, published the Union Recorder, which was devoted to the principles of that order. It had quite a large circulation until the order began to decline. It was for some years a money-making paper and was ably edited, but went out of existence of course, when the order virtually lost its prestige. Mr. Clark also published the Advocate at one time. The Pilot, a democratic journal, devoted to the interests of the colored people, existed for only a short time, as it could gain no prestige among the white population and a great majority of the colored people were naturally opposed to its policies. In the same year the Saturday Call was started. It was published at the printing house of Keller and Payne by Isaac Herr, editor. The paper was started to supply the demand for a society journal which at the same time would contain much of interest to members of secret orders. The circulation of this paper grew very rapidly as it was somewhat of a new departure and its list of contributors was quite large. Some of the best writers, especially among the ladies, contributed to its columns. The paper flourished for a time, but Mr. Herr on account of ill health was compelled to move away and he sold the paper to William C. Payne and Charles F. Worthington, who continued it for some time, but as its circulation began to decrease, they decided to stop its publication.

On the 11th day of October, 1873, W. T. King established the Evening Herald, an afternoon daily paper published in Evansville. It seemed to have been started at just the wrong time, but it might have been successful had King applied himself more assiduously to its interest. He was an actor by profession and a dramatic writer and seemed to think that if he furnished a lot of bright matter, the paper could run itself. In this, he lacked business acumen as it was shown, for in 1877 he was compelled to dispose of

it and it was bought by Frank J. Ryan and Jacob Covert. This paper immediately jumped into a wide-spread circulation, but reverses came and it was soon seen that it could not be kept up, so in 1881 Mr. Percy V. Jones was taken in as a partner. Disagreements arose almost immediately and so violent was the antipathy, that something rarely seen in newspaper work soon appeared in its columns, the editorials written by Mr. Ryan all being signed with an R and those of Mr. Jones with a J. Only newspaper men can understand what the situation must have been. Soon Messrs. Ryan and Covert drew out and began the publication of an evening paper called the News. The rivalry between these two evening papers was very great and for a time the News threatened to wipe out the Tribune. To protect himself, Mr. Jones purchased the News and at the same time his sister, Mrs. Alice Van Riper, formerly Miss Alice Jones, a beautiful and highly educated young woman, came to his aid and did not hesitate to assist not only in the editorial department, but in any other department and I well remember that on the afternoon that I first thought of buying the Tribune and went over to look at it, that I was very much surprised to see Mrs. Van Riper with her sleeves rolled up and a huge apron on, making up the mail on a table down in the basement, while all around were yelling newsboys and the clatter of that old Hoe press, was something awful. I think that it was during one of the periods at which the press broke down as usual, that I was first able to hear about the exact circulation of the Tribune-News.

On March 5, 1886, the Tribune was purchased by Frank M. Gilbert, who had been publishing the Argus in the old Marble block on Main street. The success of the Argus had been phenomenal. It was built up of second-hand type that was bought by Thomas Collins of Mt. Vernon when a paper failed in Louisville. The chief asset of the paper was the splendid lot of type, the best outfit of type then in this city. A great deal of this type was unnecessary, but the paper had no press and the first few issues were printed at the Courier office. The outfit was then moved to Marble Hall, a second press was bought and run by hand. But afterwards when J. C. Gutenberger and Will C. Payne, both deceased, went into partnership in a job printing establishment in the rear, it used steam power. It published the first pink edition ever seen in Evansville and among the contributors were such men as Geo. Peck, who visited Mr. Gilbert here at the first Blue and Grey reunion; Billy Nya, Kit Adams, Geo. Salisberry, Dr. Locke, the Dunbury news men, very well known humorists who had never known where Evansville was located, but knew the Argus from its jokes. At the end of the second year, Mr. Kleiner's interest was bought and the Argus continued until the purchase of the Tribune as above. The new owner was taken sick with pneumonia on the very day that he bought it and for many weeks lay at the point of death. In fact, so low did he become at one time, that two of the papers in the city had his obituary written. But this is where they wasted good time. He at once got rid of the old Hoe press, brought over his good type from the Argus, killed that paper and secured the services of Charles G. Covert and several

others of the brighter young men in Evansville. To say that the paper was a success is putting it mildly. At the end of the second year, it made over $1,000 clear over the entire cost of the plant. It was conducted by the same owner for several years and a fine perfecting press was put in and every thing for a first-class paper. In fact, it was its boast that is was the best equipped newspaper plant of its size in the west. But reverses came through unfortunate endorsements and he found himself unable to pay his men. Up to that time, the Tribune had been known as the happy family. The one paper in which there was never any disagreement. At that time, two gentlemen from Warrick county bought the Tribune, put in a great many changes, made it a straight out democratic paper and continued it for one year, at which time it went back into Gilbert's possession, as he held a mortgage for a portion of the unpaid purchase money. Several papers had an eye on the plant and it was sold at midnight one night through Mr. Geo. A. Cunningham and it was not known by the company's proprietor until about an hour afterwards, when Mr. E. T. McNeely came up and shook hands with him that the Tribune was dead and gone forever, and had passed into the hands of the Evansville Journal Company.

CHAPTER XIX.

OUR SCHOOLS—THE FIRST ATTEMPTS—COUNTRY LOG SCHOOLS WITH WANDERING TEACHERS—FIRE HOUSES USED IN EVANSVILLE—"DADDY KNIGHT"—PRIVATE SCHOOLS—THE MORE MODERN SCHOOLS—A BEAUTIFUL AND THOROUGH SYSTEM—DIFFERENCE IN TEACHERS.

Evansville may well be called a city of schools. While much is due to the state of Indiana for this fact, yet still greater credit is due to our citizens who ever since the founding of the place, have felt that education was one of the greatest necessities of this life. In perhaps no other city of the same proportion of population, are there so many beautiful buildings of such great magnitude equipped with the very best facilities for instruction and where the pupils are instructed by teachers so well fitted to fill their positions. In fact, for years the schools of the city have been one of the greatest points of which our people have boasted and it is a fact that many of the best men, prominent and wealthiest here today, were brought here by the fact that by settling in Evansville heir children could obtain as good an education in every respect in any city in the world. This, of course, does not refer to the classical education, but as far as what the term "common school education" implies, no city can excel Evansville. In these days it is almost impossible for a young person to exist without a good ordinary education. Our High School especially is the peer of any like institution in the country. But of these schools of today, we will treat later on and for the present will take up the early history of education in this section. Perry township was the first one to make a move under the state laws to organize a school. The original ordinance which might be called the father of the free school system, was passed in 1787 by the continental congress. It provided for a general and uniform system of common schools. In Indiana our statesmen and legislators have been so careful of educational finances entrusted to their care, that the school fund has today to its credit, millions of dollars, a greater fund perhaps than possessed by any other state in the Union. According to the law, a part of this fund is loaned to the state and the remainder is apportioned to the various counties. And the county auditors of this county are authorized to loan this fund to people, with the proper security, at 6 per cent interest.

Referring to the first school, it was built on the site of the present County Orphan Asylum. The logs were not even hewn and there was no floor save mother earth. The benches of course, were like all others of

that early day—what were termed puncheon benches. These were made by driving four posts into a slab of wood and on this rough surface there were no backs at all, but poor little youngsters were compelled to sit on them. Such a thing as a desk was an unknown quantity. There was not even a place in which to keep the books and every child was expected to take its books home at the close of the school and bring them back the next day. In this rough log house the walls were not even chinked but there was an enormous fire place which kept it fairly warm and it must be remembered that in those days school was taught only in the winter, for in the summer each little one was expected to do his or her share of work at the home. The first teacher was a man named Thomas Trueman, who built his school house in 1819. He had been a sailor during the war of the Revolution and was rather an old man when he came here. He was also quite an odd character. No one knew whether he was a bachelor or a widower. He seemed to have no friends or relatives, and never received any letters. He taught school during the winter, while in the summer he fished and hunted, living in a little leanto cabin that he had built for himself in the country. He died in German township and his last request was that his body be cremated in the log cabin. Among the simple German farmers who lived there, this was taken as an evidence of a mild insanity, yet they carried out his wishes. In 1824 George Thompson also taught a school in Perry township. This was located on the farm of Wash. Stinchfield. Many men who stand high in the history of Vanderburg County have since officiated as school trustees.

Armstrong township was the next one to build a school in 1836. This stood where now stands the house of Mr. LeRoy Calvert. Like the other, it was built of untrimmed logs but it was slightly more pretentious, having actually a puncheon floor and clapboard roof. It also had a window. This was made by cutting out one log and fastening across it, a sheet of greased paper to admit light. It also went further along co-educational lines, but had its own ideas, as there were two large stick-and-mud fire places, one at each end, one being for the boys and the other for the girls. Any party caught at the wrong fire place got speedy punishment. One naturally wonders how tuition was paid in those days, when money was almost an unknown thing. The teacher, whoever he might be, took the same pay as all the store keepers. That is he took furs, or wheat, corn or bacon and traded or sold what he did not use himself, to produce buyers. Scott township had its first school house in 1835 on the old Staser farm. In Center township William Morgan taught in 1830. This school house was probably the most primitive of all. It was a little log cabin on what is now known as the Hopkins farm. One of the scholars states that the boys all wore buckskin breeches and the girls buckskin aprons. A man named Trueman succeeded Mr. Morgan and he was the "Daddy Knight" of that period, it would seem. He was an inveterate eater of hickory nuts and employed most of his time between recitations in cracking them on these

puncheon benches with a bench leg which he would slip out of place and then put back when he was through. These teachers in Center township certainly did their duty, as some of the best families in Evansville of today, owe their ancestry to that part of the county. Up to this time there had been a small tuition, but Center township stared the first free school that ever existed in Vanderburg County. On the slope of Locust Hill Cemetery there stood until lately, a small brick house, almost hidden by trees and vines. In this a man named Kilbock opened a free school to any who wished to attend, and kept it open three or four months in the year. Naturally he had some other means of resource, so while not teaching he traveled through the country mending clocks. In German township the first school was a mere hut with only one log left out to admit light, no paper being used to close it. In Evansville proper the pioneer teacher was Geo. Thompson, who taught in a small log cabin at First and Vine streets. Then William Price taught school in the old Baptist church near Mulberry and First. This building will be remembered by a great many citizens. It was the old log building that for so many years, stood in the rear of the yard of William Dean. Many years ago people looked on this old building with a sort of reverence, it being really one of the most prominent land marks connected with the history of this city and it is safe to say that very few thought that Mr. Dean would ever remove it. But he did so, although it did not show signs of decay. It seems to the writer that if Mr. Dean had wished it out of the way, the city should have purchased it and have taken it apart as has been done with thousands of other old buildings in various cities and placed it somewhere where it would remain until finally destroyed by the hands of Father Time. Those of us who understand how long those old buildings could stand the hand of time, could safely predict that our great-grandchildren would probably see it. It was in 1821 that the people of Evansville felt sufficiently wealthy to build an actual brick school house. They did so and employed Daniel Chute as teacher at a salary of $300 per year. It was built on the old court house square near the corner of 3rd and Main. It had a large fire place at each end and they were so huge that more light came through them than from the two small windows in the front of the building. Mr. Chute was a graduate of Dartmouth college and a fine scholar. For twenty years he taught the youth of Evansville. He was a very pious man and had his own ideas about conducting a school. He opened with prayer, remaining standing with his own eyes open and a long fishing pole in his hand and if he caught a scholar in mischief during the prayer, he would call out "woe unto you John" and strike him smartly across the back with the long pole, after which he would take up the prayer where he left off. He also taught girls, in the old part of the school. One of the first teachers to come here from the East was Miss Filura French who began in 1832. She soon married Mr. John Shanklin and was the mother of John Gilbert Shanklin, Geo. W. Shanklin and Mrs. John Harlan, whose great intellect was well known to every one in this

community. There have been quite a number of private schools in Evansville. Miss Julian Barnes opened one in 1838. Afterwards the Misses Martin, sisters of Vice President Martin, the Draper misses, who taught in the old building at the corner of 3d and Chestnut. Mr. Stafford, Mr. Greene, Miss Dean, Miss Abbot, Mr. Thompson and Miss Connington also taught. These were all private schools and gradually disappeared after the inauguration of the public school. Two of the most beloved women who ever lived here, were Miss Hooker and Miss Hough, who taught a private school for a time. Miss Hough had formerly been assistant in the public schools, but gave up her position to join her sister Miss Hooker in conducting this select school for girls only. Many of the matrons of today, the most shining lights in society, gained their first instructions from these two most estimable women. It must be remembered that in the early days of school teaching in this section, there was no standard of education by which a teacher could be judged. In fact, the trustees to whom they would go for a position would be themselves uneducated men. The standard in those days seemed to be the arithmetic and any one who could reach the rule of three, was proficient and if he could reach the double rule of three, he was considered an educated man. This rule of three meant that one must be able to multiply, divide and subtract three figures and of course the double rule meant six figures. In some cases where boys were bound out to farmers, and the farmer agreed to educate them, the contract called for an education as far as the rule of three and this appears on some of the old records. Naturally when there were so few books, where pens and pencils were unknown and blotting paper was unheard of, we wonder how our ancestors got along. The blackboard was used everywhere. A primitive board stained with poke berry juice or the liquid of boiled oak leaves and on this the teacher demonstrated with something as near the chalk of the present day as could be had. A steel pen was almost unknown. Some of the very wealthy men of the east may have had them, but in this country even the teacher used a quill pen made from a goose feather and the children the same. The scarcity of the same goose at first caused them to use the feathers of the wild goose which were almost identical. Every teacher was supposed to be an expert pen-maker and kept a very sharp knife for that purpose and one of the teacher's duties at the close of the day was to take the pens of his little band of scholars and trim them ready for the next day. As feathers were plentiful, the cost of the pens was nothing; and now for the blotting. The ink that they used was generally kept in a horn and from this fact arose that old term, "a horn of ink," which has not been seen in years, and yet formerly was a common quotation. The teacher kept a large supply in a cow's horn at his desk if he had one, or hanging on the wall near where he sat and from this he supplied the little ink bottles made from the tops of the horns of cattle, that were used by the scholars. The common ink was made from poke berries but another ink a little more expensive but better, was made

by boiling oak bark and sumach berries to which a little copperas was added. There was no recitation by classes, as there were not enough books to go around and each scholar recited his lesson separately. Naturally the crude attempts of the young pupils in penmanship consisted of more blots than letters and as there was no blotting paper, sand was used in its stead. This was a case not only in the schools, but in many of the stores, mills, etc. In fact, there are many of us now living here in Evansville who can remember when a business man kept a little box with a hole perforated like a pepper box of today, in which he kept his sand. As soon as his letter was finished, he sanded it, poured the surplus sand back into the box and the letter was ready. Another old habit even after the days of steel pens, was to stick the pens into a little box of fine shot and still later along, an Irish potato was used and a large one could be seen on the desk of any store in Evansville, with pens of all kinds sticking in it.

Just at the present I will drop the matter of schools and come back to my own experience. It is unfortunate that in writing a book of this kind, that the author is at times compelled to say more or less about himself. But if he lacked these actual experiences, how could he be in a position to give an absolutely correct statement of early details. When I arrived in Evansville, there were exactly three schools. One was in the Neptune Engine building where Charles Smith's barber shop is now, across from the late Masonic Hall. Another was in the building of the Engine Young America, which stood on the west corner of the Custom house square. The other was at the corner of Franklin street, and Fulton Avenue, where the beautiful park now exists. At that time I lived across from the Custom house in the two-story brick next to the Vickery building. By some means, I was sent for a time, to the Neptune house building, which was shortly after given up. The engine, a hand engine of course, was kept down stairs and a very narrow stairway lead to an upper room. In this were a few benches and small desks. The ropes by which the alarm bell was rung went through a closed place in the school room and I well remember that on the opening day of school, there was a fire alarm and the awful rattling of these ropes against the planks made every child rush to the street thinking that the building was on fire. Soon I was shifted to the Young America Engine house, which was just across from my home. On the corner was an old marble yard. Where the Custom house stands, was a row of small cottages and in two of them lived Aunt Sallie Gover and Mrs. Greene, two of the first colored people who ever lived in Evansville. My troubles began the first day I went to school. I had just come from a little town in Connecticut, where I had been sent after my mother's death, where children were supposed to wear shoes and also collars at times, so I went to school with my shoes and a large turn-down collar. I got along very well until recess, after which I had no collar and the shoes had changed from black into a kind of russet. On this first eventful day some

CAMPBELL STREET SCHOOL

boy dubbed me "Yankee" which was soon changed to "Dandy" because I still had to wear a collar and that name stuck to me for many a long year. To this day I sometimes meet an old time citizen who calls me "Dandy" and shakes hands and we go back to those old days. Possibly a little explanation is due here. In the early days of Evansville, hardly a boy or girl ever wore any shoes in summer, except on Sunday, when they were supposed to be dressed for church. The boys of my age wore what we called hickory shirts and long pants as knickerbockers were then unknown. During the winter most of the boys had coats, but in summer, a boy's wardrobe consisted of a shirt, a pair of pants, and an old straw hat, and for him to wear anything else was to stamp him as being too conceited to move along with the common horde and therefore a person to be licked on sight. Whatever agility I have in my old age is probably due to the exercise I got in running away from crowds of boys who would spy me with these collars and shoes on.

It was shortly before the war that the citizens saw the necessity of having a large public school which pupils from all parts of the city could attend. What was then known as the Canal street house and now as the Mulberry street school was then built. That is, the middle building, that now stands on the lot. J. W. Knight for many long years known as Daddy Knight, was in charge virtually of the entire building, though he taught what is known as the grammar school. Mr. Knight was indeed a character. Long ago he passed to his reward, as have many of the old pupils that he taught. But I can remember when the one great wish of the growing boy in Evansville was that he would soon be big enough to lick Daddy Knight. To accomplish that object seemed to be the one great point for which he was living. And the reason for this is easy to give. Mr. Knight seemed to have been brought up on the old code, "spare the rod and spoil the child" and if there was ever any child spoiled through his forgetfulness of this code, I don't remember who it could have been. I will say this, however, that stern as his measures were, he was a great educator. He was the most strict disciplinarian who ever taught here and his methods of giving punishment as varied as the sands of the sea. For instance if a boy missed a word in reading and then said that he did not see it, Mr. Knight would immediately yank him out of his seat and very forcibly rub his eyes so he could see better next time. If a disturbance began along a row of seats and he was unable to trace the offender, he never wasted any time, but began at the first seat and thrashed the occupants of the whole row with no partiality. He claimed by this means he always got the right one. He had a playful way of poking pupils in the ribs with his ruler. Sometimes he lifted them out of their seats by their collars and sometimes by the hair. His one idea was to get them out of their seats. He, to the best of my recollection, used a ruler or the end of a hickory stick for other portions of the anatomy and as a reserve and one that struck fear to the heart of the pupil, was the raw hide. He only used this on rare occa-

sions, however. Just a little incident. Sometimes he would wander from his duties and tell stories to the students and woe be to the one who did not listen attentively. One bright morning his little girl came over and whispered into his ear and then went out. Mr. Knight then arose and said he would have to excuse himself as he had to hive a swarm of bees. He then went on to give a short history of the bee, and how easily they could be handled, provided the man knew how. He said he had hived bees all of his life, and one way to collect them nicely, was to go sprinkle them with a little water and transfer them from one hive to another without the least particle of danger. He then left. In about an hour he came back and with one gasp the entire school saw that the worthy professor had made a mistake in his connection. His face was covered with flour or some other stuff to allay inflammation, while out of the very swollen surface there could be seen two tiny spots which were supposed to be his eyes. He said nothing further about bees and strange to say, there was not a solitary laugh in the entire school. If there had been, I am certain that the reserve raw hide would have been brought out. At first the boys and girls were taught together in the Canal street school house, but afterwards the girls were removed to another part of the building and coeducation was never attempted again in the city, until the first High School was established. This was in a building first used as a church and now occupied by a whisky house at the corner of Second and Clark streets. Here it was that I graduated. There were only three in the graduating class. Prior to this time we had teachers of great ability at the Canal school house. Mr. S. T. Leavitt, Mr. C. P. Parsons, who married the sister of the late Mrs. James L. Orr, and Col. Charles H. Butterfield, who served many positions in this city in future years.

The great head center of the school system of Evansville today lies in the head office building near the high school at the corner of Seventh and Vine streets. The high school building itself is supposed to be one of the most handsome school buildings in the city. But the pioneer school, the one which first marked the decision of the people of Evansville that it should eventually become a great school town, is the old Canal street school or what is now known as the Mulberry street school, which was spoken of in the beginning of this article. When first built it consisted of one large double brick building. It was surmounted by a tower and it stood in the center of a great yard. In the tower was a bell which was rung regularly to call the children to school, and it also tapped the closing hours of work. As stated, the boys were on one side and the girls on the other and, until prior to the starting of the high school in the old Baptist church at the corner of Clark and Second, the advanced scholars were all taught in the upper room on the right hand side where Hon. Charles S. Butterfield was teacher, assisted in French and some of the other higher branches by Miss Hough, who afterwards taught a private school and who was a superbly educated Eastern woman. At various times during the reign of the old

school attempts were made to teach German. There were various German teachers employed but, as a rule, they were not sucessful in the early day. As it is now, the teaching of German I am told is a part of the regular school work, and while it is optional with a scholar whether or not he or she takes German lessons, it still shows that the determination to introduced German into the public schools has never been given up. No one respects Germans more than the writer, and among the old German settlers and with the great majority of their descendants he has a most pleasant acquaintance, but years ago he said in his own papers that the teaching of a foreign language like German in public schools in America was wrong and gave as a reason that if any one went to Germany and tried to introduce the English language into the German schools, the Emperor would rise in horror and almost demand the hanging of the individual who would even suggest such a thing. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. It is well enough to understand German, but we are not Germans and Americans now, we are all Americans and the American language should be the one language taught in the public schools. Of course, some may say, "Why teach Greek, Latin and French?" They are taught, it is true, but they are taken up as side branches and as such can be taken or let alone, but in past years there was a very fixed determination on the part of the many Germans to force the language into the schools whether or not the people liked it. On just the same principle, exactly, and I challenge any one to deny it, if thousands of Italians or Russians came and located in Evansville they would have exactly the same right to attempt to force their language on to American pupils. At one time opinion was very much divided in this matter in Evansville, but everything was smoothed away and I am glad to know that the study of German is optional with pupils.

But to return to those early day German teachers. The Germans, as a rule, did not send their boys and girls to school. They kept them at home and made them work and therefore the German teachers found themselves confronted by American boys and girls who cared nothing whatever for the German language but were full of mischief. Hence it was that the life of nearly every German teacher who came here in the '50s and '60s was a regular burden.

Attempts were made at various times to beautify the great yard around the old Canal building, but again those mischievous boys frustrated all attempts to beautify. They would swing on the horizontal bar and play their various games, especially marbles, tops, etc., but trees set out served only as convenient corners for the good old game of "Bull pen," which was played by having one boy in the center at whom any one of the boys at the four corners could throw. If he was hit by the ball and caught it, he had the right to take the place of the boy who threw it and the latter in turn went to the center where he got paid back with interest for every hard ball that he had thrown. There is many a staid old business man of today

who can almost place his hands on different spots of his body where those old balls used to hit him. The schoolhouse soon became too small for the rapidly growing number of pupils and another building was put up by the side of the old school building and then still another until at one time there were five good-looking school buildings on the square. But the one nearest Third street was torn down and the central building was so changed in appearance that those who attended it in the olden day would hardly recognize it. This collection of school buildings is the largest in the city. A beautiful street of brick formerly ran in front of it and the yard extended east, but now there is only a small alley in what was once the front of the buildings tnd the entrance is from the rear on Mulberry street.

One of the most handsome buildings is the Carpenter school building, which has also been put up for many years. The ground was purchased from the Willard Carpenter estate and while it does not follow any particular style of architecture, it is a beautiful and massive building with a large arched entrance. One trouble with all of the school buildings now in Evansville is that they were built before the people began to realize that there are styles in architecture as well as in anything else. It is only in the last two or three years that even those who built handsome dwellings have realized this fact, and thus it is that no school now standing in the city has any particular style of architecture. They are simply a compilation of various different designs, the point being to make the building solid and substantial, as well ventilated as possible, and then to finish the outside after any style which best suited the ideas of the architect. Vast strides have been made in ventilation. I can remember that in the old Canal building absolutely the only ventilator was a square wooden box which ran up from the lower floor to the roof. In the front of this box was a hole almost like the boys make for their pigeonhouse holes and it was not very much larger. In the winter a redhot stove was kept going and as the wind struck the building from every side, absolutely the only ventilation for a room full of scholars and the only passage for the foul, vitiated air, which they took again and again into their lungs, was through this one small hole. How on earth they stood it no one knows, except that when these hearty youngsters of the old time got out they were more or less in the open air until bedtime. The Carpenter school building has a handsome yard in front and is very near the central part of the city. It is at all times full.

The Fulton avenue school building was erected to provide for the great mass of children in the lower part of the city in what was then still called Lamasco. It is a credit to that part of the city and consists of a large central building with a building on each side and can accommodate a great number of pupils. It is on Fulton avenue between Michigan and Virginia streets.

Another handsome building is the Chestnut school building, which is at the corner of Chestnut and Ninth. Its lines are beautiful and it is sur-

mounted by a high tower, which gives it quite an imposing appearance. It, like the others, was brought into demand by the rapid settlement of the city in and around its locality.

Centennial school building is on Twelfth avenue between Indiana and Illinois streets and, like the Fulton avenue school, has a large central building and one on each side. The building is rather plain. There has been very little detail given to any ornamentation. This, of course, was built only when the school board saw that it was necessary to have another building for that rapidly growing section. The ideas of all the boards have been to not spend money foolishly in building schoolhouses to make a show, but only to put them up when the actual needs of the community demanded them, and it must be remembered that their good judgment is very often brought into requisition and that about $225,000 are spent yearly to keep these schools running. One of the most beautiful school buildings in the city is the Chandler school which is located on Chandler avenue between Evans and Willard avenues. The architectural construction of this building is somewhat different from any of the others, it having low double doors and a large arched entrance. It is massively constructed and will last for a great many years and will be sufficiently large for the use of the pupils in its vicinity for some time.

The Columbia school building is just opposite Oakley street on Columbia, and has been put up for some years. It has a beautiful growth of trees around it and a handsome yard. This was another of the "outskirts" buildings that was put up to keep the scholars from taking too long walks to and from school. A beautiful building is the Delaware school building, which is on that street between Raleigh and Garvin streets. It has perhaps a more modern style of architecture, yet like the others it does not follow any known rules. Still it is a handsome and attractive building. It would be very easy to give the number of pupils attending each one of these schools, and cost of the building, etc., but it is hardly necessary in a work of this kind to give so much detail. The Blankenburgh school building is again different from any of the others. It has a large archway but the tower is set back over the main part of the roof, one part of which is massive and the other is plain. It is substantial and has sufficient ground around it to make it attractive. The Baker Avenue school buildings are plain and substantial and are located at the corner of Michigan street and Baker avenue. The design is very plain.

The Campbell schoolhouse takes the whole square between Emmet and Campbell streets and has beautiful grounds. A few years ago the building was struck by lightning and burned to the ground and during the time of its reconstruction, the scholars were placed in the Canal street building for recitations. A much more handsome edifice took the place of the one destroyed.

The High school is supposed, of course, to be the most beautiful and best equipped school of all. It consists of one main building and side buildings,

which occupy a half a block while at the corner is the office building which is the headquarters as stated before, for all the schools in the city. The main entrance of the high school building is quite handsome and much care was taken with the interior of the building which is perfect in every detail. It is fitted up with everything necessary for modern instructions and as it is now, it has its own laboratories. In fact, it will compare favorably with any high school in the country. It has also its commercial departments. In fact, it is said with pride by many citizens, that one who has gone through the high school and graduated with honor, has received an education good enough to fit the pupil for any ordinary walk of life. Of course for the law, for medicine and many other of the professions, it is necessary to attend colleges devoted entirely to instruction in those branches, but all instruction which is necessary in every day life, can be obtained in this building. It was the writer's good fortune to attend the recent commencement exercises of the high school at the Grand Opera House and as he saw the great class who were graduating, heard the eloquent talks and saw the giving out of the well-merited diplomas, he thought of the old days when the high school class graduated in the old Baptist Church at Second and Clark, when the high school class graduated with three pupils. That is, they were examined and after listening to a few remarks from the teacher, Mr. C. P. Parsons, they took their books and went home. If either one had been presented with a diploma, he would probably have opened it to see if there was candy or something inside. This shows how the world does move.

There is a Manual training school at the corner of Division and Sixth streets, which is a splendid institution. In it the scholars are not taught literature, but the various trades and a scholar has only to indicate his desire to take up a certain kind of work and he will be put at his favorite occupation with competent teachers to instruct him. The building is very modern, is heated by steam and cost some $45,000. Just in the rear of the high school on Sixth street it stands. The idea of this Manual training school originated with Maj. A. C. Rosencranz of this city and it is understood that he and his wife gave quite a large sum towards the founding of the institution and the building of the school.

There are four colored school buildings in the city of Evansville. One on Clark street, one on Governor, one on 3rd Ave., and one on 12th Ave. The Clark street school is the high school. It would seem to the writer, that in former pages of this book, he has treated of the race problem perhaps to a sufficient degree, yet this work is not written to be laid aside and forgotten, but it is the hope of all interested in it, that it will be preserved and that in after years, many may pick it up with a desire to understand thoroughly conditions in Evansville in the year of our Lord, 1910.

Reverting to this race question, no one more than the writer desires to see the negro race elevated by education if it is possible, but in his opinion, the negro can never hope to achieve very much distinction along the higher lines of learning. For this reason there is just about so many of a negro

CENTENNIAL SCHOOL BUILDING

population in each city and just about so many doctors, lawyers and other professionals, who can minister to their wants. There is little hope of the colored population growing larger and in fact it is now predicted by some of the brightest minds in the country, that from now on the race will decrease. Hence it would seem far better for the negro as a race to follow the agricultural lines for which nature intended him, than to strive to excel in the professions. For instance a colored doctor can only hope to receive patients of his own color. 'A' colored lawyer would not be asked to represent a white man in the courts and so there is every year the danger of overstocking the professions. It is a sad fact that education in some cases turns the head of the negro. And this fact is so well known to many of the best women in Evansville, that they turn aside and cross the street when they see a crowd of colored school girls approaching, knowing that the latter will never offer to get out of the way but occupy the entire sidewalk. And the same fact holds with many of the young colored men, though be it said to their credit many of them have enough innate politeness to always make way for a white woman, as they certainly would do for one of their own race. But the fact remains that for any sort of manual labor they seem to be emminently unfitted the moment they are through school and I wish to state the following fact as proving it.

Not very long ago I went to hunt up an old colored woman, one of the hardest and best workers I ever saw, one whose honesty had never been questioned and who was known to half the ladies in the upper part of the city and who always had more calls for her labor than she could possibly comply with. I found her house and found her in the back yard bending over a wash tub, washing for dear life, and when I tried to make the engagement, she said that she had no time to go out any more. She said she had to stay at home and wash the "blessed day." All this time a young man of about 20 and a girl of about 18 years, had been swinging in a hammock at one side of the yard and I asked her who they were and she answered, "They are my two children." "Then," said I, "How it is that you have to slave over the wash tub in your old age, when you have a big husky son like that and a daughter plenty large enough to go out and work?"

"Oh Law," said she, "They done been to the high school and graduated. You don't think they are going to do no more work do you?"

I said in reply, "What do you expect them to do? Just sit around?"

"Don't know," was her reply, "I only know that since they got their education they ain't never done no work and it don't seem like they ever is going to. I couldn't get that boy to do another to even beat a carpet, and that girl of mine wouldn't go out to work for nobody, no matter what wages she got."

Now to arrive at facts, what good is this education doing these two young colored people? It has simply made fools of them. It has made them think that they are better than their parents and that they are too good to work, and that the proper thing for them to do is to sit idly around the rest of

their lives, while their poor mother slaves out her life over the wash tub.

Among the presidents and superintendents of our school since 1853, have been some of the best citizens who ever resided here. That good man, Mr. H. Q. Wheeler, officiated from 1853 until 1865. Mr. Charles Lowenstein, Dr. H. Q. Cloud, the late R. D. Richardson, Hon. J. Q. Wartman, John W. Roelker, Major Alex Gilchrist, Dr. E. Linthincum, Samuel G. Evans, William M. Akin, Jr., Newton Kelsay, Charles E. Scoville and others, have all been at the head of our school system here. The late R. F. Schor who was a schoolmate of the writer, also served at various times. As to the teachers in the Evansville schools, they certainly have been selected with rare good judgment. The position of a teacher is very trying, as it is his or her duty to daily govern children of all sorts of dispositions. There are good children naturally, and there are bad children naturally and they come by it by heredity and it is hard where so many different dispositions are brought before the teacher daily, to govern them and teach them correctly as a whole. The duties of a superintendent are also great, for on him falls the lot of harmonizing factions, of stopping all those petty disturbances which are sure to crop out, to get rid of troublesome elements and to create an interest in better work. It is the first duty," says a well known instructor, "to build up a strong teaching force and use the material that he finds already in the teaching department, rather than to attempt to strengthen the weak places by wholesale dismissals. Every teacher should be given an opportunity to improve after the need of that improvement has been found. When the teacher is found who for possibly lack of assimmilation, cannot reach the high standard, he or she should be dropped. There are some teachers who, although possessing even brilliant educations themselves, are unable to impart knowledge to their pupils, while there are others who do not possess so much learning who seem to get rapidly in touch with their pupils and teach them with no trouble at all. It is in selecting the right teachers for the right places, that the work of the superintendent comes in. Certainly the progress made in Evansville public schools reflects great credit on all those connected with the management of the same."

CHAPTER XX.

THE LABOR QUESTION—ADVICE FROM AN OUTSIDER—LABOR DAY—LABOR TROUBLES PRACTICALLY UNKNOWN—MORALS OF EVANSVILLE—IT IS REALLY A GOOD CITY—A MORAL WAVE OVER THE ENTIRE COUNTRY—WORK OF HON. JOHN W. BOEHNE AND HON. JOHN J. NOLAN—"CHARLIE" HEILMAN MEANS RIGHT—HEATING AND LIGHTING—ADVANTAGE OF GAS FOR COOKING—THE NEW HEAT AND LIGHTING CO., AND WHAT IT WILL MEAN.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

One of the greatest things that agitates any city of any size in this country, is the labor problem and Evansville has among her citizens perhaps the greatest majority who belong to this class and by this I do not mean the average laborer who works for a daily wage with no thought for the future whatever, but the wage earner who works in the different manufacturing plants and who as a rule owns his little home and tries to put by a little for a rainy day. Evansville is full of homes of this kind and on some of the streets, especially in the lower part of the city, there are whole squares of modest cottages each of which is owned by the mechanic or laboring man who lives in it. Considering thas vast army of men and the great amount of work that has been done in Evansville to give it is present proud position, one would naturally infer that there had never been labor troubles of any kind, and that the mere fact that the owning of their own homes showed that our laboring men were of a better class than the riff-raff who flock to the great cities and are always a prime mover in any labor struggle. For many years there has been a Central Labor Union with its various different branches in this city and knowing personally nearly all the officials, I think I can say that they are fair and square men who do their best to keep on good terms with their employers but who naturally believe in that old adage, "The laborer is worthy of his hire." The man who could expect a wage earner under the present high scale of prices of everything to eat and wear, to work on uncomplainingly under the same old wage rate that was in force years ago, would simply be foolish. These men must live and support their little families and the very fact that their work is hard and their hours long, makes it necessary for them to have substantial food. And they ought to be paid good wages for every hour they put in.

Speaking of these officials, the majority of them are of this class of men, though I regret to say that we have had in the past, many firebrands

in the labor element who cared very little for the welfare of the laboring man but cared much more to be able to pose as his friend and in the meantime, create all the trouble he could between him and his employer and still further in the meantime, draw a fat salary for so doing. I have never had very much use for walking delegates and I say this very frankly. For many years I personally employed a great many men and the only trouble that I ever had with them was through the agency of one man who was a natural firebrand, discontented, high tempered and intemperate, and a walking delegate who did not understand the most common rules of courtesy. But taking it all in all and considering the number of the laboring class here, the real strikes have been few and far between. And there never has been any real suffering as a result. I am told that in one or two branches of industry here, the wages are not what they ought to be, but of course I am not in a position to judge as to this. I believe that the feeling between employer and employee in this city is better perhaps than in any city of the size of Evansville, in this country. It is safe to say that there never was a good strike, just as there has never been a good law suit. They both cost money and one side or the other, always suffers. At this time there is an open rupture in this city and conservative people think that it will be of short duration. It seems that after being apart for many years, the employers of labor being daily met with the saying that labor had a right to organize, became imbued with the belief that they also had the same right and this resulted in the formation of the Master Builders' Association, which is a combination of every branch of trade which takes part in the building of a house. It would seem at a glance that this is a good move, for two bodies of men represented by two heads, can very naturally settle up the matter much more quickly than if a dozen different organizations are interested in the matter. At this writing it seems that both sides will shortly get together and it would be a safe prediction to say that this step will be an aid in preventing any strikes in the future, because where both sides are thoroughly organized, they will give each other a certain amount of respect and be more ready to compromise on points that are in dispute. The Evansville workmen take great pride in their organizations and they are all of wonderful benefit to those who happen to be out of work, for while there is never any very large sum in the treasury to be wasted on men who do not care to work and it is sad to say that there are some such men in all organizations, there is still a sufficient sum to keep the wolf from the door and unless a strike is very long protracted, there is no real want. Labor day in Evansville has grown to be a great affair and the parades given by these men who earn their money by the sweat of their brows, reflect great credit upon them. Some of the floats that appear in their yearly parades, are beautifully designed and it is a pleasant sight to see the bone and sinew of the city, marching to the martial strains of the music, to enjoy their day of outing with their wives and children and their sweethearts.

Labor day is comparatively a modern institution, but it is safe to say that it will never be given up and just a word here before dismissing this subject. The writer has many warm friends among the laboring classes and to them he would say that when any disputes arises, when they think that they are wronged, and feel that they are entitled to perhaps better wages, shorter hours or whatever they deem fit, they should remember that it is not the man who can make the longest and loudest speech; who can most bitterly inveigh against capital, who can speak most pathetically of the wrongs of the "Poor laboring man" who is the best to send to represent them. The cool level-headed man who knows what his work is worth and knows conditions and can understand that an employer, though ostensibly doing a large and paying business, may still be doing it at a very small profit, is by all means the man to send. To such a man an employer will always tell the truth. He will meet him man to man and together they can adjust their differences. But the other man who goes in full of fight, of talk and sometimes full of something else, rubs the employer the wrong way. He very often makes the employer hesitate in doing what he really would like to do for his employees. I speak from my own experience and I know that this is the experience of many others.

In a recent advertisement of the city of Evansville which has been sent broadcast, the term is used, in bold type, "Labor troubles are practically unknown." As stated above, this is so nearly a fact that no question as to its verity will arise. With the boom which is certain to strike Evansville with work for everyone at good wages, with real estate values growing greater and taxes less, it is hoped that we can soon be able to leave out the work "practically" and state boldly to the world, "Labor troubles unknown." In this same printed matter to which I refer, the expression is used, "There are three absolute essentials to the successful conducting of all industrial enterprises. These are, fuel, labor and transportation." The facts given above being based on absolute truth will certainly show to anyone that the city of Evansville has the three absolute essentials.

Maps are a great thing. A man does not build a little cottage or a stable, without a plan, which is virtually a map and a map is of wondrous use in showing the location of Indiana. For that reason a map of the state of Indiana and a portion of the surrounding states, has been given a prominent place in this work. If there were room to show the map of the whole United States, that is, the part east of the Rocky mountains, for they will always be a barrier beween the United States proper and the far west, it would show that Evansville occupies more nearly a central position in a map of the United States, than any other city of any consequence. There are expert manipulators of maps who are able, by a few well-drawn lines, to make a map show almost anything, but let them distort the map of the United States as they may, they cannot help showing that this city holds the central position. This map also shows the vast area of grain counry and tobacco country and underneath the great beds of coal

to which we have so often referred. If there are any who still believe that natural gas is the proper fuel, and of course everyone believes in oil, it is a fact which can be pointed to with pride, that either one can be brought into the city of Evansville in vast quantities by piping, less than 20 miles. In these days of piping, this would be considered a small task.

It would take page after page of this part of this work, to tell of the wonderful manufacturing industries of Evansville. They will probably be handled in speaking of the men who have made them what they are, but many do not know that Evansville is the center of one of the greatest wheat belts in the world and that its milling industries are far beyond the knowledge of people who have lived here for years and yet never have realized to what extent flour is made.

MORALS OF THE CITY OF EVANSVILLE.

While Evansville has often been called a wide-open town, a Dutch town, a beer-drinking town, it does not now deserve any of these names and it is a well-known fact that the past several administrations have done very much to bring about a better standard of morals in the city. Several years ago and for many years prior to that period, Evansville had been virtually a wide-open town, which, being interpreted, meant that the saloons were open night and day and all day Sunday, that all sorts of dance halls were allowed, that wine rooms in the back room of saloons were permitted, that women of loose character were allowed to ride and flaunt their finery on any street, that games of poker, craps and other games could be indulged in, yet when the change finally came there was a determination easy to be seen on the part of the majority of our citizens, to stop this and run the place on a more moral plan. About the first step was to order the saloons to be closed at 11 o'clock each night and to remain closed on Sunday. This order was received with a smile by many of the saloon keepers, who could not eralize that such a step could ever be carried out in "Beer-drinking Evansville." They assumed to comply with the law, but the side doors were open and as much drinking went on as ever. It was also about this time that the slot machines were in full sway and the earnings of the laboring element went into these pitfalls from which there was absolutely no chance for one to get his money back, as the odds were always in favor of the machine. Case after case was brought up and a series of fines soon convinced these men that the law, as it stood on the statute books of the state, would be enforced. To Hon. John W. Boehne, at present representing this district in Congress, much credit is due. He was elected and his pledge was that he would make this a city with the lid down. His disastrous defeat was predicted on every side but his election showed that a great many of the much-abused saloon keepers were only too glad to be allowed to go to bed at a reasonable hour and to get a chance to go out with their families on Sunday, instead of being cooped up in their saloons. The wine

rooms were abolished at once and heavy fines were put against those who tried to still maintain them. Gambling rooms were abolished at once and orders were given that fast women should not be seen on the streets together. It must not be imagined that all this change was brought about without a great deal of difficulty. All sorts of schemes were gotten up to evade the law but Mayor Boehne, having made up his mind that the citizens elected him to bring about certain changes, never hesitated in his duty and a succession of fines which were rapidly imposed soon brought delinquents to an idea that the law was not the farce that they had always supposed it to be. After Mr. Boehne was elected by the people to a seat in Congress, his mantle fell on equally good shoulders, and the Hon. John J. Nolan, in spite of many rumors that he would take off the lid, was as steadfast in his desire to make Evansville as nearly a moral city as possible as was Mr. Boehne. Mr. Heilman, the present mayor, was elected on a platform which calls for the same observations of the state laws and it is to his credit that he is striving to enforce them. It is only just to say that it is a greater task for Mr. Heilman, as he has always been a jovial, good-hearted fellow who numbered his friends among all classes of people and he lacks the sternness of character which is one of the attributes of Mr. Boehne. But be this as it may, the right step has been taken and it has met with the approval of the people of Evansville and without a doubt the lid will be kept on as it is for many years to come. There is a wholesale purification going on in most of the great cities of this country and a more implicit obedience to the laws is being demanded, and while it cannot by any means be called a fanatical wave, it is a moral wave, and is the best thing that ever happened in any community. To those who have reached mature years and have the strength of character to keep away from temptation, some of these things do not mean much, but it must be remembered that we have children coming up to take our places in this world and it is our duty as parents and as honest men to throw around them every safeguard that is possible.

HEATING AND LIGHTING.

One of the greatest features of any great city is its system of lighting and also its heating, though regarding this latter part it is a matter which has only very recently come up in the city of Evansville. The great cities all over the world today are striving with each other in these days of electricity to make their streets so beautiful at night that they will be one panorama of attraction and thereby attract and induce to stay in the cities, over night, untold thousands, yes, millions, of people, who in the old days went to small towns and at the approach of sunset, hitched up their wagons and drove home. In those early days, the approach of night meant the absolute cessation of business. All shopping was done during the day, as no housewife ever cared to examine goods by the light of an old candle of some kind and, later on, a smoking oil lamp, so that in the early days of Evans-

ville, comparatively speaking, it was decided that the city should be well lighted, no matter what other improvements they made, and in 1852 the legislature of Indiana granted a charter to the Evansville Gas Works, the value of the original stock being valued at $50,000. The gas works was built by John Jeffrey & Co., contractors, and the first officers were Clarence J. Keats, president, John J. Chandler, secretary. The Chandler family have always been identified with gas stock and are to this day. While the works were being built, Hon. James G. Jones was mayor and it was only five years after the city had been incorporated. The gas company began with only one hundred and fifteen consumers and there were many who held back and were disposed to disparage the new light, and some of them who ought to have had better sense even claimed that it was an unsafe light and liable to explode at any time. It would be amusing if some of those old chronic kickers of the old day could now be brought face to face with modern inventions in gas and electricity. However, there were too many of them, just as there have always been too many chronic kickers in Evansville and the early history of the company was disastrous. For quite a number of years there was not enough gas sold to meet expenses, but as the city began to grow rapidly, the investment soon became a paying one and the capital of the works has increased rapidly, until now the quality of the gas is first class and the wants of the public have been quickly met and perhaps the only bar in the march of improvement is that electricity is so rapidly taking the place of gas for lighting purposes. But it must be remembered that gas will be used for a great many years for common purposes and that at present there is not any agent known which can take its place. When one stops to think of the cleanliness and the quickness with which a fire can be made and soon be ready for cooking in a gas stove, it would seem foolish for any except large families to dally with any other fuel for cooking. Wood has gone to a price that makes it prohibitory, while coal, even at its low price in Evansville, is a filthy article to use in cooking. Again, the gas stove is being constantly improved and is far different from the old article of even ten years ago, which was apt to blow up at any time, though the cases of explosions of gas stoves are few and far between. For a long time our people were content to use gas for lighting purposes, but the rapidity with which the electricity was being put into use in other cities made even the backward ones believe that electric lighting would be a good thing for Evansville. So in the year 1884 the first electric lighting plant was established and soon afterwards it consolidated with the gas company under the name of The Evansville Gas and Electric Light Company. The officers of the old company were very conservative men: F. J. Reitz, president, R. K. Dunkerson, vice president, Samuel Bayard, treasurer, and Thomas E. Garvin, R. K. Dunkerson, F. J. Reitz, Samuel Bayard and William Heilman, directors. At the end of the first year there were about sixteen hundred gas consumers and some fifty electric light consumers. Evansville went through the regular trials of all other cities in

the way of finding the correct lights for her streets. The first electric light towers and arches will be remembered. They were the subject of endless discussion, many predicting that no lights on towers would ever give the correct lighting on the surface of the streets and sidewalks below, and this was soon found to be a fact. Evansville being a city of trees, the light poured down from the arches on to the trees and made the sidewalks absolutely dense in their blackness. True, one might walk in the center of the street and get light, but sidewalks and not streets are made for walking. All sorts of experiments were tried, until finally the old towers were taken down, as were also the great majority of electric arches, and the city is now lighted by street corner lamps which are well and carefully attended to and with the exception of some of the outer streets where lamps have not been placed on corners, this is a remarkably well-lighted city. As with everything else, the curse of politics had its hand in the Gas and Electric Light Company and during times when contracts were to be made, it has been said that various itching palms had to be greased. Of this it is needless to say anything. That kind of palms is so common in the city as to not create much interest one way or the other. Of late another aspirant for public favor has sprung into existence, the Evansville Public Service Company, which is now building its headquarters on Canal, near Sixth and Mulberry. This company proposes not only to furnish electricity at a very low rate, but to pipe steam heat all over the central portions of the city and even to the suburbs when the proper time comes. From the names of the directory it is naturally to be assumed that this company will do all it promises, and it has gained, after a short struggle, the right to lay its mains through certain alleys and unimproved streets. Just as in the old days, when a great many of the old chronics could not see the utility of putting in gas when the first gas company was struggling for existence, so today there are many men lacking in gray matter who cannot see the great advantage of steam heat. It would seem that any man with an ordinary grain of sense could understand that a steam heating plant, buying its fuel and producing material in vast quantities, can produce a uniform heat at a far less rate than one possibly could in a furnace. Again this heat will be so arranged that it can be turned on at a moment's notice while those who have furnaces or even those who rely on stoves and fireplaces, know what it means to go and get kindling and coal and make up fires just when it was not anticipated that they would be needed. They also know the cost of a man to take care of a furnace and they know how heedless the average negro furnace-tender is, but they do not know that there is hardly one of them who does not almost daily, during the winter, place his house in danger of a fire through red-hot pipes. They also know that the coal furnace at best is dirty, that the pipes rust and clog with soot, that great piles of ashes must be taken out and, after all that, some negro must be paid to haul the ashes away to the dump. This is not intended in any way as a send-off for the new Public Service Company, but is simply a plain state-

ment of the difference between making your own heat and buying heat already made from a company whose business is the manufacture of the said heat. It is safe to say that this company will grow to be one of the greatest aids in the progress of Evansville and the more encouragement they get the greater will be their facilities for furnishing heat and light at a very low cost. It will be but natural, where competition is in the field, that the old rule of reducing prices will hold good and that whatever prices the new company makes will be promptly met by the old gas company and, in that event, our citizens will be the gainers.

CARPENTER SCHOOL BUILDING

CHAPTER XXI.

EVANSVILLE IN THE WARS—ALWAYS READY TO RESPOND—THE MEXICAN WAR—FIRE EATING (?) BANDS—SUTLERS WHO FOUGHT AND BLED (?) AND NOW DRAW PENSIONS—THE CIVIL WAR HOME GUARDS—THE OLD HOSPITAL STILL STANDING—NEWS OF THE WAR—THE SURRENDER—THE DEATH OF LINCOLN—EXTRACT FROM COL. JAMES SHANKLIN'S SPEECH—THE DIFFERENT EVANSVILLE COMPANIES—A LIST OF THE NAMES—SEVERAL WAR RECORDS—SOME PLAIN TRUTH—THE MAINE, AND SOME PLAIN TALK FOR WHICH THE AUTHOR IS PERSONALLY RESPONSIBLE.

MILITARY HISTORY.

It is indeed a task to write a military history of the city of Evansville and this county, for the simple reason that an account of what was done by the patriotic people who laid down their work and answered the call of their country, must consist of more or less dry detail. For no volume would be large enough to contain an account of the many noble deeds and acts of courage performed by these men. This being the case, about all that the author can do is to give the name of each volunteer, the time when he was sworn in and the time when mustered out. Again these matters have been fully treated of in every book that has been gotten out pertaining to this section, in many books of military history, in many government reports that have been sent out, etc, etc., until they have become a matter of common history and to individualize and speak of the deeds of the few would be a great injustice to some of the humbler ones who worked just as hard and withstood as many hardships for the cause that they deemed to be right. But I am determined that the state of Indiana as far as my pen may assist, shall be given due credit for having always been ready to do more than her share. In every war in which the United States took part, the people of this state have been the first to respond to the call to arms and their proportion has been far greater than that of the Eastern states much more thickly settled, and where most of the war talk has always been made. I know the truth whereby I speak, when I say that in the face of great danger the rockribbed state of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, Connecticut and the other states settled by the stern pilgrim fathers, were always ready to talk of what wonders they would perform and how they would wipe the enemies of the country from the face of the earth, but when it came to action, the young

men were too prone to think of father's farm, as about the best place for them to stay. In other words, dollars and cents cut a great deal more figure with them than the condition of the country. They are the ones who today imagine that the last war, the Civil war, is not yet over. They are the ones who will tell you that a northern man cannot go south and be treated with common decency, while I say that any man from no matter what part of the north he may come, may go to any part of the south and if he has any gentlemanly instincts whatever, he will be taken into the hearts of the southern people and treated as one of them. The trouble with these fire-eating talkers is that the majority of them were raised in a tight-fisted school which is almost unknown to the southern man. The average New Englander is very suspicious. He was brought up in a country where people are shallow-minded. His ancestors who were proud to say they descended from the pilgrim fathers, do not seem to remember that these same pilgrim fathers were a set of thin-lipped bigoted people without one spark of rich red blood in their veins who deemed that the way to live a correct life was to mortify the flesh and never smile, never dare to enjoy anything, never eat what they wished, but confine themselves to the most scanty diet. Never allow their wives to wear even a ribbon, because that would be vanity. Unfortunately they looked on their God as a kind of severe master (and not a loving father) who wished them to live this life with as little enjoyment as they could possibly get out of it. This may be very severe, but it is absolutely true. Within a period of three years during my younger life, I have been in a Connecticut village where not a fire was allowed to be started on Sunday, where Sunday began at six o'clock on Saturday evening and from that time on until Sunday evening at the same hour, the man who smiled or acted in any way as if he was enjoying life, was looked on as a sinner. Not understanding these rules, I laughed on one Sunday at something which struck me as being rather ludicrous and was immediately called down by a young man cousin who asked me if I did not know that it was wrong to laugh on Sunday. This is an absolute fact. During the years of which I speak, I was in the south, where on Sunday the southern women wear their brightest and most beautiful dresses, where, with their husbands, brothers and mothers, they walked out, enjoying the balmy air to its fullest extent and Sunday to them was a day on which they were expected to look their best and enjoy the delights of nature which their Father in Heaven had given them. This may be a long preamble, but it is only to illustrate the difference between the north and the south and to show how strange it was that when the country was in peril, these wonderful Eastern fire-eaters did not respond with the same alacrity as did our southern Indiana people who had been taught to look on the southern people almost as brothers. With the Indiana people it was a case of what they deemed their duty. They did not feel that hatred towards the south which cropped out in the rock-ribbed east

and in the far north. Today they are the ones who have forgotten that there has been a war and who are the first to recognize that when an enemy is completely vanquished and admits it, the gentlemanly thing to do is to take him by the hand and say "Let bygones be bygones and let us forget it." It must not be understood that I am taking the part of those who fought against the flag of our country. I simply take the view of a man of the world who has been all over the north and the south and has had a chance to feel the public pulse in both sections. Today in Evansville the north and south have intermarried. Fathers and sons work side by side and their interests are all common. At times we hear spiteful sayings and usually from some man who served in the northern army, for the southern people long ago learned to say nothing. When I hear one of these men telling his wondrous tales about what he did in whipping the d— rebels I invariably set him down as a man who was a clerk for some sutler, drove a wagon team, or was in the 100-days service and never saw a fight or shot off a gun. Perhaps one reason for my making this very plain statement, is because I have been bored to death in my newspaper career on several occasions, by a man who persisted in telling me how he laid in the trenches when his comrades were shot down at his side, etc., etc., and how he rushed to the call of his country and gave up his very life's blood for her, when I know absolutely without contradiction, and can prove, that he never was nearer the scene of war than a little town in Kentucky and never even saw a battle from afar off. So again I wish to say, "Let every meed of praise be given to those noble men who followed what they deemed to be their line of duty, who left their homes and families and went to the front to suffer untold privations and lay down their lives for their country's flag." They deserve all manner of praise and it will not be many long years before the last of them is placed beneath the sod of the land for which he gave up so much, and the last taps sounded over his grave. Year by year the ranks are getting thinner and in a natural course of events, it cannot be so very long until most of them are gone. But their deeds have been written up in history and their memory will never be forgotten. To show that from the very start, that Evansville was ready to do her share, the official records show that in June, 1846, for the Mexican war two companies were formed at Evansville, and as to the state of Indiana, there were more volunteers than the quota called for and many men were compelled to go to Kentucky and Ohio to enlist from those states. The number of privates in each Indiana company had been limited by the president, to 80, with one captain, one first and one second lieutenant, four corporals and two musicians which made 93 men in each company. At that time David Reynolds was general of the Indiana militia. There seems to be an impression that the number of privates in the companies was limited to 64 but Honorable W. M. Marcy, secretary of war, had at that time written to James Whitcomb, who was then governor of Indiana, that the 64 privates did not apply to the volunteers requested

from the state of Indiana. The pay was 25c per day in lieu of rations and also his daily pay of 30c making 55c per day, while he was going with his company to the place of rendezvous. It was supposed to be 20 miles of foot traveling. The pay after being mustered in was for each private, musician, and non-commissioned officer, $3.50 per month or $42 per year in lieu of clothing. To bear out what I have said about Indiana, a paper published June 12, 1846, says: "The complement of 30 companies were commissioned. No doubt exists that the number of men which cannot be received, will be very large—probably equal the number which can be received. Well done Indiana." In looking over the old work from which I get these facts, I find that the sutlers were about as bad in those early days as they were during the Civil war. A letter of a soldier states that he has been charged 10c for a single sheet of letter paper. In those days a ream of paper cost $3. This would make the sutler get $48 per ream. Certainly a very fair profit. He says that other articles are sold in proportion. He calls on the government which he says has the credit of providing for the wants of her soldiers and says that it ought to do something and not allow them to be subject to such outrageous impositions. Many sutlers and sutlers' clerks are drawing pensions today. A great many of those who went to the war of Mexico, were taken sick almost as soon as they got there. The change in the climate was too much for them and many deaths occurred. Almost every letter from the soldiers spoke first of the sickness in camp. One Indiana regiment on the Rio Grande in the month of September had 243 in the hospital at once. A letter from an officer of the 3rd Indiana, states that a shipload of discharged Indianians was lost in crossing the gulf. They were all men who had been discharged from the service on account of bad health. This writer says, "This campaign is causing Indiana some of her finest young men. We have buried at least 100 of them here. An active campaign would not cost more lives. The genuine horrors of war are seen in the hospitals and camps and not on the field of battle. A few weeks ago we had 1400 sick men in the hospitals of this place, besides the sick who are in the regimental hospital. To mend the matter, our medicine chest is empty. Really, things are conducted here on a most beautiful system." It must have been that even in those days there was entirely too much red tape and graft.

In 1847 the whole state was stirred up by an article in a southern paper giving a description of the battle of Buena Vista. The glory of the victory was given to their troops and the troops of Indiana were stamped with cowardliness and flight. The facts are that the battle was begun by Indiana riflemen who sustained the attack of two battalions for more than six hours. The second Indiana was then led against the Mexicans and were repulsed. The Arkansas and Kentucky cavalry retired from the left without striking a blow. The Illinois men were led to the left and repulsed and the Mississippi regiment was repulsed. Thus the entire line except the 3rd Indiana was broken and no decisive advantage given. This

report was found to be absolutely correct and at once vindicated the state from the stain that had been put upon it. In July of 1848 congress passed an act allowing three months extra pay for all who had served during the Mexican war. As compared with the pensions of the present day, this sounds almost ludicrous. To give an idea of the difference between the past and the present, I wish to quote the bill of expenses of the General of the state of Indiana. He had no clerk or assistant of any kind. The following is his itemized expense account:

Office rent, $43.33; lights and stationery furnished, $28.75; expenses while organizing the 4th regiment, $56; expense while organizing the 5th regiment, $69. Total, $197.08. Salary $100. Amount paid out from salary, $97.08. This man went to work traveling all around, making all sorts of tiresome trips and living on the roughest kind of diet, and yet his total expense, salary and all, was $197. Compare this with a few of the senate appropriations of today. For tooth brushes, water from every spring in the country, shoe polish, manicuring nails and a thousand and one unnecessary and personal expenses and now a professional masseur, which have been charged up to the government of the United States and are being paid for by our tax payers and one can see the difference between the old times and the present. Before dismissing this subject, mark my words, "The people will not stand this forever. Sooner or later there will be an uprising and these orators who so loudly proclaim themselves the servants of the people and who go to Washington with the idea that it is the duty of the American people to pay for the paring of their toe nails and the healing of their bunions, will get a lesson that they will not soon forget."

Evansville's part in military history did not begin however, with the Mexican war, for in 1812 many of the old pioneers laid aside their hunting and fishing and trapping and cast their lot with General Harrison. Their greatest battle was the battle of Tippecanoe. Others went with the Kentucky riflemen to New Orleans where they served under General Jackson, who defeated the great General Packenham. This virtually closed their work in the south and there being no boats at all, they walked the entire way home, sleeping in the woods and living on game. The people of Evansville did not know that there had been even a battle until these men came back. The next war was the Creek war in 1836 and the Seminole war at about the same time, but there is no record that any one from this section was engaged in either of these wars. The Seminole war was confined almost completely to Florida and the states near there. The Seminoles were natives of the Florida country and at the edge of my little place in Florida is an immense Indian mound, from which Seminole relics can be had at any time one chooses to dig for them. But when the Mexican war began, Captain William Walker organized a company of 100 men which left here for New Albany on the 7th of June, 1846. Mr. John Lane, so well known at that time and afterwards known as General Lane, left

his seat in the state senate to drill under Captain Walker. All Indiana regiments left New Albany together and after stopping at New Orleans crossed the gulf and went into camp. Captain Tucker's Company K was made up of Evansville men. At the battle of Buena Vista, the Second Indiana met with great loss and it was there that Captain Walker was killed.

In 1887 the Mexican veterans formed an association in this ctiy and, at that time there were 15 members. I think that only one or two are left.

Then came the great Civil war and again Evansville responded. In the 24th Indiana, the 14th, 11th, 25th, 32d, 35th, 42d, 65th, 91st, 120th, 125th, 136th, 143d regiments were men from Vanderburg County. Some of our men and officers could not get into those regiments and enlisted in others, so that the records show that they were in 26 different regiments. Later on there was a call for colored troops and a great number of colored men from this city enlisted and did good work. In the meantime a company of Homeguards was organized. This was composed of men who were really too old to be fit for military duty and yet they held themselves in readiness all through the war to repel at any time, an attack on this city. The leading company was the Evansville Rifles, of which I was the drummer. They drilled in Sunset park which at that time had no trees in it and on one or two occasions camped at Blackford's Grove. There were only a few scares during the war, one of which was the John Morgan case. It was reported that he was just across the river from Newburgh and was liable to swoop down on the city at any time. Valuables were all hid and the Homeguards turned out and went into camp at once, to be ready for duty but the night passed with no further alarm and a day or two afterwards it was found that Morgan was operating near Cincinnati. The first man who offered to enlist in Evansville was Captain Charles H. Meyerhoff. He enlisted in the 14th Indiana in Captain Willard's company but this was after he had been repulsed by Captain Thompson, who was organizing a company. Young Meyerhoff had attended a speaking and at once went to Captain Thompson and offered to enlist, but that gentleman said to him, "Oh go on home. We do not want boys. There are plenty of men in Indiana to do all the fighting that is necessary." Among the men who made national reputations during the war were Gen. James M. Shackelford, John W. Foster, Gen. Conrad Baker, John Rheinlander, Col. Charles Denby, Col. James Shanklin and Col. S. R. Hornbrook. Mr. J. P. Elliot, who wrote quite an interesting history of Vanderburg County some years ago and to whom the author is indebted for many dates, was in the early part of the war, trustee of Pigeon Township and at the same time, quartermaster of the Second Indiana regiment. These two conditions made it his duty to care for the refugees and fugitives who kept coming in hordes to Evansville. They came by boat loads and were in absolutely destitute condition. It was found necessary to make a regular camp

which was done in Blackford's Grove. Sometimes there were as many as 250 men, women and children encamped at one time but the citizens took care to see that they were furnished with provisions and clothes and they certainly had plenty to eat. This latter can be said of conditions during the entire war. There was always some depot or two or three of them in the city, completely filled with all sorts of delicacies which were contributed by Evansville women or Vanderburg County. These were sent from time to time, to hospitals all over the south. I remember that Messrs. Baer and Small had moved out of the brick store just in the rear of the American Tobacco Company at First and Sycamore and this store was completely filled. It happened that one day all who were in charge were prevented from going to dinner and we decided to make the meal from some of the canned goods and more delicate chicken and preserves and things of that kind I never tasted in my life. The old hospital, the Hubbard seed house, of which I have spoken before was always well-stocked with these delicacies. To show how liberal the people were, at one time there were 200 loads of wood for the wives and mothers of the soldiers who were at the front, that were brought in by farmers and stored at Seventh street park. That night the ladies banqueted them in great style at the old Mozart hall on First street. After the war when the remains of the regiments passed through this city to Indianapolis to be discharged from service, a beautiful arch was erected at Main and 3rd streets, with the word "Welcome" upon it and under this these old heroes proudly walked.

Evansville had more than her share of knowing what war meant. Prisoners were brought through here and I have seen them brought down on the Green river boats, poor, half-starved fellows, and then again, great steamboats full of prisoners for the northern prisons, stopped here and were sent North. There were war boats in front of the city and many steamed up and down. After the awful battle of Shiloh, the wounded of both sides were brought here and cared for. Mr. Elliot very justly says, "The people of this city learned well their lesson of charity from the mighty clash of arms and they have always held out a friendly hand to a magnanimous but conquered enemy."

Many will remember the reunion of the blue and the gray, held in this city in 1883, and the friendly greetings that were exchanged by those who had been deadly enemies. Just to divert one moment.

At this very reunion was one of those cases of which I spoke on a preceding page. My guest was George W. Peck, editor of Peck's Sun, and author of Peck's Bad Boy, a humorist of national reputation and one of the best fellows that ever lived, and a man who went into the army and served faithfully all through the war as a private. His speech was a humorous one, of course, and was listened to with much attention and responded to by peals of laughter. It happened that we had that day a speaker who was just my ideal of a worthless soldier. He was a man of

very little standing in the place from whence he came, and too lazy to keep up his work, as the old books of many a wholesale firm in Evansville will testify. But when it came to doing no working but a whole lot of speaking, he was in his element and he got up on the stage and was so radical in his remarks, so carried away by his self-importance that he strung out his speech, repeating the same thing over and over until the veterans were simply disgusted and Peck, who was waiting for his turn, gently pulled my sleeve and said, "Doesn't that old tub know the war is over yet, and how long is he going to keep up that rot?" Peck simply echoed the feelings of the men there. In fact, this man used the war as a stepping-stone to his own personal advancement. Through the power of his mouth he rose from one position to another, until he became a chronic leech on the National treasury and not only that, but he took care of every relative he had and every relative his wife had. I think he is dead now, but if he died there was very little fuss over it. But if I were a betting man, I would bet that, thought he held a high position in the army, he was never near enough to an active fight to hear the whiz of a bullet. He was entirely too shrewd and too careful of his portly frame to ever go near to a post of danger. If I did not know exactly what I was writing about I certainly would not make the above statement, which I will admit is pretty severe, but none the less called for. For this was one of the kinds of men who made it almost impossible for northern capital to get into the South for so many long years, and in this manner, instead of helping his country, he retarded its progress. All men who have mercantile interests know that after this class of men stopped their eternal howling, it was only a year or two until the whole South was flooded with northern capital, to the mutual advantage of both.

Speaking of this first Mexican company, Captain William Walker, who organized it, was the ancestor of the present Walker family of Evansville. He settled here in 1835. His family consisted of his wife, Cathrine Walker, and his children, James T. Walker, Dr. Geo. B. Walker, William H., Oscar and Dr. John T. Walker; his daughters, Mary and Hanna, who afterwards became Mrs. Welburn. He is spoken of as having been a very active business man and was probably the first one who had charge of street improvements in the little town. He was an ardent democrat and fully approved of the war against Mexico. The fact that he had served in the war of 1812 made him just the one to raise a company for the Mexican war, although he must have been at that time quite an old man. Among those who were in this company I will mention only a few whose descendants still live here. Martin Stinson, George W. Peck, William Gable, Robert McCurkin, David Allen, Isaac Anderson, Samuel Adkin, Harrison Cox, Adam Haag, Leroy Jenkins, Geo. W. Knight, C. Stansberry, L. Linxweiler, James Nolan, John W. Stephens, James Sanders, Richard Smith. This company, as stated, was a part of the second regiment Indiana volunteers. Dr. John T. Walker was assistant surgeon of this regiment and served all

through the war and in 1860 joined the 25th Indiana regiment. His son, William Walker, also joined it but through exposure was compelled to go home, where he died. Another son, Jesse B. Walker, became a major in the same regiment. Dr. Walker lived for a long time in a two-story frame house where Thieles' Stove house now stands. His son, Captain George B. Walker, inherited the love for the military life, for he joined the United States service.

Before going further with the history of the war, some account ought to be given of the peculiar position in which the city of Evansville was placed. Those of the far North or East, who only knew of battles through the daily papers, of the camp sickness, of the floods and the weather through which our Civil war heroes went, of course know nothing of the war as we know of it. While there was no active conflict in sight of this city, there were times when the booms of cannon could be heard and we were just across the river from Kentucky, which suffered terribly from bands of guerillas. These guerillas, while as a rule they pretended to belong to the southern army and to be imbued with southern instincts, were nothing in the world but the scum of both southern and northern cities, banded together for the purpose of robbery. They never belonged to any army. They were willing at all times to offer their services to the confederates, only to desert at the first opportunity and meet again somewhere in Kentucky. They were equally willing, when on meeting parties of the Union army, to swear that they had deserted the confederate army because they had not been treated right in either pay or clothing and would agree to act as spies and lead the Union troops against their former comrades. Of course they never did this, because they would have been exposed by the confederates the moment they saw them, but they would manage to lead the Union troops close to the confederates and then skurry out of the way until after a battle, at which time they were the first to be on hand to rob the dead of either side, or steal any loose horses. In fact, a great deal of their money was made through the stealing of stock, because, as is the case now, Kentucky was at that time full of grand horses and let a little band of these guerrillas hear of a good horse or two and they would ride boldly up to the farmer's house in the name of the Confederate army or the Union army just as they saw fit, and make away with them, only to sell them by running them across the river into Indiana or Ohio. These men had no regular uniform and could easily pass for soldiers of either army. They were equally quick in picking up firearms of any kind. The fact that game was so plentiful all along the Green river country after the war was due to the fact hat every one who owned a gun of any kind, buried it to keep these thieves from getting it. By the time the war was over the rust had naturally ruined all these guns, and as the inhabitants of that country were afraid to fire off a gun for fear of bringing a little band of these guerrillas upon them, the game for four long years was absolutely untouched. A great many of these guerrillas were caught redhanded by Union soldiers and were

strung up or shot with as little ceremony as would be given a horse thief. Some of them, after the close of the war, drifted down into Arkansas and I saw the house in Clay County where the noted Quantrell brothers made their rendezvous for a time, as well as the farm where one of them, who was alleged to have reformed, lived until he died. There was a splendid deer crossing near the house and many a deer fell beneath his aim. Several of these guerrillas were brought through this city, and unlike other prisoners, they were handcuffed, thus showing that the Union officers took them for what they were—simply thieves. They were a set of cowardly curs who could not even be true to their own friends and should have been shot or hanged on sight.

THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.

It is not to be assumed that this book could well be made large enough to contain a full account of the Civil war or the part that the people of Evansville and Vanderburg County took in the same. Whole volumes have been written on this subject and even then they failed to cover all the details, so what this book may have to say will be simply a compilation of the most important facts occurring during the war that bore upon our people. For some years prior to 1861 there had been disruptions of various kinds all over the country. It had become understood by all thinking people that the North and the South were utterly at variance on many vital points and that sooner or later there must be a clash of some kind. Perhaps if those in Congress and the Senate had been more mild, more willing to concede to each other that they might be right in certain ideas that were seemingly born in them, this war never would have occurred. Yet it seems to have been a matter of fate that it came, and no matter how much we of the present day may regret it and mourn over the thousands who are offered up on the altar of liberty, the war came and all that remains to us is to tell of it and forget it. In the year 1832 there had been quite a contest between politicians of the North and South and a contest at that time was narrowly averted, but the people had had enough of the war of 1812 and the Mexican war and the hearts of these men were for peace, but by 1860 many had arrived at the age of maturity, and thought of these struggles only as a memory and did not heed the lesson that had been taught at that time. The United States was progressing in giant strides, yet there seemed to be one stone in her arch that needed to be removed and that was the stone of slavery. Though the people of the South looked on it as one of their cherished institutions and believed it to be perfectly right, the great North could not understand the situation and was almost united in the belief that no human being should be held in bondage. Yet these same men forgot that their ancestors were the first slave-holders and at the time slaves were introduced into New England, the South was absolutely unsettled and therefore could have no slaves. But be that as it may, this was the great point of difference and to the existence of slavery and an effort

to wipe it out of existence, the great Civil war can be attributed. The republican party was then in its infancy, but its leaders were all anti-slavery men and they were outspoken in their denunciation of it. In the campaign of 1860 party feeling ran very high and speeches were made and great processions were gathered together from all the surounding country and the streets of Evansville were filled with brass bands and fife and drum corps, and even mounted women and children. During the Fremont campaign, four years before this time, the great emblem had been a ship of state, but this gave way to a mammoth log wagon, drawn by oxen, on which were immense logs and along these logs were scattered sturdy woodsmen who swung mauls onto wedges which were driven into the wood. This was to indicate railsplitting and was a tribute to Abraham Lincoln, who was then a candidate for the presidential chair and who was called "The Railspliter." Mr. Lincoln publicly declared that it was his conviction, after much thought, that no government could exist which was half free and half slave and his election to the presidential chair was accepted by the South as a menace to their great institution. They had been taught by John C. Calhoun that state sovereignty was the proper thing, and when it became known that Abraham Lincoln was elected, they seceded. South Carolina took the first step and passed an ordinance of secession and she was followed by Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, Virginia, Arkansas, Tennessee and North Carolina. This was a trying position for this great president. Seven states had declared themselves out of the Union and not subject to his authority, and in less than two months four others followed. In February, 1861, a peace conference was held at Baltimore, which was attended by some of the most influential men in the country. Their object was to arrive at some compromise and by it avert what they knew would be a most disastrous war. This conference occupied many days, but failed to accomplish anything. The excitement grew more intense all over the country. The very extreme partisans who had supported Mr. Lincoln were disappointed when they saw that these last states were allowed to leave the Union and join the confederacy. There was much discussion. Some believed that if the South wished to withdraw it had a perfect right to do so. Affairs became so strained that meetings were held all over the country. It was while the public mind was so excited that the hot-blooded southerners took the wrong step. They were so firm in their belief that they were right and that the North was wrong that they had actually organized into a separate government before Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated. It created an army and navy and six weeks after Abraham Lincoln was elected it attacked the troops at Fort Sumter. This deed was what brought the North to a state of desperation in which it resolved to conquer or lose everything in the strife. Of course, Vanderburg County, which even then was full of public-spirited men, was not idle while all this discussion was going on and when it was found that war was a necessity, men of all different parties deserted their creeds and

joined together in forming companies to support the old flag of their country. It was on the 17th of April, 1861, that a call was issued by leading citizens for a public meeting at the court house in the evening. At nightfall, the Jackson artillery, under Captain Elles, of whom I have spoken, turned out in uniform and fired a national salute. Warren's Crescent City band went through the streets playing national airs. The court house was quickly filled and Mayor Baker, that grand old man, was called on to preside over the meeting. It was soon found that the streets on the outside were blocked with people who were unable to get in, so the speaker left the court house and went across the street to what was then the Washington house, kept by Felkerf and Hedderich, and which is now the clothing store of N. Gross. In those days there was a balcony on which the band was stationed. The crowd kept increasing and it was found that the contracted corner of the four streets would not hold it, and therefore the throng moved to the old market house, where a stand was hastily put up. The first speaker was Col. James E. Blythe, a well-known orator of that day. He was followed by Conrad Baker, who was then a prominent lawyer here, and who afterwards became governor of the state. In his speech he used this expression: "The preservation of the government is above all personal and party considerations and we pledge to its support now and hereafter, our all, without reference to the men or party by which it may be administered."

There was a great outburst at the end of this speech, and Judge Baker took occasion to administer an oath to support the constitution and the Union. Captain Elles pledged his company. Mr. Blythe Hynes and William H. Chandler both made speeches and the meeting adjourned with three cheers for the Union, the Constitution, the enforcement of the laws and the stars and stripes. As was natural, there were some who disbelieved in this. They perhaps had been brought up in different schools, and it is but natural for one to stand by the principles that are inculcated into him during his childhood, but these were in a great minority.

There was an appeal at once to raise a company, although at that time possibly not one in this whole city had the faintest idea that a desperate conflict would wage for four long years, in which the fair South would be changed to a scene of ruin and desolation, with only the old stone chimneys marking the path of victories of northern armies as they swept through it and that in thousands of northern homes there would be, as the result of this war, vacant chairs which never again would be filled. It has often struck me that if any of the men on either side, and I give each side credit for following the dictates of their own consciences, could have looked ahead and have seen what all this meant, I firmly believe there never would have been any war. But the people were excited, and Evansville came rapidly to the front, though no one here would have believed in those early days that, beside keeping up her own homeguards, Vanderburg County would contribute 3,500 men. There were companies rapidly formed, and by June

1st, the townships had nine companies of infantry and three of artillery. The great trouble was to get enough arms to supply them. As fast as the companies were formed they went into camp, and the first part of the war was little more than a pleasant camping picnic, for the ladies of the city visited the camps at all times and instead of being fed on United States rations the young soldiers were provided with a regular feast of the choicest edibles to be had. The first great shock came with the news of the battle of Bull Run, when to the surprise of everyone, the Union troops were routed and driven pell mell from the field of battle. It seemed impossible for the people to recognize that it was really true, and it was at this hour that they probably began to foresee that war in its reality, was a terrible thing. All through the war our people followed the movements of the armies with the greatest interest. It seemed as if there was hardly a family but had some representative in the army and when the first news came of any great battle, the agony of heart that our people suffered was terrible. When the bloody battle of Shiloh was fought, the steamer Charley Bowen was loaded with supplies and our citizens went to the battlefield as fast as steam could take them, to administer to the wants of the afflicted. At Pittsburg Landing and Gettysburg, with their awful slaughter, our people could hardly wait to get the details which brought gloom to many a household. We all followed the march of Sherman to the sea in 1864 and when the news came of the final fall of Atlanta, an immense crowd assembled in front of the old bank to hear patriotic speeches and music and see the fireworks. Great demonstrations of joy followed the capture of Richmond and Petersburg, but when at last the news came of the surrender of Gen. Lee there was a day of rejoicing such as was never known before. The news came in the evening, but it took all night for it to become fairly known, but early in the morning the guns belched forth their thunder. The bells all over the city rang wildly out, the whistles blew, bands were out and flags blew from every available point. Main street for the first time in its history was one continuous panorama of flags. The city schools were dismissed and the children marched through the streets. At noon a grand salute of 200 guns was fired under the direction of Captain Tombler. Business was entirely suspended. Such an era of general joy was never before seen in Evansville and it was not so much that our army had been victorious and had swept everything before them, but the feeling that this cruel war was over, and that peace and prosperity would again reign over a united country. But it was in the midst of this that the deepest gloom came, by the announcement that President Lincoln had been struck down by the cowardly hand of an assassin. It could hardly be believed. The flags in the city and on the boats at the wharf hung at half-mast. The churches were thronged with people, business was suspended and houses were draped, while the city bells all tolled. Guns were fired every half-hour from sunrise to sunset. The grief was absolute, even in the hearts of those whose sympathies perhaps had been with the South.

It is pitiful that there were so many who did not know at that time that the great heart of this greatest of men was full of a tender love for the South and that though he was the ruling power of the country which had subdued them, he had at all times, even in moments of victory, mourned over their loss as he would over the loss of his dearest friends. There are so many little incidents in the life of Lincoln that have brought out this feeling which we now know existed all the time, that there hardly lives a man who feels any doubt on this matter, and it is unjust to believe that the people of the South, taken as a mass, ever felt joy over the dastardly deed of the miserable Booth.

It was on the 19th of April that Captain Noah S. Thompson issued his call for troops. Captain Thompson had served in the Mexican war and was just the man for the position. As stated, Captain Meyerhoff had applied to him to enlist but had been refused. The company's rolls were opened on Saturday, the 20th, and within four hours the company was more than full. It met that same evening at its armory on Main, and the oath was administered by John V. Foster, notary public, who afterwards became a colonel and then one of the most distinguished diplomats this country ever had. The company took the name of the Crescent City Guards. They were expected to go to Indianapolis on the following Tuesday, but Captain Thompson, who had preceded them, wired back, "We cannot get in. Disband the company." By this time the company was 132 strong, and at least 100 more had offered themselves and were refused. They had already commenced their military drills and their disappointment can readily be imagined. After some delay, however, they were received into service and went into camp at the old fair grounds, on Pigeon Creek, until such a time as they should be called into active service. They were mustered in on June 7th, and their official title was "Company E, 14th regiment infantry". Captain Thompson resigned and Lieutenant Willard took his place in 1861, serving until his term expired. A much-loved member of this company was Edward Ballenger, who was always known as Ed. He had been a clerk in Evansville and was highly esteemed by everybody on account of his genial good nature. He was badly wounded during action and died as the result of these wounds in 1862. Captain Meyerhoff, who had served all through the war, was in the hospital at the time the company was mustered out, on account of wounds received during action. Just before Captain Thompson's company departed, it was presented with a flag by the ladies of the city of Evansville. It was of silk and had been made by their own fair hands. It was presented at the corner of Main and Third streets. Every window and balcony in the neighborhood was completely blocked with friends who desired to see this event. The Turner corps, composed of German young men, was out in full uniform. The speech of presentation was made by Mr. James Shanklin, and it was one of the most brilliant and, at the same time, pathetic, pieces of oratory ever heard in this city. One beautiful thought was as follows: "Soldiers, to you this

flag is entrusted. The knight who brought back his banner untorn and unsullied by the fierce contest of battle was disowned and rejected by his ladylove. Do not be afraid of soiling this noble flag; if it be blackened by the smoke of battle, the same fair hands will make its folds white again on your return; if it be torn and riddled in the raging strife of the battlefield, not a broken star that shall not shine again, not a tattered stripe that shall not wave as proudly as ever to the breeze. When you come home from fields of battle they want you to bring a rattlesnake flag and present it to them. They want to see the old serpent that is tempting our fair southern Eve to fall again."

The history of this regiment was like that of all the others. They were in some perilous places but at all times covered themselves with glory. In one battle it lost 123 men. At one time during their career they made 339 miles of almost continuous marching. Many of them were without shoes. The covering of their feet had worn entirely off. Fortunately this was in June, and they were able to bind up their feet and get along as best they could.

The first regiment to arrive in Evansville was the 11th which came here in May, 1861, for re-organization as a three-year regiment. It was unexpected and no fitting reception was given to it, but its ranks were rapidly filled up by Evansville volunteers who had previously been unable to enlist. It was first stationed at Paducah during the winter and except slight skirmishes, did little work until the awful fight at Fort Donelson. At Shiloh it also was in a hot place but behaved admirably. Finally towards the close of the war and after the Sheridan campaign, it drifted to Baltimore where it was mustered out July 26, 1865.

The 24th regiment followed the 14th and was organized by Gen. Alvin P. Hovey. Companies C and F of this regiment were nearly all Vanderburg County men. Capt. John F. Grill, who was well known here, served until 1862 and was then appointed major and in 1863 received the rank of lieutenant colonel which he retained until he was mustered out in 1865. The 24th started from Vincennes going direct to St. Louis, where they joined Gen. Fremont's army which was back at Paducah and was at Ft. Donelson and Shiloh. At Shiloh Col. Hovey was made Brigadier General for his bravery. In 1865 it had drifted to Barrancas, Florida, and later took part in the movement against Mobile. Of this regiment there were only 310 who returned to Indianapolis on the 4th of August, 1865. They were mustered out in November.

FIRST BATTERY LIGHT ARTILLERY.

This was known as the battery of Captain John Klauss. He was a very popular German and had no trouble in raising an independent artillery company which had been neatly uniformed, perfectly drilled and had taken part in all the parades in Evansville prior to the war. They were

organized for the front on the 5th of August, 1861, and were mustered in on the 16th. This battery was in many serious conflicts yet it did not suffer so much in proportion as did many others. They reached Indianapolis with three officers and 102 men who were mustered out August 22, 1865.

THE 25TH REGIMENT.

The first infantry regiment to go to the front as an Evansville organization was the 25th. While Gen. Hovey was working on the 24th the 25th was being organized here. James C. Veatch, a splendid soldier was directly interested in getting up this regiment. He resided at that time in Rockport but had many interests in Evansville. William H. Morgan was placed in command of this regiment and served until May, 1864, and later Col. James S. Wright assumed command until it was mustered out. It was in this regiment that Col. John W. Foster began his military career as major. He was afterwards promoted to lieutenant colonel and then left the regiment to take command of the 65th. Col. John Rheinlander was also in this regiment as Captain of Company B. He was promoted to major and then to lieutenant colonel in October, 1862. Col. Rheinlander was a soldier by instinct. He had served in a Kentucky infantry company in the Mexican war, and had been at the battle of Buena Vista. His war record was indeed a splendid one and no man received more honor than he did during his long years of residence here, after the war was over. Aside from being a fine soldier he was a man of most excellent impulses and was universally loved. To know him once, was to be his friend forever.

FIRST CAVALRY, 28TH REGIMENT.

In June, 1861, orders were issued for the organization of a regiment of cavalry, in the counties bordering on the Ohio river and the camps were organized at this city where eight companies were completed and mustered in on the 20th of August. Conrad Baker whose name is so prominently identified with the history of this city, was colonel. The field and staff officers were nearly all from adjoining counties, there being only four besides Col. Baker who held positions. John Smith Gavitt whom everybody knew as Smith Gavitt, and who was a brave and intrepid man who had served as sheriff here, was major of the regiment. He was soon afterwards killed at Fredrickstown, Missouri. Patrick Raleigh, the son of one of our oldest citizens, was the first lieutenant and William Baker, known as Billy Baker, was quartermaster. Companies A and B were almost entirely of Vanderburg County men. Joel F. Sherwood, father of the Sherwood boys was promoted from second lieutenant to captain in October, 1861. The death of Smith Gavitt was a great shock to the community and being among the very first of the deaths of the officers or well-known citizens, when his remains were brought here, there was a grand funeral and it was then that they first began to realize what war meant. After-

FULTON SCHOOL BUILDING

wards when the shot flew thick and fast and dead and wounded lay on many fields and the prisons of the north and south were filled and the hospitals all over the country were crowded with poor fellows who never again could expect to be men in the full meaning of the word, the people began to know of the horrors of war.

THE 32ND REGIMENT.

This was called the First German regiment as it was the first one that was almost exclusively composed of soldiers of German birth or descent. It was organized at Indianapolis by Col. Willich, who had served in the German army in the revolution of 1848. The first company gotten up in Evansville was composed mostly of Turners, with Schnackenburg as captain. This company was armed with rifles. They wore blue blouses, soft hats and dark pants and for a time were detained for the protection of the powder houses here and also the property of citizens. They were also presented with a beautiful flag in front of Mozart hall on First street. The Homeguards turned out in full force. The Jackson artillery, Klauss battery and the companies of Capt. Monk, Capt. Wolflin, Captain Denby and Captain Shanklin. The flag was presented by Miss Pfafflin. German songs were sung and quite a procession was formed which marched all over the city.

THE 35TH REGIMENT.

Bernard F. Mullen or Barney Mullen, as he was known, of Madison, Indiana, was given authority to organize the 25th or 1st Irish regiment. This was mustered in December 11, 1861, with John C. Walker as colonel. About 20 men went from Vanderburg County to Madison to join this regiment. Among the officers James Fitzwilliams, second lieutenant, was the only one from this city. He rose to first lieutenant, then captain and then to major of the regiment. Timothy Dawson, well known here and an old schoolmate of the writer, was first and second lieutenant and later captain of Company H. Michael Gorman was second lieutenant when the two regiments of the 61st and the 25th were consolidated. James Gavisk was a second lieutenant. In Company G of this regiment appears the name of William J. Nolan, "not mustered out." This regiment did a great deal of hard fighting and was in the marches, battles, and skirmishes of the Atlanta campaign in 1864. At Kenesaw mountain it was in a desperate hand-to-hand struggle and it also took part in the fight at Franklin, Tennessee. It remained in Tennessee until June, 1865, and was then sent to Texas and mustered out September 30th, 1865.

THE SIXTH BATTERY LIGHT ARTILLERY.

This battery was recruited at Evansville and mustered in at Indianapolis September 7th, 1861, with Fred Behr as captain. He lost his life at

Shiloh in 1862 and Michael Mueller, who had been first lieutenant was appointed captain and served until he was mustered out. The other officers of this battery were residents of Indianapolis.

42ND REGIMENT.

Of this regiment which was organized October 9th, 1861, Company A was the only one composed entirely of Vanderburg County men. The colonel of this regiment was James G. Jones, a pioneer citizen. Its lieutenant colonel was that great statesman and soldier, Charles Denby, who was promoted to be colonel of the 80th regiment. At that time his position was filled by James M. Shanklin, the oldest son of that beloved pioneer, John Shanklin. Dewitt C. Evans, the oldest son of Gen. Robert Evans was adjutant and James L. Orr, now a respected citizen, was quartermaster. Dr. John Mageniss was also surgeon in this regiment. Geo. W. Shanklin was quartermaster sergeant. At the time the regiment was organized, the regimental band of 20 pieces under the leadership of that worthy citizen, C. C. Genung was mustered in with the regiment but at that time the war department issued an order dispensing with bands and that prevented this band from taking a part with the regiment during its career. In this regiment, Captain Jacob W. Messick, won his epaulets as captain, having entered as sergeant. The late Andrew McCutchan and James W. Vickery also served in this regiment.

THE 60TH REGIMENT.

In 1861 Col. Richard Owen, resident of New Harmony, Indiana, who had made a reputation as an excellent commander, and was then lieutenant colonel of the 15th regiment, obtained authority to recruit a regiment at Evansville and a partial organization was made in November. While the enlistment was going on, the regiment was ordered to Camp Morton at Indianapolis, to guard confederate prisoners and while on duty there, the organization of the regiment was perfected, the last companies being mustered in in March and April. The only regimental officer from this county was Major Joseph B. Cox, who joined as captain of Company F and was promoted. He was compelled to resign on account of ill health. The late Dr. Madison J. Bray, was surgeon from November 15, 1861, to November 28th, 1862, when he resigned his place which was filled by Dr. W. W. Slaughter. He served until 1864, when Dr. James P. Hunter, also of Evansville, took his place.

8TH BATTERY LIGHT ARTILLERY.

This battery also contained quite a number of officers and men who were residents of Vanderburg County. It was mustered in at Indianapolis December 13, 1861, with Geo. T. Cochran as captain. William Stolz

served with this battery until he became a captain of the 7th battery. Sergeant Frank Burkhart was transferred to the 7th battery. Cor. Thomas McCorkle served also and was mustered out. Bugler Samuel Day was promoted to second lieutenant and was mustered out with it. Milton H. Catlett was also in this battery until he was discharged in 1853 on account of disability.

THE 65TH REGIMENT.

When this regiment was organized the first year of the war had drawn to a close and the great public had begun to realize what war really meant, and that those who so confidently would say, "Oh, we will go out and settle it in a month or two," had no conception of what they were talking about. And right here, let it be said that there never was and never will be another nation on the face of the earth which could furnish two such bands of fighters as did the United States where, for four long years, brother met brother, and friend met friend and fought to the bitter end, exhibiting such deeds of courage as never before were noted in the annals of history, and the reason is plainly to be seen. They were all of the same stock—the good old American stock. No matter from what state they hailed, the blood was in them and they fought to win. It began to be seen that to crush out the South would require a very large force in the field. Calls for additional men began to be made. Even then it was said of the South that it was robbing the grave and the cradle to furnish men to fight the hosts of the North. If this were so at that early date in the war, how much more true it must have been later on. The responses to these calls for more men were very prompt.

The 65th regiment was organized at Princeton and with the exception of one of its companies, was mustered in at Evansville, June 20th, 1862. Its colonel was John W. Foster, the accomplished diplomat who resigned March 10, 1864, because of physical disability, and afterwards entered the service as Colonel of the 136th. William A. Page, known to everyone as Billy Page, was adjutant, until worn out with exposure he resigned in 1865. Company H was commanded by Captain Saunders R. Hornbrook, who held this position throughout its career. For meritorious service he was commissioned major but declined the honor. Samuel H. Leavitt, who taught the high school in the Canal school building, was second lieutenant of Company H. The late Thomas J. Groves was a second lieutenant and the late James D. Parvin commissary sergeant. Sergt. George W. Hill also served in this regiment.

THE FOURTH CAVALRY, SEVENTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT.

Many men from Vanderburg County were prominent in this organization. Isaac B. Gray, who was afterwards governor of the state, was colonel. Most of the Evansville people were in Company F, of which John T. De-

weese was captain. He was promoted major, lieutenant colonel and colonel in rapid succession. Albert C. Rosencranz went out as first lieutenant and rose to the command of the company and was commissioned major of the regiment. Corporal John W. Peck was also in this company.

THE NINETY-FIRST INFANTRY.

Only seven companies of this regiment were raised here, though it was supposed to be recruited from the first congressional district in August, 1862, and its rendezvous was at Evansville. John Mehringer was lieutenant colonel, but it was known to our people as Colonel Butterfield's regiment, as he achieved his rank while serving as major, a rank that he held from its organization. Men from this county were in several of the companies of the regiment but the majority were in Company G, of which William B. Hargrave was captain. Stephen H. S. Cook went out as second lieutenant but resigned the next year.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTIETH REGIMENT.

This was one of the regiments that was turned over to the command of Brigadier General Alvin P. Hovey. The above regiment was the only one of the six in which there were no Vanderburg County people and there were only a few of them. John M. Simmerman, who enlisted as a private in Company D, was afterwards captain of his company but no other Vanderburg County man received a commission.

THE TENTH CAVALRY, ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

This was recruited during the awful winter of 1863 at Vincennes. Very few of its officers were drawn from here. Thomas G. Williamson went out as captain of Company B and was promoted to lieutentant colonel and Oliver Babcock, who enlisted as private, was promoted to first lieutenant. This command did not leave the state until May 3rd, 1864. It then went to Tennessee and Alabama, where its chief work was in guarding railroads over which supplies were sent to Sherman's army. They had several skirmishes with the forces under Roddy, Wheeler and Forrest and naturally these were bloody, as these three were among the best skirmishers in the southern army. This regiment was on the ill fated steamer Sultana when she blew up in 1865 and lost three officers and 35 men at the time. It also lost 5 men killed and 70 wounded by a railroad collision on the L. & N. The regiment went out with 1054 officers and men and received 46 recruits and returned home with 28 officers and 519 men.

THE ONE HUNDRED DAY MEN.

The winter of 1863 and 1864 had passed and the fights were still going on and with no means, little ammunition and scanty rations, the very flower

of their people killed, and the cradle and the grave again being robbed, the little band of southern men were still fighting as desperately as ever. It was determined that it was best for all, even for them, that the war be brought speedily to a close. It was thoroughly understood that had different tactics been observed the war would have long before been over. The north with untold millions of men and with ammunition and supplies almost inexhaustible, could have wiped the entire south out of existence but always hoping that the end might soon come, the four years had passed away until it was felt that some decisive step must be taken. It had been hoped that the brilliant victories gained during the previous year would be effective and that peace might be restored by mere power of arms. There was a general consolidation in the north and the governors of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Arkansas offered to raise for the service of the general government, a force of volunteers to serve for 100 days and in April, 1864, Governor Morton issued his call for Indiana to furnish her portion. This force was different from regular army volunteers. They were to perform such military services as might be needed in any state in the United States and were to be armed, fed, clothed and paid by the United States. But they were not to receive any bounty. The idea was among others, to let these new men relieve the large number of veterans who were doing garrison and guard duty and allow them to get back to their places at the front, thus putting all the green men as guards and allowing the old veterans to get to the post where they could do the most good. Indiana was to send 8 regiments, numbered sonsecutively from 132 to the 139th. The 136th regiment was composed mostly of men from the first district, the Companies A, B, and C being from Vanderburg County and comprising the largest body of citizens who had not yet gone out at any call. It must not be inferred that any of these men had held back on account of lack of patriotism, but as in any other duty, there are sometimes cases of which the world knows nothing, which prevent a man from following his line of duty when he so chooses. The officers of this regiment were as follows:

Col. John W. Foster, lieutenant colonel; William H. Walker, major; Blythe Hynes, quartermaster; Robert Early, captain of company A; Adolph Pfafflin, first lieutenant; Philip Euler, second lieutenant; Charles Ritter, captain of Company B; William B. Hollingsworth, first lieutenant; Frank M. Thayer, second lieutenant; Christ. L. Scott, captain Company C; William A. Caldwell, first lieutenant; Edward P. Elliott, second lieutenant; Fred. Geiger. At the organization of Company C, William H. Walker was commissioned captain.

So many of these men were well known citizens that this brief statement regarding the war would be incomplete without the insertion of their names and the following is a complete list of the enlisted men:

Company A—John Alderton, Ernst Andel, George Brown, William G. Boepple, William Bischman, Leopold Bernheimer, John Berner, George Bambe, George Baisch, Charles Coply, Henry Drier, Frank Dougherty,

Peter Deal, John Dean, Thomas Doyle, Peter Dam, Thomas Dickerson, Henry Eisler, Michael Eisler, Henry Ehman, William H. Edwards, Stephen Ensner, Albert Enstein, William A. Fritsch, Albert Fisher, George Geissler, Henry C. Green, Henry Gumberts, John Gebing, Henry J. Glein, John M. Gleichman, John Huber, Frederick Hoelscher, Jacob Hirch, Phillip Haumer, Jacob Hahn, August Heinekamp, Louis Hanschilds, Henry Hewig, John Jordan, Rudolph Kehr, Frederick Kercher, George Kissel, August Korsemeyer, Frederick Krohn, Francis Krug, Henry Kruse, Theodore L. Kuhlman, Louis Kramer, Christian Koehler, George Kinkel, Charles Kretschmar, John Linde, Gottlieb Lerch, John H. Lambers, Henry Moellenkamp, John Mosel, Louis Metzner, Gustave Mathias, John McDonough, Reinhard Orth, John Polhaus, Theodore Pfafflin, Gottlieb Pfisterer, Jacob Riffin, Jacob Rickling, John Roepple, Christian Ressler, John L. Straub, Henry Smith, Henry Schmitt, Ernst Schorr, Jacob Schlintenhard, Gottlieb Schieber, Peter Schindler, Charles Schweitzer, Albert Severet, John Straubmiller, Albert Schumaker, Charles Schlange, Joseph Schoene, Christian Steinhauer, William F. Schlotter, August Schlange, Frederick Teipel, John Voll, William Vierling, John Walter, Charles West, Christian Walter, Peter Wilsbacher, Joseph Witz, Henry F. Wilke, Charles White, Isaac Weiss, Nicholas Yost, Christian Ziss.

Company B—Henry J. Ashley, Augustus C. Ames, John C. Barnes, James W. Barbour, Adam Beiling, David W. Burns, Judson G. Burtis, Jackson Belford, Benjamin H. Beggs, Samuel W. Blackburn, Henry W. Beppus, Robert H. Blackburn, William Burkhart, John Burrucker, William T. Carney, Martin N. Christ, William Christian, John W. Collins, James Crafts, Adam Conrad, James Corduroy, George B. Davison, Fletcher C. DeBruler, John C. Duvendork, Isaac F. Demerit, Robert Early, George Elsperman, Oliver Evans, James C. Farrow, Joseph Fitzgerald, John Fitzgerald, Isadore A. Flack, James S. Floyd, George Forsyth, Spencer Glazier, James Gorman, William Grammer, Joseph Gugamus, Christian Herman, J. Blythe Hendricks, William E. Howsley, John T. Hutchinson, Thomas Humphreys, James P. Hynes, Thomas Ingle, William Johnson, John Katterbacher, Franz Kirchner, Josiah Kightly, Robert B. Kirkpatrick, Madison B. Kirkpatrick, William H. Kirkpatrick, Isaac H. Kimbly, John Koenig, John Kohl, Leo Kuhn, Adolph Lagant, William B. Lindsey, Marion Lockwood, Joseph Lyon, Walter M. Lewis, Michael Mackedon, Thorntòn Males, George F. Mayer, John Munn, James McKinney, Charles Miller, John A. Miller, Herman Miller, Jacob Miller, Henry Morris, John Nester, James C. Byrne, Charles W. Osborne, William E. Quinn, Lewis Raple, John Roeder, Mathew W. Rogers, George J. Reeves, John M. Sampson, Louis Schmitt, Frank S. Schu, John H. Sonntag, Henry Steiper, James Swanson, Jr., James Taylor, George A. Urie, Abram Van Strickland, George Vickery, Samuel W. Wallace, William T. Wade, Frank C. White, Samuel Wytenbach, John Yocum, Adrian Youngs.

Company C—Charles H. Allen, William F. Beard, John Bailey, Jacob Bippus, Louis Birtis, Henry Browne, John Burns, William Burroughs, F. Bruce Carson, Albert W. Carpenter, Henry Clark, David Cory, Henry Curry, W. H. Day, John Dick, James E. Eargood, James H. Foster, John F. Foster, Frank France, James B. Gammel, ——— Geiger, Frederick Geiger, Christopher Garst, Jefferson Gilman, Frank Gray, Frederick Guth, Samuel Hays, Jacob Heddrick, John Heilman, George Henninger, Louis Hess, A. B. Hinkle, Henry Huber, John Hopkins, Calvin P. Howard, Benjamin Hubb, Jr., Jacob Hurnell, John Hurly, Heber Ingle, Charles T. Jenkins, Frank M. Kennison, Moses C. Kohn, Joseph P. Kramer, James Larue, Bruce Lechner, John Mayhew, Jr., George F. Mansell, William W. Manning, John Monks, William McDowell, Isaac Miller, Conrad Miller, Allen G. Mills, Henry Myers, Benjamin Newman, George W. Newman, Henry C. Newman, Philip Nester, John O'Brien, Dennis O'Brien, Patrick O'Brien, James H. Philips, Jacob Reerer, William Ryan, John H. Reynolds, Andrew J. Rudisil, William L. Sauer, James M. Scantlin, John Scofield, Charles Sensemier, Charles Seedrel, John Sheppard, John D. Sheppard, John Sheer, Joseph E. Schu, Thomas Shaw, Eson Shaptaugh, John List, Jesse B. Start, George M. Stinson, John M. Stinson, Burnett Taylor, Cornelius Totten, Levi H. Tower, Howard Walker, William Warren, Nicholas Weber, John White, George White, William Wilson, George H. Williams, Nicholas Winter, Joseph Winer, Robert F. Woods, William Zast.

The Last Call—In December, 1864, Abraham Lincoln again called on the loyal people of the north for 300,000 volunteers. In response to this, the final call for troops made by the president during the civil war, Indiana sent eleven regiments to the front, among them being the One Hundred and Forty-third, composed of companies from the first congressional district, organized and mustered into service at Indianapolis on the 21st day of February, 1865, with John F. Grill, as colonel. Early in 1861, Col. Grill had gone out as captain of a company in the twenty-fourth, had rendered valiant and faithful service with that gallant regiment, had won and received advancement to the rank of lieutenant colonel, had just returned to his home from active service, and it was a fitting recognition of his worth that he should command the last regiment that went out composed largely of Vanderburg County men. His commission was dated the 20th day of February, 1865, and he served until mustered out with the regiment. Other regimental officers from the county were: Edward P. Elliot, adjutant; Peter Schmock, quartermaster, and Benjamin Davidson, assistant surgeon. The following were the officers of Company A, all residents of Evansville: Justin A. Kellogg, captain; Joseph B. Maghee, Jr., first lieutenant, and George H. Dearing, second lieutenant.

The work of this last regiment was very brief, the war being virtually at a close when they were mustered in. The general feeling seemed to be that they were not to be exposed to the vicissitudes of either battlefield or camps in the far south but with the showing made by their rapid response

to the call for soldiers, would convince the south, already disheartened, that it was useless to longer attempt to fight against such overwhelming odds. The regiment left Indianapolis February 24, 1865, and went directly to Nashville, Tennessee. From thence it moved to Murfreesboro, Tennessee, where it did guard duty until May 13, when it went to Tullahoma. Next it moved, on the 26th of June, to Nashville, and then went to Clarksville, Tennessee, where three companies were detached and sent to do garrison duty at Fort Donelson. Orders were received for mustering it out of service and the regiment was once more brought together and marched to Nashville where it was mustered out on the 17th of October, 1865. On coming back to Indiana it went direct to Indianapolis where it was publicly received at the state-house grove by a large body of the citizens and it was here that the members of the regiment received their final discharge.

In again speaking of the part Indiana took in the war, I wish to call attention to the fact that more men wished to join from this state than could be accommodated. There were many captains who organized companies and failed to get them into the Indiana troops, so were compelled to enlist their men in other states. In 1861 some of the newspapers announced that Indiana was not allowed to furnish her proper proportion of the troops needed. It is because of this fact that it is hard to tell just how many Vanderburg County men really enlisted, because the credit of their enlistment went to other localities and therefore an Indiana record could not well be made. There are many cases where men volunteered and did honorable service which were entitled to the credit of the present generation, but because of the failure on the part of the mustering officer to make a record of their responses, they did not appear in the records of Vanderburg County soldiers. Still in nearly all histories of the war their names appear and that they do not appear as Vanderburg County soldiers is simply a blow to our county pride and no reflection on their patriotism.

THE INDIANA LEGION.

At the time of the breaking out of the war, the militia of this state had not been thoroughly organized for some thirty years. At various times there would be spasmodic attempts to get them together and for a time there would be musterings and parades but the martial spirit would die out only to be taken up again when there was a popular call for the same. But at the beginning of the war, the legislature in special session at once provided for a thorough reorganization of the state militia. At that time while Major General John Love was commander-in-chief of the legion, the only general officer from Vanderburg County was Blythe Hynes, who was afterwards provost marshal and later major of the 136th regiment. The Vanderburg County militia went in the second regiment, first brigade, second division of the legion. Carl Schmitt was major. General James E. Blythe, a well known lawyer of this city, rose to the rank of brigadier general and died dur-

ing service. The staff officers were: William H. Walker, major and inspector; Thomas E. Garvin, major and judge advocate; Victor Bisch, major and paymaster; Martin Klauss, major and chief of artillery; Cyrus K. Drew, captain and aide-de-camp; William E. Hollingsworth served as lieutenant colonel. Henry C. Gwathmey also as lieutenant colonel; Morris S. Johnson, major; John Sonntag, adjutant; Charles S. Wells, quartermaster; Robert Early, quartermaster; Joseph P. Elliot, quartermaster; August Ellis, Albert Rimroth and Charles Edelman were in the artillery. In the artillery in 1861 were W. H. Chandler, captain; F. W. Cook, first lieutenant and captain; John Nurre, first lieutenant; George H. Stockwell, second lieutenant. In the old Evansville Rifles in 1861 William E. French was captain; C. H. Butterfield, first lieutenant; I. Haas, second lieutenant. In fact, almost every young man in the city and even some of the older ones, who were almost incapable of bearing arms, were in this legion and served their time during the war, while a great number entered the regular army and rose to high positions as noted elsewhere. As fast as companies could be organized, they were supplied with arms and accoutrements and they drilled frequently and with such success, that in a few months they were almost equal in their knowledge of military tactics as the soldiers of the regular army. It is a fact that during the entire war there never was a guerrilla attack on the city of Evansville and simply for the reason that there was always at all times, day or night, a body of at least 1,000 men who could be in line and ready for action within half an hour from the sound of the alarm. While Buckner was at Bowling Green and Russelville, there were frequent demonstrations made in this direction and at one time General Buckner sent a force to destroy the lock at Spottsville, but a regiment from here quickly marched there, accompanied by a detail of artillery under Colonel Hollingsworth and they produced such an impression that the enemy did not dare attack them. At times there were scouting parties gotten up who went into various parts of Kentucky up and down the Ohio river looking into the position of the confederates and they were of great service in imparting their news to the regular army. The city was kept guarded at all times and no body of confederates could approach from any direction without an alarm being given. Our sister city of Henderson was even threatened as it had only a small command of Union troops, but in several instances details were sent there who so aided them that Henderson never suffered. The greatest alarm occasioned here was when Adam Johnson raided Newburg in July, 1862. Word was brought here that a large band of Kentucky guerillas were sacking the little town. The danger signal was given and in less than an hour 1,000 men were under arms. Two steamers, the Eugene and the Courier were rapidly filled and proceeded to Newburgh but they found nothing except the boat in which the guerillas crossed and recrossed again into Kentucky and this was discarded. Again in September five companies went to Owensboro to repel an attack. In 1863 in July at the time of the John Morgan raid, there was great excitement here and every company in the county rallied

with full ranks and went into camp until it was found that the alarm was false. At one time a part of the legion joined with General Hovey and went over into Kentucky to Morganfield and routed the troops of Johnson and Seipert. These latter troops had planned an invasion into southern Indiana but were put to flight. The John Morgan raid of which so much has been written, was intended to break up railroad communication and prepare for the capture of Louisville and Cincinnati by General Buckner. His raid did a great amount of damage. He levied large sums of money, took good horses and by his rapid movements created terror all along the border. Col. J. M. Shackleford was stationed in Kentucky at that time and kept up an almost daily fight with guerillas, who swarmed over that country. His work was so effective that he was made a brigadier genral and placed in command of the first brigade. The capture of John Morgan's forces by General Shackleford is a well-known matter of history. He followed Morgan with such rapidity that it was impossible for the leader to get back to the south. In one case the chase lasted 57 miles and at its conclusion, by a flank movement, Morgan's retreat was cut off. He took refuge on an immense bluff near Keizer creek. A flag was sent up demanding an unconditional surrender of Morgan and his band. A personal interview with General Shackleford was asked and at its conclusion the entire force surrendered. It was supposed that Morgan himself was with them but he had escaped and fled to the south. There were some 1,300 men with their horses and arms captured on this occasion. On learning that Morgan had escaped, General Shackleford kept after him and finally caught him on the New Lisbon road. Morgan claimed that he had already surrendered to a militia officer but General Shackelford said that he had followed him for 30 days and nights and demanded his surrender to him. This was done and Morgan was delivered over to Major General Burnside at Cincinnati. In spite of the fact that Indiana had been so prompt in furnishing soldiers and had even furnished more than her quota, when the draft was made August 4, 1862, for 300,000 it was claimed that Indiana was short. The shortage was very small and it soon afterwards became known that there was no shortage but that as stated, the state had furnished more than her quota. The governor and leading citizens deplored the fact that a draft on Indiana had been called for, for it was looked on as a mark of disgrace. As a matter of fact, when the draft was ordered, even despite the fact that many Vanderburg County men enlisted in other states, there was a deficiency of only 81 men—certainly a very small shortage. Of this Armstrong had 19, Scott 19 and German Township 43. In 1864 when the 500,000-men call was made, the county was asked to furnish 1,353 men. Much to the surprise of those who asked it, it was found that we already had to our credit, 1,206 new volunteer recruits, 63 veterans reenlisted and 97 draft men, thus making the surplus of 13 over what were needed. In 1865 all efforts to raise troops was abandoned and at that date the county was charged with a quota of 318 men and was credited with 323 men, thus showing a surplus of five.

AS TO BOUNTIES.

During the war and just afterwards there was a great deal of talk about bounties and marvelous tales were told of men who were too cowardly to answer the call to arms and who were willing to pay enormous sums to substitutes. These reports were as a rule, greatly exaggerated. There were at that time, men of absolutely no character who made a good thing out of the war, as "Bounty Jumpers." These men would go to a citizen and agree with him to enlist in his name, accepting therefor a certain sum as a bounty. They would get the money and then go and enlist all right and possibly hang around headquarters for a day or two, when they would suddenly disappear and as the country at that time was filled with refugees, the riff-raff of the army and all sorts of tough characters, one can easily imagine how hard it would be to trace these men up, so it was no unusual thing for a "Bounty Jumper" to obtain half a dozen bounties, for instance in the lower part of this state and then jump into Ohio or any other nearby state and go over the same thing. Thousands of these men were never caught, but as these ill-gotten gains were soon squandered in dissipation, about the only sufferer, was the man who paid for the substitute. As a matter of fact, the bounties paid by the United States were from $100 to $200 which sums increased as the war advanced. At first they were not needed at all, as the quota of each state was filled without any question. Then small bounties were paid for the purpose of helping the families of volunteers. Still later, large sums were offered but were offered by the counties. The families of the first volunteers were never at any time in any distress. Our people took good care of them. The first large meeting was at Mozart hall, in August, 1861, when arrangements were made to extend aid to these families of volunteers no matter how long the war should last. At this meeting John S. Hopkins, William T. Page, Rudolph Kehr, William Heilman, Anthony Reis, Charles Babcock, Philip Hornbrook, Dr. Hallock, and many other prominent citizens took part and appointed committees who immediately went to work. Of course at this time they had no idea that a bloody war of four years would continue. One of the first public responses to this meeting was in November, 1863, when the farmers of the entire county seemed to come in. They formed in an immense procession with bands of music and they had all sorts of wagons filled with wood and every product of the farms. There was plenty to burn and plenty to eat for every one. The air was full of patriotism. Speeches were made by Judge William F. Parrett and Captain William Reavis and a great supper was served to the farmers by Mrs. Dr. Walker, Mrs. Mayor Baker, Mrs. Bob Early, Miss Victoria Cody, who afterward married William R. Baker, and many others. In this procession alone, there were 130 wagon loads of wood. Even after the close of the war the county still continued to look after the families of all volunteers and no one can estimate the immense amount of money and goods that were freely given. Soldiers' widows and orphans

were particularly cared for. None of them suffered. It is said that at a rough estimate, Vanderburg County gave at least $250,000 to its suffering people before the United States began giving pensions. As to pensions, certainly no one now living can say that the United States has not done its duty. In fact, it has done its duty a thousand times over and the only mistake has been that in many cases, soldiers who bore the brunt of battle and suffered and were afterwards incapacitated for work, received only small bounties, while others who never received a scratch and hardly knew what the war meant, except as they read about it in the newspapers, received larger pensions. And in some cases when the claims were put in of late years, they have received back pensions which ran through a time when they were absolutely able-bodied and fit to work and had not in any way or shape, been hurt by their short term of service. It is this fact that has made so many who have groaned under taxation, a little bitter against the whole pension system. Yet, after all when we think of the great number of men who served and the difficulty in a great many cases, of arriving at just how much they suffered by the war, the pension officials can hardly be blamed for what they have done. Yet as a nation we cannot be too grateful to those who responded to the country's call in its hour of need and we cannot as thinking men and honest men, fail to condemn the fact that thousands of unscrupulous fellows have used the giving of the undeserved pensions to further their own selfish interests.

MILITIA COMPANIES.

And so the great war ended, and the veterans, those who were still left, came back to their homes only too willing to take up the occupations that had been their's before the time of the country's peril. In the north and the south it was the same, except that we knew nothing of the wasted farms, the desolate homes of which in some cases only one or two lone chimneys marked what once had been the family home, which was the lot of so much of the once fair south. But to them it was a reversal of the old pioneer days, for they had to begin over again, with no money, no stock and nothing but their hands with which to carve out a livelihood, while that of the north had continued to prosper and vast fortunes had been made by unscrupulous people who had used the war as a vehicle for making money. But it is safe to say that all were glad that it was over. But the military spirit did not entirely die out and the younger generation who had grown into young manhood during the war, thirsted for their share of military glory and in 1876 the Evansville Light Guards were organized with these esteemed veterans: Captain Charles Meyerhoff, Lientenant August Leich, and Lieutenant William Warren, as their officers. The late A. J. McCutchan became a captain and Philip C. Halbrook a second lieutenant of the company. But in the year 1883 the company was abandoned. In 1877, however, The Evansville Rifles was organized under the state militia law, with William M. Blakey, captain, Jacob Messick first lieutenant and Henry

Hammersley second lieutenant. These were succeeded in turn by George A. Cuningham captain, Edgar Garvin first lieutenant and Harry Stinson second lieutenant. This organization took many prizes at competitive drills. On October, 1887, the Evansville Light Infantry company—First Regiment Indiana Legion was mustered into the state service. Its officers were W. D. Ewing, president, W. H. Caldwell, vice president, S. P. Gillett, treasurer, F. M. Gilbert, secretary, J. T. Groves, manager, and Charles H. McCarer, captain. The Evansville Rifles was also organized at the same time and commanded by Captain Henry Horster, First Lieutenant H. P. Cornick, and Second Lieutenant Julius Blum.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

The Grand Army of the Republic is the last outgrowth of all these troublous times. It was not instituted until long after the war when peace reigned, but it was composed exclusively of the survivors of the war. The pride of Evansville is Farragut Post, No. 27, Department of Indiana, which was organized June 24, 1881. In its ranks are men who have served in all branches of the army and in all parts of the country. Many of them were officers high in command and many were statesmen of national repute. But in this post they met on common ground and save for the military respect due to the officials who held office at the time being, the private and the general stood side by side in their parades. They instituted memorial day which will last until the last hero is laid away under the sod and even then I think that though there be not one left to march, the day will still be observed and the graves of the dead heroes will be decorated so long as this country will exist. This post has been boundless in charity and it is safe to say that while it exists, no needy one in any way affilliated with it, will ever feel want, and it deserves credit for trying to bring back harmony between the north and south. The reunion of the Blue and the Gray in 1887 was held under the auspices of this post and was not only one of the greatest events in the history of Evansville, but of the entire country, it being the most successful practical effort of its kind known to the people of this nation. In the beautiful Oak Hill Cemetery lie many of those who wore the gray and who died for what they thought was right. But the same tender hands that place flowers over the mounds that cover all that is left of our own dead, do not pass them by, but with the same tender love, place their offerings over their graves.

This post has two auxiliary branches, the Woman's Relief Corps and the Sons of Veterans. The former was instituted in 1885. During the writing of this work, another memorial day has come and gone and the author here introduces a well-written description of the exercises of the day, from the pen of Mr. E. B. Sisson.

ONLY A HANDFUL

BY F. M. GILBERT

Sadly each year comes the story,
Of the war that is past and gone,
Of the banners, some flying in glory,
And some that went down, forlorn.
Of the men who had been as brothers,
Till they met in the awful fight,
Now, but a handful—the others
Have sunk into endless night.

Sadly love scatters her flowers
On the graves that are side by side
Useless, to bring back those hours,
When men saw their duty, and died.
Each knows his own heart, not another's,
And he does what he thinks is right,
But there's only a handful—the others
Have sunk into endless night.

Oh, slowly and sadly the story
Goes out with the lengthening years,
Till battle fields, trampled and gory,
Are all washed away by our tears.
And the heroes! 'Again they are brothers,
All broken and gray through Time's flight,
Alas, but a handful—the others
Have sunk into endless night.

THOUSANDS DO SOLDIERS HONOR—CITY TURNS OUT ON IDEAL DAY TO WITNESS PARADE AND BESTREW GRAVES—APPLAUD VETERANS IN LINE—ROLL CALL AT OAK HILL A MORE IMPRESSIVE, SOLEMN EVENT THAN EVER—MARTIAL CITY OF THE DEAD HAS 168 MOUNDS WHERE VALIANT HEROES SLEEP.

Another memorial day has passed and out in Oak Hill and Locust Hill cemeteries thousands of bouquets of flowers bear witness to the tribute paid by comrades and relatives to the valor of those veterans of the civil war who have answered the last roll call and those who have laid down their lives for the stars and stripes in the Spanish-American war.

More than 20,000 people were present at Oak Hill in the afternoon yes-noon yesterday and listened to the services which were held under the auspices of Farragut Post No. 27, G. A. R. More than 2,000 were present

at Locust Hill in the morning and it is estimated that 10,000 witnessed the parade of the old soldiers as they marched up Main street.

BUSINESS HOUSES CLOSED.

Nearly every business house in Evansville was closed yesterday that the employes might join the holiday crowds and do honor to those veterans of the civil and Spanish-American wars who have gone to their reward.

From early morning until mid afternoon crowds thronged the streets and waited for the parade of the soldiers. Every car available by the street car company was put in commission, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the crowds were handled. Crowds of people rushed to Oak Hill cemetery hours before the services at that place were to begin, and it was almost dark when the last of them were able to get cars back to the city.

More than fifty large baskets of flowers had been donated, and after a bunch had been laid at the head of each of the graves many baskets of roses, sweetpeas, mignonettes and vines were distributed broadcast between the lines of head stones.

CROWDS VISIT LOCUST HILL.

More than 2,000 people were present at the service held at 9 o'clock yesterday morning at Locust Hill cemetery and participated in the decoration of the graves of the old veterans. The crowds began gathering in the cemetery soon after 7 o'clock, and when the members of the G. A. R. and those who accompanied them arrived, hundreds of graves were found to have already been decorated by those unable to be present at the ceremony, or who went early in order to avoid the jam of the crowds in the street cars.

At the Locust Hill cemetery D. H. Ortmeyer delivered the oration of the day. Following a selection a medley of national airs by Warren's band, the services were begun with the recitation of the opening service from the ritual of the G. A. R., by S. V. Commander Green B. Fields when a prayer was offered by Rev. M. W. Sunderman. This was followed by a recitation of Lincoln's address delivered at Gettysburg, after which there was another selection by the band. The oration by D. H. Ortmeyer was then delivered, which was enthusiastically received by the audience. Then followed the decoration of the graves by the members of the G. A. R., after which taps was blown by the post bugler, Philip Klein. The services were closed with a benediction by Sunderman.

ADDRESS BY DR. GAISER.

Rev. Gaiser's oration at Oak Hill was enthusiastically received by the audience, and many an old soldier's hand shook and his eyes burned brighter

as memories of pains and hardships and memories of the noise of battle crowded upon him with the reminiscences of the speaker.

Rev. Gaiser, in his oration, proclaimed the slavery question as the chief issue of the war between the states. He told of the bitterness that arose between the people of the North and the people of the South; how when the fires of the revolution burned low the Mason and Dixon line was established; and when, following the secession of eleven of the southern states and blood had been shed, the great constitutional questions were submitted to the god of war.

He told of the strange flag that was thrown to the breeze in which dominated the stars and bars. He told of how the boys in blue beneath Old Glory and the boys in gray had met eye to eye, foot to foot, steel to steel, facing triumph and defeat, until the final rifting of the war clouds and the god of war had forever declared for the stars and stripes.

He pictured the possible conditions had Old Glory gone down in defeat; how the Ohio would be as the Rhine of Germany, how Sunset park would now be a fort, while across the river the guns of the Confederacy would be trained on Evansville and the United States. He pictured war after war as the possible result of the United States refusing a treaty with terms of extradition, for runaway slaves, and the hundreds of thousands of lives that would have been sacrificed had not the northern army established this as a free country.

TRIBUTE TO THE WOMEN.

He paid tribute to the women of the north, that part of the army of the republic that stayed at home and fought with bandages and lint for men's lives, and who, instead of asking, "Are you friend or foe," asked "Where are you shot?"

"Such women," he said, "as Mrs. Hodge and Margaret Breckenridge; such women as Mrs. Brady in the swamps of Chicahominy and Annie Ross in the old copper shop hospital, going to men whose wounds, undressed for days, lying on the battle fields, with pillows and blankets that made them think of home and mother, are deserving of as much honor as are the men who went out to fight with gun and saber. And the mothers, wives and daughters, the women's relief corps, who have pledged themselves to let no old soldier suffer are doing as great a work as was done by the women on the battle fields and in the hospitals."

THOUSANDS SEE PARADE.

The parade was formed at the corner of Second and Locust streets, and before 1 o'clock old soldiers were mingling and shaking hands, talking over the days of the civil war. Promptly at 1:30 o'clock the procession started, marching down Locust to First street, along First street to Main, turning

GENERAL OFFICES OF THE EVANSVILLE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

in to Sixth street, and thence down Sixth street to Canal, where they boarded the dummy for the cemetery.

The parade was headed by a squal of Evansville police. Following them came Major Rosencranz, chief marshal of the day, and his staff. Then came Company E of the Indiana National Guard, followed by Warren's band. Next came the old soldiers, 133 members of the Farragut post out of the 309 being able to participate in the parade. Following the veterans was a carriage containing Rev. J. M. Gaiser, Rev. J. H. Scheik, Rev. S. P. Sanson, chaplain of the post, and little Gretchen Leich, daughter of the regiment. A company of twenty-six veterans of the Spanish American war was the last in the line of procession.

WOMEN FALL INTO PARADE.

At the intersection of the dummy line and the car tracks the parade was formed again and marched the quarter of a mile to the cemetery gate where they were joined by the Women's Relief corps and the members of the graduating class of the high school who were to distribute the flowers over the graves. The parade was disbanded at the stand.

In the stand were seated the women of the relief corps, Past Post Commander of Farragut Post, No. 27, Major Rosencranz and his staff, the clergy, the speakers of the day, the high school students and the daughter of the regiment. Immediately in front of the stand seats were arranged for the veterans of the civil war. Conspicuous among the crowd of old soldiers was a number, enfeebled in mind as well as in body, brought over from Woodmere, that they, too, might do honor to those of their comrades who have answered the last roll call.

SPEAKING AT CEMETERY.

At 3 o'clock the program, beginning with a selection by Warren's band, was rendered. There was an address by Post Commander Chas. Kretchmar, prayer by Rev. H. J. Schiek, and the reading of Lincoln's Gettysburg address by Adjutant Aug. Leich. Dr. J. M. Gaiser spoke.

While the band again played, the procession formed in line and started for the enclosed section of the cemetery where slept those whose memory was being commemorated. With slow tread they marched single file and completed a circle around the graves of their dead, while Post Commander Charles Kretchmar, with his staff, faced the setting sun beneath the flag pole on which Old Glory dropped at half mast.

Following another selection by Warren's band, Captain Kretchmar read from the ritual of the G. A. R. the Memorial day rites, after which the veterans with bared heads, saluted their dead comrades.

ROLL CALL IS IMPRESSIVE.

The roll call of the dead was by far the most impressive ceremony during the day. The base of the monument surmounted by an ivy encircled banner shield, was entirely covered with evergreens, and as the muffled roll of the drums answered to the name of each dead soldier, a small flag was placed among the vines by Spanish war veterans as they marched around the enclosure. When the last name had been called by Adjutant August Leich the base was entirely covered with the 189 small flags.

While the band played a dirge, Selma David, Marguerite Klauss, Irene Tolsdorfer, Jennie Covert, Margaret Schlaepfer, Lillian Ellerbush, Mary Fisher, Ralph Guthrie, Clyde Burns, Harry Strohm and Reuben Levi, the members of the high school senior class who volunteered, dropped a bunch of flowers at the head of each grave.

Following taps by Philip Klien, post bugler, three volleys were fired over the graves by Company E of the Indiana national guard, after which the benediction was given by Rev. H. J. Sheik, the post chaplain.

In this round of the heroic deeds of the soldiers of Indiana, I have had almost nothing to say about the war with Spain, for the reason that it could hardly be considered a war and the opportunities for fame were very few as were the deaths and casualties. Most of the men who went from this vicinity were young in years and the war was so brief and so quickly terminated by the grand work of the navy, that the field soldiers had little to do. Their chief loss was from climatic influences. Many a poor fellow went down there into that miasma-laden region and sowed the seeds of early death in his constitution. But as compared to any other war in which the United States has been concerned, the Spanish affair is really hardly worthy of mention and I am compelled to say that the great majority of the people of the United States today think that the war was utterly uncalled for. It was simply a result of what is known as jingoism or in other words, professional politics. Matters have come to light recently which have made things very plain to thinking people and it will be a very bad thing for the professional politician of the future who, to further his own selfish ends, embroils this country with any other in a war of any kind. There never was a good war. There never would be a war in my opinion, if professional politicians would keep their hands off. There are many today who are opposed to the enormous outlay of money that is yearly spent on warships. They claim that there is absolutely no necessity for them and in this claim they are endorsed by almost all thinking people. The United States today is too strong to be attacked by any nation on the face of the earth. The implements of war are rapidly changing. As this work is being written we have reports of the successful solving of the airship problem. Of the daily travel of what is really an airship railway so to speak, between two cities in Germany where even meals are served while one is traveling through the air and the stops are made on schedule time. Solving the air-

ship question solves the military question. There will never be any further need for great armies on land. The battles will be fought in the air. Just as the little torpedo boats can steer from one to another and ruin an entire fleet of vast steamships and fighting vessels costing milions and millions of dollars, so can a fragile airship hover over a city and drop bombs which will rend it to pieces. So, what is the use of vessels which can either be destroyed by a torpedo boat under the water, or an airship above? A single bomb from either of them would tear them to pieces. As to this matter of the war with Spain, I wish to put on record, some remarks by the late Speaker Reed. It will be admitted by all who knew this man, that he was a brainy men in the strict sense of the word and never talked about anything on which he was not thoroughly posted. So as stated, I wish to put on record, certain remarks about the Spanish war which Mr. Reed made while in company with Mr. Cummings. The account, which was published in all the big papers, was as follows:

"Mr. Reed and Mr. Cummings accompanied me back to my hotel. After we had walked out on the pier at the seashore I invited the two gentlemen into the cafe at the hotel to take a lemonade. We sat down at a table, and were there together perhaps an hour. Naturally the conversation drifted to the subject so much discussed at the time, the Spanish war. During the conversation I said what was being so commonly remarked everywhere, that 'After the blowing up of the Maine by the Spaniards in the harbor at Havana nothing in the world could have prevented the war.' At this trite remark, Speaker Reed, in his well-known drawing voice and his most sarcastic manner, said: 'Lamb, does anybody out in Indiana believe that the Spaniards blew up the Maine?' I said, 'Why yes, nearly everybody I know believes it.' 'Well,' he said, I don't know about that, but they don't anywhere else.' This nettled me a little, and I said, rather sharply, 'Mr. Speaker, what do you mean by that remark?'

"He said, 'I mean just what I said. I mean that the Spaniards did not blow up the Maine. I mean that the explosion was internal and not external. I mean that the board of inquiry, which made the investigation knows that it was an internal and not an external explosion. I mean that Admiral Sampson knows the explosion was internal and not external. I mean that the naval committee of the house knows, and that Amos Cummings here, who is a member of it, knows that the explosion was internal and not external. I mean that President McKinley knows that the explosion was internal and not external.

" 'I mean further that on the Saturday before congress met in the special session, which declared war on Spain, that I was sent for by the president to come to the White House and read the message which he intended to send to congress on Monday, a message which advised that Spain's request for arbitration be granted, and which I heartily approved. On the Sunday following, however, Mark Hanna, Stephen B. Elkins and a few others of that ilk went to the White House and persuaded the president

that if he sent that message in on Monday the republicans would lose the fall elections and perhaps the control of the national house of representatives with the result that the message was destroyed and the next day at noon the message from the president was received by congress, which made the declaration of war inevitable.'

"Mr. Reed spoke with great emphasis and a considerable feeling and did not even suggest that the conversation should be regarded as confidential, but did say that 'the time had not yet come to talk.' Because of that statement I never repeated except to a few close friends, what he had said until now. Mr. Cummings alluded to it in a veiled way in a letter which he wrote to the New York Sun from Palm Beach."

I hope that this account will be read carefully. It is published without any desire to reflect on the republican party, but it simply shows to what extremes big politcians will go to achieve victories for their respective parties. Mr. Reed says plainly that the sinking of the Maine was an accident; that the explosion was internal and not external—that the board of investigation knew this—that Trimble Simpson knew this—that the naval committee of the house knew it and that Mr. Cummings knew it. He goes further and uses the direct words, "And I mean that President McKinley knows that the explosion was internal and not external." Mr. Reed then goes on to say that he went to President McKinley and read a message which it was the latter's intent to send to Spain and which would have done away with any attempt at war and that the president heartily approved the message. But mark this closely. On the next Sunday, Mark Hanna, Stephen B. Elkins and a few others, went to the White House and persuaded the president that if he sent that peaceful message, the republicans would lose the fall elections and perhaps the control of the national house of representatives. They induced Mr. McKinley to destroy the peace message and send the one which made war inevitable. Now what does this mean? Look the matter right in the face. These few men in their desire to gain political power, cared nothing whatever for what might have meant the loss of thousands of innocent lives by fire and sword. The loss of other thousands through the dangerous diseases that are so rapidly acquired by northern people who go to the miasma swamps of the south. Yet what did they care? There might be widows left with no husbands to support them; there might be families whose growing sons had been their pride since babyhood, who would be cut down and left in these swamps to fill unknown graves; there might be a sister who, with her brother taken away, might spend the whole of her life struggling to keep body and soul together; there might be girls who kissed their lovers goodbye never to look on their faces again and whose whole future was ruined by the sundering of this first early tie. But what was this to Hanna and Elkins and those other great patriots? Instead of giving their names any honor—instead of ever speaking of them as honorable men, the stigma of eternal disgrace should be heaped on every memory connected with them. Any man who would willingly lend himself to sacrifice the lives

of his fellowmen to keep his party in power ought to be shot like a common yellow dog. He has not, in his being, the first principles of manhood or charity to his fellowmen. He is a selfish, self-conceited cowardly cur and wolf, who would pull down the defenceless and fatten himself upon their blood. If this shocks any professional politician, let him understand that it is not his party that I am attacking, but the methods of any party that will permit such a crime against humanity as that committed by Mark Hanna, Stephen B. Elkins and those others who made McKinley change his mind.

CHAPTER XXII.

OUR CHURCHES—HOW THEY SPRANG FROM HUMBLE BEGINNINGS—EVERY CREED NOW REPRESENTED—THE OLD CIRCUIT RIDERS—THE METHODISTS WERE FIRST—THE OLD LOG CHURCH—THE VARIOUS SHIFTS FOR HOLDING MEETINGS—THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND ITS MISSIONS—THE JEWISH TEMPLES AND OTHER CHURCHES.

CHURCH HISTORY.

While Evansville can well be called a city of homes and also the city of schools, it can well be called the city of churches, for congregations of almost every denomination known to the civilized world have their beautiful churches here. The majority of them are beautiful buildings showing the best style of architecture and are roomy and substantially built. It seems to be generally acknowledged by everyone, that the little church that stood on the hill where the rear of the Strouse Brothers Building now stands, was the first real church in the town of Evansville. Next to it and almost on the alley, was a little white building which was used as the Sunday school for the church. I think that during the week there was always some kind of a day school taught there. For quite a number of years after Hugh McGary came here, there was no thought of building a regular church. The preaching that was done was by circuit riders, who traveled from village to village, their only baggage being a pair of saddle bags and usually a rifle with which they often killed their own game, and they held little meetings in the houses in the villages or often in the open air, except at the time of the camp meeting when a number of circuit riders were joined together and selected a camping ground and held joint meetings and at these times the differences in religious beliefs were all forgotten. The preacher of the early day was far different from the one of the present. The more stern his behavior, the more austere his bearing, and the fewer times he smiled, or showed that he had any warm blood in his being, the better preacher he was supposed to be. He was also long winded and when visiting at houses, instead of offering a short Grace before meals, he never missed an opportunity to indulge in a long-winded affair, while the viands were growing cold. This is not intended to reflect for one moment on religion but it simply goes to show how times change, and how the thoughts of people change as they become modernized and more familiar with what the bible really means. The old time preacher preached hell

LITTLE CHURCH ON THE HILL IN 1832

and damnation to everybody except the few who were like himself and imagined that this life must be a kind of walking graveyard in order to achieve any bliss in the hereafter. If one of these preachers attempted to preach an old-time sermon in these days, he would not have three people in his audience at his next meeting. People have learned to believe that God is Love instead of an iron-hearted taskmaster whose only joy was in bringing all kinds of affliction to the people. One has only to read the books and papers and even the religious papers of the present day and see how entirely these old beliefs are exploded. The preacher of today who is most loved, honored and respected, is a man among men and a man who does not believe that he is any better than you are. He mingles with your family as a friend and not as a sort of stern and cruel supervisor who sits at your table in judgment over every act even of your innocent little children. But this has nothing to do with the early churches. This little church on the hill was a one-story brick edifice. The seats were without cushions, save where the congregation made their own and the pulpit was at first a dry goods box from the store of John Shanklin; afterwards a primitive wooden pulpit with a small pillar on each side, on which to place the candles and afterwards the sperm oil lamps that were used. This first church was the foundation of what is known now as the Walnut Street church. It was constituted in 1821 by Rev. H. C. Banks, who at that time was pastor of a church of the same denomination at Henderson, or the Red Banks, as it was then called. Daniel Chute, James Goodlett, William Olmstead, Mrs. Fairchild, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Chandler, Mrs. Butler, Mr. Smith, Eli Sherwood and Elijah and Mary O. Warner, were the original members of this church. For more than ten years there was no church building at all and this little congregation met at various private homes and sometimes in an old log school house that stood on Locust street. They also met at the court house on the south corner of Main and Third streets. The court house had no floors and the seats had no backs. The puncheon seats made out of split logs with four legs driven into auger holes were the only seats then in use. In the winter the fire was simply made against the walls and the smoke was supposed to escape from a badly built frame chimney, but for some reason it rarely drew and the congregation were many times forced to leave the building on account of the smoke.

In 1831 Rev. Calvin Butler of Princeton attempted to build a church but was unsuccessful. A year afterwards he moved his family to Evansville but still found that it was impossible to get the subscriptions necessary to build a church. It was decided to send him east and he went there and appealed to various men of means of his denomination and succeeded in raising $1,300 and this was what built the little church on the hill. At that time it was considered a marvel of architecture, though it was only 50 feet long, 30 feet wide and 18 feet high. It had eight windows, with forty panes of glass in each, 10 by 12 and two doors in the front. This building stood for a great many years until the ground was sold and the proceeds used

as a part of the money for the building o fthe new church, which was the beautiful Walnut Street church at the corner of Second and Walnut. In 1825 Rev. Robert Parrett, who was born in England, but had immigrated here, established what was called "The Evansville Class," an organization of the Methodist church and this was the second religious society in this city. From our records we see that as early as 1811 circuit riders had pushed their way all through the wilderness in this section and held their little meetings wherever a little band could be gotten together. The pay they received was a mere nothing but while I may have been severe in speaking of their ways of imparting religious doctrine, I want to say that I know their hearts were in their work and if they received a bare living that was all they wanted. Their payment was in the approval of their consciences. It is stated that the first meetings were what might really be called church meetings, were held at Warner's tavern near First and Locust. It is also said that while Mr. Warner allowed a great deal of drinking and carousing in his tavern, it was only necessary to send him word that there would be a religious meeting and the building would be quickly relieved of the crowd, the place swept clean and ready for the meeting and he also notified his patrons that they could not come back into the building while the services were going on.

In 1838 William Bayless came here and through his ability as a speaker, greatly strengthened the membership of the church and the Methodists soon had their own building. It was 40 by 60 feet and cost $5,600. They retained this house until 1865 when the great Trinity Church at the corner of Third and Chestnut was built. In December, 1835, Rev. Jackson Kemper, a misionary Episcopal bishop of the northwest came here to preach and a few Episcopalians who were here met at the store of Goodsell and Lyon, to see if a church could not be built. William Towne presided at the meeting and James Lockhart was secretary. An organization was effected which was called St. Pauls' church. In 1839 an edifice was erected and consecrated in January, 1840, by Bishop Kemper, acting bishop of the Indiana diocese. It was later enlarged and was the handsomest church building in this section of the country. It was torn down to make way for the present Episcopal church which occupies the same site at the corner of First and Chestnut.

The first Catholic organization south of Vincennes, was Assumption parish founded in 1836. This was the only Catholic church in the city until 1857 when Holy Trinity parish was organized. The first priest of Assumption was Father Deydier, who was a missionary who came on horse back from the city of Mexico in 1836. There were few Catholics here at that time, although Vincennes had always been known as a Catholic city, but in 1838 the sum of $1,200 was raised and two years later a church was built on the ground where the Waverly building, formerly the Business Men's Association, now stands. This was a two-story brick which stood up above a basement in which a Catholic school was taught. Later a Catholic sister's home was built on the corner of the same lot, while the home of the

priest was on the alley where the Grand Opera house now stands. In fact, the Catholics gradually acquired this quarter of a square. The old church was afterwards sold as were the other buildings and it stood for some time before being demolished, and was actually used as a sort of playhouse before it was finally torn down. For many years it was one of the land marks here and the ringing of its bell took the place of watches for a great many who lived in that section of the city.

Returning to the little church on the hill, when I came here, Rev. William H. McCarer was the pastor, he having come here in 1849. He continued with the church for 18 long years, in fact, until the time when old age crept upon him and he was no longer able to conduct the big church which had grown out of the little building. When he came there were only some 30 members but nearly 300 joined while he was in the pulpit. During the last of his life, he preached at the church on First avenue. His name will always be a household word among Presbyterians here, as he was a much loved and most conscientious minister, whose gentle bearing made him a host of friends. During the erection of the big Walnut Street church, meetings were held in the basement, and the church, as fully completed, was formally dedicated in February, 1863, Rev. Dr. Tuttle, president of Wabash College, preaching the sermon. A Philadelphia architect designed the building which was probably worth some $60,000. It will seat 1,050 people. When first built, the choir loft was at the back of the building and in this Mrs. Lizzie Shanklin, Mrs. Cyrus K. Drew, Mrs. Blythe Hynes, and other noted lady singers, and Prof. Tinker, Samuel E. Gilbert, James E. Mason, Luke Wood, Constant DeLang, a brother of Mrs. E. T. McNeely, and others, formed the male part of the little choir. The choir is now grown to large proportions and occupies a place in the rear of the pulpit and is considered one of the best in the city.

A beautiful parsonage was built just next to this building by Mr. James L. Orr and his sister, Mrs. Martha Bayard, who erected it as a memorial to their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Orr, one of the most beloved couples ever known in the history of Evansville. For some 3 years Rev. Kumler, a brother of the late Daniel B. Kumler, was pastor of this church and it was filled from time to time by various ministers until the Rev. L. M. Gilleland came here in 1884 and continued for many long years. The church is in a most prosperous condition and now has a membership of about 325 and their present pastor is Rev. John Kennedy.

It was in the year 1837 that the Presbyterian church of the United States separated into two bodies known as the old school and the new school. Its division extended to this little town and resulted in a split-up of the members. The majority went to the present Walnut Street church, while the minority instituted the Vine Street church which is the old building now used as a livery stable, at the corner of Vine and Second. This was a very small building at first and an addition was built to it, which brought it directly against the walls of the old two-story frame in its rear, which

was then occupied by Dr. Byford for many a year. It is strange to think how many years the old brick and the old frame have stood next to each other. Below them, the houses once occupied by Jacob Sinzich and John Green, two old pioneers of the city were destroyed by fire and the place never having been built again, a vacant lot still remains to show where they once stood. There were very few members in the original Grace church and their first pastor was Rev. J. V. Dodge, who was installed in 1841. The ordination took place in St. Paul's Episcopal church. The next pastor of note was Rev. Alex Sterret, who was a most forcible speaker and who was in charge of the congregation from 1850 until 1865. He built what is now known as the old Bedford home out on Washington avenue, almost with his own hands, laying the brick and doing much of the carpenter work himself. At that time the house was out in the woods. I have shot many wild pigeons between his house and the city, as there was a low place in the rear in which pin acrons grew plentifully and they were the favorite diet of this now extinct bird. Dr. C. B. K. Martin was minister from 1866 to 1881. He was a very scholarly and eloquent man and did much good to his church. After him came the Rev. James L. McNair and it was during his pastorate that the beautiful annex building was built by Mr. and Mrs. David J. Mackey, in honor of Mrs. Mackey's parents, John and Sarah Law. The Grace church building cost about $70,000 and is beautifully finished and furnished throughout. It has a seating capacity of about 700 persons. Its architect was Robert Boyd, foremerly of this city. The annex cost some $20,000.

The First Avenue Presbyterian church was the outgrowth of the little church on the hill and was built in 1876. Forty-six members withdrew for the purpose of forming this new church and Rev. W. H. McCarer was installed as pastor. The building of this church grew out of the fact that the church proper felt the necessity of building a church further out in the rapidly growing city, as the old church was so far down town. Mr. McCarer served at this church until his death, in 1880.

Still another Presbyterian church was the Cumberland, whose beautiful building was lately sold to the Masons and is now the Masonic hall of Evansville. This church originated in 1810 in Tennessee, with only three members, which increased very rapidly and crossed the Ohio through its circuit riders, as early as 1817, holding camp meetings in various parts of southern Indiana. A great many converts were made. The first congregation of Cumberland Presbyterians was organized by Rev. William Lynn, with only 20 members. They met in a log school house in Knight Township in 1841. For many long years after 1851 the old Cumberland church as it was then known, stood at the corner of Second and Chestnut, where the Owen block now stands. Like the old Catholic church, it was an old landmark known to everyone. It suffered from a severe fire just after it was built but was at once rebuilt and in a more substantial manner than before. Among the old members were Mr. and Mrs. John C. Henson, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Sherwood, Mrs. Judge Mathew Foster and Mrs. Paulina McCallister. A great number of ministers

served here, many of them coming from the south, where the doctrines of the church were first promulgated and among them was the Rev. William Burrows, who felt that his duty to the south called him there and who entered the confederate army and was killed in battle. It was in 1891 that Rev. W. J. Darby became pastor, and it is safe to say that no more active minister ever held a pulpit in the city of Evansville. He was not only a fine minister but in his daily walks of life, he was a man of tireless energy, a fine business man in every sense of the word and to use an old expression, "a man among men." Their new building was erected in 1876 and dedicated in September, 1877. It has a seating capacity of about 700 and the pastor's study, the church parlors and Sunday school room were in the rear. It cost about $50,000, of which Marcus Sherwood for so long the proprietor of the Sherwood house, contributed $12,000. A branch of this church was also started on Jefferson avenue for the same reason that the Walnut street presbyterians branched out. A very neat brick chapel was erected at the cost of about $4,000 and it has always been a very popular little church. Its present pastor is Rev. A. D. Light.

The Methodist church, or more properly the Methodist Episcopal church, is one of the oldest as well as one of the largest religious bodies in the city of Evansville. It is a matter of tradition that in the very old days of this part of the country there were really only two religious bodies, the Methodist and what were known as the Hardshell Baptist.

The Episcopal church really owes its foundation in this country, to the advent of the English pioneers, who brought with them the tenets of what was known as the Church of England. It has been claimed by ardent Episcopalians, that this should be called the Church of the World, for no country has as many colonies as has England and in each of them the Episcopal service either low church or high church is always observed by the officials sent out by the mother country. Regarding this particular part of Indiana, it is known that Methodism really antedates its history. It is said that the first log cabins were hardly raised before the wandering preachers came through here, preaching the Methodist faith. In 1811 what was known as the Patoka circuit was formed, which took in the whole Wabash valley, below Vincennes, as far as the falls of Louisville. For many years they had no church at all, the good work being carried on by these preachers who on horseback, wandered from place to place. Two of the best known Methodists of the old times were Robert Parrett, an Englishman, and Joseph Wheeler, who believed in the teaching advanced by the great John Wesley. In fact, a great many of the original Methodists came from England, Robert Parrett being born there in 1791. He was a resident of Posey county from the year 1891 and farmed in a small way, but preached whenever he had the opportunity. The first religious services ever held in Evansville were Methodist services, in the double log warehouse of Hugh McGary, on the 12th of December, 1819. This sermon was preached by Rev. John Schrader but both Mr. Parrett and Mr. Wheeler were present. Evansville

had been made a point in the Patoka circuit and a light tax had been put on her, for the support of the ministry. But as in those days the pay of a minister, as heretofore stated, was barely enough to keep him alive, the tax was not a serious thing on any one.

In 1821 Dr. John W. Shaw put up a new building in Evansville right on the corner where the Chandler block now stands and he gave the Methodists freedom to use the front room of the new residence for a place of worship. The building was weatherboarded, but not plastered. They continued to use this until 1824 when they got a room across the street adjoining the Warner tavern, where they held services for three eyars. In 1825 Rev. Parrett came here and organized the first Methodist church. In this church were Robert Parrett and wife, Martha Parrett, Mary Hopkins, John Lewis, Arthur McJohnson and others and of course, Rev. Wheeler was the preacher. There was intermarrying between the Hopkins, Parrett and Wheeler family and their descendants are among the best known people in Evansville today. Father Wheeler, as the Rev. Joseph Wheeler was called, was an Englishman born near Oxford, and a highly educated man. He was broad in his belief and not too much of a sectarian to preach for any church where a congregation desired religious services and he for a time, supplied the pulpit of the Walnut Street church. He lived to be 86 years old and his whole life was spent in doing good. He was a very vigorous man and rarely used a saddle horse. His great pride was that he could go almost any distance on foot, without tiring. In 1864 the congregation built the church. Their first regular church was a small building where the Lottie barber shop now stands. It had a basement which was afterwards used as the United States postoffice. The building was very small and as the followers of the creed increased very rapidly, it was soon decided to build a new church which is the present magnificent building at the corner of Third and Chestnut. This was dedicated in the spring of 1866. It cost at that time, $100,000 but much money has been spent on it since then in various changes. Rev. Andrus was the first regular preacher. At present it has a membership of 850 and its pastor is Rev. A. M. Farr. In 1880 Rev. Fred C. Iglehart, a son of Judge Asa Iglehart and an old schoolmate of mine, occupied the pulpit of this church. In 1851 the Methodist church established a Mission church on Ingle street, which had 25 members at the beginning. This was soon found to be entirely too small for the growing congregation, so in 1874 a handsome new building was erected in its place which now stands on Ingle street between Seventh and Eighth.

Kingsley church is also another branch organized in 1868. This was at the corner of Eighth and Gum street, but later on it was decided to give up this building as a church, and it was sold and it is now used as a gymnasium and a school for the Turners, and is supervised by Prof. Julius Doerter.

Simpson chapel of the same church was built in 1861 on Pennsylvania street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues but afterwards it was sold and a new building erected at the corner of Illinois street and Eleventh avenue.

There was also a German Methodist Episcopal church which was organized in 1842. They built a small house of worship which cost only about $1,200 and for 22 long years continued to use it, when they replaced it with a large brick structure at the corner of Fourth and Vine. There is also a fine schoolhouse on this lot which is one of the best localities in the city. The Second German Methodist church was built as a mission in 1887 on Indiana street, between Eleventh and Twelfth avenues. There are many Methodists among the colored people and they have for worship, four churches of their own which are doing wonderful work among these people. St. Paul's Episcopal church which has been referred to, as having been founded in 1835, is one of the most handsome edifices in the city and its pulpits have always been filled by highly talented men. The Rev. Henry Spalding assumed charge of the parish in 1866, the old building was much beautified but was nothing as compared with the present one. Rev. Charles Morris who has now given up the ministry, and is a prominent lawyer, came here in 1883. He was a most eloquent and forcible pastor and had the rare faculty of making warm friends of all he met. He early decided that the church as it then stood did not represent the parish as it should and his efforts in behalf of building a new church, met with almost immediate success, for in a short time it was determined to build a new church. Messrs. Charles Viele, M. J. Bray, and Alex H. Lemke were appointed a building committee. The old church was torn down. Mr. Viele gave the congregation the use of Viele hall, which was the old Catholic church on Second street, during the time that they had no building. A beautiful building went up and was thoroughly completed by March 18, 1886, when it was dedicated. The bishops of Indiana and Illinois and 12 other ministers were present to assist in the ceremonies, which were very solemn and impressive. The foundation of the building is in the shape of a cross and its style is Gothic. In 1865 a parsonage was built, the greater portion of the cost of which was borne by Mrs. Charles Viele, who during her entire life, was constantly working for the church she loved so well. In 1885 Mr. Charles Viele bought the residence of Hon. John S. Hopkins just next to the church and presented it to them for a pastor's residence. The present membership is about 310 and the rector is Rev. W. Reid Cross.

In 1868 Mrs. Viele presented the church of the Holy Innocents to St. Paul's church. It is at the corner of Ninth and Division streets and cost about $25,000. It was in memory of the two little children whom Mrs. Viele had lost by death. The present pastor is Rev. R. M. Botting, and their present membership 109.

The First Baptist church was started early in the history of Evansville, about the year 1847, and the first church was built of hewn logs and was on the southeast corner of the lot of William Dean on First street. I have referred to this building before in this work as being an example of an old-time log house and as stated, I am sorry that it could not have been preserved in some way. The first meetings of the Baptists were held in the hall

of the old Neptune Engine house, the little building just above the E. B. A. building on Second street. At its first communion Sarah Kazar who afterwards became Mrs. Judge Foster, was baptized, Mrs. Elizabeth Turnock was received by letter. They were members of this church for many a long year. In 1851 the Baptist preachers bought a lot at the corner of Second and Clark streets and on February 1st, 1852, they held their first meeting in the basement. At that time there were 39 members. There are many who do not remember that the E. & T. H. railroad depots were at that time near there and it was supposed that that locality would be a central one for the city and this is not to be wondered at because it was almost in the center of a line dividing Evansville from what was then known as Lamasco, but with the removal of the depots, things changed and the central portion of the city went further east and the members decided to sell the building and purchase a lot in a better locality. This old building was afterwards used as a school house and it was in the upstairs portion that I graduated. Judge Mathew W. Foster sold the church on the corner of Third and Cherry not only at a low price, but he donated liberally to the church. In 1863 this old building was sold to Major Walker and Marble hall on Main street was rented and occupied for some time. The corner stone of the Baptist church was placed by the two ladies above referred to, Mrs. Sarah K. Foster and Elizabeth Turnock and in 1868 it was dedicated. This building has no claim to any particular style of architecture but is plain and substantial. The church has a large membership but many have been taken away from it through the establishment of Mission churches.

Bethel Evangelical church was established in ——. It has a handsome building on the corner of Jefferson avenue and Garvin street, built of brick with stone trimmings and has a parsonage on the adjoining lot. Ever since its foundation it has been a popular church and had a splendid congregation, under the leadership of Rev. Paul Pfeiffer, pastor. The membership now numbers 240 and is steadily on the increase.

Bayard Park Methodist Episcopal church is a branch of the Trinity Methodist Episcopal on the corner of Third and Chestnut. It has a beautiful building on Evans, between Blackford and Chandler. Recently a new pipe organ was bought for this church and was dedicated.

The pipe organ was purchased at a cost of $2,500, including the expense of installing the instrument. A mechanic from the factory was in charge of the work of installing the organ.

The history of the Bayard Park church, though covering only the lapse of little more than one year, has been one of prosperity for the church. During that length of time the congregation has gradually increased to more than 200 members and hard working members at that, according to the praise of the pastor, Rev. L. F. Freeland. They have been working together to lift the indebtedness from the church and their efforts are meeting with gratifying results.

CATHOLIC CHURCHES.

Since its very early days Evansville has been the home of many devout Catholics. In the ranks of this church were found not only the French who drifted down from Vincennes, but the Germans who settled in this portion of the country and many of the Irish who immigrated here and it is a well-known fact that no church in existence numbers among its members those who are more devout and more devoted to their faith than the Catholics. It is worthy of record that in the very early days not only of this section but of the entire southwest, wherever a Catholic priest could find one or two even who wer faithful, the cross was erected and the protecting care of the church was thrown over them. In the matter of standing hardship, the Catholic priest can take a position secondary to none. Those who write of Ireland never fail to speak of the trials and endless journeys of the poor priests of that section who live on absolutely a mere pittance and yet are ready to give their time and their talent to the cause of their church. The first knowledge we have of any Catholics residing near Evansville was in the fall of 1836 when Rev. Gabriel Brute, the first bishop of Vincennes and Father Bateux came here and stopped at the Mansion House then kept by Francis Linck, who was one of the very early pioneers. He was a native of Germany and was the only Catholic in Evansville at that time. In the following March two French Bishops from Vincennes came here with the Rev. Father Anthony Deydier who was sent here to take charge of a mission. He lived with Mr. Linck for about a year, when he built a small lodge room at the corner of Fifth and Chestnut where he made his abode, using the little room as a dwelling and for a chapel for about three years. By this time other Catholics had come in and in the latter part of 1838 he made a trip east to raise funds for the erection of a church building. Catholicism in Evansville since that time has grown wonderfully. The poor old priest who stood by the church in its infancy lived to see it become rich and powerful with a numerous priesthood in the territory where he once worked alone. After he became so old as to be unable to conduct services, he returned to Vincennes and died there, greatly beloved by all who knew him. Assumption Parish was the first Catholic congregation south of Vincennes and it was the only Catholic church here until the year 1851 when Holy Trinity Parish was organized by those Catholics who spoke only German. But in 1839 a lot had been bought on Second street and in 1840 the cornerstone of a church was laid by the French bishop of Nancy, Monseigneur Forbin Jeanson, who was then on a visit to the diocese of Vincennes. Rev. Stephen Badin, the first priest ordained in the United States, preached the sermon at that time. This same year Rev. Roman Weinzoepfel, who had just been ordained at Vincennes, was sent to assist Father Deydier. In 1849 the beloved Rev. Patrick McDermott became assistant priest of Assumption Parish. He celebrated his first mass on Christmas day, 1849, and became pastor in

1859. The church property on Second street, as stated elsewhere, was sold through the efforts of Captain Frank B. Carson for $50,000, of which $5,000 was due the bishop and paid to him and in 1871 the site of the present Assumption church at Seventh and Vine was purchased. The work began in 1872 and on the 7th of July the cornerstone was laid by Bishop le St. Palais. Very Rev. Bede O'Connor was the orator of the occasion. Father McDermott realized that the congregation would grow rapidly and built the church on the present grand scale. In 1879 he was appointed pastor of St. Patrick's church in Indianapolis and left here very much to the regret of all, for he was a greatly beloved man not only as a priest but as a man. Father Eugene F. McBarron took charge in 1879 and under his administration many additions and improvements have been made. A hall and school building were put up and the pastoral residence, and twenty feet of additional ground have been purchased. The parish grounds now have a frontage of 200 feet on Seventh street and 150 feet on Vine street. The beautiful Assumption church cost $75,000. Next to it is the Sisters' Home and next to that the hall and school building which cost about $7,000. The church is of Romanesque style of architecture, of brick with stone trimmings and is said to be one of the most substantial church edifices in the west. There are four rooms in the Assumption school, three of which are taught by the Sisters. Mr. John F. Boyle, a son of one of the pioneers here and a brother of Mrs. Rose Jageman, who has so long been connected with the Hughes millinery store, was for a long time the teacher. He was a most estimable man and his departure from here caused deep regret.

Rev. Father McBarron, member of the Bishop's council and the pastor of the church of the Assumption, was born in 1844 and has been in this city so long in charge of this church, that he is deserving of a thorough record. He was first educated in Kentucky and then at St. Meinrad's Benedictine Abbey and finally at the grand Seminary at Montreal, where he finished theology and learned the French language. He was ordained priest at Vincennes in 1871 by Bishop de St. Palais. His first mission was at St. Mary's of the Woods. He remained there eight years and did much good. In 1879 he was appointed pastor of the church of the Assumption. No other man is better fitted for this place than he. His preaching is plain and forcible. He is very firm and just in his decisions and not above taking advice. There are few priests better loved and appreciated than is Father McBarron.

Rev. Patrick H. Rowan is assistant pastor of this church. He was born in 1859 and studied at St. Meinrad's Benedictine abbey until 1878 and then for two years in the American college at Rome. He returned to the United States on account of ill health and was ordained priest at Baltimore by Cardinal Archbishop Gibbons and celebrated his first mass on the 7th of June, 1885. He was commissioned for his work here in June, 1885. He is also a beloved man and admired by all.

AMERICAN TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK

With an entertainment in Trinity school hall brought to a close June 7, 1910, the celebration of the jubilee of Rev. Father P. H. Rowan, pastor of St. Joseph's church, closed. Tuesday marked Father Rowan's twenty-fifth anniversary in the priesthood.

Sixteen priests helped to celebrate the solemn high jubilee mass Tuesday morning at 9:30 at St. Joseph's church and several hundred white clad children marched in procession. A niece of Father Rowan's, a mere tot, represented the Blessed Virgin and was permitted to remain in the sanctuary during the mass.

Rev. Francis P. Ryves, of Howell, was master of ceremonies at the mass, Rev. James Wade acted as deacon and Rev. X. Unterreitmeir as sub-deacon.

Irish and German songs were sung at the ceremony. Miss Nora Kelly leading the choir in "Wei Gands," in honor of St. Patrick, Father Rowan's patron saint. The music concluded with "Grosser Gott." The jubilee sermon was preached by Father Joseph Burns. Father Rowan thanked the clergy for attending in such numbers.

Following the mass a spread was set for the guests. Cakes and ices were served in gold and white. The table was lighted with twenty-five candles, signifying the number of years of Father Rowan's priesthood. The center of the table was occupied with an oval flower bank.

Rev. P. H. Fitzpatrick was toastmaster. Toasts were responded to by Fathers Lewis Guethneck, Joseph Dickman, Francis Ryves, Michael Halpin, and Lubberman. Others who were at the table were Fathers John McCabe, Henry Flaherty, Kilian Scott, A. Schnellenberger, Joseph Burns, Michael Seter, M. Schmitz, Wm. Jochum, George Doesch and Rev. A. Busald.

HOLY TRINITY PARISH.

This was not regarded as a separate congregation until 1851 when the new church of that name was blessed in the presence of the Right Reverend Bishops and is used exclusively by the German-speaking Catholics. Before that the Catholics of all different languages attended the Assumption church. For several years separate services continued to be held there for the Germans and Rev. Charles Oppermann, Martin Stahl, Conrad Schniederjans and Roman Weinzoeppel succeeded each other in charge of the Germans and as assistant to Father Deydier. The first resident pastor was Rev. Francis X. Kutassy who came here in 1848. He organized the Holy Trinity parish and built the church.

In 1849 the corner stone was laid by Bishop de St. Palais but on account of the ravages of the cholera, the work was not completed until 1851. In 1855 the parsonage was built which cost $1,500. In 1866 Rev. J. Fred Viefhaus was sent as an assistant to Father Kutassy. Stained glass windows were put in the new church in 1867 at the cost of $2,700. Chimes were put in the tower of the church which cost $5,000. In 1872 Rev.

Ploescher became the assistant priest, Rev. Father Viefhaus having undertaken the work of building up St. Mary's Parish. On the 11th of October, 1874, the Golden Jubilee of the noble pastor, Rev. Father Kutassy, was celebrated and as a sort of finish to his labors, he died on the 27th of the same month. He was buried at St. Joseph's cemetery, and a beautiful monument was erected to his memory. He was the first priest interred in that cemetery.

Father Duddenhausen next took charge of the church, with Father Bultmann as his assistant, and celebrated the public services with much pomp and solemnity. Father Bultmann then took up the work of organizing St. Boniface's parish and was succeeded by Father F. B. Luebberman.

In 1853 the Sisters of Providence came to teach the children of the Holy Trinity parish and in 1860 a school was built for the girls only. In 1869 the old buildings were torn down and the present school was erected. Father Duddenhausen died in 1886 and was interred in St. Joseph's cemetery. His death was mourned by all who knew him. He was succeeded by Rev. H. John Diestel, who had been for about 25 years, pastor of St. Philip's church in Posey county. He was ordained priest by Bishop de St. Palais in 1864. His assistant was Rev. Francis Siepen, a resident of Evansville and a man of much promise.

St. Mary's parish is the third Catholic congregation formed in Evansville and dates back to 1866. The first work done by the pastor, Rev. John Ferdinand Viefhaus, after the purchase of the present site of the parish buildings, was the erection of a two-story brick school-house at a cost of about $5,000. This building stands at the corner of Sixth and Cherry. Next to the church stands the parish and the grounds are 240 feet by 145 feet. The church is of the Gothic style and is imposing in appearance. The cornerstone was laid by Bishop de St. Palais in 1866. Sixteen priests were present and also a great crowd of people. It was used for the first time on January 1st, 1868. The spire, which stands 175 feet, is surmounted by a golden cross and in the tower is a chime of three bells, beautiful in tone. The church cost $60,000. The church has lately been covered with stone which gives it a massive effect.

St. Boniface's parish was organized in 1880. The first move to build this church was a meeting of prominent Catholic Germans at the residence of Mr. Charles Schulte in 1878. A letter setting forth the facts was sent to the bishop, and a lot on Wabash avenue, worth $10,000 was purchased for $5,000, for the site of the parish buildings. On January 4th, 1880, Rev. Bishop Chatard visited Evansville and received the deed to the property from the gentlemen, created the St. Boniface's parish and appointed Rev. William Bultmann as pastor. At the meeting of interested Catholics $10,000 was promptly pledged in support of the new parish. Work was begun on the temporary frame church on February 1st of that year and on the following Sunday, high mass and vespers were sung in the same. After two months an addition had to be made to accommodate the people and in less

than a year later, this building was torn down, to give room for the present grand edifice. The cornerstone of the present St. Boniface's church was laid with imposing ceremonies on September 4, 1881, by Rev. Roman Weinzoepfel. All of the Catholics of Evansville were out and the day was a memorable one. The work on the new church was pushed rapidly that the church was dedicated on April 27th, of the following year. The church has two spires and stands 202 feet high. In 1885 a splendid school building was erected at a cost of $10,000. The first school was built by Mr. Adam Helfrich and its use donated by him for a year. This has been torn away and a beautiful building with an imposing exterior put in its stead. This church has a very large membership and is presided over by Father J. H. Hillebrand.

The Sacred Heart parish is the fifth parish organized in Evansville. Within its limits there were about 50 families who had to go more than a mile distant to attend the Assumption church. In learning the facts, the right reverend Bishop consented to a building of a church for these people, which would be for a time, a sort of chapel of ease to the Assumption church. Mr. John A. Reitz, a prominent and wealthy citizen of another parish, donated not only the ground, but also the church, he himself superintending the construction. Rev. P. R. Fitzpatrick took charge of the parish on December 4th, 1887, and its independence dates from that time. The church was dedicated November 15th, 1885.

St. Anthony's parish is a new church. Its first pastor, Rev. Joseph Schuck, was appointed March 10th, 1888. It has erected a school building. It cost $10,000. St. Anthony's church stands at the corner of Second avenue and Columbia street. It is 150x250 feet and was the gift of Mrs. Magdalene Reis, a wealthy and charitable lady. Father Schuck is still the priest at this parish and is much beloved by all who know him.

The German Lutheran Trinity church was started by the Germans who came to this city on the tide of immigration that poured in about 1845, there were many who had been taught to worship God in accordance with the teachings of Martin Luther. A leader of these Christians was Rev. Andrew Saupert, who enjoyed the proud distinction of being the oldest Christian minister in continuous service in Evansville. He served his congregation with great zeal and devotion for more than 40 years. In 1871 the congregation erected the handsome church edifice now in use and which is on Illinois street between Third and Fourth avenues, at the cost of $25,000. It is Gothic in style and seats 700 persons, has a steeple 145 feet high, and a brick tower rising 82 feet. Rev. Chas. A. Frank is the present pastor, and the church has a large membership.

Of the German Lutheran St. Emanuel's church, the congregation that went to make up this church, was formerly a part of that brought together by Rev. Andrew Saupert. In 1854 a commodious brick church was built on the corner of First avenue and Franklin street, which is still in use. The pastors who have served this church have been Rev. Risch, J.

Dirksen, Chr. Young, J. A. Reidenbach, J. Bank, Henry Koenig and George Bachmann, and Rev. A. C. Kleinlein.

Zion's German Evangelical church was organized on New Year's day, 1849, with about 35 members, and Rev. Henry Toelke was its first pastor. He served the congregation for about four years and did much good while in the pastorate. The congregation is mostly all Germans and its faith is somewhat like the Presbyterians. The church is on Fifth street between Ingle and Bond and was erected at the cost of $5,000. The present pastor is Rev. J. U. Schnieder.

St. John's Evangelical Protestant church is situated at the corner of Third and Ingle streets and Second avenue, and Wm. N. Dresel is pastor.

On the first day of April, 1850, eighty-nine heads of families met to organize St. John's German Evangelical Protestant church of Evansville, Vanderburg County. Prior to this occasional services were held in the mother tongue when traveling preachers visited the city, the little congregation meeting in the old Court House, and continuing to do so until their edifice was completed at the corner of lower Third and Ingle streets. But before the house of worship was completed a terrific wind storm arose, tearing down the walls and necessitating a reconstruction. Although the cornerstone was laid on June 1, 1851, the building was not dedicated until Nov. 28, 1852, the side walls of the original building still standing at the present writing (1910). Years afterward, another storm tore away the steeple, so that some time later (1893) the present handsome facade was erected.

Other important dates in the history of St. John's church are: 1865—organization of the "Frauen Verein," the Ladies' society (German) now numbering 193 members. 1867—erection of the present parsonage. 1868—erection of the parochial school building, now used as a hall and parish house by the societies. 1872 and 1881—remodeling of church, especially the interior, the erection of the galleries, and the pulpit, altar and pews of finely carved solid walnut. 1900—organization of the Young People's Society (now numbering 140). 1902—(Nov. 23) Golden Jubilee of the Dedication. 1904—dedication of the large organ, the first three-manual instrument placed in a church in southwestern Indiana (containing 34 speaking stops, including a set of 37 tubular chimes, 13 couplers, 6 mechanicals, 6 pedal movements and 23 adjustable combination pistons). 105—organization of the Ladies' Aid Society (English) now numbering 215 members. 1907—remodeling of parsonage and hall. 1908—organization of the Men's Society and the Willing Workers, the former now numbering 121 and the latter 62 members.

After the abandonment of the parochial school in the early seventies, in which for a time four teachers were employed, a Sunday school was instituted which has kept pace with the growth and development of the congregation. Presently it is known as "The School that's different," and is completely organized and graded with nine departments, 14 officers, 42 teachers

and 579 pupils—total 645 in the main school, the Cradle Roll numbering 165 and the Home Department 579, a grand total of 1,389.

Strange as it may seem, the minutes of the first years have been lost, whereas the finance books date back to 1850. The church record, or register of baptisms, marriages, etc., has been accurately kept, showing that during the sixty years ending with April 1, 1910, there had been 6,392 batpisms, 2,13 confirmations, 2,593 marriages and 3,732 burials recorded. From 89 heads of families, as charter members, the congregation has increased to 716 heads of families as voting members and a trifle more than 1,800 communicant members, there being 802 homes on the visiting list.

The congregation remains independent of any synodical or denominational affiliation, although the present pastor is a member of the German Evangelical Synod of N. A. The congregation holds to the Evangelical doctrine and practices, observes the sacraments of baptism and Lord's Supper, demands catechetical instruction and practices the rite of confirmation, dividing its membership into constituent (with power to vote) and communicant members.

The pastors serving St. John's have been C. H. Straeter (1850-52), Theodore Klingsohr (1852-53), Rudolph Kehr (1853-54), Wm. Schmidt (1854-58), C. Kretschmar (1858-64), C. L. Chr. Runk (1864-90), J. Blass (1890-1901), Aug. Lange (1901-06), Wm. N. Dresel, since 1907.

The present officers of the congregation are: President, Mr. Philip Klein; vice president, Mr. Wm. Weintz; recording secretary, Mr. Carl Lauenstein; financial secretary, Mr. J. H. Rohsenberger; treasurer, Mr. Philip Grill; these, together with Mr. Hy. Schminke, Mr. Wm. Bischmann, Mr. Jacob Rust and Mr. Paul Kaltofen, constituting the church council.

St. John's is noted for the splendid music rendered by the large chorus choir, and the boy choir, under the efficient leadership of the choir-master and organist, Prof. Paris R. Myers, who is also conductor of the Evansville Oratorio Society.

Services are conducted in the German language every Sunday morning and at night in English.

Of the Jewish Temples, the Congregation B'nai Israel was organized in 1857. Seven years later the society built a temple, at the corner of Sixth and Division, at the cost of $45,000. It is a handsome building and is Moorish Saracenic in style. William Wechsler was the rabbi. The society is intelligent and contains some of the best citizens in the community.

In 1903 a new temple was built on Washington avenue. This is made up of the members who were formerly attending the temple on Sixth street. They have the finest church in this section of the country and is in charge at present of Rabbi Meritt, a man with a very promising future and who has done much good during the time he has been with them. They have a membership of 140 families, or 450 souls, and are growing very rapidly.

The Christian church was what was formerly called the Disciples of Christ and a small congregation who believed in that faith began to hold meetings in this city in 1868. Elder George Flower came here the next year and organized a church. He was a man of great force of character and his powers of oratory were also very good. He married the eldest daughter of Judge F. S. Buchanan. For some time the members of this congregation worshiped in the Criminal Court building which has been referred to before as being next to the Lottie hotel. After Elder Flower was succeeded by Elder Carter, the latter resigned and Elder Alfred Flower, the father of the first pastor, took his place. The congregation did not grow as had been expected and it was found impossible to raise enough money to erect a church and in fact, for a time the society seemed to go out of existence. But in November, 1885, a reorganization was effected and this was due to the work of the late W. W. Ireland, F. W. Gibbs, J. R. Ferguson, Dr. Floyd Williams and a few others. They then held their meetings in the old Baptist church at the corner of Second and Clark streets. It was here that Rev. George Platt, the first regular minister, took charge and preached until 1886. The next pastor was Rev. Neal McLeod, a very hard worker and a successful pastor. He put new vitality into the society and its membership was quickly enlarged. There had been a Unitarian church in the city which had become extinct and their building at the corner of Seventh and Walnut streets was bought by the Christian denomination. In March, 1899, a movement for the erection of a new church building was started and the ground at the corner of Third street and Blackford avenue was purchased in May of the same year. The building was commenced in the spring of 1900 and completed and dedicated September 16, 1900. It is a very modern church building with a seating capacity of four hundred. A handsome pipe organ has recently been installed by the Ladies Aid Society. The membership is about 300 and their present pastor is the Rev. Wm. E. Sweeny. The church is in a prosperous condition and among its members are numbered some of the best families of the city.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MAYORS OF EVANSVILLE—THE COMMON COUNCILS—COUNTY OFFICIALS—VARIOUS SERVANTS (?) OF THE PEOPLE—A COMPLETE LIST—COUNTY WORK—A MISTAKEN IDEA—SOME OF THE OLD "FAIRIES" WHOM I KNEW—PEANUT POLITICS.

It was in the year 1856 that the town corporation of Evansville which was organized in 1819, ended its existence and this place became known as the city of Evansville. The council appointed the first mayor who was James G. Jones, who took his position at the head of the council and the city on the 12th of April, 1847, but the city was incorporated in January of that year by a special act of the legislature. Mayor Jones lived in a small two-story cottage with a little lattice porch in front, which stood where the Speed Publishing Company now have their building. He had lived here for many years, having come here from Gibson county where he married a Miss Brazelton. Under him were the following councilmen:

First ward, L. L. Laycock; Second ward, Silas Stevens; Third ward, Willard Carpenter; Fourth ward, C. M. Griffith; Fifth ward, Lewis Howes; Sixth ward, John Hewson.

John J. Chandler was clerk, Samuel Orr, treasurer, William Bell, assessor, collector and marshal, William M. Walter, surveyor, James E. Blythe, attorney. Most of these men I knew afterwards. Mr. Blythe for a long time, lived where the residence of ex-mayor Goodlett now stands. Lewis Howes was of the old firm of Allis and Howes, and John Hewson lived in the two-story brick just back of the shoe factory at Second and Division. Mr. Jones served as mayor until the year 1853, when he was succeeded by John S. Hopkins. Under the old charter, the mayor's term expired after three years. In 1856, John Hewson, who had been a councilman, was appointed and served for a term of three years. He then gave up to William Baker, a brother of governor Conrad Baker, who served long and faithfully until in 1868 he gave up his office to William H. Walker. On the death of Mr. Walker in 1870 Eccles G. Van Riper was appointed mayor by the council and served until the 12th of November of 1870. It was when Mr. VanRiper, a New Yorker who came here with Fatman and Company, representing tobacco interests and became identified with politics, that this town became acquainted with the Metropolitan way (or crooked) or rather the New York way of running politics and it is very safe to remark that it has never yet gotten over it. The seeds sown by the expert VanRiper seemed

to fall on fruitful ground, as it would be hard to find a solitary city in America where the little game of politics is played to such a close finish or so close up to one's shirt front as it is in the city of Evansville today. There was a special election held in 1870 and William Baker was again elected. Mr. Baker, of whom the writer could only speak with the greatest of esteem and reverence, was one of the best men the Almighty ever gave the breath of life. He was absolutely honest and honorable in every sense of the word. His love for Evansville was great and he was willing at any time to sacrifice his own interests for those of the city. Like all other men he had a few enemies but he was so absolutely just when he made his decisions, and in everything with which he was connected, that even his most bitter enemies looked up to him with respect. When he died, Evansville lost a man whose memory will never be forgotten. He died in June, 1872, and Charles H. Butterfield, who came here and first taught in the Canal street school and later the High school of Evansville and then went into the arms where he made a most brilliant record, was elected to fill the vacancy. He filled the office until 1874, when the democrats elected John J. Kleiner, who at that time taught the Commercial college in the old building known as the Commercial hall, which stands just across from the Echel block. Mr. Kleiner was what is known as a dark horse. He was a German by birth and was so affable in his manners and such a great mixer and quick reader of men, that he was elected to the mayor's chair without any trouble. Of course the city was then democratic as it was when Thomas C. Bridwell was elected in 1880. Mr. Bridwell served for two terms. He was a man well liked by everybody and filled the office very acceptably. At the next election in 1886 there came a complete surprise. There are few men in this city who do not know John Dannetell, or "Johnny" Dannetell as he was then called. He was first a clerk for the old firm of Vautier and Marconnier, an old French firm, that did business for years in the old building now occupied by Mark Gross. In fact, the rear portion of this building is composed of the same material which was there at that time. Johnny Dannetell was known as a great mixer, was familiar with the Germans and their language, full of jokes, and always with a good story to tell. When he was nominated by the republicans, the older heads in the party seemed to think that it was merely a joke but they forgot that at times young blood calls for its inning. He was elected without much trouble and served the office acceptably. But in 1889 things again changed and N. M. Goodlett was elected. Mr. Goodlett was an ex-merchant who had gone out of business and who had very little thought at that time of entering politics, although he came of a family that had held high political offices. In 1892 the weather cock changed again and A. C. Hawkins was elected. He ran again 1895 and was re-elected. It was during his administration that the special charter under which the city of Evansville now works, went into effect. This was on the 3rd of March, 1893, and it was amended on the 11th of March, 1895. This charter, as amended, was the first one to make the mayor responsible for

the administration of city affairs and he was compelled to appoint the heads of the different departments who were all responsible for their acts by him.

In 1897, after all these years of republican rule, the people clamored for a change and William M. Aiken, a splendid young man in every sense of the word, was elected by a great majority. It is but simple justice to this much loved and now departed friend, to say that he did his best to make the business of the city a business affair in all particulars. He introduced new means and measures and selected his assistants not with an eye to their ability to get votes, but with due regard to their business ability. It is too late and a wase of time to say much about any certain administration that is past and gone, but to say that this was a distinct change from affairs as they had been in the past, is certainly telling the forcible truth.

The next mayor was Chas. G. Covert who began his career as a reporter on the Tribune. This was his first entry into politics and without diverging from the subject, it is a fact that today he is quoted by some of the most influential men in the republican party and by this I mean men of almost national standing, as being one of the shrewdest politicians in the state of Indiana. To the writer who has known him since his boyhood, Mr. Covert is, in many respects, a wonderful character. His memory of names and little incidents is absolutely remarkable and it is a fact that today he can stand on Main street at any prominent corner and address 75 per cent of the men who pass by, by their first names, and can refer to little incidents that they supposed were long forgotten and can even go into little details about their families which they had supposed were almost unknown. Further he was a keen reader of men. A man might sit and tell him a long story about any particular political situation and Covert would agree with him on every point, looking him directly in the eye and ever and anon giving him a most approving nod. He would let this second party tell his whole story, give him a warm shake of the hand and beg him to drop in again at any time, as he would always be glad to see him, etc., etc., and then after the door was closed, turn to some friend and say, "Well, that fellow thought he was loading me up good, but he lied to me from start to finish." It was this reading of men that was almost an instinct with him. Adding these traits to his strong personal magnetism, his affability, his readiness to help any poor fellow who was in need and his ability to mix with any crowd, no matter of what standing, one can easily see how he has held one position after another until it seems that he will never be satisfied until he sits in the presidential chair. I for my part would not be surprised to see him there some day for I know better than a great many men his wonderful capabilities. Mr. Covert served as mayor five years and was succeeded by John W. Boehne, who was the most businesslike mayor who has ever held the chair since the days of William Baker. When Mr. Boehne made his race there were many who claimed that he could not possibly be elected, but when asked why, the ex-

cuses were so varied and so lacking in weight that they amounted to nothing. One man would say that his church did not suit him. Another would claim that he was a fanatic on the temperance question and men have even been heard to say that they would not vote for him because he did not like dogs and insisted upon their being muzzled. People just then seemed to be hunting a man to whom business was the first thing and politics something to come later on and there are few men in Evansville today who can cast one solitary slur against his administration.

During all this time John J. Nolan had acted under him and had become thoroughly imbued with many of Mr. Boehne's ideas so much, that when the latter was elected to congress he filled in the nine months of the unexpired term to the satisfaction of everybody. He then made the race for mayor but was beaten by a small majority by Mr. Charles Heilman, who now holds this important office.

Before the selection of Mr. Heilman to make the race there were many people in the republican party and it was thought by the democrats that his election would be an absolute impossibility but the fact remains that he was elected and since he has been in office has been giving a first-class administration. As to the members of his various boards, certainly no one can object to them. They are earnest men who seem determined to do their duty and there is no reason why Mr. Heilman should not make as great a record as that of his father, who was as good a man as ever lived in the city of Evansville.

EARLY ADMINISTRATIONS.

In this work the intent is to keep away from dry detail as much as possible. It has been said of former works on this same subject "The City of Evansville," that they consisted of a few facts known to everyone about the founding of the city, after which there were numerous biographies of any one who cared to pay for them and that the space between was filled in with long lists of names in which people took no interest. But how is one to speak of the progress of the city and give due recognition to those who assisted in that progress, without giving the names of those first progressive citizens which lived here. For this reason and in order to show the public just who were the ones who first took the burden of making this city what it now is, upon their shoulders, it is deemed best to give the names of quite a number of the first officials. It will be seen that those names exist today in great numbers among our citizens. A great majority of them are descendants of these most worthy people. Many of them have passed away, while some still are being blessed with good health, and, suffering only from the infirmities that are natural to old age, still live among us.

So we take up these first common councils and city officials beginning at the time when Mayor Jones took charge.

During the first year of Mayor Jones' administration, the councilmen who first met April 8, 1848, were as follows: First ward, J. M. Stockwell (six days later James Steele was elected in this ward as the successor of Stockwell, resigned); second ward, S. Stephens; third ward, W. Carpenter; fourth ward, M. W. Foster; fifth ward, L. Hutchinson; sixth ward, S. Childs. On January 13, 1849, Childs resigned and John Hewson was elected to fill his place. The city officers were: J. J. Chandler, clerk and attorney; Samuel Orr, treasurer; Wm. Bell, assessor, collector and marshal; W. M. Walker, surveyor; W. M. Chandler, chief director of the fire department; P. G. O'Riley, wharfmaster.

The council that assembled April 7th, 1849, was composed as follows: First ward, James Steele; second ward, Conrad Baker; third ward, Joseph P. Elliott; fourth ward, Philip Decker; fifth ward, Crawford Bell; sixth ward, John Hewson. The city officers of the previous year were retained in office.

The following councilmen with Mayor Jones, assembled April 6, 1850: First ward, R. B. Hart; second ward, J. B. Hannah, on whose resignation James Parvin was elected December 7, 1850; third ward, Wm. Hunnel; fourth ward, J. P. Elliott, who resigned and was succeeded by Thomas E. Garvin; fifth ward, Philip Decker; sixth ward, J. T. Walker; seventh ward, John Hewson; eighth ward, Bayless Bennett. J. J. Chandler was still city clerk and attorney; Soren Sorenson, treasurer; Wm. Bell, assessor and collector; J. S. Gavitt, marshal; W. M. Walker, surveyor, (till June 22, 1850, when P. H. Woodward succeeded him). P. G. O'Riley as wharfmaster, was succeeded by J. E. Taylor on January 1, 1851.

The council of 1851 first met April 12th, and their names were: First ward, Crawford Bell, who on resignation, was succeeded by Joseph P. Elliott on August 30th, 1851; second ward, Thomas Scantlin, who resigned and was succeeded by J. M. App, September 27, 1851; third ward, Silas Stephens; fourth ward, A. C. Hallock; fifth ward, M. Gavisk; sixth ward, M. Stahhloefer; seventh ward, John Hewson; eighth ward, C. Harrington. The same clerk, treasurer, attorney, assessor, collector, surveyor and wharfmaster were retained, who served the previous year. G. W. Glover succeeded J. F. Sherwood as marshal after August 20, 1851. Nathan Rowley, recorder, was succeeded by G. H. Todd, August 17, 1851. Within three months Joseph P. Elliott resigned as councilman of the first ward and John S. Hopkins was elected November 22, 1851, in his stead.

The last council under Mayor Jones' administration assembled April 10th, 1852, and their names were: First ward, John S. Hopkins, second ward, J. M. App; third ward, Silas Stephens; fourth ward, E. H. DeGarmo; fifth ward, R. Raleigh; sixth ward, M. Stahlhoefer, who resigned and was succeeded by Philip Decker, July 30, 1852; seventh ward, John Hewson; eighth ward, Wm. Heilman. The city officers were: J. J. Chandler, clerk; S. Sorenson, treasurer; J. J. Chandler, attorney; P. H. Woodward,

surveyor; G. W. Glover, assessor; Wm. Hughes, collector; G. W. Glover, marshal; J. E. Taylor, wharfmaster; John F. Crisp, recorder.

John S. Hopkins having succeeded Mayor Jones, his first council met April 9, 1853, and was composed of the following men: First ward, A. C. Hallock; second ward, F. A. Linck; third ward, James Laughlin, Jr.; fourth ward, E. H. DeGarmo; fifth ward, R. Raleigh, whose place on resignation, was filled by the election of Dr. D. A. Farnsley, November 26, 1853; sixth ward, Philip Decker; seventh ward, John Hewson; eighth ward, B. Bullock; ninth ward, John Farrel, whose resignation caused the election of R. B. Hart, on September 25, 1853, to fill his place; tenth ward, W. Hunnel. The city officers were: G. H. Todd, clerk; S. Sorenson, treasurer; Conrad Baker, attorney; P. H. Woodward, surveyor; G. W. Glover, assessor; Wm. Bell, collector; John Ward, marshal; J. E. Taylor, wharfmaster (who was succeeded September 1, 1853, by P. G. O'Riley); John F. Crisp, recorder.

Mayor Hopkins' second council first met on April 8, 1854, and was composed as follows: First ward, James Steele; second ward, F. A. Linck, whose death occasioned the election of James Scantlin, Jr., on September 13, 1854; third ward, Silas Stephens; fourth ward, J. P. Elliott; fifth ward, H. J. Hart; sixth ward, P. Decker; seventh ward, J. Roquet; eighth ward, H. D. Allis; ninth ward, R. Raleigh; tenth ward, W. Hunnel; eleventh ward, Michael Muentzer. The only change in the city officials was in the office of assessor and collector, John J. Marlett filling the former and John Farrell the latter place.

The council that assembled April 6, 1855, was as follows: First ward, James Steele; second ward, James Scantlin; third ward, Silas Stephens; fourth ward, J. P. Elliott; fifth ward, C. Hedderich; sixth ward, Michael Muentzer. The city officers were: W. H. Walker, clerk; S. Spaulding, assessor; J. Farrell, collector; P. Burke, marshal; P. G. O'Riley, wharfmaster; J. F. Crisp, recorder.

The councilmen who first assembled, April 12, 1856, under Mayor Hewson, were as follows: First ward, M. W. Foster; second ward, James Scantlin, Jr.; third ward, G. W. Rathbone; fourth ward, V. Satterlee; fifth ward, F. W. Cook; sixth ward, Samuel Orr; seventh ward, Joseph Setchell; eighth ward, G. Venneman; ninth ward, F. Johnson; tenth ward, W. Hunnel; eleventh ward, Dennis Kinney. Most of the city offices remained unchanged—the changes being J. W. Hughes, collector; J. B. Evans, marshal; Brackett Mills, recorder.

Nineteen councilmen represented the city in the second year under Mayor Hewson's administration. They first assembled April 9, 1857. First ward, M. W. Foster, who resigned and was succeeded by John S. Hopkins, who was elected November 10, 1857; second ward, J. Scantlin, Jr.; third ward, W. E. French; fourth ward, J. P. Elliott; fifth ward, C. Hedderich; sixth ward, M. McInnerney; seventh ward, Joseph Setchell; eighth ward, Wm. Inwood; ninth ward, Bernard Nurre; tenth ward, W. Hunnel; eleventh ward, M.

Muentzer; twelfth ward, F. D. Allen; thirteenth ward, M. Muhlhausen; fourteenth ward, H. Schmutte; fifteenth ward, Victor Bisch; sixteenth ward, A. G. Sullivan; nineteenth ward, Thomas Redmond, in whose stead Pat Dolan was elected August 8, 1857. The only changes in the city officers were as follows: Patrick Burke, assessor; George Wolflin, collector; Edward S. Martin, marshal.

The last council under Mayor Hewson first assembled on April 10, 1858, the names of which are as follows: First ward, J. S. Hopkins; second ward, Dr. H. Ronalds; third ward, Wm. Hubbell; fourth ward, J. P. Elliott; fifth ward, Wm. Emery; sixth ward, Thomas Redmond; seventh ward, Jos. Setchell; eighth ward, Christian Miller; ninth ward, R. B. Hart; tenth ward, Wm. Hunnel; eleventh ward, M. Muentzer; twelfth ward, J. S. Gavitt; thirteenth ward, J. A. Reitz; fourteenth ward, H. Schmutte; fifteenth ward, A. J. Hutchinson; sixteenth ward, Barney Cody; seventeenth ward, Peter Sharpe; eighteenth ward, A. G. Sullivan; nineteenth ward, Herman Wayland. The only change in the city officials was in the displacement of W. H. Walker by August Lemcke as clerk.

The list of councilmen who assembled April 9, 1859, under Mayor Wm. Baker is as follows: First ward, Z. H. Cook; second ward, J. P. Elliott; third ward, Samuel Orr; fourth ward, J. S. Gavitt; fifth ward, George Wolflin; sixth ward, A. J. Hutchinson; seventh ward, A. G. Sullivan; eighth ward, Thomas Redmond; ninth ward, John Ivinson. J. S. Gavitt resigned in the fourth ward and in his stead August Kollenberg was elected September 17, 1859. Thomas Redmond resigned and his place was filled by the election of J. H. Roelker for the eighth ward, October 15, 1859. In the ninth ward Ivinson resigned and Wm. Mills was elected February 13, 1860. The city officials were Patrick Burke, clerk; S. Sorenson, treasurer; Baker & Foster, attorneys; J. D. Saunders, surveyor; Thomas McAvoy, assessor; Peter Schmuck, collector; Ed. S. Martin, marshal; P. G. O'Riley, wharfmaster; John Smith, street commissioner; H. Q. Wheeler, Wm. Hughes, P. Hornbrook, school trustees; James Fitzwilliams, market-master upper market; Francis Schneider, market-master lower market.

The second council under Mayor Baker met April 7, 1860, the roll being as follows: First ward, Z. H. Cook; second ward, J. J. Chandler; third ward, Philip Decker; fourth ward, J. G. Sauer; fifth ward, John Bischman; sixth ward, J. J. Reitz; seventh ward, H. L. Dannettell; eighth ward, J. H. Roelker; ninth ward, George Foster. Patrick Burke was city clerk; S. Sorenson, treasurer; J. W. Hewson, Marcus Sherwood and Wm. Dean, assessors; Christ Hedderich, collector; C. Baker, attorney; E. S. Martin, marshal; J. D. Saunders, surveyor; P. G. O'Riley, wharfmaster; J. Smith, street commissioners; H. Q. Wheeler, Phil Hornbrook, Carl Schmidt, school trustees.

The list of councilmen for April 6, 1861, is as follows: First ward, Wm. Hunnel; second ward, J. J. Chandler; third ward, Robert Fergus; fourth ward, E. Q. Smith; fifth ward, John Hedderich; sixth ward, Chris. Miller;

seventh ward, W. H. Klusman; eighth ward, J. A. Haney; ninth ward, M. Muentzer. The city officers were: Patrick Burke, clerk; S. Sorenson, treasurer; William Dean, Adrian Young and Marcus Sherwood, assessors; C. Hedderich, collector; Ed. S. Martin, marshal; J. D. Saunders, surveyor; J. Smith, street commissioner; Z. H. Cook and Chester C. Davis, wharfmasters; H. Q. Wheeler, school trustee; Wm. Baker, superintendent of public schools.

During Mayor Baker's second term, the first council met April 12, 1862, and was enrolled as follows: First ward, William Hunnel; second ward, Joseph Elliott; third ward, Robert Fergus; fourth ward, J. Newman; fifth ward, J. Hedderich; sixth ward, Rudolph Kehr; seventh ward, M. L. Johnson; eighth ward, J. H. Roelker; ninth ward, Wm. Mills. The changes in the city officials were as follows: Joseph J. Reitz, collector; H. Mursinna, surveyor; Anthony Behme, treasurer; John Vogel, street commissioner; Wm. Dean, M. Sherwood and Z. M. P. Carter, assessors; J. T. Cox and F. M. Humphrey, wharfmasters.

The roll of councilmen who met on April 11, 1863, was as given below: First ward, Wm. Dean; second ward, Joseph Elliott; third ward, J. A. Birkenbush; fourth ward, J. Newman; fifth ward, Henry Schmutte; sixth ward, Joseph Overell; seventh ward, A. Hoelscher; eighth ward, F. W. Cook; ninth ward, Wm. Mills. The city officials were: Adolph Pfafflin, clerk; James Davidson, treasurer; Wm. Boepple, collector; Hiram Nelson, marshal; J. D. Saunders, surveyor; H. Q. Wheeler, school trustee; John Vogel, street commissioner; Chester O. Davis and A. Tenvoorde, wharfmasters; Wm. Baker, superintendent of public schools.

The next year under Mayor Baker the names of councilmen who assembled April 8, 1864, were: First ward, Wm. Dean; second ward, S. M. Archer; third ward, G. H. Schmits; fourth ward, W. Carpenter; fifth ward, J. Hedderich; sixth ward, J. J. Reitz; seventh ward, A. G. Sullivan; eighth ward, F. W. Cook, ninth ward, Wm. Mills. In the eighth ward Cook resigned and his place was filled by the election of John H. Roelker on January 2, 1865. A. T. Whittlesey had become surveyor, vice Saunders; A. Tenvoorde became marshal, vice Nelson. A. Kirkpatrick, street commissioner, vice Vogel. The assessors were John Schubert, J. G. Payne and Wm. Warren, Jr. The wharfmasters were J. Newman and Frank Morris. The other officers remained the same.

The next new council under Baker met April 11, 1865, and was listed as follows: First ward, Wm. Dean; second ward, I. Casselberry; third ward, Samuel Orr; fourth ward, Wm. Heilman; fifth ward, Anthony Hebling; sixth ward, Jacob Showner; seventh ward, Feldhacker; eighth ward, W. G. Boepple; ninth ward, Wm. J. Mills. The city officers were: Alfred M. McGriff, clerk; James Davidson, treasurer; John Schubert, collector; A. Tenvoorde, marshal; A. T. Whittlesey, surveyor; A. Kirkpatrick, street commissioner; Henry Habenicht, Herman Jumker and Philip Euler, Jr., assessors; Wm. Green and Philip Klein, wharfmasters; Asa Igleheart, Isaac

Casselberry and Emil Bischof, trustees; E. G. Rice, superintendent of public schools.

The following is a list of city officials who assembled April 9, 1866: Councilmen, first ward, Wm. Hunnel; second ward, Wm. Dean; third ward, Wm. J. T. Mills; fourth ward, John C. Smith; fifth ward, Wm. Heilman; sixth ward, Joseph J. Reitz; seventh ward, John Miller; eighth ward, J. W. Wilkshire; ninth ward, John Torrance. The city officials were: A. M. McGriff, clerk; S. K. Leavitt, treasurer; John Schubert, collector; A. Tenvoorde, marshal; A. T. Whittlesey, surveyor; Hiram Nelson, recorder; Philip Euler, Jr., Wm. Warren, Jr., and J. L. Dunning, assessors; Wm. Green and Philip Klein, wharfmasters; Asa Igleheart, Emil Bischof and Isaac Casselberry, school trustees; C. H. Butterfield, superintendent of public schools.

The board of health consisted of Geo. P. Walker, M. D., president; Isaac Casselberry, M. D., secretary; Madison J. Bray, M. D., Oscar Kress, M. D., and Wm. Baker, ex-officio.

The councilmen who met in the last year of Mayor Baker's third term —his ninth year as mayor—were as follows: First ward, Jacob Miller; second ward, Wm. Dean; third ward, M. Muhlhausen; fourth ward, F. W. Cook; fifth ward, Wm. Heilman; sixth ward, Joseph J. Reitz; seventh ward, Wm. Kole; eighth ward, James Wiltshire; ninth ward, John Kraft. The city officers were: A. M. McGriff, clerk; S. K. Leavitt, treasurer; Wm. G. Hazelrigg, collector; Philip Klein, marshal; Charles B. Bateman, surveyor; Hiram Nelson, reporter; Robert Rowland, Philip Euler, Jr., and Samuel Wittenbach, assessors; Wm. A. Daugherty and W. H. Williams, wharfmasters; Asa Igleheart, John W. Foster and I. Esslinger, school trustees; A. M. Gow, superintendent of public schools. The number of polls in 1867 was: Evansville, 2,558; Lamasco, 1,790; total, 4,348.

The first council that met under Mayor Wm. H. Walker, on April 15, 1868, was composed of the following persons: First ward, H. E. Blemker; second ward, James Steele; third ward, S. L. Jones; fourth ward, H. Stockfleth; fifth ward, H. Schriber; sixth ward, J. A. Rietz; seventh ward, Wm. Kole; eighth ward, J. H. Roelker; ninth ward, Henry Mesker. The city officers were: A. M. McGriff, clerk; T. J. Gavisk, collector; J. D. Saunders, surveyor; J. D. Roche, treasurer; Nathan Willard, reporter; E. S. Martin, marshal; Paul Dennison, Thomas McKeever, J. Newman, assessors. The school trustee and school superintendent remained unchanged.

The names of the councilmen who met April 12, 1869, were: First ward, Al. Steinback; second ward, J. S. Hopkins; third ward, Peter Semonin; fourth ward, Samuel Orr; fifth ward, M. Stumpf; sixth ward, John Hodson; seventh ward, R. W. Steineker; eighth ward, James Wiltshire; ninth ward, Charles W. Dougherty. The list of city officers were as follows: A. M. McGriff, clerk; S. B. Sansom, treasurer; John Greek, collector; Nathan Willard, recorder; J. D. Saunders, surveyor; C. Wunderlich, marshal; S. Wittenbach, Otto Pfafflin, John W. Collins, assessors; Samuel P. Hav-

lin and Phy D. Viets, wharfmasters; C. F. Lauenstein, W. F. Parrott, H. W. Cloud, school trustees; A. Gow, superintendent of public schools.

The list of councilmen who met April 11, 1870, is as follows: First ward, August Elles; second ward, E. G. Van Riper; third ward, M. Muhlhausen; fourth ward, Henry Richardt; fifth ward, W. Carpenter; sixth ward, Charles Schaum; seventh ward, Thomas Kerth; eighth ward, Wm. Heilman, whose resignation was followed by the election of Wm. Rahm, Jr., in his stead, January 10, 1871; ninth ward, Chas. W. Dougherty, superintendent of water works. On the death of Mayor Walker, E. G. Van Riper was appointed by the council mayor ad interim, and served till November 12, 1870, when Wm. Baker was elected by special election.

On April 6, 1871, the councilmen who met under Mayor Baker were: First ward, J. W. Knight; second ward, A. H. Foster; third ward, E. G. Van Riper; fourth ward, H. H. Uhlhorn; fifth ward, John H. Roelker; sixth ward, J. J. Reitz; seventh ward, Peter Hess; eighth ward, Wm. Heilman; ninth ward, John Scheuing; tenth ward, Philip Klein; eleventh ward, Wm. Hunnel. The following were the city officers: Wm. Helder, clerk; Charles Ohning, treasurer; Wm. Koch, collector; Christ Wunderlich, marshal; C. A. McCutchan, recorder; C. B. Bateman, surveyor; Morris Hauff, D. W. Darling and Louis Koehler, assessors; Reuben B. Hart and John Greek, wharfmasters; Chas. F. Lauenstein, Wm. F. Parrett and H. W. Cloud, school trustees; A. M. Gow, superintendent of public schools.

On April 8, 1872, the roll of councilmen read as follows: First ward. J. W. Knight; second ward, Wm. Dean; third ward, H. Gumberts; fourth ward, H. H. Uhlhorn; fifth ward, J. H. Roelker; sixth ward, John Hedderich; seventh ward, Charles Schulte; eighth ward, H. V. Benninghoff; ninth ward, Wm. Rahm, Jr.; tenth ward, Philip Klein; eleventh ward, Charles W. Dougherty. The city officials were: C. C. Schroeder, clerk; Charles Ohning, treasurer; Wm. Koch, collector; C. A. McCutchan, recorder; J. D. Saunders, surveyor; Christ Wunderlich, marshal; D. W. Darling, M. Hanff and Louis Koehler, assessors; Phy D. Viets and Henry Scott, wharfmasters; H. W. Cloud, C. F. Lauenstein and Wm. F. Parrett, school trustees; A. M. Gow, superintendent of public schools. Charles H. Butterfield was elected mayor on the eighth day of June, 1872, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Wm. Baker.

The following councilmen, two from each ward now, met on April 14, 1873, under Mayor Butterfield; first ward, Nicholas Elles and Ebenezer Cross; second ward, Matthew Henning and Charles Schmidt; third ward, John Dannettell and Thomas Seifritz; fourth ward, H. V. Benninghof and Peter Hess; fifth ward, Wm. Rahm, Jr., and Cassimer Kroener; sixth ward, Philip Klein and John J. Kleiner. The city clerk was Fred Heakes; treasurer, Charles Ohning; collector, Wm. Koch; surveyor, James D. Saunders; marshal, C. Wunderlich; recorder, C. A. McCutchan; health officer, Dr. H. G. Jones; auditor and secretary of the water works, H. C. Gwathmey; assessors, Louis Koehler, Joseph Prince and F. L. Elmendorf; wharfmas-

ters, Nicholas Schorle and M. H. Long; school trustees, H. W. Cloud, J. H. Polsdorfer and S. R. Hornbrook; superintendent of public schools, A. M. Gow.

When John J. Kleiner became mayor, the following councilmen assembled at their first meeting on April 13, 1874: First ward, Ebenezer Cross and Joseph B. Parrett; second ward, Charles Schmidt and Alex H. Foster; third ward, John Dannettell and Thomas Seifritz; fourth ward, Peter Hess and Conrad Muth; fifth ward, William Rahm, Jr., and Ed. Boetticher; sixth ward, Philip Klein and Jacob Eichel. The city officials were J. F. Vaughn, clerk; Charles Ohning, treasurer; Saunders Sansom, collector; I. D. Saunders, surveyor; J. S. Gavitt, marshal; Wm. B. Menifee, recorder; H. C. Gwathmey, auditor and secretary of the water works; Jacob Froelich and Hiram C. Nanney, wharfmasters; Morris Hauff, Louis Koehler and Joseph Prince, assessors; H. W. Cloud, J. H. Polsdorfer and Luke Wood, trustees; A. M. Gow, superintendent of public schools.

Following is the roll of councilmen who assembled on April 12, 1875: First ward, Joseph B. Parrett and Ebenezer Cross; second ward, A. H. Foster and M. Muhlhausen; third ward, Thomas Seifritz and Henry Gumberts; fourth ward, Conrad Muth and Adam Helfrich; fifth ward, Edward Boetticher and William Rahm, Jr., sixth ward, Jacob Eichel and Charles W. Dougherty. The clerk, treasurer, surveyor and recorder remained the same as the year before. F. H. Brennecke was marshal; John McDonagh, auditor; Fred Lunkenheimer, assessor; L. W. Heberd, secretary of the water works; E. H. E. Wright and B. Wilming, wharfmasters; Luke Wood, T. C. Bridwell and S. I. Loewenstein, school trustees; J. M. Bloss, superintendent of public schools.

On 'April 10, 1876, the following councilmen assembled under Kleiner, who was serving his third year as mayor: First ward, Eb. Cross and William Bedford, Jr.; second ward, M. Muhlhausen and J. S. Hopkins, Jr.; third ward, H. Gumberts and Franz R. Caden; fourth ward, A. Helfrich and Conrad Muth; fifth ward, William Rahm, Jr., and Daniel Heilman; sixth ward, C. W. Dougherty and August Uhl. The city officials were: A. J. Colburn, clerk; J. A. Lemcke, treasurer; F. H. Brennecke, marshal; J. D. Saunders, surveyor; William B. Menifee, recorder; John McDonagh, auditor; Fred Lunkenheimer, assessor; L. W. Heberd, secretary of water works; John B. Hall and Henry Reuter, wharfmasters; Luke Wood, T. C. Bridwell and Adolph Pfafflin, school trustees; J. M. Bloss, superintendent of public schools.

The roster of councilmen on April 6, 1877, the beginning of Mayor Kleiner's second term of office, was as follows: First ward, William Bedford, Jr., and Henry S. Bennett; second ward, J. S. Hopkins and Thomas Bullen, third ward, R. F. Caden and H. Gumberts; iourth ward, Conrad Muth and George Wund.; fifth ward, Daniel Heilman and F. J. Scholz; sixth ward, August Uhl and Green B. Taylor. The city officials were: A. J. Colburn, clerk; Soren Sorenson, treasurer; F. H. Brennecke, marshal; J. D.

Saunders, surveyor; James D. Riggs, recorder; John McDonagh, auditor; Ed. P. Elliott, secretary of water works; John J. Marlett, assessor; Frank S. Schu and John Curry, wharfmasters; T. C. Bridwell, Adolph Pfafflin and J. W. Wartmann, school trustees; J. M. Bloss, superintendent of public schools.

The following is a list of councilmen, who met April 8, 1878: First ward, H. S. Bennett and L. M. Baird; second ward, Thomas Bullen and George A. Bitrolff; third ward, H. Gumberts and G. I. Williams; fourth ward, George Wund and Frederick Kiechle; fifth ward, F. J. Scholz and J. J. Hoffherr; sixth ward, George B. Taylor and August Uhl. The city officials were: A. J. Colburn, clerk; James K. Minor, treasurer; Henry Ayers, marshal; J. D. Saunders, surveyor; J. D. Riggs, recorder; John McDonagh, auditor; W. G. Whittlesey, secretary of water works; F. Lunenheimer, assessor; Jacob Wagner and Wm. Faunt Le Roy, wharfmasters; Adolph Pfafflin, J. W. Wartmann and T. C. Bridwell, school trustees; J. M. Bloss, superintendent of public schools; R. D. Richardson, city attorney.

The list of names of the councilmen during the last year of Mayor Kleiner's second term, who first assembled on April 14, 1879, is as follows: First ward, L. M. Baird and H. S. Bennett; second ward, George A. Bittrolff and Thomas Bullen; third ward, George I. Williams and Henry Koch; fourth ward, George Wund and Ed. L. Cody; fifth ward, John J. Hoffher and F. J. Scholz; sixth ward, G. B. Taylor and Philip C. Helder. The city officials were: A. J. Colburn, clerk; J. J. Marlett, treasurer; Louis Langolf, marshal; C. C. Genung, surveyor; J. D. Riggs, recorder; John McDonagh, auditor; Edward P. Elliott, secretary of water works; James Steele, assessor; John Pelz and Robert Ruston, wharfmasters; J. W. Wartmann, Thomas C. Bridwell and Adolph Pfafflin, school trustees; J. M. Bloss, superintendent of public schools; D. B. Kumler, city attorney. On Adolph Plafflin's death John W. Roelker was selected to fill the vacant trusteeship.

On April 12, 1880, the following is a list of councilmen, under Mayor Thomas C. Bridwell: First ward, H. S. Bennett and Alex. Lemcke, on whose resignation Albert Steinbach was elected to fill the unexpired term; second ward, Thomas Bullen and G. A. Bittrolff; third ward, Phil C. Helder and Wm. Saunders. A. J. Colburn was city clerk; J. J. Marlett, treasurer; G. W. Newitt, marshal; J. D. Saunders, surveyor; James D. Riggs, recorder; John McDonagh, auditor; Edward P. Elliott, secretary of the water works; James Steele, assessor; John Pelz and Clark Cody, wharfmasters; J. W. Wartmann, John W. Roelker and L. M. Baird, school trustees, (Mr. Baird was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Bridwell having been elected mayor); J. M. Bloss, superintendent of public schools; D. B. Kumler, city attorney.

The following roll shows the councilmen who assembled April 11, 1881: First ward, Albert Steinbach and H. S. Bennett; second ward, G. A. Bittrolff and John C. Fares; third ward, G. I. Williams and Henry Wimberg;

fourth ward, John Nugent and Alex Wood; fifth ward, Nicholas Elles and F. J. Scholz; sixth ward, Fred Fenchler and Wm. Saunders. The city officials were: A. J. Colburn, city clerk; Saunders B. Sansom, treasurer; Louis Langolf, marshal; John McDonagh, auditor; J. D. Saunders, surveyor; Edward P. Elliott, secretary of the water works; James Steele, assessor; J. C. Sheuing and Clark Cody, wharfmasters; J. W. Wartmann, J. W. Rowlker and Alex Gilchrist, school trustees; John Cooper, superintendent of public schools; D. B. Kumler, city attorney.

On April 10, 1882, the following councilmen met: First ward, H. S. Bennett and A. L. Robinson; second ward, John C. Fares and Madison J. Bray, Jr.; third ward, Henry Wimberg and G. I. Williams; fourth ward, Alex Wood and Fred Kiechle; fifth ward, F. J. Scholz and Wm. Tornatta; sixth ward, Wm. Saunders and Philip Klein. The list of the city officers was as here given: A. J. Colburn, clerk; S. B. Sansom, treasurer; J. D. Saunders, surveyor; John McDonagh, auditor; Charles Newman, secretary of the water works; John M. Grebb, assessor; George Wolff and Charles Boekenbroeger, wharfmasters; J. W. Wartmann, Alex Gilchrist and R. F. Schor, school trustees; John Cooper, superintendent of public schools; Peter Maier, city attorney.

At the beginning of Mayor Bridwell's second term, the following councilmen assembled April 9, 1883: First ward, H. S. Bennett and Wm. H. Caldwell; second ward, M. J. Bray, Jr., and August Brentano; third ward, Henry Wimberg and G. I. Williams; fourth ward, Fred Kiechle and John M. Geddes; fifth ward, Wm. Tornatta and Otto Brandley; sixth ward, Phil Klein and George Herman. The following were the city officials: A. J. Colburn, clerk; N. M. Goodlett, treasurer; J. D. Saunders, surveyor; John McDonagh, auditor; Charles Newman, secretary of water works; J. J. Reitz, assessor; Jay B. Streeby, wharfmaster; Alex Gilchrist, R. Schor and E. Linthicum, school trustees; John Cooper, superintendent of public schools; J. B. Rucker, city attorney.

On April 14, 1884, the following councilmen assembled: First ward, H. S. Bennett and Wm. H. Caldwell; second ward, August Brentano and John W. Bingham; third ward, Henry Wimberg and Ferdinand Holtz; fourth ward, J. M. Geddes and Fred Kiechle; fifth ward, Otto Brandley and J. H. Dannettell; sixth ward, George Herman and H. H. Haynie. The city officials were: James R. Ferguson, clerk; N. M. Goodlett, treasurer; J. D. Saunders, surveyor; John McDonagh, auditor; Charles Newman, secretary of the water works; J J. Reitz, assessor; Jay B. Streeby, wharfmaster; R. F. Schor, E. Linthicum and James T. Walker, school trustees; John Cooper, superintendent of public schools; James B. Rucker, city attorney.

The last council under Mayor Bridwell held its first meeting on April 6, 1885. Its members consisted of: First ward, John B. Uphaus and Wm. R. Cummings (elected in place of Wm. H. Caldwell, resigned); second ward, August Brentano and J. W. Bingham; third ward, Henry Wimberg

and Ferdinand Holtz; fourth ward, Fred Kiechle and John M. Geddes; fifth ward, Otto Brandley and John H. Dannettell; sixth ward, Henry H. Haynie and Andrew J. Feay. The city officers were: James R. Ferguson, clerk; J. D. Saunders, surveyor; John McDonagh, auditor; N. M. Goodlett, treasurer; Charles Newman, secretary of water works; Joseph J. Reitz, assessor; Jay B. Streeby, wharfmaster; Edward Linthicum, James T. Walker and Chas. Kehr, school trustees; John Cooper, superintendent of pubilc schools; John A. Haney, Michael Moran and Wm. Baker, water works trustees; J. B. Rucker, city attorney.

The first meeting of the first council under Mayor John H. Dannettell was held on April 5, 1886, and the roll was made up as follows: First ward, Joseph Bellamy and John B. Uphaus; second ward, Thomas J. Groves and August Brentano; third ward, Martin Koepke and Henry Wimberg and Ferdinand Holtz; fourth ward, Fred Kiechle and John M. Geddes; fifth ward, Otto Brandley and John H. Dannettell; sixth ward, Henry H. Heynie and Andrew J. Feay. The city officers were: James R. Ferguson, clerk; J. D. Saunders, surveyor; John McDonagh, auditor; N. M. Goodlett, treasurer; Charles Newman, secretary of water works; Joseph J. Reitz, assessor; Jay B. Streeby, wharfmaster; Edward Linthicum, James T. Walker and Chas. Kehr, school trustees; John Cooper, superintendent of public schools; John A. Haney, Michael Moran and Wm. Baker, water works trustees; J. B. Rucker, city attorney.

The councilmen who convened April 11, 1887, were: First ward, Joseph Bellamy and H. S. Bennett; second ward, T. J. Groves and John Ingle; third ward, Martin Koepke and William Koelling; fourth ward, Fred Kiechle and George Koch; fifth ward, F. J. Scholz and Albert C. Rosencranz; sixth ward, Albert Johann and William W. Ross. The city officials were: J. R. Ferguson, clerk; N. M. Goodlett, treasurer; J. H. Foster, auditor; H. A. Mattison, city attorney; M. Moran, Fred Baker and James Taylor, water works trustees, and Charles Newman, their clerk; J. D. Saunders, surveyor; J. J. Marlett, assessor; John Dannettell, wharfmaster; Charles Kehr, I. T. White and J. E. Iglehart, school trustees; J. W. Layne, superintendent of public schools; George Hodson, M. D., health officer; Ed. E. Law, M. Mullhausen and Adolph Goeke, police commissioners.

The hold-over members (the first named in each ward) and the new members of the council met together for the first time on April 9, 1888, Mayor Dannettell still officiating. The list of councilmen is as follows: First ward, H. S. Bennett and John B. Uphaus; second ward, John Ingle and Thomas J. Groves; third ward, Wm. Koelling and Henry Stockfleth; fourth ward, George Koch and Wm. Heynes; fifth ward, A. C. Rosencranz and F. J. Scholz; sixth ward, Wm. W. Ross and Albert Johann. The city officials were: J. R. Ferguson, clerk; G. N. Wells, treasurer; James H. Foster, auditor; Fred Baker, James Taylor and Henry Froelich, water works trustees; M. C. McCutchan, surveyor; I. T. White, J. E. Ighehart and John W. Roelker, school trustees; J. W. Layne, superintendent of

public schools. The council reappointed the old officers to the position of assessor, city attorney, auditor, wharfmaster and board of health. Fred Blend, C. J. Kehr and James Nugent, police commissioners; C. J. Kehr, secretary.

Mayor J. H. Dannettell was defeated at the election in 1889 by N. M. Goodlett. The first session of council under the new mayor was held April 8, 1889, and the members were: First ward, John B. Uphaus and Mark Grant; second ward, T. J. Groves and Wm. H. Ruston; third ward, Henry Stockfleth and Aaron M. Weil; fourth ward, Wm. Heynes and Phil Hahn; fifth ward, F. J. Scholz and Michael W. Breger; sixth ward, Albert Johann and Wm. Schelhorn.. The city officials elected by the people were: J. R. Ferguson, clerk; John McDonagh, treasurer; J. D. Saunders, surveyor; Henry Froelich, Alex, Jack and Fred Baker, water works trustees; James H. Foster, auditor; John Brownlee, city attorney; Frank P. Byrnes, assessor; Charles Long, wharfmaster; J. E. Iglehart, John W. Roelker and August Brentano, school trustees; J. W. Layne, superintendent of public schools. The police commissioners were: Charles J. Kehr (for four years), Fred Blend was president and C. J. Kehr, secretary, and their appointments were: George W. Newitt, superintendent; John Resing and Charles Wunderlich, captains; George L. Covey and Wm. Wilson, detectives.

The council that met April 14, 1890, was composed of the following members: First ward, Mark Grant and J. B. Uphaus; second ward, W. H. Ruston and Thomas J. Groves; third ward, A. M. Weil and Henry Stockfleth; fourth ward, Philip Hahn and Wm. Heynes; fifth ward, N. W. Breger and J. H. Fink; sixth ward, Wm. Schelhorn and Wm. Kreipke. The city officers were: J. R. Ferguson, clerk; John McDonagh, treasurer; Alex Jack, Fred Baker and M. Moran, water works trustees; J. D. Saunders, surveyor; W. G. Kerth, auditor; John Brownlee, attorney; Frank P. Byrnes, assessor; Charles Long, wharfmaster; Dr. W. S. Pollard was re-appointed as a member of the board of health for five years; J. W. Roelker, August Brentano and Wm. M. Akin, Jr., school trustees; J. W. Layne, superintendent of public schools. The police commissioners were: Adolph Goeke, Ed. E. Law and Alex H. Foster; George W. Newitt, superintendent of police; John Resing and Charles Wunderlich, captains; Wm. Wilson and George L. Covey, detectives.

The list of councilmen who met April 13, 1891, is as follows: First ward, J. B. Uphaus and Max Runge; second ward, T. J. Groves and David Kronenberger; third ward, Henry Stockfleth and Joseph Schaefer; fourth ward, Wm. Heynes and F. M. Walker; fifth ward, J. H. Fink and M. W. Berger; sixth ward, Wm. Kreipke and Peter Herrmann. The city officers were: J. R. Ferguson, clerk; John McDonagh, treasurer; Fred Baker, M. Moran and Ferdinand Grote, water works trustees; W. M. Madden, James Scarborough and Moses Stinchfield, board of public works; August Pfafflin, surveyor; W. G. Kerth, auditor; John Brownlee, city attorney; Frank P. Byrnes, assessor; Charles Long wharfmaster; August Brentano, Wm. M. Akin, Jr.

and J. W. Roelker, school trustees; J. W. Layne, superintendent of public schools. The police commissioners were: W. H. Ruston, Fred Blend and Henry Wimberg; G. W. Newitt, superintendent; John Resing and Charles Wunderlich, captains; Wm. Wilson, G. L. Covey, T. H. Huchens and W. D. Crain; Fred H. Brennecke, chief of detectives; Michael Cahill, humane officer.

Council assembled in April, 1892, under Anthony C. Hawkins, the new mayor elected in place of Mayor Goodlett. The names of the councilmen were: First ward, Max W. Runge and B. F. Von Behren; second ward, D. Kronenberger and C. W. Saberton; third ward, Joseph Schaefer and Wm. Koelling; fourth ward, Francis M. Walker and Jacob Framer; fifth ward, W. M. Breger and John B. Mills; sixth ward, Peter Herman and David S. Halbrooks; seventh ward, John M. Clarke, Sr., and Jackson Powell. The city officers were: J. R. Ferguson, clerk; John McDonagh, treasurer; August Pfafflin, surveyor; Fred Geiger, Jr., auditor; G. A. Cunningham, attorney; Henry A. Henn, wharfmaster; Wm. M. Madden, James Scarborough and Moses Stinchfield, board of public works; Fred Blend, Henry Wimberg and Andrew J. Clark, police commissioners; G. W. Newitt, superintendent of police; John Resing and G. L. Covey, captains; F. H. Brennecke, chief of detectives; Michael Moran, Fred Grote and George W. Goodge, water works trustees. The trustees of the public schools were: Wm. M. Akin, Jr., J. W. Roelker and Newton Kelsay; J. W. Layne was superintendent of the city public schools.

The new city charter had now been adopted and the new council that met in April, 1893, was composed as follows: Councilmen-at-large, M. W. Runge, J. R. Goodwin, G. W. Varner and Christian Kratz, Jr., first ward, B. F. Von Behren; second ward, C. W. Saverton and Edwin Walker; third ward, Wm. Koelling and Joseph Schaefer; fourth ward, Jacob Kramer and F. M. Walker; fifth ward, John B. Mills, Jr., and Joseph J. Hoffman; sixth ward, D. S. Halbrooks and Charles Kroener; seventh ward, John N. Clark and Charles S. Woods. The following is a list of the city officers: Fred Geiger, Jr., city clerk and clerk of the police court; Wm. Warren, city comptroller; G. A. Cunningham, city attorney; James Scarborough, Moses Stinchfield and J. D. Saunders, department of public works; Charles T. Jenkins, treasurer; A. J. Clark, Richard Hartloff and Henry Wimberg, department of public safety; Dr. W. S. Pollard, Dr. Ludson Worsham and Dr. John F. Glover, department of public health and charities; Fred Grote, G. W. Goodge and Peter Herrmann, department of water works; H. A. Henn, wharfmaster; Charles H. Butterfield, judge of police court and Fred Geiger, Jr., clerk; G. L. Covey, superintendent of police, John Resing and Christ Wunderlich, captains and F. H. Brennecke, chief of detectives; Fred Grote, G. W. Goodge and Peter Herrmann, water works trustees; J. W. Roelker, Newton Kelsay and William M. Akin, Jr., board of school trustees; J. W. Layne, superintendent of public schools.

The council that met in April, 1894, was composed of the following members: Max W. Runge, James R. Goodwin, G. W. Varner and Christian Kratz, Jr., councilmen-at-large; first ward, B. F. Von Behren; second ward, Dr. Edwin Walker; third ward, Joseph Schaefer; fourth ward, Francis M. Walker; fifth ward, Joseph J. Hoffman; sixth ward, Charles Kroener; seventh ward, Charles S. Woods; Fred Geiger, Jr., city clerk; Wm. Warren, comptroller; George A. Cunningham, attorney; Moses Stinchfield, James Scarborough and J. D. Saunders, board of public works; Charles T. Jenkins, treasurer; A. J. Clark, Richard Hartloff and John C. Gutenberger, board of public safety; G. W. Goodge, Peter Herrmann and Fred Baker, water works trustees; Charles H. Butterfield, police judge; George L. Covey, superintendent of police; police officers of previous years retained; board of health retained unchanged; Newton Kelsay, Wm. M. Akin, Jr., and Wm. Koelling, school trustees; W. A. Hester, superintendent of public schools.

The list of councilmen for 1895, whose first meeting was held the first Monday in April, after the election is as follows: M. W. Runge, Ed. Miller, Jr., J. F. Schlundt, councilmen-at-large; first ward, Ludson Worsham; second ward, Robert M. Nickels; third ward, Henry Schminke; fourth ward, Joseph Eble; fifth ward, Ed. Jurgensmeier; sixth ward, Thomas E. Powell; seventh ward, John C. Selzer. The city officials, elective and appointive, were: Fred Geiger, city clerk; Simeon Jaseph, comptroller; George A. Cunningham, attorney; J. D. Saunders, James Scarborough and Moses Stinchfield, department of public works; Wm. Warren, treasurer; Richard Hartloff, J. C. Gutenberger and Henry S. Bennett, department of public safety; Fred Baker, Dr. Kronenberger and Louis Lechner, water works trustees; Charles H. Butterfield, police judge; police officers were the same as in 1894; Wm. M. Akin, Jr., Wm. Koelling and Charles E. Scoville, school trustees; W. A. Hester, superintendent of public schools. The board of health was organized as follows: Richard Hartloff, M. D., president; John F. Glover, M. D., secretary and health officer; W. S. Pollard, M. D., Dr. F. M. Jones, food and milk inspector; Louis N. Massey, sanitary officer.

The council that assembled in April, 1896, was composed of the following members: Wm. H. Ruston, Ed Miller, Jr., John F. Schlundt, and Christian Kratz, Jr., councilmen-at-large; first ward, Ludson Worsham; second ward, Robert M. Nickels; third ward, Henry Schminke; fourth ward, Joseph Eble; fifth ward, Ed Jurgensmeier; sixth ward, Thomas E. Powell; seventh ward, J. C. Selzer. The other city officers were: Fred Geiger, Jr., clerk; Simeon Jaseph, comptroller; George A. Cunningham, city attorney; Moses Stinchfield, James Scarborough and James D. Saunders, department of public works; Wm. Warren, treasurer; Richard Hartloff, John C. Gutenberger and Henry S. Bennett, department of public safety; John E. Owen, M. D., W. S. Pollard, M. D., and J. E. Glover, M. D., department of public health; David Kronenberger, Fred

Baker and Louis Lechner, water works trustees; Charles H. Butterfield, judge of police court; G. L. Covey, superintendent of police; F. H. Brennecke, lieutenant of police force; John Resing and Christ Wunderlich, captains of police; Wm. Koelling, Charles E. Scoville and Wm. M. Akin, Jr., board of trustees of public schools; W. A. Hester, superintendent of public schools. 1896-1897-April.

A. C. HAWKINS, MAYOR.

Councilmen-at-large: Max. W. Runge, Edward Miller, Jr., John F. Schlundt, Christian Kratz, Jr.; first ward, Ludson Worsham; second ward, Robert M. Nickles; third ward, Henry Schminke; fourth ward, Joseph Eble; fifth ward, Edward Jurgensmeier; sixth ward, Thomas E. Powell; seventh ward, John C. Selzer; Christian Kratz, Jr., president; Max W. Runge, president pro tem; Fred Geiger, clerk; George A. Cunningham, city attorney; Simeon Jaseph, comptroller; William Warren, treasurer.

Department of Public Works: Moses Stinchfield, president; James Scarborough, James D. Saunders; Elmer Clarke, clerk; August Prafflin, engineer.

Department of Health and Charity: John E. Owen, president; W. S. Pollard! John F. Glover, secretary; F. M. Jones, milk and food inspector; Louis N. Massey, sanitary officer.

Department of Public Safety: Richard Hartloff, president; John C. Guttenberger, Henry S. Bennett, Fred Geiger, Jr., clerk; Geo. L. Covey, superintendent of police; Christian Wunderlich, John Resign, captains; William Schlavick, chief of fire department; George Harris, assistant chief.

Department of Water Works: David Kronenberger, president; Louis Lechner, Fred Baker; Louis Weinheimer, clerk; Ed A. McGrifl, assistant clerk; John W. Peck, superintendent; Alfred Heine, inspector; 1897-1898 —April.

WILLIAM M. AKIN, MAYOR.

Councilmen-at-large: Edward Linthicum, John W. Boehne, Michael W. Berger, Peter H. Folz; first ward, Ludson Worsham; second ward, W. J. Hatfield; third ward, Henry Schminke; fourth ward, Joseph C. Saum; fifth ward, Edward Jurgensmeier; sixth ward, Thomas B. Powell; seventh ward, Lee M. Cassidy.

Michael W. Berger, president; W. J. Hatfield, president pro tem; William Habbe, clerk; Duncan C. Givens, attorney; Frank P. Byrnes, comptroller; Henry Stockfleth, treasurer.

Department of Public Works: Michael Gorman, president; Henry H. Rietman, James W. Wiltshire; and George Swearingen, clerk; Miles Saunders, engineer.

Department of Health and Charities: H. F. McCool, president; W. A. Fritsch; H. T. Dixon, secretary; Valentine Schneider, milk and food inspector; John J. Casey, sanitary officer.

Department of Public Safety: J. W. Lunkenheimer, president; F. M. Gilbert and Edwin Artes; Frank Pritchett, superintendent; John Resing and John Lehnhard, captains; Charles S. Woods, chief of the fire department; Henry Stickenborn, assistant chief.

Department of Water Works: Fred Grote, president; B. F. Von Behren, Joseph Brentano, and Geo. Hewson, clerk. 1898-1899—April.

WILLIAM M. AKIN, MAYOR.

Councilmen-at-large: Edward E. Linthicum, John W. Boehne, Michael W. Breger, Peter H. Folz; first ward, Ludson Worsham; second ward, W. J. Hatfield; third ward, Henry Schminke; fourth ward, Joseph C. Saum; fifth ward, Edward Jurgensmeier; sixth ward, Thomas B. Powell; seventh ward, Lee M. Cassidy.

Michael W. Breger, president; W. J. Hatfield, president pro tem; William Habbe, clerk; Duncan C. Givens, attorney; Andrew C. Richardt, comptroller; Henry Stockfleth, treasurer.

Department of Water Works: Michael Gorman, president; Henry H. Rietman, James W. Wiltshire; George Swearingen, clerk; Miles S. Saunders, engineer.

Department of Health and Charities: H. F. McCool, president; W. A. Fritsch; H. T. Dixon, secretary; Valentine Schneider, milk and food inspector; John J. Casey, sanitary officer.

Department of Public Safety: Edward Artes, president; Robert Gunton, F. M. Gilbert; William Habbe, clerk; King Cobbs, superintendent of police; John Resing, John Lehnhard, captains; Chas. S. Woods, chief of the fire department; Henry Steckenborn, assistant chief.

Department of Water Works: Ferdinand Grote, president; B. F. Von Behren, Joseph Brentano; Geo. Hewson, clerk. 1899-1900—April.

WILLIAM M. AKIN, MAYOR.

Councilmen-at-large: Edward Linthicum, John W. Boehne, Jacob Mayer, William Weintz; first ward, Fred H. Burton; second ward, Francis A. Foster; third ward, Henry Schminke; fourth ward, Joseph C. Saum; fifth ward, William H. Benninghof; sixth ward, William F. Cleveland; seventh ward, John H. McCutchan.

Edward Linthcum, president; J. W. Boehne, president pro tem; William Habbe; clerk; Duncan C. Givens, attorney; Andrew C. Richardt, comptroller; Henry Stockfleth, treasurer.

Department of Public Works: Michael Gorman, president; Henry H. Rietman, James W. Wiltshire; and Geo. Swearingen, clerk; Miles Saunders, surveyor.

Department of Health and Charities: Edward Walker, president; W. S. Pollard; Thomas E. Powell, secretary; Valentine Schneider, milk and food inspector; John J. Casey, sanitary officer.

Department of Public Safety: Robert Gunton, president; F. M. Gilbert, Julius Artes; King Cobbs, superintendent of police; John Resing and John Lehnhard, catpains; Charles S. Woods, chief of the fire department; Henry Steckenborn, assistant chief.

Department of Water Works: Ferdinand Grote, president; B. F. Von Behren, Joseph Brentano; George Hewson, clerk. 1900-1901—April.

WILLIAM M. AKIN, MAYOR.

Councilmen-at-large: J. W. Boehne, E. E. Linthicum, Jacob Mayer, H. P. Weintz; first ward, Fred H. Burton; second ward, Frank A. Foster; third ward, Henry Schminke; fourth ward, Joseph C. Saum; fifth ward, William H. Benninghof; sixth ward, W. F. Cleveland; seventh ward, H. J. McCutchan.

J. W. Boone, president; Joseph C. Saum, president pro tem; William Habbe, clerk; Duncan C. Givens, attorney; Andrew C. Richardt, comptroller; Henry Stockfleth, treasurer.

Department of Public Works: Michael Gorman, president; Henry H. Rietman, James W. Wiltshire; George Swearingen, clerk; Miles Saunders, engineer.

Department of Health and Charities: Edwin Walker, president; W. S. Pollard; T. E. Powell, secretary; J. H. Kerth, milk and food inspector; John J. Casey, sanitary officer.

Department of Public Safety: Robert Gunton, president; Frank M. Gilbert and Julius Artes; King Cobbs, superintendent of police; John Resing, John Lehnhard, captains; Charles S. Woods, chief of the fire department; Henry Steckenborn, assistant chief.

Department of Water Works: Ferdinand Grote, president; B. F. Von Behren, Joseph Brentano; George Hewson, clerk. 1903-1904.

CHARLES C. COVERT, MAYOR.

City Council: Peter Emrich, president; Jacob Mayer, president pro tem; H. W. Stahlhefer, clerk; Emil Sanpert, deputy clerk.

Councilmen-at-large: Dr. M. J. Compton, Jacob Mayer, Oliver F. Culbertson, Peter Emrich; first ward, John S. Igleheart; second ward, Dr. Thomas Macer; third ward, Wm. T. Karges; fourth ward, Dr. J. H. McCutchan.

Department of Finance: Comptroller, Robert M. Millican; deputy, Geo. W. Koch.

Department of Law: City attorney, Albert W. Funkhauser.

Department of Public Works: Charles S. Woods, president; Chris. Wunderlich, John Albecker; W. Ed. Clark, clerk; surveyor, August Pfafflin.

Department of Public Safety: Netter Worthington, president; Henry P. Weintz, Mark N. Gross; Geo. L. Covey, superintendent of police; James L. Dunlevy, chief of the fire department; U. S. Grant, assistant chief.

Department of Collections: August Leich, treasurer; Geo. P. Heilman, deputy.

Department of Public Health and Charity: Clarence Kelsey, M. D., president; John E. Owen, M. D.; William H. Gilbert, M. D., secretary.

Department of Water Works: Emil G. Heeger, president; John H. Osborn, Geo. W. Haynie; F. D. Caldwell, clerk; Charles J. Thuman, superintendent; Geo. J. Vickery, deputy; William E. Sherwood, inspector.

HON. JOHN W. BOEHNE, MAYOR.

Department of Finance: Edward B. Oslage, comptroller; Albert Fisher, deputy comptroller.

Department of Public Works: Ben. Newman, president; William H. Kreipke, Christian Wunderlich; Walter Wunderlich, clerk.

Department of Public Safety: Ben. Bosse, president; Geo. W. Haynie, Frank L. Hoelscher; J. W. Sappenfield, clerk.

Board of Water Works Trustees: Madison J. Bray, president; James R Goodwin, B. F. Von Behren; W. M. Madden, secretary; John W. Peck, superintendent.

Park Commissioners: Joseph Brentano, president; Henry C. Murphy, Otto Kolb, E. Q. Lockyear.

Department of Health and Charities: Dr. E. P. Busse, president; Dr. James V. Welborn, secretary; Dr. G. W. Varner; August W. Ellerbush; president common council; William J. Dunn, city clerk; councilmen-at-large, A. W. Ellerbush, Edwin Walker, William F. Hartig; first ward, Ezra Lyon; third ward, Louis Bender; fourth ward, Thomas Macer; fifth ward, Edward Schmitt; sixth ward, William F. Cleveland; seventh ward, Chas. E. Bellville.

Judicial: Hon. Jordan G. Winfrey, judge of city court; Hon. William M. Blakey, special judge of city court.

MAYOR CHAS. HEILMAN.

Comptroller, Joseph M. Kollmeyer; deputy, Geo. W. Koch; chief of police, Geo. L. Covey.

Board of Public Works: P. W. Richwood, president; Edward Schmitt, J. E. Stickelman; Simon Bartholome, clerk.

Board of Safety: Edwin Walker, Schmidt and Althaus, Fred Parrett.

Board of Water Works: M. J. Bray, John Jack, Ed. Heberer; Henry Heilman, clerk; August Pfafflin, surveyor; first ward, Ludson Worsham; second ward, Captain Myerhoff; third ward, Philip Klein; fourth ward, Thos. P. Miller; fifth ward, Jos. Bartholome; sixth ward, Henry J. Karges; seventh ward, Chas. W. Ossenberg; U. S. Grant, chief of fire department.

Board of Health: Dr. P. C. Rietz, president; Dr P. V. McCoy, vice president; Dr Chas. Hartloff, secretary.

Building Inspector, Joseph Brentano; city clerk, Harvey C. Weber; deputy, F. C. Parrett.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.

If there is any one thing of which Evansville is justly proud, it is her magnificent court house to which a fine elevator has just been added. There is much room in this grand building that it is certain to last for a great many years to come. As it is now, there are vacant rooms up stairs and also in the basement and the matter of moving the offices of the city to the court house is now being discussed. Vanderburg County was really formed under the act of the legislature passed January 7, 1818. On the 9th of March, 1818, the first board of commissioners for Vanderburg County met. They were James Anthony, David Brumfield and George Surkles. They simply organized at their first meeting but met again the following day and divided the county into two townships. Pigeon township, a portion really of Warrick had previously contained all of the land which lay in the new County of Vanderburg. At this meeting the commissioners passed an ordinance for the election of two justices of the peace and declared Hugh McGary's warehouse a public ware house and appointed inspectors to serve there. They also appointed overseers of the poor, superintendent of school districts, and tax assessors. At this time the opening of the first public highway into the county was provided for and Mathias Whetstone, Patrick Calvert and James Patton were appointed as road viewers. The legislature had appointed some commissioners to fix the seat of justice in the new county but they failed to arrive and the county commissioners took the matter into their own hands and appointed Thomas E. Casselberry, Wilson Bullett and Elias Barker. These three were to act in conjunction with Scott and Hargrove, who had been appointed by the legislature. On the following day, March 11th, these state officials came before the board of county commissioners and located the seat of justice and they also appointed a county agent and treasurer. They then adjourned until May 11, 1818. They served as county commissioners until in 1824 was passed a law providing that the justice of the peace in the county should perform the duties of county commissioners. Before this law went into operation, however, Ben McNew, William Olmstead, George Moorehouse, D. F. Goldsmith and Kirby Armstrong had served. In 1824 the first meeting of the board of justices was held, the second Monday in September. The board consisted of John Connor, president; Daniel Miller, Leon F. Ragon, Benjamin F. Barker, Eli Sherwood, William Bingham and James Kirkpatrick. This board did not change until 1829 when Nathan Rowley was elected to serve in place of John Connor. He served only one year and was then succeeded by James Rose, but in 1830 Rose in turn was succeeded by Nathan Rowley. The legislature soon saw that it was impossible to carry on the business of the county in this manner, as the justices of the peace had other duties to per-

form, so in 1831 there was a new law made to return to the plan of having a regular board of commissioners, and in 1831, under a special act of the legislature, James Rose, John P. Stinson and Amos Clark were appointed and adopted a scroll as a seal and proceeded to business. Since then the following have served and all of them have names which are identified not only with the past history of Evansville, but with her history of today:

C. D. Bourne, J. B. Stinson, Wm. R. Barker, Everton Kennerley, D. D. Grimes, Edmund Maidlow, Ezekial Saunders, John Burtis, Leroy Calvert, Alanson Warner, Alexander Maddux, Vicissimus K. Phar, Edward Hopkins, Thomas F. Stockwell, Simpson Ritchie, Willard Carpenter, Everton Kennerley, Ira P. Grainger, Michael P. Jones, Simeon Long, Jr., Edward Maidlow, Cassimer Schlamp, William Pruitt, John Rheinlander, Michael Mentzer, James Neal, Robert Parrett, John Hogue, Charles Knowles, Philip Decker, Henry W. Hawkins, John Brunb, Bernard Nurre, Joseph B. Parrett, Thomas Bower, Samuel Barker, James Erskine, Clark Cody, Geo. Peva, A. A. Swope, Samuel Barker, James D. Fair, Benjamin Young, Christian Hedderich, Jacob Benninghof, John Laval, Wm. Dean, Henry Brommelhouse, Henry Mesker, Christian Wunderlich, Jas. L. King, Herman Lkamer, Samuel McDonald, William Elliott, Joseph Bigson, Wm. E. Bower, J. F. Saunders, Wm. Bower, Henry Boeke, Simon Hartig, Charles Lindenschmidt, John G. Paine.

First district, Mark Grank, 1891 to 1904; Thomas C. Ruston, 1905 to 1911. Second district, Henry Wallenmeyer, 1899 to 1905; Cicero G. Hornby, 1906 to 1912. Third district, Jacob Detroy, 1897 to 1903; Andrew Koch, 1904 to 1910.

Township trustees: John Dausman, 1901 to 1904; George P. Rheinhardt, 1905 to 1908; Will Atkins, 1909 to 1912.

Township assessor, Noah A. Riggs, 1901 to 1912.

COUNTY COUNCIL.

Walter M. Schmitt, 1899 to 1900; Philip W. Frey, 1899 to 1902; John H. Osborn, 1899 to 1902; Jos. B. Cox, 1899 to 1900; Cassel McDowell, 1899 to 1906; John Weisheimer, 1900 to 1902; Conrad Rose, 1900 to 1902; Geo. M. Uhl, 1900 to 1902; Chas. Y. Jenkins, 1900 to 1902; Samuel Vickery, 1903 to 1910; Adolph Goeke, 1903 to 1906; Ferdinand Becker, 1903 to 1906; Conrad Bargdorf, 1903 to 1906; Chas. R. McCutchan, 1903 to 1910; William Koelling, 1907 to 1910; Christian Ziss, 1907 to 1910; Richard W. King, 1907 to 1910; Fred Werkman, 1907 to 1910.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY.

A. J. McCutchan, Louis O. Rasch, Edgar Durre, Chas. W. Wittenbraker, 1900 to 1905; Oscar R. Luhring, 1905 to 1910.

It has always seemed to the citizens of Evansville who pay the greater proportion by far of the taxes of Vanderburg County, that the words county

commissioner have been always misconstrued. In other words, that the different parties in making up their slates, decided that a man could only be a county commissioner if he came from some where out on a farm. This has always been a great mistake and why it has been adhered to is a matter that has caused much discussion. A county commissioner above all others, should be a shrewd business man, an adept in figures and thoroughly posted on prices, how to make contracts, etc., etc. Unfortunately both parties have at times put into the county commissioner's chair, men who really had no title to the seat, except that they belonged somewhere out in the country. They did not have enough business acumen to run a peanut stand. It is to be hoped that matters in this respect will change. Three good city men thoroughly conversant with affairs are worth a hundred men from the country. This is no reflection whatever on their honesty or integrity but these farmers could no more come in and run a big store on business principles than one of the business men could go to the country and run a farm and make it pay.

COUNTY TREASURERS.

Geo. W. Jacobs was the first treasurer who held the office in Vanderburg County and was appointed on the 10th of March, 1818. His bondsmen were Gen. Robert M. Evans and Luke Wood. He served until his death in 1829 when Major Alanson Warner was appointed in his place. Major Warner served one year and was succeeded by Alexander Johnson, but during the following year Major Warner was again appointed and served until 1841, except during a short time when the office was held by John M. Lockwood. At that time the salary was so small that it was hard to get any man of any business ability to serve. He could make so much more in his own regular business that its was only to fulfill what he deemed his duty, that he ever agreed to serve. In 1841 B. Royston was appointed and served until 1845. When he went in, a fixed salary for the county treasurer was agreed on and the office became one worth seeking. It has gradually grown in value from that time to the present. The following have served.

Robert W. Dunbar, 1845 to 1854; Theodore Vennemann, 1854 to 1858; Leroy Calvert, 1862 to 1874; John Rheinlander, 1874 to 1866; F. Lunkenheimer, 1866 to 1871; Wm. Warren, Jr., 1871 to 1875; Emil Rahn, 1875 to 1879; Thomas P. Britton, 1879 to 1883; John Y. Hayes, 1883 to 1887; August Leich, 1887 to 1891; James F. Saunders, 1891 to 1895; Charles F. H. Laval, 1895 to 1899; Philip J. Euler, 1899 to 1903; John P. Walker, 1904 to 1905; Otto L. Klauss, 1906 to 1911.

With the exception of John P. Walker, the above were all men of the finest business ability. They were men, good and true, in every sense of the word, and no man has ever dared to raise one finger, even in doubt, against any of them. But poor John Walker was only the creature of "peanut poli-

tics," the curse of Evansville and Venderburg County. He was put in as was many another "good fellow" and we paid for it.

Business men do not put "good fellows" in their stores! They would not let them work for nothing. But politicians, to gratify their own selfish ends, would put in a yellow dog if they could be the gainers by it. Let one of them dare to come and deny this to me and I'll give him a list of names of officials, city and county, and make him admit that his own father would not have hired them. I've lived here too long. Fairy tales don't have any effect on me for I was personally acquainted with the old fairies when they used to saunter out at night—without their crowns.

COUNTY AUDITORS.

James McJohnson was appointed in 1841 as the first auditor and served two years. His successor was H. C. Gwathmey, who resigned shortly after his appointment. William H. Walker was appointed in 1842 and held the office until 1862. Since that time the following have served:

Victor Bisch, 1862 to 1870; Philip Decker, from 1870 to 1874; Joseph J. Reitz, from 1874 to 1878; Wm. Warren, Jr., from 1878 to 1882; Charles F. Yeager, from 1882 to 1886; James D. Parvin, from 1886 to 1894; Louis D. Legler, from 1894 to 1898; Louis Legler, 1894 to 1902; Harry Stinson, 1903 to 1910.

The office of auditor was the last one created and the fact that so many resigned before their terms had expired shows that the pay was very small. But Wm. H. Walker must have made money, as he held the office for 19 years. Victor Bisch, it is said, made more money out of the office than any of the predecessors. A writer says, "Like all places of public trust, in later years it grew to be an office that paid the incumbent very well, as the emoluments increased, through the system of professional politics." In 1895 a new act was made by the legislature which reduced the value of the office. There were also two other acts which were supposed to affect it but it is a question whether or not they did.

COUNTY AGENT.

This was an office unknown at the present day. It was created for the purpose of having a man to sell county property, make purchases for the use of the county, execute papers for it and report to the county commissioners. In fact, he did most of the work for the board of the county commissioners. It was found, however, that the office was an unnecessary one and in 1852 Hon. Thomas E. Garven who held it, surrendered his trust. When the new state constitution was founded, the two offices were merged in with that of the auditor.

COUNTY RECORDER.

The county recorders of Vanderburg County have been, Hugh McGary, B. M. Lewis, W. T. Jones, Geo. H. Todd, Christian Bippus, John Farrel, F. Lunkenheimer, C. Tomhemelt, S. B. Sansom, Charles T. Jenkins, Louis Sihler, Otto Durre, Paul DeKress, Ed. H. Rasch.

Ed. H. Rasch, 1894 to 1902; Theo. Kevekordes, 1903 to 1906; Fred H. Woelker, 1907 to 1910.

Kevekordes was another "good fellow." It is needless to say how or when he left. Peanut politics put him in.

COUNTY CLERKS.

This office began as usual, with Hugh McGary and after him came James W. Jones, C. D. Bourne, Samuel T. Jenkins, Ben Stinson, Jacob Lunkenheimer, Louis Richter, Blythe Hynes, Soren Sorenson, Jesse W. Walker, Charles F. Boepple, Charles Sihler.

Chas. Sihler, 1896 to 1904; 1905 to 1912.

COUNTY SHERIFFS.

The sheriffs in the county in their order were as follows: John B. Stinson, Hazael Putnam, Alanson Warner, James Newman, Alanson Warner, Daniel Miller, Levi Price, Edward Hopkins, Daniel Miller, Thomas F. Stockwell, Wm. W. Walker, John Echols, John S. Terry, John S. Gavitt, John B. Hall, John S. Gavitt, Geo. Wolflin, Robert Early, Alex Darling, Jacob H. Miller, Adolph Pfafflin, Christ Wunderlich, J. A. Lemcke, Thomas Kerth, Charles Schaum, Frank Pritchett, Andrew Richardt and Charles G. Covert.

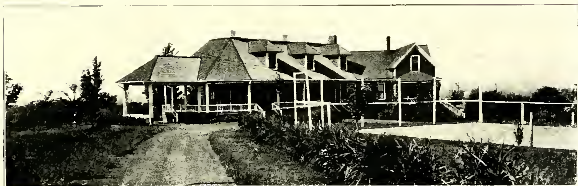
Martin Koepke, 1898 to 1902; Christ W. Kratz, 1902 to 1906; Wm. E. Barnes, 1907 to 1910.

COUNTY SURVEYORS.

The records of this office have been poorly kept. The first we find on record is Joseph M. McDowell, June 17th, 1819. Then there is a jump of many years, during which time it seems that everybody did their own surveying, or occasionally employed a surveyor to run lines or drive stakes. It seems that there was not a competent surveyor in the country until the time of Geo. G. Olmstead, who served until 1853. Azariah Wittlesey, 1855; James W. Saunders, 1856; J. R. Frick, 1860; James D. Saunders, 1862; S. C. Rogers, 1864; Charles B. Bateman, 1870; August Pfafflin, 1872; James D. Saunders, 1876; Robert S. Cowan, 1880; George W. Rank, 1882; George W. Saunders, 1884; Franklin Sauers, 1886; Ira A. Fairchilds, 1890; C. C. Genung, 1892; Fred R. Puder, 1896.

C. Genning, 1901 to 1903; Wm. E. Lemme, 1903 to 1906; Jess Bedford, and Gus Pfafflin, 1907 to 1909; Julius Ehlers, 1909 to 1910.

CRESCENT CLUB



EVANSVILLE COUNTRY CLUB

COUNTY CORONERS.

Here is a list of the coroners of the county: Lewis Tackett, 1818; Alanson Warner, 1819; Daniel Avery, 1822; Jesse C. Doom, 1824; Alanson Warner, 1825; John Shaver, 1827; David H. Stevens, 1829; Seth Fairchild, 1831; Z. B. Aydelott, 1836; Adrain Young, 1838; Seth Fairchild, 1842; Lewis Howes, 1844; John Cupples, 1847; Allen C. Hallock, 1849; George A. Fairchild, 1862; John Beschman, 1864; Samuel P. Havlin, 1866; George F. Sauer, 1868; Robert Smith, 1872; George F. Sauer, 1874; Fred Wastjer, 1878; John B. Hermeling, 1880; Dr. Elijah E. Carter, 1882; Fred Wahnsiedler, 1884; Alfred Andrews, 1888; Charles P. Beard, 1892; Charles Johann, 1894 to 1898.

John P. Walker, 1898 to 1902; A. Matt Walling, 1903 to 1906; E. J. Laval, 1907 to 1910.

REPRESENTATIVES IN THE LEGISLATURE.

Below is a complete list of our representatives in the state legislature: Hugh M. Donague, 1821; Joseph Lane, 1822; Robert M. Evans, 1822; John McGrary, 1825; Thomas Fitzgerald, 1825; Charles M. McJohnson, 1827; William Trafton, 1828; Robert M. Evans, 1829; Joseph Lane, 1830; John A. Breckenridge, 1833; Christopher C. Graham, 1835; Wm. T. T. Jones, 1836; Joseph Lane, 1838; Wm. B. Butler, 1839; Amos Clark, 1841; W. B. Butler, 1842; Daniel Miller, 1843; James T. Walker, 1844; Conrad Baker, 1845; Charles T. Battell, 1846; James E. Blythe, 1847; Nathaniel J. James, 1848; Wm. R. Greathouse, 1849; Isaac Hutchins, 1850; Willard Carpenter, 1851; John M. Stockwell, 1853; Grampel W. Hardin, 1855; Charles Denby, 1857; Ben Stinson, 1859; Jas. E. Blythe, 1859; Joseph E. Edson, 1861; Jno. S. Hopkins, 1861; T. E. Garvin, 1863; Jno. A. Reitz, 1863; E. F. Sullivan, 1865; Fred W. Cook, 1865; Emil Bischoff, 1867; Jno. S. Hopkins, 1867; Leroy Calvert, 1869; Jos. F. Welborn, 1869; Robt. P. Hooker, 1871; Wm. Heilman, 1871; James D. Riggs, 1873; Geo. Wolflin, 1873; Adolph Pfafflin, 1875; Wm. H. Miller, 1875; John Whitehead, 1877; John Dannettell, 1877; John S. Hopkins, 1870; Jacob W. Messick, 1870; John H. Roclker, 1881; John F. Pruitt, 1883; James W. Spain, 1883; John F. Pruitt, 1885; Christopher J. Murphy, 1885; Philip Klein, 1887; Robert L. Mackey, 1887; Jacob Covert, 1887; Jacob Covert, 1889; John J. Nolan 1891; M. J. Niblack, 1891; John Foster, 1893; Albert Kamp, 1893; Fred Holloway, 1895; Albert Kamp, 1895; B. M. Willoughby, 1895; H. J. Peckinpaugh, 1897; Christ Kratz, Jr., 1897; B. M. Willoughby, 1897; C. C. Shreeder, 1903 to 1910; Adolph Decker, 1903 to 1904; Louis H. Legler, 1905 to 1906; Otto Geiss, 1907 to 1908; Christ Hewig, 1909 to 1910. Joint representatives, Oscar Luhring, 1903 to 1904; Phelps Darby, 1905 to 1906.

STATE SENATORS.

The state senators have been representative men, socially and intellectually. The list to 1897 is as follows: Ratliff Boone, 1818; Elisha Harrison,

1819; Thomas Given, 1825; Charles I. Battell, 1833; William Casey, 1835; Joseph Jane, 1839; Gaines H. Roberts, 1840; John Pitcher, 1841; Joseph Lane, 1844; Wm. H. Stockwell, 1846; Enoch R. James, 1847; Wm. R. Greathouse, 1853; Cyrus K. Drew, 1855; Mangus T. Carnahan, 1859; Daniel Morgan, 1869; Henry Morgan, 1860; Henry Clay Gooding, 1873; William Heilman, 1887; Wm. Rahm, Jr., 1881; Thos. Kerth, 1889; A. J. McCutchan, 1893 to 1895; August Leich, 1897 to 1899; Edgar Durre, 1905 to 1912; Samuel Crumbaker, 1902 to 1904. Joint senators, Walter A. Legeman, 1899 to 1902; James Gray, 1903 to 1904; Clamor Pelzer, 1905 to 1908.

COUNTY ASSESSORS.

This office was created by the legislature in 1891. After the act went into effect, the county commissioners appointed William Dean to fill the new office until his successor could be elected and qualified. He served from 1891 to 1892. Henry Haynie succeeded him in 1892 and served until 1896. His successor was William Diedrich, whose official term expired in 1900. Township assessor, Noah A. Riggs, 1901 to 1912; Henry E. Drier, 1900 to 1910.

JUDGE OF SUPERIOR COURT.

John H. Foster, 1898 to March, 1905; Alexander Gilchrist, 1905 to 1910.

JUDGE OF CIRCUIT COURT.

H. A. Mattison, 1896 to 1902; Louis C. Rasch, 1903 to 1908; Curran A. DeBruler, 1909 to 1914.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FRATERNAL AND BENEVOLENT ORDERS—THE BEGINNING OF MASONRY AND ODD FELLOWSHIP—OTHER ORDERS—ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL—THE ORPHAN ASYLUMS—THE OUTING FARM.

FRATERNAL AND BENEVOLENT ORDERS.

If one were to look into the records of the various cities it is probable that it would be found to be a fact that in no city of its size in the country has there been more interest in fraternal and benevolent organizations than in the city of Evansville. This has been a fact since its earliest history. As the matter stands today, there is probably no fraternal organization now existing that is not now represented, or has been represented in the past in this city. The great numbers of benevolent orders is due to the fact that there have been so many of the working class in the city. It has always been a city of few rich men, and this is a fact that has worked against its advancement in the past. And the reason that so many of these humbler ones in the way of the world's goods went into benevolent orders was that each wished in some way to protect his family in case of his death. The majority of recent orders have been based on a plan of cheap life insurance and it is unfortunate that some of them have found that it was impossible to carry absolutely safe life insurance at a less rate than that fixed by the old insurance companies. The decay of one very important order which at one time had eight different lodges here, was due to the fact that when it was founded, the men were all young and the death losses were so few, that quite a sum was laid by to meet them. This continued for years, until the members began to grow old and drop off at such a ratio that the fees from new members and the dues could not possibly meet the death losses and as the society did not invest its surplus as do the great insurance companies who have millions at their control, it was only a short time until the treasury was nearly bankrupted. Then it was decided that an extra assessment must be placed on the older members and this was attempted, but it did not work, because they naturally felt that after paying a stated sum for many years, it was wrong to fix an extra tax on them, because they had grown old. They had fully believed that enough young men could be induced to enter into the order to keep the age ratio at about the same standard all the time. This was demonstrated in other orders and a case is told of a young man who joined an order and after being

taken into full membership, looked around and saw nothing but old men, and his business instincts told him that there could only be one outcome to his investment if he looked on it as a business investment, and that was, that when he paid death benefits for these old men, there would be nothing left. He therefore went the next day and took some straight life insurance which he is now carrying.

Most of the new orders of the present day are trying by every means to do away with what seems to be the fate of the older benevolent orders, but whether they will succeed in this attempt time alone will show. It is an absolute fact, however, that the American table of mortality has a splendid bases on which to go and the rates made by the old insurance companies are based on thorough business principles as brought out by the very finest experts that money can command. And no benevolent order existing can hope to insure at a rate any lower than that made by these same old companies. If one joins a benevolent society for the fraternal benefits, that is all right, and in case he suddenly meets death, his family will be cared for. But no one enters these orders with any expectation of this kind. It is a safe proposition, however, that any man who belongs to any fraternal order of any kind, is just so much better off than the man who doesn't. The writer in his day has belonged to nearly every fraternal organization in the city and does not regret in the least the money that it cost him. Fortunately he lived longer than many, but if he had died his family would have been benefited, and he certainly appreciates the many, many pleasant hours spent with the brethren in the different lodges. As is well known to everyone who has given the matter any thought, the Masons and the Odd Fellows are the two fundamental orders. In Masonry it can be proven that a regular lodge was instituted in the year 926 in England but their history and their symbols antedate that period hundreds of years Solomon's Temple shows many of the symbols used by masonry. At the base of Cleopatra's column, which latter work of art was brought to this country, are the masonic symbols and in Yucatan, a country from which now the greatest relics are being obtained, the masonic symbols are still being found. One of our greatest American diplomats found himself in China and was told that there were Masons in the city where he was. He went to the door and although not understanding one word of the Chinese language, worked his way into the lodge where they were giving the Master Masons degree. Before leaving the lodge, through an interpreter, he asked how long they had understood Masonry and the reply was, "Before the days of Confucious." This would make the date many hundreds of years before Christ. The Masons claim and probably, very justly, that Masonry began with the building of the tower of Babel and that when the Masons separated, they took their beliefs into the various parts of the world and taught them in the different tongues which were there given. It is known that Masonry existed among the Indians. By whom it was

taught no one knows, but that there were Masons among them has been proven without any doubt.

Odd Fellowship comes next in point of age. Without going into detail about its history, it began in this city in 1839 when the first charter was granted to nine members.

Masonry began here in 1819 with Alex A. Meeks as grand master, Jay Morehaus as worshipful master, William Olmstead as senior warden, and Amos Clark as junior warden. They met in the fourth story of the warehouse at the corner of Water and Locust streets, used by Shanklin and Reilly. In 1832 the lodge surrendered its charter and for fifteen years there was no Masonic lodge here. When the town was changed to a city in 1847 another lodge of Masons was founded, on April 3, 1848. They petitioned the Grand Master for a dispensation and Evansville lodge (No. 64) was established. It must be remembered that in the early days before 1817 Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky were all in one grand jurisdiction but the grand officers could not give the proper attention to so large a territory and that was why the first lodge (Olive Branch) was started here. After 1847 of which I have spoken, the first great increase in the population of Evansville became noticed and many strangers who came here were Masons from Kentucky and other states. Those asking for dispensations were: Rev. C. A. Foster, John C. Hibbard, James T. Walker, Nathan Raleigh, P. G. O'Riley, A. Farnsworth, and Richard Patridge. So it will be seen that quite a number of our pioneer citizens were Masons. The following gentlemen have been worshipful masters since that day: Rev. C. A. Foster, James T. Walker, W. Gubbell, D. A. Farnsley, W. A. McRea, William Hubbell, William E. Hollingsworth, T. W. Simpson, Ellis Sharra, Issaah Haas, George W. Shearer, C. H. Butterfield, George Burch, A. J. McCutchan, John Foulks, W. F. Epmeir, D. L. Dowl, Otis Wood, M. Moran, Jacob K. Koruntz, Alex Crawford.

This lodge afterwards removed to the third story of Judge Foster's building at the corner of Main and First streets and a lodge room was prepared especially for Masonic purposes where the craft remained for many years. Later they removed to the fourth story of William H. Klausmann's building on Main between Second and Third streets. The membership kept increasing and more commodious quarters were needed, so when the Merchants' National Bank which is the building now occupied by the Weil Brothers, and formerly the Merchants' National Bank, was erected, a committee was appointed with a view to taking the third story for the Masons. They succeeded in getting a lease for ten years and occupied it for several years after the expiration of the lease. When Mr. James L. Orr in 1887 erected his beautiful building at the corner of Locust and Second, the Masons approached him and succeeded in leasing the entire third story, which was fitted up in a special manner for their use. They had separate rooms for the Blue lodge, Chapter, Council and Commandery. They also had elegant parlors and spacious banquet halls and

a kitchen. It was only recently that they saw, as noted elsewhere, an opportunity to buy the beautiful Cumberland church at the corner of Chestnut and Second, where they are now quartered in one of the most handsome Masonic temples in the country. Reed lodge grew out of the order in 1865 and was composed of a number of brethren who had not been connected with the Evansville lodge and who wished to form a new one. To this the old lodge consented and a petition was prepared by Dr. Haas and J. H. Carlin, and 14 master masons subscribed. The grand master issued a dispensation and appointed Rev. Samuel Ried worshipful master, W. C. Hargrave, senior warden; H. Koch, junior warden. Their charter was granted in May, 1866. The worshipful masters of Reed lodge have been, Rev. Samuel Ried, W. C. Hargrave, T. W. Simpson, W. C. Hollingsworth, Ellis Shearer, G. H. Fish, G. N. Wells, J. W. Barbour, John J. Hays, J. S. Turner, A. C. Isaacs, William M. Blakey, H. A. Mattison, W. N. Webb, J. W. Erwin, S. W. Douglass, T. W. Summers, Herman Engle.

Lessing Lodge No. 64 was composed almost entirely of Germans who took their demits from Evansville lodge for the purpose of working in the German language. The dispensation was granted in 1872. The worshipful masters have been Rev. Carl Runch, Fred Hoffman, K. L. Altwater, P. Nonweiler, J. Garaul, K. L. Back, Christ Yung, S. J. Loewenstein, Herman Wilde.

Evansville Chapter Royal Arch Masons was established April 25, 1848. It has been very successful and has taken into its ranks some of the very best material in the city. Col. Charles H. Butterfield attained high rank, as did also Major H. A. Mattison.

Simpson council was instituted May 21, 1867. The different illustrious masters have been, George H. Fish, Alexander Sheara, Charles H. Butterfield, P. W. Simpson, A. C. Isaacs, Charles H. Robarts, Chester H. Chubb.

LaValette Commandery No. 19, Knights Templar was granted a dispensation on March 14, 1868. The Knights Templar of course are a high branch of the York rite, the order of Temple being the highest of this rite. This commandery was organized with twenty-four members consisting of some of the most prominent men in the city, who have been mentioned several times above. For the first six years of its organization, its progress was slow but in 1874 new interest was taken and a very large increase in membership was shown. The eminent commanders have been George H. Fish, E. W. Patrick, C. H. Butterfield, William E. Hollingsworth, H. C. Mattison, William M. Blakey, George M. Wells, H. W. Walker, S. W. Douglass, E. T. Morgan, E. P. Hewson.

Otis Wood, Wm. Moran, J. G. Koung, Alex Crawford, David Schofield, J. W. Smith, David Schofield, Fred Herbert, H. A. Walker, W. H. Greer, Jessie Weil, Fred Berbert, Johas H. Smith, Carl C. Lavery, John C. McPhillips, James H. Gossage, Thos. A. Swift, George Lindsay, H. H.

Eldridge, Arthin E. Brown, Edward R. Smith, John G. Wingerten, Linvan L. Wood, Edw. A. Torrance, Wm. G. Downs.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

As stated, Odd Fellowship was started in Evansville in 1839. There had drifted in quite a number of Odd Fellows in good standing and among them were William Wandell and Christian Decker, one of the old pioneers of the city. He had not been actively associated with the order for some forty years. The first charter granted them was to only nine members but it has grown very fast after the bad luck which seemed to attend them at their start. They held their first meetings in Griffith's hardware store which was where Marble hall now stands and then removed to Nathan Raleigh's house at the corner of First and Main. This was not a very enticing place, as entrance had to be made by ascending a flight of stairs on the outside of the building and passing through a door in the gable, which was much like a trap door. Afterwards they held meetings in a hall at the corner of Locust and Water, which was their lodge room for eight years, until it was torn away. Then for twenty years they occupied a hall on the southwest corner of Main and First. The membership kept increasing until a handsome building was put up at the corner of Vine and First, where I. Gans' store now stands. It cost, exclusive of the lot, some $50,000. Two of the lodges held $23,000 worth of stock in it and it was heavily mortgaged and in 1880 was sold to D. J. Mackey, for $32,000. The order remained here for eight years, until the beautiful building was destroyed by fire. They then moved to the corner of Main and Fifth. When E. T. McNeely modernized the old Roelker building, the order rented the entire upper floor and had most commodious quarters until the time of the fire which destroyed the building. Failing to find any other vacant place they have been compelled to move to St. John's school house, where they will doubtless remain until they lay plans for a new building. As the order is very strong in the city, the chances are that it will be but a short time until they will own their own home.

Morning Star lodge was instituted December 4, 1839. A great many noble grands have presided over this lodge, among them were Gen. James E. Blythe, H. Q. Wheeler, Judge James Lockhart, F. C. Goodsell, James G. Jones, William H. Chandler, Joseph P. Elliot, Levi L. Laycock, Philip Hornbrook, Joseph E. Turnock, John F. Glover, Edward Tabor, Cyrus K. Drew, William Warren, and B. Wiltshire.

Many of these names are identical with the pioneer history of Evansville. For a long time this lodge had one of the oldest Odd Fellows in the world, Joseph L. Turnock, who became an Odd Fellow in England a great many years ago. It would be hard to estimate the number of times that this old citizen attended various lodges up to the time of his death.

Evansville encampment was instituted in 1850 with only seven members. Among them were Joseph Turnock and William Hunnel, another old citizen. All of the others have passed away. Daniel Woolsey, William Hubbell, Dr. Laycock, H. Q. Wheeler, and Louis Howes, were members of this encampment.

Evansville Lodge No. 85 was instituted in 1851 but surrendered its charter some six years afterwards. Crescent Lodge No. 122 was organized in 1853 and several of the members before mentioned belonged to it.

Sihler Lodge No. 138 was chiefly Germans and among its charter members were Philip Deusner, Jacob Sinsich, George Wolflin, John Karsch, L. Daum, John Emerich and August Uhl. Sihler encampment was instituted in 1865.

Rising Star Lodge No. 544 was instituted in 1877 and Alex. Maddox, William Alexander, Louis Langhoff, the Koch Brothers, the Stinchfield Brothers and Ed. L. Cody were among the charter members.

Eagle Lodge No. 599 was instituted May 7, 1880, with twenty-eight charter members. Among them were Captain J. W. Wartman, T. J. Groves, Charles T. Jenkins, John J. Hays, J. J. aMrlett and Joseph Hennel. There are three lodges of the Daughters of Rebecca—Colfax Lodge, Sarah Lodge and Diana Lodge.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

No order established in Evansville ever grew with the rapidity that marked the progress of the Knights of Pythias. It started here in 1873. almost an unknown thing, for it was in fact, something new in the line of benevolent orders. Its three cardinal principles were friendship, charity and benevolence, and its oath one of the most beautiful ever taken. It was not gotten up as an insurance order, but as a fraternal order in the strict sense of the word. Its ranks were soon filled with the very best young men in the city of Evansville, as it seemed at that time that most of the other men were in the older orders. The various lodges exercised their principles in the true sense of the word. They indeed alleviated the sufferings of a brother. They succored the unfortunate, watched at the bedside of the sick, soothed the dying and performed the last sad rites of the grave and cared with all of a brother's love, for the widow and orphans and not only that, but the career of every young man who joined the order was watched as one brother watches over another. If his steps started in the downward path, there were always loving hands ready to snatch him back and place him on a firm footing again. These are matters of the secret history of the lodges and the outside world knows nothing about them. But that they are facts, none knows better than the writer of this work. There were twenty-four charter members in Orion Lodge, which was the parent lodge. When it was instituted it was assisted by Ivy lodge of Henderson, Kentucky. Many men have served in the chancellor's chair and in the various other chairs of this old lodge. So rapid was the growth of

this order, that it was deemed best to start another lodge and in 1886 St, George lodge was founded. The lodge had been meeting over the First National Bank and St. George lodge, after being instituted, continued to meet there. At the same time Pythianism spread all over this section and St. George lodge was the parent of lodges established at Princeton and New Harmony. Again it was found necessary to divide up the growing order and Ben Hur lodge was instituted in June, 1888, with the largest charter membership of any K. of P. lodge in the state. In 1877, thirty-five members of Orion lodge organized what was termed the Drill Corps, but they succeeded so well in their military work that they changed the name to the Uniform Ranks.

EVANSVILLE DIVISION NO. 4.

This was only a short time before there was a state encampment of the order at Indianapolis and the Evansville corps by its splendid drilling, captured the second prize. In 1882 the Supreme lodge of the Knights of Pythias of the world convened at St. Louis and the National encampment was quite an event in history. The Evansville division under command of Sir Knight Captain Charles Myerhoff, attended and entered the drill, carrying off second prize. In 1888 the Crescent city Rank No. 49 was instituted with thirty-five members and Captain Charles Wunderlich in command. It was composed of the very best of military talent and made quite a record. The writer served for four years as major in the Uniform rank, on Gen. Carnahan's staff, and it was his duty to drill the different ranks in this section of the state. He will never forget the many happy hours he spent with the brethren both here and in the little towns around here. At one time the Knights gave a parade here that never has been excelled in point of beauty by any other order. The uniform of the Knights was a particularly taking one, and was much on the style of the Knights Templar of the Masonic body. In fact, it has always been a question as to which of the two bodies made the best parade in Evansville. St. George lodge and Ben Hur have been given up and there now remains only Orion and Evansville lodges. But as the number of Knights increased it was deemed best to concentrate the body and instead of splitting it into so many different lodges. Some of the best young men of Evansville have been identified with Pythianism and many whose hair is now changed to gray. Sir Knight Joseph Turnock was the oldest man in the order in Indiana. Charles E. Pittman, A. C. Hawkins, and R. C. Groves held high positions, while Charles Laval, Mort C. Compton, William C. Page, Louis H. Legler, William E. Barnes, J. W. Gleichman, H. W. Cloud, James D. Riggs, E. P. Elliot, A. M. Hayden, A. D. Denny, F. J. Erwin, George Skinner, A. C. Tanner, the late James Foster and others, were identified with it all through its history.

TRIBE OF BEN HUR.

One of the most successful of the modern benevolent orders is the one known as the Tribe of Ben Hur which is supposed to be based on the book of that name written by General Lew Wallace. The Supreme tribe of Ben Hur was organized in Crawfordsville, Indiana, on March 1, 1894. The official seal bears the plate of the famous chariot race which is one of the exciting portions of Gen. Wallace's book. The order in the beginning started on what was known as the level premium plan. That is, collection of twelve payments each year from every member, regardless of the death rate. This created a surplus and reserve fund to provide for the increased cost of caring for the business end as the order grew older. In 1894 the first court, Evansville No. 10, was organized here by the supreme chief and it was the first court in the entire supreme jurisdiction. At this writing, the order has six courts in this city, Evansville No. 10, Crescent City No. 122, Vanderburg No. 127, Germania No. 165, Evening Star No. 231 and Faith No. 236. This order has a membership in the city at present of over 3,000, and it has paid over $1,000 for death benefits in this city. The order is growing very rapidly and is now operating in thirty-two different states and has a membership of over 110,000. It has paid over $7,000,000 for death benefits and now has a surplus of $1,500,000. During the last year 20,000 new members were admitted, $912,000 was paid for death claims and the net increase in the surplus fund was nearly $4,000. This order puts men and women on an equal basis. Certificates are issued for $500 to $3,000, payable in case of death. The ritualistic part of the work of initiation is very beautiful. The age limit in this order is fifty-five years and there is no change in the assessment, that is a member twenty-one years of age pays the same rate as one of fifty. There is no funeral benefit, of course, as this is expected to be paid out of the death payment, but there is the sick benefit of $5 per week. It is said by the members, many of whom are shrewd business men, that the businesslike manner in which the affairs of this order are conducted, will preclude all possibility of its ever going to pieces as have some of the other orders which are based on the assessment plan.

THE A. O. U. W.

This order was founded in Meadville, Pa., in 1868, by John J. Upchurch. At the time of its foundation, Mr. Upchurch felt that he had founded an order which would last for all time to come. The dues were reasonable and the sick benefits were adequate and the death benefit, $2,000, was quite an item and it offered a means for a great many men of small capital to enter its ranks. It gained a great foothold in the city of Evansville just after it was established in Terre Haute in 1873 and during its existence was one of the strongest orders known in this city. The parent lodge was Vanderburg Lodge No. 34, of which the writer is past master workman. This started with fifteen charter members and the order grew

so rapidly that it was only a short time until the city contained six different lodges. Probably the greatest misfortune to the A. O. U. W. was that men past the middle age of life hastened to take advantage of the cheap insurance that it offered and naturally the death rate increased in a very fast ratio, but there was plenty of young blood being added at the time and for some years it was considered one of the safest and best benevolent organizations here. Mr. Fred Baker, who is now at the head of the Intermediate Life Insurance Company, was for years recorder, and filled the office with great ability. The order was so strong that it even had a monthly newspaper which was published by George E. Clarke, a most enthusiastic worker. This paper was well gotten up, of much interest to the members of the order and had quite a wide circulation. The lodges were as follows: Vanderburg No. 34, Leni Leoti No. 43, Humbolt No. 39, Germania No. 52, Lone Star No. 56, Evening Star No. 14, Excelsior Lodge No. 39. As referred to in a preceding account, the same rules which affected other orders of this kind affected the A. O. U. W. The younger members began to drop out and in spite of the hard work of the many old and influential members who had the interest of the order at heart, it was found impossible to get in new blood. As the old members began to die off, and there came a rush of death losses to pay, the monthly dues were increased. This had the effect of driving the remaining members out of the order with the exception of a few who now pay to the supreme recorder and are entitled to both sick and death benefits, the same as if the order still had lodges in Evansville. It is but just to say that the downfall of this order was not only a matter of deep regret, to all those vitally interested in its success, but it cast a damper on other younger orders which were coming into existence here. Another benevolent order which was founded in Evansville in 1880 was the Royal Arcanum. The first lodge was called the Evansville Council No. 49, and it was instituted with twenty charter members. This order is both benevolent and social and was founded in Boston in 1877. Among the first officers here were: Will Warren, regent; S. B. Lewis, vice regent; James W. Rucker, orator; D. A. Nisbet, past regent; S. B. Nisbet, secretary; C. H. McCarer, collector; S. W. Douglass, guide; Charles E. Pittman, warden; W. F. Augden, W. H. Keller and Cicero Buchanon, trustees. There are now four councils in the city, the Evansville, Vanderburg, Minnuet and Lamasco. The meeting place for the uptown lodge is in the G. A. R. hall in the Orr building on Locust and Second. This order is in splendid financial condition and this is due to the fact that the medical examinations of this order were particularly strict. It is a fact well known that many men who had been received into various other orders without any trouble, were declined by the Royal Arcanum, and it became known to be a fact that any man who could enter that body must be as physically perfect as would be a soldier who could pass a government examination. The order is increasing all the time and bids fair for a long and successful life.

THE CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

Is, as may be assumed, composed entirely of Roman Catholics. The order was founded in Nashville, Tennessee, in 1877, by Bishop P. A. Feehan, who afterwards became Bishop of Chicago. This, like all others, is a fraternal and benevolent organization and has in its ranks a great number of the very best Catholics in the city. The first branch founded here was Evansville Lodge No. 46 which had a large roster from the start. There are at present five other branches in the city and the order is on a solid financial basis. Added to this is the fact that young men are continually being taken into the order and there is no danger of its going into any decline. It has a fine drill corps whose uniform is very handsome and they present a very martial appearance when they turn out.

There are two organizations among the Jewish element of the city of Evansville, the Independent Order of B'Nai B'rith and Kesher, Shel Barsel Hebrew. This first order mentioned was founded in New York in 1840 and Thisbe Lodge No. 24 was instituted here on May 9, 1860. The organization is composed of almost all of the leading Israelites of this city and it does a great deal of benevolent work. The Spinoza lodge was instituted in 1874 and contains equally prominent Jewish citizens as the others. This also instituted a second lodge in 1876 called the Centennial lodge. All he orders of the Kesher Shel Barsel are now out of existence and the only remaining Jewish order is the order of B'Nai B'rith which is in good shape and constantly increasing and holds its meetings at its hall over the City National Bank.

B. P. O. E.

Sometimes called the Best People on Earth and also the horned gentlemen. By this, of course, I mean the Elks, who have a beautiful home at the corners of First and Locust, one of the most handsome pieces of architecture in the city and is the second finest Elk's home in the United States. It may be that I have a tender place in my heart for these horned gentlemen, but can only say that they deserve the best that any one can say or think of them, for a better, more jovial, more friendly and more benevolent set of men never joined together to form an order. It was in 1889 that Evansville Lodge No. 116 was instituted here. The charter members were J. B. Walker, E. B. Morgan, W. E. Sherwood, A. M. Owen, H. T. Reis, W. E. Douglas, and Joseph Burck. Frank Pritchett, who was then sheriff, and who still can be seen every day at the beautiful home, was the first man initiated and it is safe to say that he would not take anything for the honor he holds of being No. 1 in Lodge No. 116. For a long time this lodge held its meetings in a room in the Vickery block while in the front part of the building was another room used for their banquets. The terms, benevolent and protective, mean exactly what they say. There is no death benefit in the order but during the life time of a member he is always looked after by his brothers and so are his relatives when want comes to his door. If

the steps of a brother take a downward path, he is helped back into the right road. One of the mottos of the lodge is, "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth," and while other orders may do good to the poor and let it be known who contributes, the Elks never do. Many a poor family have received assistance and never knew from whence it came, but the Elks knew and it is not betraying a secret of the order to say that what is done in the lodge room is never allowed to be referred to outside, so that there is no possible way for recipients of charity to know from whence aid comes, so long as the Elks are a factor in giving. When the order was first founded I am free to admit that fun was the great point. The initiations were the most ludicrous either here or anywhere else and if a little money was received from initiations, or dues, it was spent at once in doing good and in little modest feasts for the brethren. But as the order grew rapidly and funds began to accumulate the brethren began to look for something higher and better. The social sessions were still kept up but the feasts were discontinued and a series of entertainments were given, all looking forward to raising a fund with which to build a home, but in that early day even the most sanguine never thought that the Elks would own a home such as they now possess. It is safe to say that there is no order in Evansville in which there are brighter or better or more substantial members, and especially in stage talent is the lodge blessed. One entertainment was given after another, until it grew to be a common remark, "the Elks never gave a bad show," and this is a fact, for many of their performances would rank alongside with the best professionals in the country. At one time they engaged a circus for one week and played on the grounds of Mr. F. W. Cook on Washington avenue. At this circus the exalted ruler appeared as ring master, while some of the best business men in the city acted as peanut and lemonade boys, sold reserved seats, etc., while on the outside the younger talent acted as bally hoo men for the side shows. The circus was a wonderful success and was not forgotten for many a long year. It was at this circus that Mr. Manson Gilbert, now a staid architect, six feet two inches in height, appeared at each performance with his trick circus pony. The cages for this show were made here and the wonderful exhibits that appeared on the inside as the wild animals paraded through the city, were enough to drive spectators into convulsions. It is unfortunate that an event occurred just after the closing of the circus which deprived the order of a great deal of money, but nothing daunted, they set to work to retrieve their losses. Much of the success of the order today is due to Mr. Frank Schwegeman and I think that almost every member will bear me out in this statement and without the least feeling of jealousy. He put into the organization a push and vim that never had existed in it before and his aim was to initiate into the order only the very best possible material that the city of Evansville contained. The exalted rulers have been J. B. Walker, Phil H. Hopkins, James A. McCoy, A. J. Barclay, Frank M. Gilbert (who served three times as exalted

ruler), H. K. Corrington, S. E. Roach, Frank Schwegeman, John J. Nolan, Harry Lowenthal, Chris Hewig, Phil W. Fry, H. Kruckemeyer and the present exalted ruler, Dr. Will Gilbert, who is filling the position in a most able manner. Of their building it is hardly necessary to say very much. A fine photo of it appears in this work. The interior finish is beautiful. The lodge room proper is almost a facsimile of the Pope's chamber in the Vatican at Rome except that at the joining of the walls to the ceiling, there is none of the gilt work which appears in the Vatican. This gives the Elks' lodge room in the opinion of many, a more finished appearance. The stage for the exalted ruler's chair is so arranged as to slip under a regular stage on which performances can be given. This is directly in the front of the building. There is a fine pool room, grill room, dining room and parlors, while all around are immense porches which are utilized by the Elks and their friends during the summer evenings. The finances of the order are in fine condition and the membership is rapidly increasing. The social sessions are still a great feature of the order and it is safe to say that at any of them the feast of reason and the flow of soul is equal to that of any order in this country.

The building stands in the center of a quarter of a square so that there is always plenty of fresh air. This home has been admired by thousands of visitors and almost every Elk who comes to Evansville makes this hospitable building his first stopping palce.

For a time, the order of the Iron Hall existed here, being founded in 1881. It had several branches and seemed to be doing all right, but eventually decided to withdraw from the city.

Aside from these orders there are now a great number of smaller organizations, all of which are in good shape. The Evansville Humane society has taken on new life and its officers at present are: Mr. F. M. Gilbert, president; Mrs. L. Townsend, vice president; and Rev. W. Reid Cross, secretary. Mr. Adolph Melzer, who is a life member of the society, has been doing wonderful work of late and is at present engaged in making some new ordinances which will without doubt be passed by the city council. The old humane laws of the city have been wofully deficient. In fact, they are almost the same as the old English laws of a hundred years ago. The Humane society has a very efficient officer, Mr. Fred Heuke, who is a terror to the many brutes in Evansville who have been in the habit under the lax law of the past, of abusing poor dumb beasts whenever their cowardly hearts so desired. The game and fish protective association is doing quite an effective work at all times and the Evansville gun club, which numbers in its ranks some of the best shots in the west, have lately taken in new members and have arranged beautiful club shooting grounds four and one-half miles from the city on the Rockport traction line. The officers are Frank Fuchs, president, and George A. Beard, captain and secretary. This club has regular weekly shoots and also shoots on nearly all holidays and once a year gets up a tournament which is opened to the world,

with no one barred. The Turnverein Vonwaerts or what were known as the old Turners club, has always been one of the stalwart clubs of the city of Evansville. Many years ago they built one of the first halls for gymnastic use and for dancing in the city. This was burned down and they built another. They then acquired Germania hall and there has never been a time since I was a small boy that the Turners have not been fully organized and have had some very proficient members in the organization. Prof. Julius Doerter is at present the instructor of the Turners who occupy what was formerly Kingsley Methodist church. In addition to the male members they have female Turners and many of these ladies are experts in the use of the clubs, the dumb bells and rings, while some of them are very expert fencers. This is probably the oldest club that has had an uninterrupted existence during the history of Evansville. It has turned out many athletes in the past who have made almost National reputations and it is a great pity that the American people of Evansville have not felt the absolute need of bringing out the physical development of their children as have those of German birth. The Turners have done untold good in the way of making manly men and they deserve the highest praise for it.

THE EVANSVILLE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

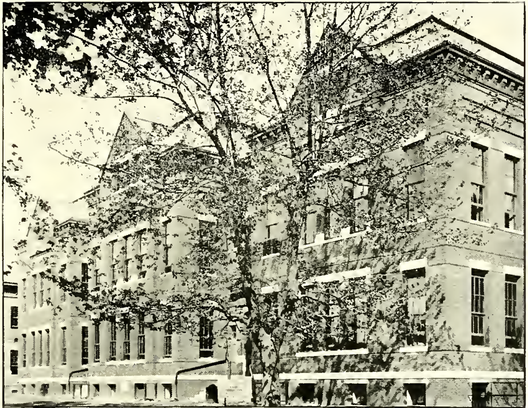
This is one of the strong institutions of the city. It stands as a monument to the memory of one well-known and most warm-hearted women, Mrs. Jacob Sinsich, to whom is due the credit for starting the interest in an institution of this kind. The asylum is a refuge for the homeless little ones who have no parents. Its affairs are looked after by a board who exercise the most careful supervision over all matters of detail. The story goes that on a cold winter morning in 1866 Mrs. Sinsich found two wretched little orphans thinly clad and without friends, home or food, on the wharf. She took charge of them and soon got comfortable homes for them. She brought up the matter of an Orphan's home before Colfax lodge of the Daughters of Rebecca and these ladies found during the same winter, ten orphans without homes or protection, so April 1, 1866, the Asylum was started with eleven children who were placed in the care of Misses Seeley and Hahn at their residence on Mulberry street, near the old cemetery which then stood there. The first officers were: Mrs. N. W. Plumer, Mrs. W. F. Reynolds, Mrs. C. Geisler, Mrs. F. Fisher, Mrs. Elizabeth Turnock, while the board of managers were Mrs. Sinsich, Mrs. Archer, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs Saunders, Mrs. Chute, Mrs. Dannetell and Miss Foster.

During the summer they interested the ladies of all the different churches of Evansville and a great festival was held for the benefit of the asylum from which some $1,500 was raised. In the same year the county commissioners bought a house at the corner of Sixth and Mary streets, where the institution was then moved. In 1871 Governor Conrad Baker arranged to have the board organized and incorporated, and the addition incorporations

were Mrs. Lowry, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Sinsich, Mrs. Archer, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Harrington, Mrs. Nisbet, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Knox. Again in 1872 the county commissioners saw the necessity for still more room and bought the suburban home of Dr. John Laval on West Indiana street, for $16,000. This was a large and comfortable building which stood in the center of twenty acres of land. The matron now is Mrs. Charlotte Davenport and there are about twenty-four children being taken care of. The governing board is Mrs. William Weintz, president, Mrs. Sarah Waltman, vice president, Mrs. Dr. Davidson, vice president.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL.

This is one of the finest hospitals in the western country and is conducted with so much care as to merit most flattering terms from all those who have seen its admirable workings. It was first located on Vermont street between Wabash and Tenth avenues. There were two and one-half acres of very fertile property and the original cost was $25,000. The United States built the hospital in 1856 through the influence of Congressman James Lockhart. It was intended at first for a marine hospital and was a large building three sories high, built of brick with stone trimmings. After the war the government sold it to private parties who afterwards sold it in 1870 to the Sisters of Charity. Sister Maria became its first supervisor. After the discontinuance of the United States marine hospital, the patients were received at St. Mary's and the old marine hospital building was given over to a class of tenants who never paid any rent and therefore the old building went to decay. The new building for this hospital was put up on the corner of First avenue and Columbia street. The ground cost $10,500. One of the greatest donors to this hospital was Mrs. Robert Fergus who gave $15,000. She also gave the first home to the Little Sisters of the Poor. She lived to a great age and before her death was a life patient in the hospital. The corps of physicians who treat the various diseases here, are the very best that can be found in the city. As stated, the institution is one of which the city may well be proud and one of the institutions of this city which deserves to be fostered is what was once known as the Home for the Friendless. This was started by Mrs. Elinor E. Johnson in 1869. It is now known as the Christian home and is under the management of Mrs. Edwards. It occupies a substantial brick building with beautiful grounds on Fulton avenue just across the Belt railroad. It offers an asylum to any woman, who, having lost her crowning jewel and having seen the error of the way that leads not only to present, but eternal damnation, receives her and gives her a chance to retrieve herself and lead a better, purer life. It is too often the case that men and women, and especially the latter, are prone to think that there is no hope for these lost ones, and that once having done wrong, it is impossible for them to ever again do right. If this were said of all men, how few men



CANAL SCHOOL BUILDING

would there be today who could hold up their heads and look their fellowmen in the face, and the same that holds good with one sex holds good with the other. It is true that many attempts to reform these women have been unsuccessful. Many of them, perhaps through heredity and perhaps through early influence, have done better for a time only to return to their former depths of degradation, but if only one out of 100 can be saved, surely it is worth the labor to attempt to do so. And it is a fact known to most men who know the world, that these very women when they have decided to become better, and have married good men, have made the very best of wives. At present there are only few members of this institution as it can be naturally understood, that the friends of these fallen women naturally try to keep them away from any chance to reform and this works a great hardship upon the home, but it has always been ready to extend a helping hand and it will always be one of the institutions which will be kept up in this city.

THE OUTING FARM.

This is an institution that originated in the fertile brain of J. D. Carmody, a man who has always been a great lover of children, just as he has of flowers or of anything that is beautiful. He is a genial, big-hearted man who, though along in years, is as youthful as anybody. The farm is on the Mt. Vernon Traction Line. East two weeks in the summer it is free to twenty-five or thirty boys or girls, the separate sexes coming at different times.

While there are plenty of people around the farm to see that nothing goes wrong with either the children or the property, the children are allowed to spend their time in much the fashion they choose. Sometimes the women in charge suggest games and arrange small parties for them but during the larger part of the day they are told to enjoy themselves the best way they can.

Before the sun is up very high the children, including even the younger ones, are up and about. The usual rising hour is 6 o'clock, but many of them don't sleep that late. They are allowed fifteen minutes for dressing and breakfast is served in the mess hall a few minutes afterwards. The second meal is served about noon and the last meal at 6 o'clock. Unless there is something special doing or the moon is so bright and the night air clear, the whole colony of youngsters is abed shortly after 8 o'clock. On special occasions this schedule is varied but as a rule is carried out.

The Outing farm proper is composed of about thirty-five acres but fifteen of these have been leased. Part of the tract is planted and the farm is boasting of its own tomatoes, potatoes and a few other vegetables. The tract where the mess hall and five cottages are located is clear but on both sides of the home are woods, whose shady nooks and cool spots hold out a great inducement for the city boy and girl who is used to hot streets and breezeless shady spots.

The farm with its five cottages can accommodate fifty boys or girls, but this number is too large to handle easily. In this way every boy will have plenty of room to himself and there will always be plenty from each and every one to do without infringing on the rights of the rest in any way.

The ladies who are in charge at the farm will change places every two weeks. This year the women will have to care for the boys as well as the girls. As only a few boys over twelve years of age pay the farm a visit, their task is not expected to be such a hard one. The farm makes its strongest appeal to the lad of about ten or eleven years. Those younger than that generally get homesick, although boys under eight do pay the farm a visit and stay the alloted time.

The menu served during the day consists of plain but wholesome food. The cooking is of the best and the buttermilk is the best ever tasted.

The Outing farm is one institution that has no special plans for the summer. Then women and men who are directing the affairs of the farm hope only to run the place in such a manner as to attract the boys and girls of this city. To give them a good time, with plenty to eat, plenty of sleep and plenty of fresh air is their aim. The success of last year proved that the farm has long been needed. It gives the boys and girls a chance to spend two weeks on a farm and what healthy youngster doesn't count on a trip like this every hot period?

ENTRANCE TO OAK HILL CEMETERY

CHAPTER XXV.

OUR CEMETERIES AND THEIR BEAUTIFUL LOCATIONS—CARE OF THE POOR—VARIOUS ATTEMPTS AT FARMING THE POOR—OLD TIME METHODS.

CEMETERIES.

While Evansville is particularly fitted to take care of her living, she has not forgotten her dead and her cemeteries compare favorably with those of any in the land. The original cemetery or burial ground as it was called, was where St. John's school house now stands and has been mentioned in the early part of this work. It was nothing but a tangled thicket and contained the graves of several unknown dead and of others whose relatives had either passed away or moved away, and seemed to really pass into oblivion without any attempt having been made to move the bodies of those who rested there. But the first real graveyard in the city was on Mulberry street and was a triangular plot of ground, which was used until sometime during the '50s when Oak Hill cemetery was established. The bodies of all who rested there were taken up and transferred to Oak Hill or to the Catholic cemetery. When Oak Hill was first purchased by the city, our people really had no idea of the magnitude that it would assume. It was a beautiful natural mound lying at about the proper distance from the city to make a good cemetery and when the first purchase was made, it was supposed that the land would be sufficient to last for many long years to come. But it has been found necessary since then to purchase land on every side except on the main road, to make room for the resting places of the departed of this rapidly growing city. The view of the cemetery from the main road is particularly beautiful. There is a large driveway which approaches the main entrance and from it, the main cemetery road winds up over this beautiful natural mound. From its top, little roads branch in every direction. On the northwest side are the graves of the unknown dead, many of them soldiers who were buried from the hospitals here during the war. It was seen at once that a most beautiful location in the cemetery was on the large top of this mound referred to, and lots on it were rapidly sold to our best citizens, so that nearly all of the burial plots in this part of the cemetery belong to those whose families have for a long time resided in Evansville. The tombstones are very beautiful, many of them of most ornate designs. There is no cemetery in the United States that has had more careful attention devoted to it than has Oak Hill. For

many long years the late Mr. William Goodge had charge of it and in fact it might be said that he almost devoted a lifetime to making it one of the most beautiful spots to be seen anywhere. There is hardly a tree in the whole cemetery that has not had his tender care. The restrictions regarding the cemetery have been more and more rigidly enforced with each succeeding year. It was formerly the case that when the graves of loved ones were covered with flowers and the mourners left, ruthless hands took away these last tributes which were left and in fact, it became notorious that people who knew not what a conscience meant, waited until mourners had gone away and then simply stole flowers which they sold again. But after the authorities made a few examples of these wretches, the habit was stopped. As it is now, there is absolutely no candalism in Oak Hill or in any of the cemeteries. People have begun to realize that when a man or a family buy a lot, the lot and whatever flowers are upon it, belong to them and are absolutely private property and that no outsider has any more right to take flowers than the same outsider would have to enter a man's private yard and rob his flower bed. This has done much to keep this cemetery so beautiful. There is a line of street cars which go to the cemetery gates and the dummy line passes there close to the main gate and near the gate is a fine greenhouse always stocked with beautiful flowers, so that those who wish to decorate graves can always obtain fresh flowers with very little trouble. One reason that Oak Hill is considered the most beautiful of our cemeteries, is because of the many trees and plants which have been added to it. It is now virtually the oldest cemetery here but there are others which in time will come up to it in beauty. The present superintendent of Oak Hill is Mr. William Halbrooks, who for many years has been a prominent florist and he will bring to bear in beautifying the plot, all of the knowledge which his long association with flowers, plants and vines of various kinds has given him.

Another beautiful cemetery is Locust Hill, which lies in a most beautiful location, on Fulton avenue, 2½ miles north of the city limits. It lies just left of the main road and is on beautiful rolling ground covered with natural forest trees. At one end is a lovely lake and the whole space is one of nature's beauty spots. Mr. William Kirkpatrick had charge of this cemetery for a great many years and in fact, was identified with it almost from the time it was located. St. Joseph's cemetery is on the west side of St. Joseph avenue about two miles north of Maryland street. This is a Catholic cemetery and was purchased after the Catholics gave up their old burial ground, which was on the south side of Heidelbach and Elsas enlargement and near what was known as the old Poor House. This cemetery, like the one on Mulberry street, gave way to the encroachment of a growing city and the Catholics gave up a spot which laid on flat ground with very little chance to beautify it, for a much more beautiful location. It contains many very handsome monuments and is amply large to meet the wants of the church for many years to come. There are three

Jewish cemeteries here, the Rose Hill, which lies on the Sringtown road, a short distance north of Pigeon creek and just this side of the country club. The secretary and treasurer of this cemetery is Mr. Stidney Ichenhauser. There is also the Mount Vernon Jewish cemetery on West Heights, of which Mr. Philip Koch is sexton, and the Mount Sinai Jewish cemetery on West Heights about a mile north of West Maryland street. A. J. Newman is the secretary of this cemetery.

Taking them all together, Evansville has great reason to be proud of these cities of the dead. It is fortunate that her location being a large flat plateau, almost surrounded by a row of low hills, has given an opportunity to locate these cemeteries on rising ground. It is a fact that perhaps has escaped the notice of a great many, that even since the days of the savages, there has always been a disposition to locate cemeteries on as high ground as possible. Even the Indians, where they lived in a flat country, built mounds and buried their dead in them. It is only in the extreme south where there is no rising ground that cemeteries are located where the ground is flat. The old cemetery at Pensicola, Florida, which is an example of a cemetery gone to decay, shows how impossible it is to keep one beautiful except when it is located on raised ground. And it will be remembered that even in the days of the early settlers here, when each family had its own private burying ground. On the farms back of Evansville, some knoll was always selected for the burial place of the loved ones who were put away for their last sleep.

CARE OF THE POOR.

Evansville has always taken good care of its poor. And by this I mean the deserving poor. There have been, almost from the founding of the city, associations of various kinds which made it their duty to look after all cases needing charity. The leadership in this great work has generally fallen to the women, but of late years matters have been so systematized that there is really no need for anyone who is worthy to suffer want in the city of Evansville. Of course these societies are often made the prey of lazy and unscrupulous people who go from one to another with their tales of woe and for a time succeed in obtaining charity where they are not entitled to it. There have been cases brought to light where people who appealed for charity really had plenty and used charity as a means of getting something for nothing. As the list of poor, and by this is meant those who are not in the poorhouse, is thoroughly systematized, it is now hard for unscrupulous people, who will not work, to thus take advantage of the different societies. The relief of the dependent class has always been recognized as a public duty and when this county was first founded, the laws of the state provided for the appointment of overseers of the poor. But in those days when everyone worked a different plan was pursued. All public charges who were able to do any kind of work were farmed out on

contracts each year in such a manner as to make them as little a burden on the county as possible. Minors were bound out as apprentices and this apprenticeship lasted with the males to their 21st years and with the females to their 18th year. These indentures were made a matter of record and they took care to provide for the apprentice in such a manner that he could not be overworked or poorly fed by a brutal master.

THE EARLY POOR.

The farming-out of the poor in the early days was almost like a sale for they were put up as if at auction and their services were sold to the lowest bidder. But this must not be misconstrued. The buyer of the laborer did not pay a certain sum to the county for that laborer, but were paid by the county, a certain sum for taking care of the pauper and in this case, of course, the buyer of the pauper's services tried to get as much labor out of him as possible and the county paid out as little money as possible. As early as 1823 the records show that John B. Stinson was paid $50 for keeping Ben Davis, a pauper, "being in full of the sum for which the said Davis was sold when said Stinson became the purchaser." In 1837 the overseer of Scott township officially reverted the sale of two paupers at $52 each. In Armstrong township several were sold to John Taylor, the prices ranging from $8 to $30 per year. One of the early acts of the board of commissioners was the appointment of overseers of the poor, the first being John Armstrong in Armstrong township, and Jesse McCallister in Pigeon township. These men were all of very high standing which goes to show that in this matter the county tried to do the right thing. Amos Clark, the lawyer of whom this work has spoken, was the overseer at one time. They were paid a very small sum for their services for each day that they actually worked and this came out of the money donated by the county for the support of the poor. Dr. William Trafton, the oldest physician in Evansville and the one who took the late Dr. M. J. Bray into his service when the latter was a poor boy, received during one year, only $10 for professional services to all the poor of Vanderburg County. In 1820 there was quite a general and fatal sickness all over the county, and though many were put to great expense there was only $100 spent during that entire year. The records of the old times show many sad but short stories. For instance in one case there are several allowances for "Keeping the Morgans" and these were followed in 1821 by this record, "$13 allowed for two coffins and two graves for Mr. Morgan and his child." In 1824, $142 was allowed in one year for the support of Ben Davis and the records show that he was supported by the county for over fifteen years. This is not intended to reflect on the poverty of anyone but simply to show that even in those days, the heart of this community was always open to the appeals of want. But it must also be remembered that the wants in those days were simple and as late as 1834 the

poor expense for the year did not amount to over $255. In 1838 it was decided by the commissioners that a poor farm should be bought and an asylum erected on it. The idea was that the work of the paupers might be utilized on the farm and enough produce raised to help pay expenses. And it is strange that this idea held so long, for when the present hospital for the insane was located on its present site, much against the wishes of very many farseeing citizens who even then looked on the subject of drainage, etc., they were met with the cry of those interested in selling the apples. Said they "Here is a great big farm on which the inmates of the asylum can raise enough produce to pay for all expenses." And one enthusiastic individual went around saying, "Just look at that apple orchard and think of the apples we can sell from that alone." And strange to say, there were many people who ought to have been gifted with more common sense, who really believed it. It would be amusing to figure out exactly how much produce has been sold from the side of the hospital for the insane.

Reverting to the poor house, in January, 1839, the county paid $1,800 to the Fairchild brothers for sixty acres of land lying just south of Mechanicsville. Judge William Olmstead was appointed to have the building erected for the use of the poor.

After the building was erected it was let for $70 per year to Elijah and Samuel H. Prince, who agreed to keep all poor sent to them for $2 per week each. This plan did not work well so in 1840 the farm was sold to William Onyett at the same price for which it was bought by the county. In 1843 steps were again taken to build a poor house and Williard Carpenter leased to the county for five years, twenty acres of ground, near Hull's Hill which was a short distance up the old canal. His price was $250 per year and he agreed to build a substantial frame house to cost not less than $500. A man named Gould put in a claim for $25 for keeping Mrs. Plumer, a pauper and the commissioners protested against the allowance because of an account which had been improperly made. There was quite a violent discussion and a Mr. Kennerley claimed that Mr. Willard Carpenter was interested in this pitiful amount because Gould's tavern was rented from Mr. Carpenter. It seems that even in those days a little nasty spirit which existed always, but fortunately to a small extent, was rife in Evansville. It was soon shown that Mr. Carpenter had nothing to do with the matter at all and at the next meeting the contract was made with him for the land in question. In 1844 William Onyett, who still owed a part of the purchase money for the original poor farm, resold it to the county. Mr. Carpenter protested against this but it did no good. He had been keeping the poor under an iron-clad agreement for $15 per year. But the board surrendered his land and employed George Bates to keep them at $1,200. He served for several years and finally was killed by an insane inmate who struck him in the head with an axe. This system of farming-out was always unsuccessful, although commissioners did

everything in their power to have them cared for, but the low price prevented the proper attention being given them.

In 1840 still another attempt was made and a farm near the city was purchased for $1,600. The city limits extended entirely around it. Edward Andrews was appointed superintendent in 1853, the county undertaking to furnish all provisions for the poor and for his family and he was to be allowed $200 per year for extra expenses and nurses in case of sickness. The next superintendent received $500 per year for extra expenses and the plan was kept up for about ten years but soon after the beginning of the war there was such an increase in the number of poor, that the old system of contracting with the lowest bidder was again begun. Patrick Garvey agreed to keep all of the poor no matter how many, for $2,490 per year. A large brick building was built but the number constantly increased as did the cost. I have said somewhere in this work, that many soldiers who entered the army did so under the spur of excitement, and there are cases where young men who should have taken care of their aged parents, who had cared for them, enlisted, knowing that these same old parents would have to go to the poor house to spend the remaining years of their life. Some people may call that "patriotism" but I do not, and no man who would desert his parents who had cared for him, could ever make what I would consider a first-class soldier. His brain would not be right.

The cost, however, continued to increase and in 1875 it cost the county about $30,000. In 1882 the commissioners bought the Hornby farm of 160 acres in Center township and the old farm was let out in lots and sold by Alvah Johnson, who received for it, $35,000. Many readers will remember the old poor house which stood near the old Catholic graveyard. It is all built up now and as stated, is in the city limits. The new poor house is a beautiful building which cost about $53,000. It is large enough to serve for some time to come.

At the time the commissioners bought the Hornby farm they purchased a tract from S. C. Scantlin for $4,000 near the north-east limits of the city and spent $10,000 for a hospital for the treatment of contagious diseases. Prior to this time about $20,000 had been spent in establishing an asylum for orphan children. Warren Bonnel was the first superintendent at $800 per year. The city furnished all the provisions and Dr. J. C. Minton rendered professional services to the sick at the annual salary of $575. It is unfortunate that there have been at various times, tales of scandal in connection with what was known as the smallpox hospital. If there was a basis for these claims it grew out of practical politics and is one more instance of the fact that wherever the slimy hand of politics is placed, graft is almost sure to follow. It will be a God's blessing if the day will ever come to Evansville and Vanderburg County when men will be elected to offices for their manhood and not for their political belief.

CHAPTER XXVI.

POULTRY AND PET STOCK ASSOCIATION—THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

EVANSVILLE POULTRY AND PET STOCK ASSOCIATION.

For many long years there were few people in Evansville who believed in fine poultry and pigeons. This was the fact with almost every portion of the United States, for it is only within the last thirty years that any great steps have been taken along the line of breeding fine poultry. Some twenty years ago a little band of fanciers got together and gave their first poultry show in the old Keen building which stood on the corner of Main and Second, where the Good Clothes Shop now stands. It was a small affair as regards the number of entries, yet the quality of the stock was first-class and a judge from Indianapolis was brought here to decide on the merits of the same. It is astonishing to see what interest the public took in this first simple show and yet if one stops to think, there is hardly a man or woman in Evansville who has not at some time in his or her life, wanted to raise chickens or pigeons. People came to that show who hardly knew one variety from another and were perfectly astonished at the prices at which some of the specimens were held. The show was a complete success and the next year another was given. It was at the time when the poultry fever was beginning to crop out all over the United States. At this show a trio of Langshans were shown, for which the owner, a well-known business man, now dead, paid $150 and the expressage from New Hampshire. When told of this price many of the visitors simply laughed and considered it a great lie, but they have since had an opportunity to change their minds as to the value of really fine bred poultry and the various articles from papers all over the United States, commenting on the sale of six chickens for $10,000 to a foreign lady, opened their eyes still further. There are some ignorant people still here today, who imagine that no chicken is worth more than 50 or 75 cents and no pigeon worth more than 10 or 15 cents and I have at times told various people of receiving as high as $75 for one Fantail pigeon, only to have them laugh in my face, but it is a fact that I have not only sold one but several and have sold numberless pairs of these birds at $50 per pair. This is only to show the strides in the breeding of pure animals or birds.

And by the way, there were dogs shown at that time when $10 was considered a high price for any kind of a dog. There are now plenty $10,000 dogs all over the country. Quite a number of hunting dogs have

been sent out of this town at $250 each. It is a well-known fact that Mr. Charles Hartmetz refused $1,500 for his setter dog, Oakley Hill, and was then wired from Boston to put a price on him, which he refused to do. He could easily have gotten $2,500 for the dog but preferred to keep him.

Reverting again to the old poultry show which was here when the first prominent poultry and pet stock organization was formed. Many of the old members have passed away. Mr. Guy Ashley, who has been so long with the Lahr Bacon Company, was a prominent breeder of poultry in those days, as was also the late Milton C. Brandon, Charles Marsh, Prof. Tinker and many others. The Weiss brothers were only boys then, but born fanciers and it is to their incessant work that recent poultry and pet stock shows have been given. Financially they have not been successes and this is the case with almost every organization of the kind in America, but they are not gotten up to make money. It was only a few years ago that Chicago gave one of the grandest shows in the entire west at which even prize cats were shown and I saw many brought to the Coliseum, whose owners would not even allow their housemaids to handle their pets. They would step out of their carriages carrying the cats carefully on little cushions and put them in the pens themselves. After that the maid was made to stand by the pen all day and not allow anyone to pet the occupant. Some of these cats were valued at $1,000 each. The show was an enormous success and the vast building was continually crowded, yet after the premiums and the great expenses were paid, there was nothing left over. The last show given there was not a financial success. This was the case with the last show given by the Evansville Fanciers at Evans hall, yet it was well patronized and awakened quite an interest in fine stock which was all that the projectors of the show wished. There were some beautiful dogs shown there. The first prize in the collie class went to Mr. Frank Schwegeman of the Peoples' Savings Bank. Just after the show the association was disbanded, but there is a movement now on foot to reorganize and the chances are that another show much larger than any previous attempt will be given early in the spring. It is strange how the breeding of a lot of fine stock will give a place notoriety. Nobody ever heard of Flat Rock, Indiana, until Sid Conger began breeding Plymouth Rocks and I know personally of case after case that has been given to me by reliable men, in which they stated that in speaking of Evansville, Indiana, a man would say, "Let's see, where is that? Oh yes, that is where that old fellow raises those white Fantail pigeons. I know now where it is."

This seems absurd, but it is an actual fact, so that with the other societies which have a firm hold in the city, I think I can predict that the Evansville Poultry and Pet Stock Association will be on hand each year with a fine display and that their shows will be well attended not only by our own citizens, but by the many in the country who find it so easy now to reach Evansville over the various traction lines. There is a great deal

of fine poultry as I stated in another part of this book, in the country back of here. Nothing pleases a farmer more than to bring in some of his fowls and win over the "city fellows."

THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

The society at present most particularly in the limelight is the Evansville Humane society and such is the effective work that is being done by it, that there is hardly a morning that the newspapers do not contain some account of their arrests. This society was organized many years ago with that excellent worker, Dr. A. M. Owen, at its head. For many years it did effective work but owing to the lax laws against cruelty, which were simply a disgrace to the state of Indiana and which are based on English laws a century old, brutal people began to find that it was a very easy matter for them to escape punishment for their crimes. The presidency fell into the hands of a man whose bad health made him incapable and who lacked that aggressive fighting spirit which is necessary, when for instance a brutal driver must be called down, and the curse of politics as usual, put in as humane officer, a man who was as absolutely unfit for this position as could possibly be found. In fact, if the whole police force had been culled with a fine tooth comb, a worse selection could not have been made. But it was politics to put this man in and one of the best men in this city, Sergeant Muth, was turned down to make room for him. Things went from bad to worse. The streets were filled with lazy negroes driving all sorts of lame and sick animals to old broken down wagons, until traveling men in front of the hotels, began to ask what kind of a place Evansville was that such teams were allowed on the street. Horses were overloaded and publicly beaten. They were jerked and thrown from their feet on the brick streets and no one raised a hand and the Humane society became the laughing stock of the public. Finally through the efforts of two or three big-hearted women, a change was made. A meeting was called, the old board wiped out and a new one put in. At once members began to flock to the standard and a prompt and vigorous prosecution of all offenders was begun. The society obtained the services of Mr. Fred Heuke, a brave and fearless man, who has the happy faculty of saying exactly what he means and then backing it up. In his work he has been most ably assisted by Honorable Phil C. Gould, police judge to whom the thanks of every humane person in the city of Evansville are due. He has filled this position as no other man has ever filled it before. And I say this decidedly. No fairy stories go with Judge Gould. He hears the evidence and being a lover of animals himself and a fine judge of horse flesh, he is competent to decide promptly on questions which come up before him.

The society adopted a rule which is striking terror to the hearts of people who never have been touched before. Their new move is in the shape of what is known as "The endless chain." A lady joins the so-

ciety and then takes membership tickets and honorary membership tickets to her friends. Each of these friends goes in turn to her friends and the tickets have been so rapidly distributed that there are now 3,000 out in the city of Evansville. On these tickets are the telephone numbers to which all cases can be reported and each lady who holds one is expected to report at once, any case of cruelty that comes under her observation. It can be easily seen that with all these eyes on offenders, they have a hard road to travel. Another thing, the men are down town in their stores and offices but the women are where they can see all abuses and that is what makes them so effective. Still another idea is being most successfully worked. If a grocer's, butcher's or any other kind of a horse is driven up to a lady's house and she sees that it is half starved and abused by the driver, she generally mentions the fact one time, then if the same abused animal appears at her door again, she simply pays her bill, if she is buying on credit, or pays the boy for the goods, if they come C. O. D. and then she quietly changes her patronage to another store. There are hundreds of merchants who wonder what has become of a part of their trade and when they read this they will know where it has gone and that with this system growing as rapidly as it is, it will be but a short time until the man who sends out a poor abused horse or mule, will find that it does not pay him to send out anything. He may still sell goods over the counter to his immediate neighbors, but that will be about the whole extent of his trade, for it is a well-known fact that when a woman sets her heart on carrying out a certain idea, she very rarely fails. Personally I would rather have the help of ten good women in humane work than that of 100 of the best men in the city, for the reason that the men would forget all about it but the women do not. At present the council has notified the city attorney to get up a new ordinance which will cover cruelty cases and it is to be hoped that he will find time to attend to the matter.

Since the above was written Mr. Adolph Metzer has gotten through an ordinance which is the best in this country today. Appeals for copies of it are being received from every quarter of the country and it will no doubt be adopted in many cities.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW EACH TOWNSHIP WAS STARTED—THE SMALL EARLY SETTLEMENTS—INFLUX OF ENGLISH AND GERMAN FARMERS—HOW EACH SETTLEMENT HAD ITS CHURCH—POOR AND HAPHAZARD FARMING—THE FLIGHT OF THE SQUATTERS—THE ADVENT OF HIGH-CLASS FARMING—THE PRODUCTIVE SOIL BACK OF EVANSVILLE—INCREASE IN VALUES.

THE TOWNSHIPS.

SCOTT TOWNSHIP.

Scott township was organized August 13, 1821, consisting of its present territory and three tiers of sections off the north side of Center township. It had formerly been a part of Armstrong township. It is bounded on the north by Gibson County, on the east by Warrick County, on the south by Center township, on the west by German and Armstrong townships. Abundant harvests are secured from this stretch of country, although the soil is not as rich as that of the surrounding counties. Long before any one can remember, there have been marks of civilization in this county.

Almost the first inhabitants of this township were Jesse McGary and John Withrow. They lived near the Gibson County line. Jesse McGary was a brother of Hugh McGary, of whom so much has been spoken. He was the author of a tragedy, the first one ever offered for sale in this county. Kenneth Compton was also among these pioneer neighbors. His descendants are among some of the best people here.

The majority of the pioneers of this township were sturdy English farmers, who came from across the sea to cast their lots in life in the wilderness of Indiana. In the summer of 1818 John Ingle, an Englishman, settled in Scott township near the present Inglefield. He was a farmer of sterling character, quiet habits and was much loved by all. His popularity was such that it may be said, he was without an enemy. About the next to follow were Mr. Edward and Spencer Maidlow, who settled in the same neighborhood. They were model farmers, neat and thrifty and in every respect, good citizens. Edward Maidlow attained local prominence as a man of affairs, and was called to serve many places of trust and profit.

Another prominent family in Scott township was Saunders Hornbrook and wife, who was a lady in every sense of the word, with superior mental attainments and well fitted to bring about a betterment of social conditions

of the pioneer settlers. Mr. Hornbrook built the first cotton gin in this part of the country. Buildings were soon erected around his home and gave it the appearance of a small village. Cotton was brought in from miles around and he soon established a store, in order to supply the needs of his neighbors. He accumulated a great deal of wealth, owning at one time, about 2,000 acres of land in Scott township.

About a mile north of Inglefield was a clearing which is now the Ritchey homestead, on the Princeton road. This road was a public highway and was lined with heavy forests and underbrush on both sides. A few years later a blacksmith shop was established, the first blacksmith shop in the township.

In this same neighborhood lived Jerry Wyatt, a grand old man, with sterling qualities of heart that endeared him to all. Much of his life was spent here and he was permitted to fill out four score and ten before death took him away. A young man in this neighborhood for many years a farm laborer, and always welcome at every home, was William Warren, who afterward moved to Evansville and for years served as assessor of Pigeon township. His descendants have taken a conspicuous part in the later development of the county.

One of the earliest Germans in this township was Frederick Staser, who lived in Union township for quite a time and then moved to the well known Staser homestead. This thrifty German was very prominent among the pioneer settlers of his day. He had two sons, John C. and Conrad, who were men with great business ability, who accumulated great wealth, the estate of John C. being worth at least $150,000.

Among the other settlers of Scott township were Mark, Joseph and Richard Wheeler, David Powell, Hiram Nelson, the Hilliards, Samuel Miller, Arnold Henning, Every Cook and John McCann.

The first mill in the township was erected by Richard Browning, about 1832. The settlers before this, went to the old Negley mill on Pigeon creek. In speaking of the Browning mill, Mr. Sansom said, "I assisted in getting out the timbers for the Browning mill—a tread mill at first. I remember very well the day we first attempted to run that mill. All things being ready, we thought we would grind our grist. The grain was put in the hopper, the team started, the mill went around, but not the smallest particle of meal made its appearance. We were puzzled. After trying in vain to discover the reason why, we acknowledged ourselves beat and Mr. Browning concluded to send for George Linxweiler, who was then or had been in charge of the Negley water mill, and let him, if possible, unravel the mystery. In a few hours Mr. Linxweiler put in an appearance. Imagine our amazement when he looked at the arrangement and quietly informed us, in German, that we had been trying to grind flour by the running the mill backward. A more foolish, stupid-looking lot of lads probably never existed than that set of mill hands for a little while, when convinced of our mistake."

The first town laid out in Scott township was Sanderville. The plat covered over 160 acres and a public square of 266 feet was provided. A number of houses, a store, a blacksmith shop and other little conveniences were started there and a postoffice was established. After a few years this little settlement was abandoned and the people all moved to a more promising locality. The little town of Inglefield, on the E. & T. H. R. R., is on the site of the ancient Sanderville.

Baptists, Presbyterians and Methodists were among the first denominations in the pioneer country. The house of John Ingle was an early preaching place for all the faiths. The Methodist Episcopal church was the one that became the most firmly rooted. A short time after the preachers began to travel through the country, a log cabin was built and consecrated to God. Rev. Wheeler and Robert Parrett were the first preachers. Centenary Methodist Episcopal church, near Inglefield, was built in 1867 at the cost of about $1,800. Noble's Chapel, near the township border, was built in 1860 at a cost of about $1,000. The German Lutheran church was organized about a half century ago, at the village of Darmstadt and a frame house of worship was erected. The congregation grew so large, that a new edifice was erected, which is handsome and commodious.

CENTER TOWNSHIP.

Center township was organized September 6, 1843. It is bounded on the north by Scott township, on the east by Warrick county, on the south by Knight and Pigeon townships and on the west by Perry and German townships. If properly cultivated, it is very productive, although the soil is thin, and the surface very hilly. A part of the township is called the "Blue Grass country," taking the name from the stream which runs through there. The township formerly was covered with heavy timber.

In the spring of 1808 James Anthony discovered what he considered a good mill seat and, believing in the early and rapid settlement of the country, went to Vincennes and made the first entry of land in the township. The mill was not built until 1814 and whether or not he took up his residence here at an earlier date cannot be determined. Among the first settlers of this township were: John Sharer, Matthias Whetstone, George Linxweiler, Absalom Vann and Nathan Young. John Sharer was a good citizen and for some time was a magistrate, and in the later years of his life a part owner of the Negley grist mill. The house of Matthias Whetstone was used as a tavern and public house. George Linxweiler came to the settlement in 1811 and remained for a long time, and gained the respect of all who knew him. Thomas Skelhorn settled near Pigeon creek a few years later and soon afterwards came Jonathan Goss. This place was known as the Skelhorn hill for many a long year.

From the oldest states and from across the sea came enterprising and intelligent men and women. Among the first of these were D. F. Goldsmith and Everton Kennerly, both prominent men in their day. Each served as county commissioner at different times and were closely interested in the public affairs of the county. D. F. Goldsmith built the first court house in Evansville. In 1818 Judge William Olmstead came here from New York, and David Negley came from Pennsylvania. They were intelligent citizens and did much to promote the social welfare of the settlers. Judge Olmstead was called to the bench early in life, and served well as a county commissioner. Deacon Negley, as he was called, soon became the proprietor of the well known mill site on Pigeon creek. The deacon paid $5,000 for the mill property, the location being the only valable part about the purchase. Joel Lambert of Henderson, Kentucky, came here and went into partnership with Mr. Negley, and they soon added improvements to the mill. For a long time it was the center of attraction for forty miles around. The old mill stood for many years, being finally destroyed by fire.

Most of the people who came from England settled in Scott township. For convenience, most of the settlers occupied the ground along the state road, running from Evansville to Princeton, this being an established highway. The first of the settlers to go East was Mr. Charles McJohnston, an Irishman who landed at the Skelhorn hill in 1819. He brought the first wagon that was ever seen in this part of the country. He found a desirable location and settled in the northern part of the township. He took an honorable part in the history of the township and his descendants have preserved the good name, and are still living on the ground which their ancestors rescued from its wild state. At about this time Joshua Stephens and Silas Stephens came into the neighborhood and afterward the two were joined by their father, David Stephens. Joshua was a tanner by trade, and Silas, a saddler. Joshua conducted a tannery and Silas a saddlery, both on a small scale, and they both became wealthy and prominent citizens. While working at his bench, Silas won the affections of Julia, the daughter of Gen. Evans, whom all were wont to praise as a sweet character. Their marriage was solemnized in the good old-fashioned way, and all the leading citizens of the day attended.

Up to 1830 the farmers sent to New Harmony to get plows to break their lands. The establishment of Presley Pritchett's blacksmith shop was a great improvement to the county, but it was some time before the needs could be supplied conveniently. New Harmony was also a great resort for those who had wool to be carded. There were no cotton gins in the country until Nicholas Robinson put up one in Gibson county. That of Saunders Hornbrook was the first and perhaps the only one in this immediate vicinity. The first horse mill was built by Charles McJohnston some time prior to 1830. The making of whisky became quite an industry. The market for corn was limited and the distillers offered better prices than the

CHAPEL IN OAK HILL CEMETERY

merchants and traders. Up to 1825 the woods of Center township were full of all kinds of game.

In the early days of Center township the settlers attended church in log cabins, schoolhouses or wherever a minister of the gospel pushed his way into the wilderness and announced his readiness to expound the word of God. Once a year they attended conventions or camp meetings held by the Presbyterians and Baptists. The Baptists were the strongest body in that locality for quite a great many years.

Charles McJohnston, in his will, made a valuable bequest "to help build a house to worship God in." Mr, McJohnston was a Methodist who came here from Ireland. This house, by the terms of his will, was to be free to all Christian denominations. The church was erected under the supervision of the son of the donor. It was a small frame building, and was dedicated by Rev. Charles C. Danks, with about twenty members. In 1882 this church gave way to a handsome new structure built of brick, at the cost of $6,000.

The German Methodist church began to hold services about 1843, first at the houses of its members, then at the schoolhouse and finally a church building was erected in 1849. This stood on the border of German township, was a frame structure, most of the timber being sawed by hand. In April, 1888, a handsome new brick church, costing $3,000, was dedicated to the service of God. The first minister was Rev. Muth and the first class was composed of but four families, the Gottschalks, Millers, Molls and Kratz.

Kratzville Methodist Episcopal Church.—At least sixty years ago the Methodists had a preaching place at the Kirkpatrick schoolhouse. After so many Germans moved to that vicinity, the place was changed to the Kratzville road and then a neat church was built which was generally known as "The Ridge Church." Among the members were Mother Grimes, Mrs. Robert Smith, Mother Short, and Henry Morgan. Rev. J. N. Ryan, William Ingle and Isaac Owen were among the old-time preachers who occupied the pulpit. There were not many Catholics in those early days, but a few followers of that belief organized a church with Richard Raleigh as their head.

The principal town or village is Mechanicsville, commonly called Strington because the houses are strung along the road. It is officially called Zipp's postoffice. At a very early date the point where the Petersburg road left the state road was selected as a good place for a blacksmith and wagon shop. It was a busy place in the early times, and when a postoffice was established old man Zipp, then a resident of the town, was appointed postmaster, thus giving the place the present designation. McCutchanville in the northern part of the township, was brought into existence about 1845 by the establishment of a postoffice and the appointment of Mr. McCutchan as the postmaster.

KNIGHT TOWNSHIP.

This was formerly a part of Pigeon township. It is bounded on the north by Center township and Warrick County, on the east by Warrick County, on the south by the Ohio river and on the west by Pigeon township. Along the old canal bed, or the present line of the L. E. & St. L. R. R., are rich lands, at one time swampy, but now considered as good land as can be found in the country. At one time this land was covered with dense forests, but now all have been cut away.

Most of the settlers of this township are from Kentucky. In the winter of 1806 Aeneas McCallister, the progenitor of a large family, settled near the mouth of Green river. He afterwards moved to Knight township, near Newburgh. His farm was used as the camp grounds for the religious workers, and he himself was a very devout worker. Among the first settlers to follow Aeneas McCallister were Daniel Nocle, Daniel James, Samuel Lewis, John Sprinkle, William Briscoe, Solomon Vanada, Julius Wiggins, Henry James, David Aikin and John Garrett. Among these settlers was a man who became a man among men in the service of the nation, and his name adorns the brightest pages of history. Gen. Joseph Lane came with his father and settled a short distance from the foot of Three Mile Island in 1818. When but twenty-one years of age he made a race for the legislature and won, although he ran against such men as Gen. R. M. Evans and Judge William Foster. He was elected five times to the seat in the lower house of the general assembly and twice to the state senate. When warwas declared against Mexico in 1846 he gave up his seat in the state senate, and enlisted in the ranks under Captain Walker. He rose to the rank of brigadier general, and had a military career that was without spot or blemish. After the war he was appointed governor of Oregon and represented that state in the United States Senate. He died at the age of seventy-nine years, at Roseburg, Oregon.

Another settlement was made in the year 1813, about four miles from Evansville on the Newburgh road. The first settlers were Isaac Knight, Martin Miller, Samuel Kinlonk, John Fickas, Adam Fickas, Robert Gibson, Humphrey Barnett and the McCallisters. John Beach settled near what is known as the Asylum farm. Isaac Knight received the honor of having his name perpetuated in the christening of the township. His family was among the most respected in the township. The other pioneers named here were sturdy men, skillful hunters and good citizens. After the first settlement was made, the township did not grow very rapidly as they had expected. It was not until 1830 and even later that the land began to be cleared up and settled upon. With the great increase of population of 1835, Knight township received a very small proportion of the foreigners that came into the country.

In 1811 New Madrid, Mo., had a very severe earthquake, which destroyed the town and left in its place, a large lake. The shock was plainly

felt all along the Ohio river and the country surrounding, and the people thought of little else than attending religious services. James McGrady, the founder of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, appeared and preached to the people. He was followed by Phineas Ewing and Hiram A. Hunter. It was at that time that the first camp meeting was started and the custom has always been kept up for about fifty years.

The Cumberland Presbyterian church has always been strong in Knight township. The only church now in existence is the little frame structure called the Church of Hebron. The first pastor of this church was the Rev. Ritchie. It started with a small membership but now has a good class. Through the recent split-up of the Presbyterians and the Cumberlands, church is held by the Cumberlands one Sunday and by the Presbyterians the next. Rev. C. M. Zwingle is the pastor for the Cumberlands at present.

In the settlement along the river near Three Mile Island the Christian Order is the strongest religious faith in that section. This church was started by John McGrary, Joseph Wasson and John Boren. The services were first held in the district school house but later a neat little frame church was erected. Mrs. Elizabeth Aikin was the most devoted and earnest supporter of this church.

The Little Sisters of the Poor.—A branch of this order was established in Evansville in 1887, through the kindness and charity of Mr. John A. Reitz, a thoroughly practical Catholic. He donated seventeen acres of land on Lincoln avenue, in Knight township, one-half mile from the city limits, whereon was erected a splendid and spacious building, fitted with all the modern improvements, to be the home for the aged poor in charge of the Sisters. The land and building are worth more than $50,000. The building is of brick, three stories, with two wings half the size of the main building. A statue of St. Joseph, the gift of Mrs. John A. Reitz, ornaments the front of the structure. Sister Flavie is the superior and has eight assistants. No needy person who conforms to the mild rules of the institution is excluded, regardless of conditions or religious belief.

Hospital for the Insane.—This institution is located in Knight township on what was formerly the Howard farm, on the Newburgh road, about three miles from this city. Through the efforts of John William Rahm, state senator, the state legislature was induced to visit Evansville with a view of selecting the site for such an asylum as the needs of the state demanded. The legislature was royally entertained by the citizens and the location made such a good impression on them, that a handsome edifice of brick at the cost of about $250,000 was put up, large enough for 1,000 inmates, in 1886. The farm on which the asylum is built was worth $20,000.

There are no towns of any importance in this township. The town of Smyrna was laid out by Mr. William Walker, and the Wabash and Erie canal was expected to help the place, but after the canal was given up, the town gradually became smaller until it was finally abandoned altogether. Mr.

Smyth, a man born in Evansville in the year 1849, settled on a farm in Knight township, which he helped to clear. In 1871 he went into business with his father, in the manufacture of tile, under a firm name of Thomas D. Smyth and Son. When his father died, the firm name was dissolved and Henry B. Smyth conducted the business alone. There is still a station on the L. E. & St. L. on the site of Mr. Smyth's tile factory, which was very successful while in operation.

UNION TOWNSHIP.

Union township was organized May 10, 1819. It lies in the southwest corner of the county and is really at times, an island, for it is surrounded by the bayou and the Ohio river. At this point the river makes a bend, to form a horseshoe. The surface is very low and is almost entirely of river bottom land. In 1884 during the high water, the entire township was under water, with the exception of two or three very small spots of land. The soil is sandy and very productive, yielding corn, tobacco and potatoes, and in the northern part, where there is more of a clay soil, they have an abundance of wheat, hay and clover.

Being so near the river and thus easy to reach, Union township was very quickly settled by the pioneers. As early as the year 1807 a number of settlers had invaded its limits, the most prominent one being Mr. William Anthony, who settled just opposite Henderson, or Red Banks as it was then called. For years his place was called Anthony's Ferry. Another settlement was made about five miles below Evansville by George Sirkle, Nicholas Long, Jonathan Jones and others. George Sirkle was a Virginian, and proved become a very valuable citizen, having served in the early wars. He was on the first board of county commissioners for Vanderburg County and occupied other positions of trust and honor. Nicholas Long was an influential citizen, also from Virginia, who acquired considerable wealth, according to the times. Jonathan Jones was an upright sterling character and was the father of Judge James G. Jones, a brilliant lawyer and a prominent man in his day. One of the most prominent and well known settlers in this neighborhood was Joseph M. McDowell, who lived about four miles from Henderson. His house early became a favorite stopping place for the weary hunter or traveler, and the hospitality found there gave the host a reputation to be envied, in all the country around.

The farmers along the river in Union township were in a better position to trade than the farmers farther in from the river. The forests around had hardly been touched, and the steamers passing would stop for fuel, as the use of coal was as yet unheard of. The work of chopping up large logs, became a common occupation. Another industry common among the farmers was pork raising, as the woods at these times, were full of hogs. The farmers often found pork-raising and log-splitting, of far greater profit to them than the simple tilling of their ground.

The interior part of this township never was thickly settled, owing to the ground being so low. The cabins were often as far as four miles apart. John Shaffner was among the farmers of this vicinity, who bought his land and lived in the township for many years, and was much respected by all his neighbors.

Mortar and pestle were used for crushing corn and later they went to the mill of Red Banks, or Negley's mill, on Pigeon creek. Andrew Sirkle built a horse-mill about 1830 and operated it for about twelve years. Mat Burns constructed the first stationary mill, and in the early days many logs were taken from here to Audubon's mill at Red Banks. The whip saw was used until the year 1840. The logs were first hewed to the desired size, lines wert struck, it was elevated to a scaflold and with one man below and another above, the saw was slowly worked through it.

The development of this township was very gradual. There was never any rush of foreigners or colonists. Much of the land is held by non-residents who purchased it from the government or from the unfortunate or reckless descendants of the pioneers. Carroll Saunders and his descendants and relatives occupied a prominent place in the township, as did also Mr. Samuel Barker, a wealthy man who took up his residence in the township, in 1832. He served as county commissioner and had the respect and esteem of all those he came in contact with in his walk of life. One of the most typical representatives of that class of easy-going, free-from-care pioneers, who rejoiced in the excitement of the chase, and ever loved to recount their exploits, was "Old Man Flat, the yarn teller," as the settlers often spoke of him. His chief delight was to pass away time in spinning yarns, many of which had not a grain of truth in them. He was a hunter in the woods most of the time, and the owner of a vivid imagination. He kept many a fireside circle laughing with good humor at his unreasonable stories, and thus served a useful purpose. To this day the young folks of Union township are amused at the stories of old Flat, which have lost nothing in all these years, though told so often. Some of them surpass, in their portrayal of desperate hunts, and the wonderful achievements of the narrator, the most thrilling recitals of Baron Munchausen. There were many of these "squatters" who lived in the woods and went away when the game thinned out. They lived for the day, and did nothing to perpetuate their names. A generation passed and they were forgotten.

The water often got so high, as to force the settlers to leave their homes to keep from drowning, and to seek shelter even in the tops of some tall trees. The story is told of two men, Philip Cheaney and Harvey Wheeler, during the year 1884, who, seeing that their home was in danger of being swept away by the waters, took a skiff and rowed up the river until they came to some tall trees, into which they climbed for safety. The waves frequently dashed over their heads and thus kept them from freezing, because they were forced to move lively, to keep from being swept away.

The night was so cold that a great many hogs in the woods froze to death.

When the township was first founded the Baptists and Methodists predominated. Meetings were held at the houses of the members until two churches were built for that purpose. The first preachers were John Schraeder, Richard and Joseph Wheeler and Robert Parrott for the Methodists and Benoni Stinson for the Baptists. About three miles below the Henderson ferry, there were a Baptist church and a Methodist church. The high water of 1884 swept both of these churches away. There was a small frame church built by the Catholics of that neighborhood. There were about fifteen families under the charge of Father Sondermann. The church was dedicated to the Sacred Heart and blessed in June, 1874, by Rev. P. McDermott, of Evansville.

There are no towns in Union township that are very important. On March 1st, 1820, Joseph M. McDowell laid out a town in the southeast quarter of section 21, township 7 south, range 11 west, and called it Unionville. The village has long ago passed out of existence.

PERRY TOWNSHIP.

The daring exploit of Commodore Perry, by which he achieved one of the most brilliant victories known to the early history of the nation, caused this township to be named in his honor. The township was organized in 1840. Prior to this time it was part of Pigeon township. Most of the early settlers came from Kentucky. The Indians still had possession of this country, but through the bravery of the pioneers, they were resisted and soon driven out of the territory. Mr. William Linxweiler was among the first to settle here and landed at the mouth of Green river and settled upon the tract of land afterward known as the residence of J. B. Stinson. His son William was the first white child born in the county of Perry. The family of George Miller made three attempts to locate near here, but were driven back by the Indians. Following the Miller family came John B. Stinson and his father, both of whom were coopers by trade. They settled on the banks of the river, about two miles below Evansville. John B. Stinson became an able preacher in the General Baptist church. Although there were many "squatters" who came through the township, it was some time before there were any more permanent residents. Between the Miller and the Stinson place there was a strip of woods, which was soon tramped through by these pioneers, who became neighbors in the full sense of the word. About three miles from the Miller's farm was the home of William Ragland and William Martin. These were the only homesteads until Posey County was reached.

George and Susan Edmond were early settlers who afterwards moved to Union township, where the former was found dead by the roadside some years later, and his death has always been a mystery. Among the later settlers of this township were James Robertson, John M. Lockwood,

Patrick Lyons, Reuben Long, Nicholas Long, Thomas and William Hooker, and Peter Miller. Peter Miller was a great hunter and story teller, and it is said that in one year he killed fifty deer. He could win almost any foot race.

Among these early settlers progress became the watchward and gradually the forests and wilderness around began to be cleared up and luxurious homes were erected. The narrow paths running through the woods were changed into meadows planted with hay, barns went up and were filled with food for the cattle, which heretofore had to feed on dry twigs, etc. Perry township received a great many Germans that came here between the years 1830 and 1840. Their descendants compose the larger part of the population.

The first church organization in Perry township was that organized by Ezekiel Saunders, a Baptist preacher of early days. He was prominent among his co-laborers. Their early meetings were held at the old Saunders homestead until the society built a church in Posey County, which ended the history of it as far as Perry County was concerned. In 1823 Benoni Stinson started a church with about thifty-five members who withdrew from the old church after it had moved into Posey County, and here they worshipped for about three or four years, in a small log cabin about one mile from Henderson.

The German Evangelical Lutheran Emanuel's Church.—This church was organized in Perry township in 1854, through the efforts of Rev. A. Saupert. This is a part of the first congregation of Trinity church of this city, having come here with Rev. Saupert.

There are no towns of note in Perry township except Perryville or Babytown, as it is commonly called, but this is really a part of the city of Evansville, and has no importance as a separate town. Col. John Rheinlander established a grocery and cigar store shortly after the Mexican war and the growth of this place is attributed to these small enterprises.

GERMAN TOWNSHIP.

German township was organized in 1845. Before its organization it was part of Pigeon and Armstrong townships. It is bounded on the north by Armstrong, on the east by Scott and Center and on the south by Perry township and on the west by Posey County. The land is thickly covered with timber and because of this fact the game has always been plentiful. Even when the game began to grow scarce in Indiana all around, there was still a great deal in this county and almost any one that could fire a gun could go into the woods and secure venison or ducks and geese for his larder.

It was about the time that the few Anglo-Saxons began to occupy the wild lands of what is now Armstrong township, that German was first invaded by the hardy pioneers. It is probable that occasional hunters and

trappers crossed its territory while still in the possession of the Indians, but such persons had little influence upon its future growth. The first permanent settlement, which, by gathering together a few families for mutual protection from hostile red men and wild beasts, for a nucleus about which a neighborhood was gathered and where the woodman's ax first made a clearing and raised a cabin, which, though rude and uninviting in its aspect, was designed for more than a temporary shelter, was made in the northwest corner of the township by the Hensons, David and Jesse, and Joseph Chapman. Walter Bryant came into the Henson settlement in early days. Under the leadership of Jesse Holloway, a band of about six families settled about two miles from the first settlement and raised a cluster of log cabins. The land was bought from the government at the price of $2 per acre, and money was so scarce that it was difficult to acquire that sum. John Warren succeeded in clearing not less than forty-two acres on the congress land and after building a house, stable and a few smaller buildings, he sold his farm to John Morgan for $40.00.

German township was very thinly settled; there were only a few spots where a hunter would come across a place that bore the marks of civilization. To the eastward, in the wild and dense woodland, there was not a trail of human being until the Parker neighborhood was reached, a little southwest of the site of the village of St. Joseph. Here the families of Richard Wells, the Parkers and Mr. McKinnis formed a settlement. In the extreme northern part of the township there were a few homes such as that of James Kirkpatrick and Beriah B. Short, simple backwoodsmen. Here also lived George B. Wagnon, whose father was the first associate judge in the county.

Besides these men named, there were many other squatters and early settlers who, with what may be called the second settlement beginning about 1830, almost flew before the hordes of industrious immigrants who came from across the sea to possess themselves of homes in the land of liberty, folded their tents like the Arab, and as silently stole away. Most of the population of German township today are Germans, who are thrifty and valuable citizens. The only town of any importance in this township is St. Joseph. Nicholas Long settled here in the early days and became quite wealthy. He built a storehouse, a postoffice, a smithy, a school building and a church. Around these few buildings clustered a few pioneer log cabins. There were a few towns attempted, but they have all gone back to corn fields and meadows.

The only church was the one in the Henson neighborhood. This was a church free to all denominations, but soon passed out of existence. Soon after the Germans came here they established a German Lutheran church and the first meetings were held at the homestead of the Farquhars in the northeast part of the township. It was founded about the year 1838 and soon afterwards a log church was erected. The log church was soon replaced by a spacious and comfortable edifice.

The first Catholic church was St. Joseph's Catholic church, which was a two-story log house, the upper story of which was used for the services and the lower story for a school and home for the pastor. The congregation soon became too large for the old log church and a new one was built of brick, at the cost of $2,200. It was dedicated April 27, 1857, by Bishop de St. Palais.

ARMSTRONG TOWNSHIP.

This was the first township formed in the County of Vanderburg. It was organized March 9th, 1818, and took in about half of the county. It is bounded on the west and north by Posey and Gibson Counties, on the east by Scott and on the south by German Township. The soil is productive and the farms are kept by well-to-do farmers. The principal stream is Big creek, flowing from the east to the west across the township, but its waters have never been of much use for mill purposes, except along its broader parts.

The first settlements were made along the northern line by the squatters. They accumulated no property and thought more of hunting than of farming. When the game grew scarce they moved farther on. Among the earliest to settle in Armstrong township were James Martin with his two sons, Thomas and Charles, who came from Carolina. Charles Martin built a horsepower mill in the township, which was in operation for many a long year. John Armstrong, Sr., for whom the township was named, was another of the early settlers. He had been a sailor and came with some ready money, unlike most of the early settlers, and entered considerable land. It seemed strange that one, so much of whose life had been spent on the ocean, should at last settle in the wilds of the interior where he could not even hear the dashing of the waves upon the coast. He was a veritable "salt," full of stories, and was never happier than when surrounded by attentive listeners. The monotonous life of the forecastle had prepared him for the monotony of pioneer life in the woods of Armstrong township. Here he found a people who were glad to hear his constant talking about the sea. They had not heard his stories a thousand times, as had the shipmates, no doubt. In the lonely cabins of the pioneers, with the great backlog filling every recess with its glory, he was wont to become an attractive figure to all, from the boy whose life was just beginning to the old man whose source of greatest joy was retrospection. Mr. Armstrong was industrious and pushing, though not particularly prominent. He was respected by all and died when about ninety years of age, in the township bearing his name. Judge John McGrary held the place as associate judge. He was a man of sterling worth and was very prominent in Armstrong township.

The public lands were soon taken and the entire township became a garden, where a short time before it had been a wilderness, and soon good roads were provided, instead of the trails leading through the woods. The

newcomers were principally from Germany, though many came from Pennsylvania and the other states in the country. As a class they are economical, industrious and good citizens and to their efforts in the past is due much of the prosperity of the present.

In the early times there was preaching at the schoolhouses and at the cabins of the settlers. The regular Baptists were the most prominent at first but they later gave way for the Cumberland Presbyterians. A union church was built in the extreme northwest corner of the township, which was free to all Christian denominations, though it was used chiefly by the Cumberland Presbyterians and the Christian order. The community took the matter of churches up and soon had an edifice erected. It was named "Calvert Chapel" in honor of Mr. Leroy Calvert, who did much toward having the church erected.

The largest town in Armstrong township is St. Wendell's, which has a flouring mill, a store, a blacksmith shop and other little conveniences such as are usually demanded for a farming neighborhood. In the village are centered the religious and educational facilities for the Catholic church in this part of the county.

The accompanying is a picture of what was known for many years and is still known as "the old stone house." It is just above the little town of Newburg, and when I first hunted back of it, many years ago, was in fine condition. The stone slabs under the porch were as perfect as the rest.

When built, it was the best specimen of old-time architecture in this section. It was built in 1845 by James H. Roberts. The stone is sandstone and was hauled on sleds by oxen from a quarry on the river above. It will be remembered that Newburg is older than this city and was first called the Sprinklesburg.

There was a fine spring just under the river bank, in front of this house, and it had been used by the Indians for many years, as there were old camp signs all around it. Above it was an old Indian mound, which exists to this day. Most of the relics have been taken from it, but many can still be had by digging. By noting the great chimneys on this house, one can have an idea of the esteem in which they were held.

Following is an extract from the Evansville Courier:

"Around the Old Stone House hangs an atmosphere of dread. It is more than seventy years old. For nearly a quarter of a century it was the home of only rats and mice. The storms of winters swept through the bare rooms and halls. Broken shutters slapped and banged. The windows rattled. Rains poured through the roof onto the stained and rotted floor.

"The winds whistled and moaned through the trees in the family cemetery near by. In the summers rabbits scurried into the underbrush. Snakes glided through the rank grass and weeds. On Indian Hill was seen phosphorescent glows of fire flies and decayed wood.

"Strange tales were told of the things seen there, and heard. Indians, tall and gaunt of form, stalked over the hill. Forms clad in misty white

appeared and disappeared. Mysterious lights showed pale and ghastly around the house and in the garden. Weird sounds broke the stillness of the nights and passersby could hear the shades of dead men rapping for a medium.

"A few years ago the house was reclaimed. The roof was rebuilt. New floors were put in. The lawn was mowed and the underbrush cut away. There is an air of prosperity about the place now and flowers bloom in the garden.

"The Old Stone House, as it is known, was built in 1839 by Gaines Hardy Roberts, grandfather of Mrs. Sarah McGill, 9 Emmet street. It stands on an elevation overlooking the Ohio, two miles above Newburg. It commands a view of the river for twenty-five miles, the longest straight stretch of rover between Cincinnati and Cairo.

"It stands on Indian Hill, the site of an Indian stockade built in 1810. The stockade harbored eight families of pioneers. 'Twas during the years of Indian uprisings, and all around are indications of battles fought. Arrow heads are plowed up in the fields. Stone hatchets are occasionally found, and many trees are said to be marked with Indian signs.

"The house was built ten years after Newburg was founded in 1829 by A. M. Phelps. The contractor was John Meinhardt, a German just over from the Fatherland.

"It is of sandstone, hand chiseled. The stone was hauled in ox-carts from two miles up the river, and three years were consumed before the completion.

"At that time it was the most magnificent home in southern Indiana. Families came for miles around to see it.

"At the death of Rufus Roberts, the son of Gaines H. Roberts, the house was sold to Union Bethed, father of Union Bethed, president of the American Bell Telephone company. At his death the house was left vacant for more than twenty years. Twelve years ago it was bought by Dr. Wesley Wilson who now occupies it.

"When the house had been repaired and Dr. Wilson went to live in it, it was more than a hundred nights before he could get any one to sleep there with him. There were plenty of servants to be got during the day, but when the shadows of night began to fall he was left alone. Even now it is hard to get negro farm hands to work about the place. Memories of the haunts of years ago are still with them.

"The only man living in or near Newburg now who can remember the house during the life time of G. H. Roberts, the man who built it, is Joseph Snyder."

It is not giving credit to this grand and fruitful county to leave the matter without saying more of the wonderful fertility of its soil and the height of production to which intelligent farming has brought it. Back in the old days farmers were content to raise simply one crop. Whatever was the most easy to raise seemed best to them and with the wonderful

rich soil it seemed at that time that there would never be any need of caring for it. I can well remember shooting quail years ago in fields where the soil beneath my feet was perfectly black and the corn was so high that if a quail rose and did not go down a cornrow, I lowered my gun, for there was no use of taking a crossshot through corn that averaged from 8 to 12 feet high. This is still the case with the soil in parts of Vanderburg County, but in other parts the soil has been carefully cared for and we do not see any of the waste or "thrown out" fields that are so common in many places in this country. This is due to what is known as intelligent farming. In the olden days there were many hillside farms that were not worked at all. Good ground was so plentiful and so rich and productive, that no one thought of using what were known as side hills. But a class of Germans came into these sections, who had been used to the rugged worn-out hills of their own lands, and to them these wooded hills seemed wonderful. The timber was soon cut down and then they began to fertilize and it used to be a common remark in former years that no German farmer ever came into town with a wagon without taking back to his farm a load of fertilizer. In fact, on almost any day in the year these wagons could be seen going in every direction and their contents were dumped where they would do the most good. In Germany the greatest care is taken of everything which can be possibly utilized as a fertilizer and there is a story that a man's worth is judged by the amount of fertilizer that he can keep on hand while still making his little fields productive. In those days everyone in the town was only too glad to get rid of everything of this kind and the Germans soon got into the way of agreeing to clean up all premises if they might be allowed to take away the result. On the vacant lots on Division street between First and Second streets, there used to be enormous lots of fertilizer from the various stables in the vicinity and this was all taken away by these Germans at no cost to them. Afterwards when the American farmers began to see the result of this constant use of the material, they followed in the footsteps of the Germans and made contracts buying at so much a load and at present every portion of the city is kept clean by this process. There is no land that will stand a continuous crop of one kind and hence these Vanderburg County farmers of whom I have spoken, have adopted the plan of changing their crops from time to time as necessity demanded. They saw where the people of the south had made a great mistake in cultivating cotton year after year until their land was literally worn out. They profited by the lesson, so that one who goes through Vanderburg County in these days, can see almost every kind of grain being raised, while fields that are "resting" as the saying is, are turned into rich pasture lands. The old rail fences have all disappeared and nothing remains save a few old landmarks.

Another thing might be said, that these same farmers have not been content to live as their forefathers did but they do their work with the most

perfect machinery of the day, which is carefully put away when not in use in their large barns. In the old days if a man bought a threshing machine, he simply left it under a tree uncovered all through the winter and then wondered why it needed so much fixing when again needed. The same might be said of even the plow which was often left at the end of a furrow until spring and the plowing began. They have done away with all these lax methods of farming. They have good stock and it is well cared for. Many of them have cattle as highly bred as can be found anywhere, while the old razor-back hog, which was always skin and bones and about as much head as body, has given place to the plump Poland China, the Berkshire and other breeds of hogs with very small heads and very short legs and splendid bodies; hogs, in fact, every portion of which produced good meat. They have built good houses with all modern improvements. Some of them are beautifully and tastefully furnished and while in the long ago the accordian was about the only musical instrument which could be heard in the evening, there are now fine pianos in the great majority of these farm homes. In fact, a leading music dealer of this city told me not long ago, that it was surprising to figure up the number of fine pianos that had gone into the farming community back of this city. He added that they were not half as captious and hard to please as the average city purchaser. They also have the most modern sewing machines and even the most modern churns so that the life of the farmer's wife is not the long career of drudgery that it used to be. Even in their poultry they have realized that a finely bred fowl eats no more and is far superior to the barnyard dominecker which held sway when the woman of the house generally relied on the eggs and chickens for her entire pin money for the year. The old idea of haphazard farming is completely exploded. It used to be the case that a great number of the farms were covered with mortgages on which exhorbitant rates of interest were charged and the farmer plodded along year after year, satisfied if he could keep his family with plenty to eat, clothe himself comfortably and still keep the interest on his mortgage paid up. As it is now, mortgages are a very rare thing and the farmer has money in the bank. In fact, he is more firmly fixed on "easy street" than the average city man.

Much attention has been paid of late to scientific farming and the department of agriculture has not only sent the very best of reading matter but it has sent hundreds and hundreds of well-posted men in every direction to teach the farmers how to get the best resuls out of their soil. The grand success of the recent corn school in this city and the fact that it was attended by ten times as many interested pupils as had been expected, go to show that intelligent farming now holds the day. It is pretty well understood that these corn schools and matters of like character, will be kept up in Evansville from this time on. Things have greatly changed since Blackstone wrote his parable. He said that, virtually, that in every other occupation in life, in art, in science or anything of that kind, some

method of instruction was looked on as a necessity and a requisite but that every man considered himself a born farmer. This has been demonstrated over and over again, when men, tired of city life, bought small farms hoping to do well and lead a life free from cares, only to find that it needed some education to be a farmer. For a long time farmers were apt to look down on every step in the direction of progress. They were content to go along in the same lines as their forefathers, making about so much of a crop each year, but this idea is all exploded and he is now anxious to learn anything and everything that will teach him how to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before. Harris Dixon says, "He who plants a seed in hope, who watches in faith, for it to bear fruit, makes of himself—I speak reverently—a partner of Almighty God, but he must not sit down and depend entirely upon his partner. Nature may be the best farmer, but brains make the most profitable fertilizer and a little elbow grease helps out. There are riches in the soil, there was water in the rock, but Moses had to smite intelligently before it would come out. Every day men are smiting the barren plains and drawing streams of water and oil. The miracle of yesterday may be the applied science of today. 'Applied science,' that is the thing which the awakened farmer is fitting to his farm."

The first attempt towards scientific farming was made as far back as 1836 but it failed for lack of support. In 1842 the first endowment for agricultural education was provided in Harvard by the will of Ben Bussey. The first state to take hold of the advanced farming was Michigan in 1850 and under the Morrill act in 1862 the United States government gave to each state, a territory, with liberal grants of land, to encourage colleges but the simple farmers laughed at their plans and made all manner of jokes about scientific farming. To be truthful, the first professors were far above the heads of the farmers and the latter used to make fun of them. In the first days, to speak, about leguminous plants, phosphoric acid, potash, etc., was like talking Greek to the farmers and they could hardly be blamed for calling these agricultural professors "jaw smiths," which they did and they would have called them "hot air artists" only the term was not known in those days.

But common sense finally triumphed. The professors came down from their high horses and began to speak in terms that the farmers could understand and the farmers were more than willing to meet them hàlf way. They began to understand each other and to pull together and the results are seen today in these great fruitful farms where hardly an inch of ground is allowed to go to waste. During recent rides through Vanderburg County it has pleased me very much to notice the great change in the cattle especially. Years ago one saw the long gaunt cow with spreading horns and a long tail, completely clogged with cockleberries. Now he sees cows with beautiful heads, Herefords, Durhams and Ayrshires, and all of the beautiful milk-producing cattle. As this city grows, it will al-

ways be a great milk and butter market for Vanderburg County. The same may be said of poultry. Happy should be the farmer who has a market right at his door and while vats sums of money have been thrown away, he should be thankful to the county commissioners for the beautiful roads. He should also congratulate himself on the fact that these roads have cost him very little, but there is now no time of the year during which a farmer cannot bring a full load of anything he chooses into the city. Compare this to the old days when the roads were simply impassable from fall until late spring, except with the very heaviest teams of oxen and see what changes Father Time makes.

Reverting again to these agricultural schools, it must not be assumed that they are attended only by the younger generation. Old gray-haired farmers whose lives are nearly run, are eager to learn in their old age and sit side by side with young farmers' sons, drinking in the instruction which is so willingly given to them by this great government.

A humorous writer in speaking of the old men says, "There are white-haired men and bald-headed men who have been hopping clods, renewing mortgages and trying to scratch a living out of the dirt, for ages. They are tired of chasing razor-back hogs, herding cows and coming out deeper in debt at the end of every year. They may not be men of much education as it is measured by books, but they are men of sense who come to the college for information. This information goes straight back to the farmer and goes into the ground with the other seed."

I have been speaking, of course, of the country which lies almost directly back of Evansville, for in the low lands which are overflowed by the river in the bottoms, above and below the city, it is hardly possible to raise anything but corn and fertilization is unnecessary for each high water leaves its deposit which fertilizes the land. The corn which is raised on it is the best to be found anywhere in the country. Just as Evansville and the lots within the city limits increase in value, so do the acres on the farms near Evansville. There is a vast difference between the value of a farm near a prosperous and growing city and one far off from the market. In this respect the farming element of Vanderburg County can well consider themselves blessed. The following short squib will show what corn crops can be raised in this wonderful fertile section.

"Colonel Alfred Ribeyre, the "corn king" of Indiana, was in the city yesterday. Mr. Ribeyre has 3,700 acres of corn in this year on his farm near New Harmony. He says the prospects look good for a big crop. Forty-five bushels to the acre is a good average, which will bring his crop to 168,000 bushels. Colonel Ribeyre is easily the largest individual corn raiser in Indiana."

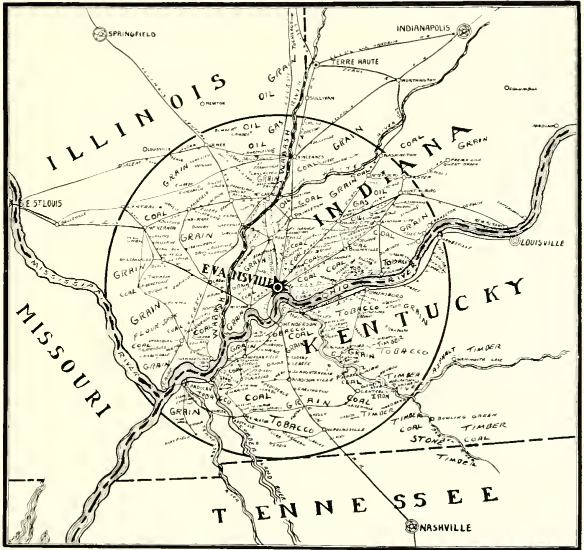
CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE GREATER EVANSVILLE—"THE CITY OF OPPORTUNITIES"—HOW SHE HAS PASSED THE DIVIDING LINE—WE HAVE ONLY TO WAIT—HOW EARLY INDUSTRIES HAVE GROWN—INFLUX OF NEW ONES—THE CHEAPEST FUEL ON EARTH—THE GREAT GATEWAY TO THE SOUTH—WHAT THE LOCKS AND DAMS WILL DO—THE PANAMA CANAL—EXTRACTS FROM SPEECHES OF VARIOUS WELL-POSTED MEN.

THE GREATER EVANSVILLE.

It is fortunate, in one sense of the word, that this work is being written just at the time that the people of Evansville seem to be waking up to the fact that they have before them the promise of one of the greatest cities in the West. This would not come naturally under the head of a history of Evansville of the past, but the intent of the publishers is that this book shall be picked up from time to time in years to come and carefully read by those who wish to know not only all of this city's very early trials and successes, but of those of future years after it had really become a large city. The natural advantages of Evansville have been dealt with in this work, but of late it would seem that the general prosperity of the country and the necessity of removing on the part of a great many large manufacturing establishments have turned many eyes to this city and so completely do the advantages point themselves out to every one interested that it seems that no good business man could fail to take advantage of the opportunity now presented in this year of 1910. Just now the citizens are trying to decide on a motto for Evansville and among the list are the following: "Greater Evansville, the gateway to the South," "The Tri-State Metropolis," "Evansville, the great Gateway between the North and the South," "The Gateway to the New South," "Nature's Favorite City," "The City of Opportunities," "Evansville, the City of Northern Vitality, Southern Hospitality and German Frugality," "The City of Opportunities," "The Crescent Queen of Industry."

It will be seen by the above that the thoughts of all who contributed these motoes seem to take the same general direction. They realize that with a good stage in the Ohio river and with the coming of so many railroads, Evansville will become, in fact, the Gateway to the South, if not something still more. A pleasant fact to note is that Congress has just passed an approbation for the Henderson dam, which is the first great step



SPRINGFIELD
INDIANAPOLIS
TERRE HAUTE
ILLINOIS
INDIANA
KENTUCKY
MISSOURI
TENNESSEE
EVANSVILLE
E. ST LOUIS
LOUISVILLE
NASHVILLE
WABASH
OHIO RIVER
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
OIL
GAS
GRAIN
COAL
TOBACCO
TIMBER
ASPHALT
IRON
STONE
FLOUR SPAR

towards making the Ohio a navigable river at all seasons of the year. When these dams, which are projected, are built, there will be a total absence of all sand bars which in the past have contributed so largely against uniform transportation from Evansville. The regular increase in population has been large, but nothing in proportion to what it should have been. A list has been made of the various cities of any size in Indiana, and it shows that the percentage of increase of Evansville is far above any of them. Not only does this mean an increase in population but in capital, and in value of materials used in manufacturing the products. The nearest approach to Evansville along these lines is the city of Indianapolis, which can thank its railroads for this fact. Aside from its being a railroad center, Indianapolis has absolutely nothing to commend it. Evansville, geographically, has a far better location and when it comes to natural resources Indianapolis is not at all to be compared to it. For a time there was a great cry in the northern part of the state about the wonderful gas belt and Indianapolis took advantage of her proximity to the gas producing fields to do a great deal of advertising for herself. But time has shown that these gas fields do not last and they are rapidly becoming a thing of the past and manufacturers are turning to something more substantial in the way of material for producing fuel and light. The great feature that governs all manufacturers is the cost of fuel. A manufacturer cannot possibly run without a motive force, which must be produced either by fuel or water and in the state of Indiana there are no waterfalls large enough to be of any service. Therefore the only recourse is to turn to coal, which is absolutely the only thing which is practicable. The whole southern part of Indiana is one vast coal field. There are fifty mines within a radius of thirty miles of this city. There are ten mines within the city limits. This means an absolutely inexhaustible supply, and yet if it were exhaustible, we would only have to go a few miles across the Ohio river to get all the coal that we wanted, of a grade which is only surpassed by the very best quality of Pittsburg coal. Let one estimate the cost of getting Pittsburg coal from where it is mined to this city, and then let him take into consideration the nearness of this city and the natural outlet for getting to the South and the foreign countries as soon as the Panama canal is finished and he can see for himself that even Pittsburg, with all her cry of cheap fuel, is not to be compared to Evansville. There are in Warrick County, with superior railroad connections, twelve big mines which are in active operation and which furnish the very best quality of coal. A well-written work on the geology of the state of Indiana speaks very highly of Vanderburg County and its coal supplies. The statement is made that the coal is absolutely able to stand transportation of any kind, which is a very great point, as there is some coal mined in different portions of the United States which will not stand the weather. There is some cannel coal, but not near here, and it really is of little benefit to the manufacturer. All the manufacturer is looking for is the coal that will make good fuel, and when

he can find a place like this, where good mine coal can be delivered right at his furnace door for 60 cents a ton, there is certainly no use of going much further into the matter of fuel. This, however, only applies to manufacturers who will locate here on the vast stretches of good flat land that lie back of Evansville, all of which are perfect in the way of locating large plants with cottages for the workmen all around them. But the far-seeing coal fielders have looked further, and will hail with delight the day when thousands of barge loads of coal can be delivered right on barges on the river bank, far cheaper than in any place in the United States and where they save the hundreds of miles between here and New Orleans and the Panama canal, which are now being wasted in the time spent to get as far South as this point.

The grading of the Big Four railroad is being pushed so rapidly that this giant enterprise can be said to be almost at our doors. There is no better conducted road in the Union than this and what its advent means to Evansville can only be a matter of conjecture, and we shall try to show further on that this is only the beginning, and it is a matter of common record that wherever a big railroad has found a good city to enter and has shown by the vast amount of money spent in coming in, that it has perfect confidence in the future of that city, other roads are very likely to follow in their wake. There cannot be too many railroads. In the old days it was considered almost a crime for one road to parallel another, but the records show that in every case where this has been done, not only have both roads done a great business, but the entire country which they traverse has always been very greatly benefited. We now have the L. & N. R. R. to Nashville, Tennessee, the L. & N. to St. Louis, the Southern Railway to Louisville, Kentucky, and to St. Louis, Missouri, the E. & T. H. to Chicago, the I. C. to Peoria, Illinois, and to Nashville, Tennessee, the E. & I. to Terre Haute, the Louisville, Henderson and St. Louis, to Louisville, Kentucky. The Big Four will, of course, open up a through line to the great East. We have traction lines to Newburg, to Boonville, to Rockport and to Mt. Vernon and extensions on all of these are now being talked of and contemplated. With the building of the great bridge across the Ohio, almost directly in front of the city, a vast new territory will be opened up and more direct connection with the South will be had than ever before. The building of the little city across the river also means much for Evansville and it may be that some of us will live to see the day when what was once almost a piece of waste land with vast corn fields, across from Sunset park, will be dotted with residences. The greatest trouble we now have is the bonded debt of the city of Evansville, of which mention has been made before. The story of the game that was worked by the early railroads was told and also the selling of the bonds, or more virtually, the stealing of the bonds, for that was about what it amounted to and even so far along in this work it might be well to quote that splendid traffic manager, the late G. J. Grammer, when he appeared before the In-

diana Railroad Commission in 1906. He spoke of what had been the method of the railroads in the past and turning to his old friend, Judge W. J. Wood, who was a member of the commission, he said, "Indiana was no exception and I need only remind Judge Wood of this fact. Take my old home Evansville. That city in the early '70s voted $1,100,000 to aid in the construction of railroads and what became of it? What did they get for it? All they received for their money was the railroads and common stock in the sale. What became of that stock? Every one of these railroads went into bankruptcy and the stock became worthless. What became of this debt? Evansville has been paying taxes for 30 years on this debt. They have paid more than double the principal in interest and still owe the principal." This is an evidence of the spirit that existed at that time, to encourage the construction of railroads. It is hard for a man to say what should be done about this debt that was foisted upon this city. That it is absolutely unjust we all know. That it is a great burden we all know. That it is diverting into the hands of foreign people, the good dollars that our tax payers pay out and which could be so well used for the betterment of this city, that we well know. If there could be some law gotten up by which a city which had been so ruthlessly robbed, could compromise a debt of this kind, even although it has been already compromised, 99 out of a hundred citizens of Evansville would vote for such an action. It is true that the railroads are here and we would not be without them, but think of what we paid for that worthless stock, and think of how we were beaten out of any money results from the good money which we put up. Mr. Grammer said at this same meeting, that there would be more railroads in Indiana shortly and by that he meant that they would come of course towards Evansville, if the projectors were able to raise the money for their construction. "The Big Four would have been in a year ago," he said, "if they had been able to make a certain loan." He says positively that he knows of three railroads that are not under construction, that are projected and fostered by strong people and that as soon as the necessary financial arrangements can be made, they will be built. Another point that he made was that there is no bad feeling between railroads and electric railroads. Good railroads are always anxious to see plenty of traction lines, for the traction lines bring money and business to the big railroads. Many people have thought otherwise, yet I question if any of them are as conversant with the situation as Mr. Grammer. One of the best business talks ever made in the city of Evansville was by G. J. Grammer to the members of the Evansville Business Association on October 12th, 1906. He was here at the time in the interest of the Big Four road, which came without asking for the contribution of one cent. Mr. Grammer always loved Evansville and was one of the men who never hesitated to show his firm and abiding faith in its future. Among other things he said, "Your city like many others throughout the country, has gone through a great panic (remember this is in the year 1906) but it then seemed to me that

Evansville was more distressed than any other city, and that such distress was brought about to a great extent, by your inaction and the improper application of your facilities, the result of your natural advantages. No doubt it grew out of the depression experienced by almost every interest at almost any point in the United States. In all kinds of business your city undoubtedly felt its depression more than most any other point. I told you some of the natural advantages of Evansville and recited the old story which has been repeated so many times that some of us actually believed it, that Evansville by location, by circumstances, of creation, by the methods pursued in building up its business after the war, and the many things that had contributed to its success, had gradually fallen away until that time that there was hardly anything here of value, real or tangible, and I was sure when I got through, that some of you gentlemen thought I was an optimist. I do not think so now and I did not think so then. Now, gentlemen, speaking of Evansville as a railroad center, we all know that Evansville is the shortest through gateway between the northwest and the southeast. This is something that everyone should know and a matter we have explained many times. You are 48 miles nearer Nashville and 50 miles nearer Atlanta from Chicago, than by the way of any other possible route. Notwithstanding these natural conditions, together with the large manufacturing and jobbing interest of your city, it appeared to me that when the period of depression came, everyone let go at once. For many years I was in charge of practically all the railroads leading north and east of Evansville and had charge of the traffic which originated north or east and passed through here, destined to the south. I practically made every traffic, dictated all policies, arranged the percentage basis, fought your fights early and late, as well as my own." He then went on to speak of the advantages of competition and showed that while in 1880 the gross earnings of the Evansville and Terre Haute were $600,000, in 1893 they were $1,400,000 a few years later and yet in the meantime there were three distinct competing lines working north and east of Evansville. Continuing he said, "I have been a good while getting our people to realize the importance of Evansville. I wanted to see my old home on the map and to know that it was a terminus of the greatest system of railroads that exists on earth." He then spoke again of the old time railroads and said, "I remember years ago when we voted $300,000 for the Henderson and Nashville, $300,000 to the St. Louis and South Eastern, $242,000 to this combined road, $125,000 to the Peoria, Decatur and Evansville, part of the consideration being that they were to build shops. They built them (?) Then we voted $100,000 to the local trade or Air line. Every dollar of this $1,067,000, including interest thereon, has amounted to more than double the original principal and the interest you still continue to pay, was lost by these several roads going into bankruptcy. The only consideration you received for this money was certificates of common stock which have proven to be worthless. Your city and county in the early '50s each voted

$100,000 to the Evansville and Terre Haute, for which you received $150,000. Your subsidy of $100,000 to the Newburg line and Howell shops has also proven a great investment."

It is unfortunate that Captain Grammer did not live to see his hopes realized. His whole heart and soul were bent on getting this great road into the city he loved so well, and to which he came when only a poor young man. His speech put fresh life into the hearts of many who heard it and it is doubtful if there ever has been an address made before the Business Men's Association that carried with it more actual weight. This work would gladly reproduce it in full, but for the fact that much of his talk was about railroad rates which would be of little interest save to those directly interested in shipping.

Mr. F. P. Jeffries, speaking along the same line, says:

"While I was general manager of the Evansville and Terre Haute railroad, I made one of the greatest fights of my life to maintain Evansville as an important gateway to the south. Other great railway systems were seeking to divert traffic through other gateways, and in the rate meetings I fought the battle for Evansville almost single handed. Now, fortunately, the once isolated railroad, which was the football of Wall street, is part of a powerful and extensive railway system and no longer has to fight but can command her rights. Evansville will become the most important gateway between the north and the south, for it is the quickest and most direct route from Chicago to southern points. Package freight now reaches Augusta as quickly from Chicago as from New York. The improvement of service and quickening of schedules will not only send an ever-increasing procession of freight cans through Evansville, but will increase the stripping advantages of Evansville merchants and manufacturers.

"I am here to help in the upbuilding of Evansville as well as the Evansville and Terre Haute railroad, and the officials of the great railway system I represent are fully in sympathy with my ambition to make the Evansville gateway the greatest of all."

Mr. Jeffries has come back here to live. He is a railroad man of the very first class and will be a welcome addition to the "pushers."

The organization of the Big Six Chair company, another big industry has added to the fast growing list of manufacturing plants in Evansville. The new company was organized by Benjamin Bosse and his associates in the Big Six company and will be affiliated with that concern.

The factory will be erected on the site now owned by the Globe Lumber company near the Maryland street bridge. The Big Six company holds an option on that property now and immediately upon organization the Big Six Chair company will take over the option and the property of the Globe Furniture company. Plans for the building, which alone will cost $30,000, are now being prepared by Clifford Shopbell and the construction work will begin as quickly as possible. The building will be of brick and modern in every respect. All the machinery will be of the newest

type and will be thoroughly up to date and capable of turning out the highest quality of chairs economically.

The management of the new concern is under Mr. William Haas, who was for a long time with the John G. Newman company. It is the intention of the promoters of the new company to turn out nothing but first class furniture and in order to do this will endeavor to secure the most skilful labor possible. The new factory will be on the Big Four's main line.

THE WHITE CITY.

This seems, at this writing to be the commonly accepted name of the little concrete city which is being built on the point of land in Kentucky just opposite Evansville.

For many long years this point has been looked on simply as a place for a good corn field, and, in fact, the very finest grade of corn is raised there. At certain seasons of the year it is subject to overflow but this does not harm it as a rich alluvial deposit is left on the surface. Again the water does not "wash" it to any extent as Nature has arranged for that by making a "cut off" some three miles above here, through which the water runs,.meeting the Ohio again above Henderson. Not even in their wildest dreams did any of the old citizens ever think that this beautiful point of land would ever be converted into a little city. Years ago even the ferry boat was discontinued and those who wished to go to Henderson went by rail or boat. But others saw the advantages in this delightful spot and are now taking advantage of it. Mr. J. A. Brown, of the Crawford Development Co., proposes to spend $600,000 on the tract, and do so at once. In an interview with him the following facts were obtained:

In bringing about the materialization of his dreams of a modern Utopia, a city of graftless and politicianless people, housed in concrete residences pumped from the bed of the Ohio river, and governing themselves on the style of a communism remodeled to fit advanced sociological views, Superintendent J. A. Brown of the Crawford Development company announces he will expend $600,000 by the end of the year.

A further development to heighten the already keen and curious interest the people of Evansville are taking in the new city being erected on the Kentucky point came when Mr. Brown stated he had almost certain information a bridge and two railroads, one steam and one interurban, would cross the river near his tract.

"How soon these roads will come, I cannot say," stated Mr. Brown, "but they are coming. I can finance a company provided the people in Evansville will give $500,000 and the people in Henderson county $125,000. That the bridge carrying steam and interurban lines, wagons and pedestrians will prove to be a paying proposition goes without saying. There are lots of people in Evansville who do not know what is coming to this section of the country."

Asked if the steel trust or the American Tobacco company has any interest in his proposed new city, Brown replied:

"The capital behind this city comes from non-corporate sources. There are millionaires behind it. But the steel trust is not interested. Some people liken my proposed city to the one builded by the steel trust at Gary, Ind., and see a connection between my place and its, because Mr. Carroll, a purchasing agent for the United States Steel company, is a partner in the Crawford company. At Gary the steel trust grinds every dollar it can out of its workmen. Here, it will be different. Everyone will be on equal terms. This will be no selfish town.

"As for the American Tobacco company, it has no interest here. The tobacco factory we will put up here will cover two acres. Everything in the smoking and chewing line will be manufactured. The American Tobacco company has gobbled up everything it could over the country and even made Liggett & Myers of St. Louis come into the combination. My factory will fight the trust."

The site of the new town, where foundations for a power plant and a spacious three-story administration building are practically done, was visited yesterday by Mayor Heilman and other city officials. The mayor laid a concrete block which Brown promptly dubbed the cornerstone of the city building for the new Kentucky burg.

Brown stated last night that he has had his eyes on the Kentucky peninsula opposite Evansville for twelve years, ever since he came here that length of time ago to purchase hardwood lumber. Brown for many years was an assistant to the contractors in the building of the Union Pacific, Canadian Pacific and Nickel Plate railroads. He is informed in detail about every nook and corner of the United States. Mrs. Kate Hawley, the New York woman who is one of the partners in the Crawford company, is the daughter of the contractor who finished the Union Pacific line from western Montana to the Pacific coast.

"For twenty years I have been studying out a scheme for a model city," stated Brown. "I believe I have something new for the entire world. Every house must set on two lots. I will build houses and sell them on rent with interest added, as is a well known plan. There is no place in the United States, so far as I know, where concrete houses can be built so cheaply. The river is a great bar of sand which will be pumped up here, used to erect houses and to fill in the low ground to fifty feet above zero on the gauge. No known flood has ever come this high. Fifty concrete residences will be put up this year, as well as the public buildings."

Touching on the advanced sociological views he will endeavor to put into effect, Brown said:

"With the deed to every lot will go the condition that it cannot be resold to a colored man, that nothing but a residence can be erected on it, that it cannot be sold or transferred to anyone without the consent of the

board of governors for the community, that no man can own more than two lots except through inheritance.

"There will be no jail, no city court. We will have a deputy sheriff and when a man does anything criminal he can be taken to Henderson. Many of the people who live here will come from New England to work in the factories. This will be a great manufacturing point, in time. The city will stretch from a point opposite the foot of Fulton avenue to above the water works. A park will follow the river line, flanked by a wide driveway.

"Every week the community members will hold a meeting and settle affairs among themselves. Arrangements will be made for credit to the sick or unemployed in the big community store. Residents will not have to buy here, but as they will own the store, as well as the public buildings and water, power and light plants, it will be to their interest to trade here. With every deed there goes an interest in the public buildings and municipal utilities."

Brown stated that he was a student of Herbert Spencer's synthetic philosophy and was applying some of it to the new community. His present plans are to lay all of the water and sewer pipes along the present ground level and later cover them over with sand pumped up from the river.

It is often the case that when a party of men get together and discuss the present status and the future of the city of Evansville, the question always comes up, "How is it that the whole country does not know about Evansville? We have so many natural advantages that they ought to present themselves to the people of the country." Yet it would be very amusing to ask some of these same men how much they know about their own city and then listen to their replies. For instance, a few days ago I met a well-posted business man who has lived here for many years and who would be assumed to know all about his own city. To my question, "What is the area of Evansville?" he stood a long time and then said, "Well, taking in the distance out Main and up and down the river and the water works and Howell, I should say that it is about three miles square." How many public schools have we here?" I asked him. He studied quite a time, running over in his mind and said, "We must have at least 12." So for the benefit of this gentleman and others interested, I will give a few figures which are absolutely true, or were about three months ago, for since that time buildings are being projected on the flat lands back of the city which will result in quite a different area. The present area of the city of Evansville is over seven miles, containing 4,480 acres. The estimated value of the real estate now in Evansville, leaving out that which has been recently added, is $35,000,000. The estimated population of course, is 75,000, though it will soon be much greater. Instead of a dozen public schools, we have 24 in which are 262 teachers and at the least, an enrollment of 8,867 pupils. Another thing known to very few is that we have 16 private

schools in this city which are attended by 3,000 pupils who do not attend the public schools at all. In the way of hospitals, asylums and homes, several of which have been mentioned in this work, we have 12. We have entering here, seven different railroads and five electric interurbans so that we have in the way of passenger trains entering and leaving, 60 each day. Many people presume that since all this talk of the "railroads having done away with all the steamboat interests," that there is no steamboat trade at all, yet we have 12 different steamboats entering this city. As to the street railroads, many are in the dark. We have 30 miles of it and when it comes to sidewalks, we have 250 miles of them. We have 40 miles of sewers and 50 miles of improved streets. While our waterworks is now being rapidly put into complete order and which will be made so much better by the addition of the filtration plant, it furnishes every day 30,000,000 gallons of water. We have a $200,000 custom house. We have a $750,000 county court house and we have now in parks, exclusive of those which are in contemplation, 181 acres. A very important thing to consider in looking over any city with a view to locating in it, is its death rate. A concise death record has been kept up for years and the average rate per year is 12.7 per cent on the 100, which is lower than that of almost any city of like population in America. It is needless to say anything about our different business associations or the Metropolitan Fire and Police departments, as they are treated of in other places in this book, but to give an idea of what it costs to keep up the public schools, we would state that a fair average is $225,000 per year.

One reason for the good health of the city is that we are blessed with a splendid board of health, which is composed of physicians of high standing. We have a milk and food inspector and sanitary inspector and a secretary of the department of health and charities, and particular attention is given to keeping the city at all times in a sanitary condition. Filthy yards, stagnant pools and great ash heaps are not allowed to exist, nor is the garbage allowed to be dumped around anywhere and we have an officer whose duty it is to attend to everything of this kind and he does his duty well.

Since the above was written there has been a canvas of the matters suggested for this city, and the committee decided on the one "The City of Opportunities." The Crescent Queen of Industry received third prize.

Both were suggested by Mr. W. H. Greer, who says:

"Please accept my sincere thanks for the first and third prizes offered by The Courier in the contest for the best motto for the city of Evansville. I certainly feel honored by the acceptance of my motto by the committee appointed to decide on a suitable motto for our city, also for the favorable consideration of the third.

"Either motto—'The City of Opportunities' or 'The Crescent Queen of Industry'—is appropriate to our city.

"This is a 'City of Opportunities' for young, middle aged and old; in fact, for any who will grasp the opportunities that nature has provided.

Located on the banks of the Ohio river, surrounded by a fine agricultural country, adjoining the banner agricultural county of the state (Posey county), having an inexhaustible supply of coal for fuel, the open gate to the south, transportation facilities by water or rail to every point of the compass, it is verily 'The City of Opportunities.'

"Our city has good drainage and good foundation for the heaviest buildings, being situated above the flood stage of the river, abundant clay for brick manufacturing, building stone comparatively near, as high a standard of morality in its citizens as any city of equal population, in fact the opportunity is here to make this 'City of Opportunities' one of the leading commercial, manufacturing and residential cities of the United States.

"Not wishing to take up too much of your valuable space—for I could go on showing the opportunities Evansville presents to citizens or strangers, merchants, manufacturers, mechanics and farmers—I will again thank you and the gentlemen composing the committee who selected the motto and awarded me first and third prizes.

"Yours respectfully,

"W. H. GREER."

The Evansville Business Men's Association has just held its annual election, and Mr. Ben Bosse, a most active and influential citizen, was elected President. A better choice could not possibly have been made. Mr. Varney Dixon, a son of one of our pioneer merchants, retired after long service. His speech was much to the point. He said among other things:

"In retiring from the secretaryship after five years' service, I feel it to be my duty to offer a few suggestions for your consideration:

"First, I am heartily in favor of a consolidation of all the organizations under one head, with the regular meeting nights for each branch and quarterly meetings of the main body.

"Second, If this cannot be accomplished this association should revise its constitution, that there can be no stock sold and new members should be solicited on the basis of a small initiation fee.

"The present stockholders could arrange a trusteeship to protect their holdings and guard against commercialism. To have weight and influence on questions affecting the public good requires numbers and a common interest and if you can get away from the thirty dollar share of stock, you can get new members. Your property is practically paid for and is worth more than the outstanding stock and it certainly does not look to me like a good business proposition to keep adding a liability against the property by issuing more stock.

"Third, An active effort must be made for new members to provide revenue to sustain the association. Good work cannot be done when only your bare necessities are provided for. It takes money to make an association produce results just the same that it takes money to make a success of your business."

The meeting was well attended and enthusiastic.

The following committee was appointed to investigate the ways and means of Evansville representation at the Ohio Valley Exposition at Cincinnati: Col. Frank B. Posey, A. W. Igleheart, Sydney Ichenhauser, J. H. Rohsenberger and John D. Craft.

As can be readily seen, the latter part of this work is devoted to what the future has in store for this great and growing city. I have given many points which will redound to its advantage and have not called on others for their views, simply because they seemed so plain to me. But I almost daily see articles which have their bearing on the future of Evansville and one of the most recent is from the pen of Col. Charles Denby, who began his young life as a lawyer here. A portion of his history has been given in another part of the work. How he rose from one position to another till he became consul to China, is a part of the history of his native city. He is recognized as one of the foremost diplomats of this country and is now consul-general at Vienna. His special report to the State Department is entitled "Entering Foreign Markets," and that is just what this city with its immense manufactories proposes to do, for it proposes to send its goods world wide.

Col. Denby says:

"In a general sense the American merchant regards the foreign market as a natural phenomenon, and he is inclined to consider the problem of the approach to it to be solved along the broad laws of supply and demand. A not very profound consideration will show that for a proper understanding of foreign countries as markets for sale of merchandise, investigation must be pushed farther than the question: 'Is there a demand for my goods in such a market?' The demand itself must be analyzed and all the elements which give rise to it must receive the most careful attention in order to arrive at a sound conclusion as to the advisability of introducing goods in any country."

Mr. Denby points out that the easiest form of demand to meet is the demand for an article or commodity already in use, and the easiest way to supply it is to sell the commodity for less than the present consumers are paying for the identical thing.

"If a producer in America can learn of a field where buyers pay for an article which he produces more than the price at which he can deliver it to them, his problem is free of difficulty; all he has to do is to produce his goods and arrange for their transport and sale. For such a business his concern is chiefly for accurate information as to cost of manufacture in his own field, freight rates to the foreign market, agency arrangements there, terms of payment, duties on imports, etc." But Mr. Denby adds that foreign trade does not usually present such a simple aspect.

"For nearly all manufactured articles adaptation must be made to meet the exact wishes of the foreign buyer in order to secure a foothold," says he. "The manufacturer sometimes makes an article adapted to American

consumers which he thinks should find a sale abroad. He is almost certain to find, however, that in style his article is not exactly what the foreign consumer wants; that it is better perhaps than the foreign article; that it is so made as necessarily to cost more than the foreign buyer is accustomed to pay. In such a case there are two points of view possible for him. Firstly, he may decide to adapt his article to the demand of the foreign market in quality and price, in manner of packing and delivery, in detail of credit and payment, and thus he may obtain a sale.

"This method is subject to certain disadvantages, however. A manufacturer who has created a trade in America for a high-class article, advertised and commended by its excellence, is naturally unwilling to place a similar but inferior article on a foreign market. It would be bad business policy to do so. The manufacturer may be convinced, however, that his own goods are in reality so much better adapted than the foreign made article to the purpose for which intending that they should find a market in competition with such foreign articles in spite of the difference in quality and price.

"The problem now becomes one not of adaptation in quality and price, but of bringing the foreign consumer to learn of and appreciate its superiority. This calls for the highest skill of the merchant. It is in this line that consuls and trade agents can be of the most valuable service to the American merchant."

Mr. Denby cites several examples. To show that it is for the American manufacturer to introduce a better article than now in use at an increased price. He says, for instance, that the American typewriter has made the demand which it now fills abroad; the American prepared grain products, breakfast foods, cereals, etc., have given rise to a new and rapidly extending market abroad; the American soda water fountain, he points out, is also making its way in foreign countries. To sum up, Mr. Denby believes that the time has come when the American manufacturer should quit making the foreign market a dumping place for the stuff he is unable to sell at home.

At this writing the great question is what population will the present census give the city of Evansville. Conservative people place the figures at 75,000, while others claim that it will easily go to 80,000. It is unfortunate that it was taken just before the recent large plants had been added to the city for they would have brought in quite a number of workmen and their families who would have increased the number to quite an extent. One of the most pleasant things to consider is that since the Board of Reviewers have finished their labors, their figures show an increase of $1,300,000 of assessable property over last year. There is no question that the property is here and their report should certainly have the effect of causing the tax rate to be reduced. Naturally as the city grows larger the taxes will grow less, because the amount of extra improvement made by the city will consist only of extending water mains. If new streets are

built, or old ones extended, the city's proportion of the cost will be very small and it is therefore pleasant to everyone who owns property here to know that the taxes which have been grinding them down for the past years, will soon be reduced to a reasonable limit. If the odious city debt of which I have spoken could only be wiped out, it would be a great thing also in the way of creating a reduction.

Regarding this increase in taxable property, due credit should be given to Marcus S. Sonntag and Frank Lohoff, for the valuable assistance which they have given to the board. It has been too much the case in the past, that corporations would put in their holdings at any figure which happened to suit them, without due regard to the real value of the same. In this matter Evansville has been handicapped for years.

Another thing for congratulation is the fact that the Evansville Business Association which has always been such an important factor in the welfare of Evansville, has taken on new life and its work during the next year promises to be of great value. Mr. Ben Bosse, than whom there is no more enterprising citizen, has been selected as president. Those who know him, know full well how full he is of push and energy. If new life can be forced into this association, Mr. Bosse is the man to do it. In his very first speech before the association he made many valuable suggestions. He also has a plan for increasing the membership which is a good one. He stated that he found on investigation, that there was only 300 members in the association, while Evansville has between 10,000 to 15,000 crafters and business men, all of whom he claims should be members. He also called attention to the fact that the younger business men were inclined to shift the responsibility on the older heads and were not joining as they should. He thinks that the way to get a great number of new members is to charge a small initiation fee and small dues and not compel each member to purchase a share of stock in order to become a member. Mr. Bosse showed very plainly how the coming of one big institution will influence others and made the plain statement that the coming of the Vulcan Steam Shovel Company which was brought here by the E. B. A. was the cause of the recent sale of a certain piece of real estate on Main street at $2,000 per foot front. He added that he knew that this was only the beginning and that several other industries which had been waiting the action of the Vulcan Company had now made up their minds to come. He impressed on the members the necessity of acting promptly and to the point and stated very truthfully that when a concern first wrote about coming here, they did not expect to have to wait a year before they could get a definite answer. His idea is that the time to strike the iron is when it is hot and while the writer is not in favor of these wind-booms which have caused ruin to so many cities, he also knows from his own business experience, that delays are very dangerous and that the time to do business either with an individual or a corporation is right at the drop of the hat. Evansville has been held back in a great many ways through too much con-

servativeness on the part of certain citizens. If all of them believed that it was wrong to let go of one dollar out of one hand before two were safely clinched in the other, this place would never be any larger than it is now.

Happily Evansville is past the point where it has to take chances on anything. The various points referred to in other portions of this work easily impress themselves on any institution seeking a new location. It is a well-known fact that institutions desiring to change locations are very much like sheep. Let it be known that one or two great concerns have found a splendid location and the rest follow. However, it is poor policy to rely wholly on natural advantages. If it takes a small amount of money to bring a plant here, that will at once make money for the city and its people, the money spent in getting it here, is well spent. No one should be "penny wise and pound foolish." Mr. Bosse also spoke of the Coliseum. In the opinion of the writer this is almost as much needed as a bridge across the river here, or another railroad. As it is, we have no large buildings in which to accommodate the crowds who would come here at any time when there is great attractions and a city in that condition is indeed badly off.

Another old landmark will soon give place to a modern structure.

A concrete hospital of 30 rooms, modernly equipped with sunning parlors, X-ray apparatus, operating and ambulance rooms, is now being built at Riverside avenue and Walnut street by Dr. Will Gilbert. The building will be three stories high. The dimensions will be 132 by 75 feet. The cost will be about $50,000, complete. The site is now occupied by the Saunders company with a livery barn.

Still another evidence of progress is as follows:

The Hercules Buggy company, soon to be the largest buggy factory in the world has more business than its present plant can handle and is contemplating a large addition. The company is doing an enormous business and the sales for the twelve months past in 1910 have run 25 per cent ahead of any previous year. The company on July 15 paid a quarterly dividend of one and three-fourths per cent on preferred stock.

W. H. McCurdy, president of the Hercules Buggy company, when seen at his office, said:

"I am very much pleased over the year's business. Our sales show an increase of from 25 to 30 per cent over the largest year we have ever had. During April and May we were compelled to take all of our salesmen off the road as we simply could not take care of the large demand for Hercules buggies. So great has been this demand that I have seriously considered putting a large addition to the buggy company and also an addition to the body and wheel plants. This move, however, has not been fully determined and will not be definitely settled until my return to Evansville about September 1.

"For the past four months my factory has been building and shipping from 210 to 225 finished vehicles per day, and at this time we have orders

in the house sufficient to keep us going to full capacity until September 1. I look for a good business for the balance of this year and am now planning the fall campaign. Our subsidiary factories have been compelled to run night and day in order to keep us fully supplied with bodies and wheels. Our product is shipped in every state in the Union, although the south, southwest and west are our best fields."

In this connection is introduced a well-written suggestion from the pen of Charles S. Hernly, who has done so much for this city:

ORGANIZATION THE KEY TO EVANSVILLE'S FUTURE.

"The advantages of Evansville so far as natural location and conditions are concerned go to make for great growth and development. There is no other city or location in Indiana that can compare with Evansville and it is destined to be eventually the largest and most thrifty city in Indiana.

"Nature has been extremely kind in depositing in and around Evansville the very best coal in the world in unlimited quantities and fuel is the greatest possible factor that can possibly enter into the building of a great city. Next to fuel comes transportation facilities and with the building of the Big Four into Evansville which is now under construction and with the development of a nine-foot stage in the Ohio river this city will take on a new life. These are only indications of what is coming to bring about the development of Evansville's natural resources.

"But with all of Evansville's advantages the thing most needed is new life, new blood and new money which is necessary to the development of her natural resources. The history of the world shows that the people themselves who are born and reared in the community with all the natural advantages are not the ones who take advantage of the situation and bring about great development.

"It takes great tonnage to make a great city and railroads will always build into a community where great tonnage is produced and as soon as Evansville people can show to capitalists now located in the great manufacturing zone of the United States that skilled labor can and will be accessible in and around Evansville by bringing into their midst some factories that employ skilled labor, then Evansville will grow as it should grow. The mind grows upon what it feeds and the minds of the great manufacturing interests of the country have grown upon the idea that skilled labor cannot be employed outside of certain districts in this country. Hence they have been afraid to venture into new fields with large manufacturing plants. If a large concern were to start to build a plant today that would employ 5,000 to 8,000 hands, and that many skilled laborers were required to run their factory, where would they naturally go with this plant—to Pittsburg or Evansville?

"Coal is cheaper at Evansville than at Pittsburg and coal is what made Pittsburg. Pittsburg was developed virtually by one railroad and the two rivers that meet at Pittsburg to form the Ohio, and after its development was assured all of the railroads in that section of the country built their lines into that city, and as Evansville grows she will get the Pennsylvania and the Baltimore & Ohio railroads and these great transportation lines are a necessity and will come.

"One thing that has never been dwelled upon here is the climatic conditions, which are superb. When the climate of Evansville is compared to that of Milwaukee for instance and the long hard snowy winters of the northern cities are compared to the mild winters of Evansville, it is readily to be seen what wonderful advantages Evansville has over the cities farther north for manufacturing purposes. When general conditions at Evansville are compared to any other city in Indiana there is no spot in the state that can be selected by the best expert in the land that compares even favorably with the conditions here.

"The inquiry then arises, why don't large manufacturing plants come voluntarily to Evansville? Whose fault is it, that of the factories or of Evansville people?

"Without stopping to say whose fault it is or who is to blame another question arises and that is, has Evansville the right kind of organizations and has the right kind of work been done to bring the great industrial institutions that ought to be here?

"The only thing to get them here and the only thing that will ever bring them here is a very close, compact organization of Evansville's business interests, which must be backed by the greatest degree of co-operation in such a way as to always put forward and show to the satisfaction of the great manufacturing interests of the country the reasons for the location of great factory plants in this city. Much is to be gained by stating the case strongly and well and at the right time. The day of commercial clubs and boards of trade sending out letters of stereotyped form are played out. When a great factory plant is to be located a man from Evansville must be on the ground with the factory people and he must be able to talk in such a way that he will impress the manufacturer that he has something extraordinary to offer. The trouble with Evansville is and has been that there are too many organizations in the city which are all in a way very good but the point I wish to make and impress is, that everybody in Evansville must belong to one strong, powerful, well organized industrial association that will bring such pressure to bear upon large industrial institutions that they can be brought from what is now the large manufacturing belt or zone of the United States into this territory. This can only be done by a thoroughly organized, well directed and harmonious action."